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Whitehill School Magazine

Number 82

Summer, 1960



CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Editorial	5	Boys' Group (Photo.)	33
School Notes	7	History and Geography (Photo.)	34
Under the Editor's Table	11	We meet our Masters	35
Obituary	13	Judas	35
Nothing	13	Small ads.	36
Life in the Outback	14	1960 and All What?	36
The Cave of Smoo	15	Are You a Square?	37
Annual School Concert	15	Reverie	38
The Happiest Days?	16	C.E.W.C.	38
The Eagle	16	C.E.W.C. Conference	38
The Joys of Writing	17	Tennis (Photo.)	39
A Teacher	17	Cricket (Photo.)	40
Canadian View of Scotland	18	Golf (Photo.)	41
A Stay in Signapore	19	Badminton (Photo.)	42
Spring	19	Student Christian Movement	43
Passing thoughts	20	Scripture Union	43
Cool	20	Scottish Schoolboys' Club	44
Lost in Rome	21	Library	45
In the Future	22	Chess Club	45
Summertime	22	Ode to Knitting	46
Classics (Photo)	23	Solitude	46
Art (Photo)	24	Literary and Debating Society	47
Music, Commercial and Needlework (Photo.)	25	Former Pupils' Club	47
Physical Education (Photo.)	26	Tennis	47
Suspension and a Disc	27	Annual Sports	48
Australia	27	Football	49
Prize List	28	Badminton	51
The Deserted Cafe	30	Rugby	51
Prep Babes	30	Cricket	51
Sugar Island	30	Hockey	53
Captains (Photo.)	31	Swimming	53
Girls' Group (Photo.)	32	Golf	53



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EDITORIAL

Jokes, photos, and advertisements are things that you will see
 In this "The Mag." edition eighty-two,
 And if you look more closely we can even guarantee,
 You'll find some efforts written all by you.
 To choose the best of all this lot was not an easy task
 Although to some it simple did appear.
 Of those who criticise our taste all that we want to ask
 Is that they try this job themselves next year.

Our thanks to those who helped us and who were our strength and
 guide.
 In giving you our literary best,
 Our friends on the committee and the advertising side,
 Miss Garvan, Mr. Wyatt and the rest.
 We must admit we have enjoyed the work that we have done
 In editing this magazine for you,
 At times it was quite strenuous but on the whole good fun
 We hope that our successors think so too!
 We will not pass this way again so all that's left to say
 Is that we hope this magazine will sell.
 We'll think of those we leave behind as we go on our way
 And wish you all a fond and last farewell.

THE EDITORS.

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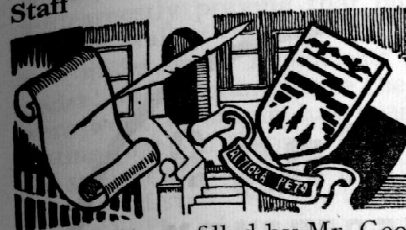
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SCHOOL NOTES

Staff



We have our usual list of Staff changes to record but happily not such a lengthy one as some in the recent past. Mr Ian B. Macpherson left for Lenzie Academy at the beginning of February. His place in the Science Department has been filled by Mr. George D. Maxwell who came to us from that shrine venerated by all golfers and the deputy Headmaster—St. Andrews. Early in March we were saddened by the sudden death of Miss Mowat of the Homecraft department. We make a fuller reference to Miss Mowat on page 13. Mrs. Annie M. Gibson has filled the vacancy in the Homecraft department for the time being. More recently Mr. Furst of the Mathematics department was promoted Principal Teacher of Mathematics, Calder Street Secondary School. While Mr. Furst had been but briefly with us he had impressed us by his sterling worth. Whitehill wishes him every success in his new appointment. No permanent replacement is as yet available, but once again a retired headmaster, Mr. John Dorrian, is helping us temporarily out of our difficulties and we are very grateful. Miss Lydia Shulman who deputised for Miss Watt of the Modern Languages department during her serious illness was whisked away to King's Park Secondary. Because of our swelling roll and the high incidence of Staff illness we have recently received welcome additions to Staff in Miss Isobel S. Grierson (Classics), Mr. George M. Hardie (Art), Mrs. Moira E. McNicol (Music), and Mrs. Ann Y. McCargow (Modern Languages). For our two Transitional classes, housed in our Wellpark Annexe, we have Mr. Hugh Gibson and Miss Morven C. S. Cameron—both well-known to Whitehillians. To all who have left us we say good-bye and good luck: to those who have joined us we say welcome to Whitehill. We hope your stay with us will be a happy one.

General

After over 23 years faithful service Mr. Alexander McLachlan our groundsman at Craighend retired at the beginning of the year. An excellent response particularly from School itself and from the Dinner Club, enabled us to hand over a very substantial cheque to "Mr. and Mrs. Mac" as a token of our respect and good wishes. Mr. McLachlan, now happily recovering after a longish spell in hospital, has settled in East Kilbride and we trust that he and his wife be long spared to enjoy the beauties of Glasgow's new garden suburb. Replacing 'Mr. Mac' was no easy task but we think we have found a most worthy successor in Mr. Robert Collie who is now installed as our new groundsman. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Collie most warmly.

Our rebuilding programme is under way. Such antiques as the

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wooden ramps at the Annexe have now been replaced (but not, of course, the Annexe itself). Those of us with a feeling for the past are earnestly praying that our cat-burglar training equipment on the east wall of the upper gym does not suffer in the reconstruction now under way. Iconoclasts have been at work elsewhere in our midst; the rostrum where the feet of the immortal 'Pi' Stevenson were wont to stamp has been ruthlessly ejected from its age-old resting place in Room 41. The hallowed wood is, we understand, the subject of negotiations on the part of an archaeologically minded member of staff. It may be that a rash of 'Pi' book-ends will duly appear! The electricians are still with us, long after we had expected to be clear of them. As a natural corollary the painters are NOT with us long after we had expected to welcome them.

We were saddened by the news of the death of three former members of Staff, Mr. Peter Garden (formerly Principal Teacher of Commercial Subjects), Mr. Clark Hendry (formerly of Modern Languages) and Mr. A. Cameron Somerville (formerly Principal Teacher of History). To their relatives, School would express its deepest sympathy in their, and our, sad loss.

Present Pupils

For the honour they have brought to the School we congratulate the following pupils of whose successes we have heard:—

George Neilson who in December, 1959, was awarded the Toastmasters' Club Cup for public speaking in competition with boys from all Glasgow Schools, including the fee-paying ones—an excellent performance. George Neilson is also to be congratulated on being awarded a Rhodes travelling Scholarship to Canada this summer—one of eight Glasgow boys so honoured.

Ruth Birnie, Jean Browning and Iris Greenock won Senior Certificates in the most recent Dickens essay competition, while Jack Lyttle, Ian McKinnon, Grace Pettigrew, and Cecilia Roulston gained Junior Certificates.

Robert McLeish in this year's Glasgow Musical Festival won the Intermediate Piano Solo Class. (F.P.'s Martha Whitehouse and Thomas Robertson distinguished themselves in the Soprano and Baritone classes at this same festival).

Marjory King of Form V in the Dutch week Essay Competition won the first prize for Senior girls in Glasgow—a trip to Holland. In the same competition Stephen A. C. Scobie of Form V won a Senior book prize, while Junior book prizes were won by Robert McLeish and Eileen Loudfoot.

Former Pupils

Former Whitehillians seem still to be shy of telling us about their successes and activities. By dint of considerable research we have gathered the following information, recognising of course that the whole story has by no means been told.

Pride of place must go to Mrs. Jean Roberts who has been awarded the highest honour that Glasgow can bestow and becomes

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Another Corporation appointment has recently come to a Whitehill F.P.—this one of a more permanent nature. Mr. F. D. Colquhoun has been appointed a Town Clerk Depute.

As far as we can gather Whitehill has sent its first entrant to the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst—John M. Edgar. John had a most successful term at the Army's Welbeck College, passing out with the Shield of Honour for his year.

The Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship, Mr. John A. Mack, has been appointed Director of Glasgow University School of Social Study, a notable and well-deserved promotion for Mr. Mack.

Mr. Andrew J. Scobie, already an Honours Graduate in History, was licensed as a minister by the Presbytery of Glasgow.

Dr. Wright, the eminent heart specialist in charge of cardiology at the Royal Infirmary since 1928, has been appointed a Director of George Outram, Ltd.

Whitehill's present Woman Adviser, and an F.P., Miss M. S. Hutchison, has been awarded a Walter Hines Page travelling Scholarship involving a stay of some weeks in the United States.

At the Royal Infirmary training school prizegiving the Sir William Macewen prize for proficiency in Surgical Nursing was won by Moira J. Muir, a former School Captain,

To all of those people who have added lustre to the reputation of Whitehill we offer our warmest congratulations. School is proud of you.

UNDER THE EDITOR'S TABLE



Amid a shower of ink, paper, and cold tea-leaves descending from the heights of the Editors' table, we greet you once more, Readers. Separating the paper from the ink and tea-leaves, we find forty-three gems of Whitehill literary merit (???)

The Transition classes were particularly well represented, and J. McF., T.2, had a near miss with "Wee Preps". V2, IF2, and IILD also provided us with an abundance of material. The "three J's" of III FD furnished us with some amusement, but there was no room for their library, even including such books as "Can you write a book?" by I. Cant.

Just at the last moment, when we thought that all the remaining articles had been accepted, one more article came floating gaily down from J. L., III C, entitled "Ten Little Schoolgirls." How near it must have come!

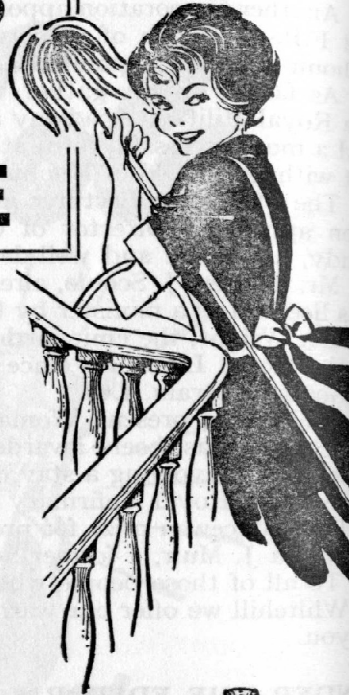
But what happened to our noble comrades in ye olde VIth form? They had a rather poor representation.

Next year, we hope to have the pleasure of lighting our fires with many more of your articles. Coal is very expensive, so please contribute generously!

Oswald the Office-Boy.

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DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

OBITUARY

It is with regret that we record the death of ex-Bailie Matthew Armstrong on 29th May, at the age of 94.

Born in the East-End of the city and educated at the old Bluevale School. Mr. Armstrong built up the wholesale warehouse firm of Matthew Armstrong Ltd. For many years he represented Dennistoun Ward in the town council and had a particular interest in housing, child welfare and health.

Mr. Armstrong was a generous benefactor to the School over very many years and he frequently attended Whitehill functions, appearing at one even as recently as two years ago. Only two days before his death, he was in contact with the Headmaster.

His name has appeared over the years in each Summer Issue of our Magazine, in the Prize List, where the prizes awarded to the School Captains are the "Bailie Matthew Armstrong Prizes for Leadership."

MISS HELEN S. D. MOWAT

It is with regret that we have to record the untimely death of Miss Helen Mowat on 17th March, 1960.

The tragic suddenness of her passing was a shock to us all.

For eleven years she taught in the Homecraft Department. At all times she demanded a high standard; the work of her pupils was impressive and a testimony to the quality of Miss Mowat's teaching.

M.N.

NOTHING, by Nobody

There are many who would suggest that anyone who embarked upon such a subject would have precisely "nothing" in their heads. If you have already begun to read this article, we suggest you leave off immediately; for anyone who would read about "nothing" cannot be very well-equipped mentally.

As we assume that the above warning will have scared off any potential reader, we will now continue to write about the subject in a way which amuses us without having to bother about maintaining a reader's interest.

Nothing is a commodity which most of us have in abundance (more particularly between our ears). Old Mother Hubbard had it in her cupboard (her dog presumably had it in his stomach); Lady Godiva wore it; one of our number achieved it in her last maths exam.; doughnut manufacturers put it in the middle of their doughnuts (at a very great expense, we are led to believe). So, as you can see, this is a very versatile material.

If, despite the warning and the aspersions cast about your intelligence, you have thus far perused our argument, may we suggest that you inform your neighbour that you are reading about "nothing" and kindly report to us the comments he makes and we will use these for our next year's article.

J.Y., E.K., V.

LIFE IN THE OUTBACK

Life in the outback of Australia is very different from life in dirty, crowded Glasgow. So different is it that it is difficult for the city-dweller to understand just how everyday life is carried on.

Neighbours, instead of being a few hundred yards away, may be about twenty miles. Nothing can be seen for miles around; nothing, that is, except rolling red plains and the tall grey-green gums. Sometimes a flock of sheep or a herd of wild horses breaks the smooth horizon.

The further one travels from the towns, the more rugged and barren the landscape becomes.

Let us relive a day on a sheep station. The day begins very early, about four o'clock, when the sun has not yet risen. After a large breakfast, the men set out on their day's work. They may have to ride many miles in one day, perhaps to check boundary fences or to attend to lambing. Back at the homestead, there is much to be done, poultry to be fed, cows to be milked and, of course, all the normal household chores.

