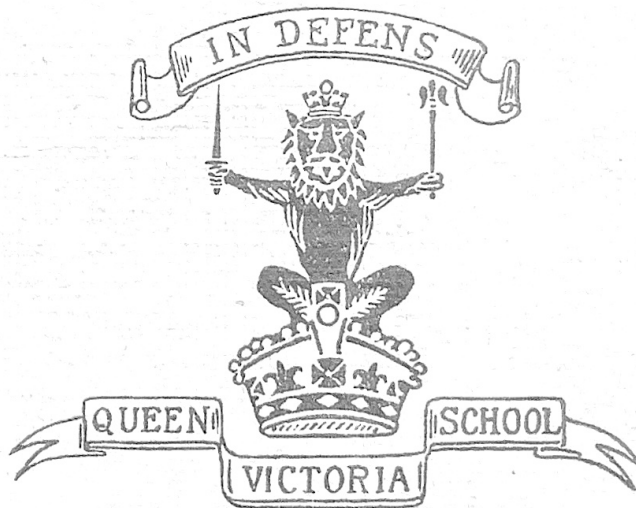


THE VICTORIAN



No. 16

December, 1931



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The Victorian

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December, 1931

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| No. 9 | Mr. Ward | 14 Bristo St | Fountainpen |
| No. 10 | J. Scott | 3. Jamaica St | Pocket Book |
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| No. 13 | Miss Moffat | 14 David Drive | lighter |
| No. 14 | C. Smith | 11. Penny St | J. Pouch |
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| No. 17 | M. Young | Thornhill St. | burnt Leaf |
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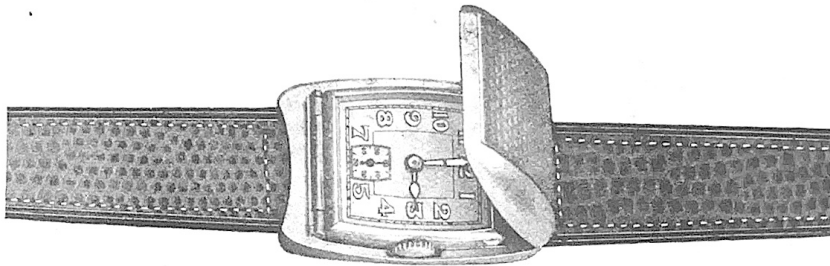


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No. 16.

December, 1931.

EDITORIAL.

IT falls to the lot of the "Victorian" to be regarded as the official chronicle of this School and its many activities. The Editorial Committee are therefore very much in the nature of diarists. We have therefore had recourse to that prince of small talk—Samuel Pepys—in an endeavour to find a new way of conveying our good wishes to you at this festive season.

We feel sure you will agree with us that there was something of the Scot in him when you compare the way he spent Christmas with his New Year revelries.

Of the former he says, "Called up by drums and trumpets: these things and boxes having cost me much money this Christmas already, and will do more." Of the latter, "And so to my uncle's, and there we dined with our family, and had a very good dinner, and pretty merry; and after dinner to the King's Playhouse. . . . So back to my aunt's, and there supped and talked, and staid pretty late, it being dry and moonshine, and so walked home."

There is some doubt as to what the "it" refers to in the last sentence. However, we trust that, although you may suffer with Pepys in the demands on your pockets, yet you will also be merry as he was and—confound it, we might have said it at first—

**A Merry Christmas and a Good New Year
to you all.**

NOTES OF THE YEAR.

Owing to the short time which has elapsed since our last issue, these notes are necessarily brief.

We are very glad to welcome on behalf of the Staff and boys the Earl of Home, K.T., who has been appointed as one of His Majesty's Commissioners for the School.

He visited the School on October 7th in the capacity of Visiting Commissioner, and we all hope, enjoyed watching the way in which the work is done here.

Very few changes have taken place in the Staff, although many are imminent.

First of all we welcome Mr M'Kay, who has taken over the instruction in woodwork. We wonder whether he knows the soubriquet which has already been conferred on him by the inventive mind of some small boy. However, we hope that he and his family will enjoy their stay here. The boys are improving very rapidly under his tuition, some of them being quite efficient cabinet-makers. It looks as though there will be a glut of pipe-racks and knife-boxes as Christmas presents for fond parents.

We are lucky to have Sergeant Pole sent to us to serve his period of probation for the Army Educational Corps. He has made himself at home, and has been of great assistance in other branches of the School's activities.

Three other changes are pending when the New Year arrives. Messrs Crunden, Ingledew, and Hancock have received the preliminary warning to "Stand to." As they are still with us, it would be indiscreet to say anything more than this, as they may still be with us when our next issue goes to press. However, in case

they are not, we wish them all godspeed in their travels, and will publish our valedictory messages in our next issue.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Mr G. Thomson, who is now a subaltern in the Royal Corps of Signals. Already he has consolidated his position there by several useful innings for the depot cricket team. We wish him all that is good in his career, and expect to hear great things of him.

His successor at the Royal Military Academy, Robert Linton, is just at the end of his first term, and we expect to see him shortly when he passes through here on his way to the far north (Pitlochry). His letters indicate that he has at last found out the meaning of the word "Work," although he says he enjoys it.

At the combined service held in October, the salute was taken by General Sir Ian Hamilton. In company with Lady Hamilton he attended the service, and after the boys had marched past, they formed a hollow square, and the General spoke to them, giving them some very good advice and also emphasising their heritage as Scots, and the responsibilities that entailed.

An interesting feature of the Saturday evening concerts, etc., was the lecture given by the Chief Inspector of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This was illustrated both by lantern slides and cinema films, and the boys were very impressed with the measures adopted to secure kind treatment, and also to nurse the tired and weary animals.

They were complimented by the lecturer on their close attention and quietness. That they had been saving up their superfluous noise was quite evident when they thanked the lecturer in the approved Q.V. manner.

The most unpalatable news of the year is that of the impending reductions in the number of boys. This is, of course, an outcome of the present financial situation, and brooks no argument. However, we hope and guarantee that there will be no reduction in the efficiency of the School and its many activities, and trust that, when the general situation clears, we may perhaps be allowed to return to our normal establishment.

VISITORS.

The signatures of the following appear in the Visitors' Book for the first time:—

Captain H. F. K. Wedderburn, The Black Watch, and Mrs Wedderburn.
Major N. MacMicking, D.S.O., M.C., The Black Watch, and Mrs MacMicking.
The Earl of Home, K.T.
Major C. R. Britten, M.C., The Grenadier Guards.
General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Hamilton.
Lieut-Colonel A. R. G. Wilson, D.S.O., The Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.
Captain D. F. Campbell, M.C., The Cameronians.
Mr J. E. B. Whitehead, The Cameronians.
Captain H. A. Campbell, The Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.

THE ANNUAL INSPECTION, 1931.

In the July issue of "The Victorian" we gave a programme of the Annual Inspection, which was carried out on the 23rd July.

Our Inspecting Officer was Major-General Sir James L. G. Burnett of Leys, Bart., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding 51st (Highland) Division and Highland Area.

The day was fine though cold, and the School Field was crowded with a very large number of guests and the general public.

It has now become the practice to say that each succeeding parade is the best we have had, but the smartness and marching of the small boys excited the commendation of everyone.

In his speech the Inspecting Officer said that he was present at the School when it was opened by the late King Edward. Since that time the whole of the forces recruited in Scotland had watched with the greatest of interest its growth and progress. They were very proud of the fact that within a comparatively short space of time the Queen Victoria School had built up the same high standard and esprit de corps which existed in the two establishments of a similar nature—The Duke of York's School and the Royal Hibernian School. With the exception of the Monitors, there was no compulsion to join His Majesty's Forces, but he would give a word of advice. The Army and Navy did provide good careers, but like other professions, it was no good being content to stay at the bottom. All warrant ranks were closed unless a boy had a first-class certificate of education, and he believed that the boys of the Queen Victoria School had a tremendous advantage in that respect. In conclusion, General Burnett congratulated the boys on all he had seen. He had never seen colour-trooping done better by any school, and it reflected credit on the instructors. He wished them a good holiday.

General Burnett was accorded three hearty cheers by the boys.

The Inspecting Officer then presented the prizes and trophies.

THE BELLE VUE TATTOO, MANCHESTER, 1931.

We left Dunblane Station on the 26th September, and Longsight Station was reached at 9.30 p.m. Supper was got shortly after 10 p.m., thereafter beds and blankets were drawn, and we finally settled down shortly after midnight—no casualties. The central heating of our billets appeared to be nearer the ceiling than the floor, but fortunately there was plenty of hot water.

The next day we had a full dress rehearsal, which lasted from 3.30 to about 7 p.m., followed by another full dress rehearsal at 8 o'clock, lasting until about 11 p.m.

In view of the long and tiring day, reveille and breakfast next morning were later than usual, and school was washed out. The opening performance of the Tattoo dragged somewhat. However, the boys got an excellent reception

from a moderate-sized crowd. "The Manchester Guardian" drew attention to the fact that the show was rather prolonged. The performance on Tuesday night went much better, and finished at 10.10 p.m. While the lantern display was a pleasing spectacle, the majority of the spectators seemed to think it was too long drawn out.

On Wednesday, 30th September, we played a football match against the Duke of York's. The score was four goals to one in favour of the Duke of York's. In the afternoon we were allowed out in the recreation grounds, and had school after tea.

The next day we left Belle Vue by Corporation 'bus at 1.30, arriving at the docks at 2 p.m. The party embarked on two motor launches and sailed round the shipping in the various docks, and then proceeded via the canal to the Barton Bridge Aqueduct. We landed there, and permission was obtained to enter the Manchester Electrical Power Station. Two officials conducted the party in two sections, and explained in their own language all the technicalities connected with the generating of electricity. The boys should know something now about turbines, transformers, etc. Personally, the writer felt very tired, despite a tingling sensation in the soles of his feet. The boys were fortunate to see a large steamer come up the canal, but not lucky enough to see anything on the aqueduct.

By a special arrangements, tickets were issued to the boys which enabled them at very low cost to patronise the amusements in the park, in particular "bobs," the scenic railway, motor rides, river caves, etc.

THE DANCERS OF THE CLOTH HALL.

Perhaps those concerned in this adventure have forgotten it, but the truth must be known, so here is the narrative of this little experience.

It did not happen up in Dunblane, but in Ypres, when the Pipe Band were out there, with the Cadets' Tour of the battlefield.

This tale could have been brought to light long ago, but, thanks to the pipe president, it was not revealed to those that matter, much to our advantage. What would have been said if the pipe president had put in his report, "Boys taken to police station for climbing the Cloth Hall?" I believe we should have had an interview with Drummy in the Playhall.

We were, when this occurred, billeted on the S.W. corner of Ypres Square near "Hell Fire Corner" and the Menin Gate.

It was one night, about 7.30, when "Rogue" Robertson (late "C" Company), came and told us, us being Pinty Ward, Paddy Davis, Archie Carson and Company, that we were allowed out till 9 p.m., a rare privilege of those days, and we made the most of it.

When we got outside, we were doubtful as to where we should go. Suddenly, I saw the beautiful old ruin of the Cloth Hall, a relic of what the horrors of war had done in the surrounding district. I suggested climbing it. The idea was immediately upheld on all sides, and off we went.

