Whitehill School Magazine.

JUBILEE NUMBER

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Foreword by Bailie Hood	5
The Headmaster's Message	6
Editorial	8
Art Inset—	
The Staff through the Ages ...	9–16
The First Half Century—	
Phase I: by James C. Williamson	17
Phase II: by Walter H. MacGregor	27
Phase III: by Arthur E. Meikle	31
Art Inset—	
The School	33
The Headmasters	34–35
The Snell Exhibitioners	36
Headmasters of Whitehill—	
James Henderson	37
Fergus Smith	38
Thomas Nisbet	39
Robert M. Weir	40
The Snell Exhibitioners	42
From "The Glasgow Herald," 1891	43
Salute to Pioneers	43
Round the Rooms	45
"Cormacatures"	49
Jubilee Greetings—	
From William J. Merry	50
From Whitehill Jun. Sec. School	51
From the F.P. Club	51
A Thought from 1910	51
Night Fighter, by J. F. Hendry ...	52
Poems, by Rev. David Stevens ...	52
Art Inset—	
Prefects, 1946–47	53
The Reunion Dinner, 1946 ...	54
A Reunion Group	55
Dramatic Performance, 1926 ...	56
Dramatic Performance, 1945 ...	57
Scrap Page	58
Harvest Camps	59

	PAGE
Art Inset (continued)—	
Senior Girls' Choir, 1946	60
The School Songs	61
The Dinner Club	62
Former Pupils Look Back—	
Robert Browning	63
G. D. C. Stokes	64
David Roy	65
Mrs. M. P. Logie	66
Robins Millar	67
John E. Campbell	67
Rev. Allan Barr	69
Bailie Jean Roberts	70
Jack House	71
Sam L. McKinlay	72
John A. Mack	73
Jessie Morton	74
Betty R. Easson	75
Art Inset—	
Football Teams	77–80
The Human Side	81
The Elocution Class	81
The Literary Society	83
Musical Memories	83
Craigend Playing Field	87
Rugby	87
Football	89
Cricket	89
Clubs in Wartime	93
Hockey	96
Art Inset—	
Hockey	97–99
Rugby	100–101
Cricket	102–103
Swimming	104
Swimming	105
The Acceptable Year	107
The Magazine Committee	109

Foreword by Bailie Andrew Hood, J.P., F.E.I.S., Convener of Glasgow Education Committee.

As Convener of the Education Committee of Glasgow Corporation, it is my privilege and pleasure to offer congratulations to all concerned in the celebration of the Jubilee of Whitehill Senior Secondary School, as also to the Editor and his staff of contributors on the production of this special issue of the magazine to mark an occasion of considerable importance in the scholastic life of the community in which Whitehill has played an outstanding part during the past 55 years. Every member of the Education Committee will, I feel sure, desire to be associated with me in paying tribute to the achievements of Whitehill pupils, while they in turn will readily express their debt of gratitude to successive headmasters and teachers, who have made the name and fame of the school.

During the years between 1939 and 1945, when Onslow Drive School was attached to it, Whitehill had the distinction of being the largest senior secondary school in Scotland, if not in Britain. Both quantitatively and qualitatively, Whitehill has worthily upheld the best traditions of Scottish education, as is demonstrated once again by the fact that in this difficult year when the examinations reverted to the national standard, after six years of war during which they had been conducted on a regional basis, 72 of the 97 pupils presented gained the Senior Leaving Certificate. By the variety of courses it has offered for several years, Whitehill has anticipated to some extent the wider provisions of the Education (Scotland) Act of 1945.

As Head Master of Whitehill for the past 15 years, Mr. Robert M. Weir, who retires in January, 1947, after 43 years' service as a teacher, has left an indelible impression on the school by his outstanding ability as an organiser with a sound and scholarly outlook on educational developments. With his ideals as theirs, his successors in office at Whitehill will follow in the path of educational progress.

The Headmaster's Message.

To all our pupils past and present, teachers and friends—Greetings from Whitehill.

This souvenir number of the School Magazine marks our Jubilee, which, but for the intervention of the war, should have been celebrated in 1941.

Its pages record the development of the school from the opening day in November, 1891, when Mr. Henderson and his valiant band laid the foundation of this institution whose fame has been carried to the distant corners of the earth, enhanced and adorned by the talents and distinctions of those who have borne its colours throughout the succeeding years. The penalty of fame was the extinction of the Elementary School in 1920, a lamentable loss made necessary by the increasing demands for higher education, with the consequent makeshift patchwork of the "New" Building and the Annexe, now ageing relics placidly surviving an annual threat of doom. Six years of war found the school amalgamated with Onslow Drive in one huge institution of over 2,000 pupils, which reverted last year to its constituent parts under the names of Whitehill Senior and Whitehill Junior Secondary Schools. And still we wait and long for a building worthy of the school!

Here too are reminiscent articles on personalities and events that will evoke, we trust, happy memories of these great masters —Mr. Henderson, Mr. Smith and Mr. Nisbet, and the long line of teachers of outstanding merit from the earliest Second Master, Mr. J. T. Smith, down to the most recent deputy, Mr. Francis Middlemiss. For an older generation the photographs will rouse feelings of affectionate remembrance for "Pi" Stevenson, Crosthwaite, "Cocky" Russell, Arch. McQuistan, Wm. Montgomerie, Peter Macdougall and many others with all the foibles and idiosyncrasies enshrining them in the memory and endearing them to the heart. Perchance they will recall too some well-nigh forgotten incident in the classroom, awaken some slumbering memory of the playground, or revive a hard-fought contest on the playing fields.

Nor has the contribution of the school to academic life been omitted, as we bask in the reflected glory of the distinguished band of Professors who once sat as boys on our benches, including Professors Alexander, Barr, Baxter, Browning, Fordyce, and Rollo; Dr. Anderson of the Technical College; the galaxy of

Snell Exhibitioners whose portraits adorn our walls; and finally those whose names are inscribed on the Dux and Champion Boards in the Hall.

It is fitting too to record in this Jubilee number the school's most grateful appreciation of all whose efforts, whether individually or collectively, have contributed to perpetuate the memory of those whom we annually recall in our prize lists—The James Henderson Dux Memorial; the War Memorial; the Macfarlane-Gamble Prize; the Crosthwaite Memorial Fund; the School Club Prize Fund; the Ralph Payne Memorial Prize in Science; the Sandy Robertson Prize in Commerce; the J. T. Smith Prizes for Literature; the Margaret Cunningham Prize for Needlework; the Bailie Armstrong Prizes for Leadership; the Rotary Club Prize for Citizenship; or the donors of cups and prizes for prowess in Athletics—the R. S. Allan Shield (golf), the Dinner Club Cups (athletics), the Dave Willis Cup (athletics), the George Macbriar Cups (athletics, swimming, running), the Macnaughton Cup (swimming), the Graham Cup (cricket), and the Bogle Cup (running).

Such wealth of memorials is a tribute to the esprit de corps of the school, the outpouring of a generous enthusiasm which found such spontaneous expression in the pavilion and playing fields of Craigend—a perpetual monument to the loyalty and devotion of everyone who rallied to the support of the school. To the trustees who have been so unsparing in their services our special thanks are due.

From the early School Board days there has existed a close connection between Whitehill School and Rutherford Church. Throughout the years the Rev. James Barr has been one of our staunchest friends, and the links he forged between school and church have been strengthened with the passing of the years. The present minister in Rutherford, the Rev. Robert Arthur, M.A., is our School Chaplain and to him and his predecessor, Mr. Temple, the sincere thanks of the school are due for the great help and co-operation in our weekly services in Rutherford.

To all who have contributed to this number, whether articles or photographs, a special measure of thanks is extended, and if I may take advantage of my privileges, I should like to record our great indebtedness to Mr. Williamson, our enthusiastic Principal Teacher of English, who has been an indefatigable Editor, and to his no less energetic assistant, Mr. Meikle. To them more than to any others is due the success of this number and in your enjoyment of these pages they will have earned your gratitude and reaped a well-deserved reward.

R. M. Weir.

Editorial.

Producing a Jubilee Magazine is a fascinating and exasperating business. You plan your magazine, submit your plan to Higher Authorities, receive suggestions, discuss them, revise your plan, and at last settle your policy. You draw up a list of people who can provide information, and the interviewing and letter-writing begin. There is fascination in the material that comes to light, till it becomes clear that your original plan was in fact too modest, and you again revise it on more ambitious lines, only to find yourself faced with a financial crisis, which occasions the exasperation.

The obstacles are duly surmounted, but for every decision taken half-a-dozen possibilities have been weighed and discarded. And perhaps we here exasperate some readers by discarding some item which they would have retained. If that has happened, or if any errors of fact are suspected, we invite your comments. For the Diamond Jubilee is not very far ahead, and then we we may be able to repair the breaches in this magazine.

In preparing this issue we have been well served by many friends, so many indeed that we cannot name them all. Our debt to our contributors is obvious, and their names appear in their proper places. We also thank all who provided us with photographs, whether we have found a place for them or not. Others who have helped appreciably in various ways are: Mr. Frank Middlemiss, Mr. John Robertson of "The Daily Record," Mr. Arthur Stobo (printer), Messrs. Peter and Wm. Buchanan, Miss Mgt. H. Henderson, daughter of the first Headmaster, Mr. A. C. Somerville, Mrs. A. McLaren Lockhart of the Old Glasgow Club, Mr. Smith of Messrs. T. & R. Annan, Miss Helen S. Simpson, Mr. James Imrie (for staff photographs), Mr. Sam L. McKinlay, Mr. D. C. Browning, Miss Jean C. Muir, Messrs. Charles and Richard Chatfield, Mr. Percy Owens, Mr. R. S. McIntosh, Mr. T. D. Scoular, Mr. Andrew Tannock, Mrs. Gertrude C. Sutherland, daughter of Mr. Fergus Smith.

We should like to pay a tribute to three young ladies who were pupils last year—Nessie Erskine, Betty Easson, and Grace Dunlop—for handling the business side so capably, and most of all we are indebted to Mr. Williamson, who acted as general supervisor, undertook the major task of collecting and sifting material, and also contributed generously.

Naturally this magazine is mainly concerned with the past. But the past stretches forward to the future, and becomes at once a foundation and an inspiration for triumphs yet to come. We trust that the next half century of the Whitehill story will be a worthy sequel to what it is now our privilege to present.

A. E. M.

Photo by Wohlgemuth

STAFF OF WHITEHILL PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, 1889.

Mr. James Gibson, M.A., Headmaster.

The Misses McVicar, MacConnachie, Scrymgeour, Lauder, and Simpson were transferred to the new Whitehill School. They are shown in the middle row, Miss Simpson at the right end of back row.

THE STAFF, 1899.

Mr. James Henderson, M.A., Headmaster.

Mr. T. H. P. Crosthwaite is shown in the second back row third from the right and Mr. J. T. Smith in the middle of the third row.

THE STAFF, 1902.

Mr. James Henderson, M.A., Headmaster.

Photo by Wohlgemuth

THE STAFF, 1909.

Mr. Fergus Smith, M.A., Headmaster.

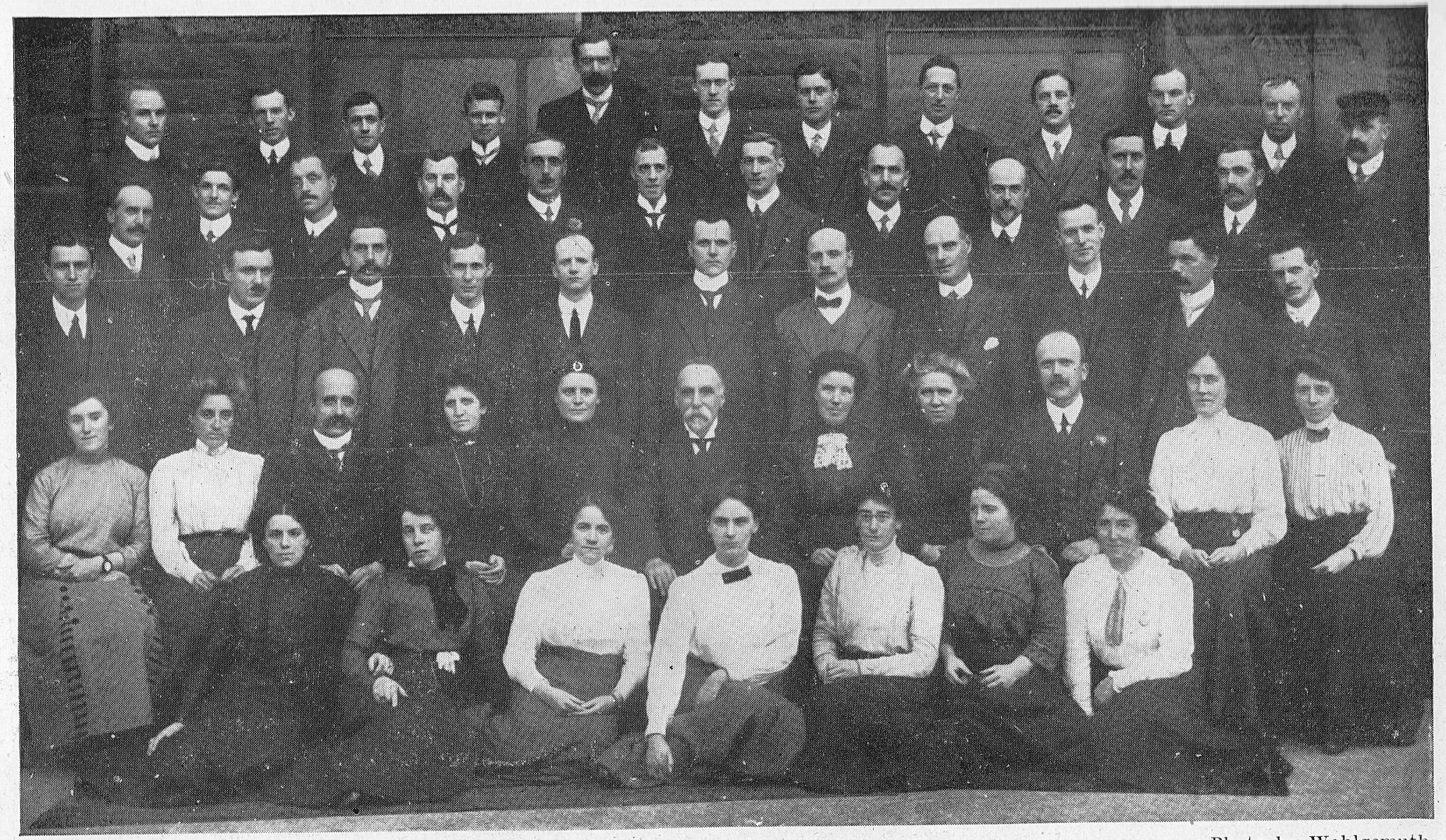


Photo by Wohlgemuth

THE STAFF, 1913.

Mr. Fergus Smith, M.A., Headmaster.

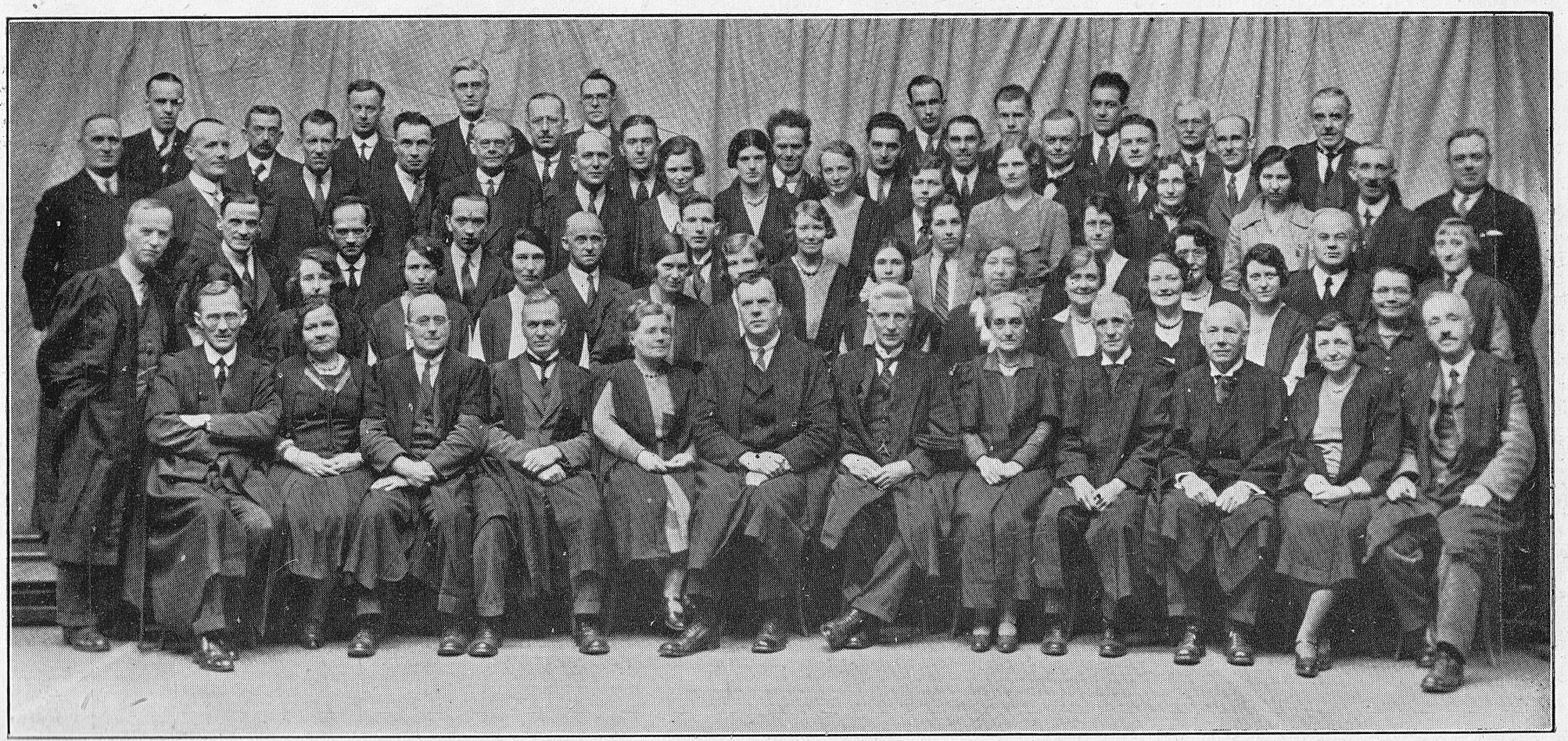


Photo by Buchanan & Armour

THE STAFF, 1932.

Mr. Robert M. Weir, M.A., B.A., Headmaster.

Photo by Lawrie

THE STAFF, 1943.

Mr. Robert M. Weir, M.A., B.A., Headmaster.

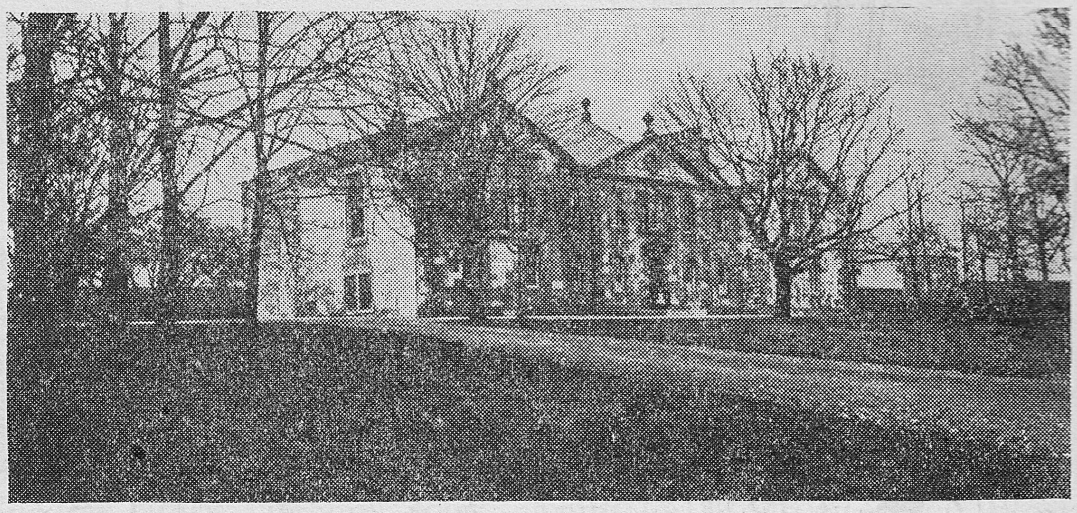
Taken during the period of amalgamation of Whitehill and Onslow Drive Schools, 1939-1945.

