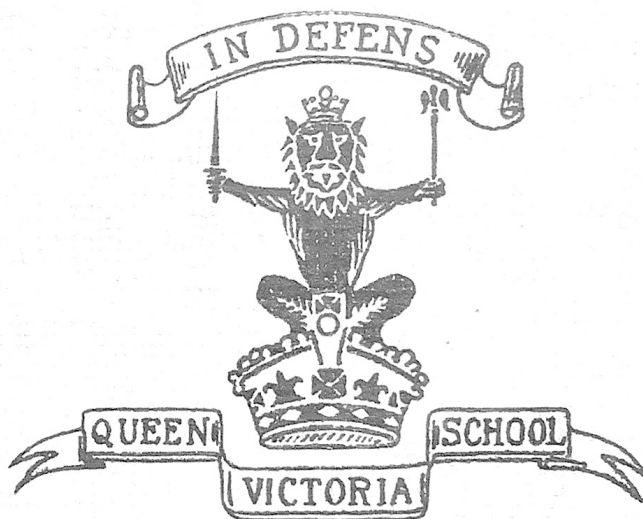


THE VICTORIAN



No. 26.

December, 1936.



LATE R.S.M. WILLIAM M'CUBBIN.

Courtesy of "The Red Hackle."

QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL.

For the Sons of Scottish Sailors, Soldiers, and Airmen,
DUNBLANE, SCOTLAND.

Journal—"THE VICTORIAN."

Telephone—Dunblane, 63.

H.M. Commissioners.

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Staff.

<i>Commandant</i>	Colonel S. A. INNES, D.S.O., The Black Watch.
<i>Headmaster</i>	Captain W. L. CLARKE, M.B.E., A.E.C.
<i>Civil Surgeons</i>	{ Dr R. M. MACFARLANE, M.B., and Dr. D. A. LAIRD, M.B.
<i>Officiating Clergymen</i>	{ Rev. J. H. COCKBURN, D.D., Church of Scotland. Rev. Canon J. DOHERTY, Roman Catholic. Rev. J. H. L. PENNELL, B.L., Episcopalian.

Administrative Staff.

<i>Regimental Sergeant Major</i>	W. WATSON, late King's Own Scottish Borderers.
<i>Head Engineer</i>	Mr. P. McEvoy, late Royal Engineers.
<i>Bandmaster</i>	F. L. LAX, late King's Own Scottish Borderers.
<i>Regimental Quarter-Master Sergeant</i>	J. MILNE, late Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.
<i>Institution Clerk</i>	Mr. R. McROBBIE, late The Black Watch.
<i>Company Sergeant Major</i>	W. MAXWELL, M.B.E., "A" and "C" Companies, late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
<i>Company Sergeant Major</i>	W. GUTTRIDGE, "B" and "D" Companies, i/c Sports Gear, Grounds and Wireless.
<i>Pipe Major</i>	F. F. ROSS, late Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.
<i>Master-Tailor</i>	E. G. WRIGHT, late Seaforth Highlanders.
<i>House Matron</i>	Miss I. B. GRAY.
<i>Hospital Matron</i>	Miss H. GARDEN.

Educational Staff.

<i>W.O. Class I. (Education)</i>	H. C. RIGLEN, A.E.C.
<i>W.O. Class I. (Education)</i>	M. J. MCGREGOR, A.E.C.
<i>W.O. Class I. (Education)</i>	W. M'E. PIRIE, M.B.E.
<i>W.O. Class II. (Education)</i>	L. J. WEBBER, B.A., A.E.C.
<i>Sergeant Instructor (Education)</i>	W. SMITH, A.E.C.
<i>Sergeant Instructor (Education)</i>	G. WRIGHT, A.E.C.
<i>Sergeant Instructor (Education)</i>	S. W. POLE, A.E.C.
<i>Sergeant Instructor (Education)</i>	K. DUNN, A.E.C.
<i>Woodwork Master</i>	Mr. H. M'KAY, late Royal Engineers.

The Victorian

No. 26.

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Mr William McCubbin, D.C.M.

The death took place at Victoria Infirmary, Glasgow, on 18th November, 1936, of Mr William McCubbin, Regimental Sergeant-Major, Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, after a long illness borne with great fortitude.

The military funeral took place on Saturday, 21st November, from the School Chapel to Dunblane Cemetery, and three Officers (Captains Hudson and Scott and Lieut. Dunn) and 50 men of The Black Watch attended. The bearer party, consisting of six Sergeants, and the firing party, were provided by the Regimental Depot, Perth. The pall-bearers were Colonel Innes, the Commandant; Captain Clarke, the Headmaster; W.O. I. Riglen, Army Educational Corps; and Messrs Duncan, Milne, Wright, McRobbie and Lax, all of Queen Victoria School Permanent Staff. Lieut.-Colonel C. L. Addison Smith, C.B.E., W.S., represented His Majesty's Commissioners, and the Rev. Dr Hutchison Cockburn conducted the service. The Black Watch Association, Old Victorian Association, and a number of prominent citizens of Dunblane were amongst the large attendance of mourners, and there were a number of beautiful floral wreaths.

William McCubbin was born at Ayr on 19th August, 1881, and enlisted for The Black Watch in Glasgow on 3rd January, 1901. He served for nearly 23 years in the Regiment, leaving, with the rank of Company Sergeant-Major, to join the Staff of the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, in 1923.

He was awarded the Royal Humane Society's Bronze Medal for saving two band boys from drowning at Fort George in 1905, and the Distinguished Conduct Medal for:—"Conspicuous gallantry in action. He assumed command of his Company and organised them with great courage and initiative. He set a fine example to his men." ("London Gazette," 14/11/16.)

He was also in possession of the British War, Victory and Long Service and Good Conduct Medals.

From 1923 to 1934 he was in charge of a Company of boys at the Queen Victoria School

till, in 1935, he became Regimental Sergeant-Major on the retiral of R.S.M. Scotland.

Such in brief is the bare outline of the career of a man of outstanding personality, charm of manner and absolute integrity. For 23 years he lived for The Black Watch and for 13 more he divided his allegiance between his old Regiment and the School. All outside interests were subordinated to these two. He kept touch in an extraordinary way with all his old Officers, their subsequent careers, and their families if they were married. Even more remarkable was the maintenance of the bonds existing between him and old boys of his Company, and wherever two or three old Victorians were gathered together "Paddy," as he was called, would certainly figure in their discussions.

Though I knew McCubbin for 35 years three incidents connected with him stand out in my memory.

First, I remember, as a subaltern at the Depot, the stir created by McCubbin soon after his enlistment. He was the show recruit for looks, smartness and intelligence, and (a rare honour in those days), he was given a stripe after only two months' service.

My next recollection is, as his Commanding Officer, recommending him for the post of Company Sergeant-Major at Dunblane, and saying good-bye to him—brokenhearted to think he was leaving the Colours.

Lastly, as Commandant of Queen Victoria School, going to see him in the Infirmary, within 36 hours of his death. Before I left he clasped my hand, thanked me for coming, and gave a military salute.

His was a wonderfully fine character, courteous, frank, tactful and kindly.

All the boys loved him, we on the Staff trusted him, and old boys come back and tell how they have never forgotten him and his excellent and helpful advice to them.

His Regiment has lost one whom it has every reason to remember with pride. The Queen Victoria School has lost a trusted and faithful servant, and one who was a striking example of unselfish devotion to duty.

The Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON.

Editorial.

IN this issue of the Victorian let us begin by greeting our readers seasonally:—May your Christmas be merry and the New Year happy and prosperous. To present Victorians who have no immediate prospects of quitting their uneventful environment and are not yet afire with enthusiasm for the deeds which the world awaits with breathless expectancy, but must in the manner of things return to the daily round of preparing for that time, we specially emphasise the term "New" Year. Let them ring out the old with whatever sentiments they please; but ring in the new to a tune approaching Lord Tennyson's poem appearing on another page.

With that off our editorial chest let us revert to where the last issue broke off—Grand Day. Seldom has there been a worse . . . for weather we hastily add. All the drill practices, band practices, tent pitching, ground beflagging, even the pageantry of everyone in his bravest best could not compete against the gusty downpour of that July day, which made the place look like November at its worst. So

bad was the weather, the usual exhibition of woodwork could not be removed from the wood-work room. Sir Archibald Cameron in his speech very kindly sympathised with the boys in their disappointment and added that having seen their parade on previous occasions and knowing the hard work they had put in for this, he had no doubt they would have shown the same standard of excellence as in previous years; from the brave show he saw in front of him (the inspection took place in the drill shed) he was convinced they had the makings of men as good, if not better, than their fathers.

This has not been an uneventful term. For the boys it has still to reach its culminating point in the School Concert now in the throes of rehearsal. The new scheme of separating educational and vocational work is running smoothly and without criticism from the Staff, though the last quarter hour of the evening "Prep" still has the restlessness of ears wagging for the bugle to signal the time when two hundred boys can once more be boys.

Bonfire night this year was too wet to cremate the guy thoroughly, so it was postponed one night. The evening was eventful, however, by a fireworks display, the cannons, flares, rockets, etc., being bought by a staff subscription amply added to by a donation from the Commandant. The enthusiasm of the boys of the young brigade was quite equalled by the skipping agility of the boys of the old brigade setting the fireworks alight. Truly, boys will be boys.

On Armistice Sunday we witnessed an innovation. Before marching to the town for the public services the boys paraded in the Central Hall, where the Headmaster conducted a short commemoration ceremony, and laid a wreath on the Memorial Tablet. On Armistice Day itself, School and Staff congregated to hear the broadcast of the Cenotaph Service and join in the two minutes' silence. Afterwards the boys marched past and saluted the Memorial Tablet.

