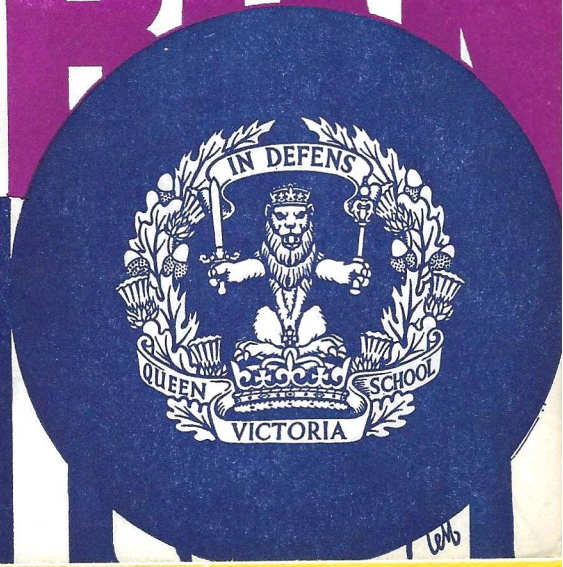


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THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 82

DECEMBER, 1969

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EDITORIAL

In spite of the Competition carrot, whose magic seems to have worn off, we found it extremely difficult this term to extract literary contributions from the rather apathetic boys, especially from those in the upper forms. It may be that the effort is wasted in trying to bring the literary talent in the School to the surface – apparently it does not exist.

A new system has now been established with regards to prefects: after a short leadership course under the guidance of the Headmaster, prefects were chosen from the 5th and 6th Year to hold positions of responsibility in such places as the chapel, the library, the pavilion, the dining-hall and the hospital; a small group of helpers having been allotted to each prefect in his field of duty.

Perhaps some mention should be made of the twenty-two cubicles which were built into the old Haig junior dormitory to house the 5th and 6th Year, along with a few 4th Years. The metal pre-fabricated cubicles, which have plate-glass doors, are slightly smaller than the old bunks that are still up in the other dormitories. They are, however, each furnished with a wardrobe, bureau, bed, chair, table-lamp and small carpet. A large sheet of hardboard for pin-ups has been hung on one wall of each cubicle, and in spite of the obvious restriction on attaching pictures

or pin-ups of any sort to the newly painted walls, the boys have successfully decorated with such improvisations as flags and sheets of card, all balanced with highly complicated systems of weights, and various arrangements of cardboard boxes covered with colourful magazine clippings.

The latest dream-come-true, in spite of some small boys' attempts at sabotage in the wet cement, is the new pavilion, attached to the west, or School side of the Wavell Playhall. The exterior finish is the same as that of the playhall – dark grey cement, and it has a sloped, sky-lit roof. I find it similar in appearance to a modern garage.

Although we seemed to have a record crop of chestnuts on the trees this year, I saw very little actual conker-fighting among the small boys and Wavell, but in proportion far more mess around the chestnut trees – which some conker hunters found themselves helping to clear up after risking a fly missile or climbing a forbidden tree. One rather ungentlemanly practice I noticed was the use of a painted stone, which I thought could only belong in a comic-paper, but which apparently had fooled many unfortunate honest men.

In bowing out I take the opportunity, on behalf of the *Victorian* staff, to wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Choosing a Career

Choosing a pair of shoes is a relatively simple act which involves, first, trying on shoes for size and comfort and then deciding which pair, at what price, you will take. Choosing a career is *not* a simple act but a complicated process. The process starts before you are aware of it. If you begin forging ahead of your class in mathematics and science while lagging behind in English and French, you have actually and, perhaps, unconsciously, opened the door to one group of careers (science, engineering) and closed the door to others (language, literature).

Another complication is that the process of choosing a career involves an element of prophecy. You don't have to prophesy about shoes. You try them on; the evidence is present. You don't have to prophesy about the successful forty-year-old engineer; the evidence is in his past achievements. But the school pupil, when he thinks about his career, is thinking about events which have still to happen. The intention must be to reduce, as far as possible, the element of chance and sheer guess-work.

Fortunately, you are not completely without evidence upon which to start making your careers plan. This, as is hinted in the first paragraph, consists of your school history. What course did you follow? How successful were you? What positions of responsibility did you hold? Did you display any outstanding aptitudes (e.g. athletics, music, art)? By arranging these items of evidence about your attainments and aptitudes, you can build up a rational outline of your occupational potential.

This business of building an outline of your occupational potential is an exercise in which you can do much for yourself. Of course, at critical points, you will get guidance. When the time comes – in the second year – to select subjects for your future course, your teachers will advise you. In the fourth year you complete a questionnaire designed by occupational psychologists. This questionnaire is used by your Careers Adviser with whom you will

have one or more interviews. You will have further interviews in the fifth and sixth years.

Up to this point, you and your achievements have been the centre of attention. But, of course, there is another side to the process. Having been advised by your teachers, assessed by yourself, your teachers and your careers adviser, you reach the point at which you know, broadly, what kind of candidate you are. How do you use this information?

The answer to this lies in a parallel process which also starts roughly in the second year. As well as building up a picture of yourself, you have been gathering information about the World of Work. You will do this by collecting data from various sources. There is printed material about occupations, industrial organisation, further and higher education, held in your Careers Library. You may follow certain radio and television programmes. Experts from various professions will visit School from time to time so that you can draw on their knowledge of present conditions. You will visit work-places, offices, technical colleges, universities.

If you do all this systematically, you will construct a reasonably good pattern of the skills, aptitudes and forms of training demanded by a wide range of occupations. You now have, in fact, two sets of data. One consists of information about yourself, your attainments, aptitudes and interests. The other set is made up of the requirements of various occupations. You now try to match the data about yourself to the occupations which seem to require your particular qualifications, aptitudes and interests.

For help in this matching exercise you may need to consult teachers, careers advisers, potential employers or advisers at colleges and universities. You should not hesitate to do this. After all, you will spend approximately one-third of the rest of your life at work. It is, therefore, important that you should make a wise and informed choice.

You may wonder why no reference has been made to liking or disliking a job. Admittedly, it is important that you should be "happy in your work" but this does not mean being guided by your inexperienced likes and dislikes. The first requirement of happiness in work is that you should be rather good at it. The best guide to this is your aptitude and attainment, not your likes and dislikes. If your likes and your attainments coincide, well and good. If they don't coincide, be guided by your attainments. To put it very simply, there is not much point in saying you would "like" to be an astronomer if you are hopeless at mathematics and physics. The rule to apply is, first, what are my abilities, aptitudes, attainments? Secondly – and a long way after – what do I think I like?

This article deals very broadly with the subject of careers-choice because the writer is aware that "Victorians" are well supplied with services for detailed consultation and research.

THE LANGUAGE LABORATORY

Ever since its installation in December of the last year, our Language Laboratory has been arousing much curiosity among our visitors.

So far, its usefulness was limited by its size: 16 booths were not enough to take a whole class, and dividing classes into two groups was too expensive in terms of teaching time. Now we have 24 booths, which will enable all our classes to use it.

What is a language laboratory? — It consists mainly of a certain number of tape-recorders on which the student has the opportunity to use the language-skills taught in class, in the privacy of a booth, and under the individual, direct supervision of the master. It is a piece of complicated and rather expensive electrical equipment, a useful teaching aid, but not, I repeat *not*, an automatic teaching machine. To dispel another common misunderstanding, I must add that the Language Laboratory is not a "time saving device" for the pupil, and even less, for the teacher. The pupil will learn in it, if he wants to learn and if he is prepared to work hard for it. He can learn from it only what his teacher had previously put into it, and this "putting in" takes a lot of teacher's time and effort. If any of the two, pupil or teacher, starts grudging his time and effort, the large amount of public money spent on the Language Laboratory will be wasted.

Human language is basically a system of *acoustic signals*, but until the introduction of the language laboratory, in most education, it had to be taught as a system of *optical signals* — in script. In a normal language-class of 20-30 pupils it was impossible to give to everyone of them the individual attention necessary to speak a foreign language. It was even less possible to examine orally a large number of candidates.

As for the teaching of French in Queen Victoria School, as soon as we were informed that we were going to have a "Language Laboratory", i.e. three years ago, we have changed to the "Audio-Visual Method", which is more in agreement with the modern ideas about teaching of languages. It does not mean that the written form of language will not be anymore taught. It would be very artificial to ignore the fact that the pupils who start learning a second language have already acquired the skill of writing in the first one. Writing of the second language will only come a little later than in the old method, to clarify and help to remember what has already been taught orally.

It will also affect the form of the SCE examination. Our pupils will sit now the "Alternative

Type" of examination in which the main emphasis lies on the spoken language. This new type of examination is not a "soft option" and some boys may even find it more difficult than the traditional one. Whatever their results though, it is believed that all the boys will eventually acquire a certain amount of French but not only as an abstract classroom skill, as an additional means of communication. How much of it they will acquire, will depend only on their own effort. Our main difficulty consists in persuading them that this effort is worthwhile.

SALVETE

We welcome the following boys as recruits to the School.

<i>School No.</i>	<i>Father's Regiment</i>
3323 Agnew, Donald — RAF	
3324 Baird, David Andrew — RAOC	
3325 Ballantyne, Robert Paul — RAF	
3326 Bell, Stirling Munro — A&SH	
3327 Blake, James — RCT	
3328 Brown, Christopher Andrew — RN	
3329 Buchanan, Steven Robert — RHF	
3330 Cameron, Gordon Donald Lamont — RAEC	
3331 Campbell, Iain Osborne — RMP	
3332 Chapman, Andreas — A&SH	
3333 Cuthbertson, David George — SASC	
3334 Dempsey, John — Life Guards	
3335 Elliott, Jamie — SAS Regiment	
3336 Grant, James Irvine — Scots Guards	
3337 Griffiths, Gordon — RAOC	
3338 Kerr, Andrew Callum — RE	
3339 Kill, David Charles — RAF	
3340 Lawrie, Nigel — RAF	
3341 McAllister, John — A&SH	
3342 McDonald, Stewart Alan — KOSB	
3343 McDougall, James Stuart — RA	
3344 MacKay, Ewen Andrew Charles — RN	
3345 McMurdo, Anthony Donald Morgan — RN	
3346 MacRae, Alan Keith — RAF	
3347 Milner, Jack Stewart — KOSB	
3348 Milner, Stewart Marshall — KOSB	
3349 Munnoch, William — A&SH	
3350 Munro, Brian Nadalin — Int. Corps	
3351 Pearce, Andrew Stephen — A&SH	
3352 Pearson, Terence — OO Highlanders	
3353 Pryde, Malcolm Iain — Royal Scots Greys	
3354 Rae, Stuart James — RAF	
3355 Reynolds, Thomas James — RMP	
3356 Smith, Ian — Royal Scots Greys	
3357 Smith, Michael John — RN	
3358 Topping, George William — Gordons	
3359 Wallace, Glenn — RAF	
3360 Watson, Alan Michael — Scots Guards	
3361 Pitkeathly, Ewan Robert Andrew — A&SH	

Works and Bricks

The Ministry of Public Building and Works, like any Government, or local authority, or public organisation or service, is likely to be, indeed usually is, the target for a fairly constant drip of individual criticism, or slightly pointed jokes from any individual who has not obtained exactly what he wanted in the way of construction, alteration or repair, or has not obtained it as quickly as he may have thought he should. Many of such complaints, of which this School community is not guiltless from time to time, are not justified, or are based on incomplete information of the factors involved. The object of this short article is to redress the balance by reminding us all of the enormous amount the Ministry has done for us during even the last few years, and continues to do, with the utmost good will and a good deal of patience for our often importunate, and sometimes unreasonable demands.

