



THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

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EDITORIAL

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Sports Editor—D. FINGLAND

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This is the first of, we hope, many editions of the new "Victorian". Many changes to the internal and external structure of the magazine have been made, and these have been carried out in the belief that they will be met with the approval of all who have connections with the School.

These changes mark another stage in the improving academic standard of the School, which has risen steadily since the School began, and which in the last decade or so, has increased at astonishing speed. This is a further stage, because, for the first time, the boys have shown themselves capable of producing their own magazine. This is part of the natural course of development through which the School, if it is not to remain stagnant, in spirit and in academic spheres, must inevitably pass. Some explanation as to how these changes have taken place must, of course, be offered. These we will try to give as briefly as possible. At the end of the Christmas term, some of the boys who had helped edit the "Victorian" that term, because of increasing self-confidence and a strong faith in their improved creativity, decided that perhaps it might be worth attempting to produce a magazine of their own. Accordingly, "Uhuru!" was printed, a bundle of

sheets held together by three staples and, it was felt, an increased standard of contributions. The name of the magazine is an African nationalist slogan meaning "Freedom". This was chosen more for its sensationalist qualities, and for its accurate portrayal of the feelings of independence without which the magazine would never have even been thought of, than for an anxious desire to show they were at last bursting free from the chains of restriction!

We of the editorial staff liked to think that it was because of the success with "Uhuru!" that we were given the chance to produce the "Victorian". We have had dark suspicions since, though, as to the motives of the staff, because, rather than satisfying our romantic illusions at being on an "Editorial Staff," we found that producing a magazine entails a good deal of sheer hard work. A few of us are quite expert typists now—one finger typists that is.

All that remains to be done now is to state exactly what changes have taken place. We have enlarged the literary section of the magazine and cut down on reports. Advertising has been stepped up, to combat the rise in cost corresponding to the growth of the magazine. The size of pages has been altered of necessity and the design on the front cover has been modernised. Once again, we hope that no one will find fault with any of these alterations but that you will read this magazine with as much enjoyment as for previous "Victorians".

The Last School Year

It has been suggested that this issue should include a summary of the School Year which began in September, 1967, and which is about to end. It may well be asked, who wants a summary when all the details are thoroughly (too thoroughly for some tastes) reported in this issue of "The Victorian", or the last one?

The obvious answer to that is, a summary provides an easy "briefing" for those who would like to know roughly what has gone on, but have not a sufficiently close interest to read the separate reports.

So what to put in the summary? Obviously a more inclusive list of repetitious events would bore acutely. A selective mention of the most important? Agreement on what is most important is unlikely to be attained. It depends on whether you are a Commissioner, a Wavell boy, a Master, a parent, a Sixth Form boy, an "Old Victorian", an exiled Scot who classes QVS nostalgically with heather, bagpipes, Rangers and Sauchiehall Street on a Saturday night; or merely a "prospective parent" idly turning the pages over of a complimentary copy in a Sergeants' Mess. So away with comprehensive

objectivity, and instead allow full scope for the subjective partiality and intermittent memory of the writer.

Perhaps the most logical way of starting any sort of account of this last year is to recall the end of the previous one.

Well, it ended very much like any other. Mr Norman Graham presented the Prizes and addressed us with the wisdom and humour that is always to be had from very Senior Civil Servants when they themselves think the occasion warrants it. The clarity of the Headmaster's speech was in no way impaired by the fact that he was obviously very conscious that it was his last one, and was sorry for it. We were very pleasantly "inspected" by the AOC whose friendly manner showed that he enjoyed it; so we did to.

The end of the School Year also marked our contribution to the "Brain Drain" when Mr Orr and family emigrated to Canada. Scholastically, the year's work had been justified by a 70% pass rate at S.C.E. "O" Grade and 78% at Higher Grade. So, well equipped academically, we despatched our usual quota of boys to make their way in a less sheltered world, among whom were four University Entrants and one Sandhurst Entrant, with a very good number of Service Apprentice College Entrants too.

As the old year ended characteristically, so the new began, equally true to form; the usual criss-crossing of anxious parties of tear-stained mothers and frightened little new boys. The latter, of course, have long since lost their initial diffidence and, it is hoped, by now most of the mothers will have dried their eyes permanently.

We gained a new Headmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, who joined with the well balanced attributes of experience and enthusiasm. Very shortly afterwards we lost our Chaplain, who, after twelve years here, left us for Orkney. The boys showed what they thought of his kind heart. In October we made our first contribution to the successive ceremonies which are now marking the progressive diminishment, in numbers and variety of title though not in spirit, of the Scottish Soldier. The boys piped and danced before Field Marshal Montgomery and the last massing of the great 51st Highland Division. The Division enjoyed our contribution to the day. The Field Marshal said he did. Then came our own big day. But enough has been written already about that. It was a success and everyone enjoyed it, including Her Majesty. What more need be said.

If, alas, it is the last time we shall see our old friends the South African Veterans, who have attended our ceremonial occasions for so many years, what more fitting finale? And among the other two and a half thousand of our friends and supporters it was good to see so many Old Victorians. Including the original "model" for "The QVS Boy" picture, painted in 1913.

Mr Hooper visited us as "Visiting Commissioner" later in that term and if he found an atmosphere of slightly stale anti-climax, he was tolerant of it. But his visit was notable (though not only for this) for originating the proposal that the School should keep pigs. This idea, excellent in itself, was later negatived sympathetically by the Commissioners in Session when it was pointed out that the only person available to look after them in the holidays was the Commandant.

Our swimmers swam well. Both as the Perth ACF county team, and as a substantial part of the Scottish team. But they didn't win.

The "Wavell Hall", a magnificent Ministerial development of a modest School idea, came into vigorous use. It is no longer quite such a problem to know what to do with Wavell on a wet winter's day.

We ended the Christmas Term, as we now always do, with a mixed "Ceilidh" for the country dancers, and a Carol service. Both dull to write about, but the first is fun and, of all QVS memories, perhaps the Carol Service, with the lighted Christmas Tree, Scarlet Jackets, and treble voices, will last as long as any.

We got through the Easter Term, which nobody likes very much, unmolested by the ever threatening influenza, and no more than a normal number of "sore throats". Lots of distinguished Service people came to see us. Scottish Regimental CO's, two or three, a Clan Chief, and a fighter pilot of Battle of Britain and Korea, now a friendly neighbour commanding Leuchars, who lets us ride in his helicopters every Sunday.

An unusual visit was made to the U.S. nuclear submarine squadron at Holy Loch. Forty boys, with both the Commandant and the Headmaster pushing in with no real excuse. Some of the boys purported to understand something of the electronics; the two adults did not. All got a spinal thrill from standing amid enough hydrogen bomb power, in the submarine's "battery", to blow up most of the capitals of Europe simultaneously. But the older you are, the less delicious the thrill perhaps. It was an absorbing day though, and they were so nice to us.

Later on the Band Broadcast, older boys were allowed passes into Stirling (we too can be trendy in liberalisation), and Fox passed the RAF Commissions Board. We ended the term with a two day visit by Mr Crichton-Miller, formerly headmaster of two famous schools. As an old war horse sniffs the battle (no disrespect intended) so did the visiting Commissioner approach his task. He really put us through it. And very good for us it was too, and useful. Fortunately for us, he liked most of what he saw, which was pretty well everything.

The term which is neither the Christmas nor the Easter Term (the traditional description seems inept) has been too cold for most things, and has only lacked snow for tobogganing. So far; (end of May).

General Sir Gordon MacMillan of MacMillan, our second clan chief this year, mindful of our previous chastening experience, let us down lightly as Visiting Commissioner. And he was good enough to present medals for a total of 36 years service in our ACF. Three concurrent terms though. The Adjutant-General came to see us later, a first visit. The Cameronian sons, with the Commandant, went to the disbandment ceremony of the Regiment, a tear-jerking affair indeed. As a conclusion to 279 years' service to the Crown the CO's final words "we have to go now, Sir" are never likely to be equalled, both for what the phrase left unsaid, and the effect it had on the spectators. To the young these things are less affecting. But perhaps our boys will remember the event.

We welcomed our new Chaplain, the Rev. Ritchie, and now that he has set a precedent by always producing "something special for Wavell" at the Sunday morning Service, he will have to keep it up. He is going to teach music too.

"Old Boys Day" was bleak and cold and wet. Nearly everything that was planned had to be cancelled and one felt so sorry for the disappointment of those who had come so far, at such trouble and expense. But we had a most useful Meeting which should have valuable results next year. Cricket there has hardly been, so nothing to say about it.

During this year we have gained five Duke of Edinburgh Gold Awards, our best year yet. Boys (accompanied by girls) have walked 25 miles or more at so much a mile to benefit cancer research. It was worth the money just to watch them come in. The girls carried it off best.

We have again done our exams and await the results with hope and anxiety. We have played and danced to Old Soldiers in Edinburgh and will play at Edinburgh Castle again. Two boys will be presented to the Queen when She unveils the Royal Scots Memorial to Princess Royal in Edinburgh on July 1. We shall be performing a useful task at the Royal Review, and later Piping in front of the Duke of Edinburgh. Sailing has moved to Loch Ard, and tennis, now expertly coached, is graced and embellished by whiter than white shirts and shoes. The Canoeists are becoming restless with the restrictions of the swimming pool and seek wilder waters abroad in the country.

Soon we shall, again, be saying good-bye to some very well-kenned faces, and feeling more sorry than they are about it. Because we have watched them from little boys, and think of them yet as boys. But they, properly, know that a new and exciting stage has come, and they are prepared to shed their boyhood like a snake's skin.

And soon it will start all over again.

Many other things have happened during the year, of course. Like the ones mentioned, they have happened before, or something very like. But I have forgotten them. This is enough.

A Tribute and Salute

A special notice written by the Commandant

As is well known, the original concept on which the foundation of the School was based, was that it should be Scotland's tribute and memorial to those Scottish Soldiers and Sailors who were casualties of the South African war. During the planning stage Queen Victoria died and it was then decided that the School should also become Scotland's Memorial to Her. However the original concept was in no way lost sight of or diminished and the School Chapel, in particular, enshrined the memory of Scotland's dead of that War, as it has later come to enshrine the memorials for the School's own dead of the First and Second World Wars, and other Campaigns.

Ever since the School was formally opened, exactly sixty years ago, by King Edward VII, the School's special connection both with the casualties of the South African War, and the surviving Scottish members of the British Forces who served in that war, has been marked and maintained by the presence of South African War Veterans at the School's annual Grand Day Parade, as specially invited and honoured guests.

Year after year, rain or shine, with few exceptions, ever since that time so long ago, we have seen some Veterans here, always in an honoured place, and always specially introduced to the Inspecting Officer. As the decades passed, the number of straight backed old soldiers (mostly they were soldiers) with their shining medals specially polished for the occasion, inevitably diminished. But last year, in 1967, fifty-nine years after the School was opened and sixty-five after the end of the War in which they had fought, three Veterans had the honour of being introduced to Her Majesty The Queen, when the Queen presented new Colours to the School. These Veterans were Mr W. H. Robertson, Chairman of the

South African War Veterans Association of Edinburgh, Mr Smith, and Mr Brown. Each of these three gentlemen were subsequently sent a specially inscribed copy of the Commemorative Programme as a souvenir of the occasion.

