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editorial

Editors**N. DOCHERTY****L. FORBES****NUMBER 97****Sub Editors****T. MACKAY****C. FORSYTH****SUMMER 1970**

The 97th magazine of Whitehill Secondary School is now in front of you, for your examination. Having attended the school for six years, we have reached the conclusion that most pupils buy the magazine in the hope of seeing their artistic efforts in print before their eyes; others to see their photos; while some are told by their parents to buy it so that they can show it off with pride to the neighbours. Of all these pupils, about one per cent deign to read the Editorial, and they read it only because they have read everything else, including the advertisements. It has been suggested that one year we should miss out this literary offering to see if anyone would notice its absence.

The Editorial is, however, necessary in order to thank everyone concerned with the magazine. On the staff, Miss MacKenzie has taken over from Miss Garvan, and the latter now advises the committee on the running of the magazine. Both Miss Garvan and Miss MacKenzie have been indispensable, as

have all on the staff team: our thanks go to Mr. McKillop, the art editor, Mr. McInnes, who was responsible for the advertisements, and Miss Kerr, the sales manager. The committee has done a fine job in extracting articles from pupils and teachers, and by this time its members must be generally feared throughout the school.

Having thanked all those who have produced the magazine, we must now extend our thanks to those who made its production necessary—the contributors. As usual, the Junior School pupils greatly surpassed their Seniors in the number of articles handed in; the Upper School, of course, not having time to write much, being knee-deep in Highers.

If, on examining the magazine, you find that your article has not been included, please do not despair: continue to shower us with your literary endeavours next year and perhaps you will be lucky.

Until then—happy holidays!

THE EDITORS

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**DELICATESSEN
CONTINENTAL PASTRIES**

SCHOOL NOTES

Staff

We take up the tale of educational 'Musical Chairs' last June, when on the 17th at the Burnbrae Hotel a large gathering of friends, including many present and former members of staff, met for a Presentation Dinner to honour the retiral of Mr. Ian P. Crerar (Principal Teacher of Modern Languages) and Mr. Thomas Milligan (Principal Teacher of Chemistry and formerly Principal Teacher of Science).

Since then, time, with a little assistance from the S.E.D., has continued to take its toll. Through retiral this year we will lose our Woman Adviser, Miss M. S. Hutchison; the Principal Teacher of English, Miss M. J. Bain; and the Principal Teacher of Technical Subjects, Mr. W. Baird. In addition we bid a fond farewell to Miss H. M. Watt, principal Assistant, and last June Miss M. M. Jackson left us quietly. They are all remembered elsewhere in the magazine, but on behalf of the Administrative staff I wish them well.

The English department lost Miss M. C. S. Cameron who became Principal Teacher of English in the High School for Girls, but the rest of the department have lasted the pace well (although we fear more moves are in the offing). Our thanks to Mr. D. McPhail, Miss E. Imrie and Mrs. A. Connell for helping out over a sticky period. (Mrs. Connell intends to stay with us to do some Modern Studies next year).

Mr. G. Monteith took over the History department from Mr. Wilson and was joined by Mr. A. N. Walker. He starts off next term without Miss E. B. D. Johnstone who is moving to Baillieston J.S. ("Gone to a better 'ole'")

The Geography department welcomed the return of a former pupil, Mrs. R. Fairhurst, from the Middle East (Garthamlock) and with regret bids adieu to Miss Sally Kamffer who leaves for the far north (Aberdeen). We wish her every happiness in her forthcoming marriage.

The Mathematics department continues to resemble a staging post on the 'Pony Express'. In came Miss I. Sherriff, Miss J. Raeside, Mr. P. Williams, Mr. K. Lawson, Mr. K. Barclay, Mr. A. Yacoubian, Mrs. A. B. Dunsmuir, Miss J. Caulfield. So far we are left with Mrs. Dunsmuir and Miss Caulfield and the latter moves to more placid surroundings in August (Girls' High). A welcome note here was the unheralded return of Miss D. Shearer from the Antipodes. We congratulate Miss Stark on her elevation to the ranks of the Special Assistants and regret that this has not prevented

her from joining the exodus from the city. Perth's gain is our loss.

The reins of the Modern Languages department were taken over by Mr. G. Pincock newly 'sprung' from Adelphi and he has had his problems! First of all Mrs. E. Briggs retired from the fray, and then 'comprehension' triumphed where all else had failed and Mr. Neil took himself off to Westbourne School for girls. After thirty years in Whitehill he will be long remembered. At Christmas Mr. D. Donald was knocked out of the game by illness and has only just returned. Over the dreary winter period we were assisted by Miss Crawford (from retirement) and Mr. F. Welsh. Now we lose Mr. G. Brown to Kelvinside Academy, and Miss Watt.

The Science departments welcomed Mr. McQueen as Principal Teacher of Chemistry, Miss R. McPhie to the Biology department, and Mr. Law and Miss M. G. Hamilton to the Chemistry and Physics departments. Both of the latter are gone, as well as Mr. L. Plant who went to Lanarkshire. In July, Mr. Duncan McDonald leaves us for Australia. We congratulate Mr. I. McInnes on his promotion to Special Assistant.

This session the Classics department loses its principal teacher, Mr. J. Cuthbertson, whose long service to Classics and the community in general has at last been rewarded by his promotion to the Headmasters' list. We offer him our congratulations for this and also for his promotion to Depute in Whitehill. We also congratulate Mr. Gibson on his promotion to Housemaster.

Apart from the retiral of Mr. Baird, the Technical staff welcomed and then lost the services of Mr. W. Taggart—we salute him as one of the few who wouldn't and *didn't* join the G.T.C.

In Homecraft we lose, with regret, Mrs. G. Rees and Mrs. I. Moverley, both gone to 'pastures new'.

The Music department lost Mr. W. Ritchie to the High School and then his replacement, Mrs. M. Grayer, went to primary school work.

The Commercial department started off the year without Miss A. S. Thomson but is otherwise still intact.

Last but not least, our emergent Speech and Drama sector is left teacherless with Miss U. F. Hunter's decision to leave for Perth High School.

The Physical Education department had an administrative change when Miss S. Cowan became Mrs. Gibb. We congratulate her heartily.

Only the Art department remains intact—and for how long?

School Successes

The following pupils gained distinction of one kind or another and we commend them for their effort and achievement:—

Fiona McIvor, V.4, took second place in the Senior section of the Church of Scotland essay competition, with a 'Space Age' description of Christianity.

At the Glasgow Schools' Swimming Association Championships, Whitehill won the Evening Citizen Trophy for boys aged 16 and over in the 4 × 50 yds. team race.

Irene Brownlie, V.2, won first prize in the Screen Printing section (15-19 years age group) at the National Modern Art and Industry competition held in 1969 at Aviemore.

Ian Raitt and Robert Livingstone, both of IV.1, were placed 4th and 7th respectively in the Glasgow Educational Trust (open) Bursary Competition.

Grace Scott, III.2, was awarded a Bronze Medal, Glasgow Corporation Schools Art Competition, 1969.

Robert Miller, IV.3,—Highly Commended, Art Competition, 1969.

William Smith, now of II.7, was awarded the 1918-23 Club prize for the best article in the 1969 Magazine.

Former Pupils' Successes

F.P.'s and Staff (past and new) are always interested to hear news of old friends. We offer our congratulations to the following on the distinction they have won for themselves and, indirectly, the school.

Evelyn Kirkwood (1958-61): graduated M.B., Ch.B., at Glasgow University.

Margaret J. Sommerville (1960-64): M.A. with Honours in History of Fine Art and English (Glasgow).

Alexandra Scott (1958-64): B.A. with Honours in English Studies (Strathclyde).

William Carruthers, B.Sc., Ph.D. (1937-43), awarded the D.Sc. degree at Glasgow University in June, 1969.

Arthur C. Kennedy, M.D., F.R.C.P. (1935-40) has been appointed titular professor of Medicine at the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow.

Samuel L. McKinlay, editor of the *Evening Times*, is to have the honorary degree of LL.D. conferred on him by Glasgow University.

William Murray, traffic superintendent of Glasgow Corporation municipal transport department for the past nine years, has been appointed General Manager.

Dr. William Parker (1944-49), Reader in the department of Chemistry at the new University of Ulster, has been appointed first professor of organic chemistry at Stirling University.

James Thomson, chief photographer on the Edinburgh staff of the *Glasgow Herald*, won £1,000 first prize in the press section of the Ilford Ilfobrom print competition, for his picture of Princess Anne on the occasion of her visit to a Church of Scotland Children's home in Edinburgh.

Alasdair Gray (1946-51) writer and artist, had twenty-five paintings on exhibition at the Traverse Gallery in Edinburgh's Lawnmarket last summer.

William N. Renfrew (1927-32), present deputy general manager of the Bank of Scotland, has been appointed joint general manager. His bank career started at Dennistoun in 1932.

George G. Parsonage (1959-62), is once more Scottish Senior Sculling Champion and will represent Scotland in this season's Internationals.

General

The run down of the school roll continues and we will start off in August around 1,050. We are poised once more on the brink of a decision on the future of the wooden annexe and the reconstruction of the Onslow Building.

We extend a welcome to the Rev. T. Leslie Barr, L.Th., of Rutherford Church, as our new School Chaplain. We owe him and the Rev. Wm. Hamilton of Trinity, Duke Street, our thanks for their services to the school.

Obituary

We are saddened to report the deaths of several Whitehillians.

Professor Peter Alexander, C.B.E., Emeritus Professor of English at Glasgow University, one of the most distinguished Shakespearian scholars of our century.

Dr. Alexander Brown, O.B.E., a general practitioner in Cambridgeshire for 39 years. He planned and organised one of the first group practices in East Anglia. In 1962 he was awarded the O.B.E. in recognition of a life's work for Medicine.

Mr. Robert Gilmour Forrest, C.B.E., a former assistant secretary in the Scottish Home and Health department.

Miss A. E. Orr: Miss Orr was a member of the English department from 1948 to 1964, and will be remembered affectionately by her many former pupils and friends.

James Rose, of I.7, died tragically while playing at home during the summer holidays.

Rev. John McPhail of St. Andrew's East Church, who acted as school chaplain during the vacancy in Rutherford Church and who was associated with Whitehill for many years.

To the relatives of all these people we express our deepest sympathy.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

CAPTAINS

Donald Munro, VI Sharon Condes, VI

VICE-CAPTAINS

Iain Sharp, VI Catherine Forsyth, VI

PREFECTS

Boys: Ronald Barr, V; Neil Docherty, VI; Robert Heron, VI; Thomas Mackay, VI; Kenneth McLellan, VI; Fergus Macnaughton, VI; Bashir Mohammed, V; R. Craig Palmer, VI; Gordon Somerville, V; Gordon Souter, V.

Girls: Catherine Benton, VI; Gwen Condes, V; Linda Forbes, VI; Ellen Gordon, V; Irene Hawthorn, V; Moira Lee, V; Fiona McIvor, V; Thelma Mathieson, VI; Mary Palmer, VI; Marjorie Rae, VI.

RUGBY

Captain: Fergus Macnaughton, VI.

FOOTBALL

Captain: Robert Steel, VI.

HOCKEY

Captain: Anne Park, V.

Secretary: Marie Ingram, V.

SWIMMING

Captains: Gordon Souter, V and Gwen Condes, V.

BADMINTON

Captain: Iain Sharp, VI.

GOLF

Captain: Iain Sharp, VI.

CHESS CLUB

Captain: John Ross, V

BRIDGE CLUB

Secretary: John Bryden, VI.

SCRIPTURE UNION

Secretary: Lesley Martin, V.

FOLK SONG CLUB

Secretary: Thomas M. Mackay, VI.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Secretary: Thomas M. Mackay, VI.

Treasurer: R. Craig Palmer, VI.

Publicity: Margaret Carswell, VI.

Committee: Neil Docherty, VI; Marjorie Rae, VI; Fiona McIvor, V; Ewing Black, V; Ian Raitt, IV; Helen McKerlie, IV.

MAGAZINE

Editors: Neil Docherty, VI; Linda Forbes, VI.

Sub-Editors: Thomas M. Mackay, VI; Catherine Forsyth, VI.

Committee: Margaret Moffat, V; Irene Hawthorn, V; Gordon Souter, V; Brian Williams, V; Ian Raitt, IV; Robert White, IV; Christine Nicolson, IV; Norma Noble, IV.

Staff Committee: Miss Mackenzie (*Editor*), Mr. McKillop (*Art*); Miss Kerr (*Treasurer*); Mr. McInnes (*Advertising*); Miss Garvan (*Advisory*).

* * *

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

This year the society has organised many stimulating and thought-provoking topics for discussion.

Unfortunately, circumstances led to this being not the most successful year the society has experienced: the Burns Supper, usually the highlight of the year, was marred slightly by lack of support from pupils and staff.

The most successful debate was the Invitation Debate, with Whitehill acting as host to St. Mungo's Academy and Charlotte Street.

The James Guthrie Memorial Prize for Debating was won by John Fulton, V.1.

The retiring committee wish to express gratitude to Mr. Shedden and his committee of 'presidents', without whose assistance our year would have been much less successful.

