

# Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 62



Summer,  
1950

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Now is the time for all good Editors, their task of compilation completed, to sit down and crown their efforts by some scintillating remarks which will astonish the world. Unfortunately, experience has shown that, to be tolerated at all, these must be confined to a space which may be conveniently "skipped" by Forms I to VI inclusive. (Perhaps the Preps. skip them too, but we always give them credit for being the most intelligent and enthusiastic section of the school.)

Yes, that *was* meant as a gentle reproof to the Upper School. The articles which we have had "tucked underneath our arm" for the last few weeks have flowed in great abundance from the lower forms, particularly Form II, but in oh such a reluctant trickle from the rest! One would actually think they had had other things to think about! The articles themselves have been (dare we mention it?) just a trifle lacking in that originality of thought and expression which is always associated with this publication. However, there has been no lack of those which provide us with food for thought and we very much regret that such nourishment cannot, owing to something called the Law of Libel, be passed on undiluted to our readers.

Such minor grumbles are, however, trivialities compared with the great pleasure we have derived from editing your magazine. Apart from any other considerations, the Editors of a school magazine are in the best possible position for learning to see themselves and their friends "as others see them," which, as mothers say to small boys, is for their own good.

We wish to thank sincerely all those among the Staff who have been the power behind this and all other magazines—Mr. Meikle, Mr. Cormac, and Mr. Cleland. Editors may come and go, but they are always there to give the next in line the benefit of their experience. Thanks also go to our overworked Sub-Editors and Advertising Committee, as well as to all contributors.

As we said above, Editors come and go and now, unbelievably soon, it is our turn. For six years we have warmed both hands before the flame of learning (or the Library fire) at Whitehill. "It sinks, and we are ready to depart" bequeathing our table, waste-paper basket, aspirins, etc., to our successors. We wish them, and all of you, the best of luck and a well-earned holiday.

THE EDITORS.

## School Notes

The last school note in the Christmas Number was a musical one, and our first in this issue must be musical also. On Christmas Eve Mr. Fletcher's Choirs broadcast from a service held in Glasgow Cathedral, and at the Musical Festival in May his Boys' Choir and his Girls' Choir each gained two first places, including the supreme award for schools. In their Second Annual Concert Mr. Meikle's F.P. Choir finely rendered a well-chosen programme in St. Andrew's (Berkeley) Hall.

From time to time one is reminded of the outer world. Last December Mrs. Rousseau (Norah Hogarth) of East London, South Africa, visited the school along with her husband and recalled the early 20's when she was a pupil in Whitehill. At the Annual Reunion of the School Dinner Club on 3rd March a great reception was given to Mr. Stirling (pupil in Whitehill about 1906) who had come specially from Australia to be present. When he was introduced, the whole company rose and sang to him (but reversing the pronouns), "We're no' awa' to bide awa', we'll aye come back to see you." It was a deeply moving scene, not easily to be forgotten.

It is now Canada's turn. On 20th April 1,500 excited Whitehillians in turn entered Room 5 at one door and came out at the other each with a couple of "Delicious" apples, part of a gift of apples sent to Glasgow Schools by A. K. Loyd, Esq., President of the British Columbia Tree Fruits Company, Ltd., Kelowna, British Columbia. Many as you would expect ate theirs then and there, including the cores! The fragrance of the apples remained in the gownroom long after they were seen no more. A personal acknowledgement was sent by the Headmaster. Our heartiest thanks also go to Mr. Loyd and all those responsible for this rare treat.

We are glad to welcome all who joined the school in recent months. This includes all the "Preps," as we fondly call them, and the two new teachers who came to take those Preparatory classes housed temporarily in Bluevale School, viz., Mr. Edward T. Williamson and Mr. Harry Smith. We were very sorry to lose by transfer Mr. Donald Dunn who taught one of these classes for a short time. We are fortunate in having the services in the History Department of Mrs. Margaret MacPherson, who is well known as a writer on historical studies and education. Mr. A. C. Somerville has unfortunately been forced by ill health to resign; a separate article about him appears on a later page.

It only remains to intimate that at a meeting held on 31st March a start was made to the raising of funds for a War Memorial which will include a plaque to be placed in the Hall in memory of the Former Pupils who fell in the Second World War. Details of the scheme will be announced in due course.

## Mr. A. C. Somerville, M.A.

“By what will your friend remember you?” The time has unhappily come for Whitehill to apply that acid test to Mr. A. C. Somerville, for health troubles have forced him to resign from the Staff. To say that we shall miss him is an understatement; we have already felt the blank in recent months when he was absent, and we hoped the summer would bring him back.

Mr. Somerville's former pupils will remember him for a variety of reasons. He came to Whitehill in 1923 as History Specialist, and when History attained independent status in 1944 he was appointed as our first Principal Teacher. Throughout his long stay he has touched on every side of the life of the School, performing a specially valuable service latterly by supervising the training of Junior Students. He was keen to develop personality among his pupils, and he fostered a spirit of adventure and eternal youth.

Those of us who know him most intimately will remember him also as a lecturer, scholar, artist, writer, gymnast, soldier, and open-air man; as an expert on Clyde steamers, “Alice in Wonderland,” the Hebrides and their people, all things nautical, periodicals, comic pictures, and Scouting; as an exponent of means of transport—swimmer, skater, oarsman, yachtsman, cyclist, motor-cyclist, and horseman (no doubt he could drive a tram if the fancy took him); most of all perhaps as the most generous, entertaining and understanding of hosts.

In the Staffroom we shall remember his whole-hearted laugh, and his equally uproarious explosions when displeased; the remarkable concoctions of greenery he would consume for lunch; his gifts of mimicry; his inimitable manner of telling a story; his rich contributions to our talk, from the eternal verities through the latest books to the airiest frivolities, for Cameron's liveliness of mind opens new angles on all topics; and a feature which we hope will continue—his hilarious letters.

We are glad he is now free from the strain he felt in recent years, and we wish him renewed vigour and *joie de vivre*. When he can leave the Elysian Fields of Craigmore for an odd visit to Whitehill he is assured of a warm welcome for old times' sake, though the memories do not quite go back (as he would have you believe) “to the Crimea.” We wish him a long retirement, and hope that he will not cease to ply pen, pencil, brush, and tongue to the delight of less ebullient mortals. Perhaps he will at last lay aside his diffidence and write a book, illustrating it himself. If he does, it will be a unique amalgam of wit, thought, and beauty—but some of us had better be prepared for shocks!

# PRIZE LIST

**Dux of the School: Henderson Medal and Prize, War Memorial Prize of £10—**  
JENNIE D. RONALD.

**Proxime accessit: War Memorial Prize of £5—**  
ISOBEL M. SMITH.

**Macfarlane Gamble Prize of £1—**  
KENNETH W. EADIE.

**Dux of Intermediate School—**  
VIOLET I. WITTON.

**War Memorial Prizes—**

**English:** ISOBEL M. SMITH.

**Mathematics:** ISOBEL M. SMITH.

**Classics:** JOHN B. MUIR.

**Science:** ISOBEL M. SMITH.

**Art:** ALASTAIR U. FLETCHER.

**Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science—**

1 CHARLES M. ROBERTSON.      2 ISOBEL M. SMITH.

**Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes in Latin—**

**Senior:** 1 JENNIE D. RONALD.    2 ROBERT CRANSTON.

**Junior:** 1 IRENE E. TULLY.      2 ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON.

**J. T. Smith Memorial Prizes in English—**

**Senior:** JENNIE D. RONALD

**Junior:** MORAG MILNE.

**Thomas Nisbet Prize in Mathematics—**

ISOBEL M. SMITH.

**Bailie Matthew Armstrong Prizes for Leadership—**

**Boys:** JOHN B. MUIR.

**Girls:** JENNIE D. RONALD.

**Rotary Club Prize for Citizenship—**

HUGH J. MUIR.

**Inner Wheel Club Prize for Citizenship—**

ANN W. P. JARVIE.

**Miss Margaret H. Cunningham Prizes for Needlework—**

CHARLOTTE M. DONALDSON and MORAG McKAY (equal).