Now, at last, and with sincere regret on both sides, Mr Robertson has notified the Commandant that the burden of time and age can no longer be disregarded, as it has been so bravely disregarded for at least these last fifteen or twenty years, and the Veterans feel that the Presentation of their representatives to Her Majesty last year at the School must mark the appropriate and fitting end of the long association, so far as physical presence is concerned, between them and the School.

All surviving South African War Veterans will be able to recall the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria, with whose memory they share the thought and generosity of the Scottish People, who founded the School in their honour.

In this year of our own School 'Diamond Jubilee', we, the sons and grandsons of Veterans of later wars, salute and thank you. We will not forget you.

OBITUARY

Pipe Major W. M. TAYLOR, M.S.M., Croix de guerre

Some of the older Old Victorians will remember Pipe Major W. M. Taylor, who was Pipe Major at the School in the 1920's. He was born in 1877 and, after long service in the Seaforth Highlanders, came to Queen Victoria School in 1919. He lived in retirement at Ardersier, Inverness-shire, and in a letter to the Commandant shortly before his death, mentioned the names of one or two Old Victorians of his day who still visited him occasionally, or with whom he kept in touch. When the Pipes and Drums of the School did a broadcast early in the year Mr Taylor wrote to the Commandant saying how much he had enjoyed hearing them. Later he sent a coloured photograph of himself, taken on his 90th birthday in 1967, with his pipes under his arm. This, suitably framed and inscribed, now hangs in Pipe Major MacKenzie's Office. Colonel A. C. T. White, V.C., M.C., B.A., Commandant of the School 1925-29 wrote in a letter to the Commandant that he well remembers being instructed in Highland Dancing twice a week by Mr Taylor.

Recently, just before his sudden death, we sent him a coloured print of the new School Colours, which pleased him very much.

Our sympathies are offered to his wife, in sustaining her bereavement after fifty-six years of happy married life.

Staff

Mr HUGHES

Mr Hughes was one of the four original civilian masters of the School, of whom only Mr Le Maistre will remain next year. He came in 1951, and has therefore witnessed the many radical changes that have taken place in the School since his arrival. As a result he is well qualified to comment on them. He testifies that the academic standard of the School has risen greatly in recent years, along with improvements in the social conditions, notably with the introduction of house-matrons. On the subject of the School's military tradition, which has been discussed much recently among the older boys, he says that in general, the evil has gone while the good remains. As History master he has earned the respect of all boys, both as a teacher and for his authoritative discourses on current affairs. As the 1st XI cricket coach he constantly astounded by his easy skill and has more than once saved the Masters from defeat in the annual match v. the School. He retires to Dunblane with his wife, but he has accepted the post of school librarian, and in carrying out this duty, he hopes to keep up contact with the School and its activities. We offer both of them our thanks for their services to the School, and our sincere best wishes for the future.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Captain Walker came to the School in 1965 as teacher of Mathematics and Assistant Housemaster of Wavell. During his stay he has coached the school shooting team, the standard of which has improved considerably. In addition he revived the Model Railway Club, which has since proved a very popular hobby among both older and younger boys. We have appreciated his unassuming friendliness, and offer him and his wife our best wishes. Captain Walker goes to London University, where he is to take a post-graduate course in Manpower Studies (Occupational Psychology).

Mr RITCHIE

We welcome to the School as the resident Church of Scotland minister, Mr Ritchie, who brings with him his wife and four children, James, Charles, Alec, and Aileen. He graduated from Glasgow University, and came to us from the Church of St. Columba, Helensburgh. He is fond of music, and tells us he plays the organ as a hobby. Below he gives us his first impression of the School.

As the latest addition to the staff I have been asked to set down my first impressions of the School. First impressions are of course notoriously superficial, and with that warning to myself and reminder to you I set about my task.

As a parish minister in a west coast congregation I often drove past the slightly austere buildings of Queen Victoria School, noticing them as I headed north, but never for a moment imagining that I should enter as a visitor much less as chaplain.

However I came, and saw, and stayed, and found that inside these walls there was a community with a rich and varied life of its own, a reminder that every village, every church, every school we pass on the road has its own history, its own record of human hopes and endeavour.

First of all may I thank the staff and pupils for the warm welcome we have received, and the many folks who have entertained my daughter, who has visited most persistently all over the campus. I don't know when I shall know the name of each boy. This is something a minister must learn when faced by a new congregation, but he visits them individually; you arrive in groups and that is harder.

Again, I have found Q.V.S. a very friendly place, and have already discovered that it is held in high esteem in the town.

I think that you are very fortunate, set amidst some of the loveliest country in Scotland and provided with all the amenities of a Butlin's holiday camp without the frequent appeals of the redcoats for more organised enjoyment.

Naturally I was particularly interested in the Chapel, a seemly building in which to worship and provided with an excellent organ. I hope that in the days ahead we may do something to enhance the music and worship there, and that you will at all times regard it as not just another building, but as a place set apart for the worship of God and to be entered at all times with reverence. Yet I would not have it set too far apart from the life of the school: rather regard it as the classroom where you learn some of the most important and worthwhile lessons.

Dean Inge once defined education as the teaching of a man "all that it concerned him to know in order that he might be all that it concerned him to be". If there is any truth in his definition, the Chapel and its worship surely have a most important part to play in the life of the School.

Valete

Form VI.

FINGLAND, D. McG.—R.A.O.C. Joined 1960. Trenchard. Monitor. Captain of Rugby 1st XV. 1965-66-67-68. Colours 1966-67-68. Captain of Cricket. 1st XI. 1965-66-67-68. Colours 1967-68. Production Manager of "Uhuru I". Sports Editor "Victorian". A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, Sgt. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Piper in Band. S.C.E. Higher English, Maths, Science. Ord. Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Mechanics, French. To Heriot Watt University. Home address: 47 Paisley Road, Renfrew.

FOX, G. H.—R.A.F. Joined 1960. Haig-Monitor. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, C.O.M.S. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Best Piper 1966. Piper in Band. S.C.E. Ord. English, Maths, Physics, Arithmetic, Mechanics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing. To Cranwell and R.A.F. Home address: 1 Woodfarm Road, Thornliebank, Glasgow.

GRIGOR, H. S.—Royal Irish Fusiliers. Joined 1960. Cunningham. Prefect. Vice-Captain of Cricket. 1st XI. 1966-67-68. Colours 1967-68. Open Swimming Champion and colours 1966-67-68. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, Sgt. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Gold Series. Life-Saving Distinction. Instructor's Certificate. Personal Survival Gold. Colour Party 1968. Best Highland Dancer 1967. S.C.E. Higher English, Maths, Ord. Physics, Arithmetic, Mechanics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing. To R.A.F. Home address: 149 Findhorn, Forres, Morayshire.

LEE, J.—A. & S. Highlanders. Joined 1960. Cunningham. Monitor. Business Manager of "Victorian". Chairman Debating Society. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, Corporal. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Gold Series. Personal Survival Gold. Life-Saving Award of Merit. Instructor's Certificate. Dux of School 1968. Wavell Memorial Prize. S.C.E. Higher English, History, Maths, Science, French. Ord. Arithmetic. To Edinburgh University. Home address: 277 Beacon Park Road, Peverill, Plymouth.

LONG, M. T.—Cameronians. Joined 1961. Haig. Colour Party 1965-66-67-68. Senior Projectionist. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, Corporal. Life-Saving Bronze Cross. Personal Survival Bronze. Senior Poetry Prize 1968. S.C.E. Higher English, History. Ord. Maths, Physics, Arithmetic, French. To The London School of Film Technique. Home address: 44 Main Street, Weston Coyney, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

MacINNES, D.—R.M.P. Joined 1962. Haig. Prefect. Vice-Captain Rugby. 1st XV. 1965-66-67-68. Colours 1966-67-68. 1st XI. 1968. Cross Country Running Colours 1968. Co-editor "Uhuru I" and "Victorian". A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, Sgt. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. Senior Outward Bound Course 1967. Senior Short Story Prize 1968. S.C.E. Higher English, History, French, Maths. Ord. Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic. To Edinburgh University. Home address: 8 Upper Breakish, Skye, by Kyle.

MOORE, J. W.—K.O.S.B. and R.S.F. Joined 1962. Trenchard. Monitor. Co-editor "Uhuru I" and "Victorian". A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, Sgt. 1st XV. 1966-67-68. Colours 1967-68. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. Outward Bound Course 1967. Cranston Memorial Essay Prize 1968. S.C.E. Higher English, French. Ord. Maths, Physics, Technical Drawing, Woodwork, Arithmetic, Mechanics. Candidate for University of Dundee. Home address: 163 Lothian Road, Edinburgh.

SLATER, G.—R.N. Joined 1960. Cunningham. Monitor. 1st XV. 1967-68. Colours. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, Corporal. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Series. Life-Saving Award of Merit. Instructor's Certificate. Personal Survival Gold Award. Piper in Band. Prince Philip Medal 1966. Outward Bound Course 1967. S.C.E. Higher Maths, Science, English, History. Ord. French, Arithmetic. To R.A.F., Cranwell or Edinburgh University. Home address: 95 Gilmerton Dykes Road, Edinburgh.

WILLMOTT, J.R.—R.M.P. Joined 1961. Cunningham. Senior Monitor. 1st XV. 1966-67-68. Colours. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, CS.M. Best Shot 1967. Addison-Smith Public-Speaking Prize 1968. S.C.E. Ord. French, Technical Drawing, Arithmetic, Mechanics, Woodwork, Higher Maths, English, Science. To University of Dundee. Home address: 48 Balmerino Road, Dundee.

WOOD, J. A.—R.A.F. Joined 1960. Haig. Boy Pipe Major. Prefect. Co-editor "Uhuru I" and "Victorian". 1st XV. 1966-67-68. Colours. Athletics Team. Shooting Team. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, Corporal. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. Eric Drew Memorial French Prize 1967. S.C.E. Ord. Latin, Physics, Arithmetic. Higher English, History, Maths, French. To Voluntary Service Overseas or to University of Edinburgh Home address: Muirhouse Farm, Cleland, Lanarkshire.

Form V.

OWENS, K. J.—A. & S. Highlanders. Joined 1960. Cunningham. Chief Librarian. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. S.C.E. Ord. English, History. To Nautical College for Pre-sea Training. Home address: Cathedral Hall, The Cross, Dunblane.

Form IV.

AITKENHEAD, G. C.—R.A.O.C. Joined 1962. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II, Lance-corporal. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Series. Life-Saving Award of Merit. Personal Survival Gold Award. To R.E.M.E. Home address: c/o Captain R. Aitkenhead, Supplies Sub-Depot, Ordnance Depot, B.F.P.O. 53.