At about mid-day, when the sun has risen high and hot in the sky, the men are glad of a rest under the shade of a pepper tree beside a creek. Pepper trees provide much more shade than the native gums. Sandwiches and tea or beer constitutes the meal, and once again work begins. In the afternoons, short in contrast with the long mornings, perhaps the sheep are dipped. This is still done by an effective but primitive method. The sheep are herded into a pen and pushed and prodded along a lane and eventually are tripped and fall protesting into the dip. When the shearers come, there is much for the men to do. Rounding up the sheep is indeed an arduous and exacting task. Shearing is a highly skilled job and the men who work on the station cannot perform this, the most important part of the trade of Australia.

Another aspect of life, perhaps more interesting to the readers of this magazine, is education. Boys and girls are taught at separate schools, although the schools may be under the same name and in the same grounds. For example, I went to a school called "Woonona Girls' School" while my brother went to the same school but it was called "Woonona Boys' School." Many of those who came from quite a distance came on horseback, many bareback. Of the boys who walked to school, about ninety per cent wore no shoes or socks. A boy who wore shoes was thought to be a weakling.

The girls were not allowed to go barefoot but as soon as I arrived home from school, shoes and socks were discarded and I roamed barefoot. Can you imagine my mother's dismay to find her son wearing shoes only on Sundays and returning after Sunday School with shoes and socks in his hand and her daughter wearing shoes to school only because she was compelled to by the head mistress? Sandwiches were eaten at mid-day under the trees in the school playground, except when it was raining, when we had our lunch in our classrooms.

Most aspects of life are very different and it takes one a good time to settle. The Australians are wary of newcomers but are very friendly when they at last come to acceptance.

I would not have missed my experience for anything but it is indeed good to be back in my native Scotland.

M.C., V 3.

THE CAVE OF SMOO

Last summer, I stood on a pebbly beach on the Atlantic coast at the roof of Scotland. In front of me was one of the most spectacular and widely-known caves in all Scotland—the great Smoo Cave (from the Gaelic word "largest"), situated about a mile east of the village of Durness.

Just beside the main road from Durness to Loch Eriboll, the Smoo Burn suddenly cascades down into a dark hole in the earth, known as the "Chimney of Smoo." In the cave itself there are three caverns, each a massive monument to the work of the Creator.

Although I myself did not have either the time or the means to enter these caverns, I did see the vast entrance, with its great centre column, dwarfing all who looked at it. It seemed like a huge mouth, as indeed it is—the mouth to a great cavern 90 feet high, 203 feet long and 120 feet broad. The second cavern is roughly 70 feet high and about 30 feet broad. The third grotto stretches about 120 feet farther into the darkness. The second chamber is covered in water, for here it is that the Smoo Burn thunders down into the cave, finally emerging placidly (indeed when I was there a mere small burn) into the Atlantic. The whole is a magnificent and awe-inspiring sight.

Standing there before this mighty natural phenomenon, I felt once more the puniness and futility of man. Here, alone with this work of the Creator, one finds oneself nearer to the Creator. Sir Walter Scott said of this place, "the loneliness loaded my heart." Here the smallness and unimportance of Mankind seemed very near to mine.

But yet there is more to this whole matter. For God has given to us poor, puny mortals something greater even than the natural beauty and awesome splendour of the Cave of Smoo. He has given us life—the most precious gift of all. How are we to use that gift? Is our life to be full of the vain, empty splendour of the waterfall in the Smoo Cave, ending in an insignificant trickle into the vast ocean of obscurity and death? Or can our lives be something better, something deeper, something lasting, something holy? They can, you know. Let us pray that they will.

S.S., V.

ANNUAL SCHOOL CONCERT

The Concert will be given
in the hall of Lightburn School, Carntyne Road,
on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 22nd, 23rd and 24th June, 1960.
Plays, Sketches, Choirs, Soloists.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS?

The alarm-clock rings shrilly in your ear. It's time to get up. Another school-day awaits you. Stretching yourself, you fling out your arms and lazily watch the clock crash to the floor. Watch-maker's bills are rather a drag on your pocket money, and with this cheerful thought in mind you pull yourself out of bed.

You safely reach a standing position, take several quick steps, catch your foot on the rug, bang your head on a corner of the door and, as you lie stretched out on the floor, you wonder if it's really worth while going to school.

However, your firm willpower reasserts itself and you finally reach the breakfast table. This meal is completed with remarkably few mishaps, the only slight trouble being when you pour the milk into the sugar-bowl and accidentally drop your boiled egg into your cup of tea. After drinking this tea (which has the decided flavour of a little lion) and eating your egg (which must have been laid by a hen on a tea plantation), you ask yourself, "Would it not have been wiser to stay in bed?"

You rise from the table, bang your knee on the chair, and cheerfully give the obstruction a savage kick. Nursing a bruised toe, you collapse on the sofa.

Eventually you reach the front door, open it and, as you crush your way through spilt milk and broken bottles, you remind yourself to tell the milkman to leave the bottles at the side of the door instead of in front of it.

By some miracle, you reach the bus stop in one piece and a queue forms behind you. Finally a bus is sighted—your bus. It draws up to the stop. There is a mad rush to get on it but the bus soon pulls away, leaving you, clothes torn and dishevelled, alone at the stop. Five buses and twenty-five bruises later, you manage to board a bus. A hundred yards farther on, the bus has a mechanical breakdown. You are having a nervous breakdown.

At long last you reach the school, find the gate shut and the school deserted. As a dreadful thought strikes you, you kick your school-bag up and down the pavement before remembering your lunch is in it. You have just remembered to-day is a school-holiday! Your morning ordeal has been in vain. School days are reputed to be the happiest days of your life, but after a similar experience every morning, the rest of the day could be nothing else but happier.

J.C., VI.

THE EAGLE

From the mountains cold and grey
Swoops the eagle on its prey,
With outstretched wings it swoops and glides,
Soaring past the mountain sides.

Back to the mountains cold and dreary
Flies the eagle to the eyrie.
The eaglets' hunger the great bird fills
With a tender rabbit from the hills.

M.M., I F2.

THE JOYS OF WRITING

I gazed and gazed with little thought

Upon my paper white,

And though I tore out half my hair

I found no wit to write.

How Milton wrote his "Lycidas,"

How Chaucer made a hit,

How Shakespeare penned a pleasing play

And made the scenes to fit—

I do not know; but this I know

When now I am sore pressed,

I envy every man of them

Who got it off his chest.

B.M.D., III LD.

A TEACHER

A teacher is a person of uncertain temper, with a propensity for dealing out impositions and exercises.

They are petulant, temperamental, stubborn, insatiable, demanding, savage, facetious, tyrannical, barbarous, and sometimes, if one tries hard, infinitely patient.

They can be, and are, fat, thin, small or large. They all crack jokes and make puns at which it is wise to laugh. They wear an extraordinary variety of clothes, drive cars of extraordinary varieties of makes, vintages and hues, adopt hair-styles peculiar to their dispositions (one aesthetic gentleman is suspected of using a curler), have chalky fingers and endearing personalities.

They should be humoured, cajoled, occasionally ignored, tolerated with polite resignation and, last but not least, obeyed.

Finally, although inhuman and a complete nuisance, they are indispensable.

B.M.D., III LD.



CANADIAN VIEW OF SCOTLAND

Now that I have nearly completed my exchange year, I would like to recall some of the things that have made my visit to Scotland memorable.

One of the things that impressed me when I first arrived was the density of population in Glasgow. True, I come from a rural community, but I live only thirty miles from the third largest city in Canada. Vancouver's population, however, is only 659,000 and this is spread over a wide area. As most of the people live in self-contained homes, each on its own plot of ground. With the lack of tenement living, people are not so concentrated in one area. So I was not accustomed to seeing such masses of people on the streets as one sees here on a Saturday afternoon.

Various aspects of life here have interested me because they are different. The many chimneys on the tenement buildings caught my attention. Most of our buildings have only one large chimney. This, of course, is an indication of the different method of heating, our rooms being heated usually from a central furnace, yours by separate fireplaces. We often have a fireplace in the living-room because we like its cheerfulness and when we do have one, it is large, to accommodate the logs which we burn instead of coal. I was intrigued by the coalmen going about calling in their inimitable way up the closes, then delivering their ware sack by sack upon their backs. I was amazed at the numbers of buses required to transport the public each day. I was fascinated by the great variety of sweets (candy to us) sold in the shops here. But I scarcely notice these differences now and can speak of lorries and petrol and the boot of the car without having to think twice.

My young son and I have loved your country as we have driven about it. In Canada, distances are great and roads are only a means of getting quickly from one place to another. Here, the roads themselves are scenic with their twistings and turnings, their ups and downs. And round each bend, some new vista opens up—a loch, a glen, a neat stone village with its church spire, or a moor with its heather and sheep.

The school year has proved interesting. The regular weekly church service is a new feature to me and I have been impressed with the sincerity with which the students worship. I think I shall never forget the Christmas Choral Service. At assemblies such as this, I have found the school uniform very impressive. But I have to hold it partially responsible for my taking so long this year to learn the names of pupils. At home, I am assisted by knowing, for instance, that Teddy is the boy in the red sweater.

Not the least of the values of this exchange year is the opportunity it has afforded for travel. We in Canada are a long distance from Europe, and especially is this true of British Columbians. So I feel I am very fortunate to have seen something of life in several countries. We travelled from Vancouver through the Panama and called at Trinidad and Madeira en route to Southampton. Last summer we visited Norway and Denmark and just at Easter, we

travelled from Belgium as far south as Northern Italy, then home through Germany and Holland.

I am sorry I have not been able to get to know more of you better but Whitehill is a large school, about three times as large as Aldergrove High and each person moves in his own circle. Nevertheless, I have been constantly aware of the friendliness of both staff and pupils and am grateful to you all for making my stay so enjoyable. I know now why anyone who has been on exchange is anxious to come again. I doubt that I shall ever have a chance to repeat the experience but I shall certainly relive it many times in retrospect. And with the help of the many pictures I have taken, I hope I can make it live too for my colleagues and classes back in Aldergrove. Thank you, Whitehill, for these memories we shall treasure.

N.B.R.

A STAY IN SINGAPORE

I stayed in Singapore for two years, as my father had been "posted" out there. We travelled in a four-engined plane. We passed through many places, such as Karachi and Bangkok.

It was dark when we arrived and we saw some beautifully coloured lights from the plane.

After we had touched land, we went through the customs and then went home. When we arrived the Amok (which is the word for a maid) greeted us. Soon after, she left and we went to bed.

Next morning we went round the place to see what it was like. In the afternoon we went to the Tiger Balm Gardens, where you see statues of how the Chinese treated people in the olden days. There were still many places to go to such as the Rubber Plantations and many other beautiful sights.

A fortnight later we started school, but we only had to go in the morning because it was too hot in the afternoon and the naval school was sixteen miles away.

There is one animal which is very funny and that is the Chit Chat. If you touch its tail it will fall off and shortly it will grow again.

My experience in Singapore is one I shall never forget.

J.S., I F6.

SPRING

I roam through the meadows, so pleasant and green,
And gaze at the birds, and then pass on unseen.
The chaffinch is busily building its nest,
And all of its skill's being put to the test.

The clear babbling brook whispers songs to the air,
The fox sees the sun and returns to its lair.
Small buds are appearing on hedges and trees,
And music is wafting along on the breeze.

M.B., I F2.

PASSING THOUGHTS

Maths. Is rot.
That's plain, is't not?
So I can't see
Why I should be
Constantly Compelled
To do
Sums 'bout which
I haven't a clue,
Sums which get
Me all harassed,
But this exam.—
Surprise—I passed!

N.W., IV 6.

COOL

One night last week I went to the "Cool Cats Club." I was not sure of the procedure in asking a young lady to dance, so I stood at the side and watched the techniques. I noticed that there were three types of person there and each had a different technique.

First, there is the talkative type. He strolls over and says, "You dancin'?"

SHE—"You askin'?"

HE—"I'm askin'."

SHE—"I'm dancin'."

He then walks away with her, feeling pleased because he has found a partner with the same great powers of speech as himself.

Then there is the not so talkative person. He walks towards the girl, nods his head at her, then mumbles, "Ferrup?", to which the appropriate reply is "Yup!"

Last comes the silent type. He ambles very slowly forwards, looks at his victim from head to toe, then back to her head again. Then, with a quick movement of his head towards the dance floor, he walks away, with the girl following close behind.

Deciding I wasn't one of these types, I thought it best to go home and watch T.V.

J.S., V.



LOST IN ROME

A crowd of about thirty surged forward as the tram came to a screeching halt. Pushing and shouting followed as the automatic doors opened. Lorna and I had just got on when the doors shut behind us. Panic seized us when we realised that we were the only two of our party who had managed to board the tram. There we were in Rome, on an Italian tram, surrounded by what seemed hundreds of garlic-smelling Italians, and with no idea how to reach the hostel in which we were living during our four-day stay in this romantic city, Rome.

Unlike the trams here in Glasgow, the Italian trams are never full up and at every stop more and more people are allowed to get on. I resolved there and then never to complain about the Corporation transport again.