**Whitehill School Club Prizes—**

**Form VI, Boys:** KENNETH W. EADIE.

**Girls:** JENNIE D. RONALD.

**Form V, Boys:** CHAS. M. ROBERTSON.

**Girls:** JANETTE CAMPBELL.

**Form IV, Boys:** ARCHIBALD MUNRO.

**Girls:** MARJORIE A. EADIE.

## SUBJECT PRIZES—

### FORM VI.

**English:** JENNIE D. RONALD.

**History:** JENNIE D. RONALD.

**Latin:** JENNIE D. RONALD.

**French:** JENNIE D. RONALD.

**Mathematics:** ISOBEL M. SMITH.

**Physics:** ISOBEL M. SMITH.

**Chemistry:** ANN W. P. JARVIE.

**Greek:** JOHN B. MUIR.

### FORM V.

**English:** 1 JANET McGRATH.

2 ISABELLA F. TURNER.

3 ELEANOR D. DUNN.

**History:** 1 JAMES D. McKENDRICK.

2 JAMES W. CREE.

**Geography:** 1 JANETTE CAMPBELL.

2 J. ROBERT LORIMER.

**Latin:** 1 DAVID L. MATHIESON.

2 JAMES W. CREE and ELLEN

W. WOOD (equal).

**Greek:** DAVID L. MATHIESON.

**French:** 1 JAMES W. CREE.

2 ISABELLA F. TURNER.

**German:** MARION S. HAMILTON.

**Mathematics:** 1 JEAN K. D. SEMPLÉ.

2 LESLIE J. WOODWARD.

3 JAMES D. McKENDRICK.

**Science:** 1 JANET McGRATH.

2 CHARLES M. ROBERTSON.

**Art:** JEAN G. GRANT.

**Technical:** ROY P. McCONCHIE.

## FORM IV.

**English:** 1 MAIRI M. WEIR.  
2 THOMAS B. McNAB.  
3 JEAN A. VASSIE.

**History, Higher:** ARCHIBALD MUNRO.  
**Lower:** JEAN A. VASSIE.

**Geography:** 1 THOMAS F. SIMPSON.  
2 MARJORIE A. EADIE and  
ARCHIBALD MUNRO (eq.)

**Latin:** 1 ALLAN M. GREEN.  
2 ARCHIBALD MUNRO.

**Greek:** MAIRI M. WEIR.

**Art:** ELIZABETH McMASTER.

**French:** 1 DAVID MOIR.  
2 JANETTE M. GLEN.

**German:** LEONORA McGILVRAY.

**Mathematics:** 1 ALLAN M. GREEN.  
2 MARJORIE A. EADIE.  
3 JEAN G. D. ANDERSON.

**Science:** 1 MARJORIE A. EADIE.  
2 ALLAN M. GREEN.

**Commerical:** 1 MARIE BAULD.  
2 ALISON MORTON and  
ELIZ. D. MENZIES (equal).

**Technical:** 1 HENRY CRAWFORD.

## FORM III.

**Classical:** 1 STEWART T. REID, 2 DAVID HOGARTH, 3 (equal) ELIZABETH G.  
DONALDSON and IRENE E. TULLY.

**Modern:** 1 VIOLET I. WITTON, 2 ANDREW CURRIE, 3 IAN A. McLEAN.

## FORM II.

**Classical:** 1 MARGARET W. CAMERON, 2 (equal) MARGARET G. REID and ANNE  
K. YOUNG.

**Modern:** 1 GEORGE TENNANT, 2 STANLEY AFFROSSMAN, 3 ALEXANDRA L.  
HUTTON.

**Commercial:** 1 JOSEPH TWEED, 2 ANDREW LANG.

## FORM I.

**Classical:** 1 W. KENNETH REID, 2 JOHN R. B. YOUNG, 3 DAVID EVANS.

**Modern:** 1 RACHEL S. WEALLEANS, 2 CHRISTINE GREIG, 3 THOMAS W. REID,  
4 ISABELLA S. BROWN.

## PREPARATORY.

1 GEORGE SHEARER, 2 ROBERT D. MUNRO, 3 WILLIAM S. JOHNSTONE,  
4 HOPE ROBERTSON, 5 DAVID G. DRYSDALE.



## To A Modern Poet

If 'tis too much to hope  
Your poetry should rhyme,  
If this denies you scope,  
Why, surely you have time  
To plan an even line  
And make it scan?

You can't confine your Art  
Within this narrow sphere?  
There's that within your heart  
Defies what suits the ear?  
'Twould decadence appear  
To have a plan?

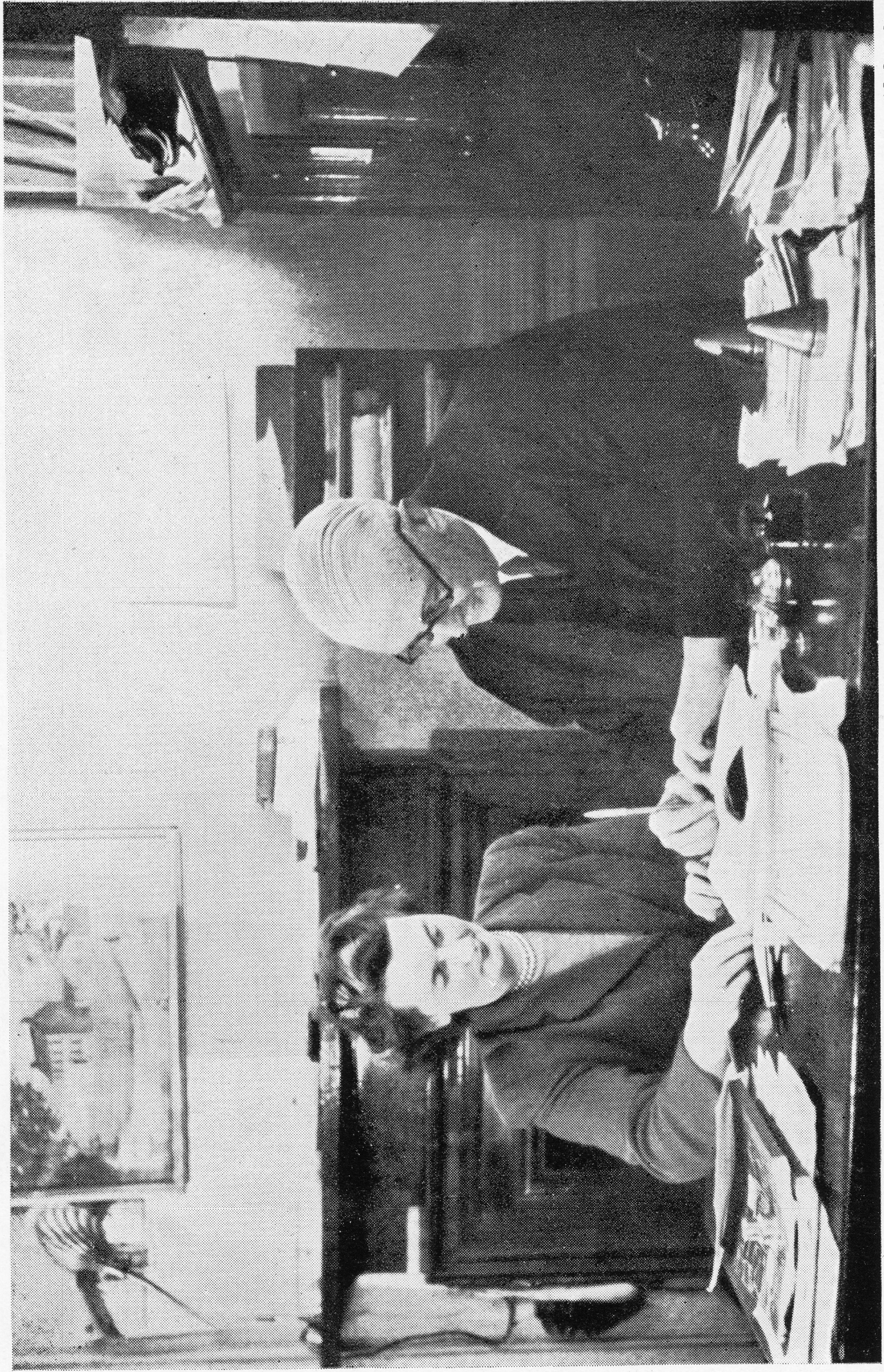
Then please let me entreat  
That, for the sake of those  
Who must admit defeat  
When a poem at its close  
Is no clearer than it was  
When it began,

Your genius be confined  
(To keep plain readers sane)  
To those whose lofty minds  
Move on your cultured plane.  
To grasp you *we* don't claim—  
Find those who can!

