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1966

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

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EDITORIAL

This is the second edition of the "new look" Victorian. As in the summer, the production has been carried out almost entirely by the boys, on the basis of one senior boy and one junior boy to each department. The standard of entries has been good, but it is hoped will be better for the next summer edition.

In our effort for variation the colour scheme of the cover has been changed. The original transformation last summer received much criticism, but think back to the drab regimental-type cover of previous years. A change for the better?

The long cherished dream of a language laboratory is now a reality. It has been installed in the room next door to its conventional counterpart. Perhaps now there will be an even greater incentive for the

language students. The logical sequence of events now, is to introduce German into the School curriculum.

Speculation amongst 6th year boys is growing as talk of the possibility of a four-term year for Scottish schools is discussed. This would enable 6th year boys to leave school after the examinations and prevent the "vacuum" of idle bodies wandering around the school grounds doing nothing.

In this edition of the magazine there is a "letter to the Editor" entitled "In Defence". Letters or practical criticisms of this kind are a rarity and this letter, unlike the normal vicious criticisms, rather praises the summer magazine. A hopeful glow amongst all the controversy concerning the first edition of the "new" Victorian.

THE VICTORIAN -

Why, and who for?

Any School Magazine must, from time to time, become a subject for controversy. Anyone who has more than a purely parochial and limited knowledge of this specialised form of journalism will know that such institutional journals, whether they appertain to a School, University, Society, Trade, Business Company, or Regiment cannot expect to be exempt from the criticism of those who have a special interest in it, whether this criticism be constructive or the reverse.

Nor should it be otherwise; since the only publication of this category which would be comfortably assured of exemption from all such criticism is one which nobody, nobody at all, reads.

These are not unknown. There are glossy magazines to be seen on many a "Visitors' Waiting Room" table which are published primarily for prestige reasons, unrelated to either recreational or informative aims. The specialized journal in any case is not subject to the stern sanctions of the competitive commercial publication. Even if they are, as the Editors must hope, read by quite large numbers of those with a special interest, few, if any, institutional publications are expected to "pay their way". A degree of somewhat pressurized salesmanship may help, but basically, they all depend largely on subsidy.

It is the more necessary, therefore, that the Editors, Managers, and indeed contributors of such journals, protected as they are from the unarguable verdict of circulation revenue, should not be allowed to lapse into complacency. This applies to us, as to any other institutional journal. For criticism to be helpful, or indeed worth making, however, it must fulfil two provisos. Firstly, it must operate within the context of the defined aims of the publication to which it refers. "Punch", for example, might justly be criticised for not always being very witty. But few sensible people would feel aggrieved that it does not give a comprehensive coverage of racing news, football, or "pop" music. Secondly, subject to this limitation, advice offered to the Editors and their

staff, however critical it may be, can only really be helpful if feasible and preferable alternatives are proposed. If the critic can himself contribute towards the implementation of such alternatives, then that is best of all.

Narrowing the focus of these generalised remarks we may consider School magazines as a special class. Why should they be produced at all, leaving aside the incentive to "keep up with the Joneses" because every other School seems to have one?

Broadly one may say that the two extreme examples of School magazines are those which are simply and solely a record of events (as, for wider example, are most Corps and Regimental Magazines in the Services) and those which exist primarily, as a vehicle for the encouragement of literary expression and individual opinion of the privileged contributors.

Most, however, are a compromise between these two extremes, and the proportionate balance achieved is what gives the individual School magazine its special character and, quite properly, affords the major theme of controversy and criticism.

While respected exceptions may well be known to many, it is probably a fairly accurate generalisation to say that a School magazine which consists exclusively, or even mainly, of the literary contributions and individual opinions of the boys tends to be somewhat of an introverted publication, produced primarily for the amusement and satisfaction only of the contemporary members of the establishment concerned. For the reason that, though all boys (all adults too) like to read their own original contributions in print, and so may their parents and some of their friends, not many can be expected to have yet attained such a standard of technical expertise and originality as will engross the interest and time of the general non-involved reader, flooded as he is with the daily peremptory preoccupations of newspapers, commercial magazines, paper-back and TV, all produced by professionals.

A magazine which is solely, or almost solely, a record, while serving a useful though uneconomical purpose just as that, tends to be dull reading for the generality of those whose own activities it records, except where they themselves are individually mentioned, preferably in a complimentary or distinguished context.

Yet even this type has its interested readers. Some parents, feeling inadequately informed by the contents of the weekly single page letter, which an understandable verbal reticence in the holidays does little to complement or expand, are quite interested in factual accounts which purport to show something of what their sons have been up to during the three quarters of the year they have been away. Some Old Boys, and others with other connections with a School, may be similarly interested.

Narrowing the focus still further (and at last getting to the real point of the article) what are the aims of our own magazine *The Victorian*, who is likely to read it, or at least look at it, and what could it, or should it, contain?

We'll try and answer these questions in reverse order. Because the range and proportion of types of contribution must surely be related to the potential and intended readership, which is largely predetermined. And if the contents possibilities and the readership categories can be agreed, then perhaps, some measure of general understanding and acceptance of the aims of our Magazine may also be achieved, which is desirable since (as it must be candidly admitted) these are also determined.

Nevertheless it is believed that within the limitations of these premises there is plenty of space and liberty for constructive criticism, originality of concept and, one so hopes, scope for real and varied achievement in contribution. The encouragement of such is, indeed, the underlying purpose of the article.

Well, let's see what we *can* have. To dispose of the factual record side first. We need this, for historical reasons and for those people (not inconsiderable in number) who want to know what's happened. Need such accounts always be dull and repetitive? Even for those who already know what has happened or participated in the event or activity a personalized account from an informed reporter with a definite viewpoint and some facility of expression, not afraid to praise or comment with candour (civility, too, please) can be of interest. Otherwise, why do people who have seen a film or TV programme still like to read a newspaper criticism of it, and why do so many public men subscribe to press cutting agencies?

Next, literary contributions, whether they be fictional, poetical or the expression of feeling or experience in human affairs. Even the effort in producing these is justification enough. But, if decently done, there will be those, in all the categories of readership, who will get some pleasure in reading some of such contributions for their own merit. But can we, sometimes, hope to get away from staring eyeballs, rotting corpses and the absolute certainty of nuclear extinction or racial war occurring next week or next year or before we are 21? These are valid subjects for literary reference and not to be sneered at or ignored, but there have been brave tales and fine poetry too written on other subjects in past days, in which the elements of gaiety, humour, fantasy, beauty and (dare one write the words in 1968) romance and adventure have not been entirely absent. There is no guilt in happiness when one is young however sensitive one may be to the sorrows and follies of mankind.

To say that if a magazine does not consist entirely

of literary contributions, therefore any such contribution is in some way inhibited, is plain nonsense. Any author worth his ink would rather have a story published in the *Trade Journal of the Pig Breeders and Pork Butchers Society* than not be published at all.

Personal opinion on matters of public interest. Fine. The multi-racial society, religion and birth control, Rhodesia, heart transplants, student power, Vietnam, et cetera ad infinitum if, and please only if, you have something to say on them which (to bring in my third and last Latin tag) has not already been said or written ad nauseam in the papers, on the Radio, on TV.

Individual grouses of a localized nature. No. And not because we wish to censor or repress you but for three sensible reasons. First, what is of possibly intense current domestic concern to the individual boy, or group of boys, is probably extremely uninteresting to anyone outside the School. Second, by the time the grouse appears it isn't even contemporary but at least a month stale and can't be answered in the same way for another half year. And thirdly, it's the worst possible way of getting a grouse attended to. There are other quicker more efficient alternatives which do not imply boring other people.

The "Reader's Letter" in the *Puddletown Gazette* which causes such a local stir is seldom republished in the *Times*. Nor, incidentally, is *The Victorian* the most appropriate means for advising the School authorities on how to run the School. Lastly, news of "Old Boys" especially those who are not very old. We don't get half enough of this. People like to know how former friends or at least schoolmates are getting on and what they are doing.

Those seem to be the main possibilities, but if you think of others, tell us. Photographs and drawings too, of course. Jokes, competitions, book reviews, anything original. So who is it all for? This is where parochial egotism is apt to find expression. It isn't just for you (whoever you may be) that the *Victorian* is produced.

The boys themselves. An important section, and the hardest to please. And yet, it is up to you. If you don't like what you find, write something better. We'll probably find a place for it, though not necessarily to the exclusion of all else. You may be surprised, later on in life, to find you rather wish you'd kept your Victorians. The Staff. Well, we won't worry too much about them. If you have done well, they are pleased. Parents. Very important. Some may be quite uninterested in the School magazine in this, or in any other form. But many probably most, are interested. And what do they most like to read? In this order: Anything by their son; Anything about their son in which he is mentioned by name; Any activity in which he was engaged, even if not men-

tioned; and finally the activities of the School term in general.

Old Boys. They could probably well do without literary contributions altogether, or at least not miss them much. But they like factual accounts, and news of other old boys, and of new developments and changes in the School.

The Services. Not everyone knows that free copies of the magazine are sent to about a hundred Service addresses, including the Sergeants' Mess of every Scottish Regiment and of most of the Service establishments in Scotland. Of no interest to them? A good many of you wouldn't be at Q.V.S. at all if your dad hadn't ruffled the pages of *The Victorian* when he found it in the ante room. You may hold that against the Magazine but at least it is a positive effect! It is widely read, as our correspondence proves, by Service people.

