

Whitehill School Magazine.

Diamond Jubilee Number

Number 65

November,
1951



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SCHOOL OFFICIALS

Captains

Thomas McNab, VI.

Mairi M. Weir, VI.

Vice-Captains

John S. Duff, VI.

Elizabeth G. Donaldson, V.

Prefects

George Marshall, VI; Fraser M. Sutherland, VI; George Baillie, VI; James A. Falconer, VI; William Greenock, V; John S. Hunter, V; George Brown, V; Ronald Cresswell, V; Ian A. MacLean, V.

Maureen M. Willox, V; Irene E. Tully, V; Evelyn M. Bell, V; Helen S. Dunbar, V; Marina Fitzgerald, V; Myra K. Watson, V; Iris Ogg, V; Alexena McLean, V.

Rugby

Captain: J. Alistair Russell, V.

Vice-Captain: John S. Duff, VI.

Secretary: William Greenock, V.

Football

Captain: Samuel Cooper, V.

Vice-Captain: George Mackie, V.

Secretary: George Baillie, VI.

Hockey

Captain: Elizabeth G. Donaldson, V.

Secretary: Evelyn M. Bell, V.

Swimming

Captain: J. Alistair Russell, V.

Golf

Captain: David B. Mackie, VI.

Secretary: Ian Martin, VI.

Cricket

Secretary: Ian Bournier, VI.

Rowing Club

Captain: George Marshall, VI.

Scripture Union

Secretaries: Mairi M. Weir, VI; Angus T. Stewart, VI.

Literary and Debating Society

Secretary: A. David Hogarth, V.

Treasurer: Evelyn M. Bell, V.

Committee: Margaret Alexander, VI; James Russell, VI; Rita Sutherland, V; Alasdair Gray, V; Nan McAdam, IV; Andrew Grieve, IV.

Magazine

Editors: Mairi M. Weir, VI; Alasdair J. Gray, V.

Sub-Editors: Elizabeth G. Donaldson, V; Andrew J. Scobie, V; Margaret G. Reid, IV; Ronald Scott, IV.

Committee: Evelyn M. Bell, V; Maureen M. Willox, V; Ann Young, IV; Margaret Chisholm, IV.

Foreword.

By THE HEADMASTER

November 16th, 1951, is the 60th Anniversary of the opening of Whitehill Public School. This special number of the School Magazine has been devised to mark the occasion, and may be regarded as a supplement to the souvenir number published five years ago, when, belatedly because of the war, the School celebrated its Jubilee. In the 1946 issue definitive records of the School's history were written by past and present members of the School Staff, and reminiscent articles were contributed by representative Former Pupils. The present number, in articles that stem from the six decades of our history, seeks no more than to give permanence to another collection of the reminiscences that are exchanged whenever old Whitehillians meet; and as this Diamond Jubilee Magazine will probably come into the hands of many Former Pupils who do not ordinarily see our bi-annual issues, there have been included features that illustrate our corporate life at the present day.

It has taken a long time to prepare this issue. The Joint Editors, Mr. James C. Williamson, Depute Headmaster, and Mr. Arthur E. Meikle, English Department, began their planning of it three years ago, and have given much time, thought, and labour to the assembly of photographs and articles, and to searching amongst old documents and files for facts of significance and interest. I gratefully acknowledge our debt to them, for the School has been doubly fortunate in having had their devoted services both for this number and for the Jubilee number. To them and to Mr. Robert Heeps, their skilled and energetic assistant, and to the distinguished Former Pupils who write with warmth and friendliness of their old School, our best thanks are due.

Certain abiding features of the School stand out clear from the reminiscent articles in these pages. For the greatest part of its existence the School has been one of the largest in the country; in recent years at peak periods of the session its roll oversteps the fourteen hundred mark. It might therefore reasonably be expected that in such a huge establishment relationships between staff and pupils would be severely impersonal. That has never been true of Whitehill. When I think of those who were my elder colleagues in 1913, when I first joined the Staff, I find that I cannot dissociate them from the pupils whom they taught—so closely did they identify themselves with them. The same is true of my younger colleagues to-day. Again, I remember when taking over from Mr. Robert M. Weir in 1947, how delighted I was to find on the roll of the School so many of the old families represented—Colquhouns, Eadies, Chisholms, Cresswells, and McNabs. It is probably too because of this warm personal appeal of the School that no fewer than nine Former Pupils have returned to be members of our present Staff.

Continuing characteristics the School may have, but it has

not remained static. In the past forty years striking changes in thought and attitude have taken place in the community. The School has accommodated itself to these changes, and its curriculum and organisation reflects them. But amidst all the changes of a quickly changing world, certain features of tone and spirit remain with us from Whitehill's early days—in the aftermath of a Second World War I find it comforting to think that pupils now have the same measure of abounding vitality, self-confidence, and initiative as their predecessors had when I first knew them so many years ago.

Editorial

Dear Reader,

For better or for worse, here it is—the Diamond Jubilee Edition. In preparing it, the Magazine staff suffered nightmare difficulties. We had to pack and prune our choice of articles, so as to hold a certain balance between cartoons and photographs, school notes and advertisements, pieces by former pupils and present pupils. We had also to exercise a strict economy of spacing, for which reason the editorial is shorter than usual. It's an ill wind, etc.

If you don't think the result worth another threepence, our only excuse is: we did try. As the notice in the Western saloon bar said,

“Don't shoot the man at the piano, he's doing his best.”

We believe, however, that you will find something to amuse you in the following pages, even if it is only the photograph of the prefects.

And now, we must say how very grateful we are to the Staff. Mr. Williamson has done much to help us with the planning of this Jubilee edition, besides writing many of the unsigned contributions. Mr. Heeps and his helpers have worked hard and effectively in attending to the business side. Mr. Garden and Mr. Simpson have given unsparingly of their time and skill in photography, and Mr. Cormac has supervised the artistic work, besides contributing twice his usual output. Mr. Meikle, indefatigable as ever, has corrected the proofs, corresponded with the printers, and given us his invaluable advice. All have given the benefit of their specialised knowledge and experience, and it is impossible to thank them enough. (And if that doesn't get us our highers, nothing will.)

We must also thank Messrs. Stobo & Sons, printers; Mr. David Lawrie, the photographer; and the Dux Engraving Company. All have met the unusual demands of the Jubilee edition with unusual forbearance and generosity.

THE EDITORS.

School Notes.

Mr. Duff, who retired on 9th May, presided over the Sports at Craigend on the 26th and Dr. Andrew Barr, President of the Whitehill School Dinner Club for 1951, was Chairman at the Prizegiving which closed the session on 29th June. Both occasions, as one can imagine, were marked by much geniality and humour. On 12th June the wind changed to the west, but it brought no luck to the Staff in their annual football match with the Pupils. However, they made a fair bid for victory at the cricket match.

Mr. George R. Needle, who has become Principal Teacher of English at Lamlash, Arran, joined the staff in 1936. A captain of the Boys' Brigade, he proved to be a valuable asset, particularly in training teams in association football. He will be missed in many ways—by the English Department for his wise counsel, by the pupils for his vigorous yet kindly instruction, and by the staff for his robust presence and debating powers. We wish him much enjoyment and satisfaction in the new sphere.

Mr. Clark Hendry (Modern Languages) who is now in Hillhead High School gave us a similar length of service. When they came in 1934-1935 Mr. Hollinsworth and Mr. Hendry, fellow-students and close friends, brought with them a breath (or rather a blast) of fresh air. Mr. Hollinsworth's death in 1940 was a severe blow to us all and not least to Mr. Hendry. But in the intervening years he showed a vitality that won the admiration and affection of all his colleagues. In addition, we prized his thoroughness as a teacher, his scholarship and width of outlook, and, above all, his wit and humour dispensed mostly to that *kgotla* of choice spirits at the fireside of Room 8. We of the East are loath to lose him, but we are sure he will be happy in the West.

A third loss results from the promotion of Mr. Lawrence F. Thomson to the position of Principal Teacher of Science in Wellshot Junior Secondary School. Mr. Thomson, who came in 1945, was a familiar figure, tall and alert. Always ready to oblige and to advise, he took efficient charge of the Careers Department and intelligence tests. He supervised School Cricket and was also an expert in electrical wiring! For these many and varied services we thank him and send him greetings.

We congratulate Mr. Wm. P. Cleland (English) on his appointment as a Lecturer in Methods at Jordanhill Training College. Enthusiasm and efficiency have marked Mr. Cleland's work, especially in the duties connected with the Magazine and the Book Store. The time he has been with us (three years) has passed all too quickly. We part from him with regret, but with good wishes for his future.

We have now the pleasant duty of welcoming the following new members of Staff:—Miss Margaret D. A. Cochrane, Mrs. Agnes Craib, Miss Helen M. Richmond, and Miss Anne K.

Hetherington. To Mrs. Pirie, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, and Mr. Wm. F. Keir we send a message of farewell on their departure, Mrs. Pirie to resumed retirement and Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Keir to other appointments.

Last year Miss Marjorie Johnston of Templeton Junior High School, Vancouver, British Columbia, exchanged with Miss Wallace of the Art Department. We are very pleased to see Miss Wallace home again, and to Miss Johnston, who enjoyed our social life and brought to it the ready camaraderie of the Far West, we send Whitehill's kindest remembrances.

At a recent Tuesday service we were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Grocott of Wellington, New Zealand. At Mr. Arthur's request he promised to convey the school's greetings to the Rev. Wm. Temple of St. John's Church, Wellington, who along with Mr. Weir instituted the services in Rutherford Church in 1943.

Some of our Contributors

Former Members of Staff

Mr. JAMES IMRIE (p. 41), 1897-1921. Mr. Imrie has supplied much valuable information regarding the early days and lent many class photographs.

Mr. A. CAMERON SOMERVILLE, M.A. (p. 47), 1923-1950. First Principal Teacher of History.

Former Pupils

Mr. THEODORE D. LOWE, M.A., LL.B. (p. 29), 1891-1896. Solicitor in the Legal Department, L.M.S. Railway; retired 1943. Our sincere thanks are due to him for his practical interest in the Diamond Jubilee Number from its inception.

Mrs. RUBY PATERSON, M.A. (Miss RUBY JEX-LONG) (p. 31), 1893-1905. Missionary of the Church of Scotland, Mlanje, Nyasaland.

Miss JANE A. CLANACHAN, M.A. (p. 32), 1898-1904. Formerly Principal Teacher of Mathematics, Govan Senior Secondary School. Daughter of the late Mr. John Clanachan, first Headmaster of Alexandra Parade School (1897-1915).

Dr. ANDREW S. BARR (p. 33), 1908-1913. Son of the late Rev. James Barr, B.D., M.P., at one time Minister of Rutherford Church. Dr. Barr is President of the Whitehill School Dinner Club for 1951.

Dr. JOHN FLEMING (p. 35), 1913-1920. Physician in charge of Larkfield Hospital, Greenock.

Miss JENNIE RONALD (p. 48), 1944-1950. Girl Captain, 1949-1950. At present Honours Student at Glasgow University.

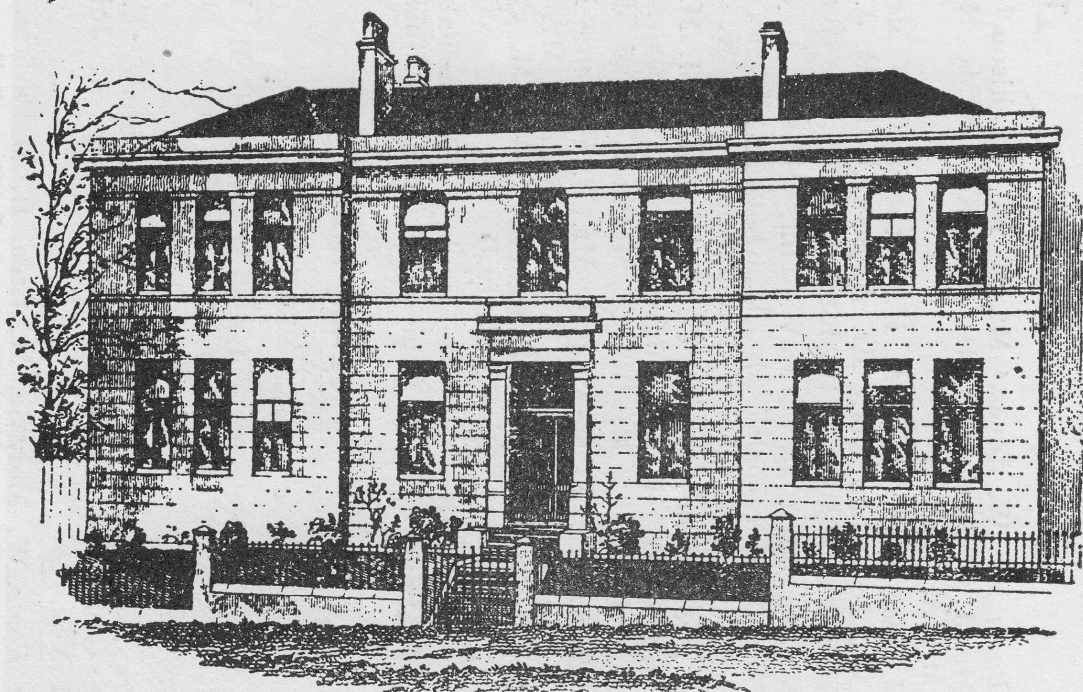
The Whitehill School Club.

In a school such as Whitehill many friendships are begun which evolve in the passage of time into lifelong friendships. Since 1903 the School Club has, amongst other things, been attempting by way of a variety of social and athletic interests to maintain and strengthen the friendships formed in school.

The Club has much to offer members. The Rugger players and Footballers get an outlet for their interest and keenness in the game, as do the Hockey and Badminton enthusiasts through the athletic sections, which are taking a prominent place in the sporting circles in the City and West of Scotland. The 1st Football XI last season were 1st Division champions of the F.P. League, and in addition reached the semi-final of the Scottish Amateur Cup. The Club's fortnightly social meetings normally take the form of speaker nights, debates, social evenings, dances in the Gym. and parties in Craigend House. The high light of each season is the Christmas Ball in a city restaurant, when all and sundry attend.

The School Club is the playground of Former Pupils, and it is precisely this which has made it so popular. May it long continue to function as such!

IRIS BOYD,
969 Cumbernauld Road,



Dennistoun Academy, 1870-1882; Whitehill School for Girls, 1882-1891.

This building occupied the site of the present school.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE STAFF (opposite page).