## The Poet's Answer

Changing syllable  
patterns  
strung on a sheet  
of staring whiteness  
mocking interpretation  
Do not  
O baffled reader  
try to unravel  
our intellectual jig-saw  
or twist  
our mystic metaphors  
to meet out-dated reason  
for we are  
all-embracingly self-sufficient  
beings  
We write in the modern idiom—  
patterns of  
changing syllables

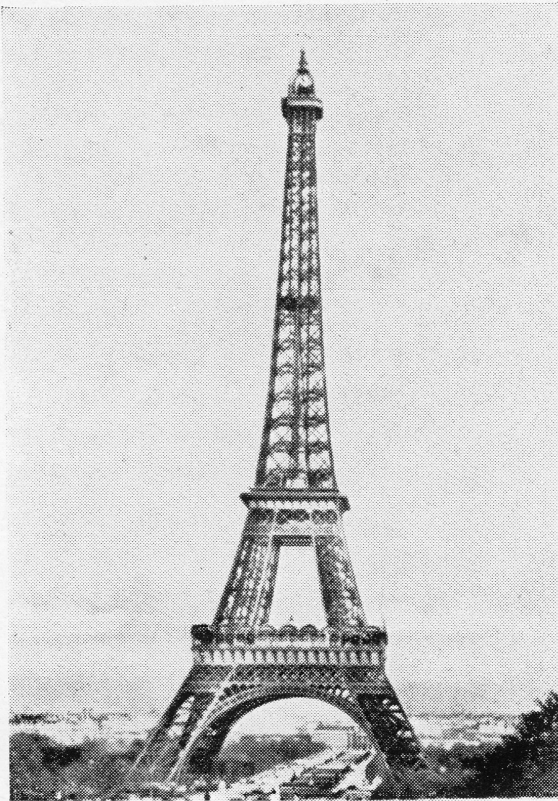
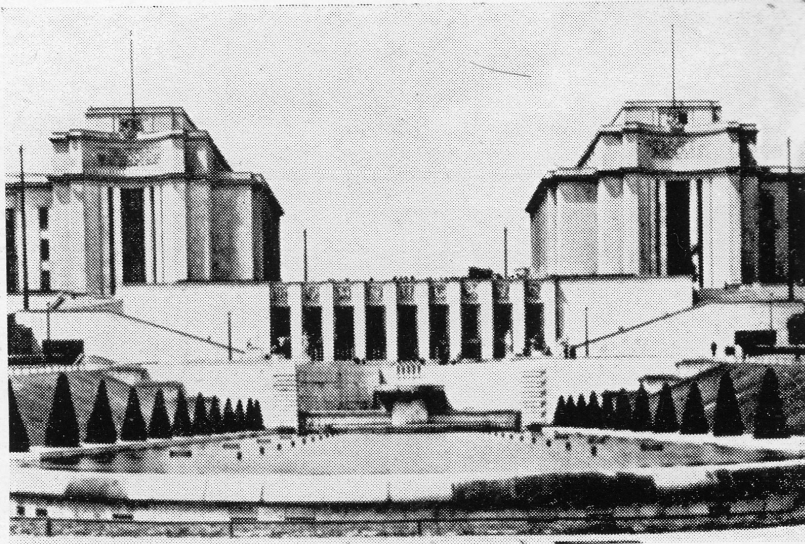
POETA. VI.



*[Photo by Mr. W. P. Cleland*

*Mr. R. McEwan, Headmaster, and Miss M. Brown, Secretary.*

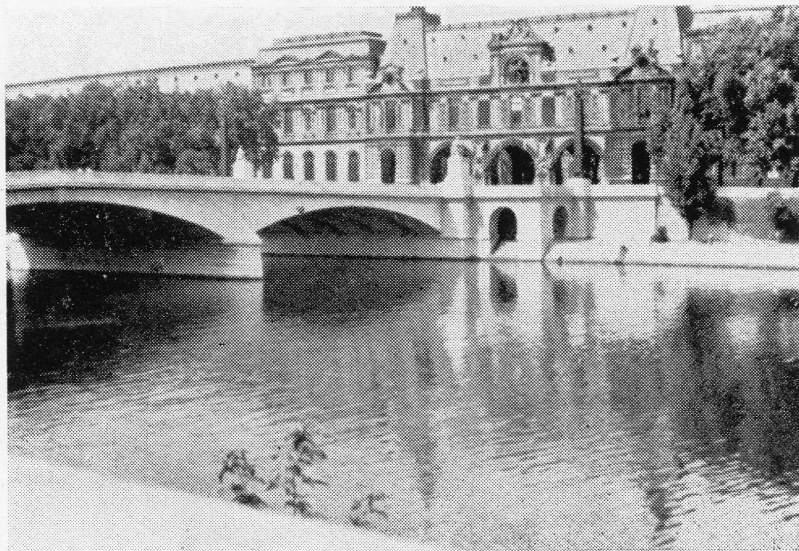




Souvenir de  
Paris.

1. Palais de  
    Chaillot.
2. Tour Eiffel.
3. Pont des  
    Arts

*Pictures by  
A. C. Lawrie, V.*



## Whitehill, 2000 A.D.

The year 2000 was momentous in the history of civilisation. It saw the beginning of Government by Machine, the setting up of the Ministry of Weather Control, and the establishment of the first colony on Venus. It also saw the taking over of schools by the Ministry of World Culture. Under the new Ministry, Whitehill School was drastically re-organised.

The entire staff was dismissed, and replaced by the new Electronic Robot Teachers, or "Erts" as they were called. The advantages of this change were obvious. While human teachers were fallible, and had different methods of teaching, the Erts taught in exactly the same way all over the world, and (what was even more important) taught exactly what the Ministry of World Culture decided they should. Moreover, while the human teacher had only two eyes and a limited range of vision, the Ert was equipped with photo-electric cells which permitted it to keep every member of its class under constant vigilance.

The curriculum of the school was altered too. Art, Music, History, and Literature were completely dropped, as it was found that these subjects developed individuality among the pupils. Military Drill replaced Physical Training, and lessons in Social Orthodoxy were taught in place of Religious Instruction. Languages, such as Latin, French, etc., were dropped in favour of Krato, the new international tongue.

Besides these there were many smaller changes. The school motto, "Altiora Peto," was changed to "Æquabilitatem Peto" —"I seek uniformity." The school name itself was altered to QZ23, and the bell was replaced by a siren which heralded each period with a grinding, tearing, screech of sound.

But apart from these there were still many old institutions kept going. There was the Debating Society, wherein pupils were allowed to discuss anything they wanted—except Religion, Politics, Art, Science, and History. The Teachers *versus* Pupils football match was kept on in the form of the Erts *versus* Pupils chess tournament, but as the Erts invariably won, this was dropped after 2009. The school magazine still came out every term, the only difference being that all the articles were written by journalists at the Glasgow Branch of the Ministry of World Culture. Strangely enough, it was necessary to maintain circulation by making the purchase compulsory.

What schoolchild, returning from a glorious day's education under the New System, would not thank his stars that he had not been born in the previous century, when the monster of individuality stalked among the schools, and Mechanised Instruction was unknown?

A. G. III 3.

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A. G. III 3.

## News of F.Ps.

Mr. Somerville, from his Craigmore fastness, must be stirring the cauldron auspiciously. Our history results at University provide a succulent brew. Robert Kernohan, last year's captain, is first in History Ordinary and carries off the Medley Memorial Prize. James Dott has Distinction in the same class, while Betty Easson has secured the M.A. Degree with Second Class Honours.

James Park is first in Spanish Ordinary, and Distinction goes to Robert Kernohan in English Ordinary and to Alex. Wales in Junior Honours English and in British History.

The M.A. Degree has also been gained by Catherine McLachlan and Nessie Erskine (Captain 1946-47), and by John Redmond, who has taken Second Class Honours in English. Kathleen Pryde (Captain 1945-46) has taken the degree of B.Sc. with Second Class Honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

At the Technical College, Helen Watson won Distinction in Mathematics.

In the more secular and less cloistered world, Jerry Fisher has hooked a trout to his liking as Convener of Co-ordination of the Fifth Centenary Committee. The Amateur Golf Championship kept us palpitating. What irony that at one stage Jim Wilson and Sam McKinlay should be opponents and that neither should reach the final!

An unusual distinction has come to Violet Crawford, of last year's Sixth. She is the only Scot in a party of four Girl Guides chosen from all Britain to spend some weeks in U.S.A. as guests of the American Guides. Violet is a Sea Ranger.

Two of our Former Pupils figure in the King's Birthday Honours. Eric Bowyer, Deputy Secretary of the Ministry of Supply, has been awarded the K.B.E., and Henry Fitzgerald, C.A., the O.B.E.

## Literary and Debating Society

The "Lit." this session has been reasonably successful and extremely learned—some members on occasion actually argued about "Metaphysics" and "Aesthetics," so perhaps some of our members listen to the Third Programme after all.

This session we invited the Third Year to our meetings and this venture proved very successful because the Third Year "children" rightly insisted on being both seen and heard.

No after-school activity such as the "Lit." could possibly be carried on without the help of our teachers. We in the "Lit." are very fortunate in that we have Mr. Scott as such a helper. To him and to all our other friends, from Guest Speakers to Mr. Kelly, we extend our humble thanks.

A. S. McG.



## Under the Editors' Table

Bells, you will be glad to know, are continually ringing. Simultaneously birds are singing; commonly, in the trees, accompanied by a breeze. The moon continues to shine in June.

These news flashes come to you from the poems submitted for this issue. From the same source we are happy to assure you that fairies are in season and that roses and chrysanthemums are flourishing, the former in a variety of colours, the latter in even greater variety of spellings.

Yes, you're at it again.

I must start with one effort that touched me deeply. D.W., II2, wrote of candle-snuffers once possessed by one James Oswald. This reference to my ancestor I found very moving. Otherwise, the article, though sound, lacked fire.

We had an outburst of alphabets. The study is no doubt overdue and will produce much fruit in due season, but I fear the Editors were mainly inclined to award raspberries. Not that the idea is bad, but that it is overworked. A pity, because some of them had merit. The nearest to publication came from B.G. and M.K., II8, but we could not persuade ourselves that "forlorn" was a satisfactory rhyme for "foriegn," even when we experimented with the spelling. Also, all the best lines were libellous.