T.M.McK., VI.1
(Secretary)

TOYS — BOOKS — MAGAZINES

BRADY'S NEWSAGENTS

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UNDER THE EDITORS' TABLE

Greetings, friends, who having read your magazine from cover to cover have now stumbled on this my column. Your first motivation, no doubt, is to find out who or what lurks under the Editor's table, apart from the cat.

The answer is Oswald the O.B. I, Oswald, am of a monoescious species whose main diet is magazine articles. I was captured around the year 1950, and since then have been imprisoned under this table. For many years I have lived quite satisfactorily, but I have, as ever, one complaint to voice: that is, the lack of delicacies from the Upper School. Either they really do work for Highers, or Whitehill has an unimaginative bunch of Upper School cowards. I am somewhat compensated by the abundant material submitted by the Lower School, but please, Seniors, take time to add variety to my existence.

First Year in particular submitted several digestible articles and poems, ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime, and I.1 especially must be thanked for bold attempts. My thanks to the anonymous limerick writers of this class, and the likewise anonymous composer of the poem 'Space'. Try putting a name to it next time—you may have better luck! Thank you, R.W., again of I.1 (what a literate

class!) for 'The Football Match' but my consumption is limited and there was just no space for you. Do not be disheartened; my diet changes annually.

Not letting the female side down, my praise must be given to the girls of I.2, who supplied many samples of assorted verse, along with their good neighbours (I hope!) I.4 and I.6. *Merci aussi*, to our friend G.S., III.1, for his contribution 'The Storm', an obituary to the men who risk their lives attempting to save others at sea; and last but not least, my thanks to D.P., IV.5. Your piece of free verse was both unusual and enjoyable.

My sincere thanks go to all those who at least spared a thought for my survival by submitting attempts; and my sympathy is sent to all those whose articles did not satisfy my palate. Do not despair! Start now—today even—and prepare the best-ever, most exciting, original article for next year's edition, and enable me to enjoy a banquet unsurpassed in literary quality.

And now, as I start the search for my infamous cat amongst your heap of articles, I wish you good luck and goodbye for this year.

OSWALD THE O.B.

SONNET ON THE NEW BUILDING

School hath not anything to show more grim;
Dim must they be of sight who can ignore
A thing so awful—this, our running sore.
This building now doth, like a rotting limb
Stand putrifying; while hand-basins prim,
Tiled walls, steep narrow stairs, floor upon floor
Are there as they have been for years before,
And no doubt shall be unto future dim.

How very relative a term is 'new'!
This horror must have cost a tidy bill—
In neolithic times, *bien entendu*
(For paleolithic is the old Whitehill).
Dear knows, a *real* new building's overdue,
Yet this ignoble pile is standing still.

(With apologies to W m Wh)

NONSENSE

This is a piece of nonsense
As you can plainly see,
When my little brother fell
And now he's hurt his knee.
It's all this stupid carry-on
That he has in his head;
Now his knee is hurt so sore
He'll have to go to bed.

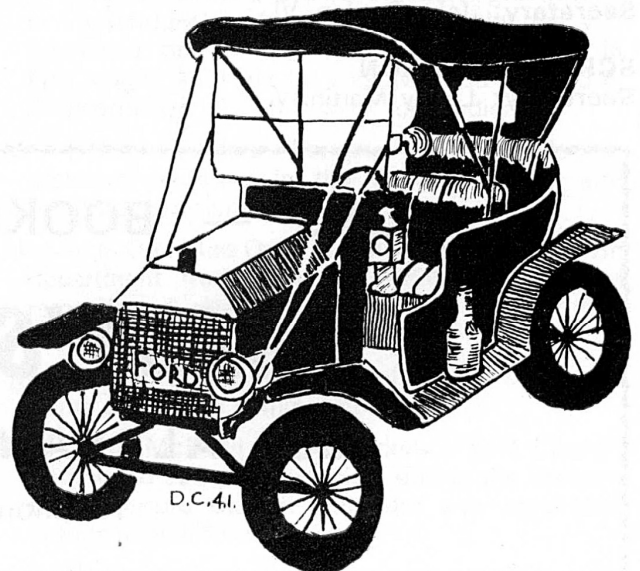
J.K., I.10

THE VINTAGE CAR RACE

Today is the race of the vintage cars:
Some look like boxes and some look like jars,
Some are just made of metal bars
Joined together like a thing from Mars.

Some horns squeak and some horns bellow
Some cars are red and some cars are yellow,
On the line they're raring to go,
But some will end up needing a tow.

I.McB., I.1



MISS HELEN M. WATT, M.A.

With the resignation of Miss Watt in June, the Modern Languages Department loses one who has given dedicated service to the school for close on thirty years. It was in 1941 that she came to us, not as a novice, but with several years' experience behind her, and her sterling qualities were soon recognised. From the outset she showed all the qualities which make the successful teacher—enthusiasm, persuasiveness, interest in her pupils, and exceptional knowledge of the languages she was teaching. A strict disciplinarian, she tolerated no slackness in the classroom, yet, withal, she was very understanding and sympathetic, and many former pupils have cause to remember the help she gave them not only in the class but also outside of it.

Miss Watt will be remembered in the staffroom for her lively conversation and her helpfulness to new members of Staff. Former colleagues may have a picture of her at a berry-picking camp near Dunfermline in 1944 or at a potato camp at Callander a year or two later, rising in the dark at six a.m. on an October morning to prepare breakfast for the pupils.

During the last ten years or so she has unfortunately had a great deal of trouble with her eyes and has undergone several operations, yet this has in no way lessened her capacity for hard work nor has it diminished her vivacity.

We wish her many happy and interesting years of leisure, and strength to enjoy walking in the hills above Helensburgh and travelling in her beloved Greece.

MISS MARGARET M. JACKSON, M.A.

Miss Jackson retired in June, 1969, after a period of service in the school which is among the longest in its records. She had been on the staff of Onslow Drive School when it was joined with Whitehill in 1939. Thereafter she remained in Whitehill, with only a short break in the West End of the city, until her retirement. By that date she had served in Whitehill or in associated area schools for almost forty years (although seeing was not believing!).

She brought the highest standards to her teaching of Mathematics—the product of her own gift for order, neatness and method—and a more than average ability for inspiring these qualities in others. The successes and failures of her pupils were very important to her, and although she would be the first to disclaim that she could turn the balance in favour of success, there must be many former pupils who, remembering her teaching, would be inclined to disagree.

She gave to the school the same long and efficient service that she gave to her Department. At innumerable dances, galas and expeditions she worked quietly, usually in the background, simply because the school was a great part of her life.

We wish her a happy retirement, to enjoy all her favourite activities—sailing, motoring and walking—and we hope that her association with Whitehill will continue for many years to come.

MISS MARY S. HUTCHISON, M.A., LL.B

Miss Hutchison leaves us this summer after 15 years of faithful service to the school. The manner of her going is indeed typical of her boundless energy and enterprise. By the time the magazine appears she will already have gone, in charge of a party on the 'Uganda', and only a few days after her return in July, she sets off with yet another school party across Europe to Switzerland and Italy.

A former pupil of the school, she returned to Dennistoun in 1951, first to Whitehill Junior Secondary and then to the Senior Secondary in 1954 as Woman Adviser, a post she has since held with a zealous and conscientious regard for the good name of Whitehill. Her unflinching drive to maintain the high standards of conduct and appearance of the girls in particular is something for which the school has good cause to be grateful. Her sympathy and understanding reached out to those less fortunate and many there are who have been helped to take their rightful place in our society.

Never content with the confines of her own office, Miss Hutchison's efforts have spread out over a wide range of school activities, notably excursions at home and abroad, theatre visits and all the social occasions familiar to a large secondary school. In the classroom her work covered a variety of subjects including History, Geography and even Science when the occasion demanded, in addition to her own subject, English.

Miss Hutchison goes with our grateful thanks for all she has done. We hope that in her retirement she will be content to enjoy the rest she so richly deserves, but in our hearts we know that her energy is bound to find some other outlet, and that very soon.

MR. WILLIAM BAIRD

Mr. Baird, Principal Teacher of Technical Subjects for the last thirteen years, retires this month.

He was born in Polmont, but his family moved to Glasgow when he was seven years of age, and here he finished his day-school education. This, however, was only a prelude to extensive evening-class study at what was then the Royal Technical College. His engineering apprenticeship was completed at the worst possible time, for the country was in the grip of the industrial depression. Having tried other employment, he left Scotland for Malaya, where he spent six years as a supervisory engineer in the tin mines.

On his return home he applied and was accepted for training at Jordanhill College ('There were no grants in these days', he'll have you know) and began a teaching career which has taken him to a dozen or so schools, from Tureen Street to Whitehill via Dennistoun School, which marked his first Principalship.

In his time he has seen 'Manual Instruction' become 'Technical Subjects,' with its present diversity and scope. It's a far cry from 'Woodwork

and Associated Drawing' to Engineering in all its phases, examinable at the Higher level, but Mr. Baird has kept abreast of all the changes.

We therefore wish a genial and conscientious colleague the long and happy retirement which he has undoubtedly earned.

MISS MURIEL J. BAIN, M.A.

Miss Bain's arrival in Whitehill as Principal Teacher of English in October, 1963, was, in a sense, a return for her to ancestral territory, since it was only a few months later that Whitehill took possession of the Regent Place Church buildings, where her grandfather, Dr. Alexander Oliver, had been minister from 1865 until his retirement in 1905. During the past seven years Miss Bain must often have thought of the days when Dr. Oliver preached his scholarly sermons in this very building where she has sat every Tuesday morning at School Assembly.

It was in Renfrewshire schools that Miss Bain spent her early years in teaching. After a few years in Gourrock High School she taught for 15 years in Paisley Grammar, which holds a high place in her affections.

After two years in Edinburgh, when she was in charge of the English Department at Lansdowne House School, she returned to the West, to Glasgow High School for Girls, where she spent three years before becoming Principal Teacher of English at Pollokshields Secondary School, then at Westwood Secondary, before coming to Whitehill.

In all these places Miss Bain played her part in the various school activities, her particular interest being drama and public speaking. On one occasion the team whom she had trained won the cup in a Public-Speaking Competition on Road Safety—only to discover that they did not have a show-case in which to display it.

Miss Bain has carried out her duties in Whitehill with tireless energy. From her room in the lofty heights of the New Building she has sallied forth to the far-flung parts of her empire. Seemingly indefatigable, she has made countless journeys up and down stairs and across the playground in all weathers. One had to be smart on one's feet to catch up with her, as she was 'seen and lost and glimpsed again.'

We wish for Miss Bain a happy retirement and health to enjoy restful holidays on her beloved island of Iona.



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Photo by J. & S. Sternstein

PREFECTS

Front Row: C. Benton, I. G. Sharp (vice-captain), D. Munro (captain), Mr. Mundy, S. Condes (captain), C. J. Forsyth (vice-captain), T. E. Mathieson.

Second Row: L. Forbes, F. McIvor, M. Palmer, M. Rae, M. Lee, G. Condes, E. N. Gordon.

Third Row: K. W. D. McLellan, T. M. Mackay, R. J. Barr, I. Hawthorn, B. Mohammed, G. Somerville.

Fourth Row: G. Souter, C. Palmer, F. H. Macnaughton, R. L. Heron, N. Docherty.

BRIDGE CLUB

The Bridge Club continues to meet on Wednesdays at 4 p.m. in Room 26.

Although not altogether a successful season owing principally to falling attendance, nevertheless in a recent staff v. pupils match the teachers won only by a slender margin, a fact which augurs well for the future.

A warm welcome will be extended to any members of forms III-VI who care to attend future meetings, and anyone who is interested should contact Mr. Mackay.

Thanks are due to Mr. Mackay for his help and guidance throughout the year.

J.B., VI.1.

LIBRARY

We have had a lively session in the library, with an increase in the numbers of both junior and senior borrowers.

A competent band of Senior Librarians have coped with enthusiastic customers, tidied the shelves and magazine racks and arranged wall displays. We are grateful to them for the duties they have carried out so efficiently during intervals when the library is open for borrowing.

As usual, a small group of Prefects attended the Book Forum in March and enjoyed hearing their questions on books and reading being discussed by a panel of authors and fellow-students.

J.E.G.

SCRIPTURE UNION

Rambles, films, speakers: just a few of our activities. We meet every Tuesday at 4 o'clock in Room 91, and there is always something different going on. This year we are invading Montrose again for the May weekend, and in June we hope to go to Dunfermline for the day.

There has been an increase in membership, especially among the juniors. This is partly because we divided the S.U. into three teams, Untouchables, Cannibals and Astronauts, and all three are constantly competing for points.

We should like to thank Miss Terrell and Miss McKie for their help throughout the session.

See *you* on Tuesday!

L.M.M., V.4

TENNIS

There were a few pleasant surprises for us in the school's tennis world last season, the first being the sudden upsurge of interest in the game among the junior school pupils, particularly the First Form. We hope this trend will continue and that more and more pupils will derive real enjoyment from what can be a very exciting and satisfying sport.

Another most gratifying surprise was that more than one team won more than once during the season against schools who had challenged us, expecting a walk-over as usual. Congratulations to the teams for their victories and their sportsmanship both in victory and defeat. We wish them even greater success this season.

M.N.C.