Photo by J. P. Couper

THE STAFF, 1946.

Mr. Robert M. Weir, M.A., B.A., Headmaster.

The First Half Century.



WHITEHILL HOUSE. *Photo by Annan*

Phase I: 1891—1922.

By JAMES C. WILLIAMSON, M.A., Head of English Department.

Here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times.

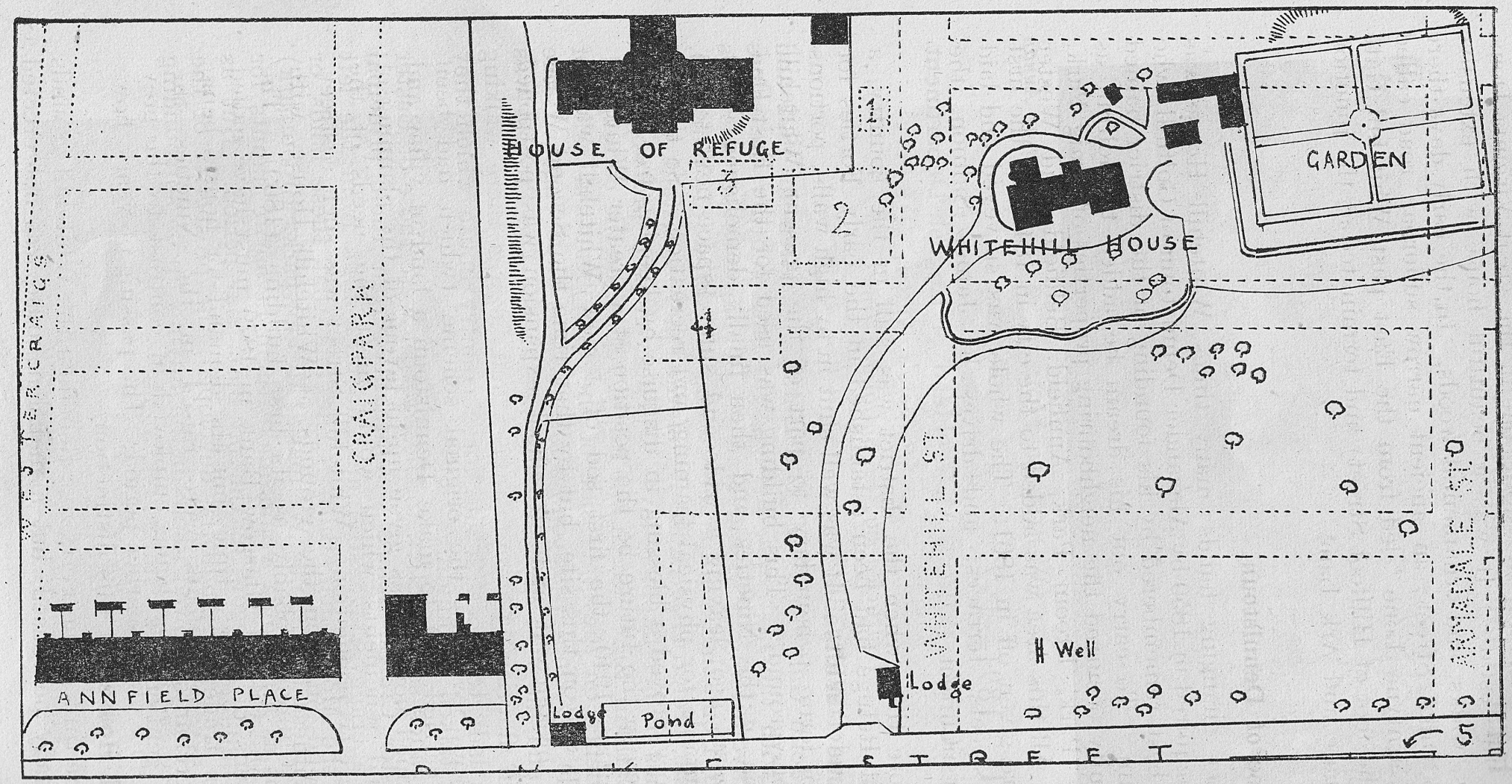
The Name "Whitehill."

In John Galt's novel, "The Entail"' written in 1822 and dealing with the first half of the eighteenth century, he refers to the favourite walk of old Maudge Dobbie with her master's grandson from the Saltmarket "along the brow of Whitehill, which she preferred because it afforded her a distant view of the scenes of her happier days." (The view was probably that of the Cathkin Braes which one might regard as the corresponding eminence on the other side of the then beautiful valley of the Clyde.) "One afternoon, while she was thus engaged, the Provost and his wife made their appearance. The Provost was a man in flourishing circumstances and he was there walking with his lady to choose a site for a country house which they had long talked of building."

The lands so attractive to the Provost were those of Easter and Wester Craigs, named "Whitehill" from their principal feature, a craggy ridge stretching about a mile from the left bank of the Molendinar Burn. The fact that these lands or parks (witness the names Wellpark, Meadowpark, Broompark) were kept as grasslands would make them favourite haunts for the citizens of Glasgow in the pre-industrial period. But as Glasgow's trade and industry developed, the prosperity of the city's merchants showed itself in the buying up of surrounding lands for gentlemen's estates.

Whitehill House.

At the time of the Forty-five Rebellion the Whitehill grounds were already purchased, but a mansion house was not erected



Whitehill in 1860: Modern streets in dotted outline. Sites indicated:
1—Whitehill Old School for Girls (demolished 1890); 2—Whitehill Secondary School;
3—The School Annexe; 4—Palais de Danse; 5—Old Whitevale Bowling Club.

till 1750, when John Glassford, one of the great Virginia Dons, bought the estate. It was a beautiful house with extensive gardens, walks, and ornamental woods. In the early days there was no Duke Street; an ancient narrow suburban road called "The Carntyne Lone" led from the East past Whitehill Gate (near the foot of Hillfoot Street) and terminated at the junction of Drygate and Ark Lane.

The Rise of Dennistoun.

After changing hands many times Whitehill House was finally acquired in 1850 by Alexander Dennistoun of Golfhill, who will be best remembered by his founding of the district named after him. To carry out his dream he added to Golfhill as opportunity occurred the neighbouring properties of Craig Park, Meadow Park, Broom Park, Annfield, Bellfield, and Wester Craigs. All this area was added to the city in 1846 and the first feus were given off in 1861. The whole was surveyed and laid out in streets, terraces, and drives by James Salmon, the Glasgow architect.

Before this, when the district was still in the country, a House of Refuge had been established in the early Forties for use as a reformatory. It was well shut in by high walls, portions of which form a boundary to part of the present Whitehill School playground.* This building was used for the East-End Exhibition in the Nineties and then finally demolished about twenty years ago, leaving a wide and sunny space next to the school suitable for physical training and recreation. So the old reformatory proved a blessing in disguise by keeping free a site which may in the future be the position of a greater Whitehill. In February, 1940, the first sod of a new Whitehill was to have been cut on this site, but by that time the Second World War had broken out and all school expansion was postponed indefinitely.

By the Seventies the original scheme (which had been partially carried out) to make Dennistoun a land of villas and self-contained houses was given up in favour of the planning of streets and tenements which would meet the needs of the increasing city population. Whitehill Street was such a street, laid out and built on the grounds of Whitehill House, with Whitehill Church probably as its first building (1869). The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1879 must have called a halt to building for a time, but the demand for houses being insistent, new tenements were raised in the Nineties—the familiar red sandstone being employed in contrast to the grey Giffnock stone of the earlier period. The passing of years, however, has toned down this distinction.

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* The boys of to-day have thus a grim link with their predecessors!

Early Schools.

In the "greystone age" Dennistoun was a self-contained community where everybody knew everybody. Among the small private schools of this time were Annfield, Armadale and Dennistoun Academies, all housed in private houses or villas. There was also the East-End Sessional School* which would seem to have been the natural predecessor of Thomson Street and Dennistoun Public Schools, built by the School Board in the early Eighties. Our first Headmaster, Mr. James Henderson, was closely associated with these early days of education in Dennistoun. Dennistoun Academy in Whitehill Street occupied a double villa on the site where the present school stands. It was taken over in 1883 by the School Board of Glasgow and renamed "Whitehill Public School for Girls." Conditions must have been ideal, for cattle grazed and crops were grown around, some of the fields extending to Alexandra Parade. Miss Helen S. Simpson, who has a record for long service in Whitehill, recalls the happy days when as a scholar she helped the old caretaker, worthy Mrs. Gray, to ring the bell for the "minutes," when rice biscuits and Fry's chocolate were sold. Good bell-ringers earned a special cake of chocolate. The classes were never large and ex-VI was the senior class. After that, young ladies went to finishing classes in the city. It is presumed that the small boys of the school also finished their education in the city. Here are some extracts from the log book:—

1883. May, June: Much absence owing to flittings and families going to the coast.
November 9: Attendance 192, the highest yet attained.

1884. January 17: Children have a holiday to-day (Friday) as is usual after the Inspection.
October 22: Closed to-day (Wednesday) at 3.30 till Monday, to-morrow being the Fast Day (Communion holidays).

1885. November 12: Panic over vaccination rumours.

1886. October 27: The first written examination held to-day.

1888. From the school report: "The tone in answering is too low: in the upper school painfully indistinct."

A Good Start.

By the end of the Eighties one of Glasgow's great periods of expansion was beginning and in common with such districts as North Kelvinside, Woodside, Springburn, and Queen's Park, Dennistoun needed a new and up-to-date school which would take in all grades of pupils, both boys and girls.† The new school then known as Whitehill Public School was opened on 16th November, 1891, by Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson, Chairman of the School Board of Glasgow. Details are given on page 43. In

* Situated in Young Street.

† The school population of Glasgow in 1873 was over 50,000; in 1891 it had risen to over 88,000.

our day of constriction and congestion it is a comfort to read the optimistic note that the rooms were "large and airy," but this is counterbalanced by the thought that they were seated for 60 and in some cases 80 pupils. Latin and French were begun early in the Lower Division and physical training was in the hands of the Janitor. There were ten classes not counting the infants and fees varied from 3/- to 15/- a quarter. Much emphasis was laid on Art and important annual examinations supported by special grants were held in the subject. School attendance rose from 828 in 1892 to 1,000 in 1896.

Mr. James Henderson, Headmaster of Thomson Street School and well known in the East End, was appointed the first Headmaster and he soon gathered round him a fine body of assistants including Miss Margaret Maconochie, Miss Jessie McVicar, Miss Margaret Scrymgeour, and Miss Jessie Richmond, all of whom had taught in the old school. Heads of departments were as follows:—Mr. John T. Smith (English), Mr. John Dougall, later succeeded by his brother, Mr. Charles Dougall (Mathematics), Mr. John D. Rose (Classics), and Mr. Wm. Wylie Russell (Science). Miss Jessie Richmond was assisted by Miss Elizabeth Barrie Young in the teaching of Modern Languages. A notable addition to the staff was made in 1894 when Mr. T. H. B. Crosthwaite became Classical master. The result of his enthusiasm and scholarship and the fine teaching of his colleagues in the other departments soon showed itself in the high standard of work attained in the Upper School. (It is probable that the school motto, "Altiora Peto," was his choice.) In 1896 the following names were found in a high position in the University Bursary List:—Dugald MacQuistan, Alex. Strachan, Peter Ramsay, James Jack, and Theodore D. Lowe; and in 1899, Walter L. Henderson, son of the Headmaster. In 1901 Geo. D. C. Stokes and Robert Browning gained high places and in 1902 John C. Rollo was first and John McWhan third. By 1901 University Honours were being gained and from then on the school sent a steady stream of distinguished students up to the University, reaching its highest level in the period 1916 to 1928 when five Snell Exhibitions were gained.

Problems of Expansion.

So greatly had the reputation of the school impressed the Scottish Education Department that in the Report of 1900 the suggestion was made "that the status and function of Whitehill should be that of a Higher Class Public School for the Eastern portion of the City of Glasgow." Again in 1902 it was stated that "the school need not fear comparison with any first-rate secondary school in the West of Scotland." Behind this lies a world of thought and effort on the part of the Headmaster, who strove, even to the extent of contending with his superiors, the School Board, to expand Whitehill and raise it to the highest status. He was unwilling to turn away the many applicants for admission, and warnings had to be given from above against

overcrowding. But his answer was that there must be accommodation to meet the demand. It is largely due to his efforts that the Gymnasium and the Manual Workshop (now the lower gymnasium) were opened in 1896 and that what we call "the New Building" (now forty years old!) was built in 1904.

Death of Mr. James Henderson.

Unfortunately he was not spared to see the fruition of his plans, and the possibility of raising the school to the status of a High School passed away. He died on the 21st of November, 1904, shortly after the new building was opened. It was a solemn moment in the history of the school when nearly 800 of the scholars and staff marched in procession from Whitehill Street to the memorial service in the Barony Church. Mr. Leander M. Fyfe of Queen's Park School thus spoke of his colleague in the Educational Institute:—"How shall I estimate the value of his work in this city? From a comparatively humble school in the East End—where his name is still respected and his memory shall long be revered by those who were boys and girls a generation ago—he rose to be head of an institution the name of which is known throughout the length and breadth of the land."

In his memory the Henderson Gold Medal and Dux Prize was instituted in the following year (1905) and the first winner was James Porter, now Rector of Irvine Royal Academy.

Whitehill Now Fully Secondary.

As the problem of expansion was still acute, a problem felt generally all over the city, it was decided to reduce the junior departments gradually until the school could devote itself entirely to secondary teaching. This process had already begun in 1901 when the infant department was closed and Miss Downs, outstanding as an Infants Mistress and beloved by her pupils, was transferred, greatly to the regret of the whole school. By 1922, when Mr. Fergus Smith, the second Headmaster, had retired, the last qualifying class had passed out and the school was now properly entitled Whitehill Secondary School. The Elementary Department had given a splendid foundation to the Secondary Department. It also gave a unity to the school, family links being maintained and a class esprit de corps carried on right up to the Sixth. One remembers yet the fine qualifying classes trained by Miss Scrymgeour and Mr. Imrie.

Secondary classes being smaller, it followed that many of the rooms had to be sub-divided. This was carried out in 1919, and two years later a wooden annexe was built in the grounds of the old East End Exhibition, which added another ten rooms. Room 51 was made a bookstore when the issue of free books was begun in 1930 (school fees had been abolished by this time). The original plan of the school had now been altered with the result that instead of being "spacious and airy" many of the rooms were dark and ill-ventilated. With the problem of congestion facing us when the leaving age is raised to 15 it is obvious

how pressing is the need for an entirely new and up-to-date building such as was planned and passed in 1939.

The Note of Seriousness.

Each district in Glasgow has its own character, and it is permissible to think of Dennistoun as showing qualities of seriousness, hardheadedness, and determination to make good by hard work. Whitehill in this case reflects its environment. Earnestness of purpose has been the keynote from the beginning —witness the enthusiasm common to all four Headmasters, the determination of Mr. Henderson, the seriousness of Mr. Smith, the method and precision of Mr. Nisbet, and the dynamic energy of Mr. Weir. Mr. Fergus Smith, who succeeded Mr. Henderson in 1904, can be instanced specially. He came at a time when the burden of responsibility was increasing, but he shouldered it willingly even although it meant long hours and shortened holidays. When the First World War broke out in 1914, a goodly number of the staff and former pupils joined the Services, and there was a generous support to the Red Cross and other war activities. Many war honours were won, but on the other hand, as was the case all over, the sacrifice of lives was great. Immediately after the war a large sum was gathered, part of which was expended on a War Memorial in the Hall and the rest used to found the War Memorial Prizes. On the War Memorial are preserved the names of 200 who made the supreme sacrifice, including those of Mr. John Blair of the Science Department, and Mr. William Macfarlane Gamble, a former pupil, in whose memory a prize is given every year for general excellence. For many years a short but impressive service was held in memory of the fallen as each anniversary of the Armistice came round.

War conditions put an added strain upon staff and pupils, and not least on the Headmaster. It was felt indeed that he carried too much; and his death in 1924, little more than a year after he retired, may be traceable to the burden of the last few years of office. Later on appointments were made of Heads of Departments with definite responsibility. This gave the later Headmasters more opportunity to concentrate on the ever-increasing duties of guidance and general supervision which are heavy enough, especially in these latter days.

A Tribute.

At this point we bring our account to a close, later periods (1922-1946) to be dealt with by others. The study of old log-books, the talks with old friends of the school, and the gathering of material for this Jubilee Number have brought home to us (who have our own problems and difficulties) the stress and strain and the joys and sorrows of the teachers and scholars of those years. Let us of the present generation here pay a tribute to them and trust that we in our turn may carry their high ideals with us into the second fifty years.

Phase II: 1922—1939.

By Walter H. MacGregor, M.A., Head of the English Department, Allan Glen's School.

Abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.

It was my good fortune to be on the staff of Whitehill for seventeen and a half years. It was the friendliest of staffs and the friendliest of schools and I was fortunate in having not a few contacts with its rich life. Chief of these contacts were the School Choir, the Magazine, the Library, and not least Staff Room 8.

The period 1922-1939 was one of continuous growth from rigid simplicity with its canalised efficiency to a greater complexity with a fine catholicity of values and considerateness towards the pupil. The size of Whitehill must always be a problem to its Head Master and staff. As Wm. E. Muir, just a boy then, said in his editorial for 1923, "The school now presents the appearance of a scattered village rather than a school." It serves no purpose to criticise what was done to meet the difficulty before 1922. Each epoch has its own way of dealing with its educational problems. To-day the school is more liberal in its curriculum, in self-expression, and in the relationship between the pupils and the staff. The battle is not now only to the swift and to the strong.

Yet even in those Spartan days nothing could diminish the geniality of Wm. Montgomery, lessen the delightful idiosyncrasies of Mr. Stevenson (Pi), or cure the late-coming of that short-lived, dear, sunny lassie, Margaret Barratt. The Christmas parties and the Summer picnics were as genial and jolly as Dickens could have wished, and there was an all-inclusive kindliness in that tall, substantial figure, Mr. White, the janitor, even when in passage and playground he scattered a noisy group of scrapping boys with a well-aimed but not too damaging foot. By way of strangeness, I remember Miss Woodburn (Hecate), "secret, self-contained, and solitary as an oyster," who so unexpectedly stole, black-garbed, shovel and brush in hand, from the recesses of the lower gym to inspect Miss Fisher's immaculate floor.

The reorientation of school life began towards the end of Mr. Smith's time. Symptomatic of the change progressively to be seen under Mr. Nisbet and manifestly under Mr. Weir, were the establishment of a School Magazine and the election of a school captain and prefects (all boys). The approach was being made to a more co-operative school government, with its autonomous societies.

The Magazine, which owes its origin and spirit to Dr. Merry, set out from the first to be the work of the pupils. One teacher acted as censor of proprieties and business director. Teachers contributed only by request and this tradition has been loyally observed. The original cover in brown and gold, the old school

colours (blue and white since 1923) was designed by the late M
Alexander Jackson. In the twin motifs of the archer on t
Magazine cover and the knight dedicating his sword which fi
the lunette of the War Memorial, he embodied justly the idea
of aspiration and dedication which have been powerful in t
school. The files of the Magazine which I have kept since 19
are a fine record of the school life and of that diversity
creatures who refused to be moulded to a pattern, youth capa
of initiative.

Until 1933 the Magazine staff was anonymous, but it w
Wm. E. Muir who headed his editorial for 1923 with t
quotation, "Is it a world to hide virtues in?" That year
topped the University Bursary List in preparation for carryi
off the Snell Exhibition to Oxford. In the Summer issue of 19
the Magazine published the new School Song, "Altiora Petimu
—words by J. Robb, music by J. W. Kerr, both of the staf
and I still remember with pleasure the beautiful MS. wh
J.W.K. wrote for the block-maker. It was characteristic of
patience and care he took in all he did. I missed his gentlen
and selflessness.

It was in 1933 that I became Magazine censor and
allowed to garnish its leaves with photographs of the school
action: Ardgoil trips, school journeys abroad (may they retu
soon!), Fifth and Sixth Year groups and other facial recor
I am glad now to have these records, especially as many of
fine lads have fallen in our latest strife. One early recc
Christmas, 1926, is of Mr. Stevenson, a back view and lone
symbol of his going. Actually he was on his way to the Ro
Restaurant (Dennistoun) and three helpings of apple tart.
did not dare publish the picture which shows him eating the ta
The valedictory in that number reminds us of his place in Ro
41, of his skill as a teacher of Mathematics and of the amusem
and affection which he evoked in his pupils. What is not tol
his many acts of self-effacing kindness. These are written in
hearts of the recipients.