There are lots of others; other Schools (who indeed probably don't read it much, and many more than we do theirs) the Commissioners, other authorities having an official concern with the School, and local people and supporters of the School.

Few people, probably, read it all through. But not many recipients, there is good reason to believe, leave it entirely unopened or chuck it away at once. It's a compromise, certainly. It will continue to be so even if, from time to time, we alter the balance and form. Help us to make it better if you know how. Don't just knock it.

So what are the aims of our magazine, then? Quite simply these—

a. To provide a historical record and factual account of the activities and achievements of the School, and of its individual members, past and present, for the benefit of all those who wish to read or retain such a record and account.

b. To interest and inform QVS parents, potential QVS parents, Old Boys, the Scottish Regiments and the Services in Scotland, and all those who have an official professional or sentimental concern with the School, about the School as an Institution.

c. To give the maximum encouragement among the boys to literary achievement, self expression, and definition of general interest by the publication of all contributions judged worthy of such by the Editorial Staff, and by the award of Prizes.

d. To give as many boys as feasible experience in producing a corporate literary project, whether as Editors, Business, Circulation, or Advertisement Managers, Reporters, Critics, Reviewers or Commentators.

Within this pattern, there should be, surely, enough scope and opportunity to involve the keen interest and activity of many of the most intelligent members of the School, and the support of all.

Staff

Mr LAMBIE

The vacancy created by the retirement of Mr Hughes, teacher of History, Geography and Modern Studies, was filled by Mr Lambie whose teaching subjects coincided with those of his predecessor. Mr Lambie came to the School, with his wife, Alison and two children from Hawick High School. After being educated at Eastwood and graduating from Glasgow University, Mr Lambie's academic life was interrupted when he did a two year National Service stretch between 1955-57. His hobbies are Hill Climbing, Theatre, and Classical Music.

CAPTAIN GARDNER

Captain Gardner came, with his wife and two daughters Fiona (10) and Dorothy (13), at the beginning of this term to teach Science and Maths. The military career of Captain Gardner commenced when he was commissioned at Buller Barracks in Aldershot whilst serving as a National Serviceman (during which period he spent 15 months in Ghana). After National Service he left the Army and served with the T.A. for 13 years, being awarded the Territorial Decoration. In April 1966 Captain Gardner rejoined the Army. His last post was at Arberfield Army Apprentice College where he taught Physics for two years. He used to play rugby for Heriots and then for Heriots F.P.'s. He was also a competent quarter-miler and hurdler and is now keen on the idea of coaching the boys. Some of his other interests are Archaeology and Military History. He is now the film manager at the School and helps with rugby coaching.

Mr DECLEY

Mr J. Decley joined us at the beginning of this term as the new School Sergeant Major after retiring from the Royal Scots. He served with his regiment from 1945-1968 in Korea and the Middle East, his last post being in Germany.

We welcome Mr Decley, his wife and family and hope they will be happy with us.

Old Boys' Notes

(Central Branch)

I like a challenge. "Who dares, wins"!

Colonel Harrison, our Headmaster, rang me up last week, told me what he had in mind; and asked me to come and see him—which I did.

He explained that, after consultation and discussion with various people who matter in the running of the Old Boys' Association, it was decided, for various reasons, to vest the Honorary Secretaryship of the Central Branch in someone in contact with, and living near, the School.

For some time I was not impressed by the very small number of old boys who attended meetings which were held for their benefit at the School. May I say, despite the fact that I live 4 miles from Dunblane, there were times when I lived many miles away; but I always had much pleasure in visiting my old School regularly. I was then able to recall matters of interest, to discuss those I knew and laugh at pranks the various people played. In brief, I accepted the challenge.

George Stirrat (43) is now Honorary Secretary of the Central Branch of the Old Victorians' Association. He lives at Ormonde House, Doune, Perthshire, his telephone number is Doune 294 and he will be very pleased to see you or hear from you if you care to telephone. Tell him all about yourself, your name, School number, and when you were at Q.V.S. Moreover tell him that you have joined the Old Victorians' Association at one of the branches, the addresses of which can be obtained from the Editor.

"When school days end we'll scatter far
And mind that old old song,
And face our task whate'er it be
In the game that's stern and long".

Nothing like getting together occasionally and discussing old times, the people we knew and the tricks so and so got up to.

Some old boys who reach high ranks in the armed forces and positions of standing in the civilian world, show a profound lack of interest in the School which gave them their opening.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that".

How well I remember Colonel A. L. Fowler, M.C., a former Headmaster, discussing this point with me. Take heed all you who have strayed, and return to the fold. You will be most welcome.

Bert Harrison (71), shepherd of the First Hundred, has written elsewhere in this issue. Read his notes.

It will surprise many very old boys to know that James Daniel Cooper (49) has at long last re-

visited the School. He came to see me after Grand Day this year. We were boys together. James was the first Drum-Major of the School and I was his successor. He was a most versatile fellow, and played centre-forward in our School football team which challenged Scotland in 1911. We lost 3-0. James was a thrusting player. He was also a beautiful singer. However, I am not going to steal Bert Harrison's "thunder". Read what he has to say. For those who live near London, James Cooper lives at 6a Palmerston Road, Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex.

Bert Harrison has not been too well of late; and for that reason missed the "get together" of the London Branch at the Duke of York's H.Q., Kings Road, Chelsea, in October this year.

Jimmy Grassick, the London Branch Secretary, living at 52 Yeoman's Row, Chelsea, London, S.W.3, ran a splendid and most entertaining evening. Mrs Stirrat (née Scotland) and I were there as invited guests. So also was the gallant soldier and former Q.V.S. Commandant, Colonel White, V.C., M.C., a very charming and likeable person. See Jimmy Grassick's notes. Pipe-Major Bob Hill, late of the Scots Guards and Tony Hill, played pipe selections during the evening much to the delight of all those present.

Mrs Stirrat and I were invited to Camberley, Surrey, by Colonel White and he very kindly took us round the National Army Museum at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Colonel White invited Brigadier Lunt, a former Headmaster of Q.V.S. around the early 1930's, to meet us. Incidentally, Brigadier Lunt's son is presently a Major General at N.A.T.O. H.Q. Time marches on.

I met many old boys while in the south—Victor Fennessey, George Dowling, Donald McQueen, "Zep" Taylor, Pipie Robertson, Fred Archer, Reg Ride, Frank Hetherington, McArthur, Carruthers and others too numerous to mention. And of course the inevitable Bill Hawkins, a former teacher at Q.V.S., and known to many old boys. That was a man that was!

Alastair Bulloch, Hon. Secretary of the Edinburgh Branch, 50 Northfield Broadway, Edinburgh, has submitted notes published with this issue. Please read them. There are some specific items of interest and matter.

We were pleased to receive a letter from D. Liddell (1135), Wharf Cottages, Wellington, Somerset. He informs us that Q.V.S. was a School to be proud of. And so say all of us!

As a matter of interest, I would like to say in passing, that I located and wrote to the Hon. Secretary of the old Royal Hibernian Military School, a sister school, which closed in 1924. He informs me

that 104 old members sat down to a dinner at the Duke of York's H.Q., Chelsea, in October this year. "Forty four years on", they say.

"Forty years on apart and asunder
Parted are those who are singing today
When you look back and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and play".

He remembered Bill Crichton, a former "primus" of the early days who went to Dublin around 1912 or 1913 to take the examination to enable him to become an Army Schoolmaster.

Whenever you visit the School henceforth, please remember to write, legibly, your name, School number and your home address. There are forty signatures in the "Old Victorians' Visitors' Book". Some of the names are difficult to decipher and some are *not* old boys.

At the time of going to press, no notes have been received from the Glasgow Branch. Remember the motto "Let Glasgow Flourish".

I was pleased to have a letter of much interest from Major Peter Pirie (167) of 16 Salisbury Road, Dover. He is retired and living a life of leisure. Many of the old, old boys will remember the Pirie brothers at Q.V.S.

It is my intention to bring into being, in London, an Annual Dinner attended by members of the three Military Schools of England, Scotland and Ireland. The Headmaster, Colonel Harrison, very kindly provided the name and address of the Secretary of the Duke of York's O.B.A., I propose to get in touch with him and put the matter on a firm footing.

At the last Old Boys' meeting in May this year someone raised the question of Q.V.S. publicity in the Scottish Rugby Union programmes at Murrayfield. For the information of the person or Branch concerned, this matter was taken up by the Commandant with the S.R.U. Secretary, who replied "I shall pass on the paragraph to the publishers of the programme and we will try to have it placed adjacent to the programme of music".

Did you get the November issue of "Life and Work"? If not I strongly recommend that you procure a copy. There is a most interesting illustrated article on the School by John Gray.

I will be pleased to hear from you.

George Stirrat (43).

(Edinburgh Branch)

The Edinburgh Branch restarted its activities after the presentation at the School, of the Queen's Colours by Her Majesty The Queen, on 12th October, 1967.

Our first meeting, held in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders' Club, Albany Street, took place on Thursday, 26th October, when 22 "old boys" were present. At this meeting we elected office bearers and fixed the annual subscription at 10/-.

Our first social function was held in the Camerons' Club on 30th November when 48 members and friends were present. We all had a most enjoyable evening—the entertainment being excellent. A raffle was run and we had a credit balance of £3.