The ruin itself was held together by scaffolding, which was our means of ascent. This was

A very large crowd witnessed the show on Friday evening. General Westcott was present, and came along with Major Eastwood and expressed his high appreciation of the boys' show.

On Saturday, after breakfast and cleaning up, at the special request of Major Eastwood, the band paraded early, and headed a Boys' Brigade Battalion in the Gorton district for the opening of a new hall. Colonel Gass, who was in command of the party, was most appreciative, and rewarded them in a particularly suitable manner. Thereafter back to Belle Vue for the afternoon show given to Manchester children.

On Sunday, 4th October, the Band paraded, and played the Duke of York's out of the grounds, wheeling at the gate. Many friendships had been formed, and the place seemed very deserted after the Dover boys had left. Packing up was then proceeded with, and after dinner the boys were allowed out in the grounds, where a band concert was being given by the East Lanes. The evening was very quiet, and darkness fell "prematurely" as a result of the change of time.

Monday saw us en route for Q.V.S. On arrival at Carlisle lunch baskets with hot lunch were handed in. This was rather a surprise for the boys, and a very great treat apart from being a novelty. Q.V.S. was reached at 5.40 p.m. It looked very fresh and clean contrasted with the appearance of the boys, who were undoubtedly tired and dirty. They were no doubt sorry in one sense to leave Manchester, but undoubtedly glad to get away from its dirt and gloom.

no joke, as the higher we climbed the looser the scaffolding became, so we went very steadily.

Eventually, after many a dangerous moment, we reached the top. We then had a tour of inspection, and found that we were situated on a rickety old platform, about 150 feet above Ypres Square.

Someone praised me for having the sense to think of such an idea, and we proceeded to make merry. We danced Highland Flings and Four-somes on top of the most famous public building of Ypres. No wonder the gendarmes became alarmed.

I wonder if any other person or persons, excluding our little gang, can boast of having done such a feat!

However, our spirits were soon damped, as we saw a business-looking gendarme beckoning us to come down. Down we came, not so happily as we had gone up, because we wondered what the consequences would be.

He immediately started lamenting what we had done in a mixture of Flemish and French. We stared dumbly at him and the crowd which had gathered on all sides. What French Mr Mark had taught us failed to convey the meaning of the quick-spoken gendarme. We were then led to the Bureau of Police to see the Prefect, and the crowd followed. We then pretended we were being shown round, as we did not wish anyone to know that we "were going inside." (It was afterwards known that the Pipe President saw us.)

We were marched in the Prefect's Office like a band of criminals. The Prefect, a short little man, with a bristling moustache, kept trying to make us understand, but once more our knowledge of French failed us. By the look of matters it seemed that we were doomed to spend a night in the cells. We did not want this, as judging by the glimpse we had of them, they did not appear so comfortable as one could wish for. Somehow, all the others were keeping well away; perhaps it was because of the abominable smell which issued from that dimly lit passage.

Suddenly the spell was broken — the man in charge of our billets had seen our sad plight, and had come gallantly to our rescue. Imagine our feelings when someone who knew us could tell the Prefect all about our adventure. Our spirits now rose. He soon convinced the Prefect that we did not mean any harm. So the cells were soon forgotten about, as his smiling face assured us all was well. The Prefect mentioned that dreaded word "le canne," and we thought we were in for it.

At last we were allowed to go. Outside, the fellow told us that he had changed the subject to the silver-mounted drum-stick that the drum-major had previously lost. He was a jolly good chap, and we thought him a hero for getting us out. Had we ourselves tried to relate what had happened to the Prefect, we most certainly would have spent a night in the cells.

We were then treated to lemonade by the same chap, and he told us to be good and to go to bed. This we did, burying our heads well down, and hoping and praying that the pipe-major would not come in with "le canne." Thanks to our friend, he didn't. I shall always remember that fellow; he was a saviour to us that day.

Next morning we were asked who had been in "clink"; we all owned up, and no more was heard of it. So ended our gay little prank, called, shall I say, "The Dancers of the Cloth Hall."

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HOW SOME SCOTTISH SURNAMES CAME TO BE ACQUIRED.

By "INCOG."

Boys at school frequently ask a newcomer, "What's your first name?" meaning, of course, his Christian name, and very often the question is put "What's your last name?" By the latter is meant his surname. Nowadays it is difficult to realise that there was a time within quite recent history when John, Thomas, Peter, Donald, Mary, Sarah, and others were each content with a single name. The use of a surname dates from a period within the reach of record. To the Normans is given the credit of being first to introduce fixed surnames in Scotland, and some time before the Norman Conquest many of these adventurers had taken surnames from their chateaux in Normandy. Thereafter, about the year 1000, the use of surnames arose in France—reached England about 60 years later, and arrived in Scotland about the year 1100.

The first examples of fixed surnames in any number are to be found in the Conqueror's Valuation Book. Quoting from authority, it appears that while the better-off people began to adopt surnames about this period, the common or lower classes did not use surnames until about the time of Edward II. Scotland had its quota of those Normans, who brought with them the surnames they had adopted from their paternal castles across the Channel. In France a territorial name with the prefix "de" was looked upon as almost the absolute test of gentry, and many a Frenchwoman has given herself and her fortune in exchange for little else than the sound of this aristocratic prefix. With Scots people it has never been so, and this principle of raising names from territory into aristocracy of gentry has never been recognised. So much for the

birth of the surname, which leads one to inquire as to its derivation. In this connection one has to keep in mind that places were named before families, and by examining any of those names which serve for lands and also for persons to understand more easily. To take names like Cruickshanks, Prettyman, Greathead, and the like, it is quite clear they were coined for persons, and equally one can be satisfied that names like Greenhill, Hazelwood and Sandilands were first given to places. To one who gives the matter serious study, the general rule therefore is that it is the place that gives the name to the people and not the people to the place. The majority of our surnames are territorial and local. Of these now extant only a few are imported from Normandy. The names of Bruce, Barclay, Lindsay and Sinclair still mark houses of ancestral nobility. Many, however, have disappeared and left no trace.

In the Border districts De Morevils, De Viponts, De Normanvils, the Avenels, the Randolphs, and, greater than all, De Balliols, are now unknown in the traditions of Tweedside, where their forefathers ruled as princes.

(To be continued.)

MONITORS' ROOM NOTES.

Since writing our notes for the last number of "The Victorian," we have lost Leading-Monitor Linton, who has left us for Woolwich. We congratulate him on his success in the

examination, particularly as he took 47th place.

Monitor Cruickshank is now Leading-Monitor, and we welcome a new-comer to the Monitors' Room in Acting-Monitor John Ryan.

For several weeks now it has been a dangerous task to enter our sanctum. Everywhere are scattered masses of miniature rails, engines, carriages, trucks, signals, goods yards, and other paraphernalia belonging to the miniature railway enthusiast. All this was very kindly presented by a lady of Perth to our Commandant, who gave it to us to overhaul. If the donor could have seen us fixing it up she would certainly know that the gift was well appreciated.

We have also to thank Sir Norman Orr-Ewing for the writing desk he has given us. It supplies a long felt want.

Some weeks ago several of the more energetic monitors formed a Badminton Club. Several of the Staff joined as well, but as we had only cheap racquets, the Club, like the racquets, soon passed away.

The Monitors have taken up a new pastime or hobby—gardening. Nowadays they may be seen in front of the School or round the Chapel digging and hacking away. You may even see them balancing perilously on a ladder cutting trees. However, when all is said and done, we don't make too bad a mess, and it's much more pleasant, though dirtier, than trades or school.

G. E. R.

Quetta to Karachi.

The journey was proposed some two or three months previously, and two Morris six-wheelers and a private car had undertaken a preliminary journey to discover if the road was passable for armoured cars; to determine camps; and, above all, to find drinking water. This journey was completed in five days, and was quite a success, and from the reports on the journey it was decided that the journey was quite within the scope of a section of armoured cars.

The Guy A.C. is a six-wheeled vehicle weighing approximately nine tons, length 18 feet, breadth 6 feet, and maximum speed, 40 miles per hour.

An Armoured Car Section is composed of five A.C.'s, each car carrying its crew of four or three men and one N.C.O. A car crew is composed of four men of any rank, but Despatch Riders, when not using their motor-cycles, as on this journey, make up the extra person in the crew. Two Morris six-wheelers were also allotted to the section, and were utilised for the carrying of stores and spare men, such as fitters, cooks, storemen, etc. The total strength of the section was seven vehicles and thirty British ranks. As will be understood, petrol was of vital importance, and this was carried by a convoy supplied by the authorities at Quetta, and was to journey with us as far as our half-way stage, where further petrol supplies were to be supplied by a relieving convoy from Karachi. A Gurkha guard also travelled with us. Two days' rations of fresh food were given us, and it was hoped that after these rations had expired, it would be possible to obtain fresh

food from the native inhabitants. Reserve and emergency rations were also carried. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, our hopes as regards fresh food were to be dashed to the ground, and on the latter stages of our journey we had to live on our reserve rations, composed, as all good soldiers know, of bully beef and biscuits.

It was decided that this journey, nearly 480 miles of broken country, could be done in five days, providing that all went well, and that no serious stoppages hindered us to any great extent.

Our journey commenced on the morning of the 16th December, our objective being the village of Sarab, a distance of 130 miles from Quetta, and, as we must admit, quite a big stretch of the journey. First day—Quetta to Sarab (132 miles). Quetta, if you look at a map of India, is situated at a height of 5500 feet above sea level, at the end of the Bolan Pass, and surrounded by mountains. Our first two or three miles from Quetta were done in good time, the roads being good, but after that we had a gradual climb through the hills (Indian ones), until we reached the Lakh Pass. The road was fairly good through the pass, but careful driving was needed to negotiate the bends of the road when we made the descent of the pass. From the pass we entered Kalat State.

Surrounding us were mountains; no vegetation of any description was to be seen, the soil being composed of a type of sandstone, but it was well worth seeing the action of the sun upon the mountains. The mountains appeared to be red in colour, and only one who has travelled in the

country could understand what the scene could be like. I can't describe it, and I am certainly not going to attempt a description, because I could not profess to be another Walter Scott.

The road for the first few miles in Kalat State was good and fairly level. It was defined by bricks on each side of the road, and it was certainly impossible at this stage of the journey to lose our way. Could you imagine our surprise, when, 16 miles out of Quetta, we passed a signpost, one arm of which was marked, "London, 5577 miles!" But we saw no road, nor even a goat track in the direction indicated by the signpost. Such signposts are often seen in this part of the world, and are apt to become very misleading at times.

Except for one armoured car, which was frequently stopping through petrol trouble, we made fast time over fairly level but very barren and bleak countryside. The soil was becoming soft in places, but not soft enough to hinder the progress of the cars. Here and there were small areas of ground ploughed by the peasants with their rather prehistoric-looking plough. The plough is made of wood, and, if the peasant is rich enough, drawn by oxen. If he isn't rich enough he pushes it himself, but the result, a furrow about one inch deep, produces some marvellous results. The agricultural peasant of Baluchistan, owing to his very crude implements, has to work very hard, but even then he has to trust a lot to nature. Very few peasants were seen until we approached the town of Kalat, where resides the Khan of Kalat, ruler of an area larger than that of Scotland, and reputed to be very rich.