In games we are well up to schedule with our inter-company league matches. We sympathise with one company in its "period of depression," and hope the swing of the pendulum will soon lift it out of its rut. The playing field is undergoing extensive alteration to improve the drainage of the part running down to the Perth Road gate. This means a large section will be unplayable for many months, but we hope the sacrifice of games' space now will be amply rewarded by the improvements achieved. One line of progress must be noted. Each boy now has sports kit and better quality swim suits in his company colours. So far the football boots do not run to "one pair per man," but we have already passed the halfway line.

In education we have to record the successes of Monitors G. MacDonald, W. Hagan, and Sergt. W. Bain (last year's Primus) in passing the examination for apprentice aircraftmen. Monitors R. Shore and R. Burke have also been accepted by the Royal Air Force, the former for the photographic section and the latter as an apprentice clerk. The following have been offered vacancies as Army apprentices, and leave in January:—Sergt. R. Simpson, Cpl. N. Paxton, Boy R. M'Whirter.

The greatest educational event this term has been the installation of sound apparatus for

our visual education. As it is intended there should be lighter side to the use of this apparatus, we have had two demonstration programmes of entertainment films. St. Andrews Night programme included "The Iron Duke" (in which several old boys "starred" as Highland dancers at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo) and "Wings over Everest." Gaumont British, the makers of the apparatus, have been experimenting for years on the technique of teaching by films, and have a library of films which are definitely educational and distinct from films of general interest which, though broadly speaking of educational value, are often difficult to fit into the classroom syllabus. The advantages of this "talkie" apparatus to our educational scheme are too obvious to expatiate upon. There is one snag. The new apparatus does not show slides, and our lantern lectures will have to be discontinued unless (Yes! Give us a yard and we'll all go walking), the whispers of an epidiastope develop an echo somewhere.

The imminent changes in teaching staff are rather disorganising. Five out of the eight teachers will have left by the end of the term—W.O. Class I. J. Fair sailed for India on 24th November, Sergt. Dunn sails on 15th December, and Sergt. Wright in January; W.O. Class I. H. C. Riglen and W.O. Class II. Webber, B.A., are retiring to pension. Their departures are nothing short of an upheaval, and we can only blame that old bogey, "exigencies of the service." All of them will be greatly missed and hard to replace. Mr Riglen, as Senior Warrant Officer, will be especially missed. He has carried out a multitude of duties, not all of them scholastic, conscientiously and with considerable self sacrifice.

The only relief so far is W.O. Class I. W. M'E. Pirie, M.B.E., and to him we extend a hearty welcome, and hope his stay here will be a happy one and, for the sake of the School, longer than the average heretofore.

On the permanent staff side also there have been losses and changes.

The death of R.S.M. McCubbin, D.C.M., came as a great shock to the School. We all knew, in fact it was plainly visible, he was suffering ill health, and admired the game spirit with which he carried on unsparingly. Nevertheless, the sudden necessity for operation, and the quick following death, left us unprepared for our loss. The boys will miss a true foster father, the staff a beloved comrade, and the School generally a devoted servant who loved the Queen Victoria School and all it represents very deeply. His place has been taken by C.S.M. Watson, to whom we offer our congratulations on his appointment, and best wishes for the future.

C.S.M. T. Mitten has departed to Manchester, where he hopes to take up a physical training post. We wish him the best of luck. His place as C.S.M. has been taken by Mr Maxwell, M.B.E., and that as P.T. Instructor by C.S.M. G. Pears, The Cameron Highlanders, to whom we also extend a hearty welcome.

To end with repetition, the term with its changes and innovations has not been uneventful. Yet for the benefit of old Victorians and the editorial tradition that having exploited

English we ought not to neglect other tongues, we are reminded,

"PLUS DE CHANGE, PLUS DE LA MEME CHOSE."

Subscribers to "The Victorian."

The Editor acknowledges with thanks subscriptions to "The Victorian," The Queen Victoria School Magazine, which is published half-yearly, July and December. We would be very grateful to all readers, especially those who are in possession of any articles relating to our Scottish Regiments and Old Boys, if they would kindly assist in making the magazine more interesting to all our readers, more especially for the boys of all Regiments who are in the school. Contributions are earnestly requested to assist towards the success of the Magazine.

The Editor will be much indebted to all readers of "The Victorian" if they will kindly bring the magazine to the notice of any relatives or friends, or any whom they know or hear of who are likely to become Subscribers.

"May I draw your attention to 'The Victorian,' the Queen Victoria School Magazine, and ask that you become a regular subscriber.

"There are always sons of members of your Regiment being educated here, and from time to time old boys enlist in it. Thus your Regiment has a permanent interest in the School and its doings. There are two issues a year, July and December, and the annual subscription is 2/- post free.

"Without the support of all Scottish units the magazine must be run at a loss."

Visitors to the School since the Last Issue of "The Victorian."

Major-General V. M. Fortune, C.B., D.S.O.,
Commander 52nd (Lowland) Division.

Captain H. J. McGregor, The Cameron Highlanders, Staff Captain 51st Highland Division and Area.

Mrs J. Lindsay Pullar.

Miss M. M. Bulloch.

Miss Margorie Raphael.

Sir Francis Norie Miller, Bt.

Mrs Edith G. Fayle.

Miss Annie L. Fayle.

Colonel The Lord Rollo, C.B.

Hon. Rosalind Rollo.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Ferrers, D.S.O.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ewen Maclean, Assistant
Chaplain General, Scottish Command.

Mrs Edith Maclean.

Major C. D. Gilmour, M.C., Commanding Depot,
The Black Watch.

Lieut. J. W. Thomson, The Gordon Highlanders.
R. W. McLeod, Esq., M.A.

Gifts to the School.

Sir Robert W. M. Dundas, Bart. ...	£1	1	0
W. A. Fleming, Esq. ...	1	0	0
D. M. Mathieson, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Miss K. E. Macgeorge ...	5	0	0
Lady Georgina Home Drummond ...	0	10	0
Major W. Kirkpatrick ...	0	10	0
David Smythe, Esq. ...	1	0	0
The Hon. Lord Blackburn ...	1	1	0
Wm. Forbes Kerr, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Mrs Grierson ...	1	1	0
Lt.-Colonel T. W. S. Graham ...	1	0	0
Mrs J. D. Anderson ...	2	2	0
Mrs A. K. Bell ...	2	0	0
Lt.-Colonel Sir John Gilmour, Bart., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., M.P. ...	1	1	0
Sir W. L. Sleigh, D.L., LL.D. ...	3	3	0
Mrs F. G. Salvesen ...	5	0	0
Major Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, Bt. Miss Bell ...	5	0	0
Mrs Alexander ...	1	0	0
Miss Aitken ...	3	0	0
Mrs Colville ...	2	2	0
Mrs Cox ...	1	0	0
Miss Margaret Trotter of Colinton ...	1	0	0
Mrs Galbraith ...	1	1	0
D. C. Bowser, Esq. ...	2	2	0
Robert Forrester, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Captain E. Annandale ...	1	1	0
Major-General E. G. Sinclair MacLagan ...	1	0	0
Major C. Collopy Campbell ...	0	10	6
Miss M. Blair ...	1	1	0
Mrs Hopwood ...	1	0	0
F. C. Bishop, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Lt.-Colonel R. H. Hamilton-Smith ...	1	1	0
The Rt. Hon. Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bart., C.M.G., M.P. ...	1	1	0
Mrs Fitzgerald ...	2	2	0
The Rt. Hon. Alice, Lady Strath- eden and Campbell ...	1	1	0
N. A. Pattullo, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Major C. Falconar-Stewart, M.C. ...	1	1	0
Douglas L. Spencer-Nairn, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Lt.-Col. Norman Reid, M.C., D.C.M. J. Patrick Cuthbert, Esq. ...	0	10	6
Miss K. S. Wyllie ...	1	1	0
Major J. R. Couper, D.S.O. ...	0	5	0
Mrs J. C. Dickson ...	1	0	0
Lt.-Colonel A. D. Buchanan Smith ...	0	10	0
Captain T. Shand ...	1	1	0
Miss H. M. Tweedie ...	0	10	6
J. B. Haig, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Mrs T. Monro ...	1	0	0
Mrs A. G. Macqueen Ferguson ...	1	0	0
Mrs Stewart ...	2	0	0
Brig.-General J. D. Heriot Maitland, C.M.G., D.S.O. ...	5	0	0
Mrs Buntine ...	1	0	0
W. H. Cox, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Robert Cross, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Walter Graham, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Mrs Chas. Evans-Gordon ...	0	5	0
Seton M. Thomson, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A. ...	1	1	0
Lt.-Colonel R. H. Dundas ...	2	0	0
Lady Burn Murdoch ...	1	1	0
The Lord Elphinstone ...	1	0	0
J. Lindsay Pullar, Esq. ...	3	3	0

Wm. C. Leng, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Colonel The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Home, K.T. ...	5	0	0
John Auld, Esq. ...	2	2	0
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Sheriff J. Dean Leslie ...	0	10	0
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Lothian Coal Co., Ltd. ...	5	0	0
Lt.-Colonel J. D. Balfour Paul, D.S.O. Chas. Buchanan, Esq. of Touch ...	1	0	0
John Haig & Co., Ltd. ...	3	0	0
Macfarlane, Lang & Co., Ltd. ...	1	1	0
Lord Weir ...	2	2	0
Mrs Buchanan Blake ...	2	2	0
Sir Ian F. C. Bolton, Bart. ...	0	2	6
Captain C. F. I. Neish ...	0	15	3
Miss Campbell M. Currie ...	10	10	0
Mrs David Maitland ...	2	0	0
Anonymous, per Commandant ...	0	10	0
Noel J. Johnston, Esq. ...	5	0	0
John Spencer, Esq. ...	2	2	0
Grant from Royal Air Force—share of Profits derived from Royal Tour- nament, 1936 ...	1	1	0
Caledonian Society of Sierra Leone ...	5	0	0
John Urie, Esq. ...	4	4	0
Mrs Bannerman ...	1	12	1
J. F. Muir, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Mrs I. M. Sandeman ...	2	2	0
Colonel J. C. Dundas ...	2	0	0
J. A. Morris, Esq. ...	1	1	0

Our Contemporaries.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following:—

“The Chronicle” (Duke of York’s Royal Military School).