At this time our finances were rather low, when out of the blue came £36 5/- from two "old boy" anonymous donors:

- (a) contributing £25 and
- (b) £11 5/-

to give us a really good start. In fact, it is almost entirely due to these two gentlemen that we have been able to function.

Next was our Annual Reunion Dinner and Dance on 22nd March at Crawfords, Hanover Street. This was a great social success, some 65 Members and friends being present. We invited as our guest representatives from the School, Headmaster and Pipe-Major, also representatives from the Glasgow and London Branches. The main speakers were Lt.-Col. W. C. Harrison (Headmaster) for the School and Mr J. C. Kelt for the "Old Boys". Unfortunately, owing entirely to the non-appearance of several ticket holders we had quite a severe financial loss.

On Friday, 19th April, we held a Skittles Night at the Robin's Nest, Liberton, some 15 "Old Boys" turned up. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely.

5th May, Old Boys' Day, we had a very good representation from Edinburgh, 28 turning up to the meeting. Main items being:—Agreed that there should be three Main Branches: London, Glasgow, Edinburgh. Those unable to join either of these Branches to be on the nominee roll at the School. Old Boys' Day to be changed from first Sunday in May to weekend nearest 11th March (Saturday). Rugby Match on Saturday and A.G.M. on Sunday.

Grand Day, 10th July, unfortunately landed during the Edinburgh Holidays. Although not represented as a Branch, individual members proceeded to the School on their own. All had a most enjoyable day.

On Saturday, 31st August, we entertained the Glasgow Branch, after their visit to the Tattoo, in the Edinburgh and District Trades Social Club. Sixty members and friends enjoyed the get together. Five shillings per head was collected from members to help defray expenses. At this function we were able to arrange for the use of the "Trades Club" games room for our Monthly Meetings. These are now changed to the last Tuesday of each month at 15/- per night.

At present we have 600 prize draw books distributed for our New Year Draw. Please note that prizes are being presented free by our own members. Still 200 books for distribution. Please return at earliest.

Lastly, our Annual Reunion Dinner and Dance to be held next year in the Minto Hotel, Minto Street, on Friday, 28th February. Tickets at 25/- each will soon be to hand. Please give us your support. We would like to sell 120 tickets and I am sure if we all pull our weight we should reach this number.

A. G. Bulloch,
Hon. Secretary.

(London Branch)

On Saturday, 12th October, 1968, we held our annual social at the Duke of York's H.Q., King's Road, Chelsea. This was, indeed, a memorable occasion in more ways than one, firstly we had a new member and his wife with us in the person of Jim Cooper who was the first boy Drum-Major at the School, and I believe his number was 49. When we met in September it was for the first time in 56 years.

A vote of thanks was expressed by the Chairman to the Commandant, Staff and Boys for the framed and inscribed print of the School Colours, also the wall plaque of the School Badge. The announcement was wildly applauded and in turn was put in a prominent position where they were greatly admired.

Unfortunately, Bert Harrison was unable to be with us as he had caught a chill. Members, wives and friends had prepared a great welcome for him as the 12th October was his 70th birthday.

As well as having three pipers we had a group of five who played for some dancing, and it is hoped that some of the younger Old Boys can take encouragement.

Our hard-core members turned up, also George Stirrat and his wife who were in London on a visit to their daughter.

To all who so generously contributed to the raffle held, and those who helped to make the evening such a success, I am deeply grateful.

The following notes were contributed by Bert Harrison (67) :-

I regret very much having to report the death of Bert Gamack (31) who passed away nearly two years ago in the City Hospital, Aberdeen. I heard some time ago, a report, that he had died but I have only recently received confirmation that his death occurred on 18th January, 1967, only eight months after the loss of his wife. Bert was the first boy who actually played the pipes in the School, doing so on the pipes of the then Pipe-Major, J. Wilson, late H.L.I.

On leaving School in 1912 he joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and served with them for 13 years. He was later on the staff in Stirling Castle for 23 years and afterwards moved to Fraserburgh where until his retirement he was employed as a security officer at Messrs. Macconachie's Food Factory.

Another member of the "First Hundred" has come to light in the person of James Cooper (49), the School's first Drum-Major. Thanks to the kindness of George Stirrat (43) and James Grassick, Secretary of the London Branch, who passed on information they had received, I was able to make contact with Mr Cooper who resides at 6a Palmerston Road, Westcliff-on-sea, Essex and since then have exchanged several letters with him. I am very happy to have got in touch with him as he was the only one of the Colour Party who went to Balmoral Castle to receive the School's first Colours from the hands of King Edward VII, whom I was unable to trace.

On leaving School Jim proceeded home but on the outbreak of the First War he joined the Royal Fusiliers and after service in Malta and Khartoum he proceeded to Gallipoli in 1915 and from there in 1916 to France where he remained until the Armistice. During his service there he was awarded the Military Medal and as far as I can trace he was the only one of the First Hundred to be decorated in that war. Since then Andy Swan (2) has been awarded the M.B.E.

J. Grassick,
Secretary and Treasurer.

OBITUARY

Some Old Boys who have left during the past five years may be sorry to learn of the death of The Commandant's dog, Brooke, for he had had many friends among succeeding generations of boys, particularly in their younger years. As a recipient of unwanted scraps in the dining hall he performed a useful, though strictly forbidden, service, and he knew all the regular sources of eleven o'clock biscuits in the School.

He was thirteen and a half years old when he died, and the Commandant had had him for thirteen years less one week. As he became increasingly frail he was less often seen about the School, and he died of a heart attack on 24th November. In School terms he was senior in age and service to everyone in Wavell and was a contemporary of the Second Year Senior School boys. He featured in many "School Group" photographs.

VSO Letter from Jamaica

The school where I work is a junior secondary in what is euphemistically described as an "under-privileged" area of Kingston. A more apt description might be "concrete jungle". West Kingston is generally rough, but this particular area is really bad, and it's not the easiest of jobs. The school building was built for six hundred kids of primary school age, but now it has fourteen hundred, ranging from twelve to fifteen years. Classes can be anything from thirty to fifty in number. I teach maths to the older ones and science to the younger, and since the youngest classes are also the biggest, it's not always easy to teach science. As you can imagine, the buildings are a bit crowded. We have two classes back to back in each room. As a result, if the other teacher doesn't turn up, which happens often, the other class creates hell, ruining your lesson. Equally, if the other teacher relies on repetitive chanting to teach, you're drowned out again. I don't want to discourage you: you soon learn to adjust to conditions, however fearsome they seem at first.

We have only one "lab", with hardly any equipment, low gas pressure, and no electricity. However, the gas pressure is just about adequate, the only electricity experiments needed can be done using torch batteries, and you can compensate for the lack of equipment by improvisation and by drawing on the kids' everyday experience. This last method helps to keep them participating, which is the basis of interest.

The background of the kids gives rise to many problems, especially to do with discipline. Most of them come from very poor homes, badly fed and clothed, with unsympathetic parents, if they have any. There's a staggering illegitimacy rate in Jamaica, up to seventy per cent, and many kids don't know their fathers, in fact we were warned it's rather a faux pas to mention the father to a pupil. As a result of all this, many can't afford textbooks, or pens, or even exercise books. It's not such a problem in science, since the teacher works by the syllabus, and in writing notes the kids write their own textbook. However in Maths, a lack of textbooks gives rise to great difficulties.

However the technical side of the curriculum has excellent facilities, with well-equipped workshops for metalwork, woodwork, technical drawing, dom-

estic science and sewing. Thanks to these, we can give the kids a reasonable technical grounding.

To get back to discipline, I reckon the plot of *To Sir With Love* has some relevance here. Coming from these pretty rough homes, many of the kids are somewhat hard-bitten. Violence is a part of their nature; every third kid, male or female, bears a scar; they fight each other all the time with an appalling savagery. The playing field is a gravel-glass-strewn patch of waste ground, and when a fight starts, any kid without a knife can simply stoop down and pick up a broken bottle, and in no time at all blood flows. For a while not long ago we had at least one mutilation a day, and the area round the first-aid box resembled a clearing station for the local clinic. They bung stones at each other too, and sometimes at us (there are two of us here, the other a 20-year-old police cadet teaching science and P.T.).

As you can imagine, then, they are rather hard to control. It's not so bad now, but at the start of term I was ready to believe I could never get down to teaching. They had just returned from running wild through the summer holidays; we were new teachers and eligible therefore for intensive provocation; we didn't use the cane, unlike the other teachers who beat them unmercifully. And most important of all, to a few who had picked up some of the prejudices and Black Power philosophy of their elder brothers, we were white. I was rather hurt at first by the number of taunts of "Whitey, Whitey!" This I took for granted in the street, but hardly expected it in the school.

Things are much better now, however. I dedicated a fortnight to imposing discipline, regardless of how little I taught. The most effective method, I found, was to attempt to speak for five minutes, then announce that I was refusing to teach until I had silence. Fifteen minutes later the keen ones would usually have gained control over the troublemakers. I tried for a while to throw out troublemakers, but they would hang around the classroom, distracting the rest, refusing to leave, but running out of reach when I tried to grab them, returning, when I got back to the lesson. It's very effective when you know their names. I get much better results from saying firmly: "Errol Stone, be quiet", rather than: "You, third from the left, shaddap!" And now that they've become more than just grinning rows of identical monkeys, it's easier to learn the names. Talking about grinning, self-control just doesn't enter into their make-up, and every little slip triggers off a wave of giggling. Once, ticking off a couple of girls, using plenty of quiet menace, I saw mouths beginning to twitch, lose control and explode, triggering off great peals of laughter. That taught me a big lesson: never lose your temper. Another time they got me going. Collapse of lesson.