XYZ, IV1, did not expect to be printed. XYZ was dead right.

Telephone: BRIDGETON 0739



# RUTHERFORDS

Hatters - Hosiers - Outfitters



364 Duke Street, Dennistoun

GLASGOW, E.I

FOR

Shirts Collars Ties  
Braces

Hats and Caps

Pyjamas Underwear  
Socks Scarves

Proprietor: R. M. CURRIE

S.A., II2, sent us a jubilant poem, every stanza beginning

As the rain beat down and the lightning flashed.

Attend to your rhythm, S.A., and you will go places.

We shall give you the last stanza from the poem of V.R.,  
P.4:

The moral of my story is,  
Always get up late,  
And ask the teacher in the class  
To hit you with a slate.

Our readers (if any) can busy themselves profitably by devising a story to fit the most remarkable moral we have ever met.

CONANS, III4, reveals a career we dare not print for fear of corrupting the youth, but we feel we can venture to give the closing passage:

The cultured type I then became:  
I read some English essays;  
But even though this caused great strain,  
It brought me no successes.

And then I found, to my surprise,  
Boys like you to be handy,  
So once again I'll have to change  
*My modus operandi.*

Near misses: H.B., II2; R.A., II2; G. T., II2; D.F., I2; M.N., P.4; M.P., P.4.

You were not numerous, but you were entertaining. Come again; if you are in the Upper School, come for the first time.

OSWALD THE OFFICE-BOY.

## My Dreams

As I sat in school one day  
I dreamt that I was far away  
Among the islands of one's dreams,  
Where goldfish darted in the streams,  
And tideless waters on the shore  
Lapped quietly; and as I tore  
Across the sands, the air turned cold,  
And I was back in days of old  
When pirates sailed the seven seas  
And plundered other ships with ease.  
Then all at once a mist came down,  
And rose—to show a sombre gown  
Before my face; its wearer glared,  
While I was feeling pretty scared . . .

What happened then I'll not relate,  
But wonderful dreams I'll always hate.

DREAMER. III 4.

# Key to V and VI Photographs

## BOYS

*Back Row:* A. Watson, A. Fletcher, D. Mathieson, R. White, C. Spratt, J. McKendrick, I. Skea, D. McIvor, A. Hodge, D. White, W. Donaldson.

*Second Back Row:* W. Crawford, I. Irwin, R. Lorimer, H. Reid, C. Robertson, I. Watson, C. Gray, W. Fleming, J. Hughes, L. Woodward, W. Gourlay.

*Second Front Row:* D. Park, G. Campbell, R. Cranston, J. Duthie, J. Springate, C. Gough, J. McBain, A. McGregor, A. Gordon, J. Allison, J. Dykes, A. Halliday.

*Front Row:* A. McInnes, G. Poston, M. Needleman, J. Muir (Captain), Mr. McEwan, H. Muir (Vice-Captain), K. Eadie, A. Brown, R. McConchie.

*Absent:* J. Cree, C. Lawrie, R. Black, J. McDaid, R. Hilley.

## GIRLS

*Back Row:* M. Graham, E. Dunn, L. Young, E. Wood, I. Russell, J. Grant.

*Second Back Row:* J. McCormack, E. McDonald, E. Rutherford, J. Semple, M. Bull, M. Ritchie, A. Marshall, M. Hamilton.

*Second Front Row:* J. McLaren, M. Coutts, V. Baird, S. Morgan, A. Howard, D. Smith, D. White, M. Urquhart, M. Brown.

*Front Row:* J. Campbell, I. Turner, I. Smith, J. D. Ronald (Captain), Mr. McEwan, A. Jarvie (Vice-Captain), C. Boyd, J. McCreath, J. McGrath.

*Absent:* M. Hodge.

## Sports Day

Although the day be dark and grey,  
We have no need of light,  
For night has now been changed to day  
By Craigend's mansion bright.

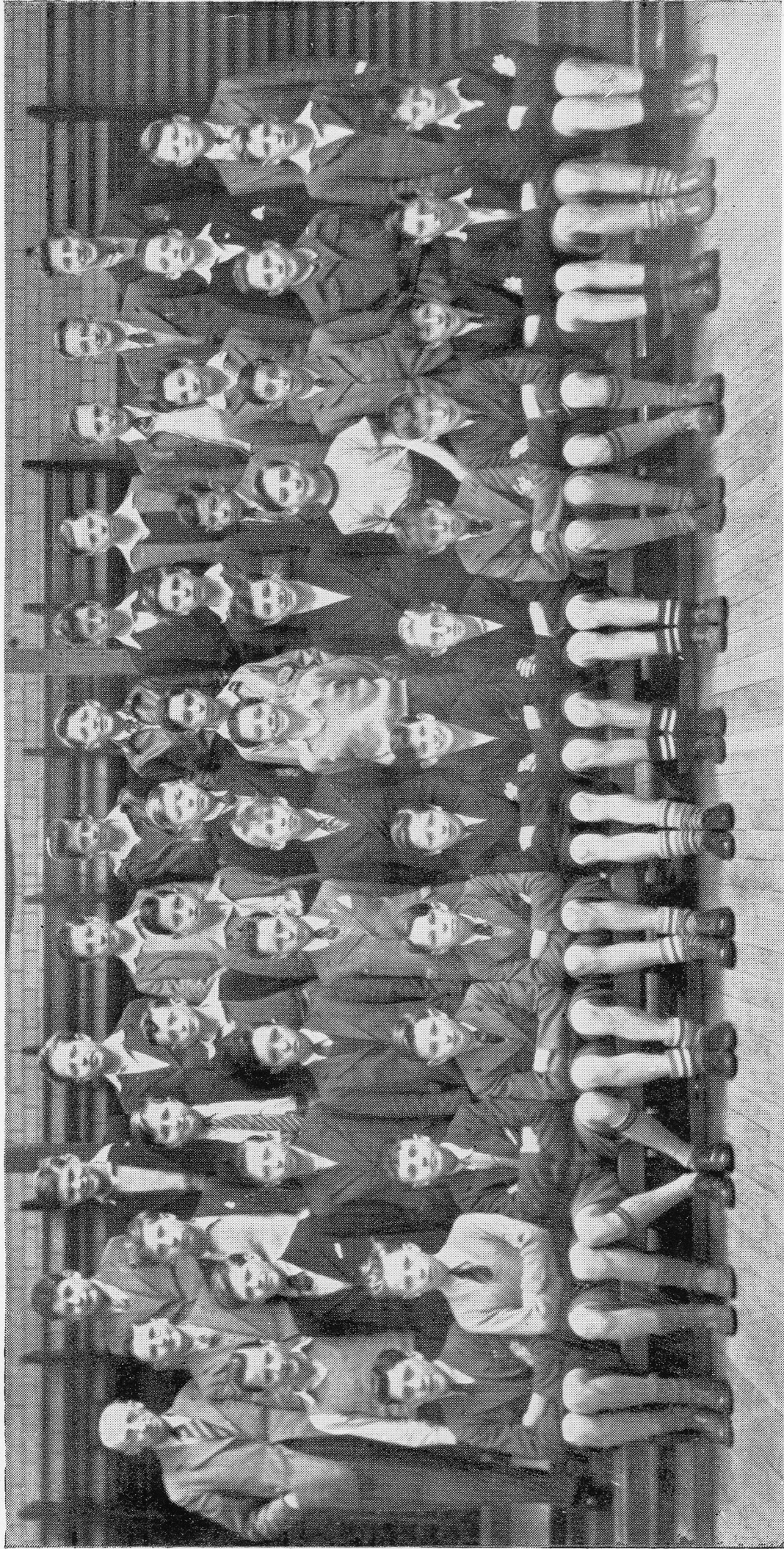
The teachers all have donned the kilt—  
I think they have great daring;  
If I had knees like some of these  
I would not give them airing.

See! Tall and handsome, deeply tanned,  
There's every lassie's day dream!  
Alas for Whitehill's girlish band  
It's the *other* school's relay team!

A puzzled parent asks his son,  
"Dear me, what can it be?"  
"It's just a Sixth Year girl in shorts,  
Not a natural oddity."

This day's the happiest of the year  
For those who run and those who cheer,  
Nor would I change the "Egg and Spoon"  
For a "Hundred Yards" by Blankers-Koen!