I exclude from consideration the continuous maintenance, painting and repairs which go on all the year round under Ministry auspices, over and above the smaller jobs carried out by our own able and hard working staff. Also all the partitions, conversions, new plumbing, lighting, heating, improvements to quarters and roads, and a hundred other relatively small changes for which we are always asking, and which are, not unnaturally, taken for granted and forgotten as soon as done. The actual list of minor construction jobs carried out over the last five years is so long that it would cause some surprise if posted on the School Notice Board. But even the more important and costly constructions add up to a formidable total. True, most of them have been completed a good while later in time than the perhaps over optimistic original target dates. But it is also true that, within my own experience, no major request for construction put forward by the School has failed to get done in the end. Nor have all the benefits we have received from the Ministry been strictly utilitarian. Some have been frankly

luxuries, or purely aesthetic. For example, all the roses which did so much to brighten up the School's grounds this year were MPBW provided. So was the clearance and replanting with ornamental shrubs of the waste area below the quarters, and improvements to the gardens of those quarters.

When the New Block and the major reconstruction of the Main Block was completed in 1963 it was reasonable to expect a pause in important building. But it was only a short pause. Many boys still here will remember the dreadful dilapidated shed in which the Band had to practise. That was knocked down in 1965 and by the following year the present handsome and convenient building, well warmed and lighted, was finished and in use. Four new Masters' quarters were occupied, and the MacRobert Library completed. 1967 saw nine new garages appear and the enormously useful, if not very beautiful, Wavell Hall solved the difficulty of what to do with the small boys in bad weather. Two all-weather Tennis Courts added a further activity to the School's already good range of games and hobbies and our roads took on a new look, including an approach to the fields and a roundabout. 1968 was a quiet year for new construction, though a great deal of internal renovation, improvement, and conversion went on, some of it quite costly, and the staff children got a fully equipped playground. The present year, now ending, has seen the conversion, at great speed, of one of the Haig Dormitories into 22 cubicles with separate lighting, and the doubling in size, as well as redecoration, of the Masters' Common Room. Also the near completion of the long awaited Pavilion. In overdue fulfilment of a promise made to Miss Chalmers, a bus shelter appeared outside the South Gate. And the gardeners, evicted by the newly formed RAF/CCF, got a new shed.

Nor is this the end of the story, or even a pause. Plans already exist, and have been submitted for financial approval, for a new wing to the Teaching Block, with a third laboratory and ancillary accommodation on the top floor, and two more classrooms below. We hope to have this completed by 1972. Also lavatories for the Swimming Bath and the Male Staff Rest Room.

The relationship between the Ministry and the School authorities is a close and cordial one, maintained by frequent personal contact. We cannot always expect top priority and immediate fulfilment of all our demands, great and small. We may not, sometimes, even get what we want at all. What we certainly shall continue to get is a fair hearing and consideration for every request, and the fulfilment in due course of every job or construction for the School which can be plainly shown to be necessary or even convenient, if priorities and financial limitations allow. And, always, interest and goodwill. Thank you MPBW.

Old Boys' Notes

Central Branch

It has been decided to hold the A.G.M. and re-union weekend on March 14th and 15th, 1970. Please make a note of these dates, and please make an endeavour to turn up. The Central Branch dinner will again be held in the Westlands Hotel, Dunblane, on Saturday, 14th March. The occasion was quite a success last March, and we would like an even greater attendance next year. It is an annual get-together. Some Old Victorians came from as far apart as Kent and Ross and Cromarty. As secretary, I am deeply grateful to those who made these long journeys. It does, at least, display a spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty.

It may interest some of the older Old Victorians to know that I had quite a gathering in my home on the day following Grand Day, June, 1969. James Cooper came from Westcliff-on-Sea, Victor Fennessey from Watford, Peter Pirie from Dover and Flotty McLarf from Australia. Needless to say, there was much reminiscing: Lieut.-Colonel McLarf and Major Fennessey – much to the amusement of the company – settled an account, for tyres which changed hands in Tobruk in 1943.

The Headmaster, Lieut.-Colonel W. C. Harrison, would like more Life Membership subscriptions. The sum of 20/- entitles one to a copy of the January newsletter and all the privileges of life membership of the Association. Submit your subscription at any time from now.

School Sergeant Major Jack Deeley has asked me to say that he has now an ample supply of Old Victorian ties. The price is 17/6. Please apply to him henceforth. Only he can supply them.

The newsletter will be sent out early in the New Year. By that time I hope I will be on the mend again after an operation for osteo-arthritis in my right hip: I am still waiting patiently for the call to hospital.

May Christmas, 1969, and New Year, 1970, bring you and yours all that you have wished in by-gone days.

George Stirrat (43),
Hon. Secretary,
Central Branch.

P.S. WO II W. D. Kerr, AMITE, Depot Works Officer (MPBW), Paderborn, BFPO 16, will be bringing a contingent to the re-union.

Edinburgh Branch

After our summer recess we recommenced our monthly meetings on 23rd September. We had a Social Evening on Thursday, 16th October, at the

Trades Club, Albany Street, attended by about forty members and friends who all had a most enjoyable time. On 28th October we held our AGM.

Our prize-draw will be held on Tuesday, 23rd December, when we will welcome any guest from the School to help in the draw. This takes place in our room (the Games Room) in the Trades Club, 11 Albany Street. With best wishes from the Edinburgh Branch.

Alastair G. Bulloch,
Hon. Secretary,
Edinburgh Branch.

Pipe Band

This term the strength of the Band was increased considerably. This increase is due to the fact that we did not lose many senior members last term, and because a good number of boys who have come up from Wavell House are already of band standard. To help them gain experience, while the "competition band" is practising on Thursday evenings, the new members practise as a separate band.

On Remembrance Sunday, we again sent pipers and buglers to various neighbouring churches and memorials.

On Sunday, 16th November, the pipe major and boy pipe major accompanied the commandant to Rosyth to receive a new pipe banner from the Royal Navy.

On 6th December the band played at the South Africa v. Scotland Rugby International at Murrayfield.

This year we hope to compete in more competitions. The first of these will be the miniature pipe band competition at Falkirk in which we will enter four bands, with one band in Grade Two.

Members of the Band

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

Boy Pipe Major: A. N. Macdonald. *Pipers:* P. J. Gilchrist, J. Pride, J. A. Will, I. Fraser, A. Robertson, A. Jeffrey, S. Grant, A. A. Macdonald, J. Harrison, R. Holmes, J. Gemmill, C. Pryde, N. Roe, I. Hamilton, G. Anderson, I. Kempself, P. Adams, D. Darling, A. Crawford, S. Dalziel.

Boy Drum Major: B. R. Murton. *Bass:* J. Macmillan. *Tenors:* A. Hewgill, J. Wrenn, K. Walker, W. West. *Leading Side:* B. Knox. *Sides:* P. Sayer, A. Mackay, G. Glass, H. Shannon, S. Walker, R. Paterson.

France 1969



Last summer a group of senior boys went with Mr Brown and Mr Scott for a ten day trip to France. We assembled in London and departed on the boat-train to Dieppe. There we changed trains for Paris. On the second train the party was split up and the first of many language difficulties cropped up. The smaller group, D. Barnes and I. Crawford, found themselves mixed in with a convent party who insisted that the compartment was reserved solely for them. The problem was eventually solved by the *contrôleur*.

At Paris we were met by a BUS representative who settled us in the hostel. Unfortunately as we moved in, a party of English schoolgirls moved out. The hostel itself was run by men and women of many nationalities. We were bunked six to a room and at once set about installing ourselves. We spent the

next two days touring Paris by Métro. Our visits included: Mont Martre, The Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe and many other places of interest. We also spent an afternoon on a trip along the Seine.

From Paris we travelled to Saint Malo, a small sea-side resort in Brittany. There we stayed at the Institute de St. Malo. The days were our own and much of the time was spent on the beach. Two afternoons however, were taken up by trips, to Cezambre, a small offshore island of historic interest, and another to the fortified Abbey of Mont Saint Michel. At night we toured the town and visited many of the cafés.

After seven eventful and interesting days we boarded a bus in the early hours of the morning and were taken to Cherbourg where we boarded the ferry for Southampton.

Derek Barnes, IV.

OBITUARY

JAMES GRASSICK (School No. 255)

It is with very deep regret that we record the sudden death of James Grassick, in a London Hospital on 21st July, 1969.

Jimmy Grassick, who was Honorary Secretary of the London Branch of the Old Victorians' Association until his death, served many years in the Royal Navy, attaining the rank of Chief Petty Officer. He served throughout the 1939-45 war and was awarded the medals for that Campaign. He also gained the medal for Long Service and Good Conduct. In October, 1967, he was presented to Her Majesty the Queen, at Queen Victoria School, as representative of the London Branch of the OV Association.

Jimmy was a Royalist of pleasant personality, kindly, a great enthusiast and a devoted husband. He was utterly sincere and evoked a fellow feeling in all with whom he came in contact. He was a frequent visitor to his old School and enjoyed the company of those who had lived within its walls.

He is survived by his wife, Dorothy, and his daughter, who lives in Canada, to whom we extend our condolences and deepest sympathy.

We will remember him.

MATTHEW ANDERSON (School No. 687)

It is with very deep regret that we record the sudden death, in a Glasgow Hospital on 16th July, 1969, of Matthew Anderson.