However, once you get to know them a little better, and can control them, you can relax a little

and begin to like them. I still have difficulty maintaining discipline from time to time, and have produced a cane once, threatening to use it. After Christmas, I'm told, the kids go through a great change in outlook, and become easier to manage.

I hope all this hasn't put you off. As I said no two VSO jobs are the same, and ours is the acknowledged rough assignment in Jamaica. No one else has two classes in each room. Few others don't feel entirely safe in school; the other volunteer had his face slashed in the second week, but that's the first time it's ever happened to any VSO volunteer in the world. Equipment is better in other schools. Each school has its problems, but none have the number or scale of those here. I'm rather flattered, actually, that they thought me equal to the job. The kids, at their best, are really quite charming, so childish and naive, that European kids of the same age are far more sophisticated. Rural children are far less hard-bitten, and much more keen to learn, and most assignments are in the rural areas, and most are in Africa, which I believe has far fewer problems than here.

Outside the curriculum I have a few little jobs. I help with the Duke of Edinburgh Award scheme; I helped at the Polio Centre while the team was training for the paraplegic games; I'm going to teach a lesson or two at the Adult Literary courses, and I do other odd jobs which crop up.

The attitude towards whites ranges from warm-hearted friendliness to outright hatred, that is out of school. There's a very strong Black Power movement in Jamaica, and associated with this is a pseudo-religious sect called the *Rastafari*, or *Rastas* for short. They worship Haile Selassie as the only remaining Black emperor, abuse whites, and blacks who practise Western ways, and generally make a nuisance of themselves. If you meet one of them in the street he shouts "Satan!" at you, along with other epithets, but rarely attacks you. The *Rasta's* main characteristic is his outlandish dress, and especially his hair style, which he twists into a mass of pigtails, rubbing oil into it to get the colour of —, and trains it upwards. If you can imagine a coffee-coloured mop that's just seen a ghost, you'll get the idea. We had some rather nasty Black Power riots a month ago, in which these fellows were involved. Three deaths, a million pounds damage, a curfew and troops on the streets for three weeks were the results. I was stranded downtown by a bus strike the night they were on, and believe me it wasn't pleasant. But these things only happen from time to time. There was one scheduled for Saturday, and another for today, (Wednesday now), but so far neither have come off. By the way, it was during the disturbances that I discovered I liked working here, because we were confined to our homes the day after, and I almost went mad with boredom and frustration.

J. A. Wood

IN DEFENCE

The most valid criticism concerning the previous attempt at producing, mainly by the boys, a School magazine was its preoccupation with death, war and suffering. It was "condemned" for its unquestioning acceptance of the fashionable cynical approach. I feel guilty that I joined in this condemnation, accepting the fact that the editors and contributors of the magazine were merely making a feeble attempt at "keeping up with fashion", without making any attempt to defend the magazine representing the School to which I belong at least in body if not in spirit. The defence of that and any future magazine is the aim of this article. Considering the criticism from the aspect of a defender rather than that of an aggressor, I now dismiss it as invalid. The form of literature which was presented in the magazine represents not a petty attempt to be fashionable but rather a stage in the maturity of the would be observer come writer, for it is necessary to recognise the faults before one can appreciate the beauty. Therefore, though we may have the ability to recognise and express the faults which exist in the present society we are not able to appreciate (or if we are, then we do not have the ability to express this appreciation in the form of poem or a short story) the beauty that is present in the world. This reason, I feel, is adequate to excuse a certain preoccupation with the forementioned aspects of life.

G. Mackenzie, VI.

Literature

DOUBTFOOL

Hands clutched the cross which hung on breast,
That sunken, deformed, ugly chest,
He was approaching eternal rest.
The withered hands were covered in sweat,
For what if his saviour he did not meet,
What if there was no heavenly seat.
Year of self-sacrifice—But in vain,
No reward for days of toil and strain,
After life without—no everlasting gain.
There was now a fear of death,
A time when there would be no more breath,
Suffocated by the ever present wreath.
During his life he had for others been a slave,
And now! On his coming to the grave,
His reward! Eternity in my own black cave.

G. Mackenzie, VI.

THE REBIRTH OF INNOCENCE

The sun burning out of the azure sky,
and people blinded by the glaring brilliance,
seek the shade.
Following the Plan, life for them is simple,
but in the street, on sticky tarmac, with red heat
seeping through his shirt the negro stands
and in his face the tortures of life,
because of his innocence.
Eyes open, mouths gape, all the same,
as a tousled youth with slack belly circles,
a knife flashing in his hand
But life goes on unchanged.

In another land, glistening rays search out
the jungle clearing,
interrupting the black and wet tangle of vegetation.
The invigorating surge is momentary.
For there can be seen a man,
his hands bound to a sapling
and the cloth over his eyes drenched with remorse.
Seeing a delirious prisoner gorging abandoned
faeces,

he had shot the emaciated form,
hoping to close his own mind.
Retribution was swift to follow.
At his head point cold rifles, aimed by frigid faces,
waiting for the cameraman to change his film.

And when the skies turn red, the lands barren,
this will be my ecstasy,
the Rebirth of Innocence.

K. Robinson, VI.

THE USE OF ADVERTS

Mrs Ideal decided she hadn't had a cup of tea since tea time. She went into the kitchen and put the kettle on the North Sea Gas. While she was waiting, she twisted awkwardly inside her fingertip panels and toned up her lips with coral pink. Drinking her cuppa-cuppa-cuppa she glanced at the ever-right on her wrist. It was six o'clock and time to put her husband's tea. She knew she was not a good cook so she threw six cubes of man-appeal into the stew and hoped for the best. However Mr Ideal was not coming home early that night. He had met the Martini people and was so drunk he could not tell the difference between stork and butter. He tried to chat up this Twiggy sitting next to him, flashing his ultra-brights all the time. She moodily looked at the ladder in her pretty polly hold-ups and when Mr Ideal tried to climb it she casually coshed him with a bottle of Sch—you know who. Losing interest he adjusted his crown topper and hush puppied home. His wife was waiting for him. She sat in the kitchen trying to ward off night-starvation and dressed for Slumberland.

I. Sneddon, VI.

THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN

I remember July 8th, 1943. I lay on top of a deserted three-storey high building. I was in the City of Berlin. I had come on a mission. It was, to my estimations, 0800 hours. It was a dull but warm morning. My right arm was resting on the butt of a .303 rifle lying by my side. I had checked the mechanism four times already and had thoroughly inspected each and every round, which were, now loaded and ready. I waited nervously and peered down at the building opposite me on the other side of a deserted street piled in rubble as a result of bombing. It was well guarded. I could see eight sentries two posted at each door. On the roof flew a flag, not just any flag, but the "Swastika". I knew Hitler, who was the person I had to kill, was inside. After a long hour of tense waiting the door was opened. I reached out for my gun. Three men came outside. Hitler was not amongst them. A man slowly walked down the street and climbed into a car. He drove it to the building. The two other men climbed in but they never left. Then another person came through the door. Yes, it was him. I raised my rifle and peered at him through the sights. He walked down towards the car. He stopped at one of the sentries. I could see by the gestures he made he was angry at him. This was the time for me. My nervously shaking finger found its place on the trigger. I hesitated for a moment. Then I squeezed it slowly. There was a click. The round, to my horror, had mis-fired. I quickly opened the bolt and the defective round was flicked out. I closed it again. I took a second aim. He had just begun to walk to the car again. I aimed at his head, but not very accurately for he was moving. Now I squeezed the trigger without any hesitation. A shot rang out. The bullet flung his hat off. He looked at it in amazement. I sighed sadly. I had failed.

D. J. Cockburn, IIA.

SUN GOD

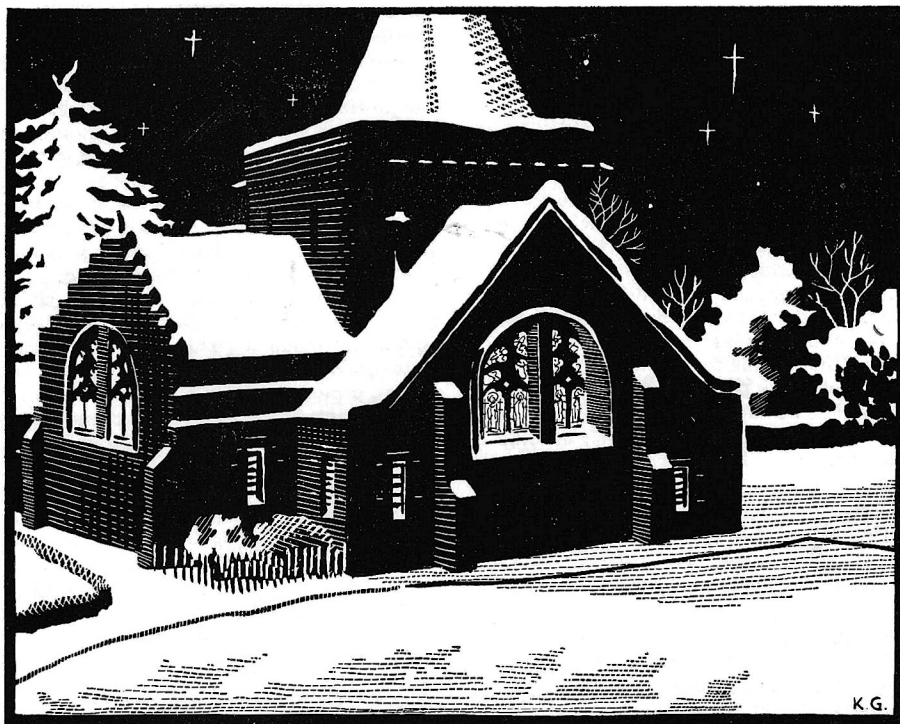
Cold Cheerless Metallic Dawn,
Sears across frozen rocky terrain,
Prehistoric man stirs and yawns.

