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WHITEHILL SCHOOL MAGAZINE



SUMMER

1962

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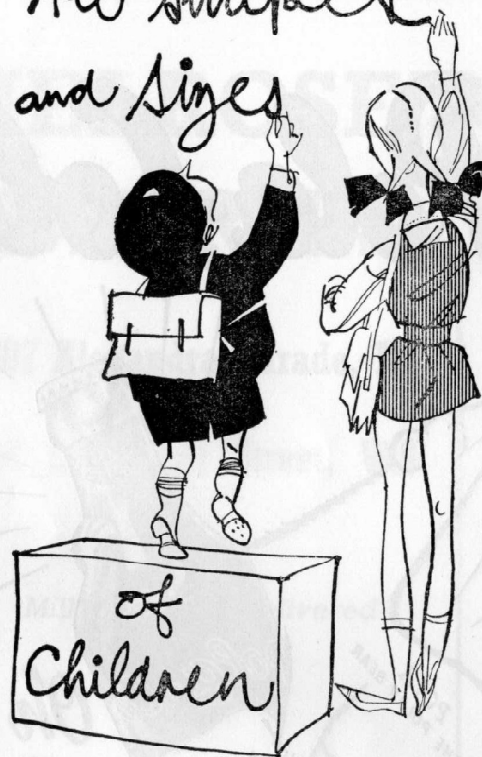
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Whitehill School Magazine

Number 86

Summer 1962

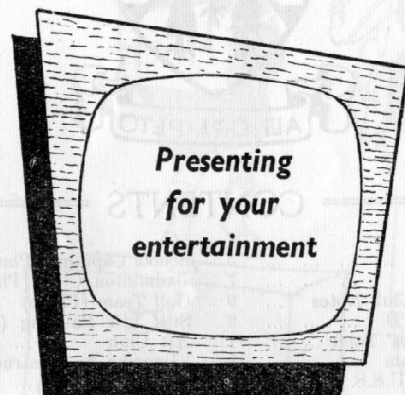


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Friends, teachers and fellow sufferers,

We are glad, if a little surprised, to be able to greet you in this, the 86th School Magazine. Surprised, because some short-sighted officials have changed the dates of the Highers, without the slightest regard for our magazine. Let's abolish all such exams, so that we can write our articles in peace!

Despite these unfortunate exams., we have been inundated with articles of all kinds - some original and "off beat", others borrowed rather obviously, from old magazines and the Sunday Post. We are pleased to see how closely you read our last efforts, but please don't try to fool us by rearranging the words a little and handing in so-called original compositions.

As usual there were several scurrilous attacks on members of staff, which we enjoyed and destroyed, and even some which referred to the naughty little habits of the prefects - these we found very useful for lighting our cigarettes and adding up our Canasta scores, but we would like the writers to know that we have none of the vices they mention.

We would like to thank all the people who helped to make the magazine - we were going to say a success, but how can we tell? Nevertheless, thank you - Miss Garvan and Mr. Wyatt, Mrs. Blair and the advertising committee, Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Simpson. We have enjoyed our work on the Magazine Committee, but are glad to hand over to the school's budding Beaverbrooks our positions as

THE EDITORS.

P.S. We hope you all enjoy the summer holidays, although we know the Fifth and Sixth forms can hardly fail to, when every day they will have the thrill of knowing that the postman could be bringing them a pretty certificate to eat their fish and chips from.

Good luck!

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SCHOOL NOTES

It is with deep regret that we record in this Magazine the deaths of two men, whose working lives were spent in the service of Whitehill — Robert M. Weir, to whom tribute is paid by Mr. Walker on page 19, and Arthur Scott, to whom reference is made on page 26.

During this session there have been several Staff changes.

Mr. Archibald Robertson (Religious Education) joined the Staff of Jordanhill College School, and Mr. Bowles (Art) moved to Victoria Drive School.

We extend a warm welcome to Miss Terrell, who takes Mr. Robertson's place; to Mr. Hamilton (Science); Miss Allan (Commercial); Mr. Nisbet (Art), a Former Pupil; Miss Dunlop, Mrs. Hart and Mr. G. Young, who have taken charge of our Transition Classes in Wellpark Annexe; and Mrs. Violet Brown, who gives part-time assistance in the English Department.

In the Scottish Community Drama Association's Glasgow District one-act play festival essay competition, Robert McLeish, IVI, won commendation in the Senior Group; in the Junior Group Williamina Fisher, III2 took 2nd place, and Margaret Gray, III2 took 3rd place.

Our Former Pupils continue to distinguish themselves in various walks of life.

Herbert L. Duthie, M.B., Ch.M., School Captain 1946-47, graduated Doctor of Medicine with Honours.

Robert F. Graham, who left Whitehill in 1954, graduated from an Officers' Training College, was sent to Tanganyika where he attained the rank of Captain, and recently became aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of Tanganyika.

Among the Scots who passed out at the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, at the close of 1961, was John Edgar, who left School in 1957.

At the Glasgow Musical Festival, the Dr. Thomas A. Kerr Memorial Trophy, presented for the first time by members of the family of the former Lord Provost of Glasgow for competition in the vocal solos (general) "B" honours class, was won by Alina Murray (soprano).

Again we appeal to F.Ps. to send particulars of successes and distinctions to the Editor at the School.

"The Brown and Gold Annual," the School Magazine of Morrison Glace Bay High School, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, with whom we exchange magazines, prints on its "Exchange Page" a poem on "Grammar," written by "S.P., IFR, Whitehill School, Glasgow, Scotland." We are glad that the "nouns and pronouns, verbs and clauses," so well "hammered into our heads" in Whitehill, have spread our fame so far abroad.

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WHITEHILL F.P. CLUB NOTES

This term's article is really an appeal to those about to leave school. Unless some of you come along to the club, before long there will be no club!

The Rugby Section, for example, were forced to suspend activities in the course of the season and to cancel remaining fixtures because they were unable to muster a full team. This is surely a tragic situation for a school with Whitehill's tradition. In the hope that their strength will increase, the section have accepted several fixtures for next season.

Other sections struggling for survival are Choir, Badminton, Hockey and Table Tennis (whose present members go from strength to strength) and they, along with our more flourishing Football Section, extend a warm invitation to all interested in joining.

At the time of going to press, section secretaries for next session have not been appointed. All enquiries should therefore be addressed to the General Secretary -

MISS M. I. ARCHIBALD,
70 Warriston Crescent,
Glasgow, E.3
Telephone No. PRO 5292

We "old-timers" cannot carry on for much longer without some new blood — could it be **yours**?

We hope so!

M.I.A.

* * * *

THE GIRLS OF IIFD

They have really lovely voices,
At hockey they can play,
There's ne'er a cross word among them,
They're happy all the day.

They are really very clever,
Of that there is no doubt,
They only whisper in the class,
They never, never shout.

And after reading all of this,
We hope that you will see,
How different the girls are
From the boys of IIFD.

L.W., IIFD.

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IN BUCHANAN STREET

UNDER THE EDITORS' TABLE



"I'm worried, I'm worried Oh, what can I do?" writes Scatter-brain, IF2.

You're not the only one, dearie. The number of articles this year has been so great that I have almost been pushed from under

the desk by the overspill.

But now Put Out the Flags and pour the champagne. I have in front of me more than thirty articles from the Fifth and Sixth Years alone; most of these are only just under Magazine standard, and J.Y., VI2, G.H., P.McC., F.C. VI1 deserve especial praise - jolly hard luck.

E.C., V2, wrote quite a good article, but when she asks, "I am just wasting time, aren't I?" — well, I ask you.

I would also advise an investigation of the activities of the Fourth Year, after M.F's., mention of "robbery, blackmail, fraud, murder etc." in the procuring of a tape recorder.

In my congratulations I musn't miss out the Transitions and First Year, who responded very well indeed, with good articles from M.D., Tr, J.M., T3, J.M., IF5 and C.S., IF10. But I would like to point out that if people like J.S., Ir come up with "Latin is a language as dead as dead can be;" or "There was a young man from Nantucket," once more, revenge, swift and terrible, shall fall on them. As for "There was a young lady from Niger. Who went for a ride on a tiger" — I only hope that the lady concerned was A.M., 12.

With this pleasant thought, then, I leave you. I hope that you will all have a splendid holiday - despite Oswald's rude remarks - and come back ready to fill another Magazine.

Yours aye,

OSWALD THE OFFICE BOY.

A BEATNIK'S DREAM

Shakespeare, Shelley, Milton, Byron —
The poets Whitehill for ever rely on;
But - with the modern approach - I feel
We will soon have poems by Tommy Steele!

If "Rocking the Cavemen" makes the grade,
It will soon replace "The Light Brigade";
For if Tennyson were alive today,
He would write rock 'n' roll or a beatnik play!

Think how happy we would all become
With rock 'n' roll on the curriculum!
Begone, dull care! We'd come to school faster,
If Elvis Prestley were the English Master!

M.B., IIF4.

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A VISIT TO THE "U.S.S. McNAIR"

About two months ago, my father, brother and myself were invited by the Lieutenant-Commander to see round the "U.S.S. McNAIR." This destroyer was one of the Task Group "Bravo" which visited Glasgow. The Task Group consisted of four destroyers viz. "U.S.S. McNAIR," "U.S.S. R. L. WILSON," "U.S.S. BASILDON" and "U.S.S. DAMATO," one submarine called the "U.S.S. BANG" and one aircraft-carrier, the "U.S.S. WASP."

We arrived at Princess Dock at 4.30 and were welcomed aboard, and shown to the wardroom where we were introduced to the other officers.

Soon, we set out on our tour of the ship. Before long, we discovered that every inch of space on a destroyer is precious.

We decided to start at the top of the ship on the O2 deck which is the bridge-level. The decks are numbered by taking the main deck as O and each deck above this is zero plus the number e.g. the deck above O deck is O1 deck.

In the wheel-house, we saw two different kinds of compasses. One was the gyro-compass which is always in use, and the other an ordinary mariners' compass to be used in an emergency. We also saw a radar-screen on which appear radar signals if any vessel, aircraft or land approaches. There is of course in the wheelhouse, the wheel and the engine-room telegraph as well as numerous dials and complicated instruments.

In front of the wheel-house, is the pilot-house. In the pilot-house, there were more dials and instruments.

After this, we went down to O1 deck. This is the gun-deck. The Lieutenant-Commander took us up into one of the gun-turrets, where he explained how the guns were fired. He also explained that the guns could be fired by the operator in the turret, or by someone on the bridge. After this, we saw the other guns, torpedoes and "hedge-hogs." These "hedge-hogs" are shaped like turpentine bottles but instead of being filled with turpentine, they are filled with T.N.T. They are fired in batches of six or eight and once fired, they surround the sub. When they explode, they damage the submarine's instruments thus forcing it to the surface.

On the main deck, we saw the galley, the barber's and the laundry. We discovered that the "Mighty Mac" (as the sailors call their ship) has her bread baked on board, with the result that in rough weather the bread is "lop-sided."

After going down to one of the engine rooms (there are four altogether) and seeing round it, we returned to the ward-room (or Officer's Mess) for tea. After tea, we left the ship thanked everyone, and returned home well pleased with our visit.