'Matt' Anderson was the son of a Queen's Own Cameron Highlander. He was devoted to his old School and had tremendous enthusiasm for its functions. It was once said of him, "if all Old Victorians had the same enthusiasm as 'Matt' Anderson, there would be little standing-room at QVS on Grand Day".

We remember him from the early days of the formation of the Glasgow Branch and its functions in Lynedoch Place, in the late twenties. He never failed to turn up.

Those of us who had the good fortune to know him will remember his kindly, unassuming and infectious personality. He turned up on the most unexpected occasions and in the most out-of-the-way places. He kept his counsel.

'Matt' was not married. He was pre-deceased by his parents. We extend to his next-of-kin, our condolences and most sincere sympathy.

We will remember him.

VALETE

Form IV

CRAWFORD, A. — Father's service, RAF. Joined School 1963. Haig House. CCF RAF Section Cpl. Proficiency Training Certificate. RAF Swimming Proficiency. SCE Ordinary French, Mathematics, Chemistry and Physics. Home address: 41 Pike Close, Beaconside, Stafford, Staffs.

Form IIIB

TOVEY, J. F. — Father's service, Royal Navy. Joined School 1963. Cunningham House. CCF Army Section. ACF Part I Certificate. Joining REME. Home address: Craigleath Hotel, James Street, Alva, Clackmannanshire.

Form IIIC

NICHOLSON, S. A. — Father's regiment, Royal Signals. Joined School 1964. Haig House. CCF Army Section. Personal Survival Silver Award. Drama Club. Joining RE. Home address: 17 Acacia Avenue, East Cote, Middlesex.

WILSON, T. C. — Father's regiment A&SH. Joined School 1965. Trenchard House. CCF Army Section. Home address: "Ibrox", 86 Beanmaris Road, Hartley Vale, Plymouth.

Form V

LONG, R. — Father's regiment, Cameronians. Joined School 1962. Haig House. CCF Army Section Proficiency Certificate. SCE Higher English, History, Ordinary Modern Studies. To Royal Army Pay Corps. Home address: 44 Main Street, West Coyney, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

DOCHERTY, P. J. — Father's service, RAF. Joined School 1962. Haig House. CCF Cpl. Army Section. ACF Part I Certificate. Duke of Edinburgh Silver Award. RLSS Bronze Cross. SCE Ordinary English, History, Arithmetic. Continuing education. Home address: 17 Kennedy Gardens, Billingham, Teeside.

PLAYLE, I. F. — Father's regiment, Black Watch. Joined School 1963. Haig House. CCF Army Section. Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Award. RLSS Bronze Medallion. SCE Ordinary English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Chemistry and Physics. Continuing education. Home address: 7 Keene Way, Galleywood, Chelmsford, Essex.

In order to keep the records straight the following names should now be deleted from the Valette column of the July, 1969, issue: Knox, B. S., and the brothers Stear, M. and G.

Our best wishes to those who are leaving.

NOTES and NEWS

The Visiting Commissioner this term was Colonel J. D. L. Boyle, OBE, MC, TD, who spent most of Friday, 24th October, at the School.

At the beginning of this term Miss C. McIntosh replaced Miss Bruce as School Hospital Matron. Miss McIntosh worked previously at Culduthell Hospital in Inverness where she was Ward Sister. She has been with us a term now and likes the management of the School, the boys, and especially the hospital which, she says, is exceptionally well equipped for a hospital of its size. She has, of course, had her problems but hopes that she has settled in well enough to cope next term. We, the staff and boys, would like to extend our warmest welcome to her, and give best wishes for the future.

It was with mixed feelings that we said goodbye to the Hospital Matron, Miss Bruce, at the end of the summer term. The School has been most fortunate to have had her services over the last few years. However, our loss was Captain Woodhouse's gain, and rather belatedly we wish them every happiness in their marriage.

On the 28th November Mr G. M. Martin received the honour of installation as Master of the Dunblane Masonic Lodge for the coming year. Mr Martin, a senior and respected member of the School Administrative Staff, has been a Freemason since he joined the School in 1953.

An interesting ceremony took place at HMS *Caledonia*, Rosyth, the Naval Training Centre, on 16th November. The Commandant, Pipe Major J. Mackenzie, and Boy Pipe Major Angus MacDonald attended the Annual Meeting and Ceilidh of the Royal Naval Pipers' Society. At this meeting a handsome Pipe Banner was presented to the School on behalf of the Royal Naval Pipers' Society. This was received on behalf of the School by Angus MacDonald. The Pipe Banner, beautifully made by the wife of Lieutenant-Commander I. Stranack, the Secretary of the Society, bears the Badge of the Royal Navy. It will therefore serve as a symbol, when borne by a Naval son in the Pipe Band, both of the close association of the School with the Royal Naval Pipers' Society and the Royal Navy in Scotland in general. Pipe Major Mackenzie and Angus MacDonald both played as part of the programme of pipe music and their execution was greatly admired by the Members of the Society. As a finale the Naval Pipe Band and Members of the Society marched past the President of the Society with Angus MacDonald marching in the middle of the front row of the Naval Pipers.

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PRESENTATION OF PRINT



Presentation to Queen Victoria School by The Royal Scots of a Print showing Her Majesty The Queen unveiling a Memorial Tablet to The Princess Royal, former Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment.

The Presentation was made on behalf of the Regiment by Colonel D. A. D. Eykyn, DSO, DL, (Retd), Regimental Secretary of The Royal Scots, and received on behalf of the School by Brigadier M. R. J. Hope Thomson, DSO, OBE, MC (Retd),

Commandant.

Present also were the Headmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. Harrison, BA, RAEC, Mr J. Deeley, School Sergeant-Major (formerly RSM of the 1st Bn. Royal Scots), Pipe Major J. Mackenzie, School Pipe Major Instructor, and a number of QVS boys, sons of the Regiment.

The picture will hang, among other Regimental mementos, in the Pipe Room at the School.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I have heard it said, or should I say overheard it said, that we, the upper forms of this School, do not appreciate Art and even worse, that we have no Culture. If it was meant that we do not display Rembrandt prints or load our shelves with musty, fusty, dusty volumes of Shelley, the charge has grounds, but if it is meant that we do not have *any* culture I deny the accusation. In a lot of the Senior Boys' cubicles you can see examples of the work of Breughel, Dali, Bosch and Warhol and surely all this is Art. Poetry is also an art form and there is no

lack of it here! On almost all the "pin-up" boards you can see poems; both by well known poets such as Graves, Hughes and Larkin, and also by less well known ones such as Kathy Heintzman, D. F. Macneice and others. Music too is an art form and there is no lack of music in this School, both on record, and home made. Folk and Blues dominate the scene but the Classics are also there in force. It is not uncommon to enter the Dormitory and hear the 1812 Overture or the like. Surely all this is Art. It appears to me that it is not the younger generation but the working class — the Football- Pub- and Daily Express-class — who sadly lack in Culture.

Stephen Bruce, V.

Innocents Abroad

(Early in the year the Secretary of the Scottish Branch of the English-Speaking Union of the Commonwealth visited the Commandant and offered the School four places on the 1969 Scottish Schools' Visit to USA, sponsored by the ESU. A charitable trust, The Gannochy Trust, generously offered to subsidise a part of the expense of sending the four boys. HM Commissioners warmly supported the project and approved a grant to meet the balance of the cost. Four boys, Robert Long, Brian Murton, Angus MacDonald and John Sayer were selected to go. This is their account.)

The sun was shining brilliantly as we left School in the Commandant's car early on the morning of 18th May. We travelled down to Prestwick, arriving about two hours before we were due to take off, and after checking in our cases, we busied ourselves meeting the rest of the party. We passed through Customs just before noon and boarded the 'plane, a gleaming Boeing 707, shortly afterwards. From the 'plane we could still pick out the Commandant in the crowd waving us off.

The seven-hour journey to New York was quite pleasant. We had a film show, an excellent lunch, and we could relax and enjoy recorded music through individual sets of ear-phones.

As we stepped off the 'plane in Kennedy Airport (NY), the strong winds wrapped our kilts around our necks. Having gone through the Customs we found that we had lost the rest of the party while looking for our baggage. As we stood rather sheepishly in the hall, a stout, well-tanned, bald-headed porter approached us and waving his cigar to the left he snapped, "Hey, Scaddies - over there!" We piled into three waiting Campus coaches, and after a short delay, drove off into our first taste of the New York traffic system. After a hot and hectic three-quarter-hour ride, we stopped in the shade of the Wellington Hotel - a tall building on the corner of 55th Street and 7th Avenue.

Our room, to our initial delight, was furnished with a television set, which we discovered was lacking in one respect: it had no dials. We did eventually, however, manage to get out of it some interesting buzzes and fizzes. We took time to clean up, went out to an evening meal in our exploring groups, then made our way to Radio City where we saw a variety show which included a film and an excerpt from a ballet. We were very glad to get to bed after such a hectic day.

The next morning our first visit was to the United Nations Building. We arrived there shortly after 9.15 am, after making our way there in our exploring groups. After being divided into groups of twenty-

five, we were allocated a guide. Ours was a Spanish girl who at first thought that we were Spanish. We spent a very interesting two hours touring the building. We were most impressed by the design and decoration of the different assembly rooms. After our tour we assembled in a large committee room and the British Ambassador, United Kingdom Mission to the UN, Lord Caradon, gave a short talk about his work at the UN.

Our next engagement was a trip round Manhattan on a Circle Line steamer. As we left Pier 48 it began to rain, but it soon cleared up. We sailed up to the Statue of Liberty and then turned towards Brooklyn Bridge and the East River. Our route took us up the Harlem River and then back into the Hudson River. We got fine views of the UN Building, the Empire State Building and the Yankee Stadium. The whole trip lasted three hours, but unfortunately it was marred by a thin mist which prevented us from seeing more than a mile.

That evening we went up the Empire State Building. After a few seconds in the lift we reached the 88th floor and transferred ourselves to another lift for the ascent of the last fourteen storeys. We stepped out into a small enclosed dome. Unfortunately we had picked a bad night to go up because it was very windy and cloudy, but through the thick glass windows we could just see the lights of the city below. Thinking that we might get a better view from lower down we went back down to the 88th floor and out onto the balcony. There we were out in the open, and we were able to see the city through a wire mesh fence surrounding the balcony. Tiny cars shot from street to street using their horns frequently. All over NY there was a continuous sound of wailing sirens.

We went through the Avenue of the Americas on our way to Greenwich Village. This is where obscure artists, writers and hippies live. We did not stay there long because it was wet and the girls were frightened by the number of drunks, drug addicts and sinister characters who were at every street corner. It was getting late so we decided to return to the hotel.