Photo by J. & S. Sternstein

SIXTH FORM BOYS and GIRLS

Front Row: M. J. Barnett, L. Forbes, L. Somerville, C. Benton, J. Galway, T. E. Mathieson.

Second Row: P. Morrison, F. A. Murray, I. C. Young, I. G. Sharp (vice-captain), D. Munro (captain), Mr. Mundy, S. Condes (captain), C. J. Forsyth (vice-captain), J. C. Woods, T. B. O'Neill, M. B. Smith.

Third Row: S. D. J. Brown, J. B. Paterson, K. A. Logan, M. Rae, M. B. Palmer, M. Ross, M. F. Carswell, I. S. McKechan, J. F. McIntyre, J. Simpson, E. Peden, B. Milliken.

Fourth Row: D. Sime, T. M. Mackay, K. Doig, R. Henderson, J. Hutcheson, A. Singleton, C. M. Grant, J. A. Clarke, C. Summers, J. McArthur, M. Hassan.

Fifth Row: G. G. Henderson, G. Scott, D. Scott, A. S. Johnston, C. A. Smith, N. Docherty, J. Russell, K. W. D. McLellan, H. Peachey, D. Davidson, R. S. Naismith.

Sixth Row: D. White, D. Buchanan, H. W. Eyton, R. L. Heron, F. H. Macnaughton, A. Kelly, G. S. Evans, J. T. Bryden, R. J. B. Steel, A. J. Brown.



Photo by J. & S. Sternstein

CHOIR and ORCHESTRA

Front Row: G. Campbell, I. Raitt, I. Buntin, E. Jankowska, A. Bernard, R. Rae, D. Houston.

Second Row: I. Forrest, G. Smith, R. Houston, M. Baillie, R. Ashford, I. Ashford, E. McDonald.

Third Row: C. Benton, M. Rae, A. McKessock, C. Morrison, H. Mitchell.

Fourth Row: M. F. Carswell, L. McNicol, M. Wilson, M. Lee, G. Adams, A. B. Morrison, W. Russell.

DRAMA CLUB

Spring of last year found the club meeting every alternate Friday evening for two hours, during which there was a thirty minute break for something to eat. Owing to lack of accommodation the activities remained peaceful with play-readings and celebrity evenings. Actor Paul Shelley, actress Eileen Nicholas, and distinguished Scottish poets Edwin Morgan and Tom Buchan provided successful celebrity evenings. Perhaps fresh material for poetic works was offered the poets when, through some unprecedented slip in organisation, white flour was politely stirred into several cups of tea in error for powdered milk. However, the session drew to a close without further incident.

After the summer break, a course following closely that of the Drama Course run by the Citizens' Theatre was planned, which was to culminate in a series of sketches for a Christmas show. Unfortunately, circumstances prevented the carrying out of these plans.

It is disappointing that so few pupils support the Drama Club, and it is hoped that many more will avail themselves of it in the future.

'A CHRONICLE OF GLASGOW'

Last June the Folk Club and the Drama Club presented *A Chronicle of Glasgow*, compiled and written by Mr. Shedden, with Miss Hunter and Mr. Rodgers collaborating in its production. The play followed in four scenes the social and economic fortunes of an East End family, moving in time and tone from the trial of Thomas Muir to the problems of high living in Easterhouse. In song, speech and mime a talented and enthusiastic cast made political comment entertaining.

Two individual performances stand out. As Erin-Go-Bragh, David Morran bridged time and space with remarkable assurance and subtlety. Henry Peachey ranged impressively from the pride of 'Such a Parcel o' Rogues' to the nostalgia of 'Where is the Glasgow?'; his Means Test Man was in a great tradition. And tholing all things, singing, chanting, yelling their way through 150 years of Glasgow's history, were the vivid children at the closemouth.

SOME RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR SCHOOL AND TEACHERS

Dr. Andrew S. Barr

It was at beginning of September, 1907, that I first became a pupil of Whitehill School, having previously attended Alexandra Parade for six years in infant and Primary Departments. In June my parents had removed from Dennistoun to the suburb of Dumbreck about six miles away. Every school morning for the next six years, my brothers and I left home shortly after 8 o'clock, travelled by train to St. Enoch station and rushed up to George Square to get a tramcar for Dennistoun. There we were joined by contingents from Central and Queen Street stations all ready to board 'green cars' which were in plentiful supply in those days. A few cars had open top decks, none had completely closed top deck, and in winter days it was often a very cold or wet journey, lightened only by the banter and chaff that have been part of every schoolboy 'get together' since the dawn of history. At the foot of Whitehill Street we were joined by contingents from Mount Vernon and even further East who had come up from Bellgrove station—and with much pushing and shoving were all safely 'within the gates' at the stroke of nine.

In those days Whitehill was not a 'territorial' school. Pupils came from many parts of Scotland and from all the neighbouring districts of Glasgow. We had a boy from Tobermory, one from Tiree and one from Islay. One boy travelled daily from Greenock, one from Renton, one from Aberfoyle, and dozens from outwith the city and from the suburbs. I think there were two reasons for this. Firstly, it was a time of great change and development in Glasgow, many families migrating to fast growing suburbs, e.g., Burnside, Newlands, Bishopbriggs. Well, as our good friend Jack House has to aptly put it 'Once a Dennistoun boy, always a Dennistoun boy.' There were good schools in plenty in the new places, but the thought of not going back to Whitehill never occurred to any of us. Secondly, Whitehill School was fast gaining a reputation as a first-class educational establishment under its first headmaster James Henderson, followed in 1905 by Fergus Smith, and boys and girls of promise from country schools were no doubt advised that if they considered coming to Glasgow for their higher education Whitehill was the place for them.

Fergus Smith came to Whitehill in 1905 and reigned supreme for seventeen years. In those days (perhaps it is so still!) every member of the staff had a nickname. Some of them were acquired from personal appearance, some from peculiarities of behaviour or speech, some from no apparent reason at all, but none was in any way malicious. Somewhere 'down the line' Fergus Smith was christened 'Spondee'. His feet were somewhat large in size and flat in appearance and always decorated by grey spats. He walked with a deliberate measured step—its rhythm never altered. In 'Everyman's English Dictionary' (written incidentally by D. C. Browning, a Whitehill boy of my year, and one of his many

great achievements) 'Spondee' is defined as 'two-syllabled foot, long-long'. David must have had memories as he edited that entry! Under Spondee's leadership the School became truly great. He spared no one, least of all himself. He worshipped success, yet never flattered anyone for attaining it. He lived and died for the school. Those who knew something of his private life bear witness that behind his austerity and sternness lay a shyness and reserve which were seldom publicly revealed. In later years he suffered much in family bereavements—and the 200 names inscribed on the 1914-18 War Memorial are evidence of the grief he must have borne in those years, for almost all of them were boys of his time. He retired prematurely, and in less than two years he died. He left behind an enduring monument—Whitehill School as it was and is still, a school to be proud of.

In a photograph of the Staff taken in 1913 which I have before me as I write, there are 35 men and 15 women teachers. To try to portray in any adequate way even one tenth of their number is obviously an impossible task in the space at my disposal. Anything I say must be quite inadequate even for the major 'characters'—a paragraph instead of a page, a sentence instead of a paragraph, a name instead of a sentence.

No record of the teachers of our time could fail to give first place to 'Pi'. He reigns supreme in the memories of over twenty years of former pupils. So enshrined in the memory is the nickname he bore that it is almost with difficulty that one recalls what his real name was—Alexander Stevenson. It is impossible to convey to generations who never knew him what he was and what he stood for—it is just as impossible for any of the generations who did know him *not* to understand what I mean. Untidy in his attire, eccentric, a master of sarcasm, a genius, a clear logical thinker who could prove propositions in four lines that filled at least two pages of standard text books—he was all these and more. The few boys who ever got 'close' to him, mostly golfers like Sam McKinlay, testify to his generosity and kindness when off the beaten track of scholastic duty. He never married—all these years he lived in the same drab tenement lodging at 99 Grant Street, near St. George's Cross. I sometimes pass that way—it is more drab than ever with the passing of the years. I never pass it without a pang of emotion as I remember this great man.

'Johnnie' Colquhoun was to many of us the embodiment of all that is best in the tradition of the teaching profession. He taught us Mathematics—but he taught us more than Maths. He taught us to value what was wholesome and true and to shun all that was shabby and false. Chaucer has put it in words for us—'he was a veray parfit, gentil knight.' On the very eve of his retirement, he turned ill suddenly on a tramcar in the city centre and was removed unconscious to the Royal Infirmary. At that

time a large number of both senior and junior staff were old Whitehill boys—indeed it would have been difficult to land in any of the medical units without being under some measure of care from one or more of them. He had only brief moments of semi-consciousness before the end came four days later, but I like to think that he realised, like Mr. Chips, in these last days that some of 'his boys' were close at hand.

My task becomes more difficult as my space is running short, and a score or more of faces keep pushing in front of me, all worthy of a place. Peter McDougall was indeed a 'character'—everyone who knew him must have memories galore and stories unnumbered to tell of him. A native of Islay, a lover of and expert in all things pertaining to the Gael and to the Gaelic, he was a special friend of all pupils north of the Highland line and enemy of no man anywhere. And big Peter Buchanan—no one of his generation did more for amateur sport, especially football, and it was indeed his 'finest hour' when Whitehill won the Scottish Championship Shield in 1912. His son and later his grandson (like so many other Whitehill F.P.'s) played for many years with distinction for Queen's Park.

I cannot close without a brief reference to three of our lady teachers. Elizabeth Barrie Young gave many years of loyal service to Whitehill. She had lived and studied in France and was a most accomplished speaker and teacher of French. She was a full cousin of J. M. Barrie. At the time she was our teacher 'Peter Pan' was launched into the world of

books and on to the London stage. It created quite a sensation and was the 'talk of the town'. She was very proud indeed and brought some of the reflected glory into the classroom. Helen O. Blackwood (later married to 'Daddy' Phillips) was the happy possessor in no small measure of three great qualities not too often found in one person—good looks, good teacher, good sport. She was coach to the girls' Hockey XI and in a rather 'non-permissive' age a kindly chaperon to the girls—with a Nelsonian touch turning the blind eye to many happy ongoings when the football boys were around after practice or club games, far from the eagle eye of Spondee! And lastly Miss Fish—our 'Bessie'. In the heyday of the maxi-skirt she wore the maxiest of them all. Indeed it was said that no one had ever seen the toecaps of the shoes or whatever footwear she wore. A kindly soul—in the first World War she set herself the formidable task of writing letters and sending parcels to every one of 'her boys' on active service—a kindness still remembered by at least one of them, who still survives.

These random reflections must now cease, and names like Archibald McQuistan, Jamie Steel, Bob Scott, William Montgomery, Frank Middlemiss, Willie Scott, James Imrie, 'Pope' Saunders, Andrew Riddell, Bob Douglas, 'Daddy' Corbett, 'Pinty' Mathieson and a score more must remain 'unhonoured and unsung', for the time being at least.

They, one and all, served us well. Is not the greatest tribute to them (and to the profession they adorned) the fact that after three score years they are still remembered—and not without affection.

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DEATH OF LIGHT

There is suddenly severe blackness,
All gaiety blacked out.
Where have all the lights gone?
The sun—I must seek the sun

I walk frightened in the dark,
Helpless, confused and scared.
What does the future hold?
Questions block my mind,
And reduce me to a state of exhaustion.

I must face the grim future ;
Whatever happens I must not weaken—
I have a life that has some prospects :
Why give up because of one disability ?
Many people struggle through
To help us ;
I think I owe them my effort ;
They made a future for a
Blind child.

C. McF., iv.6

GREY DAWN

They arose to the still, grey morning
And entered the dark death-room.
Slowly, the child of eight approached the chair ;
She turned, and in that chair her father
Lay dying.
The child knelt, tears streaming down her face,
And said, 'Why, God, why?'

The mother wept for the loss of her loved one ;
Through her tears she saw the child,
And wondered if she could understand
That her father would never come back ;
He would no longer comfort her
When she was sad,
Or play games, and laugh at her little mistakes.

The years passed, the child grew,
And sometimes the mother wished
That her husband could have seen
His child grow ;
But she was thankful that she had the child
Who was a joyful remembrance
Of the husband she had loved.

A.B., III.2

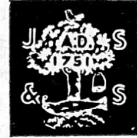
HEADLINES

Man bites dog—that's news !
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They want cruelty—that's interesting !

Man bites dog—that's news.

G.K.S., IV.5



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AERIAL VIEW

Imagine what the clouds must see
Floating over grass and tree ;
Rivers, mountains, all go by
As the clouds drift in the sky.

People busy everywhere ;
Abandoned deserts, quiet, bare ;
Animals both great and small,
Vale and dale and brickwork wall.

Vehicles all shapes and sizes
Move slowly as the sun arises,
Gliding rhythmically : trains,
Buses, boats and aeroplanes.

Colours bright and in a haze
The high clouds watch with sleepy gaze,
Floating mistily far above,
Yet knowing all about the earth.

F.McD., IV.4

APPROACHING STORM

Great lumbering elephants crossing the Alps
With long columns of infantry trudging behind :
Horsemen dragging their steeds up the slopes.
Where did they come from ?
Where do they go ?