M.B., III2.

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MONDAY MORNING

My breath came in painful gasps and my heart thumped on my ribs, crushed by each rush of air that poured into my lungs. My arm ached from the weight of my bag and hair flapped into my eyes, blinding me, but I had to run on.

Plate glass windows blurred past me in a silvery stream, broken at regular intervals by close-mouths which echoed to my footsteps. Shopkeepers stopped washing windows and pedestrians hastily side-stepped to avoid me. A few precious moments were spent at the zebra crossing until the policeman let me cross.

The crowd was just beginning to walk towards the building. If I was quick I might make it.

Then suddenly there came the sound I had been waiting for. My heart sank but at the same time I felt the humour of the situation. I stopped running and limped slowly over the rest of the ground, gave my name to the prefect, ignored her 'You again! You'll catch it!', took my place in the lines and stood - late, but still waiting to be allowed into the building, and listening to the ear-piercing sound of the whistle and the undercurrent of conversation which it could not stop.

A.S., IV2.

RHYMES FOR CHILDREN

The race was run
And Ann had won,
She had been duly declared the victor.
But Ann had not reckoned
On the girl who came second
For she sneaked up behind Ann and kicked her.

There was a young lady of Putney,
Who was terribly fond of chutney.
One day in a hurry
She took instead curry,
Maybe you could think of a better
Rhyme but I haven't got 'ny.

A.T., VIr.

ROOM 11

In that red stone building
In Whitehill Street,
In Room Eleven, in the second back seat,
I sat and accomplished this feat.

I've written something quite adept,
That Mr. Wyatt might accept.
It's taken me an hour or three
So do not ask for more from me.

D.McF., IIL.

THE GLASGOW CORPORATION OMNIBUSES or "Ra Buses"

The omnibus is a vehicle for public conveyance but is treated as an object suited to do battle in. During the school rush hours possibly the worst battles take place. This disastrous occurrence happens towards the hour of nine o'clock when these corporation vehicles are utilised by the gentle youths and maidens of the various schools. When they board the omnibus there is usually a wild charge, there are sounds of groans, and grunts and the occasional scream. In the middle of this mass of human flesh there is a young lady who appears to be slightly perturbed, helping a bedraggled-looking woman off the floor. It is seen from her uniform and the way she presses a button that she is the well known and notorious "Clippie" or conductress.

"Ur ye a' rite missus?" she says to the other lady. "Thon moab wid git onybudy doon."

The lady, who had been propping up the floor, replies in the affirmative. "Oh yes, really! Utterly bad show to let a bunch of kids run over one, what? By George, I'm quite out of breath."

The conductress then goes her way up the 'bus, crying out the well known and dreaded words, "Fers, please." Strangely enough all the school children are asking for "A thripny hauf." One young gentleman, in trying to evade the conductress, knocks over a rather portly lady's bag. The youth retreats before the onslaught of; "Ach, jist look whit ye've done now, an' here's me jist comin' frae gettin it cleant. Cum back here till ah belt ye onc."

At this moment the young man is confronted by the irate conductress, who asks him for his fare. When he replies that he has 'lost' it, the conductress murmurs quietly at the top of her rather powerful voice: "Look you! If ah don't git ra money yer goin' aff ma bus if ye dunnae pay up."

Fortunately for him the omnibus reaches his stop. The whole mass of youth floods out, leaving behind an assortment of sticky papers, several books and pencils, and a distraught-looking person saying "Fers, please."

D.T., IVr.

SCATTERBRAIN

I'm worried, I'm worried,
Oh what can I do?

I've failed in my Maths.,
And my English too.

My Science is shocking,

I've failed that as well,

If I only were brainy,

But I can't even spell.

I can't work out problems,

They puzzle me so,

And that is the reason

My marks are so low.

C.C., IF2.

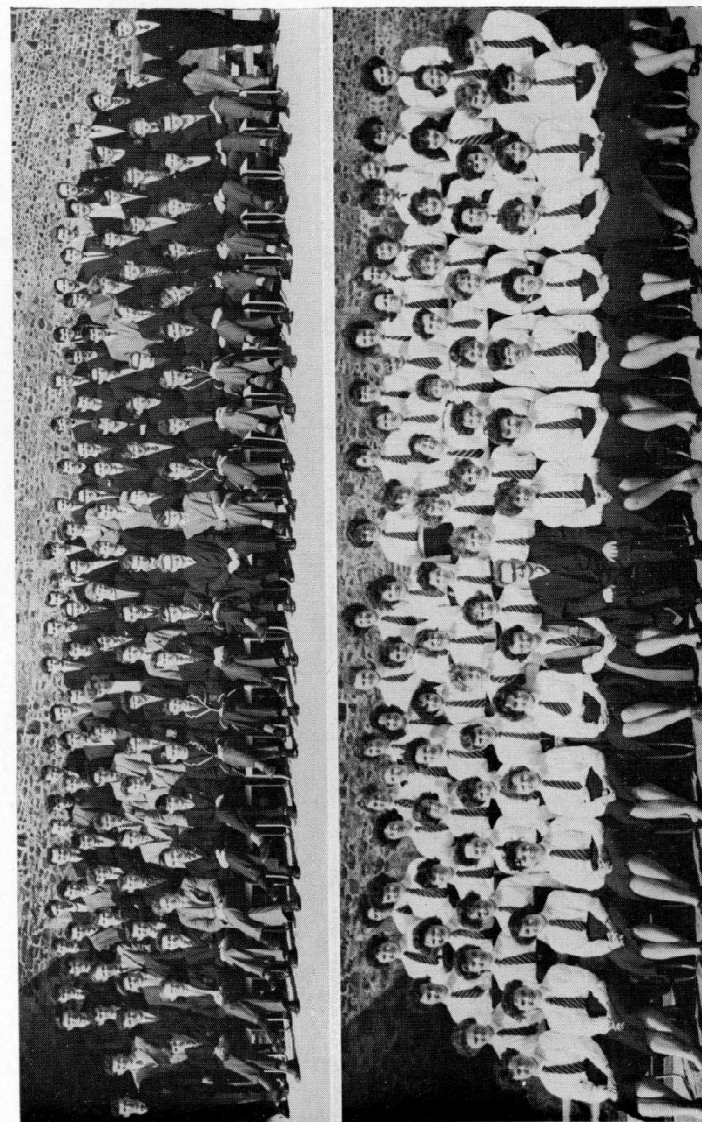
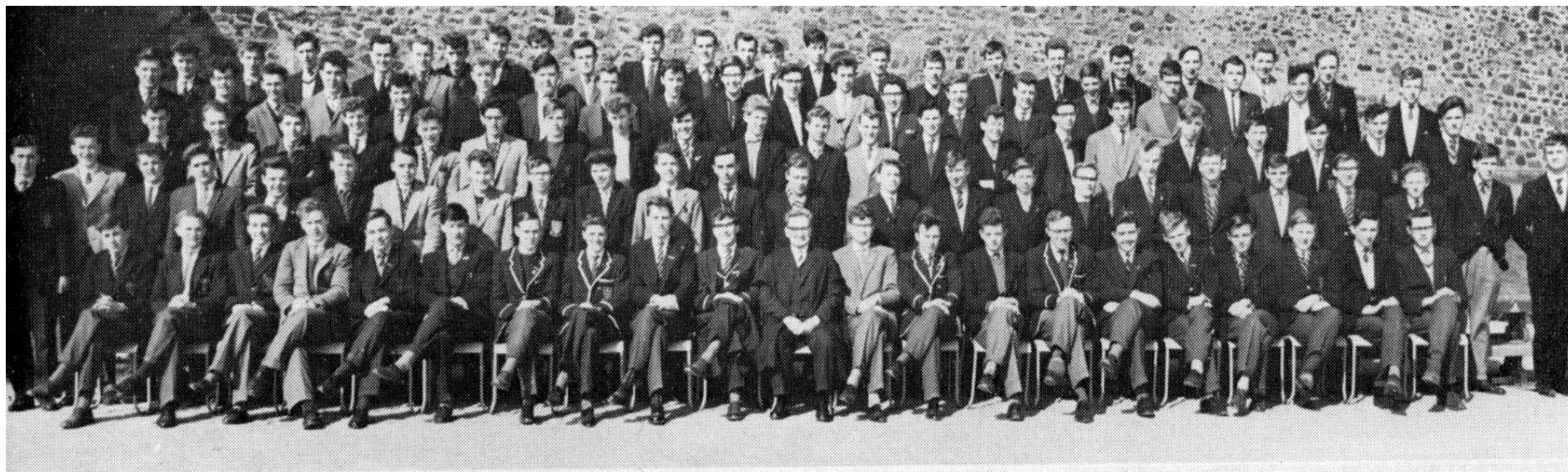


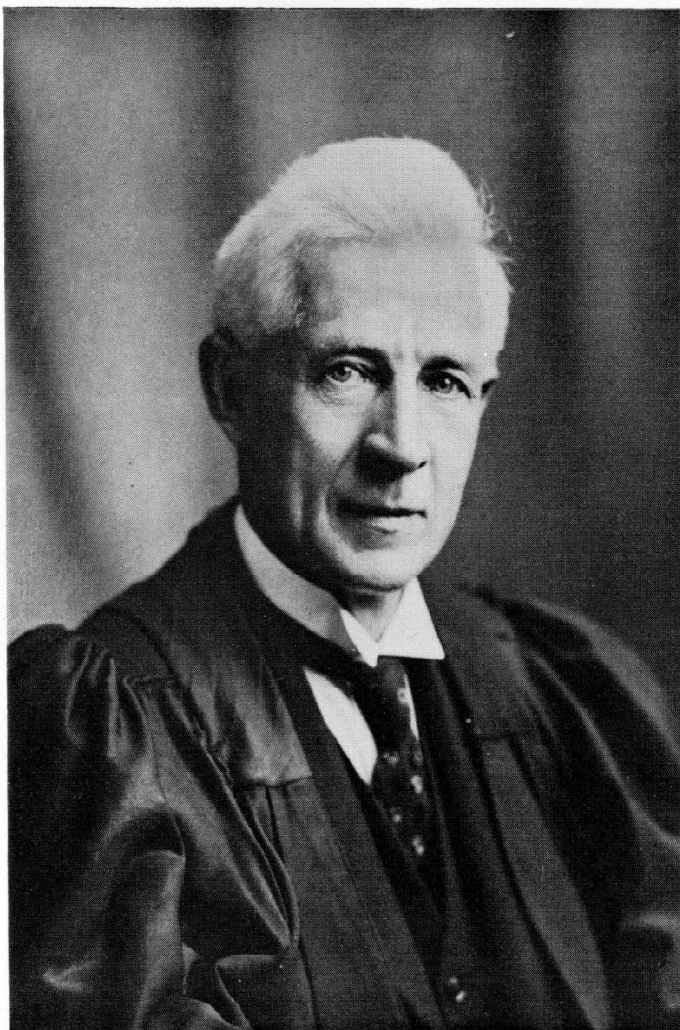
Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

FORMS V and VI.



FORMS V. and VI.

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd



ROBERT M. WEIR, M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S.