The town of Kalat consists of a few houses or rather ramshackle huts, because the native lives in a habitation unthought-of at home, and overshadowed by the residence of the Khan. The Khan of Kalat's fort is situated at the top of a huge rock, the size of it making it a prominent landmark for miles. The walls of the fort are made of clay, but strong enough, if kept in a state of repair, to withstand the elements. As it happened, the fort walls were not repaired, and the result was rather a disreputable-looking fort. What the inside was like was the subject of discussion between us, and it was decided that it would probably be a place worth seeing. Under the walls of the fort one of the lorries of the convoy overturned, but the application of towing ropes combined with the nine tons of an armoured car had the lorry in its correct travelling position within fifteen minutes. This was our only real accident, except for the petrol trouble we had on our first day, and we reached Sarab at sunset. The armoured car with petrol trouble did not arrive in camp until 1 a.m., and on its arrival we settled down to a sleep that was welcome. The night was so cold that rum was issued, but even the rum did not prevent the cold making us uncomfortable. The extremes of temperature between night and day were very noticeable, and we shivered still more when, on proceeding to a small stream to procure our shaving water, we had to break the ice. Probably many people do not think that this can happen in India; but they want to try sleeping out in the open during Northern India's winter, and then they would know something of India that they did not expect.

Second day—Sarab to Camp Monday, 85 miles. Owing to our late, or rather early morning, stampede to bed, it was decided to start at 10 a.m. on the morning of the 17th, thus giving the troops plenty of time to turn over and have that extra five minutes that all people who are human like to have.

Leaving Sarab, with the entire population of the village giving us a send-off, we made really good progress for over an hour, and then we were obstructed here and there by small stretches of soft sand. It caused very little trouble, however, but we knew it would become more difficult as we travelled south. A car weighing nine tons, as you can understand, sinks deeply into sand and gives no gripping surface to the driving wheels. Very often, as happened later on in the journey, the front wheels locked so suddenly that the steering-wheel turned so quickly in the hands of the drivers that they were burned. Sand was invariably encountered in dry river beds or nullahs. During the monsoons and later winter these nullahs are raging torrents, and are impassable for everything. February is the month when the rains and melting snows from the mountains of the N.W. Frontier form these swift-moving rivers which become minor tributaries of the Indus. By the end of March these nullahs are as dry as the proverbial "bone."

The further we travelled the more and more nullahs we encountered, causing minor delays that were unavoidable. Our altitude was lower than that of the previous day, and more vegetation was to be seen. The vegetation in this district consisted of scrub palm, camel grass, with here and there a small cactus bush, and the slight change in scenery was making our journey more interesting.

Lunch was taken at a spot that was given many queer names. It was taken near a hot spring which bubbled from beneath a large rock, surrounded by tall palm trees, seven in number. The names given it—"Seven Palms," "Hot Spring," "Journey's Rest," "Grub Up," etc.—speak for themselves. "Seven Palms" was the name finally decided upon. At this spot we filled our water carriers with the warm water from the spring in case the water at our next stopping-place had dried up.

From "Seven Palms" the road was not so well defined as that previous to our halt. The road itself was not so wide, and some very sharp corners caused considerable trouble. As will be seen from some of the "snaps," one car went over the edge of the road at a very sharp bend, and after two hours' hard work with pick and shovel, this car continued its journey. These stoppages were expected, so we did not worry very much about them. After a few stoppages of this type we finally arrived at our second camp at 7.30 p.m.

Our second camp, Camp Monday, was situated near a small stream, and overshadowed by small hills, and quite an ideal place for camping. Camp Monday was also our half-way stage, and it was at this camp that we expected to meet our relieving convoy from Karachi, but we were disappointed because they had not arrived. It may be of interest to know that our convoy was continually in touch with Quetta through wireless, which was carried by one of the Morris lorries. It was impossible, however, for some reason or

other, to get in touch with our relieving column, and this disappointed us. We did not waste much time, however, in thinking of what had happened to them, as sleep, to us, was of more importance.

As was mentioned before, we were camping at the foot of small hills, and these hills certainly protected us a great deal from a very cold wind that was blowing. There was no moon or stars, and it was so dark that jackals and laughing hyenas came so close to the camp that their noise kept me awake for a considerable time. This gave me an opportunity of studying the Gurkha while on sentry-go.

The Gurkhas, as you may know, are natives of Nepal. They are a short stocky-built race (average height, 5ft. 4ins.), brown skinned, flat-faced, with features resembling those of a Chinaman. The Gurkha's nature is entirely different to that of the natives of the rest of India, being very quiet, reserved, and capable of patience and endurance rarely met with in the Westerner. It is hard to believe, but the Gurkha who was doing sentry stood for two hours on the top of a hill in a cold wind and did not move from his original position. In fact, he stood so still that, after watching him for nearly ten minutes, he seemed to form a physical feature of the skyline. I began to doubt my own eyes after a time, and I remained awake until he was relieved, to make certain that there was actually a sentry on top of this hill that I was looking at. The Gurkha enjoys doing sentry, and I understand that they make the finest sentries in the world, and I quite believe it.

However, I finally fell asleep, and wondered what would happen next day.

H. G. TAYLOR.

(To be concluded).

UNCLE WUMP'S CORNER.

Most family journals and periodicals contain a section in which a benevolent old uncle or aunt replies to the many and varied queries of the readers. After much difficulty the Editor has been persuaded to reserve this little space for me, in which I can reply to the ingenious queries of my admirers (?). My advice is given in the spirit that the inquiries are made, that "Through much joking comes good fun" (The Rub-it-out of O-Ma-come-on.)

UNCLE WUMP.

The Artful Dodger, Sea Company.—I am so sorry that the bogus damaged thumb has now ceased to work, and that you must take your turn in the ring at that awfully rough game of boxing. I am afraid that all you can now do is to take up the standard position of all British heavy-weights (see Tom Webster's cartoon in the "Daily Mail" for an illustration). Do, however, take care how you take up this position. If you bump your head too hard you may wake up in the hospital.

Ben Dover, Bee Company. — I have already answered several queries on how to alleviate the sting of Marko's Reminders, and can only repeat the advice given. Three visual contour atlases, a Wizard, a Gem, and a Rover, put beneath the shirt at a crucial spot, are much better than the crumpled end of a nightshirt. Besides, your C.S.M. will notice the absence of the nightshirt, and it will probably take more than a Wizard to counteract his fell attentions.

O. F. Till, Dee Company.—Your Geography Master must indeed be very old-fashioned if he can't tell you where Cascara is. See the Hospital Staff; I'm sure they'll do their best for you.

Michael and Jock.—I am afraid that I must reproduce your query. You write—"Whot is English? I am afrayed I cannott spel. how kan I improov mi speling." May I recommend that you buy a dictionary. If this fails, sit next to a boy who can write English, and get him to help you. See that the English Master doesn't see you doing this.

Wee Wullie. — Dear me, you write me that your C.S.M. says you're not a little gentleman, and you wonder what you should do about it. I'm afraid I'm very, very sorry for you. Have you ever read "Eric, or Little by Little," or "Little Lord Fauntleroy?" If not, do so, and try and emulate them. In any case, cease to use your jersey. Ask your C.S.M. or Master for a handkerchief.

M.O., O.R.R., E.D., O. R. M., and others. If you want to lay your kit so that you are not checked on Kit Inspection, see that your button stick, toothbrush and shoe horn are put down the right way up. If this fails to save you from disaster, go sick.

Duck. — I'm rather doubtful what to advise you. You see ducks walk very close to the ground, and consequently can't go fast. With regard to your promptness on your special weekly duty, I can only recommend that you stop the hall clock, or try two sticks of dynamite daily before breakfast. You can get these at the Tuck Shop.

Blackbird.—Thanks very much for your solution to the problem JB2. For the benefit of Form V. mathematicians, I am reproducing your solution. $JB + KR (FD) = JB2 = 2d$, when $JB =$ John the Bun, $KR =$ Kind Remarks, $FD =$ "Fine Dinner," and $d =$ duff.

Gasper Strong.—The best way to keep nicotine off your fingers is to use a 24 inch glass tube. Ask the Science Master to give you one for your Christmas Box instead of a motor car.

Anxious. — I have searched the Encyclopedia Britannica, but I cannot trace the origin of the saying, "Wood to wood." No doubt it can be traced to the first woodwork master, probably Noah.

Smart Boy.—I'm sorry, but the Editor has forbidden me to mention spats in this corner.

Our Archæological Discovery.

During the present year a small Roman coin was discovered by one of the schoolboys. It was found lying just under the surface, in a part of the field adjacent to the Perth Road. It is understood that the old Roman Road which ran from about Causewayhead to the Roman Camp at Braco, now lies under the foundations of the present Great North Road.

The coin was submitted to the Keeper of Coins at the British Museum, who very kindly afforded us the following information. The coin was made in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, who reigned from 284 to 305 A.D. The coin, which showed the head of Diocletian on one side and the winged figure of Victory on the other, was probably minted in Egypt, which was at that time occupied by the Romans.

Great interest was taken in the discovery of the coin, and it was fortunate that other searchers for antiquities had not to be prevented from turning up the whole field. A competition was announced — the best essay of about 500 words on the possible adventures of the coin would be awarded 5s. Many entries have been received from boys under 14 years of age, and some of them show considerable imagination.

After careful consideration, the Editor has decided to divide the prize, and James Mooney (aged 9), of the Preparatory Form, is awarded 3s, and Alexander Crowe (aged 13), is awarded 2s.

The prize-winning essays are reproduced below:—

The Adventures of the Roman Coin.

I am a little Roman coin made thousands of years ago. I am not of very much use to rich people. I am made of copper, am very small, and have dents all round my edge.

My owner was a Roman soldier in the Roman Army. I was made in Egypt. What a difference there is if you were made in those days. You would not find motor-cars, but little chariots drawn by two horses.

The army was to leave for Great Britain, to add it to their possessions, and my owner was to leave to-morrow for England. The people were very busy, and the ships were being loaded with food. When the day came, my owner was busy polishing his suit of armour, so that it shone like silver. At last the hour of leaving came, and my owner fell in with the rest of the soldiers, who were part of a large army. On the ship my master was shown a little bed where he put his clothes, and we set sail on the Mediterranean Sea.

My owner played games every day on the deck. The soldiers drilled under a man who ordered every man about, and those who did not obey him got something they did not like.

The ships sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, which are not very big. After sailing for some weeks in the Atlantic Ocean we stopped at a port to fill the ship with food, for all the food had gone which the soldiers had stored when they started. My owner went on shore and bought what he wanted. From there we sailed away, up the English Channel and up the North Sea until we came to where Aberdeen now is. From there the soldiers marched and

the officers rode on horseback until they came to where the school now is. The soldiers were very busy putting up the tents in rows and putting the horses in their stables. The soldiers had to make roads, and my owner was very busy preparing his spades and a pick for the next day, when he had to make a road.

Next morning my master got his lunch together, and set off to the place where he was going to make the road. Very soon he was cutting a little passage in the ground, making holes with the pick and shovelling the soil to the sides. He made the road nice and smooth. I nearly fell out of his pocket, but his body came straight again, and I was saved.