Back Row: Mr. W. Jones,⁴ Mr. H. M. Hutchison,² Mr. A. Smith,⁵ Mr. D. MacKenzie,¹ Mr. W. O. Brown,⁶ Mr. J. C. McCrindle,⁷ Mr. J. T. Thomson,⁸ Mr. J. McKean,¹⁰ Mr. R. K. Simpson,⁸ Mr. R. Gardiner,¹⁰ Mr. J. M. Hamilton,⁴ Miss O. M. Hay,¹⁰ Mr. A. Whitelaw.¹⁵

Second Back Row: Miss A. K. Hetherington,⁷ Mrs. A. Craib,⁶ Miss H. M. Richmond,¹ Mr. J. Miller,⁷ Mr. J. R. Cuthbertson,⁵ Mr. Jos. Hamilton,⁵ Mr. A. Scott,¹ Mr. R. J. S. Cormac,⁸ Mr. P. S. Peggie,⁷ Mr. J. Forgie,¹⁰ Mr. W. P. Cleland,¹ Mr. Jas. Hamilton,⁴ Mr. J. M. Lithgow,⁹ Mr. R. Heeps,¹ Miss M. M. McWilliam,¹² Miss A. E. Orr.¹

Middle Row: Mrs. M. C. McWilliam,⁶ Miss M. L. M. Kerr,⁸ Miss B. M. Reid,⁴ Miss M. D. A. Cochran,⁷ Mrs. A. I. M. Sweeney,⁷ Mr. D. Katzenell,⁷ Mr. D. Donald,⁶ Mr. J. Fisher,⁷ Miss M. E. Cameron,⁶ Miss I. J. H. Strang,⁹ Miss M. McClew,⁶ Miss J. Wilson,¹⁴ Miss A. Youngson,¹⁴ Miss K. M. H. Pryde,⁴ Miss E. M. C. McNab,⁴ Miss L. M. Begg,³ Miss H. S. D. Mowat.¹¹

Second Front Row: Mr. D. Chisholm,⁴ Miss M. M. Jackson,⁴ Mr. A. E. Meikle,¹ Miss C. K. Wallace,⁸ Mr. T. Jardine,¹ Miss J. C. Muir,⁵ Mr. A. M. Munro,¹ Mr. J. Duncanson,¹ Miss M. J. J. Bell,⁶ Miss H. M. Watt,⁶ Mr. J. Miller,⁴ Mr. A. G. S. Neill,⁶ Mr. J. Paul,⁴ Mr. J. C. McPhail,⁷ Miss J. E. Garvan,¹ Miss M. W. Taylor.⁵

Front Row: Mr. J. McAulay,¹⁵ Mr. P. Garden,⁹ Miss A. J. Climie,³ Mr. G. M. Kerr,¹³ Miss J. A. O'May,¹ (Woman Adviser), Mr. I. Stewart,⁸ Miss M. W. Rennie,¹¹ Mr. J. C. Williamson,¹ (Depute Headmaster), Mr. R. McEwan (Headmaster), Miss M. B. Fisher,¹⁰ Mr. J. Bennett,⁷ Miss M. C. McColl,⁴ Mr. J. M. Hutchison,⁶ Mr. T. P. Fletcher,¹² Mr. I. Wilson,² Mr. R. H. Small,⁵ Mr. J. W. Kelly.¹⁵

¹ English. ² History. ³ Geography. ⁴ Mathematics. ⁵ Classics. ⁶ Modern Languages. ⁷ Science. ⁸ Art. ⁹ Commerce.
¹⁰ Physical Education. ¹¹ Domestic Science. ¹² Music. ¹³ Technical. ¹⁴ School Office. ¹⁵ Janitor.

CLASS II.2.

(Page 44.)

Back Row: M. Nelson, C. Love, M. McLeod, M. Paterson, F. Henderson, J. Steele, J. Mason, J. Bryce, D. McEwing, A. Bone.

Middle Row: J. Swan, W. Cleugh, R. Shaw, A. Fitzgerald, R. Grant, I. Murdoch, W. Forrest, A. Johnstone, T. McNeil.

Front Row: W. Melville, M. Cree, R. McFarlane, Miss A. E. Orr, M. Thomson, M. Herbert, J. Campbell.

CLASS IV.1.

(Page 45.)

Back Row: C. Thomson, G. Tennant, R. Ramage, J. Aitken, T. Willows, J. Storie, A. Grieve, T. Chisholm, I. Halliday, W. Fleming, S. Affrossman.

Middle Row: W. Farrell, K. Campbell, M. Chisholm, A. Young, M. Love, N. Stewart, N. McAdam, D. Scott, M. Pinkerton, Miss M. M. Jackson.

Front Row: A. A'Hara, M. Johnston, E. Smeall, M. Reid, A. Lawson, R. Annandale, R. Scott.



[Photo by Lawrie

THE STAFF, SEPTEMBER, 1951.

Mr. R. McEwan, M.C., M.A., Headmaster.



[Photo by Lawrie

THE PREFECTS.

Back Row: R. Cresswell, I. MacLean, J. Falconer, G. Baillie, G. Brown, F. Sutherland, W. Greenock, J. Hunter.

Middle Row: I. Tully, E. McLean, E. Bell, M. Watson, H. Dunbar, I. Ogg, M. Fitzgerald.

Front Row: G. Marshall, E. G. Donaldson (Vice-Captain), T. McNab (Captain), Mr. McEwan, M. M. Weir (Captain), J. Duff (Vice-Captain), M. Willox.

Sixty Years Ago.

By JAMES C. WILLIAMSON, M.A.

Imagination at Work.

In the year 1805 Sir Walter Scott's imagination was stirred by the accounts he had heard from survivors of the Forty-five Rebellion and he wrote his first historical romance, calling it "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since." Thus began the union of history and the imagination in English literature. Perhaps in this year of grace 1951 some Whitehillian with a historical sense might follow his example and re-create the year 1891. But in order to "listen in" to the Past, let him try an experiment in imagination near his own doors.

Choose a quiet time to visit the School Playing Field, preferably when the noise of the afternoon interval has died away among the "Pre-fabs" and the shades of a winter evening are closing in on the open space and its high surrounding walls. Stand in the centre and let the imagination have full play. Then Sixty Years Ago will arrive! Around rise the pillars and walls of an auditorium and sounds are heard as of the Kelvin Hall at Carnival time. Not far away is the Machinery Avenue where the latest looms and engines fill the air with their clicking and clashing, and Jennion's Marionettes dance to lively music. Is it not a medley of sound? Down in the basement¹ of the Old Reformatory shots are heard from the Shooting Range and Edison's Phonograph delights and amazes the populace. There are appetising smells also, especially from Waddell's Sausage stand where you can enjoy a Mowbray pie and a cup of tea or coffee. "Try it—the best value ever offered in any Exhibition."

The East End Exhibition.

Yes, the East End Exhibition of sixty years ago is here, spread out over the 60,000 square feet of open space that we now (since 1949) use as a playing field, and lying immediately to the north of the old Reformatory Building. The Concert Hall is seated to hold 3,000 and in the flanking sections there are eight avenues for exhibits, an Art Gallery, a Canadian Circular Switchback, and a fearsome region known as Ingram's Jungle. Free use is made of the Moorish style of decoration.²

Entrance is obtained by a long covered approach leading up from Hillfoot Street. We shall imagine the date of our visit to be 14th January, 1891. On the notice board for that day is the following:

FOUND: 1 Cinderella slipper, 1 wee bottle, 1 gent.'s cloth tippet.

¹ Represented to-day by the sudden descent of ground running parallel to the Annexe.

² The situations here suggested are only approximate; no plan of the grounds is to hand

NOISES IN THE HALL: The Audience are respectfully requested to refrain from beating their feet during the performance of pieces as this is very harassing to the Artistes.

So much for the first vision.

The Scene Changes.

But now the scene changes and gives place to something really exciting. It is the 17th of November, 1891. Whitehill has just begun to enrol its first pupils, and over the wall in the premises of the East End Exhibition Buffalo Bill has just begun his Wild West Show. In the effort to win the affection and the attention of his pupils Mr. James Henderson, the Headmaster, will find a formidable rival in the hero who has just arrived from U.S.A. For he has brought 300 show people and 175 head of stock—mules, horses, ponies, and buffaloes, all housed and stabled in the Old Reformatory basement. And Red Indians stroll along Duke Street in their leisure hours looking at the shops and especially at a barber's window showing wigs which they mistake, greatly admiring, for scalps.

Buffalo Bill.



Buffalo Bill
(Col. W. F. Cody, 1845-1917).¹

Colonel William F. Cody was a scout and rider in the United States army, operating against the Sioux Indians in the seventies of last century. The most sensational event of the campaign was the massacre in Montana by Sitting Bull and his Sioux braves of the brigade commanded by General A. Custer ("the reddest page of savage history"). Col. Cody and his scouts arrived too late; a riderless horse was the only survivor. After the Indians submitted, Cody was permitted by the U.S. Government to take charge of 23 famous chiefs and incorporate them in his travelling show. Among these were Short Bull, Kicking Bear, Scatter the Prophet, and Charging Crow. There was also Annie Oakley with her gun.

The Wild West Show.

To give full scope the auditorium is now enlarged to seat 7,000 spectators and space for the performers is proportionately increased. If we stand in the centre, we are in imminent danger of being run over by cowboys or trampled to death by buffaloes. The whoops of Red Indians and the thudding sound of their charging mustangs fill one with terror. What a scene! What excitement! Can a football match Staff v. Pupils equal it?

¹ Distinguish from Col. Sam. F. Cody (1862-1913), aviator, and inventor of a triplane. Killed in an aeroplane crash near Aldershot.

The programme¹ is approximately as follows:—

Event 1: Buffalo Bill and his men armed with axe, revolver, and rifle act as escort to the famous Pony Express forwarding mail from Missouri to California and drive off attacking Indians.

Event 2: Col. Cody and his cowboys with their long bull-whips round up buffaloes as he used to do in America in order to supply meat for the railway pioneers in the Middle West.

Event 3: He and his sharpshooters (including Annie) shoot at (and never miss) flying objects such as glass balls, streamers, and clay pigeons.

Event 4: Red Indians dance a war dance to the monotonous sound of tom-toms and the chant of native women.

Event 5: The Battle of Little Big Horn in 1876 is re-enacted showing the death of General Custer and all his men.

Event 6: Next there is a prairie fire and a wild stampede of men, horses, and buffaloes before the advancing flames.

Event 7: Finally, a grand parade takes place of the whole company, some on their magnificent mounts of the Cortez breed, and then follows the general Equestrian Salute to finish the show.

Now the second vision fades in the evening shadows. The Field is empty and silent. "The tumult and the shouting dies."

But it was thrilling while it lasted.

Subsequent Years.

The buildings of the East End Exhibition continued to be used from time to time up to the beginning of the present century. The school as its nearest neighbour always knew when there was an off season, for the starved rodent population would invade the nearest schoolrooms, i.e., Rooms 2 to 5, occupied by the Infant Department. One day a pupil reported in tears that a rat had seized her lunch from under the desk. The teacher fled to the Headmaster! Mr. Colin Turner, the Janitor (of beloved memory), used to ask Mr. J. T. Fleming, the Depute Headmaster, to admire his catch for the day; sometimes four were in the trap at once.

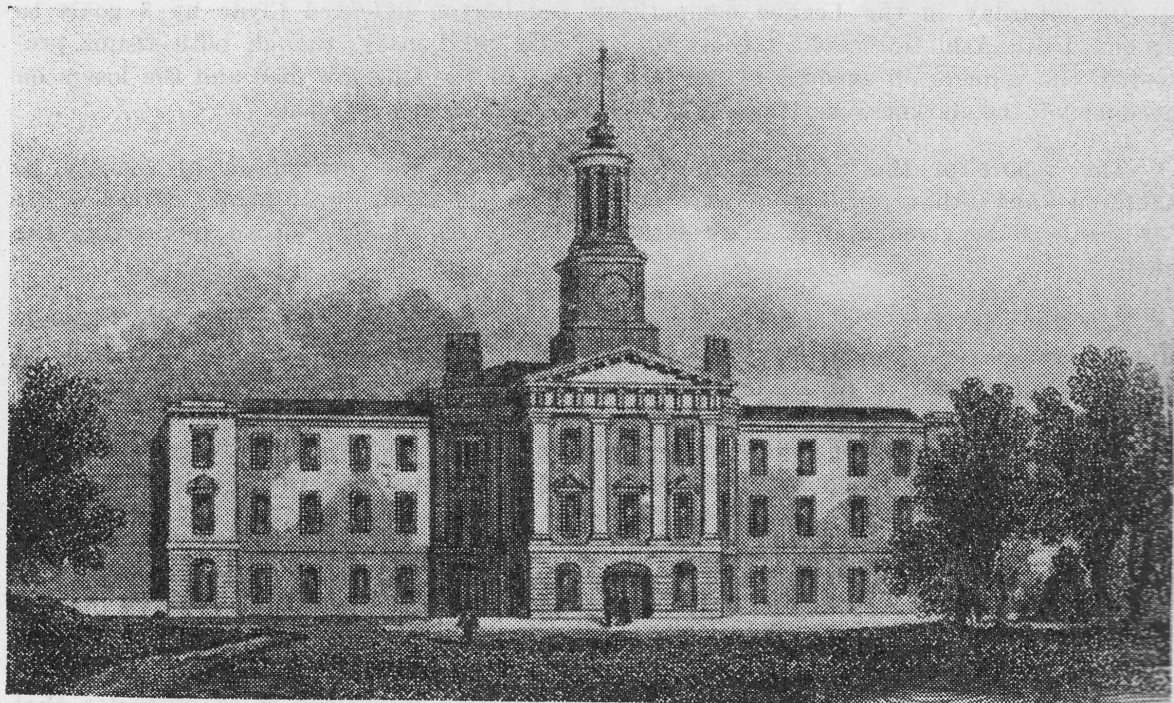
The Exhibition of 1890-1891 realised the goodly sum of over £3,000. This was a welcome addition to the funds raised for the building of a permanent memorial—The People's Palace—erected in Glasgow Green in 1896-1898.

The Old Reformatory.

The Old Reformatory stood for many years after the grounds had been cleared, but gradually it became derelict. When the joists of the entrance hall gave way and daring adventurers from the school risked life and limb in exploration, it was high time to remove the whole edifice. It had (about 1836) been built as

¹ Based on contemporary accounts, but eye witnesses are scarce and hard to obtain.

a House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents who were to be educated and taught a trade. An early account (1847) said that "it is a good example of plain Roman architecture. The situation is finely elevated and the house forms a prominent feature



in the eastern part of the city." However, as the years went on its usefulness decreased and its functions were finally taken over by Mossbank Industrial School. Demolition was completed by 1922 when the Annexe was erected and legitimate access to the Playing Field first became possible. In the old and forbidding walls that still frown down upon us we can see traces of the past—a plastered surface, marks of old joists, and outlines of "lean-to" buildings; and there is still the outline of the old avenue that led up from Hillfoot Street.

The Dream School.

By 1938 the whole area belonging to the Reformatory (excepting the ground now occupied by the Palais de Danse) had been secured by the Corporation Education Committee. Plans were made to use such a magnificent site for a greater Whitehill. New approaches were arranged and the architect's plan showed a two-storeyed E-shaped building with the bays facing south to form sun-traps. The administrative block was to be in the middle and the wings were to include a hall, gymnasium, a swimming pool, and a full-sized library. The first sod was to be cut in February, 1940. But *Dis aliter visum*; the Second World War intervened and the scheme was abandoned.

Having lost our "dream" school, we do the next best thing; we use our new acquisition as a great Breathing Ground, our Wide Open Space. And who knows? Possibly Sixty Years Hence when the Age of Violence is over the dream will come true, and the denizens of Whitehill in the year 2011 will be able to stream out from ideal classrooms to disport themselves on the green sward of the perfect sports ground!

Those Were the Days.

The following items have been culled from "The Glasgow Herald" of Monday, 16th November, 1891, and give an indication of what the world was like when Whitehill School opened its doors for the first time.

On Saturday in the League competition Dumbarton defeated Clyde by 8 goals to 2; and Leith Athletic scored 3 goals to 1 by the 3rd Lanark, though both teams protested, the winners on account of the late arrival of the Glasgow men and the losers on account of the darkness settling in before the match was finished.

The report of the Scottish National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children shows that 76 children were sheltered in the home in Montrose Street where 578 meals were given and 27 were either partially or wholly clothed on leaving the shelter.

The rumour that the engagement of Prince Albert Victor will shortly be formally announced (says "Vanity Fair") is very generally circulated in society. It is at least probable, and it would be a very popular event. Princess May is staying at Balmoral now, and the Queen delights to honour her on all occasions.

It has been very noticeable during the year that the Queen's autumn visit to Balmoral has been marked by an almost complete abandonment of the seclusion which she has maintained for so many years.

Russia and the Pamirs.—English newspapers took alarm at the proceedings of Captain Zanolff's expedition, because they regarded it as an indication of a further movement towards India; but their fears were baseless. A Russian military campaign against India was an impossible idea, the inaccessibility of the country, its immensity, its geographical configuration, and finally its climatic conditions were obstacles that could not be surmounted.

FASHION NOTE:—Ribbons are in great favour. They are worn especially by young ladies. The last arrangement is to—for an evening dress—pass the ribbon round the waist, cross it in front, take it round again under the arms, and tie it in a bow above the shoulder blades at the point of the berthe or the frill of lace or chiffon, and the long ends should reach the foot of the skirt. An elegant dinner dress is made of a rich pink silk, with a large broche rose and leaves in reds thrown at intervals. The skirt is plain and gored.

ADVERTISEMENT.—Ball-pointed pens (Hewitt's Patent). For easy writing—No spluttering or scratching. Equal to Gold Pens. Ormiston and Glass, London, E.C.