MR. ROBERT M. WEIR - An Appreciation

Robert M. Weir, M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S., who died on 25th March, at the age of 80, was for many years a kenspeckle figure in Scottish educational circles, not only for his snow-white hair, wing collar, ruddy cheeks, and twinkling eye, but for the restless energy which brimmed over in everything he did.

He took a leading part in the work of the Educational Institute of Scotland, both locally and nationally; he served most acceptably as president of the Glasgow Headmasters' Association; and was one of the founders and later president of the Association of Headmasters of Secondary Schools, now known as the Headmasters' Association of Scotland.

When he came to Whitehill in 1931 he found the school playing fields at Craigend burdened by heavy debt. With characteristic vigour, enthusiasm, and ingenuity he threw himself into the task of clearing off this deficit, and six years later the Craigend Trustees were able to announce that the playing fields were "entirely free from financial encumbrance."

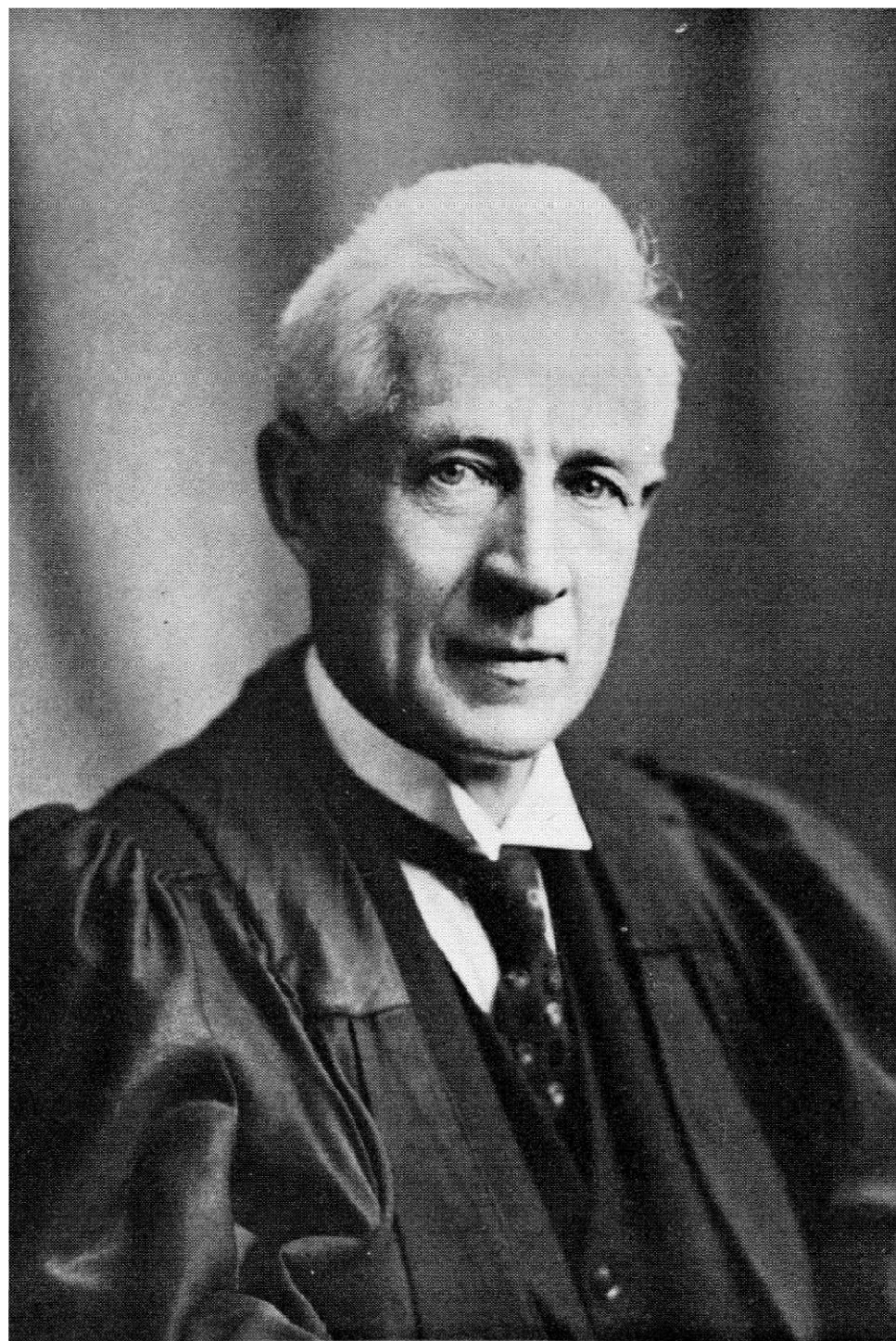
Dynamic Qualities

Mr Weir's dynamic qualities were most clearly evident in the classroom and about the school. Many Whitehillians will recall the rolling thunder that fell on any boy who dared to cross the playground with his stockings at half mast. Others will remember with a chuckle the boxes of shoe brushes and polish which stood in the school hall for the public use of unfortunate boys and girls whose shoes failed to reach a proper Whitehill standard—and that measured by the head master's eagle eye.

Leisure is about the last word that one would associate with "R.M.," yet amidst the complexities of time-tabling and the problems of administering a school of some 2500 pupils, he found time to dig his garden, to fish and to sail as a member of the Clyde Cruising Club. He was a keen and somewhat adventurous motorist, and only last year, his eightieth, when his "bubble" car landed in a ditch near Glendaruel, his anxiety was not about himself but as to how soon the insurance company would get the car back on to the road.

Colleagues and pupils will cherish the memory of Bob Weir, a lively, friendly, generous and approachable man, an excellent teacher and an outstanding headmaster.

James Walker.



ROBERT M. WEIR, M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S.

TWISTIN' FEVER

Hear ye everyone what I've gotta say,
This twistin' lark is here to stay.
They're twistin' here, they're twistin' there,
Man, they're twistin' everywhere!

Broken ankles, blistered feet,
Everyone's "sent" by the twistin' beat.
Chubby Checker and his mates,
Boys and girls out with their dates!

Try the Twist! It is good fun,
The Twist can be done by everyone.
Twist to the left, twist to the right,
You can even keep twistin' all thro' the night!

Girls are "gone" and boys are "sent",
Though after twistin' some relent,
After work and after play,
All stand twistin' the night away!

If you're downhearted or feeling "blue"
Do the Twist, it's good for you!

J.E., III4.

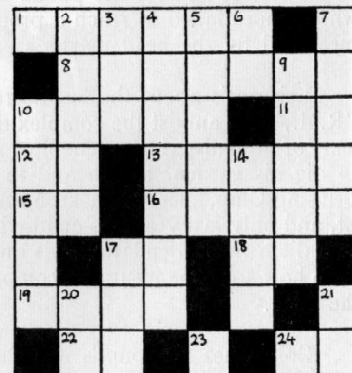
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. A place in a Shakespeare play.
7. An indefinite article.
8. Edward King.
10. You should have 32.
11. An inverted greeting.
12. 2/3 at age.
13. A French bird of prey.
15. Mine.
16. Often broken.
17. A preposition.
18. A parent.
19. Shows all of 10 across.
21. An exclamation.
22. The negative.
23. Same as 7 across.
24. For the maintenance of peace.

DOWN

2. Gray, wrote one.
3. "Comin' thro' the —"
4. An eight sided figure.
5. Nothing.
6. A small advertisement.
7. "— to —, dust to dust."
9. Part of an island.
10. Worn on the head.
14. An umbrella.
20. Same as 23 across.
21. Preposition.



Solution on Page 41

"THE BEATING"

About a year ago there was an article in this Magazine about grouse-shooting. Now that I have been "beating", I am going to write my version of a typical day's grouse shooting.

Out of bed at 7.45 a.m. Collected by the land-rover at 8.30. Beginning the first "drive" at 9.30. I must explain here that there are five drives, each lasting about two hours. The twenty-five or so beaters are arranged in a large crescent shape of about a mile across. The march begins. Usually the land is seamed with gullies which we have to cross. At first I was able to clamber out because I was tall enough to reach a tuft of heather. Some of the poor little souls with us did not make it, and were not seen again until the end of the day, when we were paid. There now followed a knee-deep marsh, more peaty gullies which stain the skin yellow, some streams for variety, and to crown it all a climb up a very long, steep hillside. This was the easiest drive!

The remainder were done in torrential rain which obscured everything until I had stepped into it, on it or walked through it. The march of these stalwarts (speedily being reduced to mental and physical wrecks) went on until the gamekeeper blew a whistle telling us to stop and hide, whilst the "sportsmen" shot at the grouse. The next drive, I must admit, was different - it was through insect - infected woods, across a knee-deep river, a small loch and then, as usual, up some mountainside conveniently placed there (so it seemed) to finish the job of prolonged execution which the other obstacles had failed to do. By the end of the last drive, some five unfortunate bodies had succumbed and disappeared — off home, I hope.

Nevertheless, if I were asked if I had enjoyed it, the answer would be:- "No comment - but I am going again this year,"

A.P., V3

HANDY QUOTATIONS

"This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it."

(Mr. Wilson's study).

"A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair."

(A typical 'gentleman' of the staff).

"'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon."

(The Singing Room while in use).

"The appetite may sicken, and so die."

(Dinner school meals).

Enough; no more:

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before."

(Canteen tea).

"'Twill endure wind and weather."

(The Annexe).

B.R.; I.D., III2.

TEACHERS

Teachers are very odd people -
Each in his own special way:
Scholastic, bombastic or mildly sarcastic,
Droning on day after day.

Teachers are very odd people -
Clad in their black gowns of gloom:
Suspecting, inspecting or grimly correcting,
As we scurry from room to room.

Teachers are **very** odd people.
Why? I really can't say
Reforming, informing or wildly storming,
Each tedious, endless day.

B.Y., IIF4.

* * * *

POEM

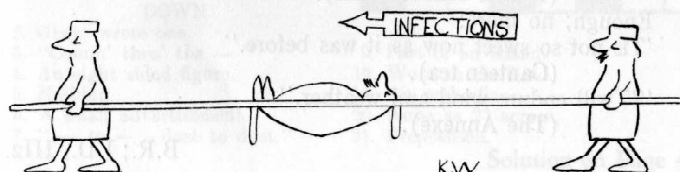
Write an article for the mag?
I puzzled. What a drag!
What will it be?
Oh, my! Oh, me!

An essay, a poem, a Song of the River?
I just don't know. I'm all of a dither!
What will it be?
Oh, my! Oh, me!

I'm red-eyed and frantic amid paper galore.
Pencils all chewed; give me some more!
What will it be?
Oh, my! Oh, me!

At last! At last! The answer - I hope.
It's finished; it's ended, so please don't mope!
Just let me Be.
Oh, my! Oh, me!

N.R., IIF4.



PUPILS AND PREFECTS

When pupils enter school they gaze at prefects in awe and wonder. In fact the poor unsuspecting pupils worship the ground they walk on.

Later the pupils enter a second phase. They no longer worship prefects but begin secretly to scorn them and to flout their authority.