The Household Brigade Magazine.

The Sapper (Royal Engineers).

The Wire (Royal Corps of Signals).

The Thistle (The Royal Scots, The Royal Regiment).

The Journal of The Royal Scots Fusiliers.

The Borderers’ Chronicle (King’s Own Scottish Borderers).

The Covenanter (The Cameronians, Scottish Rifles).

The Red Hackle (The Black Watch, The Royal Highland Regiment).

The H.L.I. Chronicle (Highland Light Infantry).

Cabar Feidh (The Seaforth Highlanders).

The Tiger and Sphinx (The Gordon Highlanders).

The 79th News (Queen’s Own Cameron Highlanders).

The Thin Red Line (2nd Bn. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders).

Links, Army Vocational Training Centre, Aldershot.

Monitors' Room Notes.

This term closes without the usual zest before a holiday. We have lost R.S.M. McCubbin, D.C.M., who did all he could to take the place of our fathers in their absence, and we are not yet used to his fatherly voice no longer echoing in the corridors.

We have moved our own room from the top floor to the ground floor, and our club funds have moved accordingly. It will take all next term to get out of the economic crisis—but, as all ex-monitors will remember, most terms are spent in overcoming the previous term's financial transactions. The new room, however, has decided advantages over the old one. It is handier, larger, better lighted, and we hope it will be better furnished. For the present we are devoting our energies to table tennis, and when the financial storm has blown over we shall have our billiard table as well.

Certain of our members have joined the Staff Badminton Club. So far, we have been unable to discover what (or who) is the attraction. Certain others have come out all in spots of shyness and declare Badminton is a silly game.

We heartily welcome G. Broadbent, who has reached the esteemed rank of monitor. We are only five in number, as R. Shore and R. Burke left us at the beginning of the term. We are expecting our strength to be increased to the original eight next term.

Many old Victorians visited us last term. The most regular visitor of all was Peter Ewen, whom we have seen nearly every week-end.

Our best wishes for Xmas and the New Year go out to all "Old Victorians" wherever they may be.

Company Notes.

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

It is with deep regret that we recall the death of our late R.S.M. Wm. McCubbin, D.C.M., for he was "the father of the School," and was greatly respected by all who knew him. We tender our deepest sympathy to Mrs and Miss McCubbin in their bereavement.

We must congratulate Mr Watson on his succession to the position of R.S.M. He has already proved himself a worthy successor.

The departure of Mr Mitten filled the boys of our company with sorrow, but we cheered up when we discovered that our new C.S.M. was to be Mr Maxwell. We wish Mr Mitten great success in his new surroundings.

Being well satisfied with last term results in sport, we started this term with re-doubled effort in the hope of winning the first rounds of Rugby and Association football. Our rugby XV. achieved what was expected of them, but we were disappointed at only being able to obtain third place in the Association football.

Senior Monitor Shore left us to join the Air Force at the beginning of the term, and Monitor Robinson, of our Company, is now Senior Monitor in his place.

When these notes are issued we will have lost several of our stalwarts:—R. Simpson and D. Hickey, who are joining the army, and E. Coull, W. Sinton and W. Coid, who are going to civilian life. We hope they will not forget that they are old Victorians.

We wish all readers a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

G. B.

"B" COMPANY NOTES.

We are sorry to lose Monitor Mitten, who left us in September to join Manchester United Football Club. Charlie, whilst playing for Dunblane Rovers, was noticed by a scout from Manchester, who was so pleased with his capabilities that he was given his big chance. Charlie's sporting abilities were not limited to football, for he was a good all-round sportsman, having previously won the "Victor Ludorum" and the "Monitors' Cup."

In the Inter-Company Rugby and Soccer matches, "B" Company has not been in the limelight. This is chiefly due to the fact that we have, on the average, the youngest and smallest boys of the School. However, what "B" Company lacks in inches it makes up for in spirit and, as the saying goes, we gave the other Companies a run for their money. During the term we were visited by John Ferrigan, John and Willie Fowler, who were all very popular in the Company. Ferrigan and Willie Fowler are in civilian life, while John Fowler is in the Royal Artillery.

We have done fairly well so far in kit inspections, and was "Best Company" in the November kit inspection. The Company is like the remainder of the School and comes up to scratch when the occasion arises.

The death of the late R.S.M. McCubbin came as a shock to "B" Company, when the news was broken to us at morning prayers. "B" Company send their deepest sympathy to his relatives.

There was great rejoicing when we heard of the new "Talkie Machine" installation, and our expectations were fulfilled when we saw the first show, which was given on 30th November (St. Andrew's Day). Before this very modern apparatus was installed we heard commentaries by the Headmaster and W.O.I. McGregor on the silent films through a microphone installed by C.S.M. Gutteridge.

Owing to the circumstances which have arisen since the late R.S.M. McCubbin's death, C.S.M. Watson has left "D" Company to take over "C" Company. "D" Company, plus "B" Company, have been under C.S.M. Gutteridge's care. Mr Gutteridge has been greatly assisted in this work by Monitor Morgan, who has done all he can to keep his Company up to standard. Everyone is very busy just now between the "Term Test" and preparing for the Christmas Concert, but like true Victorians we will manage to pull through. "B" Company wishes you all a "Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year."

"C" COMPANY NOTES.

The death of the late Mr McCubbin cast a shadow of depression over the School, but more especially upon "C" Company, of which he was C.S.M. The boys, not only of "C" Company, but also of the other Companies, greatly respected him, and will forever cherish his memory. It will be a very hard job for any man to take his place, but Mr Watson, his successor, is already on the road to success, and is endeavouring to run the Company, as far as possible, on the same lines as his predecessor.

All ranks forward to Mrs and Miss McCubbin their deepest sympathy.

Once again we have to account for the doings of "C" Company in the last term, a term which has passed very quickly, judging by the noise and hilarity that heralds the approaching Christmas holidays.

Our first job is to cheer those boys who have left us. We all regretted the departure of Monitor R. Burke, who has gone to the Air Force; his humour kept us happy in the darkest of times.

By the time these notes are published we will have lost a few of our sportsmen, much to the grief of our 1st Division Rugby and Football teams, who, with the aid of the ones who are leaving, have managed to keep the name of the Company well to the fore in the sporting headlines.

May you all spend a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. And may all old Victorians make it one of their New Year resolutions to keep in touch with the School at least once annually.

A. W. FINNIE.

"D" COMPANY NOTES.

The boys came back from the summer holidays full of life and energy and eager to start a new term of sport and comradeship, but not just so eager to start school work.

As far as sports are concerned we did very well indeed. Our 1st Division had rather a weak team, due mainly to the loss of two good men at the end of last term. They were Jimmy McDermid and Bud Quinn. We miss those two not only for their sporting abilities but because they were practically the life of the Company. The 2nd Division came through with flying colours, winning every one of their matches. Our gallant little thirds played their matches to the best of their ability, and at the end of the first round had lost only one match. We managed to secure second position in both Rugby and Soccer.

So much for the sporting side. Now we come to the kit inspections and Company work, which, although not looked forward to with the same relish and eagerness as the sports, is undertaken with the same keen competitive spirit which is so prominent throughout the School.

The Company did rather well at kit inspection, the Hopetoun Dormitory securing the coveted position of being best dormitory twice in succession.

To our happy band we welcome nine new boys, namely, G. Raitt, T. McMillan, T. Dunnigan, R. Rigg, H. Dyer, H. Yule, E. Bulmer, J. Mortimer, A. Sayer. We give our sincere thanks to these boys for their splendid work in the Company.

Since the death of Mr McCubbin, our C.S.M., Mr Watson, has taken over the duties of R.S.M. His Company is proud of the fact that he has been chosen for this position of honour, and know that under his capable hands the School will progress in the same way as it did under the supervision of the late R.S.M. Mr McCubbin. Mr Watson has had rather a trying time this term, for his new duties, together with his Company work, have given him a great deal of extra work. We sincerely hope that by next term things will have settled down a little, and his work made a little easier.

Mr Gutteridge, C.S.M. for "B" Company, has also come in for his full share of extra work. He has had the double responsibility of taking charge of both "B" and "D" Companies, and anyone who knows anything about boys will know that it is no easy task to look after nearly one hundred and twenty of them.

I have written of every matter of importance, so, on behalf of "D" Company, will bid you au revoir till we meet again in the next issue of "The Victorian."

S. M.

Band Notes.

As the late R.S.M. McCubbin, D.C.M., was a regular visitor to the practice-room, his loss caused a cloud of depression to descend upon us. He was an ardent lover of old tunes, especially those relating to military life.

Grand Day, 1936, can hardly be looked upon as a great day in the history of the School. The morning dawned giving no promise of anything but a dull, rainy and miserable day. Consequently the outdoor ceremonies were cancelled. The Pipe and Military Bands played a programme of music in the play hall.

Programme played by the Military Band:—
British Airs Gilbourne.
Two Popular Numbers—

- (a) "In a Little Gipsy Tea Room" Leslie.
- (b) "The Words are in My Heart" Dubin

Bell Solo—

- "Bells of St. Mary" Adams.
(Soloist, Bandsman F. Pegg).

Selection—"Gems of Scotia" Round.
Novelty—"The Whistler and His Dog"

The National Anthem.

Since our last issue we have lost many of our leading instrumentalists in R. Burke, W. Hagan, G. MacDonald, R. Quinn, J. Anderson, D. Wicks, G. Jones and H. Arnold, and we will be losing J. Long, S. Gunn, G. Watt, A. Forsyth, D. Hickey, and W. Welsh at Christmas. Enthusiastic young boys have filled the vacant places admirably, and are doing their utmost to keep the band up to its usual high standard.

We are glad to say that many of our old bandsmen are keeping a regular correspondence with us, encouraging us to carry on the good work.