Promotion of Righteousness and True Holiness Meeting will be held in Waterloo Rooms to-day (Monday) at 3 o'clock. All invited.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Monday, November 23rd, for six nights only. Return visit of

Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry,
and the Lyceum Company.

Prices: Dress Circle 7/6. Orchestra Stalls 6/6. Family Circle 5/-.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth; it relieves the little sufferer at once. It produces natural quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakens "as bright as a button." . . . Price 1/0½ per bottle.

Grand Colosseum Warehouse.

Hats! Hats!! Hats!!!

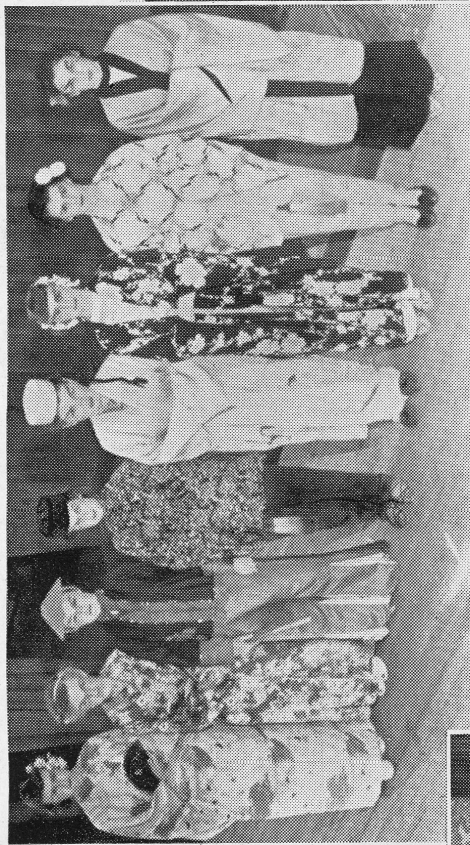
250,000 Felt, Beaver, Plush and Cloth. Hats worth from 2/6 to 10/-. Colosseum Prices, 11½d. to 2/6.

Millinery Muffs; every colour. 11½d. to 21/-.

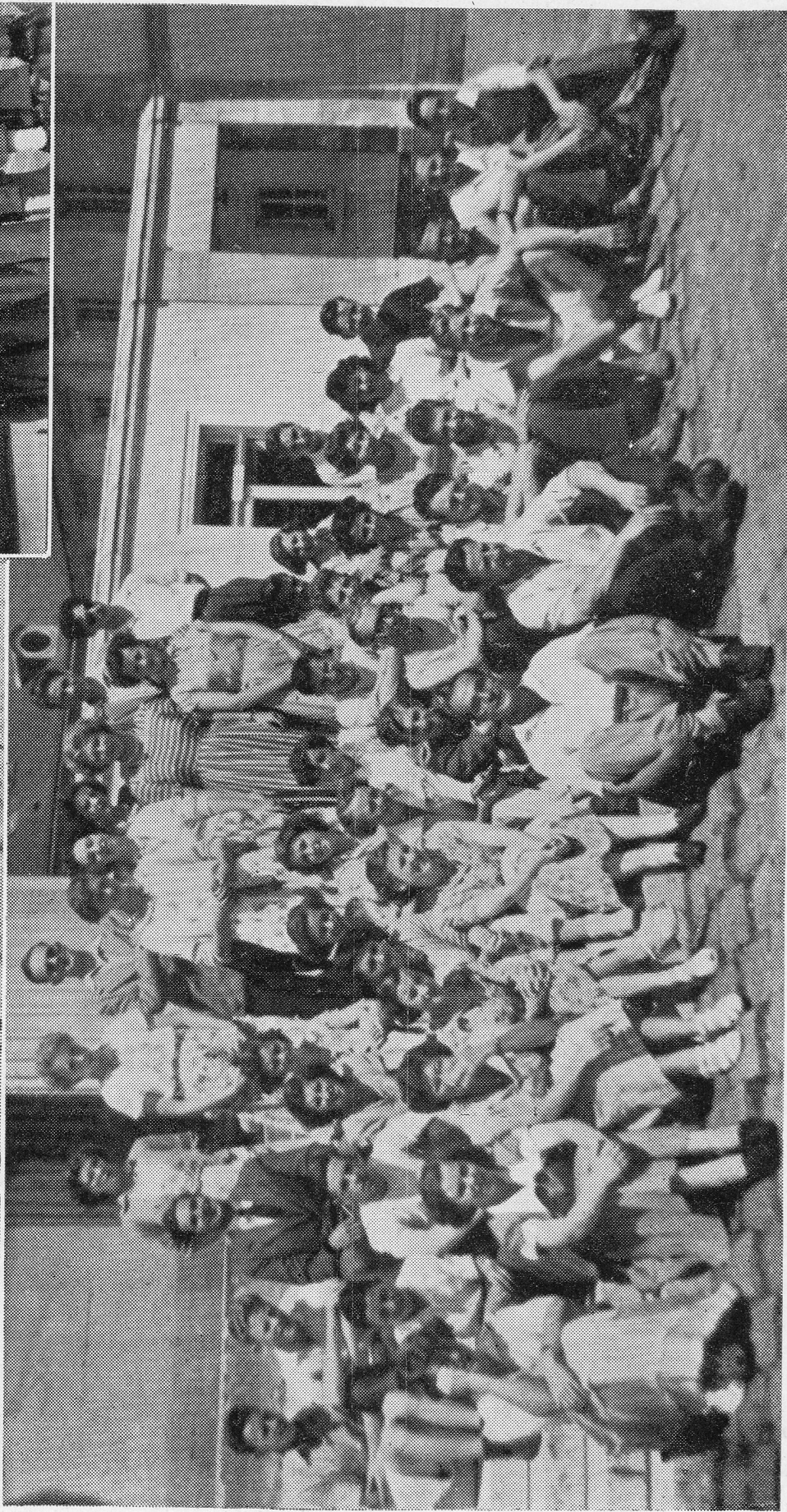
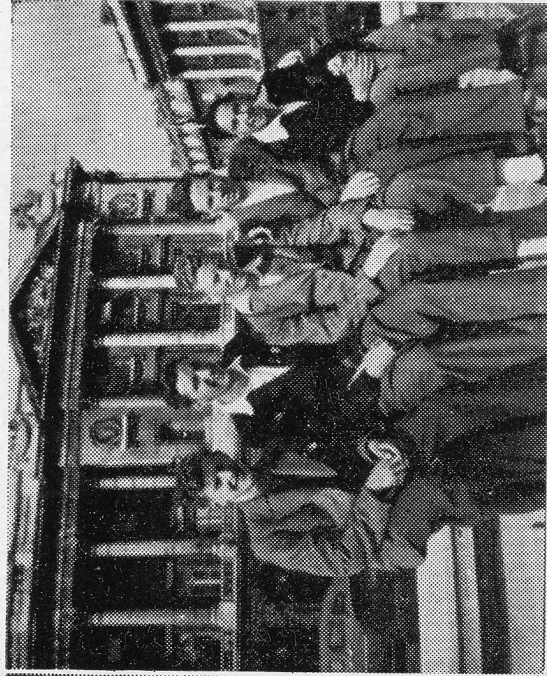
Misses' Muffs in Velvet, Astrachan, Plush, and other Fashionable Materials. 11½d., 1/6½, 1/11½ to 8/11.

300 Lovely Hackle and Coque Feather Boas—The Height of the Fashion in London. In Black at 7/11, 9/11 and 11/9.

*, Diamond Jubilee Concert in Athenæum Theatre
June, 1951*



[Photos by Mr. Simpson]



WHITEHILL IN FRANCE, JULY, 1951.

In the Beginning.

By THEODORE D. LOWE, M.A., LL.B.

In the Autumn of 1891 there was a migration of pupils from Dennistoun and Thomson Street Public Schools to the newly built Whitehill School. The two first named were then the only public schools in Dennistoun, although technically Thomson Street stood just outside the boundary. I was a Dennistonian, but one of my most intimate friends (as it proved) came from Thomson Street in the person of Dugald B. MacQuistan who became professor of Physics in the Technical College and died in 1946.

To anyone ascending Whitehill Street in 1891, the school looked exactly as it does to-day, but the changes wrought by time are evident on the north and west sides. On the north was a high wall, and on the west were iron railings separating the playgrounds from the East End Exhibition. During my last winter (1895-6) the gymnasium and workshop appeared on the north side, but that was all in the way of structural alterations.

We had excellent teachers, and I was glad to see in the Jubilee Magazine the names of John Dougall, the predecessor of Charles, and of John D. Rose, who came before Crosthwaite. John Dougall was one of Scotland's finest mathematicians—he was too fine for the Whitehill laddies—and Mr. Rose was a fastidious classic. I must also refer specially to Wm. Wylie Russell, who was easily the most effective of my long series of teachers. He combined great knowledge with an uncommon capacity for making his points clear to the most mediocre pupils. What I know of Science I owe to him (and I find I know a fair amount compared with the average citizen).

In those days life in Whitehill was a pedestrian affair compared with what it became later. We had very large classes, a great amount of home work, and no relief except that afforded by "knocking about" in the uninviting playground. There the classes paraded in double ranks, marched down, turned to the right, and entered the door in file. In those days I first learned squad drill from Colin Turner the Janitor, who also taught us to swing Indian Clubs. As the nineties wore on, we became the top class, few and select (see photograph on page 40); and then the playground fell below our dignity and we merely dropped into our classrooms for an animated chat before the master appeared. Beyond this there was no communal life; there were no societies in the school when we slipped away in 1896. In our last spring we "looked into" the gymnasium so to speak; there was no organised sport, and playing fields were unimagined.

Being boys, however, we had any amount of fun; and loud laughter echoed through the classrooms, now at the quips of the teacher, now at the antics of the boys; and anon at the innumerable incongruities of human life which are the stuff of which humour is made. Once Mr. J. T. Smith rushed into the

Mathematics room to borrow the three biggest boys, and we realised in a delighted flash that they were wanted to "collar" a boy in the street who was casting "reflections" into Mr. Smith's room.

Our line of study was decided in a very casual way. In 1893, when I was lounging through the curriculum, I suddenly resolved to drop Latin in favour of German, and then, a few days later I decided to retain Latin but to drop French and take Greek. No one seemed to mind.

Although we quitted the school as pupils in 1896 we used to attend the School Literary Society founded in 1897, where we orated on the usual topics. At length in 1899 the Whitehill School Club was founded in the Alexandra Hotel in the presence of Mr. Henderson, the Headmaster, Mr. J. T. Smith, Mr. Garrow, and the following ex-pupils:—Andrew Brown, James Brodie, Norman Clark, William Culver, James Forsyth, Daniel Gillies, James Jack, Alex. Lamont, Lees, W. J. Logie, T. D. Lowe, McAllister, Sydney M. McEwan, D. MacQuistan, James Mackay, Peter Ramsay, Robert Smellie, Thomas Stevens, Fred. Taggart, and one other. After a good dinner we created the Club with Culver as President, MacQuistan as Vice-President and Ramsay as Secretary. When our final cheers died away, our beloved Headmaster said (and I can still hear him), "Well done, Whitehill School!" and on this note let me close.

Note on Buffalo Bill.

By THEODORE D. LOWE, M.A., LL.B.

Buffalo Bill's show was one of the most delightful entertainments I have ever witnessed; or so it seemed to me in my salad days when I was green in judgment. There were the Indians and cowboys galloping on mustangs; the delicious smell of salt-petre; the attack on the mail coach; the Indian dance; General Custer's battle with the Sioux at Little Big Horn (there was a fine moonlight tableau of this scene). Then there was the picturesque figure of Buffalo Bill himself with his slouch hat and his grey hair hanging to his shoulders, shooting glass balls from the saddle at a canter. To be at that show was to me "paradise enow."

There was nothing sham about the Indians. Some were friendlies but others were prisoners from the war of 1890; notably Kicking Bear, Sitting Bull's successor, and Short Bull, high priest of the movement. I met Short Bull many times in my parents' house and walked with Kicking Bear from my father's church in Bridgeton to Dennistoun, and what more could a boy of 12 desire?

A Letter from Nyasaland.

Dear Mother Whitehill,

Now that the temperature has dropped from the nineties to the sixties and the Plough is once more visible in the northern sky swinging from behind the huge mass of Mlanje Mountain, now that we are untroubled by lion and leopard scares and only the howl of a lonely hyena disturbs the night, let me send you a Diamond Jubilee greeting from beneath the Southern Cross.

Yours was a pleasant rule. Looking back on the carefree way in which we wandered along your corridors and took your steps two at a time—"You won't run up these stairs so lightly in ten years' time, my girl," was Daddy Martin's flying comment as he passed us three at a time—I give whole-hearted admiration to Mr. Henderson's beneficent leadership under which discipline took care of itself and nobody worried us unduly about examinations.. These we were expected to take in our stride. What a long portrait-gallery is yours—from Miss Downes, at whose smile little children warmed themselves, to Miss Scrimgeour, whose class was a stimulation and delight, to the many people of our older years, Miss Young, Miss Richmond, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Logan, Mr. MacQuistan, Daddy Martin, Mr. Moore, Mr. Donnan, Mr. Steele, Mr. Crosthwaite, and Pi.

I cannot remember just at what stage of our career the East End Exhibition burst on us, but it was certainly an attractive distraction. There was a tight-rope walker who made us hold our breath, a Flying Lady, a delightfully melodious and picturesque Ladies' Pompadour Band, and a wonderful variety of gay, glittering stalls.

Ours must have been a troublesome, albeit well-liked class, with an infinite capacity for getting into mischief. Having a new English master under whom we sensed we would not settle, we signed our essays with fictitious names and solemnly answered to them when the papers were returned, to the scandalised delight of the boys. We demanded (and obtained) maroon berets with the school badge thereon so that all might know when My Lady Whitehill walked abroad, and we wore them bravely to one side with an air denied to our brothers in learning. Having gone in good time to the Art Cast Room one day, we decked statues and busts therewith (Sir Walter Raleigh and the youth throwing the discus looked especially fetching). We instituted a school party and made revelry in the gymnasium. I still remember Mr. Steele's rendering of "Tit Willow." We organised musical evenings in one of the classrooms. We had a Literary Society in which we took ourselves very seriously except on Magazine Night, when we let ourselves go. For one of these we wrote a play, "The Lost Books of Euclid," in which were two characters, the Spirit of Euclid and Pi, the earnest seeker after the lost books. According to the stage

direction the latter entered "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," declaiming:

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I drew in circles, for the circles came."

The Spirit of Euclid was on the side of unmathematical youth, and Pi was firmly bidden to let sleeping dogs lie, lest books remain lost. Half way through, Mr. Saunders's merriment overcame him and he fled from the room.

I have never known a more masterly exponent of Mathematics than Pi, and woe betide the luckless pupil who dared to let attention wander while he unrolled yards of Binomial Theorem or covered his meticulously neat blackboard with triangles sprouting in-and-out-circles.

Our last year was spent in the "new building." In a room on the ground floor we declaimed the Odes of Horace to Mr. Crosthwaite. Mr. Steele's room on the first floor is soaked in Hamlet and Coriolanus, and on the top flat was a sanctuary (Room 48) where at the end of the day, in flickering firelight, Goethe, Schiller, and Grillparzer, under the gentle guidance of Miss Richmond, gave delight to us in her Honours class.

Much, no doubt, is gone with the wind, but I am sure our happy laughter as you led us in the paths of learning still lingers within your walls.

And so, most gentle and tolerant Mother, who have given us roses in December, *ave atque vale*.

RUBY JEX-LONG.

Happy Days.

By JANE A. CLANACHAN, M.A.

To leave one's Elementary School, and go to the Secondary Department of a new school, is an experience well remembered by most people. So I would write a little about my first year in Whitehill and the teachers who did so much for me.

Mr. Martin took us for English, History, and Arithmetic. In later years, I often quoted to my pupils his definition of Arithmetic: "Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, and Common Sense," as also his favourite maxim, "In any problem, every set of figures must have a corresponding set of words."

In those days, we did not begin Geometry by measuring lines and angles. We began with Euclid, Book I, Proposition I, and it says much for Mr. Weir's lucid explanations that in a few weeks we crossed the Pons Asinorum in safety.

