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EDITORIAL

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I. SNEDDON

This term has seen the working of the revised summer term with Grand Day brought forward to the 12th of June. When the examinations have finished there are about four weeks intensive sports and Grand Day practices, academic studies taking second place. School outings, lectures and anything else which needs to be done can be crammed into this short space of time resulting in near chaos with people clamouring on all sides for a day here or a day there for their own use, whether it be a Science lecture, a canoeing camp or whatever. Despite this, it is probably a better system than the previous one. I feel,

however, that it will not be long before boys are asking to leave school directly after the examinations without waiting for Grand Day.

Much discussion by the staff has culminated in the decision to abolish the house system as we know it. Next school year will see the introduction of three new houses along with Wavell House. The Junior House will comprise the present 1st and 2nd year, the Intermediate House will contain the 3rd year and the Senior House the 4th, 5th and 6th year. This system will enable house masters to decide on their own policy with respect to the boys' ages. Feelings about the new arrangements are mixed and apprehensive as very little detail is yet known.

A major criticism of the previous 'Victorian' was that it contained too many advertisements. The reason for this is that advertisements provide the main source of income covering the 'Victorian'. Without this money it could not pay its own way and would soon cease to exist!

Death of a King

His Majesty would be pleased to see Cooke Pasha and the officers of the Divisional Staff in his Summer Palace at nine tomorrow morning, before His Majesty went to Friday Prayers at the El Aqsa Mosque in Jerusalem; so ran the unexpected summons, delivered to the Headquarters late in the evening. Much bustle it caused. Plans for picnics, and shopping expeditions to the Bazaar by the British Officers and their wives were postponed, Friday being a usual holiday for non-Moslems. Batmen were sent for and belt and shoe polishing and uniform pressing continued until far into the night. The honour of such a personal audience was unusual as well as unexpected and turn-out must be impeccable.

Promptly at half past eight next morning the GOC and the four British Staff Officers, accompanied by an Arab Staff Officer as interpreter, reached the Summer Palace just north of Jerusalem. They were not the only persons to be so honoured at this time. Already in the courtyard were a chattering, gesticulating crowd of officials, Mayors, Village headmen, petitioners of every kind, some by appointment, some merely in hope. The sun has been well up for hours, and it was already hot, with all the glare of a Palestinian June. It was long after nine before the summons came and the GSOI, seeking the shade of an alcove, passed the time by chatting with a cultivated Arab gentleman, in a London-tailored light grey suit and white silk head-dress, who talked with almost too perfect an "Oxford" accent. He was interested in cricket and discussed the current Test matches from an informed and critical viewpoint. The GSOI was not so interested but thought it would be letting his country down to admit this.

The Arab gentleman was hanged a couple of months later for his complicity in the vent which at

that time, of all the talkative crowd in the courtyard, he alone could foresee.

At last, just as their uniforms, laundered and pressed into crackling creases and smooth surfaces, were beginning to dissolve lumpishly in sweat, the summons came, and in they went. King Abdulla, sitting on a large sofa in the cooler shadows, rose courteously to his feet to greet the General and his staff. After they had made their bows he called forward a boy of about sixteen, who had been standing modestly behind the King, and introduced him to the General as "my dear grandson, Hussein who one day a long time hence, will reign in my place and my son's place!" The Prince had the face of the Harrow schoolboy he then was, but a dignity also which carried off the ornate uniform, medals, aiguillettes, without too much incongruity.

Coffee was brought; conversations with Kings tend to be somewhat formal and one-sided, and particularly when conducted through an interpreter. But indeed, apart from the great respect and warm admiration of the British Officers for the Arab ruler they then served, King Abdulla's conversation was notably a delight to listen to, in any language, on any subject.

The King spoke charmingly of his acknowledgment of the great assistance, as he said, his army received from its seconded British Officers. Sadly of the position of "occupied Palestine" and the many Arab refugees, most of them dependant on his own small and poor country of Jordan, and foreign charity. "Always" said his Majesty "I have been friends of the British and I have told my grandson here that when, under the will of Allah, he becomes King after his father, he too must keep the friendship of the British."

In half an hour the King rose, making the excuse, unnecessary for Royalty but typical of his courtesy, that he had many to see before he went to the Mosque in an hour's time. So the GOC and his officers backed out and went home to their homes in Ramallah.

The GSOI's wife was waiting, with some impatience, to be taken shopping in the Jerusalem Bazaar. A usual Friday morning occupation for the British, but a novelty to her, since she had just arrived from the U.K. After a quick shower and a welcome change into cool civilian clothes the GSOI was ready. Car and Arab chauffeur were called and the few miles drive to Jerusalem began. A couple of miles from the Old City they saw a Land-Rover in a ditch and around it four or five unhurt but very excited Bedouin soldiers. Their almost hysterical condition was plainly not attributable to a minor road accident, such incidents being taken as routine by most Arabs. So the GSOI, Curwin, told his driver to stop, and inquire. The Driver returned to the car, grey faced. "These men

sir" he said, "have the speech of the desert and they shout very much. But I think they say that the King has been shot, the murderers have passed this way and they wish to pursue them." "Not another assassination—this is too much" said the horrified wife. With some cause. Since not only is it exceptional to hear of the murder of a King on your way to the shops but also, only the week before and three days after her arrival, her husband, unknowingly, had driven her through the silent ambush laid for a prominent visiting statesman of a neighbouring Arab country. On their return an hour later, the statesman was dead and the road blocked with wrecked cars and excited police.

"Which way?" said the GSO I. "To Ramallah they say sir". The GSO I, had a mental picture of a sixty mile an hour chase with demented Bedouin shooting out of the windows and a car load, perhaps, of desperate assassins ahead shooting back. Clearly not a suitable Friday morning occupation for a young wife. "Out you get, dear", he said "and sit there in the ditch. We will be back soon—don't move". In piled the Bedouin, the car turned round, and within sixty seconds of stopping was screaming round the bends in the reverse direction, the GSO I wishing that he had brought his revolver on the shopping expedition. After a mile his driver, who had been listening to the continued shouting of the trigger-happy Bedouin, none of whom had his safety catch on, said "Sir, now I understand them better. It is true the King has been killed but they are not chasing the murderers. They say there is a revolution in Jerusalem, much shooting, and they wish to get help from the Army Camp". The GSO I, knew there was a Bedouin Battalion Camp a few miles further up the road, so he ordered the driver to continue to it, and the four soldiers, to the relief of the GSO I, and even more of his driver who had been controlling the car with a rifle muzzle pressed against his neck, were left at the Guard Room to explain the situation.

Clearly there was much to be done, and the first thing was to contact the General. "To Ramallah, quickly". "But the lady, Sir?" Of course. Round again, and back towards Jerusalem at seventy plus. The GSO I's wife was still sitting in the ditch, keeping off the flies with a switch of palm. "Have you killed them all already?" she asked. "No time to explain, get in". On arrival in Ramallah all the servants, who were soldiers, were turned out to guard the house with their rifles. If there was indeed a revolution going on, it was well to take precautions.

The GOC had already heard the news on the telephone. "I have been trying to contact Glubb Pasha and the Brigadier in command of the Jerusalem Brigade but I can't get through to Amman and the Brigadier appears to be bathing at the Dead Sea and is out of touch. We had better get down to his HQ in Jerusalem at once, and take over".

On the way there several truck loads of Bedouin

soldiers, bound for Jerusalem, were passed. They had evidently been turned out by the four soldiers the GSO I, had delivered and seemed to have the sole intention of shooting up anyone who had killed the King or who might be suspected of sympathising with the act. "I think", said the General gently, "it would be just as well if we got to Jerusalem rather quickly before things get too out of hand".

On arrival at the Brigade HQ they found one distracted Arab Brigade Major, and many rumours. Prince Hussein was missing, or had been killed also. The Jews were about to attack. Elements hostile to the King were sniping in the streets of Jerusalem. It was a Jewish plot, an Egyptian plot, a Palestinian plot. A rising was imminent. And much more. All these rumours, as is the way of rumours in Arab countries, proved to be either incorrect or greatly exaggerated. The only incontrovertible fact was the tragic one that the King was indeed dead, shot in the head by a fanatic as he entered the mosque, little more than an hour after the GOC had taken his leave of him. Prince Hussein was certainly missing, but proved to have been hustled back to Amman by a sensible ADC. All was quiet on the Israeli Border and, although all frontier strong-points were alerted and strengthened, not a sound or a movement came from the other side. It was true that shots could be heard going off intermittently within the walls of the Old City. But these proved to be, not the forerunner of revolution, but stray shots loosed off by grief-stricken and angry Bedouin soldiers, in the air, at buildings, or at occasional scuttling Jerusalem towns buildings, or at occasional scuttling Jerusalem townfolk, fortunately with little effect. In the simple reasoning of the Bedouin, who loved the King as one of their own, since His Majesty had been shot in Jerusalem it was the fault of the Jerusalem townfolk; it was therefore logical and proper to shoot at them or their property. But Jerusalem had seen many murders, many crises, and much violence in its thousands of years of bloody history. Its citizens knew what to do. Off the streets and up with the shutters. Very quickly any stray soldiers were brought under control, and the town was quiet, but tense. Reinforcements arrived from over the Jordan, a curfew imposed, guards mounted on all foreign Embassies. The Brigadier, having been contacted at his bathing picnic, appeared and took over control of his scattered and nervous troops. Soon too, appeared the grim faced Arab security police who went into instant operation on a simple plan. Arrest everyone. The murderer, indeed, was dead, shot to pieces by the Bodyguard within instants. But his family, not excluding aged grandparents, second and third cousins, children even, were all picked up "for questioning". Every politically hostile or suspected hostile person was gathered in. All through the rest of that long, hot day, and for many days after, the police trucks rushed through the streets, crammed

with frightened "suspects" bound for unknown destinations, for unknown periods of detention. Over the radios—and almost every Arab house had one turned full on—wailed out the moaning incantations of the Imams, reciting the Koran and lamentations for the stricken King. From time to time these were interrupted by harsh announcements from the Police, warning the population what not to do.

As the long evening shadows changed quickly to the sudden darkness of a Palestinian night there was no other sound than these screaming radios and the rumble and hooting of army and police trucks. Jerusalem, all the West Bank, crouched timidly within doors, awaiting what the next day might bring. Murders, wars, revolutions, disasters. This was just another incident. It would, like others, pass. In the meantime, stay at home and avoid being shot or arrested. This was prudent, customary.

The GSO I, tired, sad at the King's death, relieved that worse still had not happened, returned home. "You can stand down", he said to the cook, still patrolling the front garden with ready rifle, "and prepare supper".

"I think, my dear", he said, inside, "I could do with a drink. It's been a long day".

OBITUARIES

Mr J. BULL

We sadly record the death of Mr Bull who worked at the school from 1945 to 1962. He was a highly regarded and well-known member of the school staff. Our sympathies are offered to his wife in her late bereavement.

FRANK McLaurin

We are sad to hear of the death of an old Victorian K. F. McLaurin. Frank McLaurin left the school in 1934, trained as a piper and joined the Royal Navy gaining six medals in the Second World War. He remembered his old school well and always spoke highly of it. Our condolences are extended to his father, Major McLaurin, M.B.E. (retired.)

MARRIAGE

Ian Smith who left the school in 1967 to train as an industrial chemist, will be getting married in June. His bride is Susan Jamieson, the daughter of the Rev. A. N. Jamieson who was our resident Church of Scotland minister from 1957 to 1967 when he left to take a charge in the Orkney Isles.

The school extends its best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

The Last School Year

This year we will continue the trend started last year in giving a summary of the school year. There have been no adverse comments about this article, we can, therefore assume either nobody read last year's article or there is a reasonable demand for it.

The 1968-69 session has been a year of school experiments—the abolition of school prefects and the total reliance on monitors to do their jobs, the formation of several committees to look after school welfare and affairs, the decision to abolish the house-system and their replacement by a system dependent upon age.

Winter Term

Two new members of teaching staff arrived, Mr Lambie who took the place of Mr Hughes as teacher of History, Geography and Modern Studies, and Captain Gardner who replaces Captain Walker as teacher of Maths and Science. Mr Hughes who retired from teaching last year is still we are happy to say connected with the school, as school Librarian. Another addition to the staff was Mr Deeley, to whom we must apologise for misspelling his name in the last edition.