When the road was made he went to see the man in charge of him, and when he saw how well the road was made he gave my master something which he put with me. I found that it was some more money, and it was worth more than me.

One morning my owner took me out in his hand and started running, but he met the man who was in charge of him. He put up his hand to salute, and dropped me. He looked for me, but could not find me. I lived under the earth for hundreds of years, till one day somebody picked me up and took me to his father, who thought I was a boot tacket.

He sent me to Mr Mark. However, Mr Mark did not know anything about me, and he sent me to the British Museum. Before long I was sent back here. I travelled in a little case. I had been looked at carefully, when Mr Mark thought of an idea. He knew that every boy knew or ought to know something about the Romans. He put me in a case in the Central Hall, and said that the one who could write five hundred words about me could possibly win five shillings. After the best story has been selected I do not know what will happen to me. But I must hope for the best, although I don't think I will have any more adventures for a long time.

JAMES MOONEY (age 9).

The Roman Coin.

In the year 290 A.D., a young Roman stood beside his father's bedside. The old man's life was swiftly ebbing. Round him many physicians stood. "Good-bye, son," croaked the old man. "Be a true citizen of Rome." With these words on his lips he died.

Dyopses, his son, wept bitterly. He was now an orphan, left with hardly a friend in the world. His father, who had been a famous warrior, received a warrior's funeral. It was the custom, at the funeral, to throw a handful of money into the grave. As Dyopses did this, one coin fell to the ground. He vowed to keep this as a memento.

A few weeks later Dyopses was a soldier in the Roman Army which was going to reconquer Britain. On the strap of his gleaming sword was his coin for luck, and to remind him of his dead father. The Roman Legions were soon packed into the *tirremes* and galleys. Amidst cheers from the shore, the broad-shouldered soldiers rowed the boats to the distant Britain. After encountering heavy seas and gales they

reached Britain. The barbarians on the shore in vain attempted to guard their island homes. Led by Dyopses, the Romans swept relentlessly to the shore. Beneath their short stabbing swords the Britons fell like grass. The Romans landed with few casualties, and Dyopses was promoted for his bravery in the landing.

The Roman hordes advanced. All over England they spread. At last the Chief Tribune gave orders to advance into Scotia (now Scotland). For weeks they marched through forest and bog. At periods, companies of men stayed behind as garrisons, but it fell to the Company of Dyopses to keep on into Scotia. The fierce Picts and Scots were a harder proposition than the Britons. It was only by sheer skill and courage that the Romans won through to Braco. There a great camp was set up. For days the soldiers worked; they set up high earthen walls and mounds. A number of soldiers were engaged in beating off the attacking Scots. Through all these experiences, Dyopses' coin accompanied him on the strap of his sword.

One day the Romans in Braco Camp were ordered to quell a rising a little south. They marched along the Roman Road ready to meet anyone that should tattle them. Suddenly a huge band of Picts assailed them by a nearby wood. A great fight ensued. Severe losses were inflicted on the Picts, but the Romans by no means escaped lightly. A wild-eyed barbarian rushed at Dyopses, with his stone hammer upraised. Dyopses stood his ground, and rammed his sword in the other's breast. Another barbarian lounged at him with his spear. It slit the leather strap close to Dyopses' sword. Forgetting for the time that his coin was attached to the strap, Dyopses gripped the sword only by his hand. The strap flew away, and within the next minute Dyopses, by the hand of fate, was stricken down by a stone and killed.

The Romans won the skirmish. Dyopses was buried with his dead comrades—a brave soldier. The strap rotted, and the coin lay in the field till to-day. Coins do have romantic experiences.

A. CROWE (age 13).

THE STAFF—How to recognise them.

We understand that visitors are frequently at a loss to understand exactly how the School is organised, and lengthy explanations are necessary to explain the difference between the two sides of the Staff. We think, perhaps, if inquirers would study this rhyme very carefully they would solve their difficulties at a glance, and recognise the good old soldier immediately.

Standing smartly on parade
Puffing out his martial chest,
Arms quite naturally hanging,
Thumbs behind the seams receding,
"Shunning" youngsters with great zest.

HOWLER.

The unemployed procession was headed by the
"dole drums."

BILLIARDS, AND HOW NOT TO PLAY THEM.

To all enthusiastic individuals whose desire is to take up billiards, my first piece of advice is, NEVER play billiards, let the balls play.

Do not on your first attempt compile breaks exceeding 1000, or some billiard expert might arrange a match between you and Lindrum, and Tom Webster would cartoon you with a funny face.

Many people would like to know what the term "jam" means, that is often used by billiard experts in the Monitors' room. "Jam" is applied to the lucky individual, born under several lucky stars, who miscues and obtains ten points! One can use the term in several ways. If you are an honest billiard player, and consequently score few points, and those very slowly and painfully, you are quite at liberty to remark "I never get any jam!"

In conclusion may I warn all colour-blind people never to play billiards; if you poke the red ball with the cue you forfeit three points. A monitor once did this with disastrous consequences.

I. M'F.

END OF "QUADRATIC."

All the birds of the Sixth
Jumped in fashion acrobatic,
When they heard of the death of poor quadratic,
When they heard of the death of the poor quadratic.

Who solved quadratic?
I, said poor Gut, his roots I quickly cut,
I solved quadratic.

Who took his factors?
I, said the Finch, because I can pinch,
I took his factors.

Who drew his graph?
I, said little Winky, in squares most neat and dinky,
I drew his graph.

Who'll complete his square?
I, said the Dicky, with coefficients tricky,
I'll complete his square.

Who'll read his formula?
I, said the Barrel, I'll sing a little carol,
I'll read his formula.

Who'll preach the sermon?
I, said the Sparrow, our feelings he did harrow,
I'll preach the sermon.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Monkey; alas! my poor nunky!
I'll be chief mourner.

And the Angel sang the dirge,
The day they buried the quadratic,
The Blackbird croaked—he said his throat
Was just a bit rheumatic.
Professor Fat his cornet blew
In fashion most asthmatic
When the Sixth Form demonstrated
At the death of the quadratic.

ARMISTICE DAY.

An Armistice Service was held in the Cathedral at Dunblane on Sunday, 8th November.

The Pipe Band, the Military Band, and all the boys of the School assembled on the Cathedral Square immediately after the service. The "Fall In" was sounded, the ex-Service men of Dunblane formed up behind the Bands, and the parade marched to the Cenotaph. At the Cenotaph the Bands were on the right, the Boys Scouts behind, and the Girl Guides on the left. The four ministers of the parish were assembled at the top of the steps.

The service opened with the singing of "O God of Bethel," accompanied by the Military Band. The hymn was followed by a prayer and the Scripture reading. After the reading, wreaths were layed at the foot of the Cenotaph, while the pipers played "Scots Wha Hae." "The Last Post," followed by "Reveille," sounded very impressive in the deep silence. The singing of the National Anthem concluded the service.

The parade then formed up in column and marched past, Colonel A. M. B. Grahame taking the salute.

Why does the martial but sad "Last Post" always arouse the same feelings? For Scotsmen, why has "Scots Wha Hae" always the same emotional effect? Why is it that all the tunes, ceremonies and decorations associated with every Armistice Day never give the impression of having been played or used once too often? It is because all the tunes and symbols of November 11th are moments of patriots, they are always fresh in the memory, and never lose their significance. A. S. H.

BARRY CAMP, 1931.

For the first three weeks at Camp the weather was glorious, except for a little shower now and then. The last week was a fine display of what I consider an African storm must be like. The thunderstorm broke during the night, and the rain came down in torrents. In the morning it was decided to abandon the tents, and we all moved into the big hut on the other side of the camp road. This hut was as great a success as the tents, and despite our cramped quarters we found it quite pleasant to be all together again. The weather subsequently took up, and we were able to strike camp without any watery interludes from above. We considered ourselves flattered by the Ordnance, who took our tents straight into store and packed them away for use next year. It is rumoured that many of the tents handed by other units using the camp had to be repacked by the Ordnance.

This year the Staff was changed after the first fortnight. For the first half of the month we had R.S.M. Scotland, C.S.M. Watson, Mr Morrison, Mr Strathdee, Mr W. Dowling, and Mr G. Dowling. For the last fortnight we had C.S.M. McCubbin, C.S.M. Watson, Mr Littlejohn, Mr Plummer, Mr Lamont, and Mr Smart from the Queen's Barracks, Perth, cooking for us.

During the Camp, we played the Carnoustie Boys at cricket and soccer. Cricket scores:—Carnoustie Boys, 65 runs; Q.V.S., 22 runs. Carnoustie Boys, 63 runs (for three wickets); Q.V.S., 57 runs (for three wickets).

FOOTBALL.

Carnoustie Boys, 1; Q.V.S., 9.

We were pleased to meet Miss Davidson again at the Soldiers' Home. We scrambled for sweets, and altogether spent a very happy evening, finishing up by singing "For she's a jolly good fellow!"

We visited the entertainments in Carnoustie several times. At the Carnoustie Playhouse we saw "Raffles." The Playhouse has been equipped for the "talkies," and the management again very kindly gave us the privilege of reduced admission prices. Mr Sydney Black, who was again at the Pavilion on the sea front, invited us to one of his shows. Most of us have forgotten his artistes' names, but we can recall much of "the funny business" they did. Their sketches were good, and one could always enjoy the repetition of any of them. We need hardly say that we appreciated very much the kindness of the several people in Carnoustie who helped to make our stay such a happy time.

We visited the swimming pool at the Baths at Arbroath. The sea was none too warm this year for bathing, and the swimming pool gave us an opportunity of showing off our swimming prowess.

I expect the "wee shop" at Barry Station will have closed down for the winter now that we are away. At least twenty-five per cent. of the boys' pocket-money was spent there; this is quite a large amount when one considers the counter attractions of the N.A.A.F.I., the Soldiers' Home, and Carnoustie.

An innovation this year was the installation of the School wireless receiver. An extension to the recreation marquee, and later, the hut, where we moved after the rainstorm, gave us the opportunity of listening to some good programmes when the weather was none too good, or when we were "broke." Listening to the "Escape" stories on Saturday nights after lights out gave us a real thrill.

During the Camp, we had several visits from the Commandant, the Headmaster, and Mr Shield, all of whom did their utmost to make our holiday camp the best ever. W. R.

TACKETS FROM THE "SNOBS!"

Last term we had a few week's rest, but this term we are full up with work. Boots are going in and out of this shop every day (not the boots on people's feet, of course). We have not missed any of our "snobs" yet, but we will lose two at Christmas. One of these hopes to get a post in the boot repairing department of a Stirling shop. We wish him the best of luck.

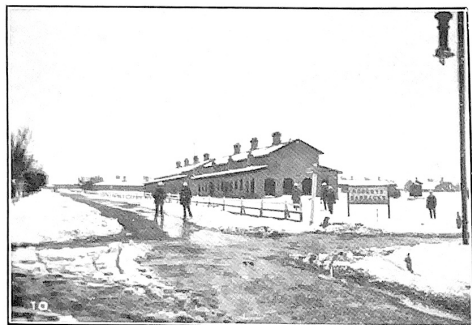
We have one mysterious fellow in the shop. He is always cutting up leather, and if anyone makes a remark or answers a question this individual always contradicts. Probably he will recognise himself as Mr Know-all.