ALLAN, J. A.—Queen's Own Highlanders' Joined 1962. Haig. 1st XV. 1967-68. 1st XI. 1966-67-68. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Life-Saving Intermediate Award. Personal Survival Bronze Award. Employment undecided. Home address: c/o R.Q.M.S. J. Allan, Queen's Own Highlanders, F.E.T.C., Nee Soon, Singapore.

BROWN, P.D.—Royal Artillery. Joined 1962. Cunningham. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. To Army Hatering Corps. Home address: Robinson Road, Hillhead, Fareham, Hants.

BYRES, N. D.—Royal Artillery. Joined 1961. Cunningham. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Continuing education. Home address: 56 Caesdykes Road, Kincorth, Aberdeen.

DUNCAN, J. A.—R.A.F. Joined 1963. Trenchard. 1st XI. 1967-68. Shooting Team. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Personal Survival Bronze Award. Leading Side Drummer. Best Drummer 1967-68. Best Shot 1968. Continuing education. Home address: Not yet known.

FREEMAN, R. C.—R.A.F. Joined 1964. Haig. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Progress Prize 1965. Junior Technical Prize 1967. To Merchant Navy. Home address: 71 Argosy Road, R.A.F. Brize Norton, Nr. Cartoton, Oxon.

KELT, J. C.—R.A.F. Joined 1963. Trenchard. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. Life-Saving Instructor's Certificate. Engineering Apprentice. Home address: 33 Austins Mead, Bovingdon, Nr. Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

KIRKWOOD, A. J.—R.A.F. Joined 1962. Trenchard. Cricket 1st XI. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Series. Life-Saving Award of Merit. Dancer. Dockyard Apprentice. Home address: 44 Maitland Street, Dunfermline, Fife.

POCOCK, D. J.—Royal Signals. Joined 1964. Trenchard. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Life-Saving Bronze Cross. Personal Survival Silver Award. Employment undecided. Home address: 18 Johns Road, Eyemouth, Berwickshire.

ROBERTSON, A. R.—R.A.O.C. Joined 1964. Trenchard. Librarian. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Series. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Personal Survival Silver

Award. Clerical Work. Home address: 94 New Tyle Road, Ralston, Paisley.

WEIR, J.—R.A.F. Joined 1964. Cunningham. Cricket 1st XI. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Series. Life-Saving Award of Merit. Personal Survival Gold Award. Employment undecided. Emigrating to S. Africa.

Form IIIB.

HYND, C.—Cameronians. Joined 1963. Trenchard. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Life-Saving Intermediate Certificate. Continuing education in Australia.

MacDONALD, D. A.—R.A.S.C. Joined 1963. Cunningham. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Personal Survival Silver Award. Piper in Band. To Army Apprentices College. Home address: 7 Briar Bank, St. Annes Hill, Carlisle.

Form IIIC.

BROWN, C. W. M.—Royal Scots. Joined 1964. Cunningham. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Junior Outward Bound 1968. Employment unknown. Home address: 118 Calder Preet, Glasgow, S.2.

BUCHANAN, J.—Royal Scots. Joined 1964. Trenchard. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Personal Survival Bronze Award. To school. Home address: 7 Rope Walk, Prestonpans.

CORRIGAN, S.—R.E. Joined 1962. Trenchard. Rugby 1st XV. Cricket 1st XI. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Personal Survival Bronze Award. Dancer. Junior Secondary Certificate. To Leith Nautical College. Home address: c/o Capt. J. Corrigan, 275, PCCV R.E., B.F.P.O. 53.

CREIGHTON, J. R.—R.M.P. Joined 1964. Haig. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Personal Survival Bronze Award. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. To Leith Nautical College. Home address: Harrowdean, 31 Manor Road, Selsey, Sussex.

CROOKSTON, D. R.—R.A.F. Joined 1963. Trenchard. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Personal Survival Bronze Award. To Metropolitan Police. Home address: 100 Teddar Road, R.A.C. Galton, Aylesbury, Bucks.

DUCKETT, M. C. A.—K.O.S.B. Joined 1963. Cunningham. Personal Survival Silver Award. Emigrated to Australia, March 1968. Home address: Lot 30, Ashley Terrace, Midland 6056, W. Australia.

GOLDIE, B. J.—Royal Scots. Joined 1963. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Personal Survival Silver Award. Tenor Drummer in Band. Continuing education. Home address: 44 Pentland Avenue, Boghall, Bathgate, West Lothian.

HOUSTON, N. F.—R.H.F. Joined 1963. Haig. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Athletics Team. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Personal Survival Silver Award. Outward Bound Course 1967. Dancing Team. Continuing education. Home address: 5 Newmore, Muir-of-Ord, Ross-shire.

KENT, R. J.—Gordon Highlanders. Joined 1963. Haig. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Personal Survival Silver Award. Continuing education. Home address: 18 Staur lodge, Fullwood, Preston.

STRACHAN, L. J. M.—Intelligence Corps. Joined 1964. Trenchard. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Continuing education. Home address: 24 Brunsfield Place, Edinburgh.

WEST, R. A. M.—Gordon Highlanders. Joined 1964. Cunningham. A.C.F. Certificate A Parts I and II. Life-Saving Bronze Cross. Personal Survival Bronze Award. To Royal Navy. Home address: c/o WO II A. G. West, 1st Gordon Highlanders, B.F.P.O. 29.

Form IIB.

WEIR, R.—R.A.F. Joined 1964. Cunningham. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Personal Survival Silver Award. Piper in Band. Continuing education in South Africa.

Form IIC.

CARMICHAEL, A. T. W.—R.A.F. Joined 1964. Cunningham. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Personal Survival Bronze Award. To Australia, also his brother, Carmichael, A. P.

Form IA.

MURRAY, C.—R.A.F. Joined 1965. Haig. Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. Personal Survival Gold Award. Continuing education in Australia. Home address: 21 Broadhurst Road, Wittering, Northants.

Old Boys' Notes

We hope that the new look of this "Victorian" will not unsettle too many Old Boys. Although it assumes a different colour outside and a slightly different shape, the changes are not drastic. They stem from our having invited the boys to take upon themselves a greater measure of the responsibility for producing the School magazine. We have not changed the policy. The "Victorian" will continue to be the official record of the School's activities, but we shall add to this regular chronicling of events a steadily growing literary contribution from the boys.

The Annual General Meeting on 5th May was well attended and made two important decisions. The first followed a suggestion put forward by two of our younger members, Keith Douglas and Adrian Richardson, that the Old Boys rugby match against the School should be combined with the Old Boys Day to make one worth-while weekend. Not only would this encourage more members to come but it would be a good way to get the younger Old Boys to meet the more venerable. The best weekend for this function will be towards the end of the Easter term. The programme might well include a concert by the School Choir on the Saturday evening and, after this year's soccer match and Beating the Retreat were rained off, we began to think seriously about an alternative wet-weather programme for the Sunday. More details of this will be published in the newsletter in January.

The next decision was concerned with the effort to enrol as many Old Boys as possible. In recent years, we have distributed only about 70 copies of the "Victorian" to life members. We agreed that we should change this system of distribution as well as taking other steps to get into touch with Old Boys who are not yet members of the Old Victorians Association. From now on, we shall send you your "Victorian" through your Branch Secretary if you are a member of one of our three main branches, Edinburgh, Glasgow or London. If you are not, we shall send it to you direct. In place of the life membership fee of £1, which entitled you to receive the magazine free for the rest of your life, we shall ask you to pay 2/6 or 5/- a year, depending on whether you want to receive only the summer issue or both issues. We hope the new system will save the funds as well as helping us to enlarge our circulation.

If you know of a former pupil who is not a member, we shall be pleased if you will put us in touch with him.

Bert Harrison (67) writes to tell us that his son, W.O.1 J. Harrison (1785) R.E.M.E., who is serving with the First Divisional Engineers, has met another former pupil, namely the R.S.M. of the Unit, Alan Montgomery (1960 or 1961).

Ian Gray (2714), who left in 1961 and who is now living at 12 The Approach, Rayleigh, Essex is anxious to hear from any boys who were at School at the same time as he was.

Mr J. Grassick, the Secretary of the London Branch, is thoroughly enjoying his retirement after 25 years in the Royal Navy and 21 years in the Civil Service. A short time ago he went to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea to see Donald Innes, who had been in the sick bay, and to his surprise, he bumped into George Stirrat, also visiting. Of course the three of them had a long morning of "Do you remember . . .". The London Branch will charter a coach for the trip on Grand Day. George Fraser, whom many

Old Boys will remember as Art Master, hopes to be there. Other representatives from that generation that they are hoping to meet are Joe McLeod, George Fox, Claud Harrison, Willie Thomas, Willie Forrest, Joe Gill, J. Kennedy, W. Rennie and G. Wilson.

Literature

We are sorry to have to record the passing of three members of the First Hundred. William Burnett (39) died in Bridge of Earn Hospital on 23rd December, 1967. He was a native of Perth and returned there on leaving School in 1913. He later joined the Black Watch and was taken prisoner on the Somme in 1916. After his release in 1918, he joined the Merchant Navy and, during the Second World War, he was twice torpedoed. Between the wars he had an adventurous life in lumber camps in Canada, and on sheep stations in Australia and New Zealand. His service in two wars had left him in poor health in recent years.

John Stewart (74) died in Strathcathro Hospital on 11th December, 1967. On leaving School, he returned home and during the First War he joined the Merchant Navy, in which he served for two and a half years. After that he worked for many years as a signalman for British Railways.

Within the last few days we have heard from the widow of Robert Edwards (13) that he died in Glasgow on 15th June this year. We extend to her our deepest sympathy.

We were delighted to receive some newspaper cuttings dating from 1908 and 1909, a little while ago. One is an advertisement dated 3rd January, 1908 listing the donations already received towards the financing of the "Queen Victoria School and Memorial to Scottish Sailors and Soldiers at Dunblane". They totalled £44,928 16s 5d and included a sum of £35 12s 0d collected by the Rev. John Cameron, Chaplain, Church of Scotland, from Scotsmen in Bombay. It ends by appealing most earnestly to the patriotism of the Scottish people to provide the balance of £5,000 needed to complete the scheme.

How well the Scottish people responded is attested by another cutting. This shows a photograph of the main building under which the report says that the School, which was opened in the autumn of 1908, would be visited by the King and Queen the following week. It goes on to describe the setting and the interior of the School, "which cannot fail to produce strong, brawny and lithe lads".

We shall look with greater interest on Grand Day at the lithe lads from the First Hundred.