There was a succession of lectures—the first was from Captain Minter-Kemp about his participation of the solo trans-Atlantic. Which, accompanied by slides, proved to be most interesting. The next lecture was given by Mrs Sanders and was entitled "Sue Ryder and the Forgotten Allies". This lecture was largely arranged by the headmaster and brought home to us, in no mean way the suffering the last war is still inflicting on people. Dr. Brian Fairgrieve, a surgeon from Falkirk Infirmary, gave us an excellent lecture on medicine today—which introduced us to a visit to Falkirk. This visit ranks among the best we have ever been on.

We were visited by a group of education students from Stirling University, doing, we suppose, a project on boarding schools. The boys were unfortunately not given the opportunity to meet them to get our opinions.

The term ended with the usual Carol Service which included instead of the traditional nativity play, various Christmas poetry. The same service was repeated at St. Columba's, Helensburgh, Mr Ritchie's former parish.

Easter Term

The Easter Term saw the C.C.F./R.A.F. sections Air Experience Flying getting fully under way. This is the most popular aspect of the section, and it will continue to be so, we are sure.

The Pipe Band had several engagements. They performed at Tulliallan Police College for a Passing Out Parade. At Westquarter, Falkirk, the Pipe Band competed in the Miniature Band and Solo Piping Contest. Although they met with little success, their overall standard was quite high.

The C.C.F. Army Section went on a trip to Kirknewton to the 1st Battalion Black Watch who gave a display as to how an Infantry Battalion is formed, and its role in the Modern Army.

Mr Bruce and Rev. Ritchie gave a Music Recital in the School Memorial Chapel. It was an informal gathering, and was well attended by both boys and parents. One of the School's up and coming pianists, Vincent Parker, gave a very good performance. It was a very successful "happening".

The School production of *Captain Swing* was played at the end of the term. It was the most successful play performed by the School's dramatic society. Michael Owens, who is now an actor, was very impressed by the performance.

Old Boy's Weekend came on the same weekend as the School play and there were many old boys in the audience. The old boys fielded a very strong rugby team in the yearly game against the School in which the School went down 19-13 in a hard fought match. The old boys stayed to attend Chapel on Sunday and hear the Band beat Retreat in the afternoon. This was the first old boy's weekend, suggested by some old boys, and it was an unqualified success.

Summer Term

The School reassembled for the summer term in mid-April after a three week holiday. For most of us this term has been a busy time with the S.C.E. examinations covering four weeks of the term and involving all boys in forms IV, V and VI. During this period the School selection board, under General Graham, sat to select next year's new boys. Once again applicants outnumbered the available places by almost 3 to 1.

On the 18th May four boys departed for the U.S.A. with the English Speaking Union. The visit organised to sponsor friendly relationships between Britain and the U.S.A. is to last for three weeks in which time the boys will live with American families and also attend school and various other engagements.

This term we have seen a few staff changes with the departure of Captain Davies at the end of last term from Wavell House then we saw the arrival of Captain Woodhouse after his short absence. At the end of this term Major Hughes, who has been Trenchard Housemaster since he came in 1966, will be leaving us to go to Malta.

This year we had another visit by a group of Swedish High School Students. Many boys benefited from this visit and it is hoped that next year the

School may be able to send an exchange party of boys on a similar visit to Sweden. Since the end of the S.C.E. examinations many visits have been arranged for forms IV, V and VI. These visits have included a lecture on Physics at Dundee, a visit to Hunterston Nuclear Power Station and a return visit to Falkirk Infirmary by a number of the sixth year.

At present boys who are leaving the School at the end of the term are helping to do odd jobs about the School and also parties of boys are regularly going down and helping in the old folks' houses in Dunblane. With two weeks left till Grand Day (at time of going to press) the boys are settling down to serious rehearsal for the Grand Day Parade.

AFTER ONE YEAR

A year ago I came here as your chaplain, and I have been asked to set down my impressions at the end of that time.

I have at least learned one lesson, it takes a long time to make a schoolmaster. Of course I should have realised this, for that has been my experience in another profession.

After three years at University followed by three years in a theological college the young minister, stuffed with book learning, faces his first parish, totally inexperienced, and begins to learn by experience. If he is capable of profiting by experience another four years may find him not too inadequate, though he goes on learning all his days. That I, suspect, has been the experience of your masters in this school. It is rather hard on our congregations and our pupils that we should have to learn our jobs by practising on them, but there seems to be no escape from this painful discipline. Dozens of books exist which teach one how to teach or preach but they can only help us to avoid certain elementary errors. The rest is learnt the hard way, on your feet, in the classroom or pulpit. Two events stand out in my recollection of the past year, the carol service and the school play.

I listened to a tape recording of the first and was amazed at the high standard of performance achieved by a choir most of whose members cannot read music. The school play produced a similar impression. I had met all the participants of course, but had not realised that some of them had considerable talent in this direction.

This leads me to think that the chief task of the educator is to help people to discover and develop their capacities. Perhaps then the best thing which a school chaplain can do is to help each boy to find his own way to faith and commitment to the Christian way of life.

L. A. Ritchie.

Recollection

Sentiment is a strange thing. It belies logic, reason and reality. It both magnifies and reduces. It alters perspective. It makes us see what we wish to see. It masks foibles and frailties. We see only kindness and affection with passing years it enhances over memory.

It was sentiment that diverted us at Perth, through the "lang toon" and down the incline to the School.

The field was deserted; the buildings seemed empty; we had come to see no one; we had no appointment. We had come to look and relive memories.

Almost thirty years ago we had first set eyes on Dunblane. Circumstances were different. It was June, 1940; "Dunkirk" was over, war was getting closer. Dover was no longer safe for school-children.

We arrived with 90 boys from the Duke of York's. National disasters were forgotten for more immediate needs. In spite of different uniforms, different speech and customs integration became a necessity. It was realised our stay would be a long one—in fact we were to spend over four years in the School.

Ration cards, black-out restrictions, clothing shortage and travel difficulties were with us; but schooling continued.

Routine was alleviated by inter-house competitions, dancing, piping, tailoring and darning. Saturday evenings brought film-shows and impromptu lectures.

Twice a week, whenever the fields were unfit for football we ran round Kinbuck and Ashfield and along the river bank.

In the autumn squads of boys returned cold and hungry after working on local farms, helping the war effort by gathering potatoes; or in more pleasant surroundings, gathering raspberries at the Summer Camp near Blairgowrie.

We recall the school song with its tune made famous on Television—and the rendering of "In the Mood" by the School Jazz Band, vigorously led by McKay or Simpson—or was it Fisher?

We remember the friendliness of all; our colleagues on the teaching staff. RSM Watson, CSMs Gutteridge and Maxwell and Plummer, Mr Fox, the Bandmaster and Piper Sanderson (How we would have enjoyed seeing him run up the gang-plank of Naples). Is that really him on the H.L.I. Memorial in Kelvin Gardens? We were reminded of him when one of his protégé—Stewart—piped us through the Mediterranean on his way from Korea.

Buildings are not everything. We were suitably impressed by the new wings and remembered hours spent in the "Orb Room", now no more. Only new plaster outlining the doorway where it stood on the

parade ground facing the familiar church with its "lemon-squeezer" tower.

We stood in the Assembly Hall and read the inscriptions. Names became faces—the Naylor, the Montells, Asploud-Monaghan, Plummer, McVicar, Blake—only recently we had spoken to Col. White and Jimmy Cosgrove, and again C. McKenna—a former Primus.

We saw the Dining Hall, with its attractive frieze and remembered Mr Morrison the cook. We recalled the maids scrubbing the Assembly Hall floor, always on Fridays.

We stood in the vestibule to say farewell to Mr Sinton and thanked him for his kindness and helpfulness in answering our many questions.

His father and Andy Duncan the carpenter will long be remembered.

At this very spot I first met my wife-to-be one cold January morning at 8.15 before Assembly. Our son took his first steps in the School grounds. We then met the Headmaster—our imposition—write something for the "Victorian". What can one write? As we took our leave we glanced into the Commandant's Office with its trophies and medals and thought of the sleepless nights at the end of the telephone awaiting imminent air-raid warnings.

One night the sky was brilliant with explosives and incendiaries. Glasgow was ablaze. We gathered below the flagpole to watch. Do the Azaleas still make a show?

Do the boys still shout "Cookhouse is went?"

STAFF

CAPTAIN WOODHOUSE

We welcome again Captain Woodhouse. He was here two years ago as a temporary housemaster for Haig and is now an assistant master in Wavell House. Since he was last at the School, Captain Woodhouse has been teaching in the R.A.M.C. Apprentice College. His interests include gardening, photography, and canoeing—in which he has been coaching a few boys this term.

MAJOR HUGHES

Major Hughes came to the School in April, 1966, as Trenchard House housemaster and junior secondary teacher. This year he taught the 6th year and 3rd year Modern Studies, taking the 6th year to the Higher standard. During his stay he has managed Trenchard House very well, gaining the respect of boys and masters alike. He has taken an active part in School activities including cricket, the Cranston Essay, and the Addison Smith Competition, to mention a few. We extend our thanks and wish him and his family the very best in their new posting in Malta.

Old Boys' Notes

CENTRAL BRANCH

Three weeks hence it will be 60 years since the first boy entered Q.V.S. That boy, now very much a man, is Wing Commander Andrew Swan, M.B.E., late Royal Australian Air Force. I understand he is still in Australia and I hope, enjoying excellent health. Q.V.S. No. 1, "Andy" Swan, came from the Duke of York's Royal Military School on transfer. At the same time Bill Gibbon also came from that school, whilst Bill Crichton and James Henderson came from the Royal Hibernian Military School, Dublin. This last named school ceased to function, as such, in 1924. Those boys who wished, were transferred to the Duke of York's R.M. School, Dover, to continue their education.

At King George V's coronation in London, in July 1911, 25 boys from each military school, marched in procession, headed by a small Pipe Band from Q.V.S., from Old Scotland Yard Police Barracks, to a point opposite Buckingham Palace. Drum Major James Cooper (49) headed the contingent.

It was, I believe, Shakespeare who wrote, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them". I know of no Old Victorian who enjoys inclusion in the first and third categories, but some have achieved a measure, not of greatness but certainly of success. There are now among the ranks of Old Victorians, Brigadiers, Colonels, Lt. Colonels, Majors and Captains, and Subalterns galore. I know of one Old Boy who gained the D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C. and Air Efficiency Medal in the Second World War. Many boys now leave Q.V.S. and go to Sandhurst, Cranwell and Welbeck Colleges. Many are now entering Universities.

So much for all that, but what about those of them who owe their start in life to Q.V.S. and now never visit their alma mater? These are the boys we wish to see from time to time.

Bert Harrison (67) is the shepherd of the "First Hundred". He was responsible for getting together a considerable number of Old Boys who made up those known in that category. The occasion was the School Jubilee in July 1958. Bert undertook a long, arduous and difficult task. He wrote a considerable number of letters to achieve this. Moreover, he eventually achieved recognition by the National Press in this endeavour. He compiled a large album of Press Cuttings, Photographs and Reports of his tremendous undertaking. This album he is presenting to the School to perpetuate the memory of the boys who passed through the School in its early days. We are most grateful for this magnificent gesture.

James Cooper, M.M., (49) is coming to stay with me during Grand Day week. He and his charming

wife, Nan, are coming from Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex, for the occasion. Jimmy was first Drum Major from 1909-1912. He served in the Royal Fusiliers during the 1914-18 War and gained the Military Medal for bravery. It was an immediate award by General Sir Henry Rawlinson.

The Central Branch had its first Annual Dinner in the Westlands Hotel, Dunblane, on 22nd March, 1969, Peter Taylor taking the Chair. Major General F. C. C. Graham, a School Commissioner, was our principal guest. We also had the pleasure of the company of Brigadier and Mrs Hope-Thomson, Lieut. Colonel and Mrs Harrison, Major Kislingbury, the Rev. and Mrs Ritchie, S.S.M. and Mrs Deeley, Pipe Major and Mrs McKenzie, and C.S.M. and Mrs Mortimer. In all, 60 sat down to Dinner. There followed toasts and speeches. After this the company got together in an amicable manner; and there was the usual handshaking and reminiscent stories. Thank you Glasgow and Edinburgh for attending in numbers. The following day, Sunday, Church Parade was followed by a March Past. The salute was taken by Keith Douglas, Flying Officer R.A.F., stationed at Waddington, Lincolnshire. In the afternoon, the Pipes and Drums Beat Retreat. So ended a very happy week-end. Pity so few responded to what would have been a great pleasure for so many.

I would like to express my sincere thanks to those Old Victorians who travelled so far, namely, Andrew Doig from Tunbridge Wells, the Quinn brothers and Alan Coid from Essex, David Liddel from Somerset, Keith Douglas from Lincolnshire, the Smith brothers from Inverness, Bill McArthur from Ross-shire and William Kerr from Germany. We hope to continue with another function in 1970, on a much larger scale. Please take note.