Thinking that we recognised various buildings which we were whizzing past, we decided to stay on and make our own way back to the hostel.

"Terminus," the conductor shouted, "Finito." Although not familiar with the Italian tongue, we gathered that we were at the terminus.

We wandered about for what seemed ages, desperately looking for other stray members of the party but, alas, without success. The streets began to get busier and busier with office-workers making their way home after a day's work. Tearfully, we approached a policeman, repeating the place of our destination and not very sure at that if we were pronouncing it properly.

"*Si, si, Via Sacramento,*" said this immaculate policeman, who looked very different from the Glasgow constable. He was dressed in a dazzling white suit with matching helmet and pointed shoes.

"Yes, er—*si, si!*" we answered fervently.

He then proceeded to go through a little pocket-book and then, having found what he had been looking for, he talked away in Italian, although we had more than once told him we did not "*parlare Italiano.*"

Finally, it seemed to dawn on him for he produced a pen and drew a rough sketch of a bus, with number "23" written on it.

He then escorted us to the bus-stop and, with a charming bow, left us.

As we were being tussled to and fro on the 23 bus, I caught sight of a boy wearing a Whitehill blazer. Never had Lorna or I been so pleased to see the blue and white badge, and with spirits much lightened, we struggled through the standing passengers towards him.

After a pleasant meal, we found that our afternoon escapade had been really very amusing.

D.McK., V 2,

" IN THE FUTURE "

Rather soon, yes, all too soon,
 At the very end of June,
 There'll be tears in all our eyes,
 And you'll hear our wailing cries.
 Then we'll actually be leaving,
 No-one but ourselves deceiving,
 For we're really rather sad,
 While pretending to be glad.

We have been here five long years,
 Fill'd with joy and many tears,
 But we're rather loth to part,
 Wish we were back at the start.
 As we go out to the world,
 Anxious, shy, but rather thrill'd,
 Knowing that we're not quite bold,
 We're afraid to leave the fold.

Now we leave them all behind,
 People that we know were kind.
 Now we start our chos'n career.
 What's it like and need we fear?
 Now we turn to wave "goodbye,"
 Will we meet again? We'll try.
 We'll come back to laugh and chat
 And remember this—and that.

M.K., V3.

SUMMERTIME

The sleepy, garden walls,
 The glistening water-falls,
 The children lazing in the noon-day sun ;
 The so-much-bluer sky,
 The lovely butterfly,
 The clear, warm evening when the day is done,
 The bird's song with a tinkling chime
 Remind me of sweet summertime.

The early morning dew,
 The flowers of brighter hue
 The church bells ringing with a solemn sound,
 The heat of afternoon,
 The evening coming soon—
 The church clock's hands ticking round and round ;
 Fresh scents so heavenly and sublime
 Remind me of sweet summertime.

N.N.L., V2.

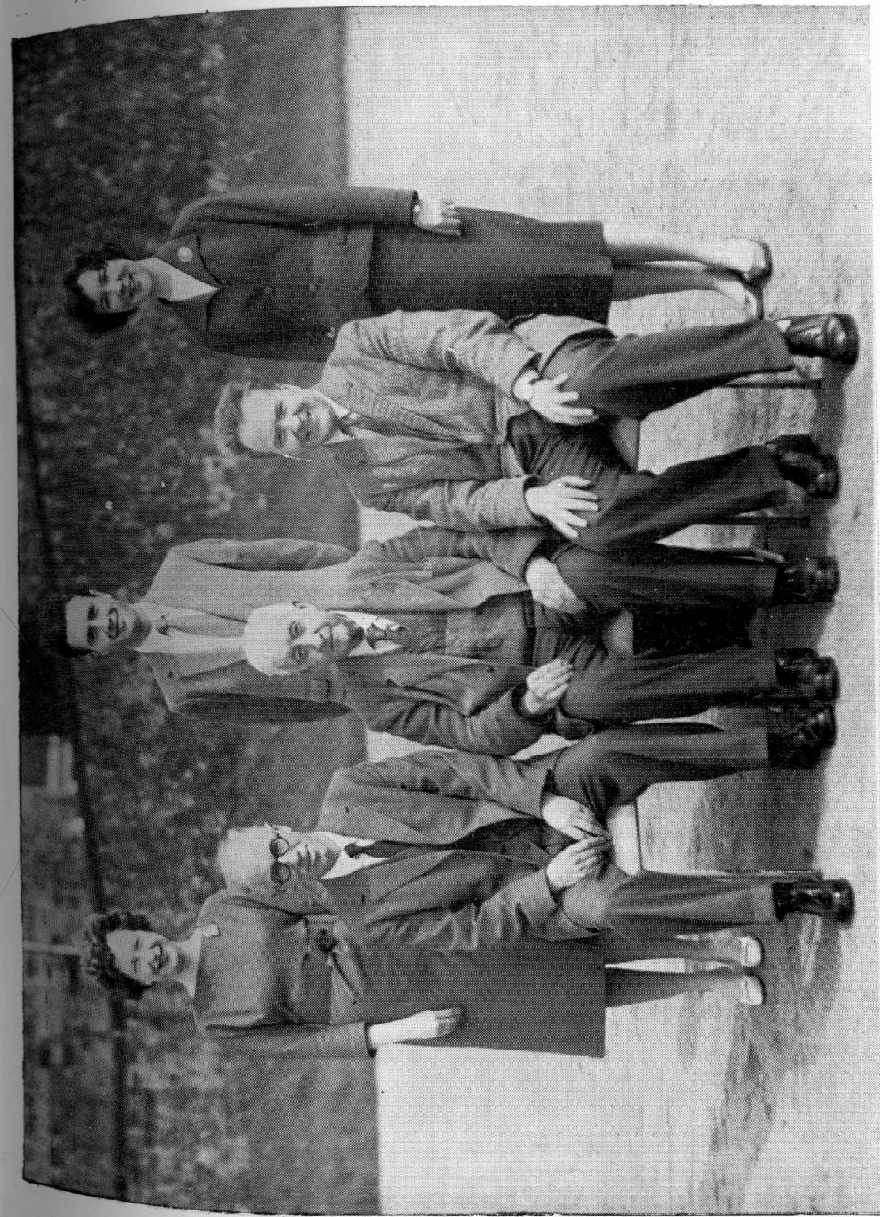


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CLASSICS

Back Row—Miss I. S. GRIERSON, Mr. G. BROWN, Mrs. M. I. DUGUID
 Front Row—Mr. R. H. SMALL (Principal), Mr. J. A. BLAND, Mr. G. S. GIBSON' Absent—Mr. K. C. CRAIG

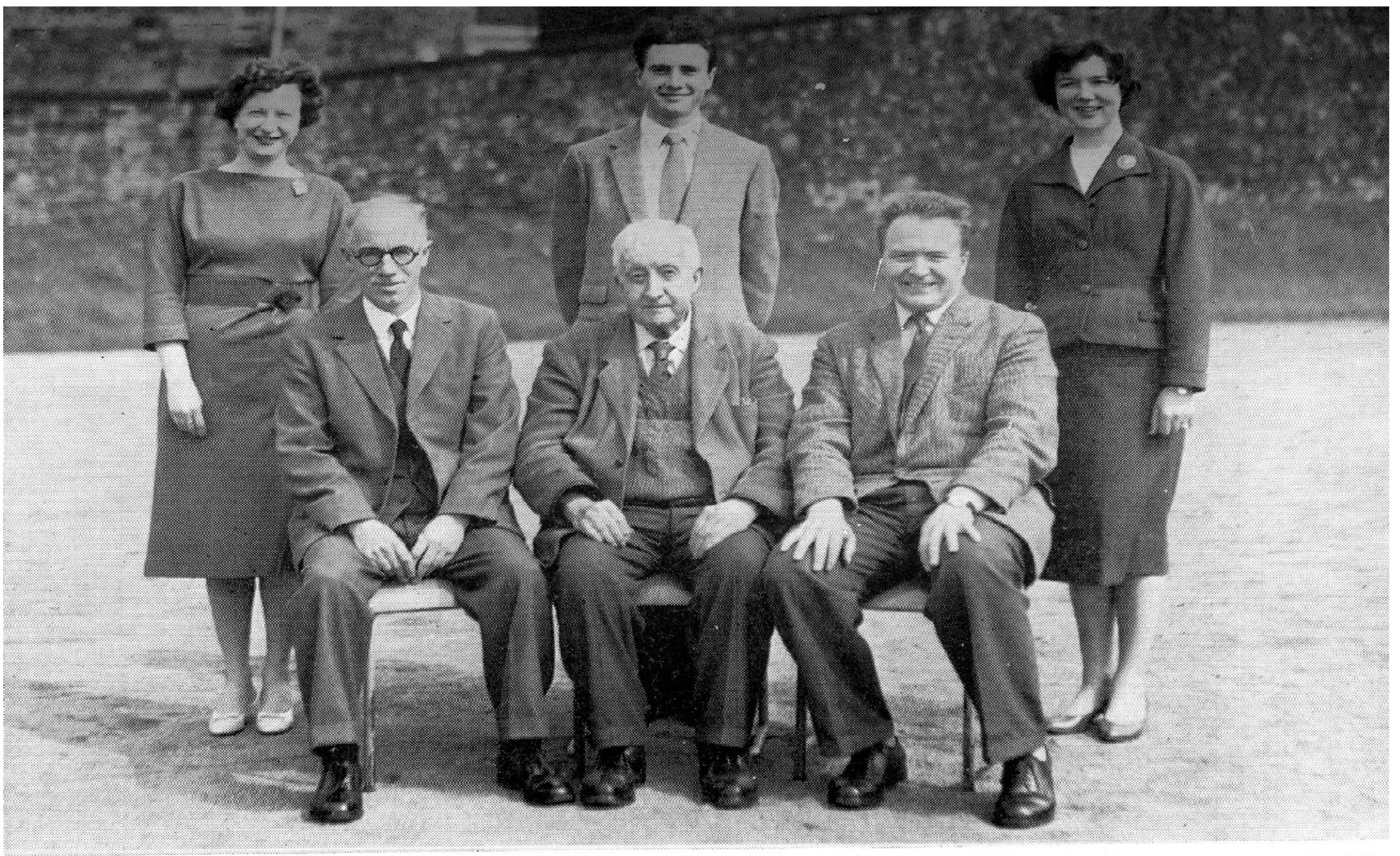


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Back Row—Mr. J. R. McKILLIP, Mr. T. GARDNER, Mr. I. BRENNER, Mr. R. K. SIMPSON.
Front Row—Mrs. E. H. LEARY, Mr. I. STEWART (Principal), Miss M. L. M. KERR

ART DEPARTMENT

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MUSIC, COMMERCIAL AND NEEDLEWORK

Back Row—Mrs. GIBSON (N.), Mr. T. A. RANKIN (C.), Mrs. M. M. CORRIE (M.), Mrs. M. BLAIR (C.).
Front Row—Miss M. N. NICOL (N.), Mr. M. McLEAN (Principal, Commercial), Mrs. M. McNICOL (M.), (Principal, Needle work) Absent—Mr. F. P. FLETCHER (Principal, Music).

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ART DEPARTMENT

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SUSPENSION AND A DISC

When the pale yellow disc hangs,
Suspended,
And thin veils lift from its face
And we see it, in all its glory,
'Tis then, I shall come.

The disc, becoming blurred,
Is a lighthouse in a turbulent sea,

It hangs up there, yellow and
For all the world like a cheese
Lying on a sponge.

A wisp of a veil
Has hidden the face again,
And I cannot see it.
That disc up there
Is a way of exit and light.
Why not?
(An escape is necessary for the refugee).
Please do not go away,
Till the disc has twisted its way on high.
'Tis then I shall come.

C.B., IV 1.

AUSTRALIA

I was nine years old when I first set foot on Australian soil and for me it was a great thrill. Our ship had berthed at Fremantle in Western Australia and from there we visited Perth, the capital city. It was mid-January and very warm. The town was small but pleasant and the houses were bungalow-type with very pretty gardens.

Our next stop was Melbourne in Victoria. This was a large city, more like the cities in Britain, very industrial. We went to an open-air Art Exhibition, where artists and sculptors exhibited their work free of charge. Soon we were on our way to Sydney, the largest city in Australia. As we passed under the Harbour Bridge, we had nearly reached the end of our journey.

Soon we settled down in Kingsford, a suburb of that great city with its population of nearly two million people. We loved exploring at La Perouse where Captain Phillips landed in 1788. There the Aborigines had a settlement and used to display their skill at throwing boomerangs.

All these things I have left behind but, as I left, I said *au revoir* and not good-bye.

C.H., I F2.