Drummers' Notes.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, and "all ye Victorians" at home and abroad, I hope you are all well enough to read our Magazine, especially these notes.

Many of our star drummers have left us. Some have gone to civilian life and some to the army. David "Dade" M'Kenzie and James "Teish" M'Dermid went to civilian life. Our late Drum-Major West went to the Scots Guards, William "Professor" Bain successfully passed the Royal Air Force examination, and is now at Cranwell, David Winton (our one-time tenor drummer) and Gordon Dawson (our star drummer) both went to the Welsh Guards, and were last seen cleaning windows. We all expect to see them during their Christmas leave. All these drummers are missed in the pipe band

but, as the saying goes, "A better man comes as a good man goes." There have been no engagements for the pipe band this term, but many are expected during the Easter and summer terms.

It has been hard on our Drum-Instructors, Mr Watson and Monitor B. Morgan, because they had to train practically a new set of drummers for the pipe band. Now, however, "everything in the garden is lovely." We have also been assisted by Mr H. Shield at our Saturday practices. Mr Watson has made us very good drummers, whilst Monitor Morgan has startled us by the buglers he has turned out.

The promotions in the drums are:—Sergt. W. Lloyd, Drum-Major, vice West; Sergt. Simpson, Drum-Sergt.; and Corpl. Mooney is now leading side-drummer, vice Bain. "Ghandi" Mooney is keeping up the standard of the leading side-drummers we have had in the past and, I hope, he always will. The following boys were made full drummers this term:—Cpl. Hall, Cpl. M'Lauchlan, L/Cpl. Hamilton, Boy A. Lyon, Boy A. M'Intosh, Boy A. Tweedie, Boy J. Kay.

The recruits who joined us this term are:—T. M'Donald, H. Yule, J. M'Mullan, J. Kidney, G. Raitt, D. M'Cartney, D. Lennon and N. M'Fadyen. All these boys are very keen, and we expect them to become very good drummers and buglers, and follow in the footsteps of the older boys.

The dormitories tender their deepest sympathy to Mrs McCubbin on the loss of her beloved husband, the late R.S.M. W. McCubbin.

Our congratulations go to Mr Watson on taking Mr McCubbin's place as R.S.M.

Drum-Major W. LLOYD.



Notes from the Tailor's Shop.

Hello! everybody.

We are now taking you over to the Tailor's shop. Here we are,

We have had rather a strenuous term with work, but have managed to survive and, we hope, have satisfied our "customers" as well as our worthy Mr Wright.

We have not added to our "quota" of tailors this term, but we are losing three of our happy band at Christmas in James Alder, who is enlisting in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Michael Haughly, who is going to the Scots Guards; and Ewell Coull, who is taking his chance in civilian life.

We had a visit from John Oliver who, by all accounts, is likely soon to be a "star" performer in the tailoring department of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Several of our happy brotherhood are taking part in the School Concert—John Campbell, James M'Auther, and Robert Mackenzie as big Guardsmen, while Ewen Coull is a member of the Harmonica Band.

We were distressed when we heard of the death of Regimental Sergeant-Major Wm. M'Cubbin, which took place in the Victoria Hospital, Glasgow, on the 18th of last month.

As in all other departments of the School he took a kindly and fatherly interest in the Tailor's shop, and gave us much useful advice and encouragement.

Our sympathy goes out to Mrs and Miss McCubbin in their great loss.

However, we welcome his successor, Mr Watson who, we are sure, will carry on in the same noble way as did his friend, the late Mr McCubbin.

In conclusion, we wish one and all a very Happy Xmas and a Good New Year.

The following examination essays may revive memories, but the Editor is offering no prize for better (or worse) efforts.

A Visit to the Dentist.

If there is anything in this world I detest it is going to the dentist. He wears a nice white jacket, and his instruments, gleaming like silver, are neatly arranged on a glass-topped tray, which is fastened to a carved chair with a padded head rest.

Every Tuesday morning the School porter raps on the doors of the classrooms and calls out the names and numbers of the wanted boys. Then begins that terrible walk across the parade ground to the hospital. Sometimes the dentist is there, sometimes he is late; but late or early he always manages to get to the hospital somehow. The boys always make a rush to get to the end of the queue so as to get an extra rub at the teeth with a toothbrush.

I was second in a line of ten boys. The first scraped through, and I was told to enter. Sitting down I was told to open my mouth wide. He looked inside and gazed at two teeth. "Oh," he exclaimed, "just sit tight." He reached out and pulled towards him the drilling machine, fitted in a needle and started to pedal the instrument of torture. For the next twenty minutes I gripped the chair and made all sorts of weird noises and faces. But while I was in

pain he sang "Daisy." The filling of the teeth was about to commence when he said, "No. I think they should be taken out." So raising me about a foot more, he said, "Now you are as near Heaven as you will ever be."

After another five minutes I was able to rise and walk away. I was just in time for my biscuit and milk.

By J. MCP. SUTHERLAND.

Another Boy's Experience.

One day as I was sitting in the classroom I heard my name being called out, and I was told to go over to the dentist. So I humbly walked over and stood with the other boys and waited my turn.

When my turn was almost due I became conscious of a rumbling in my stomach, and I began to be nervous about it. It was torment listening to the squealing and screeching of the other boys, but their squealing and screeching was nothing to mine when I went in.

At first, when I went in, I gave my name to the dentist, and he told me to sit on the chair. I then cast my eye on all the instruments, and I almost fainted when I saw them.

He looked at my teeth, then took a big kind of needle and cocained my teeth sixteen times. When he had finished I rose up to go out, but he said, "Here! I haven't pulled out your teeth yet." So I had to go back and sit down in the chair.

He then got busy with his pliers and began pulling them out. The first four were not painful, but the next two were my eye teeth, and it was like trying to pull my head off. First he began wriggling about all over the place, but at last gave one gigantic twist and out it came.

The next one was worse still. First he gave a pull and then it broke. Then he tried the other bit which was left in, and he did not spare me. Now I keep my teeth clean in case I have to go through that again.

By T. W. MORRISON.

Some Descriptive Passages.

(a) From the artist's point of view, Egypt is a land of strong, clear light, in which objects are clearly defined, and it is a land of brilliant sunsets.

Knowing that I ought to have been an artist and using palette and brush, I ventured to write descriptions of two particularly impressive sunsets. The sun sets over the sea at Alexandria, and I saw the first from the bridge of the "Lancashire" as she lay in the harbour.

The sky above the rim of the sea was red, over that it was orange, and then merging with the exquisite artistry of nature it was successively yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. Black sword-shaped clouds enhanced the beauty of the scene by presenting it not as a formal arrangement of the spectrum colours but as an impression of deep, varied, and glowing colours. Beneath this brilliant sky a patch of dark green

sea was like an emerald set in deep purple velvet. Later, above an after-glow of orange and green, the sky was a dark steel-blue, lacking in any quality of hardness, but smooth like satin and soft like moss and subdued by a diaphanous veil of darkness, whose presence was felt rather than seen. Of the inimitable artistic genius of nature this scene was presented harmoniously as a complete æsthetical and emotional experience—as that incredibly old and eternally new and wonderful spectacle—sunset.

(b) Towards the end of April a sand storm fell down upon our camp from the western desert. The dust and sand drifted like a yellow fog. The heat seemed to press upon one's chest, constricting the lungs. The wind was dry and hot, and the sand insidiously penetrating, blinded our eyes, clogged our nostrils, mingled with our hair, and clung to our bodies, which were wet with perspiration. It sifted under the tent walls, rushed in book-bindings, nestled in papers, clung to the nap of clothing, became part of the texture of blankets, and provided an unwelcome "roughage" in our food.

Next day seamen back from exercises told us that they passed through the dust cloud many miles out at sea, which is not surprising when one considers that such storms drift as far north as Norway.

THE ELEMENT OF BEAUTY.

(c) I saw the second sunset while standing by our gun battery, situated on low, shelving rocks near the harbour entrance.

Huge grey and purple clouds had been tumbled into the west as if by the hand of a Titan, their sombre darkness heightened and yet relieved by the dull red and orange tints of the sky, which mingling with their lower edges and subtly penetrating the depths of the inter-folds, were reflected on the slate coloured water upon which the promontory of Ayani was a black ridge and the island of Agami a silhouette.

And this sunset was, I think, more beautiful than the other brilliant one, beautiful being a word with many shades of meaning usually, and, I think, wrongly associated with such words as charming, fair, elegant, or pretty, whereas it arouses deeper emotions than those expressed by these words, and rightly should be associated with grandeur, simplicity, depth, and in its most profound aspect, with sublime.

(d) The camp was off the Rue du Mex, beside a tannery and just past the native village of Matras. A short distance south of this is the salt lake Margût and the edge of the Western Desert. I first saw the lake and the desert from Dekheila, the quarters of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, Egyptian Army, and an ammunition dump during the war. It was the ammunition and store depot of the Base Defences, Mediterranean.

The lake was an illusive violet tinge in the heat haze. The greyish-white of the desert stared into our eyes with painful persistency. At the foot of the low desert hills a few palm trees were sinuously distorted in the shimmering atmosphere like reflections in rippled water. A large bird like a heron rose from the edge of the water, flew listlessly for a short distance, and alighted in a patch of dark-green desert scrub, as if borne down by the oppressive heat.

(e) This grey-white, subtly varied, is the line of the western outskirts of Alexandria. The dunes between Dekheila and the sea are white like lime, the sand along the shore is greyish-white, the houses are built of stone like white chalk, and walls are the same colour. The crumbled ruins of a fort are greyish-white. Even the dust in the roads is white dust. This gradation of grey and white is not monotonous, as it is relieved by the green of an occasional palm or patch of scrub, by the yellow sand showing through the layer of white dust which covers it, by strong shadows, and most markedly by the palm-fringed Ayani promontory and Agami island.