We were fortunate in having Miss Young for French. French came as naturally as English to her, and it was with admiration that we, first year girls, watched her talking so fluently with Monsieur Janton.

Miss Richmond always seemed a little anxious and worried in class, but what a sweet, lovely smile when we met her in the corridor!

And what of our recreational subjects? I was not at all interested in Art. The Art Room of our days was built in tiers with tip-up seats. It wasn't long before some of us found out that these seats squeaked, and we were more interested in "squeaking" than in drawing. But our amusement was short-lived, for one day—the oil-can had forestalled us!

I wish I could remember our Sewing mistress. In the Elementary School, we had gathered, stroked and set into a band, and I have yet to meet the girl who liked that part of sewing. But in Whitehill, we were introduced to the Art of Embroidery. I did enjoy sewing with coloured threads, an enjoyment which has remained with me since those far-off days.

With Mr. Reid at the piano, and the whole of the First Year packed into one classroom, we sang with verve and enthusiasm, enjoying those moments when we lifted our voices in joyous song.

Yes, I was fortunate, in that first year, in my teachers and class-mates. That good fortune was still mine when in later years, I came under the influence of Dr. Steele, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Crosthwaite.

Thank you, Whitehill, for my happy schooldays.

JANE A. CLANACHAN.

Looking Back.

By Dr. ANDREW S. BARR.

During the past year I have been granted by my old school two titles of which I am very proud—President of the Dinner Club and Chairman at School Prize-giving. Speaking at these functions I made the statement that it takes 20 years before you learn to love your school and perhaps 30 years before you learn to love your teachers. There is much truth in this, for in the early years you are looking eagerly forward—and it is only when you have reached the summit and begin to look back and take stock that you realise what you owe. I do not decry those who came before us or those who came after us, but I can speak only for the school of *our* day. Our school was not a "territorial" school; the senior boys came from many parts of Scotland and from all the surrounding districts of Glasgow. In our class we had Somerled Macdonald from Tobermory, Walter McTaggart from Tiree, Donald Currie from Bowmore—even at this day, as you hear their names, you can almost "smell the tangle of the Isles." There was a boy who travelled from Gourrock each day, one from Renton; one from Aberfoyle, and dozens from far outwith the city. Those of us who did not go home for lunch (and that was at least four-fifths of the class) adjourned to the "wee room" on the top floor of the old school where we made cocoa and consumed our "pieces." Our only luxury was a "cream cookie" which cost a halfpenny at a baker's in Whitehill Street. Cocky Smith was the anxious and willing

messenger who insisted on bringing them up—it was not till months later when he was off ill that we discovered that they were five for twopence and that Cocky did well on his commission.

Those were austere days, and we had less “fun and games” than the present generation, but we had our moments too. Many claims are made as to who first produced a Whitehill Magazine. We had one in 1910, the “Occasional.” It survived three issues. One of its articles described an imaginary reunion in 1930, which seemed a thousand years away. We little knew what lay ahead. But in 1950, I mobilised eight of the survivors, and we had our reunion at last. The little boy of 2Bb who edited the “Occasional” was there—he has since edited journals and periodicals whose names are household words and whose circulation is numbered in many millions per week.

The greatest day in the history of Whitehill? Yes—it was Wednesday, 24th April, 1912—the final of the Scottish School Football Shield. Whitehill, having defeated Q.P., Bellahouston, Falkirk, and Ardrossan, met Dumbarton in the final at Hampden Park, Whitehill in traditional Q.P. black-and-white, Dumbarton in dark blue. The score was 1-1 with 15 minutes to go, the excitement was intense. George Stewart at inside-right (a quiet lad from Springburn, so soon to give the last full measure of his devotion on a sterner field than Hampden Park) went right through for the winner. Pandemonium reigned. The sedate Spondee* threw his hat in the air, and lost it. Wee Donnan† (I hear he is still alive, God bless him!), punctilious, polite, and polished as ever, nearly lost his *life*. In the midst of all the cheering he turned to the group nearest him and said, “Tell me, pray, which is the Whitehill? The black-and-white or the blue?” It was one of the proud moments of my life when next morning I took my place on the bench in Pi’s room with Captain Bill Edgar on one side of me and Cocky Smith on the other. Quizzy had chalked on the board, “*Palnam ferat qui meruit.*” We were not sure what it meant—all we knew was that the Shield was ours!

A school is just a building of stone and lime—what makes it live is its teachers. Our generation were well served indeed—I cannot think of one who did not influence us in some way for our good. We left school in 1913. Hard times lay ahead. I have counted on the First War Memorial the names of forty-one boys who were known to me as of our year or of the adjacent years. Fine, happy, generous boys, they asked for little, and they gave their all. They were the salt of the earth.

Of us who survived, many have done well. Three Regius Professors at University, at least six medical and surgical Chiefs; at the top of every trade, profession and calling to-day you will find a Whitehill boy. If success is measured in terms of glittering prizes, many of us have left our old teachers far behind.

Let us never forget what we owe to them. It would be wrong to mention any by name, without mentioning all. They

* Mr. Fergus Smith, Headmaster.

† Art Master.

worked for a pittance. They may have felt bitter at times (they *must* have done), but let this be put on record—that never at any time did they show their just resentment to us boys, *never*. Those who have gone on ahead—may the soil rest gently on their honest heads to-night; those who are still with us—may God bless them till the end of their days.

Where is their monument? Look around you!

Junior School, 1916.

By Dr. JOHN FLEMING.

For my age group, early years at Whitehill coincided with the first German War. But, although the times had many anxieties for our elders, it all meant little to us pre-adolescents. It was a fairly static war with limited, though more concentrated areas of battle, and with few aeroplanes to pour slaughter on the civil population. So far as Glasgow was concerned, this immunity was complete, and encouraged a kind of mediæval detachment which was very irritating to warriors on leave. Anxieties grew heavy for our seniors in 1916 and 1917 but they hardly touched us, and we readily danced out of the shadows that clouded more adult brows.

All the young teachers and incipient teachers went off to battle early in the war so that our pedagogues were unusually mature and because of that, somewhat remote. There was in our case little narrowing of the gap between us even in the senior school, where nowadays the scholars become contemporary with the teaching staff about the Fifth Year. For us the relation of priest and acolyte persisted with minor variations, and like all acolytes we were at times irreverent to the point of rebellion.

In those days there was a junior school beginning at, I know not what age group, and leading by uneasy stages to the senior school. Unlike Dante's order, these innocent children of the prequalifying classes were contained in the lowest circle on the ground floor and moved from one corner across and back again. There were several sections of us and the sexes were separate, except for such special occasions as choral singing, when the female pipings helped to sweeten the uncertain notes of incipient puberty.

I have no idea what, if any, were the criteria of admission to this junior section, but we were a mixed bunch, both academically, and, I think, socially. There was a notably tough element among us, and, no doubt, we were much in need of discipline. This was efficiently provided by Mr. Ray Bain, who had a strong personality and wielded a pretty tawse. Mr. Bain's class is a specially clear memory, perhaps because here we saw the last of this basic justice. Hereafter, drama departed, and we were slaves to the duller sanctions of a developing moral sense, good advice, and the threat of examination. During this period there was some reduction of our numbers due to the elimination of

some of the more obviously non-scholastic types. One of these, who already had on him the mark of Cain, fulfilled his early promise, and died judicially some years ago. Another for whom Whitehill was not elegant enough left us for a public school, which shares with us, therefore, regret for his spectacular career as an unorthodox financier, and subsequent long residence at the pleasure of His Majesty. There is some evidence, therefore, that there was an antisocial element in the junior school, and if some cavilling "trick cyclist" should suggest that Mr. Bain's strong arm measures may have encouraged recidivist tendencies, it can be pointed out that there are many of us, now ageing and responsible citizens, in whom he may have aroused so healthy a respect for law and order, as to keep our criminal tendencies in abeyance.

In 1917 we moved upstairs to Mr. James Imrie, whose qualifying class was our *pons asinorum* to the Valhalla of senior school. Up to this time I think we had little interest in the little girls of our own or any other class. Now only a thin and movable partition separated us, but, even so, we were little aware that they had any special quality. However, little girls do not grow up at the same rate or time, and in this class one of the infants was physically much in advance of the others. She was tall and fair and very handsome, and aroused great interest on our side of the partition. Most of us disposed of this fledgling emotion in the usual ways, varying from a sudden perceptive interest in romantic literature and further to the left by early efforts at the scurrility which is the lowest common denominator of the masculine exasperation at the monstrous regiment of women. But this Venus did find an Adonis among us, and the authorities must have been severely shaken, for with something like awe we later found that the protagonists of this romantic aubade had departed our ken. Being a contemporary of the writer she must have passed through many vicissitudes and is probably now a granny. She may be interested to know that in these early days she inspired at least three of us to verses in the realisation that beauty belonged, not only to the Greeks, but could burgeon in the improbable company of our pig-tailed opposite numbers.

The qualifying class was a kind of marking time, a pause for a look round and ahead, for wider reading and even a little French—a liberal pause before the more specialised work of the higher grade. About this time a furious passion for literature attacked some of us, and with the madness of juvenile perfectionists we read all of Scott, all of Dickens, all of Thackeray, and had an eclectic enthusiasm for romantic poetry via the Earthly Paradise and the purple patches in Shelley and Swinburne. We were now becoming aware of ourselves and finding kindred spirits, some of whom were to become the oldest and best of our friends. Many of us are far afield and many out of mind. One can speak only of the few who have remained near enough or dear enough to the writer to be remembered. I

think of Alexander Robertson, a pedagogue from his earliest years, who is now fulfilling himself on the Moray Firth: of Robert Moyes, who guards the health of Hull on the Tyne, and of John Mack, who has come back to his Alma Mater to teach us to be good citizens. Best loved and brightest of all of us was Willie Muir. A son of the manse and from a background of scholarship and culture, he took learning in his stride and went far in the short time given him. He carried his great abilities lightly and with an even temper and quiet wit which made him a delightful companion. His death in his early thirties was and is a bitter loss to those who were his friends.

Mr. Fergus Smith, a great headmaster, was also a classical enthusiast. For some lost reason he decided that for our first year group, instruction in the Greek language should precede Latin, instead of the reverse which had been usual. We were Seven against Thebes in the person of G. R. Mair, a selfless and profound scholar, who, but for the presence of Willie Muir, must have found us a nauseating commitment. The rest of us maintained an increasingly unequal battle with the Greek tongue, but whatever it meant to the others, this three years' association with Greek and G. R. Mair and William Easton Muir is, for me, lit up with morning sunshine.

The fame of Whitehill was already attracting people from other schools, and to us there came from Stepps Tom Johnstone, who combined medicine and hockey and won caps at both. Harold Thomson from Rutherglen brought with him a powerful brain excelling in such diversities as mathematics and music. While with us he had to make the big decision for art or science. His choice of music has earned him academic honours and given us delight in music making, while as arbiter of musical good taste he writes with distinction.

Considerations of space and terms of my contract prevent my going further into these early memories, but can a member of my year forbear to record what sort of fish came of these small fry? Two of us are parsons and good ones too, a dozen or more are teachers, not a few with honours. There are half a dozen doctors, but on the other hand there are no lawyers. In Harold Thomson we are distinguished in Music, and in William Weipers we excel in Veterinary Medicine. Our most remarkable distinction is that two of us won Oxford's most coveted award, the Snell Exhibition—first, Willie Muir in Classics, and then John Mack in Logic and Economics. Even in Whitehill this must be hard to beat.

The Second Masters.

In the sixty years of Whitehill's existence there have been nine Second Masters.

First in the list is John T. Smith, Principal Teacher of English and Second Master from 1891 to 1899. Able as a

teacher, loyal as a colleague, ripe as a scholar and loved as a man, in a quiet way he influenced the whole school. In 1945 his son, Dr. David Smith of the Royal Infirmary, instituted in his memory the J. T. Smith Prize in English Literature.

Next followed W. W. Russell, renowned for his chemistry classes. The humorous title, "Cockie Russell," suggests an alert and quick manner, but it certainly did not imply lack of respect and admiration among his pupils.

In 1903 John T. Fleming succeeded and took charge during Mr. Henderson's illness and the interregnum caused by his death in 1904. Probably the most impressive event in the school's history was the procession of Staff and Pupils led by Mr. Fleming from Whitehill Street to the Memorial Service in the Barony Church.

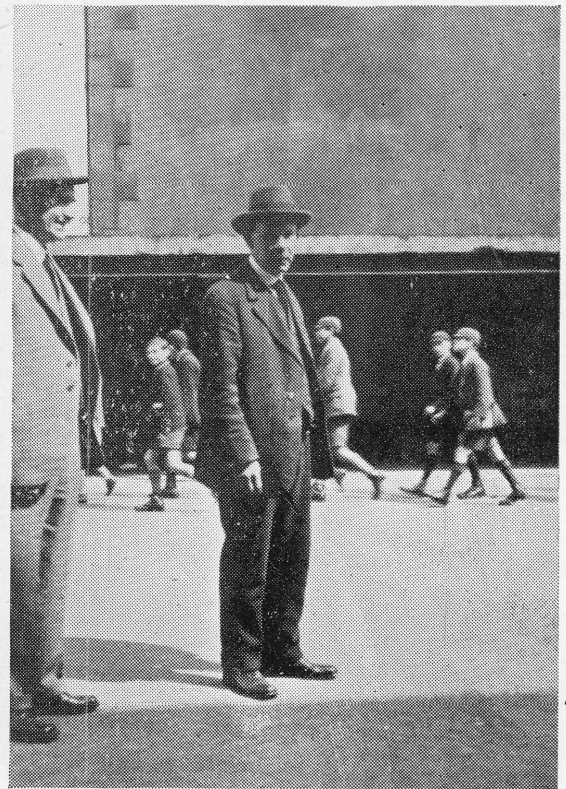
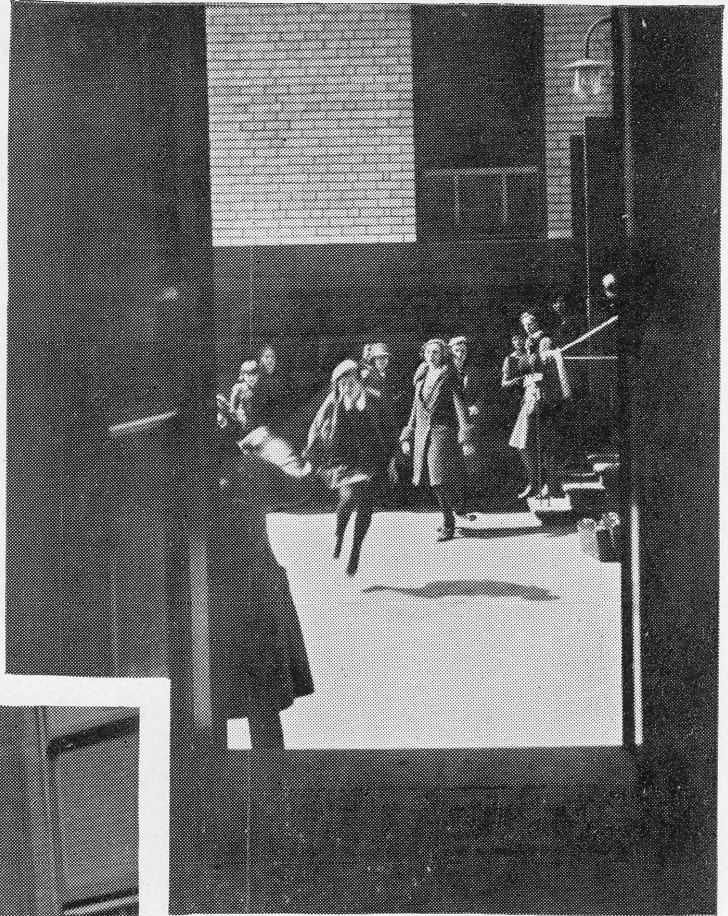
When Mr. Fergus Smith was Headmaster there were two Second Masters—Archibald L. MacQuistan (Classics) and Alexander Stevenson (Mathematics), familiarly known as "Pi." A classical lesson or a homily *coram populo* by Mr. MacQuistan was not soon forgotten by its recipient and Mr. Stevenson's geometrical demonstrations in Room 41 were an inspiration. Each had his own peculiar walk, "Quizzie" having a nautical roll dating from his "Two Years before the Mast," while "Pi" made the double journey daily along Duke Street, in all weathers, without overcoat, but with pipe in mouth thrust well forward and going strong. In a school renowned for its golfing exploits both these gentlemen were exponents of the game. Mr. MacQuistan received his first Headmastership in 1923; Mr. Stevenson retired in 1926.