V. C. VI.



[Photo by Lawrie

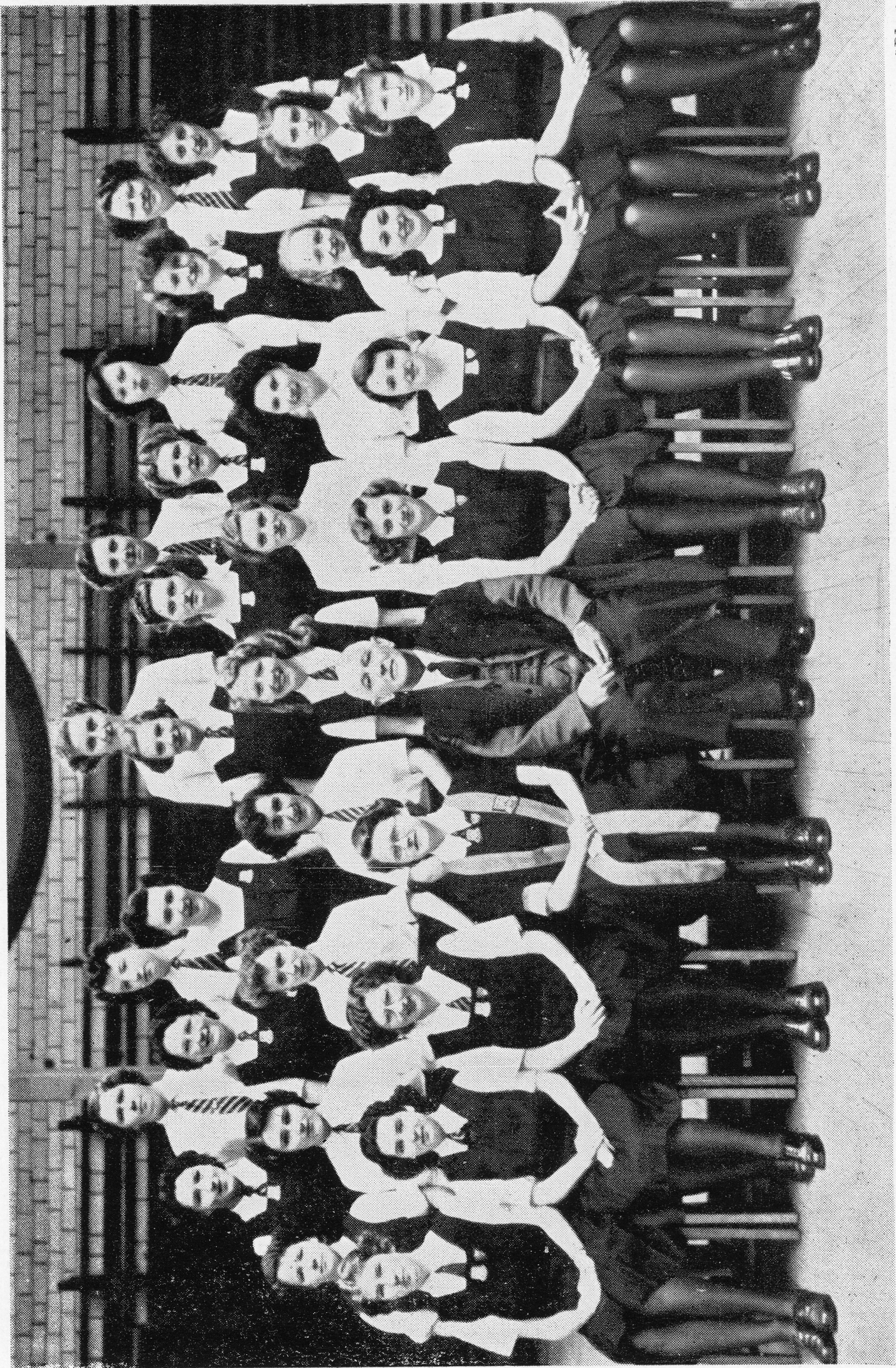
**BOYS' CHOIR.**  
Conductor: Mr. T. P. Fletcher.





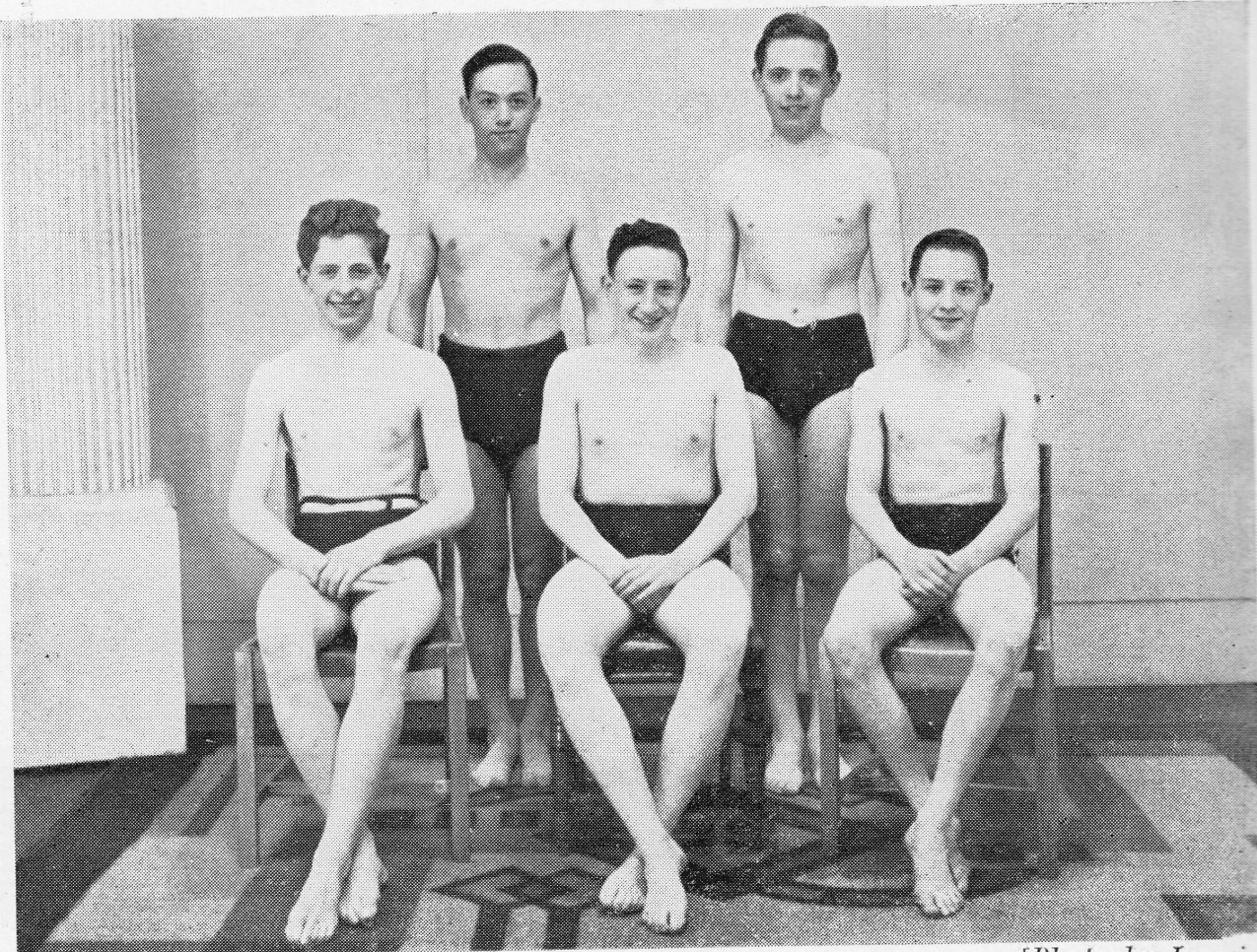
Photo by Laurie

FORMS V AND VI, BOYS.



[Photo t

FORMS V AND VI, GIRLS.



[Photo by Lawrie]

**SWIMMING TEAM.**

*Standing:* A. Russell, A. Cameron.

*Sitting:* I. Jamieson, A. McInnes, S. Durk.



O.W.S. "Weather Recorder."

## Early Morning in a Great City

The cloak of night has been lifted, and a cold, red glow behind the chimney-tops tells us that the sun has pierced the hazy morning, and is rising. All around us lies the bleak, hushed dawn, and down in the city the hollow echo of a labourer's footsteps against the grim, hard walls is evidence of the city uneasily stirring in its slumber. And then the squealing of a hurt cat tells us that the labourer was tired, too, and watched not where he went. A rattling wail, rising to a high scream, starts up somewhere in the suburbs, and a creaky tramcar trundles on its way to the city, carrying with it two decidedly sleepy transport employees. But the wail of the car has opened some unwilling eyes, and the city is aroused.

A thin trickle of punctual humanity emerges from railway and bus stations, all wondering why they have come so early, and vowing never to do so again. The grizzled street-sweeper plods on, cursing the carelessness of the city's inhabitants, and of humanity in general. He looks down. "What's this? A cigarette? Yes!" (two steady puffs). "Life isn't so bad after all," thinks the sweeper. "The kicks and the halfpence . . ."

But now the trickle is becoming a stream, and still growing—a stream of hurrying, impatient humanity. The newspaper boy shrieks forth the grisly news of a railway accident, and is besieged by a host of people, all wishing to read the unsavoury details. Remarks such as, "Damn Cripps," "We *should* go to Rio," "He should never have been playing," float around on the heads of the crowd, and are gone. The shutters of the shops are down, and the city's great commercial machine is going into action. Somewhere down in the milling throng two High School students make belated attempts to reach school, to the cries of, "Hold on, Clarence," "Per ardua Askey, and all that."