The following corresponded with me about their being unable to attend and I am grateful for their interest:—James Black of Haddington, Major Peter Pirie of Dover, George Ferrier of Forfar, J. Anderson of Perth, Robert Gill from Chepstow, Major Hamish Tomney from Bridge of Allan, Gordon Gilmour of Glasgow, David Johnstone from Gibraltar, Major Charles Vass from Inverness, "Eckie" Brett from Burnt Island, and Prison Governor L. V. Dewar of Dorset. Thank you one and all. Needless to say I had a long letter from Jim Grassick, Hon. Secretary of the London Branch. He and his wife have had a long spell of ill-health but he is a real enthusiast.

During my time in the Police Training College we used to preach "The idle chatter of the ill-informed is a powerful irritant". I was responsible for a story getting around that Major Peter Pirie, late R.A.E.C., had died. I refute this monstrous canard! All this arose through a mis-interpreted telephone message. I wrote to Mrs Pirie—who does not exist—Peter is a bachelor—expressing my sorrow at the loss of her husband. Lo and behold I had a hasty reply from Peter referring to himself as a "ghost writer" and that

he was very much alive and well. Sincere apologies, Peter.

We would like to hear from more Old Victorians. I had a letter last week from James Monaghan in Arizona. School Ties are now available on application to the School Sergeant Major J. Deeley, price 15/6d.

Make an endeavour to join the Old Victorians Association by writing to the Honorary Secretary nearest to your home. Keep in touch—we like to hear from you.

G. Stirrat (43),
Hon. Secretary.

LONDON BRANCH

On Saturday, 8th March, we held our A.G.M. at the Duke of Yorks, King's Road, Chelsea, and had 45 members at the Social afterwards. Unfortunately, because of 'flu and bronchitis, about 20 of our regulars were unable to be with us. However it was a success.

This was another "Do you remember?" evening (see below), as Bert Harrison met Jim Cooper for the first time since 1912, and, of course, when they sat down together at a table with Bert's photograph album you could see their faces light up, and what reminiscences! They are both over seventy years young. I wonder if the younger Old Victorians realise what they are missing. Don't leave it too late, you will regret missing all the fun.

The highlight of the evening was when Pipe Major Angus MacDonald arrived unexpectedly and played for us. This was much appreciated and everyone got in the mood.

Recently I received news of the death of Bertie Hetherington.

Do you remember the visit of King George V and Queen Mary?

On Saturday, 11th July, 1914, their Majesties, accompanied by the Princess Mary, honoured the School with a visit. They were received by the Earl of Roseberry (the President of the Council of Subscribers), who introduced to their Majesties Lieut. General Sir J. Spencer Ewart, K.C.B. (the Commissioner of the School), The Marquis of Tullibardine, M.O.O., D.S.O., Sir R. W. Anstruther, Bart., Col. Sir P. D. Trotter, Col. E. G. Grogan, C.B., Lieut. Col. G. Gunn (Commandant), Captain D. Mathers (Adjutant) and others.

After the Inspection we were drawn up in front of the dais and complimented on our soldier-like appearance, and given an extra weeks holiday.

When their Majesties left they received a hearty farewell from the boys who lined the approach to the main road and cheered lustily.

J. Grassick,
Secretary and Treasurer.

EDINBURGH BRANCH

With Grand Day only three weeks away on 12th June, and our meeting on Tuesday, 27th May, our last till September, we can look back on a very busy and successful year. Our social evenings in the Autumn, Prize Draw at Christmas, Annual Reunion Dinner and Dance in February, A.G.M. and Dinner in March, the visit of the Pipe Band to the Esplanade and Glasgow Branch Dinner and Dance (where we were well represented) at the end of May, all bring us once more nearly to the holiday season.

In April Old Victorian, Gordon Slater, an Engineering student at Edinburgh University, at an investiture in Edinburgh Castle was presented by Lt. General Sir Derek Lang with the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award.

Now for the holidays, forget cares and woes, grab your golf clubs, fishing tackle, tennis racquets, off you go. Italy, Majorca, the Fife coast, or "Doon the Water". Have a great time wherever you go and come back refreshed both physically and mentally for another year.

All the best from the Edinburgh Branch.

A. G. Bulloch,
Hon. Secretary.

GLASGOW BRANCH

Throughout the year we have been holding our usual monthly meetings, starting with our A.G.M. way back in September. The highlight of the social year being our Dinner Dance on the 16th May, which was very successful, and at which there were many very welcome visitors from the Edinburgh Branch. March weekend was also very enjoyable, and some of our more youthful members played in the rugby team which beat the School XV by 19 points to 13.

I have sadly to report that one of our oldest members, G. Anderson, is at present lying ill in hospital. However, he has had no time to feel lonely, for his bedside has been constantly attended by his many friends within the branch. We hope you will all join us in wishing him a speedy recovery.

At our A.G.M. we elected the following office-bearers:—Chairman and President, D. Aitchison; Secretary, J. Quinn; Treasurer, D. Owens; Social Convener, A. McLean.

Best wishes from the Glasgow Branch.

J. Quinn,
Secretary.

Imperial Service Medal Presentation



Mr John Calderwood, 132e Rannoch Road, Perth, was presented with the Imperial Service Medal and Certificate by Brigadier J. C. Monteith, C.B.E., M.C., Commander, Highland Area, at a ceremony in Highland House, Perth, on Saturday, 26th April.

Aged 65, Mr Calderwood was educated at Queen Victoria School, Dunblane from 19th September, 1914, to 22nd December, 1917, and in the latter year enlisted as a Boy Piper in The Black Watch. From 1920 to 1926 he served at the Regimental Depot, Queen's Barracks, Perth, and for the last three years of his nine-year Army engagement, with the 2nd Battalion at Fort George.

Mr Calderwood was employed as Caretaker/Messenger at the Infantry Records and Pay Office, Perth, from 1930 to 1941, was recalled to the Colours with the 10th Battalion The Black Watch from 1941 to 1946 and continued with the Records Office in

Perth from 1946 to 1964. From then until his retirement early this year he was employed in the Officers' Mess, Highland Area, St. Leonard's Bank, Perth.

FIRST AID

Fourteen boys have attended this class regularly for the past two terms and were examined on 21st March, 1969. Mrs M. MacInnes, Commandant of the Dunblane Red Cross, instructed this class and returned on Tuesday, 13th May, 1969, to present the Junior Red Cross Certificate to:

D. I. T. Brown, D. Crawford, A. Fiddes, S. Langlands, A. Mackay, M. Menzies, W. Murray, T. Nicol, J. Pearson, K. Ross, L. Rudderham, P. Sayer, M. Stear, J. White.

Cranston Memorial Prize Essay

RACE RELATIONS

Immigration into this country poses no potential problems, but there are stresses and strains imposed on the human relationships of people in Britain. Why are there these tensions? Why are dark skinned men discriminated against in such matters as housing, education and employment? The answer is that it stems mainly from prejudice. British people seem to have an obsession that millions of immigrants are pouring into the country. Of course this is not true. Immigration has been severely restricted and their numbers compared with the rest of Britain's population figures are negligible.

Immigrants coming to Britain are often forced to accept slum houses or cheap "digs". The main reason for this is discrimination. Until the Parliamentary Acts of 1965 and 1968 discrimination was used freely against coloured people. Now it is illegal to discriminate on grounds of race or colour. There is a popular myth that the immigrants collect together in "ghettos" and unsuitable houses where maybe eight or nine share three rooms. These beliefs are not altogether unfounded as far as the unsuitable housing is concerned, but there are no "ghettos" as such in Britain. That state of affairs could materialise if present trends continue. Most of the recognised "black areas" of London and the rest of the country only have small percentages of immigrant populations ranging from 2% to 7%. The situation would be and will be worse unless discrimination is stopped.

Education is a more promising sphere of race relations. Many immigrants cannot speak English when they arrive here. One council has overcome this very real problem by providing centres of intensive English language training and basic subjects training where children from ages six to fourteen can go before going to a normal school. Children of school age or who reach school age while in Britain normally go to the conventional schools where they pick up the language easily. Once this initial barrier is removed the children can progress alongside each other perfectly happy. This seemingly favourable

atmosphere of integrated schools can be destroyed by white or black racist parents who may instruct their children to remain aloof or even withdraw them altogether. If this difficulty could be overcome then it is possible that white and coloured girls and boys could progress academically equal and become suitable for employment.

Again the prejudices come into their own: "They come over here and take our own jobs from us". This is a common view of immigrant labour. The fact is that an immigrant cannot enter the country without a work permit that is without a job waiting for him here, unless he is in the dependant class of immigrants. Many are obliged to take on jobs which English workers are not willing to do because of conditions or because it may be degrading. Indeed some industries welcome the unskilled labour which bolsters up ailing industries. The cotton and wool industries of the Midlands are now largely dependant on immigrant workers. Our health service would cease to function were it not for the immigrant doctors and nurses—a comparatively large proportion of the incoming immigrants. For more skilled workers arriving in this country many are faced with discrimination despite the laws preventing it. Even if they obtain employment it may be made miserable for them. The situation has improved slightly with the recent legislation.

The Government Acts of 1965 and 1968 aimed at social integration. What is "social integration"? Roy Jenkins defined it as "Equal opportunity accompanied by cultural diversity in an atmosphere of tolerance". "Equal opportunity" is certainly not achieved at the moment, but progress is being made. I dislike the use of "an atmosphere of tolerance". It suggests to me an air of condescension. The immigrants must be wholly accepted by the population and an effort of assimilating them must be made. If asked many people would immediately agree that a situation such as America's is most undesirable. A similar situation could conceivably appear in the not too distant future. Holland provides an example of a successful race relations situation. Britain could also have reasonable race relations. Education is an obvious sphere of possible progress not only for the children, but also for the parents. Some night classes are arranged for immigrants, but English people need educating as well. Perhaps if they knew the facts, realised the gravity of the situation they would accept the idea of having coloured immigrants in our society. In other words we must alleviate the ignorance and prejudice which is apparent amongst many British people, and stir the apathetic ones into action. We are already a cosmopolitan nation, the immigrants like all the previous immigrants through history must be assimilated into our society and way of life. There is still time, but it is running out.

P. J. Docherty, VI.

“CAPTAIN SWING”



Darkness suddenly falls, and with it, silence. Over there, a face, a tragic, awful anonymous face, is struck into life by a single beam of light.

"I suppose you have all come to see something uplifting", the face says, scornfully. A second face, melancholy, cynical, dark-ringed eyes set in a deathly pallor, springs into being—"We call ourselves the Faceless Ones . . . One of us may be sitting next to you at this very moment".

Down here, packed elbow to elbow in the darkness, we shiver with a real foreboding. As comprehension slowly dawns, we realise that we are in the presence of the force of evil, the dark side which, Jung insists, lies at the back of every human mind.

The awesome masks are doused in darkness; voices spill out, lights spring up everywhere, crowds, colour, costume; somewhere in the midst, a drunken slut, of uncertain virtue, raises her bottle and her voice in a quaint, sad song.

For the moment, we have almost forgotten that we are sitting in the audience watching the boys of Queen Victoria School acting in a play.

But this is no ordinary play *Captain Swing* was written for the boys of Bristol Grammar School by Michael Barwis, one of their own teachers. It is loosely based on the Bristol Riots of 1831, when a hard-pressed working class, over-worked, ill-housed,

"starving in the midst of plenty", pinned too much hope on the magical banner of Reform. However, the author went further than this, and tried to portray the dilemma of the man who owes allegiance to a cause, but cannot believe that his adversary is evil, or beyond the reach of reasoned argument. This is a rather difficult concept for a young cast to put across; that they succeeded says a lot for their skill, imagination and involvement in the action.

There was much that is memorable in this play—Matthew Dinely, the central, tragic figure, the radical schoolmaster who tries and fails to control the violence of the mob; Lt. Colonel Devoran, the military man who cannot bring himself to use force against people already repressed; the superbly funny gaoler, perhaps funnier than even the author envisaged, a comic character realised in the true Shakespearian manner; and of course the masks, the sinister chorus, whose accusing voices still rang in our ears as we groped our way home.

The crowd scenes were especially effective in this production, and were splendidly managed. We are not sure whether this is a particularly sought-after compliment among the cast—but these boys make magnificent women! From the inebriated Mrs Tucker, the gin-shop proprietress, to the stricken Mrs Stonner, the female characters were played with unselfconscious aplomb.