Here and there in later pages are records of what, to pres
pupils, is a closed book: the tremendous work to raise mo
for Craigend and the Pavilion there that was done by Mr. W
Mr. R. McIntosh, Mr. Twaddell; and how we smiled as
Wilson's fines for Lost Property mounted and mounted
above the £100. Mr. J. J. Reid's coloured chalks made the
of the hall a notice-board worth looking at in those days.

In passing, I remember the hall really beautified by pos
in pastel in the days of Mr. Jackson, Mr.Lunam's summer-te
display of wild flowers, the coming of the trophy-cabinet,
appearance of school portraits presented by the F.P.'s (Mr.
C. Somerville, propagandist for tradition, behind the scen
and carol singing there at Christmas by the senior four-p
choir. I'm surprised now at the range and number of carols
sang.

The choir gave me some of my happiest times. In the early days music was the great medium of expression. There was no music master, but there was a surprising number of musically-minded masters who taught, and the pupils were generally good readers of staff and sol-fa. The school choir, begun by Mr. A. Riddell in the interests of teaching students, became immediately so popular that three rooms on the East side of the middle flat were filled to capacity on Friday afternoons even in Summer. Mr. Robert Douglas conducted when I joined it in my first week in school and handed the baton to me when he left. We must not boast, but we did make a glorious noise, with not a little shading, in part songs, madrigals, glees, and vocal and instrumental solos. Many who did not sing by ordinary standards, came happily to groan. One or two just came. At the piano there was a succession of able accompanists, Harold Thomson, Elsie Hannah, James and Charles Hamilton among them. The yearly concerts in the City Hall were eagerly looked forward to and were, I think, deserving of the large, appreciative and, for the school, remunerative audiences which they drew.

In time many new societies, musical and otherwise, happily sprang up and "The Choir" was a misnomer. It became a body of enthusiasts from 4th, 5th and 6th years, co-operating with the fine school orchestra founded and trained by Mr. Kerr, Junior and Senior Boys' Choirs and Girls' Choirs, the Dramatic Society and the Country Dancing displays led by Mr. John Hollinsworth.

The Dramatic Society was a gallant adventure embarked upon by Mr. Williamson about 1925. From its inception it attracted a number of keen young spirits and was able to give well-sustained performances on its own in the Bellgrove Halls. It is of no small importance that members of the Society are still active in dramatics elsewhere years after this debut. When Mr. Williamson went to Pollokshields, the work was continued with marked success by Mr. Duncanson and Mr. Hollinsworth. It is pleasant to recall an unusually mature performance by 3rd year boys of "Campbell of Kilmhor."

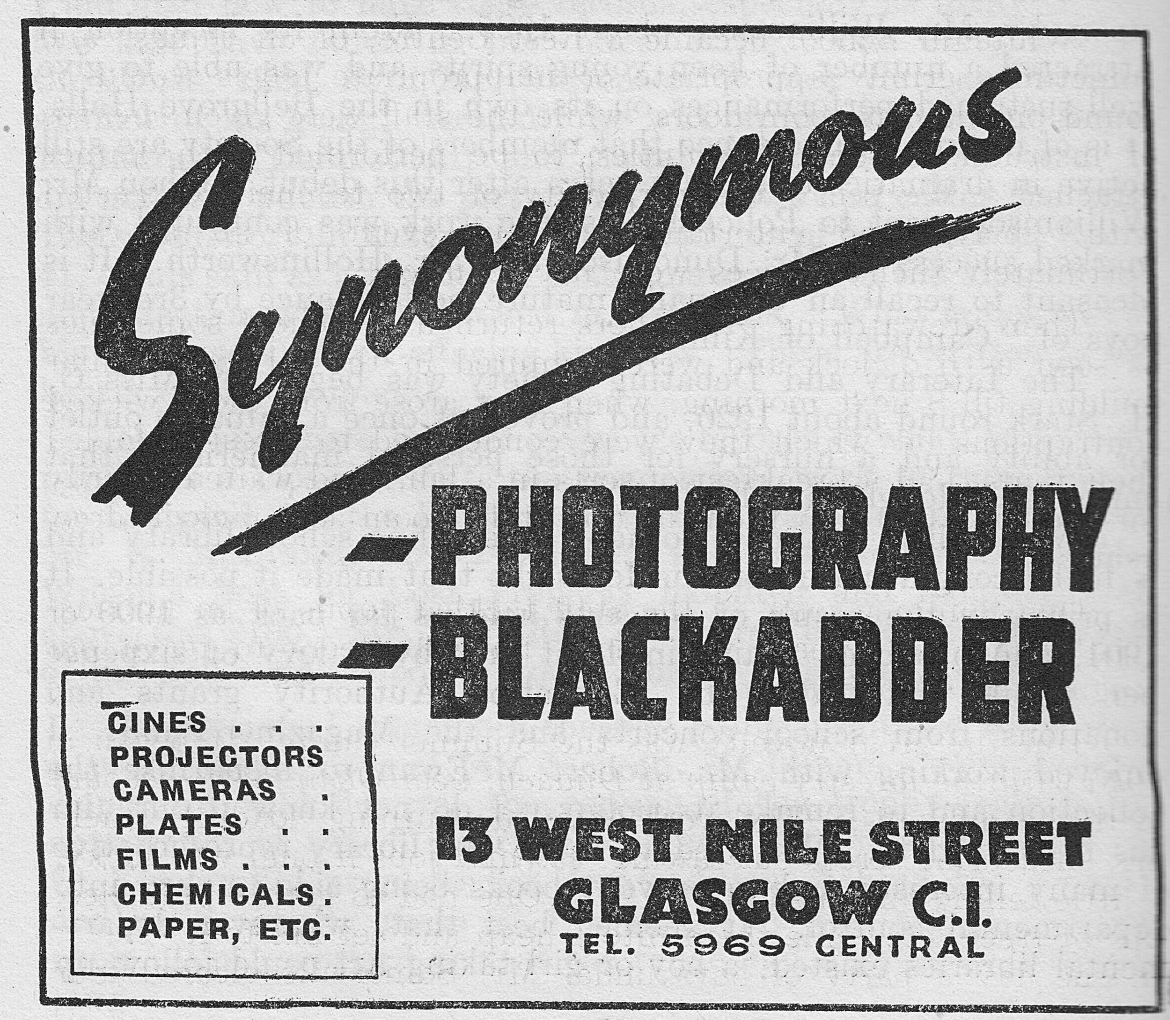
The Literary and Debating Society was begun by Miss G. H. Stark round about 1926, and proved at once a valuable outlet for ability and a nursery for those personal mannerisms that enrich and delight a school.

Whitehill is fortunate to have a very fine school library and is to be congratulated on the foresight that made it possible. It is primarily the result of concerts held as far back as 1900 or 1901, and has been maintained, at first by a levy of sixpence per pupil, and, later, by Education Authority grants and donations from school concerts and the Magazine Fund. I enjoyed working with Mr. Robert McEwan to modernise the collection and to remake its policy. I do not know if our aim has been held to. We tried to make the library representative of many interests and to prevent books being side-tracked into departmental control. It seemed best that, whatever departmental libraries existed, a boy or girl taking Art could follow up

an interest in Sherwood-Taylor or Dampier's histories of science, and a science student have a chance to read Orpen's "Outline of Art," or "Lives of the Composers." I do remember that the library was one to be proud of, and I know that it has been well cared for since. I trust it may some day have a room worthy of it where the use of a library could fittingly be learned.

In all this activity I feel that credit must be given in no small measure to the persistent efforts of certain members of the staff who strove in season and out to humanise the educational machine. Three of them died young: Andrew Twaddell, John Hollinsworth, and John W. Kerr. All of them had the gift of winning people and inspiring them; not only so, but they spent themselves for others' good. Still active are Miss Foster (Mrs. Pirie), Miss Bremner (Mrs. A. C. Munro), Mr. McIntosh, Mr. McMurray, Mr. John J. Reid, and that most incalculable breaker of convention and maker of tradition, Mr. A. C. Somerville. Yet without the sympathetic permission and help of Mr. Nisbet and Mr. Weir none of these things would have been possible.

Meanwhile the playgrounds have remained all too small and and at play-time the venturesome traveller through those regions must still remember Dean Inge's reference to London traffic when he emended the words on Wren's tomb to read: "Nisi monumentum quaeris, circumspice."



Phase III: 1939—1946.

By Arthur E. Meikle, M.A., Whitehill Staff.

All day long the noise of battle rolled.

Perhaps as the war has postponed our Jubilee Celebrations it is fitting that we should refer briefly to war activities in Whitehill even though they take us beyond our 50th birthday.

First of all was the evacuation on the day of the outbreak —volumes could be (and indeed have been) written on that. We remember the "difficult" mother at Perth who resolutely refused all offers that involved her separation from any of her family of seven; she finally spent the night, triumphantly still with her offspring around her, in the ice-rink. There were later excursions, and for some years the personnel of the staff fluctuated as various teachers in turn departed for spells "in the country."

At home in Glasgow one might always come across a man teacher invested with the greater dignity of a limb of the law, or sheltering under one of those strangely hued headpieces reserved for technical experts on poison gases. Others again were in the Home Guard, while teachers of both sexes and senior pupils too were sometimes to be encountered in the "rompers" of the Civil Defence Services.

Whitehill School became a Rest Centre, of all things, and sometimes grimly appropriate or inappropriate labels would be found on the classroom doors, while the staff were given sheaves of instructions, detailing duties to be performed with names attached. We recall the perplexity of two teachers entrusted with "playground entertainment" in event of an air-raid. Fortunately their services were not required.

Then firewatching. Teachers returned to school sometimes as soon as 6 o'clock and were immured in the all too familiar building till 8 next morning, when they arose from those wicked contraptions on which they were condemned to "rest," folded their tents, had a breakfast of sorts in a lab., and waited wearily for the others to join them in the Staff Room as 9 o'clock drew near.

One Summer some of the staff tackled pupils of an unusual type when an appeal was made for volunteers to teach our language to Polish troops.

But the great novelty was the Summer camp. It began in 1940 with the forestry camp at Dunach, near Oban. The account of this camp says, "The work entailed: burning, loading, stacking, measuring, cross-cut sawing, sawmill jobs if one was lucky, a little felling and snedding. . . One had to gather branches, tips of trees, etc., pile them into a heap and set fire to it. . . . In one day a party of boys under Mr. Somerville cleared four

acres of fallen timber in this way, thus enabling the Commission to send out six thousand logs." Similar work was done at Kilmun from 1941 to 1943. The outstanding features of these camps were the rain and the immense stacks of sandwiches prepared daily and duly consumed.

Memories are many, rich and strange. Mr. Hendry cooking meals in an open-air trench fire, deciding that the only costume appropriate to the deluge was bathing costume, and attiring himself accordingly; a party spending a whole morning trying to light a sodden pile of wood, using a quart of paraffin and a precious box of matches to no avail, and being astonished by a forestry "regular" who set the thing going like a furnace with one match and a page of "The Bulletin"; the midges. . . .

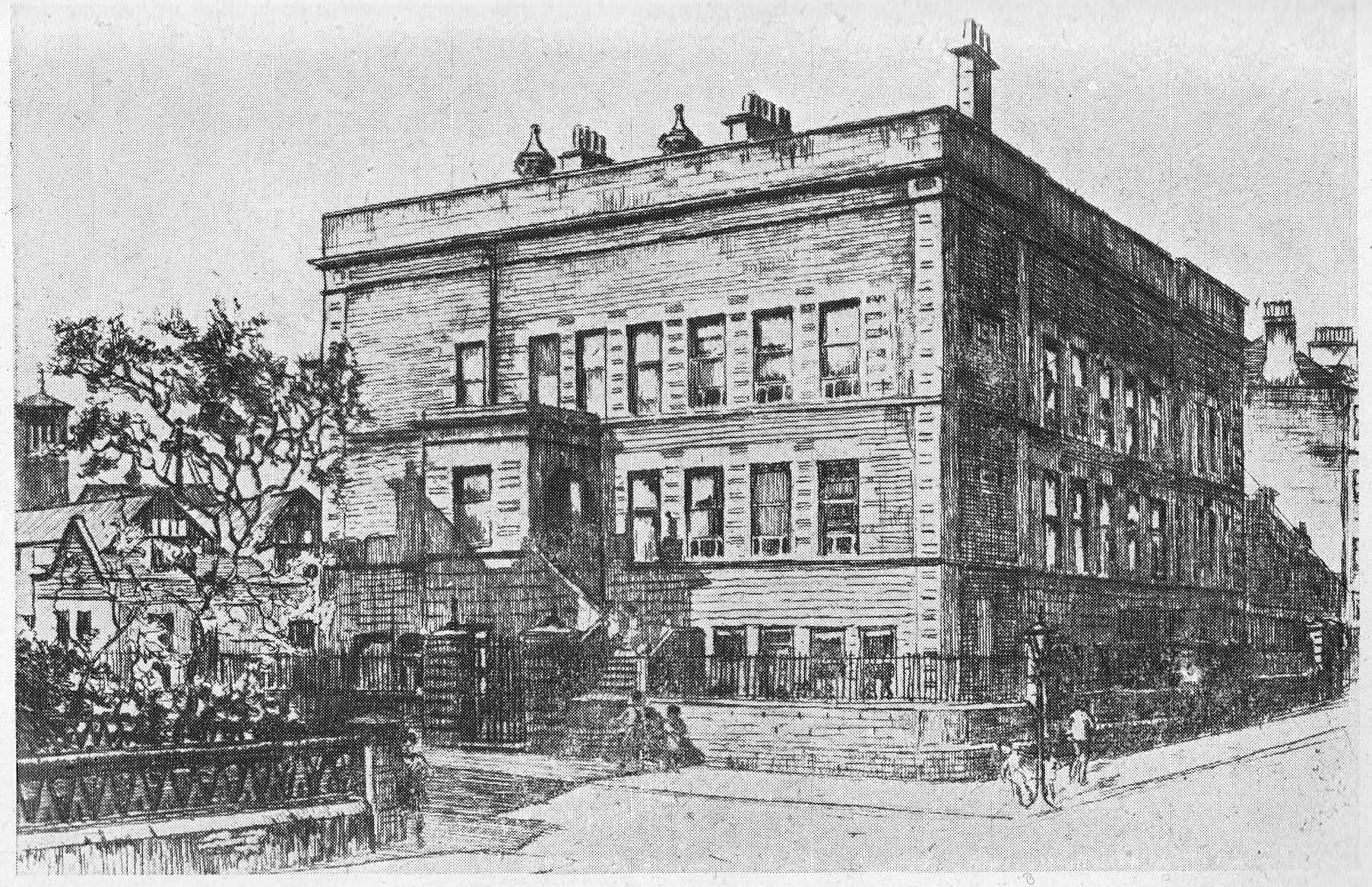
Here is what the boys said of Kilmun: "The chief amusement was the study of the teachers, or still life. . . . The Kilmun ladies did handsomely by us in July, rising to their supreme heights in plum pudding—or was it black pudding? The lady teachers who followed them produced some novelties of their own, but on the whole the effects of the two regimes were similar."

Another writer emphasised the height of Kilmun Hill: "On clear days we could see the Northern arretes on Ailsa Craig and the massif of Knock Hill at Largs, and easily in the far Southern horizon could be made out the blue towering uplands which we judged rightly to be the Pyrenees and the Cantabrians; while full in the Silver West beyond Dunoon appeared the peaks and passes known to every schoolboy—Yellow Head, Kicking Horse, and the majestic Rockies." The same writer claims one day to have noticed a peculiar object floating in the air a little below him: ". . . I recognised it as the Coffin of Mahomet, which, as the Koran informs us, is suspended midway between Heaven and Earth. We could distinctly see the toes and lineaments of the Prophet, and read the name and office of the undertaker."

So much for forestry.

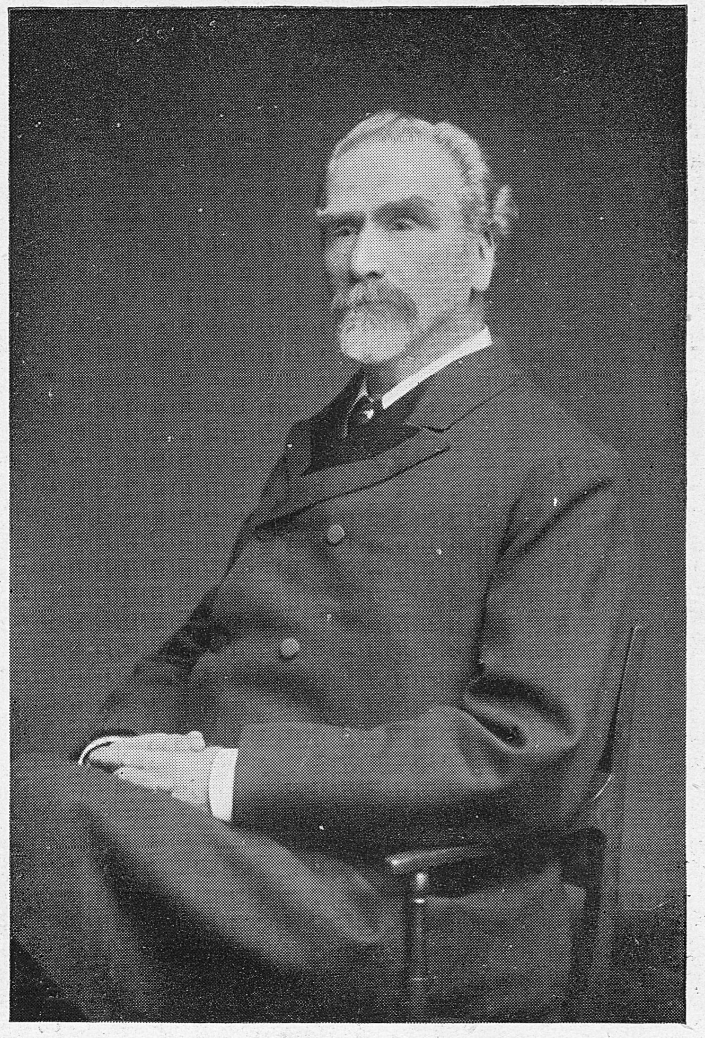
In 1942 we gathered in grain at Biffie, in Aberdeenshire; the next year the girls were at Carnock picking berries and the boys at Yetholm harvesting, while another camp was set up in Laurencekirk for "tattie howking." Four camps were run in 1944: harvesting at Turriff, berry-picking at Carnock, potato lifting in Perthshire and Kincardineshire, and we finished in 1945 at Callander with a company of 150 boys.

There were times of deep depression, especially when the rain came through the hut roof or cascaded through the tent; there were many discomforts, such as putting on sodden boots at 6 a.m.; we sometimes felt so tired that we wondered if we would ever find the time to get sufficient rest again; but do we regret our days at the camps? Not one of us.



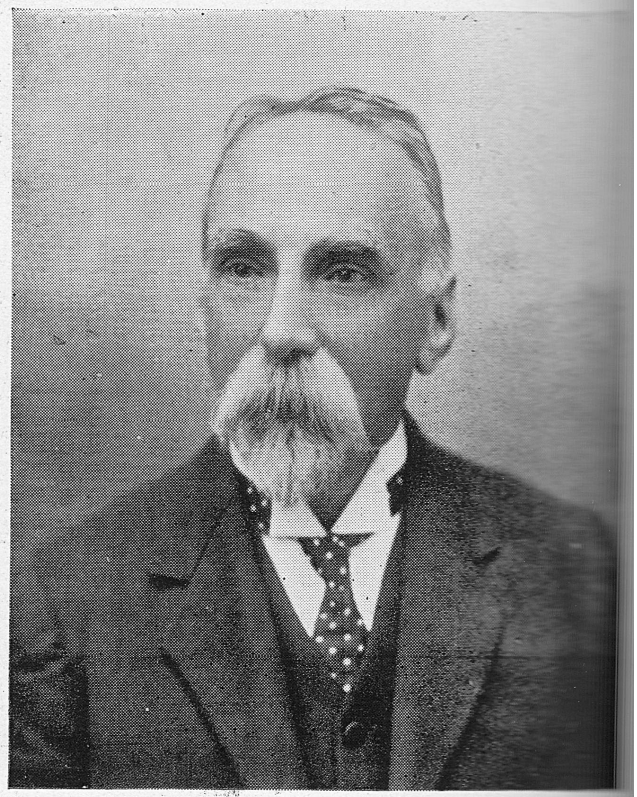
WHITEHILL SENIOR SECONDARY SCHOOL.

