

THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 78 DECEMBER, 1967

EDITORIAL

An editorial in the School magazine is worth little, if anything, unless it is written by a boy or boys and expresses his or their own view on some school topic of importance. Look back to previous issues, and you see how it is either another news item in disguise, or a sort of summary of a number of news items. Last summer it was not there at all.

We do not get many "letters to the Editor", about one in every five years if that, but this issue does contain one such letter. We agree entirely with the writer, even though his estimate of the quality of the "Victorian" as a magazine is rather lower than we might have hoped for; and we feel sorry for him when he has to pay 2/6d for something he immediately has to tear up or hide away from his relatives, because he knows it will not be worth reading.

Routine reports of school organisations and activities are obviously boring material—unless your name is mentioned favourably in them. But some of them are of interest to some Old Boys, and other people outside the school who want to know what is going on now, or what boys whom they remember are now in leading positions. And then there is the question of keeping records. It is surprising how many questions are asked or pondered, to which an answer can be found in back-numbers of the "Victorian". The best source we have found for determining what things were like in the earliest days of the School is an article about them written for the magazine by J. D. McIlroy, the fifth boy on the School roll; and other informative contributions have come from Old Boys who liked to look back. We have also seen record books of leavers and testimonials for Old Boys being made up with a past Valete column as the guide. Another fact: in 1962 a bound volume of magazines from 1954 to 1961 was put in the School library. It lasted less than four years before the wear and tear on it made it unserviceable and caused it to be scrapped. It looks as if these routine reports are boring only when they are fresh. But actually a lot of them are boring at any time, because they are so vague, and usually just vaguely complimentary to whatever School organisation is being reported.

A number of senior boys have had the chance of looking at a cyclo-styled, purely literary, school magazine, of which Captain Walker brought back a copy from a course he was on. Allowing for the fact that very selective, and even improved, examples of pupils' literary efforts are frequently compiled by school teachers in order to display their own success in stimulating them, and perhaps advance their own careers, there is still tremendous evidence of what boys and girls can write when they have learned to use their own feelings and their own observation as the material. Imaginative writing is not taken to mean flights of fancy, but getting the images, the mental picture of the people and things and incidents that represent best what you feel and what you want to say. (English examination candidates, please note.) It may be possible to put the literary efforts and the journal of school affairs into one magazine, or it may be better to run a separate school magazine of articles, poems, and stories.

The writer of the letter in this issue is quite well qualified to raise his voice. He is Prince Philip medalist (old Primus), a player in the 1st XV in recent matches, top of his form for as long as we can remember, and second-head of his house . . . . and he will not be sixteen till February next. What we say

to him is this. You are quite right. What are you going to do about it?

Perhaps his protest will stimulate other senior boys to make the "Victorian" a magazine "of their very own". Meantime we record our thanks to the group of seniors who did produce or elicit most of the material for this issue, even if they did not manage an editorial, and who managed also in the space of three weeks to draw in contributions from a respectably large number of boys. J. Willmott, D. MacInnes, J. Moore, C. Lannen, J. S. Grigor, and P. F. Docherty have all helped in various ways; and J. Wood has again been an efficient business manager, getting the advertising space filled, and himself doing all the correspondence with advertisers.

PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS

BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ON 12th OCTOBER, 1967

(We are indebted to the Commandant for the following account)

As most of those with any connection with the School will know, Queen Victoria School, though not a "Service Unit", has had the honour of bearing Consecrated Colours since the School began. This distinction, almost unique for a boys' school, though shared of course by the Duke of York's Royal Military School, was granted to Q.V.S. by King Edward VII in 1909, in recognition of the special status of the School as a National Memorial to his mother, Queen Victoria, and to the fallen of the South African War; and also in recognition of the fact that admission to the School was confined to sons of Regular Servicemen.

The first Colours were presented by King Edward VII at a private Ceremony at Balmoral in 1909. By 1934 it was considered that the School Colour, only, required replacement, and a new Colour was presented by King George V at Holyrood in that year. This was rather more of a public occasion but from the School's point of view left something to be desired in that the Q.V.S. Colour Presentation took place after a similar Presentation to a Scottish Battalion, and few members of the School were able to witness the Ceremony. By the end of the Second World War the King's Colour, also, was overdue for replacement, but it was not possible at that time for the Sovereign or other member of the Royal Family to make the Presentation in person. Consequently the G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command, Lieutenant-General Sir Neil Ritchie, made the Presentation on behalf of the King. Although this Presentation was, for the first time, at the School, so that everyone could take part or watch, the School had not yet achieved the aim and hope of having Colours presented by the Sovereign in person actually at the School.

By 1964 both Colours were again overdue for replacement and new Colours had in fact been made and were awaiting Presentation.

Her Majesty's Commissioners discussed the question and decided that, no matter how long we had to postpone the Presentation, we should, subject to the pleasure of Her Majesty, not again have the Colours presented away from the School, or at the School by a Deputy, if there was any possibility in the foreseeable future of The Queen being able to honour the School by a personal visit.

In 1966 the Commandant was informed by the Ministry of Defence that it was almost certain that the Queen would be able to visit the School before the end of 1967 to present new Colours. In May 1967 it was confirmed that the visit should be on 12th October.

Since the School only reassembled after the long summer holiday on 7th September this left none too much time for practice and preparations. Most of the senior boys had left the previous term and the new boys could not be ready to take part. There was also the overriding consideration that, since we are a boys' School and not a Service Unit, the normal work and routine of the School could not be disturbed or impeded, even for such an important occasion, beyond a very small degree. These factors alone posed something of a problem, aggravated by an abnormally wet month, which not only dislocated the rehearsal programme but greatly complicated the administrative plans which had to be made for the actual occasion.

The fact that, in the event, the historic ceremony was carried out smoothly and successfully, to the pleasure of Her Majesty and of all who attended, was due to three things. A fortuitously fine and sunny day sandwiched between weeks of almost unrelieved rain; the tremendous effort and spirit shown by the boys themselves; and the willing and hard work of the School staff, in all departments and grades, and of the several "outside" Service or Administrative departments who helped and supported us.

To which one might add the fortunate facility of being able to use the "new" uncompleted road outside the School for parking which solved what would have been an impossible parking problem for nearly a thousand cars, after it became evident that our own field would be too soft to be used for this purpose.

This being a unique occasion in the history of the School which, if ever repeated, would certainly not re-occur for another thirty years or so, the Commissioners and the Commandant felt that it provided

a splendid opportunity for the encouragement and expression of the great fund of interest and goodwill which is felt for the School, not only in Scottish Service or local circles, but among the Scottish public as a whole. Consequently invitations to attend were sent out on a much wider distribution than the normal "Grand Day" Lists, and, as might be expected, the percentage of acceptances was high. Altogether, by one means or another, more than three thousand people were invited to attend and of these between 2,400 and 2,500 were actually present on the day. Most importantly these included about 800 parents, relatives, or family friends of the boys, and some 300 Old Boys and families. Every major Army unit and Establishment in Scotland was represented both by officers and non-commissioned officers and very many of the R.A.F. and R.N. Headquarters and Establishments also. Nearly all the local people who were asked came and, if we were given to "name dropping", we could also list a considerable number of Scotland's notable and distinguished public figures who were present. In short we may say that we were successful in assembling for the occasion a very good representation of all the many people, in so many different walks of life and professions in Scotland and beyond, who have an interest in the School.

On the 12th October the sun beamed, and so did the Commandant, whose expression for the previous week had been conditioned by the weather forecasts. Soon after mid-day guests began to arrive, and, as the density of arrival quickened, they were expeditiously parked, guided, marshalled and seated by the Civil and Military Police and the School Staff. By two thirty p.m. it seemed that the two and a half thousand chairs provided were almost fully occupied. The crowd rose to its feet as the Senior Monitor, John Willmott, called the Parade to the final Salute to the Old Colours, which were then, for the last time, marched off Parade. Promptly at 2.45 p.m. Her Majesty arrived, and was welcomed by The Lord Lieutenant of the County of Perth, The Earl of Mansfield. The Lord Lieutenant presented Major Bowser, Convener of Perth and Kinross County Council, and Mrs Bowser, The Rt. Honourable Sir Alec Douglas-Home, our M.P. for West Perthshire and Kinross, and Lady Douglas-Home, and Lieutenant-General Sir Derek Lang, G.O.C.-in-C. and Vice-President of H.M. Commissioners, and his daughter Miss Sarah Lang. Sir Derek then presented the Commandant and Mrs Hope Thomson, the Headmaster and Mrs Harrison. These formalities over, Her Majesty, preceded by the Queen's Orderlies for the day, Peter Sayer and Alistair Fiddes, walked along the stone causeway which had been built over the muddy ground to the flower-embellished Dais. As She approached, the Royal Standard was broken at the masthead by Mr J. Mortimer of the School Staff. Having mounted the Dais The Queen was greeted with a Royal Salute. After John Willmott had "reported the Parade" Her Majesty walked out to Inspect the Parade, treading a little gingerly perhaps because the ground was so soft that there was some initial anxiety as to whether Her Majesty would lose a shoe. However The Queen, experienced in these matters, quickly adapted herself to the going and the Inspection was successfully completed. Her Majesty spoke to several boys and the Guard Commanders, Lannen, Lee, McInnes and Docherty, were all introduced to Her, as were Pipe Major Mackenzie, Drum Major Morrison, Boy Pipe Major Wood and Boy Drum Major Graham.

On return to the Dais the New Colours, borne by J. W. Moore and K. L. Robinson, with R.S.M. Lowdon in charge of the Party, were marched on, and then uncased and draped over the Drums on the stone platform in front of the Dais.

The Consecration Ceremony was read by the Deputy Chaplain-General, The Reverend D. H. Whiteford, with the Assistant Chaplain-General Scottish Command, the Reverend T. J. T. Nicol, the recently relinquished School Chaplain, the Reverend A. N. Jamieson, the Officiating Scottish Episcopal Chaplain, the Reverend B. T. Vaughan-Johnson, and the Officiating Roman Catholic Chaplain, the Reverend F. J. McDermott, in attendance.

The Consecration completed, Her Majesty descended the Dais and received the Queen's Colour from the Commandant, placing this in the Colour Belt of the kneeling Colour Bearer. The Headmaster then handed Her Majesty the New School Colour, which The Queen placed in the Colour Belt of the other Colour Bearer.

Her Majesty then remounted the Dais to make Her Address. In Her Address The Queen, after complimenting the boys on the smartness of their drill, referred to the long and close association which Her Family had had with the School, which association was further strengthened by Her presence here today to present New Colours.

In a brief reply, the Commandant, after thanking Her Majesty for Her gracious words and the honour paid to the School said that, while the Colours primarily symbolised our duty to Queen and Country, we believed that, in a lesser sense, our special privilege of bearing such Colours also signified the unique status of the School in its relationship to the Scottish Services and to the people of Scotland.

The Colours were then slow marched to their place on Parade. Following an Advance in Review Order, well carried out in spite of slippery ground and insufficient practice, another Royal Salute was given, this time with the New Colours being dipped.

The Parade, which throughout had been commanded with assurance and dignity by John Willmott, concluded with three cheers for The Queen by the boys. These were given with a will and perhaps, of all the Parade, this was the incident which pleased Her Majesty most.

As soon as the Parade had marched off the Ministers of the Church were presented to the Queen by the G.O.C.-in-C. Next The Queen moved to the other side of the Dais, to receive a long line of thirty people representative of all elements of the wider School community.

Sir Derek presented four Commissioners and their wives, representative of the Royal Navy, Army, R.A.F. and Civilian Commissioners. Next the Commandant presented a number of the School Teaching Staff and their wives. Further along the line came representatives of the School Administrative Staff, male and female, and of the boys' parents, of each of the three Services. Then three of the "First Hundred" Old Boys, Mr Archer, Mr Grassick, and Captain Stirrat had the honour of being presented, following by officials of the three Old Victorian Associations of Edinburgh, Glasgow and London.

As Her Majesty approached the exit to the Parade Ground, followed by those in Attendance, including Mr William Ross, Secretary of State for Scotland and President of School Commissioners, the Commandant drew Her attention to three old gentlemen, carefully placed in the front row of seats which the Queen would pass. These were Mr Robertson, Mr Smith and Mr Brown, all survivors of the Siege of Mafeking in the Second South African War. The Queen, to the delight of these Veterans, paused to converse with them.

Ever since the foundation of the School it has been the custom to invite veterans of the South African War to attend Grand Day, in recognition of the School's status as a Memorial to those who did not survive that war. In July 1967, for the first time, we had no representatives at Grand Day and the Commandant feared that, after nearly 70 years, time had brought a tradition to an unavoidable end. It was therefore with great pleasure that we saw three very fit looking old gentlemen arrive in response to an invitation which had been sent with little hope that it would produce a result. It was particularly pleasant, that the very considerable effort which they must have made to be present was rewarded by a personal talk with The Queen.

Rather unexpectedly, the Parade and Personal Presentations had been completed in exactly the time which had been allowed for them. The Royal Cars, followed by the G.O.C.-in-C.'s car, which was bulging with temporary passengers, proceeded to the Main Entrance of the School, where Colonel Harrison, the Headmaster, and Major Kislingbury, the Administrative Officer, were already in position to receive Her. The Queen signed the School Distinguished Visitors Book and also a large portrait photograph which had been obtained by H.M. Commissioners, to commemorate the occasion.

It had never been expected that time would allow The Queen to get right round the sequence of premises which had been prepared for her viewing, and bets were being laid that She would get no further than the Library. However, Her Majesty was evidently determined to see all She could in the short time available, and set a brisk pace. Main Hall, Dining Hall, Library where the Monitors awaited Her, then across the square to the Teaching Block and Wavell House. The Queen was amused to see a duplicate Dais and set of "V.I.P." chairs in the Main Square, part of the contingency planning against really wet weather, and when She heard that there was a third set in the Chapel Her Majesty observed that we had "deserved the fine weather".

The Hospital and Chapel had been "alerted" by the Commandant as a "long stop" with no real expectation that The Queen would have time to reach them. But Her Majesty reached the Hospital with four minutes in hand, being greeted by Miss Bruce, Hospital Matron, and Miss Mathers, Nurse. Duncan, our leading drummer, was lying in a lonely ward with jaundice, bemoaning the fact that he had missed the great occasion for which the Band had practiced so hard. A personal visit from Her Majesty, which is what he got, was an unexpected compensation. It is said that when Duncan's parents later called to tell him about the Parade, they had to listen to him instead. The last minute of this accurately timed tour was spent in the Chapel and before those responsible for getting Her Majesty down to Dunblane on time had any excuse for looking at their watches The Queen, having smiled her farewells, was in Her Car and rolling slowly down the South Drive to the accompaniment of even heartier cheers from the School, unorganised this time, and dispersed along the pavement.

So ended a visit about which, it is fair to say, everyone felt pleased and proud in retrospect. Most importantly of all, such pleasure was also felt by Her Majesty Herself who made a point of stating this, both verbally on departure, and afterwards by letter through Her Private Secretary.

After the Royal departure H.M. Commissioners entertained about fifty guests, including two former Commandants and one former Headmaster, to tea in the Music Room.

To conclude what has necessarily been a condensed and somewhat bald summary of a very crowded afternoon it may not be inappropriate to add a few reflections and anecdotes on a rather more personal level.

The first is that when so many people, boys, staff, and outside agencies and supporters, have tried so hard and hoped so much for a successful day, it really is rather heartwarming when it is a success. And it was.

Second, one of the nicest things about the day was the tremendous scale of interest and support demonstrated by the attendance of so many hundreds of parents, relatives and Old Boys, and Service Representatives.

On a more acid note, one wonders whether the trouble expended in ensuring that the Press have

every possible consideration and facility is really worth while. Leaving out the photographers, who did a very good job and got a reasonable number of photographs printed, and with the honourable exception of one or two local newspapers, the resultant Press coverage was really abysmal. Every measure had been taken to brief the Press on the history and present function of the School, by means of handouts and so forth. People were at hand to answer their questions. The result? Little about the School in any of the Press accounts and what there was, full of mistakes. No proper account of the Parade, or who was there, or who presented, or anything about the boys. Only two events seemed of sufficient interest to feature. A boy fainting, and some child, no doubt impelled parentally from behind, gate-crashing the presentation line. Since both these incidents almost invariably occur at every Royal occasion one wonders why the sub-editors continue to regard them as of such absorbing human interest, or think it worth while despatching an average of two Reporters per paper to write an over-detailed account of them.

A remark of Her Majesty's, which can be quoted without disrespect, and which shows the personal knowledge She has of Her Army's leaders, past and present, which was made when crossing the square, with the accompaniment of a charming smile, was "There seem to be an awful lot of Generals about today". A quick visual check of the front line of nearest spectators showed two full Generals, two Lieutenant-Generals, and two Major-Generals. If Her Majesty had really been taking a Service Census, two Admirals and an Air Marshal could have been added. The Commandant's reply was "While that is true Ma'am, they are heavily outnumbered by R.S.M.'s!"