In a production of this kind, where success is very much a group responsibility, a great deal rests on the personal involvement of every member of the cast. That they were involved, and even more important, that they were enjoying it, was abundantly obvious, and for this, the producer must accept a large share of the responsibility: this, plainly, was the work of an expert. The placing, movement and control of large groups upon a small stage is not nearly as easy as it looks, and requires a great deal of skill, planning and co-operation.

The costumes were convincingly historical, without being too rigidly bound by period, the scenery was ingenious and effective—nothing collapsed or fell on top of the cast, and most important, everything worked—and special mention must be made of the lighting, which was always dead on cue and most professionally realised.

The play contains many memorable speeches. Perhaps we should let the earnest Matthew Dinely have the final word: "The future lies with those who have no doubts. But we have a part to play—to soften their zeal and abate their tolerance. The struggle will still be worth the defeat".

Alison Lambie.

Cast

<i>Mask I</i>	D. Barnes
<i>Mask II</i>	A. Jeffrey
<i>Sir Charles Stricklow, Recorder of Stowbridge</i>	P. F. Docherty
<i>Aloysius Cottle, the Mayor</i>	P. J. Docherty
<i>Millicent Cottle, his wife</i>	P. Sayer
<i>Lt. Col. Devoran, local military commander</i>	R. Murdoch
<i>Col. Woods, of the Gloucester Dragoons, brother-in-law of the Mayor</i>	M. McNaughton
<i>Cornet Vallinser</i>	A. Hewgill
<i>Mr Pringle, the Town Clerk</i>	P. Gilchrist
<i>Jas. Payne, magistrate and business man</i>	K. Bowlit
<i>Baggs, Head Gaoler</i>	A. Hill
<i>Gaoler</i>	A. Cobb
<i>Bartholomew Temple, non-conforming minister</i>	D. Kennedy
<i>Matthew Dinely, schoolmaster and president of the local Political Union</i>	J. Sayer
<i>Graddock Judd, a Political Unionist from the North</i>	A. G. Mackenzie

<i>Will Stonner, a pupil of Mat Dinelys</i>	J. Gemmil
<i>Mrs Stonner, his mother</i>	W. Common
<i>Ephraim Bond, an old miner</i>	J. McMillan
<i>Spinney Tucker, proprietor of the local gin shop</i>	S. Grant
<i>Women</i>	A. Burns S. Gilroy T. Docherty D. West E. McKay A. Ogilvie E. Cuthbert
<i>Unionists</i>	J. Wrenn A. Fergusson J. Tovey W. Crichton
<i>Miners, Agitators and Rioters</i>	R. Gray G. Kent S. Nicolson J. Fleming B. Webb J. W. Brown B. Will K. Bowlit
<i>Children</i>	J. Sutherland D. Morrison
<i>Servant</i>	J. Fleming
<i>Special Constables</i>	I. Matthew C. Willmott
<i>Dragoons</i>	P. Cooper D. Moss N. McMurdo R. McVicar I. Cruikshank J. Will

Stagehands

Lighting	S. Powell
Sound and Effects	P. D. Bull A. Robertson
Stagehands	D. Brown D. Colburn P. Adams C. Gilchrist M. Nicolson C. Murray
Prompter	I. Robertson
Wardrobe and Make-up	M. F. Le Maistre J. W. Le Maistre
Stage Manager	J. Campbell

Produced by V. H. Le Maistre

Literature

VANDALS

John's mother was coming home after seven weeks in hospital, and seeing that he had been looking forward to her home coming so much he decided to buy her a present. After counting up the grand total of 14/7d he set off into town.

The town was strangely quiet for a Saturday afternoon, and he did not have very much trouble dodging in between the towering adults to look in at the shop windows. He had been walking along the streets for nearly two hours without seeing anything he thought his mother would like and was about to turn back home when he noticed a small antique shop tucked away in a side alley. As he neared the shop window the first thing he noticed was a vase standing about a foot tall. The vase was pure white with light blue pictures of lavender and roses spaced evenly on the sides. The neck tapered in slightly and on the rim there hung small rings of clear glass resembling dew-drops. From the start John knew that his mother would adore the vase, so, mustering all his courage he entered the shop. He was greeted by a strangely small man with a kind face. The shop-keeper told him that the vase cost £1 but after John explained what it was for the man said that he would let him have it for 14/-. John was so delighted at this that the first thing he did was to phone his father. He placed the vase on the sill in the phone box and after a little trouble reaching the phone he called his father. His father told him that he was about to leave and collect his mother from hospital and advised John to hurry home. It was not until John was about a hundred yards from his home that he realised that he had forgotten the vase in the phone box.

With panic in heart he raced back towards the town, tearing round corners and in between late shoppers. But eventually reaching the phone box he found that vandals had reached there before him. There on the ground lay the precious vase, still with its wrapping on with a brick smashed straight through it. He stared at it for a few seconds in horror and dismay, and then broke down and cried.

J. W. McMillan, IIIB.

GUY FAWKES' CAPTURE

My name is Charles Doberly. I am a guard in Parliament, in the reign of James I. One night, November 4th, I think it was, I was just about to have my daily ration of ale, when suddenly the captain of the guard burst in and told me that there was a plot to kill the King that very night. They suspected that gunpowder would be used for the fiendish scheme. I leapt up and buckled on my sword as swiftly as I could. I rushed out of the guard-room with my great long pike in one hand and a dark lantern in the other. I crept slowly along the dark gloomy passages. As I pushed open the doors, I heard a loud, eerie, creaking sound. A great number of the rooms were in pitch blackness, but in one I perceived a minute glimmer of light. Immediately I called for the guards, and at the same time drew out my trusty sword. I then walked slowly into the dark, dark room. Huddled in the corner was a cringing figure in a black cloak. On all sides were large barrels of gunpowder. I instantly leapt on him. He put up quite a struggle, but at length the guards arrived and over-powered him. We later discovered that he was a conspirator against the King called Guido Fawkes. He was tortured to make him tell who his accomplices were. He was later executed for treason.

D. C. Morrison, P6A.

WILD HORSES

Wild horses bright and gay,
Some are black, some are gray.
All the horses are free to roam,
None of them have any home.
They're different from the ones in the street,
They have no horse shoes on their feet.

G. E. Morrison, P6A.

There was an old man from Doune,
Who wanted to go to the moon.
He thought he could follow,
The men in Apollo
In a paper bag balloon.

I. Lavery, P7B.

The Americans in America,
The Russians in Russia
Were racing to the moon.
When Britain jumped in,
With Harold Wilson in a bin
And were first to the moon.

I. Lavery, P7B.

Annual Inspection

THURSDAY, 12th JUNE, 1969, at 3.45 p.m.

Inspecting Officer:

VICE-ADMIRAL I. L. M. McGEOCH, C.B., D.S.O., M.C.
Flag Officer, Scotland and Northern Ireland

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 "Midlothian Pipe Band".

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 "Hot Punch" 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.

Mrs J. L. M. McGeoch presents non-academic prizes, medals and trophies.

The Senior Monitor calls for Three Cheers for Vice-Admiral and Mrs McGeoch. (*Only the Parade cheers, not the spectators.*)

MARCH OFF

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

ON PARADE

Senior Monitor, commanding Parade	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	P. F. Docherty
Commanders of Guards	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	I. Sneddon D. Kennedy W. McKerron D. MacIver
Orderlies to Inspecting Officer	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	M. Ferrigan S. Dalziel
Boy Pipe Major	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	A. Hill
Boy Drum Major	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	I. Graham
School Sergeant Major	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr J. Deeley (late Royal Scots)

Programme

(Tea will be served during this programme)

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

Argyllshire Broadswords

Highland Fling

2. Beating Retreat: (Pipe Major Instructor, Mr J. Mackenzie, late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.)

(Drum Major Instructor, Mr A. K. W. Morrison, late Scots Guards.)

Retreat Call followed by Drummer's Flourish

Retreat Marches		Lochanside Loch Maree
Slow March		Sunset
March		Colonel Craig-Brown
Strathspey		The Braes of Tullymet
Reel		General Stuart of Garth
March		51st Highland Division
March Past		Pibroch of Donald Dhu 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.

A SHARK

The black thing in the water,
 He aims to slaughter,
 Moving along
 A shadow through the blue-green sea,
 Towards his prey
 Like a black torpedo burrowing through,
 The sea green blue,
 Sliding, gliding smoothly to his prey.

I. Clark, P6A.

PENICILLIN

Penicillin was discovered quite by accident. Sir Alexander Fleming put some germs on a jelly which germs can't resist eating. The next day he went to his laboratory to see what the germs were like. He saw some mould on the jelly, he was just about to throw it out when he realised that the germs around the mould were either dead or dying. He found out that a spore of the fungus penicillium had drifted into the room and landed on one of the culture trays, which he had forgotten to put the lid on. Fleming tried the penicillium on other germs which he thought it would kill. After years of work penicillium was pure enough to be used on humans. One day he needed penicillin for one of his patients. He telephoned another scientist and asked if he had any penicillin to spare. The scientist replied, "Yes, enough for a few days treatment. You can have it if you want, after all penicillin's yours you know".

Boyle, P7A.

CELLULOID GODDESS

I see her,
 I hear her,
 Her face is there before me,
 I know she's there.
 She speaks to me,
 She smiles at me in the darkness,
 The only star in my black, empty sky.

A thin twisty cable decides
 Her life, her death.
 Connects her to my heart,
 My life. My soul.

Amidst my chaos she remains untangled,
 Her smile guides me through my pain.
 My celluloid goddess,
 Though here,
 Lives on the far side of the universe.

J. Sayer, IV.

DAY

The sun has not yet risen, but already people are beginning to move around in their matchbox houses. Waking, washing, eating, preparing for the dawning day. Clutching brief cases, lunch packs, tools and school books, they hurry down through fourteen blocks of solid concrete out into the cool morning air. Cars, buses, motorcycles, pedestrians—they all join in the daily rush. Shops pull up their shutters, offices are filling, a school bell rings—the day has begun. Now the sun is creeping over the top of the distant horizon. Outside in the streets there is the continuous bustle of early morning shoppers, young children run free in the dirty back streets, dogs roam in search of scraps and the morning continues. Housewives in cages are chained to their daily chores, the beds are made, the rooms tidied and so they go on to the strains of their own personal morning show.

It is now dinner hour and offices empty, children return home from school, secretaries eat their sandwiches on the park benches and still the day continues. The monotonous afternoon follows, no different from any other, people tied to their places, not complaining, watching the clock they sit in formation like an army preparing for battle. In factories and schools, shops and offices they anticipate the final signal—it comes. Streaming homewards towards freedom, freedom to do what they want for the next twelve hours—but are they really free?

D. Kennedy, VI.

TO DIE THE NATURAL DEATH OF A
CAPITALIST GRAVEDIGGER

"This is the way the world will end not with a bang but a whimper"—*T. S. Elliot*.

Trees bend down towards creator Earth,
 Hate filled teeth rip out synthetic roots,
 The Pipe lines by which nature is fed.
 The mass suicide reaches its climax,
 As trees crumble into dusty epitaphs to a past age.
 Man witnesses the spectacle in a sweat,
 Screaming at the Mad Monk to find a God,
 Who will save them from this brutal end.
 But for these materialistic monsters,
 Final products of a commercial civilisation,
 There is no hope. The end has come.
 The silent destruction.
 For this is the final protest against the control,
 Of Money-eyed monsters fed on financial gain.
 The Only action which this, a once mighty force,
 could take,
 Was her own self destruction.
 The Wind cries a silent Prayer—Amen.

G. MacKenzie, VI.

PITY THE BOY THAT'S BEEN SHUT OUT

But say, man, don't you Groove?

He walks slow, hunch-backed, tight-lipped,
Kicks cans, dogs, cats or pebbles.
His hair is short, his toe-caps round,
He carries no transistor.
No hypnotised slave of New Pop is he.
He plays his records for pleasure, not life.
No masochistic bass-volumes for him—no Groove.

His face slightly spotty, but on the mend.
A black cigarette-end drops from his fingers,
Rolls in the gutter,
Fizzes. He smiles with similes concocted.

She walks towards him, her skirt quite obscene.
He stares at the ground, tries to look thoughtful.
His ears tingle savagely.
He consoles himself
With a song by Bob Dylan.

After dinner he's asked to go to the shop—
The one where they meet outside.
He shudders and glides past them, tries to look cool,
But knows what a fool
He really is.
He buys what he can, but hasn't the courage
To ask for the sauce he can't find.
He shuffles back home,
And wonders just how, why, when and at where
His life has been wasted.
His lost in a dream 'bout Bob Dylan, Julie Andrews.