From the etching by T. Paterson.

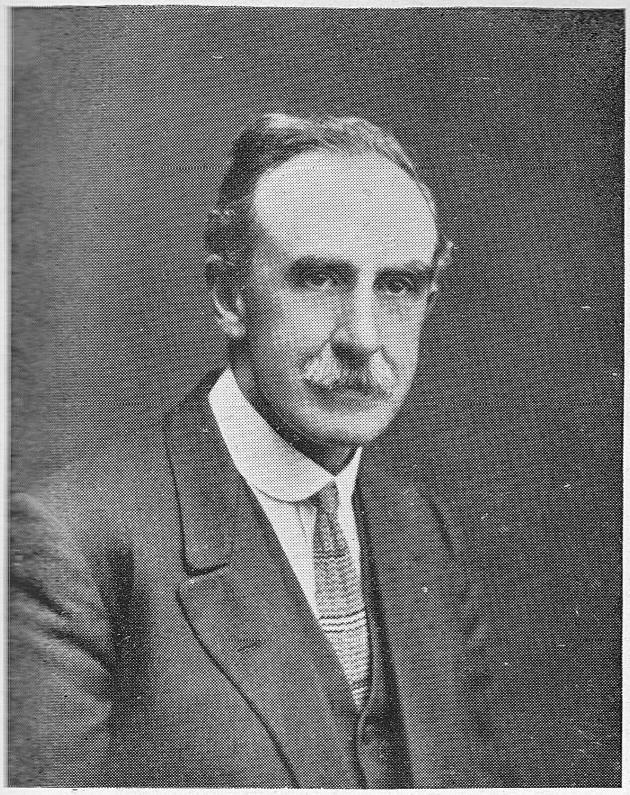


James Henderson, M.A., F.E.I.S.
1891—1904.

Whitehill Headmasters



Fergus Smith, M.A.
1905—1922.

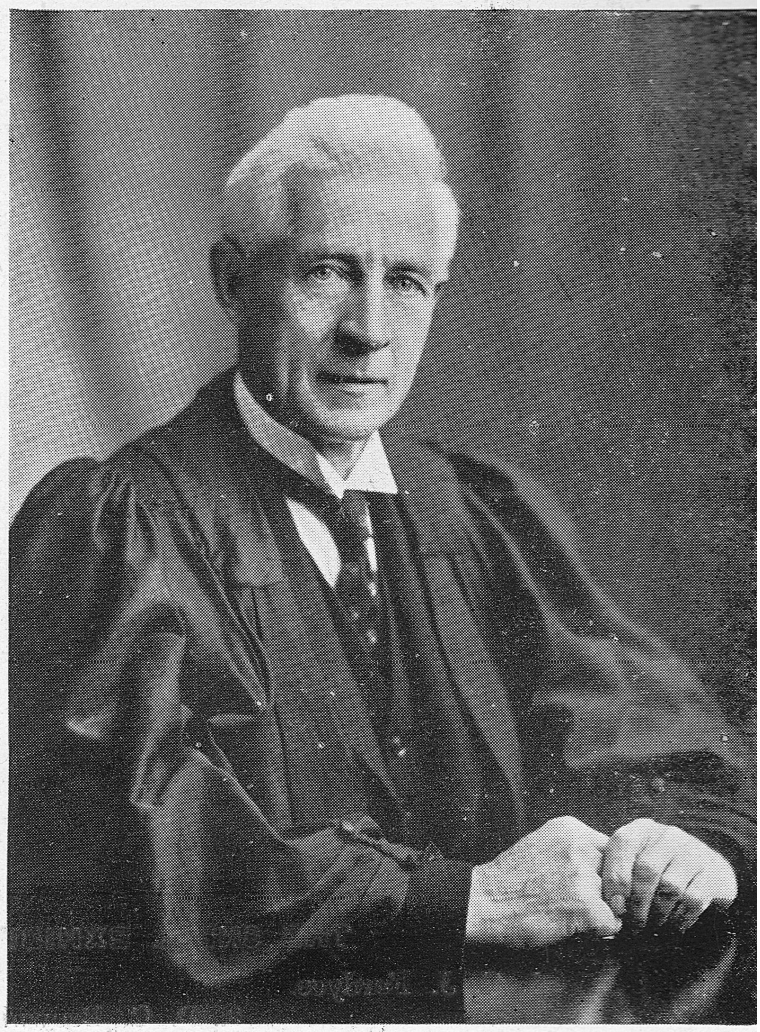


Thomas Nisbet, M.A.
1922—1931

1891

to

1946



Robert M. Weir, M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S.
1931—

Photos by Lafayette

THE SNELL EXHIBITIONERS.

1. C. J. Fordyce. 2. J. H. Young.
3. D. C. Browning.
4. J. A. Mack. 5. W. E. Muir.

Headmasters of Whitehill.

I: James Henderson, M.A., F.E.I.S., 1891—1904.

Mr. Henderson, Whitehill's first headmaster—of whom it may be said with conviction that he made the school and gave his life for it—was the youngest of a large family and lost his parents at an early age. His headmaster, Mr. James Blacklock of Coatbridge (later Rector of Hamilton Academy), took an interest in his education. His professional career began in the days of the parish schools in the country and the sessional schools in Glasgow. After experience in both types and having already risen to the rank of headmaster he decided to take a University degree. This necessitated hard study in the intervals of teaching, but he gained the degree of M.A., carrying off the only prize in the Natural Philosophy Class of Sir William Thomson (later Lord Kelvin). It is interesting to know that the same prize was won by two sons in succession, Sir James Blacklock Henderson, LL.D., Adviser to the Admiralty, and Mr. William Craig Henderson, LL.D., now Master Treasurer of the Middle Temple, London.

When the sessional schools were taken over by the Glasgow School Board in 1882, Mr. Henderson was headmaster of Annfield Academy (housed in Annfield House, which gave its name to Annfield Street). From there he was transferred to Thomson Street School, and a few years later to the new Whitehill School when it was opened in 1891. How proud he was of his fine new school! What a splendid staff he gathered around him! and how loyal they all were to their Head and to the school!

The school was a success from the very start, and great was the pride of the headmaster and staff when the first University Bursaries successes were gained in 1896. His determination to make Whitehill second to none had been achieved and his ambition fulfilled to establish the school as a seat of learning in the East-end of the city.

James Henderson was an enthusiast, always encouraging by way of example. It might have been better if he had exerted his authority more, but he led rather than drove, trusting each teacher to do his best in the interest of the school. Among those of the older generation there are many vivid memories of his tall and active figure, constantly on the move, "aye fleein'." He never spared himself in the personal supervision of the classes. When he entered a classroom he would listen for a moment; then he took charge for an hour or even more, and what a time! He questioned the class till, like an orange, he had sucked it dry; then as suddenly as he entered he would depart, having conducted a thorough and searching examination, with the element of humour far from absent. It did not matter what subject was being taught: he had a competent knowledge of the whole curriculum.

In the year 1904 ill-health overtook him and after a short illness he passed away, lamented by all who knew him. In his own way he was a great man, a great teacher, a great headmaster, and a great friend, especially to any in distress. The day of his funeral was an occasion to be remembered by all who took part. It was an impressive sight to see the procession of nearly 800 pupils and their teachers leave the school and wend its way to the Barony Church, where the funeral service was held. The service was short and simple but impressive, and amid hushed silence these pupils, teachers and friends paid their last respects to him who had spent himself in promoting their highest good and welfare.

II: Fergus Smith, M.A., 1905—1922.

Mr. Fergus Smith commenced a notable scholastic career in 1876 as a pupil teacher in what was then known as Inverness High School. In 1879 he entered Glasgow University and also Glasgow Free Church Training College.

On completion of his training he occupied several important posts: he was second master in Kent Road School (then a full secondary institution) and from it was appointed to a similar position in Garnethill (now the Girls' High) School.

But the first post which brought him into prominence was his appointment in 1892 as first headmaster of the newly constituted Pupil Teachers' Institute. Here by his labours and powers of organisation he soon showed his outstanding ability. The successes of his pupils at the Queen's Scholarship Examination were proverbial, and this establishment was looked upon as a model, and was copied by the administrators of the other larger towns of Scotland.

It was no surprise when in 1905 he was appointed headmaster of Whitehill School. It was recognised that in this larger sphere his abilities would have greater scope; and the prestige of the school, already established, would under his guidance not only be maintained but enhanced.

The characters of some men are easily appraised. They have been born with a variety of gifts which, blended together, give to their fellows the feeling of having met with someone to whom nature has given the required elements necessary to form the ideal whole, even although some of those elements on closer examination might be found to be more decorative than real, or more superficial than solid. This could not be said of Fergus Smith.

By those who were associated with him either as pupils or as members of the staff, the characteristics that will forever be remembered regarding him were his austerity and his strictness wherever matters affecting the welfare of Whitehill were concerned. Outwardly he seemed to ignore the personal in view of the larger issue, the school. And if at times this attitude caused

some feeling of resentment, as time went on and one recognised the all-absorbing part his work for Whitehill was of his life, resentment gave way to admiration and respect, and a loyalty was generated of which he outwardly seemed unaware. Rather it seemed as if he, himself giving without stint or hope of reward, deemed that all associated with him should be of like mind and like aspirations.

But behind his austerity there lurked other qualities which only occasionally he publicly revealed. A certain shyness and reserve seemed to keep him from showing the more human side of his nature. His pawky sense of humour was delightful, and away from school he could show a boyishness in outlook and behaviour which would have surprised many who knew him only in his official capacity.

When he came to Whitehill Mr. Smith came to a school which had already a very high reputation in academic circles. To uphold this reputation and if possible raise it even higher was no small task. His wholeheartedness for these objectives was proverbial. Under his leadership the prestige of the school increased from year to year, and if at times it were thought that more public advertisement of the school's successes should be made, that was so alien to his nature that even had the suggestion been made to him it would never have received either his consent or his blessing. He seemed content with the inner satisfaction of work well planned and well executed, and at the end of his tenure could with pride say, "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"

His retirement at a relatively early age was no surprise to those associated with him. He had given so much to the school and so overdrawn on his reserves that nature called for a reckoning. But even this enforced leisure was too late, and his death eighteen months later only proved what many already knew. To the school he had given not only great service: to it he had sacrificed his life.

III: Thomas Nisbet, M.A., 1922—1931.

Mr. Thomas Nisbet succeeded Mr. Fergus Smith as third headmaster of Whitehill Higher Grade School in 1922. Born and brought up in the East-end, which at that time had still many links with its early rural days, he must have felt a special interest in coming back to familiar scenes. The promise of a notable career showed itself when he was a pupil at Parkhead School. From there he entered the Established Church Training College as first in Scotland for the year 1888. Difficulties in the way of attending classes at the University were steadily surmounted and in 1895 he graduated with First Class Honours in Mathematics, gaining the Breadalbane Scholarship for Mathematical Research. His first acquaintance with Whitehill was made at this time, when he was on the staff for a few months.

His scholarship was early recognised by his appointment to the staff of the Pupil Teachers' Institute. In 1910 he became Assistant Visitor of Schools under the Glasgow School Board. Finally, before coming to Whitehill, he was for six years headmaster of Kent Road School.

In additional to his professional interests Mr. Nisbet made a special study of botany and was for a while a demonstrator in the Technical College under Professor Scott Elliot. He helped in a botanical survey of the Clyde area and so gained a knowledge of the countryside around Glasgow. Happy memories are cherished by some of his students of excursions under his leadership into the byways of Mearns and Carmyle and Milngavie.

Method and exactness are characteristic of Mr. Nisbet and there was a quietness and repose about his teaching of mathematics that was most effective, especially with such as were not natural mathematicians! The same qualities marked his reign in Whitehill from 1922 to 1931. One might judge him to be rather retiring and aloof in manner as he moved about the school, but in reality he was in touch with the work and knew when to intervene and when to let well alone. A somewhat serious expression of face concealed a good sense of humour which not infrequently revealed itself. The school seemed to go on automatically, but behind the scenes much was being done for us of which we were hardly aware. The arduous negotiations and correspondence arising from the securing of the playing field and house at Craigend in 1927–28 was a case in point.

Mr. Nisbet retired in March, 1931. Since then he has lived at Helensburgh amid pleasant surroundings. It is a pleasure to visit him from time to time and tell him the latest news of the school in whose welfare he takes a deep interest. We wish him continued health and happiness in the evening of life.

IV: Robert M. Weir, M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S., 1931—

Mr. Weir has been Head Master of Whitehill since May, 1931. The son of a schoolmaster, at the age of thirteen he started as a monitor in his father's school at Bellfield, Lesmahagow. Later he became a pupil teacher in the same school, taking a First Class in the Queen's Scholarship, and entered Moray House in Edinburgh, where he was one of the most outstanding students of his year.

After a course at Rennes, which incidentally gave him a qualification to teach in a French School, he graduated M.A. from Edinburgh University, winning among other distinctions a prize in Natural Philosophy.

Although, when he left Edinburgh, Mr. Weir accepted a teaching appointment, he continued his studies at home and abroad, studying both at Marburg and the University of Bonn, and finally graduated B.A. from London University with First Class Honours in Modern Languages.

Before coming to Glasgow as a teacher, he held posts in Blantyre, Langholm, Cumnock, and Coatbridge. The wide range of subjects which he taught included French, German, Latin, Art, and English, and in Langholm he had charge of the pupil teachers.

In 1910 he went to Queen's Park as Principal Teacher of Modern Languages. There he soon won a high reputation for the thoroughness and vigour of his teaching. His variety of method, interest in his individual pupils, strong personality, and real love of his work demanded and received the best response from his classes. One of his conspicuous achievements in Queen's Park was the introduction of a complicated time-table allowing an exceptional diversity of combinations of subjects for the Leaving Certificate Examination. On the other side of school life he was a pioneer in organising sports, and introduced a swimming gala. He was also a stalwart supporter of the Schools' Foreign Travel Association, as he continued to be after coming to Whitehill. During this period, in 1917, he was lecturer to the Spanish Society of Scotland.

On his promotion as Head Master of Shawlands in 1929, Mr. Weir found full scope for his energy and powers of administration, but when, two years later, he came to Whitehill, there was still greater opportunity for these gifts.

Apart from the size of the roll, taxing accommodation to the utmost, the general inadequacy of the buildings was unsuited to modern standards and ideas. With his customary whole-hearted enthusiasm he devoted himself to the cause of procuring a new school, but when after many vicissitudes plans had at length been prepared, the outbreak of war put an end to his high hopes.

Perhaps the best evidence of his tireless efforts on behalf of Whitehill is in the playing fields at Craigend. At the time of his arrival in Whitehill it was clear that funds previously collected could not defray the cost of purchasing and improving the house and grounds. Faced with a large deficit, Mr. Weir was the principal instigator of various schemes to gather money for this purpose, but he himself by personal visitation collected by far the greatest part of the sum required. To him is due the gratitude of all who enjoy the excellent facilities now provided at Craigend.

The outbreak of war in 1939 coincided with the amalgamation of Whitehill and Onslow Drive Schools under one Head Master, Mr. Weir. This task, formidable at any time, was made more difficult by the evacuation of some of the staff and pupils, and the interruption to education in Glasgow. Mr. Weir tackled the problems arising from these conditions with determination, and in a short time established a temporary system of education, first for the Upper School in private houses, then for both senior and junior classes in school.

As the war advanced he encouraged and showed an active interest in the many harvest camps that the school undertook.

During these years also he maintained his contact with the F.P. Club, and stimulated efforts to keep it functioning even on a modified scale. In 1943 he instituted the weekly church service for the school in Rutherford Church.

His wider interest in education is shown in his long and devoted service to the Educational Institute of Scotland, which has honoured him as F.E.I.S. His work with the National Joint Council, of which he has been Vice-Chairman, is particularly notable. He was also one of the founders of the Scottish Secondary Headmasters' Association.

Of his recreations none gives him greater pleasure than yachting and sea fishing. After his busy life in town he delights also in the quietness of his cottage and garden in Bute.

It is good "to contemplate a career so strenuous and useful," the energy and determination of the brilliant scholar, successful teacher and capable administrator. There are, however, the other qualities known to all who come in contact with him—his kindliness, his patience, particularly when seeking to give the best advice to parent and pupil, his sympathy with the difficulties of others, his readiness to help. Whitehill has cause to be proud of the services of such a Head Master.

The Snell Exhibitioners.

The period 1916–1928 was notable in the school's records, for in it the following pupils won the "blue ribbon" of Glasgow University, viz., the Snell Exhibition, which, along with other bursaries, enables the holder, an Honours graduate, to take a further course at Balliol College, Oxford:—

John Haddow Young (Classics, 1916) joined the forces in 1916 and died on active service in the First World War.

Christian James Fordyce (Classics, 1919) is now Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.

David Clayton Browning (Classics, 1920), whose home is in Oxford, completed in 1942 an English Dictionary for Everyman's Library.

William Easton Muir (Classics, 1927) became a Lecturer in Greek in Glasgow University, but a promising career was cut off by his early death in 1939.

John Anderson Mack (Philosophy and English, 1928) of Newbattle Abbey College, Midlothian, has recently been appointed Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship at Glasgow University.

Many other honours might be mentioned, but it is difficult to make a complete list. Suffice it to say that the school is proud of her distinguished scholars and sends them greetings, as indeed she does to all her Former Pupils, for it is not only the distinguished that have brought her credit. Many of those who might have been the rank and file when at school are to-day occupying high positions of trust in all walks of life at home and abroad.

November 20, 1891.

The Whitehill Public School, which has been erected by the School Board of Glasgow, was opened yesterday in the presence of a large gathering of parents and scholars. The school, which is situated at the north-west corner of Whitehill Street and Finlay Drive, Dennistoun, is rectangular in plan, having a central hall with galleries, into which every class-room opens. There are three entrances to the school, one for the boys from the north, one for the girls from the south, and one for the infants from the west. There are three floors of class-rooms. . . . The central hall is spacious and lofty, and is lighted from the roof with a large cupola carried on framed couples, with patent roof-lights. The staircases are spacious and finely lighted. The vestibules, stairs, galleries, and hall are lined with enamelled tiles of different colours. . . . The school is built with red freestone from Corncockle Quarries. . . . The vitiated air is drawn off through channel openings near the ceilings by means of Munn's exhaust ventilators, with sufficient inlet for fresh air. . . . The class-rooms are fitted with the dual desks on an improved principle, made of Canadian oak. The site cost £2,205, and the building is estimated to cost about £15,050. The work has been executed under the superintendence and from plans prepared by Mr. W. F. Salmon, F.R.I.B.A., 197 St. Vincent Street. Mr. J. Walker Armstrong, I.M., was the measurer, and Mr. Robert Peffers acted as clerk of works.

The school was open for inspection between half past six and seven o'clock, and on the audience assembling in the school-rooms on the middle floor, the school was formally opened by Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson, chairman of the School Board, who presided. There were also present Mr. William Mitchell, Mr. J. H. Kerr, Dr. Dyer, Mr. J. W. McLaren, Mr. D. M. Scott, Mr. Glen Edgar, Miss Paterson, Mr. McWhannell, treasurer; Mr. McMath, inspector of property; Rev. Thomas Somerville, Rev. Dr. Stewart, Mr. James Miller, Mr. Henderson, head master; Mr. Stewart, and Mr. J. Walker Armstrong.

Salute to Pioneers.

In preparing this magazine it has been a pleasant experience to find a surprising number of people who have retained a lively interest in Whitehill for many years. Particularly notable among these are four ladies whose association with the School goes right back to its very first years: Miss Christina Downs, Miss Margaret Scrymgeour, Miss Helen S. Simpson, and Miss Elizabeth B. Young. We take this opportunity of sending them a special greeting.

Round the Rooms: a Retrospect.

The Headmaster in his Foreword refers to the memories of incidents that recur to one after many years. We each have our own particular store of them. Here are some of mine collected after about thirty years' perambulation in and about the school, and set down in something like geographical order:—

The Furnace: When "no smoking" was the order in the staff rooms certain grave and reverend seniors, Mr. Fairbairn, for example, left after lunch in Room 8 to enjoy a good "draw" in the seclusion of the well-swept furnace room. A neophyte was welcomed if there was room for him.

The Hall: (1) Once upon a time a parrot was brought in his cage and set up for all to view before being raffled for the Red Cross. He was rather near the gong. The sudden smiting sent the poor bird into a fit of screeching which brought education to a standstill for about ten minutes. It might be said in passing that, before gonging, one janitor used to go through all the usual preliminaries of navvies before taking up a spade. Now we press buttons.