Creeping slowly colour seeps through onto
morning sky

Remote and everlasting orb rises, gives forth life
always again.

Hands are raised in silent awe as Sun-god dazzles
on high.

I. Sneddon, VI.



THE CHURCH

The man was unreligious and so were his dogs,
 They drank beer in the church in massive great
 slogs,
 He cursed the bible he cursed St. Paul,
 He cursed St. Luke, he cursed them all.
 He called them liars, cheats, and deceptionists,

And looneys and that their minds were atwist,
 To believe in such rot its really quite plain,
 They were obviously madmen and quite insane.
 It's up to you to do your worst
 To do as he did OR follow the church.

M. Dolan, IA.

THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION?

This was his third visit to Computer Control and it was slowly assimilating all his knowledge. He duly realised that his mind was being sucked away and soon he would be a mindless hulk. He tried to shamle off but was pinned to the wall by air blasts. The light of his mind slowly receded until it was a speck in the distance; and was finally blotted out. It stood there swaying, a puppet to be controlled. The red eye of Computer Control watched dispassionately, and when the hulk had been led away, wondered how such a creature had ever ruled the world.

I. Sneddon, VI.

THE BATTLE

It was on a summers morning,
 When the battle had begun.
 Swords were shinning brightly
 In the glittering sun.
 Clatter, clang, shouts and screams.
 People were being killed in tens and fifteens.
 Then one of the sides began to run,
 The other side knew that they had won.

E. Cuthbert, IC.

Dilemma

His mother looked up from the ironing table. "Why don't you go out with the boys?"

Brett considered the idea. The evenings he spent with them had become fewer and fewer since he had been pushed away to boarding school. The more he looked at his own situation the more he concluded that he would have been an inconvenience at home had he stayed. But that wasn't what pressed on his mind at the moment. He looked at himself a budding intellectual, and then at his friends none of whom were still at school. How pitifully ignorant they had seemed the last time he had met them. How he had enjoyed watching their faces shift nervously at some verbose statement he had learnt for prestige.

He looked out through the dusty window. The sky was thick with low-lying cloud and fog hung in the street. He smiled. The closeness of the night excited him. He pulled on his combat jacket just to look like them, rather condescending of himself, he thought.

They walked in a bunch along the pavement. He walked on the road. While they were talking he listened. How simple their conversation was, subjects never going beyond the recalling of amusing incidents. Then the subject shifted, the tones deepened. A negro bus conductor had roughed up Peter the day before. They were making their way towards the bus station so as to catch him when he came off duty. The words registered long enough for Brett to approve of the idea and to approve of himself going along as a spectator.

On turning the corner the breeze heavy with oil probed gently but relentlessly into their nostrils. Grey clouds hung around the dim streetlamps and shadows were ghostly. Faces were drawn tense and eyes searched nervously into the fog. The garage was in sight.

Coming out of the darkness the tired clumping of boots, and Brett was already in the background preparing for the spectacle. Again his thoughts were directed to himself. His situation was indeed an unhappy one. He had been separated in all his innocence from his friends, if he could call them that, and had been shut into a boarding school. Admittedly the benefits were way out of proportion to the contributions he and his mother were required to make. And when he had come home, he had enjoyed impressing people with what he had learned. He had taken special delight in scoffing at their apathy at how small and insignificant they were prepared to let their lives be. And they continued to regard him as a young intellectual. But was he being praised for true attributes or was he being praised for hints

of attributes, conceived by himself, which had deceived his friends.

The nigger's eyes were tired. His eyelids were ready to collapse. It had been an exhausting day for him. He always ended up doing extra jobs, like helping out with the paper work, though it surprised him how the others could allow him to soil the forms and letters with his black hands. The tired slow-moving black mass gradually grated to a halt crushing the red chips scattered over the pavement. Sensing someone was waiting, it peered, eyes burning, through the thick almost tangible fog.

The youths lumbered out of the shadows and moved deliberately towards the black; outnumbered the black made a gesture of friendliness, but his attempt was pathetic. He was pushed and tripped to the ground. A boot sunk into his gut. Vomiting was spontaneous. The attackers sprang back, momentarily disgusted with the sick spattered on the pavement. The black dragged himself to his feet and stumbled backwards towards Brett. Down came a brick, fast and hard, gnawing its way into the nigger's head. He folded up, unconscious, crumpled to the ground and lay there motionless.

K. Robinson, VI.

THE BEGINNING

No noise; no sound. A deep dark void stretched across the sky that was not there. And suddenly, a tiny particle stirred; and moved.

Creation begins here . . .

P. J. Docherty

AMOEBIA

It can't see its food,

Or smell it.

But it knows it's there.

It surrounds it in "jelly",

The meal has ended.

It oozes along without thinking.

It can't think, it hasn't a brain,

Or lungs, or a heart, or a stomach.

Just a black dot in a lump of "jelly".

Ian F. Playle, IV.

FISH

A streamlined body covered in scales,

Air from the water it inhales.

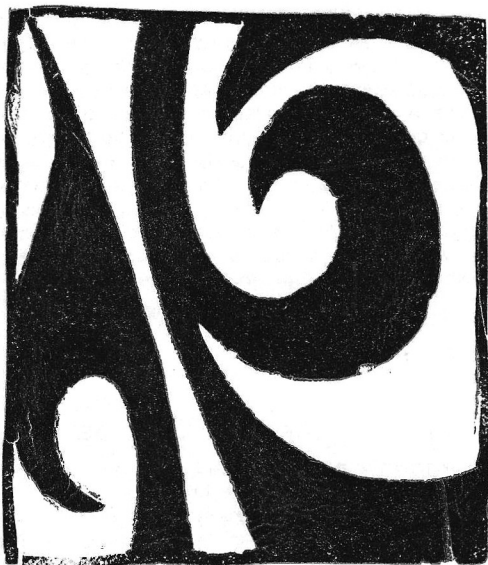
Darting, swerving, small and free,

The slightest movement it will see,

Then like a flash it's gone away.

It will return another day.

A. J. Crawford, P7A.



THE STORM

The winter winds are coming fast,
Shrieking through doors in icy blasts,
Whistling and yelling through the night,
Never stopping until the light.

Storm clouds gather overhead,
While I lie safely snug in bed,
Like a viper the storm does strike,
Hitting all with immense dislike.

Roofs torn off and trees uprooted,
All this town is being looted,
By the big blustering wind's call,
That heralds destruction to all.

The grey curtain of rain pours down,
Evenly over all this town.
The dull grey monotonous rain,
Unceasingly it pours again.

For three whole days the storm roars on,
All are waiting for when it's gone,
For when this dreary storm is done,
We can look forward to the sun.

S. Grant, IIIA.

TO A LANGUAGE LAB

Let this phenomenon not provoke scenes
Of unpedagogical panic—
Even the best of teaching machines
Requires a teaching mechanic.

Anon.

THE REWARDS OF KNOWLEDGE

Looking about, my eyes falling onto the world's wastelands: our cities which are being choked by mangled machinery and running rubbish tips, I am fast coming to the conclusion that knowledge is a disease. I ask you—

What has changed? Now I tell you.

It is our innocence that has changed.

What we know is dangerous, what we have achieved is equally disastrous. We have learned how to rip ourselves apart right from the very roots. But our one achievement is a manifestation of death itself. And that is our glorious surplus of apathy, a direct result from our foolish attempt to create a Shangri-La on earth.

When everyone has been dissolved by this tide of apathy, the politician, no longer swayed by public opinion, will paint this world back.

K. Robinson, VI

THE KILL

After a two or three mile walk over the hills my brother and I stalked a small herd of deer. Under the shelter of a rock I picked the best looking stag. My hands were cold and numb and I found difficulty in easing forward the safety catch on my rifle. Controlling my excitement I brought my rifle up and took careful aim. I held my breath and squeezed the trigger.

The stag leapt and then stood still slowly looking round, watching the other stags disappearing over the hill. I fired again. He shuddered and tried to walk. His knees gave way and he sagged and dropped forward. After a feeble effort to stand he lay down, his head slowly drooping. When I walked forward I saw him savouring at the mouth. He watched me as I knocked the last remnants of life out of him with another bullet.

My brother and I dived on the beast like a pair of vultures. I made a deep gash in the stag's throat and let the blood gush out. There was a groan as the lungs collapsed and blood and air gurgled out. With some artificial respiration the last stream of blood trickled out the ruddy gaping hole. Having sliced the animal down the front we ignored the stench and warmed our hands on the steaming guts.