Then the third phase commences and they begin to show openly their contempt for these arrogant officials. Now the prefects take action and begin to punish those indignant young scholars.

So the battle goes on until many of the fine young men who have gone right up through the school abiding by the rules are voted prefects. No sooner are they installed in office than their whole nature changes and they become as vindictive as their predecessors.

This extract is taken from the book "I was a Teenage Vampire" or "The Confessions of a Prefect," by I. Regretit.

P.C., IIFD.

OF SLEEP

Sleep is a kind of idle inactivity, which is best participated in while a teacher (any teacher) is speaking. Sleep can be noisy or quiet, long or short. The long, restless sleep is popular during long, boring poems, while the short, quiet sleep is common during any type of lesson. Crafty pupils disguise sleep, simple pupils snore through it, and wise pupils just sleep. Sleep should be slept. He that sleepeth not for sleep's sake should not sleep at all.

Fred Ham, VI.

"FIFTH YEAR" SONNET

Farewell to the classrooms, the teachers, the "Heidie."
To face the big world of the poor and the needy.
While some have their quota of Lowers and Highers,
The rest of us? Well, we were jolly good triers!

R.G., V2.

WHITEHILL SCHOOL

Day in, day out, all day long,
Whitehill pupils to school throng.
A prefect standing by the gate,
Watches to see that nobody's late.
"In to school, to work," says she,
(Not many of us dance with glee).
To teachers good and teachers sour,
With lots of work on us to shower.
No matter where, no matter when,
We all look forward to home again.

C.R., T.3

ATHLETICS CAMP

Last March, I was invited by a member of the Gymnastic staff to spend a fortnight's holiday at an Athletic Camp based in a school in Helensburgh. It was held during the middle fortnight of July, and I was informed that I would benefit from an increase in physical fitness. My limited knowledge in sporting events would also be increased. The member of staff added that I would find enjoyable company there, as well as comfortable sleeping accommodation.

Well, immediately I accepted, arrangements for another Fourth Year pupil and myself were made. The day started at seven-thirty with a wash and clean-up, followed at eight, by breakfast. Then from nine to eleven there was either Rugby or Football. For me the worst part of the course followed from eleven-thirty to twelve, it was swimming and was in the freezing cold sea water of the open air pool on the sea front. After lunch the sixty boys in the camp broke up into groups for two and a half hours of athletics or cricket or tennis. On certain afternoons, there was sailing, canoeing and rock climbing. Tea was at five o'clock then we were free. Saturday afternoon was free as well as all day Sunday, except for swimming.

The food at the camp was truly excellent. There was a wide choice, and it was always abundant. The company of the boys there was most enjoyable and they were all very lively. The sleeping accommodation, however, was not so good. We were based in a school, each room of which contained a group of twelve boys. The single beds were the old army style, the collapsible sort. I found this fact out one night when I returned from the pictures. I flopped down on the bed, which unknown to me, some practical joker had fixed. The bed collapsed on to the floor with me on top, reduced to a more compact form.

As I have said, I would like to return but this time I would know what to expect. Any one who might read this and be a future candidate, should not be misled by what I have said, but remember that it was an Athletic Camp and not a Butlin's camp!

D.A., IV3.



A SMALL Story

Every time my dog, Lassie, BEGGs I know she wants someone to WALKER, and one day I asked my father if he would come with me. "Yes, I WILSON," he replied, "I'll come as soon as I find my hat and McKAIN".

As we were CROSSAN a field we saw a little BROWN rabbit hiding behind an old GRAVESON in a near-by cemetery. "Go FLETCHER, girl!" I said to Lassie, "If you KELLET we can have it for dinner tomorrow". However, the rabbit escaped, and we walked as far as the CLIFF. NEILING down in front of my father I asked him WATT the BLACK spot on the horizon was. "That's a merchant ship, son", he replied, "It's sailing LOW in the water, so it must be KERRYing a large cargo But we must go home at once ORR we will be late". "WYATT once?" I asked unhappily, but I knew that dinner would be ready soon, so without SHEDDEN any tears I reluctantly headed home. On the way we had to put Lassie on the lead, because she had already chased two KATZENELEven sheep and had TUDHOPE all the grass.

R.M., IV1.

THE TROUT SEASON

By the time this article has been published, the trout season will have been, a long time started and many anglers, better known to their close friends as "fanatics", will be doing their best to win back the confidence of their friends.

For many anglers, fishing is just an excuse to escape the tedium of household 'chores'. To most anglers, however, trout fishing is a sport of sports. There is no finer experience, no greater excitement, than when you see a trout rising to your fly. Then the fight is on, and then, after you have landed him, you have a feeling of accomplishment.

Fishing, like every other sport, has its setbacks, and sooner or later, you are bound to end up in the sitting room of the local "howff", surrounded by an enthusiastic group of old anglers, your clothes and equipment drying out before the fire. You then have licence to lie brazenly of the fish you hooked, which was so big that it pulled you headlong into the water. None of them really believes you, but they all sympathise with you, for they realise, that yet another innocent victim has been claimed by the "angling fever". They know that you, inadvertently slipped into a hole, and finished up, up to your neck in water. They also know that you tell this story to excuse your own carelessness, for an angler never admits he is wrong. If he fails to catch anything the weather conditions are bad, or the river is no darned good anyway. If he loses a fish off his hook, he curses his "bad" tackle or he remarks that the bed of this river is full of snags. No matter what way you look at it the angler is always in the right.

The only thing that worries me is that I am an angler myself. Surely I am not like that!!

G.W., IV3.

MR. ARTHUR SCOTT

We were saddened when, on our return to school last August we found that Mr. Scott had spent most of his holiday in hospital and was still unfit for duty. Little did we realise that he would never again take his familiar place in Room 23. Although he came among us from time to time during the months which followed, it was painful to see that he was failing rapidly. Soon he had to return to hospital, where he died on the 17th December 1961. We can only hope that some of the darkness of those last days was lifted for him by the love of his own family, the unsparing devotion of his inseparable friend and colleague George Brown, and the affection of the members of the staff who visited him.

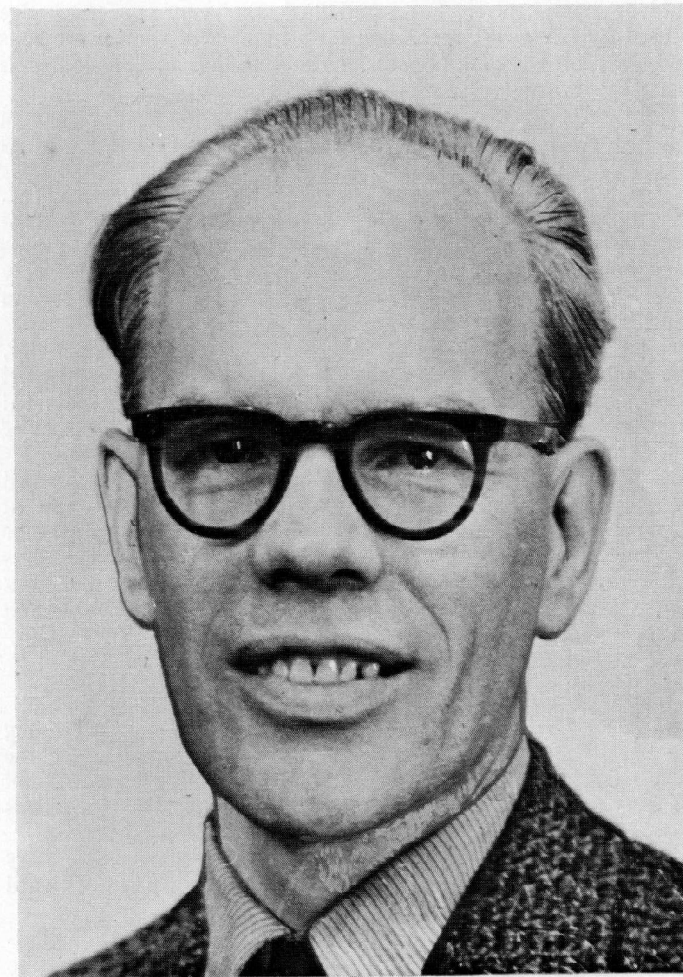
Arthur Scott was the son of a schoolmaster. He spent part of his boyhood in Islay, and when the family moved to Glasgow, Arthur became a pupil at Whitehill. From Whitehill he went to the University, graduating with Honours in English. During the War he served with the Royal Artillery, and thereafter began his teaching career with a brief period at Wellshot School. From Wellshot he came to Whitehill, where he remained.

It was not long before Arthur's enthusiastic nature involved him fully in the corporate life of the School. Among his special interests were the Literary and Debating Society, the Chess Club and the annual Stratford excursion, but he had a share in almost everything. On a more official level he took charge of the Book Store, ran the Homework Supervision Scheme, and acted as the Staff's E.I.S. representative. It was fitting that when the new grade of Special Assistant was created Mr. Scott should be one of the first to be promoted to it.

In the classroom Mr. Scott was quiet and good-humoured, teaching classes at all levels up to the Bursary Sixth with the same ease and success. The affection and respect he inspired in those he taught was seen in the spontaneous appearance of so many former pupils at the funeral service.

He assisted his colleagues too, generously passing on to them any material he had prepared for use with his own classes. To those beginning their careers at Whitehill he was particularly considerate, and the Reverend Archibald Robertson of the School Staff, in his moving address at the funeral service, paid his personal tribute as a young teacher to Arthur's understanding and helpfulness.

All of us who knew Arthur Scott will think of his generosity, his kindness, his natural courtesy, his cheerful laugh, his lively comradeship, notably in the Staff Badminton Club, and we shall not forget his courage and endurance in the days of his illness. Although ill-health had turned his hair white, he was still a comparatively young man, and there was something attractively boyish in his face up till the last. He never complained, and most of us did not realise how very ill he was during his last months in School. Perhaps a fitting epitaph for Arthur Scott may be found, appropriately, in the words of Shakespeare.



ARTHUR SCOTT, M.A.