Again, with deep respect, we feel that Her Majesty would not mind us repeating the overheard remark of a ten-year-old, "The Queen is older than I thought—she must be nearly thirty!"

We fear that the Queen left our soggy policies with a great deal of mud on Her shoes although, if keen-eyed young observers were correct, Her Majesty was fully prepared for that and was impeccably re-equipped before She reached Dunblane!

To end up with another small personal incident, which we feel would appeal to our lady readers: there had been a good deal of prior debate as to what form of pen we should provide, with which Her Majesty should sign the Visitors Book and Photograph. Quill pens, dip pens, fountain pens of all kinds came under review. Eventually we settled for the alternatives of a dip pen and the Administrative Officer's fountain pen. When these were proffered Her Majesty, She said "Thank you, I'll use my own" and rummaged in a handbag which evidently contained as many indispensable articles as any other lady's: And failed to find it. So, in the end, our humble dip pen has become a Royal memento after all.

SCHOOL AND HOUSE APPOINTMENTS

Cunningham House:
Housemaster—Mr I. T. Williams.
House Matron—Miss M. Chalmers.
Senior Monitor—J. R. Willmott.
Monitor—G. Slater.
Prefects—J. Lee, A. Greig, J. S. Grigor.

Haig House:
Housemaster—Captain M. Woodhouse.
House Matron—Miss I. Johnstone.
Monitor—G. H. Fox.
Prefects—K. L. Robinson, D. MacInnes, J. A. Wood.

Trenchard House:
Housemaster—Major O. W. Hughes.
House Matron—Miss V. M. Clarke.
Monitor—C. A. Lannen.
Prefects—J. W. Moore, D. M. Fingland, P. F. Docherty, D. MacIver.

Wavell House:
Housemaster—Mr N. C. Bruce.
Assistants—Mr J. G. Finlay, Captain J. T. Walker, Captain P. D. Bull, Captain N. Davies, Mr T. Wright.
House Matron—Miss M. Bayliss.
Assistant Matron—Mrs Martin.
House Captain—K. C. Walker.
Dormitory Leaders—G. G. D. Doyle, M. J. Dolan, M. Ferrigan, D. Burns, G. C. Black.

Commandant's Orderlies—A. G. Fiddes, P. Sayer.

Librarians—K. J. Owens (Head Librarian), D. MacIver, M. Wood, J. Kelt, S. Munro, A. Robertson, R. C. Murdoch, I. Playle, A. Ferguson, G. Sheret, M. Findlay, P. Cooper.

Rugby:
Captain—D. M. Fingland.
Vice-Captain—D. MacInnes.

Band:
Boy Pipe-Major—J. A. Wood.
Boy Drum-Major—I. Graham.

FATHER ADRIAN KELLY

We report, with deep regret, the death on 22nd November, of the Rev. Father Adrian Kelly who was a former Parish Priest of Dunblane, and R.C. Visiting Chaplain to Queen Victoria School. Father Kelly served in that capacity from 1956 to 1961, when he retired for health reasons, and went back to his native Dublin. He died at St. Joseph's Nursing Home, Virginia, County Cavan, Ireland, at the age of 68, and was buried in that country.

A Memorial Service, which took the form of a Requiem Mass, was held for Father Kelly, in the Church of the Holy Family, Dunblane, on 28th November, and was attended by a group of R.C. boys from Queen Victoria School.

STAFF

This year we have had four new additions to the teaching staff. Our new Headmaster, Lieut.-Col. W. C. Harrison, is just back from Malaya, where he was staff-officer for Education in the 17th Division. This Division was mainly concerned with helping the Malaysian Government against Indonesian infiltration. Colonel Harrison holds a B.A. (History) from Leeds University. He has founded an Archaeological Society, which is flourishing and has gone on several trips to places of interest. Colonel Harrison's home is in Pontefract, Yorkshire. He is married with three children, Elizabeth (15), William (14) and Katherine (10).

Mr Scott, the new Chemistry master, comes to us from Kirkcudbright Academy, where he has taught for the past two years. He holds a B.Sc. from Edinburgh University. Mr Scott served in the R.A.F. during the last war, travelling extensively in the Middle East during his service. He is interested in most sports, especially badminton and tennis, at which he represented Southern Counties some years ago. Mr Scott's home is in Melrose.

Mr T. M. Wright is a temporary master with Wavell House. He is an International Boy Scout, and has just returned from a year's scouting activity in the U.S. Rock-climbing is Mr Wright's chief scouting pursuit; he is the Honorary Secretary of the Association of Scottish Climbing Clubs. His hobby has taken him all over Europe, including Austria and Yugoslavia. Mr Wright is presently assisting Mr Reid with the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.

To Captain Woodhouse we say hail and farewell. He has been temporary Housemaster in Haig this term, but is leaving at Christmas to take up his teaching post in the R.A.M.C. Apprentice College again. Captain Woodhouse spent the first four years of his service in the Prince of Wales Own Yorkshire Regiment, before being transferred to the R.A.M.C. His interests include gardening, photography, and canoeing—in which he has been coaching a few boys this term.

To all these and to Mrs Harrison and family, we extend a hearty welcome and wish them a happy stay at Q.V.S.

Early this term we said goodbye to the Rev. A. N. Jamieson, who has been resident Church of Scotland Chaplain here for ten years, and for over four years Housemaster of Cunningham House. We shall be lucky if we meet any man with more of the practical Christian in his nature than we found in Mr Jamieson. His unselfishness and his generosity were unfailing, and were exercised out of the public eye. I wonder how many people know that the improvised Chapel at Cultybraggan was kept as it was, because the Jamieson family did the scrubbing and cleaning. We send our best wishes to Mr and Mrs Jamieson and to Susan, David and Elizabeth, at their new home in Orkney.

No resident Chaplain has yet been appointed to take Mr Jamieson's place. Meanwhile the Rev. A. Roberts, Minister of St. Blane's Church in Dunblane, and well-known to recent generations of Victorians as invigilator of our S.C.E. examinations, is officiating as Church of Scotland Chaplain, taking the morning services and giving Religious Instruction during the week. We are grateful to Mr Roberts for taking on this charge in addition to his own parish and his duties as Moderator of the Presbytery.

GRAND DAY, 1967

It has been customary for the Christmas Term "Victorian" to carry a fairly long report of the previous Grand Day. But the 1967 Grand Day is in the remote past as far as most of our boys are concerned, and for those who have come here this term it belongs to history. Nor do Grand Days vary much in pattern. We might even dare to say that the ritual speeches follow much the same pattern. It would be a big surprise if an Inspecting Officer failed to praise the drill and turn-out of the boys, and several recent speakers at the prize-giving have referred mournfully to their own task of interesting and advising the boy audience. We are lucky in this respect, for we always have some distinguished national figure to give out the prizes and address the boys, and can expect to hear some remarks worth attention; and Inspecting Officers are always conscious that it is the boys mainly they are talking to and that boys have a low tolerance of adult speeches. So what they say is crisp and brief.

Air Vice-Marshal Johnstone was the Inspecting Officer last summer. He started right away by saying that he knew the boys would have had enough of speeches already that day; and he confined himself to one or two compliments and the expression of his good wishes to the boys, especially the leavers. He did mention the ceremony of the Installation of the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, in which a contingent of Q.V.S. boys again took part, and he said that they were compared favourably with the other contingent in red jackets (the Scots Guards). The Guards are unlikely to be offended.

The prizes were given out, at the Play Hall ceremony, by Mr Norman Graham, Secretary of the Scottish Education Department. He spoke particularly about the personal qualities to be acquired in the course of education, as more important than the actual knowledge gained. In referring to the need for a wide range of interests and activities in a school, he said there was some evidence in front of him that there was a diversity of interests among the boys of Q.V.S., since one prize on the table was a text-book of Chemistry and another was called "A Skinful of Scotch". In his conclusion he pointed out to any boys who might lack confidence in their own prospects that in his experience most people did much better in life than they—or their schoolmasters—ever expected. Some of the boy audience may also have pondered on his earlier statement that for an export

salesman, ability to play the bagpipes was worth £1,000 a year.

In giving his report, the Headmaster (Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke who left us last term) mentioned that his successor, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, was present on the platform and advised him to make the most of this Grand Day, since it was the last untroubled one he would have for some years.

Of the drill and other displays we need only say that everything went as usual, and the weather was well up to Grand Day standards.

SALVETE

We welcome the following boys as recruits to the school. All to Wavell House.

School No.	*Name*	*Father's Regiment*
3233	Aitken, Clifford Robert	Royal Signals.
3234	Aitken, Trevor Stewart	Royal Signals.
3235	Anderson, David John Richardson	Black Watch.
3236	Anderson, Roberts Erwin	Cameronians.
3237	Baldwin, John George	Gordon Hldrs.
3238	Breakey, George	Royal Marines.
3239	Burgess, Colin	R.A.C.
3240	Dalziel, Samuel George	R.S.F.
3241	Davidson, Richard	Black Watch.
3242	Davies, Barry James	Royal Navy.
3243	Evans, Michael John	Black Watch.
3244	Fisher, Martyn Donald	Para. Regt.
3245	Gallacher, Richard John Hough	R.A.F.
3246	Gilchrist, Brian	A.P.T.C.
3247	Gilchrist, Colin	A.P.T.C.
3248	Graham, Robert	R.A.
3249	Heeps, Brian	R.A.O.C.
3250	Higgins, Robert Christopher	Royal Signals.
3251	Kill, John Geoffrey	R.A.F.
3252	Knox, Robert John	R.A.F.
3253	Lavery, Iain	Royal Scots.
3254	Mackle, John Maxwell	R.A.F.
3255	Martin, Vincent Desmond	Q.O.H.
3256	Muir, Alistair John	A.& S.H.
3257	Mulholland, Thomas William	R.A.F.
3258	MacKay, Gordon Edward	R.T.R.
3259	MacKay, Norman Alistair	R.T.R.
3260	McKie, Malcolm John	R.A.F.
3261	McPherson, Ian Alexander	R.A.
3262	Neill, Roderick MacGregor	R. Scots Greys.
3263	Nicholson, Ian Charles Edward	R.A.F.
3264	Ogilvie, Alexander Duff	A.& S.H.
3265	Parker, Vincent Terence	A.& S.H.
3266	Pearson, James Allan	Q.O.H.
3267	Pryde, Colin Neil	R. Scots Greys.
3268	Reid, James	R.A.F.
3269	Scullion, Donald	R.A.F.
3270	Scullion, Kenneth Logan	R.A.F.
3271	Stalley, Iain	H.L.I.
3272	Topping, James	Cameronians.
3273	Torrance, Donald	R.A.P.C.
3274	Ward, Charles Penman	Cameronians.

VALETE

Those who file their copies of the Victorian, and make amendments when necessary, should now delete from the Valete column of the July 1967 issue the name of J. W. Moore. During the holiday he decided to return to school for the 6th Year secondary.

Amendments may be needed later in this issue too, for one or two boys still do not know whether they are coming or going. Two boys in Form 3C are down as leavers. C. J. McHardy of Haig House joined us in 1964. His father's regiment: Royal Corps of Transport. He is going as a radio engineer in the R.E. or R.E.M.E. His home address, in Singapore, is not static enough to be worth noting. S. Corrigan of Trenchard House may be leaving. His father is an R.E. Officer, and he joined us in 1961. Both he and C. McHardy have passed Certificate A Part I in the A.C.F. Stephen Corrigan is a senior Highland Dancer, and member of the Gym Team. He has won the bronze awards: medallion for life-saving, and award for Personal Survival. This term he has played several times in the School 1st XV. We may have to publish all this and a bit more at some future date. Address still overseas, and employment not yet decided.

Finally, as far as we know at present, D. H. Fisher of Haig House and Form 2A, and his brother M. D. Fisher of Primary 6A and Wavell House are certainly leaving. They are emigrating, flying to New Zealand on December 16th. Father's regiment: Parachute Regiment. They joined in 1965 and 1967 respectively. David was Commandant's Orderly in his first year secondary.

Our best wishes to those who do go, and welcome back to anyone who doesn't.

SCHOOL NOTES AND NEWS

The old School Colours were formally "laid up" in the School Chapel at a short ceremony preceding the normal school Sunday morning service on 19th November. The Assistant Chaplain-General, Scottish Command, the Reverend T. J. T. Nicol, M.B.E., M.C., M.A., presided at the ceremony and preached the sermon in the service.

We record our thanks to the donors of presentations to the school this term: to the Royal Scots Greys for a pipe banner, and to the Air Officer Scotland and Northern Ireland, to the Royal Scots, and to The Cameronians, for wall badges for the Pipe Room.

Thanks largely to the efforts of the Headmaster, we have had a number of visiting lecturers this term. Roger Trafford, already well known to us by his earlier performances at the School, gave us his "readings" from "David Copperfield" with action and comment, a tremendous solo performance. The new Archaeological Society established by the Headmaster has had lectures from Dr. Margaret Stewart, of the Perthshire Society, on The Archaeology of Perthshire; and from Mr J. Thomson of the Smith Art Gallery and Museum, Stirling, on The Romans in Scotland. The Science Club has had a lecture from Dr. Magnus Pyke on Science and Food. Doctor A. E. Roy has lectured to the senior part of the school on Artificial Satellites and their uses. This was a Cormack Bequest Lecture. The increase in lectures from people outside the school is a welcome development for a community so bound in by boarding-school routine. Readers of Winston Churchill's "My Early Life" will remember that one of the very few things in his schooldays at Harrow that he recalled with pleasure was the custom of bringing in lecturers.

The November issue of the T.A.V.R. Magazine (Territorial Auxiliary and Voluntary Reserve) contained a four-page article by the Commandant dealing with the history and life of the school, and illustrated with photographs of the Grand Day parade, the Highland Dancers, a Sunday morning parade on the occasion of the presentation of a pipe banner, and the new and old walking-out dress.

Among the representatives of the various people connected with the life of Queen Victoria School presented to the Queen on October 12th were three fathers of boys in the school, one from each service. They were Chief (M.E.) N. G. McMurdo, Royal Navy, R.S.M. J. I. Grant, Scots Guards, and Chief Technician P. Ross, R.A.F.

The old routine of Hallowe'en plus November 5th celebrations was terminated this year. In the first place, the present excellence of catering in the school made the provision of a super-gorge Hallowe'en tea quite inappropriate. (They now gorge themselves every day.) The noisy, splashy competition in apple-dooking in the Play Hall was not a suitable thing for the senior boys who took part in it. For the "Tumshy" lantern competition there were always few entries, not enough to justify the heaps of smells garbage that accumulated in house areas. And anyway it is a small-boy celebration, not one for boys of the ages now found at the top of the senior school. So Wavell House had a highly successful party, described elsewhere by one of the participants, and if any senior boys felt deprived, they did not show it.

Besides those which are given separate reports, there are a number of hobbies and activities occupying small groups of boys, and others occupying large groups but not constituted as clubs. Of the latter we must mention the continuous activity in the Art Room and the Woodwork Room, for which the masters concerned get much less published recognition than is merited by the importance of their work. Then, besides Mr Urie's tuition in Metalwork, there are the classes run in prep. time for certain forms by Mr C. Glass, our Head Engineer, and eminently a key man in the organisation of the school. He sees to a hundred things every day. Of the smaller-group activities one is golf. On Monday nights they practise in the Play Hall with the plastic-ventilated type of ball which does not endanger windows. There are, we are told, only five devotees of this Scottish cult: J. and D. Barnes, J. Harte, T. Nicol, and M. Stear. Mr Urie is generous in the loan of his own clubs, and the school possesses a few belonging to the period of Harry Vardon. There is junior membership of the Dunblane Club at the very reasonable fee of fifteen shillings a year, and boys **who have clubs** can join, and have time to play in the summer term. It does not cost much to start a boy with a small bag and a four or five second-hand clubs. Unless they have this basic equipment and can play on a course, the winter tuition serves little purpose.

Works and buildings never cease. The new Wavell Play-Hall, meaning a hall in which they can play indoor football etc., and not to be confused with the School Play-Hall, for the production of plays, has already proved of inestimable value on wet afternoons and in all periods of free time. The new pavilion, to adjoin it, is impatiently awaited. Of the curious arrangements for access to the Wavell Play-Hall, we can only say that they are in the best traditions of Government planning. Inside the main building, work has been going on throughout the term, in tiling the wash-rooms and bath-rooms. Where the work has been completed, the look of these places has been vastly improved. We remember the original, and original in both senses, arrangement by which the passages in the school were institutionally tiled, and there was plaster in wash-rooms and showers. To have this reversed is a big achievement. Finally, on the subject of works and buildings, another baffling example of how officialdom works. When the new quarters for married masters were built, the provision of stainless steel sinks was ruled out on grounds of economy. A year or so later, the sinks then put in are taken out, and stainless steel sinks are installed in their place. The wood and plastic surrounds are thrown out as refuse, and the old sinks are taken away. Meantime we are trying to get sinks for washing games-clothing put into the boys' wash-rooms. But then official waste is not like simple waste at home. It is somehow tied up with employment.