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PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Back Row—Mr. I. M. Clegg, Mr. W. Black
Mrs. M. Paterson, Miss I. G. Scott (Principal), Miss H. E. Simpson



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PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Back Row—Mr. I. M. CLEGG, Mr. W. BLACK
Mrs. M. PATERSON, Miss I. G. SCOTT (*Principal*), Miss H. E. SIMPSON

PRIZE LIST

Dux of the School : Henderson Medal and Prize—War Memorial Prize
RUTH B. BIRNIE

Proxime Accessit—War Memorial Prize
JOHN B. GINGLES

MacFarlane Gamble Prize
JENNIFER S. BROWN

Dux of Intermediate School
IRENE MacPHEE

War Memorial Prizes

English : JENNIFER S. BROWN
Mathematics : JOHN B. GINGLES
Science : JOHN SMART
Classics : STEPHEN A. C. SCOBIE

Modern Languages : JOHN B. GINGLES
History : MORAG McMILLAN
Geography : JOHN SMART

Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science

1. JOHN SMART
2. DONALD NEIL

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes in Latin

Senior : 1. RUTH B. BIRNIE 2. MORAG McMILLAN
Junior : 1. GEORGE McALEESE 2. CECILA ROULSTON

J. T. Smith Memorial Prizes in English

Senior : JENNIFER S. BROWN
Junior : ELSPETH M. CAMPBELL

Helen M. Weir Memorial Prizes in Modern Languages

Senior : MORAG McMILLAN
Junior : KAY FISHER

Baillie Matthew Armstrong Prizes for Leadership

Boy : GEORGE L. NEILSON **Girl :** JENNIFER S. BROWN

Rotary Club Prize for Citizenship

JOHN B. GINGLES

Special Club Prize for Citizenship

RUTH B. BIRNIE

Miss Margaret H. Cunningham Prizes for Needlework

Senior : DOROTHY C. KINLOCH **Junior :** ANNE SIMPSON

Whitehill School Club Prizes

Form VI Boys : JOHN B. GINGLES **Girls :** RUTH B. BIRNIE
Form V Boys : DONALD NEIL **Girls :** MORAG McMILLAN
Form IV Boys : ALAN E. THOMPSON **Girls :** MOIRA R. IRVINE

SUBJECT PRIZES

FORM VI.

English : JENNIFER S. BROWN
History : RUTH B. BIRNIE
Geography : JAMES D. AITKEN
Mathematics : JOHN B. GINGLES
English : 1. MORAG McMILLAN
2. STEPHEN A. C. SCOBIE
3. DONALD NEIL

Dynamics : LOUIS McGEOUGH
Latin : RUTH B. BIRNIE
Greek : MARIAN FREW
French : JOHN B. GINGLES
Science : 1. JOHN SMART
2. JOHN G. HERBERTSON
French : MORAG McMILLAN

FORM V.

History : MORAG McMILLAN
Geography : CATHERINE B. MACE
Mathematics : 1. WILLIAM McNEILL
2. JAMES SCOTT
3. MORAG McMILLAN
Music : MARJORY KING
Commercial : ESTHER G. TAYLOR

German : MORAG McMILLAN
Latin : MORAG McMILLAN
Greek : STEPHEN A. C. SCOBIE
Russian : JEAN YOUNG
Art : MYRA GRAHAM
Technical : WILLIAM M. DEEPROSE

FORM IV.

English : 1. MOIRA R. IRVINE
2. JANET WHITE
3. JANE S. McCORMICK
History : 1. DAVID M. McCALLUM
2. MOIRA R. IRVINE
Geography : 1. ANN M. MacDONALD
2. JOYCE ANDERSON
Mathematics : 1. ALEXANDER SMITH
2. CLIVE McCLURE
3. DAVID J. KING
French : ANN M. MacDONALD, FRASER W. CAMPBELL, equal

German : FRASER W. CAMPBELL
Russian : MOIRA R. IRVINE
Latin : MOIRA R. IRVINE
Greek : MOIRA R. IRVINE
Science : 1. ALEXANDER SMITH
2. CLIVE McCLURE
Commercial : IRIS M. P. SMITH
Music : WILMA FERGUSON
Art : JANET WHITE
Technical : DENNIS BRADLEY

FORM III.

Classical : 1. IRENE MacPHEE
2. GEORGE McALEESE
3. ELIZABETH MOFFAT
Commercial : ELIZABETH MADDEN

Modern : 1. ANNE C. BURNETT
SHEILA C. BENZIE, Equal
3. JEAN CLARK

FORM II.

Classical : 1. EILEEN M. LOUDFOOT
2. ROBERT McLEISH
3. IAN A. M. FRASER

Modern : 1. JANICE L. BRAND
2. JOHN SIMPSON
3. WILLIAM MAIR

FORM I.

Classical : 1. ELIZABETH HAMILTON
2. MARTIN CHAMBERS
3. MARGARET NICOL

Modern : 1. WILLIAMINA FISHER
2. ELAINE MacADAM
3. ELLEN MacDONALD

TRANSITIONAL

T.1. WILLIAM FINDLAY
T.2. LORNA BRUCE
T.3. ELIZABETH J. COCKBURN, ANN L. ENTERKIN, Equal
T.4. IRENE YATES

THE DESERTED CAFÉ

Where once people sat and talked,
And spoke of each other, and smiled,
There now is nothing but the sickly dampness,
And the darkness and decay.
The floorboards creak as the ghosts walk,
The roof rings as the birds talk ;
And the breeze blows through the damp,
While papers rustle, touched by invisible fingers.
At night the pale moonlight
Bathes the room through broken windows.
A fugitive mouse scampers through the dust,
And a torn curtain flaps at a broken window.
The shutters are open and bang against the wall.
The floorboards creak as the ghosts walk,
The roof rings as the birds talk. C.B., IV 1.

PREP. BABES

It's our first day here and we're rather shy,
The older ones laugh and pass us by,
The teachers divide us into classes,
And although there's but forty it feels like masses.

We go to a science room smelling of gas,
And meet our new teacher, who welcomes the class,
We're given our books and our jotters as well,
And before very long it is time for the bell.

In the afternoon we go back to school,
And we're given many a tiresome rule,
By the time the day's over it feels like a year,
And by now we know there's nothing to fear.

So if you're older than ourselves,
Please don't make us feel like elves,
And please don't laugh and call us names,
For years ago you played these games. P.C., T 2.

SUGAR ISLAND

There's a place called Sugar Island,
In the far off blue, blue sea,
And that place called Sugar Island
Is the place I long to be.
Where the burning sun beats down,
Where the sky is very blue,
Where the fascinating town
Holds excitement there for you.
In the canefields where they work
You can hear them hum a tune,
Where some harmless reptiles lurk
'Neath the bright and yellow moon. N.N.L., V 2.

CAPTAINS

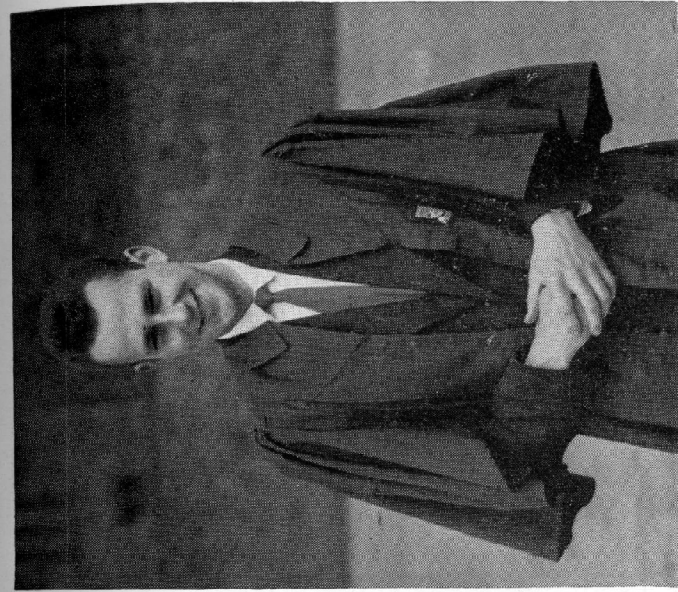


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BOY CAPTAIN
GEORGE NEILSON

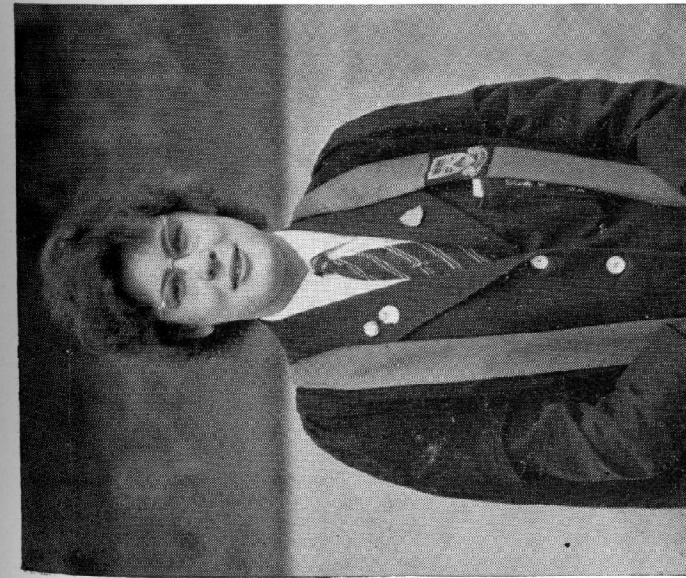


Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

GIRL CAPTAIN
JENNIFER BROWN

CAPTAINS



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

GIRL CAPTAIN
JENNIFER BROWN



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

BOY CAPTAIN
GEORGE NEILSON

Back Row—M. Mackie, E. Campbell, S. Henriksen, F. Redpath, H. Dobbins, D. Kinloch, D. Pierce, M. Brown, E. Lamond, D. McKinnon, M. Potts, M. Lamond, A. Sharp, F. Trott, S. Graham

Third Row—J. Marshall, G. Robinson, A. McLachlan, A. Donnelly, A. Hardie, N. Lindsay, M. McMillan, E. McPherson, S. McFarlane, I. Martin, E. Jessamine, A. Bedford, J. Muir, C. Finlay, A. Parsonage, R. Lawrie, E. Kirkwood, B. Robertson

Second Row—M. Graham, M. McCardie, E. McDougall, D. Mason, S. McKay, H. Wilson, M. King, E. Taylor, N. Copeland, M. Smith, A. Brownlie, M. Hall, C. Mace, J. Young, M. McCarty, M. Thomson, A. Jordan, J. Murdoch

Front Row—M. King, J. Jarvie, A. Forrest, A. Mitchell, M. McMillan, M. Frew, R. Birnie (*Vice-Capt.*), Mr. Walker, J. Brown (*Capt.*), I. Greenock, L. Henderson, A. Brown, C. Birch, E. Andrew, D. Carmichael, M. Allan, M. Kirkwood