He can't see, he can't hear
Can't touch, can't taste
The world around him.
The world inside him is all he knows.
Then he sees an old man,
Then he sees a young child.
I'm locked, he cries. I'm locked—
Locked in a house without doors.

Ah, but the doors are there—
But where do they lead?

J. Sayer, IV.

POPULAR MACHINE

Entrance. Dark sweaty heat. Outlandishly uniformed group shuffling in the murk. Pale faces illuminated momentarily by flashes of colour. Dancing with indifferent girl—close—no contact, meaningless mechanical. Noise. Searing grating noise produced by pop machine. Leaving, drained—enjoyment—frustration.

I. Sneddon, VI.

MY AMBITIONS

When I am Field Marshal
Leading troops into battle
I shall be in the front line
Nearly all the time,
But I might get blown up by a mine.
So, that honour I must decline.

How does Chief-Inspector-Detective-Sergeant
Dolan sound?
I think it suits me, right down to the ground
But I would just get called a flat-foot and that
wouldn't do
Because I only take size seven shoe.
No! I really don't know what to be
So I'll just have to wait till I'm an O.A.P.

M. Dolan, 1A.

THE CAT

The Cat has slanting, beady eyes,
And all dogs it does despise,
It will chase birds and never cease,
Until its stomach is at peace.

It will lie on the chairs and lie on the bed,
Waiting restlessly to be fed,
After that it will start to rampage,
And try to get the bird in the cage.

It does not like little boys,
That throw things at it and make a noise.
Its favourite meal is probably mice,
But for human beings they're not very nice.

R. Davidson, 1A.

A BATSMAN'S STRUGGLE

Nervous fingers putting on pads, testing bats and choosing gloves. Both batsmen walk out to the places. Bowler pacing run up. Ask for guard, guard given. My tongue licks my dry lips every muscle taunt and expectant in nervous anticipation. The bowler begins his run up, closer, closer, closer he comes, the ball leaves his fingers and hurtles down the short distance, bat moves.

Too late!

Wickets crash and bails fly everywhere and I alone in my misery begin the long walk back.

M. Stear, IIA.

TO A MAGGOT

You small horrible, maggoty crawler
 By God I think thou art a horror.
 You're in and among some-one's chest
 Almost as soon as he's laid to rest.
 You chew the flesh then spit it out
 You gargle the blood at the back of your snout
 I would hate to be a maggot really
 In and out someone's bones quite freely.

M. Dolan, IA.

THE THUMBNAIL

Have you ever stopped to wonder
 Why your thumbnail is so hard?
 It hasn't got much choice,
 With all that skin to guard.
 It may look soft and podgy,
 But its heart is good and true,
 It's nicer than your toenail,
 And easier to chew.

J. Gemmill, IIA.

POLITICIAN

Smirking, smiling, twisting, mouthing nothings
 and platitudes to upturned faces looking to their big
 brother for reasons, solutions. He soothes, neutral-
 ises, 'everything under control leave it to me smile'
 on his face. Power—to decide, to order, the people
 follow blindly—uninformed, not thinking, not caring,
 while the politician plays with their lives unchecked.

I. Sneddon, VI.

PARIS, 1791

Cart-wheels move the
 Victims to their stance
 Amid the shrieks and
 Yelling of the mob.

The drums roll
 Their martial beat
 It sounds in my ears
 Like a beckoning call to hell.

The deadly, shining blade
 Perched in its awful roost
 Hurtles down the greased slipway
 And yet another wings his way to God.

When will it end?
 Will it ever end?

M. Stear, IIA.

GOD OR THE INNER BEING

We sang a hymn to God.
 I rather liked it,
 I gave a tanner for starving Biafrans
 I felt relieved after I heard the clink in the plate,
 As if a weight had been lifted off my conscience.
 We prayed for our parents' health
 But I wondered if we really did praise God.
 Or ourselves.

Ian Playle, IV.

THE GENERAL'S SHOW

Clap! Clap! Clap!
 The clap of the audience
 The clap of thunder
 The clap of guns
 "Encore!" they shout
 As the rain pours down
 And thousands die.

Ian Playle, IV.

BRITISH MADE

British made,
 Stamped on a steel clip
 A silvery face with orangy-brown freckles
 It had obviously seen better days
 It gave a sorrowful twang when struck
 Its best days were over
 Those freckles of ruin will grow bigger
 Soon it will be a clip no longer
 British made will have disappeared.

Ian Playle, IV.

Sailing Club

The school Sailing Club has been getting under way again, after a winter of boat repainting under the able direction of C. Willmott. The Club's three dinghies now look immaculate once more.

The school has a group membership of the newly formed Loch Ard Sailing Club and this season sees another change of site on the Loch as this club continues to seek a permanent home. Happily this situation will be resolved next season and the school will be able to enjoy improved facilities.

At the time of writing little actual sailing has been done this season. We did enter a boat in the Loch Ard opening meeting and finished last with Capt. Bull helming and D. West and C. Willmott as crew. We are determined to improve on this before the season ends.

Valete

Form VI.

DOCHERTY, P. F.—R.A.F. Joined 1961. Trenchard. Senior Monitor, "Victorian" Staff. C.C.F. F./Sgt., R.A.F. Section. Proficiency and Advanced. Drama Society. S.C.E. Exams: Higher History, English, Ordinary Maths, Arithmetic, Latin, Physics. Home address: 17 Kennedy Gardens, Billingham, Teesside.

GRAHAM, I.—R.A.F. Joined 1961. Haig. "Victorian" Staff. S.C.E. Exams: 'O' English, History, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Woodwork, Applied Mechanics, Technical Drawing, Higher English, History, Science. To Heriot Watt University, Edinburgh. Home address: 6, Kirkoswald, Calderwood 20, East Kilbride, Glasgow.

KENNEDY, D.—A. & S.H. Joined 1961. Cunningham. Monitor, "Victorian" Staff. Rugby 1st XV, 1967-68-69. Colours 1967-68-69. Cricket 1st XI, 1969. C.C.F., R.A.F. Cpl., Proficiency Certificate. Dramatic Society. S.C.E. Exams, 'H' English, History, Science. 'O' Maths, Arithmetic, Applied Mechanics, Technical Drawing, Woodwork. To Heriot Watt University. Home address: 158 Bowhouse Road, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire.

LEARMONTH, J.—Gordon Highlanders. Joined 1960. Trenchard. Rugby 1st XV 1968-69. C.C.F. A.C.F. Parts I and II. S.C.E. Exams, 'O' Level Maths, Chemistry, Physics, History, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Woodwork. 'H' English. To Edinburgh College of Commerce. Home address: 32a, Whinhill Terrace, Banff.

MacIVER, D.—Royal Engineers. Joined 1962. Trenchard. Monitor. Head Librarian. Captain 1st XV. Rugby 1st XV, 1966-67-68-69. Colours 1967-68-69. Bronze Medallion R.L.S.S., Silver, Personal Survival. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Series. C.C.F., R.A.F. Proficiency and Advanced. Sergeant. Welfare Committee. Shooting Team. Athletics Team. S.C.E. Exams Higher English. Ordinary Mathematics, Physics, French, History, Arithmetic. To Edinburgh College of Commerce or University. Home address: c/o Captain D. MacIver, R.E., 54 (Farelf) Support Squadron, R.E., c/o G.P.O., Singapore.

MacKENZIE, A. G.—Royal Pioneer Corps. Joined 1961. Cunningham. "Victorian" Staff. Rugby 1st XV 1967-68-69 Colours. A.P.C. Drama Society. Addison Smith Public Speaking Prize. S.C.E. Higher English, History, Science. Ordinary Arithmetic, Maths, French. To College of Journalism, Edinburgh, or University. Home address: c/o Major McKenzie, Bidefield, B.F.P.O. 33.

McKERRON, W. K.—A. & S.H. Joined 1962. Haig. Monitor, "Victorian" Staff 1969. Athletics Champion 1967-68-69 colours. Scottish Schools Long Jump Champion 1968. Rugby 1st XV 1967-68-69. Cricket 1st XI 1969. Life Saving Bronze Medallion. C.C.F. Proficiency Certificate. Sgt. Army Section. Bass Drummer. Williamson 100 yards Cup. S.C.E. Higher English, History, Maths, Science. Ordinary French, Latin, Arithmetic. To Heriot Watt University. Home address: 103 Stanborough Road, Plymstock, Plymouth, Devon.

McNAUGHTON, M. N.—Royal Signals. Joined 1961. Haig. "Victorian" Staff. Colour Bearer. R.L.S.S. Intermediate Certificate. A.S.A. Personal Survival Silver Award. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. C.C.F. A.P.C. C.Q.M.S. S.C.E. Higher English, History. Ordinary Maths, Physics, French, Latin, Arithmetic. To Barclay's Bank, D.C.O. Home address: c/o Captain P. McNaughton, 224 Signal Squadron, R.A.F. Tangmere, Chichester,, Sussex.

SNEDDON, I. D.—Cameronians (S.R.). Joined 1961. Trenchard. Monitor. Captain of 1st XI. "Victorian" Staff. Rugby 1st XV 1967-68-69. Colours 1967-68-69. Cricket 1st XI 1966-67-68-69. Colours 1967-68. Intermediate Certificate, Bronze Medallion Life Saving. Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze and Silver Series. C.C.F. R.A.F. Section. Cpl. Proficiency. S.C.E. Higher English, History. Ordinary Physics, Arithmetic, History. To Edinburgh College of Commerce or University. Home address: 45 Riccarton Avenue, Currie, Midlothian.

Form V.

BOWLT, K. S.—R.A.F. Joined 1962. Haig. Award of Merit, Gold Personal Survival. Duke of Edinburgh's Silver Series. C.C.F. Corporal in R.A.F. Section, Proficiency. Canoeing Club. S.C.E. 'O' level English, Maths, Physics, Arithmetic, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Mechanics. Home address: Clephanton, Gollanfield, Inverness-shire.

POWELL, S. M.—Scots Guards. Joined 1964. Cunningham. Rugby 1st XV 1967-68 and 68-69. Colours 68-69. Award of Merit, Instructor's Certificate and Gold Personal Survival. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Series. C.C.F. A.P.C. C.S.M. Archaeology Society. Photographic Society. S.C.E.

'O' level Arithmetic, Chemistry, Physics, English, History, Technical Drawing, Woodwork. Photographic Journalism. Home address: 295 Croydon Road, Caterham, Surrey, CR3 6 PJ.

Form IV

FERGUSON, A.—R.A.F. Joined 1963. Trenchard. Librarian. Rugby 1st XV 1968-69, Colours 1968-69. Cricket 1st XI 1968-69. C.C.F. A.C.F. Part I. Drama Society, Archaeological Society. Cross Country Colours (Champion 1968-69). Banking. Home address: 3, Ryehill Road, Barmulloch, Glasgow.

HARTE, J. G.—A. & S.H. Joined 1963. Cunningham. C.C.F. A.P.C. Photography. Telecommunications Engineer with G.P.O. Home address: 64 Clarke Way, Watford, Herts, WD2 6BT.

HILL, A. J. M.—A. & S.H. Joined 1962. Cunningham. Boy Pipe Major. Bronze Medallion. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. C.C.F. Proficiency. Drama Society. S.C.E. 'O' level English, History, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing. To School—Invergordon Academy. Home address: 3 Perrins Road, Alness, Invergordon, Ross-shire.

MARTIN, A. J.—Queen's Own Highlanders. Joined 1963-64. Cunningham. Bronze Medallion, Gold Personal Survival. C.C.F. Proficiency. Piper. To Army. Home address: 41 South Drive, Inverness.

ROBERTSON, I.—R.A.F. Joined 1963. Haig. Personal Survival Gold. C.C.F. R.A.F. Proficiency and Advanced. Piper. Fly-Tying Club. Home address: 19 Trenchard Road, R.A.F. Digby, Lincolnshire.

Form IIIc.

ALLAN, G. A.—Queen's Own Highlanders. Joined 1964. Haig. Bronze and Silver Personal Survival Bronze Medallion, Intermediate Life Saving. C.C.F. A.C.F. Part I. To R.A.F. Home address: Burn Turk Farm Cottages, Kingskettle, Ladybank, Fife.

COBB, A.—R.E. Joined 1964. Haig. Bronze and Silver Personal Survival. C.C.F. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Sailing Club. Army Apprentice. Home address: 1 Lidbury Road, Ingles Bks., Mill Hill, London, W.W. 7.