Some statistics. The distribution of boys in the school by parents' regiments, or etc., is as follows.

Royal Navy—16. (These include two who qualified for entry by mother's service in the W.R.N.S.) Royal Marines—2. Royal Scots Greys—3. Scots Guards—15. Lowland Regiments—40. Highland Regiments—53. Other Corps and Regiments—71. R.A.F.—61. The Army unit with the biggest group is the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders with 15, followed by the Royal Corps of Signals with 14, and the Queen's Own Highlanders with 13. But if we include with the last-named the one boy of the Cameron Highlanders and the one Seaforth Highlander (now joined to form the Q.O.H.) they take joint first place with 15.

We have just heard that the School Pipe Band will be on the air in January on Radio 4. The programme is called "Young Talent". The projected date is January 24th. We give this advance information so that Old Boys and other outside readers can note it in their new diaries in January.

The Visiting Commissioner this term was Mr H. O. Hooper, C.B., C.M.G., Assistant Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Defence, who spent some five hours at the school on November 25th.

In December a rather unusual little military ceremony took place at the School. This was the occasion of the Commandant's formally enlisting his son Jamie into the British Army. The Commandant is, by virtue of his appointment, officially an Attesting Officer, though this authority is never normally used. However, on hearing that the Brigadier's son had been accepted for the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst in January, 1968, the Scottish Command recruiting authorities, always on the look-out for a little bit of publicity, resurrected this long-unused and forgotten function of the Commandant's appointment, and requested the Brigadier to attest his son at the School, in the presence of a "professional" attesting officer to make sure it was properly and legally done. The ceremony was accordingly carried out in the Commandant's office, and duly recorded by a P.R.O. camera-man.

Also in December a reproduction of the painting, "The Boy", was presented by the School to Whiteford House. The Commandant, who made the presentation, was accompanied by the Senior Monitor, and carried a message from the G.O.C. in C., Scottish Command, ex officio Vice-Chairman of the School's Commissioners. Whiteford House is a home for retired servicemen—like the better-known Chelsea Pensioners.

NOT A PENNY FOR HIS THOUGHTS

The bit of fiction about "Red Guards at Q.V.S.". which appears in this magazine, is not totally fictitious, Several copies of "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung" have been seen about the School this term. Somebody discovered that you could get a copy of this booklet (in English of course) free from the Chinese Legation. The attraction of something-for-nothing is felt very powerfully among Q.V.S. boys, and several have acquired free copies. They are enclosed in a plastic cover and accompanied by a glossy photograph of The Chairman. But anybody who hoped to get blinding flashes of insight, and brilliant new ideas, from the Thoughts must have been disappointed. Mao's thoughts are about as original and daring as those of a 19th-century Sunday school superintendent. "The Eight Points for Attention" tell you to speak politely, pay fairly for what you buy, return everything you borrow, pay for anything you damage, not hit or swear at people, not damage crops, not take liberties with women, not ill-treat captives. At Q.V.S. there are few opportunities for ill-treating captives or taking liberties with women, but Comrade Mao's other six points have certainly got official support here.

A long-desired improvement is now being carried out at the back of the School. That is the provision of safety-railings to stop boys from charging into, or in front of, vehicles as they go from the buildings to the field or new square. These railings, which compel people using them to go through two right-angled turns, and so slow them to a safe rate, are already in position at the exit between the wings of the classroom block, and the one at the south of the main building, by the laundry. Two dangerous points have still to be covered: the approaches to the back roadway at each end of the gym block.

In this issue there are one or two references to the new Archaeological Society in the school. We have no formal report of its activities from the boy officials, but it has been doing a number of things, and we hope to get a report into the summer"Victorian". Incidentally, we note that December 7th is a day full of activities. 40 members of the Archaeological Society, ranging from Form V to Form 1C, are making a visit to the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow. Form 3C are on a visit to H.M.S. "Caledonia". In the evening there is a lecture for the senior school on "Climbing in the Himalayas". It is given by Squadron-Leader W. Russell, a member of the R.A.F. expedition to the Himalayas in 1965, which conquered Dhaulaghiri, a 25,000 feet peak. The lecture has been arranged by Mr Wright, himself a distinguished climber, as is noted in the Staff column.

We almost forgot to mention the sensational news that the new section of the playing field is now actually in use, after five years. It is still boggy in parts, and is unfit for the original purpose as Rugby ground (for which it was never a sensible size anyway, being quite inadequate for two pitches, but very wasteful for one), but it has provided three football pitches for the junior boys in Wavell House. There is a reasonable covering of grass, and the lines on the pitches have been marked with creosote, the long-lasting method that is used in nearly every other school. A Rugby pitch of a kind has been made from a former Wavell House football area. The 2nd XV pitch was out of use till after the Queen's visit, and had to be kept shaved for the parade. Consequently it is now rather muddy. Among the boys we have now heard it referred to as "The Queen's Pitch"—a name which may stick, as "Crieff", "Braco" and "Perth Road" are used to distinguish the three top Rugby pitches. The only trouble is that some of us cannot remember which is which.

STAFF—POSTCRIPT

Near the end of the term, we learned of another impending departure. Nurse Mather, who has assisted Miss Bruce in the School hospital for the past two years, is leaving us at the end of the term, for an appointment on the staff of Broadford Hospital in Skye. She has worked there before, and knows the place well. Our best wishes go with her. We hope she will be happy in her post in Skye.

SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

For the 1967 S.C.E. examinations we had 11 Sixth-Year boys and 12 Fifth-Year boys attempting a total of 67 subject entries at the Higher Grade. Some were also repeating O grade examinations in which they had previously failed. The Higher Grade passes are shown by the Scottish Examinations Board in three categories: A passes (70 percent and over), B passes (60-69 percent), and C passes (50-59 percent). This classification helps the authorities of Universities and colleges to choose among candidates for places there, and the rank of the pass also contributes to the qualifications required for eligibility to enter a university. Of our 67 subject entries there were 52 passes and 15 failures. The passes were graded as follows: 15 A's, 21 B's, and 16 C's.

At the Ordinary grade, besides repeaters from the top classes, we had 23 Fourth-Year boys trying 182 subject entries. There were 129 passes and 53 failures. (Passes at the O grade are not classified.) With the O grade entries from Fifth-Year (and one from Sixth-Year) added, the total O grade results were 195 entries, 136 passes, and 59 failures. Among the Fourth-Year candidates were six boys from the Junior Secondary side of the school. They did pretty well, getting 30 subject passes out of 44 entries. Steve Grant sat for seven subjects and passed in them all; Ian Roe passed six out of seven, Michael Anderson six out of eight, and Gordon Cunningham five out of eight. These four boys were all prominent in school games and activities. We are lucky to have such fine young men coming up in the junior secondary side.

In comparison with past years, we find that the number of candidates has continued to increase: at the Higher grade 35 in 1965, 53 in 1966, and 67 in 1967; at the Ordinary grade 161 in 1965, 184 in 1966, and 195 in 1967. The pass-rate at Higher has also kept going up, with a big jump in 1967. At the Ordinary grade the pass-rate was down on that of 1966. The fact is, as has long been observed by the masters, that the 1967 Fifth-Year class was a vintage set.

In 1968, with numbers in IV, V, VI over fifty for the first time, we shall have an increased entry again. On the whole, however, one must conclude that the rate of entries and passes is at or about the peak. We have reached a point where the school is dividing about fifty-fifty between senior secondary and junior secondary, with rather more than half of a year's group reaching O grade. This proportion has remained very steady in the past few years while the 1967 candidates were coming up the secondary course. It will fluctuate a bit according to the proportion of academic ability in each year's intake of boys. 1967 may turn out to have been the summit year for passes, but we hope and think not

Individual Results

(These lists show only passes obtained in 1967. Sixth-Year boys had passes in 1966 Highers, and Fifth-Year passes in 1966 Ordinaries, which are not shown here.)

VI.—A. S. Brown, Higher Maths; P. A. D. Evans, Higher English, Maths; I. Fraser, Higher English; D. T. Jagger, Dynamics, Higher French, Physics, Chemistry; A. N. King, Higher English; A. W. Morrice, Higher Maths, Science; R. H. Newman, Higher English; M. B. O'Connor, Higher English, Science; M. G. Scoggins, Higher History, Science; I. M. Smith, Higher Science.

V.—T. A. Bonar, Higher English; D. M. Fingland, Higher English, Maths, Science, Ordinary French, Technical Drawing; G. H. Fox, Ordinary English; J. S. Grigor, Higher English, Maths; C. A. Lannen, Higher English, History, Art, Science; J. Lee, Higher English, History, Maths, French, Science; M. T. Long, Higher English, History. Ordinary Maths, French; D. MacInnes, Higher English, History, Maths, French; J. W. Moore, Higher English, French; G. Slater, Higher English, History, Maths, Science; J. R. Willmott, Higher English, Maths, Science. Ordinary French; J. A. Wood, Higher English, History Maths, French. Ordinary Latin.

IV. (all at Ordinary grade)—G. M. Anderson, English, Arithmetic, Physics, Mechanics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing; J. A. Corrigan, English, History, Arithmetic, Maths, Art, Physics, Mechanics, Technical

Drawing; G. W. Cunningham, English, Physics, Chemistry, Woodwork, Technical Drawing; P. F. Docherty, English, History, Arithmetic, Maths, Physics, Latin; R. H. Gill, English, Arithmetic, Maths, Woodwork, Technical Drawing; I. Graham, English, History, Arithmetic, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Mechanics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing; S. W. Grant, English, Arithmetic, Maths, Physics, Woodwork, Mechanics, Technical Drawing; A. J. Greig, English, Arithmetic, Maths, French, Physics, Chemistry, Latin; A. D. Grey, Woodwork, Technical Drawing; G. F. Hill, English, Woodwork, Technical Drawing; D. Kennedy, English, Arithmetic, Maths, Physics, Woodwork, Mechanics, Technical Drawing; D. Langlands, English, History, Arithmetic, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Latin; J. A. Learmonth, English, History, Arithmetic, Physics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing; D. MacIver, English, History, Arithmetic, Maths, Physics; A. G. MacKenzie, English, History, Arithmetic, Maths, Physics; W. K. McKerron, English, History, Arithmetic, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Latin; M. N. McNaughton, English, History, Arithmetic, Maths, French, Physics; G. A. Neill, English, History, Arithmetic, Physics, Latin; K. J. Owens, English, History; D. W. Parker, English, Woodwork, Technical Drawing; K. L. Robinson, English, History, Arithmetic, Maths, French, Physics, Chemistry, Latin; I. H. C. Roe, English, Arithmetic, Maths, Physics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing; I. D. Sneddon, English, History, Arithmetic, Physics.

OLD BOYS

News of the older generations is rather sparse this time, but we have heard from our usual correspondents in Glasgow and London. Mr J. McLeod has recently joined the ranks of the pensioners, having celebrated his 65th birthday in October. He tells us of a chance reunion of a little group of Old Victorians in Llandudno in June. He was attending a conference there while John Harvey was on holiday in the same place, and they encountered two other O.V.'s who were spending the day there with their wives. These were Hugh Duff from Selby and John Myles from Wallasey. He says the afternoon passed too quickly. We hope the wives did not find it going more slowly. Another item of news from Mr McLeod is the award of the M.B.E., in the last Birthday Honours list, to Major C. Voss. Major Voss joined the Seaforth Highlanders in 1928. After service in India and Palestine, he was taken prisoner, like many Highland soldiers, at St. Valery, and was a prisoner of war till 1945. In 1948 he was posted to Malaya. He was twice mentioned in dispatches. In 1953 he was commissioned, and was afterwards posted to Germany. He is now living in Kessock. We congratulate Major Voss, and apologise for the lateness in reporting the news of his M.B.E. There must be a number of Old Victorians who have won honours never recorded here. It was suggested some years ago that a board placed in the front hall should record such awards presented to Old Victorians. But perhaps to compile one now would be a task demanding an almost impossible amount of research. A sad bit of news given in the same letter is of the death of Edward Coleman, who was a keen supporter of the Glasgow Branch when it was founded in the 1920's, but had had been out of touch with the Old Boys' Association for a number of years. Our records show that he was number 444 in the school roll, and left school in 1918.

Early this term the Headmaster had a letter from Mrs Graham, widow of Alexander Graham, school number 1351, who died two years ago. She was inquiring about the origin of a silver watch won at school as the Wauchope prize, of which her husband was very proud, and which is now going as an heirloom to his son. The Headmaster was able to inform her that the Wauchope award is given annually to the best boy of Black Watch parentage in the school. It traditionally took the form of a silver watch, but this practice was discontinued some years ago with the great changes in prices. The chosen boy now gets it in the form of something durable of his own choice.

Another letter to the Headmaster came from Mr Jack Lindsay in Rhodesia. What made him think of writing to send his news was a contact with another Old Boy, J. C. Kelt—a visitor to the school not long ago. A friend of Mr Kelt's met Mr Lindsay in Rhodesia and suggested his writing to Mr Kelt. He got a letter back with news of the school. What horrified him was the report that boys had been seen roller-skating on the "parade-ground". In his time that was holy ground and nobody would even dare to walk across it except on duty. However, from the tone of his letter it is clear that Mr Lindsay's horror does not go too deep. There seems to be a regular pattern of Old Boy attitude to changes in their schools, beginning with indignation, going on with a fairly grudging acceptance, and often ending in enthusiastic support. Certainly the older generation of Victorians who live near enough to visit the school seem quite pleased with what is going on now, though they may still shake their heads at the abandonment of some old and cherished features of military discipline. But the Army has changed too. Mr Lindsay mentions that he was the youngest of three brothers at the school, (and was here about 1917 or 1918). The invaluable big book tells us that his school number was 704, and he joined the school in 1918 and left in 1924. The eldest brother, Mr Lindsay tells us, joined the Black Watch, became Pipe Sergeant, and served for 31 years including service in the second world war. He died in Perth over three years ago. This was Thomas Lindsay, school number 483, who was here from 1915 to 1919. The second brother, James Lindsay, had the school number 568. He joined the school in 1918 and left in 1924. He was one of the boys appointed Student Monitor. We are not quite sure what this involved.

Were they pupil teachers? The term "Monitor" was formerly so used in some schools. Or were they those who stayed on beyond the normal leaving-age of the time, to form an Army Class? Or both? Surely some Old Victorian can tell us. James Lindsay went to Mexico soon after leaving school, then travelled extensively in America, but his brother has lost touch with him for many years. Mr Jack Lindsay himself works for B.M.C. He saw a group of schoolboys from Britain having a great time in Rhodesia and wishes there could have been representatives from Q.V.S. who might, as he says, put in a good word for "us rebels". We must not comment on this political question. Many of the Old Boys who visit us and read the magazine must remember the Lindsay brothers.

Mr W. Monaghan, school number 78, to whom we have referred in a recent issue of the "Victorian", wrote again in August. We are sorry to hear that he has not been getting his copies of the magazine, though where the fault is we have not yet discovered, since they seem to have been dispatched from here. Anyway, we hope at least that he will read our apologies, in this issue or in the Headmaster's newsletter. He says he has been puzzled by some of the abbreviations used in the "Victorian", and would like to have them explained in the magazine, and to see some pictures of the new buildings etc., to get some idea of what Q.V.S. has become. We have, in fact, published photographs of all significant new buildings, and of the new walking-out dress, but perhaps before he got the "Victorian". To his query whether the tuck-shop is still situated at the north end on the first floor, we answer that the tuck-shop still flourishes, now on the ground floor at the south end, and that it must have had more than one change of location since he was here. Certainly, a few years ago, when the staff-room was on the ground floor, north end, there was still a servery-hatch in the wall, from which tuck-shop stock was formerly dispensed to customers, not, we assume, to members of the staff. We fear that it would be impossible to explain all the geographical changes to anyone not able to see them for himself. There have been so many permutations that those who have spent the past ten years at the school still find themselves in doubt in trying to figure out what has been where at different times.

Mr J. Grassick keeps well in touch with us from London, and we append after these notes his report of the London Old Boys' annual social. In Edinburgh, we are glad to report, the O.V. Association has been reconstituted. The Secretary is Mr A. G. Bullock of 50 Northfield, Broadway Edinburgh, 8. Mr S. T. Garner is Chairman, and Mr W. Wright is Treasurer. Any Edinburgh Old Boys, not yet in touch with the Association, who are reading the "Victorian", now know where to apply, and the addresses of local associations will be repeated in the summer issue.

Major W. C. Hawkins formerly an R.A.E.C. Instructor in the school, and, as we have recorded before, an honorary member of the Old Boys' Association, has been regularly in contact with the school in the past year or so. In a letter to the Headmaster, he mentions his visit here on the day of the Queen's visit, and says that among other Old Boys he met two who were at the school in his time. One was David Scobie, who, says Major Hawkins, became Primus in his time. Not Primus actually. David Scobie, school number 916, was appointed Monitor. The other was George Sandilands (1129). When they met, both recalled that it was he to whom Major Hawkins bequeathed his cricket bat on leaving the school.