Dr. Wm. J. Merry (English) now succeeded as Depute Headmaster and served until 1935. By his force of character and outstanding skill as a teacher he helped to maintain the traditions of the school; on its academic side by his scholarship and on the social side by his support of sport, music, and debate and by his founding of the school magazine. Dr. Merry recently retired from the post of Headmaster of Hillhead High School.

In the last sixteen years we have had in succession as Depute Headmasters Mr. Francis Middlemiss (Science), Mr. Thos. D. Scoular (Commercial Subjects), and the present Depute, Mr. James C. Williamson (English).

Mr. Middlemiss, whose association with the school dates from 1904, took office at a time of exceptional strain, for in a few years an amalgamation took place of Whitehill and Onslow Drive Schools which unfortunately coincided with the outbreak of the Second World War. As Depute Headmaster he took charge of Onslow Drive School until the end of the war in 1945. Mr. Scoular then took over, and when the amalgamation was terminated he returned to Whitehill where his commercial training and experience were an invaluable aid to Mr. Weir and his successor, the present Headmaster, Mr. Robert McEwan. Mr. Scoular retired in 1948, and was succeeded by the present writer.

Scrap Page



1. A haven—in wartime (1944).
3. Before the bell tolled (1930).—

2. Skipping time.
4. Messrs. R. Douglas and A. MacQuistan (1923).



SENIOR CLASS, 1895.

(See p. 70.)

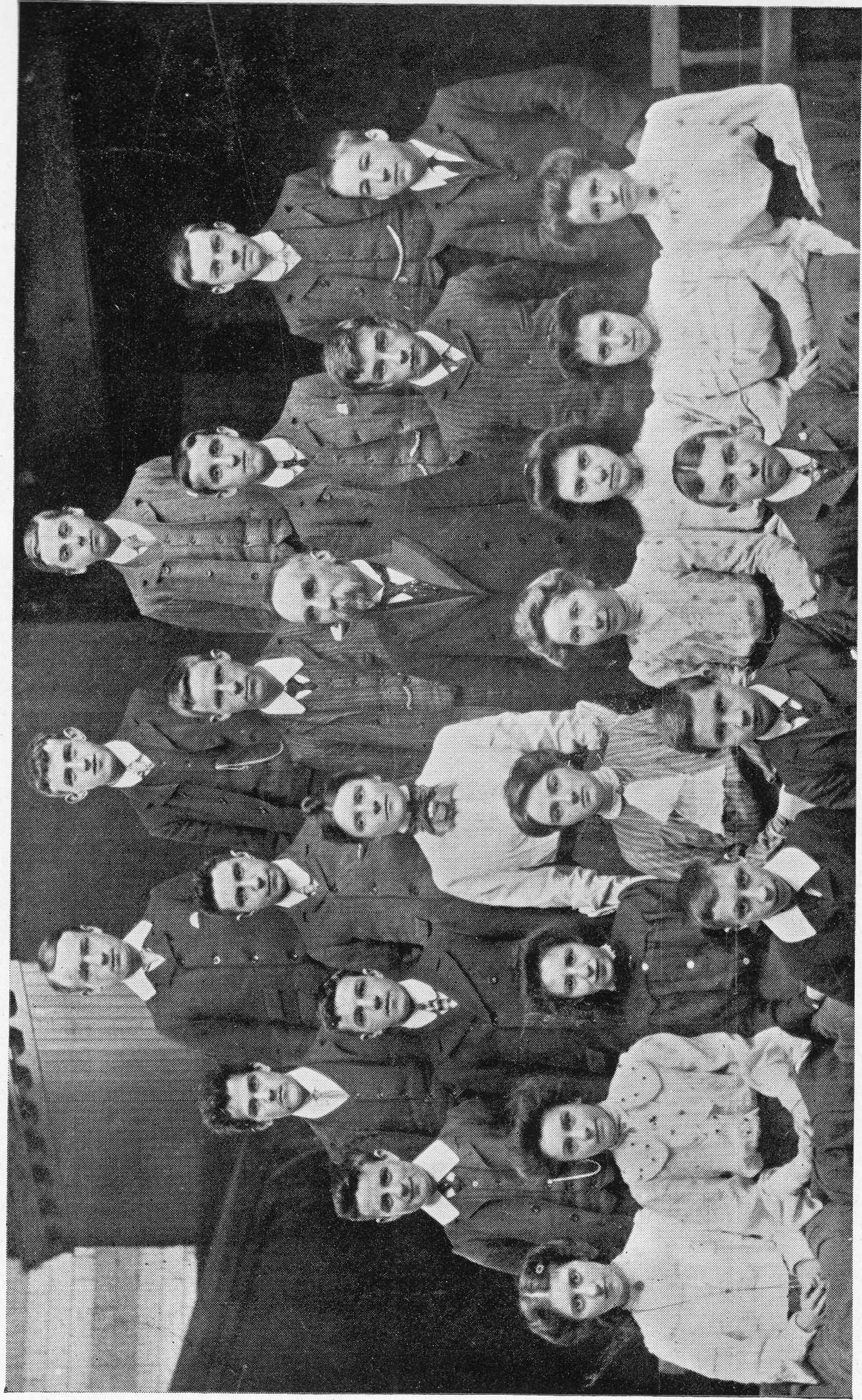


STANDARD IV, 1899-1900.

With Mr. James Imrie.

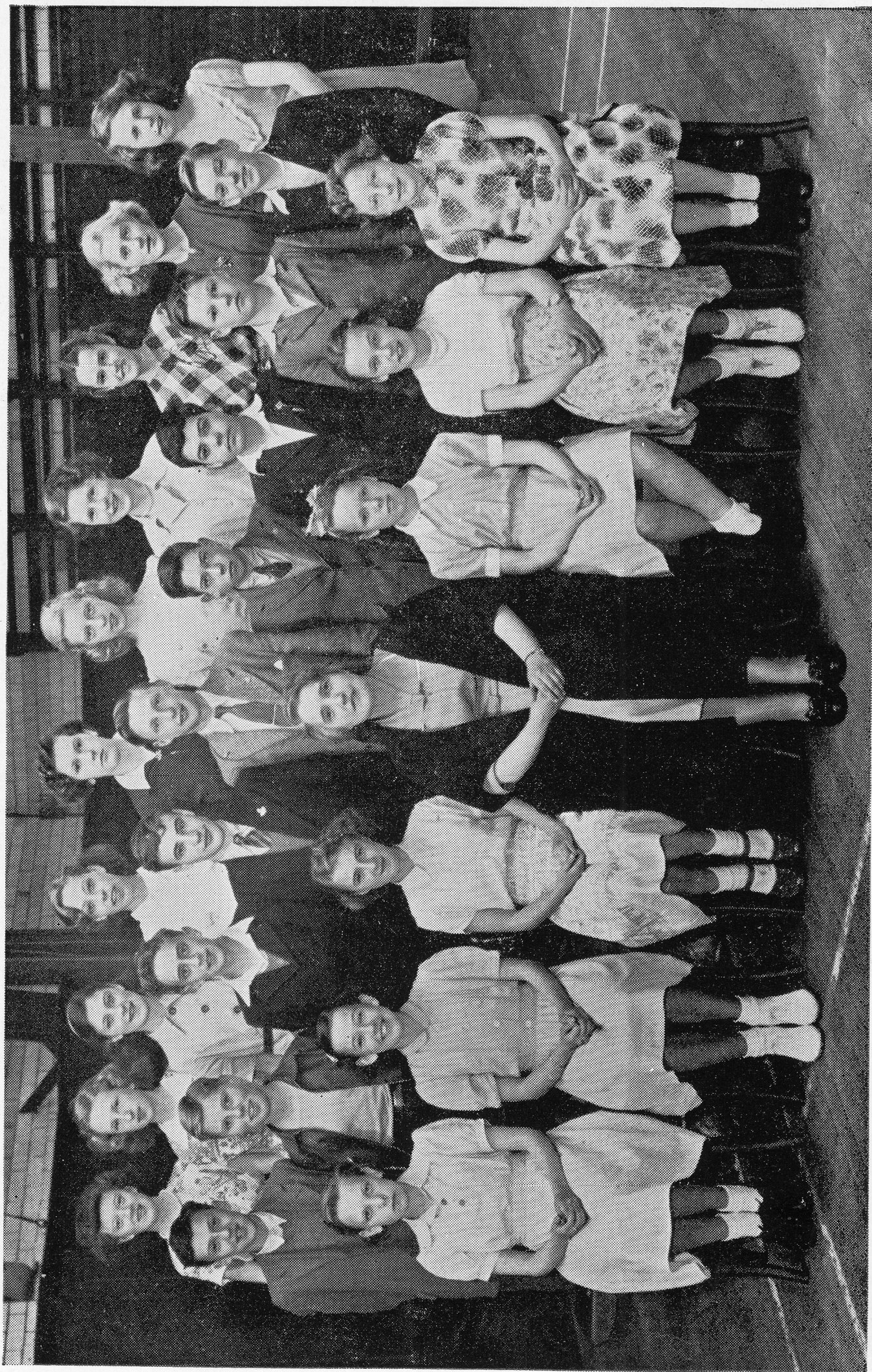


SECOND YEAR GIRLS, 1900-1901.



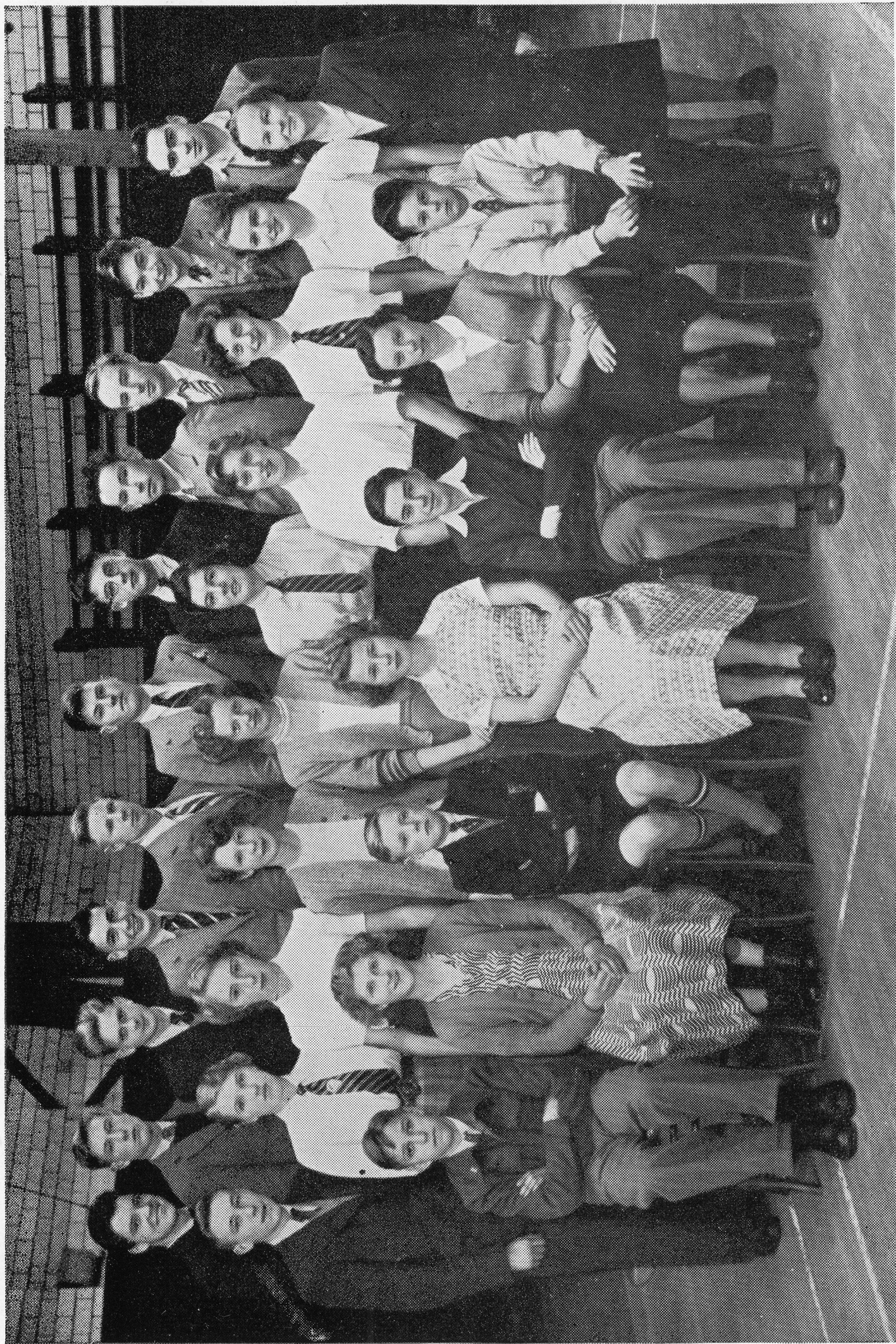
SENIOR CLASS, 1906-1907.

With Mr. Fergus Smith and Miss E. B. Young. Professor Andrew Browning in middle of back row.



[Photo by Lawrie

A JUNIOR CLASS (11.2) in 1951.



[Photo by Lawrie

A SENIOR CLASS (IV.1) in 1951.

Recreations



[Photo by Mr. Garden]

The Tripod, 1901

By A. CAMERON SOMERVILLE, M.A.

I carry the Tripod. I am nearly eight. I was seven last month. The derivation of tripod is *trip*, to stumble, and *odd* meaning strange, which last by circumamputation loses the final consonant. It is odd how often I trip over the Tripod. The Others take the photo with the help of the camera, the dark-cloth, the plates, and sometimes the sun, but I carry the block, the plumbline, and the Tripod. The plumbline is for tying the camera to the block when you have forgotten the screw thing. After mile No. 2 there is only the TRIPOD and me in all the world, getting along the road.

At the Place. "Now, unstrap the tripod. Straighten her legs. Quick, before the sun goes. Don't stand on the sandwiches. What, you've torn your thumbnail? A Brave Photographer never worries about his thumbnail. Suck the blood. Help me with the camera. Heave. Again heave. Stop. STOP, I say. Pull her left leg. Not your leg but your leg. Now, again. I'm best. No, you're best. Who's best? Now, altogether. Two more men to my side. Another stone under your leg. Hurry, the sun's going. Where is the screw? What, not in the bag? I'm sure I——. Never mind, I have the plumb-line, and the tripod of my aunt and the patience of three Jobs. Now we're ready. Where is the sun?"

It is essential that the sun be unclouded. This happened twice last summer and before that in the summer of '87 but is as unlikely as a blue moon, but the Almanac says there will be a blue moon in September, 1950, so the sun may come out then too. The camera, with its shining brass-work, brackets, and lenses, its jet-black bellows, polished groundglass, and glossy varnished woodwork, is hoisted and then secured on top of the tripod, my Tripod. The calculations for focus and exposure have all been made; the subject, the distance, the plate speed, the diaphragm, the month, latitude and light value have all been computed, checked, muddled, and a final result arrived at not without much disputatious conference. And we wait, and wait, and wait, for full half Eternity and in bad cases for two hours. But at last the Prodigal Sun returns without apology, and then—click—a masterpiece is made.

And I will carry home the Tripod.

Bumped Off.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
A motor car speeds swiftly o'er the lea;
A pedestrian homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.

D. B., II.12.

Not So Long Ago.

By JENNIE D. RONALD.

To a Former Pupil of barely eighteen months' standing it comes at once as a stimulus and a shock to be asked to contribute to the Diamond Jubilee Magazine an article on "Whitehill As I Knew It." Instinctively I am roused to protest that in such a short time little can have altered, that Time the Destroyer does not breed *quite* such swift changes.