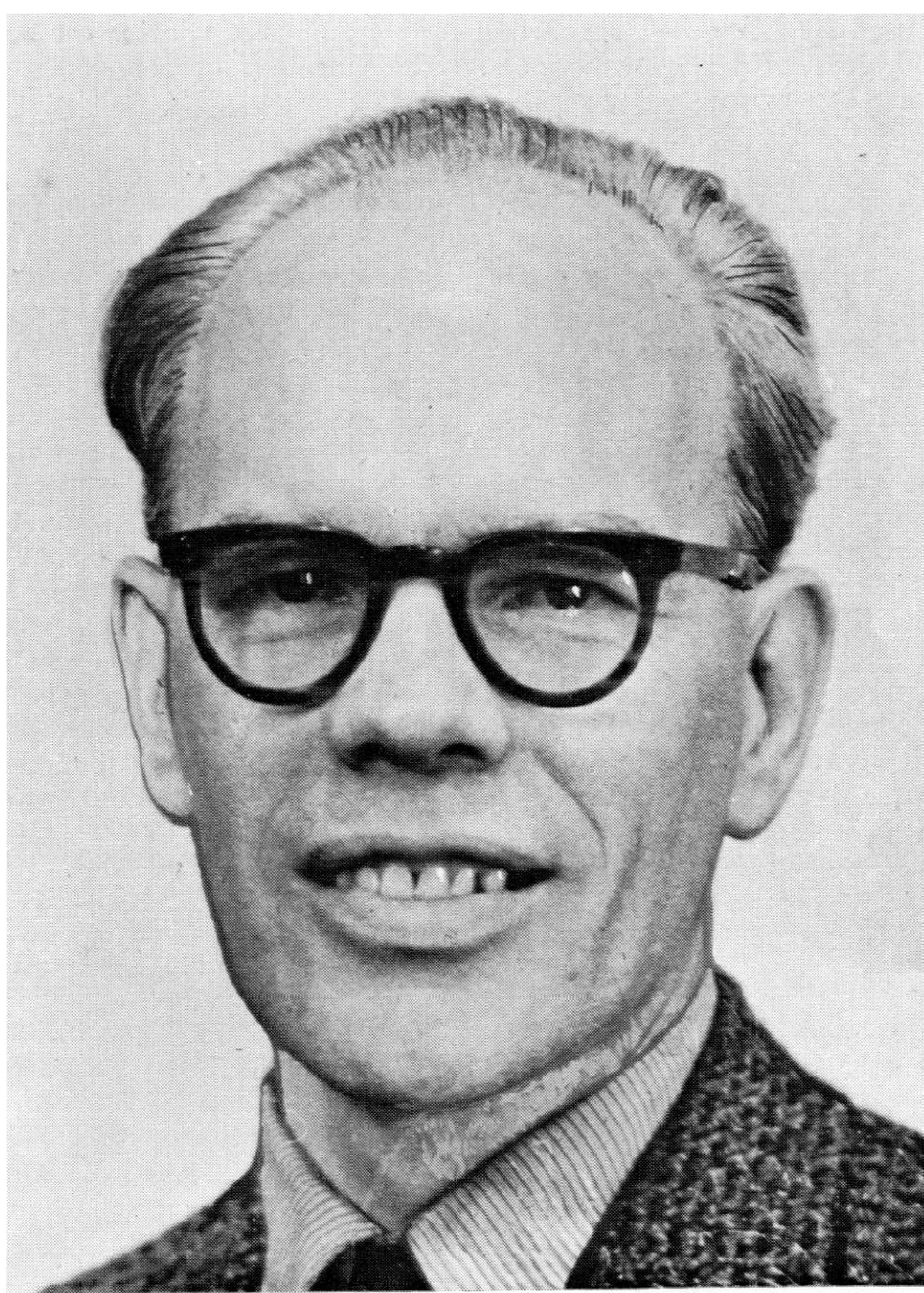
He was,

“The kindest man.

The best conditioned and unwearied spirit.

In doing courtesies”,

and we shall always cherish his memory as the best of teachers and the best of colleagues.



ARTHUR SCOTT, M.A.

GLENMORE LODGE

Situated in the Cairngorms, Glenmore Lodge is an excellent outdoor sports centre. For a period of time every year the Lodge is used by Glasgow Corporation for a number of courses for boys and girls of Glasgow Schools. The duration of the course is generally two or four weeks.

In the company of fifty-nine Glasgow schoolboys I spent a month at Glenmore, enjoying the facilities put at our disposal by the Scottish Council for Physical Recreation.

The activities of Glenmore Lodge depend on the actual season. All the year through there are standard activities, such as map-reading, wayfinding, climbing and camping. The seasonal events vary between ski-ing in winter and sailing in summer. Every person who participates in a course at Glenmore keeps a log, in which every day's activities are noted.

As our course was in February, ski-ing was the main activity, one week being devoted to its instruction under the care of expert skiers. Snow climbing was another winter activity participated in by us. The remainder of the month was then given to instructing us in the non-seasonal events.

Although we all were boys from the city we soon adapted ourselves to the outdoor life of the Highlands. The course at Glenmore Lodge brings out a sense of comradeship in everyone who participates, because it teaches one to trust in one's leaders and companions. Any pupil who has the opportunity to take a course at Glenmore should accept, as it is a most enjoyable and inexpensive experience.

D.D., IV3.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT



We have had a most interesting and successful session, under the guidance of Miss Garvan, and have enjoyed lively discussions on subjects of topical concern.

From Miss Trimmer, Secretary of S.C.M. in schools we learned

of the wider work of the S.C.M.

Recently, a few of our members attended a Youth Fellowship week-end at "Comarach," and the only regret was that so few of us could attend this excellent week-end.

We hope to see many new faces from Forms IV, V. and VI next session.

Irene Macphee, V2.

THE FILM SOCIETY

The film showings continued into the second term and the following were shown in the "cinema" - "The Lady Killers", with Alex Guinness and Peter Sellers. "Marx Brothers at the Circus", and "High Noon", with Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly.

A.K.H.



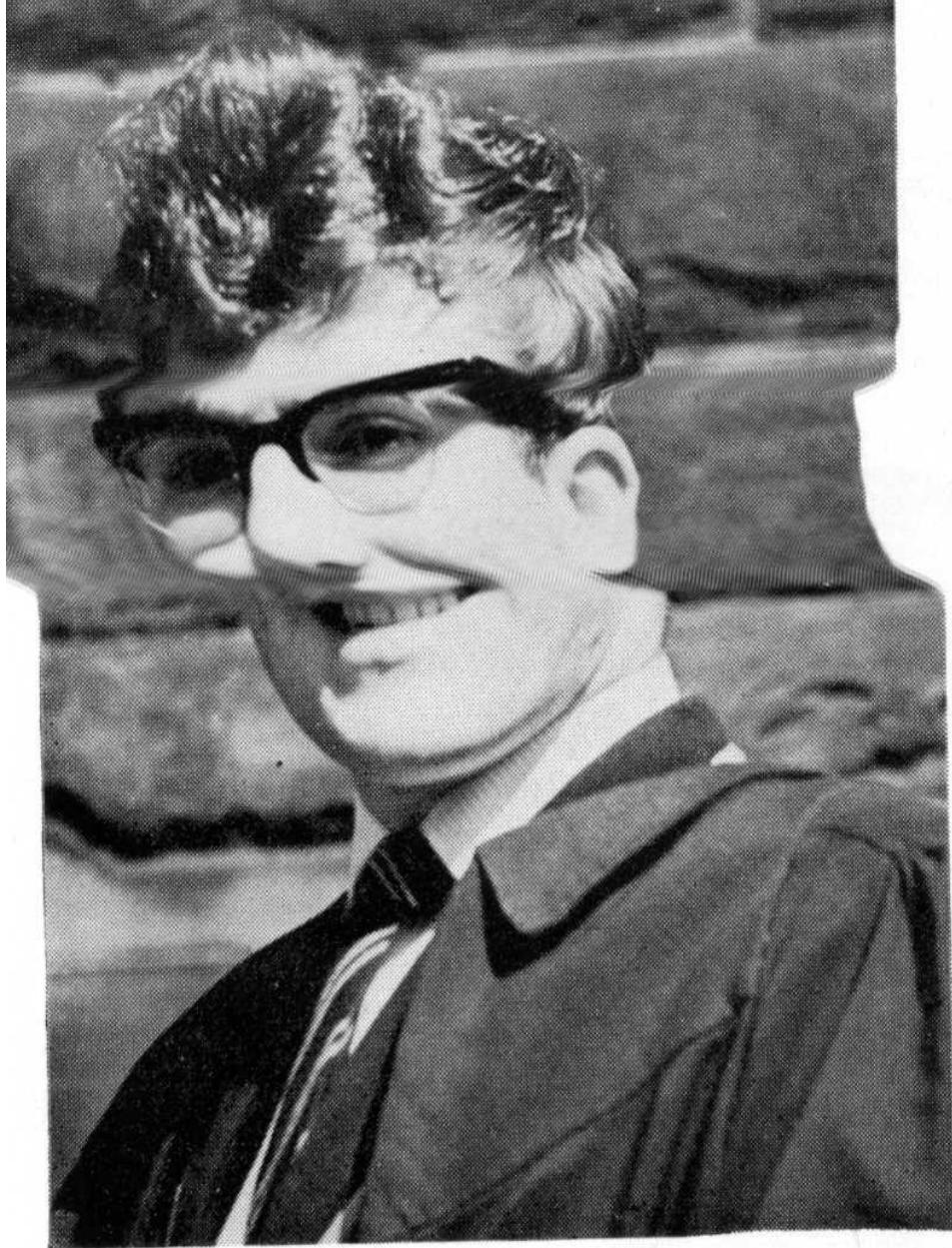
Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

MOIRA IRVINE



WILLIAM WILLIAMSON

THE SCHOOL CAPTAINS



THE SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Photo by Scottish Press Agency

WILLIAM WILLIAMSON

MOIRA IRVINE

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.
GOLF TEAM
 (l. to r.) A. Thomson, V. Strachan, I. Fraser, D. Muir, (Capt.), I. Carmichael, J. Kerr.
 (Inset - S. Ferguson).