Amongst other "characters" in our shop is the football fan, always studying football form. Another walks like a sailor, and it is quite true that he pushes the rest of the rank out of line when he is on parade! Might we request that the Drum-Major ceases to swing the drum at Trades? A crack on the head is not appreciated by any of us.

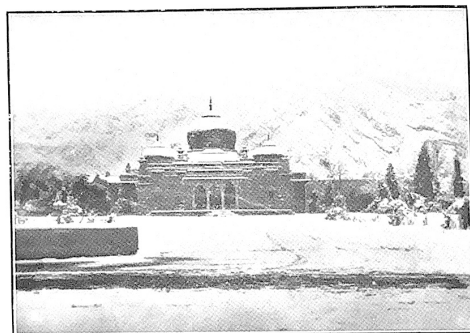
J. R.

Quetta to Karachi.

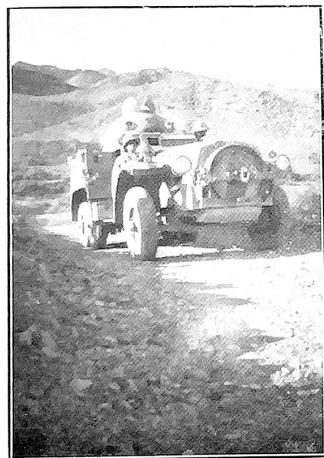
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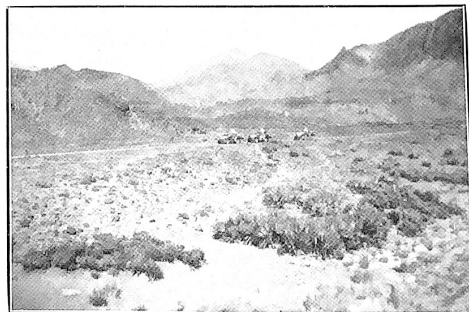
BRUCE ROAD, QUETTA.



SANDEMAN MEMORIAL, QUETTA.



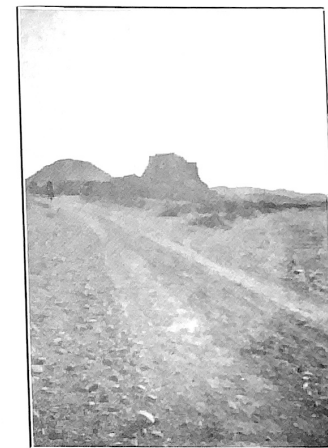
IN THE ROUGH.



TYPICAL COUNTRYSIDE.



ANOTHER BEND.



THE FORT OF THE KHAN
OF KALAT.



GURKHA SENTRIES.

QUAVERS FROM THE BAND ROOM.

We have found that extra practice has meant extra skill, and incidentally, more engagements. The Military Band is still improving, and many Old Victorians have flattered us by their very kind comments upon our playing.

Since the beginning of this term we have formed a string orchestra, and despite the rude comments of jealous outsiders on the scraping of the beginners at the violins, excellent progress is reported. All this means extra work for our Instructor, the sacrifice of the spare time of the boys, and the co-operation of the School Staff to let the boys free for the practice periods. Anyway, sufficient advance has been made to raise our optimism in the continuance of this new venture. Our special thanks are due to Messrs Pole, Plummer, and Dowling, who have so generously given up several of their spare hours to instruct the boys in their instruments. The progress of the learners will no doubt be some reward for their sacrifice.

We took part in the Armistice Service at the Cenotaph at Dunblane, providing the musical accompaniment for the congregational singing.

We have lost our Band Sergeant, R. Sinton, who left us this term for Chatham. He is taking up the trade of electrician, and we all wish him the best of luck and success in his studies.

It is very flattering to see our photograph on the School Christmas Card, and we hear that they are selling like "hot cakes." Of course we hardly insist that it is just our photograph that is causing the great sales!

Several of our Band are having a unique experience in playing in an orchestra in Dunblane, where the Dunblane Players are presenting a three act play. If we go on like this we will probably be recruited to one of the Guards Bands very shortly.

W. F. B.

C. WALLACE, Q.V.S., 983.

It is often only through a careful perusal of the various Regimental Magazines received at this School that we are able to obtain records of achievements of Old Victorians in the services. Sometimes a member of the School staff, who has come from a Regiment, brings such news to our notice.

In a recent issue of "The Borderer," mention is made of the achievement of Boy C. Wallace of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. Boy Wallace who, of course, is not yet on man's service, won the trophy for winning the most standard events in the 1st Battalion. The Standard Shield was presented by Major C. A. G. O. Murray, D.S.O., to the individual gaining the most standard events during the season.

Boy Wallace was successful in the 100 yards, 220 yards, 880 yards, 1 mile, and three miles races, and in the field events—the hammer, the shot, discus, javelin, long jump, and high jump. Certainly an achievement. In a letter to his form master, he says that he did not attempt

the pole jump nor the 440 yards. It isn't every-one who knows his own limits so well.

It must be a great satisfaction to know that an old boy of the School will head the list of successful all-round athletes on this trophy.

Drummer Wallace has played for the Company and Battalion teams at rugby and soccer, although he is not playing for them this season. However, he will come on man's service next year, and we hope to hear of him taking his place in the teams again.

Carry on Wallace!

MATHEMATICAL LAMENTS.

(Inspired by the sad countenances of many weary strugglers after knowledge.)

List' to the fate of a boy of Form Five,
Had he not been an ass, he would still be alive.
For a term he tried hard to solve Simple

Equations,
But all he could show at the end was abrasions.

He "cancelled" and crossed out and cleared of
all fractions,

He revelled in (brackets) and other contraptions.
He dreamed every night about "x's" in legions,
His "unknown" tormentors from nethermost
regions.

The "whole numbers," too, with these devils
combine,
Chant loudly in hair-raising shrieks, "Change
the sign,
Keep all the = signs under each other,"
Some of them wailing, "Alas! my poor brother."

Climax of all was the problem where A,
Thirty years older than his son to-day,
Twice as old will be when twenty years pass,
Tell me their ages at present—Alas!

This poor form fiver, so foolish and dense,
Lacking in what a pal called "common-sense,"
Found that the father no doubt, twenty-nine is,
Assuredly therefore the son must be minus.

This wilful murder of a child could not be over-
looked,

So in the list of Punishments his name was
promptly booked.

And in the Fifth Form conclaves they tell with
bated breath,

How Willie murdered "A's" son, and paid for
it by death.

NURSERY RHYMES.

September, 1931.

Wee Willie Winkie
Went on parade,
Feather Bonnet, full dress,
Smartly arrayed.
One little detail
Made the whole band laugh,
Wee Willie Winkie
Quite forgot his staff!

RUGBY.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
First XV.	6	2	4	0	68	81
Second XV.	2	2	0	0	51	0



We started this season with only six of last year's Blues left in the First XV. However, after much practice, we managed to get a First XV. together. Our team was rather small and light. Winkie MacPherson came back at half-term and played at scrum half, Monitor Cruickshank taking the stand-off's position. The team has always played its best, and there have been no slackers. Burns, in particular,

has improved considerably. At first the forwards and the three's had no combination, but now, after several matches, they are working well together.

Unfortunately, many of our fixtures have had to be cancelled by orders of the M.O., and when we resume our matches after Christmas, many players will have left, and we will have to coach a practically new team.

Versus Alloa Academy, at home.
Alloa, 16 points.
Q.V.S., 0 points.

The School had not yet got to work together. Despite this, Alloa only crossed our 25 twice, but each time they dropped a goal. Our forwards were much lighter than their's, and were pushed all over the place. Our tackling was far too high, and the kicking was very erratic.

Versus Bellahouston Academy, at Glasgow.
Bellahouston Academy, 40 points.
Q.V.S., 3 points.

Slaughter! We thought we were being put against the Springboks! Our opponents absolutely walked over us. Our tackling was still far too high, and our forwards were helpless in face of the weight and size of the Bellahouston team. The three's failed to show any combination, and Anderson just managed to touch down in the last minute of the game. Unfortunately, Robertson failed to convert, but we had "broken our duck." That was some little recompense.

Versus Newstead School, at Deanston.
Newstead, 0.
Q.V.S., 23.

Three is an unlucky number for some people, but our third game brought us a victory. We were playing a team about our own weight, and proved that we could tackle anything that gave us a fair chance of an even match. Our three's now found that elusive quality, combination. McLean and Burke baffled our opponents with their cross-kicking, but the place-kicking was poor. We have not yet found another Scobie. The forwards played excellently. The defence was admirable.

Versus Dollar Academy, at home.
Dollar Academy, 0.
Q.V.S., 28.

Though we beat Dollar by 5 points more than we did Newstead, Dollar was the better team. Their three's were light, but slower than ours. The forwards made some splendid rushes, and the backs were a sound defence. Verlander, full-back, touched down twice.

Versus Stirling High School, at Dunblane.
Stirling High School, 16 points.
Q.V.S., 6 points.

Everybody voted this our best game. We were beaten, but we enjoyed the match, and everyone played his best, particularly the forwards, who were matched against much heavier fellows. Their three's were faster and heavier than ours.

Versus Glasgow Academy, at Glasgow.
Glasgow Academy, 9 points.
Q.V.S., 8 points.

The conditions under which this match was played were reminiscent of our ground in former years — mud, three inches deep, and a rainstorm in progress. Our team was in its element, and played excellently. The ball was too slippery for much handling, and the game tended to become a kind of soccer match. The forwards held their own. McLean got a marvellous try, charging through all the forwards, to be brought down just over the line. Byrnes secured an excellent try which required some very quick thinking.

Old Victorians will be interested to know that our match rugby pitch has been moved this year. One set of sticks is just off the road, and the far long side of the ground runs from the road past the southern edge of the "holy of holies," the cricket pitch. This is a vast improvement on the previous pitch; there is much more grass, and the surface is much drier. We have had it roped in, and now the touch-line is clear of enthusiastic supporters. Even the posts have taken on a new and brighter appearance, being painted with alternate broad rings of the School colours.

A. G. C.

SWIMMING CERTIFICATE, 1931.

The undermentioned N.C.O.'s and boys have been awarded their Certificate, having successfully passed an examination for proficiency in Swimming:—

- "A" Company—D. S. McLean, A. McNeill, P. Dakers, J. Dakers, D. Jackson, D. MacDonald, P. Gillan, W. Armstrong, E. Strachan, W. Nelson, D. Aiton
- "B" Company — R. Brown, W. McAllister, J. L. Davidson, P. Sandilands, D. Smail, J. Bowler, W. Finnie.
- "C" Company—V. Carroll, J. Officer, A. Graham, R. Perrie, J. Roe, D. Hardy, J. A. Forbes, W. MacDonald.
- "D" Company—N. Ryan, T. Smith, Jas. Oliver, W. Gilliland.

"A" COMPANY.