After the stag had been gralloched and the head and legs had been hacked off we began to haul the venison home. Darkness was closing in on us and already stars were appearing. The beast was heavy and at one place we came to a drop of fifteen to twenty feet. We dropped the beast down, hoping there were no rocks below. Having scrambled down ourselves we were unable to find the stag. Suddenly I saw it lying a few feet out of reach. It was sinking in a bog.

A. MacDonald, V.

BEWARE! RUSSIAN RAIN

This rain is large and black and ominous,
 Nowadays these Ruskies are always bombing us.
 Day and night they're dropping on,
 On and on and ton by ton,
 Our fighters are helpless, they're completely
 outclassed,
 And to make it worse they're perpetually harassed.
 This rain makes craters at their hanger doors,
 Slowly the Ruskies are closing their claws.

Pounding and crushing this rain comes down,
 Smashing to rubble every city and town.
 The Ruskies used a bomb which was new to their
 brain,
 A bomb which brought slaughter and anguish and
 pain.

And because the Ruskies used this new tool,
 The whole of the world's under Soviet rule.

T. Gemmill, IA.

LOVE

What is love? a man may ask,
 Without it life is an impossible task,
 Without love friendship would slip into History
 pages,
 Only to be read at later stages,
 You could be murdered in bed,
 The sheets would run red
 With the blood of the deceased, friendless Fred.
 To find out who murdered Fred there would be a
 great delay,
 If there were no friendship in this world today
 No-one would care, no-one would bother,
 Not his sister or his mother,
 Without love they couldn't care, So need I ask,
 Without friendship life would be an impossible task.

M. Dolan, IA.

THE FLYING DEMON

Ambi is an African boy with black, curly hair. He is about ten years old and just over four feet tall. There is no school in the village and Ambi spends his time looking after the cattle. During the long days he sees many animals, the giraffe eating the leaves and fruit from the higher branches of the trees and the hippopotamus taking a bath in the deep mud of the river. One day, as Ambi was slowly driving the cattle back to the village, he heard a loud droning noise from above the trees. He looked up and saw a

large shining birdlike thing with whirling, glittering wings. The head had large eyes which flashed in the sunlight. Never had Ambi seen anything like this before. Leaving the cattle where they stood, he rushed back to the safety of the village. Ambi stayed under cover with the rest of the frightened villagers while Lalomba, the old witch doctor, began to dance around and chant his spells. For a while the great bird hovered, looking down at the huts of the village, and then vanished quickly from sight. The whole tribe began to laugh and shout, and praise Lalomba for frightening the demon away.

D. C. Morrison, P6A.

HANG BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD

Hang by the neck until dead. These words keep ringing in my ears. In a few hours I am to die, my time has come. I had been found guilty of murdering my wife, and condemned to death by hanging. My last hopes are gathered round about me, a bible, with H.M.P. ironically printed on the cover, a photograph of my wife and children. Oh yes my children, dear God, my children—Please help them, God!—screaming, and wanting to weep, and finally realising my despair, I jump up at the window but can see nothing but an empty sky.

The fresh urge to weep comes from deep down, no I must not, but I cannot hold back the tears. They are streaming wet and warm down the contours of my twisted face. They ended up on my lips, licking them dry I discover that for the first time they are tasteless, my mouth is a mass of sticky, useless saliva. Failing in an effort to cry out through sobs of remorse, I resolve to lie down and get some sleep. When I wake up it will all be normal. The quietness is terrifying, and in my sleepless dreams I can picture a noose silhouetted against a blood red sky. Red has always been my favourite colour and here it is at my death. I cannot sleep, so I pace the cell, still sobbing in fits. Often have I wondered what death is like, I must have died a hundred times today. I hate death.

My concentration is interrupted by hammering outside. Pulling the bed to the window, and peering out I see . . .

—Oh God, it is true . . . it really is true . . . there is no escape—

Two or three figures moving about, but their movements to me seem irrelevant. My stare fixed on the centre-piece—a noose against an evening blood red sky, the men were erecting . . . the gallows.

The End?

P. J. Gilchrist, IV.

THE DEATH OF LIFE

In the dimness of a cold morning sky,
 with grey brooding clouds hanging ominously
 around black buildings standing like
 misplaced tombstones;
 Only a ball of fire reaching out of the
 purpled horizon to reassure.
 Icy winds kniving into our faces wipe
 away any gratitude.
 And there is only uncertainty.

Then a sound from the road,
 a steady rumbling note, and then
 appears the lorry,
 Something definite, something to cling to,
 and in the bare cabin, a plain man
 steering a simple life.
 Happiness is there to be found.

K. Robinson, VI.

WALK TO DEATH

I felt the pain on my eyes when the door opened
 and the light shone brightly in on the walls of the
 solitary confinement cell. I was in an American
 prison just south of Chicago. I have had bread and
 water for the last twenty-four hours and I was
 starving. I could see the vague outline of the prison
 warden with a ring of jangling keys standing with
 his legs apart by the door. He muttered a few words
 I did not hear, and he said after awhile "I don't like
 repeating words. It will be the electric chair for you
 in the end so don't make it linger". I was in here for
 the murder of a married man who had made me mad
 after accusing me of blackmailing him. Another
 warden had come by this time and took me by the
 hands and put them in handcuffs. I had got used to
 the light now and when I started to walk away I
 found I had pins and needles in my right leg. I
 walked the length of five corridors with my back at
 the point blank range of a machine gun. The final
 doors were opened and before me was a seat in the
 middle of a mass of wires. I was made to sit in the
 chair before a man in a white overall. My hands were
 locked down and I was scared stiff. A man
 whispered across the room "Is the dial at 500 v's?"
 I knew this was 500 volts and came nearly to the
 point of collapsing. He said again, "Are you ready?"
 There was a gap of what seemed ages and then it
 came.

R. Holmes, IIC.

THE HORSE

There stood a horse on the lonely plain,
 Into the air flowed his tangled mane,
 Not very fat and anything but lean,
 Watching his replacement, a new fangled machine.

There was no sound from in the house,
 Not even the sound of a scampering mouse,
 Nowhere to go, nowhere to wander,
 The farmers love for him grew fonder and fonder.

No more children to give him bumps,
 No more to give him sugar lumps,
 Oh! how he hoped to work again,
 But alas! his hopes were all in vain.

R. Davidson, IA.

LITERARY COMPETITION

It has now become the custom to add incentive to
 the creative abilities (at present questionable in the
 School) by awarding book tokens to the best efforts.

Results

SENIOR

Poetry: K. Robinson, VI—"Death of Life". A.
 Mackenzie, VI—"Doubtfoot".

Short Story: K. Robinson, VI—"Dilemma".

Article: I. Sneddon—"Use of Adverts".

JUNIOR

Poetry: M. Dolan, IA—"The Church".

Short Story: D. J. Cockburn, IIA—"The Would-be
 Assassin". R. Holmes, IIC—"Walk to Death".

WAVELL

Poetry: A. J. Crawford, P7A—"Fish".

Short Story: D. C. Morrison, P6A—"The Flying
 Demon".

VALETE

Only two boys are certain to be leaving us at the
 end of this term, M. F. Greig and R. F. Howarth.
 Both of these boys in Cunningham House have
 passed Certificate A Part I in the A.C.F. and have won
 the silver awards in Personal Survival.

M. F. Greig joined us in 1963. Father's regiment:
 Royal Scots. He has been a piper and played in the
 2nd XV. His home address is 38 Ravenswood
 Avenue, Edinburgh, 9.

R. F. Howarth, in form 3C, whose father's regiment
 is the Scots Guards, joined in 1965. His home address
 is 237 Greggwood Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

SALVETE

We welcome the following boys as recruits to the School.

<i>School No.</i>	<i>Father's Regiment</i>
3275	Allan, John William—Q.O.Hldrs.
3276	Anderson, Gregory David—Royal Navy.
3277	Bain, Ian McDonald Wheelock—R.M.P.
3278	Boyle, Hugh Keenan—R.A.F.
3279	Brydon, Stuart Thomas—Royal Navy.
3281	Christie, Alistair Fredrick—Parachute Regt.
3282	Clark, Ian McColl—R.A.F.
3283	Dacey, William Thomas—A. & S.H.
3284	Dempsey, Joseph John—Life Guards.
3285	Ewan, Bruce—R.A.F.
3286	Fawcett, John Mearns—Q.O.Hldrs.
3287	Forrest, Andrew William—Royal Navy.
3288	Gallon, Terence Ian Taylor—A. & S.H.
3289	Gillespie, George James Russell—Royal Navy.
3290	Graham, Matthew—R.A.
3291	Hamilton, Duncan Leslie—A. & S.H.
3292	Hawkins, Timothy Spencer—R.E.
3293	Heeps, Barry—R.A.O.C.
3294	Hughson, David Callum—R.E.M.E.
3295	Kempsell, Neil Kenneth—Royal Navy.
3296	Layden, Joseph—R.A.O.C.
3297	McDonald, David—Dragoon Guards.
3298	McDonald, Duncan James—K.O.S.B.
3299	McGregor, Murray Francis—R.A.F.
3300	McKelvie, Robert Henderson Reid—Royal Scots.
3301	Manson, Timothy John Alexander—R.A.F.
3302	Marchant, Ian Russell—Scots Guards.
3303	Miller, Richard Graham—Q.O.Hldrs.
3304	Morrison David Carmichael—R.E.
3305	Morrison George Edward—A.C.C.
3306	Nelson, Manfred—R.M.P.
3307	Nelson, Norbert Christian—R.M.P.
3308	Nesbitt, Ross Hugh—R.A.F.
3309	Quinn, Michael William—Royal Navy.
3310	Rankin, John Robert Murray—R.A.O.C.
3311	Robertson, Stewart—Scots Guards.
3312	Ross, Philip John—Scots Guards.
3313	Smith, David John—Royal Navy.
3314	Thomson, Denis Patrick—Gordon Hldrs.
3315	Turnbull, John—Black Watch.
3316	Walker, Jeremy Courtney—R. Signals.
3317	Weir, George Francis—Royal Navy.
3318	Wood, Michael George—R.A.F.
3319	Davidson, Iain—R.H.F.
3320	Woodward, Duncan Ross Doig—Parachute Regt.
3321	Cuthbert, Stuart—Seaforth Highlanders.
3280	Campbell, Graeme Stuart—R.A.F.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

We started much the same as previous years with four successive Mondays brief instruction in taking photographs and processing. This was followed up by several weeks of "practical" in which the beginners have an opportunity to use the darkroom under supervision.