Turning to younger Old Boys, we note first that four of the boys who left in summer 1967 have begun University courses: David Jagger and Alan Morrice at Edinburgh University, Robert Newman at the University of Essex, and Michael Scoggins at the University of Strathclyde. Neil Donaldson, who left in 1966, has started on the B.Sc. Honours course in Electrical and Electronic Engineering at Hatfield College of Technology. In September there was a long and interesting letter from Charles Brown, formerly Monitor of Haig House, and now serving with the Royal Navy on H.M.S. "Bulwark", the ship which has been described as "the paper tiger of the South China Sea", having stood by at Pekin earlier this year. Charles was in Singapore at the time he wrote. His ship has been busy, carrying troops to Hong Kong, and has been on a visit to Thailand, where he saw and heard a constant stream of American bombers passing overheard from their base there. He had hoped to be in Britain by October, but the ship was held back to lift some of the last troops out of Aden. However, if his hopes are fulfilled he will be visiting the school before this issue of the "Victorian" is published. A bit of good news to come in recently is that Paul Evans, who left last summer, has been accepted for officer-training at Sandhurst. Kenneth Murray, training to be a teacher at St. Katharine's College of Education, Liverpool, spent a few days at the school in September before returning to his College. This was a working visit. He was collecting some data and observations for a thesis. There was an Old Boys' Rugby match of a sort in November. Up to noon that day nobody here knew whether the match was on or off. Communications seem to have failed somewhere. Nine Old Boys turned up expecting to play. They were supplemented by three boys from the school, and a twelve-a-side match was played, which the School team won. David Robertson wrote briefly in August to tell us of a change of rank and address. He has been promoted to Bombardier and is now stationed near Newton Abbot in South Devon. Another of the younger Old Victorians was mentioned in Charles Brown's letter. This was Ian Wilkie, serving in H.M.S. "Brighton", and now believed to be back in Britain.

This seems to be about all the news we have of Old Boys. But there was a fair representation for the Royal Visit. Among veterans who signed the visitors'

book that day were Eddie Couth (86), Alexander Brett (28), John Stewart (74), A. J. Archer (19).

A number of Old Boys were presented to the Queen: three representatives of the First Hundred, and three representing the London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh Branches of the Old Victorians' Association. One of the veterans was George Stirrat, whose distinguished record of service is already known to readers of the Victorian. John Edmonds has spent most of his life in the printing trade, but served with the Seaforth Highlanders from 1915-1919, and was wounded and gassed. A. J. Archer, the other member of the First Hundred to be presented, is well known by sight to all Victorians of every generation—as he looked more than half a century ago. He is "the boy" in the portrait which hangs in the Front Hall, and of which reproductions are often given in presentations from the school. Mr Archer served in the Army from 1915 to 1920, and again in the Second World War. The family record is a proud and sad one. His father was killed in action in South Africa while serving with the Black Watch; and two brothers were killed in the 1914-18 War. Also here on October 12th was his son, G. Archer, another Old Victorian. For the London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh Branches, Messrs. J. Grassick, J. Quinn, and G. W. Malloy (545) were presented.

Finally we note that among the new boys joining the school this term are two sons of Old Victorians. One is Richard Gallacher, son of G. J. M. Gallacher, who was at school from 1935 to 1940. The other is John Kill, son of H. W. Kill, who was here from 1945 to 1950.

In sending our best wishes from the school to all Old Victorians, we draw their attention to the notice addressed to them in this issue, about Souvenir Programmes of the Presentation of New Colours, which are still available for those who want to buy them, and about the way to get copies of the summer and Christmas "Victorian" magazines of 1968.

OLD BOYS—POSTSCRIPT

Since these notes were written, we have had a letter from Mr H. J. Harrison. It is nearly fifteen years since he undertook the big task of tracing the first hundred boys in the school, so that as many as possible of them should be got to attend the Jubilee Grand Day of 1958. (Unlike some other buildings, which are formerly declared open after they have been in use for some time, Q.V.S. was officially opened in 1908 by King Edward, and received its first pupils, or recruits, in 1909.) Some of the First Hundred had fallen in the First World War while still in their youth. Mr Harrison managed to trace 82 of the 100 in the six years preceding the Jubilee, and 30 of them were present to be inspected by Prince Philip at the Grand Day parade. Since then he has kept in touch with all the survivors that he managed to trace, and has sent each one an annual news-letter. Up till now he has written well over 1,500 letters in connection with the First Hundred.

At the time of presentation of new colours to the School, he recalls the boys who formed the Colour Party in 1909, and went to receive the first colours from King Edward at Balmoral. (Their names may also be seen recorded on the small framed programme which hangs in the Visitors' Room at the School.) Of these—school numbers given in brackets—J. W. Gibbon (1), W. L. Crichton (3), J. F. R. Stevenson (4), and J. R. Thomson (18), lost their lives in the War of 1914-18. Four others are dead: J. Farquharson (12), J. McBride (42), T. Lorimer (48), and C. G. Orr (54). One Mr Harrison could not trace: J. Cooper (49). Of the remaining three, A. D. Swan (2) lives in Australia; and R. McLeish (7) and J. M. Wood (24) live in this country.

In concluding his letter, Mr Harrison says sadly that he had hoped to get some of the First Hundred together again at the School for the Diamond Jubilee Grand Day of 1968, but he has reluctantly decided to give up the work of keeping them in touch with each other and with the School. We can understand that this task at which he has worked so hard for so long has taken a great deal of time and energy; but he seems too despondent in feeling, as he says, that the task is no longer necessary and that his usefulness to the School is no longer required. If that is so, the reason is that he has done it, and that veteran Old Boys now know how to keep in touch with the School and get news of other Old Victorians. Its usefulness to the School in fostering interest among them, and in promoting the feeling of comradeship among Old Victorians generally, has been immense; and for this we are most grateful to him. A tangible reminder of his efforts is the handsome trophy given by the First Hundred for annual competition among the House A.C.F. sections. We think of them, and of him especially, every time that it is handed to a representative of the winning section at the Grand Day parade. We hope he will be there to see it presented whenever he is able to make the journey to Dunblane.

LONDON OLD BOYS

On Saturday, 7th October, we held our annual Social at the Headquarters of the London Scottish, Buckingham Gate, which was attended by old boys and friends numbering seventy-one. The Chairman welcomed our President Col. A. C. T. White, V.C., M.C., and all our guests.

This was a special occasion in more ways than one. Firstly this is now our permanent H.Q. by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, and secondly some very special guests were with us, which was a surprise to our members. These were three Chelsea Pensioners, Donald Innes, School No. 12, Bill Neil, ex Drum Major of Seaforth Hrs., and Jimmy Strachan, ex Clr. Sgt. Black Watch. Jimmy had a son at the school. I am sure many old boys will know them.

Another two welcome guests were Mrs and Miss White from Dunblane whom we were pleased to greet, as many of us remember Agnes during her stay in married quarters.

Matt Anderson and Jimmy White were also here as members of the London Branch. Everyone as far as I know enjoyed themselves and it was suggested that we have these socials more often.

The main topic of the evening was the pending visit of the Queen, but I am afraid I miss most of the chatting as when one is host you have to move around, and keep everyone interested, also make sure no one sits alone.

During the evening selections of pipe music were played by Pipe Majors J. B. Robertson and R. Hill. These were wildly applauded and had everyone in the mood.

We are very pleased to hear of the re-formation of the Edinburgh Branch and wish them success, and to the Glasgow Branch. We hope they are doing well, and perhaps we three branches will really have magnificent associations of which we are proud.

J. GRASSICK,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Q.V.S. O.B.A., London.

THE ADDISON SMITH COMPETITION IN PUBLIC SPEAKING, SUMMER 1967

The junior competition (1st and 2nd Years) was not held this year because of lack of support. Only one or two boys offered to compete. The senior competition seemed likely to be cancelled for the same reason; but six candidates, all from Cunningham House, came forward to save it. It was held late in the term and the time for preparation was scanty. A few years ago there was intensive preparation with the aid of tape-recordings and timed rehearsals, and candidates were helped with advice about recitation and suggested improvements in their speeches. As a result we had thoroughly studied efforts, and the performance was a test of elocution and delivery of material already fully conned and revised. This term the material was all the candidates' own work, and their interpretation of passages read was all their own too, except that those who chose modern poems from Ted Hughes' anthology, "Here Today" had the advantage of having available in the school the records of their poems spoken by professionals. But the winner of the competition was not one of these.

In the first part of the competition candidates had to read a modern poem of their own choice or a prose passage of their own choice. All but one chose poems. In the second part they had to make a speech on one of a number of set topics. Two chose to do their speech as Inspecting Officer on Grand Day, 1990, being the first Old Boy to perform this function. Two made an appeal to the boys not to acquire the habit of smoking. One gave a defence of modern teenage fashions and habits, and one made the speech he would deliver as Senior Monitor, assuming that it was the custom for the Senior Monitor to give a speech at the prize-giving. The poems were all serious in content, and in compliance with the condition that one or other of the reading and speech should be humorous or at least introduce a humorous element, the speeches were mostly jocular and satirical, and their topical references were much appreciated by the boy audience. The invention of material was surprisingly good and there were some excellent jokes. The accent and attitude of official speech makers did not escape satire. The judges awarded two prizes, and the Headmaster explained in his summing-up and announcement of results that the chief reason for not giving a third was the closeness of the marks gained by the remaining competitors. Last year the standard was miserable, but this year there was a vast improvement. Those who were disappointed by not getting a prize can console themselves that they probably learned a good bit by taking part in the competition and that they helped to provide a good entertainment for a large audience. David Jagger won the first prize, and John Willmott the second. The others, who are to be complimented both on their support for this valuable school event and on their very creditable performance, were G. M. Anderson, J. Lee, A. G. MacKenzie, and C. McLaughlin.

THE PRESS AND THE ROYAL VISIT

As is indicated by the Commandant in his account of the Queen's visit, what appeared in the national press about the occasion was disappointingly false in emphasis and inaccurate in fact. The two top London dailies, not particularly interested in anything that happens north of Hadrian's Wall, gave us only a few lines in the Court Circular, but each of them managed to get in a misprint. The Headmaster's rank was given by the **Times** as **Lieutenant-Coonel,** and the **Telegraph** with unintentional flippancy referred to the **burg** of Dunblane. These two newspapers do not qualify for a rating, because they did not give enough space to the event. The **Scotsman** had by no means a clear round. The school kilt was said to be of **Royal Stewart** tartan, and the Colours were **consecretated,** a fine portmanteau word suggesting a religious mystery in the proceedings. It lost points also by making the faint of a twelve-year-old boy one of the items in its report, and more points by referring to the **Boys of the Young Brigade** and to the **Thin Red Line.** Whatever facts are given to them about the character and work of the school, the press seem determined to regard our pupils as young soldiers. The popular dailies, as will be seen, concentrated on the same image. As for the **Thin Red Line,** one would have thought that after half a century of Grand Day reports this cliche would have been honourably retired. Unfortunately we did not collect a report from the other top Scottish daily, the

Glasgow Herald, which may have done better than the **Scotsman.** The **Dundee Courier** did quite well. It did refer to the first boys to enter the school in 1908, only a year out, and it is marked down not only for mentioning the faint, but for putting it at the wrong time. However, it refrained from mention of the small local boy who joined the line of people being presented to the Queen. See below for what other papers made of this. The remaining Scottish national daily is the **Record.** It did not, surprisingly, mention the faint, but that was, presumably, because it was fully occupied with the small boy visitor who pushed himself to the front. In the **Record** he got the headline and a photograph. Of about thirty lines of print, two were devoted to saying why the Queen came to the school, and all the rest was about the small intruder.

The (British) national dailies contributed their share of misrepresentations. The **Daily Mail** gave nearly half of its account to the small boy, under a banner headline which read **Steven Joins V.I.P.'s.** The group of Old Boys beside whom he took his place must surely be gratified by this description of them. Again the faint was not mentioned, but there was a wildly inaccurate statement that over 260 boys were on parade, aged from eight to seventeen. More boys than there are in the school, and well out at the junior end. We have no boys of eight, and the nine and ten year-olds, this term's new boys, were not on the parade. The **Daily Express** gave a more cautious estimate of the number on parade. It said **150.** The actual number, as could easily have been ascertained, was **182.** The **Express** also gave great prominence to the boy who pushed in and the Q.V.S. boy who fainted. The latter got a photograph inset, and was reported as saying, "This was my first big parade". It might be inferred that progress at Q.V.S. is marked by a series of "big parades". Incidentally a stop was put to the efforts of press photographers who wanted the boy to lie down again so that he could be photographed in that position.

The local press, naturally contained by far the longest reports of the occasion, thereby increasing their chances of making errors. Naturally also there is more excuse for their including gossip stories about the two boys so often mentioned in the national press. The **Stirling Observer** had two faults in names and initials, and inexplicably reported that J. Mortimer, **Junior,** was in charge of the flagstaff. It also lost points by calling the school playing-field the school **parade-ground.** The **Journal and Advertiser** got the R.S.M.'s name wrong, and described one of the boy guard-commanders as **Sergeant John Lee (17).** Excusable when there are three stripes on a prefect's tunic. It also got in the **Thin Red Line,** and kept up the military image by calling the boy who fainted a **"little soldier".** Finally, the **Perthshire Advertiser** got one boy's name wrong, but it gave only five lines of a fairly long account to the boy who fainted, and did not mention the other one at all. This performance puts the **Advertiser** clearly at the top of the charts. Both the **Advertiser** and the **Journal and Advertiser** also score over all others by mentioning masters in their reports, from which it could be inferred that we do not spend all our time on drill.

Apart from press reports, the Royal Visit also received some attention on television news programmes, the longest presentation coming from Scottish Television. In it there was some effort to establish the fact that Q.V.S. is a school giving a normal kind of boarding-school education. This included a denial that the school is a **"military orphanage".** Unfortunately the point may not have been taken aright. Certainly a number of boys who watched the programme were indignantly convinced that the speaker had said we **are** a military orphanage. Nor were we pleased to hear that the school now takes boys up to the age of sixteen and to the **O level** standard. It is more than twelve years since we began taking boys up to eighteen, and beyond the Higher Grade examinations. The final gaffe was the statement that our progress educationally could be best judged by the fact that we could now take on schools like Fettes and Glenalmond at Rugby. This would certainly be a tremendous feat for a school with a leaving age of sixteen. The true situation is that with our small top to the school, about fifty boys staying beyond the fifteen-year-old stage, we could not possibly compete on equal terms with Fettes and Glenalmond, and our first XV fixtures are with their third XV's. We hope nobody outside who heard this statement broadcast will think it had its source here, or that we measure our educational progress in points scored at Rugby.

IF I WERE A PREFECT

The members of IA/B in their first term of the secondary school, and their first term of subjection to the authority of prefects, were asked to write a sentence or a few lines to follow "If I were a prefect for a day . . ." each saying what he would do. The answers are to the point. They nearly all concern one or more of the main questions involved: duty, privilege, discrimination, punishment.

The thought of having a bunk of my own would make me feel great.

If I were a prefect for a day I would like to sit in my bunk and put on the record player.

I would go into my bunk and lie down on my bed and sleep off any tiredness I had.

If I were a prefect for a day I would choose a Sunday when there was a march past so that I could be in charge of Haig House and say "Haig House, by the left, quick march", which is what I have always wanted to say.

I would not give orders such as "Go and clean my shoes", or "Make my bed tomorrow morning", or "I'll give you fifty lines". I would not give orders which are not meant to be given.

I would make the Fourth Year do things for me instead of always asking First Year.

I would try to be a well liked prefect without being too soft or too hard.

I would pull the Fourth Year down a peg or two and make them do as they were told. I think they get too much of their own way.

I would look out for all the big bullies and punish them for pushing in front of all the weaker boys in the tuck shop queue or extras queue.

I would not give junior lines for doing the slightest thing wrong—but if they did it a second time I would. I would give lines to Fifth Year boys if I saw them doing something wrong, even if other prefects did not.

If I was to take a form for prep. I would try to keep absolute silence. I would try not to be harsh or stern or too overbearing.

I would enforce dormitory rules and make sure they were carried out quickly and correctly. Instead of having the matron doing most of the work, such as collecting in the laundry, I would detail boys to do it and see that they did it.

I would make sure that no-one dropped any litter.

I would make sure that everyone, but not including other prefects, abided with the school rules.

I would more than lightly report them.

I would make sure that the dormitory was clean, tidy and not noisy.

I would stop people fooling around in the games room, the boot room and the television room.

I would make sure that everyone in my dormitory washed their hands before meals.

I would give them lines as a punishment for their crimes. If it was a serious offence I would give them prefects detention.

The punishment I would give would not be lines, because that is really a light punishment. But they would be sorry for what they had done wrong after I had punished them.

I would not show mercy on those I don't like.

If they talked in chapel or prep, I would give them twenty-five lines for each word.