The great industrial giant now strides forth in grimy overalls, and the tall chimneys vomit forth their refuse to the sky. Already the characteristic ceiling is forming over the city.

Away in the distance the green hills present a pleasant contrast. God made the country, man made the town. But is that the whole story? Did not God make also the man who made the town? Beneath the pall, amidst the noise, are hearts as true and cheerful as anywhere on earth.

THE ORACLE. IV 1.

### Books

I love my books; they are the homes  
Of queens and fairies, knights and gnomes.  
Each book is like a city street,  
Along whose winding way I meet  
New friends and old, who laugh and sing,  
And take me off adventuring.

J. A. P. 4.

## Altiora

TIME: - - - Any forenoon, 10.45.

SCENE: - On and around the Hall Table.

Various intelligent-looking specimens of young man-and-womanhood are engaged in animated conversation. These, be it known, are the Fifth and Sixth. The sight of the élite in conference is no doubt familiar to the school, being, as it were, part of the landscape, but does the Average Pupil know how elevated is the intellectual tone of this assembly of talented adolescents? What was that? The Average Pupil is not interested? Nevertheless, he ought to know, for the sake of his own mental uplift and cultural enlightenment. Such scintillating wit must not pass unrecorded.



An Intellectual Young Gentleman is haranguing an Innocent Young Lady who is doing her best to swim with the flood of his eloquence.

INT. Y.G.: "Have you seen that new thing at the 'C—'?"

INN. Y.L.: "Well no——not yet, anyway. Of course I *must* make a point of going."

INT. Y.G.: "Actually, it's very good. It catches the Spirit of the Times, you know. Of course, the Critics were hard on it, but then they simply didn't understand the thing. Personally, I approve of it strongly. It is so *real* . . ."

Here a Poetic Looking Youth with the wild eye of the genuine Maker contributes a weighty question:—

P.L.Y.: “Ah, but what *is* Reality?”

INN. Y.L.: “I heard a *perfect* definition of Reality somewhere the other day” (musingly). “What was it again?”

INT. Y.G.: “Definitions are most misleading. True Art cannot be tied down by generalisations.”

INN. Y.L.: “Of course not!” (turning to a Young Man with a Tie). “Do you believe in Art for Art’s sake?”

Y.M. WITH T. (slowly): “Well, it depends. Now, look at Picasso——” He is interrupted by a True Blue Diehard Reactionary from the crowd.

T.B.D.R.: “No thanks! We want to preserve our sanity. Anyway, I’ve forgotten my sunglasses.”

P.L.Y.: “Down with the Tories!” (Sings) “We’ll keep the Red Flag flying!” (Dogmatically) “These base reactionaries are clogs in the wheel of Progress. They are blind to political truth, they——”

A VOICE: “What is Truth?”

INT. Y.G.: “Definitions are——”

I think this is where we came in. But you see what I mean of course? Uplift—mental elevation! You don’t? Well, never mind! You too may reach that level of intelligence some day—if you’re not careful!

PHILISTINE. VI.

## Beyond the Clouds

O what does lie beyond the clouds?  
What would we find if we roamed there?  
Glorious palaces, lakes of blue,  
And maybe a garden fair.

Often I wander in my dreams  
Over the hills and over the dales,  
Sailing ever onwards like  
A ship with billowing sails.

’Neath many an angry, stormy sky,  
And wild though beautiful moon I’d lie  
Listening—listening all night long  
To the tempest’s fearful song.

Happiness surely would be mine,  
All earthly cares would be forgot  
In that far-off land beyond the clouds  
Where we’ll rest when our battles are fought.

I. E. T. III 1.

## The Scripture Union

Meetings are still being held every Friday at 4.15 in Room 50. Attendances this session have been good, but there is room for many more members, especially from the upper school: so come and spend an enjoyable hour with us on Friday afternoons. We have a different speaker each week, and assure you of an interesting and profitable time.

M. M. W.

## The Ocean Weather Service

In September, 1946, an international conference was convened by the International Civil Aviation Organization (I.C.A.O.) which resulted in an agreement being signed by 10 countries to provide and maintain 13 weather ship stations in the North Atlantic Ocean. Of these 13 stations, Great Britain has two, Station "J" in Latitude 53.50 North, Longitude 18.40 West, and Station "I" in Latitude 60.00 North, Longitude 20.00 West. Of the remaining 11 stations, the United States maintains eight, one of the eight being shared with Canada. Norway, France, Belgium and the Netherlands maintain the other three stations.

The British Ocean Weather Service is administered by the Meteorological Office of the Air Ministry who have a Marine Superintendent at Harrow, Middlesex. The Shore Base at the Great Harbour, Greenock, is in charge of a Shore Captain.

The conversion of these ships from Flower Class corvettes to Ocean Weather Ships was carried out at H.M. Dockyards. A Weather Ship is only 200 feet long, and considerable ingenuity was required to accommodate the 52 officers and men to the standards required by the Ministry of Transport and leave all the space required by the vast technical equipment that these ships have to carry. The 12 officers are berthed in single cabins, the 17 petty officers in two-berth cabins, and the remainder of the crew in three-berth cabins.

To man these two stations, four ships are necessary. The first of these, the "Weather Observer," left the Port of London in September, 1947, on the first patrol. During the next few months the remaining three ships came into service.

The primary function of the Weather Ship, as the name implies, is to observe the weather. Surface observations are taken every three hours, upper air observations every six hours. This information is transmitted to the Central Forecasting Office, Dunstable, who plot the information together with hundreds of other reports, the result being the weather map. From this weather map the Meteorological Office issue their official weather forecast which you see in the daily papers and hear over the B.B.C.

In addition to weather observations, the Weather Ship acts as an aircraft control point for transatlantic aircraft. Air-

craft to and from the American continent report to the Weather Ship giving their position, course, and speed, and other details of their flight. The aircraft then receive the latest upper air information, a fix of their position by radar if within range, and any other meteorological or navigational information that they may require. Our beacon transmits so that the aircraft can take bearings of us and thus establish his position.

The 27 days out of Greenock of which 21 are spent on station are indeed very busy days. The Weather Ship is fitted out as an Air/Sea Rescue Ship, to render aid to aircraft or ships in distress. This involves continual practice and the boats and rubber dinghies are often in the water doing drills.

We collect plancton, minute fish organism which is bottled and sent to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. Comparisons are carried out between the various electronic aids to navigation and are sent to the Ministry of Transport and to the Admiralty.

We cannot work all the time; we have our recreations—the cinema, library, competitions, darts, and the radio, so that our off-duty hours can be quite pleasant.

So you can see that the Ocean Weather Ship is a busy little bee. In future editions of your magazine you will be able to read how each department carries out its job, how the work of one department affects the work of others, and how together they become an efficient unit.

Captain A. W. FORD,  
O.W.S. "Weather Recorder."

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## Junior Citizens' Theatre

It is always matter for surprise that so few Whitehill pupils take advantage of the opportunities given by the Junior Citizens' Theatre Society. For an annual subscription of 6d., members enjoy (a) two special matinee performances at 1/- each, and (b) all meetings organised by the Society, visits behind the scenes at the theatre, etc. The plays chosen are of a type to give good entertainment in themselves and to be of use to pupils following any normal school curriculum. This session's choice was—in Autumn, "The Rivals," and in Spring, "The Merchant of Venice." Membership is open to all pupils from Form III upwards.



## Rowing

The club would like to remind those boys entering the 4th Year that the club is open to all members of the Upper School. As there is only one crew at the moment we are hoping to start another in September.

Our crew, at present, is:—A. Halliday (bow), G. Taggart (two), R. Lorimer (three), G. Marshall (stroke) and W. McIntosh (cox). This crew is entering for the Glasgow Schools Championships, Jolly-Boat Class, on the 17th June, on the Clyde at 2 p.m.

Anyone wishing to join the club must see Mr. McPhail, or any member of the crew, as soon as possible as numbers must be limited.

G. T.

## A Midwinter Night's Dream

Mrs. Reid put another piece of coal on the fire and drew her chair in. She turned on the wireless to hear the 9 o'clock news, but before the news there was a police message—a convict had escaped from a nearby prison.

She looked around fearfully, for her husband was away from home on business and she was alone in the house. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Who could it be? What should she do? Slowly she made her way to the door and opened it. There, standing on the doorstep, was a masked man with a gun in his hand. He rudely pushed her aside and stepped into the room. "Sit down!" he commanded. Mrs. Reid obeyed, and sat petrified while he ransacked the room. He found where she kept her money and valuables and took the lot, including a gold locket which had been her mother's and which was very precious to her. When she saw him lift this she tried to snatch it from him, but he was too quick for her. He was about to strike her when——

Help came from an unexpected quarter. Mrs. Reid woke up.