COWIE, R. D.—Black Watch (RMR). Joined 1964. Trenchard. Bronze Personal Survival. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. C.C.F. A.C.F. Part I. Piper. To School, Longtown. Home address: 7 Greenmill Road, Gaitle, Longtown, by Carlisle, Cumberland.

GREY, R. I.—Royal Scots. Joined 1964. Trenchard. C.C.F. A.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Model Railway Club. Drama Society. Draughtsman. Home address: 103 Walter Scott Avenue, Edinburgh, 9.

KENT, G. E. W.—Gordon Highlanders. Joined 1964. Haig. Bronze, Silver Personal Survival. C.C.F. Part I. Drama Society. Continuing Education. Home address: 18 Stour Lodge, Fulwood, Preston, Lancashire.

MATTHEWS, I. H.—K.O.S.B. Joined 1963. Trenchard. Bronze Personal Survival. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. C.C.F. A.C.F. Part I. Home address: 9 Seaview, Highfields Estate, Berwick-upon-Tweed, Northumberland.

McKAY, E.—Gordon Highlanders. Joined 1964. Haig. Personal Survival Bronze and Silver. Drama Society. Sailing Club. Army Apprentice. Home address: 2 Afflech Street, Aberdeen.

McMURDO, N. G.—Royal Navy. Joined 1963. Haig. C.C.F. A.C.F. Part I. Archaeological Society. Continuing Education. Home address: 5 Monroe Close, Ahverstoke, Gosport.

WEBB, B.—A. & S.H. Joined 1963. Trenchard. Chief Dancer. Bronze and Silver Personal Survival. C.C.F. A.C.F. Certificate Part I. Home address: 24 Southfield Rd., West Duddingstone, Edinburgh, 15.

WEST, D.—R.A.F. Joined 1964. Cunningham. Bronze Personal Survival. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Series. C.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Sailing Club. Photography. Army Apprentice. Home address: 29 Vulcan Street, R.A.F. Waddington Lincoln.

WILLMOTT, C. A.—R.M.P. Joined 1964. Cunningham. Bronze Medallion and Bronze Personal Survival. C.C.F. R.A.F. Proficiency. Photography, Sailing Club. Model Railway Club. Drama Society. R.A.F. Home address: 48 Balmerino Road, Dundee, DD4 8RR

MOSS, D. G.—R.E.M.E. Joined 1963. Trenchard. Voluntary Service Committee. Personal Survival Bronze and Silver. R.L.S.S. Intermediate and Bronze Medallion. C.C.F. Certificate Part I. Model Railway Club. Drama Society. Army R.A.P.C. Home Address: Flat 3, 53 Mayfield Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13.

Form IIA.

STEAR, M.—Royal Signals. Joined 1966. Haig. Continuing Education in South Africa.

Form IA.

STEAR, G.—Royal Signals. Joined 1966. Haig. Continuing Education in South Africa.

C.C.F. R.A.F. SECTION VISIT TO GERMANY

The newly formed C.C.F. R.A.F. Section, under F/Lt. Williams and F/O Scott, was invited to send four boys on a week visit to R.A.F. Laarbruck, Germany. Cadets chosen were D. Wrenn, D. Barnes, S. Grant and P. Docherty with F/Lt. Williams. Below follows short descriptions of some of the more memorable aspects of the visit.

Overloon War Museum

In the afternoon of the second day we were taken to the Netherlands National War Museum at Overloon. The museum is set out on a group of small hills which had been a key German defensive position during the battle for Overloon in the autumn of 1944. Most of the Museums display pieces are captured or U.S. Army equipment from the battle. The museum is well laid out and visitors can either wander around or follow the suggested route in the guide book which gives a detailed account of each piece of equipment and how it came to be in the museum.

Düsseldorf

Saturday was the day we went on a "shopping" expedition to Düsseldorf. We set off from Laarbruck at 9 a.m. and there was a long ride to Düsseldorf in an overheated R.A.F. bus which also had slippery seats. Stopping by a Cathedral in Düsseldorf we had our "delicious" packed lunches and afterwards set off for the city centre. We had three hours to explore for it.

After half an hour and 2 miles further on we finally found the shopping centre. The first large shop I noticed was F. W. Woolworths (Ltd.) a German version of the British "Woolies". We came across an elderly German who spoke of his pre-1st World War experiences at Sandhurst where he was trained. He was full of praise for the great British Soldier.

We spent another two hours window shopping and getting presents for those back home before spending another hour looking for the bus. We left Düsseldorf at 3.30 p.m.

Eindhoven

On the sixth day of our stay in Laarbruck all cadets were taken to Eindhoven in Holland to an exhibition of the evolution of man through the ages. The exhibition was appropriately named "Evolun". The exhibition was sponsored by "Phillips" all of the electrical equipment being produced by Phillips.

On entering the vast flying saucer shaped building one was confronted by a large hexagonal lift which lifted you to the top floor and the beginning of the exhibition. For a guided tour round the exhibition you were given a "Phillips Cassettophone" explaining the exhibits in several different languages. Some of the sections were medicine through the ages, T.V. and radio, space travel and many others. Al-

though we were only allowed a limited time to go round the exhibition many hours could have been spent examining the exhibits in detail.

Amsterdam

On Easter Sunday a bus trip to Amsterdam was arranged. A luxury coach, complete with driver, was hired and we arrived in Amsterdam around mid-day. Stepping off the bus we were greeted with a barrage of invitations to buy postcards, tulips and a trip along the canals. The latter seemed most reasonable, for as the posters were careful to point out it cost only 1 guilder. Leaping precariously onto the "rondvaart" we were instructed to smile while a young girl, poised awkwardly between the glass-topped canal boat and the quayside, took our photograph.

Safely seated we began our tour of the famous Amsterdam canals. An attractive guide exuding professionalism and boredom, explained that Amsterdam has more canals than Venice. During the trip various points of interest were indicated such as the smallest house in Amsterdam and the fine engravings and carvings at the eaves of the houses. So much for the "shop window" I determined to see for myself.

Trying not to appear "stingy" I calmly ignored the photographers' appeal to buy his "good quality" photograph and selected the dirtiest, sleaziest street I could find. Even at this early hour there were many people of various descriptions crowding the narrow street. Immoral women were openly soliciting and a man of dubious character offered me a drink in his flat and a conducted tour of Amsterdam. Politely declining the offer I carried on down the street.

Unfortunately we left at 6 o' clock having to draw our conclusions from a Sunday afternoon's visit. I would have liked to have spent more time in the city to get a fuller picture of life as it is on a normal day and night in Amsterdam.

SKI-ING AT AVIEMORE, EASTER, 1969

During the last week of the Easter Holidays a party of cadets from the school went ski-ing for a week at Aviemore. We were eleven in number and were accompanied by Major Reid, 2nd Lieutenant Wright and two cooks, Mr Walker and Mr Shaw.

The expedition started on Wednesday the 9th April when we set out from Q.V.S. with two land-rovers and trailers. We arrived after a 4½ hour journey at the Rothiemurchus Ski Hut, which is about 7 miles from Aviemore and 2 miles from the nearest main road. The first evening was spent arranging our food and sleeping accommodation.

The next morning (Thursday) was devoted to exploring our new surroundings, talking to our

ski-ing instructors and being fitted out with skis, boots and ski-sticks. That afternoon we ventured out onto the slopes for the first time. Due to the scarcity of snow the first lessons were conducted on a 45° slope. It was at that stage that we discovered that ski-ing wasn't as easy as it looked.

Friday saw us off to the slopes early in the morning for our first full day's ski-ing. This was spent in nursery areas at the bottom of Cairngorm. By the end of the day the novelty of ski-ing had worn off and we realised that it was a sport requiring patience, sense, and stamina.

It was decided that after Friday's all day activity we were to rest on Saturday. So Saturday afternoon was spent in Aviemore, much to our relief.

Sunday and Monday quickly passed by, two days of all-day ski-ing. The snow situation had by then improved and there was plenty for everyone.

Then came the last day, Tuesday, everyone was determined to make the most of it. The group was divided in half, one half skied in the middle part of the slopes, the other started on the top of Cairngorm and worked their way to the bottom. Back at the hut at the end of the day we packed our gear in preparation for our departure the next day.

There was an uneventful journey back to school on the Wednesday. As an experiment the holiday proved a success and may well be repeated next year.

C.C.C./R.A.F. SECTION/A.E.F.

Every second Thursday, depending on the weather, a small contingency of about 12-14 boys make their way to Turnhouse Airport, Edinburgh for for Air Experience Flying in R.A.F. De Havilland Chipmunks.

Having reported to the A.E.F. Hut, they put on their Mae Wests, and tie themselves to their parachute packs. When the aircraft are ready, they waddle, doubled up, to the edge of the parking zone to struggle into the rear cockpit of the basic trainer (the parachute pack is your seat). One is rapidly strapped into the aircraft's safety harness, by an over-zealous cadet who usually acts as if the aerodrome is under attack.

The time taken to unload and load two cadets is less than a minute, which is quite good, considering the straps and radio masks to be taken off and tied up again, all this while the propellor is sending a blast of cold air directly onto the "loader".

A flight usually lasts about 30 minutes. Almost everyone has now at least taken control of an aircraft for a short while, and some have even done aerobatics, though only as passengers.

Total number of hours flown are 17 hours 4 minutes, by the 17 who have flown at least two flights.

PIPE BAND

The new Summer Term system has somewhat restricted the activities of the Band. There have so far been only two engagements this term, the first to the Duke of Edinburgh's Awards Display in Perth, the second was the annual Beating of the Retreat at Edinburgh Castle. It was almost rained off and consequently the crowd on the esplanade was smaller than was expected. Taking the salute was Lt. General Sir Derek Lang, GOC Scottish Command, who is incidentally retiring in about three months time.

The World Pipe Band Championships, this year at Perth, will be held after Grand Day but the band will be largely unaffected by boys leaving.

Instructors: Pipe Major J. MacKenzie and Drum Major A. Morrison.

Pipers: Pipe Major A. Hill, A. MacDonald, J. Will, A. Martin, A. Robertson, I. Fraser, S. Grant, P. Gilchrist, A. Jeffery, R. Cowie, A. A. MacDonald, R. Haines, J. Harrison, P. Adams, N. Roe, G. Hamilton, T. Gemmil, C. Pryde.

Drummers: Drum Major, I. Graham; Bass, W. J. MacMillan; Tenors, A. Hewgill, J. Wrenn, W. West, and K. Walker. Leading side, B. Knox. Side Drummers, B. Murton, J. Sayer, P. Sayer, H. Shannan, A. McKay, R. Paterson, J. Glass.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

This term's Archaeology "dig" was on a hill-side four miles from Kinlochranoch. The site was reputed to have been a village which was abandoned at about the time of the 1745 rebellion. This information was confirmed when we found a corn kiln in perfect condition. Around the kiln were two walls and it had obviously been repaired because there were two chimney stones. Pieces of pottery, charcoal and glass were also discovered on the site.

One area which proved of great interest was a Bronze Age cist grave. Four large, flat stones, about four feet by three feet, formed the grave. When the occupant died he would probably have been hung up by a branch of a tree to allow the birds to eat the flesh. The skeleton would then be laid in the grave with the legs tucked up beneath the chin. Another large, flat stone would have been laid over the top as the lid, but the top had long since disappeared, probably taken by later settlers for building purposes.

Dr Stewart, the organiser of the "dig" discovered a neat, unlevel portion of cobbled floor. He suggested that this would probably have been a barn or storage house of some kind.

Altogether the "dig" was very successful and enjoyed by all who took part. Our thanks to the organisers of this expedition.



PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

During the Easter Term our Monday evening meetings were again well attended, particularly by the younger boys. As might be expected, our Vth and VIth formers were too busy working for S.C.E. examinations to devote much time to photography but some continued to assist in the instruction of the less experienced members, some of whom are showing considerable promise.

Since Easter boys who have passed their proficiency test have been able to use the dark-room without supervision and it is hoped that some of their work will be available for a small exhibition on Grand Day.

A group of boys visited Stirling Camera Club's exhibition and were very impressed by the standard of photography. Later this term a party will visit Edinburgh Zoo where interesting studies abound on both sides of the wire fence.

GLIDING

One of the more enjoyable aspects of the R.A.F./C.C.F. training programme which some cadets have the opportunity to undertake is gliding training. Fortunately the school R.A.F. section was able to obtain two places on a continuous gliding course for one week during April at H.M.S. Condor, Arbroath.