On Tuesday morning we were able to do some shopping before we left for Louisville. It was raining heavily as we dodged between the morning crowds on 7th Avenue. After buying a few souvenirs we thought we would see what the New York subway was like. This turned out to be a rather alarming experience. The subway is far different from our underground. We let eight trains pass us before we realised that we could have taken any one of them. The subway is not as good as our underground: the trains shake alarmingly, the screech of the train brakes is ear-splitting, and the stations are much larger and dirtier than ours. We finally got out of the subway at Columbus Circle near Central Park. After some difficulty we arrived back at the hotel.

We packed our cases and assembled in the entrance for our journey to Kennedy Airport. We went to the airport via the Queens Midtown Tunnel, and left on American Airlines 2.40 pm flight to Louisville, Kentucky. We landed in Louisville at 5.00 pm after a stop at Columbus, Ohio. Angus MacDonald piped the party from the plane, much to the delight of local newspaper reporters who had come to cover our arrival. It was an extremely hot and humid day and it was rather warm wearing the kilt. We boarded two yellow buses which were waiting for us outside the main terminal building. We had a short wait while our luggage was loaded on to another bus. As we moved off we were surprised to see that the bus was being driven by a woman, but we later learned that this is a very common practice.

After a short journey we arrived at Waggener High School. About two hundred people were waiting to greet us. Above the main entrance of the School was a big banner which said "Welcome Scots". We eventually found our hosts who drove us to their homes.

During our eighteen days in Kentucky we had to go to school for five days. This turned out to be one of the most enjoyable experiences of the trip. Two of us went to Atherton High School and the other two went to Westport High School. Each school has about two thousand pupils between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. We were very surprised to find that every pupil had the same time-table every day. Their periods were longer and school started at 8.20 am, but it finished at 3.00 pm. We found that discipline was not as rigid as it is in Scottish schools, and most lessons we went to were conducted with an air of lightheartedness. However, it was getting near the end of term and it was the custom of the leavers to break the previous year's record of misbehaviour before they left. At Westport we were disappointed when they only managed to ride a motorbike up the corridor. The pupils' car park was enormous and it was always crammed with cars.

Our first gathering was for an ESU banquet which had been put on for us in the Brown Hotel, Louisville. After a pleasant meal we listened to a number of entertaining speeches. It was agreed that the Scots and the Americans should each perform four pieces of entertainment. First of all, Angus MacDonald played some selections on the pipes. This was greatly appreciated by the 600 guests. We all took part in the last performance. With help from the rest of the Scots we made up a team to dance the Eightsome Reel while Angus played. The platform was made up of sections and at one time one of the sections slid away and left a two-foot gap to dance over. However some of the audience formed a scrum and pushed the section back into place. The guests enjoyed the performance and gave a tremendous round of applause at the end.

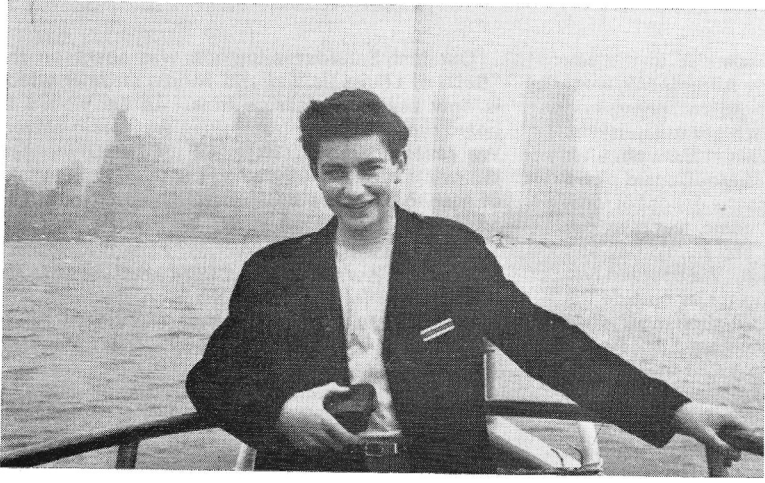
Our first Saturday afternoon was spent on the "Belle of Louisville", an old paddle steamer which is now used for pleasure trips. As we waited to board the steamer a steam organ was being played. We sailed for about six miles up the Ohio. The journey was slow but we had plenty of time to take in everything on both banks. One bank belongs to Kentucky while the other belongs to Indiana.

The following Monday we visited Mammoth Caves. They were 90 miles from Louisville but we did not take long to reach them on the inter-state highway. It was a burning hot day and we were soon beginning to wilt. We walked up into a forest near the caves and had a picnic lunch in the shade. After lunch we had an hour to spare before our tour started. Most of this time was spent in the souvenir shop looking for suitable gifts to take back home. We started the tour by going down a steep flight of stairs into a cold dark tunnel which would have been a perfect setting for the cave episode in *Tom Sawyer*. Our guide led us through the cave into a huge rotunda. There he told us how the cave had been found by a man out hunting. The rotunda had been made by the cross-currents of a number of underground rivers.

Our guide led us on through the cave which is illuminated by fluorescent lights. Next we came to a display case holding the remains of a body. The guide told us that the body was of an Indian who must have wandered into the cave and had been killed by a fall of rock. Some parts of the cave were quite low, and one particular part was called "Fat Man's Misery" — it was very low and narrow. At the lowest point of our tour there was a fantastic collection of stalagmites and stalactites, some of which were ten or eleven feet long. We had walked nearly two and a half miles by the end of the tour and were quite tired.

The following day the boys visited Fort Knox, which is the only armour centre in America and is where most of the draftees for Vietnam are trained. We saw men going about their daily duties on the pistol ranges, and we were allowed to inspect a tank which is one of the latest models used by the US Army. Fort Knox, however, is better known as the place where most of America's gold bullion is stored. We were driven up to within two hundred yards of the bullion store. It is surrounded by a green field and trees are dotted about everywhere. It looked very peaceful, but we were reminded that the whole area was mined. We finished our visit to Fort Knox by going to the Patton Museum which contains all sorts of war relics.

On Wednesday morning we visited Ahrens Trade School in downtown Louisville. We were split up into groups and given one of their school council as a guide. A trade school is one in whose curriculum technical subjects are predominant (e.g. engineering, printing and secretarial work) and the pupils are



trained to a very high standard of expertise and efficiency in their respective fields. We were very much impressed by the high standard of work produced in the different workshops which were, after all, only classrooms.

That evening we all went to see a baseball game, Louisville Colonels versus Richmond. We had a good seat behind the catcher. We were protected from flying baseballs by a wire mesh screen. When the home team scored a run a firework was let off from a hut on the other side of the field, there was a huge explosion so that all of Louisville knew that they had scored. The only interesting part of the game was when the Richmond catcher was sent off because he had told his pitcher to aim at the home batsman's face. Apart from this we found the game rather boring, even slower than cricket.

One Sunday we were fortunate to be able to go to a "love-in". This was held in Cherokee Park at Hogan's Fountain, a huge concrete structure which looks like a bell-tent without any walls. Local Bands came and played for nothing. Needless to say there was a great number of people there, many of them were dressed in some peculiar outfits, ranging from what looked like arctic fur outfits to biblical loin cloths. Most people were under the concrete structure where the bands were. In the middle there was a hole where a fire was smouldering. This seemed a bit strange to us because the temperature was well up into the eighties. It was very informative and an excellent reflection on the real life of the American teenager.

Late in the evening of the following Monday was the Graduation ceremony of Atherton High School. The ceremony was held in the Kentucky State Fair Stadium. The girls wore white evening gowns and carried bouquets, and the boys wore white tuxedos and black trousers. The Stadium was packed out with friends and relatives, who were seated in high tiers that almost reached the roof.

The whole ceremony took about an hour and a half, during which the individual achievements of each graduate were read out. Finally the diplomas were presented, in prize-giving fashion. There were one or two delays while the person actually handing out the diplomas had to catch up on the one reading out the names. There was one noticeably long speech, by a minister, mainly about the do's and don'ts of life he could suggest to the graduates, and he managed somehow to work in a comment on *Mellow Yellow*, a song by the British folk-singer, Donovan.

Afterwards was a ball for the graduates, which

Brian Murton was lucky enough to attend, when one girl's escort had failed to turn up through illness. He was quite proud of the black and white tuxedo which was hired for him. He and John Sayer attended the 'breakfast' on the 'Belle of Louisville' after the Atherton Graduation ceremony and ball. Wrote John Sayer in his diary: "The Belle was due to cast off at 2 am on Tuesday morning, and by one o'clock a large crowd had gathered on the dockside. It was still dark, and the colourful lighting on the paddle-boat gave it the appearance of a travelling show-boat of the 19th century.

Before boarding, we were all subjected to a 'frisking' by police-officers and school officials, to confirm that we were carrying no illicit alcohol. I was, in fact, dealt with three times; once by an elderly lady who had a quick look through my jacket pockets, then by one of the schoolteachers, and finally, just as I was stepping inside the boat, by a burly police-officer who made me lean against the wall on my hands and who, suspicious of my flared jeans, gave me a few hefty side-kicks on the shins. All real gangster-movie stuff! Brian Murton suffered a similar searching, though one poor boy was frisked no less than seven times.

On the lower deck the chairs and tables had been moved to the side to form a dance floor, and a pop-group was playing on a stage at the rear-end. Such refreshments as doughnuts, cakes, sandwiches and soft-drinks, could be obtained from a counter near the front of the boat. They didn't last long!

The Belle travelled up the Ohio on the same route as it had done the time the whole Scots group were together on it, and we arrived back in the docks about 6 am, which gave us roughly two hours to meet in our convoy of cars at Atherton to go to Bernheim Forest".

We got to Bernheim about half past nine, and after a brief explanation about the Forest by a forest official - it contains almost every type of tree and shrub found in the States - we split into groups and wandered off on our own to explore. It was a fine day, and we had a picnic lunch before returning, in convoy, to our respective homes.

All too soon, the 7th June arrived, and by about mid-day all the students from Louisville had gathered in Louisville airport, those from Lexington having already left for Washington DC by a different route. It was a very sad moment when we were finally called to board the plane, and had to rush round everybody we could find to say goodbye. Every girl was reduced to tears by the time we'd taken our seats, and as one stewardess remarked, the floor wouldn't need washing for quite a while. There was one moment of amusement, however, when John Sayer waved his Confederate flag from the plane door just before the take-off, raising quite a laugh from the Americans.

Opposite: (Top) Angus against New York skyline. (Middle) John and Brian aboard the *Belle of Louisville*. (Bottom) Robert outside the UN building.