DEPARTURE FROM NESS BATTERY '67

"Right, fall-in in threes!" the R.S.M. barks,
And everyone curses him.
Sad faces and sleepy eyes look
Dejectedly down.
The C.S.M. comes round checking kit—
I pull a frown
And remember that I gave away
My badge last night.
Those who are deficient
Have their names taken.
"Left turn!"
(A shambling clump.)
"By the left, quick march!"
We shuffle towards the wooden gate.
It never was open.
Slowly we heave ourselves
Over the rickety frame.
"Fall-in in threes. Move off—
No need to march."
This last bit of freedom is met
With a very satisfied grunt.
Soon we find ourselves winding through
The main street of the town.
"Halt. Halt at the front! HALT!"
With scunnered looks the leaders stop
And slowly look around.
"Fall in properly in threes!"
(Damn that phrase!)
Last night this very road
Was full of laughter, merriment.
And we were exchanging souvenirs
With our new friends.
But now the silence of the street
Is broken only by sound
Of sliding, scuffing feet.
Above our heads the flags which survived
Last night's plunder flap lazily.
A slight buzz of life on the pier
Where the girls have come
to see us off,
Clutching handkerchiefs.
After a short farewell
The ferry pulls away from the harbour,
And suddenly we realize
How lonely we'll be now.
"Oh well," I sigh,—
"Roll on next year . . ."

J. Sayer, IIIA

The Bodach

The old man stirred in his sleep and moved his head across the pillow. The beam of light coming through a clean patch in the dirt of the small storm-window shone full on his face, and he blinked. Lying there, blinking in the pool of yellow morning sun-light, his senses slowly returning, the old man looked for all the world like some poor, defenceless, defeated, animal. His thin body crouched under the blankets of his bed and his narrow, gaunt face with the corners of his toothless mouth drawn down by resignation peered into the gloom of his bedroom. He stretched tentatively, pushing his feet down to the coldness at the bottom of the bed and then, suddenly . . . pain! Wild throbbing, excruciating pain made him aware once more of the limits which age had set him. He relaxed, content to lie and savour the feeling of youth which he experienced only when his mind alone was functioning, for his mind was still lively and bright, still full of fantastic imaginings and visions of beauty. Memories alone contrived to remind him of reality.

Outside the small croft-house, large fir trees swayed with the wind, sending myriad dancing shadows on the strip of worn grass surrounding the building. Beyond the trees the heather began. To the west it stretched for miles as wild moorland 'til it reached the Cuillin hills; brown cheerful companions in the morning, red, magnificent homes of the heroes in the afternoon, and black faery kingdoms at night. To the east, the heather stopped short at the narrow winding coast road and then continued as far as the sea. All round, the air was filled with the harsh vibrant cries of the seagulls, wheeling, spinning and gliding above the house.

Their cries shook the old man free of his thoughts. He rose stiffly and peered through the window at the world outside. He looked across the sea at Raasay; island of his childhood, rising out of the morning mist, the smooth greenness of its lower slopes giving way to the dark jagged peaks which soared high above the other small flat islands strewn like coppers from the hand of some legendary giant. The wind whipped in low over the grey water, sending sheets of white spume flying up over the unseen rocks on the coast. He could imagine the scene down there below. (How often, in his childhood, he had stood there, lost in the ecstasy of that violent living moment as the waves roared in on the rocks and their crash mingled with the screeching, delirious songs of the sea-gulls, as the wind howled over and around him,

and left him, buffeted, hair-tossed and happy.) The old man stood now, and thought of the time since then. He had left the little township school nearby when he was twelve, to work on his father's croft. Times had been hard, and food scarce, but this had not been so noticeable in those days when the township still had a thriving community and the land was well-populated. He had been happy then amongst the rest of the laughing, hard-working crofters, but over the years the people began to leave the land, to travel to far-distant cities on the mainland, coming "home" occasionally with hordes of scruffy, unhealthy children, already beginning to show signs of their environment. He, and a few others, had stayed.



Alone, having to work harder than ever without the usual neighbourly help forthcoming, they had withdrawn into themselves and away from the rest. It was then he had begun to read. In every minute of his spare time he read, and it seemed as if, each time he read a book, he was tapping another deep source of understanding within himself. His mind developed accordingly with the amount of reading matter he digested and soon he was able, instead of blindly accepting what was laid down in a book, to discern what was false and what was true, and the various shades of difference between both. As he grew older and consequently less able, he began to feel the frustration of knowing that he could never experience all the many different exciting things promised him in the books. It was then that he had entered into a period of unhappiness and discontent which seemed to hold no hope of relief. He could not understand why he should feel so, for he was quite capable of resigning himself to a life of comparative mediocrity and dullness, but still, there, festering and growing in his mind was some source of deep unhappiness, and bewildered, he carried on as before.

The sun had vanished behind thick black layers of cloud coming over quickly from the dark mass of mainland on the horizon. Suddenly, to the old man's right, the voices of children singing an old Gaelic rowing chant rose through the cold morning air, drawing, it seemed, the attention of every living thing, away from the crash of the waves and the cry of the sea-gulls. The old man watched the children as they sang and walked slowly along the road, passing in front of his house. There were two of them, boy and girl, and new to the township, for he had never seen them before. He watched them now, tightening his lips in bitterness as he noted the freedom of their lithe easy-moving bodies. He had had that freedom and youth once, but now it was wasted. He could remember little of the happiness of his childhood; his feelings now were engendered by this visible reminder of what he had once been, what he had once had, and what now was lost to him for ever. All his knowledge, all the experiences he had lived through because of the pens of other men, all were for nothing now that he was old and useless.

The children came to the end of the sea-shanty, and, their mind and senses open once more to the world around them, they noticed the curious little thatched croft-house set back behind the curtain of trees. The sky was now overcast and indeed the whole island was cast in gloom, but the darkness cast by the trees around the small croft-house gave an aura of mystery and forboding which seemed not of this world. Accordingly, by some secret mutual understanding, their curiosity aroused, the children crossed to the other side of the road and crept through the trees. Coming out onto the small strip of grass separating the trees from the house, they

stopped, hesitant, fearful as to whether fate had been tempted to its limits. The boy, driven by some atavistic urge to prove himself in front of the girl, took a defiant step forward.

Fate proved him wrong. The door of the house flew open and the old man came storming out. In his long night-gown, with his scaly white match-stick legs sending the folds flapping and his bony arms gesticulating frantically, the old man looked like some grotesque figure of fun in an outdated farce. But to the children, he was terrifying. The boy jumped back and at the same time the girl burst into tears. The old man faltered and finally stopped, at a loss at what to do. What happened next was to be searingly imprinted on his mind for the rest of his days. The boy, recovering his composure quickly looked from the old man to the girl and, putting his arm comfortingly around her shoulder said: "Don't cry, Fiona, it's only an old Bodach!"

The word struck deep into the old man's mind and aroused in his subconscious the memory of all the times he had heard the word used derisively. So far he had been content to reconcile himself to the fact of his age, but now, hearing the word applied to himself for the first time ever by another human being, he exploded into a blind fury. He lashed out blindly at the boy's face. He raised his hand again and then stopped, as he suddenly became aware of the enormity of his action. The boy raised his hand to his cheek, to the red marks left on the paleness of his cheek. Standing there, watching the tears trickle down, leaving the skin wet and shiny, the old man felt a peculiar sensation, as if a great enlightenment had come over him, as if some type of naked unadulterated truth was staring him in the face. Suddenly, he knew, looking into the boy's eyes, he saw something there which had escaped him a long time ago. Shining through the tears was the glow of bewildered innocence. The boy had not meant to be offensive in what he had said. He was merely describing that he had seen, no more and no less—an old man!

He closed his eyes, suddenly weary, shattered, incapable of rational thought. The truth behind his unhappiness had been revealed to him finally, and it was contained in a simple, total, loss of innocence.

Gone for ever was the easy natural acceptance of life and circumstances around him; his resignation to his slow, dull existence was one which had been forced, one which had been formulated and trained by his mind and all that was left now was a warped imagination, an intellect admittedly, but one which was bereft of that quality of youth which embellishes all with a shining lustre, a glow comprising truth, idealism, sincerity and singularity of motives.

The old man felt the dampness of the dew-laden grass cloying at his bare feet. Opening his eyes, he realised that the children were gone. He could not even say he was sorry.

D. MacInnes, VI.

"JUSTICE"

They're coming to take me away at eleven this morning. Why, for God's sake? Not long to go now. Not long to live. Damn that cross-eyed judge! How about a short prayer? No, they say, what's the use, I'll go to Hell anyway for my sin. Well, here they



come to get you, so brace yourself, Gabriel Baldwin. They're going to hang me, I suppose. Lordy, that looks awful swinging there waiting for me. Feels sort of smooth when it's round my neck, though. But any second now I'm gonna die for my crime—pity I'm innocent.

P. J. Docherty and J. Sayer, IIIA.

DISILLUSIONMENT

There were three pretty girls,
Three pretty girls were they
Who went away to marry,
For children to get, they say:
Then they found
That men were
Hard to love
That a dove
Was nice to eat
That raw meat
From a dead carcase
Would ooze blood
And
So they came back home,
They came back home
. . . . and wondered,

M. Findlay, IIIB.

DUNKIRK

There was a bloody battle
On that sea shore,
Men died every minute
and were injured by the score.

On Dunkirk's edge the
Defending British lay
With no obligation but to
just wait, hope and pray,
Men were killed and disfigured
by mortar shell.

It was more than a night, more,
It was merciless hell.

J. White, IC.

THERE'S HOPE YET

One of these days I'll have
A brain transplant
So I'll be able to do things
That I normally can't.
And when my intelligence goes
And things look grim
I'll simply go along to the
Doctor and trade my brain in.
So there's hope for you yet
If you're not very bright.
You could be top of the form
And get everything right.

J. White, IC.

SAND AND FOAM

The rest of the world had gone in their cars and buses and left me alone on the warm sand. If there had been a guitar I could have composed a song, the solitude was so relaxing. The sun had gone down behind the sea and that strange half-light was lengthening the deep living shadows around me into vivid images which played on my mind. The surging foam rattling in and out of the shingle had a rhythm and melody all of its own. My mind wandered, there were so many things to think about. I imagined flimsy boats landing with hordes of Roman soldiers pouring onto the beach and being met by the cruel cliffs. War and all its trappings had always held a strange fascination for me. I pictured a soldier cursing horribly at the sand because it had choked up his rifle. A burnt out fisherman's hut made me think of smugglers struggling under the weight of duty free cigarettes.

I left my thoughts and stood up. The sand was so cold now.

P. F. Docherty, V.

"THE DAY THE RAINS CAME"

The sun was beating down on the parched cracked fields. There was no wind and the air was hot. The children, whose stomachs were swelling with starvation, were squatting in the shade of a hut, watching the sacred cows walk over to the dried up irrigation tank which gave the air a horrible smell. The Monsoon rains which had not come for the past six years were desperately needed. The women did their work half-heartedly with only a cloth skirt on, leaving their breasts open to the sun. The silence was only broken by the men's conversation and the thump of one woman grinding a few grains of corn. Just then a cry was heard; it was that of a young boy. It was a dry high pitched voice. The men immediately stopped talking. No more could



the woman be heard grinding corn. A starving child crawled out of a hut. A cloud had been sighted, a big black one on the horizon. Was the rain to come at last? In the course of the next hour the sky became filled with clouds. The people were staring at them opened mouthed; one licked his lips with a parched tongue. The clouds no one expected to come. Then it came. The people went berserk; they were running about shouting and laughing—their wonder they could after starving for weeks. They were holding pots to collect water. The fields turned to one big muddy swamp. The irrigation tank was overflowing, and water was streaming from the irrigation tank down the channels to the fields. The rains had not failed them this year.