Yet I have only to think of the changes which each year produced during my time at school to realise that Whitehill must certainly be a very different school from that which emerged from the war years just after I entered its gates. (I remember that clearly. You see the May examination that year was postponed to allow us to celebrate V.E. Day.)

Another clear recollection of very early days at Whitehill is of being made to march in line right round the top end of the hall table on our way to Room 11, the precise point of which manœuvre I was never quite able to fathom. Perhaps Mr. Weir thus gained more time to examine the polish (or lack of it) on our shoes. Whatever its purpose, this rule seemed to us a part of the general rectitude of things and impressed us with a strong sense of law and order.

No violent change took place in the physical structure of the School until the advent of some squat structures of modernistic appearance which sprang up in the Annexe Field during the summer of 1947. With the erection of these Prefabs the field was opened to the School and covered with a layer of ash which gave it, in dry weather, the appearance of the Sahara in a sandstorm. What it resembled in wet weather I will not attempt to describe!

Whether it was to camouflage the havoc caused by this mud bath I am not quite sure, but whatever the reason it is a fact that just at this time a mania for black stockinged sophistication swept the female half of the community from the Captain downward. In spite of unkind remarks about mourning for dead canaries the craze lasted for a full two months before subsiding as irrationally as it had arisen. It did, however, herald a gradual return to pre-war uniform, especially among the younger girls.

Our sporting record at this time was one of sporadic distinction in various fields. We had, in different years, really good rugby and football teams. About hockey little can be said except that three elevens played regularly in colourful garb and with great enthusiasm, while cricket and tennis, in spite of the lack of a home ground, made gallant returns after their wartime eclipse.

The years of which I write were crowded ones and, in many ways, years of great achievement. For those who shared them they will always be a happy memory, and for the sake of our successors we must hope that they will prove but a prelude to an era of wide and increasing success for our School.

Excursion to France, 1951.

"On the Côte D'Azur," say the travel pamphlets, "the sky is always blue," and so we found it. An early morning stroll in Paris, breakfast near the Sorbonne, the grandeur of the Rhône Valley, Avignon and a glimpse of the huge Palace of the Popes, Notre Dame de la Garde towering over Marseilles, relieved the tedium of travel. Now the resorts strung like famed jewels along this dazzling coast told us our destination was near: St. Raphael, Cannes, Juan les Pins, Nice.

The Lycée by day was gracious with long balconies, spacious staircases and brilliant mosaics; in the moonlight it recalled the Moorish palaces of Southern Spain. We remembered it for its charming staff, its comfortable dormitories, its well-equipped washing places, its excellent and abundant food. The Whitehill party had again "landed on its feet."

Excursions to places of interest were made to the Musée Massena, commemorating Napoleon's great Marshal, the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle, the Monastery of Cimiez, the ruined Château. More memorable was the excursion on the Grande Corniche high above cloud level. The magnificent scenery, the perfume town of La Turbie with its Roman ruins, Mentone approached through orange and lemon groves—all seemed rather tame before the thrill of Monte Carlo. Our greatest expectations were fulfilled. Perhaps gayer was the excursion via Cannes to Les Iles de Lérin. A picnic-lunch beneath the pine-trees, songs, and champagne prepared us for a visit to the Monasteries, old and new, of St. Honorat. Our very good friend M. Paudre, Intendant of the Lycée, was a delighted and delightful companion.

Lack of space forbids us to describe the Folklore International, gay with peasant costumes, the military celebrations on the 14th July, or the brilliant fireworks in the evening.

We stress, however, the courtesy of our hosts in Nice. We tried to repay them with concerts, where our singers pleased and evoked the highest commendation for their technique and the signs, obvious to all, of their excellent training.

In Paris it was pleasant to note the delight of others seeing for the first time the treasures of the Louvre, the magnificent Tomb of Napoleon, the vast Palace of Versailles, the grandeur of Notre Dame. The boulevards were as gay as ever.

Two and a half days of hustle were spent in London. Saturday's programme would have satisfied an American tourist; London in the early morning, breakfast at Clapham, Whitehall to see the Changing of the Guard, Downing Street, lunch at Piccadilly Circus, the Tower of London and St. Paul's Cathedral, and, after tea, all the fun and spectacle of the Battersea Pleasure Gardens. On Sunday we were equally delighted with the wonders of the South Bank Exhibition.

A fit ending, one thought, to a holiday in France, for it reminded us that our own land had still much to show our foreign friends.



“Please, Sir, it keeps on saying, ‘Do the darned thing yourself!’”

BACK TO BARBARISM



“... and then we had the Atomic Age.”

An Essay in the Future Tense.

The new Education Bill will be passed only after much opposition and delay. Strikes, protest meetings, demonstrations will shudder the country, and the Government will be forced into a general election. Nonetheless, the Bill (being conceived by a Scots Minister of Education) will eventually pass into law. Under it, pupils will attend whatever classes they wish, and each teacher will be paid according to the number of his pupils.

At the start of the new system, schools throughout the country will pass into a time of wonderful confusion. Pupils will devote the first days of their new freedom to those subjects they most enjoy. The gymnasiums and football pitches will be unusually crowded. But by the second week even the most vigorous will have had enough sport, and will drift into the other classes.

This drift will be sustained by the second part of the Bill—the part which has the teacher paid according to the size of his class. While the P.T. teachers are earning £50 per week, the other teachers will have to leave the profession or make their instruction interesting.

They will do this in many ways. Probably a progressive art teacher will lead the way, by replacing the drearier cylinders and stuffed ducks of his class-room with specially hired artists' models. Similarly, the class-rooms with rows of hard desks, bare walls, and black-boards, will give place to rooms bright with colour, hung with good pictures and interesting apparatus, and well designed furniture. For instance, the maths room of the future will be fitted with working models which explain geometry and algebra in terms of aeroplane designing and boat-building. The walls will be decorated with murals depicting incidents in the lives of famous mathematicians (such as Archimedes leaping from his bath shouting "Eureka"). Cinema and television screens will be found in every class-room.

Of course, pupils who naturally dislike a subject, and who have not just been discouraged from it by dull teaching, will not attend that class. Why should they? Should a boy who loves engineering and will eventually make his living by it, be forced to attend classes on painting, unless he wishes to? Force him to study painting against his will and he will hate it. In the same way the artistically inclined pupil will not be taught mathematical problems used in building machinery, unless he enjoys them.

Of course, the dull teachers who are not sufficiently interested in making their subjects enjoyable will have no pupils and no pay, and will leave the profession. They will become what nature intended them to be—bank clerks, commercial travellers, and museum attendants. Similarly, pupils lacking interest in all subjects in the curriculum will leave school and become gravediggers or politicians.

There are many drawbacks to this scheme, but these will be gradually overcome by wisdom, imagination, and experience. By that time Whitehill will have its own canteen, swimming-pool, garden, theatre, newspaper, dance-hall, garage, psychiatrist. . . .

A. J. G., V.1.

Our Adopted Ship

Letters from Captain W. T. Rodger of the "Laurentian Forest" have been received by last year's II1 and III2. They are as usual full of interest, and we have only room for some small extracts.

Captain Rodger says that the ship's funnel is black with a broad white band at the edges of which are narrow blue bands. At each side of the funnel there is a blue cross on the white band. The ship has a single propeller and three masts.

With general cargo or bagged cargo you can be sure of having seven to fourteen days in port. With bulk cargoes such as coal, various ores and grain, you seldom have more than three days for loading and up to six days discharging. Quite recently a record was broken in Rotterdam when a cargo of 7,000 tons of coal was discharged in seven and a half hours.

The journey from England to the West Indies takes about eighteen days for this ship, whose speed is about 10 to 10½ knots.

The pitch lake in Trinidad is about one third of a mile in diameter and the level of it has now gone down about forty feet. The pitch is dug out with a tool like a pick. From the West Indies to the U.K. this ship could carry about 9,500 tons of asphalt or cement.

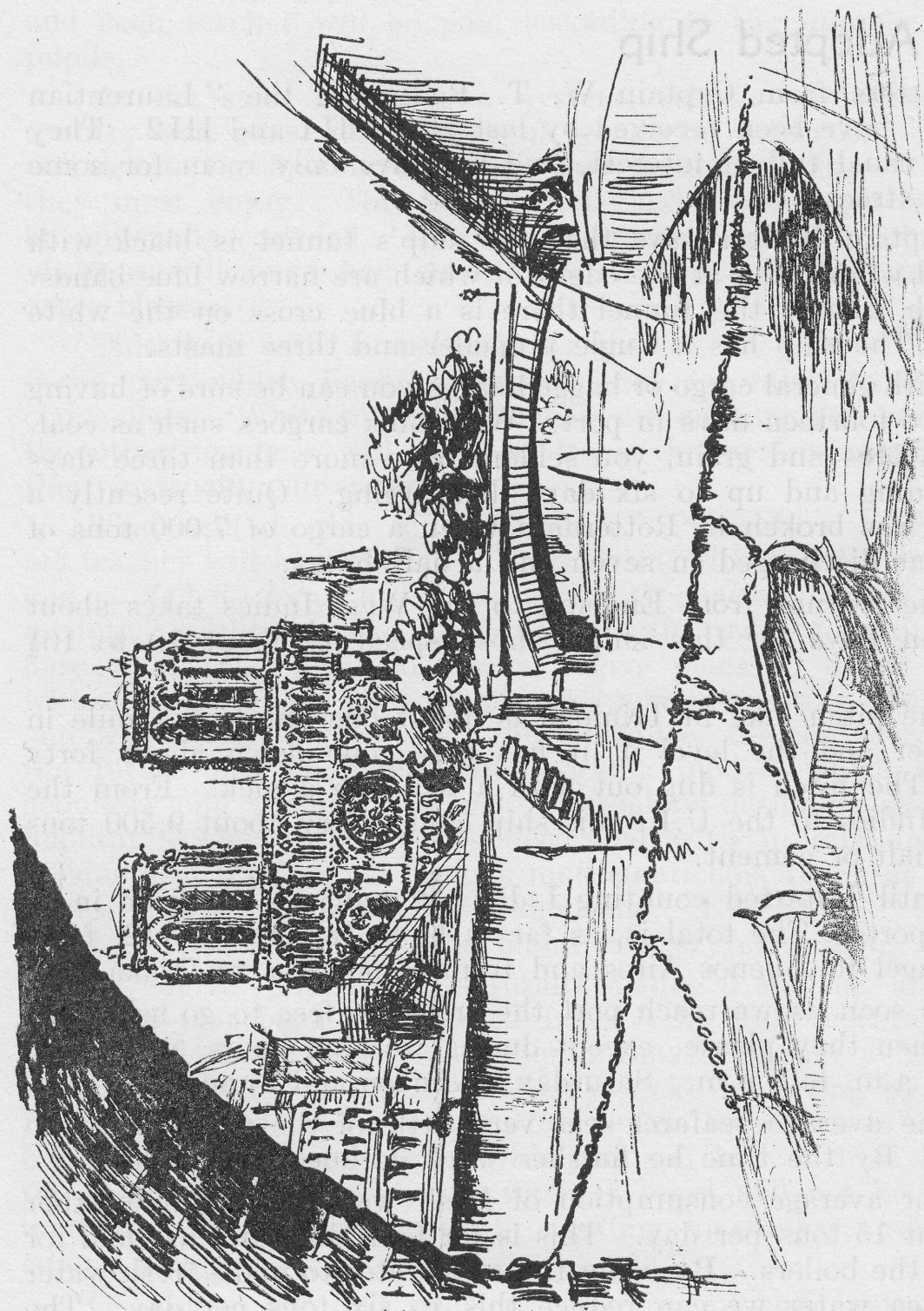
Until I started counting I did not realise I had been in so many ports. The total is, as far as I can remember, 112, from Archangel to Buenos Aires and from Vancouver to Osaka.

As soon as we reach port the crew are free to go ashore as and when they please, except during working hours, which are from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday afternoon and Sunday are free.

The average seafarer sees very little of the many ports he visits. By the time he finishes work darkness has fallen.

Our average consumption of fresh water in warm weather is about 15 tons per day. This is for both domestic use and for use in the boilers. By using the evaporator to make fresh water from sea water we can reduce this to six tons per day. The evaporated water is used only for the boilers.

At present we are on our way from Alexandria to Osaka with 9,458 tons of rice. We should arrive about September 4 providing we do not come across a typhoon on the way. This is the time of year when typhoons are most frequent in the China Sea.



NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

Pen-and-ink drawing by Elizabeth McMaster on Kemsley Tour, 1951.

Kemsley Scholarship Tour, 1951.

Whitehill repeated their success of last year by having three representatives on this tour—Mr. Meikle, who was in charge of the boys; Elizabeth McMaster, the winner of last year's Art prize, and myself. Along with 18 other scholars, Miss Crawford of North Kelvinside and Mr. Oliver of Kemsley House, we spent a wonderful holiday in France.

With "Bon Voyage," "Have a good time," and "Vive la France" ringing in our ears, we stole away from Glasgow on July 5. On arrival at London, we had a splendid breakfast at Lyons' Corner House, and spent the morning sight-seeing. Off again, this time "Destination, Paris." The Channel was kind to us, and there were no casualties. At 6.19 p.m. on July 6 we arrived in Gay Paris, tired but in the best of spirits.

In Paris we had trips in luxurious coaches to such famous buildings as Notre Dame, rich in shrines and treasures; Sacré Coeur, dominating the skyline above the heights of Montmartre; L'Arc de Triomphe, the resting-place of the Unknown Soldier, and the Louvre, once the palace of the Kings of France, now one of the world's most famous art galleries, containing the Venus de Milo and the Mona Lisa, to name but two of the countless treasures. This building did more than just attract Elizabeth's attention—it fascinated her.

On our first Sunday in Paris, after a morning service conducted by Mr. Meikle, we ascended to the top of the 984 ft. Eiffel Tower, in the three-stage lifts. We were all very thrilled by the rolling miles of glorious vista: the buses crawling below like so many beetles, the barges on the ribbon-like Seine, and the general beauty of the planning of this great city.

Other things which stand out in our memories are our visit to the Opera House, the celebrations of the 2000th anniversary of the founding of Paris, and a visit to Versailles.

After the bustle of life in Paris, we spent a few days at Fécamp. The weather was glorious during our stay here, and we spent it to the best of our abilities picnicking, swimming, and playing many seaside games. Many of us even managed to achieve a smooth tan.

We visited the famous Distillerie de la Bénédicte here, and you can imagine our surprise when we were handed a small sample as a souvenir of Fécamp.

Most of us spent our last few days buying presents in shops crammed with nylons and wines, and the general opinion was that our stay in Fécamp brought our holiday in France to an exhilarating close. Finally, we visited the Festival of Britain.

It was a wonderful trip, far exceeding our expectations, which were high, with a very sociable company, a well organised programme, and really parental supervision. It was the most complete and perfect holiday ever spent by us. We must remember with gratitude the generosity of Viscount Kemsley, and not least the pupils of Whitehill, for giving us this opportunity.

JOHN HUNTER.

To A Slacker.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous lass,
How hast thou come to such a pass?
Hast thou forgot to do thy Maths.,
Or Latin drear?
And now thy teacher thou must face,
And guess—and fear.

Alas! 'tis no' thy neighbour sweet
Will help you now with copy neat,
For she last night with you did meet
To see the flicks,
And now with mind and jotter bleak
You're in a fix!

D. M., I.3.

A Week in London.

Very early on the morning of 30th May, 1951, 35 pupils under the leadership of Mr. Hutchison set off by coach for a visit to London and the Festival Exhibition. Fortunately, no one was ill during our journey even though it lasted nearly seventeen hours! Owing to the great influx of overseas visitors, the best hotels were fully booked, but Mr. Hutchison had found us alternative accommodation in the Deep Shelters at Clapham, where we spent a comfortable seven nights.

On Thursday, our first day, we were conducted round the Houses of Parliament by Mr. Reid, M.P. for Dennistoun. We also visited Westminster Abbey (the Stone having been removed before our arrival), the Tower of London, and St. Paul's Cathedral, where a few of the more energetic of our party climbed right to the top of the outer dome.

The South Bank Exhibition was now our next port of call where we spent one whole day. At night a visit was paid to the Festival Ballet to see Markova and Dolin perform the "Nutcracker."