One short hour later we landed in Washington DC for the final stage in our study tour. While waiting in the buses to move off, we saw Mrs Jackie Onassis arriving at the airport in a car. She got out just in front of our bus, and several people feverishly snapped off photographs. Our hotel, the Dodge House, was not very far from the Capitol, which we passed the same night on our way to a church where we were to meet some American students. Only five Americans in fact turned up, but some of us, sitting outside the church in the warm evening, witnessed a fight between rival gangs of young negroes. The battle lasted about half an hour, during which one car window was damaged and countless lemonade bottles shattered around the church. It was all very interesting.

We made our way back to the Dodge House crocodile fashion, with a police escort. (They obviously didn't trust us!)

The next morning being Sunday we went to church according to our denominations. At every church two or three of the group were adopted by a family for the day. They had agreed to take us round the sights of Washington. We all visited the Washington Memorial, the Lincoln Memorial, the Jefferson Monument, and of course the Capitol. Brian Murton had the good fortune to have a Senator's Secretary as his hostess. She was able to show him a senator's office and all round the Capitol. We all went to the Arlington National Cemetery to see the graves of the two Kennedy brothers, but we all agreed that the thing that moved us most of all was the sight of the thousands of white crosses which mark the graves of dead soldiers. To see the countless acres of graves brings home to one the waste of human life in war. We thought that the day's outing with a family was much more pleasant than if it had been done as a group.

As this was our last evening together a dance was planned in the basement of the hotel. Unfortunately this fizzled out because the juke-box just refused to function, even after it had been pumped full of quarters. In the end we went to various rooms and spent the rest of the evening chatting to each other.

Monday morning was very rushed: we went shopping as quickly as possible in order to get back in time for the final preparations, and bought any souvenirs we still needed to get.

We left, by coach, for New York that evening. The 200 mile journey took us only four hours on the interstate highways. One big disappointment was that the duty-free shops were all closed, and many were deprived of their cigarettes or last minute souvenirs.

It was 1 am when we eventually took off, after a short delay when the first person on board was sick in the galley.

The journey across the Atlantic was spent by many in much-needed sleep, and Angus MacDonald for one was so doped that his lunch steak was removed quite literally from under his nose without objection. As we had taken off in darkness and were flying towards the east, we had a beautiful view of the dawn with the sun exploding suddenly along the horizon, turning the sky into a giant spectrum with a silver crescent moon and a single star in the dark blue high above us.

The sun was again shining brilliantly when we landed in Prestwick, and by mid-afternoon we were back in School.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who made it possible for us to participate in this wonderful experience, and our special thanks must go to the Commandant and the Gannochy Trust.

John Sayer, Brian R. Murton,
Angus MacDonald, Robert Long.

DEPARTURE

Our heads humming in harmony with the warming engines,
The smokeless atmosphere inside the tube
A mixture of electric tension and
Rubbery relaxation.

Outside the sun screams at me from a silver reflection
On the wing; then, quite ridiculously, we move.
An eternity of taxi-ing and an infinity of waiting,
Till, expectancy straining in our throats,

We are catapulted forward through a blur of colour
And a haze of engine noises and tilted clouds,
Till that teasing light is switched on and
"Well, we're off!" echoing in my ears.

NEW YORK

Staunch, solid masses of rock
Towering black and grey and triumphant
Over the swirl of people and noises
That licks your foundations' feet.

Gazing sardonically down, way down below at
The multi-coloured insects
Who are scurrying non-stop and hypnotised
And being lead by their ant-hill lives.

Death-trap for the innocent
And paradise for those who have learnt,
Selling your icing to the prospective eaters
While the worm thrives on your starved core.

John Sayer.

DO AS I SAY, DON'T DO AS I DO

It was a new thing to attempt, or at any rate, new for that Parachute Battalion. A section of eight men were to be dropped at night off shore into the sea, there to be retrieved.

"I'll go with them myself, Harry", the CO said to his Adjutant, "and watch them jump. You go with the pick-up boat".

The airfield was some ten miles from the Mess, and after a good dinner, the CO set out in his Jeep, with just about enough time to get aboard the aircraft before scheduled take-off. About three quarters of the way there, the soporific effects of a couple of glasses of port (there had been guests) having worn off, a dawning doubt came into the CO's mind. "Driver, stop a minute while I check whether my batman has put my parachute behind the seat". "You're not going to jump, sir?" "No, but you should damn well know that I've issued strict orders that no officer or man of the Battalion is to go up in an aircraft without his parachute".

No parachute; and too late to go back for it; curse the idle batman. Well, nothing for it but to press on and hope that none of the troops notices its absence.

The aircraft was revving up as the CO's jeep drew up to it; hurrying up the steps he was met by the despatcher and greeted with wan smiles by eight nervous looking soldiers. The aircraft roared up into the dark, the CO watching the landing lights of the airstrip, two parallel lines, get closer and closer together until they merged into a single amber strip. Setting course, the aircraft headed for the over-sea RV twenty miles away, a few minutes run. Just as the CO was about to fulfil his leadership obligations (the first responsibility of a commander being the morale of his troops, etc.) with a couple of forced jokes to the Section Commander, the Second Pilot came out of the control cabin, looking rather thoughtful. "A word with you, sir. I'm afraid we've hit a bit of a snag. The instruments and controls seem to indicate that the undercarriage is only half retracted, and stuck. If we can't get it to move, the pilot says he daren't try and land like that. Worse than a belly landing. We'd go straight over on our nose". "What then?" "We're going back to the airfield to dump the troops and then we'll try a few tricks to unstick the undercart. If that doesn't work we'll head for the desert, bail out, and let the crate crash". "I see", said the CO thoughtfully, "but there's just one thing". "Sir?" "I haven't got a parachute". "But I thought —" "Well, never mind why, I haven't. Are there any spares?" "No, sir".

The Second Pilot, visibly shaken, returned to the cabin to confer with the Captain of the aircraft. The CO was left with his thoughts. How far would inter-service co-operation stretch in this situation? Would the crew bail out and leave him alone in an aircraft certain to crash? Hardly. Would they stick by him and attempt to land the aircraft anyway? Surely. In which case every member of the crew who was killed or injured would be on his conscience for ever, if he himself survived. It was an unpleasant few moments.

By this time they were back over the airfield and the relieved soldiers, who hadn't been looking forward to the cold sea, grinningly stepped out. The CO hoped they didn't *know* he hadn't got his parachute. He went forward into the cockpit, receiving a cold stare of dislike and (was it) contempt from the Captain, who was talking on the Radio to ground control as they circled round the field. "Searchlight on now". "You say it looks fully down?" More chatter; to the CO, who if not the cause of the undercarriage bother, felt himself very much the impediment to the proper safety of the crew, the tension was unbearable. He sweated, coldly.

"All right then", he heard the Captain say, "I'll chance it. No choice anyway. Oh — I'll tell you why later, perhaps".

"Sit down aft and secure your seat belt, sir", said the Captain, "we're going to try a landing. Ground control say it looks as if our wheels *are* fully down, though if they are I don't know if the undercarriage is locked as the indicators are all to hell. So be prepared for anything". By this time even the jovial despatcher, secured opposite the CO was looking slightly green. Throttling back the Captain came in on a slow descent. Through the window, by the now lit up hangars, the CO could see a mass of people, fire engines, ambulances.

A bump, and another, and a lot of little ones. The CO suddenly realised two things. He hadn't drawn a breath for at least 30 seconds, and the aircraft was rolling smoothly down the runway. So it had been the indicators, not the undercarriage.

Next morning the CO sat down to write his grovelling letters of apology and reflected glumly, that if a rule's worth making, its probably wise for those who make it to keep it.

WELCOME BACK

On the 20th September the Senior boys in Haig House were very pleased to welcome back to the School Jeffrey Wood after his stint with the Voluntary Service Overseas in Jamaica, and we listened with great interest to his fascinating description of the challenging work in which he was engaged. There is no doubt that the VSO organisation and Jeffrey gained much from this service.

The School Year 1969-70

FACTS AND FIGURES

We began the School year at exactly "establishment" strength, 250 boys. Arranged slightly differently though. Under the new House organisation all Fourth Year boys and upwards (roughly those over 15) have been grouped in a Senior House, 48 of them. All the rest of the Senior School, up to Third Year, have been placed into two parallel Intermediate Houses, 60 in one and 59 in the other at beginning of term. The Junior boys, 83 of them (though it seems more), are in Wavell, as before.

The Service balance stays about the same. Only 24 Naval sons, and we would like to see more. The Army, as always, provide the great majority of boys at the School, and of candidates. We have 173 of these of whom 78 are sons of members of Scottish Regiments of the Scottish Division. But we also have 16 Scots Guards sons and 4 from the Royal Scots Greys, three of these being brothers. Brothers indeed continue to be much in evidence at the School since we have 36 pairs and 4 trios. The RAF are represented this year by 53 boys (actually 52 now as one has left), rather fewer than last year. The priority for admission given to sons of serving fathers is shown by the figures, since 163 of 233 living fathers are still with the Colours. Of the rest, the great majority were still serving when their sons entered the School. We have one boy, only, left who came in 1961, 6 who arrived in 1962. Nearly all the Wavell boys are born in 1958 or 1959 but we have 6 of more recent, 1960, vintage. Although we are strictly a non-sectarian School the Scottish character of the School is demonstrated by the fact that 176 of the boys are registered as having "Church of Scotland" as their parents' Church. Catholics and Episcopalians are fairly evenly balanced at 30 and 33. Among our more elderly members we have only two born in 1951 and 10 in 1952.

MAJOR ATHEY

Major G. M. Athey, BA, RAEC, comes to us from Penang, Malaysia, where he was Education Officer for the 10th PMO Gurkha Rifles and Penang Garrison Education Officer. A graduate of Newcastle University, he has had a varied career in Industry and Journalism, and ten years' teaching experience. He is married with four children, and his wife, Mary, is a trained Domestic Science Teacher. His hobbies are drama and music.

We welcome Major Athey and his wife and family to the School.

CHAPLAIN'S LETTER

The chapel has been a busy place this term, most of the activity centering around the choir. In addition to our own School carol service, we are singing in St. Mungo's, Alloa, which happens to have one of the largest congregations in Scotland, and whose minister, Rev. Peter Brodie, has placed the whole Church in Scotland in his debt as a pioneer in Sunday School work. We are also hoping to sing in the beautiful thirteenth century church at Fowlis Wester. They have a new minister, the Rev. F. W. Copland Simmons, who has come to Scotland after a long and distinguished career in The Presbyterian Church of England, of whose General Assembly he has been Moderator. Mr Simmons as well as being an excellent preacher, is a fine singer, and we hope to have him with us in chapel soon. Then we are to record a broadcast service for the B.B.C., which you will be able to hear on the last Sunday of the year.