A. Cobb, IIC.

"A FLANDER'S POPPY DRIFTS SLOWLY DOWN"

A limping soldier cries out for rest,
his eyes raw never having slept
in a lifetime walking towards death
towards a mound of bones
parcelled in decaying rags,
a bare patch of mud his grave.
An ageold wish for peace
and love struggles from between
two blackened lips, no prayers now;
he was deserted in murder
the death of another man
killed only for being a soldier.
A Flander's poppy drifts
slowly down as from a tree
or the infinite sky.

He leans over painfully racked
by stiffness of days and nights
lonely on his march. A mudblack
hand picks the flower from below.
Tenderly, hopefully he sniffs its fragrance
but eyes sour, glare down with hate;
contempt and the world is crushed.

On a weary circle of grass
almost English in greeness
a mangled redness lies slowly
melting to trickle, spreading
rust along and through
the ancient roots.

Green turns black, a hole appears
down, searching, the soldier thrusts
an arm to pull out a rose
once virgin white now blemished with blood,
the heart gone.
What the soldier swallows
is an emptiness of love.

He trudges on, more weary
yet vaguely happy;
for him is the eternal black
for us the rose
and life.

Michael Long, VI.

THE SNAKE

A slithering writhing snake in the grass,
Its hypnotic beady eyes on its prey.
Slowly but surely it creeps forward,
Making the creature back away.

The creature now is petrified,
As the snake towards it glides,
With mouth open like a trapdoor,
And with a snap the creature is no more.

N. A. MacKay, 7A.

TRYST

It was his fifth cup of coffee, it was lukewarm, and sour on his palate. His nervous condition was causing an upset in his salivary glands, making them reject what they would normally accept and he pushed the half-finished cup a few inches towards the other side of the table.

He wished that he smoked or had taken a book with him, anything to speed up the arrival of his date and get it over with. On an impulse, he ordered a cup of tea but his senses positively rebelled and he was tempted to spit it out. Somehow, it managed to gurgle down into his stomach.

Robert was sixteen, slight of build, not handsome, not ugly, indiscriminate in every respect, and he was in a highly nervous state waiting for his first blind-date.

Robert realised that it was two minutes to go before his life leaped an obstacle and he struggled for a face to put on. Staring nervously round the body juke-box sound crammed cafe, he tried to fix his attention on something so that he would appear to be staring casually, professionally at nothing and could watch the door and window out of the corner of his eye at the same time. He adopted a position that is nearly always mistaken for a relaxed pose. Sitting sideways on his chair, his right leg was stretched out, his left leg was bent underneath his right knee with the shoe-rim resting on the floor. His left fore-arm and elbow supported him on the table and his right wrist was placed on the back of the chair. At a casual glance he was a musing youngster. A perceptive observer, however, would note the stretched right leg and the strained heel of the left shoe, recognise tensed limbs, and diagnose the possible state of mind of the adolescent.

"She's small, honey blonde, and she'll have her blazer over her left arm. She likes the Pink Floyd, Donovan, Terence Stamp, and spy films. She likes tea and cream buns and Cadbury's. She'll be fifteen next week. her figure's nothing special but she's got a pretty face. Have a cup of tea waiting for her but the rest is up to you, mate".

Robert hurriedly got a fresh cup of tea and placed it on the table. Staring at it, his whole pose broken, arms folded on the table, hunched up, he envisaged her hands touching that handle, her lips touching that cracked rim, touching that flannel-coloured liquid, sitting in that . . .

He heard the door swing open, was conscious of a new presence, and looked up to see Marilyn Turnbull, standing six feet away, with her blazer over her right arm, her big blue eyes staring incredulously at the masculine mass before her, her honey-coloured hair, draped over her blue school shirt, her grey gym-slip hanging on slim hips and thin legs, with tiny feet encased in grey socks and black shoes. Her hands were clasped demurely on her belly beneath an insignificant bosom.

Robert stared back at her, waiting for the cafe to collapse, Terence Stamp to walk in, War to be declared, anything to prevent the impending meeting.

Much against his will, he spoke:

"It should be over your left arm."

"What?"

"Your blazer." He gestured, moving the fingers of his right hand as if he was dealing cards. "It's on the wrong arm."

"Oh, so it is!" An expression of delighted wonder spread across the girl's gaunt appealing face. The mistake was rectified and she faced Robert again, more cheerfully this time. "Well!"

Robert stood up; Marilyn moved a few paces closer and held out her hand, the fingers separated.

"I'm Marilyn," said Marilyn.

"I'm Robert," said Robert.

He dearly wished that he wasn't.

K. OWENS, V.

HE DIED IN HIS GLORY

He walked down the corridor to the ballroom celebrating his victory. Suddenly a hand stretched from the crowd holding a gun which fired three times. He shuddered, stepped backwards and there he was, lying on the floor, his head and face covered in blood. Chaos all around him, his wife screaming give him air, people crying out for God's sake get a doctor. Men and women crying and being sick.

There in the middle of it all he lay, pale white in colour, with blood streaked over his skin. Friends were by his side trying to make him comfortable, and people were being kicked and trodden on in the struggle to get the assassin. And still he lay there drenched in his own blood, with a priest delivering the last rites. Many fainted on seeing him on the floor. The cry still went through the crowd, Get a doctor. And the man who had caused it all with a few shots from a gun was still there, fighting against his arresters. Kill him, they shouted, Kill him.

Yet there on the floor the great man still lay covered in blood, with death clawing at his body and his very soul. At last a doctor pushed his way to the stricken man, but there was little he could do. They got him out of that blood-filled room for others had fallen with him. There on the ground was a pool of blood. He was rushed to hospital, but it was useless. Death would not be kept from its victim, grabbing and clawing for a fingerhold. Doctors tried to fight it off but it was no use. At last the strain proved too much for his soul to withstand. Death had a foothold then two. Then closer and closer until his very soul was possessed and with a last despairing effort he left this world to enter the Void.

G. Gallacher, IA.

THOUGHTS OF JUDAS

"No, he can't be. Ah, just as I feared: he's drinking that wine. What's come over him these past few days? He was always telling us never to drink the stuff, and now look at him, swilling the stuff down. What's that he's saying? 'This is my blood! This is my'—what's he raving about? He must have gone mad! I don't understand, he was—eh? Now the bread's his body! His body! He must have gone mad. Unless, by the beard, unless he's given up! He can't. He just can't. Not after all the work he's done. Not after that. What!? He's raving again: one of us is going to betray him? Oh—oh, he's looking at me. That look in his eyes. He's saying it again. Here I don't like the look of this. Wait a minute, he's hinting at something. That's it. He wants me to betray him. But why? Unless he means—he wants me to kill him! So I was right, he has given up. He's given up and he's so ashamed he wants to die.

Well I'd better do something about it. Get him away from here as soon as possible. How? I've got it. I'll ask the governor, what's his name, Pilate to arrest him. We'll keep him hidden and safe from the people until he's recovered his confidence. Perhaps even smuggle him out of Jerusalem. Yes that's what I'll do. Oh well, I'd best be on my way. Yes, I'd better go now"

J. Sayer, IIIA.

VISIT TO FALKIRK ROYAL INFIRMARY

To begin with, Mr Fairgrieve, the senior surgeon at the Infirmary, introduced us to the mortuary, which he charmingly described as "the dead centre of the hospital". Following this was a quick glance round the laboratory, where we saw all manner of weird and wonderful machines. More elaborate equipment was shown us in the well-equipped X-ray department.

While we were visiting the Intensive Care Unit of the new surgical wing, a young man was pointed out to us who had been viciously attacked and stabbed. The sight of him lying helplessly, blood seeping from his chest into a plastic bag, helped to bring home, at least to me, the horror of such crimes.

To conclude our tour, we were shown round an actual operating theatre with all the instruments set out for us. Containing closed-circuit television, still cameras, fibrescopes, and up-to-date anaesthetic equipment, these theatres are marvels of electronic engineering.

Over refreshments, the conversation ranged over all manner of subjects, from euthanasia to religion; sometimes with more passion than reason. The visit was highly exciting and enlightening, and if it should ever be repeated, I advise all who can to go.

POOR LITTLE BOY

Poor little boy,
He has no mother.
Here have this toy,
And here is another.
But poor little boy, patted and pawed,
Hated this affected love
(Not by kindness overawed)
That came from above.
Passion in him swelled.
Why could he not be treated as others?
So he rebelled.
Just because they had mothers.
Nasty little boy,
Without any love.
Give us back our toy
Came the reply above.
They could not see in this,
They were partly to blame.
It was their fault as well as his.

G. MacKenzie, V.

LAST MOMENTS

The sunbeams momentarily broke through the curtain of leaves which partly covered the lush green floor of the forest. A brook gushed and gurgled its carefree course down to the river, slaking itself through the patchwork of fields, cutting a path through the perfect harmony of hues.

The small forest birds sung to their hearts content as the sunshine played upon the dull roof tiles of the farmhouse below. Slowly the orange sun sank below the horizon, the leaves turned a mellow brown as an icy breeze began to whistle through the trees. The wonderful cascade of forest flowers withered and died as the sunlight faded, and was replaced by briars and thorns. The sky faded, and a shadowy figure descended carrying the scythe of death.

B. C. Hamilton, IIA.

GRAND DAY PRACTICE

After tea on a Thursday night
We have half an hour of fun.
Then we fall in on the Square
And Mr Mortimer shouts Victorians Shun.

We form two deep, we right incline.
We turn about and reform line.
All the young ones think its a game,
Until "Guard Commander, take his name!"

R. Davidson, P7A.

THE VULTURE

The vulture eats between
his meals and that's the
reason why he very
very rarely feels as well as
you or I. His head is thin
his eye is dull, his neck is
growing thinner. What a lesson
for us all just to eat
at DINNER.

C. Gilchrist, P7A.

THEM

They're here, they're there.
They're crawling in your hair.
They're on your hands, they're on your tongue.
They come from cloths, and even dung.

They're ruthless, they're hungry, they never stop
eating.

They eat and eat till your heart stops beating.
In your fingers, in your arm,
Silently doing your body some harm.

But these wee beasties can now be halted.
Their way of life has now been faulted.
The answer to this I'll now fill in:
It's really very simple, Pennicillin.

T. Gemmill, P7A.

MR COLBIN'S SHOP

Peter Higgs and myself are the two mischief makers in our district. We have probably had more beltings than any other boys in our town. Today we were going to play the meanest trick ever and it was on the fat proud lady, the wife of the meek and small Mr Colbin, who owned the place he called the hardware shop. It was a drab dirty place in the back streets of Holborn, and the red bricks were now sooty-black from the smog, crumbling badly. There were chalk marks, like P.J. loves R.R. and stuff like that written all over it. The paint was scratched and there were cobwebs in the dirty corners. The pans were arranged like coal just flung in by the coalman, and we could see wasps lying in the shelves.