In the short twilight and in the native quarters, this grey and white of the houses and sand has an unreal, ghostly appearance. White-robed figures seem to be a moving part of the tenuous veil, not tangible bodies. When women and children pass closely and silently their dark eyes look preternaturally large and solemn. Windows and doors are like square pits. The feeling induced is like that which we feel near a graveyard at nightfall. The houses are like square white tombs and the figures like wreaths.

A THUNDERSTORM.

(f) But I had yet to see nature in her mood of greatest grandeur and power, that is, during a thunderstorm—in this case a violent one. I saw the storm framed and intensified in the triangular opening of the tent. Broad blue flashes appearing to strike upwards from the harbour, and a close intensity of the atmosphere, were the prelude to the storm. Rain fell in slow, heavy drops upon the tent, and then increased until it was a continuous roll upon the tight drum of the canvas, the lightning flashed in vivid violet sheets and in the terrible form of flaming yellow fork lightning, with astounding velocity it darted venomously along the ground, and the thunder rolled and reverberated as though threatening to disintegrate the firmament.

There was an awful majesty about this mighty cannonade and the gloomy skies lit thus fiercely by lightning. The sudden stab of lightning may be startling, but it is one of nature's select moments.

When the lightning had stopped, the thunder was rolling distantly over the sea, and the rain was desultory. I understood why the Greeks, in their mythology, put lightnings and thunder in the hands of Zeus, mighty overlord of Gods, men, and the elements.

(g) The dark, feathered-shaped fronds of a palm forming a graceful fan were etched with delicate firmness as in dry-point against the pale silver and bronze of the dawn, and the trunk was indistinct, merged into a lower background of rose-flushed bark purple, and I thought that the pleasures of life are kaleidoscopic and not panoramic, and that this impression was one of those which, in these quiet and blessed moments when our minds wander at random, would be seen in new perspectives in that myriad-faceted and multi-coloured kaleidoscope which is memory, or our experience.

(h) Standing on our battery position the cool north wind blew into our faces from off the sea, and that clean wind and the blue

Mediterranean were the only pure and fresh things in that variegated city.

(i) The sea was rough crossing the Bay of Biscay. The south-west wind was strong, the sea grey beneath grey skies, and white-horses rode upon the waves which broke against the rugged, reddish-brown cliffs of the coast. I pictured the mighty old Sea-God riding wrathfully against the earth, his white locks tossing in the face of the cliffs. It was an elemental scene—majestic in its simplicity and epical in its effect upon the mind because the great things of nature, the seas, the winds, the skies, the mountains, and the rocks arouse the deepest, strongest, and most poetical of our emotions—a scene which is most fittingly expressed in the sagas of the Vikings, who were strong men moulded by the forces of wind and sea.

(j) For a time we lost sight of the African coast, but two days out from Gibraltar we were again close to it. The serrated ridge of the Atlas Mountains rose behind the bold coastal hills, and the sea was very blue, so blue that it can only be called Mediterranean blue. There was no movement except the smooth, rhythmical tumbling of a porpoise. Small villages of white, square, flat-roofed houses were terraced upon the hillsides, and white watch towers upon some of the higher hills gleamed in the sunlight.

These villages were very far apart. I knew that behind the mountains lay the vast Sahara Desert. There was a new heaven, a new earth, and a new sea. Wasn't, I recollected, the Mediterranean Sea around whose coasts were Rome, Greece, Carthage, Tyre, Phoenicia, Alexandria, Spain, and Morocco, the centre of European culture, and civilisation? Here the alphabet was perfected, art and philosophy were born, and trade began.

A. S. Hogg.

Alexandria.

PART I.—ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY OF ALEXANDRIA.

After the Greeks had finally repulsed the Persians at Mycale, there occurred throughout a period of about one hundred and fifty years a series of masterly achievements in philosophy, art, and literature. This was "The Glory that was Greece." The vigorous and capable Pericles rebuilt Athens, and in that city Herodotus read his "History" (478 B.C.) Anaxagoras wrote scientific descriptions of the stars; Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides wrote noble dramas; Socrates (executed 399 B.C.), first iconoclast and shrewd teacher, talked and taught in the market-place; Plato (427-347 B.C.), wise, good, and strong philosopher, and masterly writer of prose, taught in the Academy Aristotle (385-322 B.C.), lectured in the Lyceum, and such master craftsmen as Pheidias and Praxiteles wrought the masterpieces whose ruins still ennoble the Acropolis. The legacy of the Greeks was the most valuable legacy left to the world.

In 334 B.C. Alexander the Great began his Asiatic campaign, and in 332, after taking Tyre, he conquered Egypt and founded the city of Alexandria. After the death of Alexander, Ptolemy, one of his generals, became King of Egypt and set up a Greek Court. He wrote a history of Alexander's campaigns, but it is lost

to the world. This Ptolemy I., the friend and pupil of Aristotle, founded the library and museum at Alexandria, and was the first ruler to endow scientific work and encourage the pursuit of knowledge. For two generations there was intense intellectual activity among the philosophers and scientists at Alexandria. Euclid wrote his famous "Elements," Eratosthenes measured the diameter of the earth, Eppolimus wrote the uniections, Hipparchus made a star catalogue, Hero invented a steam-engine, and Achimedes, inventor of the Archimedean screw and discoverer of the hydrostatic principle which bears his name, studied at Alexandria. Herophilus became the first famous anatomist, and is said to have practised vivisection. Intellectual leadership passed from Athens to Alexandria.

The founding of the library and museum at Alexandria marks the real beginning of modern history. Their foundation aroused intellectual curiosity. But the knowledge centred in Alexandria was limited. The museum was a royal college and the professors were appointed by the Pharaohs. Only those who were connected with the philosophers who worked under Ptolemy I. and Ptolemy II. received any considerable enlightenment. The philosophers speculated loftily, but there were no practical applications of their knowledge and thought. Hero's engine did no work. Although the museum was a storehouse of books, and a large number of copyists were employed there, books were expensive and read only by the highest classes. There was no improvement in the art of book-making, the writing or rather inscribing was done on long unwieldy rolls of papyrus paper, a Chinese invention, until the ninth century A.D. To a large extent the knowledge within the library and museum remained within their precincts. It was the privilege and interest of the members of the college and those connected with the college, not a guidance for mankind in general.

All was well with the museum and library while their motive power was supplied by the vigorous and open minds of Ptolemy I. and Ptolemy II., but the later Pharaohs (the Ptolomies were kings) became Egyptianised and came under the influence of the priests, with the result that a bigoted darkness settled over Alexandria. The intellectual curiosity aroused by Aristotle lay dormant for over a thousand and was not stimulated until the rediscovery of Grecian thought during the Renaissance in Europe.

Thus the intellectual life of Greece has three historical aspects, its beginning in Athens, its continuation and temporary though long eclipse in Alexandria and its rediscovery during the Renaissance and subsequent influence on modern life and thought. Such a modern work as Mr Joad's "Return to Philosophy" might well be called "Return to Greece"—through Alexandria.

Modern History of Alexandria.

Napoleon, 1798-1801.

A French force landed at Alexandria under the pretence of helping Turkey, who were then

at war with Egypt. Napoleon was attracted by the lust and the romance of the Nile. As in the days of Pompey, Bulgar, and Mark Antony, Alexandria was in the dreams of an Imperial mind. Through Egypt Napoleon saw the way to India and an Eastern Empire. He won the Battle of the Pyramids, but Nelson defeated his fleet under De Bruey at Aboukir (Battle of the Nile) in 1798, and Napoleon lost command of the sea.

1799. Turkish force supported by the British fleet landed at Aboukir, but Napoleon in a series of brilliant actions drove them into the sea and won the land battle of Aboukir. The French had, however, been cut off by Nelson, their communications were intercepted.

1801. Sir Ralph Abercromby landed at Aboukir and marched westwards on the city of Alexandria, his left flank protected by Lake Aboukir. He was wounded and died during the landing. His monument is near Mustapha Barracks in the eastern part of Alexandria. Hutchinson, his successor, cut the dykes of Lake Aboukir and flooded what is now the salt Lake Maryût, but was then pools of fresh water. Lake Aboukir was a salt lake, now dry. The French were isolated, and when another force landed to the west of Alexandria they evacuated the city. The British left Egypt to the Turks.

1805-1848. Mohammed Ali.

Mohammed Ali (whose statue is in the square) was a fugitive from the land battle of Aboukir. He was an Albanian peasant, but a man of some force of character and resource and an opportunist. He fought under Abercrombie. He gained power and became Viceroy in 1805. His power was increased by the disastrous survey expedition of 1807. The power of Mohammed Ali added Syria to his kingdom, but the Syrians revolted in 1840, and Sir Charles Napier, anchoring the fleet off the city, compelled the Viceroy to confine his activities to Egypt. This interview took place in the new palace at Ras-El-Tin, which Mohammed Ali had built. Ras-El-Tin was once an island known as Homer's Isle because it is mentioned in the "Odyssey." The neck of land connecting it with the shore silted up. The palace, still a royal one, though not the main one, is large but not particularly impressive externally save for its large dome and crescent frontage flanked with towers.

Mohammed Ali was king in all but name, and he amassed a considerable fortune by exploiting the fellahin and making them sell their wheat to him at ridiculously low prices. Also, he traded in antiques. To him, London and New York owe the obelisks known as Cleopatra's needles. He was in love with western ideas, but only those which brought power and wealth. During his rule the European canals which gave Mohammed Ali square its original name were built.

Between 1798-1807, Egypt began to be drawn into the European system. The water problem was solved by the construction of the Mahmoud Canal. Alexandria was, and still is, connected with Cairo by water, and by rail, but the road is only now under construction. De Berenj, a French engineer, built the docks and the arsenals. Alexandria was not an oriental monarchy, but a modern power and a sea-port.

The town developed, but it was not planned. It has a fine square, and some fine European streets, but otherwise it is a disorderly town. Had Alexandria lived and carried out his plans the city would have been spread out regularly like New York—but with the beautiful simple and dignified architecture of Greece.