Since the last edition of "The Victorian," "A" have lost only a few boys. Although the

Company has secured many cups and shields to adorn its shelf in past years, the time must come when some other Company must help itself to the trophies. It is so with "A" Company; other Companies had won the honours, and our shelf is now empty. But we're not disheartened. It is only a temporary defeat. Our turn will come again soon for our 2nd Division team at Rugger is doing well on the sports field.

On Saturday evening, when there is nothing to do, "Von Meilberg" and his companions manage to get up a company concert, and with the assistance of the C.S.M. the evening is spent very happily.

A. O'N.

"B" COMPANY.

Again we are in the midst of winter sports, and we hope to gain as good a position, if not better, than that of last year. We are already leading in the first round of the soccer shield, while the rugger results are not yet known.

What happened on Sports' Day when "D" and "B" Companies lifted all the trophies? The race for the Monitors' Cup proved exciting while it lasted, Monitor Robertson only beating Monitor Ramsay by a chest. The Individual Shooting Trophy was won by J. Byrnes, who obtained 42 out of a possible 45. Well done, Jimmy. We also won the Shooting Cup, the Soccer Shield, and the Cricket Shield. We were backed up by the enthusiasm of our C.S.M., Mr Watson.

We have said farewell to Stanley Miller and J. Alexander, who have left us for the Service. We wish them the best of luck.

Since the inception of the competition for the best dormitory on the north side of the School, "B" Company seems to have been left out. The cup and the clock for the best dormitory and the runners-up is now contested in "D" Company. However, this can't last, and as soon as we get some sunlight into the two bottom dormitories, we can guarantee that those two trophies will come downstairs.

Fretwork is an everlasting hobby for boys on winter nights. The enthusiasts whose enthusiasm seems to run to sawing kit shelves and iron bedsteads, have now had a place provided for them. This is greatly appreciated both by the "sawers" and the "sawn!"

D. V. and A. F.

"C" COMPANY.

We came back from the long (but not too long) summer holidays, to find many old faces conspicuous by their absence. However, the promotions were soon out, and we have now to congratulate the new N.C.O.'s.

We have had several very enjoyable company concerts this term, the first, with "Bonzo" Currie as the leading comedian, was a roaring success. He created a laugh in everything he did, and seems to have a passion for a "pint." It is untrue, however, that Hollywood or Elstree offered him a £5000 contract.

Great excitement prevailed in the Wauchope Dormitory when, during the night, part of the

ceiling plaster fell in. The poor unfortunate upon whom it landed escaped unscathed. Our Games and Reading Rooms are A1 now, from The Rover to La France in the Reading Room, and dominoes to chess in the Games Room. One boy is reputed to have burst a blood vessel while watching a chess match between two budding Capablancas. Ping-pong is another source of amusement for the dark nights.

I wonder how many old boys remember the popular game of "skip"? One method of playing that game to avoid boxing, is to produce a supposedly mangled finger, wrapped in volumes of bandage. The method has proved quite effective, but its success has now waned!

Owing to the small strength and the number of young boys in the Company, we have not done very well at rugger or soccer. When our present boys grow older and move into the higher divisions, we hope to put a different complexion on things.

A. C.

"D" COMPANY.

Hullo, everybody! "D" Company calling!

The soccer and rugby league games have now started, and we are doing quite well. Of course, we miss, "Teash" McDermid, who left us at summer for the Royal Engineers. All our new boys seem quite hefty, and seem as if they will pull their weight when their time comes.

We have to congratulate John Ryan on his promotion to Acting Monitor.

There is little doing in the Company, except that we are all working hard to keep the flag flying, particularly at the weekly competition for the best dormitory on the north side. Our Colour-Sergeant is giving us a lot of help in running a concert with Company stars every Saturday night, when there are no pictures.

R. M'L.

TAILOR'S SHOP SNIPS.

We have been very busy this term. Soccer and rugger cause many casualties to the boys' clothing, and we are kept busy with repairs.

We have many changes to record. Joe Cunningham has created a record in promotion; he was Corporal for two days, when he was promoted Colour Corporal. Sergeant J. Ryan has now reached the giddy height of Acting Monitor, and his brother, Norman, is now a Corporal. Monitor J. Ryan is the first Monitor we have had in the Tailors' shop since Monitor Ballantine left eighteen months ago.

We lose Morris Burns at Christmas. Mr Wright will miss him in more ways than one, but we have Morrison and Morton who are aspiring to the qualification of master-tailor.

By the way, who was the boy who joined the tailors' shop to prepare for the giddy rank of "tailor-major?"

We wonder how the boy enjoyed the mouthful of beeswax when he took a bite thinking it was toffee?

R. M'L.

OLD VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION.

Membership.—All Old Boys who have passed through the School are eligible for membership.

Subscription.—The Headquarters Subscription is 2s annually, which entitles the member to "The Victorian" (the School Magazine) free. Particulars as to Branch Subscriptions may be obtained from Branch Secretaries whose addresses are given below.

Badge and Tie.—Members are entitled to wear the badge and tie of the Association. The tie may be obtained from Messrs The Waverley Tailoring Co., 44 Earl Grey Street, Edinburgh (price 2s 6d), and the badge from the Regimental Sergeant-Major of the School (price 2s).

Branches.—There are branches in Edinburgh and Glasgow for members in those areas. Members resident elsewhere, and all serving Service members are affiliated to Headquarters at Dunblane.

Annual General Meeting.—The Annual General Meeting is held at the School on the first Sunday in May, when reports and financial statements from Headquarters and Branches are presented.

Objects.—(1) To continue the comradeship and fellowship formed during School life; (2) to assist boys leaving the School to find employment, and to help Old Boys out of work to find employment; (3) to make known the School, its aims and object, and encourage Scottish soldiers, sailors, and airmen to send their boys to it; (4) to uphold the good name of the School, and should occasion arise, the good name of any present or past member of it.

How to Join.—Apply to the Regimental Sergeant-Major of the Queen Victoria School, stating full name, number, year you left the School, and your address. Or, if resident in or near Edinburgh, apply to the Secretary, Edinburgh Branch, Mr J. Robertson, 23 Grove Street, Edinburgh, giving the above particulars. If resident in or near Glasgow, apply to the Secretary, Glasgow Branch, Mr R. J. Skelton, 391 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, giving the above particulars.

EDINBURGH BRANCH NOTES.

Honorary Secretary—

Mr J. Robertson, 23 Grove Street, Edinburgh.

Whilst our notes for the last few months may appear rather brief, our activity as a Branch continues. No functions, apart from the Annual Dinner, have been held, but we hope that we may have more news for the next issue.

This is the fourth year of the Edinburgh Branch Annual Dinner, which has now become a definite yearly event.

We were honoured by the presence of the School Commandant, Colonel S. A. Innes, D.S.O., and the Chief Instructor, Captain W. T. Lunt, M.B.E., together with R.S.M. Scotland, D.C.M., and C.S.M. McCubbin, D.C.M. Captain W. Price, The Royal Scots, and Drum-Major Hetherington were also present, representing ex-staff of the School.

The Glasgow Branch was also ably repre-

sented by Mr J. McLeod and Mr E. Quinn, this year's President of the West of Scotland Branch.

Our list of guests closes with the name of Mr H. S. Shield who, although always a keen worker for us, prefers to remain quietly in the background.

Our party, to the number of thirty, sat down to dinner at 8.15 p.m., Mr J. Anderson taking the chair.

The first toast of the evening was "The King." Mr J. Robertson, our Secretary, was then called upon to toast "The School." In a very neat and able speech, Mr Robertson proudly referred to the School and the advances that had been made in introducing modern methods and apparatus of education, the increasing opportunities that were given the boys for sports activities, and the fact that the good name of the School was now known throughout the world. A creditable achievement in view of the fact that the School has barely attained its majority. He conveyed to Colonel Innes and the Staff of the School the very best wishes of the Edinburgh Branch for the continued success of their endeavours.

In replying, Colonel Innes thanked the Association for their good wishes, and explained how things were going on at present in Dunblane. He explained that the reduction in the number of boys in the School was due to national economy, and that the entrance age would now be raised from 9 years to 11 years. Colonel Innes asked for the criticism of the Branch, as such criticism would probably be very helpful.

Captain Lunt was then called upon to toast "The Association." He said some very nice things about the Association, and told a story about wanting bigger and brighter associations. He said that these associations were the best things possible for both the individuals concerned and the School to which they belonged.

Unfortunately at this stage, Colonel Innes, Captain Lunt and R.S.M. Scotland had to leave to catch the last train back to Dunblane.

Mr Clayton (Edinburgh), in replying, regretted that the School Staff had to leave so early, as he would have liked to have drawn their attention to the fact that no new members of the Association had been recruited from Edinburgh boys leaving the School for civil life. He hoped that efforts would be made to impress upon boys the value of the Association, both to them individually and to the School which had done so much for them.

Mr Renton toasted "Our Guests," and Mr McCubbin, in reply, thanked the Branch for the opportunity of being present.

Mr Quinn, on behalf of the Glasgow Branch, said that he hoped the West of Scotland would be able to reciprocate the kind invitation by having a similar function next year, when, he hoped, Edinburgh would be represented.

The remainder of the evening was filled by selections by the company. "Drummy" gave us some of the old favourites, which all Old Vics. will remember, particularly "My Old Bassoon." "Drummy" sang until he could sing no more. W. Robertson and D. Spence gave us several

selections on the pipes, and Joe McLeod (Glasgow), led us in some hearty community singing. The evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and so ended this year's annual dinner.

[A reference to our summer number shows that only one Edinburgh boy left the School for civil life during the first six months of the year. All boys are encouraged to join the Association, and those going to the Services invariably join the Headquarters Branch.]

Glasgow Branch Notes.

Honorary Secretary—

Mr R. J. SKELTON, c/o Dewar, 391 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Bi-Annual Report.

The Committee of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Branch of the Old Victorian Association is again in the happy position to furnish a very favourable report.

We have been disappointed in the numerical attendance at our monthly meetings, this only averaging about 15 members per meeting, but this we attribute to our glorious weather, or should I say with some degree of truth, our season commonly referred to as summer.

So far as finance is concerned, we could nearly claim we are on the Gold Standard, having a credit of £34 in the Bank. In this direction a great deal of thanks is due to our Treasurer (known to his many dear friends in the Branch as Snowden). I omit his name purposely as he is most modest, even if he is so very proud of his soubriquet.

We have again launched out into our season of dances and socials, our first dance, held on 23rd October, being both a financial and social success. We are looking forward with high hopes to our next two dances to be held in December and February next. We had the company of Pipe-Major Taylor and his daughter at our last dance, and he appeared to be enjoying himself thoroughly.

Our hardy annual, the Christmas Prize Draw, is in full swing, and we are hoping for a repetition of last year's success.

It was reported at our meetings by a member who has been fortunate enough to view most of the grand day parades at the School that the last grand day parade was by far the most elegant and smartest he had ever witnessed. He also eulogised the charming display of the Military Band after the parade. Many of the old boys who have taken part in this parade in past years will not readily admit this statement, but all of us will feel proud that the standard is so high, and we join in paying a tribute to those responsible, as their task must have been rendered more difficult in view of the staffing conditions which now prevail at the School.

This is a friendly challenge to Edinburgh—The Glasgow Branch hope to be acclaimed the most progressive Branch on rendering their Annual Report at the A.G.M. next May.