(2) On a famous 1st of April some teachers were urgently summoned to the Hall table with strict injunction to bring their registers. Mr. Alex. Galbraith with great glee watched the proceedings from Room 11 until his victims gradually became aware of a face beaming at them through the glass panel.

Room 1: The Headmaster's Room at the time. I once rushed into it confusing it with Room 8—with disconcerting results.

Room 2: At one exciting moment I sat on a well-filled inkwell.

Room 5: I quoted Tommy Lorne without knowing it ("I'll get ye!") and was thought to be a humorist.

Room 6: Jack House and his friend Francis were making speeches to the class (IBa) when the Inspector and the Headmaster came in to see me teach. Result—a good report!

Room 8: The Men's Staff Room. Full of memories. Here are three:—Mr. McGill coming in singing, "I want to be an angel"; Mr. Hardie reading "The Dynasts" steadily through a hubbub of discussion; and Mr. Grieve's frequent invitation, "Let's have a rough house." The most "moving" moment was

when a part of the floor gave way owing to dry rot—to the consternation of Mr. John Hair seated thereon.

Room 9: I was giving an order to the class to doff caps when the Headmaster passed through. He gravely took his hat off.

Room 9a: The gallery arrangement of seating was an advantage in the old days, for from it one commanded a view of Room 9. On one occasion a favourite teacher somnolently inclined was warned just in time of the Head's approach.

Room 10: Here in session 1915-16 lived a tough qualifying class of 60 which needed a strong right arm every five minutes; yet it contained Jack Fleming and Willie Muir, who came one day to help me out with a translation from the Greek!

Room 12: The best room in the school—with plenty of scope for practising golf under the tuition of Mr. Arch. McQuistan.

Room 15: A big room in the old days. In it a *preparatory* class of 60 boys kindly told me I was rather slow as a teacher.

Room 16: On 11th November, 1918, Mr. Fergus Smith looked in to tell us the Armistice had been signed. For very joy we stopped work for three days.

Room 17: The ceiling fell suddenly on Mr. McGill and a class of boys. On my rushing in I was told through the mist not to worry; the heads of IBg could stand it.

Room 18: Breakfast room after fire-watching.

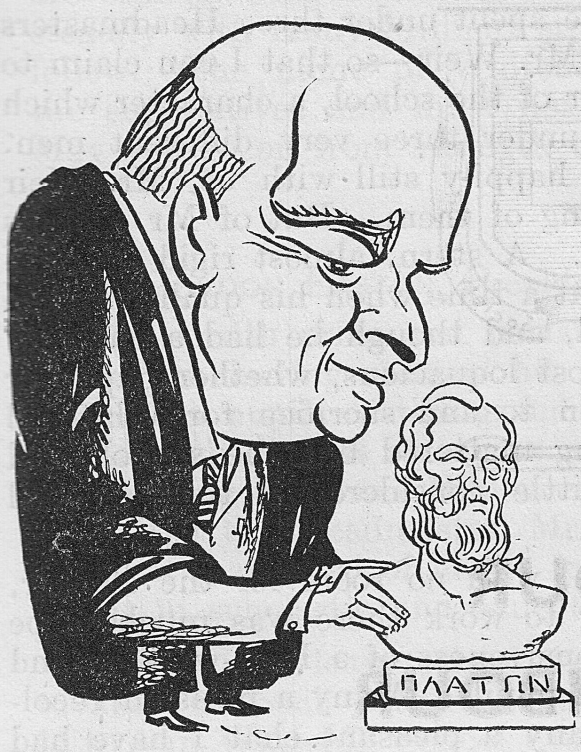
Room 19: Fire-watching room where after a game of three-handed bridge we lulled each other to sleep with nasal music.

Room 20: On opening my case I found it alive with caterpillars—good hairy ones freshly culled by some budding entomologist.

Room 45: A smaller edition of Room 8 but nearer Olympus. Here "Pi" filled three pipes daily at 11. Wm. Montgomery made merry quips with serious face. A famous bridge team was started in the Thirties consisting of Wm. J. Merry, John Muir, John Robb and Hugh Duncan, with John E. Campbell as a later member. And here in this year of grace, 1946, meet the modern crossword team compered by Mr. Duff and assisted by Mr. Meikle and Mr. Maclellan, with Mr. Somerville in his small corner and I in mine.

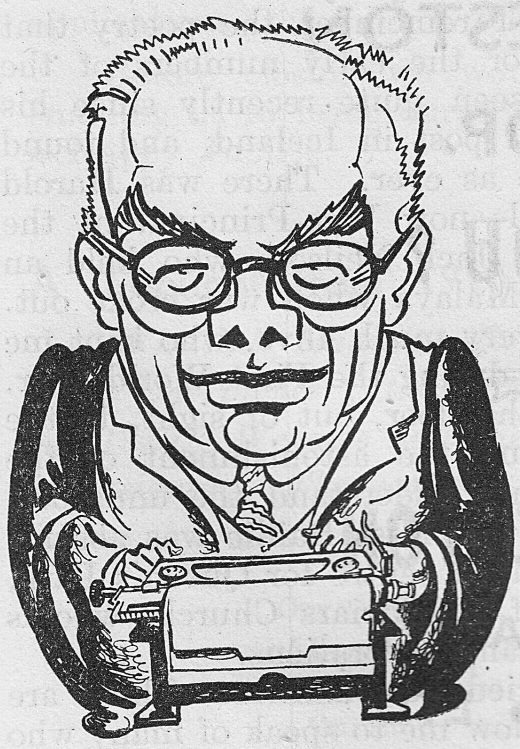
The Whitehill Perambulator.

"Cormacatures"



Humanity

Geography



Commerce

History

Drawn by R. Cormac

Jubilee Greetings.

From William J. Merry, M.A., D.Litt., Headmaster of Hillhead High School.

My years at Whitehill were spent under three Headmasters —Mr. Smith, Mr. Nisbet, and Mr. Weir—so that I can claim to know something of the character of the school, a character which persisted and showed vitality under three very different men. Mr. Nisbet and Mr. Weir are happily still with us, Mr. Weir very much so, and I say nothing of them. But of Mr. Fergus Smith, much could be written. A stern, almost rigid disciplinarian, he took over Whitehill at a time when his qualities were the best possible for the school, and though he had a capacity for inspiring fear among the most loquacious, whether pupils or staff, his wholehearted devotion to and sacrifice for Whitehill justified his sternness. Nothing mattered but the school, and personal ambitions were but little considered if they clashed with the interests of Whitehill.

Still, it was a happy place, with no room for the slacker, and so long as one was willing to work there was much scope and much pleasure in the responsiveness of a hard-working and very often really brilliant lot of pupils. Many a pleasant recollection I have of them and many a pleasant chat I have had since, meeting this one and that one who were at Whitehill.

It might almost seem invidious to single out boys and girls from the vast number whom I have known and whom I remember. Naturally in connection with the Magazine the name of Willie Muir, a distinguished classical scholar, now dead, leaps to the mind. One of the most unassuming boys I have ever met, his was a grand brain, and well I remember the poetry that he and Jack Fleming produced for the early numbers of the Magazine. Dr. Fleming I have seen quite recently since his return from an important medical post in Iceland, and found to be just as frank and attractive as ever. There was Harold Thomson, a musician of rare skill—now Vice-Principal of the National Academy of Music; and Jack Neilson, who held an important educational position in Malaya when war broke out. There was also Kate Baillie, still very much alive, who kept me in touch with Whitehill affairs all during the First World War, and who once spent a period on the floor, out of sight, to the quiet amusement of the class and the astonishment of the Mathematics teacher, who could not understand the unnatural calm till he hit on the explanation that Miss Baillie was absent. Others were Andrew Fyfe, who played centre for Queen's Park, and John Laurie, now minister of Blackfriars Church, who is home from the recent war with many decorations.

One wonders at so many varied personalities. There are hosts of them and space will not allow me to speak of many who still have the Whitehill stamp upon them, a stamp to which they themselves contributed so largely.

From Robert Campbell, M.A., B.Sc., Headmaster of Whitehill Junior Secondary School, formerly Onslow Drive.

Hail, Elder Brother! You have passed the half-century and are still showing remarkable virility. Your score has mounted steadily with many brilliant strokes and still there are more to follow. The name of Whitehill has gathered round itself all the superlatives and must not be assumed lightly by anyone. May you go on from strength to strength! *Altiora Petimus.*

From Gordon Easton, President of the F.P. Club.

It is with pride and pleasure we write to congratulate the School on having reached her 50th anniversary. Pride, as we were once pupils of this grand school; and pleasure to see it is still carrying on as strong as ever with its scholastic activities, even during the war. Whilst congratulating the School we must not forget the Headmaster, Mr. R. M. Weir, as he undoubtedly is due a great deal of credit for placing Whitehill School where she is in scholastic and educational spheres.

When you leave school, no doubt many of you would like to keep in touch with it. The easiest and best way to do this is to join Whitehill School Club. We keep in close touch with the School and try our best to cater for all tastes at our fortnightly meetings. We also have our Athletic sections—Hockey, Football, and Rugby. The subscription is really money well spent; it is only 2s. 6d. per annum, or for Life Membership, £1 1s. The Secretary of the Club is Mr. William Carson, 182 Whitehill Street, and he will be glad to receive enquiries and applications.

Before closing we would like to thank the Editors for enabling us to bring ourselves to your notice, and wish you all a Happy Jubilee.

A Thought from 1910.

Whitehill Magazine No. 1 appeared in January, 1910. It was a lone pioneer; the present series of magazines did not begin till 1920. We give here the first verse in that isolated issue. It is unsigned. The sentiment is of some interest at this time of jubilee.

Our "Whitehill" boasts not old descent,
For us no high tradition calls.
Our colours are but lately bent,
Our steps still strange within its halls;
But more to us the trophies we shall raise
Than faded honour from remoter days.

Night Fighter.

The writer of this poem is J. F. Hendry, a former pupil of Whitehill whose writing is attracting considerable attention. This poem, which appears in a collection of Mr. Hendry's work entitled "The Bombed Happiness," was first printed in the Whitehill Magazine of Summer, 1942. It is representative of the date when our jubilee occurred.

Space is his own mind through which he flies,
Commander of fire, still in the whirlwind.
High as the hawk above the world he has pinned
All his treasure upon these night skies.
There, voyage through a vaster dark must start.
Man's sole propeller is his human hope.
Winged are wishes, yet this earthbound heart
Has measured desire and given mankind scope.

Coursing like Icarus into the cauldron of the sun
He maps past, present and our future time.
Fighting for breath in the upper air he shall have won
Victory over the seasons even if he fall,
With Autumn's ceremony of leaves, out of that last climb,
To shed his own strange peace upon us all.

Poems

By Rev. David Stevens, M.A., Kirtle Manse, Dumfriesshire.

BY FENWICK WATER.

In all my years the moors are young,
Young as the streams which in them rise
And with an untranslated tongue
Ramble beneath near-listening skies.

In all my years it is their part,
Though seasons freeze and seasons burn,
To keep a green and quiet heart
And wait the traveller's return.

CONTENT.

Sometimes content comes down on me
Like rain on springing grass and tree
Which have endured long, dusty drought,
As I my seasons have of doubt,

Until clouds break; and, as I pass,
My thoughts are still as trees and grass.
Uprisen, a moveless multitude,
Green in the faith that life is good.

Photo by J. P. Couper

PREFECTS, 1946-47.

Back: Hugh Stevenson, Catherine MacLachlan, Gerald Fisher.
Middle: Jean Wylie, John Sandison, Eileen Graham, Arthur Alexander, Ann Robertson, James Paton.
Front: Kennedy Browne, Grace Dunlop (vice-captain), Herbert Duthie (captain), Mr. Weir, Nessie Erskine (captain), William Roach (vice-captain), Elma Wood. Absent, Mary Connelly.

Photo by J. P. Couper

Twentieth Annual Reunion of the Whitehill School Dinner Club, Grosvenor Restaurant, 1st February, 1946.
David Morley, Esq., M.C., in the Chair.

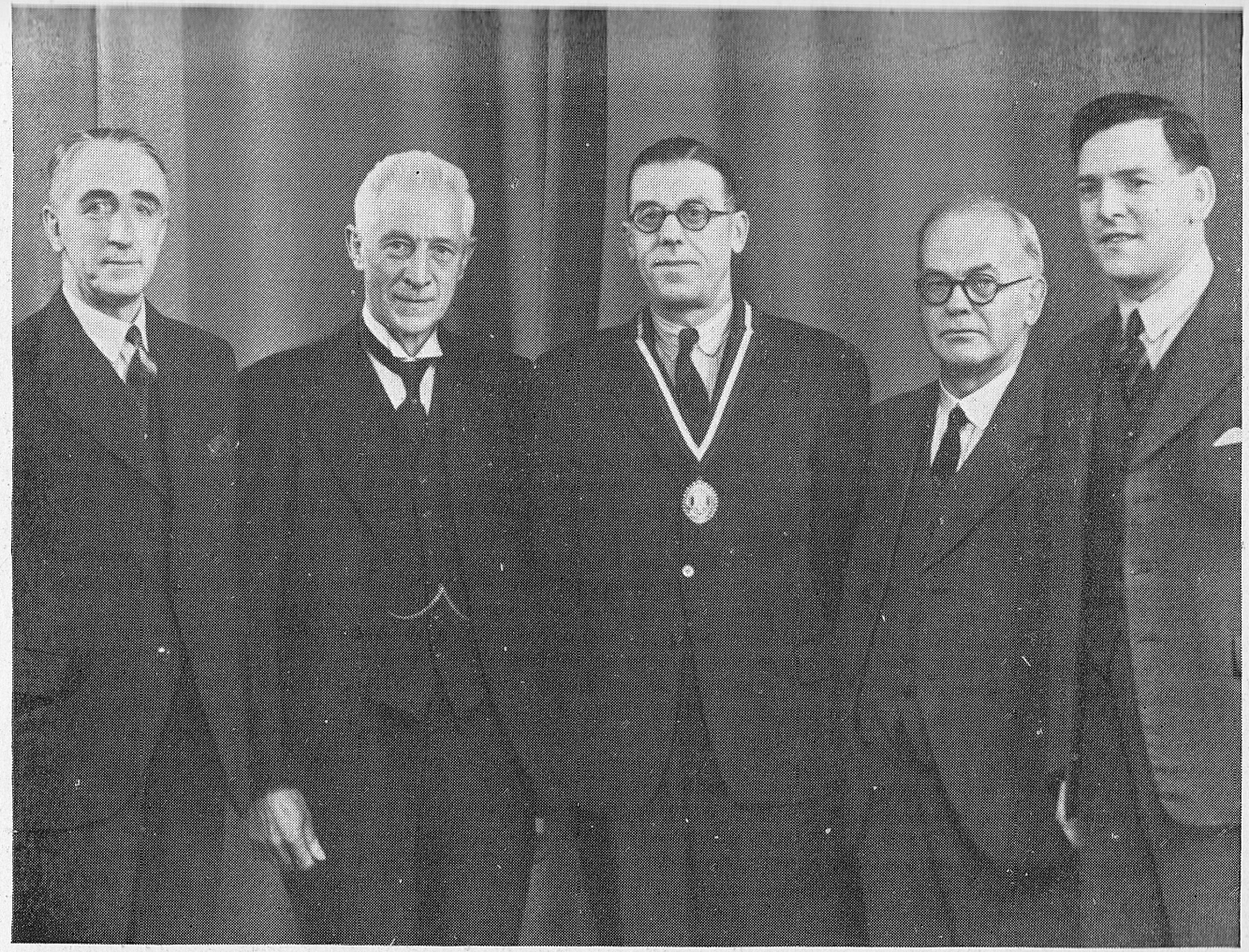


Photo by J. M. Morison

WHITEHILL SCHOOL DINNER CLUB GROUP, 1946.

Left to right: Mr. Howard Garvan, M.A., Secretary; Mr. Robert M. Weir, M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S., Headmaster; Mr. David Sorley, M.C., Chairman; Mr. Thomas D. Scoular, C.R.A., Depute Headmaster; Mr. Thomas Barclay, M.A., President, Whitehill School Club.

Photo by W. H. MacGregor

WHITEHILL SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB.

Performance of "Mr. Collins's Wooing" (from "Pride and Prejudice") in Bellgrove Halls, June, 1926. *Left to right:* Daisy Clark, May Black, Margaret Tudhope, Wm. B. Inglis, Olive Campbell, Tom Fulton, Nancy Logan, Ethel McCutcheon.

Photo by Lawrie

WHITEHILL SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB.

Performance of Scene from "Twelfth Night" in the Lyric Theatre, June, 1945.
Left to right: Chrissie Donohoe, Jean Wylie, Margaret Shaw, Jean Buchanan, Gerald Fisher, Margaret McKinlay.

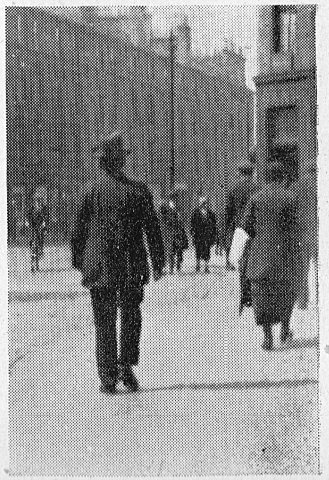
Scrap Page

Mr. George Macbriar presents the "Coronation" Cup—1937.

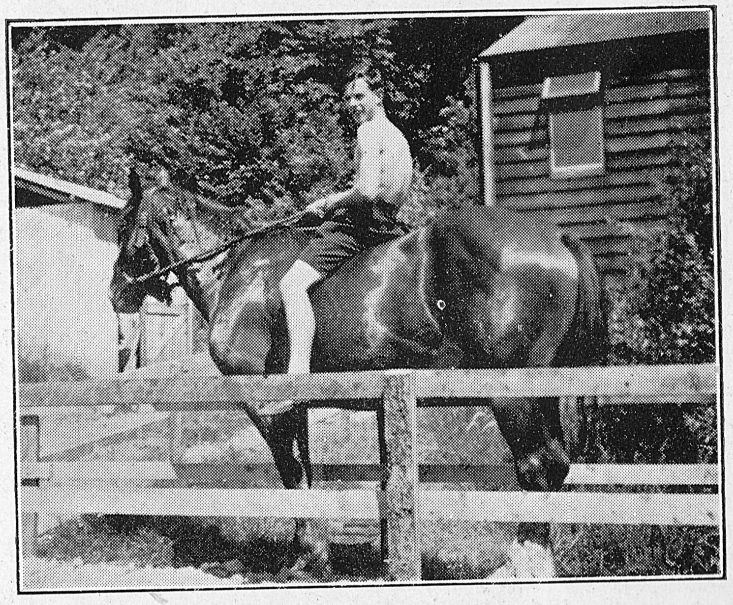
Our "monstrous regiment"—1932.

Ardgoil: King George V Jubilee, 1935.

R. S. McIntosh.



"Pi" Stevenson.



HARVEST CAMPS, 1943.

1. Berry Picking at Carnock.
2. Grain Harvest at Yetholm.
3. Forestry at Kilmun.
4. Recreation at Kilmun.

Photo by Lawrie

The School Songs.

First song, words by Robert Browning, School Captain, 1899–1901. Tune, "The British Grenadiers."

The Best of Schools.

For all the pleasant gay time,
For all the eager strife
Of worktime and of playtime,
In joyousness of life,
For all the careless laughter
Of which our youth was full,
For friendships we keep hereafter
We thank our ancient school.

Though some may be more famous,
And some may be more gay,
Our gait and speech proclaim us
As proud of heart as they;
And till the sunset dims on
Our life's laborious hill,
We shall carry the Whitehill crimson
And gold as our colours still.

Though time may dim the traces
Of all our vaunted powers,
And our familiar place is
No longer known as ours;
Through years of stormy weather
The stars of memory gleam,
And in heart we are still together
When we cheer for a Whitehill team.

Chorus:

Dim years that lie before us
May find us far from here:
Yet we shall sing our chorus
And raise our ancient cheer
Once more, boys.
Home from the open highways,
And down from our office stools,
We shall gather our men from the winds again,
To cheer for the best of schools.

Second song (1933), words by J. Robb, music by J. W. Kerr.

Altiora Petimus.

Jubilemus pueri!
Virgines cantemus!
Tempus est matutinum,
Vitae tempus optimum,
Nos vigore pleni.

Splendet aer tenuis,
Montis et cacumen,
Ecce candide splendens,
Fortes surgit excitans
Culmen ad vincendum.

Altiora petimus,
Altiora semper;
Altiora sectando
Itur ad celsissima
Astris altiora.