Absent—M. Boyle, M. Cooper, H. Cairney, B. Fraser, M. Ellerington

GIRLS' GROUP

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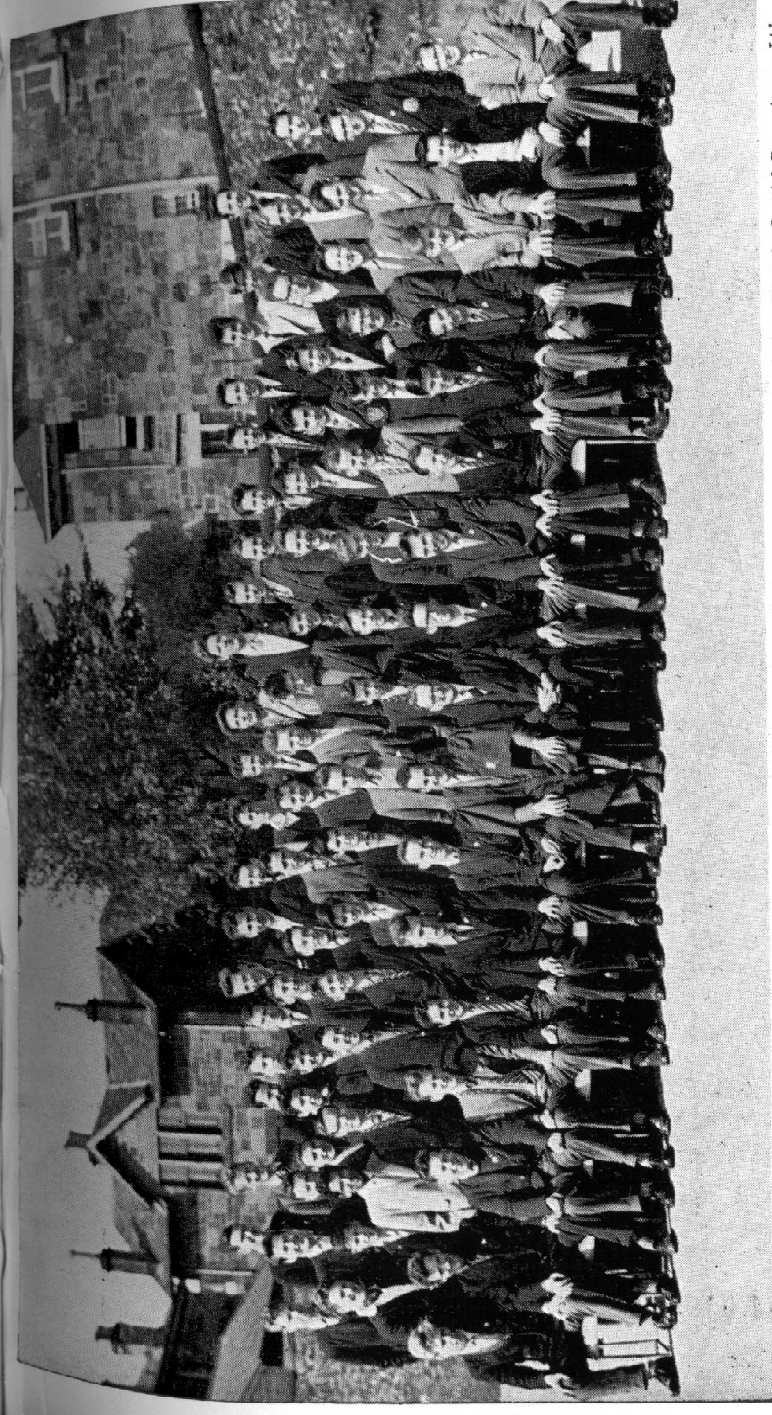
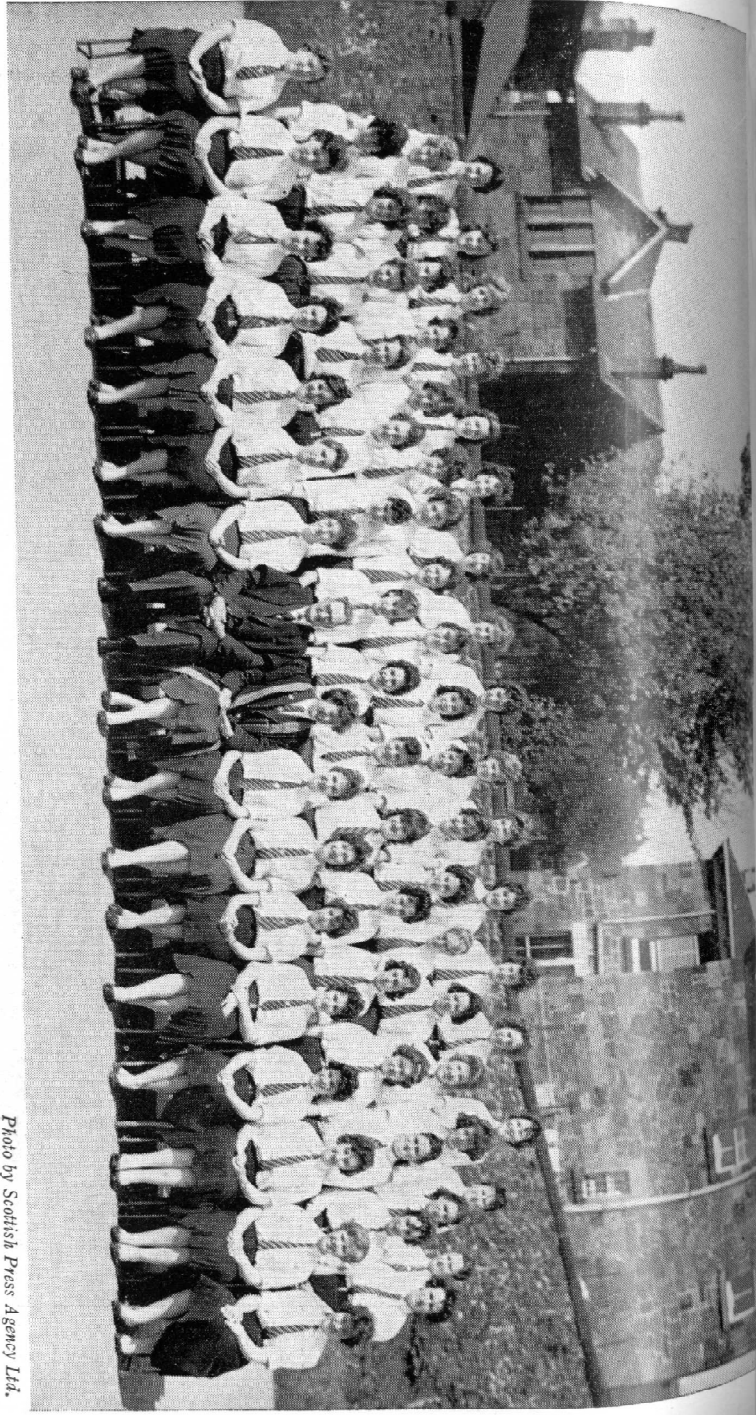


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BOYS' GROUP

Back Row—B. Kirkland, M. Campbell, W. Davidson, J. Scott, W. O'Neil, W. Chalmers, C. Sunderland, R. Henderson, L. McGeoch, J. Downes, I. Henderson, J. Aitken, G. Brady, R. Younger, R. Sharp, W. Speirs, N. Robertson, D. Walker, D. Honnet, C. Fountain

Third Row—H. Warren, R. Bowie, T. Hillcoat, I. Young, A. McGuffie, W. Lowe, W. DePrese, J. Cumming, W. McKnight, J. Smart, F. Norris, I. Macdonald, W. Boyd, A. Younger, J. West, D. McGibbon, J. Thomson, T. Stafford, G. Irving, G. Herbertson

Second Row—K. Rennie, A. Neilson, M. Anwar, K. Forrest, W. Naish, C. Wallace, J. Clark, J. Carruthers, J. Martin, J. Simpson, T. Hammond, R. Macdonald, G. Topping, J. Smith, P. Murray, H. Liddle, W. Wilson, G. McLean

Front Row—A. Learmonth, D. Carberry, R. Docherty, D. Robertson, D. Ross, J. Graham, R. Comrie, G. Neilson (*Capt.*), Mr. Walker, J. Gingles (*Vice-Capt.*), D. Collie, N. Posnett, D. Neil, S. Scobie, J. Grierson, M. Roberts, W. McNeil

Absent—A. Dearing, J. Watt



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GIRLS' GROUP

Back Row—M. MACKIE, E. CAMPBELL, S. HENRIKSEN, F. REDPATH, H. DOBBINS, D. KINLOCH, D. PIERCE, M. BROWN, E. LAMOND, D. MCKINNON, M. POTTS, M. LAMOND, A. SHARP, F. TROTT, S. GRAHAM

Third Row—J. MARSHALL, G. ROBINSON, A. MCLACHLAN, A. DONNELLY, A. HARDIE, N. LINDSAY, M. McMILLAN, E. MCPHERSON, S. MCFARLANE, I. MARTIN, E. JESSAMINE, A. BEDFORTH, J. MUIR, C. FINLAY, A. PARSONAGE, R. LAWRIE, E. KIRKWOOD, B. ROBERTSON

Second Row—M. GRAHAM, M. McARDLE, E. McDougall, D. MASON, S. MCKAY, H. WILSON, M. KING, E. TAYLOR, N. COPELAND, M. SMITH, A. BROWNLIE, M. HALL, C. MACE, J. YOUNG, M. MCCARTNEY, M. THOMSON, A. JORDAN, J. MURDOCH.

Front Row—M. KING, J. JARVIE, A. FORREST, A. MITCHELL, M. McMILLAN, M. FREW, R. BIRNIE (*Vice-Capt.*), Mr. WALKER, J. BROWN (*Capt.*), I. GREENOCK, L. HENDERSON, A. BROWN, C. BIRCH, E. ANDREW, D. CARMICHAEL, M. ALLAN, M. KIRKWOOD.

Absent—M. BOYLE, M. COOPER, H. CAIRNEY, B. FRASER, M. ELLERINGTON

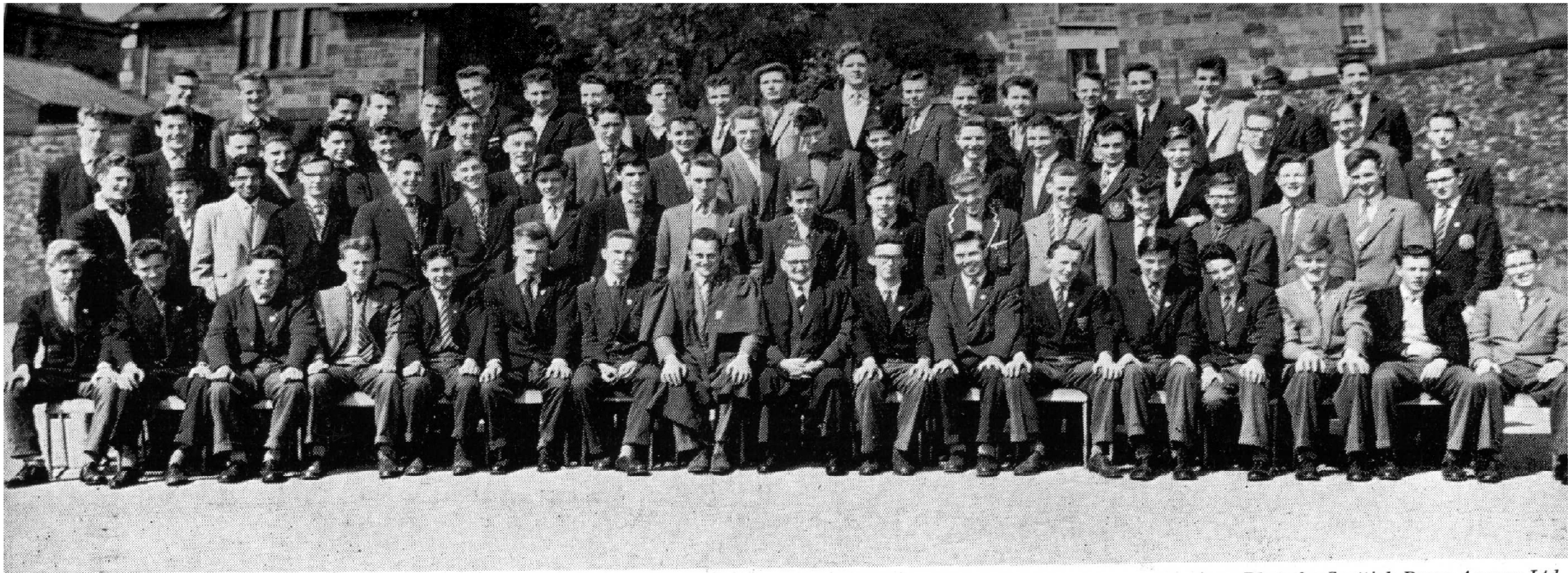


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Third Row—H. WARREN, R. BOWIE, T. HILLCOAT, I. YOUNG, A. MCGUFFIE, W. LOWE, W. DEEPROSE, J. CUMMING, W. MCKNIGHT, J. SMART, F. NORRIS, I. MACDONALD, W. BOYD, A. YOUNGER, J. WEST, D. MCGIBBON, J. THOMSON, T. STAFFORD, G. IRVING, G. HERBERTSON.

Second Row—K. RENNIE, A. NEILSON, M. ANWAR, K. FORREST, W. NAISH, C. WALLACE, J. CLARK, J. CARRUTHERS, J. MARTIN, J. SIMPSON, T. HAMMOND, R. MACDONALD, G. TOPPING, J. SMITH, P. MURRAY, H. LITTLE, W. WILSON, G. MCLEAN.

Front Row—A. LEARMONTH, D. CARBERRY, R. DOCHERTY, D. ROBERTSON, D. ROSS, J. GRAHAM, R. COMRIE, G. NEILSON (*Capt.*), Mr. WALKER, J. GINGLES (*Vice-Capt.*), D. COLLIE, N. POSNETT, D. NEIL, S. SCOBIE, J. GRIERSON, M. ROBERTS, W. MCNEIL.

Absent—A. DEARING, J. WATT.

WE MEET OUR MASTERS

My name was Joe Sunday, I was a CONN man. I wasn't always a bad man, in fact, I used to DUGUID turns every day. At FURST I was a GARDNER in SCOTTLand, but the BROWN of the soil didn't fit my colour scheme. I tried for a new job and was asked: "WATT d'you want?" by the doorman, who mistook me for a BEGGar. I was NEILLing on the road, pleading for a job, when he interrupted: "GOW away, ORR I'll beat your head in." Being a SMALL man, I walked away feeling pretty LOW—so LOW that I thought of going up the HILL and jumping off one of the CLIFFs. Not being a good WALKER, I jumped on a bus. As I had no fare, the conductor told me to get off, and I replied in a patronising manner: "All right, I WILSON, don't do the nut." I jumped off the bus and to the accompaniment of KERR horns BLAIRing, everything went BLACK. When I came round, I saw a group of women round me, SHEDDEN tears. Then it hit me; I muttered, "It's happening again, I'MILLIGAN, and with these words on my lips, I died.

W.B., VI.

JUDAS

Breathing quickly, he stood there,
Wild his eyes, unkempt his hair.
The stream in the garden was laughing clear,
Sobbing, the trees made their moan.
Christ last night had come sorrowfully here,
Had prayed by the stream alone.
Down from the dark sky the silver stars poured.
List'ning, Judas heard their cry:
"With a kiss thou traitor killed thy Lord!"
He moaned, "God, a traitor I!"
He had followed the crowd to Calvary,
He'd seen the Man nailed on high.
"Oh, Father, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"
He'd echoed the hopeless cry.
He'd stayed to the end, unmoving, watching,
To his soul he'd felt the pain.
"There should I be in anguish hanging,
Innocent blood have I slain."
Crossing the brook, he stumbled away.
Over Gethsemane shone the new day.

J.B., VI.