E. Q., President.

OLD BOYS' PROPAGANDA.

As this is the Old Victorians' Corner of the "Mag." I trust the Editor will forgive me if I encroach on the valuable space to do a little propaganda work on behalf of the "Old Victorians' Association."

In Glasgow (the branch of which I write) we have a number of former pupils of our famous School united in a business and social capacity.

After the disposal of business at monthly meetings, the meeting becomes a social gathering, fun and frolic being indulged in, and occasionally debates and other items of educational interest take place.

During the intervals between the monthly meetings, parties of Victorians make excursions to different places of interest and entertainment, and thereafter adjourn to some member's home for tea and talk. The talk sometimes varies, but as a rule one can generally hear this:—"Wasn't Daddy Dixon a great master, Eddy," or "I remember Cully 'Howf' and the 'Gymmy' doing this," or some other sentence in this strain, but always of the past experiences of some member at the School or of the past or present personnel of the School.

A very small sum enables all former pupils of the School to join our Association, the objects alone being a sufficient reason for joining. The Cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow have Branches, both on a sound footing, and I appeal to all old boys resident within the radii of these cities, who are not members, to join up and let us all get together for that one common cause:—"To keep the name of our School always to the fore, and to help one another with all the power we may have." We will accomplish this easier and better if we are all united in our very own organisation, "The Old Victorian Association."

Already we are a known organisation, and therefore we are one that should always be growing numerically, I trust this appeal will meet with a good measure of success, and that at the A.G.M., held at Dunblane in May, both Branches will be able to report increases in numbers, and that the numbers mentioned will be in personal attendance to help and conduct the business and social affairs of our Association.

I take the liberty of stating for both branches that should any old boy see this and become interested in us, he will, on application to the Secretaries, be supplied with all particulars, and be most heartily welcomed by the branches.

COME ALONG OLD VICTORIANS.

"IN DEFENS."

HEARD AT AN OLD VICS' SMOKER.

"Of course you will remember Ossie, who kept hens on the spare ground behind the hospital. He was a specialist. He specialised in many things; 'flu, boils, sprains, scarlet fever, tiredness, and poultry. Being a firm believer in Gregory's mixture, Cascara, and a certain vile lubricant, he was a terror to every boy on the sick list."

"That's correct," added ex-Corporal Bunk. "At morning sick parade he gave his daily recital. Castor oil for you. Gregory's for you. Next one, Cascara. Next please, Castor oil, Gregory's, Cascara, and so on, one after the other. What you happened to be suffering from made no difference; sprained ankle, spotted throat, or ingrowing toe-nails, it mattered not. I considered Cascara as the least of the three evils, and saw to it that my number in the queue was divisible by three."

Ex-Monitor So and So butted in here. "Yes, but on the parade ground was a different proposition. He was tall and rather porky, and I think I took four paces to one of his. Though he was a muscular Highland figure, in full uniform, he could warble like a bird. He kept his warbling for special occasions: when his company, the Water Babies, retained the swimming cup, or when they made a gallant attempt to gain third place in the drilling competition. He was the "Cullie," the man who issued blankets, toothpaste, and lectures; cricket stumps, haircuts, shoe horns, and small baths; defaulters' parades, and weekly pay; in fact, the man who ruled our destinies. If you don't recognise him yet, listen to this.

A cuff behind the ear, dealt swiftly and accurately with an upward movement, was an order to appear at his "Bunk," immediately after supper, to subject oneself to his version of the tonsorial art. He caught me one night in the middle of a pillow fight, and as I happened to be winning he promoted me to ringleader, and dealt me a "haircut swipe." Well, the Cullie's version of the tonsorial art on that occasion was rather severe. I suspect now that he must have been friendly with our sculptor friend Epstein. I cleaned the shoes of a member of the cricket team for a whole fortnight in return for the loan of his cricket cap."

Ex-Corporal Bunk here made an attempt to say something about Leo Somebody-or-Other, but So-and-So was in a talkative mood, and continued; "Aye, and the Cullie had a queer sense of humour. Not long after that memorable pillow fight, the C.O. made the ghastly mistake of promoting me to the rank of Corporal, on which dizzy height I became swell-headed. One morning, enjoying the privileges bestowed on N.C.O.'s by the unwritten laws of the School, I was dozing in bed just before "cookhouse!" Fags and matches, not mentioned in the dormitory's inventory sheet, adorned my shelf. The Cullie appeared on the scene before the alarm could be given, carrying a jug of water, and, believe me, it was cold. He handed me my towel, then invited himself to one of my fags. Puffing at my cigarette in better style than the Emperor of Abyssinia could have managed, he lectured me, stressing the point that cheap tobacco was injurious to the health of such a young and lively Corporal; and informed me most seriously that I would be better without it; whereupon he pocketed my weekly supply of smokes. His lecture, administered in a quiet, fatherly manner, concluded by upbraiding me for buying foreign matches, and advising me to buy British when replacing those just lost."

"Do you remember Leo D——?" commenced ex-Corporal Bunk, but Handsome John of

"B" Company was too quick for him. "Some folk still ask, 'What did Mr Gladstone say in 1887?' The question now is, 'Who said owf! owf! owf! owf! in 1921?' Of course you know the answer. It is common knowledge that he was long sighted, but some would have us believe that he often laid his evening paper on the floor, then straightening his back, would wipe his moustache with his brilliant handkerchief, and giving a little preliminary cough, would start to read the news aloud, making many caustic remarks about the writer, the writer's subject, and the bad light prevailing in the "Bunk."

And what a memory he had. Professors weren't in it. "You report immediately at my office," he would say he called his "Bunk" office. "I'll be down in a minute." Well, of course, you would go to his "Bunk" wondering whether you had forgotten to do some important task, or whether you had done something really noteworthy, and deserving of praise. The minute would pass; five minutes would pass; ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes or half an hour, and then would be heard the steps of an old but agile man. "What the, what the devil are you doing here?" "But sir, you said——." "Never mind what I said. Take your ugly feet out of here; you should have been in bed an hour ago." If you knew Billie well, you would retire as quickly and quietly as possible, and if you didn't know him well, you would soon learn "Do you re——?"

"Yes, we all remember Leo, the walking encyclopædia. If you didn't understand how water could be made to boil on ice, you asked Leo. If you were at a dead end with Theorem 504, Euclid, Book 13, you asked Leo. If you wanted to leave the room, you didn't ask Leo; you still wanted. He was a fiend for English and history. Whereas Mr Cushy would ask us to write an essay on "My Idea of an Enjoyable Holiday," Leo would ask us to write on such subjects as "The American Civil War: its causes and effects," or "A Brief Outline of the Great War," with instructions not to write more than eight hundred words.

Every boy dreaded the moment when he would be called out to the front to witness the marking of his essay. "Next boy, please. Johnny So-and-So." Your attempt to look intelligent would be fairly successful until the moment when Leo would say something like this. "Your writing is positively deplorable. It's hardly legible. I'll find this difficult to read, my boy. Now, let me see. Ah, how many times must I tell you to underline your heading!" Two heavy strokes with his red pencil, and the heading looks really imposing. "Um. Spelling error: i before e, unless after c. I think I'll take half a mark away for that." Dash goes the red pencil. "Now, what do you mean here?" Reads from exercise book, "And so he left him, and he was alone." A most embarrassing feeling of ignorance comes upon you when Leo fixes his questioning eyes on you. "Who left whom, and who was alone?" Explain what you really meant, and he asks you, "Why didn't you say so?" Dash goes the red pencil, and only nine marks to go. The thin red line works overtime before Leo reaches the two hundredth word, and a little elementary arith-

metic informs you that your essay is worth exactly minus four and a half marks out of the maximum plus ten. "Terrible," says Leo, "You don't deserve plus two marks, do you?" "No, sir," you murmur meekly, but with a martyred expression. "I'll let you have them, although my better judgment tells me I shouldn't. You may sit down." And so ends the ordeal, with Leo still supreme and calmly dignified. You sit down, thanking your lucky stars that you didn't write the maximum eight hundred words.

Ex-Corporal Bunk by this time had remembered the famous Monitor Fudge, but the Chairman was ready to start his "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, etc.," and the ex-Corporal being a polite member, and always thoughtful of others, kept his story for the next interval.

ARGESS.

OLD VICTORIANS' JOTTINGS.

"Ginger" Thomson and "Titch" Sandilands of The Cameronians featured in the Regimental Boys' Boxing Competition at Maryhill. As they were both so light there was much discussion regarding their being too light for the Light Weight division; it is rumoured that a new section was proposed, the Mosquito Weight! Anyway, they both put up a good show, and the member of the Q.V.S. staff, who saw the fight, thoroughly enjoyed it.

We had an interesting letter from "Dozey" Warner, who after many travels, is now sojourning under India's tropical sun. He remembers, rather keenly, the attentions of the Gym Instructor of his days, but bears no malice. Several Old Victorians are serving with him,—Sansby, Piper Slater, Drummer Auld, and Bandsman Bathgate. He wishes to correspond with Lieut. G. Thomson's elder brother, so will anyone who can give the address of this Old Victorian, please forward it to Private Charles J. P. Warner, D.M.G. Company, 2nd Battalion The King's Own Scottish Borderers, Connaught Barracks, Poona, India.

We also had a letter from an old friend, Charlie Fowler, who was successful in securing one of the Whitehead Bursaries. Charlie is now in New South Wales. The employment problem appears to be as acute there as it is in the Old Country. Charlie has worked as a gold-digger, and varied his occupation by farming and milking cows. He can drive a car, ride a horse, and, hush!—he can still stir the heart of the exiled Scot with the pibroch. Good luck to the fellow who can turn his hand to anything—we little expected such resource in our local politician! We wonder if he'll find time to give us an article on gold digging some time?

Our congratulations to Cecil Wallace, who has distinguished himself in the K.O.S.B.'s. An account of his success will be found elsewhere.

The following is taken from the 25th August, 1931, edition of the Hastings "Evening Argus."

GALLANT RESCUE.

Girl Bather Seized With Cramp.

Thrilling Scene at St. Leonards.

Another thrilling sea rescue was witnessed at St. Leonards, this morning, when a young visitor plunged fully dressed into the sea and rescued a girl bather who was in difficulties at Undercliffe.

The girl, Miss Rose Thurlow, aged 21, of 54 Fourth-avenue, Manor Park, London, is on holiday at St. Leonards and, as was her custom, went down for her daily bathe this morning. Though able to swim she was seized with cramp and soon got in difficulties.

Mr Allan Spiers, of 102 Clive-road, Henfield, who is also on holiday, noticed her plight and without hesitation raced down the beach and plunged, fully dressed, into the icy cold water to her rescue.

Crowds Watch Rescue.

Meanwhile hundreds of people gathered on the parade and watched his plucky efforts.

P.C. Jupp, who was on point duty at the bottom of London-road, was attracted to the scene but rescuer and rescued had reached the shore.

Both Miss Thurlow and Mr Spiers were hurried to their apartments in Undercliffe where they changed their clothes and were given hot drinks.

Though there were several people about at the time few realised that Miss Thurlow was in any danger and, but for the prompt action of her rescuer, she might have been drowned within sight of where she is staying.