We both put a dead rat in the dustbin because she always yelled at us when we started playing football in the street. We scampered behind the fence where we waited and watched. Soon we heard heavy footsteps and held our breath. She came out proud as a peacock as though to be cheered by a waiting crowd. She tidied the buckets and was just about to throw in the rubbish when she turned white as a sheet and screamed. As she ran into the

shop she slammed the door. Luckily she never found out it was us, but whenever we are playing football now there is never a murmur. We never see her put out the garbage either. It's always Mr Coldbin.

K. Shepherd, P7A.

One day when I was playing football I had an argument with Gilchrist and I asked him who his best friend was and he said it was his shadow. I laughed at him and kicked the ball in his face and he started crying. Then his brother came flying in at me but I put my fist out in his nose. It started to bleed and he went to the toilet to wash it. Then the next day we were friends and played football without an argument.

J. Armstrong, P6B.

NATIONAL TRUST ADVENTURE CAMP, KINTAIL

Most of the party of 18, under Messrs. Paterson and Scott, arrived at the Kintail hostel by Sunday tea-time, having arrived by car, mini-bus, and hitch-hike. Four specimens managed to turn up on the Monday, having taken three days for the journey.

Four days were taken up with hikes, each one longer than the last, so that the working day was actually looked forward to as a rest day. Six unfortunates fell ill (here we have dark hints about Mr Scott's cooking), but no permanent damage appears to have been done. Here too we gather that part of the diet produced alarming abdominal symptoms, or at least that is the explanation offered for the temporary irregularity of the work spells. No doubt Mr Paterson has a different explanation.

However, the party returned looking fit and tanned, and the general verdict was one of approval, showing this annual work camp's consistency as an attractive summer term activity for leavers.

DEBATING SOCIETY

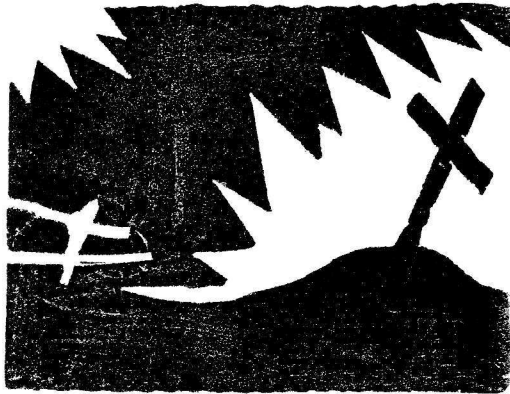
During the Easter term, we attempted a number of debates, none with any marked success, thanks to a sad lack of interest by the members of the society. Little real attempt was made at preparing any of the speeches, and what little preparation was done, was usually done at the last minute. The general attitude of the society could easily be seen from the small number of people who voted at the end of debates.

war war war

Vietnam

An American soldier's what I am
 Fighting in a land called Vietnam.
 One of Uncle Sam's enlisted men
 Our job the Communist flood to stem
 Fighting in a land with hot sweaty clime
 Where at the moment killing's not a crime.
 The politicians round the table goodwill to spout
 While we lie here and sweat it out.
 For the politicians a mighty rest from the fight
 But for us, there's no respite.

W. A. Common, IIA.



Filthy War

"Where's Vietnam?"
 I asked a man
 Who was lying
 In a ditch dying.
 "First on the left buddy."
 He spurted from his straining, muddy, bloody body.

J. R. Campbell, IV.

Annual Inspection

WEDNESDAY, 10th JULY, 1968, at 3.45 p.m.

Inspecting Officer:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR DEREK LANG, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.
General Officer Commanding, Scotland.

INSPECTION

The Parade is drawn up in line with Pipes and Drums in rear. The Colours are marched on to Parade to the School March, "The Victorian". (*Spectators rise as Colours are marched on.*)

The Inspecting Officer arrives and is conducted to the Saluting Base. The Inspecting Officer is received with a "General Salute". (*Spectators rise for Salute.*)

The Senior Monitor, in charge of the Parade, reports the Parade "Ready for Inspection" to the Inspecting Officer. The Inspecting Officer, preceded by two boy Orderlies, and accompanied by the Senior Monitor, Commandant, and Headmaster, inspects the Parade, returning after to the Saluting Base.

MARCH PAST

The Parade moves off and forms Columns of Guards to the left of the Saluting Base. The Pipes and Drums play "The High Road to Gareloch".

The Guards march past in slow time to the tune "The Mist Covered Mountains". (*Spectators rise as the Colours pass them.*)

The Parade reforms line to the tune "Mhairi's Wedding" then advances in Review Order to "Scotland the Brave" and again gives a "General Salute". (*Spectators rise for Salute.*)

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION OF PRIZES AND TROPHIES

The Parade forms three sides of a square and advances to the Saluting Base.

The Inspecting Officer addresses the Parade.

Miss Sarah Lang, daughter of the Inspecting Officer, presents non-academic prizes, medals, and trophies.

The Senior Monitor calls for Three Cheers for Lieutenant-General Sir Derek Lang and Miss Lang.

MARCH OFF

The Parade reforms line and marches off, headed by Pipes and Drums playing "Highland Laddie". (*Spectators stand as Parade marches off with Colours.*)

ON PARADE

Senior Monitor, commanding Parade	.	.	.	.	.	.	J. R. Willmott
Guards Commander	.	.	.	.	.	.	J. W. Moore
							K. L. Robinson
							D. MacInnes
							J. Lee
Orderlies to Inspecting Officer	.	.	.	.	.	.	A. G. Fiddes
							P. Sayer
Boy Pipe Major	.	.	.	.	.	.	J. A. Wood
Boy Drum Major	.	.	.	.	.	.	I. Graham

Programme

(Tea will be served during this programme)

1. Highland Dancing: (Instructor, Mr J. Mortimer, late K.O.S.B.).

Foursome Reel
Argyllshire Broadsword

2. Beating Retreat: (Pipe Major, Mr J. M. MacKenzie, late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.)
(Drum Major, Mr A. K. W. Morrison, late Scots Guards.)

Retreat Call followed by Drummers' Flourish

Retreat Marches		Heroes of Vittoria Banks of Allan Water
Slow March		Dark Island
March		Major Manson
Strathspey		Captain Colin Campbell
Reel		Willie Cumming's Rant
March		McLeod of Mull
March Past		8th Argylls' Farewell Highland Laddie

ARTS AND CRAFTS

A display of work done by the boys during the School Year is on exhibition in the "Wavell Hall" on the south edge of the Parade Ground. All guests are cordially invited to visit this. The exhibition will close at 5.45 p.m.

CANOE DEMONSTRATION

A demonstration of canoeing will take place in the swimming pool before and after the Parade.

ANNIVERSARY

This is the 60th Anniversary of the opening of the School by King Edward VII in 1908.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

1st XV

During the Easter term the number of fixtures was reduced as usual by the cold weather, but we managed to play four matches, the first being at Trinity College, Glenalmond. This is always a tough away match, and therefore we were surprised to run out winners 21-0, helped by two fine dropped goals from Robinson: one with each foot. Our next game was at Troon, against the Junior Tradesmen's Regiment. Our 45-0 victory was helped by the absence of six of their team on exercises. As had been promised, the Old Boys fielded a much stronger team. After the School had lost six points early in the game, we came back into the match and with a few seconds to go we led 12-9. But just on full time the Old Boys scored an unconverted try to level the score. Alloa Academy were our last opponents. We had been beaten at home in the Christmas term, and were determined to gain our revenge, but no such luck. We were soundly defeated 19-0 by an excellent team with outstanding backs. Although we ended on a sad note, we had an entertaining year of Rugby, breaking even in the games played. We won 7, lost 7, drew 1.

One of the pleasing aspects of the season was the number of boys who played for the team. The competition made our practices real practices, not just muck-about. With so many of these players remaining to next year, the School should be able to field a very good team.

Team—D. Fingland (Capt.), D. MacInnes (Vice-Capt.), I. Sneddon, J. Wood, D. MacIver, W. McKerron, G. Slater, K. Robinson, D. Wrenn, D. Kennedy, S. Powell, J. Willmott, J. Allan, J. Campbell, R. Long, A. Greig, G. MacKenzie, J. Moore.

3rd Year XV

This team did not have a successful term at all. In the three matches they played they lost them all: v. Alloa 0-36, v. Glenalmond 0-18, v. Hutchieson G.S. 6-9.

Team—C. Duckett, C. McHardy, B. Murton, P. Cooper, N. Houston, A. Martin, A. Robertson, P. Gilchrist, M. Greig, G. Bruce, C. Brown, A. Ferguson, J. Brown, C. Hynd, D. Crookston, B. Murdoch, L. Strachan, M. Findlay, B. Sutherland.

2nd Year XV

This team managed to win only one of the term's three games played, losing the other two. Our best performance was against Alloa, although we were beaten 15-9.

Team from—I. Crawford, R. Cowie, R. MacVicar, T. Goldie, C. Langton, J. Robertson, B. Webb, J. Wrenn, R. Howarth, D. Barnes, C. Robinson, A. Pocock, R. Grey, P. Sherwood, C. Martin, W. MacMillan, J. Fleming, T. Nicol, R. Weir, S. Grant, W. Crichton.

1st Year XV

The 1st Year XV played two matches, overwhelming a young Hutchieson G.S. team but being narrowly beaten by Alloa Academy.

Team—L. Ruderham, K. Ross, G. McNally, R. McMurdo, J. White, D. Todd, D. Barr, S. Powell, M. Haston, R. Barbour, A. Menzies, W. Murray, G. Bowden, P. Sayer, T. Cassells.

Inter-House Rugby

15-a-Side Competition—

Seniors: Trenchard 6, Haig 0.
Cunningham 9, Haig 3.
Cunningham 6, Trenchard 0.

Juniors: Haig 8, Trenchard 6.
Cunningham 10, Trenchard 6.
Haig 5, Cunningham 5.

Overall result—Cunningham 8½ pts., Trenchard 5 pts., Haig 4½ pts.

7-a-Side Competition—

Seniors: Haig 8, Trenchard 0.
Cunningham 6, Trenchard 3.
Haig 11, Cunningham 8.

Juniors: Haig 10, Trenchard 3.
Cunningham 6, Trenchard 3.
Haig 8, Cunningham 5.