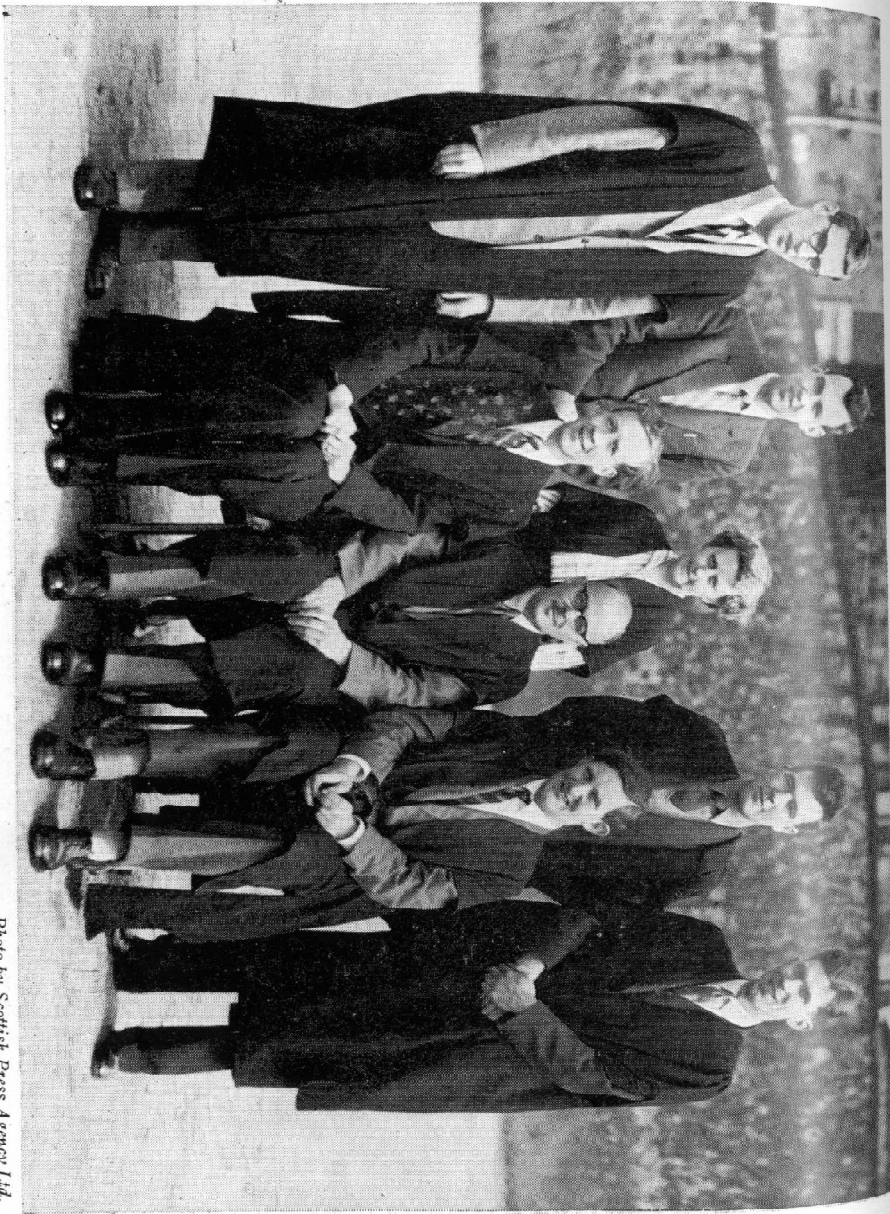


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HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

Back Row—Mr. J. Macaulay (H.), Mr. J. D. McLay (G.), Miss L. M. Begg (G.), Mr. H. A. Low (G.), Mr. A. H. Morrison, (H).

Front Row—Mr. J. R. Carson (Principal, Geography), Mr. J. Wilson (Principal, History), Mr. D. G. Graham (H.)



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HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

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Front Row—Mr. J. R. CARSON (*Principal, Geography*), Mr. J. WILSON (*Principal, History*), Mr. D. G. GRAHAM (H.).

“SMALL ADS.”

Have belt, will travel! Worn out schoolmaster requires post abroad. Prison Camps considered. (19 R.82).

Girls! Do you lack man appeal? We guarantee to give you that little extra. Our wonder toe-nail growth-increase drug sent to you under plain cover. Writes Mrs. W.G. of Wigan:—“Men ignored me until I increased my toe nails to three inches. Now they all stare at me as I walk past.” (R.U.12).

Jane, all is forgiven. Please return home, my little coey dove. Both's shirts are dirty. All love, Arbuthnot. (A.H. 62).

Ex-public school janitor, hobbies butterflies, snail-watching and pogo-sticks, seeks position of trust. Any suggestions welcomed. (402236).

Terrible injuries to lizards in East Boggata, natives indifferent. Join the Boggata Lizard Protection Soc. Empire Loyalists welcomed. (1392).

For the gourmet. French fried fly's feet with garlic. 24/- per oz. “The rage of the Pimlico Joneses.” (6560).

Ex-W.D. scoop. By bulk purchase and graft we can offer our customers genuine spare parts for rocket of intercontinental range. Also do-it-yourself kits for atom and hydrogen bombs. (C.N.D. 60).

J.A., VI.

1960 AND ALL WHAT?

(With apologies to the authors of a certain publication by the name of “1066 And All That”).

It has been a common complaint for some time now that the type of exam-paper set in the Scottish Leaving Certificate is unfair, a swindle, wickedly cunning, etc., so, last week, I decided to investigate to see just what can usually be expected. I managed to procure a fairly typical History paper, which I now reproduce for your perusal.

History, 1960

“Candidates should read carefully (if they can) the instructions before answering or attempting to answer or consider any part or parts of the paper. Candidates should use a fresh sheet of paper for each answer and should write on at least one side of the paper. On no account must they attempt to write on both sides of the paper at once.

1. Which do you consider to have been most important?
 - (a) William the Conqueror.
 - (b) Edward the Confectioner.
 - (c) The Black Death. (Be honest).
2. Select and write notes on at least three of the following or vice versa:—Caesar, The First Crusade. (Be careful).
3. Arrange in chronological order:—
1066, 1067, 1068.

4. Write not more than three lines considering fully the social, political and economic effects of the French Revolution on Britain and the rest of Europe.
5. Give reasons for:
 - (i) The Battle of Bannockburn.
 - (ii) The Domesday Book.
 - (iii) Black Bess (otherwise known as Elizabeth I).

Candidates must attempt Question 1 and at least one other question but candidates over the age of 20 need not answer questions 3, 1 (a) and (b), 5 (i), 2, 1 (c), 4 or 5 (ii) and (iii). They may answer any other question they choose.”

It is hoped that this investigation has greatly enlightened our readers and has shown them that our examination is conducted on a completely fair basis and that candidates have no reason to complain.

R.B. VI.

ARE YOU A SQUARE?

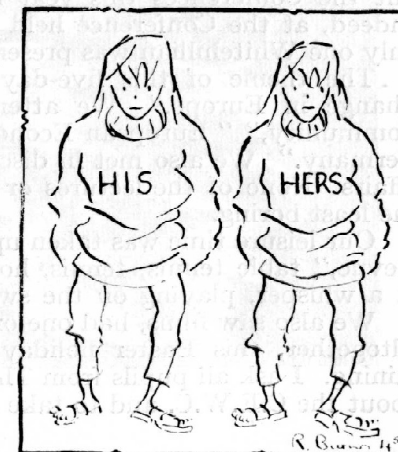
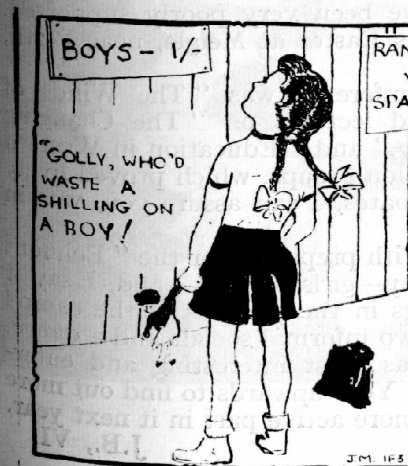
Through the media of Jazz and Rock 'n' Roll, many new words have been introduced into colloquial English. The most used expressions are those using the word “square.” But what is a square really? Here is one definition.

“A square is a Philistine belonging to the culturally submerged nine-tenths. It seems impossible for him to be right about anything, least of all about Jazz. He has a regular job, wears neat conservative clothes and when felt proves to have corners on his head.

Some of the sharpest hep-cats fall for the squares who infest dance-halls, night-clubs, and even get themselves invited to jam-sessions. Most squares seem relatively insensitive to sound, yet they still have opinions and stick blandly to them.”

N.B.—Squares, whose limitations can never be diminished, should not be confused with “drags” who may be solid hep-cats, muddled by passing moods.

J.N.S. VI



REVERIE

The hills there sleep, in purple shrouded,
Grey trees point gnarled fingers, nodding wise heads,
And slow the rivers downward fall.
The sleepy flowers are clos'd, together crowded
In clumps, untouched by winds, creeping to soft beds
In dove-grey clouds where night birds call.
The bells from crooked steeples ring,
Their song is like the music sung by the streams,
Welcom'd by fertile, thirsty vales.
Dark flocks of birds, nestward returning sing,
Returning from the sunset's fiery falling beams,
And rest at length, secure from gales.
There is no rough wind here; all is calm
Tranquil and safe. Here come the weary children,
And all who look for rest and peace.
Thatch'd roofs are screened by trees from harm,
And here one finds all the heart's own seekings hidden
In wisps of dreams, upon the trees. J.B., VI.

THE C.E.W.C.

This session the school participated in two C.E.W.C. conferences. To the first, at Notre Dame School in February, went twenty girls from the Third Form, while a group of Fifth Formers attended the Spring Conference in May at Airdrie Academy. During the year also a talk was given and three joint meetings were held with the Literary and Debating Society. These were all very successful, especially the International Night.

For the coming session it is hoped to extend greatly the C.E.W.C. activities within the school with more frequent meetings and a varied programme. D.G.

C.E.W.C. CONFERENCE

The C.E.W.C. has been held in school for at least three years but the Conferences this year have been very poorly supported. Indeed, at the Conference held this Easter at Meigle, near Perth, only one Whitehillian was present.

The theme of this five-day conference was "The Winds of Change in Europe." We attended lectures on "The Changing Community," "European Economy," and "Education in Western Germany." We also met in discussion groups, which proved lively affairs. None of the lectures or debates, I can assure you, was in the least boring.

Our leisure time was taken up with preparing for the "Belmont Revue," table tennis, tennis, hockey—girls v. boys—and, I say it in a whisper, playing on the swings in the grounds of the camp!

We also saw films, had one or two informal socials and a dance. Altogether, this Easter holiday was most interesting and entertaining. I ask all pupils from Third Year upwards to find out more about the C.E.W.C. and to take a more active part in it next year.

J.B., VI.

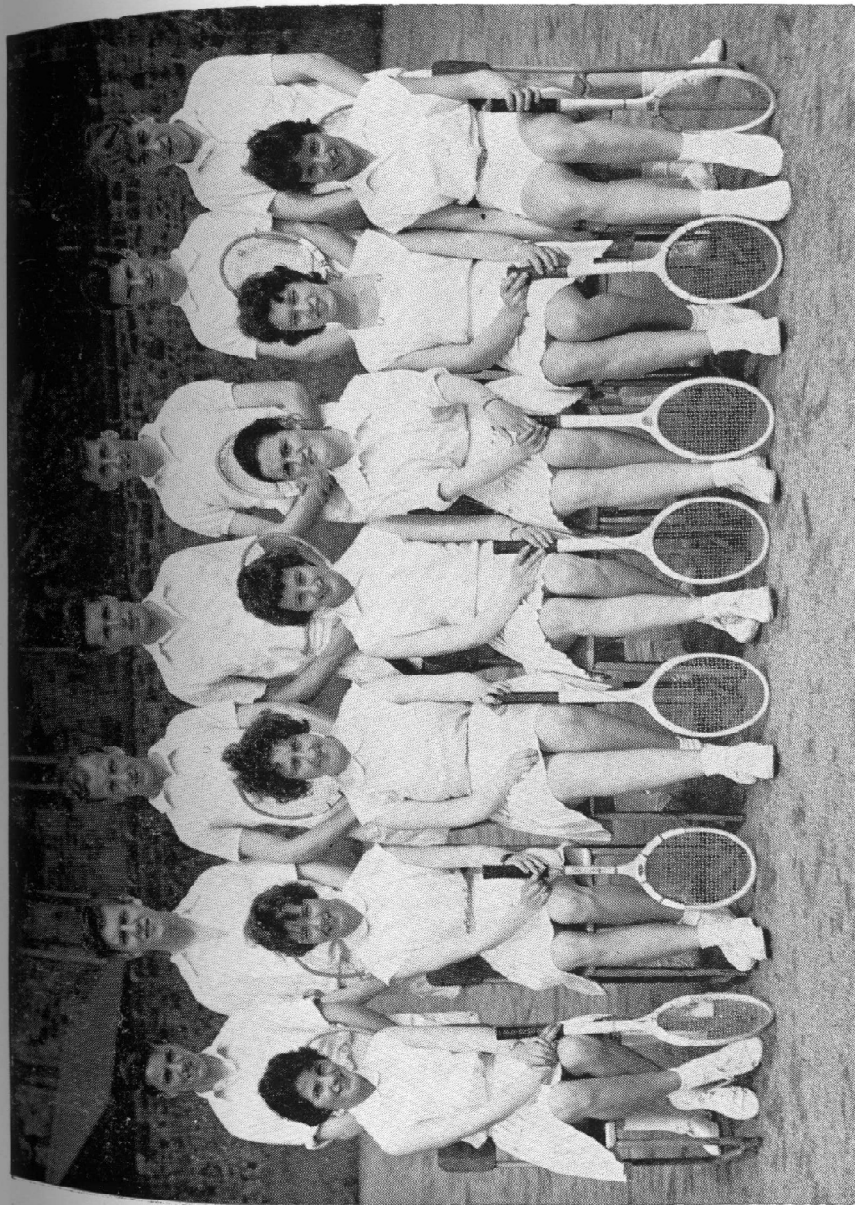


Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

TENNIS TEAM

Back Row—A. HAMILTON, I. MARSHALL, G. IRVING, I. HENDERSON, W. DEEPROSE (Capt.), M. LOCKHART, R. McDONALD
Front Row—E. ANDREWS, A. BROWN, D. CARMICHAEL, A. SHARP, J. YOUNG, A. MITCHELL, E. JESSAMINE