The Whitehill School Dinner Club.

By Howard Garvan, M.A., Secretary.

The present Dinner Club was instituted in 1923, and the Annual Reunion, on the first Friday of each February, has become a social function to which Old Boys eagerly look forward.

Interest in such a function has not perhaps the same appeal until one has been a Former Pupil for a few years. When, however, he has established himself in the city, in business or in a profession, it is natural that then he should have the desire to make contact with those of old schooldays. The terrors (if such they were) of the classroom are now seen in their proper perspective and henceforth merely produce material for laughter and happy reminiscences.

At the Reunion, the quips and jests that are bandied across the tables take the member back to those days when each, at school, was known for some little eccentricity of perhaps manner or dress or saying, or for some nickname. One may be reminded that evening of his part in some episode which, in his self-consciousness, he would fain forget. But the convivial spirit of the Reunion is no respecter of persons or their position, however exalted, in commerce or the professions. All are co-equals for the evening, sharing in a tradition to uphold which each has contributed as much as his gifts and efforts have permitted him to do.

Members of the staff also come in for their share of banter and are welcomed in the happy fellowship. But they dare not reprove anyone or take it amiss if greeted in some unorthodox manner by a once erring schoolboy, now a much respected citizen of this or some other city. They are, however, accorded the right to meet some jesting reminiscence with one equally telling if they wish.

One member, now a prosperous city gent, once addressed his old master: "Well, Mr. So-and-so, you told me that I was a dunderhead at Maths." "And so you were," came the quick response—a friendly piece of banter which led to an evening of happy reminiscence and mutual congratulations; everything being in good part, which typifies the spirit of the Annual Reunion.

A welcome to the Reunion each February is extended to all Old Boys. Such a Reunion helps to maintain in the city that school tradition already so well established.

Former Pupils Look Back.

ROBERT BROWNING, M.A., LL.B., Editor of *Golfing*.

The features of life at Whitehill fifty years ago which stand out most clearly in my recollection are the enormous size of the classes and the number of examinations. In 1897 "Eighth Standard Boys" (as it was in the nomenclature of those days) had a roll of 86, and this was far from being an isolated instance, because the classes coming forward to the Seventh and Eighth Standards were filled to capacity by scholars transferred to the Secondary School from neighbouring Elementary Schools. In those days, also, although the "Leaving Certificate" examinations had not yet been instituted, the school made a brave show in the examinations of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington. The blessed word "specialisation" had not yet been thought of; we were all expected to be good at everything; and certificates for proficiency in various types of Drawing bulked out our successes in Mathematics, Chemistry, and Physics. In the year the Leaving Certificates were instituted—I think it was 1898—we went in for both, and Eighth Standard Boys reaped a harvest of certificates that would have sufficed to paper the walls of their double-sized classroom.

The last three or four years of the century witnessed the first efforts of the School in the direction of social life and sport, the ball being set rolling by the Whitehill School Club and the Whitehill Football Club, both Former Pupils' affairs. The Football Club for a time had a spectacular success, reaching the closing rounds of the Scottish Juvenile Cup for two seasons in succession. The Whitehill School Literary Society dates, I think, from 1897. A year later the Whitehill Cricket Club was formed, and got really going in 1899 and 1900 under the captaincy of George D. C. Stokes, who came to the school from British Guiana, and had cricket in his blood. For several years from 1901 onwards the Cricket Club had a notable run of success against the young men's clubs of the South and West of Glasgow. It must be remembered that in those days school sport had little official encouragement in Glasgow; and we had therefore no opportunities of playing against other school sides. It was not until my last year, in 1901, that the school played its first—quite unofficial—inter-school matches, defeating Allan Glen's School at football by two goals to nil, and inflicting an innings defeat on a Cricket XI of Bellahouston Academy.

The School Golf Club was formed in 1901 by John C. Rollo and myself, and the first School Championship—forerunner of the tournament for the R. S. Allan Shield—was played with the "guttie" ball. The chief credit for the encouragement of golf at Whitehill, however, belongs to our then Classics Master, Mr. T. H. P. Crosthwaite, who had in the previous Autumn initiated the Masters v. Boys Golf Match, which was then played twice

a year—with extraordinarily fluctuating results—on the course of the Glasgow Club at Gailes. I am particularly proud of my own connection with the Golf Club, because of all the Whitehill activities golf is the only one in which it can claim an international fame, having supplied two players to the not very long list of British golfers for the Amateur International Match with America, in the persons of Bob Scott, who was in my own year, and Sam McKinlay. That will take some beating!

G. D. C. Stokes, D.Sc., H.M.I.

I was a pupil almost from the opening of the school, and I think I must have passed through what is now called Primary 4 right up to the Sixth Form.

To-day I salute some of the old masters: James Henderson—that earnest, fatherly, considerate but firm head (do we realise how much we owe to him?); W. W. Russell (wizard of chemistry); T. H. P. Crosthwaite (arma virumque cano); James Gifford (man of letters); Alexander Stevenson (none but himself can be his parallel). It must be confessed that these able teachers were known to us by the names of Cocky, Henny, Monkey and Pi, but apparent disrespect was a pose of those days. All honour to their memory; these and others laid the foundation of the school's prestige.

Of my classmates space will allow me to mention only very few. I can still remember the morning when Robert Browning dashed up to me in the Varsity quadrangle with the excited news, "Congratulate me—I have a poem in the Mag." Later on Browning had a complete number of the Mag. devoted to his contributions. At school he once staggered Pi by handing in a home exercise completely written out on a visiting card. The credit of setting the fashion of versifying Latin translations belongs either to Browning or to John Rollo, that able classical scholar. Rollo once treated me to a dissertation on the philosophy of geometry during a walk by the Isis. I greet also Neil McArthur: may his scholarly lectures long continue to enlighten budding Newtons! I remember John McWhan with profound regret at his early death; many a day we walked together from Trongate to school and back.

When you boys of the present day go to Craigend, think of your predecessors foot-slogging to Kennyhill for cricket on a pitch on which only tough guys could survive. Think of them scoring goals on the forbidden site where Onslow Drive School now stands (before the appearance of a bobby caused a hasty lifting of somebody's jacket, marking a goalpost, and a precipitate retreat). During the dinner interval in the playground Rangers supporters played those of Q.P. every day. The game began when we could raise 5 a side and went on until the bell rang (with about 50 a side).

Now I greet the new generation; good luck to you all, and may you come in due time to cherish memories of the school as happy as mine.

DAVID ROY, Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Ltd., former President of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland.

The celebration of the jubilee of Whitehill School reminds me that I am within sight of celebrating the jubilee of my own arrival there, which only happened after I had finished with my village school. The name and fame of Whitehill must have spread quickly because, even by the time I arrived, there were a large number of youngsters, some from distant suburbs of Glasgow and others, like myself, from outside the city boundary altogether, who chose to come to Whitehill for their secondary education.

It seems a far cry to those old days. The years between have been spent for the most part in exile in the South, but I have never been in Duke Street and looked up towards the school without hearing the ticking of the time machine, and old memories were revived and numbers of faces came floating through the mist of the years. There would be no point in setting down a list of the names of the masters who functioned in my day, or a list of companions whose names linger in the memory. There are very many, though, who will remember Mr. Henderson, who was the headmaster in those days. He must have been a very able man to have been selected for what must have been an important post, and yet even as a boy I was struck by the fact that he seemed to exert very little influence on the school. From my knowledge of other affairs I expect that his real joy was in teaching and that, because he was a success at it, he had been made a headmaster and turned into an organiser; but I doubt if he got any fun out of organising, and my recollection is of a harassed man rushing about the place and mounting stairs two or three steps at a time with beads of perspiration on his brow which he was continually mopping with a handkerchief. In the years I was at Whitehill I only heard him speak in public two or three times—and then to little effect. Yet I am sure he must have been an excellent man to work under in a classroom.

Another abiding recollection is of the mountain of homework which was doled out to us day by day. (I am sure the modern generation would have rebelled against it.) We also seemed to be in a constant whirl of examinations. I cannot remember now what they were all about. All our work was done with an eye on some examination which compelled us to study subjects which were of not the slightest interest to us and were not going to be of the slightest use to us. Life was full of cramming and we seemed to be the victims of a craze for education for education's sake. In that respect I suppose we were like all other schools of the period. I hope that at Whitehill and elsewhere things have altered for the better and that educationists are learning how to relate education to life and making even youngsters feel that what they are learning really matters.

Nevertheless, let me pay full tribute to the years at Whi hill. It was there that I learnt how to stretch and discipline brain. That has stood me in good stead in life and I am, will be for ever, grateful.

Good luck to the masters of to-day and to the pres generation of scholars.

Mrs. M. P. Logie (Maggie Wood).

Forty-nine years ago in September I became a pupil Whitehill School, but I retain extraordinarily vivid memorie all our doings and of our happy schooldays there. The st under Mr. Henderson, was learned, enthusiastic, and h working in the extreme. Grateful to them as I was at the ti it was only after I myself had taught that I realised the ex of their self-sacrifice on our behalf, giving up precious free per to coach us for examinations.

Miss Young and Miss Richmond were important figure our lives as all girls then took French and German. If decided later on to go to a University we found ourselves ha capped by our want of Latin, and I remember being pitch-fo into a Latin class one September which was taking Higher L the following June. Far from betraying irritation at intrusion, Mr. Crosthwaite laboured to make my path easy I remember him with gratitude.

At first we were rather scared of Mr. Stevenson, but lea to enjoy his wit (even at our own expense) and to appre his remarkable powers of making mathematics clear. It our good fortune to have the beauties of English Litera revealed to us by Mr. Gifford. Mr. Donnan was Art Maste was a thrill for us to see his pictures in the Art Institute) Mr. Reid taught singing and organised at the beginning of century what were to our unsophisticated minds two wond concerts in the City Hall. The concerts were intended to pr funds for a school library and they must have been financ successful for we acquired an excellent school library, w gave us great pleasure. At the time, of course, we thought of the objects of the concerts than of our dashing appearanc the platform in white dresses with coloured sashes and care frizzed hair (no perms then!). We sang with spirit "I Smiling Morn" and "Braw, Braw Lads," and Gilbert E delighted the audience with his solos. I am sure the pupi today would be amazed at our simple pleasures.

Some odd subjects appeared in our curriculum—short and bookkeeping (Mr. Skilling) and hygiene (Mr. Reid), in truth our timetable was overloaded. That and the fact we had no games and no physical exercise except a weekly hour's drill with an old soldier who was improbably report have fought in the Crimean War were the only blemishes in in retrospect seems an ideal school life.

ROBINS MILLAR, *Scottish Daily Express.*

Whitehill gave me four years' teaching, a smattering of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and English, most of which, except for the rules of grammar, escaped forever from my memory in a few months. This lamentable waste I have observed in the last 40 years to be the general experience. Nearly all Scots holding lucrative positions would appear woefully uneducated on the exam. standard of a 17-year-old Whitehill student. There is reason in it. Scottish schools obey a machine system devoted to memory training. The average wide-eyed boy can memorise the formulas and pass Higher Mathematics that would baffle his future employer. This is not thought, but routine. Cinemas, radios, football, assist in doping the thinking apparatus. Hence the callow product of our secondary education. To write, to criticise, to discuss, to engage in commerce or to keep a house, or even to vote, all call for energetic thought, the real requirement of life that the machine does not know how to tackle.

The school impressions of a boy leaving at fifteen cannot count for much. Can sentiment attach to a building bleak with concrete and tiles and varnished partitions? Perhaps I am not yet old enough. Our schoolmasters were scholastic and kindly. Their chief gift to me was home lessons. I have been busy at them ever since.

A school should be as beautiful as a church, should have trees and gardens and more concern with culture, speech and behaviour than with the Leaving Certificate. Maybe by the centenary, Whitehill will have been made what, with all generous thoughts, I would wish it to be.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, M.A., B.Sc., Head of the Mathematics Department, Possil Senior Secondary School.

Way back in '94 when Glasgow matrons went shopping in 2-horse-power cars, when houses, factories, and schools were illuminated by coal gas, and when the growing suburb of Dennistoun had still as many open as it had built-up areas, our infant feet crossed the threshold of Whitehill Public School for the first time. In those days there was no suggestion of hustle, overcrowding, or change, but rather an atmosphere of serenity and semi-permanence which is difficult for us to recapture to-day and well-nigh impossible to revivify for a modern generation.

Outstanding amongst the permanent phenomena of our childhood were our school masters and mistresses—"Henny, Jimmy Imrie, Sandy Jack, Miss Downs, Miss Ord, Miss McVicar, Miss McConnachie, etc., the familiar nomenclature of the males belying our actual state of intimacy with them, the formal "Miss" of the ladies giving a much truer picture of the awe with which the profession inspired our youthful bosoms. One can vividly recall Mr. Henderson's lightning dashes from room to room, armed with a pointer which he used for the double purpose of indication and castigation, and the "psychological"

treatment meted out to the erring pupil by those wardens of discipline, Messrs. Imrie and Jack. In the light of modern research none of the pupils of those dark days should be alive to-day, but if truth must be told, many have survived to testify to the efficacy of corporal punishment as a factor in education. The strap was to the dominie of the nineties what the No. 9 is to the Army practitioner of to-day—an infallible panacea—and if it did not actually make one learn, it at least prevented one from enjoying the fruits of mental inertia.

We will not fatigue the reader with our youthful impression of the ladies aforementioned, but this article would be incomplete without a tribute to Miss Christina Downs, our foster-mother. Even if the later years brought Mary Pickford and other sweethearts (with whom we were much more familiar) into our ken, we can never forget the charming smile of our Infant Mistress, and we acknowledge with gratitude our great debt to her for the kindly manner in which she weaned us from the home to the school and incidentally to the outside world. We keep our kindergarten efforts to this day as a memento of happy hours spent in the company of Miss Downs.

Of the pupils of those days, volumes could be written. If we scan old photographs showing us in embryo the butchers, bakers, and candle-stick makers of to-day, we realise the truth of the old tag, "Handy dandy, which is the Justice, which the thief?" We see one classmate (fit subject for our hero worship) who attended school for three weeks with his right arm in a sling, and removed the sling each day at four o'clock in Armadale Street. He finished his education in a training ship. We see also a tubby little fellow who fought a much bigger boy in the adjacent Sand Park. Next day he took his place in the classroom looking like a baby Panda, but in no way dejected. On a higher plane, as befits our school motto, we recall the inspiring sight of John Rollo being chaired to his home in Alexandra Parade on the occasion of his being first in the Glasgow University Bursary List. We recall also our own effort at prize-winning—a Koh-i-noor pencil—in Sandy Jack's class, but unfortunately we lost it before reaching home and it was difficult to convince our parents without the evidence. Outstanding incidents were of daily occurrence, as were the emotional disturbances fanned to fever heat by the gentle sex in those far-off days. The singing period offered the greatest scope for the romantically inclined, and many a sidelong glance was intercepted, many a clandestine note passed from hand to hand, what time the youthful Romeos and Juliets were to all intents and purposes giving a soulful rendering of the Whitehill classics, "Knowledge Advances" and "Lead Kindly Light."

Nothing can dim the glamour of those days, and even when armed with a green-backed passport called the Merit Certificate

which guaranteed our proficiency in the three R's, we proudly entered the higher school, there was a sensation of remorse at the passing of the golden age of childhood. Since the tawse as an instrument of learning had outlived its usefulness, Cocky Russell, Daddy Martin, Pa Logan, Pi Stevenson, Quizzy, and Crossy each brought his own peculiar technique of oral refined cruelty to bear upon us, and we would willingly have exchanged their caustic comments on our ignorance for an equivalent in physical discomfiture. In the Upper School we were joined by pupils from other districts, far and near, but the purely Whitehill product could generally hold its own with the best of the interlopers. Although, in retrospect, the Higher Grade days lacked the abandon of the earlier years, it must not be assumed that we had immolated ourselves on the altar of learning. During the East-end Exhibition year, for example, most of our home work was done in Van Houten's Cocoa Stall, with disastrous results to our academic progress. Likewise, when the new school was being built and we repaired to Whitehill Church Hall for some periods, we made capital of our novel surroundings by indulging in horseplay ill befitting our alleged zeal for knowledge.

Countless episodes connected with the classroom and playing field could be recorded, but, without the solace of the pictures and radio (the safety valve for the modern pupil), we succumbed eventually to the lure of the Binomial Theorem, the Odes of Horace, etc., and accepted them as the necessary evils of our day and generation. It is a far cry from "The cat sat on the mat" to the translation of Euripides, but life had been so happy and carefree that we hadn't noticed the passage of time, nor had it ever occurred to us to thank our teachers for guiding our faltering steps from darkness into light. Belatedly we make amends, and wish Godspeed to those who make the same pilgrimage to-day under no less efficient and painstaking guides

Rev. Allan Barr, M.A., Professor in the U.F. Church of Scotland Theological College, Edinburgh.

There cannot be very many who may claim so long a record as pupils of Whitehill School as I do. For in my day there was still an Infant Department, where I began, in my only school, the thirteen years' course (1899-1912) which led me to the University. I have vivid recollections of the early years, not least of the period when the youngsters were quartered in a neighbouring church hall while the "new" school was being built. But the memories of the later years are fuller and richer. Headmasters and goalkeepers, teachers and janitors—a succession of varied portraits crowds into the mind, and kindly thoughts of classmates, with some of whom a lifelong friendship still endures. At that time the school had established its reputation. High academic distinctions were being won by the ablest of its former pupils. But what marked the school was not so much these outstanding successes as the very high level of the average pupil's

attainments; in my own year ten of the first hundred names in the Glasgow University Open Bursary list were those of Whitehill boys and girls. The teachers were gifted men and women, with individual (and sometimes peculiar) characteristics which would demand a whole book for their description. We must be content with paying a general tribute to their gifts, their patience, and the personal interest which followed the pupils long after school life was over.

From the distant viewpoint to which the lapse of time has brought us the school seems more and more to have a place in that wider scene of which we were scarcely conscious then—in the history of our times. The Boer War and the conflict between Russians and Japs were fought out with moderately harmless weapons in the school playground as well as in far-off lands and seas. In 1914 play gave place to grim reality, and many of the best of my schoolmates fell. In the recent world conflict a similar sacrifice has been required and given. Through the troublous history of these years the school has stood for the things that are wholesome and true over against the dark influences that have assailed humanity; and as in the sports field of our youth so now in the struggles of the world we expect, whatever past results may seem to indicate, that the school will be on the winning side.

Bailie Jean Roberts, J.P., Deputy Chairman of the Corporation of Glasgow.

Just over thirty years ago I entered the portals of Whitehill School to take my place in fourth year—thrilled at the opportunity, terrified at the prospect. I was a stranger in a strange land, most of my schoolmates having been there from first year and many from primary school. Not only was the land foreign, but so was the language. I heard of people named Spondee, Pope, Monkey, Pi, and Pete. It was some time before I realised that these were the names of members of the staff, and later learned that they were nicknames.

There was Johnny Colquhoun in the Maths. Department—a more painstaking teacher I have never met. He did attempt to drum some knowledge of Maths. into my rather thick head—thick as far as understanding the meaning of *sin*, *cos*, *tan* was concerned. Latterly, gleams of light penetrated; but alas! in fifth year, that three-line-proof method—well known to everybody who passed through fifth year—knocked me completely off my mathematical rockers.

Then "Pope" Saunders! He was English master in fourth year and did inculcate in us a love of English literature. His quiet, easy style, though often sarcastic, made us wish to read and to understand what we were reading. He was quick to praise, slow to find fault.

But I shall never forget the methods of another English master who prescribed copious doses of home-work. Then on the

following day, we on the long forms in Room 49, he sitting on the desk of the front seat—"Get up on your pins," he would say. "Sit down if you can describe the picture on the Grecian Urn." Poor old Keats!

Indulgence in reminiscence is a sure sign of old age. I remember my Whitehill days as if they were last week. The Summer picnics to Lochwinnoch and Spectacle E'e at Strathaven —the Winter dances— the school choir with Andrew Riddell as conductor—Peter Macdougall, ever gentle and kind—Miss Young and the "butts" (fire brigade)—all these and more.

I did grumble at having to work hard; now I rejoice that I had the privilege of passing through a grand school—smaller then than now; perhaps more friendly. But still a great school!

Jack House, *The Evening Citizen.*

I wish I had a better memory for names. I can see the faces of the boys I knew at Whitehill as clearly as I can see this paper, but I can't put a name to more than four or five of them. The name of the class bully is firmly fixed in my mind, but not the names of the host of normal, intelligent, cheery chaps who made life pleasant at the school.