See—yonder—that figure in the great bearskin
Seated upon his grey steed :
He is the one who leads all of them—
Men, horses, and elephants.
His name is Hannibal.

These men come from Carthage,
Rome's far-off rival city ;
They will leave death behind
In the city of Rome.

D.J., III.3

THE COLD WIND

The grass is long,
The wind is cold ;
People so young,
People so old
Feel the cold wind.

The women are walking,
The children are playing ;
The wind is strong,
And the grass is swaying
In the cold wind.

The park is closing,
The people are going ;
The next day comes—
And it is snowing
In the cold wind.

M.G., I.2

THE FEW—Thirty Years On

As this is the 30th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain, our profiles are of two F.P.s who served with distinction in the R.A.F.

Flight-Lieutenant W. McLEOD, D.F.M., R.A.F. (Retd.).

William ('Buck') McLeod attended school from 1927-1931, and on joining H.M. Forces at the beginning of the war was posted to Bomber Command and trained as a pilot. He flew Lancasters and Mosquitoes in innumerable raids over enemy territory and was awarded the D.F.M. He was badly injured when his bomber exploded on landing after a mission, and owes his life to the fact that he was blown clear, still strapped to his seat. On another occasion the front of his cockpit was blown off by enemy gunfire and he had a long, difficult and extremely cold journey home. The cold was intense and his feet appeared to be suffering most—a fact which was explained when, on landing safely, he found that both his toecaps had disappeared at the same time as the nose of his cockpit.

He remained in the R.A.F. after the war ended and as a Flight-Lieutenant he was test pilot and instructor at Transport Command. Before retiring he saw further service in Malaya, for which he was mentioned in despatches on two occasions, and he is a member of the unique Caterpillar Club.

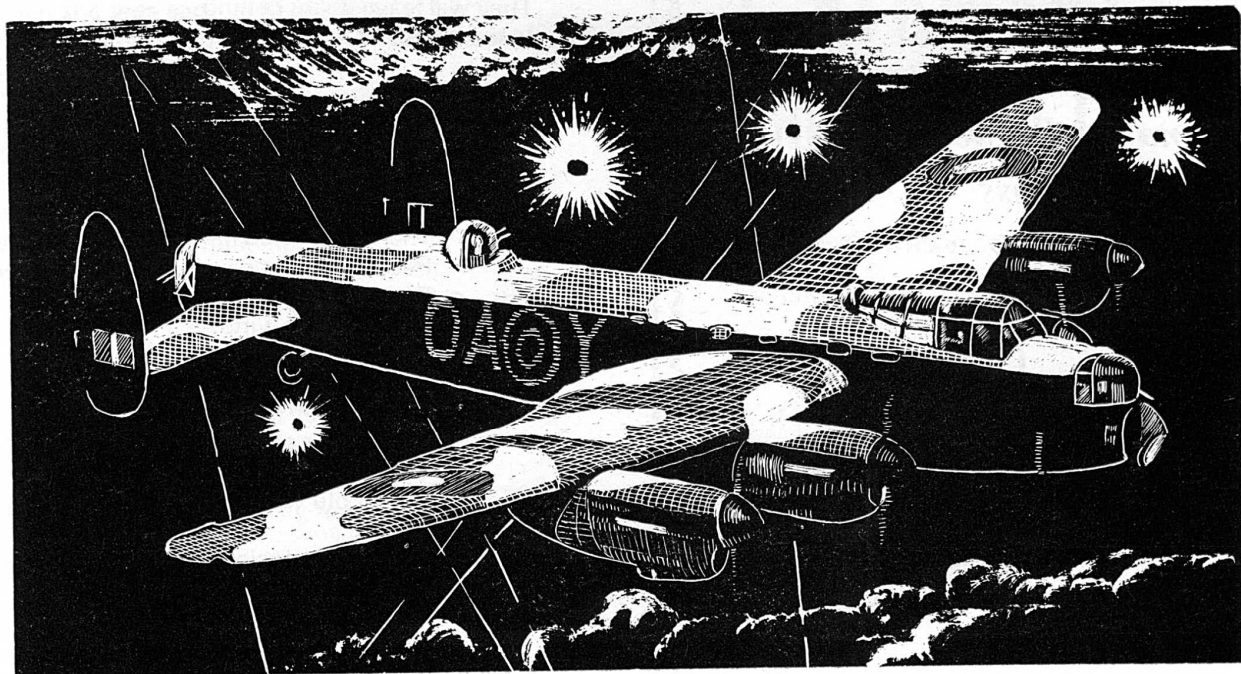
'Buck' now lives and works quietly in Stornoway with his wife and family.

Wing-Commander J. F. McPHIE, A.F.C., R.A.F. (Retd.).

Jack F. McPhie attended school from 1932 to 1937, and on leaving joined the R.A.F. as a pupil pilot. He was commissioned the same year and at the outbreak of war flew with No. 12 Bomber Squadron until he was shot down on 13th June, 1940. His first three months were spent in various hospitals but, refusing to accept the prospect of imprisonment, he attempted to escape. He was caught by the Gestapo and sent to the Cherche-Midi Prison, the prison which had once held Captain Dreyfus of that infamous case. Later he was transferred to Germany and spent some time in the notorious Stalag Luft III.

He was liberated by the British in 1945 and returned to duty. By 1947 he had seen further service in Sardinia and Vienna and now had the rank of Squadron Leader. After a tour of duty in Germany as O.C. 26 Fighter-Ground Attack Squadron he was awarded the Air Force Cross. By 1952 he was Wing-Commander I/C Operations H.Q. Egypt, and in 1956 was appointed O.C. 219 Night Fighter Squadron in England.

He retired in 1959 and now lives with his wife and son in Edinburgh, where he runs his own profitable little business.



BATTLEFIELD RE-UNION

by W. T. Stirling

It was a very dark drizzly night near Arras in 1917 and I was in a small party that had tramped over the Vimy Ridge and had taken up position close to the front line awaiting further orders.

Soon another group appeared out of the darkness and stopped near us. We could not see who they were, but obviously they also had a job ahead of them. It was just like other such nights when no action was taking place—an occasional enemy shell bursting here and there, a periodic rat-tat-tat from a machine gun and frequent enemy Verey lights shooting up into the darkness and illuminating the desert of 'no-man's land' between the opposing front lines.

Then there was a shouted order that seemed to come from the other party. It sounded to me like, 'Lead on, the Hawke!' Well, I had a particular interest in the Royal Naval Division, the battalions of which had been named after famous admirals—Nelson, Collingwood, Drake, Hawke, etc. The Division had gone through the Gallipoli campaign in 1915 and I had heard that they had come to the Western Front.

Our neighbours started to move off, so I hurried across and addressed the nearest man. 'Are you 'B' Company?' I asked him. He halted and there

was a long silence. In the darkness I could not distinguish his features under the dripping steel helmet. Then he said, 'Of course, Willie. Who the heck did you think we were!'

Like myself he was a Whitehillian! And now out of two million British soldiers then in France I had addressed one with whom I had shared many a hard fight for the F.P. football team at Riddrie and elsewhere. We had grown up together, entered Whitehill School together, and gone off to war together.

Alas, it was to be our last reunion. About a fortnight later I was able to arrange a meeting. That night he was going up to the trenches with an advance party of his battalion and I tramped alongside his column for much of the way. We chatted about home and family and we swapped war experiences—he had served with his Division in Gallipoli, while I had soldiered in France and Flanders from the early days of 1914 with the 'Old Contemptibles'.

We parted, hoping we would meet again, but an hour later the end came for Andrew Stirling. For the second time I had lost a brother in battle.

And now he lies just where he fell, in the tiny Naval Trench War Cemetery, set in the heart of a lonely cornfield, near the village of Gavrelle, in Artois, a far cry from Whitehill and Bishopbriggs.

WHITEHILL SCHOOL FORMER PUPILS' DINNER CLUB SECTION

Our 42nd Annual Re-Union Dinner at the Trades House was reckoned by most of our members to be one of the best evenings we have had for quite a number of years.

James Scotland, who presented the prizes at last year's school prize-giving, was our principal speaker and a grand job he made of it. Our President was Thomas K. Barclay, Headmaster of Cranhill Secondary School and a former Whitehill School Captain. Both he and Mr. Neil Mundy gave first-class speeches—neither too long nor too brief—just to the company's satisfaction.

Our numbers, I am pleased to relate, were up from last year—indeed we are one of the few Former Pupils' Clubs whose numbers have increased. If your father was at Whitehill and would like to meet his former colleagues, drop me a line and I will arrange for them to be seated together at our Re-Union Dinner next March.

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FIFTH FORM BOYS

- Front Row:** J. L. Fulton, D. I. Paterson, J. Gilmour, N. B. Craig, Mr. Mundy, B. H. Williams, J. Kerr, S. Macdonald, B. Mohammed.
- Second Row:** E. Black, J. Akhtar, I. Brown, A. Calder, R. Alexander, A. Gillespie, J. T. Rust, I. D. Shanks, W. Fagan, J. M. Clark, R. McCover.
- Third Row:** D. Raeburn, W. Lamb, A. Cowan, J. Burnett, R. J. Barr, J. Cochrane, A. Dudds, A. Blaney, K. Hood, C. McNaught, E. W. B. Stewart, D. Gannon.
- Fourth Row:** W. Wood, N. MacPherson, G. Allison, R. Dickson, D. Chalmers, J. Ross, G. Somerville, T. Perry, R. Connell, N. Greig.
- Fifth Row:** J. McGregor, K. Gordon, A. Craig, P. Pirie, D. Leishman, T. Culbert, G. Souter, J. Harley, F. Wallace.

SCHOOL CAMP (girls)—DORNOCH, 1969

A most enjoyable holiday was spent by a number of girls from First to Fifth year at Dornoch, under the supervision of Miss MacKenzie and her three colleagues, Miss MacNab, Miss Hunter and Miss Terrell.

Our accommodation proved to be most homely, and the dining-room company was very attractive—namely the boys from Waverley Secondary during the first week, and our own boys (bless them) the second week.

We spent much time on Dornoch's lovely beach, and went on a number of excursions, one of which was to the famous Falls of Shin and another to Tarbet Ness lighthouse; these proved most interesting.

On behalf of all who were at camp I wish to thank Miss MacKenzie and the other teachers who made our holiday possible. I hope future camps will be as successful.

S.B., VI.2

SCHOOL CAMP (boys)—DORNOCH, 1969

Last year the school camp went to Dornoch, the girls' camp staying at the primary school, and the boys next door at the Academy. The latter week of the girls' camp coincided with the first week of the boys'.

We were troubled only occasionally by bad weather, and a good time was had by all, with the boys making full use of the excellent golfing and swimming facilities available.

Two dances were arranged with the girls; these were a great success, especially for the older pupils, and there were two football matches against the local boys, both of which were lost by narrow margins.

On behalf of all who attended, I would like to thank all the teachers, especially Mr. Mackay who ran the camp so efficiently, for giving up a fortnight of their holiday to make this camp possible.

E.B., V.1

STRATFORD—1969

On a rather dull May morning some 70 Whitehill pupils arrived in Stratford-on-Avon none the worse after an uneventful, if tiring, bus journey (so uneventful, in fact, that some of us actually managed to get some sleep).

After breakfast in a very nice hotel we set out for Coventry Cathedral and Kenilworth Castle. The Cathedral, which is an excellent example of the mingling of old and new, made a deep impression on the members of our party, although some felt it was more of a show-piece than a church. The castle was most interesting, and fortunately the rain showers we had experienced earlier in the morning gave way to watery sunshine.

In the afternoon we were let loose on the unsuspecting citizens of Stratford, to visit the Shakespeare Trust Property and other places of interest in this very picturesque town. The day was brought to a pleasant climax by the performance of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' in the impressive Memorial

Theatre. For those of us who managed to keep awake, the play, though not one of the better known ones, proved most enjoyable.

We arrived in Glasgow and crawled into bed to sleep off the effects of a very successful excursion, which I am sure most of us will want to repeat this year.
M.M., V.4

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

This year the girls were more successful than the boys in their awards, the girls receiving 10 silver and 10 bronze awards, while only four boys received bronze awards.

The boys' hiking weekends at Balquhidder and Arrochar, and the girls' weekend at Ardgartan, were enjoyed by all, although the weather was not always favourable.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Fairhurst, and to Mr. Ross from Bellahouston Academy, for their patience and co-operation throughout the year.

K.McL., VI.1

FIFTH FORM GIRLS

Front Row: L. M. Boyd, M. J. Whyte, H. Mitchell, E. McIver, L. Brown, J. McGee.

Second Row: J. Tosh, L. Burrell, C. Morrison, A. Butterfield, G. Condes, Mr. Mundy, W. Russell, S. Tees, M. Quinn, M. Ingram, S. McKenzie.

Third Row: M. Robertson, C. Martin, G. Bilsland, A. Young, H. Murray, L. Munro, M. Lee, G. Adams, L. Russell, V. B. Evans, J. Clark, J. B. Douglas, A. Louden.