1882. Rebellion of Arabi: Bombardment of Alexandria. Arabi, who may be called the founder of the Egyptian nationalist party, led the rebellion. As Alexandria has always contained a large foreign element, his efforts were naturally devoted mainly towards that city. On June 11th a riot started in the Rue des Soeuers, which is the first part of the long Rue du Mex which runs eastwards from the city. Admiral Seymour was standing by with the fleet awaiting orders. He bombarded the forts, which were evacuated. The city was not bombarded, but Seymour neglected to land troops to keep order, and on July 12th damage was done by fire and looting. The Khedive left Ras-El-Tin. His authority was negligible. Troops occupied Mustapha Barracks until the arrival of Wolsey with the Suez Canal force which defeated Arabi at Tel-El-Kebir.

To-day Alexandria is politically closer to Egypt, but foreign elements remain. Its material progress is founded on the export of cotton, onions, and eggs, but there are no funds in the library, and the art gallery contains nothing of note.

A. S. Hogg.

Annual Inspection.

23rd July, 1936.

Held Indoors on Account of Weather.

General Cameron's Address to Boys.

The annual inspection of the Queen Victoria School for the Sons of Scottish Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen at Dunblane, which took place on Thursday, was marred by the inclement weather conditions, a storm of wind and rain prevailing all day which necessitated the abandonment of the colourful pageant on the parade ground. Instead the boys assembled in the playshed, the parade being drawn up in four lines with the Colours in centre and the band on the right. As an endeavour was made to find accommodation for all visitors, the accommodation was severely taxed and movement greatly restricted. There was, under the conditions, a large attendance of parents of the boys and friends of the School.

General Sir Archibald R. Cameron, K.C.B., C.M.G., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command, was received with the general salute. General Sir Archibald then proceeded down the lines and inspected the boys, thereafter presenting the School and Regimental prizes. The winner of the Primus medal was Sergeant Wm. Bain, B Company, an Edinburgh boy, whose father served in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. The Wauchope prize was won by Monitor G. A. MacDonald, and the Sir Robert Cranston Memorial prize by Sergeant G. Broadbent. "D" Company won the Whitehead Educational Shield and the Company Challenge Shield.

UPHOLDING REPUTATION OF SCHOOL.

Addressing the boys at the close of the prize distribution, General Sir Archibald said:—Before you dismiss I should like to say how sorry we all are about the weather. I know you have taken a lot of trouble to get ready for this parade, and lots of people come here every year to see you, and we shall miss the sight very much, especially as the Commandant tells me you are this year remarkably good on parade. I have only seen you here, and you have been very steady, and you look well to your front and hold yourselves well and look well. Your mothers will be very proud of you, and your fathers will be the same, only they will probably think the Army is not quite what it was in their day. (Laughter.) You have very good reason to be pleased with yourselves. You are all sons of Scottish sailors, soldiers or airmen, which is a very good thing to be able to say, and a very fine start in life. Not only that, you are the chosen sons to come here and represent all the other sons of Scottish sailors, soldiers and airmen, and you can repay the compliment in two ways — firstly, you can keep up the reputation of the School, which is a very high one, and secondly, you can go on keeping it up when you go out into life, so that it shall become a truism throughout Scotland that if it is said anyone was educated at the Queen Victoria School you know for certain he is a good man and a man fit for a responsible position. (Cheers.) Now, we don't limit what profession you take up when you leave here. A certain number will go into civil life, and I hope they will do well. A certain number will go into the Navy, the Army, Air Force, and the various technical corps like the Royal Engineers, and these are very good things to go into. You will learn a trade, and you will finally go into civil life, healthy in mind and body and with a trade behind you, so that you ought to do quite well. I am very glad to say that the larger number are going into their fathers' regiments. (Cheers.) Scotland is very proud of its regiments, and I am sure that the pride and pleasure of being in a great regiment will keep you happy and compensate you for the fact that you don't get quite the same amount of pay as those who go into the technical forces. Further, the interest in your regiment will go on through life, and it will always be a pleasure and pride to think you once were in it, so that even if you don't make a terrible lot of money it will be worth the pleasure you will feel. (Cheers.) During the year 82 per cent. of the boys leaving joined H.M. Services, in addition to two Old Boys, which I think is very satisfactory. I hope you will all enjoy your holidays, and that those of you who are leaving to start life will be very successful. You will at anyrate be happy and contented, and that is better than any success. I wish you all good luck. (Cheers.)

On the call of one of the Monitors, the boys gave three cheers for the Inspecting Officer, Sir Archibald replying by congratulating them on their lungs.

Colonel S. A. Innes, D.S.O., Commandant of the School, was present, with Captain W. L. Clark, M.B.E., the headmaster. General Cameron's aide-de-camp, Captain R. L. T. Murray, the Black Watch, was also present.

The parade was under the command of R.S.M. W. McCubbin, D.C.M.

Commissioners of the School who attended were:—Lieut.-Colonel C. L. Addison-Smith, C.B.E.; Sir William L. Sleight; Brigadier-General Sir Archibald B. Ritchie, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G.; Vice-Admiral F. A. Whitehead, C.B., R.N.; Colonel the Hon. David Bruce; Colonel the Earl of Home, K.T.; Sir Alexander B. Swan.

Tea was afterwards served to those who had come a distance, and there was a programme of band and pipe music and dancing in the concert hall, and an exhibition of arts and crafts which displayed much skill on the part of the boys.

—“Stirling Sentinel.”

From the Order Board.

Royal Air Force.

Competitive Examination for the entry of Aircraft Apprentices, held on 26th May, 1936. Out of 59 “Service” candidates, the following boys of the School were successful:—

Order of Merit:—7th, Monitor W. E. Hagan; 9th, Monitor G. A. MacDonald; 34th, Sergeant W. C. Bain.

Valete.

Boys who have left the School since 9th September, 1936:—

To H.M. SERVICES.

W. Macdonald—Royal Air Force.
W. Hagen—Royal Air Force.
W. Bain—Royal Air Force.
R. Shore—Royal Air Force.
R. Burke—Royal Air Force.
J. West—Scots Guards.
G. Dawson—Welsh Guards.
D. Winton—Welsh Guards.
J. Myles—The Royal Scots, The Royal Regiment.
J. Anderson—The Black Watch (R.H.R.).
R. Quinn—Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
W. Martin—The Royal Scots.

To CIVIL LIFE.

W. Fowler
G. Jones.
D. McKenzie.
H. Arnold.
C. Duncan.
J. McDermid.
C. Mitten.
J. Ferrigan.

WITHDRAWN BY PARENTS.

A. Runcie.
S. McKay.
J. Findlay.
J. Yardley.
G. Messer.
W. McKenzie.
W. Barclay.
J. Lindsay.

Salvete.

Boys who have joined the School since 9th September, 1936, with the name of their father's Regiment:—

E. Donnelly—Royal Army Service Corps.
H. Dyer—Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
H. Yule—Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
T. Nailon—Gordon Highlanders.
And. Sturrock—R.A.
D. Reid, The Black Watch.
C. Hay—The Royal Scots.
E. Bulmer—King's Own Scottish Borderers.
J. Mortimer—Royal Artillery.
I. Duncan—Gordon Highlanders.
W. Adamson—The Royal Scots.
A. Sayer—King's Own Scottish Borderers.
T. Dunnigan—The Black Watch.
D. McCartney—Royal Artillery.
T. Tolmie—The Black Watch.
Jas. Beveridge—Cameron Highlanders.
C. Smillie—Scots Guards.
J. McKell—Cameron Highlanders.
R. Rigg—Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
J. Kidwey—The Black Watch.
G. Raitt—King's Own Scottish Borderers.
T. McMullan—Seaforth Highlanders.
L. St. C. Watt—The Royal Scots.
A. Robertson—The Royal Scots.
H. McLeod—Highland Light Infantry.
J. Riddell—Gordon Highlanders.
D. Lennon—The Black Watch.
T. McDonald—Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.
D. Marr—Gordon Highlanders.
P. Richmond—Royal Artillery.
N. McFadyen—Cameron Highlanders.
W. Heath—Seaforth Highlanders.
B. Brown—Royal Army Service Corps.

Thrift.

The Credit ending 30/9/1936—£155 15s 10d.

Old Boy Visitors to the School.

R.S.M. J. R. Pirie—The Royal Scots, Glencorse.
D. H. Potter—Royal Engineers.
Piper D. McKinley—The Black Watch.
A/T W. J. MacDonald—R.A.F. Record Office.
A. S. Hogg—Royal Marines.
Drummer J. Wilson—The Black Watch.
V. A. M. Rosie—O.S.O., Southampton.
M. Martin—97th Battery R.A., Bordon.
H. D. Hay—5th Bn. Royal Tank Corps.
R. Saunders, c/o H. Hogarth, Murthly.
E. D. Fraser—Forestry Commission, Inverness.
W. D. Fraser—Post Office, Dores, Inverness.
J. Roe—Scots Guards.
K. Roe—Scots Guards.

LETTERS FROM OLD BOYS.

Ordnance Survey Office,
London Road,
Southampton.

Sir,—It was with mixed feelings on "Grand Day" 1934 that I left the School. I say mixed feelings, because the thought foremost in my mind was a new life. I was eager to start on my own and see whether I could or not face life's problems successfully. The other thought was one of regret. I knew I was leaving old pals behind, fellows with whom I used to run every day. I knew I was going to miss the comradeship and companionship of my school days. I was disconsolate.

Having left, I was determined to keep up Queen Victoria School's good name. I joined the Edinburgh branch of the Ordnance Survey. Having gone through a course of draftsmanship and typing, I became of age to proceed to Chatham. This has been the most hectic part of my life since I left Q.V.S.