Our programme also included a visit to such famous places as the National Gallery, the British Museum, Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, Downing Street, and the Festival Science Exhibition. The weather favoured us during the whole trip, especially on the days when we visited Windsor Castle and the London Zoo. One of the highlights of our trip was when Mr. Hutchison announced that he had obtained tickets for the Danny Kaye show. Everyone enjoyed this unexpected treat.

To round off this wonderful trip we spent our last evening at the Festival Pleasure Gardens and Funfair where we saw a wonderful display of fireworks.

Our party returned home very tired and penniless, but with many souvenirs and a store of memories.



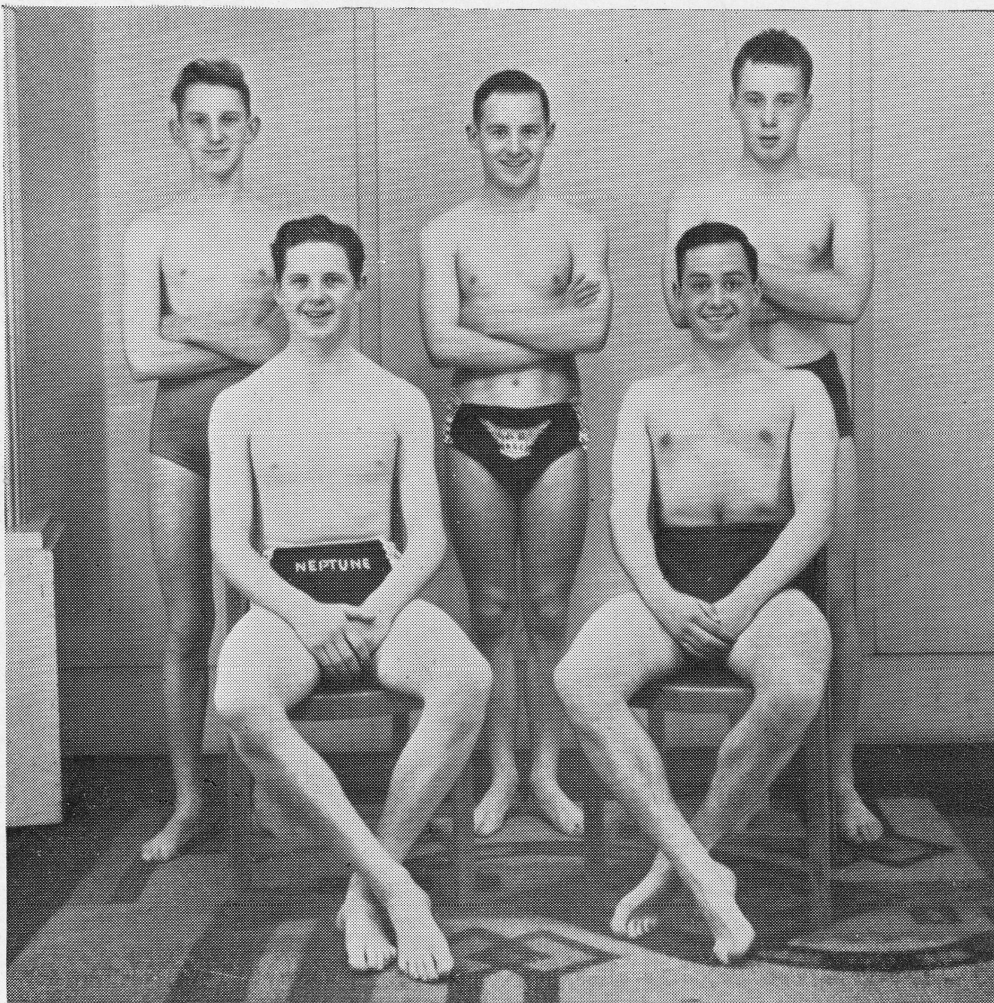
[Photo by Mr. Garden

MANNEQUIN PARADE (DRESS DESIGN), JUNE, 1951,



AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Festival of Britain Trip, June, 1951.



[Photo by Lawrie]

SENIOR SWIMMING TEAM.

Standing: G. MacIndoe, S. Durk, H. Potts.

Sitting: T. Wilson, A. Russell.



[Photo by Lawrie]

HOCKEY FIRST XI.

Standing: B. Posnett, E. McLean, L. Stewart, N. McAdam, M. McKay, R. Annandale.

Sitting: S. McDonald, E. Bell, E. G. Donaldson (Captain), R. Sutherland, A. Trusswell.

Swimming.

That Whitehill swimming has fully recovered from its wartime set-backs was amply demonstrated in the Glasgow Schools Swimming Gala last year, when Ian Jamieson brought to the School the 150 yards Senior Championship, Sidney Durk brought the 75 yards Junior Championship, and our team—Ian Jamieson, Alan Cameron, Alistair Russell, and Sidney Durk—again brought back the “ Citizen ” Cup for display. It is doubtful if this performance has ever been bettered, even in Whitehill’s “ golden age ”—the early ’thirties. Add to this the individual performances of Sidney Durk in winning the West of Scotland Championship, the Brooks “ Toc H ” Cup, and swimming third in the Scottish Schools Championship, and I think it will be agreed that we have reached the top of yet another cycle of swimming success.

It is with hope, therefore, rather than with confidence that we look forward to next season’s prospects, for we can hardly expect to emulate all of last year’s most remarkable performances.

In other than speed-swimming circles, too, Whitehill is beginning to take its rightful place. Elementary, Intermediate and Bronze Medallion awards of the Royal Life Saving Society continue to pour into School for pupils (both girls and boys) whose prowess is not developed along the lines of speed.

Our Swimming Gala last year was an outstanding success, and we can only hope that we shall receive the same support again this year. The date to remember is 23rd November.

Hockey.

This year we started hockey fairly early. The weather so far has permitted all the usual practices. These, we feel sure, will stand us in good stead for the coming fixtures. Again there are three XIs; and although many former members of the Hockey Club have left school since last year, the newer players, though perhaps lacking in experience, should lead us to victory by their enthusiasm. We would like to give a gentle hint to the Upper School, especially the 5th and 6th. There *are* hockey practices at Craigend on Saturday mornings. We extend a hearty invitation to all who would like to come. If the attendance of the Upper School has been a little disappointing, the Lower School has surely made up for it. Many of them are very keen, and some show abilities which will help Whitehill in times to come. But what about the present? Come along! Perhaps *you* will play for Scotland some day. E. B.

Cricket.

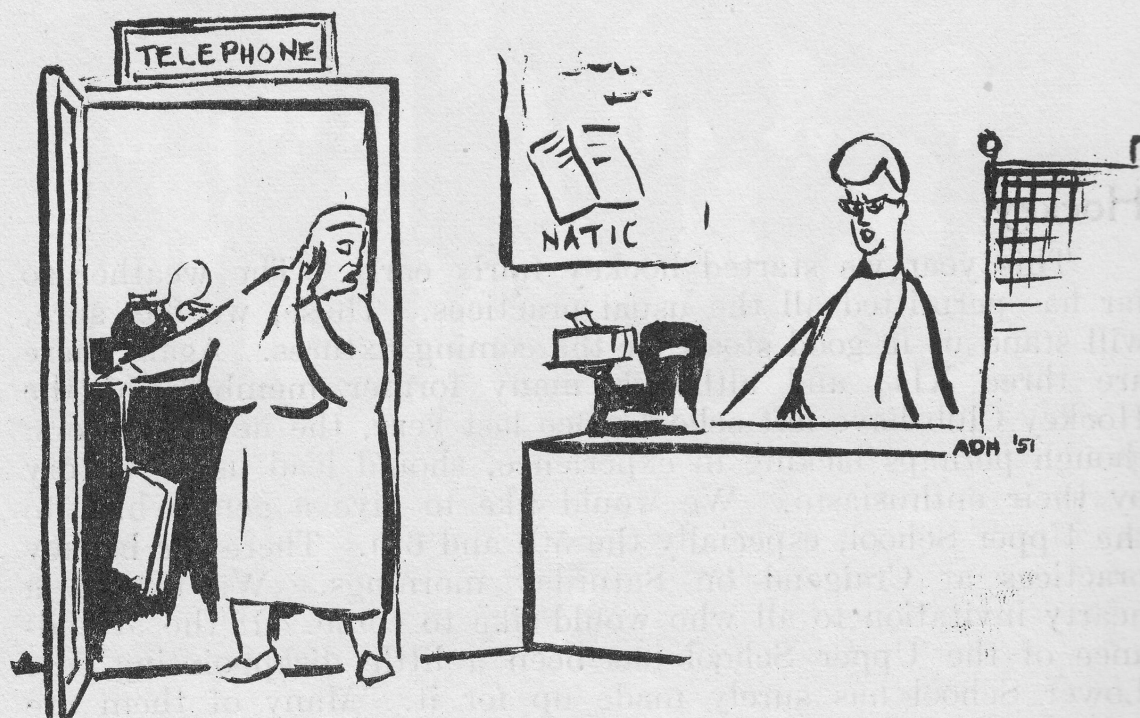
The past cricket season has been Whitehill's most successful since the revival of interest in cricket after the end of the war in 1945.

The team record illustrates this, when it won eight games, lost two, and drew one. (It is to be noted that the two teams who defeated Whitehill were defeated by the School team in the replays).

Our team were fortunate in getting the use of Golfhill Cricket Club's ground on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and on Saturday mornings. In the two afternoons the boys practised at the nets, which kept them in trim for the Saturday match. During these practices they had the invaluable advice of Mr. L. F. Thomson, the cricket master, whose services to the cricket team will always be greatly appreciated. The team also benefited from the expert coaching of Mr. R. Heeps, towards the end of the season.

The boys in the team took full advantage of this coaching, and though some of them were not outstanding at batting or bowling, they made up for it in their sporting spirit, and their "chasing after the ball as if they enjoyed it"—a sign of good fielding.

In every team there is usually one player of outstanding merit, and our best "all-rounder" for the season was P. Miller, who scored an average of 28.3 runs per innings and took 25 wickets at an average cost of 5.9 runs. I. Bournier topped the bowling averages with 33 wickets for 176—an average of 5.3.



"HEY MISSIS! THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRANG WI' YIR DIAL"

A Peep into the Future.

Whitehill School, 1891! What was it like? And what was life like in those far-off days? Much quieter and more leisurely than to-day, and much less interesting and entertaining, we may think; but no doubt people 60 years hence will pity us similarly. For there is no stopping this march of progress, and already we are in sight of new wonders.

The latest is Television, already tried out in its imperfect state on the Sassenachs, and now so well developed that in a few months it will be available for Scottish "viewers." For most readers of this magazine the event is unlikely to be of more than academic interest, for the price of sets will be beyond our reach. Fortunately, however, imagination is free and there's no harm in thinking up some possible developments.

There seems ample scope for something more adventurous than the B.B.C. has yet offered. Boxing and all-in wrestling, for example, make good television at present, but they could be varied by such additions as a meeting of Glasgow Town Council or a School Staff meeting, or the Rangers Board holding an inquest on the latest defeat. And instead of Hutton slowly compiling a century we might have a peep at the Inland Revenue Clerks calculating the Income Tax on teachers' salaries.

The most intriguing suggestion of all, however, is that Television may be used in schools. Look, then, at Whitehill sixty years hence.

In place of a teacher we shall have a large Television screen. One school staff will suffice for the whole of Glasgow. Qualifications will be more varied and exacting than at present. A "good screen face" will be all-important. Bald headed and bespectacled dominies will be at a grave disadvantage and permanent waves will count for more than Ph.D.s. Complexion too will be important, for by then Television, like the Cinema, will have been promoted to Technicolour. Red noses will be a drawback, but those who rely on getting purple in the face to produce some of their best effects will have new scope for their talents.

Television will suit some subjects better than others. The French master's gesticulations should come over well, but with one Lecture Room for all Glasgow an Inter-Schools Classical Masters' Conference would have to settle such questions as the pronunciation of "ae" and the "vidi" or "widi" controversy. Gym. lessons may present some difficulty, especially during "handstands," but the technicians may manage to transmit further instructions upside down. Maths teachers will no longer need surreptitiously to conceal slips of paper with the answers worked out. Properly aimed Television cameras should eliminate this worry. Television may even operate at the sports period, enabling pupils to watch the Whitehill representatives in the Earth schoolboys' team taking part in inter-planetary matches.

Whitehill is admirably placed to be Glasgow's transmitting station. The programmes of 2011 will come from Alexandra Parade instead of Alexandra Palace. Obviously the staff will be composed of Whitehill teachers, so the staffs of other schools such as the High School, Academy, and Borstal Institutions will be allowed to die off slowly and painlessly. Each form will have its own programme, which, coming from Whitehill, will naturally be of a very high standard. Schools unable to live up to this standard will need adaptors on their Fourth Form receiving sets to enable them to receive our "Third" Programme.

Our next 60 years will be commemorated not by a magazine, but by a special Television programme. Thank goodness I won't have to write a script for it! A. J. S., V.1.

Under the Editors' Table.

In our last issue I exhorted you to try even harder for this one. But you mainly succeeded in being more trying than usual. And the reason was that an exceptional number of you seemed to be attacked by a strange modesty—you felt that your efforts would be unworthy of a Jubilee Magazine, and sent us offerings that you knew were worth printing for the convincing reason that you found them in print. Now, you know you mustn't do that. One bright boy even sent us a poem that appeared in our last number—page 49, if you are interested. We were tempted to print the names of these second-hand contributors.

Other modest souls who appealed to us more were M. H., I2, who freely admitted

I am not wise like Solomon,
and SUFFERER, III3, who wailed,
What can one do without a brain?

E. M., I18, takes a carefree view of life. Unhappily her rhymes depend on an equally carefree view of spelling—

Sing well, drink well, laugh and be merry,
For this is Whitehill's Anniversery.

Also unconventional was this opening, from I. G., who has no class—

What is the world if, full of care,
We have no time to eat a pear?

We liked the first verse from K. B., II3, but the rest of the poem was not up to it:

The holidays once more are finished,
All my fun and games are past,
My happiness is now diminished,
I return to school at last.

J. M., III4, did not pull his punches on the subject of the soccer team. Among other forthright comments we find:

U is for useless, which our team is not—

and then, in case the First XI feel too pleased with themselves;

P is for Peat, who ought to be shot.

Severe; definitely severe. But it's not all Peat's fault:

E is for experts, of which there are none.

There now. But he's not finished with you yet:

R is for Ramage, who 's in there for fun.

Nor do the rest escape unscathed. But we desist, fearing for the safety of J. M. His classmate F. F., who is alphabetic on a different theme, also wrote racily.

S. C., II3, wrote on the School trip to London in June, but we already have an official account of that. I. M., V1, also wrote on a trip which has been fully reported by one in authority—but it was a good article. This class specialised in forecasts of Whitehill in days to come and comments (direct and indirect) on Whitehill to-day. Two have been printed; the runners-up were A. D. H., M. C., and D. H. A.

Class III4 sent some articles on unsuitable subjects: R. T., whose theme was very well dealt with in a recent issue, W. M., and J. C. K. M., III4, on the other hand, had a good idea but did not handle it quite well enough. J.S., II2, made a brave attempt at a difficult rhythm. K. H., I6, very nearly got in, and the other near misses came from A. J. G., V1; R. P., III1; R. H., II3; A. H., I6; and E. A., I6.

Sorry you just missed the bus. Give yourselves a little more time in the spring, and who knows . . . ?

OSWALD THE OFFICE BOY.

The Reformation.

I sat one night and listened,
Listened to the stream.
I heard the birds all singing,
And I began to dream.

I sat for quite a while,
And then I heard His voice;
I knew that He was caring,
And watched His girls and boys.

I then began to think
Of Him so good and true;
And as He whispered in my ear,
I knew what I must do.

I must help the poor and weak,
And be so good and kind,
And when I die and go from here,
Leave a better world behind.

S. M., IIc.1.

Rugby.

This is the 28th year of Rugby football in the School, and we have to thank Mr. Forgie, Mr. Gardiner, and Mr. McKean for keeping the standard of the game so high in the past few years.

This season "capping" has been reintroduced after the long period of the last war. We hope that this will afford a target which the players will aim at gaining.