Cadets B. Sutherland and D. Kennedy arrived at H.M.S. Condor at lunch on the first day of the course and barely had time to deposit their luggage in their sleeping quarters before being rushed down onto the airfield to start their training. Overall there were twenty cadets taking the course coming from as far south as York and Liverpool and as far north as Aberdeen. We were split into groups of three and paired under an instructor who was to teach us for the course. The first afternoon was spent in giving each cadet a little experience of flying in a glider without him having to bother too much about the actual flying of the craft. Two types of gliders were used, there being the Cadet Mk. III a glider of the tandem class, and the Sedberg, a glider in which the instructor and pupil sit side by side. Although the Sedberg is a much better aircraft from the instructor's point of view, the Cadet Mk. III was much easier to fly and it was this that we finally soloed in.

During the week our training day lasted from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. and during this time we were taught how to turn, take-off, land and do various exercises such as stall and recovery from the stall, recovery from spins, stall turns and many more. By the fourth day of the course almost everyone was up to the standard of going solo and by the fifth day everyone had done the three solo flights required to obtain the proficiency certificate and wings. The wings were presented by the Commander of H.M.S. Condor on

the sixth day at a miniature parade in front of the Gliding School.

To complete the course including the three solo launches Cadet D. Kennedy took 35 launches and 122 minutes flying; Cadet B. Sutherland took 28 launches and 132 minutes flying.

SHOOTING

This year there was no outside shooting competition for the shooting club to enter. However the R.A.F. section of the C.C.F. entered two teams in the Small Bore Winter League open to all C.C.F./R.A.F. Sections and A.T.C. Units in Scotland. The senior team competed in Division "D" for the Tomintoul Cup and finished 8th of 11 teams with a total of 1,895 for the seven rounds with an average score 68 per target.

The Junior team competed in Division "F" for the Reynolds Cup and finished 4th in the final placings with a total of 1,766. This was a creditable performance for a team which only had one score over 60 in the first round and averaged 83 in the final round.

Senior team—P. F. Docherty, C. A. Willmott, D. MacIver, D. J. Barnes, D. Wrenn, R. F. Howarth.

Junior team—J. A. Harrison, M. Haston, P. Sayer, C. Murray, A. Fiddes, Piercy, M. D. Fogarty.

CANOEING CLUB'S VISIT TO GRANDTULLY

The following boys went:—C. J. Robinson; K. S. Bowlit; J. R. Campbell; D. Wrenn; A. S. Grey; P. Gilchrist.

Captain Woodhouse (R.A.E.C.) who originally started the canoeing club in September, 1967, is back at the school. He arranged for us to go for a few days canoeing over Whitsun with a group of Army Apprentices. We went up to Grandtully, near Aberfeldy to one of the best spots of white water in Britain. The more experienced members of the club went down all of the rapids and even the newer members managed to go down the first. To make the canoeing all the more difficult, it poured with rain all Saturday night, causing the river to rise considerably.

The idea of the trip was to gain experience on rough water as we have only the use of the baths while at school.

Staff Sergeant Robinson, one of the army's best canoeists, made the trip enjoyable and successful by giving us confidence and tips. Captain Handly, the officer in charge, made the camp run smoothly and used his unlimited cooking abilities to feed us.

COMBINED CADET FORCE

Army Section—

Proficiency Certificates have now been awarded to 23 Cadets of the Contingent, several of these will be school leavers in June. The remainder are forming an Engineer Section under the very capable instructions of Sgt. Robertson who himself belongs to the Royal Engineers and who is working with No.23 Cadet Training Team in Stirling.

We also have 22 boys with Certificate A Part II who we hope will also be in possession of Proficiency Certificates before the end of term. The remaining 33 boys are classified as "Recruits", these are being instructed by Drum Major A. Morrison.

The full complement of Officers has been reached with the commissioning of 2nd Lt. T. M. Wright and the school Sergeant Major 2nd Lt. J. Deeley. Mr J. Mortimer becomes the S.S.I. of the contingent.

Arduous training in the form of ski-ing was enjoyed by Major G. Reid and Lt. T. M. Wright and some 14 cadets. It was very popular indeed and already we have some 20 volunteers for 1970.

"LETTER FROM AMERICA"

Dear School,

Well, New York must be the most crazy, mixed-up city in the world! To the drivers there, pedestrians seem to be invisible; every time we crossed the road we were taking our lives in our hands, or rather our feet.

Broadway is not as big or attractive as we thought, neither is Times Square. In fact we were in Times Square several times before we realised it, by referring to our guide-map.

We went up the Empire State Building at night, and of course we had to go up when it was cloudy and raining. Nevertheless, when a break occurred in the clouds we got quite a fantastic view of the illuminated city below.

We also visited the United Nations building. It's beautifully designed, and there are many interesting symbolic paintings, windows, and murals all over the place. While we were there Lord Caradon spoke to us all in one of the committee-rooms, and told us something of the kind of work he and his colleagues had to do. His talk was very enlightening.

We didn't want to have been in New York without seeing the Subway, so we gave it a try. Our Underground is far better: the trains on the Subway are much noisier; the screech of their brakes is enough to drive one mad, and as they thunder into the station the platforms vibrate alarmingly. The stations themselves are much dirtier than ours. Naturally enough, when finally down in the Subway,

we allowed eight trains to pass by, before we finally realised that we could have taken any one of them!

We went on a boat trip round Manhattan Island, and among the sights pointed out to us was the Statue of Liberty. It was a foggy day, and we couldn't see it very well till we got close. It is much smaller than we thought, but impressive all the same.

The most noticeable difference over here is the temperature. Even on a cloudy day with no sun at all, we are very hot, but it's bearable. Everything also is very green, which gives the place a very calm atmosphere.

Well, here's hoping that the weather's treating you all right in Scotland now.

Yours,

Brian Murton, John Sayer.

Sport

1st XV RUGBY REPORT

After a successful season in the Christmas term, the Easter term was a failure. Due to the bad weather most of the games were cancelled, and of the three games we played we lost all three. v. Trinity College 3rd XV at Glenalmond 12-6, v. Hutchison's Grammar 2nd XV at Home 11-8, v. Old Boys at Home 19-13.

The most enjoyable of the three games was against the Old Boys. They were quite a formidable team, and good rugby was played on both sides, with an occasional breather when an Old Boy collapsed with cramp. D. Robertson retired injured, and was replaced by A. Quinn.

K. Douglas, D. MacInnes (2), A. Quinn, and A. Smith scored tries. M. Owens converted 2 of them.

The Old Boys team was: R. Anderson, K. Boyne, T. Campbell, A. Coid, K. Douglas, A. Greig, A. Grigor, A. Kay, D. MacInnes, D. Owens, M. Owens, A. Quinn, D. Robertson, J. Ross, G. Slater, A. Smith.

Those who have played in the 1st XV during the Easter Term were:—

Forwards:—A. Robertson, D. Kennedy, D. Wrenn, R. Long, J. Campbell, G. MacKenzie, S. Powell, A. Ferguson.

Backs:—A. Jefferey, J. Learmonth, M. Wood, C. McHardy, I. Sneddon, W. McKerron, J. Robertson, D. MacIver (Capt.), B. Murton.

We also entered a sevens team in the Stirling Sevens. We were knocked out in the semi-finals by Stirling H.S. who beat us 15-0. Stirling H.S. then went on to win the competition.

Seven's team:—D. MacIver (Capt.), D. Wrenn, R. Lang, J. Campbell, A. Jeffrey B. Murton, I. Sneddon.

Rugby Colours 1968-69.

Re-awarded—D. MacIver, D. Kennedy, D. Wrenn, I. Sneddon.

New colours—J. Campbell, R. Lang, A. Robertson, A. Ferguson, G. MacKenzie, B. Murton S. Powell.

3rd YEAR XV

This has been a poor season for the 3rd year XV. With the weather being so bad this term we were only able to play 1 match. This we lost 12-0 to Glenalmond. Over the whole season we won 2 matches, lost 7 and drew 2. Team—Moss (leader), Myles, Sherwood, Barnes, Hamilton, Wrenn, Robinson, Tovey, Lawrence, Gilchrist, Brown, Fraser, McMurdo (Capt.), Robertson, Nicol, Goldie, Webb, Crawford, Crichton, McMillan, Martin.

Inter House Rugby

7-a-side Competition—

Seniors: Haig 3, Trenchard 0.
Haig 14, Cunningham 0
Trenchard 8, Cunningham 5.

Juniors: Cunningham 10, Trenchard 0.
Cunningham 8, Haig 0.
Trenchard 14, Haig 0.

SWIMMING

Results:

Junior—1 length Butterfly. 1st I. Fitzgerald (T), 2nd G. Glass (H), 3rd E. Cuthbert (H), 15 sec.

2 lengths Breast stroke. 1st I. Fitzgerald (T), 2nd K. Walker (C), 3rd D. I. T. Brown (T), 37.6 sec.

2 lengths Back stroke. 1st M. Dolan (T), 2nd A. Ogilvie (C), 3rd G. Glass (H), 31 sec.

2 lengths Free style. 1st M. Dolan (T), G. Glass (H), 3rd E. Cuthbert (H), 27.3 sec.

4 lengths Medley. 1st M. Dolan (T), 2nd G. Glass (H), 3rd I. Fitzgerald (T), 75.1 sec.

Underwater swim. 1st D. Brown (C), 2nd M. Dolan (T), 3rd G. Glass (H), 1 length.

4x1 length Relay Medley. 1st Cunningham, 2nd Haig, 3rd Trenchard, 63.3 sec.

4x1 length Relay Free style. 1st Cunningham, 2nd Trenchard, 3rd Haig, 49.3 sec.

Individual Champion—M. Dolan (T) 10½ pts

Runner-up—G. Glass (H) 8½ pts.

Senior:

2 lengths Butterfly. 1st G. Bowden (C), 2nd R. McVicar (T), 3rd J. Wrenn (T), 27.5 sec.

2 lengths Breast stroke. 1st G. Bowden (C), 2nd R. McVicar (T), 3rd D. Barnes (C), 31.8 sec.

2 lengths Back stroke. G. Bowden (C), 2nd J. Wrenn (T), 3rd K. Lawrence (H), 31 sec.

4 lengths Free style. 1st G. Allan (H), 2nd R. McVicar (T), 3rd G. Bowden (C), 58.2 sec.

4 lengths Medley. 1st J. Wrenn (T), 2nd S. Langlands (H), 3rd M. Fogarty (C), 66.5 sec.

Underwater swim. 1st J. Wrenn (T), 2nd B. Will (H), 3rd R. K. Holmes (H), 3 lengths.

4x1 length Relay Medley. 1st Trenchard, 2nd Cunningham, 3rd Haig, 53.4 sec.

4x1 length Relay Free style. 1st Haig, 2nd Cunningham, 3rd Haig, 44.4 sec.

Individual Champion—G. Bowden (C) 10 pts.

Runner Up—J. Wrenn (T) 9 pts.

Open

2 lengths Butterfly—1st D. Wrenn (T), 2nd D. Langlands (H), 3rd C. Fraser (H). 27.6.

4 lengths Breast Stroke—1st D. Langlands (H), 2nd S. M. Powell (C), 3rd J. Campbell (H). 71 sec.

2 lengths Back Stroke—1st D. Wrenn (T), 2nd D. Langlands (H), 3rd R. Murdoch (T). 29.6.

4 lengths Free Style—1st D. Wrenn (T), 2nd D. Langlands (H), 3rd S. M. Powell (C). 53.

4 lengths Medley—1st A. Grey (T), 2nd D. Wrenn (T), 3rd S. M. Powell (C). 71.1.

Underwater Swim—1st D. Wrenn (T), 2nd C. Fraser (H), 3rd J. Will (H). 3 lengths.

4 x 1 Medley Relay—1st Trenchard, 2nd Haig, 3rd Cunningham. 52 sec.

4 x 1 length Relay Free Style—1st Trenchard, 2nd Haig, 3rd Cunningham. 42 sec.

Individual Champion—D. Wrenn (T), 14 points;
Runner-up—D. Langlands (H), 9 points.

Mass Relay 12 x 1 length—1st Haig, 2nd Cunningham, 3rd Trenchard. 2 min. 17.8 sec.

House Championship—1st Trenchard 92½ pts., 2nd Haig 75½ pts., 3rd Cunningham 66 pts.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY AWARDS

The test for the above was held in the School Baths on Sunday, 11th May, 1969. The examiners were Mr N. Mackay, University of Stirling, and Mr T. Duff, Tulliallan Police College. The following awards were gained.