I arrived in Chatham on a boiling day in August. Shortly after I had arrived I was walking across the square. I met an officer who asked me what I was doing there. He said I could not be 5 feet in height, and that the regulation height was 5 feet 4 inches. Thus my training started. But more than that was to follow. Our party was soon formed up, and we commenced to "foot-slog" on the square. During our period on the square we were always rushing—sometimes up till eleven o'clock at night and up at five next morning putting the finishing touches on our marching orders. On parade next morning the N.C.O.'s in charge would pull our equipment about and ask whether we had cleaned this or that; that your boots had never seen blacking for days. This was the encouragement we got. Still we came through all right, and passed off the square in November, 1935. We then had courses of field works and musketry for about four months. When we finished our course at Chatham, I had won 5 medals and a silver-mounted cane. This shows the advantage an "Old Victorian" has over the fellow who enlists from civilian life.

After leaving Chatham we went to Aldershot, and finished our field works there. Life was very much more easy, and I began to think the Army was not too bad.

I left Aldershot to join the head office in Southampton—where I still am. I have visited Q.V.S. since, and many old faces have gone; but we are all bound by the common bond that we are all "Old Victorians."—I am, etc.,

V. A. M. R.

1872156, Spr., R.E.

Ruislip.

Sir,—It affords us much pleasure to renew our relationship with the School in the form of a letter.

After leaving the School we realised how fortunate a "Victorian" is — the opportunities offered, and the happiness derived from the companionship of all,

The many happy occasions which are now just pleasant memories come back to us, and we envy those who remain in the school.

However, good things must come to an end; so we found ourselves eventually in the Royal Air Force.

Our training and the knowledge we had acquired at the School stood us in good stead. In consequence we were ahead of the civilians who enlisted with us, who naturally knew nothing of life in the services.

With the expansion of the Air Force we had a golden opportunity, and we took it. Some people conceive a clerk as a pale-featured bookworm, but let us disillusion them as far as the Air Force is concerned.

Our training as Apprentice Clerks consists of regular work at the Record Office and instruction in shorthand and typing. Drill and recreation also play a large part. If anyone is a keen sportsman, his career in the Royal Air Force offers good opportunities, as all kinds of sport are provided for.

We also have an opportunity to become airmen pilots. This is only afforded to selected and recommended airmen.

When our service expires we are in a favourable position to obtain a situation in civilian life.

R. M. and W. MacDONALD.

School No. 581. D. Coy., Pipe-Major.
7873770 L/Cpl. Price, A., Drums, 1st Scots
Guards, Kasr-el-Nile Barracks, Cairo, Egypt.

Dear Sir,—I have been asked to communicate with you and the old School representing the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, which I think is a pleasure. Hoping you will accept same, as we have not written for a considerable period since I came to the Regiment, and I have taken on the job of Editor from John McLean, who has since left the service.

Please find enclosed contribution to the Magazine, which I hope meets with your approval.—I am, etc.,

A. E. PRICE, L/Cpl.

By the time this article appears, we shall be back in England again, at the Tower of London, after a short but very pleasant stay in Egypt. We have been but a year in Egypt, and during that period have had three stations. On arrival in November, 1935, we disembarked at Alexandria from the Trooper "Somersetshire," and were then told that we were to be stationed at Sidi-Bishr, about ten miles outside Alexandria. We were under canvas there until the end of January, and as we were only a mile and a half from the finest bathing beach on the Egyptian coast line, we had a great time. The sand, which stretched for miles inland, became an eyesore after a while, and was most annoying when lifted by the wind, and seemed to permeate everything. It was beautifully clean sand, however, and did no damage; made our food taste rather gritty at times, but thanks to excellent culinary arrangements this was kept down to a minimum. At the end of January of this year we moved to Mersa Matruh in the Western Desert, under canvas

again, and here we sampled another blend of sand. This stuff was very powdery, and violent sandstorms often rose, tossing dust everywhere, reducing visibility to two yards on occasions. We were issued with goggles to protect our eyes, but many preferred to wear gasmasks when venturing out of the tents during one of these storms. When the air was clear the favourite sport was insect-hunting, scorpions, centipedes and sand snakes being very plentiful! One or two did manage to be stung by a scorpion, but the effect seemed to be more painful than poisonous.

This station was not much liked by the troops; apart from the Bathing Beach, there was nothing attractive about Matruh. Although conditions were not very nice, I consider that the experiences of our stay at Matruh easily compensated us for the discomfort experienced.

At the end of March we arrived at Cairo, and settled down in Kasr-el-Nile Barracks, where we took over various guards, and apart from a fortnight spent at Pirbright Camp, where we fired our annual musketry course, did not have any further change. We very soon made ourselves acquainted with the Sphinx, the Pyramids, the Barrage, and other interesting places and objects in Cairo district. By filling in the rest of our spare time on the sports field, the last six months seemed to move on wings, and we are now due to return to the United Kingdom. We are naturally very happy about it all; but I'm sure that once the Battalion is settled down in London, and experiencing the rain, sleet, snow and fog, which are never absent during the winter months, the majority will wish that they were back in Egypt, where the sight of rain raises a cheer.

When we came out here we left our boys behind with the 2nd Battalion, much to their disgust, and when the 2nd Battalion went to Palestine they were again left behind at the Guards' Depot. Somehow I don't think they will like the Depot. We are looking forward to seeing them again, also our latest O.V. recruits, the brothers Roe and Boy West. I'm quite sure that they have been "initiated" by now, and comfortably settled down in their new surroundings; their turn for Egypt will soon come, and I hope that they enjoy it as much as I did. I only joined the Scots Guards in July of last year, and like it as much as I did the Camerons, the Regiment I was transferred from. Other O.V. boys in the Battalion at present are Piner Shand, Drummers Shand and Harmsworth, Guardsmen Bowell and Heron, all of whom have met various O.V. boys of other Regiments, far too numerous to mention here, in Alexandria, Matruh and Cairo, and we all hope that on our return to England we shall continue to meet our old friends from the School, to hear from them what they have done, and pass on our own experiences, for in time these reminiscences will be passed on, and O.V. boys will hear of their old pals although they may never see them again.

A. E. PRICE, L/Cpl.,
1st Scots Guards.
1st Bn. Royal Scots,
"Hooze Lines,"
Catterick Camp, Yorks.

Dear Editor,—I sincerely hope I am not too

late to have these notes published with the December issue of "The Victorian."

I am afraid I have not been able to collect the subscriptions yet, as we have been rather scattered owing to our move from Dover to Catterick, but this I hope to do next week, and I will forward same to you as soon as possible.

On behalf of the "Old Vics," 1st Royal Scots.
—I am, etc.,

A. A. O'NEILL.

R.S.M. Pirie, L/C Malon, L/C O'Neill, Drummers Hesketh, P. Dakers, J. Dakers, D. Aiton, Boy Robertson, Boy Munro, Boy Myles.

Since you last heard from us we have moved to Catterick, leaving with Dover the Seaforths. Harry Stevenson and Boy G. Adamson have sailed for India, and are now with the 2nd Battalion in Lahore. We take this opportunity of conveying our congratulations to R.S.M. Dick Pirie on his appointment to Regimental Sergeant Major at the Depot, Glencorse. Drummer "Chick" O'Neill has been appointed L/Corporal, and Jerry McNeill, Pete and Jack Dakers are on their service now. Jerry will be able to have his "wee poo" without hiding now. John Myles is the only "Old Vic" in our Military Band, and I'm sure if he continues as he is doing now the Bandmaster will be looking forward to the time when some of the boys will join him.

Willie Munro (goal), and Dave Aiton are the mainstay of the boys' football team, but they are dreading the day when they meet the Camerons' boys, which I believe has an all Q.V. team.

In the second round Army Rugby Cup we met the Black Watch, and there were quite a number of "Old Vics" on both sides. It was an exceedingly good game. We would be glad to hear how the Black Watch rallied in the third round.

A. A. O'N.

4 Bombay Road,
Kirkee,
Bombay Presidency,
India, 21st October, 1936.

Dear Sir,—I seem to have rather lost touch with the School, because I have not had a copy of the magazine since December, 1933, in which copy was a slip to the effect that my account was 6s in credit. Would you therefore kindly send me copies of the numbers published since December, '33. If any further subscription is due I will send it.

I enclose herewith a postal order for 10s, which I would like to be used as a prize for either miniature rifle shooting, if still being practised by the boys, or for "hurdles" in the athletic sports.

I would have written before this, but much has happened to me in the past year or two.

Among other things I have been transferred from the East Surrey Regiment to 3rd Battalion 8th Punjab Regiment; promoted to captain; attached to I.A.O.C., and married! Whilst with my old regiment as Station Staff Officer, Fyzabad, I went down to the station to meet Lieutenant-Colonel White, V.C., A.E.C., who was coming to inspect our school. We had breakfast together, and a long chat about the School. Colonel White had been Commandant when I last

visited the School (from Sandhurst in 1926). At that time there was a movement to secure a school scholarship at Sandhurst, and I was introduced to various Commissioners of the School as "an Old Boy now at Sandhurst."

During that visit I sat next to Colonel Gunn during the prize-giving. Colonel Gunn could not remember me, but the fact that I was in front of him in the school orderly room on two occasions helped me to remember him as a former Commandant.

Whenever I am in the neighbourhood I always go and see Colonel and Mrs Churchill, who live at Kingwood Common, Henley-on-Thames. Colonel, then Major, Churchill (nick-named "The Duke") was a very popular Commandant, and Mrs Churchill untiring in her efforts to do things for the boys. Mrs Churchill organised the local ladies into knitting white gloves for every boy in the school, while she herself knitted a pair of white mittens for each boy in the Pipe and Military Bands.

I have promised myself (and my wife) a visit to the old School during my next long leave, and I hope it is not too far distant.

In the meantime, I would be very grateful if I could be supplied with the magazine from 1934 (included) to the present, so that I can keep in touch with the School.

Thanking you in anticipation.—I am, etc.,

DONALD J. McLEAN (325).