Before the first Society meeting the committee held its own meeting to decide on the distribution of members among the years in the School, and the question of presidency. We found we had too many older boys and very few potential younger boys. This would have meant a big step back in a few years when these older boys left. To remedy this we have selected many more younger boys.

In the past we have had a president and committee elected at the beginning of the year, but since this was more a popularity competition than one of efficiency, we replaced the campaigns for presidency with another system. We have a committee of nine senior and experienced boys each who are president for a month at a time. This gives all nine of us the chance of being president instead of the burden resting on one boy.

I think it can be said that the attitude towards photography has changed for the better amongst our members. In previous years a number of boys joined only because they had to do a hobby and photography seemed the biggest dodge. We have nobody feeling that way this year and there is, amongst the younger boys particularly, an unusual enthusiasm.

R.L., V.

VOLUNTARY SERVICE COMMITTEE

The Voluntary Service Committee began this term. We have representatives in each house. At first it seemed we had started for no reason, until Mrs Sanders came.

Mrs Sanders represented the Sue Ryder Fund which looks after people who suffered in concentration camps in the last war. Her lecture was original and it held our attention, without even a bored whisper, for fifty minutes. The terribly gruesome detail she gave appealed to the whole hall and while the images were still fresh in their minds, we swooped on them and collected £23. This was our chance to show our active assistance.

Later we collected money for the Earl Haig Fund by selling poppies. We are planning in the future to find old people in Dunblane who would benefit from odd jobs we could do for them. We are also considering sending boys who wish to volunteer, to work in the holidays for Sue Ryder.

R.L., V.

RADIO CLUB

A recent addition to the list of evening hobbies is Mr Paterson's Electronics Club. During this term we have been concerned mainly with the various components which are used in the construction of a radio. We have also conducted experiments which help to make clearer how these components work.

Next term we will try to construct the various circuits of a radio, and to construct an actual working model. It will be necessary though to send away for components which we need. By the end of next term we hope to produce some satisfactory results to our work.

DRAMA CLUB

The 1969 production, sometime towards the end of the Easter term, by the School Drama Club will be Michael Barwis's play *Captain Swing*. Set during the Bristol riots of 1832 it represents: the emotions involved, the types of people involved (the realist and the idealist, the pacifist and the militant, the honest and the phoney), and the climax (the martyrdom and suffering of the comparatively innocent) which occur in any revolution. Choosing the play was a result of the fact that it was written by the headmaster of a boys' school, to be produced by that school. Therefore the female parts were created by the author in such a way as to enable them to be enacted by boys. Thus one of our major difficulties—acting female parts—was already partly overcome.

PIPE BAND

Most of this term has been spent bringing up the standard of our younger members, who have just entered the Senior School, to enable them to take the places of those who left at the end of last term.

The first engagement of this term was the Rugby International between Scotland and Australia at Murrayfield. The performance was, however, disappointing but this may be largely attributed to the bitter cold. A second engagement was in Stirling, at the request of the Raploch Association. As usual on Remembrance Sunday, pipers and buglers were sent to play at various churches and memorials in the surrounding countryside.

The years' first competition successes came this term at the Juvenile Piping Competition in Glasgow. Two pipers, A. N. MacDonald and A. Hill, attended and did exceptionally well. MacDonald winning the Strathspey and Reel and Jig competitions and coming third in the March and Piobereach. A. Hill came second in the March. These results have increased the band's confidence, and we are looking forward to a Miniature Band Competition and two Murrayfield engagements next term.

Members of the Band

Pipe-Major Instructor: J. Mackenzie. *Drum-Major Instructor:* A. Morrison.

Pipe-Major: A. Hill. *Pipers:* A. N. MacDonald, A. Martin, J. Pryde, P. Gilchrist, M. Greig, J. Will, I. Fraser, A. Robertson, A. Jeffrey, C. Martin, A. A. MacDonald, R. Cowie, J. Harrison, R. Holmes.

Drum-Major: I. Graham. *Bass:* W. K. McKerron. *Leading Side:* B. Knox. *Tenors:* A. Hewgill, J. Wrenn, K. Walker. *Sides:* B. Murton, J. Sayer, P. Sayer, J. MacMillan.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

At the opening meeting of the term the following office-bearers were elected:—President and Cunningham member—P. B. Cooper; Secretary and Trenchard member—P. J. Docherty; Haig member—N. G. McMurdo.

The only excursion this term has been a visit to the site of a Roman Fort at Cardean. This was an important Agricola fort and some very fine pottery has been discovered in the ditch.

During this term, we have concentrated on films, and have had the following titles: "The Roman Wall", "Pre-History", "Cave Dwellers" and the "Palaeolithic Age".

Capt. J. F. Gardner, a new staff member, who has joined the Society, gave a talk on weapons and their development with particular reference to the Egyptian, Greek and Roman armies.

We hope to carry on next term with films and outside lectures. In addition, it is hoped to start a survey course in preparation for our Summer Project of surveying and cataloguing ancient monuments in the area South East of Culttybraggan.

COMBINED CADET FORCE

In September 1956 the Queen Victoria School Army Cadet Force was formed and was officered by three people who had Navy, Army and Air Force backgrounds. Thus at this original stage we were prepared for a Combined Cadet Force. Now on 1st September, 1968, we have changed to Queen Victoria School C.C.F. Contingent with Army and Royal Air Force Sections. The number of boys in the School whose fathers are serving in the R.A.F. is increasing and we are now able to offer them openings in this section.

The Commanding Officer of the new contingent is Major G. Reid and the administration is in the very capable hands of Mr J. Deeley, School Sgt. Major, who has done and is doing a power of work. To make the contingent efficient and extremely well equipped and Mr Mortimer is helping him in this

work. The Army Section has at present a dual command as Capt. J. C. Finlay is handing over to Capt. J. Gardner, R.A.E.C. We have vacancies for at least two more officers and we hope to have them filled soon. The Cadet Sgt. Major is S. M. Powell, Cadet C.Q.M.S. M. McNaughton, Cadet Sgts. W. McKerron and K. Robinson. Training at present is limited as all our Certificate A Part II cadets are taking section 5—leadership section—of the Proficiency Test and recruits and Certificate A Part I, now on the syllabus for the Proficiency Test. We hope after Proficiency Certificates have been gained to form some or all of the following "special to arms" sections, Signals, Royal Engineers and Infantry.

Our first Ardous Training Camp will be at the Army Ski Hut, Aviemore, from 9th-16th April, 1969, where we expect to do some winter training on skis. Annual Camp, 10th-18th July, 1969, will be at the Ardous Training Centre, Kingussie. Three of our officers have volunteered to help assess Duke of Edinburgh Gold Expeditions at Cultybraggan Camp, Comrie, at Easter. Four of our cadets will be taking part—S. M. Powell, A. Robertson, K. Bowlit and D. W. Wrenn.

The R.A.F. Section is under the command of Flt.-Lieut. I. T. Williams. They have a complete new syllabus to study and are at present working very hard for their Proficiency Test on 12th December, 1968. Also they have been travelling on Thursday afternoons—when weather was suitable—to Turnhouse for air experience flights. We are indebted to Squadron Leader A. McGlashan and Flight Sgts. Gillies and Morrice for the advice, instruction and willing aid they have given to this section. R.A.F. Cadet N.C.O.'s are Sgt. P. Docherty, Cpl. J. Corrigan, D. McIver, D. W. Wrenn and B. Sutherland.

The first formal annual inspection of the C.C.F. will be on 29th October, 1969, and the Inspecting Officer will be Major-General H. E. N. Bredin, D.S.O., M.C., Director, Volunteers, Territorials and Cadets, Ministry of Defence.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

1st XV

The 1st XV are having a good season so far. Out of nine games we have won seven and lost two. Our first defeat was at Kiel which was not surprising and our second was at Stirling where we played without two of our regular players. We owe this season's success to a small mobile pack and strong-running three-quarters. The names of boys who have played for the first fifteen this term appear below.

Jeffrey, McHardy, McIver, Learmonth, Wood, McKerron, K. Robinson, Sneddon, A. Greig, Sutherland, Murton, Wrenn, Kennedy, A. Robertson, Long, Campbell, Mackenzie, Powell, Fergusson.

STOP PRESS . . .