16 Intermediate Certificates:

V. Parker, W. Dacey, M. Evans, I. Grant, B. Gilchrist, J. G. Baldwin, T. Manson, I. Kempseil, J. Armstrong, D. Darling, C. Pryde, B. Heeps, T. Cassells, A. Fiddes, D. Crawford, M. Dolan.

10 Bronze Medallions:

G. Mackay, M. Dolan, D. Crawford, L. Rudderham, B. Will, J. White, D. Fogarty, G. Bowden, A. Fiddes, T. Cassells.

2 First Bar to Bronze Medallion:

A. Menzies, W. Murray.

8 Bronze Crosses:

R. K. Holmes, A. Menzies, G. Bowden, M. Fogarty, J. Wrenn, D. Brown, S. Langlands, W. Murray.

9 Awards of Merit:

M. Fogarty, J. G. Wrenn, D. Barnes, D. Brown, S. Langlands, K. Bowl, G. Bowden, W. Murray, R. K. Holmes.

2 Teachers Certificates:

K. Bowl, D. Barnes.

CROSS COUNTRY

Individual and Inter-House Championships held on Thursday, 13th March.

Results:

Senior Race—1st A. Ferguson (T), 2nd J. Campbell (H), 3rd J. Robertson (H), Time 13 mins. 13.9 secs.

Junior Race—1st A. Fiddes (C), 2nd K. Ross (J), 3rd A. Burns (C), Time 12 mins. 38.4 secs.

House Placings:

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

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

House Points—Trenchard 8 pts., Cunningham 5 pts., Haig 5 pts.

WAVELL HOUSE GAMES

Football

The West Perthshire Primary School League is still not complete but so far we have done quite well. Most of the matches have been played away and these give a double enjoyment of a day out, new faces and a match to watch. The bus is usually crowded with enthusiastic supporters but sometimes the volume of noisy support is not in a direct ratio to the goals scored.

Results so far:

	Home	Away
O.V.S. v. St. Ninians	Won	Lost
Callander	Won	Won
Doune	—	Lost

In the St. Ninian's away game the team was given a lesson in tactics and position play by much smaller boys.

'A' Team Players:

D. Darling (Captain), I. Marchont, S. Walker, R. Higgins, T. Manson, A. Christie, J. Armstrong, G. Brakey, R. McKelvie, D. McDonald, V. Parker, D. Hughson.

'B' Team Players:

M. Wood (Captain), B. Gilchrist, C. Burgess, D. Scullion, T. Gallon, I. Davidson, G. Anderson, I. Clark, V. Martin, B. Davies, B. Heeps, G. Richardson, J. Walker.

The inter-dormitory competition was again played with great enthusiasm and was won this year by Moore with Lynedoch second and Abercromby third.

Cross-Country

The dormitory cross-country race was run in March. The course is rather a testing one. It is about three miles and consists of steep slopes, water jumps and long gentle rises. The going was rather hard this year and no records were broken but the teams tried very hard and Lynedoch thoroughly deserved their win which was achieved by some good individual performances and intelligent packing.

Result:

1st Lynedoch, 2nd Abercromby, 3rd Moore.

Medallists:

Major	Minor
1. D. Torrance	1. C. Nelson
2. T. Carmichael	2. T. Gallon
3. M. Nelson	3. J. Baldwin

The House Cross-Country Team ran against St. Ninians and Hutchison's Grammar School. They won both events.

Members of Cross-Country Team:

V. Parker (Captain), D. Torrance, R. Anderson, M. Nelson, C. Nelson, D. Hughson, D. McDonald, T. Carmichael, D. Darling.

Boxing

This year's Championship was enthusiastically supported by the House. The only boys who did not enter were medically excused. Many boys had a lot to learn in the scientific art of the sport and the boys who were regular members of the boxing class had a great advantage in the competition.

Once again we have to thank Mr Martin and Mr Williams who trained the boxers and ran the event.

Without their knowledge and interest the competition would not be possible.

Result:

1st Lynedoch, 2nd Moore, 3rd Abercromby.

Best Stylist: D. Hughson.

Swimming

Wavell Swimming Sports took place during the Easter Term and was closely contested by Abercromby and Lynedoch. Moore were unfortunate in not having many good swimmers and were well behind in points. The standard of swimming was good and the times of the events well up to standard.

Result:

1st Abercromby, 2nd Lynedoch, 3rd Moore.

Medallists:

<i>Major</i>	<i>Minor</i>
1st R. Anderson	1st C. Nelson
2nd A. Christie	2nd C. Aitken

Many boys attend Life Saving classes during their hobby periods in the winter term and the following boys have been awarded their intermediate award: J. Baldwin, T. Manson, J. Armstrong, D. Darling, C. Pryde, I. Kempshall, B. Heeps, V. Parker, I. Grant, B. Gilchrist, W. Dacey, M. Evans.

The MacRae Quaich

During the year each landing in Wavell House competes for the MacRae Quaich. This is given to the landing with the best kept dormitories throughout the year judged by the morning inspections. So far Abercromby is well ahead and will almost certainly win. Moore comes second, while Lynedoch is a long way behind. It always seems the lot of the ground floor dormitories to come last. Perhaps it is because they have more windows than the others and fluff, dust and odd bits of paper can be more easily spotted.

Cricket and Drill are still to take place. We hope that the weather during the last few weeks of the term will be more in keeping with cricket than the rain and freezing winds of May.

Finally twenty-four Wavell boys are attending the camp at Aviemore. There have been various trips to mountains so far and some boys have climbed Ben Ledi. Later in the term all boys will be doing their yearly cross-country walk which ranges from 11 miles for P6 and 14 miles for P7.



SCHOOL SPORTS

Due to appalling weather conditions there were no outstanding performances or records broken.

Results:

Open Champion—W. McKerron.
 Senior Champion—J. Robertson.
 Intermediate Champion—G. Bowden.
 Junior Champion—R. McMurdo.
 Major Champion—D. Torrence.
 Minor Champion—M. Wood.
 Williamson Cup 100 yds.—W. McKerron.
 Relay Cup—Haig and Trenchard.
 Dormitory Placings—1st Lynedoch, 2nd Abercromby, 3rd Moore.

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

RELAY BATON MEETING

This was run in much the same conditions as sports day. Only one record was broken.

Q.V.S. Results:

17-19 years—

Discus—W. McKerron, 2nd.
 Shot—W. McKerron, 1st.
 High Jump—W. McKerron, 1st.
 Long Jump—W. McKerron, 1st.
 220 yds.—W. McKerron, 3rd.
 440 yds.—M. Wood, 4th.

15-17 years—

Long Jump—R. Murdoch, 4th.
 Javelin—R. Murdoch, 4th.
 Discus—R. Murdoch, 4th.
 High Jump—N. McMurdo, 3rd.
 202 yds.—J. Robertson, 3rd.
 440 yds.—J. Robertson, 3rd.
 Relay Team—3rd.

13-15 years.

Long Jump—G. Bowden, 3rd.
 High Jump—T. Nicol, 2nd equal.

Points: 1st Strathallan 70, 2nd Glenalmond 61½, 3rd Dunfermline 41½, 4th equal Q.V.S., Rannoch 33½.

HOUSE SQUASH COMPETITION

Haig 3, Trenchard 2.
 Cunningham 3, Trenchard 2.
 Haig 3, Trenchard 2.

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

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Form VI.

LANGLANDS, D.—Scots Guards. Joined 1961. Haig. Colour Party. 1967-68-69. Cricket 1st XI, 1967-68-69. Vice-captain 1969. R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion. A.S.A. Silver Personal Survival. A.C.F. Cert. A parts I and II. C.C.F. A.P.C. holder. Duke of Edinburgh Award Bronze Series. Shooting team. Photographic Society. S.C.E. Higher Maths, Science Ordinary English, History, Arithmetic, Latin. To St. Andrews University. Home address: 40 Brae-side Terrace, Aberdeen. ABI 7TT.

Form IV.

COOPER, P. B. — R.N. Joined 1964. Cunningham. Bronze and Silver Survival. C.C.F. Part I. Drama Society. Archaeological Society. To Police Force. Home address: 66 Bickham Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth.

SINCLAIR, M. P.—R.A. Joined 1963. Haig. Librarian. Archaeological Society. Bronze Personal Survival. C.C.F. Cpl. Part II and Proficiency. Continuing education. Home address: Charnwood, 19 Ashley Drive South, Ashley Heath, Ringwood, Hants.

KNOX, B. S.—Royal Scots. Joined 1962. Trenchard. L. s/d in band. C.C.F. Certificate A Part I. Bronze Personal Survival. Home address: 64 Elm Hill, Worminster, Wiltshire.

Form V.

SUTHERLAND, B. M.—Cameronians. Joined 1962. Haig. Cricket 1st XI 1968. Duke of Edinburgh Silver Series. R.L.S.S. Bronze. S.C.E. Ordinary English, History, Physics, Chemistry, Mechanics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Arithmetic. Home address: 13 Rannoch Place, Clermiston, Edinburgh.

HOUSE CRICKET COMPETITION

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

DRILL COMPETITION

Wavell House—1st Abercromby, 2nd Moore, 3rd Lynedoch.

Senior Houses—1st Trenchard, 2nd Cunningham, 3rd Haig.

HIGHLAND DANCING COMPETITIONS, 1969**WINNERS**

Class A Highland Fling—Webb B.,
Class A Sword Dance—Elloitt, G.
Class B Highland Fling—Scullin, K.
Class B Sword Dance—Neill, R.
Junior Dancing—Best Progress—Neill, R.
Best Junior Dancer—Quinn.
Best Dancer (cup)—Webb, B.

Inter-House Competitions:

Winning House—Trenchard.
 Team (names)—Webb, Ross, Elliott, Gilroy.
 Winner of Challenge Cup—Elliott, G.

COMPETITIONS IN PIPING, 1969**WINNERS**

Class A March—A. A. McDonald.
Class A Slow March—A. A. McDonald.
Strathspey and Reel—A. A. McDonald.
Class B March—A. A. McDonald.
Class B Slow March—A. A. McDonald.
Class B Best Piper—A. A. McDonald.
Best Junior Piper (chanter)—C. Pryde.

Scots Guards prize for best progress—D. Darling.
Best Piper (cup)—A. A. McDonald.

Inter-House Mini Band:

Winning House—Haig.

Team (names)—A. Robertson, J. Will, P. Gilchrist, C. Fraser.

1969 COMPETITIONS IN DRUMMING AND BUGLING

Senior Drumming—P. Sayer.
Tenor Drumming—J. Wrenn.
Senior Bugling—A. Hewgill.
Junior Bugling—G. Richardson.
Junior Drumming—S. Walker.
Best Junior Bugler and Drummer (name on shield)—S. Walker.
Best Drummer and Bugler—A. Hewgill.

ADDISON SMITH**PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION**

Junior—1st S. Grant, 2nd T. Gemmill.
 Senior—1st I. Burgess, 2nd P. Gilchrist.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST 1969**Primary School**

P. 6A	1. Christian Nelson	2. Robert Anderson	3. David Morrison
P. 6B	1. Duncan McDonald	2. Alistair Muir	
P. 7A	1. Andrew Crawford	2. Gary Anderson	Art Prize—Colin Pryde
P. 7B	1. William Dacey	2. John Armstrong	

Secondary School

IA	1. J. K. S. Stewart	2. M. Ferrigan	
IB	1. J. S. Irving		
IC	1. N. M. Roe	1. G. G. Doyle	
IIA	1. M. J. Stear	2. J. R. Gemmill	Art Prize—P. Sayer
IIB	1. A. J. Burns	2. K. R. Matthews	
IIC	1. W. Murray	2. J. R. White	
IIIA	1. A. Hewgill	2. S. Grant	
IIIB	1. D. J. Barnes		
IIIC	Form Prizes: R. I. Grey, C. A. Willmott		
	Technical Subjects: N. G. McMurdo, D. G. Moss		
IV	1. J. Sayer	2. J. W. S. Brown	3. A. J. Martin
V	1. J. F. Barnes	2. D. W. Wrenn	J. H. M. Shannon
VI	Mathematics and Science: D. Langlands		

Sir Robert Cranston Memorial Essay Prize
 Eric Drew Memorial French Prize
 Addison Smith Prizes for Public Speaking

P. F. Docherty
 J. K. Stewart
 Seniors: 1. I. Burgess
 Juniors: 1. S. Grant

2. P. Gilchrist
 2. T. M. Gemmill
 M. N. McNaughton
 S. Grant
 J. R. Campbell

Chapel Reading Prize
 Prince Philip Medal (for best boy of 15 years old)
 Wavell Memorial Cup (best boy in outdoor pursuits)