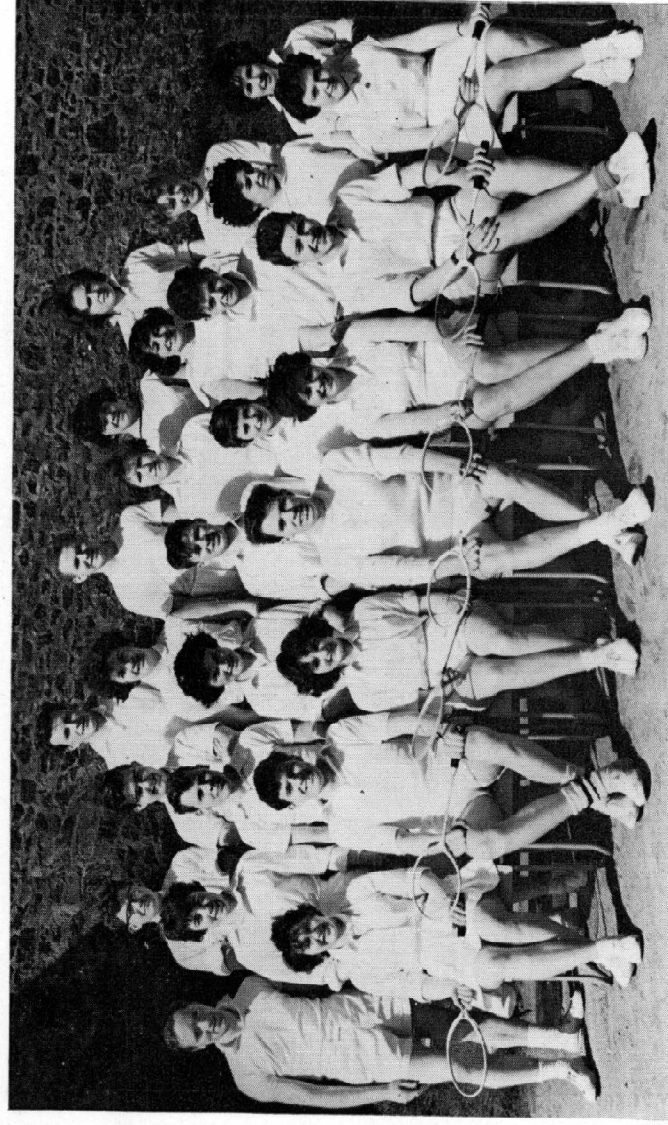
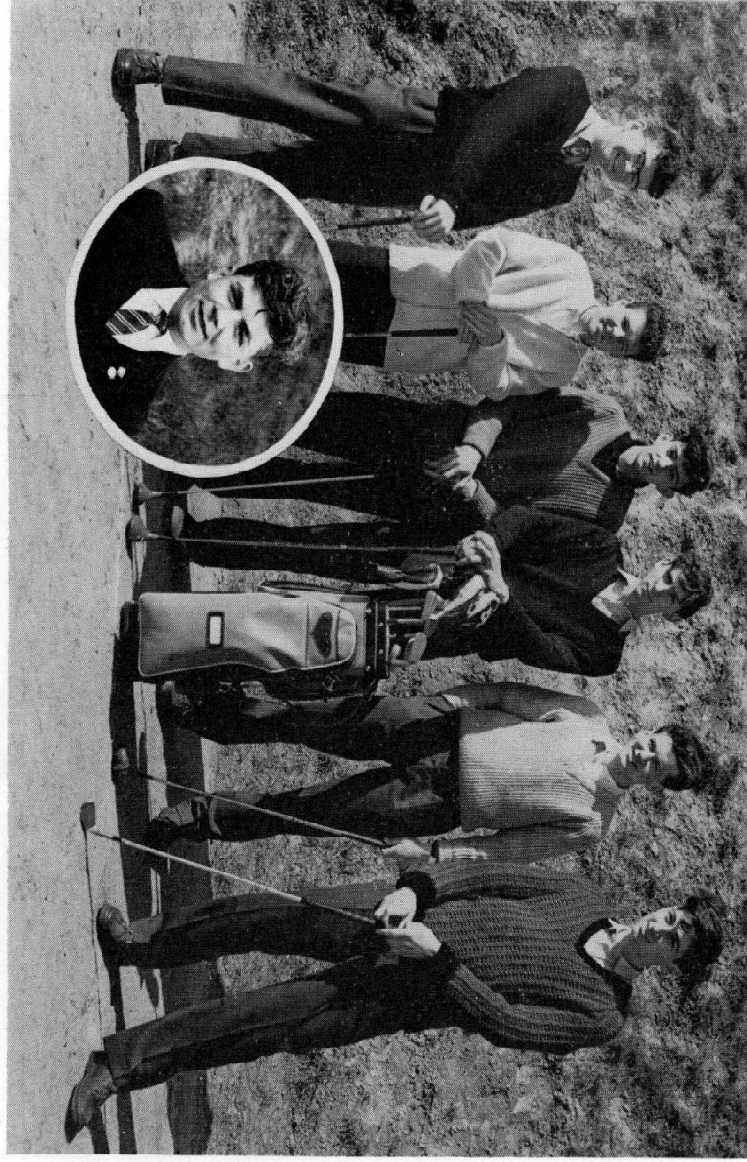


Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.
BADMINTON CLUB.
Back Row (l. to r.) G. McElwee, D. McCallum, C. Nisbet, C. Redpath.
Third Row (l. to r.) A. Thomson, A. Adams, A. Hamilton, M. Summers, F. Sinclair, M. Flood.
Second Row (l. to r.) M. Douglas, L. Henderson, M. Forrester, D. Ottley, J. Baillie, C. Higgins, J. Lindsay, M. Dewar, I. Aikman.
Front Row (l. to r.) M. Gardner, F. Campbell, J. Younger, G. Gendles, J. McCormick, F. Hercus, M. McGowan.



BADMINTON CLUB.

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

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GOLF TEAM

(l. to r.) A. Thomson, V. Strachan, I. Fraser, D. Muir, (Capt.), I. Carmichael, J. Kerr.
(Inset - S. Ferguson).

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

STILL LIFE PAINTING
By Andrew Hamilton, V.



ART CLUB

The Art Club meets on Tuesday evenings in the Annexe from 6.45 to 8.45. There is painting, drawing, clay modelling, book binding, leatherwork, and cane work. The teachers in charge give advice and help with any of these to those who want it.

Among those whose work and attendance, this session, were particularly good, were: Donna McBain, 2F6, Christine Milligan 2F6, Ellen McIver 2F6, Helen Madden 2F2, Anne Robertson 2C, Irene Hamilton 2FD, Archie Grant 2T, Laurence Will 3F, Jessie Caldwell 2F2, Linda Casey 2F2 Alan Boon 1F1, William Caldwell 2F1, Harold Phillips 2F1, Ian Callander 2F1, David Band 2T, Valerie Slusar 3C.

T.G.

CHESS CLUB

This session has seen the membership of the club pretty strongly maintained, and, despite recurring catering crises, Senior and Junior teams have put up a respectable performance in the Glasgow Schools' League.

We express two hopes for next year, that Mr. R. I. McKay may return from service in the wall-fort at Golhill, and that more First Year pupils will come along to learn the game of kings.

A.W.S.

"IMMUNE TO DESTRUCTION?"

During the years Whitehill has been continually plagued by danger, but it has bravely defeated all its problems.

Perhaps the most constant attacker has been, and still is, the weather, ranging from cold Arctic temperatures, which burst the boilers and cut off the water supply, to very occasional Equatorial heatwaves, which kill half the inhabitants, not forgetting those evil hailstones, from which no one is safe.

The continual pounding of feet up and down the stairs has also been a great hazard, lowering the building's height and trapping the janitor in the basement.

Science, too has made its attack on this seat of learning, in the shape of burning basins of paraffin, and the production of anti-school science failures.

The most destructive evening force is the homework classes. Nightly they shatter this great building, which rests only in the blissful peace of the holidays.

The greatest shock came when a learned Geography Master informed us that the School was slowly moving downhill and splitting in two. This was not helped by the hopeful saboteurs, who conveniently leant against the wall in the boy's playground.

It seems that this old, dejected building will stand for some time, but in the course of its (hopefully short!) life it will be continually faced with more evil forces, until it is finally destroyed.

M.F., IVI.



SCHWERZ'S HAT

Nobody knew where old Schwerz had come from. He had just walked into the small German village of Krochen one wintry day five years ago, and had remained there ever since, never making friends with anyone and remaining completely aloof.

One thing puzzled the villagers, however; they had enjoyed the most amazing good fortune since his arrival. The small boarding-house where Schwerz had taken a room had prospered and had been enlarged; the villagers' crops had always yielded a fine harvest and they had never been troubled by frost; when little Karl had gone missing one midwinter day when the snow lay thick upon the ground, it was Schwerz who, by some uncanny means, had directed the searchers to the spot where the poor boy had been trapped by the snow.

These were just a few of the many things which had induced the villagers to believe that Schwerz was the cause of all their good luck, for superstition still played an important part in the lives of these simple villagers.

He was not an imposing figure. He was a fat little man with a round, chubby face wreathed in a perpetual smile. He wore a simple grey smock and on his head a large, floppy hat.

The conclusion which the villagers had arrived at was that this hat was the clue to the mystery, for Schwerz was never seen without it; he never raised his hat to the women of the village and even at chapel he declined to remove it. Everyone agreed that the hat must hide something.

Finally the villagers had become so curious that a small group of them had agreed among themselves to seize old Schwerz bodily, — for he would never willingly allow them to remove his hat — and bare his head to find the reason for his continually wearing the hat.

So, one warm and sunny afternoon, as Schwerz was strolling along Krochen's sole street, the conspirators began to close in. They crept, from their hiding-places behind houses and shops, towards him.

Then the sky suddenly darkened and it grew bitterly cold. The villagers could hear thunder rolling in the nearby mountains and flashes of lightning lit up the majestic peaks.

The villagers were terrified by this sudden change but they determined to carry out their plan. Soon they were within ten feet of Schwerz but the old man did not seem to see or hear them.

At last they pounced. They pinned his arms to his sides and the bravest of them lifted his hand to strike the hat from Schwerz's head. At that moment a terrible thunderclap rang out, as if to warn the villagers of the dreadful thing which they were about to do. But it was too late. The hand descended, and the hat went flying to the ground.

Then the villagers reeled back in horror and covered their faces. Gleaming with a terrifying brightness above old Schwerz's head was a halo.

"A TALE OF TWO BOOKWORMS"

Once upon a time there were two children, called "Oliver Twist" and "Jane Eyre", who lived in "Barchester Towers" - Their father was the "Vicar of Wakefield", and their mother "Anna Karenina". They were deserted at an early age on "Treasure Island", where they were found by "Don Quixote", who took them on a "Journey to the Centre of the Earth". When they reached the surface they found they were alone, as Don had "Gone with the Wind". After many wanderings they returned to their native land, with "Great Expectations" of finding a home in "Bleak House", but their efforts were defeated by "The Brothers Karamazov", who drove them away. After solving "The Mystery of Edwin Drood", they met "Silas Marner" who took them to "The Mill on the Floss", where they spent the night. Afterwards they went to "Barchester Towers", where they lived happily ever after.

M.G., III2.

THE LEWIS MUSIC FESTIVAL

Two years ago, I was fortunate enough to be given the opportunity to be present at the Lewis Music Festival, held in Stornoway's Town Hall. This, being a biennial occasion, should have taken place again this year, but owing to a recent 'flu' epidemic, it has been cancelled.

It is organised, almost wholly, by the staff of Stornoway's Senior Secondary School, the Nicolson Institute. The participants, mainly from the Nicolson and other smaller schools on the Island, are examined by one of the two adjudicators, invited from the mainland. Solos and duets of various classes are sung and played on the piano, and marks are awarded. There are also choirs, and two years ago, the first recorders were introduced. On the last evening, the prizewinners performed at a concert in the Town Hall, and this was very entertaining. I really enjoyed this Festival of Music and hope to return and perhaps take part in it in the future.

M.S., IV6.



LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY



We have had a very successful season, thanks largely to Mr. Graham and the members of the committee.

Several of our members have taken part in Public Speaking Competitions during the year, but

we failed to win any major honours.

We should like to thank all those who have helped us to provide the Friday night meetings, mentioning particularly Mr. Macaulay, Miss Hetherington, Miss Archibald, Mr. Cliff, Mr. McMillan and Mr. Gardiner.

We are looking forward to next year's session, and hope that you will make it the most prosperous yet.

Jane McCormick, VI2.

ONCE! TWICE! THRICE IN EVERY LIFETIME!

"Doctor! Doctor!

It's dislocation of the shoulder!"

Shouts a pretty teenage nurse.

"A dislocated shoulder!

Why so it is! But curse!

I've a compound fracture to attend

Fracture be d.....d!"

(Dropping the broken leg)

"Rugby player eh!

When did you have breakfast?"

"Does it matter?"

"When did you eat last?"

"It's not indigestion, you know,

It's a dislocated shoulder!"

"Glee! Glee!

Everybody come and see!

Lay him down!

Put him to sleep!

Let's have a peep.

There's where his shoulder should be!

Lift it! Twist it! Turn it!"