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

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Front Row—R. JEFFREY, D. WALKER, R. YOUNGER, G. NEILSON (Capt.), D. NEIL, A. YOUNGER, N. ROBERTSON

CRICKET 1st XI

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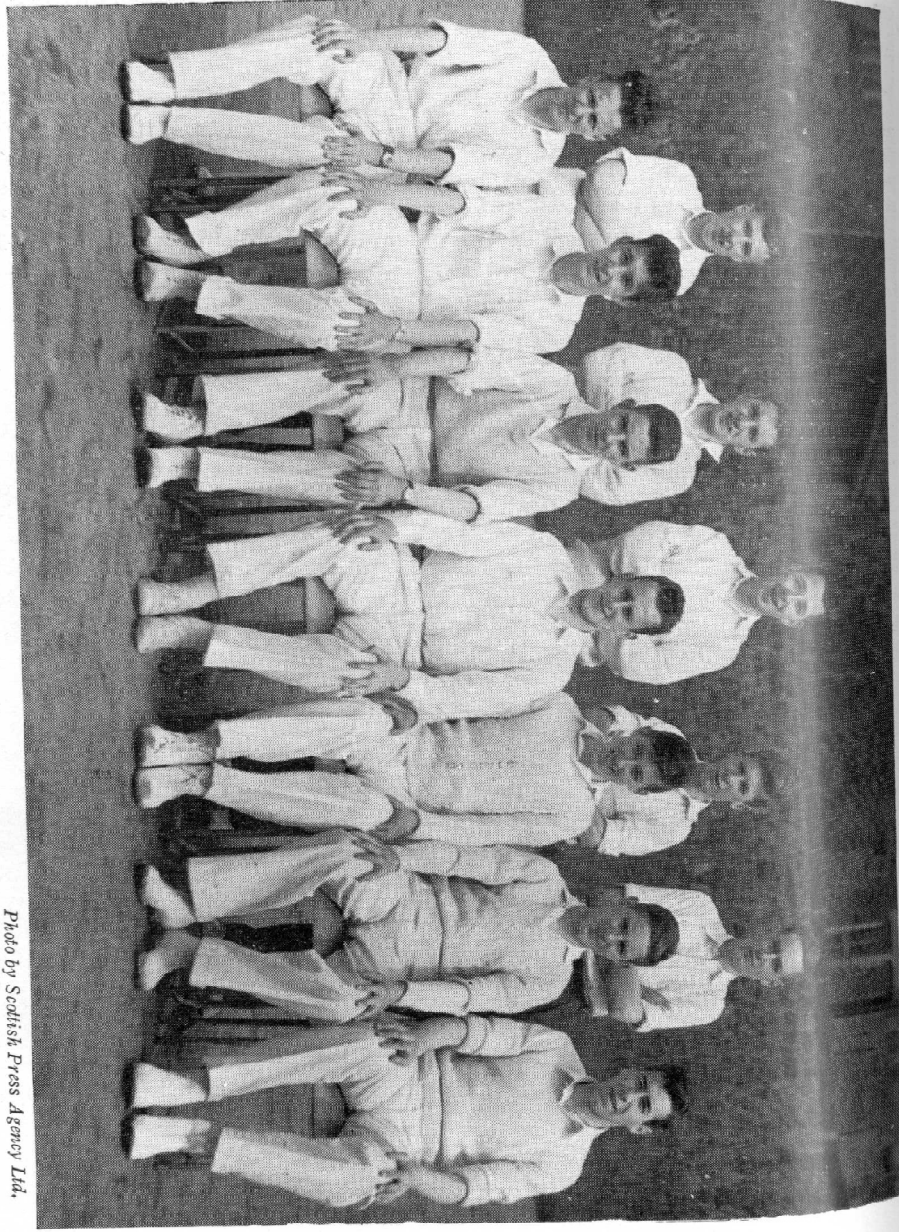


Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

GOLF TEAM

Back Row—G. NEILSON, I. FRASER, H. WARREN
Front Row—D. MUIR, I. CARMICHAEL, R. WILLIAMS (Capt.), R. COLQUHOUN



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

CRICKET 1st XI

Back Row—R. JENKINS, J. YOUNG, W. NAISH, R. MCLACHLAN, D. DENHOLM

Front Row—R. JEFFREY, D. WALKER, R. YOUNGER, G. NEILSON (*Capt.*), D. NEIL, A. YOUNGER, N. ROBERTSON



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd

GOLF TEAM

Back Row—G. NEILSON, I. FRASER, H. WARREN

Front Row—D. MUIR, I. CARMICHAEL, R. WILLIAMS (Capt.), R. COLQUHOUN

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT



The session now drawing to a close has been a very successful and profitable one. The highlight of the session so far has been the visit last December of Rev. Richard Baxter, who spoke to us on the situation in Nyasaland.

At the time of writing, we are looking forward to the S.C.M. Conference for our group. We hope that it will prove the climax to a year in which the discussions have been particularly lively and interesting.

The outstanding success of this session has been due to a very great extent to Miss Garvan, who presides at all our meetings and whose knowledge of S.C.M. work is of great value. We thank her sincerely for all the trouble she has taken.

We hope to see many more from the Fifth and Sixth Forms next session.

STEPHEN SCOBIE, V.

SCRIPTURE UNION

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet."



As another school year draws to a close, we can say that for the Scripture Union it has been a very happy one. In addition to the Thursday and Friday meetings, a Bible Study for Seniors has been started.

Last November, Mr. McNair, our teacher-leader, left us to teach in Gambia High School. We were very sorry to see Mr. McNair go, since he was always ready to help and advise us. Mr. Carson, however, has proved an able successor.

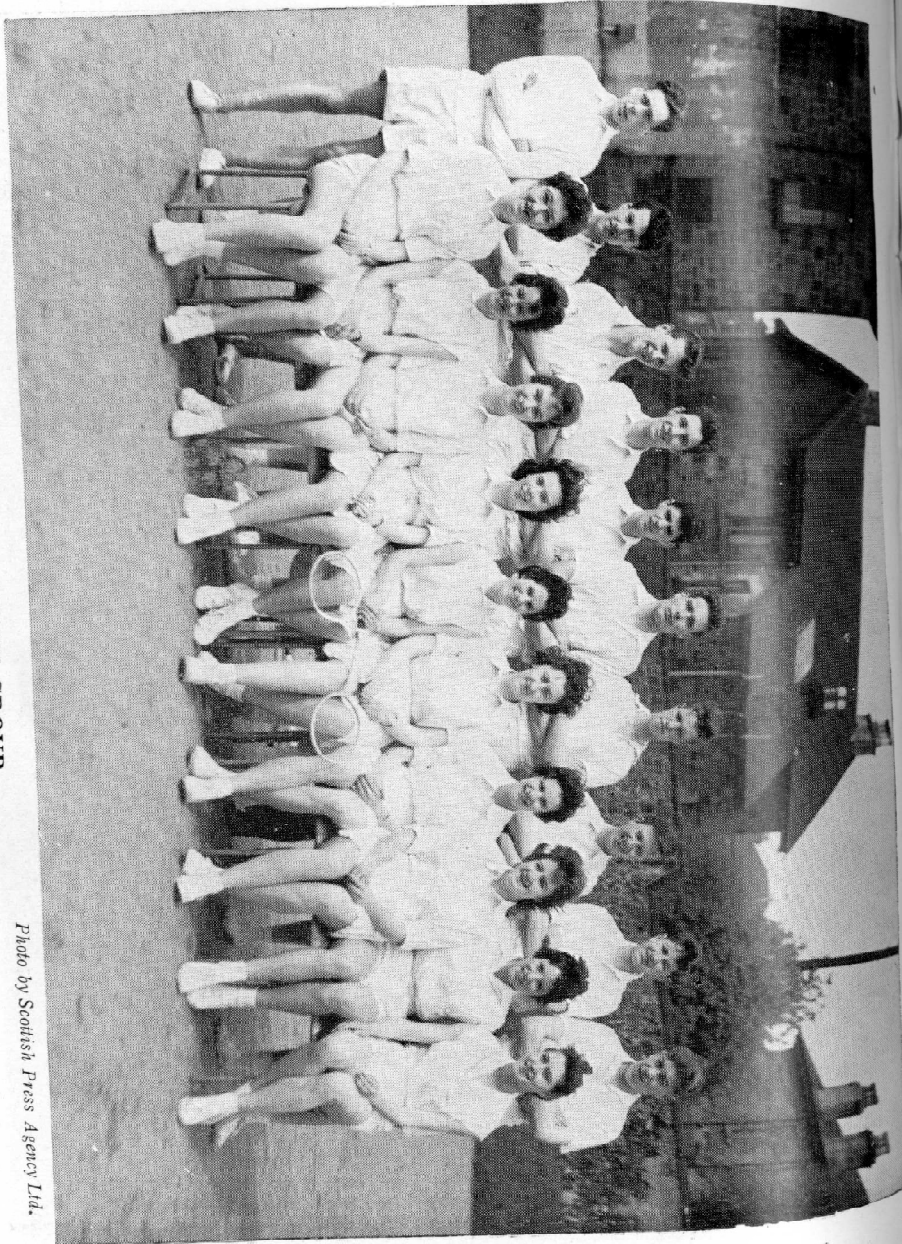
Several boys spent their Easter holidays at a Scripture Union Inter-School camp. They enjoyed this holiday very much and it is hoped that many other boys and girls will spend their holidays this way.

While the boys were at camp, the girls were busy knitting blankets for Refugee Year. The girls, helped by other Fifth and Sixth Formers, made several blankets and we would like to thank all who helped to make this venture a success.

Our other activities included participating in the Glasgow Inter-School Quiz, in which we were third, and holding quizzes within our own branch.

We would also like to thank Mr. Walker for his help in making this year a successful and happy one.

CHRISTINE F. FINLAY, VI.
ALISTAIR YOUNGER, V.



BADMINTON GROUP

Back Row—S. MENZIES, J. SMITH, K. RENNIE, D. WALKER, J. CARRUTHERS, I. HENDERSON, H. WARREN, P. MURRAY,
W. LOW, R. McDONALD
Front Row—R. BIRNIE, A. BROWN, I. GREENOCK, I. MARTIN, E. ANDREW, D. CARMICHAEL, A. BEDFORTH, M. SMITH,
E. JESSAMINE, M. FREW.

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

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E. JESSAMINE, M. FREW.

THE SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB



One of the main aspects of S.S.C. is camping; Spring and Summer are the seasons when the annual camps are held. The first camp of the year was at Dalguise, during Easter. There were 200 boys from all Scotland present; the weather was excellent and a grand time was had by all. The other two camps are at Bruar and Portavadie during August. Bruar is open to all members and Portavadie to senior members of S.S.C.

This year the Edinburgh branch invited representatives from various schools in Glasgow and Greenock to visit the Edinburgh "At Home" week-end. The visitors were entertained by fellow members in their homes and the venture was a great success. The Glasgow and Edinburgh branches are now more firmly allied by this gesture.

The S.S.C., however, is more than a camping and social club. There are the Sunday meetings, where we have discussions, quizzes, talks and film shows. The East meeting, which is where the Whitehill group hold their meeting, is at 21 Circus Drive, next to Golfhill School. It meets at 2.45 p.m. on Sunday afternoons. The leader of East Meeting is Ronald Cresswell, a former pupil of Whitehill. Another officer in our branch is Tom Chisholm, a former pupil and ex-dux of the school.

The Headquarters of the S.S.C. are at Lansdowne Crescent, where we have our games nights, when we play floor soccer, billiards, snooker, darts, chess and draughts. Ice cream, lemonade and biscuits can be obtained from our canteen. We also hold concerts at Lansdowne Crescent and dances are held in neighbouring halls.

The annual Joint Service took place at Lansdowne Church on 10th April. Three hundred boys, parents and officers of the Club from the eight Glasgow branches were there. This is the one time in the year when all the branches worship together. As you can see, the Scottish Schoolboys' Club has an extremely varied programme. If you feel it appeals to you, please contact Sandy Horn, IV, David Denholm, III L, or myself. We look forward to seeing you—especially boys from the present Second and Third forms.