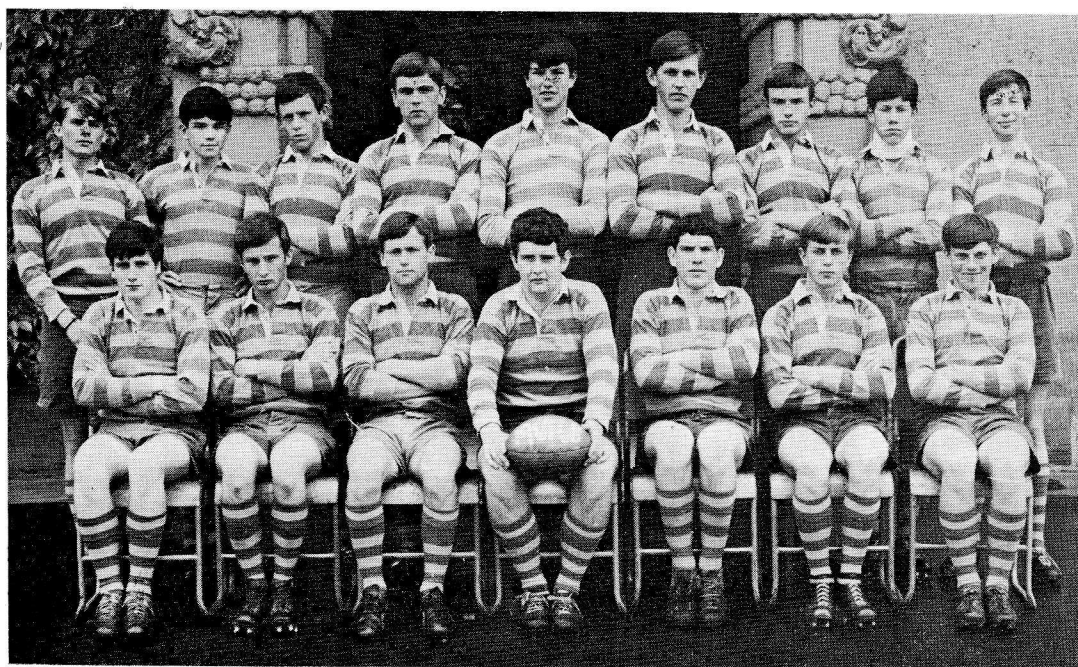
Overall result—Haig 4½ pts., Cunningham 3 pts., Trenchard 1½ pts.

ARMY CANOE UNION CHAMPIONSHIPS ALDERSHOT

In the novices class of the contest our team achieved remarkable successes. C. Robinson came 1st, with J. Campbell 2nd. In addition members of the team took 6th, 8th, 11th and 20th places. C. Robinson added further to his success when he took the place of an injured member of the R.A.M.C. team, which eventually came 3rd in the Open Contest. Congratulations to the team, and we hope they will improve on even this marvellous effort next year.

CANOEING CLUB

From the foundation of the Club we have made considerable progress. Since Capt. Woodhouse left we have obtained through him two excellent bath-size canoes and a large one of new design. We sail on the Allan, under the supervision of Mr Wright, who is taking a few of us to Aldershot to compete in a competition there. Among the manoeuvres which can be performed by members of the club are the Eskimo roll, screw roll, and the Eskimo rescue, and in fact some are hoping to take the Instructor's Certificate of the British Canoe Union.



Back Row (*left to right*)—D. Wrenn, G. MacKenzie, K. Robinson, W. McKerron, S. Powell, J. Willmott, J. Moore, I. Sneddon, J. Wood.

Front Row (*left to right*)—D. Kennedy, D. MacIver, D. MacInnes (vice-captain), D. Fingland (captain), J. Campbell, G. Slater, J. Allan.

CANOEING



SMALL BORE RIFLE SHOOTING

This hobby again proved to be a very popular activity among seniors during the winter months. The younger boys were instructed by Mr Lowdon and one or two promising marksmen were noted. The smaller boys are handicapped slightly in that the only rifles available are the No. 8 type issued by the Army, and these are rather heavy.

Senior shooting was conducted twice a week by Captain Walker. For the second season running we entered a team in the Perthshire Small Bore Postal League, and finished 4th out of eight in our division, a slight improvement on last season's performance. We might have gained a better position had we not lost our last three matches. John Duncan was 5th in the individual championship.

The House Shooting Competition was won by Haig House, with 706 points out of a possible 800, and Duncan won the individual section with 188 out of a possible 200.

MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

After the Queen's Visit we established ourselves firmly in the hut on the Small Square. The new line is modelled roughly on the Dunblane-Doune-Callander branch line, though for the sake of continuous running a number of liberties have been taken. Smaller boys are more interested in moving trains, but older ones spend time on the finer points such as signalling and timetabling.

The line is operational, with scope for alteration and improvement; it is to be hoped that the club will not lapse, as happened previously, since a fair amount of money and effort has been spent on bringing the layout to its present state.

RELAY BATON MEETING

Five schools, Q.V.S., Trinity College Glenalmond, Strathallan, Dunfermline H.S., and Rannoch took part in this year's meeting with Glenalmond the final winners. For the first time in some years, the School put up a very creditable performance, not even entering a full team, yet finishing third, only one point behind Strathallan. Most of the scoring came from our fine 15-17 years group, and the most outstanding performance of the meeting came from W. McKeron in the long jump. He broke the record by 2 ft., jumping 21 ft. 8½ ins. At the Scottish Schoolboys Championships in Glasgow, he won again with a jump of 21 ft. 1¾ ins., taking the title for the 15-17 group. Alasdair Greig, who also attended the championships, ran in the open race event, his time (4 min. 46 secs.) beating the School

record by 12 secs. It is ironic that in last summer's issue it was reported that "it is some time since we have had boys here who could acquit themselves with credit in open competition".

PIPE BAND

Since last issue we have entered the miniature band contest at Westquarter, Falkirk. In addition to notching up a few successes in the individual contests, entering five bands we took five prizes in juvenile and third grades. Naturally we will compete in the World's Championship at Grangemouth. Under the new rules it is impossible to enter Third Grade and Juvenile Grade simultaneously, and it has been voted to enter Third Grade since it is the more prestigious competition.

This year's performances have been at the usual places, though a miniature band is to be sent to play before the Duke of Edinburgh at the English-speaking Union. The standard of our performance when beating Retreat at Edinburgh Castle was, however, disappointing.

New tunes learned are The Dark Island, MacLeod of Mull, Atholl and Breadalbane Gathering, Banks of Allan Water, and The 8th Argyll's Farewell.

This year the band is losing Jeffrey Wood, David Fingland, Graham Fox, Gordon Slater, John Duncan, Brian Goldie, Duncan MacDonald, Michael Greig, and Ronald Weir. This is the biggest loss the band has sustained for some time, but should not impede the steady growth in standard that has taken place over the last four years.

INTER-HOUSE CROSS COUNTRY

This year the competition was again changed. Both groups, junior and senior, ran over the same circuit, not as last year when the senior section ran a little more.

Individual results:

Senior—1st A. Greig, 2nd K. Robinson, 3rd D. MacInnes.

Junior—1st J. Robertson, 2nd K. Ross, 3rd S. Grant.

House results:

Senior—1st Haig 85 pts., 2nd Cunningham 96 pts., 3rd Trenchard 133 pts.

Junior—1st Haig 77 pts., 2nd Cunningham 102 pts., 3rd Trenchard 149 pts.

Standards gained—Haig 8, Cunningham 6, Trenchard 4.

Overall result—1st Haig, 2nd Cunningham, 3rd Trenchard.

TRADES COMPETITIONS—WINNERS

Piping

Class C:

Slow March—N. Roe.
March—C. Pryde.
Winner of Chanter—C. Pryde.

Class B:

Slow March—A. A. MacDonald.
March—A. A. MacDonald.
Winner of Class—A. A. MacDonald.

Class A:

March—A. N. MacDonald.
Strathspey/Reel—A. N. MacDonald.
Winner of Class—A. N. MacDonald.
Open Jig—A. N. MacDonald.
Scots Guards Prize—J. Pryde.

Angus MacDonald is to be congratulated on being the first piper for some years to be Class A champion twice, as is his brother on a similar feat in Class B. There are still too many players beating themselves by making notation mistakes through bad preparation. It is remarkable that the four main prize-winners are in fact two sets of brothers.

Drumming and Bugling

Junior Bugling—W. West.
Junior Drumming—R. Paterson.
Best Junior Drummer and Bugler—R. Paterson.
Senior Bugling—W. West.
Tenor Drumming—B. Goldie.
Senior Drumming—J. Duncan.
Best Senior Drummer and Bugler—B. Murton.

Highland Dancing

Class A:

Fling—B. Webb.
Sword Dance—H. Grigor.

Class B:

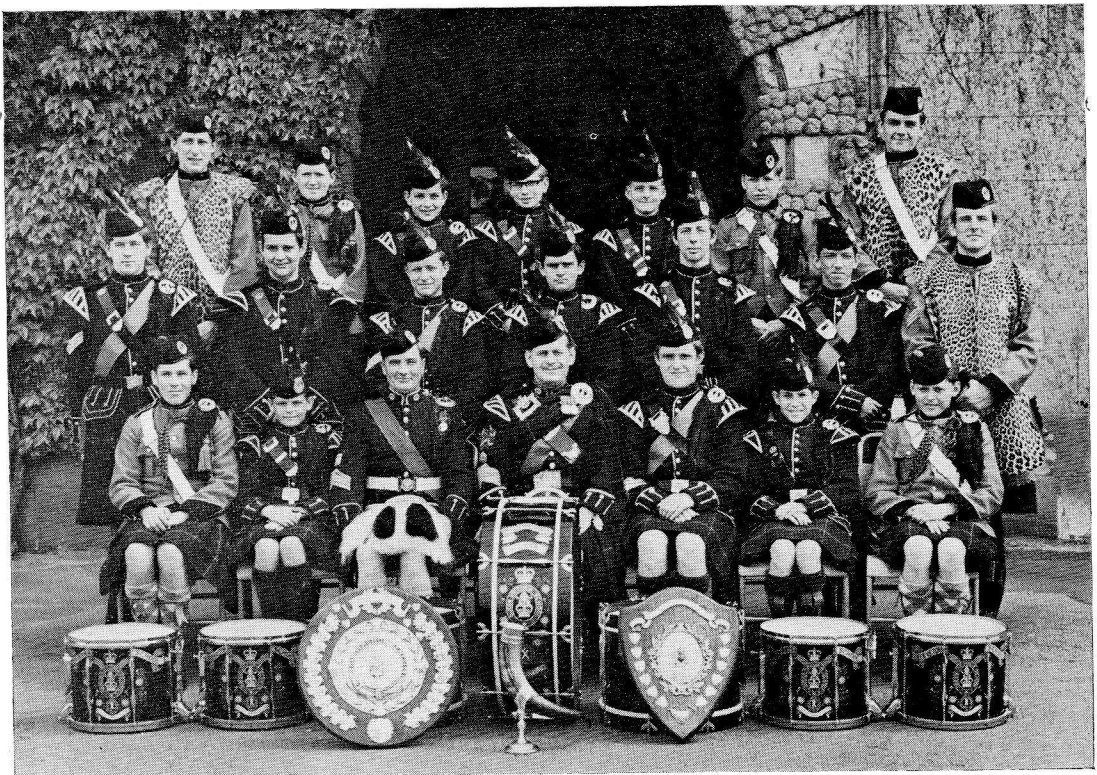
Fling—M. Ferrigan.
Sword Dance—W. Elliott.

Learners:

Fling—A. Ogilvie.
Best Dancer—B. Webb.
Best Progress—A. Ogilvie.
Caledonian Presentation Cup—M. Ferrigan.
Inter-House Foursome Reel—Cunningham House.