"Oh no!

They're unscrewing it!

Taking it off!

it off!

Off!

That feels good!

feels good!

Good!

I've been put together again!"

W.W., VI3

C.E.W.C.

The early evening of Friday, 6th April found three of Whitehill's upper school pupils boarding a train at Buchanan Street Station, bound for a weekend conference on "The U.S.A. Today." We were nearly a man short, for our male representative, as usual, arrived with seconds to spare.

Our destination, Belmont Camp, lay twenty miles from Perth, just outside the village of Meikle.

About fifty of the youth of Scotland had gathered there to listen to lectures on — "American Problems," and some of her modern poets and authors. These lectures were given by Mr. V. De Long, American Consul-General; Dr. Collins, University Social Anthropology Dept., and Mr. Jim Haynes of "Paper Back Book Shop." All were from Edinburgh. The last speaker, although the most informal, was without doubt the most interesting.

After each lecture we would retire to our discussion groups to argue about and form our own conclusions on the subjects.

It was not all work, however, for in our spare time we played table tennis, and went for brisk walks across the beautiful Perthshire countryside with views of the snow-peaked Grampians. On Saturday evening, the assembly hall platform was lit by candlelight, when a picked group rendered most lively readings of the poems and short stories of contemporary American writers. On Sunday the same hall rocked with laughter at the antics of each discussion group presenting a pseudo-vaudeville act. There was even a mixed hockey match.

Every night there was either a dance or a social.

All too soon, Tuesday morning arrived when we left Meikle, to be back at school that afternoon. There were only two regrets — the camp did not last long enough, and also in spite of Mr. Cliff's canvassing and the school's gracious subsidy, there were only three places taken, of the four offered.

We therefore extend our hearty thanks to the school and to Miss Freda Hawkins, secretary of the C.E.W.C. organisation.

Robert G. Pollock, VI.

Jane McCormick, VI2.

Frances E. Sinclair, VI2.

LIBRARY



We have had a very successful session in the School Library, and borrowing days for Form I Boys and Girls in particular have been most popular.

Library duties have been efficiently carried out by library prefects of Form V and Form VI, and we are grateful to them for turning out two mornings a week at 8.30 a.m., in all weathers, to assist with lending books, stamping new books and tidying shelves.

J.E.G.

THE CAMERA CLUB

Session 1961-62 has been one in which the enthusiasts of the Camera Club have enjoyed their hobby to the full. Highlights of the summer activities are our excursions in search of photographic interest, and we found no shortage of this on our first outing, a visit to King George V Dock at Shieldhall. Our cameras were kept busy amidst the bustle of cargoes loading and unloading, and as tugs started a great ship on its voyage to Australia. We have to thank Mr. A. W. Stevens, the Assistant Secretary of the Clyde Navigation Trust, himself an old Whitehillian, for his kindness in arranging this visit; and Mr. McDonald, also of the Trust, for showing us so ably round the Dock.

Another enjoyable excursion was made to Balloch, where brilliant sunshine and an infinite variety of small craft created a photographer's paradise. By the time of printing we shall have taken our cameras to Edinburgh, and other places of interest. Now we look forward to the bright summer which the weather men are forecasting — and, as always, better and better pictures.

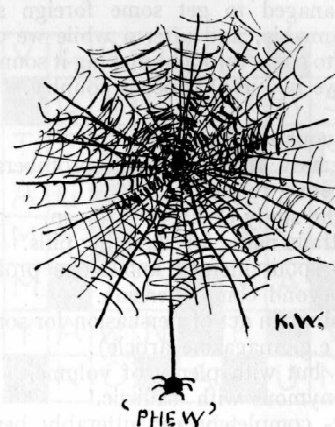
Malcolm Macdonald VI.

* * * *

POEM

The o'ercast sky hung o'er the mere
And through the trees I saw the deer.
I wandered through the woods alone,
I sat to rest upon a stone.
A mystic arm appeared to view,
"Clothed in white samite" (silk, to you).
From out the bosom of the lake
It rose, and pinched my gingercake.

P.K., IV3.



'PHEW'

SCRIPTURE UNION



In our meetings throughout this session, the members enjoyed Christian fellowship as they met together and thought about God's Word.

We pray that God will bless our S.U. branch, and that through it more pupils will be helped and strengthened in their Christian lives.

Jane Younger, V2.

MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS, or, "Mummy, what does that word mean?"

My name's John Walker - and so is my dad's; he's famous, and it's not for refining sugar. He has a brother, my Uncle Jimmy, he's infamous, always bossing me. Mum says he's very lowistic in his attitude towards me.

One day when I was about to enter the garden gate Dad came running up to me, panting heavily, and waving the evening paper in front of me, told me that mum's letter about effeminate male teachers had been printed and had won her a ten and six prize. This was the fourteenth letter of hers to be printed; she's had six in the "Sunday Post," five in the "Record," and two in the "People's Friend" (it's more discriminating). Her vocabulary is very large and she garvanates whenever she gets the chance.

When mum heard of her win she was bubbling over with joy, saying that she could now afford her Dédonald Pills. Dad wasn't so happy, because his portable radio wasn't working properly, and after the chap in the shop telling him it was very kerrid. He was very angry, swearing, and even calling the chap in the shop a cleggit. By inwyatting me, he forced me to fix it, saying he would probably miss his lecture on crerarology. By smallination I managed to get some foreign station, but the language was inhannable, and after a while we could hear other two stations trying to come through, making it sound mickainacious.

By the way, we live in cliffaneous country.

Glossary

cleggit:- use your imagination.

cliffaneous:- grassy landscape with protuberances of smooth round rocks.

crerarology:- the study of French women.

Dédonald:- a trade name for slimming pills.

garvanate:- to spout literary knowledge profusely.

inhannable:- beyond comprehension.

inwyatt:- an inhuman act of persuasion for something material (e.g. magazine article).

kerrid:- small, but with plenty of volume.

lowistic:- synonymous with 'sadistic.'

mickainacious:- completely and utterly bewildering.

smallination:- pure cunning.

W.W., VI3.

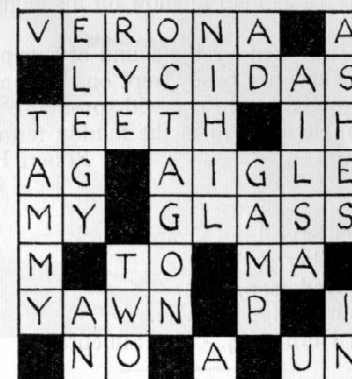
A SHINTY MATCH

In Inverness the first big game of the season was the junior cup final between Newtonmore and Kinlochsheil. The game took place before a crowd composed mainly of country folk and game-keepers. The numbers compared with those at a soccer match were very small.

The teams are composed of twelve men each and the game is rather like hockey, with the difference that in hockey you are not allowed to raise the stick above the shoulder. The sticks are called camans, and so many camans are broken that there are piles of extra camans at the side of the pitch. The Kinlochsheil supporters had come all the way from Sutherland to support their team while the people from Newtonmore had travelled forty-five miles to the north. Shinty is very rough, and the ball made of leather and feathers, is handled skilfully. It travels at a fantastic pace and when hit in mid-air flies like a bullet.

The highlight of the game I attended came when, in a struggle for the ball four camans were broken. The Highland spectators enjoyed these battles whether or not their team won. There was a great deal of shouted encouragement for both teams and cries of, "Come away, Kinlochsheil." It seemed very funny to me to hear the soft Highland accents instead of the Glasgow accents to which I was accustomed. Even their curses sounded different in the Highland accents. It was also unusual to see deerstalker hats being tossed in the air and shepherd's crooks being brandished in enthusiasm.

D.G., V3.



MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTION

The Honest Truth, An' a' That

There is a story true to tell,
The honest truth, an' a' that,
Of an ancient building called Whitehill,
Which still remains, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's still a school, for a' that,
If only it was made of wood,
It wouldn't last for a' that.

Some teachers think they're just the thing,
Wi' their jokes an' cars an' a' that,
Tho' they try hard to do their best,
They can't teach us, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their gowns an' belts an' a' that,
We pupils see right thro' them,
An' look, an' laugh, an' a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it won't for a' that)
That schools may soon abolished be,
An' we'll be free, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
School's no' sae bad, for a' that,
We'll stick it out a year or two,
Then chuck it in, for a' that.

K.P., IV2.

THE QUIET RIVER

Down by the river the small boats lie;
The night is still and so is the sky;
The twitter of birds is heard in the night;
As the owl screams loud to show off his might.

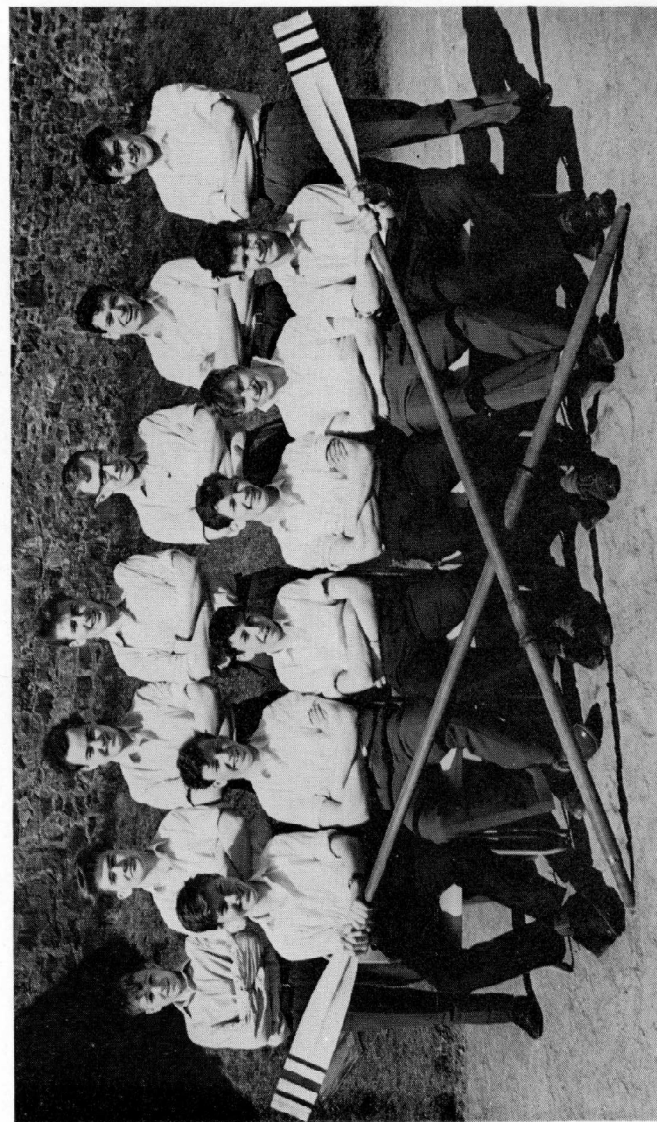
The silence is broken by the sound of a gun;
And the poachers are busily kept on the run;
Their bags sometimes heavy with profitable game;
As they stumble and fall in the muddy terrain.

Robert Hotchkiss, 1F3.