CHARLES FOUNTAIN, V.

LIBRARY



This has been a most successful session in the School Library and "borrowing" times for Form I boys and girls have taxed to the full the energies of the School Captains and Prefects, who have given willing and efficient service in the various duties of the Library—marshalling the hordes of Form I boys at 8.30 a.m. on alternate Fridays, arranging new books on the shelves, repairing dilapidated volumes and advising on the choice of books.

A considerable number of books, fiction and non-fiction, have been added to our collection in recent months and we hope to have more space for next session's additions when Room 5 is ready for use.

J.E.G.

CHESS CLUB

A keen interest has been taken in the Chess Club during the past year, and, as a result, over fifty new members have been enrolled. Friendly games were played against Eastbank, John Street and Riverside. We have still to play St. Mungo's and Lightburn. A match between Staff and pupils will take place in the near future. Next year we will re-enter the Schools League. The play of the members has improved greatly, thanks to the interest shown in the Chess Club by Mr. Mackay, Mr. Brown and Mr. Shedden.

MATTHEW MERRY, III LD.



ODE TO KNITTING

Inspired by the efforts of the boys of Form VI to knit squares for the World Refugee Year

" You've dropped it " are the dreadful words
That fill my heart with pain.
For search I must for someone
To pick it up again.
For once I've dropped that little stitch
My troubles just begin
And it's quite hard to carry on
When in the mess I'm in.

I longed to learn this knitting lark
So hearkened to my mum,
And now, thanks to her teaching,
I cast on with my thumb.
I quickly then did graduate,
And learned to do a row,
Though little holes that did appear
I later had to sew.

My six inch square, when done at last,
Measured four by two.

But ! It's amazing, isn't it,
What a little stretch will do ?
They said that it was difficult ;
The lies some people tell ;
Though I don't know how some of them
Can read a book as well.

We greatly were encouraged
By everyone at school,
And girls were not averse to
Supplying pins and wool.
At last my square was finished,
But no more will I try.

One look at it persuaded me
To " purl " up and die.

D.C., VI.

SOLITUDE

Just me
And the tree
And the murmuring brook,
The singing bird and cawing rook.

The rabbits hopping to and fro,
The frightened glance of the timid doe.
The cunning fox who seeks his lair
To feed his youngsters with a hare.

The squirrel in his treetop home,
The weasel on his daily roam.
Just me, beneath the sky,
Watching nature scurrying by.

A.R., 1 F2.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY



The 1959-60 session of the Literary and Debating Society proved most successful. The attendances have been consistently high, culminating in our record attendance of 150 at the Burns Supper.

The syllabus for the Lit. covered all views and tastes : from a discussion on the " Theatre " by Mr. Birks of the Citizens' Theatre to Mr. Doyle's " Story " ; from a Mock Parliamentary Election to an International Brains Trust, composed of students from many countries, and a " Hat Night," to give everyone a chance of airing his or her views.

We must thank Miss Hetherington for her guidance throughout the year and our thanks are also offered to the others who have assisted the society.

GEORGE L. NEILSON, VI.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

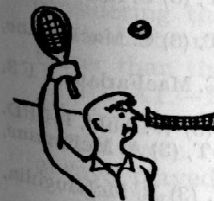
The Hockey, Soccer and Rugby sections have completed another successful season at Craigend. The indoor activities—Badminton, Table Tennis and Choir—continue to flourish.

This session the inter-section quiz trophy was carried off by the Rugby section, although a specially invited school team challenged them very strongly, cheered on by a large contingent from the Upper School. It is hoped to make this an annual event and we wish the present pupils better luck next year.

We would remind those of you who are about to leave school that the future success of the club depends on support from you, for the " old crocks " won't last for ever ! Surely, at least one of our activities attracts you ! If so, write to the General Secretary, Mr. Wm. Peat, 19 Beechwood Drive, W.2, and he will put you in touch with the appropriate section secretary. You are assured of a warm welcome from the section or sections you choose.

M.I.A.

TENNIS



At the time of writing, the school matches have not yet started. We have quite a full fixture list, including games in the West of Scotland Cup.

We have the use of Finlay Drive courts for our championships, team trials and home fixtures.

Mr. Morrison is again in charge of the teams, which, we hope, will have a good season.

WILLIAM M. DEEPROSE, V.

ANNUAL SPORTS

The Forty-Second Annual Athletic Meeting of the School was held at Craigend on Saturday, 28th May, in excellent weather and before a large gathering of parents, former pupils and former members of the staff. Mr. Walker presided, and the prizes were presented by Mrs. Robert Gardiner.

CHAMPIONSHIPS

SENIOR GIRLS

- 100 Yards : (1) A. Mitchell, V 3, (2) M. McGregor III C, (3) J. Jarvie, V 2
12.2 secs.
220 Yards : (1) M. McGregor, III C, (2) A. Mitchell, V 3, (3) J. Jarvie, V 2
20 secs.
High Jump : (1) J. Jarvie, V 2, (2) C. Birch, V 2, (3) S. Miller, IV 2.
Long Jump : (1) C. Birch, V 2, (2) M. McGregor, III C, (3) A. Mitchell, V 3.
Discus : (1) W. Slusar, III L, (2) S. Miller, IV 2, (3) M. Hamilton, IV 2.
Javelin : (1) M. Hamilton, IV 2, (2) W. Slusar, III C, (3) A. Mitchell, V 3.

Senior Champion (Girls) : AILEEN MITCHELL, V 3—14 Points
MARY MCGREGOR, III C—14 Points

SENIOR BOYS

- 100 Yards : (1) N. Robertson, V 1, (2) D. Collie, VI 1, (3) D. Robertson, V 1
10.2 secs.
220 Yards : (1) N. Robertson, V 1, (2) D. Collie, VI 1, (3) D. McAneny, III F 1.
880 Yards : (1) D. McAneny, III F 1, (2) A. Hume, IV 1, (3) W. Williamson, IV 5.
High Jump : (1) R. Williams, IV 5, (2) G. Hamilton, IV 1, (3) J. Patterson, III F 1.
Long Jump : (1) R. Williams, IV 5.
Shot Putt : (1) A. Hume, IV 1, (2) G. Hamilton, IV 1, (3) J. Pendlebury, IV 3.
Discus : (1) W. Williamson, IV 5, (2) A. Hume, IV 1, (3) R. Rankin, IV 5.
Javelin : (1) G. Clark, III L D, (2) N. Speirs, IV 3, (3) A. Hume, IV 1.

Senior Champion (Boys) ALEXANDER HUME, IV 1—16 Points

JUNIOR GIRLS

- 80 Yards : (1) I. Horn II LD, (2) B. McLean, II LD, (3) L. Orr, II F 2
11.4 secs.
150 Yards : (1) I. Horn, II LD, (2) A. Wharton, I F 8, (3) B. McLean, II LD,—17 secs.
High Jump : (1) D. McMillan, II LD, (2) J. Hamilton, I F 6, (3) I. Horn, II LD.
Long Jump : (1) B. McLean, II LD, (2) I Horn, II LD, (3) M. Dunbar, I F 9.
Cricket Ball : (1) S. McGee, II C, (2) B. Simpkins, II LD, (3) I. Goldrich, I L 2.

Junior Champion (Girls) I. HORN II LD,—18 Points

JUNIOR BOYS

- 100 Yards : (1) G. Lynch, III T, (2) D. Anderson, III T, (3) C. MacFarlane, I F 3—12 secs.
220 Yards : (1) G. Lynch, III T, (2) D. Anderson, III T, (3) C. MacFarlane, I F 3—26 secs.
440 Yards : (1) G. Lynch, III T, (2) J. Kerr, III L, (3) C. MacFarlane, I F 3
63.2 secs.
High Jump : (1) J. McCarthy I F 9, (2) G. Lynch, III T, (3) W. Auld, III FD.
Long Jump : (1) G. Lynch, III T, (2) I. McLaughlin, III T, (3) A. MacFarlane, II L.
Shot Putt : (1) G. Lynch, III T, (2) H. McLean, III T, (3) B. McLaughlin, II T.
Discus : (1) G. Lynch, II T, (2) I. McLaughlin, III T, (3) C. Keir, II T.
Javelin : (1) G. Lynch, III T, (2) D. Cardow, I F 9, (3) I. Ferguson, I F 5.

Junior Champion (Boys) GERALD LYNCH, III T—46 Points

F. P. EVENTS

- 100 Yards : (F.P. Ladies) : (1) E. Mulrine (2) A. Hill.
220 Yards : (F.P. Gentlemen) : (1) J. Meggat, (2) I. Henderson.

INVITATION RELAYS

- Girls : Whitchill—55.2 secs.
Boys : Shawlands—1 min. 40.2 secs.

FORM AND CLASS RELAYS

- Girls' Senior Inter-Form Relay : (1) III FD.
Girls' 1st Form Relay : (1) I F 8.
Girls' 2nd Form Relay : (1) II LD.
Boys' 1st Form Relay : (1) I F 3.
Boys' 2nd Form Relay : (1) II F 1.

HANDICAP RACES

- 300 Yards Girls' Open (Bogle Cup) : (1) L. Robertson, T 4. (2) E. Bolton, TL 2.
880 Yards Boys Open (McBriar Coronation Cup) : (1) D. McAneny, III F 1,
(2) A. Hume, IV 1.

OTHER RACES—GIRLS

- 75 Yards—under 13 : (1) M. Ross, I F 4, (2) L. Robertson, T 4.
Medley Race—Open : (1) A. McMillan, I F 8, (2) J. Stewart, II F 2.
Three-Legged Race—over 15 : (1) V. Anderson, III L, and W. Slusar, III L.
Three-Legged Race—under 15 : (1) B. McLean, II LD, and I. Horn, II LD.
Egg and Spoon Race—Open : (1) D. Sharp, I F 2, (2) C. Crichton, I F 4.
Sack Race : (1) D. Newton, I F 2, (2) B. McLean, II LD.
Skipping Rope Race—Open : (1) V. Anderson, III L, (2) I. Horn, II LD.

BOYS

- 100 Yards—under 13 : (1) J. McMaster, II 3 (2) A. Strang, T 3.
Medley Race—Open : (1) J. Gardiner, II F 1, (2) C. McArthur, III F 3.
Three-Legged Race—under 15 : (1) R. Steele, II F 1, and G. Arthur, II F 1.
Pillow Fight—under 15 : (1) G. Lynch, III T, (2) I. Cox, II F 1.
Slow Cycle Race—Open : (1) D. Millar, III L.D.

FOOTBALL



1st XI.—In the Secondary Shield, the XI reached the last 16 and were narrowly beaten, after a very close game, by 4-3. Due to various circumstances, the league programme is still being played but our position is only middle of the league.

2nd XI.—This XI had a satisfactory season, winning 9 of their 13 games and losing 4. The standard of play was high and gives hope for a successful 1st XI next year.

3rd XI.—The results of this team were quite disappointing, considering the attractive football which the team played. They finished about the middle of the league but were considered much better than their position suggested.

4th XI.—It was only towards the end of the season that this XI developed a settled formation and thereafter some creditable results were returned. Throughout the season, good football was always played and suggests good prospects for next season.

5th XIs.—These two teams tried hard throughout the season but found the opposition just a little too good for them. However, the keenness shown and willingness to learn will stand them in good stead in the future.

W.S.B.

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HOCKEY



Owing to bad weather this session, only five games have been played, of which the 1st XI has won two and lost three.

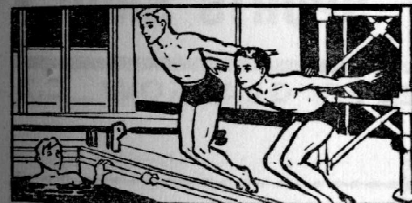
The season has, on the whole, been a very enjoyable one. Apart from the ordinary fixtures, matches were arranged against the boys; these called for nerves, and legs, of steel.

An extremely fast and hard-fought match was played against the Former Pupils and we wish to thank them for their kind hospitality.

Those of us who are leaving the team do so with genuine regret and we all extend our sincere thanks for the past and good wishes for the future to Miss Scott and Miss Simpson.

DORIS J. CARMICHAEL, VI.

SWIMMING



Since the last issue of the magazine, the outstanding achievements have been as follows:—

Girls—Hillhead Gala Invitation Relay, Whitehill 1st. Scottish Schools Championships Preliminary Heats; Doreen Mackinnon and Joyce Anderson chosen for Senior Relay Team, representing Glasgow. Joyce Rudd gained 1st place in under 13 Breast Stroke and will represent Glasgow at the Scottish Championships.

Boys—R. McDonald gained 1st place in the over-15 100 yds. Breast Stroke and will also represent Glasgow at the Scottish Championships.

I.M.C.

GOLF



At the time of writing, the school competitions are under way. This year we are having a Junior Championship as well as the Senior Championship and Allan Shield.

Our playing season has not yet started but we are looking forward to our opening game with great confidence.

The 1960 fixtures again include the Staff v. Pupils match and we are hoping to notch yet another win for the boys.

GEORGE L. NEILSON, VI.