A private 'bus has been chartered to drive the pupils to Murrayfield in November, where they will see the game between South Africa and Scotland. Other pupils are going to Edinburgh by train, and so there will be a large contingent from the School.

At the moment our fixture lists are complete, and we are ready to approach the new season with a clean sheet. We only hope that by the end of the term there will be no blots on it.

B. G.

Rowing.

The Rowing Club, in the charge of Mr. McPhail, is looking forward to a very enjoyable season this year. We have three crews, and the boys seem very keen to enter for the Scottish Schools Championships in July.

Until now we have been using the equipment of the Clydesdale A.R.C., but happily the Education Committee have bought boats and oars for the use of all the schools in Glasgow.

We row on a Monday afternoon at 4.30 and on a Saturday from 2.30 p.m. until 5 p.m. During these times we train for races and also coach any new members.

I should now like to thank Mr. McPhail for the kind co-operation which we have received from him, because without his support there would be no club.

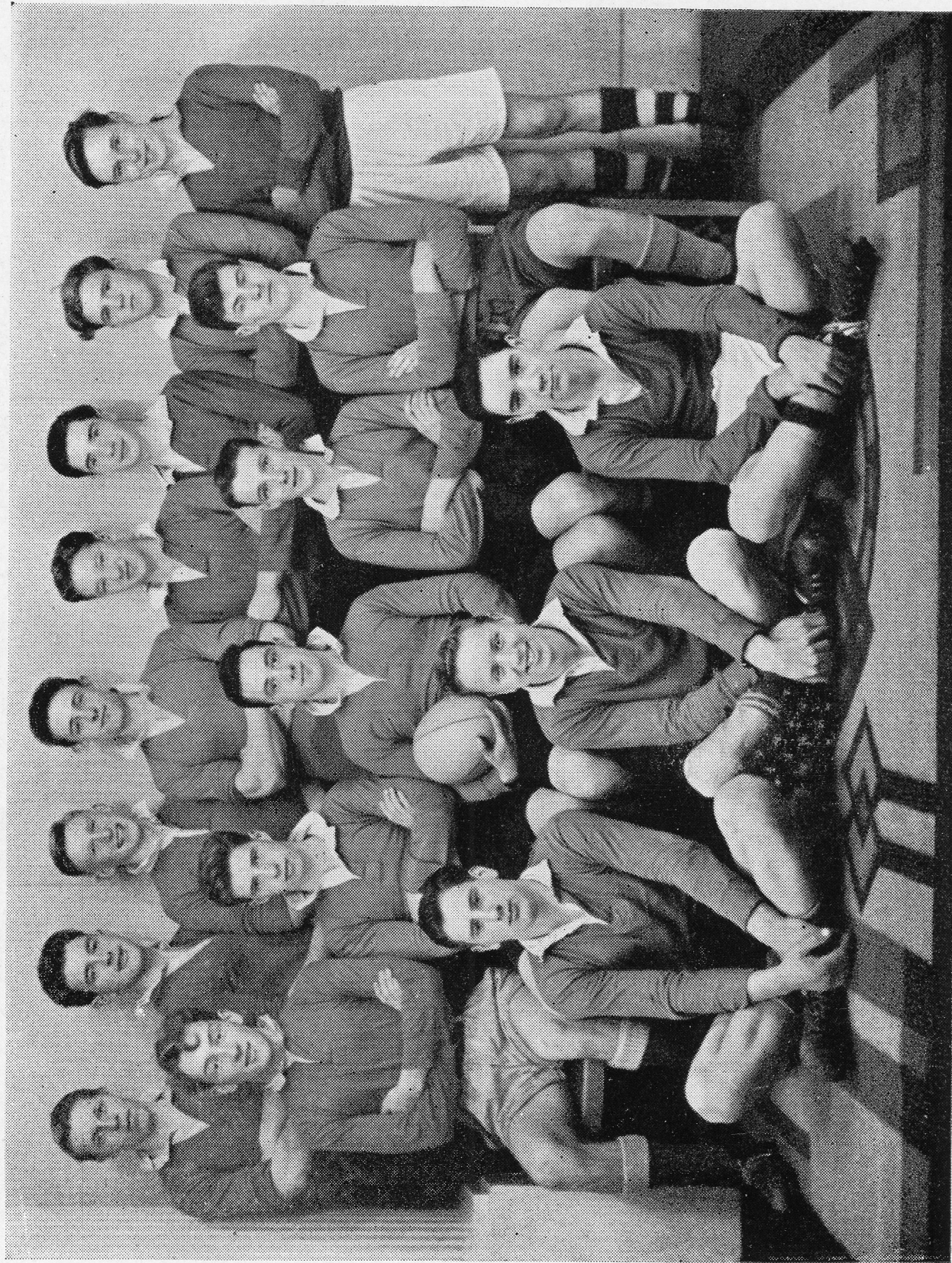
G. M.

Truth.

Once upon a time I was a happy little mite,
At kindergarten school I learnt to count and read and write,
But now I'm twelve my education really has begun,
And Latin, Maths, and Scottish kings,
And Argonauts and suchlike things
I do not find much fun.

But some day when I've made my mark on history's
crowded pages,
And pause to recollect and think upon life's varied stages,
I'm almost certain to declare (as all our parents do)
That schooldays were the best of all,
I loved my teachers big and small,
But that just won't be true!

E. M., I.3.



[Photo by Lawrie

RUGBY FIRST XV.

Standing: J. Falconer, R. Lorimer, R. Cresswell, D. Ballantyne, W. Cochrane, G. Brown, G. Miell, P. Urquhart,
Sitting: W. Steele, J. Duff, J. A. Russell (Captain), W. Greenock, J. Storie.

In Front: G. Caskie, I. MacLean, G. Anderson.



[Photo by Lawrie

FOOTBALL FIRST XI.

Standing: R. McEwan, J. Lang, N. Cooper, J. Hunter, S. Hunter, S. Jardine.

Sitting: P. Miller, G. Mackie, S. Cooper (Captain), G. Baillie, G. Tennant.

In Front: F. Paterson, H. Farrell.

Football.

This season we are again playing six elevens. Such a policy has proved its worth in the past few seasons, because not only does it provide ample facilities for boys at all stages, but it ensures a steady stream of reserve power from which can be drawn successive teams.

At the time of writing, the teams have not been finally settled, but, judging from the keenness of competition for places and the high standard of play in the trial matches, we may look forward to the new season with confidence. In recent years, the 1st XI has come very close to winning both League and Shield honours. This year, despite the fact that we have lost the services of some very talented players, we hope to do even better. With such spirit and enthusiasm pervading all our teams we cannot help having a most successful season.

Golf.

Last season our Golf Team had four successes out of seven matches played. The much discussed game with the Staff ended in an overwhelming victory for the pupils—the first time this has happened for many years. Well done, boys!

It has been decided that boys playing in the Golf Team should be allowed to wear dates for each season they have been a member of the team. The standard of play attained by the member will be taken into account in making these awards, so that the right to wear the dates will not be too lightly gained. An endeavour will be made to run two teams this season.

I. McC. M.

Literary and Debating Society.

Since it was founded by Dr. W. J. Merry in 1923 (? no one seems to know the exact date), the Literary and Debating Society has been always active in the corporate life of the School, except for a brief period during the last war. The enthusiasm of its present members is certainly no less than that of a previous generation, and the standard of speakers and debaters remains consistently high.

At the business meeting on Monday, 17th September, 1951, the following office-bearers and committee members were elected by the pupils of Forms IV, V, and VI:—Hon. President—R. McEwan, M.C., M.A.; President—J. C. Williamson, M.A.; Vice-President—A. Scott, M.A.; Secretary—David Hogarth, Form V; Treasurer—Evelyn Bell; Committee Members—Margaret Alexander, James Russell, Rita Sutherland, Alasdair Gray, Nan McAdam, Andrew Grieve.

It is impossible to give any details of the 1951-52 syllabus, since it is not complete at the time of going to press; but members can be sure that it is an interesting one.

A Litter-ary Drama.

What lies behind the School Magazine? What scenes of breath-taking suspense and split-second decisions are enacted, before the familiar covers appear upon the market? Feeling that some kind of explanation is due, we offer this glimpse of the editorial staff at work.

SCENE. The office of the school magazine. When the curtain rises, the Editor (wearing an untidy expression and confused hair) and Editress (who is abrupt in a vital kind of way) are discovered in the centre of the stage, up to their necks in work. That is to say, the room is flooded shoulder-high in a sea of articles, mostly written on half-sheets of note-paper. Each is frantically busy, snatching up articles, reading a few lines, flinging them down again.

Editor: There was an old man of Dumfries,
Who was shot through the head by his niece——

Editress: There was an old man of Dunoon,
Who wanted to fly to the moon——

Editor: There was a young fellow of Perth——

Editress: There was a young lady——

Editor: There was an old woman——(He breaks down.) I can't go on. It's killing me. I'm going mad! (screaming) MAD! MAD!! MAD!!!

(A muffled telephone bell is heard to ring. The Editress gropes beneath the articles to produce a receiver.)

Editress: Yes, Mr. Meikle. No, not quite, Mr. Meikle. By Thursday? We'll try, Mr. Meikle. Thank you, Mr. Meikle. (Sets down receiver.) That was Mr. Meikle.

Editor: Have the articles ready for Thursday? !!!!! We can't! Why didn't you tell him we can't?

Editress: And quarrel with the English teacher? Not on your life!

Editor (with a dreadful scream of laughter): Then there's only one way out! You see this?

Editress: Put that cigarette lighter down, you fool! You'll set the whole school on fire!

(Enter Sub-Editor.)

Sub-Editor: Listen! I've an idea! It's one of the most magnificent, splendid, super-colossal——

(He trips over some submerged article of furniture, and disappears in a welter of foolscap. The Editress fishes him out.)

Editress: Come on, out with it!

Sub-Editor: Listen! We fill the Mag. with articles by former pupils, see? Then we call it a Jubilee edition, and raise the price to one and six!

Editor: But what will we do with all this? (Indicating articles.)

Sub-Editor: Leave that to me! (He gropes for the telephone, produces it, and dials.)

Sub-Editor: Is that the Paragon Waste-Paper Disposal Unit?
I hear you are offering £8 a ton for the stuff? Yes. Well,
just send along four heavy lorries to Whitehill School. Yes,
W for whale, H for helmet, I for . . .

CURTAIN.

A. J. G., V.1.

My Watch Dog.

His eyes are gleaming very bright,
They look at me with pride and trust;
And yet they have that loving light
Of one who likes to serve—not must.

He is my friend so true and strong,
And he is always near,
Guarding me the whole night through:
I have no cause to fear.

M. B., I.6.

Passed.

A teacher stood at the pearly gates,
Her face was haggard and old;
She stood before St. Peter
For admittance to the fold.

“What have you done,” St. Peter said,
“To gain an entry here?”
“I’ve been a teacher, sir,” she said,
“For many and many a year.”

The pearly gates swung open wide,
St. Peter tolled the bell;
“Come in,” he said, “and choose your harp—
You’ve had enough of—Whitehill.”

D. E., III.1.

S.S.C.

The Scottish Schoolboys’ Club does not resume its meetings until late October. When it does begin we shall have our usual Saturday night meetings, with a wide variety of indoor games. The Sunday nights will consist of a short evening service and an address given by an officer.

The camps this year were held at Wiston Lodge, near Tinto Hill, Bruar, in Perthshire, and Portavaddie on Loch Fyne. As usual, the camps were a great success.

We hope to see our old members attending the meetings once more, and if anyone wishes to join he will be sure of a hearty welcome.

B. G.

Message from O.W.S. "Weather Recorder."

At the time of writing Whitehill is closed down for the summer recess. So are we. For 56 days the ship is lying at the Great Harbour, Greenock, getting the annual overhaul. During the past winter we have experienced our troubles one way and another and life has been anything but humdrum, but we hope our troubles are over and that the future will be free from incident.

The Ocean Weather Service has not been forgotten at the Festival of Britain. A scale model of the "Weather Observer," the sister ship to the "Recorder," is on view.

Our cat Smoky has had four kittens and lies in her box very well contented.

Captain Ford has recently had published a set of Wind and Swell Drift Tables. These tables are the result of three years' work in the Atlantic using two radar target buoys. From these tables it is hoped that the ocean currents in the North Atlantic will be more accurately computed.

Darts are getting very popular aboard the ship and the advent of Canasta has been interesting. We are now forming a gramophone club and all who can, contribute records. We have, so far, done very well.

The "Weather Recorder" seems to be out of luck in timing her spell in port. We never seem to be in when Whitehill has her sports or other functions. However, we are all sure that you had a very good time. Maybe next year we will be lucky.

Junior Citizens' Theatre Society.

The attention of all pupils of Form III and of the Senior School is directed to the existence of this Society.

By co-operation with the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre the schools of the city are enabled to enjoy, at very low cost, performances of plays specially chosen for them. Such plays are given at matinee performances twice in each session. Our Whitehill ruling is that only members of the J.C.T.S. may be present at these matinees. The subscription is low (6d. per annum), and entitles the member to attend special meetings, lectures, etc., by prominent actors or producers, and visits "back-stage" at the theatre. All pupils interested should get in touch with Mr. Duncanson.

Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Payne, in memory of their son Ralph, a Former Pupil, have now established a fund the interest on which will provide two prizes to the successful pupils in an examination in Science to be held annually.

The Headmaster and Deputy Headmaster have been appointed Trustees.



The Whitehill Tait.

Dramatic Club.

The club meets each Monday in the Upper Gymnasium and is open to all pupils in Form III and upwards. New members, particularly boys, would be welcome.

At present we are practising the art of walking, talking, sitting, and falling (intentionally) on stage. It is hoped to begin rehearsals soon for an entertainment consisting of sketches and dramatic excerpts.

The Scripture Union.

Once again we extend a cordial invitation to all pupils and members of the staff to join us on Fridays at 4.15 in Room 50. Our numbers are increasing, and this time we have introduced a new idea, namely that the boys now meet separately in Room 81. This, we hope, will prove a successful change.

As usual, we have outside speakers from various schools, colleges and universities, and monthly rallies take place in the Christian Institute, at which the Inter-schools Quiz gives rise to much excitement.

We have high hopes for this session, so, come and help us to make it a better-than-ever one.

M. M. W.

The Junior Red Cross. Link No. 998.

The Link extends a warm invitation to all pupils, particularly to those of the First Form, to become active members. Activities consist of collecting silver paper and used postage stamps, and periodically doing small duties for the Red Cross when there are appeals. There exists a Junior Cadet Unit, held in the evenings, to instruct in First Aid. Those wishing to join please apply to Miss Cameron, Room 83.

In June five pounds was donated to the Tor-na-dee Sanatorium. A letter was received saying thank you to all who contributed.

The Library.

We have to thank very heartily Dr. James W. Patterson, a Former Pupil, for a generous gift of books from his library.

New members will be welcomed at 8.50 a.m. on the following days:—

Monday—Boys of Form I.

Wednesday—Girls of Form I and Form II.

Friday—Boys of Form II, Boys and Girls of Form III.

Members of the Upper School may have access to the Library shelves by arrangement.

Recent additions include:—

Marvels of the East, by R. Halliburton.
The Great White South, by H. Ponting.
The Young Traveller in Canada, by J. H. Ingram.
The Young Traveller in Holland, by L. Van Someren.
The Young Traveller in New Zealand, by H. Harrap.
Teach Yourself Photography, by S. Bowler.
Nature's Story Book, by C. Leigh.
Isaac Newton, by E. da C. Andrade.

In the Tracks of the Old Explorers, by Comm. Campbell.
The Cave, by Richard Church.
Marco Polo, by M. Collis.
The Story of the Highway, by A. Allen.
Discovery on the Thames, by E. Leyland.
The Ballads, by M. Hodgart.
Hudson of Hudson's Bay, by J. M. Scott.
The Life-Boat Service, by M. Saville.
Camping for Boys and Girls, by R. Hazelwood.
Postage Stamps, by L. Williams.

Whitehill was represented at a Conference held recently in George Watson's Boys' College, Edinburgh, when nearly a hundred representatives from Senior Secondary Schools in Scotland unanimously agreed to form a Scottish Branch of the School Library Association. Our School has joined the Scottish Branch of the S.L.A.

J. E. G.