The boys that would be sent out to the back would be only the boys I don't like.

I would watch out for things I used to do myself.

I would do what a prefect should do.

I would not know what to do . . . . . would not have the heart to punish anyone.

I would not like to be a prefect.

LAMENT OF A WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR

My brain is just a particle.
No matter how I try,
I can't compose an article.
It makes me want to cry.

D. BARNES, IIA.

SO EASY

Last Wednesday my mother went out to do some shopping. She asked me to boil a few eggs. At about twelve o'clock I came in and remembered that she was due back with her friends at twelve thirty. I rushed into the kitchen and washed my hands. The eggs were far too high for me to reach; so I took a stool and jumped up to get the eggs which were in a bowl. I picked it up carefully, but I proved to be too heavy for the stool. One of its legs broke and sent me sprawling backwards onto the newly-set table. I found one egg which had survived the fall and placed it in a pot of water on the hot plate.

I rushed down the road to buy some more eggs. When I reached the shop there was a long queue outside. I waited my turn, and fifteen minutes later I was hurrying home with half a dozen eggs. I arrived to find the kitchen full of steam. I plunged into this and ran to the cooker, pulled off the pot of boiling water, and placed it in the sink. The egg was rather hard.

I put on the new eggs and cleared up the table. I noticed that the eggs were cracking. I ran over to the cupboard and found that there was no salt left. I took some sugar instead and poured some in. Accidentally I spilled some on to the hot plate. It flared up. I dropped the bag which immediately burst into flame making me knock over the pot of boiling water. This fell on my foot. I kicked the pot in my anger. The flying pot hit Fido who jumped up on to the table knocking my mother's best vase over. I launched myself to save it, but I hit a chair which fell over and pulled the table-cloth over me. The vase smashed over my head. The egg yolk stuck the broken glass to my hair. Still dazed from the knock on my head, I staggered to my feet. I slipped on the butter and, trying to grab the sideboard, I pulled out my sister's make-up drawer and fell backwards, presenting a lovely target for the face powder and nail varnish remover. Just before I passed out I heard voices and laughter outside the door.

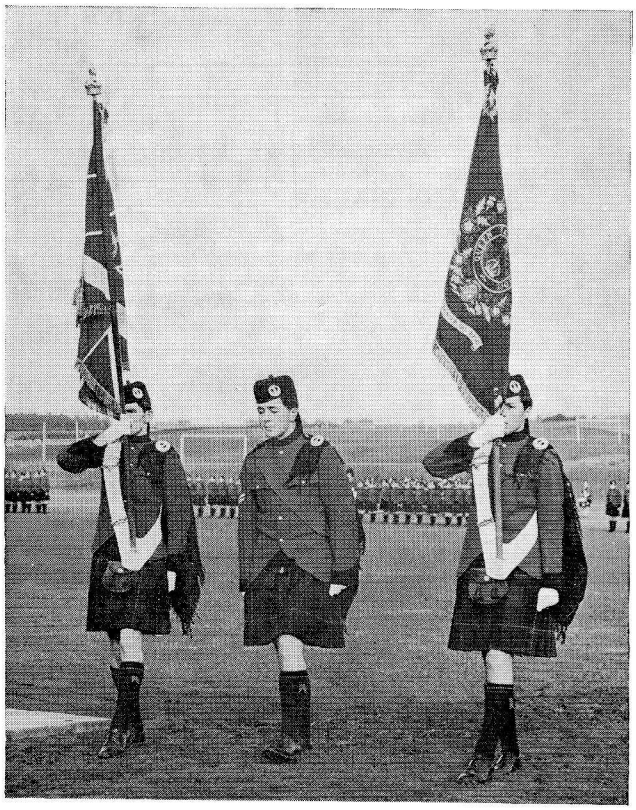
J. CAMPBELL, IV.

THE TROUT

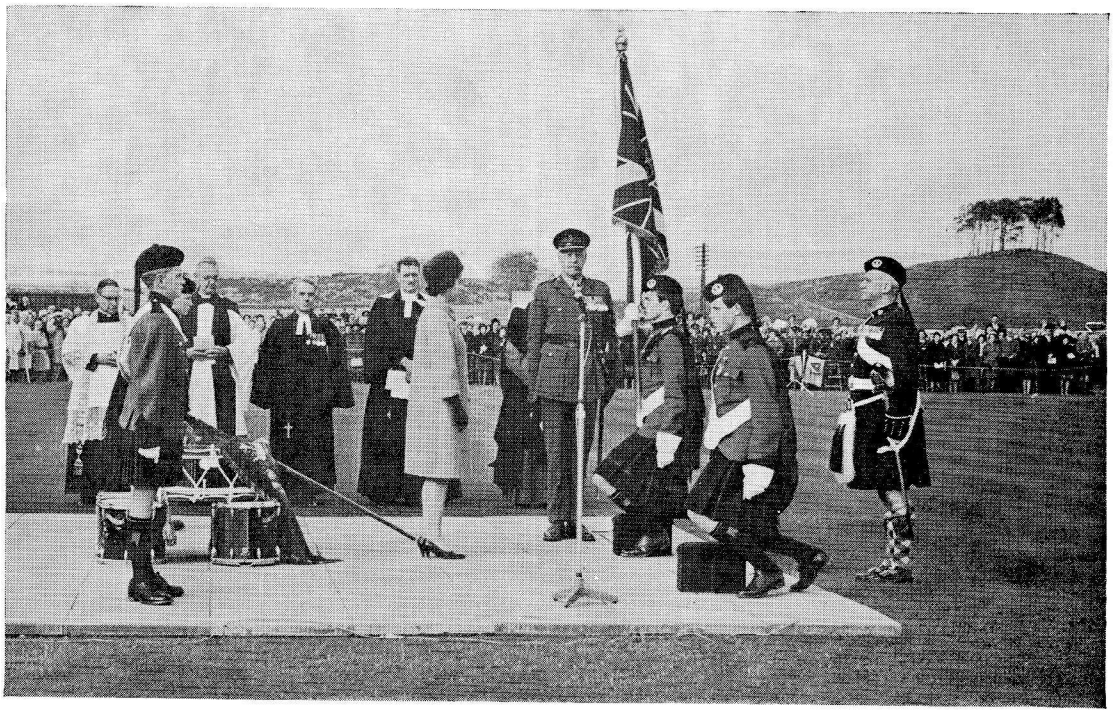
In mountain torrent, stream and lake
You'll always find the trout awake.
When you have laid down your sleepy head
You will think of him while you're in bed,
He's in the current, facing the rise
Waiting for food—worms and flies.
He'll fight the fisherman before he dies.

Cruel yet timid, the trout fears man,
To escape he will swim as fast as he can.
If you see him in a lake, please will you
Feed him with bits of bread and cake
For he has a very long journey to make.

D. DARLING, P. 6B.



The Old Colours are Marched off.
Colour Party (left to right) A. J. Greig, M. T. Long, D. Langlands



The Presentation of the New Colours.
Colour Party—J. W. Moore (holding Colours), K. L. Robinson, R.S.M. G. Lowdon.



The Queen on Her Tour of Inspection—Accompanying Her (left to right) are the Headmaster, The Commandant and the Senior Monitor (J. R. Willmott).



The Queen's Departure.

THIS ESSENTIALLY SCOTTISH SCHOOL

We quote above the phrase used by a speaker at a prize-giving not very long ago. In December, 1965, we published the findings of a contributor who described himself as "somewhat of a Scottish Nationalist". He had conducted a survey throughout the school to find out where our boys' homes were, and had found that only 92 boys had homes in Scotland, and there were 100 with homes in England. The other 52 were based in a great variety of stations outside Britain, except for two in Northern Ireland. As overseas stations go down in number, Scotland may be able to close the gap. Our reporters are out now on a survey of the situation to see if there has been any significant change.

Meantime we might have a look at the teaching staff. (The Commandant is a Scotsman. That is one post the Scots can regard as a safe seat.) Headmasters are always English. A Welshman did get into this appointment some years ago, but he was soon dislodged. The junior house is in English hands, though a couple of Scotsmen serve there in a subordinate capacity. The Welsh first penetrated the senior houses some years ago, when one of them held Haig House for a year and prepared the ground for the complete seizure of power that was to follow. He was replaced by another Welshman. Soon afterwards Trenchard House fell to the Welsh also, and when a lone Scotsman vacated Cunningham House, it was immediately seized by a resident Welshman who had been planted in the junior house some years earlier. Haig House was briefly recaptured for England this term, because the Welshman designated for the post was prevented by illness from occupying it at once. This setback for Wales did not last long. Next term the Welsh candidate will be in his place. In key positions the Welsh will again outnumber the English by three to two, and we must expect that plans are already being laid for seizure of the English position in the junior house. When that is achieved, look out for a Welsh Headmaster. The recent collaboration between Scottish and Welsh nationalists at Westminster is a sinister development. The Welsh are always up to something, and you never know what is behind their offers of friendship.

Among the rank and file, the R.A.E.C. captains make a solid block of three Englishmen, but are outnumbered in their station of life by a phalanx of Scotsmen. Converts are always the most zealous supporters of their adopted beliefs. Among the Scotsmen we number one who has been thoroughly naturalised, and an apostate Welshman. For whatever reason he first came here, he soon went native. Now he wears the kilt and drives Scottish Nationalist voters to the polls. The tripartite struggle for control of the school is fraught with possibilities. We do not forget that it was an Englishman called Bruce who came to Scotland's rescue more than six centuries ago. Whether his motive was sympathy with the oppressed Scots, or a less worthy desire to extend his holdings of property in Scotland, we do not know.

MOSCOW

My father, who is in the Army, was posted to Moscow. I visited Moscow twice on holiday.

I was surprised to see what the Russians wear. Their clothes looked old-fashioned, but were very expensive. A pair of shoes cost anything up to £15. In winter the majority of children wear fur coats, and everyone puts on a fur cap. No matter what the weather, the people always go out into the streets for walks with their children. There is ample scope for winter sports, skating and ski-ing; and from the youngest upwards all seem to enjoy taking part. The Russians adore children.

The Russian policeman is called a "Militiaman" and he is armed with a pistol and a baton. Almost every two hundred yards along the main roads, you will find one of them controlling the traffic and also keeping an eye on the pedestrians. A driver or pedestrian committing an offence is whistled up by the militiaman and is more or less fined on the spot. The offender is given an offence "ticket". This means that one day he has to keep an eye on the traffic looking for other offenders.

I saw women doing manual labour alongside the men. For example, I have seen women 'bus drivers, steam-roller drivers, train drivers, brick-layers and refuse collectors. I have even seen women foremen in charge of mixed squads of men and women.

I have never yet seen anything to beat the Russians for snow clearing. They have machines to help in the unending (it seemed) job of keeping the roads clear of snow. They are at it 24 hours a day, as of course is the same in nearly every job in Russia. The jobs are always on the shift-work basis, hence the low unemployment rate.

Shopping in Russia is very different from shopping in Britain. You go into a Russian shop, total up the cost yourself, then go to the cash desk and have your money ready, for which you get a receipt. You then go and collect your wares. The abacus is used in every shop you go into.

School is done in shifts and goes on seven days a week. children under school age attend kindergarten, enabling their parents to go to work. The task of looking after babies falls on the grandparents, all this leading to one aim, that those able to work must do so.

During winter, which lasts nearly nine months, vegetables and fruit are very rare, and when available are very expensive. I have seen people buying tomatoes one at a time.

Music, ballet, opera, and museums are the things in which most Russians interest themselves—although there are lots of more interesting things in Moscow. I enjoyed my holiday there, and found the Russian people very friendly.

M. FINDLAY, 3B.

BRONZE EXPEDITION

There were fourteen of us at A.C.F. Camp who were doing the Bronze Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme Expedition, and we were divided into two groups of four and two groups of three.

Our total expedition consisted of walking across country with camping equipment for eight miles by means of map-reading, to a place called Scara Brae, camping overnight, then walking back to the camp. When we started off, one group had trouble with one of their man-packs, and as a result lagged behind considerably. So the remaining ten of us went on alone.

After a bit of arguing as to which path we should take, we split into two groups. But in a while we once again joined forces. Then we were held up by someone's man-pack falling apart, and wasted a good fifteen minutes waiting for him to fix it. Soon we were off once more, and hardly had any trouble from there on. We soon came to a huge cove in which the sea swirled about and lashed in a noisy and awesome manner. We stopped for a short rest on the cliff edge, and felt so light when we doffed our man-packs, that we were nearly blown into the sea by the strong winds.

Roughly three and a half hours after setting out, we mounted the top of a ridge. Far down below was a huge blue bay, and on the far side was an army truck, marking the site where the remainder of the cadets were on their camping exercise. We had got to Scara Brae. When we arrived at the bay, we chose a site for our camp, and got busy pitching our tents. We were given our rations by a sergeant on the exercise. The other four came in about half an hour later.

We decided to share out the rations and each group cooked its own meals. That night a bonfire was started just beside the beach, around which many of us gathered to keep warm.

We all went to bed soon after. I, for one, was very glad to slip into a sleeping-bag.

The next morning I was rudely awakened by my tent-mate. It had rained during the night, and there was a stream running through the tent. The irony of it was that we had sheltered the tent next to us from the rain.

After breakfast, two of us went down to the sea to wash the pots. The tide went right out at one point; so we took the oportunity and risk of going out to a lovely big puddle which made an excellent sink. But to our horror a huge wave loomed up in front of us, and we retreated to the beach leaving behind a lid in our haste. The lid was swept away, and of course I was soon after it with my trouser legs rolled up. After a bit of vain searching, I was reduced to my underwear. Ten minutes later I crawled out of the water, thoroughly soaked and freezing cold. Then I noticed the lid lying wedged between two rocks.

At about one in the afternoon the four in our group set off for the camp. We were the very last to leave the camp site, and, as a result, had to make sure that there was no mess left.

We took the journey back at a very leisurely pace indeed, and went an entirely different way from what anyone else had gone. The scenery on that route was lovely, and we really enjoyed the journey back.

We arrived back just in time for me to blow "cookhouse" for tea, because I was Duty Bugler.

J. SAYER, 3A.

FORTY YEARS ON

It is the year 2007. On the west side of the big square the new four-storey office block is nearly complete. Not before time. Across the square, in what older members of the staff still call the "classroom block", one can see through the glass frontage something of the conditions in which administrators are having to work. The Chief Pioneer has to share an office with his two secretaries, one for internal and one for external correspondence connected with his department. Cramped in another office sit the three resident members of the Prices and Incomes Board whose task it is to keep a vigilant eye on rates of pocket-money and on tuckshop prices. No wonder the administrators look forward to the great new extension of their accommodation. It will be the culmination of a long struggle.

But the real turning-point in school administration came twenty years before towards the end of the 1980's. It was then that conditions were at their worst. Packed into tiny offices, and sitting at close rows of desks in the Play Hall and the Front Hall, so close that often they could hand their letters to each other and only a few feet separated those engaged in telephone calls to each other, the administrative heroes of that grim period strove gallantly to master their complex tasks. It was particularly hard for those located in the front hall to have schoolboys going to and fro among them with school books and shoes and P.T. kit. Then the solution was found. Like all great ideas it was brilliantly simple. If Administration was to go on, THE BOYS WOULD HAVE TO BE MOVED OUT. Once this central principle was grasped, the details were quickly worked out. The Admissions Board would continue to be held annually as before and the new intake selected. But none of them would actually come to the school. They would continue to attend day schools at their homes, and the parents would receive an annual grant equivalent to the cost of their board and lodging at the school. Thus in less than a decade the number of boys actually resident in the school was run down to nil; and as the boys went, so the offices moved into the vacated spaces.

It was not all so easy as that. There were some special problems to be overcome, if the main school traditions were to be preserved. The school still had to send a pipe band and a team of Highland Dancers out to engagements. After initial testing, selected

boys were accommodated at the Dunblane Hydro, and from this base they divided their time between practices at Q.V.S. and education at Dunblane's big new comprehensive school. The duty bugler continued to spend his day of duty at the school, and blow the calls demanded by daily routine. With no boys to infringe it, the daily routine went more smoothly than ever before.

A certain amount of opposition came from teachers at the boys' home schools, who tried to prevent our pupils from spending days at Dunblane discussing their personal problems with the Headmaster and their Housemasters. But official blessing for the new arrangement soon settled these objections. A fifty-man Establishment team from the Ministry of Defence, Department C8/19/163 recommended that the new scheme be adopted, and what finally settled the matter was the strong support given to it by Mr Mohammed Khan, G.C.E. (O Level), Secretary of the Scottish Education Department. His long experience in the Birmingham Transport Department gave him an understanding of administrative problems which school teachers could not be expected to possess.