As far as I remember, however, it was a minister's son called Dick Francis who anticipated the Whitehill School Magazine by a couple of years. We were together in IBa, and he suggested running "The IBa Times." I had already had a considerable experience of journalism, having edited "The Kennyhill Times" (we were living in Kennyhill Square then) through the formative years of 10, 11, and 12.

"The IBa Times" was an immediate success. There was only one copy of each issue, and it was circulated round the class at a ha'penny a read. The time was just after World War I and we had a censor—our English master, Mr. Williamson. One day "The IBa Times" appeared with one page blacked out. Mr. Williamson had not approved of one of the articles. However, we blacked it out in such a way that really intelligent customers could still read it.

Dick Francis left because his father had received a call, and I became sole editor. In the following year I ran "The IIBGa Times" and we used carbons in order to increase our printing to four copies. The year after that, the Whitehill School Magazine started, and we felt the competition was too great. It was just another case of the "small man" going to the wall.

I don't suppose there is a single copy of either of these class magazines in existence now. Wilfrid Horner was concerned in the affair, and he may possibly have one.

Myself, I was so incensed by the usurpation of our publi by the School Magazine that I refused to contribute to it. Unti now the only piece of mine which has ever appeared in it wa an essay which I wrote in Dr. Merry's class when he was just a ordinary human being.

These things don't seem very far away to me. The happened more than 20 years ago and they are fresh in my mind But I can't for the life of me remember the names . . . .

SAM L. McKINLAY, M.A., *The Glasgow Herald.*

Two days stand out from my recollections of nine yea spent at Whitehill School—one grave, the other very gay. Th grave day was 11th November, 1918 (a date which is more likel to be remembered than 8th May, 1945), and the gay day wa some time in early Summer a few years later.

The precise date of the happy occasion I cannot recall, f a golfing outing is hardly to be compared with the first Armisti Day, even although it was spent with two incomparable creatur —Alexander Stevenson and William Montgomerie. They, should explain, were members of the Glasgow Golf Club and we the hosts of myself and my opponent in the final of the Alla Shield. Before going to Killermont to play the match, we ha tea at a restaurant in Duke Street opposite the Cattle Mark called, if my truant memory serves me right, the Loudon Arm

"Pi" was in tremendous form. Gone was the pontific solemnity that ruled Room 41. He was more cheerful tha Montgomerie, who had a pretty wit that endeared him to t hearts even of those that floundered over Latin, and he display and used his special moustache cup with an air of gaiety th destroyed any lingering shyness we schoolboys might have felt the presence of masters. So it continued all evening, and if t day ended very happily for me (because I did win the shield even defeat would not have daunted me after being in such gen company.

But there was little gaiety about Armistice Day, 19 Perhaps we were too young to appreciate the sense of relief th was uplifting the wider world. We did not even realise what w meant by the word "armistice." It did not enter the qualifyi class curriculum. The war had been with us more than f years—in my case from just before my seventh birthday, a that is not an age when a war fought outside one's own coun can be understood. It came, therefore, as a surprise when were summoned to leave our classroom just before 11 o'cl and to range ourselves in and around the school hall. Ferg Smith, who had the right mien for the great occasion, brie told us why we were so assembled, and then we sang the 10 Psalm and, I think, "God Save the King." It was a short a solemn ceremony, and I can still remember where I sto peering through the railings from the first floor balcony.

There were, of course, other memorable days in my sojo at Whitehill, but it is the atmosphere of the place rather th isolated incidents that lingers with me. Perhaps I was lucky my teachers. Imagine being taught by John Colquhoun wher the "fifth standard" as we knew it; or having one's first th

years of Latin from Archibald McQuistan ("Quizzie"), who combined vast knowledge of school time-tables, incredible patience, faith in the value of visual education, and—most wonderful of all—deep sympathy with those of us who knew our "Boy's Friend" better than our declensions. And, of course, there was "Pi" Stevenson to give you four-line proofs of trigonometrical equations that occupied two pages of the text-book.

No doubt each of us has his personal view of the school and its staff, and we cannot really know whether our own days were vintage years or not. But in the years immediately succeeding that first Armistice Day there was a character about Whitehill and its teachers that would not come amiss in any school in Scotland. I hope that we shall look upon their like again.

JOHN A. MACK, M.A., Modern Studies Department,
Newbattle Abbey College.

We were an influential crowd in the sixth year in 1922–1923. We did everything but rebuild the school. I don't think we chose the school motto—someone before us thought of *Altiora Peto*—but we chose the new school badge and colours, the snow-capped mountain and the stars and the blue and white—or is it blue and silver? I haven't the faintest doubt but that every fifth and sixth year since our time have in some way been given the same glowing conviction that the school was theirs to make or mar, and that they had a real share in the decisions that shaped its life.

A year or two ago the Secretary of State for Scotland, advised by a Committee, published some good recommendations on the teaching of Citizenship in the schools. Whitehill has been doing it for a long time, in and out of class, without being too self-conscious about it. How it was done I can't quite describe. It was something elusive in the manner of the teaching, the unsentimental friendliness, the compliment of imputed equality, the living application of Immanuel Kant's second maxim of conduct, that human beings—even schoolboys—are individual persons, never merely instruments or examinees. Doc. Merry, Algy McEwan, Pi Stevenson, Paddy McGill, and that truly impressive Scottish Dominie, Daddy McQuistan—with his "mirabile dictu" and "horribile visu"—they were all very different, but they all had the same gift. They were formidable people, and they taught us to look them in the eye.

One other thing stands out in my memory of the school. Those of us who were his contemporaries cannot think of Whitehill without thinking of Willie Muir, who died too soon. I had the good fortune to go through college with him, at Gilmorehill and Balliol. If I may quote Whitehead on Plato, Willie Muir exhibited—and still does for those of us who knew him—"that tone of mind which alone can maintain a free society."

JESSIE MORTON, The Park Theatre.

It's how to begin that's the trouble! Why is it that when faced with a script, I find myself inspired, eloquent, capable of talking for hours on how futile the lines are, how incompetent the author, and how obviously I could have written the thing better myself; yet here I am, extremely conscious of the honour of being asked to contribute to your Jubilee Magazine, and I sit wondering how to begin. It's all very well to say, "Write clearly and simply what's in your mind!" I've just done that, and I don't see Mr. Williamson nodding his head wisely and saying, "I always knew that girl could write." No! On the other hand, of course, he can't do anything about it. He can't toss an exercise at me—"A hundred lines for Monday!" Iambic Pentameter, mind you, not

"Escape me,
Never,
Beloved."

Yes, there's comfort yet! So for the space of 250 words I can indulge myself, and with your patience continue writing clearly and simply what's in my mind, though I ought to mention at this point that I haven't the remotest idea of what 250 words look like. Nor would it be much help for me to count them—the Maths. Department will bear me out there,—so I shall simply rely on instinct. Like Maps! I love reading maps, but if I'm going anywhere, I find it safer to rely on instinct.

All of this will have brought you to the conclusion that whatever the Educational System was like in my day, the old school must certainly have pulled itself together in yours. I can't have that, so here let me pay tribute to the patience, understanding and hard work, which has made our school renowned throughout those years, not only for seeking higher things, but also for attaining them.

The fact that Miss Rankine actually "attained" me 72% in maths. is a feat which only she and I can appreciate, but she has her doubtful reward in the fact that I still boast of it, and in the same breath pay sincere homage to her genius. I did achieve a fairly good mark on one other occasion, but Mr. King inquired whom I had sat beside, so I ignore that!

I find my mind overflowing with tributes I want to pay, and I am most grateful for the opportunity. I should like to give bouquets—

To Miss Stark, who had the sublime gift of making every lesson inspiring and vital. I've wanted for years to say that, even though she did once cut me to the quick for writing an essay on a book I hadn't read.

To an Art Teacher who gave me the only good mark I ever got in Art (I'd been off ill and it was the class average, but it made me feel good).

To Miss Gordon, who taught me Spanish, and made every lesson as exciting and stimulating as a journey into a strange land.

To Mr. J. E. Campbell, who taught me more maths., but by that time it was into logarithms or something, so with infinite tact and caustic humour, he brought my mathematical wanderings quietly to a close.

To the Sewing Mistress who spent ten minutes explaining how necessary it was to be able to work a sewing machine, and who did *not* strangle me with a lap-bag when I gently but firmly insisted on going to a Dramatic Club rehearsal.

To Dr. Scotland (and this is going a long way back), who stayed behind faithfully each Wednesday for weeks to hear me declaim Mark Antony's speeches, because I had learned them, not knowing Julius Caesar had been cancelled in favour of three one-acts.

To Mr. John L. Hardie, to whose charm and patience is due the fact that I can greet any reference to the Norman Conquest with a confident smile, secure in the knowledge that if called upon I could even quote the date. I used to admire the willpower that could command a bland smile even in the face of my kaleidoscope impression of dates and events, though I don't think he ever agreed to my system of first selecting a date because it "sounded as if something might have happened then," and secondly, an event because is sounded the sort of thing that might have happened.

Oh, there are so many people I remember and want to say "Hello!" to, but this must be of little interest to students of maths. and English and sewing and drama to-day. Please forgive me, and if I have any of my 250 words left, let me address them to you.

If you are fortunate enough to know beyond doubt what you want to do when you leave school, then congratulations and all good luck to you. If what you want to do seems remote and unattainable, don't bury it among the might-have-beens, and have to be content for the rest of your life with second best. Have faith that this idea, which you're sometimes afraid to acknowledge even to yourself, is a divine spark which only you can kindle. Follow your star, reach for the highest and there's nothing you can't do. If you have no ideas at all then you are perhaps of the chosen ones. You can look around, find out what pays best, and be set for life.

To all of you my best wishes, and to the school, continued success for the future.

Betty R. Easson, Vice-Captain of the Girls, 1945-46.

Life at Whitehill during the war has been enjoyable, sometimes even exciting, though by no means easy. The difficulties were many and varied.

To begin with, it was necessary to provide shelter accommodation for all the pupils. This meant the erection of ugly brick

structures in the Annexe Field and the girls' playground and the conversion of the top end of the Lower Gym. into a shelter. Whitehill assumed quite a different look.

Air raid drill took place not infrequently. Six strokes of the gong meant "air raid practice," and many were the thankful prayers that went up as the gong saved someone from having to answer a ticklish question.

Then doors and windows were covered with netting which cast a universal gloom; societies were curtailed (but the introduction of a Hobbies Period atoned in some degree); only one dance was held each year, in June, to avoid the black-out; staff changes were incessant; books and jotters became more and more scarce; sports equipment became unobtainable; Red Cross Drives took a prominent place in school activities; there were Savings Campaigns and collections of books and clothing; and batches of stalwart he-men were often to be seen "hitting the trail" towards Craigend to "dig for victory."

Particularly interesting was the adaptation of the school for use as a "Rest Centre." Intriguing little notices appeared above classroom doors, intimating that Room So-and-so provided sleeping accommodation for 12 males! A gas cooker appeared in the hall: was it for Form VI's morning coffee? No, we were told; it was there in case of emergency. (The failure of the gas ring in Room 45?)* Rooms 2 and 3 were commandeered as store rooms, and we caught furtive glimpses of blankets, kettles, pails and shovels. Now all these are gone—for good, we hope.

But despite all, Whitehill pupils continued to learn in school and relax at Craigend; the war could not stop the games—though sometimes the weather did.

And Sports Day remained a great event. What did it matter if trips abroad ceased? A good imagination could transform the canal at Craigend into the Rhine.

In some ways school life was even augmented. There was the Dinner School, and the adoption of a ship. Interesting letters were received from the Captain, we wrote to members of the crew, and books, magazines, and comforts were collected for "our ship." Pupils looked forward eagerly to a visit from the crew and maybe even a tour of inspection when the ship docked in Glasgow.

In the essentials, the war brought very few changes from the pupil's point of view. There was still homework to be done, and if the teachers were somewhat irritable after a night's fire-watching, the pupils merely drew their own conclusions. As there was only one School Dance we looked forward to it all the more, and it became a grand night to be remembered all next year.

We had a good time, and it is undoubtedly the firm belief of every Whitehill pupil, past and present, that in peace or in war Whitehill is still the very best of schools.

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* [There ain't none.—Ed.]

Photo by W. H. MacGregor

WHITEHILL SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB.

Performance of "Mr. Collins's Wooing" (from "Pride and Prejudice") in Bellgrove Halls, June, 1926. *Left to right:* Daisy Clark, May Black, Margaret Tudhope, Wm. B. Inglis, Olive Campbell, Tom Fulton, Nancy Logan, Ethel McCutcheon.

Photo by Buchanan & Armour

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1907-1908.

Standing: H. Carvan, J. Buchanan, J. McIlvyer, J. Kennedy, J. Cresswell, W. Buchanan, A. Morrison, A. Cowan.
Sitting: J. Newton, Mr. P. Buchanan, Mr. Fergus Smith, J. McKay, J. McKenzie.

Photo by Buchanan & Armour

WINNERS, SCOTTISH SECONDARY SCHOOLS' SHIELD, 1912.

Standing: B. McQueen, D. Watson, H. Smith, Mr. P. Buchanan, C. Cochrane, A. Smith, J. Bosomworth, J. Walker.
Sitting: J. Sharp, W. Edgar (capt.), Mr. Fergus Smith, D. Orr, G. Stewart.

Photo by Lawrie

THIRD DIVISION LEAGUE CHAMPIONS, 1944-45.

Standing: S. Lees, J. Redpath, H. Duthie, W. Thomson, H. Merchant, W. Crofts, K. Colquhoun.
Sitting: W. Harper, W. Currie, W. Peat (capt.), J. McDowall, J. Sproull.

The Human Side.

With all its seriousness Whitehill never repressed the human spirit, and other activities besides "bursary classes" sprang up "after four." The school has always delighted in the personal side of life and, given a chance (or to be more exact—a platform or a stage or a sports ground), it never failed to reveal that personality in skill, grace, and humour, and in cases of special effort for a good cause with generosity and self-sacrifice. From about 1899 a Literary Society of pupils (practically autonomous) met for lectures and debates. By 1903 the Whitehill School Club of F.P.s had come into being and showed its loyalty by instituting Club Prizes. Concerts were held in the City Hall. School dances were held at Christmas for Classes IX and X. By 1904 the golfing tradition was established and the R. S. Allan Shield was first presented. In 1905 the School Library was opened and in 1906 the first Sports Meeting was held.

But all this opens up a wide theme. Each activity is a subject in itself, and the following series of separate articles, while not claiming to be complete accounts, give some interesting information, particularly of the early days.

The Elocution Class.

By Percy Owens.

Though not officially a School Society, the Junior Elocution Class deserves a note. It was an evening class under Mr. John Forsyth, visiting Elocution Master of the school. A genial, portly, rubicund gentleman with some taste in orange peel, he wrote several books on elocution and was later Coats Lecturer to the Highlands and Islands. Despite the mode of the day he taught a natural expression, and he was a master of his art. Cutty Sark in pursuit of Tam o' Shanter—how he made that live!

Clamant demand insisted that "Papa's letter" should still be properly delivered, and that "Little Orphant Annie" (not then so long an orphan) should be introduced with full effect. But these were girls' stuff. The boys dealt in more robust material, except possibly "The Burial of Moses," so well recounted by Melbourne Aubrey (now Secretary to the Baptist Union).

The annual closing recital was sometimes held in a double classroom of the school and later in the Masonic Hall, Whitehill Street. But the mind most often turns to one of the earliest of these events, when we did the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice," in the Argyle Rooms, a dilapidated suite situated in Duke Street near High Street—where the railway warehouses now stand. The plaster was peeling; the furnishing was dingy, and the atmosphere frowsy, but the place was palatial to us.

Preparations included the thrill of a visit to the West End in a horse-drawn car for costumes. The establishment had the air of a second-hand wardrobe, but again there was enchantment for us in its aroma.

The performance is a gem of memory. Melbourne Aubrey, a dignified Duke; Charlie Dow (now in Canada) as Shylock; Nerissa was Fairley Munn, later a missionary in North Africa (a script cunningly concealed in her law books was a timeous aid to more than one actor); Annie Dobie a gracious Portia; John McCallum a stalwart Bassanio; Percy Owens as Antonio with a little brown moustache that tickled the audience even more than himself; John Collier as Gratiano with the authentic snarl for the Jew. . . .

Brave days!

The Literary and Debating Society.

By Percy Owens.

The Debating Society, the creation of that brainy group, the first senior boys of the school, met on Friday afternoons at 4 o'clock in the corner room, top flat, next the boys' stairway. Here the Ramsays, the McQuistans, the Stokeses, the Brownings, the Rollos, the Logies and their fellows, dealt valiantly in essay and discussion with the weightiest problems of their own and every other age.

Run by the boys for the boys, eligibility for membership was reached at 8th standard status—school time being counted in standards, not years, in those days.

A printed yellow-backed membership card gave the designation of the Society, names of its office-bearers, a formidable list of subjects and speakers, and a carefully framed constitution. Memory hints at a rule which concerned the regulation steps to be taken for the removal from the debating room of any member "out for larks," and the subsequent penalty if the offence were repeated. The Society flowered, wilted, and decayed.

Then about 1925 Dr. Merry came to the rescue, and with the willing assistance of Miss Grace Stark, set the Society on its feet once more. Under sound leadership it was soon firmly established, and when Dr. Merry left Mr. Williamson took it over as a going concern. It suffered a set-back when war broke out in 1939, but it rallied and contrived to maintain a good standard of speaking and debating in spite of the various interruptions occasioned by war conditions. The present-day orators of Whitehill—and they are not few!—make good use of their forum.

Musical Memories.

By Andrew L. Riddell, M.A., Headmaster-emeritus of Adelphi Terrace Junior Secondary School.

Away back in Mr. Henderson's day one master was responsible for the music of the whole secondary department, the pupils being packed into two large rooms thrown into one. I succeeded Mr. Robert Weir in this position.

We had one half hour per week, and had to teach staff notation—though H.M.I. gave his test in sol-fa. It seemed rather futile, but we had some reward when Mr. Gallie of the Training College complimented the Whitehill students on their facility in staff.

Whitehill was then a Junior Student Centre, Mr. Archibald McQuistan being Master of Method. These students had to pack into their half hour choral singing, sight-reading, and stiff aural tests. Naturally, aptitude varied greatly. One girl later to become a Lecturer in History admitted that she was quite devoid of a sense of pitch, while a lad, now a Professor of Ecclesiastical History, gaily galloped through the stiffest sight-reading test I ever set.

Partly to help these students the School Choir was started. We met on Fridays at 4 o'clock, and membership was open to all pupils and staff. The men boasted some fine soloists, such as Mr. Robert Douglas (bass), Mr. R. L. Scott (baritone), and later Mr. Thomas McMichael (tenor), admirably supported by a number of others including Messrs. Blair, Cantor, Corbett, Duncan, Fairbairn, Hair, Higgins, McIntosh, Merry, Middlemiss, Steel, and Williamson.

We had an annual competition for solo singing among the pupils, the masters acting as joint adjudicators.

During the war of 1914-18 many entertainments were improvised, usually on Saturday afternoons, most memorable being the concerts to wounded men, when we were assisted by Mr. J. Crombie Saunders as reader.

Another happy memory is of Christmas Carols sung in the school hall, the pupils listening on the balconies and in the upper classrooms.

The supreme effort came on 23rd and 24th April, 1920, when a concert in the Athenæum realised over £100 for the School Memorial Fund. Our publicity agent, Mr. Peter McDougall, deserves a good deal of the credit, and we must not forget the able and ungrudging service of our accompanist, Miss Margaret C. Dalzell. We finished with the Whitehill School Song, written by our own Robert Browning, to the tune of "The British Grenadiers" (*v.* page 61). The verdict of the School Music Review of June, 1920, was: "Such first-rate musical achievement must do much to promote esprit de corps as well as to stimulate and cultivate a taste for good music among young people."

Our aim was accomplished.

Craigend Playing Field.

By 1924 the question of a proper playing field for Whitehill became urgent. More pitches were required and on a permanent basis, as even the one we had might at any time be seized for building. The staff undertook to raise £600 to lease or rent a suitable ground and erect a pavilion, and a search for ground was begun. But a building-boom was on and ground could not be rented. It would have to be bought, and the lowest price named was £240 per acre, which to us was prohibitive. Finally Mr. Wilson of Craigend House at Ruchazie offered the ground we now possess for £100 per acre with the use of outhouses for stripping accommodation. £1,200 was a large sum, but now the Former Pupils lent a hand. The Craigend scheme was adopted and a strong committee of F.P.s, including Mr. William Falconer and Mr. Douglas Macnaughton, was formed to co-operate with the school in raising funds. Aided by Mrs. Borland and other lady friends of the school, the F.P.s raised over £1,000. By May, 1925, the school surpassed the target of £600. Thus Craigend grounds became the property of the school. When we consider that most of the money was raised during a period of severe industrial depression, the result reflects great credit on the pupils and former pupils of Whitehill.