We hope that it will be possible to keep this excellent choir together, as that not only at Christmas, but all the year round the music in chapel may be enriched by their efforts. I am also hoping that one or two distinguished organists may give recitals in our chapel next term.

Turning to other matters I should like to thank the chapel orderlies for the really excellent way in which they have kept the chapel this term, and to say how much I have enjoyed the readings from The Revised Standard Version of The Bible.

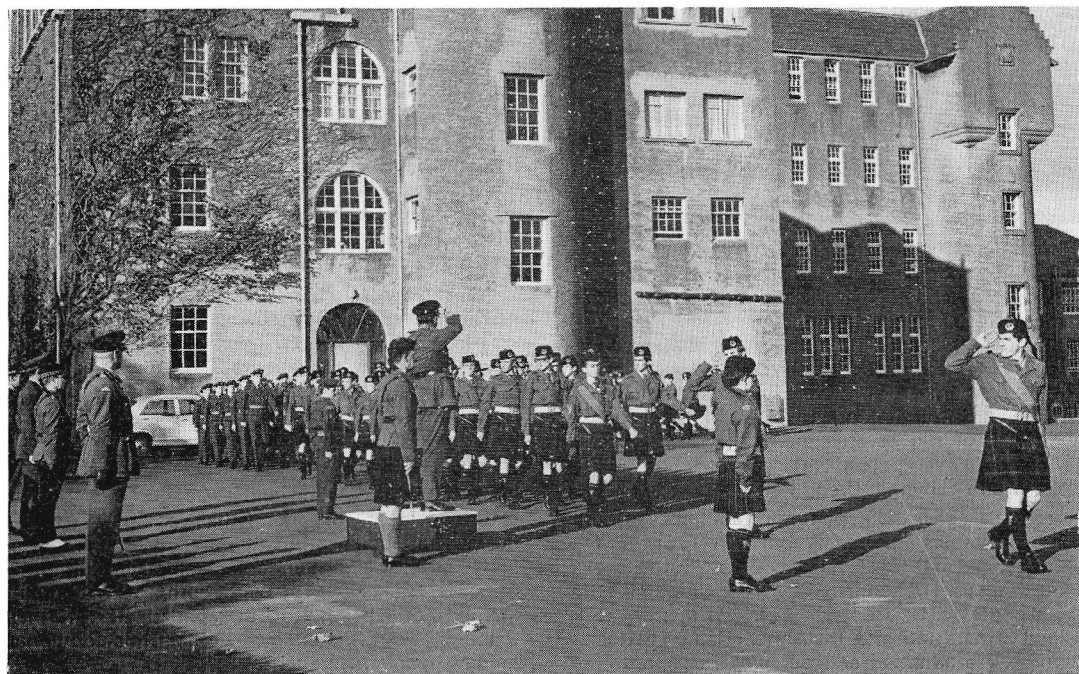
Our last Confirmation Service was a most impressive occasion and I am glad to report that I have at present an excellent Confirmation Class, who not only listen carefully, but ask searching questions. If every year The Church of Scotland can recruit members of such serious purpose as they promise to be then the future of that Church is not so dark as some of our pessimists would have us believe.

Inspection of QVS CCF by Major-General H. E. N. Bredin, CB, DSO, MC, Director, Volunteers, Territorials and Cadets.

This is the first Annual Inspection since the CCF was formed in September, 1968.

The CCF is commanded by Major George Reid. Captain J. F. Gardner commands the Army Section, and Flight Lieutenant I. T. Williams the RAF Section.

CCF INSPECTION



CCF

ARMY SECTION

Recruits 1969: P. Adams, T. Armstrong, D. Copland, E. Cuthbert, S. Dalziel, R. Davidson, M. Dolan, G. Doyle, W. Elliot, I. Fitzgerald, G. Glass, I. Hamilton, J. Irving, A. A. MacDonald, A. McKay, C. Millar, M. Nicholson, A. Ogilvie, J. Pearson, N. Roe, K. Shepherd, J. Sinnett, G. Spiers, G. Stear, J. Thompson, W. West and D. Woodward.

It is now a year since we became a Combined Cadet Force and already results are beginning to show. Twenty boys took their proficiency test and the results were: *with credit*, A. Jeffrey; *pass*, J. Brown, J. Fleming, C. Langton, K. Lawrence, J. Pryde, C. Robinson, P. Sherwood, J. Wrenn and S. Young. The Cadet Sgt. Major is J. R. Campbell, Cadet CQMS B. Murton and Cadet Sgts., J. Barnes, J. Sayer, A. Grey and A. Robertson.

Our first formal annual CCF inspection was on 29th October and the inspecting officer was Major-General H. E. N. Bredin, CB, DSO, MC, Director, Volunteers, Territorials and Cadets. Among the activities which the General saw were: canoeing, shooting, map-reading and drill.

Cadet Sgt. Sayer and Cadet Corporals Fleming, Jeffrey and Wrenn have applied for an NCO's training camp during the Easter vacation. They have been instructing recruits with the help of Drum-Major Morrison and Cadet Sgt. Grey.

The new Royal Engineers section has been strengthened and Sgt. Robertson is instructing them for an RE exam next year.

CSM Campbell.

RAF SECTION

Since the last edition of *The Victorian* the Section has seen the completion of its first year's existence. The twenty cadets who sat their Proficiency Training Examination at the end of the Summer Term were all successful – J. R. Gemmill and M. S. Haston obtained Passes with Distinction, whilst D. J. Cockburn, A. Crawford, I. Graham, J. A. Harrison, C. Murray and P. Sayer Passed with Credit; six of the seven candidates at Advanced Proficiency Level passed their examination with D. W. Wrenn gaining a Credit Pass.

Grand Day saw the departure of a number of our founder members amongst whom were F/Sgt. P. F. Docherty, Sgts. D. MacIver and B. M. Sutherland, and Corporals D. Kennedy, I. D. Sneddon, K. S. Bowlit and I. A. Robertson – Cpl. A. Crawford remained with us until after the Annual Camp. Sixteen recruits were admitted and our present strength is

forty-six – one over the top! Our NCO Cadre under the leadership of F/Sgt. D. W. Wrenn is comprised of Sgts. J. A. Will, D. J. Barnes, W. Crichton and S. Grant, and Corporals I. F. Crawford, W. A. Common, P. J. Gilchrist and C. J. Robinson.

Normal training has continued with cadets preparing for the Initial Training Examination and the Proficiency and Advanced Training Certificates – examinations for some of the candidates will take place before the end of the Christmas Term. Basic life-raft training and preparation for the RAF Swimming Proficiency Certificate were introduced during the latter half of the Summer Term and has proved very popular; much credit is due to the enthusiasm of Cpl. C. J. Robinson in the former, and F/Sgt. D. W. Wrenn and Sgt. D. J. Barnes who have been responsible for the swimming practices.

Another popular activity that has found its way into the training programme is Advanced Navigation conducted by Mr Scott. This specialised training has been introduced for the benefit of the Senior NCO's who have completed their Advanced Proficiency Training.

Aero-modelling is another new venture enjoyed in their free time by a small but very active group led by J. A. Harrison.

Three teams have been entered for the Scottish CCF/RAF and ATC Small Bore Winter League Shooting Competition and pre-match practices take place on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

A further milestone was reached in October when we had the first of our CCF Annual Inspections. Everyone seemed reasonably happy at the end of the day.

We had the usual visits and able assistance and encouragement from the Staff at HQ Air Cadets Scotland, RAF Turnhouse – Squadron Leader R. Henderson and F/Sgts. Gillies and Morrice. Squadron Leader G. Honey of the RAF Careers Information Office, Edinburgh, also paid us a visit this term, showed two films and answered endless questions.

Air Experience Flying has continued at No. 12 AEF, Turnhouse, but so has the unfavourable weather! Some cadets, however, have been fortunate and a total of 4 hours 24 minutes flying has been experienced since the beginning of the term. A grand total of 49 hours 31 minutes was flown by cadets in the Section between September, 1968, and 31st August, 1969.

F/Sgt. D. W. Wrenn and L/Cdt. G. Mcl. Sheret were successful in gaining their "wings" for Proficiency in Gliding at a Continuous Gliding Course at No. 662 Gliding School, Arbroath, during the Summer Holidays. They are both to be complimented on being "recommended for further training" – our first cadets to obtain this additional grading/recommendation.

Annual Camp: 12th-19th July, 1969

RAF College Cranwell was the venue of our first Annual Camp. Twenty-seven cadets under the guidance of F/Lt. I. T. Williams and F/O R. W. E. Scott assembled on the morning of 12th July to discover that a number of Staff and friends had also congregated on the Square or lined up on the School Drive. We had all looked forward very much to the camp but had not realised that it had engendered so much interest amongst other members of the community. We were not too dismayed, however, to discover that our departure for camp had coincided with another event of much interest – the wedding of Captain Woodhouse and Miss Bruce!

Despite threatened and token rail strikes the party arrived safely at Cranwell in time for late tea. The evening was spent in finding our bearings, or was it a bed? The other schools attending camp with us – Magdalen College School, Wells Cathedral School, Bath, Barnard Castle School, King's School, Bruton, and Peter Symonds School – did not arrive until Sunday. This enabled us to have a "long lie" on Sunday morning but there was a 100% attendance at Church/Chapel. The rest of the day was free and most of us made our way to the College Grounds where the Lords Taverners were playing the RAF College at cricket. The highlight of this festive occasion was a display by the Red Arrows and the Falcons Free-Fall Parachute Team.

The camp training programme was most comprehensive and varied as a result of which interest and enthusiasm was maintained throughout the week. Cranwell, however, had so much to offer that some of the younger members admitted that they found the pace, at times, rather exhausting – the accompanying officer staff, who were not so young, sympathetically agreed.