H. R. P.5.

## There are Pirates at the Bottom of my Garden

The sun was shining brightly one spring evening. The apple blossom was in full bloom; the daffodils were still flowering, small green shoots were appearing in the vegetable garden, and from the lawn just outside the window came the pleasant smell of newly-cut grass. A peaceful scene indeed! But in the middle of it my small brother and three companions were contriving to shatter the calm. They were playing at "Pirates." They all had bright yellow turbans, evil-looking black cloaks, and vivid sashes through which were thrust wooden swords. Like all pirates they needed a boat, but that was no difficulty to them. They got to work with some old wood and constructed a square raft on the lawn which had now become some far-off sea, and soon set sail. One was punting with a broken clothes pole while another was paddling the grass away with a fence post. The two youngest were energetically "rowing" with cricket stumps.

After a while they sighted "land." With a wild whoop they plunged through the "water" and landed on the "island." They scrambled through the undergrowth of rasps and rhubarb, and came to a halt at the foot of a shady tree covered in apple blossom. Producing spades, they dug a large hole—excavating, in the process, quite a few newly planted seed potatoes. At last they threw aside their spades and pretended to heave out a huge cask of treasure. . . .

At this point my father entered the room and I transferred my attention to him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "These boys still playing at pirates! They've been at it for weeks, and I can't see what they find in it."

A few minutes later he was buried in his newspaper—so much so that when I asked him if there was any news he hardly heard me. When I repeated my question he at last laid down the paper and with a strange far-away look in his eyes he said, "It seems that at last they have actually located that Spanish galleon in Tobermory Bay."

I refrained from making the obvious comment—but I have recorded the facts here just to show that apparently we are all treasure hunters at heart, even Dad and the Duke of Argyll.

A. S. III 1.

## Our Climate

Because of the sun we cannot run,  
It is so hot to-day;  
I wish the sun were hidden,  
So that we could play.

Now there's the rain come on again,  
Though it's the month of May;  
I wish the rain would finish,  
So that we could play.

M. W. P.4.

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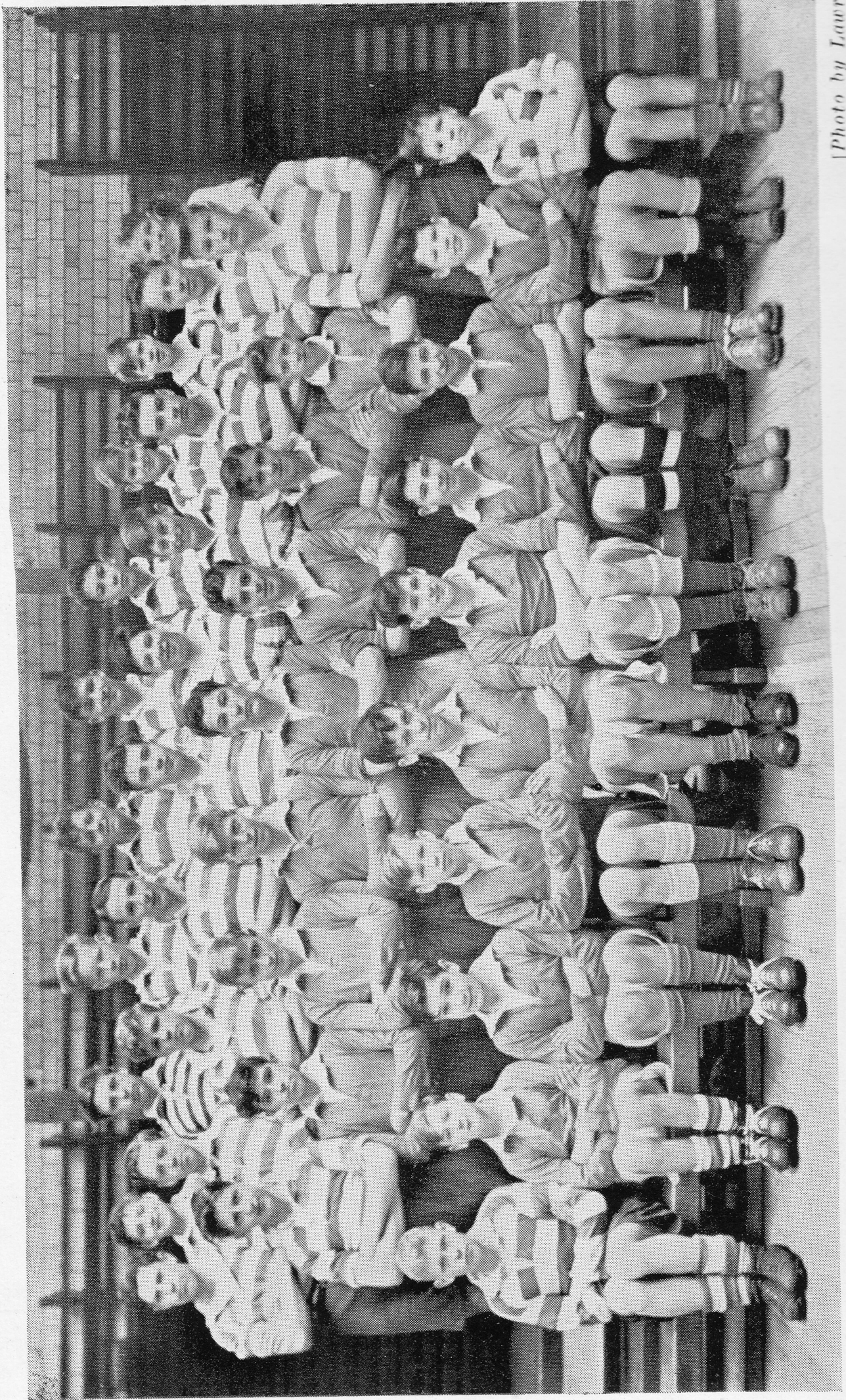
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M. W. P.4.



*Photo by Laurie*

**JUNIOR RUGBY GROUP.**

# THE SPORTS.

## SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

### BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—  
1 A. McGregor, 2 W. McIntyre, 3 R. Cresswell.  
200 Yards Flat—  
1 A. McGregor, 2 R. Cresswell, 3 W. McIntyre.  
880 Yards Flat—  
1 A. McGregor, 2 A. Gordon, 3 J. Falconer.  
High Jump—  
1 T. McNab, 2 J. Muir, 3 C. Lawrie.  
**Champion:** ALEXANDER S. MCGREGOR  
(21 points).

Long Jump—  
1 W. McIntyre, 2 (equal) A. McGregor, I. Springate.  
Shot Putt—  
1 C. Lawrie, 2 J. Walker, 3 I. Springate.  
Cricket Ball—  
1 C. Lawrie, 2 I. Springate, 3 D. Park.  
**Runner-up:** CRAWFORD LAWRIE (14 pts.)

### GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—  
1 A. Jarvie, 2 S. McCormack, 3 M. Willox.  
220 Yards Flat—  
1 A. Jarvie, 2 S. McCormack, 3 M. Willox.  
High Jump—  
1 R. Coutts, 2 J. Vassie, 3 A. Jarvie.  
**Champion:** ANN W. JARVIE (14 points).

Hockey Dribbling—  
1 B. Donaldson, 2 S. McCormack, 3 M. McKay.  
Netball Shooting—  
1 M. Bull, 2 A. Howard, 3 R. Coutts.  
**Runner-up:** SHEENA M. McCORMACK  
(12 points).

## JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

### BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—  
1 J. Lang, 2 R. Bennett, 3 I. Graham.  
220 Yards Flat—  
1 J. Lang, 2 I. Graham, 3 R. Bennett.  
440 Yards Flat—  
1 J. Lang, 2 R. Bennett, 3 W. Cochrane.  
High Jump—  
1 R. Bennett, 2 J. Lang, 3 J. McKenzie.  
**Champion:** JAMES LANG (30 points).

Long Jump—  
1 R. Bennett, 2 I. Graham, 3 J. Lang.  
Shot Putt—  
1 J. Quinn, 2 R. Bennett, 3 J. Lang.  
Cricket Ball—  
1 I. Graham, 2 J. Lang, 3 P. Miller.  
**Runner-up:** ROBERT BENNETT (26 points)

### GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—  
1 M. Steele, 2 E. Bell, 3 M. Murray.  
150 Yards Flat—  
1 E. Bell, 2 M. Steele, 3 M. Murray.  
Skipping Rope—  
1 M. Steele, 2 E. Bell, 3 E. Wilson.  
**Champion:** MARGARET STEELE (16 pts.).

High Jump—  
1 M. Mair, 2 S. Connell, 3 E. Campbell.  
Target Aiming—  
1 A. Noble, 2 N. Tolmie, 3 M. Donald.  
**Runner-up:** EVELYN BELL (14 points).

## OTHER EVENTS.

### BOYS.

880 Yards Open Handicap (McBriar Cup)—  
1 R. Cresswell, 2 W. Steel, 3 J. Falconer.  
Obstacle Race—  
1 G. Woolard, 2 G. Campbell, 3 S. Cowan.  
Slow Cycle Race—  
1 J. McKenzie, 2 G. Dick, 3 I. Dykes.  
Medley Race (under 15)—  
1 A. A'Hara, 2 R. Douglas, 3 E. Ferguson.  
Three-Legged (under 15)—  
1 J. Hagan and G. Scally.