By May, 1927, the house was also ours. The £600 which seemed so large in the early days has been spent eight or nine times over. That so much could be achieved is due to the kindly encouragement given by Mr. Nisbet, to the energetic work of Messrs. Falconer and Macnaughton, and to the tireless efforts of Mr. Robert S. McIntosh and Mr. R. M. Weir, which resulted in the investment being entirely free from debt. The annual grant from the Corporation to the Sports Fund made the position still more secure, and now the school can pride itself on its small estate in the country "pleasantly situated" and with steadily improving facilities for sport and recreation.

Mr. Hugh Higgins, to whom we are indebted for the details here given, adds the following comment:—

"It is interesting to note that it is due to the co-operation of the F.P.s in connection with the Craigend scheme that the Whitehill School Club as it now is came into being."

Rugby.

By Hugh Higgins, M.A., B.Sc., Headmaster of Bernard Street Junior Secondary School.

In the Autumn of 1923 some of the staff decided that three soccer teams did not give sufficient scope to the 600 boys of the school. Mr. Nisbet concurred, and a number of boys readily took up the suggestion to form a rugby section. With the aid of Mr. Charles Chatfield, Mr. Hugh Higgins and others practices were begun and a playing pitch of sorts was secured where the

Rex Cinema now stands. For stripping accommodation the pavilion of the adjacent tennis courts was used. The washing facilities consisted of one wash-hand basin, but as most of the players were members of Dennistoun Baths this proved to be a minor inconvenience.

The following year the Former Pupils' Rugby Club was formed, mostly of men who had not played the game before, but so great was the keenness displayed that soon both the School Fifteens and the Former Pupils' Fifteen were taking a prominent place in local rugby circles. The pioneers of those days included Angus McLeod, who played later for London Scottish and was killed in the late war, Sam McKinlay, Campbell, Kent, Smith, and Burns for the School, and Stewart, Thomson, Borland, Weir, Lind, Leslie Black, Howard Wilkie, and Hamish Law among the Former Pupils.

Football.

In 1904 Queen's Park Football Club called a meeting of representatives of Secondary Schools and proposed the start of a league. Dr. James H. Steel (now Rector-Emeritus of Allan Glen's School) who had just joined the staff, became our first representative and with the co-operation of Mr. Smith, the Headmaster, and Mr. Curtis, the Gymnastics Instructor, began the first team. From 1906 onward Mr. Peter Buchanan took charge and in that year the first sports meeting was held in Celtic Park. It can be said with truth that in forty years our football teams have turned out many true sportsmen, gritty, determined, and indomitable. Queen's Park Football Club often drew upon us for recruits. During one memorable term no fewer than six Whitehill F.P.s carried the popular black-and-white colours to victory. Hugh Logan and Wm. S. King in turn occupied the Q.P. Presidential Chair and James Crawford achieved the high honour of playing in the International and at the same time gaining honours in athletics.

1912 was perhaps Whitehill's biggest year (see photograph). The Scottish Schools Shield was won in that year by a team, seven of whom were chosen to play against the Rest of Scotland with happy result for Glasgow. In 1933 the Shield was again brought to the School Other honours gained were:—

Intermediate Scottish Schools Shield, ... 1924.
League Championship (Third Division), 1924, 1927, 1938, 1945.
League Championship (Fourth Division), ... 1931.

Cricket.

By Percy Owens.

"All a dodge on C--l--r's part." It is only a few years since that a sentimental old buffer sacrificed to the nation's call,

but not as "waste" paper, the score-book of the Whitehill Cricket Club which enshrined these illuminating words. In the neat script of the school Captain they still exposed after some forty years or more the perfidy of the leader of a local rival club —a confirmed practical joker—who had so worked upon a juvenile scorer that a narrow victory for the school showed as a narrow defeat. But not while Bob Browning lived and ruled. In his memory were registered every ball bowled, every run made, every wicket taken, every catch held. The club was of his founding, his organising, and his managing. He cherished it as a favoured child. Under his leadership it rose from knock-about games on hard grassless wickets where the ball was of cork or composition and the players' attire their everyday clothes, to real club status, playing against suburban and country sides all around Glasgow with all the proper accoutrements and trappings of the game. A born captain, a great leader—watch his cunning off-break, or his famous scoop or shovel stroke over the shoulder, no need to run, another 4 added to the score—and his magnificence in face of a poor score!—he might have stepped straight out of Kipling—"Only 40 runs, what matter—as good on our wicket as three times that number in England; we can pull it off with our fielding." And very frequently it was so, for the club could field.

It was a combination of schoolboys and former pupils of not much larger growth. It had no official recognition but some encouragement with the use of a schoolroom for meetings, and in its history were several great days when the masters bowed before the boys on the turf of some borrowed ground. Even Crosthwaite, the impeccable, and Loudon, the demon bowler, could not avert defeat.

Love of the game seemed to run in families—the Macdonalds, including George, the schoolboy bowler of pace and length, who saved many a hard-fought fight and scored the first century for the club; the Stokeses—Quintin, graceful and forceful, a mighty runner between wickets, G. D. C., elegant and accurate; the Manns, the Watts, the Owens, all had their names in the book that is no more, along with Robert Browning himself, "Colonel" Buchanan, the dashing Bob Primrose, gay "corrie" Muir, academic Eddie Barnes, John Rollo of the golf stroke (6 or a Duck), stonewall Archie Paterson (surely none ever played so long and so stylishly for so little), David Couper and Dougie Macnaughton, the versatile, and Tommy Newton, hero of the historic game on a sticky wicket when each side scored some seven runs and he had three or four of these for his.

A field of our own was the cry! Because of the lack of it the club ultimately disintegrated. Many a ramble round Dennistoun was taken to find some suitable pitch. Was it prophetic that two of the club should stand one day on the canal bank viewing with longing eyes the ground that now is in fact the school playing field?

Great days, a great club, great comrades, I salute you.

Supplementary Note.

[As a postscript to Mr. Owens's article we give this summary of the subsequent history of the game in Whitehill.]

The Cricket Club was re-started in 1929 with the blessing of the School Athletic Club. It achieved a considerable measure of success especially in its earlier years when it had the services of T. B. Frood, J. Marshall, R. Motherwell, E. H. Motherwell, J. W. Anderson, J. Barton and G. H. Easton, all of whom later played for the Golfhill Club. For its good start the club was much indebted to Frood, who as a schoolboy won his place in Golfhill 1st XI and on one occasion narrowly missed a century against a senior club. This versatile sportsman was in the same year School Sports Champion and reserve centre-forward for Scotland in an Amateur International.

The club maintained its existence until 1941, a year after the Meadowpark ground had been requisitioned for war purposes.

Clubs and Societies in Wartime.

When war broke out in September, 1939, Whitehill School was closed down for some weeks. Part-time attendance was soon begun, but it was not till the Spring of 1940 that we returned to normal hours. When even classes could not meet, obviously "after 4 activities" were impossible. Yet looking back one is astonished at the doggedness that refused to accept extinction. The Magazine somehow appeared in due season; the Literary Society opened in April—usually its closing month—and ran for some weeks: the cricket team lost Meadowpark to a new tenant, a barrage balloon, but contrived to play a series of away matches; a choir sang at the prize-giving; and Craigend, where Whitehill citizens have done so many strange things, saw us in yet another occupation—digging for victory.

During the Summer the school remained open, a precautionary measure in case a mass evacuation should suddenly become necessary. Having no scheme of work for July and August we were faced with a problem—how should we put in our time? We did propose to do a certain amount of ordinary school work, but with most of the pupils and many of the staff on holiday we could not do a great deal. It was Mr. Gent who organised us into an Epidiascope Club, and a syllabus was drawn up in next to no time. Mr. Gent himself led off with a lecture on stamps—and only those who have heard him know the delight with which he can invest that subject. Mr. Duff spoke on classical myths; Mr. Needle, newly returned from Dunach, showed what was going on at Mr. Somerville's first forestry camp. The late Mr. Hamilton dealt with Modern Art; Mr. Alistair Munro, with an army of assistants, elucidated the mysteries of Light; Mr. Jardine spoke on Geology; Mr. Meikle on Music, and four or five others nostalgically recalled holidays in and furth of Scotland.

The next year the orchestra resumed practice, the golf team was revived, swimming was attempted in a sporadic fashion, and a short tennis season was run.

For the following two years Winter activities flourished. All the Winter sports were functioning normally, and the orchestra was growing, reaching a membership of 45 and giving concerts outside the school as well as in. But sports equipment was becoming increasingly difficult to obtain and replace, and tennis and cricket succumbed.

By now the ingenuity of the prefects was being continually exercised devising new activities on behalf of Red Cross funds. They produced a multitude of original ideas, perhaps the most memorable effort being the fancy dress hockey, netball, and football matches involving both staff and pupils with which the series closed this year.

The year 1943-44 was the Golden Age of clubs and societies, for then they were brought within the official fold by the inauguration of a Hobbies period from 3.30 to 4 once a week. Mr. Dorman organised this venture. A defective memory can recall a Music Club, Choral Society, Dramatic Club, Play-Reading Society, Junior Debating Society, Press Club, Scripture Group, Russian Group, Scientific Society, Camera Club, Stamp Club, Hiking Club, Map-Reading Group, Crafts Group, Soft Toy Making Group, Model Boat Club, Model Aeroplane Club, and Country Dancing Society—and probably there were others. This is not the place to discuss why the experiment was dropped after one year. The Hobby Clubs contributed largely to the Summer concert of 1944, and when more ambitious concerts were staged in the Lyric Theatre in 1945 and 1946 the Dramatic, Choral, and Country Dancing Societies had developed into very healthy concerns.

At the time of writing this account, rugby, football, and hockey teams maintain their unbroken record, the football section having done particularly well in the war seasons. Swimming is coming back—in spite of interruptions the team have taken first place in more than one inter-school contest—and our gala will soon be an annual event once more. Tennis and cricket enthusiasts look forward to next Summer with greater hopes. The orchestra lapsed for a time but is once more in being, and a brass band is being built up. We have a church choir covering all four parts, a junior choir, and a senior choir of both boys and girls who have given two concerts in Rutherford Church apart from our own carol services and performances at other school functions. The girls also took second place at Glasgow Music Festival. The Magazine has not dropped an issue, the Literary and Debating Society meets throughout the Winter, and the Dramatic Club can boast a very competent team of players. The display of diverse talents at the Lyric concert last June demonstrated that the brave days of Whitehill clubs and societies are not all to be sought in the distant past.

Hockey.

By Mrs. Helen O. Phillips, (Helen O. Blackwood), First Secretary of the Glasgow Schools Hockey League.

It was in 1908 that the girls of Whitehill decided they should have some outdoor sport. The Headmaster gave his sanction, but pointed out that the boys' football club had already secured the full Education Authority grant for the year, so there was no money to be had. How, then, to get a pitch? Two enthusiastic sportsmen on the staff took a hand—Mr. Peter Buchanan and Mr. Peter McDougall. They made suggestions from their local knowledge, and in two weeks we had a field at Riddrie. It was used by cattle off the Irish boat, which at times nearly put the girls to flight with their attentions, but brave hearts overcame stupid fear.

By their own unaided efforts the girls prepared the field for play and paid for the ground. Practices were held twice a week after 4 o'clock, and on Saturday matches were played against such doughty opponents as Hillhead, Hutchesons', Bellahouston, etc. Whitehill usually lost, but they were conscious of growing skill, and they were enjoying themselves. The Headmaster, Mr. Smith, was one of the most enthusiastic supporters, even joining in play at practices to no small effect, and arriving on Saturday at 8.30 a.m. to line out and prepare the pitch.

In two years' time the idea of the formation of a Hockey League was launched from Whitehill. Letters were sent to representatives of all the hockey-playing schools, setting forth the plan and inviting them to meet for discussion. The result of the deliberation was the formation of the Glasgow and District Secondary Schools' Hockey League. Office-bearers were appointed and other necessary business settled.

Shields were struck, and played for in a healthy spirit of rivalry. Two divisions were formed; Whitehill played in the Second—good hockey players are not made in a day—but they had the distinction of winning the Shield in the 2nd Division in 1914. This was a proud day.

When the hockey season finished the activities of the club found an outlet in golf and tennis, the latter made possible through the kind offer, by a parent, of the use of his court at Provanmill. The golf club was wonderfully successful, and was made all the more stimulating by the gifting of prizes for the competitions by Mr. J. R. Blackwood, Indian Civil Service.

Thus from 1908 to 1916 there had developed in Whitehill for the girls, a hockey club, a golf club, and a tennis club, hard but satisfying work at the time, and satisfactory in the result.

A record of these achievements would, however, be unfinished without a tribute to those parents in Dennistoun who helped to make all this possible. No appeal, large or slight, was ever dismissed, and they generously supported all sincere effort.

Photo by Buchanan & Armour.

ONE OF WHITEHILL'S FIRST HOCKEY TEAMS, 1908.

Standing: Lizzie Shearer, Rita Dempster, Agnes Black, Mr. John Mark, Nannie Murdoch, Flo. Watson, Joan Edgar, Ina Thaw.

Sitting: Jessie Martin, Mr. Peter Buchanan, Mr. Fergus Smith, Miss Helen O. Blackwood (Mrs. Phillips), Jeanie Jamieson.

Front: Elsie Cruickshank, Miriam Owens.

Photo by Buchanan & Armour

WHITEHILL SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM, 1924-25.

Standing: M. Stirling, E. Borland, J. Keith, M. Crawford, O. Campbell, Maidie Crawford.

HOCKEY TEAM, 1941-42.

Standing: N. McKechnie, O. Hay, K. Currie, E. Miller, C. Marshall, R. Mackay.
Sitting: R. Condie, K. Johnston, D. Watson, N. Adair, M. Winning, I. Drummond.

Photo by Buchanan & Armour

WHITEHILL'S FIRST RUGBY TEAM, 1923-24.

Standing: R. T. S. Millar, R. H. Kent, D. Brander, W. G. McKenzie, A. McCosh, A. P. MacLeod, H. Smart,
P. S. Chisholm.

Photo by Lawrie

RUGBY TEAM, 1945-46.

Standing: W. Grant, J. Paton, A. Love, P. Clark, J. Leitch, L. Rae, R. Jamieson, J. Redmond.
Sitting: K. Browne, J. McSween, R. Pollock, A. Ford (capt.), J. Campbell, W. Monteith, S. Grant.

Photo by Buchanan & Armour

CRICKET TEAM, 1930.

Back: W. Newton, L. Munro, W. Black, M. McLean, A. Murray, J. Hutchison.
Middle: J. Marshall, J. Buchanan, T. B. Frood (capt.), T. Chisholm, R. Motherwell.

CRICKET TEAM, 1939.

Standing: T. Donohoe, W. Marshall, J. Burt, G. Boal, G. Brand.
Sitting: R. Newton, J. Brodie, H. Carson (capt.), J. Gordon, J. Oag.
Front: J. Sim (scorer), J. McKinlay.

Photo by Buchanan & Armour

SLADEN TROPHY WINNERS, 1933.

Back: Mr. W. McMurray, Mr. R. M. Weir, Mr. J. Greenlees.

Swimming.

The story of Whitehill's prowess in swimming goes back to the period before the First World War when pupils who were members of Dennistoun Baths brought distinction to the Baths and indirectly to the School by their successes in Glasgow competitions. Among these were Charles Maclean and Hector McPherson, and later on Cathie Morgan, Betty Souttar, Betty Chatfield and Dick Chatfield. Their skill was no doubt due in great measure to the tuition of such enthusiasts as Mr. R. Calder and Mr. Joe Greenlees of Dennistoun Baths and Mr. Charles Chatfield, Miss Fisher, Miss Foster (now Mrs. Pirie) and Mr. William McMurray.

For some years before the Second World War a regular feature of school life was the Swimming Gala held in Whitevale Baths, when excitement rose to fever pitch and the grand climax was the polo match played between sections of the Former Pupils. Many famous invitation relay races were held in those years showing the keen interest taken in the event by other schools. It is hoped that these activities will be revived in the near future. 1933 was a particularly notable year and we show on page 104 a group of successful swimmers and their trophies.

The following note has been sent to us by Mr. Richard Chatfield, swimming correspondent of "The Evening Times," one of our Former Pupils:—

To be reminiscent and interesting but not too garrulous is difficult when one discusses swimming and Whitehill School. They are synonymous. From the time when Maestro Trudgeon discarded his breast stroke for his double overarm, thereby revolutionising swimming, Whitehill has produced champions, and important names in Scottish swimming have always been prominent in the school's history. Fortunate in its choice of sports masters and more than fortunate in having the famous East End swimming nursery—the Dennistoun Private Baths—in such close proximity, the school has maintained a tradition in aquatics second to none.

What other school can boast such a list of school and national swimming champions and international water polo players?

SCOTTISH CHAMPIONS—Men.

Free Style—

R. C. Chatfield (1923).
A. R. Blackadder (1927-28).
*W. Blackadder (1935, 1937).

Back Stroke—

R. C. Chatfield (1924-25).
A. R. Blackadder (1927-28).
W. Blackadder (1937).

Breast Stroke—

R. C. Chatfield (1924).
A. McMurray (1931).
R. C. Paterson (1936).

SCOTTISH CHAMPIONS—Women.

Free Style—

J. H. Blackadder (1928, 29).

Diving—

B. Souttar (1924, 25, 26, 27, ——— 28, 31, 35).

Scottish Schoolboys' Team Champions—

Whitehill School (1911, 12, 13, 32, 33, 35).

International Water Polo Players—

J. C. Weir (1930, 31, 32, 33).
D. W. Jackson (1932, 1934).

* W. Blackadder joined the R.A.F. and was killed in action in the Second World War.

The Acceptable Year.

Renan has finely observed that to a philosophical mind occupied with the investigation of origins the human past has but three histories of primary importance—the history of Greece, the history of Israel, and the history of Rome. This is the truth, but not the whole truth; for it ignores the incalculable debt which the great civilisations of antiquity owe to the peoples of the Early Ages.

Nonetheless the celebration of a Jubilee Year is one of the distinctive legacies of Israel. We read of its inception in the Book of Leviticus where the various Feasts, Sacrifices, and Ceremonies committed to the Levitical priesthood and thought to date back to the fifteenth century B.C. are described in considerable detail. It seems that the actual word *Jubilee* is derived from the Hebrew word *Jobel* or *Yobel*, a ram, which was used by metonymy for a ram's horn, or a horn in general, and hence for the sound made by a horn or for the blast of a trumpet; for it was by means of these that the grand Sabbatical Year, held every fifty years and beginning on the Day of Atonement, was heralded throughout the Holy Land.

We again hear of the jubilee year in the annals of medieval Christendom. Mosheim records the statement of Cajetan, nephew of Pope Boniface VIII, occurring in his *Relatio de Centesimo seu Jubilaeo Anno*, which tells of the institution by his uncle of the first jubilee in 1300 A.D. and of the issue every centennial year of plenary indulgences to pilgrims who devoutly visited Rome. Later, Clement VI reduced the period of the jubilee to its original fifty years, while Paul II, who was raised to the Chair of St. Peter in 1464, fixed the recurrence of the jubilee to every twenty-fifth year. In addition, an extraordinary jubilee might now be proclaimed during times of stress, such as a plague or rejoicing or an anniversary. Thus the Church was able to extend to all who travelled to Rome the papal indulgences hitherto confined to the crusaders.

In modern times, when the celebration of a jubilee has become an almost secular event, it is interesting to recall the original significance of the occasion in Israel.

What was the typical import of her Year of Jubilee, which Isaiah called "the acceptable year of the Lord"? Surely the Semites with their passion for righteousness must have had some good reason for their jubilation and blowing of trumpets? Yes, for it was then that they made a very special effort to alleviate the sufferings of the poor and to cancel their debts, to set free the Hebrew slaves, to comfort the broken-hearted, and to proclaim liberty throughout the land; like Buddha they sought "to put a new temper into men, to imbue them with a new spirit, give them a new heart." It was more than could be done in only 3,500 years. But mankind is still young and impressionable; one day it yet may labour to fulfil its own eternal aspirations.

Photo by J. P. Couper

JUBILEE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Standing: Betty R. Easson, Mr. Archibald M. Munro.
Sitting: Nessie I. Erskine, Mr. James C. Williamson, Mr. Arthur E. Meikle, Grace M. Dunlop.