By the time Saturday came round we remembered that we had been drilled, had fired on the Range, swum in the spacious College Baths, carried out First Aid and Rescue exercises, had blindly experienced a night exercise and shared hot soup with Group Captain Hunter from HQ Air Cadets Scotland (he seemed even taller between mid-night and 1 am!) had flown in Chipmunks and Varsitys, and that Jim Will had been sick flying in a Jet Provost and had had to pay to have the Martin Baker ejector seat dismantled, cleaned and disinfected. We remembered visiting the impressive College Hall and the vast engineering training complex at Trenchard Hall; the morning spent at RAF North Luffenham where some of us saw the Radar Tracking Station and the Aero Medical Centre; others visited the Operational Station at RAF Cottismore where F/O Adrian Richardson, a not so Old Victorian introduced himself to the young generation. We remembered the very pleasant evening spent in the Flight Cadets' Mess being entertained by the Officer Cadets amongst whom

were Messrs. Graham Fox and Colin Lannen – younger species of Old Victorians. (Should there not have been three OV's at Cranwell? Mr J. S. Grigor had gained himself a spot of leave – Hamish always had been lucky!) Another OV, David McArthur, was seen in Boxing and Rugby photographs on the wall in College Hall, and the name of another, Neil Burrows, appeared on the Prize Lists; the name of yet another OV was carved on one of the beams high up in the Clock Tower!

Apart from memories, the Section brought back twenty-four RAF Swimming Proficiency Certificates (the best performance of all the schools in attendance at camp), two RAF Marksman Certificates, gained by Sgt. D. J. Barnes and L/Cdt. J. A. Harrison, and a CCF/RAF Marksman Badge won by L/Cdt. C. Murray. (L/Cdt. A. G. Fiddes later gained a CCF/RAF Marksman Badge at RAF Abingdon.) Ten of our younger cadets were members of the Flight that won the Barrack Room Inspection Competition and are now proud owners of documents which certify that each "was a member of 'B' Flight which achieved the highest standard of smartness during the Station Commander's Barrack Room Inspection".

Now we know what can be done – and so to the next camp!

SCHOOL COUNCIL

The School Council was set up last term, with an aim towards getting the prefects together to discuss problems and to produce ideas for running the School a little smoother.

In our first meeting we discussed the problem of morning duties: the jobs that have to be done each morning after breakfast such as sweeping the dormitory floor and carrying laundry downstairs. There are actually about eight of these jobs. We found it a little difficult at first to keep our mouths shut when someone else was speaking and in fact we still haven't mastered the art of sitting and listening for long spells.

The chairman, John Campbell, had his hands full and did well in steering us toward a conclusion.

We had a little difficulty over the problem of punishments and even though we talked at great length nothing has come of it and we still cannot punish boys (by lines or cross country).

The Tuck Shop proposal was a success and the Tuck Shop can now sell coffee and powdered milk to the boys.

I can see hope for the Council. It has problems, but nothing time and experience will not erase. In the years to come it will become more effective and efficient and therefore more beneficial to the School.

The School Choir

The Carol Service which has become a traditional end to the Christmas Term was held in the School Chapel on Tuesday, 16th December. This year the Choir sang to members of the local Blind Society at Gleneagles, took the lead in the BBC Broadcast from the School Chapel and sang at St. Mungo's Church in Alloa and the 13th century Church at Fowlis Wester.

A great deal of work is done by members of the Choir who all give a lot of their spare time to learn the carols. Four part singing is not easy and added to its difficulty is the fact that only a few boys can read music. The rest have to learn everything by heart.

Mr Scott and Major Athey did a lot of important groundwork by constantly going over the parts and together with Mrs Muirhead and Mr Wright added height and depth to the Choir's tonal quality.

The singing was interspersed with Christmas poetry selected by Mr Brown.

The Programme is given below :—

Introit (Choir)

Advent Hymn: Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Congregation

Oh, Come All Ye Faithful

(Treble descant by David Willcocks)

Bidding Prayer

Reading

1. The Holy Well

2. The Bitter Withy

(Two Traditional Ballads)

Choir

1. Ding Dong Merrily on High (Old French Carol)

2. Mary Had a Baby (Spiritual)

3. Trebles: Child in a Manger (Gaelic Carol)

Congregation

As With Gladness Men of Old

Reading

1. Country Carol (Philip Oakes)

2. For a Winter Birth (Vernon Scannell)

Choir

1. On Christmas Night (Sussex Carol)

2. Chorale: Oh, Jesus Most Kind (Bach)

Congregation

Angels From The Realms of Glory

Reading

1. The Innumerable Christ (Hugh MacDiarmid)

2. For Rachel (Adrian Mitchell)

Choir

1. Trebles: Lord Of The Dance (Folk Tune — Sydney Carter)

2. Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem (Traditional)

Congregation

While Shepherds Watched (Este's Psalter)
(Treble Descant)

Choir

1. Still The Night (Traditional)

2. Unto Us A Boy Is Born (Geoffrey Shaw)

Reading

The Shepherds Tale (James Kirkup)

Congregation

See in Yonder Manger Low (Goss)

Choir

Now Thank We All Our God (Criger)

Congregation

Hark The Herald Angels Sing

Benediction

Three Fold Amen

Organist: Mr L. A. Ritchie

Choirmaster: Mr N. C. Bruce

MISS CHALMERS RETIREMENT

With the retirement of Miss M. Chalmers, House-matron of Cunningham House, at the end of this year the School loses a very highly regarded and valuable member of the administrative staff. With her close friend, Miss Johnstone, Miss Chalmers joined the School in 1956 as one of the original team of Matrons, when the "modernisation" of the School in order to bring it more closely in line with other boarding schools was begun. Of the many improvements which were instituted then and subsequently, this was undoubtedly one of the most important and beneficial. Before saying more about Miss Chalmers, our Senior Matron, it is not out of place here to pay a tribute, and a most sincere one, to all the Matrons, past and present, who have served at the School since that time. Poorly paid, working very long hours in term time, harassed through most of the twenty-four hours by House-masters, staff, and more than fifty boys, their influence for good on the School has been incalculable and their devoted service worthy of much greater reward.

Miss Chalmers, a former member of the Women's Royal Air Force, brought from her Service life high standards from which she has never deviated. "Dedicated" is an over-worked word but no other appropriately describes her devotion to the interests of the boys in her care. In all her daily dealings with the many successive generations of boys for whose domestic welfare she was chiefly responsible, her kind and generous nature was the dominant element.

Kindness did not mean softness and she did not approve of "molly-coddling". She had her standards of discipline, manners, and hygiene and knew well enough how to deal, firmly but not hurtfully, with those who consistently fell below them. She did not confine her collective and individual interest in the boys of her House to the dormitory only, and at any House Match or similar contest, no matter what the weather, Miss Chalmers could usually be seen cheering on the touchline, or at the winning post. Nor were her interests and activities within the School limited to her House and her duties. A long-standing and keen supporter of the WRI in all its activities and functions, she frequently gained honour for the QVS Branch by winning prizes in WRI competitions for embroidery, being an outstanding needlewoman.

Her knowledge and judgment in all matters concerned with Housematrons' responsibilities were of value not only to her own House, but to the whole administrative organisation of the School, and her advice and opinion were often sought. Miss Chalmers will be greatly missed by the whole staff of the School, academic and administrative, and it is certain that not only the present generation of Cunningham boys but many previous ones who may read this tribute, will regret her departure. She is settling in Dundee; we wish her a long and happy retirement and hope that she will revisit the School on Grand Days and other occasions.

Miss Chalmers is being succeeded by Miss Strathdee, of Dunblane, sister of Nurse Kay, formerly our Hospital Nurse, and a member of a family that has served the School since our foundation.

The New Vice-President

**LIEUTENANT-GENERAL H. L. E. C. LEASK
CB, DSO, OBE**

On assuming the appointment of GOC Scotland on 1st October, 1969, Lieutenant-General H. L. E. C. Leask became, ex-officio, Vice-President of HM Commissioners and Chairman of the Board. In that capacity he presided over the Commissioners' Annual Luncheon at the Castle, Edinburgh, on 10th of November, and took the "Chair" at his first Meeting of the Board afterwards. General Leask was commissioned into the Royal Scots Fusiliers, which was also the Commandant's former Regiment, in January, 1936. Before the Second World War he served regimentally with both First and Second Battalions in the UK and in India. He was Adjutant of the First Battalion early in the War and, after passing through Staff College, held various Staff

appointments in operational theatres, with field formations. In the last year of the War he gained the DSO commanding a battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in the Italian Campaign. After the war he served in the Military Secretary's Branch at the War Office, graduated at the Royal Air Force Staff College, and instructed on the Directing Staff of the Army Staff College. After having commanded a Parachute Battalion in the Middle East he returned for a time to the War Office as Assistant Military Secretary, then went to the School of Infantry as Commandant of the Tactical Wing. He held his first Command in Scotland from 1958 to 1960 as Commander of a TA Brigade based in Edinburgh. After a year's course at the Imperial Defence College in London he returned to Scotland as a Major-General, in Command of 52 (Lowland) Division; he had also become Colonel of The Royal Highland Fusiliers, the amalgamation of his own Regiment with the HLI. He again returned to Whitehall, as Director of Army Training. Towards the end of his tour there, having served his time as Colonel of the RHF, he became Colonel Commandant of the newly formed Scottish Division, an appointment he still holds. His new appointment as GOC, on promotion to Lieutenant-General, is therefore his third military command in Scotland, giving him an unusually wide knowledge of Scottish military and civil affairs as well as, of course, close acquaintanceship with Queen Victoria School, and its special position in Scottish military and civilian society. His close interest in the Scottish Regiments, not only as a Scottish Regimental Officer himself, with a son in the Scots Guards, but as Colonel Commandant of all the Scottish Regiments, ties up very well with his interest in Queen Victoria School, as our Vice-President, in view of our own very close association with all the Scottish Regiments. In June of next year the School will provide a "Guard" when General Leask is formally installed as Governor of Edinburgh Castle.

We welcome the General as our new Vice-President and know that we can depend on his constant interest in the welfare of the School.

PRESENTATION OF ALBUM

On the day after Grand Day last, Captain George Stirrat (43) and Mr J. D. Cooper (49), acting on behalf of Mr H. J. Harrison, presented an album to the School. This is a record, not only of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit on the Jubilee Grand Day in 1958, but also details of Mr Harrison's well-known efforts to trace the "First Hundred".

The Commandant was pleased to receive this on behalf of the School as a most valuable addition to the School's Historical Records.

Literature

LITERARY COMPETITION WINNERS

Senior Section

SHORT STORY:

A Night's Fishing – Angus MacDonald, VI

ARTICLE:

Yooeff O! – John Sayer, V

POEM:

Fences – Steven Bruce, V

Junior Section

POEM:

The Typical Pupil – Tom Gemmill, IIA

Wavell Section

SHORT STORY:

Feelings For Fish – Ian R. Marchant, P.7A

ARTICLE:

Colchester – Ian Bain, P.7B

POEM:

Autumn is Here – Steven R. Buchanan, P. 6A

YOOEFF O!