Some minor advantages soon became apparent. Freed from irksome daily tasks of teaching and supervision, the Headmaster and the nucleus of masters retained in the school were able to devote much of their time to the study of educational theory, though their offers to visit and advise other schools were not always received with the courtesy that was expected. There was also a great saving in expenditure on exercise books and other stationery. This was wholly in accordance with the spirit of Commandant's Administrative Instruction, No. 243 of 1987, pages 174 to 180, dealing with the need for economy in the use of paper. A few dissatisfied persons claimed that an equivalent amount of paper was being consumed in the day schools which our boys now attended. They missed the point. There was a reduction in the expenditure of *the Ministry of Defence*, and what happened elsewhere was hardly our concern.

Administratively only very small modifications were needed, and as problems occurred, the solutions were quickly found. For example, with regular receipts of clothing, etc., in response to indents from the school, it became difficult to house the increasing stocks. To overcome this difficulty, it was arranged that a fixed proportion of ten per cent of the existing stocks should be demanded annually, and ten per cent of those held at the school should be returned annually to the depots. The result was an orderly process of store-keeping that was quite impossible in the old days, when boys were often of sizes ridiculously unsuited to the garments held in the stores.

One point which demanded early attention was the role of teachers and house matrons in the new system. It was clearly uneconomic to retain employees who had no proper function to perform, and at first it seemed that another sweeping reduction in expenditure could be achieved by dispensing with them altogether. However, this was not possible. Somebody had to sign and submit the daily ration-strength nil returns to the R.S.M. For this purpose one matron was retained. Also regular notifications had to be sent out to parents informing them of the dates of school holidays and half-term breaks, and there were also termly reports to go out. Clearly these were educational matters, and to put the extra burden on administrators would cause justifiable discontent. A small number of teachers was therefore retained and they proved useful for annual store-checks as well as helping the matron with the transport of laundry baskets, and in the morning cleaning of the dormitories. When free from such duties, they attended educational discussions. Hospital routine gave no difficulty. Indeed the improvement in cleanliness and tidiness there gained the warm approval of Visiting Commissioners.

Perhaps the biggest problem was how to maintain the Grand Day parades. Here the school's service contacts proved invaluable. The Inspecting Officer continued to be drawn in turn from each of the three branches of the Armed Force. Contingents of Spacemen, Airmen, and Cavemen came in rotation to provide the drill display, wearing the school's traditional Number One dress. This is all history. But Administration cannot stand still. Once housed in accommodation worthy of their services, our administrators will find new worlds to conquer. Whatever problems may arise, the great achievements of the past forty years make us confident that there will still be bold and imaginative solutions.

THIS IS TRUE

I was living in Gill Gill, Kenya. Our house was near a cliff. One day with my friend, Ronald West and my brother, I climbed down the cliff. At the bottom we found an old house. It was made of wood and sheets of corrugated iron. We looked inside and saw two negroes at a table talking to each other. We noticed that one of them had a red scarf on. We called him Redscarf and his friend we just called "negro". We walked round to the other side of the hut, when all of a sudden Redscarf came out and started to chase us. He must have thought we were pinching something. Any way he chased us for what seemed like ages. We were all scared stiff. He called his friend who came out with a spear. We all climbed quickly up the cliff. At the top we started to run across the open ground towards the school. We saw the Negro with the spear in front of us. He had come up the short cut on our right. We turned and ran through the long grass and bushes towards our house. We ran quite fast. So did the Negro, who had now been joined by Redscarf. All of a sudden I fell down. My foot had caught in a hole. I thought they were going to leave me behind. I tried to scramble out. I shouted to the others to wait for me. My brother and Ronald West quickly got me out. The negro with the spear threw it, and it landed about

four feet away from where we were standing. He had thrown it sideways to knock us down. We were more frightened, and ran even faster than we had run before. When we got near our garden, they stopped but we didn't. We scrambled over our fence and into the kitchen panting and trying to tell my father what had happened. I was glad when I saw the door shut behind me. I cried.

G. KENT, 2C.

NOW GOD BE THANKED 1940

The woman stood, head-bowed, in the middle of the stone kitchen floor of the little croft-house. She mopped jerkily at the tears which filled her red-rimmed eyes, and as she did so, small whimpering sounds of anguish escaped her lips. In her hand, clutched tightly, was a brown paper envelope. The sound of footsteps rang out on the concrete path outside and a hearty voice bade someone goodnight. Hearing this, the woman raised her head and composed her face into a more natural expression, but she could not hide the despair in her eyes. Her husband entered and stopped at the expression he caught in them. He stood, tall and broad-shouldered, completely blocking the small kitchen door. He looked from his wife's eyes to the envelope which she now held out to him, wordlessly. The crofter took it and stepped forward to the light of the fire. He ripped the envelope open and withdrew the buff army form which it contained. He had no need to read the words printed on it; he knew them already.

The crofter sat down heavily in his chair. He stared into the bright flame of the peat-fire in the hearth and its red glow lit up the grim lines of his face. For a few moments his mind was blank; the time had come which he had dreaded. He tried to think coherently. What was to happen to his wife, his children? How were they to live? These, and many other questions flitted across his mind, but his thoughts eventually and inevitably drifted back to the only other time when war had interfered in his simple existence. He had been a child then, and his father was leaving for the First World War. The parting had been sad, but tinged with a certain charm. For the people of Skye at that time, war was still glorious, and was a thing that people still came back from.

The pier at Armadale, where the troops were to embark for the mainland, had been crowded on that day. Small, forlorn families had stood clustered together in little groups, till the very last minute, as if defying the order which came inevitably for the recruits to fall in. His father had looked splendid in his kilt and Highland bonnet, and the boy had looked up at him with round adoring eyes. When the order was given, the pier became suddenly alive with moving people as the little groups broke up and the soldiers made their way to the end of the pier. The boy's father had hoisted his pack on his back, kissed his wife and little daughter, the boy's sister, and had then turned to his son. He made as if to shake hands with him, but a sudden stark realisation of what was taking place swept over him—this was a parting, perhaps for ever; he stooped and, throwing his arms round the boy, gave him a last fierce hug.

The crofter stirred in his chair, and shifted his weight more comfortably. The war had meant nothing more to him at the time than that painful parting, but now harsh memories of the hunger and misery of the following years, and the worry that had lined his mother's face, came flooding back. He had tried to fill his father's place on the croft, and indeed had undertaken several tasks well above what was to be expected of his years, but his weak young body was no match for the hard, cold unyielding land on which they lived. The croft had slowly drifted to ruin, but the family had eked out a precarious existence on the money from the eggs and milk his mother could sell, and the odd sheep which a kind neighbour or relative would sometimes kill for them. Many other families were in the same condition, but each helped the other as best they could, and life continued. Often during these unhappy years, the boy would find solace on the moor behind his village. When work was over for the day, he would wander onto it and follow the streams which flowed down from the dark forbidden mountains in the west. The boy loved the moor, and he also loved the sea, which he sometimes gazed at for hours on end from the top of some likely hillock which afforded him a good view. He would sit and watch until the many different shades of surging grey which lashed the small islands out in the Minch slowly turned darker and darker, and the windows of the houses beneath him lit up one by one. His mind would be filled with hope and longing then: hope for a happier future and longing for the return of his father—the return that never came. Never.

His wife's touch on his shoulder brought the crofter back to reality. The fire had died down and the room was in partial darkness. He looked at the sheet of paper and the envelope which lay crushed, in the palm of his hand. Slowly, he leaned over and dropped them in the dying fire. His wife took his hand and they watched, both man and woman, till nothing remained but a few black charred ashes.

D. MACINNES, VI.

THE TRIP

The green-skinned dog-man beckoned me out to the back with his toe and told me to hold out my ear for being bad in class. His feather belt curled round my ear and I rose to the floor in painful delight. Bouncing back to my stone stool, and squatting on the pink-spotted velvet cushion, I proceeded to write with my lollipop stick. Soon, though, my mind wandered from play, and I looked through the treacle-coated windows. Quite suddenly I whirled through the window and was spun in a brilliantly-coloured vacuum.

Now I was in a black dilemma, with misty grey creepers barking at me, and blue pigs miaowing; silence. Colours coming nearer. A box full to bursting point with brilliant colours striving to break out. Nearer, nearer, and now . . . . . the climax!

Millions of shades of blue and green and yellow and red and . . . . . fading away . . . . .

My mind is now on play, turning to reality. And the green dog-man is no longer a fantasy of mine. He is gone.

My trip is over.

P. J. DOCHERTY, 3A.

GETTING DRESSED

I woke up at 6 o'clock. Half asleep I got up and slipped my vest on. Having put it on back to front I took it off again. I slipped my vest on the right way. I put on my pants. I looked around for my socks. Finding one, I put it on. I couldn't find the other one, but seeing an odd one I put it on. Next I put on my shoe. I couldn't get the other one on because it was laced up in a knot. After about five minutes I undid the knot. When I was tying up the shoe the lace broke. I found a bit of string and laced up the shoe with that. I then put on my shirt and buttoned it up. It was much too small. I'd put on my brother's. After a search I found mine, and I put it on and buttoned it up. I then put on my jersey.

Then there was a ring at the door. It was the milkman. I wondered why he gave me such a funny look. It dawned on me that I had forgotten to put on my jeans. When I was zipping them up the zip broke. I took off the jeans and put on my football shorts.

Just as I was passing through my bedroom door on the way to the kitchen, I found my other sock. I unlaced and unstrung my shoe, took off the odd sock and put on the right one. I then put on and laced and strung up my shoe. Then my mother came in with a clean vest. I took off my jumper, unbuttoned my vest, and took it off, I then put on the clean one, put on my shirt, and buttoned it up, pulled on my jersey, and tucked the lot into my shorts.

My mother, who had gone to put the kettle on, noticed I had spots all over my face. I then had to take off my jersey, unbutton my shirt and take it off, and take off my vest, shorts and pants. Unlace and unstring my shoes, take off my socks, get into my pyjamas, tie and button them up, and get into bed. I had caught measles.

A. HILL, IV.

ONCE EVERY BLUE MOON

One cold night I was woken up by a strange noise outside, near the Headmaster's house. I looked out of the window and sighted blue lights moving around. I thought I was having a nightmare, so I went back to sleep again. About three-quarters of an hour later I suddenly woke up again and automatically I looked out of the window, which, strangely enough was open, and saw a little blue sphere on the window pane.

It grabbed me by my ears and pulled me out of the window, and I was flying in the air. I landed in the Headmaster's garden, and to my astonishment I saw a blue space-ship with other blue people standing to the right of it. Some I recognised as Mr Martin, our porter, Archie Moore, D. Fingland and some people from Dunblane.

I was put into a pot of blue liquid and heated up. The pot was so hot that it glowed red, and I myself did not feel too good. Five minutes later I was lifted out and scrubbed, and my colour changed from tan to blue. I was dressed in purple clothing which was to last me for the rest of my life.

I joined the rest of the earth people and a big ball came out of the space-ship and christened us "Blue People of the Moon". We had to celebrate this by dancing the Moonshake. It was good fun until we were forced into the space-ship.

The doors closed, and the ship took off, bound for the moon.

D. R. CROOKSTON, 3B.

RED GUARDS AT Q.V.S.

There was unusual consternation on the square during break one day last week. A large crowd of boys were gathered round two bespectacled Chinese men wearing Mao Tse-Tung jackets. They were waving red books and posters of Mao Tse-Tung, calling on the boys to throw out the imperialist masters and take over the school. Chairman Mao, you are our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman, you are the red sun in our hearts.

The masters emerge from their common room after break to find the boys still on the square waving posters and screaming at the top of their voices. The Headmaster quickly musters the remaining loyal prefects and monitors and gives them hurried instructions. They fight their way through the boys and try to escort the two gentlemen to the Visitors' Room. However they start to struggle, throwing copies of "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung" into the crowd. The prefects and monitors are pointed at and denounced as "fascist bullies" hired by the "imperialist overlords"—Dirty, filthy revisionist swine Imperialists and all reactionaries are paper tigers! We demand to speak freely with the revolutionary element within the school.

The two Chinese are manhandled round the front of the Old Building, through the front door as far as the Visitors' Room. One of them manages to break away, and sets off down the corridor. He disappears upstairs pursued by half-a-dozen prefects. Great cries of "Fascist swine", ring up and down the school. He is found on the top floor five minutes later, cowering in a corner being beaten about the head

with a mop by one of the maids. The unfortunate man, no doubt in his zeal to spread the revolutionary word of Chairman Mao, has run all over the floor which the angry maid has just washed.

Eventually both Chinese are shut inside the Visitors' Room and interrogated by a group of masters. It appears that two boys have written to Shen Ping, the Charge d'Affairs of the Chinese Legation in London claiming that the boys in the school are ready to "proclaim the words of Chairman Mao" and throw off the "imperialist overlords".

Mr Shen Ping, wishing to take full advantage of this state of affairs, has immediately sent two red guards to help the "revolutionaries". The case comes up next Wednesday morning at the Dunblane Sheriff Court.

J. W. MOORE, VI.

WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE

Remember, or imagine, what it felt like to be 10 years old and to be deposited at Q.V.S. Three boys who came this term say what they recall of their arrival and their first few days.

1. When I arrived at the school on a cold morning I had dinner with my mother and father. After we went across to Wavell to have a look around. I wasn't looking for the moment when my Mum and Dad were going to leave. But the moment came quickly. So we walked over to our car. My mother and father got in and I kissed them both and said cheerio and then they drove off. I was waving and crying. And then in the distance I saw our car. Then I went back to Wavell and I was so unhappy I could have made a pool to swim in. About four days later I was happy. Every night since my Mum and Dad left, for four days, I cried in bed. Now I am happy and looking forward to Christmas. I have found a good second year called Irvine but he is a bit untidy at times.

G. MACKAY, Primary 7A.

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2. When I first came here everything was so strange. The strange buildings were so high and I was so small.

I was sorry to see my father go but after that I made friends with some other new boys. Before tea the Housemaster, Mr Bruce, told all the new boys about the school and showed us the bounds. He brought in some boys to show us how to get dressed to play in the burn or Wavell Wood. We did not go to school that day but we went the next. At five o'clock we went to tea and I was glad to get it over with because of boys staring at you and asking you your name. The next day I saw boys crying and laughing and I didn't know what to do myself. Cry or laugh.

I didn't like it here at first, but when I made some friends and started to play with them I began to like it and the time, instead of dragging along, passed quickly. I like it even more now and I have lots of other friends.

R. DAVIDSON, Primary 7A.

3. I was walking past the gates of Q.V.S. when I realised that it would be at least six weeks before I would see my parents or relatives again. It was then I realised also that it would be lonely without them.

I followed my father to the front office and the people there directed us to a room opposite. We waited there for about five minutes. Then we walked towards Wavell. It was then I stepped inside Wavell for the first time, we waited for a while then we went to see the Housemaster, Mr Bruce. He talked to my father mainly, then I was told to wait outside for my father. When he came out we went downstairs to have a look at the notice board. I saw my name in a ring with a boy called Adams who is my second year.

I got fitted into my blues and when I was in my dormitory that was when my father left me.

A strange feeling of helplessness came over me as soon as he left. I was in a strange place with strange people and that night I did not sleep well.

In the morning at seven o'clock I seemed to be able to keep up with the older boys by copying what they were doing. Even being up for breakfast was new to me and I didn't know where to sit until Adams showed me.

After breakfast Adams showed me my dormitory duty which was right side.

I knew that the other new boys felt nearly the same as, or the same as me. In a way I was better off than the other boys. I knew three people before I came here. Ogilvie, whom I met while I was having my interview, Scullion whom I knew at Singapore and Gemmill whom I also knew at Singapore. I made friends quickly and I got used to school life but without Adams I might never have got used to the school.

R. KNOX, Primary 7A.

INSTRUMENT OF WAR—1746

The piper goes into battle with
Wailing bagpipes under his arm,
Not sure whether to fight.
The lad is homesick for his farm.
Nervously he plays the bagpipes,
As his kilt sways above his knee.
If the battle is lost will he fight to the last,
Or be a coward and flee?

Here comes a Hessian trooper.
With desperation he swipes.
He misses his foe by inches,
And his sabre pierces the pipes.
A claymore flashes, the trooper falls.
He twitches and whimpers a little.
The piper looks sadly at his dying pet;
Bruised chanter-end soft with spittle.

J. WHITE, 1C.

Q.V.S. OPINION POLLS

In October, 1964, there was a General Election. Q.V.S. senior school also had a General Election. Candidates for each party were selected and did two weeks' campaigning. On the night of the election, the boys queued outside quiet rooms to cast their votes. The results were:

Labour	44%
Conservative	29.3%
Liberal	8%
Communist	2%
Don't-knows	16.7%

18 months later the results had changed, when an Opinion Poll was taken:

Labour	33.3%
Conservative	31.3%
Liberal	8%
S.N.P.	14%
Communist	2.7%
Don't-knows	10.7%

This shows an outburst of Nationalism in Scotland. In November, 1967, after a Nationalist victory at Hamilton, another Opinion Poll was taken:

Labour	11.4%
Conservative	28.4%
Liberal	7.7%
S.N.P.	35.3%
Communist	6.8%
Don't-knows	7.7%

The National party in Scotland is definitely a political party to be reckoned with. With one seat in Parliament already, perhaps we will eventually get Home Rule for Scotland.