Tenth game lost to Fettes, 14-6

2nd XV

The 2nd XV has done quite well this season winning two games out of five. Despite a disastrous, shattering defeat in our first game against Keil, away, the team pulled together to win against Alloa at home. Our next game was at Dunfermline against Queen Anne's. Here we were narrowly beaten mainly due to unco-ordinated team work. In our Morrison's match we were again marginally defeated owing to lack of team practice. The Rannoch visiting team departed easily beaten giving us another victory to make two wins and three defeats. Considering that we find it difficult to find two teams to have a practice, the 2nd XV has done very well and I hope will continue to do so throughout the rest of the season.

Team:—P. F. Docherty, Sutherland, Burgess, MacHardy, Cruikshank, Grey, Langlands, MacNaughton, Sayer, Bowlit, M. Greig, Bruce, Cooper, Barnes, Murdoch, Graham.

3rd Year XV (A)

Up to and including games played on 30th November, 1968:

	Points					
XV	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
1st	10	7	3	0	127	80
2nd	5	2	3	0	48	60
3rd	10	2	6	2	60	104
4th	1	0	1	0	0	31
5th	6	2	4	0	20	70
6th	1	0	1	0	0	39
7th	4	2	2	0	14	25

This has been a frustrating season for the 3rd XV (3rd year A). Especially after they started the season with a 19-9 victory over Alloa Academy, which was followed by a 12-0 defeat by Morrison's then a 13-13 draw against Strathallan. By this time we should be forecasting how the season will go instead we have had one of everything and are playing good rugby; although the tackling of wing three-quarters is not as strong as it should be. For the next five games our tail dropped lower and lower. Defeated 13-8 by Glenalmond. Drew 8-8 with Grangemouth H.S. Then Aberdeen Academy, Queen Anne School and Stirling High School beat us, 19-0, 13-11, 14-0, respectively. The return game with Morrison's was next. This ended in a 5-5 draw with Morrison's defending all the second half. Rannoch was our last game and we won 9-6. Now our tail is where it should be—up—and we hope for a very successful second half to the season.]

Players for this XV were M. G. McMurdo (Captain), D. G. Moss (Scrum Leader), Nicol, McMillan, J. Robertson, Crawford, Goldie, Webb, Myles, Crichton, Sherwood, Hamilton, Barnes,

Wrenn, Robinson, Howarth, Pocock, Tovey, Lawrence, Matthews, A. Martin, Gilchrist, Brown and Fraser.

2nd YEAR XV

This season has not been a very good one for the 2nd Year. We started off well beating Alloa 14-6 at home. Then we lost to Morrisons also at home. This result was the first of many losses. Due mainly to the fact that Todd went off with injury, McNally left the School and the better half of our team could not play. Our main faults lie in tackling and backing up to date we have played Alloa (H), Morrisons (H), Dalhousie (A), Grangemouth (A), Stirling (A) and Rannoch (A), of these we beat Alloa and Stirling and lost the rest.

The following have played for the team: K. Ross, R. McMurdo, C. Martin, P. Sayer, J. White, J. Gemmill, D. Barr, M. Stear, G. Bowden, A. Menzies, A. Fiddes, S. J. Powell, M. Fogarty, D. Crawford, D. Todd, W. Murray, A. Burns, M. Haston and T. Cassels. A lot more played in the Dalhousie game where we picked a light team to match theirs.

M.J.S.

3rd YEAR XV (B)

The 4th XV (3rd year B) has played one match against Falkirk High School and was defeated 31-0 by this big, strong team who requested this fixture with the B XV but in size and age should tackle our A XV.

1st Year

Up to the time of writing, the 1st Year team has played 4 matches, winning 2 and losing 2. The successes were against Falkirk High School 9-3, and against Stirling High School 8-6; the defeats were inflicted by Grangemouth High School 0-3, and by Queen Anne's School 0-14. The best performance was at Stirling where the team was twice in arrears and fought back to win by a conversion.

The following have played for the team: T. J. Armstrong, C. S. Common, E. Cuthbert, S. Dalziel, M. J. Dolan, G. G. D. Doyle, M. Ferrigan, T. M. Gemmill, C. Gilchrist, G. J. Glass, R. J. Knox, A. M. MacKay, M. Nicolson, N. M. Roe, K. T. Shepherd, K. C. Walker, D. R. D. Woodward.

SWIMMING

Amateur Swimming Association Personal Survival Awards were:—

Bronze Standard: G. Speirs, A. J. Burns, T. Cassells, J. G. Pryde.

Silver Standard: A. J. Burns, A. Fiddes, L. Rudderham, J. A. Pryde, B. Will, K. S. Bowlit, R. K. Holmes, D. K. Coleman, K. T. Ross, D. N. Crawford, D. I. T. Brown, J. R. White, I. Crawford.

Gold Standard: G. Bowden, J. Harrison, S. Langlands, I. Playle, J. Robertson, I. A. Robertson, A. R. Menzies, W. Murray, J. G. Pryde, A. J. Burns, S. Grant, L. Rudderham, W. Crichton, K. S. Bowlit, B. Will, R. K. Holmes, K. T. Ross, W. A. Common, I. Crawford, Miss J. H. A. Nairn (School Nurse).

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARDS

1967-68

As in previous years we started with quite a large number of candidates on 1st October, 1967, but 50% drop out as the year progresses especially in Bronze and Silver Series. Starting numbers were: Bronze 18, Silver 14, Gold 3. Finishing numbers were: Bronze 8, Silver 7, Gold 3.

It can be seen from above that once a boy has completed Bronze and Silver Series and committed himself to Gold he will work and struggle to get it.

Boys recommended for awards this year are:

Bronze Series: J. R. Creighton, M. Findlay, C. Fraser, J. Wrenn, R. Cowie, R. Weir, J. Pryde, S. M. Flemming.

Silver Series: D. W. Wrenn, J. Sayer, A. Robertson, K. S. Bowlit, S. Powell, A. J. Sutherland, S. W. Munro.

Gold Series: G. C. Aitkenhead, H. Grigor, G. Slater.

1968-69

Quite a number who just manage to make the grade at Bronze and Silver give up and this has happened this year as none of last years' Bronze Series have volunteered to continue. Only 12 new entries at the Bronze stage. No Silver Series and 6 will try for Gold.

WAVELL HOUSE GAMES

Football

The West Perthshire Primary Schools' League again includes two teams from Wavell House. Although fixtures have been difficult to arrange this year we are nearing the end of the first half of the programme. The 'A' team have been successful in all fixtures including two convincing wins over the St. Ninians 'A' team. Our 'B' team have been playing with enthusiasm and enjoying their games even though they have not managed to win very often. D. Darling has captained the 'A' team and has encouraged his players by example. As captain of the 'B' team T. Carmichael has shown great determination and enthusiasm. We hope to play a few games during next term but most of the remaining fixtures will not take place until the Summer Term.

Cross-Country

Wavell boys are still striving to achieve standard times for the course and this has produced an excellent team. We went to St. Ninians at Gartmore for the first Cross-Country Match and won both the major and minor races by a large margin.

Apart from the Annual Carol Concert, this year the Choir performed at St. Columba's, Helensburgh, the former charge of our Chaplain.

CAROL SERVICE

Christmas, 1968

Introit (Choir)

Advent Hymn: Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Congregation

Oh Come All Ye Faithful (55)

(Treble descant verse 3 David Willcocks)

Bidding Prayer

Choir

1. Ding Dong Merrily on High (Old French Carol)
2. In the Bleak Mid-Winter (Holst)

Congregation

Oh Little Town of Bethlehem (Trad) (48)

Reading

Christmas Poetry

Choir

1. Zither Carol (Old Czech) (arr. Malcolm Sargent)
2. Chorale Oh Jesu Most Kind (J. S. Bach)

Congregation

Angels From the Realms of Glory (65)
(Old French Carol)

Reading

Christmas Poetry

Choir (Trebles)

1. Lord of the Dance (Folk Tune Sydney Carter)
2. A Virgin Unspotted (English Trad.)

Congregation

While Shepherds Watched (42) (Este's Psalter)
(Treble Descant 2nd and last verses)

Choir

1. Past Three o' Clock (Trad.)
 2. Unto us a Boy is Born (Geoffrey Shaw)
 3. Once in Royal David's City (Gauntlett)
- Treble Soloists: Vincent Parker
Geoffrey Richardson

Reading

Christmas Poetry

Congregation

See in Yonder Manger Low (51) (Goss)
(Choir sings verse 4)

Choir

Now Thank we all Our God (29) (Cruger)
(Congregation sings last verse)

Congregation

Hark the Herald Angels Sing (46) (Mendelssohn)
Benediction
Three-Fold Amen.

Stop Press

WAVELL HOUSE DRILL

The annual "passing-out parade" for the new boys in the Primary School was held near the end of the term. The medal which S.S.M. Deeley gives for the smartest boy was won by A. F. Christie.

RUGBY HOUSE MATCHES

Once again the inter-house rugby matches have been left right until the end of the term, and as usual a freeze-up will probably put off the remaining match in the Senior Competition between Trenchard and Cunningham. Perhaps this annual occurrence will, at last, persuade people that these matches should be held much earlier on in the term. Cunningham House won the Junior Competition, Haig, the Senior competition, the remaining game will decide second and third.

Senior Results

Haig beat Cunningham 24-9.
Haig beat Trenchard 16-11.

Junior Results

Trenchard beat Haig 5-0.
Cunningham beat Haig 37-0.
Cunningham beat Trenchard 10-0.

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