COLOURS

Hockey colours have been awarded to:-
Mary Cherry, V2.
Vera Anderson, IV2.
Christine Higgins, VI2.
Irene Horn, IV4. - also athletics.

Swimming colours have been awarded to:-
Eileen Loudfoot, IV2.



ROWING CLUB

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

Standing (l. to r.) H. Taylor, H. Duncan, W. McIver, T. Allison, A. Hume, G. Parsonage (Secy)

Seated (l. to r.) I. Street, I. Watt, G. Fleck, K. Woods, W. Paterson, T. McQuade.

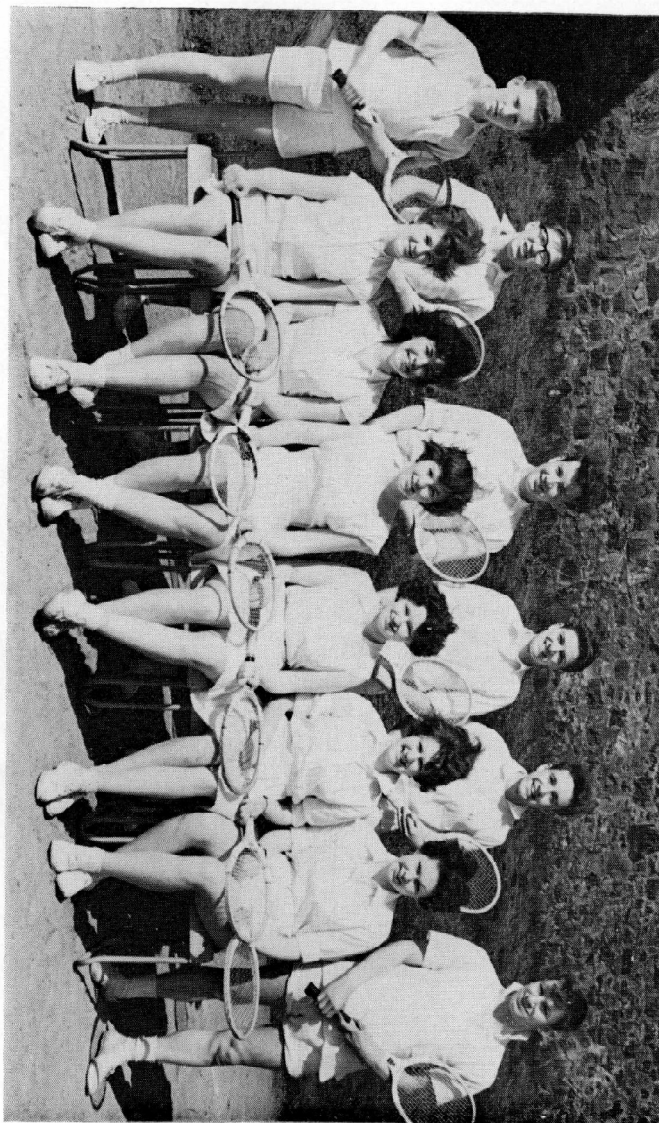


ROWING CLUB

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

Standing (l. to r.) H. Taylor, H. Duncan, W. McIver, T. Allison, A. Hume, G. Parsonage (Secy)
W. Graham.

Seated (l. to r.) I. Street, I. Watt, G. Fleck, K. Woods, W. Paterson, T. McQuade.



TENNIS TEAM

Standing (l. to r.) A. Lusk, J. Mackie, R. Henderson, A. Hamilton, (Secy.) R. Benzie
Seated (l. to r.) I. McPherson, C. Roulston, E. Loudfoot, A. Young, J. Robertson, J. Bowen.

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

A STICKY END

Around the bend the white thing went,
 Moving fast and all bells ringing,
 And people wondered what it meant -
 On what errand of mercy was it winging?

The broad red cross was plainly seen
 As through the crowded streets it sped.
 Guiding were men both trained and keen,
 Leading the hurt to a hospital bed.

Inside there lay an injured man,
 Broken his spirit - and his nose,
 There he lay, so pale and wan -
 An umpire has no friends - all foes.

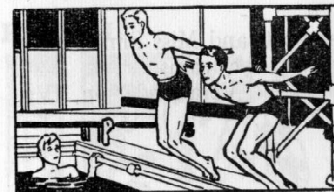
All round him bodies lay
 Each of a different shape and size,
 Each one had risked his life to play
 But now the hockey team held the prize.

In the papers the very next day
 The shocking headline was "Dead-Seven."
 It happens every year in May.
 The teachers versus the First Eleven.

E.S., IV2.

* * * *

SWIMMING



This year has been a very successful one, particularly for the girls' team, which took first place in the Invitation Relay events at Bellahouston, Hyndland and Hillhead Galas, also gaining second place at Coatbridge. The boys' team gained first place at Bellahouston Gala, and was narrowly beaten into second place at both Hillhead and Hyndland. One of the boys, Alexander Hume, has been chosen to represent Scotland in the under-23 water polo international against Belgium.

In the Glasgow Schoolgirls' Swimming League, Whitehill won both Senior and Junior titles, defeating Jordanhill in the finals of the Senior Section, and North Kelvinside in the Juniors. An added incentive was the presentation to the league of two new trophies, Miss Scott of Whitehill giving the trophy for senior girls, and Mrs. R. Henderson, Principal of Westbourne School, that for the Junior Championship.

Eileen M. Loudfoot, IV2.
 Alexander Hume, VI3.



TENNIS TEAM

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd

Standing (l. to r.) A. Lusk, J. Mackie, R. Henderson, A. Hamilton, (Secy.) R. Benzie
W. Paterson.

Seated (l. to r.) I. McPherson, C. Roulston, E. Loudfoot, A. Young, J. Robertson, J. Bowen.

BADMINTON CLUB

The Badminton Club has come to the end of a very successful season, but not particularly owing to our standard of play!

Of the few matches in which we played, we won a return match against Woodside, and this result gave us a little encouragement.

Near the end of the season we ran our own Singles Tournaments. The winner of the Girls was Jane McCormick and of the Boys was Gordon Gentles. Runners-up were Jane Younger and Alan Thomson.

Sandy Smith, VI1, won the Glasgow Schoolboys' Championship, an outstanding achievement.

All the members sincerely thank Miss Tudhope, Miss Hetherington and Mr. Wyatt for all they did to make the club so enjoyable.

Jane Younger, VI2.

HOCKEY

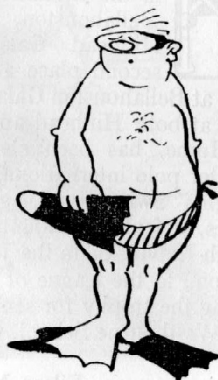


This season all four XIs have been comparatively successful. Unfortunately some of the games were cancelled owing to bad weather, but quite a number were played.

	P.	W.	L.	D.
1st XI	9	5	3	1
2nd XI	9	6	2	1
3rd XI	8	6	2	-
4th XI	8	6	2	-

All four XIs wish to thank Miss Scott and Miss Simpson for the time and patience they have given for the teams.

Vera Anderson, IV2.



Lucy

RUGBY



This season has shown that Whitehill is not so sadly lacking in virile qualities among its male pupils of the upper school as has been the case in previous years. The 1st XV has been the main instrument in the drawing forth of this essential quality which prevails mainly in rugby teams. Another small but indispensable instrument was the combined force of Mr. Clegg and Mr. Graham, who helped in the organisation of this 'fine band of men'. The 1st XV completed their most successful season for some time by easily defeating a poor 'Old Crocks' XV'.

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
16	10	3	3	116	77

The other XV's show no signs of upholding the record set by this year's 1st XV, but that is only how it appears on paper, and perhaps by a particular blend of players next season may hold more success for more XV's. We should also like to see more boys from all forms turning to this true character-building game and making it really worthwhile for our willing coaches, who include Mr. Brown, Mr. Graveson, and Mr. Maxwell to whom we offer grateful thanks.

We must also give recognition to Mr. Collie who has given nothing but his best in order to keep the pitches at Craigend playable, to say nothing of the definite improvement which can be seen there; thanks also to his family who keep us from dying of thirst and hunger until home is reached!

W.W., VI3.

FOOTBALL



The season just finished has again seen Whitehill emerge with distinction. Although no major team prize has been won, there have been several near misses, as is shown:

- 1st XI - League Runners-up.
- 2nd XI - League Section Joint Winners (Beaten in play-off)
- 4th XI - League Section Runners-up.
- 5th XI - League Section Runners-up.

Individual honours have been won by:

J. Samson (5th year) Scotland v. England, v. Wales, v. Ireland (Youths), Glasgow v. Rest of Scotland.

W. Wyper (5th year) Glasgow v. Rest of Scotland.

G. Clark (5th year) Glasgow v. Bradford, Glasgow v. Lanarkshire.

J. Harvey (2nd year) Glasgow v. Lanarkshire.

J. McArthur (1st year) Glasgow v. Stirlingshire.

W.S.B.

GOLF



This year our season will be somewhat curtailed, since the date of the Scottish Leaving Certificate has been brought forward to May. However, we have six games arranged against the leading schools of Glasgow and District.

In addition, the annual Masters versus Boys match will be held over Pollock, where the Masters will be endeavouring to break their long run of defeats.

With the majority of last year's team still at school, we are confident that the coming season will be a particularly successful one.

The increasing interest which is being shown in golf is best seen by the high entry of thirty-two for the Allan Shield. Twenty of these names came from the Junior School. With such large numbers, the future of the Golf Club seems assured.

Islay Campbell, VI.

WHITEHILL ROWING CLUB

The Club is almost two years old now, and is rapidly gaining in popularity as boys discover the thrill of speeding the forty foot racing boats through the waters of the Clyde, either pulling at the oars or learning the skills of being a "cox". Rowing takes place from the Glasgow Schools Rowing Club Boathouse on Glasgow Green, on Saturday mornings during the winter, and in the summer, after school on Mondays. We have three full crews at present, each consisting of four oarsmen and a "cox", but there is room for others, and it is hoped that next session will see more and more boys wearing our new rowing colours on the River and enjoying the very special pleasures of oarsmanship.

George G. Parsonage, VIr.

TENNIS



Up to date only one match has been played, in which the girls' team drew with Shawlands. Trials will be held before the season opens at the beginning of June, and all members of Forms IV, V and VI are invited to attend. We would like to thank Mr. Cliff for the interest he has shown in the tennis club this year.

Andrew R. Hamilton, V3.

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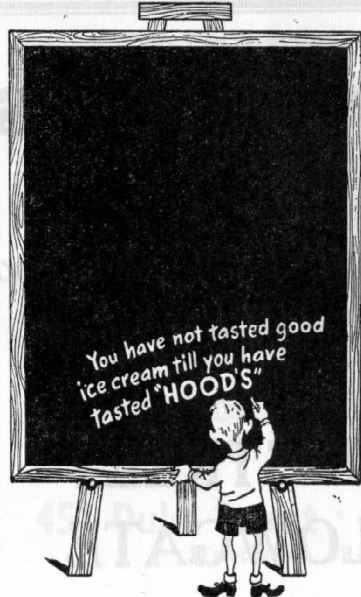
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