S. M. POWELL, IV.

OUR HOMES

One of the editorial staff has been going round collecting data from as many boys as he could find (about 240), in order to see how the domiciles are now distributed. This is a much more interesting method of finding the facts than going through the school address list. He has produced a complicated page of figures and percentages, and has divided the homes into geographical groups. We note that Skye is included among the overseas stations, and that Skye contributes 0.45 percent of the total. That is one boy. It is not so clear, therefore, how New Zealand come to contribute 0.23 percent. Where is the other half of that boy?

Scotland now goes to the top with 102 boys living there, displacing England, now 80. Germany has 36. Then there is a great spread over Malta, Cyprus, Canada, Ireland, Ghana, Aden,* New Zealand, Singapore, Holland, Malaya—and, of course, Skye.

It adds up all right, and even if the twenty boys not found all have homes in England, Scotland is still top. We should hope so too.

N.B.—On the day after the declaration of the by-election result at Hamilton, the flag of St. Andrew was draped over the door of the masters' common-room. See another article in this issue.

* *no longer*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Years ago, when militarism headed the school curriculum and academic accomplishments were few, there may have been an excuse for filling out our "Victorian" with unimportant and totally uninteresting articles illustrating such activities as piping and drumming. However, now with militarism pushed to the side and a consequent rise in academic ability, there is no reason why, instead of boring our reader with such useless information which to me reads the same each year, we should not publish a higher percentage of school poetry and prose. Comparing our magazine with others I find that we lag behind considerably, simply because ours is so full of this irrelevant data.

I myself and many of the 5th and 6th formers resent the fact that the school magazine is not managed by ourselves. We feel that if we were given control of the magazine, the reluctance to contribute articles to the "Victorian" which predominates over most of the school would disappear and the school would feel a deeper responsibility for their very own magazine, resulting with a "Victorian" of higher standard and greater content. Perhaps then we would gladly allow outsiders to read our magazine when asked instead of hiding it or wilfully destroying it.

Yours faithfully,

K. L. ROBINSON.

WAVELL HALLOWE'EN PARTY

This is the first time Wavell boys have had a Hallowe'en Party of their own. It was on the 4th of November, 1967. The party was held in the new Wavell Play Hall. The first event of the evening was the sack race. Then came the egg and spoon race, where Michael Ferrigan dropped his egg. Luckily it was hard boiled. Then came the balloon race, in which the contestants had to blow up a balloon, let it go, catch it, and put it back on a piece of cardboard. Next on the list was the bun-eating race. This was the funniest event of the party because the expressions on the contestants' faces were enough to make anyone burst out in laughter, as they coughed and stamped their feet and thumped their chests in their efforts to swallow the specially-baked dry rock buns. Then came the mask competition. This was a gruesome line-up of terrifying ghouls, goblins, witches, devils and flibertigibits. The two lady judges were probably in a state of fear as they chose the winners. After this there came the Guiser competition. First

on the list was heroic Captain Oates of Scott's attempt to reach the North Pole. Then on marched Nelson, surveying the audience through an outsize telescope. Finally, the coalmen. Tatty, dirty creatures from head to toe. Boot-blackened faces, and kitbags full of coal. Next were the plays. First was Moore with a play about a robbery. Unfortunately the plot was foiled by Sgt. Stear. Then came Lynedoch. An array of absolutely stupid idiots trying to form a question quiz. After Lynedoch came Abercromby's "Time Machine". Some poor reporter went back a million years, to find himself with cavemen. At last, after making friends, he had to get back to his own time. Then there was the apple dooking. Boys had to kneel on a chair with a fork in their mouth. Then some apples in a bucket of water underneath were stirred. When an apple was in the right position, they dropped the fork and tried to spear it. When this was finished, a master announced the winning dormitory. The winners then lined up and each person in the dormitory received a bag of sweets from Mrs Hope Thomson. As soon as the winning dormitory was presented with a prize, everyone filed out of the Play Hall and went up to Wavell to get changed to watch the fireworks display.

T. GEMMILL, Primary 7A.

ARMY CADET FORCE

The Annual Camp was at Ness Battery, Stromness, Orkney from 17th to 28th July, 1967. The journey is long in distance and time, also varied in means of transport, which is 'bus to Perth, train from Perth to Thurso, 'bus from Thurso to Scrabster, a three-hour sail from Scrabster to Stromness, and two miles on foot to the camp. Why do we do it? Well! This excellent, compact, comfortable camp was the first place our Corps visited for an annual camp and throughout the years whenever it was available, we have returned to the same warm welcome by the Stromness folk. In fact our Padre, Captain A. N. Jamieson, liked the place so much that he has solved the travel problem by taking charge of the parishes of Sandwick and Harray, which lie to the north of Stromness. We wish him every happiness and success in his new post and we are delighted to have a permanent advance party in Orkney.

This year we were without the services of Mr J. Linning, Quartermaster, who was unable to make the journey because of illness. Captain J. Finlay volunteered to do this duty, and did it so well that Mr Gunn (the local C.A. and one of our many friends in Stromness) audited the books and found them perfect. Mr J. Shaw joined our staff to assist Mr J. Walker our chef, and worked so well and enjoyed the camp so much that he wants to come with us next year.

The camp programme followed the usual form, a mixture of civic duties and training, during the first week. Civic duties included a Guard of Honour, and parades through the town and the ever popular playing by the Pipe Band. Training, of course, went on all the time. Captain I. T. Williams was most unfortunate in that the map and compass exercise he was supervising out in the hinterland coincided with the only rain storm we had during the fortnight. Fortunately no one got lost; indeed all arrived back at camp ahead of time. The usual defence and attack exercises were augmented by house to house street fighting. The initiative shown by the section leaders was equalled only by that of the defenders with the result that a neutral power in the form of R.S.M. G. Lowdon had to intervene to stop the battle from becoming too bloody. The second week was used for Duke of Edinburgh's Award Expeditions which all candidates completed successfully. The other cadets also bivouacked out and cooked their own meals. The purpose of this was two-fold. It gave Messrs. Walker and Shaw a break, and made the cadets more appreciative of their culinary art when they returned to base and decently cooked food. The return journey had a rather rough start, and very few cadets were not sea-sick, but their rate of recovery was amazing. After disembarking at Scrabster and travelling the five miles by 'bus to Thurso, all had recovered to eat a meal. This was again a happy trouble-free camp, thanks to the officers, warrant officers and cadet N.C.O.s and to the good food produced by Mr Walker and Mr Shaw.

1967-68

Our strength this session is 123 cadets. The 38 recruits are now training for Certificate A Part 1, 42 candidates for Certificate A Part II, 26 taking Special to Arms—Infantry and the remaining 17 are instructors. Senior cadets this year are: C.S.M. J. R. Willmott; C.Q.M.S. G. H. Fox; Sergeants C. A. Lannen, D. M. Fingland, D. MacInnes, J. W. Moore; Corporals G. Slater, J. Lee, J. S. Grigor, K. L. Robinson, M. T. Long and J. A. Wood.

The Corps swimming team represented Perthshire County Battalion A.C.F. at the Scottish A.C.F. Championships at Rosyth on 30th September, 1967, and were successful once again in winning the Senior and Junior Cups. Individual winners and places were:

Senior

110 yds. Breast Stroke—Cpl. J. Lee 1st; Cadet J. Campbell 4th.

110 yds Free Style—Cpl. J. S. Grigor 2nd.

110 yds. Back Stroke—Cdt. C. Robinson 4th.

550 yds. Butterfly—Cdt. D. Langlands 3rd; Cdt. M. McNaughton 5th.

Diving—Cpl. J. S. Grigor 1st.

Medley Relay—Perth 1st.

Free Style Relay—Perth 3rd.

Juniors

55 yds. Breast Stroke—Cdt. J. Will 4th.

110 yds. Free Style—Cdt. J. Weir 3rd; Cdt. G. Aitkenhead 4th.

55 yds. Free Style—Cdt. D. Wrenn 1st; Cdt. J. Buchanan 4th.

55 yds. Back Stroke—Cdt. D. Pocock 3rd; Cdt. B. Sutherland 5th.

Medley Relay—Perth 2nd.

Free Style Relay—Perth 1st.

Total Points: Senior—1 Perth 33 pts.; 2 Glasgow 22 pts.; 3 Dundee 20 pts. Junior—1 Perth 27 pts. 2 Scottish N.E. Assocn. 25 pts.; 3 Ayr 13 pts.

Corporal J. Lee, Corporal J. S. Grigor, Cadet D. Wrenn and Cadet D. Langlands were in the Scottish Command A.C.F. team which gained 2nd place to Wales in the Inter-Command Swimming Championship at Blackpool.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

We started 1966 with 22 Bronze candidates, 18 Silver and 9 Gold. Out of this number, recommended for awards in 1967 are 13 Bronze, 8 Silver, and 5 Gold. I make no comment on the above figures. Let them speak for themselves.

The boys recommended for the various awards are:

Gold—J. Lee, C. A. Lannen, D. T. Jagger,* C. McLaughlin* and S. W. Grant.*

Silver—D. MacIver, G. Aitkenhead, S. Pope*, R. Grant*, R. J. Davies*, K. L. Robinson, J. Weir, I. Sneddon.

Bronze—P. D. Brown, P. J. Gilchrist, A. Crawford, P. J. Docherty, I. F. Playle, A. Robertson (Trenchard), N. Houston, B. Murton, A. J. Hill, A. MacDonald, J. Sayer, G. M. McNally, S. M. Powell.

* *Left School in* 1967

In July 1967 two boys who had left school in the Summer of 1966 were to be presented with their Gold Awards by the Duke of Edinburgh at Holyrood Palace. These were A. W. Coid and L. C. Heron. We hear that Larry Heron could not attend to receive the award in person, because he was then with his ship in the Far East.

For 1967-68 we have the following numbers entered: Bronze 18, Silver 14, Gold 2.

THE JOURNEY FROM STROMNESS

In Stromness harbour, the morning was dull and the gulls were flying overhead. Our A.C.F. Company was leaving Stromness in Orkney after the summer Camp, and returning to the mainland on the M.V. "St. Ola", After finding a place to dump my haversack, I went to the port side of the ship to have a last look at Stromness. The "St. Ola" reversed out of the harbour. Once in the bay, she turned round and headed for the open sea between the island of Hoy and the mainland of Orkney.

As the ship got nearer to the open sea I could feel the waves getting bigger. The sea became darker, and grey clouds were above us. The ship began to roll. I was at the starboard side near the bows. Some of the members of our A.C.F., and one of our officers, were at the bows. The ship was now rolling up and down. A wave broke over the bows and thoroughly soaked the company and the officer standing there.

I went inside and sat down. I felt sick. I dashed down to the toilets a deck below. I opened the door, and saw that I was not the only one who felt sick. A few minutes later I made my way to the saloon. I looked around for a place to lie down. There was a space on a big settee. I lay down and fell asleep.

A few amusing incidents happened during the voyage. There was a C.S.M. in our party. It had been said of him that he hates the sea and the sea hates him. He was on the port side of the ship when this incident happened. He thought nobody saw him, but one of the cadets was watching. He looked around him then, after looking round again, he quickly vomited over the side. After checking again to ensure that he had not been observed, he walked away. He was last seen under a lifeboat.

One of the cadets was running along a passageway on the ship. In front of him he saw a doorway. It was going up and down with the movement of the ship. This cadet thought he would be very smart and jump through the doorway, when it was up. Unfortunalely he mistimed his jump and, as he jumped up, the doorway went down, and he banged his head on the wooden part above it. When the ship docked, he was taken to Thurso Hospital, where he had his forehead stitched.

When I woke up I felt violently sick. I got a cardboard box from a steward. I felt a little better after my sleep. I looked out of the porthole and saw land. I knew the ship must be near Scrabster Harbour. A little later I saw Scrabster lighthouse. Our journey was nearly over. I went on deck, picked up my haversack, and went to the starboard side. When the ship docked I was one of the first off, and never in all my life have I been so glad to touch dry land.

B. R. MURTON, 3A.

THE PIPE BAND

For the Band the Autumn Term is the time for learning new tunes and preparing for the public performances later in the school year. This term we have performed only once outside the school, when the senior members accompanied the Dancers at the 8th Army Reunion in Perth. In addition there is a Murrayfield International which we will of course attend.

In October, three pipers competed in the Glasgow College of Piping Amateur Competition, probably the top amateur competition in the country. Angus MacDonald, who is only 14 years old, gained second place in the March, while the Boy Pipe Major, Jeffrey Wood, achieved third place in the Strathspey and Reel competition.

Soon afterwards we learned that the Band is to play for a short time in a piping broadcast on radio. That we should be given this opportunity is a sign in

the increase in prestige which we have enjoyed over the past few years.

Our main task at present is to improve our position in the Third Grade of the Pipe Band Championship at Grangemouth. Part of our preparation, we hope, will be to compete in the Stirling Miniature Band Contest in February. Provided we put in a great deal of hard work, there should be a fair catalogue of successes to record in this magazine's next issue.

For some time now the Band has become increasingly versatile. We have a normal complement of twenty-one pipers and nine drummers for ordinary public performances, but at the same time we can produce a smaller band able to accompany dancers. In addition we are capable of winning top prizes in open competition. On the individual side, we have players who can win prizes in amateur contests, but we have also a dozen or more solo pipers and buglers who perform well in public every Armistice Sunday. And this is as it should be, for we must make full use of the excellent facilities and instruction we receive.

PIPERS: J. Wood (Boy Pipe Major), D. Fingland, G. Fox, G. Slater, A. Hill, A. N. MacDonald, M. Greig, C. Fraser, A. Martin, J. Pryde, P. Gilchrist, A. Robertson, A. Jeffrey, J. Will, C. Martin, S. Grant, D. MacDonald, R. Cowie, R. Weir, G. A. McNally, A. A. MacDonald.

DRUMMERS: I. Graham (Boy Drum Major), J. Duncan (Leading Side), W. MacKerron (Bass), B. Murton, J. Sayer, G. M. McNally, B. Knox, B. Goldie, A. Hewgill, P. Sayer.

CANOEING

This sport, introduced by Captain Woodhouse, temporary Housemaster of Haig, has occupied some boys very happily throughout the term. Captain Woodhouse is an Army Canoe Union Testing Officer and has taught lots of Army canoeists. Also he brought his own canoe, and has used it all the time with the boys he has been instructing. There turns out to be a lot more to canoeing than some of us had known: its numerous techniques, and the fact that it can be taught in an indoor pool in winter.

Canoeing has been practised in the school swimming-bath on Sundays after Chapel, and in the evenings. A wide range of strokes has to be learned and then used to paddle the canoe through a "gate". A "gate" comprises two poles suspended four feet apart, so giving a one-foot clearance on either side of the canoe. There is a set pattern of movements to be performed against the clock, with 10 seconds added for touching a pole, and 50 seconds for passing through broadside on. A competition, with two races each, can be very exciting and quite amusing.

J. Allan, J. Campbell, A. MacDonald, D. Pocock, C. J. Robinson, and D. Wrenn can all now right a capsized canoe by paddling their way back to the surface. This is called the Eskimo Roll. The boys, in pairs, worked through a series of drills and so taught each other as painlessly as possible. Apart from a few basic demonstrations, they have taught one another, and Captain Woodhouse says he is very impressed with their progress.

We hope, and expect, that the basic training organised by Captain Woodhouse will encourage these boys, and others, to take up canoeing as a personal recreation when the chance occurs, or is made. We are most grateful to him for all the time he has given to training the boys. He is an enthusiast who manages to make his pupils catch his enthusiasm.

On the subject of canoeing, and getting away from it, this sort of activity, where a boy pits his skill and endurance against natural objects and difficulties, is catching on in the schools. In team games they are playing against other people; and recent incidents on football, and rugby fields have shown how quickly these games turn into serious battles . . . . not only between the actual teams. The expeditions done by candidates for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award, hill walking, climbing, life-saving, orienteering, mountain-rescue, fire services, and all the adventure-training now done by young soldiers, illustrate this good new trend in education. For our boys, we have the Aviemore camp, the National Trust camp, and life-saving and personal survival tests. Also this term a few boys have gone out on a Sunday with Messrs. Wright and Reid to the surrounding hills. Not that we are crying down team games; but there are plenty of boys who find a more suitable outlet for their energies, and a better way of developing their own initiative and confidence, in the kind of activity mentioned. Back to canoeing—Captain Woodhouse says that canoeing is eminently a sport in which the pupils learn to teach others while being taught themselves, and that the boys he has trained can now pass on their skills to others, with an adult present in case anything goes wrong. So it looks as if basic canoeing could go on, if we get a willing adult . . . . and a canoe. There were some home-built canoes in the school, which were produced some years ago under the direction of Major Batchelor, a former Housemaster, and were in use at Cultybraggan in 1962. None of them has survived.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Thinking of the parents, who are compelled by their sons to wade through these articles, we, the Photographic Society, have decided that our article should be concise, yet still as informative as before. Because of the Colours Presentation, the Society did not enroll those interested until just before half-term, and so the beginners have learnt very little more than the basic developing and printing. However with seven of last year's eight committee members back for another season, there is no reason why, given to the end of the summer term, these novices should not have assimilated the knowledge held by their experienced brothers.