Fourth Row: A. M. Conlon, E. N. Gordon, F. McIvor, I. M. Brownlie, L. E. F. Mason, E. McCulloch, M. Crawford, M. Campbell, L. Tunmore, M. Thomson, A. McKessock, L. R. Evans, R. Burnett, C. McKay.

Fifth Row: L. McNicol, A. B. Morrison, L. M. Martin, H. Williamson, M. Mackie, A. Holt, M. Lithgow, D. Gillespie, M. Moffat, E. J. McMillan, R. Woods, M. N. Dalziel, R. Houston, A. Morris.

Sixth Row: F. Paterson, M. Wilson, J. Docherty, I. A. Dickie, A. Park, I. Mayes, M. Evans, M. Baillie, F. Morrison, S. McIlroy, E. Brown, J. Holmes, A. Gibson, M. Cassie.



Photo by J. & S. Sternstein

THE DENTIST

I sat shivering in the waiting-room. I studied carefully, and for the eighteenth time, the pattern on the threadbare carpet.

The door opened and the dentist's assistant came in, white-coated and austere. 'Who's next?' she said.

As I was the only person in the room the answer was obvious. My stomach gave another lurch, and I rose shakily and followed the assistant along the corridor to the surgery.

'And who are you?' asked the dentist with a malignant leer. 'Oh, yes—you're the Three Fillings in the Upper Molars. Just go and sit down.'

As I seated myself in the large, padded chair, it seemed to me that I had crossed the Rubicon. I could not get up and run away now. Looking at the rows of glittering instruments, syringes and drills, I ruminated on which ones would be used on me. I found out when the dentist picked up a wicked-looking gadget which looked like something between pliers and scissors. I gritted my teeth and prepared myself for the worst. Somewhere in the background a telephone rang, and I seem to remember the dentist telling his assistant to see to it.

'Open wide.'

I obeyed. Just then the assistant returned.

'Doctor, something's turned up. You'll have to send the patient home.'

I nearly choked on the piece of cotton wool which had just been inserted in my mouth.

'Well, you heard what she said,' said the dentist. 'Come back next week.'

I left hurriedly, and ran along the street, thanking the powers-that-be for seven more days of grace.

G.S., III.2

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EXCERPT FROM 'EASTERN STANDARD NEWS', 4th MAY, 2000

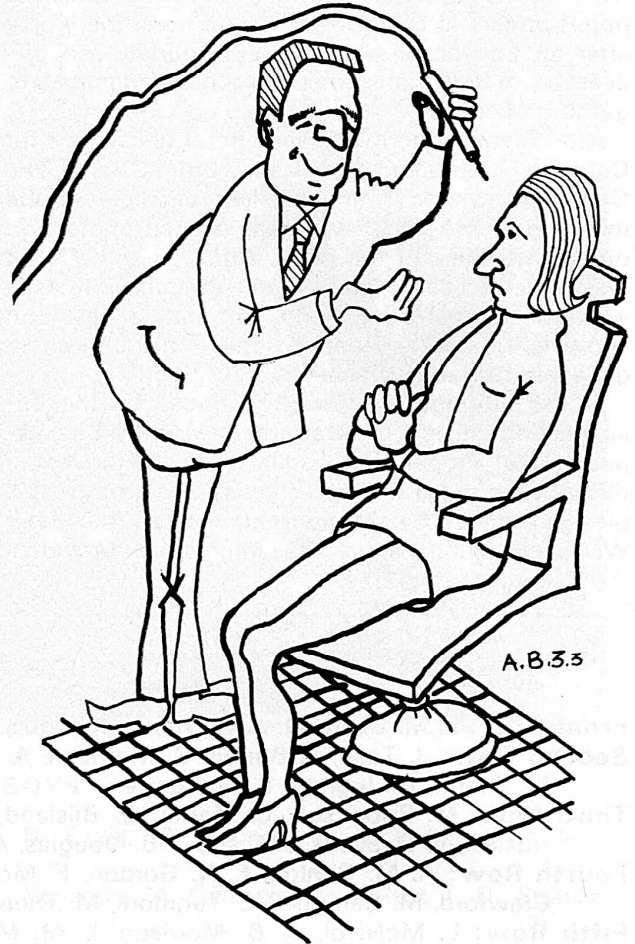
On 3rd May, 2000, Whitehill School was closed down due to the fact that it was unhygienic, unsafe, and generally a public eyesore.

This famous school has turned out many notable has-beens. It has also turned out many never-have-beens too numerous to mention.

The Board of Trade, Health Department, R.S.P.C.C. and R.S.P.C.A. have at frequent intervals been looking into illegal practices. Recent defaulting head-masters (or 'big white chiefs')—of whom there have been no fewer than eight since 1989, have never been caught, but Scotland Yard, the F.B.I. and Interpol are working on this. The last 'chief' disappeared with almost £300,000 from the school's 'save the toilets' fund.

The main building will be blown up by the army, along with about fifty teachers found guilty of conspiracy to rob, cheat and murder.

A.W., Ex-Form III



'I gritted my teeth and prepared myself for the worst'.

POLITE HINTS FOR MEMBERS OF STAFF

- Miss R . . . : Try it yourself some time !
- Miss G . . . n : Swallowing dictionaries is bad for you.
- Miss J e : Desertion is punishable by death.
- Mr. L d : My dad knows a very good barber.
- Mr. R s : You're not Georgie Best.
- Mr. L n : The school *is* in Whitehill Street.

FORM IV

SCHOOL

School for me is really funny,
 Calling names and losing money ;
 Hearing teachers shout and yell,
 Opening books and trying to spell.
 Obediently doing as I should—
 Life at school is really good.

C.J., III.4

DOMESTIC SAVAGE

The dusk fell silently
Upon a peaceful world ;
The humans slept quietly,
The cat uncurled.

One whisker twitched,
One claw came out,
His body stretched,
He prowled about.

Silently he crept around
Searching for his prey—
By night a tiny panther,
A cat by day.

F.McD., IV.4

OUTCAST

Alone in the streets of Glasgow he roams,
Prowling for food he may never taste.
He is thin and dirty, and nobody
Has love for him—he is an outcast.

Pedigree owners can feed their dogs
On the best liver—but nobody
Has enough for the outcast.

At night he tells us of his suffering—
But all we are worried about is
Sleep : nobody
Has love for an outcast—
Especially at one o'clock in the morning.

Eventually he will die and nobody
Will know he ever existed . . .

But some other will take his place ;
And again, nobody
Will love him—nobody
Has love for an outcast.
He lives and dies—an outcast.

G.K.S., IV.5

THE FAIR

Bright lights, bright people
Glaring at each other ;
Screams and gleams of fear
Surround you
In this world of happiness—
Those monsters whizzing round
Frightening you to death.

For the excitement of fear
Brings an illusion of happiness
In the world we call
The fair.

C. McF. IV.6

RIVER OF MY CHILDHOOD

I stood and watched the river
Flowing past swiftly with memories—
My memories
of early years,
Precious years.

And as I stood there,
In relief against leaden sky,
I saw waste
Clogging up,
Breaking free again.

My spirit, snagged in life's currents,
Breaks free seldom
From those currents—
Strong, fierce,
Encompassing, overwhelming me.

Does sky lighten, become limpid ?
Does river become slow, passive,
Unclogged, unburdened ?
Summer now—
Break free, spirit !

F.M., VI.2

SUNSET, SUNRISE

As the sun goes down, and the moon comes up,
As another head turns in restless sleep,
The night goes by, and so all its wonders pass,
And another day ends, never to return again.

But only until morning, when we wake
Refreshed, with our crisp cheeks
Which have just been blessed
By the rising sun.

Yes, the rising sun is a pleasant sight ;
For that is when all the little creatures
We love so much
Come out of resting ;
And when the birds sing their morning tune
To the sound of rustling leaves
Being blown in the morning breeze.

P.Y., II.3

IN THE ALPS

In the Alps of Switzerland
People dash about on glittering skis,
Whizzing by the flagpoles,
Causing mighty winds—
See how fast they travel !
Whizzing down the mountain sides,
Cutting up the snow
Into dazzling snowy fountains.

H.W., I.4

THE SNOW TIRES

(A letter from Canada, from Hugh Tees, School Captain 1959-1965).

Many of you will shortly discover that the final year at university, like its counterpart at school, is one requiring a considerable amount of decision-making. For my own part, on nearing completion of my Economics/Geography course at Glasgow University, I suddenly realised that 'wanting to pursue a career in business' was not the ultimate in precision. Such an outlook left many doors open, and some narrowing-down was required.

The large industrial and commercial firms conduct their annual recruiting 'milk round' of the British universities early in the year, thus offering students an ideal opportunity to begin to crystallise their thoughts regarding what to do after graduation. However, it is a hectic period, during which it is necessary to plan flights to London for second interviews, as well as organise studies for the forthcoming university finals.

In my own case there then resulted a comparison of net advantages to be gained from the alternatives available—in terms of experience, career prospects . . . and loot! (Honesty is the best policy)—resulting in my decision to accept an offer from the world's largest Chartered Accounting firm (affectionately known as 'Peats'), to work and train in their Toronto office.

I have no regrets about the move. My suspicions have been ratified: a few years spent living, working and playing abroad cannot fail to be of value. Soon after my arrival in Canada on 6th July, 1969, I spent one month at the Institute Summer School, at University here in Toronto. This was quickly followed by two weeks staff-training on another university campus. Therefore, straight away I was meeting other graduates from all parts of Canada.

Our office has more than 100 accountants, qualified and trainee, who are allocated among

eight staffs, each of which is headed by a partner. Our particular staff would not look out of place at the United Nations. On a recent audit, the make-up of our group was as follows: an Irishman, a Dutchman, an Indian (not red), a Trinidadian and the proverbial Scotsman. Actually, the 'character' on our staff is the Dutchman, Erik, with whom I share an apartment. When recently informed by the partner of his annual salary increase, he replied, 'Bob, when I used to eat out in Holland, I left that amount on the table as a tip!' He also informed 'Bob' that he would not work overtime, because he believed that the proceeds went towards buying snow-tyres ('tires' to the Colonials) for the partners' cars.

On my own visitations to our clients, I have met all types and all nationalities—Canada being more cosmopolitan than one would imagine—including Rudolph, the German book-keeper, who was a member of the Hitler Youth Movement and fought at Monte Casino. As you can see, the auditor's lot is not a dull one.

As regards travel, my stretch so far has been Niagara, Ottawa, Quebec and Montreal. However, I am planning a trip in my 'Beetle' to Florida for the summer, and would like to see all the continent before I return to Scotland.

I thoroughly enjoyed my years in Whitehill and I feel that I owe a great deal to the school and the teachers whom I had. After all, that is where I first did all my day-dreaming for planning a holiday in Florida! No pupils could get better opportunities and I hope that you, the present generation of pupils, are taking full advantage of them. There is a lot in the old saying—'Work hard, play hard'.

But remember, wherever you may find yourselves, never forget
The SNOW TIRES!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NEWS FROM SWAZILAND

From Mbobane, Swaziland, comes news of Martin Chambers (1959-1965), who is working for Sebenta National Institute.

He writes: 'I am getting my teeth into the job which brought me out to Swaziland, namely the writing of English primers. One primer is about the keeping of farm records, the other is about irrigation, and both are being written in collaboration with the Department of Agriculture.'

I met the Swazi farmers whose initiative and hard work have made the irrigation scheme a success. They are an impressive group of men, but like farmers everywhere they were oddly garbed—old boots, no boots, old hats, badly fitting jackets.'

Martin tells of his visit to Johannesburg on business for Sebenta, a teaching institute which uses teaching aids. While there, he worked for a silk screen artist, who taught him enough of his art to enable him to produce charts and posters.

He concludes: 'I am enjoying teaching English. My classes are now rolling their "r's" like native-born Scots. One of my classes meets in a concrete box with windows, a door and a corrugated iron roof—but no electricity. After reading by candlelight for a few evenings I now carry a lamp to provide lighting!'

Having been educated at Whitehill, Martin should be quite at home working in such accommodation.

LAWMUIR AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL

BOYS

The farm lies near the village of Jackton and the rapidly developing town of East Kilbride—about 10 miles from Glasgow. The estate extends to some 245 acres and includes two farms, extensive green-houses, garden and ample playing fields.

A spacious playing field provides pupils with opportunities to take part in various sports and athletic activities. There is also provision for tennis, badminton and indoor games. Recreation and television rooms are provided for pupils for their leisure hours.

Dormitories are spacious and well equipped, and drying-rooms, bathrooms, sprays, and accommodation for outdoor clothing meet the ample demands of the outdoor life.

Instruction in agriculture and animal husbandry included living things in relation to man and mankind's dependence on the soil, the function of foods, management of dairy herds, beef cattle, sheep and poultry.



'Instruction in . . . animal husbandry included . . . management of dairy herds'.

The visit to Lawmuir was enjoyed by all of us; many new friendships were made and old ones strengthened. We shall remember with pleasure, for a very long time, our tractor driving, trips on the mini-bus, swimming, and the excellent food, along with all the other pleasurable and interesting things at Lawmuir.

III CE and III CB

GIRLS

A few years ago Lawmuir was a boarding school where boys learned to be farmers. Now boys and girls go from Glasgow for a week at a time to learn what it is like to live in the country.



' . . . we had to climb on foot—or hands and knees, to be honest'.