The Editor thanks the writers of the above letters, and is pleased to know that his appeal for more contributions from Old Victorians has not fallen entirely "upon stony ground." However, there are still many Old Boys, hundreds of them in various parts of the world, who form a silent majority, and who could, no doubt, give interesting accounts of themselves and their activities.

Christmas Concert,

16th December, 1936.

PROGRAMME.

1. Harmonica Band—(a) Signature Tune.
"There's going to be fun to-night."
(b) Pot-Pourri of Popular Melodies.
(c) Banjo Solo—Soloist, Boy J. Plummer.

2. School Choir—
(a) A Roving.
(b) A Long Time Ago.
(c) Fire Down Below.
(d) Hullabaloo Balay.

3. Piping—
March—"Atholl and Breadalbane Gathering."
Strathspey—"Madalina of Sinclair."
Reel—"Pease Strae."
March—"Tam Glen."
Slow March—"Road to the Isles."
Slow March—"Over the Sea to Skye."
March—"The Steam Boat."
(Pipe-Major A. Marr).

4. Military Band—
(a) Bell Solo—"Bells Across The Meadows" Ketelby.
Soloist—F. Pegg.
(b) Humoresque—"Who Killed Cock Robin?" Trenchard.
(Assisted by The Air Gun Brigade).

5. Highland Dancing—
(a) Highland Fling.
(b) Sword Dance.
(c) Reel of Tulloch.
(d) Ceremonial Broadwords.

6. Harmonica Band—
"Pot-Pourri of Popular Melodies."

7. Military Band—
Comedy Fox-Trot—"When the Guardsman started crooning on Parade"
Lisbona.
(Assisted by Sergt.-Major "Milky-Way" and his Army.)

Sgt.-Major "Milky-Way" Mr T. Monaghan.
Solo Saxophones — Boy Musician G. Dawson, C/Cpl. I. Gunn.

8. School Choir—
(a) "Forty Years On."
(b) "The Island."

9. Military Band—Descriptive—
"A Southern Wedding" Lotter.
The Parson—Band Sergt. D. Hickey.
The Bride—Boy Musician J. McGoochan.
The Bridegroom—Sgt. E. Monaghan.
Train Bearers—Boy L. Watt, Boy N. M'Fadyen.
Dressers—Miss F. Macdonald, Miss I. Cooper.

Synopsis.—The Coon sleeps—dreams of his bachelor days, his clog dances appear in a vision—he snores lustily, the clock strikes seven—a cock crows—the alarm rings—his Wedding Day. He indulges in a merry dance and whistles his favourite melody. The Wedding Bells ring. Procession starts, led by Coon Band playing Wedding March in rag time. Voluntary (Piano Accordion, "Poor Old Joe," played by Coon Organist.

Wedding Ceremony.—Bass—"Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wife?" Bridegroom (Trombone) "I will." Bride—(Piccolo), "I will." Ceremony ends amid chiming Bells.

10. Military Band and Drums—Grand Finale—
"Rule Britannia."
"Soldiers of the King."
"Abide With Me."
"God Save the King."

Funeral of Sergeant-Major McCubbin.

The funeral took place on Saturday, with full military honours. Deceased's regiment, the Black Watch, was represented by a detachment of the 2nd Battalion from Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, under Captain C. A. N. Hudson and Lieutenant and Quartermaster L. G. Dunn, M.M., and by a firing party from the Depot, Perth, under Lieutenant and Quartermaster Scott. The party from Glasgow included 17 old boys of the School.

A memorial service attended by all the boys of the School, the staff, relatives and friends, was held in the chapel at eleven o'clock, and was conducted by the Rev. Dr J. Hutchison Cockburn. The praise was led by the band under Bandmaster Lax, and included the 46th Psalm ("Stroudwater") and 66th Paraphrase ("St. Asaph"). Colonel C. A. Innes, D.S.O., Black Watch, Commandant of the School, read the lessons—23rd Psalm and St. John 14 (1-9 and 18-20). At the close the Dead March was played on the organ by Mr D. Campbell.

Following the service the coffin, shrouded in the Union Jack, and on which rested the deceased's sword and cap and the family's wreath, was carried from the chapel to the hearse on the shoulders of six sergeants of the Black Watch. The procession was quickly formed, and included, in addition to the military, the older boys of the School, monitors carrying wreaths, old boys of the School, relatives of the deceased, and many friends. It was led by Pipe-Major Ross playing "The Flowers of the Forest" and, nearer the cemetery, "Scots Wha Hae." The firing party and buglers followed; then came the hearse and the remainder of the procession.

At the grave the committal service was read by Dr Cockburn. The pallbearers were Colonel Innes, Captain W. L. Clarke, M.B.E., A.E.C.; Bandmaster F. L. Lax; W.O. H. C. Riglen; Mr R. McRobbie, Mr E. G. Wright, Mr J. Milne, and Mr A. Duncan.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. I. Addison-Smith, C.B.E., Edinburgh, Hon. Treasurer of the School, was present representing the Commissioners.

The echoes of the Last Post, sounded by the buglers of the School, had scarcely died away when the firing party fired three volleys over the grave. Again the pipes were heard in the lament, "Lochaber No More," and the firing party presented arms as Reveille was sounded. The Army had paid its last tribute to one of its sons.

A veteran of the regiment and an old friend of the deceased, who was given an honoured place, was ex-Quartermaster-Sergeant Robert Smeaton, Edinburgh. Other old friends were Mr H. S. Shields, S.S.C., Mr Forbes, Mr Strathdee, and Mr James Watson. Mr W. Murray Smith, Mr G. S. Kilgour, and Mr A. Fraser were present representing the British Legion, and laid a wreath.

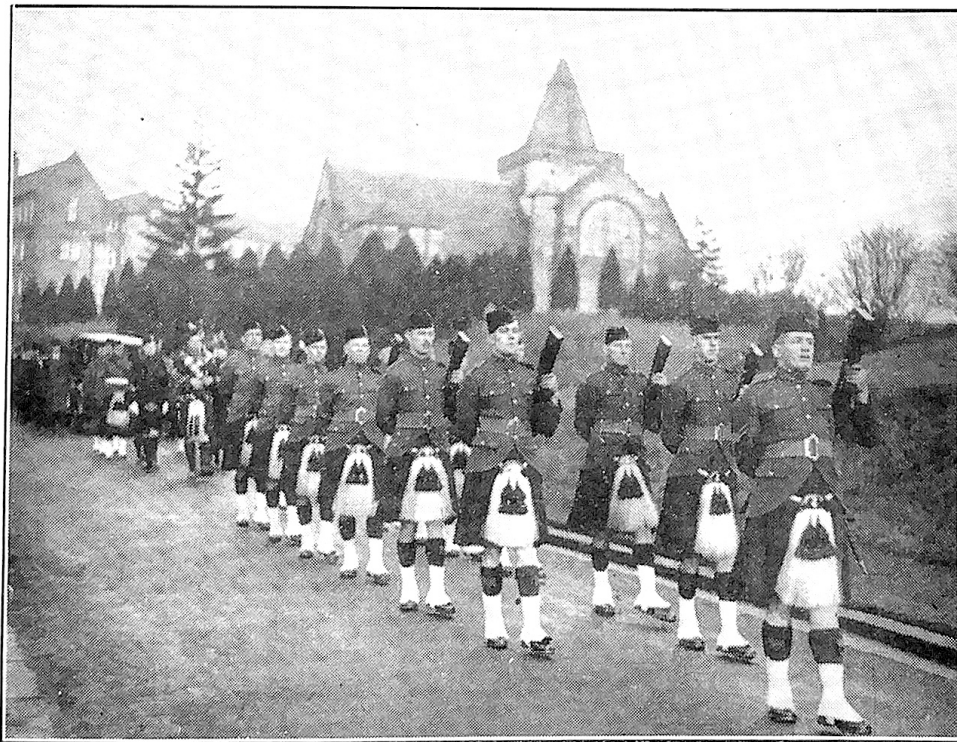
C.S.M. W. Watson had charge of the arrangements.

Floral tributes were sent by the following:—

From Wife and Daughter; the Officers, Black Watch; the Boys, Queen Victoria School; Duncan, David and Wm. Mackenzie; Wm. McLeod; Staff Club, Queen Victoria School; Major and Mrs Lunt; Joseph and Ella; the Boys, Black Watch; Lizzie and Peggy; Colonel and Mrs Innes; Captain and Mrs and Miss Clarke; Staff Mess, The Black Watch; 2nd Ayr Company Boys' Brigade; A.E. Corps, Queen Victoria School; Agnes and the boys; Mr and Mrs McRobbie and family; Matron and Maids, Queen Victoria School; Mr and Mrs Dowling; Duncan and Emily and Family; The Black Watch Association, per Mrs Shepperd, Dundee; Sergeants' Mess Depot, The Black Watch; Hospital Matron and Maids, Queen Victoria School; May and Nana; British Legion, Dunblane Branch.



The bearer party leaving Memorial Chapel, funeral of Regimental Sergeant-Major McCubbin, D.C.M., at Dunblane.



Firing party of Black Watch from Perth.
Colonel Innes, Colonel Addison-Smith, and Captain Hudson,
with Captain Clarke and other officers.



Colonel Innes, Colonel Addison-Smith, and Captain Hudson, with
Captain Clarke and other officers.

Courtesy of "Stirling Sentinel."

Old Victorians' Association.

- Membership.** All Old Boys who have passed through the School are eligible for membership.
- Subscription.** The Headquarters Subscription is 2/- 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. Patrick Doyle, Edinburgh (price 2/6), and the badge from the Regimental Sergeant-Major of the School (price 2/-).
- 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 School to find employment, and to help Old Boys out of work to find employment.
 - (3) To make known the School, its aims and objects, 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. B. R. WARD, 40 Pilton Park, Edinburgh, giving the above particulars.
If resident in or near Glasgow, apply to the Secretary, Glasgow Branch, Mr G. STIRRATT, 1 Bal-dowie Road, Glasgow, giving the above particulars.