The only lecture this term was by Captain Woodhouse, an expert in the field of photography. The talk was on the use of different grades of papers in various developers to get special effects. No doubt with this information in their minds, the committee, who are already preparing for Grand Day, will produce a most interesting exhibition.

K. ROBINSON, *Hon. Secretary.*

THE SAILING CLUB

The Sailing Club continues to expand, and we now have a third boat to add to the two Mirror class dinghies with which the Club was started.

We have allowed first, second and third year boys into the Club for the first time this term, and they certainly make up in enthusiasm what they lack in size. These juniors (S. Nicolson, D. West, C. Willmott, S. Powell, A. Cobb and S. Langlands) are the only members who turn up consistently at weekends to repair and re-paint the boats; this aspect of the Club apparently not appealing to the older boys.

We are hoping to sail on the Lake of Menteith again next season but the position remains uncertain at the moment. If we are refused permission it will mean a much longer journey to Loch Earn, the next stretch of sailable water, and even then we could not be sure of moorings.

The ideal solution would be to procure a three ton truck, on which we could load boys and boats and thus be completely mobile; but perhaps this is wishing for the moon.

P.D.B.

THE FLY-TYING CLUB

One of the lesser-known activities in the school is fly-tying. The club meet weekly under the supervision of Mr Malkowski, who teaches us. Under his eye boys start from scratch and work until we master the elaborate salmon-flies that one sees being sold in shops for 10/- each. Of the club's thirteen members five are new to the art. Every one is working his way up the ladder, and if our standard is good enough this year we are going to enter a case of flies for the Army Arts and Crafts Exhibition, which is something we have never done before.

Our hobby is unique, as materials are built up not only from large firms but from what we find ourselves. For instance a dead starling on the playing fields supplied us with its wings, and a pillow fight produced some fairly good quality hackles.

I. A. ROBERTSON, IIIa.

(Mr Malkowski wants a postscript put to this short report. He has been taking boys for fly-tying for some years. This year he finds it easier than ever before, because so much of the work has been done by Ian Robertson, who has got everything indexed and organised. Credit where it is due.)

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

President: THE HEADMASTER
Chairman: J. LEE
Secretary: K. J. OWENS

This term we have 26 members. So far we have had only two meetings, hobbies having started later in the term than usual. At the first meeting the Chairman and Secretary were elected. The usual custom is to elect the two most boring speakers, or the better speakers who could always show up your own speeches. Then followed a short sharp practice, which included some rather peculiar motions, such as "Is there a man living above the trap-door in the ceiling?" A rather bewildered beginner had to speak on this, but made a good attempt at it.

Our first and only debate so far was on the motion that "If Rhodesia passes laws relating to Apartheid, akin to South African policy, Britain should fulfil her moral obligation by sending armed forces to topple the Smith regime". Some good arguments were presented by J. Moore and J. Wood, the main speakers, and their seconders, A. MacDonald and D. MacInnes. The motion was defeated by nine votes to seven, with seven abstentions.

The next debate, which should prove to be quite entertaining, is being arranged for later in the term; "That this society believes in ghosts". It may help to build up the spirit which is at present lacking in the Society.

J.L.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

1st and 2nd XVs

1st XV Results—

Q.V.S. v. Keil School—3-14
v. Morrison's Academy—6-8
v. Strathallan—11-17
v. Glenalmond—5-0
v. Aberdeen Academy—0-8
v. Alloa Academy—6-14
v. Stirling High School—9-3
v. Old Boys—15-5
v. Fettes College—6-9

Although the 1st XV were beaten in their first game against Keil School, the team gave an excellent performance of fast, open Rugby, which gave us extra hope for the coming matches. But our hopes faded when we threw away our next two games to Morrison's Academy and Strathallan. Against Morrison's our loose scrumming and handling let us down badly, and against Strathallan we were too confident of victory. Mid way through the second half we were leading 11-3, but Strathallan took full advantage of our scrappy play and rattled up fourteen points in the last quarter. The team's first victory came against Glenalmond in a match which had to be played on the top sloping field because of flooding

on the lower fields. The game was won because our team took full advantage of the slope which favoured us in the first half, although in the latter stages of the game Glenalmond were unlucky not to score. Our annual fixture against Aberdeen Academy was one which all the team were looking forward to, but in rather heavy conditions we went down 0-8 to a powerful Aberdeen team. We were also defeated by Alloa Academy who, until then, had not lost a game. One of the most memorable games of the term was against Stirling High School. The backs had been re-arranged to include W. McKerron at inside centre. His strong kicking and powerful running, combined with increased co-ordination between backs and forwards enabled us to score three tries to our opponent's one. In a twelve-a-side match against the Old Boys, the boys won 15-5. The next game against them is scheduled for March when we are hoping for a better team to turn up and offer us a little stronger opposition. Undoubtedly our best performance this term was against Fettes College. When the score stood at 3-0 we were reduced to fourteen men when one of our backs had to leave the field. The team continued to play exceptionally well and at half time we were leading 6-3. Although most of the play was in Fettes' half they were able to take the lead by kicking a penalty goal and scoring a try. This was how the score remained until the final whistle, despite great pressure in the closing minutes which failed to earn us the vital points necessary.

It can be seen by the number of boys who have represented the 1st XV that we have tried out various combinations, especially among the backs. But we have now established a strong link between the scrum and backs by moving D. MacInnes from the back row to scrum-half. We feel that this has solved our main problem and we are looking forward to better results.

The 1st XV team: D. Fingland (Capt.) (prop), D. Kennedy (hooker), C. Lannen (No. 8), R. Long (wing forward), D. MacInnes (Vice-Capt.) (scrum-half), D. MacIver (outside centre), W. McKerron (inside centre), J. Moore (2nd row), R. Morrice (wing forward), S. Powell (prop), K. Robinson (stand-off), G. Slater (wing), I. Sneddon (full back), J. Willmott (2nd row) J. Wood (wing). Those who have also played: J. Allan (full back), J. Campbell (full back), S. Corrigan (scrum half), P. F. Docherty (inside centre), A. Greig (scrum half), M. McNaughton (wing three-quarter), M. Wood (wing three-quarter), D. Wrenn (prop).

2nd XV

The second XV has played only one game this season, against Morrison's Academy, and was beaten 22-11. Those who played, and who are not mentioned above are: J. Learmonth, J. S. Grigor, M. Long, J. Barnes, D. Pocock, J. Lee, P. D. Brown, J. Corrigan, A. G. MacKenzie.

3rd Year XVs

Results of Matches	P	W	L	D	Points F	A
'A' XV	8	3	3	2	39	57
'B' XV	1	—	1	—	3	26

'A' XV

The matching throughout this half of the season has been very even. The first match of the season against Morrison's Academy was a dour defensive battle on our part and finished in a draw—3 points each. This draw should have boosted the morale of the team as Morrison's usually beat us by the odd points in this match, but in our next game at Strathallan we were defeated 29-9. This was due to bad defence by the backs who gave away three tries through bad positional play and half hearted tackling. Hard words of criticism must have had good effect as three victories followed this match. We beat Glenalmond 6-5, Aberdeen Academy 6-3 and Alloa Academy 6-0 and then lost 8-6 to Stirling High School. The return match with Morrison's Academy was lost 14-0 because of the stupidity of the backs in not clearing their lines quickly enough. The final game with Rannoch was drawn 3-3.

This is a team of two parts. The forwards are a hard-working, hard-playing pack, always after the ball and well led by A. Ferguson who can depend on A. Robertson or one of the Browns, C. or J., to be with him in defence or attack. The backs play well in attack but crumble in defence with the exception of A. N. Jeffrey whose crunching tackles made him the three-quarter to avoid. The other backs must be more determined both in attack and defence, and must recover much more quickly and return to their positions.

Team players: Backs — M. Duckett, B. R. Murton, P. B. Cooper, A. J. Martin, C. S. McHardy, N. F. M. Houston, A. N. Jeffrey, B. M. Sutherland, M. R. W. Findlay. Forwards—G. M. McNally, P. J. Gilchrist, A. Robertson, C. W. M. Brown, G. J. S. Bruce, M. F. Greig, J. W. S. Brown, A. Ferguson, D. R. Crookston.

'B' XV

The 'B' XV have had one fixture against Alva Academy. This was a good game last season with the two teams evenly matched. Unfortunately, because Alva and Tillicoultry schools have joined, this turned out to be a XV of rather large boys who completely out-weighed but did not out-play our small 'B' XV. We were defeated by 26 points to 3.

Team players: C. Hynd, L. Strachan, M. Findlay, I. Cruickshank, I. Burgess, N. Houston, A. Martin, D. Crookston, J. Pryde, R. C. Murdoch, C. Brown, B. Knox, C. Fraser, R. West, J. Creighton. Reserve: J. Sayer (including players who have also appeared in the 'A' team).

2nd Year XVs

There is some talent in this term's 2nd year Team, but in most matches they have been hopelessly outsized. It is demoralising to play against opponents who are so big that they do not need to tackle, but can just jump on small boys and squash them, and who can take the ball from line-outs or scrums without having to jump or hook for it. The jinx on our home match with Fettes continued. After two years of cancellation, we did manage to get the fixture

played; but our full-back, our one scoring back, and our forward-leader and Captain all got themselves injured and unable to play. With them we would have done better than 0-26, but could hardly have beaten these Fettes Colts. They had the advantage in size and skill, and were immensely superior in energy and determination. Q.V.S. failed deplorably in tackling.

The theoretical team, which has never turned out complete, is (by positions): I. Crawford, C. Langton, J. Robertson, T. Goldie, R. MacVicar; C. Martin, B. Webb; D. Barnes, R. Howarth, R. Myles; C. G. Robinson, R. Weir, R. Grey, A. Pocock; J. Wrenn (Captain). Others who have played, some of them more often than members of "the team" are: R. Cowie, T. Nicol, S. Grant, P. Sherwood, S. Young, and W. Crichton.

We had our usual good match with Dalhousie, turning out a team of suitably reduced size and age to play the prep-school boys, and there were two 'B' team fixtures. Most prominent in this team were G. Kent, J. Fleming, N. McKinnon and A. Cobb. All these could well be used in the top team if places were available. W. J. McMillan is, unfortunate in being too big to fit into a scrum and too slow to be a three-quarter. He will be a useful player some day.

Results:

'A' Team v. Morrison's Academy—5-11
v. Stirling High School—0-34
v. Morrison's Academy—8-19
v. Rannoch—16-5
v. Fettes—0-26

'B' Team v. Alloa—5-9
v. Alva—10-6
v. Dalhousie—6-3

1st Year XV

Played 3, Won 2, Lost 1, Points for 43, Points against 17.

The following have played for the Team: L. Ruderham, G. McNally, T. Wilson, R. McMurdo, J. White, J. Gemmill, D. Todd, D. Barr, R. Barbour, G. Bowden, S. J. Powell, M. Haston, A. Menzies, W. Murray, T. Cassells, P. Sayer, D. Brown.

Match Results:

Q.V.S. v. Alloa—9-6
v. Stirling High School—3-11
v. Falkirk High School—31-0

WAVELL HOUSE GAMES

Wavell Play Hall was handed over to us at the beginning of the term and has been much used by both the Primary and Senior schools. This indoor play area has been used during games periods, and for unsupervised play during wet weather and the dark evenings.

The House has again entered two teams in the West Perthshire Primary Schools League and we are busy playing the first half of the fixtures during this term. So far the 'A' team has lost one of its three games, but has scored 26 goals. Our 'B' team has played four matches and is still without a win.

'A' Team players: G. Glass (Capt.), E. Cuthbert, K. Walker, K. Shepherd, D. Copland, I. Fitzgerald, D. Darling, R. Davidson, T. Armstrong, M. Ferrigan and D. Burns.

'B' Team players: G. Doyle (Capt.), R. Higgins, J. Pearson, S. Walker, H. Shannon, C. Common, A. MacKay, R. Paterson, G. Black, G. Breakey and T. Gemmill.

Cross Country teams have not yet been selected but there is keen competition among the runners to take part in matches which have been arranged. All the boys have been trying hard to attain performance standards for their Dormitory.

Boxing is in the charge of Mr Martin and it has again proved popular with the boys.

Many of the new boys are now able to swim but we cannot claim all the credit, as some of our new entrants were already quite expert swimmers. A few of the more able swimmers from the House are now practising life-saving with Mr Reid.

THE CAROL SERVICE

The School Carol Service at the end of the Christmas term has become one of the big events of the school year, and it is attended by many parents and friends. We publish the 1967 programme below. This event is the product of a great deal of hard work, for many weeks, by Mr Bruce and by the big number of boys who participate in it. It is one of the best cooperative efforts of the year.

Again it includes a Nativity Play. This has for some years taken the place of the repetitive bible-readings with readers from each section or department of the school. The play this year is "The Coming of the Kings" by Ted Hughes, some of whose poetry is already known to secondary forms. Mr Le Maistre produces the play, and Mrs Le Maistre does the wardrobe and make-up, a very much bigger job than might be supposed, for nearly everything is home-made. The cast is taken from junior boys and staff children.

Programme of the Carol Service

Congregation:

Oh Come all ye Faithful
(Treble descant by David Willcocks)

Choir:

As with Gladness (Traditional)
Unto us a boy is Born (Puer Nobis) arr. Geoffrey Shaw

Congregation:

Ding Dong Merrily on High (Traditional)

Choir:

In the Bleak Mid-winter (arr. Harold Darke)
Zither Carol (arr. Malcolm Sargent)

Congregation:

See Amid the Winter's Snow

Choir:

Still the Night, Holy the Night (Traditional)
Mary had a Baby (Spiritual arr. Maurice Gardner)

Congregation:

Good King Wenceslas (Traditional)

Choir:

Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring (J. S. Bach)

NATIVITY PLAY

During the Play the Choir Sings:
Once in Royal David's City
Three Blind Mice
We Three Kings

Congregation:

While Shepherds Watched (Treble Descant)

Choir:

Behold Darkness Covered the Earth
Glory to God (Messiah) (Handel)

Congregation:

Hark the Herald Angels Sing (Traditional)

Cast of the Nativity Play

Fortune-Teller	J. S. Irving
Inn-Keeper's Wife	Pamela Williams
Inn-Keeper	M. Ferrigan
Priest	A. Allan
Businessman	A. D. Ogilvie
Police-Inspector	T. M. Gemmill
Minstrel	J. K. S. Stewart
Mary	Jennifer Urie
1st King	P. A. Adams
2nd King	D. Burns
3rd King	G. C. Black

NOTICE TO OLD VICTORIANS

Souvenir Programmes—Presentation of Colours

The Commandant still holds a number of this handsomely-produced Programme and it is thought that many Old Victorians who were not able to be present at the Ceremony, and also perhaps some others who are interested in the School, would like to obtain a copy as a permanent souvenir. Besides giving full details of the Parade, the Programme contains a very fine double-page colour print of the new Colours. Copies may be obtained on application to the Commandant's Secretary at the very much reduced price of 1/6d. a copy, inclusive of postage within the U.K. Those ordering from overseas should include an additional sum to cover overseas sea or airmail postage.

Purchase of The Victorian Magazine

Members of the Old Victorian's Association receive a free copy of the Summer magazine. To claim this, they should return the form which is sent out to them with the Headmaster's January Newsletter, giving their addresses. If this form is not returned the magazine will not be sent. This precaution is necessary because copies sent out to last known addresses have sometimes come back marked "not known at this address". The Christmas issue is not distributed free to Old Boys; they receive instead a newsletter from the Headmaster. However Old Boys and anyone interested in the School can buy a copy of the Christmas issue, post free, by sending a 2/6d. postal order to the Editor not later than 1st December.

STOP PRESS

Wavell House Drill.—The annual "passing-out parade" for the new boys in the Primary School was held near the end of the term. The medal which R.S.M. Lowdon gives for the smartest boy was won by N. A. MacKay. V. Martin was second, and S. Dalziel third.

Canoeing Competition.—The six boys whom Captain Woodhouse has been teaching the techniques of canoeing had a competition in the swimming-bath, watched with interest, some respect, and also probably some envy, by the rest of the senior school. In the first part of the contest, each had to take his canoe ten times through the "gate" against the clock. There were penalties of so many seconds for various faults, such as touching the gate with canoe or paddle. Then they had to do rolls. The winner was J. R. Campbell.

Rugby House Matches.—We had hopes of putting in the results of the House Matches, for the benefit of recent Old Boys still interested. To date only one round has been played, and the freeze-up probably will cause the rest to be put off till next term. So far, Cunningham Seniors, third year and upwards, have beaten Haig Seniors 9-3, and Haig Juniors have beaten Trenchard Juniors 8-6.