There were not many animals left for us to work with. A few cows and calves are kept for milk. They stay out in the fields all year, even in the snow. The old byre has plaques with names of cows from the past—e.g. 'Lawmuir Margaret'—but the milking machines have all been sold. The last of the sheep were sold this winter. It is very hard work rounding up and counting 113 sheep, and harder when the snow is deep and the sheep are hiding from the cold.

By the end of the winter all the hay would be gone from the barn, but we still found enough for jumping and rolling in. Some of us had bumps on our heads which were *not* 'bumps of knowledge.'

The mini-bus (which never breaks down) took us to East Kilbride. There we saw the beautiful civic centre. The swimming baths are very big and warm. We also went to a cattle auction, and to the foot of Ballygeach, a hill we had to climb on foot—or hands and knees, to be honest!

In the evenings we enjoyed films, dancing, table tennis and television. There were so many things to do, that we hope to be allowed to go back next session.

L.McL., I.10

WHITEHILL'S THREE GOLFING MUSKETEERS

by S. L. McKinlay

One of the little known stories of golf that I like especially concerns an old Whitehill boy who matched shots with the great Bobby Jones and came off best. He was Bob Scott, Jr., who used to live in Alexandra Parade, and his moment of glory came at Garden City, New York, in the 1924 Walker Cup match.

Scott had been a semi-finalist in the Amateur Championship at Prestwick two years earlier and first amateur in the 'Open' at, I think, Troon in 1923, and it was largely on the strength of that record that he was chosen for the 1924 Walker Cup match.

In the foursomes he played with a namesake, the Hon. Michael Scott, who was later to win the Amateur Championship at the ripe age of 54, against Jones and W. C. Fownes, and they came to the last hole at Garden City, a one-shotter, all square after 35 holes and with Britain having the honour.

Bob Scott played a beautiful tee-shot near enough the hole to make a 3 a certainty, and the great Jones missed the green, America took 4, and the two Scotts won by one hole. There are precious few British golfers who could say that, in a manner of speaking, they had taken on Bobby Jones single-handed and won the day.

Bob Scott was a wonderful golfer, steady as a rock, almost phlegmatic, and just the right man to be in the position he found himself in at Garden City.

I tell the story because he is one of three people in one of the few golfing photographs I keep among my records. The others are J. C. Wilson and myself, and we were photographed together at Killermont in the late 1940's because all of us were members of the Glasgow Golf Club, all of us had played in Walker Cup matches against the United States, and all of us had been at Whitehill School.

I don't know any golf club in Scotland, always excepting the R and A, which had at one time among its members three men who had played amateur golf for Britain, and I don't know any secondary school either which can claim that distinction. I wouldn't be so rash as to insist on this exclusiveness for Whitehill, but it's something worth remembering.

Jimmy Wilson played in the 1947 Walker Cup match at St. Andrews, where 13 years earlier I had played, oddly with, as my partner, the same Michael Scott who had been Bob Scott's partner at Garden City. But I did not give him the support he got 10 years earlier and we lost by 3 and 2 to Chandler Egan. and Max Marston. Jimmy Wilson did not fare any better in his joust with the Americans, losing both his single and foursome but to immensely formidable opposition.

How did it come about, I wonder, that a city school could produce three amateur golfers reckoned to be, in their year, among the top ten in the country? There had always been a golfing tradition at the school by my time, and it was still strong in Wilson's time, which was a few years later.

There was, for one thing, the annual Allan Shield competition, which I reckoned to be more worth winning than the Crosthwaite Memorial Prize. I know that I shall always be grateful to the Allan Shield competition if only because it introduced me to Killermont, the city course of the Glasgow Golf Club where I have been a member for 30 years.

In the early 'Twenties I reached the final of the Allan Shield against Gordon Cowell, another Dennistoun boy, and it was arranged by two of the masters that we should play our match at Killermont as being neutral ground. The masters were members of the Glasgow Club, Alexander Stevenson and William Montgomerie, terrors in the class-room but the most engaging and kindly hosts on our outing.

We had a sumptuous tea in a restaurant in Duke Street opposite the old Cattle Market (where Stevenson, known to everyone as 'Pi', he being a mathematics master, kept his own special cup to deal with his overflowing moustache).

Tea over, we made our way by tram across the city to Killermont, trudged up the long avenue to the clubhouse, and played our game in surroundings which at the time seemed idyllic and which have lost none of their attraction for me to this day.

No doubt there are critics who will argue that golf is essentially a selfish game, that these are the days of team games, and the larger advantage to the player, and to the school, comes from excellence in company with others.

That's as may be. I greatly enjoyed at school playing football and then rugby, but I equally enjoyed my golf, not least in the school competition. It may be that nowadays there are no 'Pi' Stevensons and Willie Montgomeries to capture the imagination of young golfers and hold out the lure of a game at Killermont, to say nothing of tea in the Market Restaurant.

Maybe I'm just an old foggy who thinks that golf is the best game of all, and that Whitehill used to produce golfers who were not bad players, and not bad men either. I'd like to think the Allan Shield competition will endure and that some future winner will in the fullness of time become the fourth golfing musketeer from the school to take on an American in the Walker Cup match—and, like Bob Scott, win his game in the highest company.

BADMINTON CLUB

The Badminton Club has had another very successful year, both on club nights and in inter-school tournaments.

The girls, boys and mixed doubles teams took part in the Glasgow Schools Badminton Leagues, the boys and mixed doubles teams gaining first place in their respective leagues and the girls doubles second place in their league.

In the preliminary for the Scottish Schools Badminton Championship, Iain Sharp of VI.3 won the boys singles championship, the boys doubles with Ian Russell of VI.3, and the mixed doubles with Elizabeth McCulloch of V.2. Gwen Condes of V.2 and Elizabeth McCulloch reached the girls doubles semi-final.

We were also well represented in the Scottish Schools Championships. Iain Sharp and Ian Russell won the boys doubles, and Iain Sharp reached the semi-finals of the boys singles and mixed doubles with Elizabeth McCulloch.

Badminton colours were awarded to Ian Russell, Elizabeth McCulloch and Gwen Condes; half-colours to Hugh Eyton, Andrew Singleton and Colin McNaught; and re-dates to Iain Sharp.

We owe our thanks to Mr. Fraser for his supervision on club nights, and also to Miss MacKenzie and Mr. Brown, who obliged when Mr. Fraser could not manage.

I.M.B., V.2

GARTH, 1969

Last June a group of senior school girls set out happily on what was called a Field Study Expedition, to the youth hostel at Garth, Perthshire. We were accompanied by the brave Mrs. Wright and Miss MacKenzie.

After a brief break for lunch at a primary school outside Stirling, we continued on our journey to Garth. On our arrival at the hostel, it was obvious to us all that the place was deserted. However, after sitting on our luggage for two uncomfortable hours, we suddenly heard the doors being opened, and we were shown inside.

After a 'brief' walk of about six miles, we all retired to our 'luxurious' dormitories to rest our weary feet.

The next day we awoke to the sound of torrential rain beating on our window panes. (In fact, we awoke to that sound every day.) Nevertheless, after a delicious (?) hostel breakfast of cornflakes and fishcakes (separately), we braved the stormy weather each day, with treks to Aberfeldy, Loch Tay-side, and that well-known spot MacGregor's Leap (??) in Glen Lyon. Suitable clothing was worn on these occasions, the most eye-catching being our hats, which consisted of small polythene bags or large cabbage leaves. Yes, this was the life!

Each evening we returned soggy, dripping, or just plain wet through—but happy. The day's tribulations were soon forgotten in the evening's energetic ceilidhs which were held downstairs in the hostel's spacious sitting-room. Everything necessary was available: a record player, a brick (to hold the

plug in the socket), and even a broken-down grand piano. Some evenings, as a special treat, an Aberdonian gentleman would accompany this energetic crowd of Glaswegians on his accordian.

At the end of the week, the brave Whitehillians returned home, and despite all, morale soared as usual.

To all those going on future Field Study expeditions, a few brief words of advice: be sure to take Wellington boots, oilskins, a sou' wester and a large umbrella. Should you be unable to obtain these items, a suit of armour would prove quite useful.

T.M., VI.2

GLENISLA—1969

This year the pilgrimage included some new converts to 'field studies', viz. a party of innocents from Westwood School who had volunteered in the mistaken belief that they were going for a rest. (Is it mere coincidence that Mr. Ross has since left Westwood?)

This turned out to be the wettest week we have experienced in our long association with the area, and by Friday there wasn't a dry shirt left in the hostel. The rain and mist were so bad that on the Wednesday we reluctantly abandoned our traditional expedition to Mt. Blair. Having thus besmirched our fair name we felt we needed a spectacular finale on the Thursday. As a result, after much planning and map scanning, we set off at a fair trot for Kirriemuir—only 18 miles away! Fortunately the sun came out and we were able to make it without too much 'persuasion'—only to find that it was early closing day, and on the way back the monsoon returned. However, there were no complaints from those of us who had been reduced to walking on our bare feet (e.g. Messrs. McGibbon and McNaughton). The route back had been chosen to avoid all main roads. This was done to placate Mr. Ross, who had been a little put out the previous day to see the legendary 'leather jacket and sheepskin collar' protruding from the midst of a lorry load of assorted livestock which roared past him on the long road from the Bridge of Brewlands to Glenisla!

Came Friday and we bade a fond farewell to our host, Mr. Buchanan; but alas, our troubles were not yet over. The bus broke down outside Cumbernauld (needless to say, in pouring rain) and by the time the relief bus came half the party had 'thumbed it' home.

Any volunteers for June, 1970? Bring the family.

TROPICAL FISH—THE AQUARIUM CLUB

Due to popular demand, the school has started an Aquarium Club. The club, led by Mr. Mackay, Mr. Cliff, and other staff members, has met with great popularity, though still in its early stages.

This long-awaited activity has come largely as a result of the School Council and requests in the suggestion box in Mr. Cliff's room. I am sure that eventually this new and exciting club could have the largest club-membership in the school.

The club is to receive a grant to enable it to buy an aquarium and equipment.

We hope that in time the club will pay for itself by the breeding of popular tropical community fish, under instruction from Mr. Mackay, and with the expert aid of Mr. Wood, the owner of 'Sandy's' petshop.

D.R., IV.5 and W.McL., IV.3

THE RAMBLING CLUB

The Rambling Club is full of glee,
And people say, 'That is for me,
To Callander and Antonine's Wall.'
And these two places are not all.

If on Sundays you lie in,
And to this club you have not bin,
Get up and give yourself a treat ;
Outside the school is where we meet.

At the top there is Miss Stark—
She's the leader of this lark ;
Kippen, Stirling—see them all.
Even if in bogs you fall.

Mr. Shedden, Mr. Laird,
They have shown that they too cared ;
To Balquhidder (long long name)
The long walk did not make *us* lame.

You think rambling's out of fashion ?
When you try, it's really smashin'.
This ends my story—it's far run,
But rambling fun has just begun.

M.C., III.2

THE THIRD YEAR RUGBY XV

I may not know very much about the sport I am writing about, but I certainly know about the Third Year Rugby XV, because class III.1 makes up practically the whole team. We have a very conscientious team captain in Mr. A.F.Mc.I.W. (Jnr.). Yesterday he was interviewed, and was asked a few hundred probing questions. Here are some:

- Q. 'What do you think of the team as a team ?'
A. 'Well, er, they're very consistent. In fact, they are so consistent that when they won their first and only game, it broke their consistency.'
Q. 'Are there any individual players who make a great difference to the team ?'
A. 'Yes. Various team members such as R.W., A.D., K.S., B.G., J.C., A.W., A.W. (me), N.McC., G.H., R.B., S.H., G.B., G.I., S.Mcl. and Big T. have helped to make a great difference. In fact, we have won one game since they started playing.'
Q. 'What is the team's overall record this season ?'
A. 'Brilliant, for a set of intellectual twits. The game we won was against Hutch. "B" team.'

And if you think this is bad, you're *dead* right.

Messrs. R.R., B.G. and J.C., III.1
Censored by Mr. A.F.McI.W. (Jnr.), III.2
(retired)

A REBEL SPEAKS

Learn we must, each, every one
To be conformists—oh, what fun !
Draw a one-inch margin as teacher does,
And mind those endless P's and Q's.
Teachers try hard to inject with zest
Our poor insipid mindlessness.
The pupils they teach must surely learn—
Surely, shouldn't we, poor depraved ones ?
Society is made by us :
We *are* it and we all must trust
The laws the eminent ones lay down for us,
Establishing nonentities with rank
(Though they soon forget they've us to thank
For the loan of our necks to stand on—
Necks of the poor degenerate proletariat.)
So let their ego burst forth and blossom—
We love them all.

Do you desire to try your hand
At rebellion ? Then, you must understand
They'll take up a no-nonsense stand.

Or if you wish to be anti-establishment,
A drop-out,
Drop out of the working class, into the
Gutter class,
From this school, this place, this nest, this womb
Which is not so much my learning place
As my tomb.

M.G., III.2

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STORMY WEATHER

The strongest wind begins to blow,
The clouds look black, the grass is low ;
The soot falls down, the dogs they sleep,
The spiders from their cobwebs peep.

Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid its head ;
Now, looking up, the children cry,
For see—a rainbow spans the sky.

The ducks quack loud, and peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh,
The creeping flowers twine and climb low
My poem is finished—I must go.

I.C., I.1

JACKO

Three years ago from Santa Claus
I got a pup with jet-black paws ;
He behaved like a monkey from the start,
But he and I will never part.

The name of Jacko he was given ;
Up the pole poor Mum was driven
(One day he wet the floor, you know—
And Mother said he'd have to go !)

He's still mine and he's two years old ;
I'd not sell him for a heap of gold.
His eyes change colour in the light,
And they look orange in the night.

A.S., I.2

WINTER

The trees are bare,
No leaves can be seen ;
And all the branches
Are whitewashed clean.

The snow falls on the roofs
And makes them all so white,
And from the window-tops
Hang icicles, shining bright.

The trees are bare,
No leaves can be seen ;
But all the branches
Are whitewashed clean.

E. Mcl., I.2

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night—he comes in the night !
He softly, silently comes,
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
Who tells him I know not,
But he finds the home
Of each little boy and girl.

His sleigh is long, deep and wide ;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
And yet not a bugle is blown
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the earth like a stone.

The little stockings he silently fills
Until they will hold no more ;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quietly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to his seat in the sleigh
And quickly, noiselessly, gallops away.

A.D., I.4

SOUNDS

The whistling from the birds
And the sway from the trees,
The song from the skylark
And the hum from the bees ;

The roar of a river
As it rumbles to the sea,
The call of the wild birds
In the sycamore tree ;

The roar of a waterfall
In Canada or Spain,
The voices from the animals
And the sound of falling rain ;

The sound of the church bells
When they're calling to me,
The laughter of the children
When they're happy and free :

These are the sounds that are music to me.

E.W., I.4

STAR SAILOR

I'm but a lonely star sailor
Sailing the sky's vast sea,
And although I will never stop going,
Time means nothing to me.

I travel amongst the myriads of stars
And through the realms of time,
Wandering through this vast universe,
This cosmos so sublime.

My days are not numbered now ;
My life has just begun,
But occasionally I think of Earth
As I pass each celestial sun.

For I'm but a lonely star sailor
Sailing this silent sea,
And although I shall never stop going,
Time means nothing to me.

When each man has reached his destiny,
Only then will my secrets unfold :
My secrets . . . which for a long time
In legends have been told.

P.Y., II.3

CONTRAST

The city is so different
From the country, as you'll see ;
They both are just as different
As a carrot and a pea.

I like it in the country—
I like it when it snows ;
Also, in the city,
Heather never grows.

But the country's oh, so quiet !
I'm used to noise, you see—
I'm used to city riots ;
The country's too quiet for me.

The city is so different
From the country, as you'll see ;
They both are just as different
As a carrot and a pea.

S.N., I.2

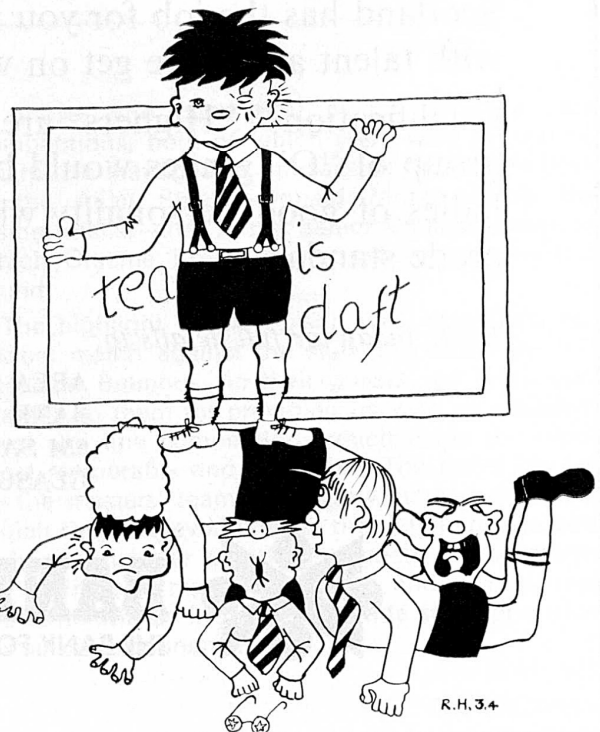
WHEN TEACHER IS AWAY

Suddenly a great burst of energy comes over them,
And the many voices join in a great chorus ;
The murmuring rises in a high, wild crescendo,
And they begin to scream freely like a Zulu tribe.
As the mass of noise fills the room
They begin to move excitedly—
They jump around eagerly, shouting as they go,
Until the place is like a market
Filled with babbling, yelling, screaming voices.

Then, sweeping like a fire
Silence takes the place of noise ;
Yelling ceases—falls back to a whisper,
People scurry back to their places,
Screaming stops, and all is still.

The teacher has returned.

V.H., III.2



R.H.34



Photo by J. & S. Sternstein

HOCKEY 1st and 2nd XI

Front Row, 2nd XI: M. Shaw, M. Munro, E. McCulloch.

Second Row, 1st XI: M. Miller, A. Collinson, M. A. Ingram, A. Park (captain), N. M. Gray, G. Condes, L. Mulvey.

Third Row: M. Christie (2nd XI), **1st XI:** M. Condes, L. M. Martin, F. Paterson, L. Tunmore; K. Paterson (2nd XI).

Fourth Row, 2nd XI: A. Barton, M. Kent, J. W. Murray, E. J. McMillan, N. Stevenson.

HOCKEY

Owing to a decreasing interest in hockey we have been reduced to two teams, which makes it difficult to obtain fixtures with other schools. Several Second Year girls have attended practices throughout the year. We hope that they will continue to play hockey, and that more girls will join them next year.

The 1st XI played seven games, winning three and losing four. The 2nd XI played seven games, drawing three and losing four.

We wish to thank the P.E. staff for all the help and encouragement they have given us throughout the season. We also extend our thanks to the girls who made the tea for the teams on Saturday mornings when we played at Craighend.

A.P. V6

GOLF

Once again the strength of the school golf team has been proved in the relative successes achieved in inter-school matches, the team again consisting

of those who fared best in the school's own competitions, both of which were won by Iain G. Sharp. He managed to outclass all opposition both in the Allan Shield—Donald Munro being the losing finalist—and in the Senior Championship, in which Graeme Brockett was defeated in the last round.

The highlight of the season was, of course, our annual match against the staff, the venue on this occasion Balmore. As their guests, we were very grateful to them for providing us with an excellent meal and fine competition, which made the event most memorable and enjoyable. The brave display by the masters' team thoroughly merited the draw which they achieved against the determined pupils.

As the summer months approach, arrangements are again being made for matches, and we hope that the team will be in form to provide stiff opposition for all our opponents.

D.M. VI1

Golf Secretary

SWIMMING

This year the boys' swimming teams have done very well.

At the Glasgow Schools' Championships the boys' under-16 team (R. Hill, F. Thomson, W. Caldwell, R. Edwards) and the senior team (N. Livingstone, A. Barr, G. Souter, A. Dudds) both won their respective events.

In the under-16 100 yards breast stroke, R. Hill, III5, came second, and R. Edwards, IV1, came fifth.

G. Souter, V3, came first in the 100 yards freestyle and 100 yards butterfly. A. Dudds, V1, was third in the 100 yards backstroke.

At the Scottish Schools' Championships at East Kilbride in November 1969, G. Souter, V3, was second in the 110 yards freestyle for over-16's and the under-16 relay team (A. Barr, F. Thomson, W. Caldwell, R. Edwards) was placed seventh.

G.S. V3

SWIMMING (Girls)

This year the Junior Swimming Team has performed exceptionally well, and the seniors have managed to come near success also.

In the preliminaries of the Glasgow Schools Swimming Gala, the junior team won its heat in the 4×50 yards relay with the fastest time. Unfortunately, however, the team was unable to attend the final, where they would have had a very good chance of winning.

In the Glasgow Schools Swimming League, the junior team reached the finals and finished fourth. No doubt they will make an outstanding senior team next year.

G.C., V.2

★ ★ ★

CHESS CLUB

This year the results of the intermediate and junior teams have fallen below our usual standards.

Next season we hope to have better results as this year both teams have had little chance to show their 'genius' due to the lack of regular match practice.

We would like to thank Mr. Mackay for his efficient organisation of the matches.

G.R., V.3

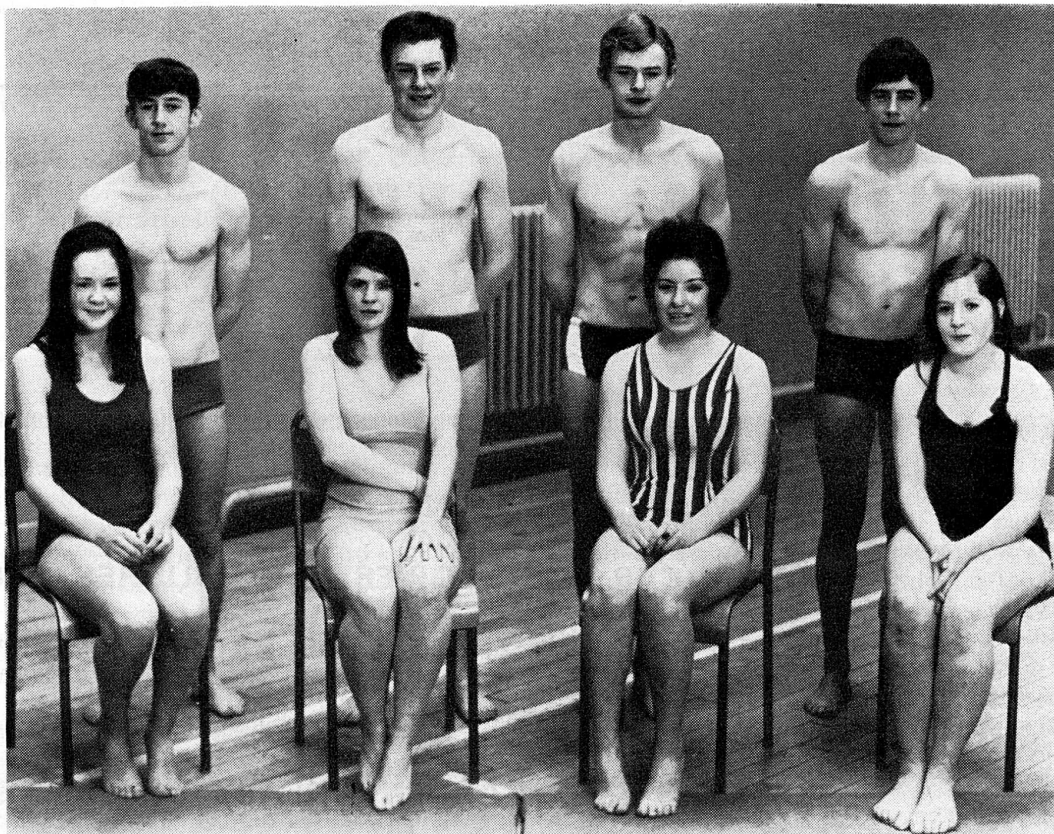


Photo by J. & S. Sternstein

SWIMMING TEAMS

Front Row: A. Park, E. McCulloch, D. Thomson, G. Condes (captain).

Second Row: A. Dudds, N. Livingston, G. Souter (captain), A. Barr.



Photo by J. & S. Sternstein

FOOTBALL 1st XI and RUGBY 1st XV

Front Row: C. M. Grant (Rugby), S. Macdonald (Rugby), G. Scott (Football), R. Steel (Football captain), J. A. Clarke (Rugby captain), F. H. MacNaughton (Rugby), D. W. Crosbie (Rugby).
Second Row: R. Whyte (Rugby), D. Davidson (Rugby), W. Wood (Football), K. Watson (Rugby), N. MacPherson (Football), J. Gilmour (Football).
Third Row, Football: K. Doig, A. Blaney, G. Somerville, P. Pirie, R. J. Barr, J. Cochrane.
Fourth Row, Rugby: G. Gilmour, R. Heron, D. Leishman, K. Strickland, I. G. Sharp, A. S. Johnston.

RUGBY

The 1st XV has had mixed results, winning on some occasions and losing on others. Unfortunately the 2nd XV has been disbanded this season owing to decreasing numbers. The 1st year to 3rd year XV's have given some encouraging displays with some good wins, and I am sure they will make a strong basis for future 1st XV's.

Our representatives at the Rest of Glasgow Trials were Alan Rowney and Iain Sharp. Unfortunately, however, they did not reach the final team.

Our appreciative thanks go to Mr. McNeil for keeping Craighend playable, and to the members of staff who coached the teams. On behalf of the 1st XV, I should like to thank Mr. Lawson for undertaking the responsibility of coaching this team at such short notice, and I am able to say that his running of the team has led to noticeable success.

F. McN. VI1
Rugby Secretary

OUR DAY IN THE CAPITAL—MAY, 1970

The annual visit of a group of senior pupils to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland passed without incident—in spite of the presence at the morning session of the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson, looking bronzed and fit after his Whitsun holiday.