WORLD PIPE BAND CHAMPIONSHIPS (1967)

Grade III: 3rd Place (Sinclair Trophy) Juvenile Grade: 1st Place, Marching and Discipline.



SPORTS DAY

The annual School Sports were held in excellent conditions on 27th June.

There will eventually come a time when no records will be broken on sports day, but that time has definitely not yet arrived. Fifteen records were broken altogether, eight in the morning and seven in the afternoon. The highlight of the whole day's events was the performance of J. Robertson. He competed in five events, won them all and broke the record in every event. His best performance was in the 880 yards race where his time was 2 mins. 17.5 secs., beating the old record by 15.1 secs. In the 4 x 110 yards relay races, Haig broke the Junior, Intermediate and Open records. Haig House now hold all the relay records.

Section Winners

Minor Section Champion—D. Torrance (L) 12 pts. Runner-up—K. Gale (L) 4 pts.

Major Section Champion—M. Ferrigan (A) 9 pts. Runner-up—G. Glass (L) 6 pts.

Junior Section Champion—J. Robertson (H) 12 pts. Runner-up—R. McMurdo (H) 11 pts.

Intermediate Section Champion—J. Robertson (H) 12 pts. Runner-up—N. Houston (H) 8 pts.

Senior Section Champion—B. Murton (C) 11 pts. Runner-up—J. Buchanan (T) 9 pts.

Open Section Champion—W. McKerron (H) 13 pts. Runner-up—J. Wood (H) 11 pts.

Open 100 yards Winner—D. McIver.

Inter-House Relay Cup Winners—Haig 18 pts.

Wavell House Inter-Dormitory Champions—Lyne-doch 45 pts.

Senior House Champions—Haig 124 pts.

ARMY CADET FORCE

This term has been a very busy one for the A.C.F. On Wednesday, 1st May, General Sir Gordon MacMillan presented Cadet Force Medals to Major Reid, R.S.M. Lowden, and C.S.M. Mortimer, and he took the salute at a march past of the Force. On Wednesday, 9th May, 35 cadets took Certificate A Part I and all passed. However, 10 days later 40 cadets took Part II but only 20 passed.

Lt. Col. J. Stewart, B.W. carried out the annual inspection, and on National A.C.F. Sunday seventy cadets, with the pipe band, took part in a parade in Perth. Now we are continuing training with 303 rifles at the Whitestone Range and preparing for Camp at Stromness, Orkney.

G U D D L I N '



CRICKET

This term we have managed to play all but one of our games, and although the matches against Alloa Academy were postponed because of rain the fixture was fitted in later in the term.

The 1st XI have had rather a disappointing term, having played five matches, winning one and losing the rest. The School's best team this term has been the 3rd year XI, who have won all their four matches. One of this team's assets has been its excellent fielding and a group of good bowlers. In one week, A. Ferguson took 17 wickets for 28 runs against other schools, an outstanding performance. The 1st and 2nd Year teams have had mixed fortunes. The former played two matches, winning one and losing one, whereas the latter have lost all their three matches.

1st XI—D. Fingland (Capt.), H. Grigor, D. MacInnes, I. Sneddon, D. Langlands, K. Robinson, J. Weir, P. Docherty, J. Duncan, J. Allan, A. Kirkwood, S. Corrigan, B. Sutherland, J. Campbell.

3rd Year XI—A. Ferguson (Capt.), J. Will, C. Brown, B. Murton, B. Goldie, R. Murdoch, N. Houston, D. Crookston, P. Gilchrist, C. McHardy, I. Cruickshank, A. Robertson, S. Bruce, A. Jeffrey.

2nd Year XI—B. Webb (Capt.), T. Goldie, J. Fleming, C. Langton, D. Barnes, S. Grant, W. Crichton, C. Robinson, C. Martin, J. Robertson, J. Wrenn, G. Allan, A. Pocock.

1st Year XI—D. Todd (Capt.), P. Sayer, A. Menzies, T. Wilson, R. Barbour, G. McNally, G. Bowden, T. Cassells, J. Gemmill, A. Piercy, M. Fogarty, J. White.

ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

This society is a new one, having been founded by the Headmaster only at the beginning of this year. Knowledge of the subject has been acquired by means of films, lectures, and visits to museums. With professional help, a farm settlement was photographed and surveyed, the report being sent to the Ordnance Survey Office.

There has been one "dig", on a Bronze Age burial site at Dull, Aberfeldy. Although during the week-end we spent at the site, nothing dramatic was found, we gained valuable experience and the members look forward to next year, when we hope to expand our activities.



WAVELL HOUSE GAMES

Football

The West Perthshire Primary Schools League programme is now complete and the Q.V.S. 'A' Team finished the season in second position. Last year we shared the League Trophy with St. Ninians 'A' team but this time they proved too strong for us. The final top placings were:—1 St. Ninians 'A', 2 Q.V.S. 'A', 3 Callander. Our 'B' team finished around the middle of the League table after an enjoyable season in which energy and enthusiasm was far more evident than football skill.

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

'B' Team players—G. Doyle (Capt.), S. Walker, C. Common, A. Mackay, R. Paterson, G. Breakey, N. Mackay, S. Dalziel, G. Anderson and N. Roe.

The Inter-Dormitory Competition was again vigorously contested and was won this year by Moore with Abercromby second and Lynedoch third.

BOXING

This year's Championships were again organised by Mr Williams and Mr Martin and provided sustained excitement throughout the programme. Eventually Lynedoch were declared winners with 41 points while Moore and Abercromby were equal second just one point behind. The Best Stylist Trophy was awarded to K. Shepherd by Mr Martin.

Cricket

The standard of play has been much higher this year and the Inter Dormitory Competition finished with Lynedoch as convincing winners, Abercromby were second and Moore third. We had a visit from St. Ninians team and an enjoyable game which we won comfortably.

Wavell team—E. Cuthbert (Capt.), H. Shannon (wk.), C. Common, G. Glass, M. Dolan, R. Davidson, K. Walker, M. Ferrigan, S. Walker, N. Mackay and J. Pearson. C. Gilchrist was 12th man.

Swimming

Wavell Swimming Sports took place early in the term and after many closely contested events Lynedoch were the winners, with Abercromby second and Moore third. V. Martin was first in every Minor event and won the Minor Medal with B. Heeps as runner-up. There was much more competition for the Major Medal and eventually I. Fitzgerald emerged as winner with N. Roe being awarded second place.

Athletics

During the fine weather the boys have put a great deal of effort into attaining athletic standards and this has produced some very fine results and competition for places in the School Sports Day.

SWIMMING SPORTS

The inter-house swimming was held in May. There were no outstanding times except apparently in the 12 x 1 length mass relay, where the time was given as 83 secs., which means that the average for each swimmer over 20 yards was less than seven seconds, a remarkable result which the gullible might bring to the notice of the British Olympic Team Committee. Chaos triumphed again when the drill trophy was presented in place of house swimming trophy.

Results:

Junior Champion—G. Bowden.

Senior Champion—S. M. Powell.

Open Champion—H. Grigor.

Overall result—Cunningham 110½ pts., Trenchard 62½ pts., Haig 62 pts.

HOUSE SQUASH COMPETITION

Haig 5, Trenchard 0.

Cunningham 4, Trenchard 1.

Cunningham 4, Haig 1.

House placings—1st Cunningham, 2nd Haig, 3rd Trenchard.

Stop Press

House Championship, Haig House.

One of the guests at this Diamond Jubilee Grand Day is Mr. W. Bowman, former Sergeant Major of the Scottish Rifles. As a young Rifleman from the Depot of his Regiment, Mr. Bowman formed part of a Guard of Honour present at the opening of the School by King Edward VII in 1908. Mr. Bowman must be one of the very few of those surviving who were so present at the opening of the School. He also attended the 50th Anniversary Jubilee Grand Day in 1958. We are all very pleased to see him again.



W. McKERRON breaking Long Jump Record at Relay Baton Meeting—Photograph by D. LANGLANDS, Form V.

HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

Patron—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G., K.T., G.B.E.

President—THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND.

Vice-President—THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING, SCOTLAND.

Commissioners:

THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

THE SECRETARY, SCOTTISH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

General Sir A. F. PHILIP CHRISTISON, Bart., G.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.L., B.A.(Oxon.).

Admiral Sir ANGUS E. M. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, K.B.E., C.B.

Rear Admiral J. H. F. CROMBIE, C.B., D.S.O.

General Sir GORDON H. A. MacMILLAN OF MacMILLAN, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., D.L.

D. CRICHTON-MILLER, Esq., T.D., M.A.

Air Marshal Sir BRIAN E. BAKER, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.F.C.

Colonel W. I. FRENCH, D.S.O., O.B.E., T.D., D.L.

Colonel J. D. L. BOYLE, O.B.E., M.C., T.D.

Air Vice-Marshal A. MacGREGOR, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C.

Major-General F. C. C. GRAHAM, C.B., D.S.O., D.L.

HOWARD O. HOOPER, Esq., C.B., C.M.G.

Lieutenant-General Sir WILLIAM TURNER, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.

C. P. C. SMITH, Esq., M.A.

Officers of the School:

Commandant—Brigadier M. R. J. HOPE THOMSON, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C. (Ret.).

Headmaster—Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. HARRISON, B.A., R.A.E.C.

Administrative Officer—Major C. P. KISLINGBURY (Ret.).

Teaching Staff:

Mr H. Brown, M.A. (Cantab.), Senior Master.

Mr N. C. Bruce, Teacher's Certificate.

Captain P. D. Bull, Teacher's Certificate, R.A.E.C.

Captain N. Davies, R.A.E.C.

Mr J. G. Finlay, Teacher's Certificate.

Major O. W. Hughes, B.Sc. (Econ.), R.A.E.C.

Mr V. H. Le Maistre, D.A. (Dundee).

Mr W. W. Malkowski, M.A. (Edinburgh).

Mr R. Paterson, B.Sc. (Edinburgh).

Mr G. Reid, D.P.Ed. (Jordanhill).

Mr L.A. Ritchie, M.A., B.D., A.T.C.L.

Mr A. H. Robertson, M.A., B.Sc. (Glasgow)

Mr R. W. E. Scott, B.Sc.

Major D. H. G. Thomas, M.A., R.A.E.C.

Mr J. P. Urie, Teacher's Certificate.

Captain J. Walker, B.Sc. (Durham), R.A.E.C.

Mr I. T. Williams, Teacher's Certificate.

Mr C. N. J. Willman, M.A. (St. Andrews).

Mr T. Muir Wright.

Visiting Medical Officers:

Dr. J. N. M. FAIRLEY, M.B., Ch.B.

Dr. L. DUNBAR, M.B., Ch.B.

Dr. I. A. CROWTHER, M.B., Ch.B.

Resident Church of Scotland Chaplain—Rev. L. A. RITCHIE, M.A., B.D., A.T.C.L.

Visiting Chaplains:

Episcopalian Church—Rev. B. T. VAUGHAN JOHNSON Roman Catholic Church—Rev. F. J. McDERMOTT