The sea was fairly calm at the time, but it is stated the water was intensely cold.

Eye-witnesses were loud in their praises of Mr Spiers' action. It is stated he is a good swimmer.

And yet another has gone and done it! Long Jim Kelt has joined the benedicts. He did it so quietly that none of us knew till it was all over. Well, well, best of luck to Mr and Mrs Kelt, and we still hope that he'll get a job nearer home so that he can look us up a little oftener and probably give us some rugger tips.

Our representatives in the Royal Air Force continue to do the School credit. From the No. 4 Apprentices' Wing Notes in the Daeadlus, we cull the following:—

Jamieson, who captained them (the 2nd XV.) is a strong, hardworking forward, with an instinct; we shall be glad to welcome some more of his ilk from Dunblane, Scotland.

Awarded Colours, 1930-31.

Forwards—Jamieson.

Now then, you young rugger players, here's something for you to work for. Go it, Seal!

What about the other Old Victorians in the Air Force? We seldom hear from them. Where are Craig, Renton, Fletcher, and the others? What about a line?

Drummer M'Lean, 1st Battalion The Scots Guards, won the L.-Corporals' and Guardsmen's Race in the Guards' Swimming Competition in 61 seconds.

Drummer M'Lean is an exceedingly good swimmer, and should do very well in the future.

—From Household Brigade Swimming, in the Household Brigade Magazine.

Finlay MacKenzie (680) is now in Egypt. He writes that it is a wonderful country; he should be able to give a true report on the Land of the Pyramids, as he is engaged on bridge and railway mending. He has met many Old Boys out there—Bob Yule, who is in the Tanks; Jake Elliot, of the R.A.S.C.; and Taylor and M'Dougall, of the Cameronians. He would like to get in touch with other Old Victorians, so will his pals please write him at the 42nd Company, Royal Engineers, Moascar, Ismailia, Egypt.

When the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, played the Royal Engineers at Aldershot recently, two Old Vics. found themselves in opposing teams. They were R. Linton (920) and J. Cruickshank (898). The latter has played for the United Services (Chatham) and was with the winners of the Army Cup, the R.E. Training Battalion. He is also making his name in boxing, being runner-up in the inter-unit tournament at Aldershot. Other Old Vics. at Aldershot just now are David Scobie (912) and Stanley Garner (883), both of whom are Lance-Corporals in the Army Physical Training Staff.

In order that other Old Victorians may easily recognise old school chums, will they please quote their School Number when communicating news to "The Victorian." This will save the Editorial Committee considerable extra work at a busy time of the year.

OLD VICTORIANS IN THE ROYAL SCOTS. 2nd BATTALION.

We are indebted to R.Q.M.S. J. R. Pirie, School Number, 81, for the following news of Old Victorians in the Battalion.

Harry Stevenson, about whom someone started the unkind rumour that he was having a specially small set of bagpipes made for himself, as he had not wind enough to blow the regulation size, has astounded the world by his prowess at the Battalion Aquatic Sports. He is also a prominent member of the Boys' Soccer Eleven; unfortunately he played with so much zeal that he is now in hospital with an injured knee. This, however, will only be temporary, and it is certain that Harry's loquacity will not diminish in the least. We would like to hear of his success at the last examinations when he took the Special Certificate English paper.

Allan again won the Fling and the Swords' dances at the London Scottish Highland Gathering. This success appears to be becoming a habit with him. The rugger team find him very useful as a stand-off half, where the quality or reputation of the opponents has no effect upon him.

John Nealon is also keeping up the School's reputation as a "rugger nursery." Despite his lack of inches, his tackling of six-footers is said to be a treat to behold.

"Baggo" Price, one of the earliest Old Vics., being in the School between 1909 and 1913, still carries on, now as Messing Corporal. He might

be said to be the patriarch of the Old Boys, for he has a son working; can any other Old Vics. equal this?

Johnstone, who is in the drums, has not yet made his mark in any other sphere of activity, but, like "Baggo," carries on, earning his pay for efficiency at his job.

Jim or "Dick" Pirie says little about himself, and in order to spare him his blushes we need not refer to his excellent record both in the School and in the Service.

FROM PIPER Q.V.S. TO PIPE-MAJOR IN HIS MAJESTY'S ARMY.

I have just been informed that Donald Wright, late C Coy., has been promoted Pipe-Major of the 1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders, who are now stationed in India.

This has set me wondering just how many Old Boys of the School have attained this rank in H.M. Army. Here are the names of some:—

Pipe-Major Donald Wright, Cameron Highlanders.

Pipe-Major Fox, Gordon Highlanders.

Pipe-Major R. Sinclair, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Pipe-Major Innes, Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Pipe-Major Gibson, Cameronians.

Quite a formidable list when one considers the age of the School.

"CHANTER."

"WHERE ARE THE BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE?"

I enclose a rather interesting newspaper cutting which must, at least, be 16 years old.

Where are the "Boys" now? Perhaps in your next publication we might have some news of them.

"373."

SHOOTING MATCH.

A match between teams representing the Queen Victoria School and the Dunblane Volunteers took place on the outdoor range near the School on Saturday, with the following result:—

Queen Victoria School.			Dunblane Volunteers.		
Sergt. Shearer	56		Mr Strang	58	
Sergt. Ritchie	60		Mr Cairns	60	
Sergt. Pirie	66		Mr M'Kie	59	
Lance-Cpl. M'Kenna	61		Mr M'Donald	48	
Lance-Cpl. Orman	54		Mr Anderson	63	
Corpl. Hendry	57		Mr M'Gregor	52	
C.-Cpl. M'Killop	48		Mr M'Lauchlan	42	
C.-Cpl. M'Lauchlan	53		Mr Henderson	55	
Corpl. Deas	57		Mr Steel	63	
Corpl. Blair	57		Corpl. Scott	61	
Lance-Cpl. Duncan	51		Miss Scott	48	
Sergt. Clayton	57		Mr Fisher	45	
Total, 677			Total, 654		
Deduct two lowest scores	99		Deduct two lowest scores	87	
578			567		

School won by 11.

OLD BOY VISITORS.

R. J. Taylor (745), Eardley Crescent, London, S.W.5.
 M. Anderson (687), 102 Friarscourt Avenue, Knightswood, Glasgow.
 George L. Smith (189), 7a Comely Green Place, Edinburgh.
 Eric Fennessey (14), Crown Gardens, Glasgow.
 Gordon Logan (136), 49th Company, Royal Engineers, North Queensferry.
 James Campbell (550), R.A.F. "T" Base, Leuchars.
 A. B. Quinn (420), 11 Coupar Place, Glasgow.
 John McLean (927), 1st Battalion The Scots Guards, Aldershot.

CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION.**First Class Certificate of Education.**

At the October, 1931, Examination, Monitor I. R. MacFarlane and Monitor A. S. Hogg passed in all subjects, securing "Distinguished" in Mathematics.

Sergeant R. Sinton passed in English, Mathematics, and Map Reading.

Special Certificate.

Monitor A. G. Cruickshank passed in French, thus completing his Special.

Monitor W. Ramsay passed in English "C."

FROM THE ORDER BOARD.**Valete.***To the Services.*

Royal Engineers—S. Miller, T. Crookston, A. McDermid, R. Sinton.
 The Black Watch—J. Stewart.
 The Seaforth Highlanders—I. Alexander.
 The Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders—J. Whyte.
 The Boys' Technical School—L. Degnan, J. Brittan, D. Macpherson.

Joined the Services since leaving the School.

The Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders—L. Georgeson.

To Civil Life.

Edinburgh—D. Arthur, E. Hall, E. Bunt.
 Glasgow—H. Tracey.
 St. Andrews—W. Mitchell, J. Douglas.
 Stirling—J. Miller.
 Aberdeen—P. Watt, D. Watt.
 Winchburgh—A. Mutter.
 South Shields—P. Henderson.
 Manchester—B. Jones.

Acc.

The Scots Guards—J. T. Mooney.
 The Cameronians—G. T. Arnold, G. Mason, J. Easton, T. P. Easton, D. T. Hickey.
 The Black Watch—C. Duncan.
 The H.L.I.—N. E. McLeod.
 The Gordon Highlanders—R. J. McWilliam, G. I. Watt, W. Dawson, G. Davidson.
 The Cameron Highlanders—A. B. Sandilands, T. D. Rennie.
 The Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders—J. Oliver, J. Rigg, D. G. Wicks, A. Forsyth, W. Martin.
 The Royal Artillery—E. Coull, J. F. Sedstrom, E. L. Monaghan.
 The Royal Navy—H. Reid.
 The Royal Naval Air Force—J. Ferrigan.
 The R.A.S.C.—W. Hopkins.

Promotions.

To Acting Monitor—Sgt. J. Ryan.
 To Band Sergeant—W. F. Burke.
 To Sergeant—J. Fairbairn, D. Verlander, A. Crowe, G. Johnstone, R. McLean, J. Byrnes, V. Rosie.
 To Colour Corporal—A. O'Neill, D. H. Watt, N. Anderson, I. Cunningham.
 To Corporal—A. Reid, W. Palmer, J. Davidson, A. Fraser, J. Perrie, J. Wright, R. McKay, S. Robertson, N. Ryan, R. Brown, I. Ross.
 Appointed Lance Corporal—P. Ewen, W. Swan, P. Sandilands, A. Goodall, I. Ross, D. McKinlay, J. Connelly, T. Smith, R. Hogg, R. Burke.

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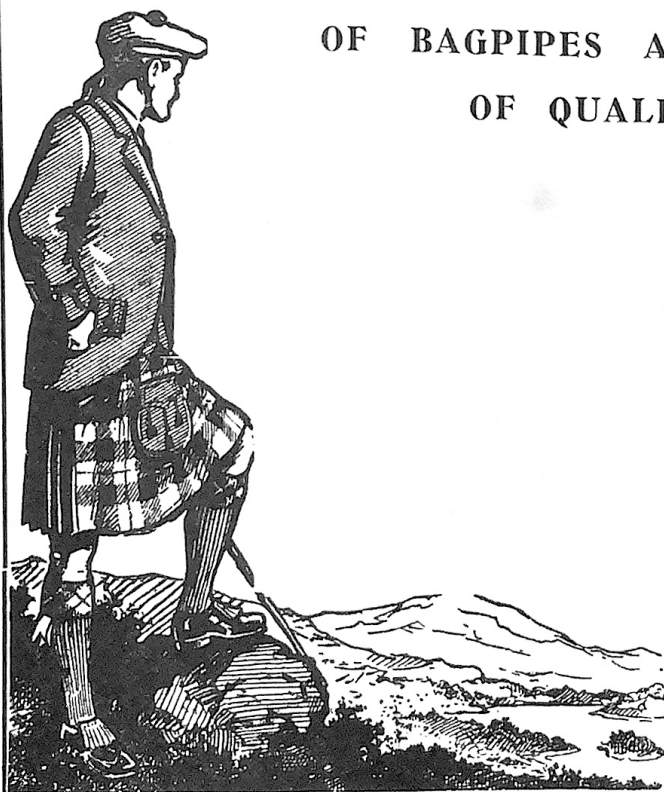
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Queen Victoria School,
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