At the beginning of the day's business, which dealt with inter-church relations and the work of the church overseas, Lord Soper, Methodist leader, well-known on television, spoke of his optimism for the ultimate unity of all who sincerely owned Jesus Christ as Lord.

We took time off between sessions to visit Parliament House and the Law Courts at the invitation of a recent but already distinguished former pupil of this school, Mr. Herbert Kerrigan, who is in Edinburgh practising law, and lecturing at the University. We appreciated his making time in a busy day to act as host to his 'old school'.

PRIZE LIST 1970

DUX OF SCHOOL: HENDERSON MEDAL AND FIRST WAR MEMORIAL PRIZE

Marjorie Rae

PROXIME ACCESSIT—WAR MEMORIAL PRIZE

Catherine Benton

McFARLANE GAMBLE PRIZE

Robert Heron

WAR MEMORIAL PRIZES

Mathematics: Mary Palmer

Science: Robert Alexander

Classics: Colin Smith

Art: Gordon Henderson

Geography: Colin Smith

CROSTHWAITE MEMORIAL PRIZE IN LATIN

Senior: Irene Hawthorn

Junior: Alan Brown

Anne Carmichael

J. T. SMITH MEMORIAL PRIZE IN ENGLISH

Junior: Jennifer Nicoll

HELEN M. WEIR MEMORIAL PRIZE IN MODERN LANGUAGES

Senior: Moira Lee

Junior: Jennifer Nicoll

ROBERT M. WEIR PRIZE IN GERMAN

Marion Thomson

THE RALPH PAYNE MEMORIAL PRIZE IN SCIENCE

1 Marjorie Rae

2 Gordon Souter

THE GRACE BEAUMONT MEMORIAL PRIZE IN ENGLISH

Equal: Robert Livingstone and Ian Raitt

THE MARGARET H. CUNNINGHAM PRIZE FOR NEEDLEWORK

Elizabeth McIvor

THE WHITEHILL FORMER PUPILS' CLUB PRIZE FOR LEADERSHIP

Boys: Donald Munro

Girls: Sharon Condes

ROTARY PRIZE FOR CITIZENSHIP

Iain Sharp

SPECIAL CITIZENSHIP PRIZE

Catherine Forsyth

WHITEHILL FORMER PUPILS CLUB PRIZES

Form IV Boys: Ian Raitt

Form IV Girls: Janis Bonnar

Form V Boys: Gordon Souter

Form V Girls: Irene Hawthorn

Form VI Boys: No award

Form VI Girls: Marjorie Rae

DUX OF FORM IV—WAR MEMORIAL PRIZE

Ian Raitt

SUBJECT PRIZES

FORM VI

English: Thomas MacKay

Mathematics: Marjorie Rae

History: Alan Johnston

Science: Robert Naismith

French: Linda Forbes

German: Frances Murray

Art: Margaret Carswell

Music: Catherine Benton

Commerce: Janette Galway

Technical: Denis Scott

FORM V

English: 1 (equal) Moira Lee and Irene Hawthorn
3 Roberta Woods

Mathematics: 1 Irene Hawthorn
2 Moira Quinn
3 Gordon R. Souter

Biology: David Raeburn

A.P.H.: Margaret Cassie

Science: 1 Gordon R. Souter
2 Robert Alexander

History: 1 Fiona McIvor
2 Moira Lee

French: Irene Hawthorn

German: Marion Thomson

Art: Elizabeth Brown

Music: Ruth Houston

Commerce: Margaret Cassie

Technical: James Clark

Homecraft: Eleanor McMillan

FORM IV

English: 1 Ian Raitt
2 Janis Bonnar
3 Robert B. Livingstone

Mathematics: 1 Ian Raitt
2 Robert B. Livingstone
3 Ian S. Rae

Biology: Lorraine Bennett

Science: 1 Ian Raitt
2 Robert B. Livingstone

Geography: 1 Ian Raitt
2 Margaret McConnell

History: 1 Linda Russell
2 Jean Allison

Latin: Ian Raitt

French: Ian Raitt

German: 1 (equal) Rosemary Black and Aileen Hay

Art: Margaret L. McConnell

Music: Allison Bernard

Commerce: Amelia Collinson

Technical: David Irvine

Homecraft: Rosalind Vidler

FORM III

English: 1 Jennifer Nicoll
2 Grace Scott
3 Patricia McCann

Mathematics: 1 Melvin Ruddocks
2 George Smith
3 Grace Scott

Arithmetic: George Smith

Biology: Mary Gillies

Science: 1 George Smith
2 Grace Scott

Geography: 1 Thomas Greig
2 James Little

History: 1 Grace Scott
2 Elaine McDonald

Latin: Jennifer Nicoll

French: 1 (equal) Grace Scott and Anne Park

German: Jennifer Nicoll

Russian: Ronald Rae

Art: Andrew Bartoszek

Music: Margaret Gatner

Commerce: Elizabeth Reid

Technical: James Wilson

Homecraft: Doreen Thomson

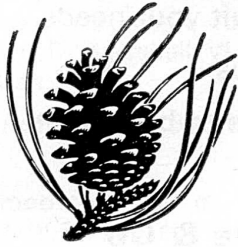
FORM II

- Dux of Form II: Christine Addis
- Proxime Accessit: Elizabeth Bell
- II.2 Marion Main
- II.3 Ian Donaldson
- II.4 Gaille Gray
- II.5 William Quigley
- II.6 Janette Fleming
- II.7 John McBride
- II.9 Alan Thomson
- II.10 Margaret Wilson
- II.11 William Firth

FORM I

- I.1 Peter Scobbie
- I.2 Jamesina Lister
- I.3 Murray Summers
- I.4 Lillian Clark
- I.5 Steven Paterson
- I.6 Christine King
- I.7 Derek Lang
- I.8 Elizabeth Travers
- I.10 Jessie Kerr

★ ★ ★



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SWIMMING GALA

The Gala was held in Whitevale Baths on Tuesday, 17th March, before an excellent turnout of Parents, Friends and Pupils. The trophies were presented by Miss Margaret M. Jackson, formerly of the Mathematics Staff of the School.

CHAMPIONSHIPS

BOYS—SENIOR

50 yds. Free Style: 1. G. Souter (W) V.3; 2. A. Dudds (H) V.1.

50 yds. Breast Stroke: 1. G. Souter (W) V.3; 2. R. Edwards (H) IV.1.

50 yds. Back Crawl: 1. G. Souter (W) V.3; 2. A. Dudds (H) V.1.

25 yds. Butterfly: 1. G. Souter (W) V.3; 2. A. Dudds (H) V.1.

Champion: G. Souter (W) V.3; runner-up: A. Dudds (H) V.1.

BOYS—JUNIOR

50 yds. Free Style: 1. R. Hill (S) III.5; 2. A. Barr (H) III.3.

50 yds. Breast Stroke: 1. R. Hill (S) III.5; 2. A. Barr (H) III.3.

50 yds. Back Crawl: 1. R. Hill (S) III.5; 2. G. Campbell (H) III.3.

Champion: R. Hill (S) III.5; runner-up: A. Barr (H) III.3.

GIRLS—SENIOR

50 yds. Free Style: 1. G. Condes (H) V.2; 2. F. Macdonald (S) IV.4.

50 yds. Breast Stroke: 1. G. Condes (H) V.2; 2. F. Macdonald (S) IV.4.

50 yds. Back Crawl: 1. G. Condes (H) V.2; 2. F. Macdonald (S) IV.4.

Champion: G. Condes (H) V.2; runner-up: F. Macdonald (S) IV.4.

GIRLS—JUNIOR

50 yds. Free Style: 1. A. Park (N) III.2; 2. S. Muir (N) II.2.

50 yds. Breast Stroke: 1. F. Dickson (H) I.2; 2. A. Park (N) III.2.

50 yds. Back Crawl: 1. A. Park (N) III.2; 2. F. Dickson (H) I.2.

Champion: A. Park (N) III.2; runner-up: F. Dickson (H) I.2.

DIVING

Boys: 1. R. Bell (H) II.1; 2. R. Gordon (S) IV.1; 3. W. Caldwell (H) IV.1.

Girls: 1. G. Condes (H) V.2; 2. A. McCracken (S) III.4; 3. F. Dickson (H) I.2.

F.P.s v School Boys

1. Boys.

F.P.s v School Girls

1. F.P.s.

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SCHOOL SPORTS

The Annual Sports were held, as usual, at Craighend on Wednesday, 4th June, 1969.

The Programme was carried out in good weather and the prizes and trophies were presented by Miss Lena Cameron.

BOYS

Senior: 100 m., R. Barr IV.1; 200 m., D. Marshall VI.3; 400 m., R. Barr IV.1; 800 m., K. McLellan V.3; 1500 m., S. McDonald IV.3; Shot, F. McNaughton V.3; Discus, F. McNaughton V.3; Javelin, R. O'Brien V.3; High Jump, R. Barr, IV.1; Long Jump, D. Marshall VI.3; Hop, Step and Jump, R. Barr IV.1.

Champion: R. Barr IV.1.

Intermediate: 100 m., S. Kent IV.3; 200 m., S. Kent IV.3; 400 m., D. Crosbie III.1; 800 m., J. Crossan, III.1; 1500 m., D. Crosbie III.1; Shot, D. Crosbie III.1; Discus, J. Crossan III.1; Javelin, W. Wright II.9; High Jump, G. Gilmour III.1; Long Jump, S. Kent IV.3; Hop, Step and Jump, S. Kent IV.3.

Champion: D. Crosbie III.1.

Junior: 100 m., I. Forrest I.3; 200 m., G. Campbell II.3; 400 m., R. Lambert; 800 m., J. Robinson II.5; 1500 m., J. Robinson II.5; Shot, R. Paterson II.2; Javelin, W. Penman I.5; High Jump, W. Martin I.5; Long Jump, W. Martin I.5; Hop, Step and Jump, G. Keys I.3.

Champion: I. Forrest I.3.

GIRLS

Senior: 100 m., G. Condes IV.2; 200 m., G. Condes IV.2; 800 m., G. Condes IV.2; High Jump, G. Condes IV.2; Long Jump, G. Condes IV.2; Shot Putt, O. Brownlie VI.2; Discus, O. Brownlie VI.2; Javelin, L. Tunmore IV.6.

Champion: G. Condes IV.2.

Intermediate: 100 m., K. Paterson II.2; 200 m., B. Withers III.6; High Jump, H. Laing III.4; Long Jump, J. Bradshaw III.2; Shot Putt, A. Barton II.1; Discus, R. Dickie III.2; Javelin, E. McCulloch II.2.

Champion: J. Campbell II.2.

Junior: 100 m., M. Miller II.1; 150 m., E. White; High Jump, M. Miller II.1; Long Jump, M. Miller II.1; Cricket Ball, M. Miller II.1.

Champion: M. Miller II.1.

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SCHOOL AWARDS

In future School Awards will be as follows:—

'Blues' for Games, Swimming, Athletics etc.

The recipient may wear white braid on blazers and 'dates' on pocket

'Colours' for 6th Year Prefects who may wear pale blue braid on blazer.

'Half Blues' as for 'Blues', the recipient may wear white braid on cuff and pocket only.

'House Colours' to pupils exhibiting outstanding service to school and recipient may wear House Coloured Cord twisted with white cord on blazer.

Awards at 13th February, 1970:—

Hockey: *Re-dates:* G. Condes V.2; M. Ingram V.4; A. Park V.6; *Half Blues:* L. Martin V.4; M. Miller III.2; L. Tunmore V.6.

Swimming: *Re-dates:* G. Condes V.2; G. Souter V.3; *Blues:* A. Dudds V.1; *Half-Blues:* E. McCulloch V.2; D. Thomson III.4; A. Park III.2; A. Barr III.3; R. Edwards IV.1; W. Caldwell IV.1; R. Hill III.5; F. Thomson IV.5; N. Livingstone V.1.

Rugby: *Blues:* F. McNaughton VI.1; J. Clark VI.1; *Half-Blues:* S. MacDonald V.3; R. Heron VI.1; J. Ross V.3, G. Gilmour IV.1; D. Crosbie IV.1.

Football: *Half-Blues:* J. Stevenson IV.5.

Badminton: *Re-dates:* I. Sharp VI.3; *Blues:* I. Russell VI.3; E. McCulloch V.2; *Half-Blues:* A. Singleton VI.3; H. Eyton VI.1; C. McNaught V.3; G. Condes V.2.

Colours (6th Year Prefects): D. Munro VI.1; I. Sharp VI.3; R. Heron VI.1; T. Mackay VI.1; K. McLellan VI.1; C. Palmer VI.3; M. Docherty VI.1; S. Condes VI.2; C. Forsyth VI.2; C. Benton VI.2; L. Forbes VI.2; T. Mathieson VI.2; M. Palmer VI.2; M. Rae VI.2.

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FOLK SONG CLUB

After a limelit June we came back in September to the light of common day. The club met as before on Tuesdays but moved to more spacious premises in Onslow. As usual, numbers fell away in the second term, but a faithful few kept Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Shedden company.

The club provided singers and players for the Burns Supper and organised a successful Folk Concert with guest singers from four other schools.

Throughout the year some of us learned songs, some of us took guitar lessons and some of us just listened.

M.L., V.4

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