Pillow Fight (under 15)—  
1 J. Henderson, 2 W. Aitken.  
100 Yards Flat (under 13)—  
1 G. Kelly, 2 G. Drysdale, 3 T. McNeil.  
Barrel Boxing (under 13)—  
1 A. Marshall, 2 T. Cox.  
Form II Relay—II 7.  
Form I Relay—I 5.  
Invitation Relay—Shawlands.

### GIRLS.

300 Yards Open Handicap (Bogle Cup)—  
1 M. Calvert, 2 I. McLean, 3 H. Morrison.  
Obstacle Race—  
1 M. McCallum, 2 B. Posnett, 3 R. Annandale.  
Sack Race—  
1 B. Posnett, 2 M. McCallum, 3 M. McKay.  
Three-Legged (over 15)—  
1 M. McKay and E. Smart.

Three-Legged (under 15)—  
1 D. Scott and I. Forsyth.  
75 Yards Flat (under 13)—  
1 M. Reid, 2 E. Pitt, 3 M. Jeffrey.  
Egg and Spoon (under 13)—  
1 G. Bruce, 2 E. Pitt, 3 C. Burns.  
Senior Relay—Forms V-VI.  
Form II Relay—II 1/2.  
Form I Relay—I 13.  
Invitation Relay—Shawlands.

Tug-of-War—Staff beat F.Ps.

## The Pirate's Song

I was once a pirate,  
And sailed the ocean blue,  
I plundered lots of gallant ships,  
And lots of men I slew.

One day when we were sailing,  
We fought with royalists;  
Some went for them with cutlasses  
While others used their fists.

The captain of the royal ship  
We then resolved to kill;  
We brought a cup of poison  
And made him drink his fill.

We sent the king a message  
Of thanks and gratitude  
For sending such rich laden ships,  
And plenty of good food.

T. S. II 2.

## Junior Red Cross Link 998

The Junior Red Cross still holds the interest of its members.



We have now acquired two large sacks in which to save silver paper. These are kept in Room 83, so please help to make them bulge by bringing in all the silver paper you can honestly lay your hands on. Used postage stamps are still being collected, but they are not yet numerous enough to bear comparison with the collection of other Units.

Entries from J.R.C. members for a competition to design a suitable Scottish Branch Christmas Card for 1950 are now being invited. The winner of the competition will receive Three Pounds and the runner-up Two Pounds. All entries should be handed to Miss Cameron as soon as possible (closing date, Friday, 30th June). All designs should have a strong Red Cross connection. They can be done in ink, water colour, or any other suitable medium, and can be symbolic or realistic in their motif.

## Exam Fright.

“Wee, sleekit, cowrin’, tim’rous beastie,  
Oh, what a panic’s in thy breastie!”  
This is me, I’m sad to say—  
Examinations start to-day.

Quaking, shaking in my shoes,  
Got Examination Blues;  
Worried, scared, and full of fear,  
For I’m only a “Prep,” not even First Year!

F. H. P. 4.

## Last Resort

In walks the master, distressed for the Mag.,  
"You'll have to do something, for articles lag."  
He hands out some foolscap, commands us, "Get working,  
And bring forth that genius in some corner lurking."

Out comes the pencil, the brain starts to grind,  
But, alas, nothing springs to this unfertile mind.  
The pencil end's chewed, but a substance like wood  
Does not constitute very digestible food.

The teacher strolls up and examines my prose—  
He brings down his eyebrows, he wrinkles his nose;  
So, although you complain that you always get too  
Much poetry, I'm sorry, it's all I can do.

UNINSPIRED. IV 1.

## In a Prefab.

The prefabs which are built in the Annexe field are not often visited by me, but on one occasion I had a very uncomfortable experience in one. One afternoon when our usual room had been taken by exams we had to go into a prefab. Unluckily for me I tried to escape the eagle eyes of the teacher, which have a quaint habit of resting on me, by sitting in the corner seat.

It was a cold, wet afternoon and as I happened to be near a radiator I was enjoying the prospects of at least one afternoon at school. Then just as I was settling down with a "Penny Dreadful," as some teachers call a comic, behind my text-book, I found that a slight drip of water was descending on the top of my ink-stained collar. It was annoying, and at last I decided to change seats with the boy who was seated next to me. In agonising silence I waited for the drip to come down on his collar—when I again felt that cold drip come once more on my own collar! I then decided to sit well back in my seat and so escape the perpetual drip. I think this is the first time I have ever managed to sit straight back in my seat for all the period.

A WEE DRIP. II.

## Chess

The season ended on Monday, 3rd April, after a very successful year in which three leagues were completed.

As the School Club were unable to enter a team in the Schools' Chess League, two friendly games were arranged with Victoria Drive School. In these games we drew at Victoria Drive and won at Whitehill by five games to three.

Next September it is hoped that there will be a good response from pupils to join the club.

G. B.

## Hockey

This term's matches, although not quite as successful as last term's, were nevertheless very enjoyable. We hope that next year's matches will show the continued improvement which has been noticeable this season. We would like to thank Miss Fisher, Miss Hay and Miss Tracy for their help and encouragement during the year, under all circumstances. Many of the 1st XI will be leaving school this year and we hope that those players who fill their places in the team will enjoy their hockey as much as we enjoyed ours.

B. McG.

## Football

The past season has been, in many ways, a successful one. The First XI did very well in the Glasgow and District Secondary Schools League and finished runners-up to St. Aloysius College in their section. It was, however, in the Scottish Secondary Schools Shield that they achieved their greatest success. In this competition they fought their way to the Final at Hampden, only to lose (0-2) to Our Lady's High School, Motherwell; but although defeated in goals they left the field with a greatly enhanced reputation by their magnificent display of courage with virtually only nine players.

The Second XI also finished runners-up in their section of the League, taking second place to St. Mungo's Academy.

In the Third Division, Section A, the Intermediate XI finished third; in the Intermediate Shield they went out in the first round to Irvine Royal Academy.

The First Elementary, after a very bad start, settled down after Christmas and finished strongly, having been undefeated since January.

In the case of the Second Elementary the results were rather poor, as they collected only 5 points during the season.

One team (under 14) is still engaged in the Pollok F.C. tournament. At the time of writing they have already beaten St. Gerard's and are now due to meet Govan in the next round.

We wish them the best of luck.

In the Post-Primary section the under 14 team reached the semi-final of the Crookston Cup, only to lose (1-2) to St. George's Road. The senior team (under 15) finished third in their league and were knocked out in the quarter-finals of the Glasgow Cup, again by St. George's Road.

Only one honour has come the way of the school this year—to D. White, who has been chosen to play for the S.S.F.A. v. Campbeltown Select.

J. M. H.

P.S.—The school avenged their defeat of last year by beating the Staff 2-0.



## Rugby.



Whether it was due to the cheers of our girl supporter(s) or the sight of Mr. McKean ageing, we do not know, but at least our 1st XV began to play much better towards the end of the season. This improvement can be shown by the fact that the team lost only two of its last seven games. The 1st XV finished the season with an unfortunate 3-0 loss to the not-so-old "Old Crocks."

The 2nd XV played well against hard opposition and this form augurs well for next season's 1st XV. Our bright boys as usual were the Junior teams which had successful seasons. What a pity so many of these boys leave school before they can reach the dizzy heights of 1st and 2nd XV's!

The Rugby Club would like to thank all members of the Staff who have given their time and services to make the past season so profitable and enjoyable.

H. J. M.

## Swimming

Since the last issue of the Magazine, few engagements of our swimming teams remain to be recorded, besides the results at the Glasgow Schools' Gala. These were:—

150 yards School Championship of Glasgow—3rd, Alan McInnes.  
Schools Relay Championship of Glasgow—2nd Whitehill Senior Team (Alan McInnes, V 2; Ian Jamieson, IV 5; Alan Cameron, IV 4; Alistair Russell, IV 2).

50 yards Championship (under 13)—2nd, Sidney Durk, I 5; 3rd, John Henderson, I 1.

50 yards Breast Stroke—3rd John Henderson, I 1.

The performance of Alan McInnes against two of the finest young swimmers in the West of Scotland was meritorious, and the feat of Durk and Henderson in the junior races brighten our hopes for the future. The senior team, beaten by Hillhead High School in the Glasgow Championship, avenged this defeat at the Hillhead Gala in Western Baths, winning the Schools' Relay in convincing manner.

In the Western District Championships recently our entrants, Sidney Durk, I 5, and John Henderson, I 1, carried our colours commendably, both reaching the semi-finals, and Sidney Durk taking 4th place in the final to be the first Glasgow boy home. Both these boys are still of age to swim in this race next year.

Life-Saving classes have not had the support of last year. This interesting and worth-while activity does not deserve the scant attention which boys of Whitehill pay because the work has to be done out of school hours. We only hope to see more enthusiasm next year.

### Latest Passes:

**Inter. and Elem.:** John Henderson, William Ross, Sidney Durk, Jack Wright, Tom Reid, James Shannon, Ian Donaldson, Ross Weir.

**Elem.:** Kenneth Simpson.

D. C.