Lay on our bellies, three black shapes in the blackness of the shadow of a night-time bush. Staring ahead over the hill-top and over the forest – at a single bright growing dropping light – with shrill shrieks and whistles from the dark cotton-wool forest. Now watch, watch, whispered excitedly and nudging each word home. Right enough the light jerked off course, right, left, right – it's a mother ship! it's a mother-ship! Rushed forward to the hill edge, squatted on clinging wet grass, stared transfixed, with thumping breath-holding chests. A blinding flash, a swishing of the air overheard, and dark again. Fire-flies flitted brightly in and out of the whispers hissed sideways or over shoulders. Watch carefully – soon again the light. Six hands tearing at sharp cold blades of dew. My God! You're right – I wouldn't've believed it. My God... Three black shapes hunched against a paling sky, suddenly upped and turned home, walked through the rows of similar graves, paused at a moonlit statuette of a draped Virgin – Who'll we tell? Who'll we tell? No-one! But... it's. Shuddup! No-one – tell no-one – they'd laugh. Yes... they'll laugh all right. But we know. We know.

John Sayer, V.

FENCES

A thin dark grey mist rises
and curls, into shapes, oval smiling shapes
A face is formed, a light golden crisp biscuit brown
face smiles,
Another face forms,
a thin grinning cheerful "wish you were here" face
with a large mouth,
and a negress nose,
her light face is coloured by freckles;
slight, light, yellow-pink freckles.

Then another mist, more thick than the first,
swirls up and parts,
twisting into wires
the misty strands entwine and lock,
to form a fence
that cannot be broken
the smiling faces turn to pitiful pictures of pathos.
to disappear,
to leave the fence and the barbed wire.

Stephen Bruce, V.

THE TYPICAL PUPIL

He says he's thinking although he's not aware,
That if he did start thinking, he'd get quite a scare.
But he's content to twiddle his thumbs
And dream of 'planes and 'tommy guns'.
Of dogs and cats and wee white mice,
And ticks and bugs and brown wood lice.
Of killing the teachers and burning the school,
And telling the head, he's a silly old fool.
Of winning a medal and flying a 'plane,
Of fighting a lion with a whopping great mane.
Of duffing his classmates and winning the pools,
Of adorning his girlfriend with huge great jewels.
Of digging a tunnel to the middle of the earth,
And other such things just for mirth.
But don't mention "WORK" to this type of thug,
He'd probably hit you and call you a mug.

Tom Gemmill, IIA.

JAKE THE JUNK MAN

He lives at the corner of Oldgate Street,
I feel sorry for his worn out feet,
Pushing that barrow all day long,
Cheering himself by singing a song.

Cups and saucers old Jake sold
Dusty carpets very old,
An old flat tyre, a bicycle wheel,
That was the way he got his meal.

John S. McDougall, P.7A.

FISH

Fish, Fish, Fascinate Me
Slimey and scaley they swim in the sea,
Down, Deep Down, at the rocks below
In and out they come and go.

Down by the bank where the river flows
I sit on a rock and twiddle my toes,
My line in the water, my Rod in my hand,
A tug on the hook and I jump to the stand.

"What have I caught", I say to myself.
Maybe a fish or the stand of a shelf,
Maybe a boot or maybe a can
Probably not, it's probably a pan.

John W. Allan, P.7A.

HOSPITAL

Reporting for a broken toe,
open the door and in I go.
Twisting, turning by the matron,
I daren't tell her, but it's hurting.

Here comes Doctor Dracolaire
sliding down the bannister,
is he better? Is he worse?
Who's this coming? It's the nurse.

Pill and hot water in a cup
"Come", says the nurse, "Drink it up".
"Oh!" say I, "it's too hot".
"Oh!" says the nurse, "I'm sure it's not".

Back to school, worse than ever.
Sorer toe, and a fever.

Brian Gilchrist, IC.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

In my capacity as junior office boy in an Engineering firm I found myself sharing an office with 150 other people (it was rather a large office). A third of the day was spent working (usually the smallest third), a third to gossiping and a third to recitations of Eskimo Nell by the IEAMVCCBFA (Industrial Engineering All Male Voice Choir Conducted By Fat Alf). Official knocking-off time was 4.45, 'get set' was 4.30, 'tidy up' was 4.15, and we stopped work at 4.00.

While I was there the shop-floor went out on strike, because the coffee-machine broke down and began to produce brilliant selections; black coffee with low-calorie orange juice, and orange juice with milk and sugar.

The IE's seemed to come in two types - those who could read and write, and those who could count. Britain needn't worry about that lot joining the brain-drain!

Stephen Bruce, V.

COLCHESTER

I live in Colchester. Colchester is the recorded oldest town in England. You will see that notice on a board as you go into Colchester on the A12.

Colchester Castle was built in Roman times. It was knocked down and rebuilt by Queen Boadicea. Long after the Romans left the Normans came to Colchester and knocked it down again. Now there is still part of a wall there.

Going out on the other side of the town is the old Seige House. The Seige House is the place where the Cavaliers guarded the house while the Round-heads were being starved out. On the outside walls are big holes from musket shots.

Colchester is famous for oysters. At West Mercia there are lots of crabs and oysters. Down the coast a few miles is Brighting-Sea where there are lots of sailing boats. Here they have regattas and barge races.

Ian Bain, P.7B.

AUTUMN IS HERE

Autumn is here,
The trees are bare,
All you can see is leaves on the ground.

You won't see
many squirrels about,
The tortoise into his shell does creep.

Tomorrow maybe the
leaves won't be there,
Then I won't have any fun.

Steven R. Buchanan, P.6A.

CROSS COUNTRY

Off we go round the track,
All the slow ones at the back,
Up the hill but far too slow,
Down the hill, and away I go.

Flat ground now, normal speed,
I'm doing well, but far from the lead.
Past the tennis-courts, ten boys to beat
I wouldn't mind something hot to eat.

Down to the Band hut, past Jim Flint,
When you reach him, you put on a sprint.
Watch out for puddles, or you get wet hose,
And by the time you've finished you'll have cold toes.
Up to the dorm and try to get a spray,
(If they are free) yea, they are! Hip Hooray.
I get washed and dressed, my feet weigh a ton,
I don't mind cross country. It's really good fun.

Geoffrey Richardson, IA.

A NIGHT'S FISHING

We were late going home that night but we were too far gone to care. The tide was just right for the river, I thought. I told Alex what I was thinking.

"Oh not tonight", he said holding his full belly contentedly.

However he soon fell asleep and I rolled him out of the car and down the pier. When he woke up I had no difficulty in persuading him that he was originally travelling in a boat, not a car.

We pulled out from the shore shortly after midnight. The water was calm and it was a very quiet night. We, or at least I, was careful not to make any noise, though every now and then I had to batter Alex with an oar to stop him singing. In less than an hour we could see the opposite shore and the line of trees which marked the river.

The launch ground to a halt on the shore and I leapt out. Throwing the net on my back I told Alex to secure the boat and stumbled towards the river. I dropped the net under a tree and watched the pool below. Alex was unloading the net onto a large rock as I stripped off and tied one end round my waist. With a deep breath I dived in. I could feel my skin contracting as I hit the water but the cold woke me up. After several hard strokes I discovered that I was still the same distance from the bank. Alex was bellowing and cursing as I climbed back up the bank. I soon joined in with him when I realized he had piled the net on a thick black bramble bush.

Two hours later the net was once again in a tidy pile. The water was colder when I dived in again and seemed hours before I could see the opposite bank. My feet touched the bottom and I tried to walk the rest of the way. However the net was taut and I could hear snores coming from the opposite bank. I gave a hard tug. There was a yell and a terrific splash. Alex was in the river.

I pulled him across and emptied him out on the bank. This time I tied the end of the net to a tree and swam back across the river with the other end. I anchored this and walked up the river throwing stones in to frighten the fish towards the net.

Soon it began to rain. We were both shivering and groaning but we were expecting a good haul. It was past three o'clock and already the sky was beginning to lighten. We began to haul in the net. Cork by cork came, bits of bramble, an old boot, but no fish.

We bundled the net into the sack and dragged it to the shore using language that would frighten even the spirits. It was pouring now. We were cold, wet and tired. At the shore we dropped the net and looked for the boat. But it was gone.

Angus MacDonald, VI.

NOYE'S FLUDE

Pink, Yellow, Mellow Blue,
as the cloud moves on,
Blue, Grey, Purple, Black,
as the rain comes on,
ochre, yellow, pink and white
as the dove settles.

They jostle,
the saturday morning matinee people,
who crowd to laugh
at the drink they give Him.
A toe-trod-on centurian curses
and spits,
as He tries not to scream,
when the carpenter drives in the nails
"what a waste o' beam"
and the blood runs over his hand,
and trickles through the grass
and covers the land.

Stephen Bruce, V.

Don't look at answer till you read this!

A U.S. Cavalry regiment are surrounded by Indians. They fight bravely for hours. But soon they run out of ammunition. The Indians close in. Suddenly a trooper realises he's got a bag of balloons in his pocket. They blow them up to make the Indians think they're firing bullets. It's most effective. But soon they run out of balloons. Once again the Indians close in. Suddenly when death seems near, a bugle is heard!!! Who has arrived?

Answer:

The Ragman with more balloons.

John R. Gemmill, 3A.

FIGHTING

When I am in a fight
You never hear me cry,
But you would hear the other one
'Cause he's got a black eye.

He's gone to tell my dad
That I've done something very bad.
He'll come and clip my ear
But I'll not show or shed a tear.

After my dad has finished with me
The other fellow better flee,
'Cause I'll be after him raving mad,
Then I'll do something that's really bad.

Ian Davidson, P.7A.

FAMOUS CONVERSATIONS

overheard by Martinus

William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon

Bill Shakespeare was in a bad mood as he left the rehearsal at the Old Vic. He gave a small tip to the infant prodigy who was holding his horse, jumped on the nag, and trotted over to Drury Lane. Avoiding the bill-posts (which informed him that an all-aborigine cast was playing *Bubs and Bints* after nine successful years on Tooting Broadway), he cut down the doorkeeper, and walked into the theatre.

He grabbed hold of a 'prima donna' and spat in her ear:

"Is that ham, Bacon, around?"

The lady was saved the trouble of replying by Frank Bacon, who played the part of a 'deus ex machina', lowering himself from the flies. The two impresarios gazed at each other.

"Frank Bacon", said Bill, "you're a pirate!"

"No, Bill, I'm not", replied Frank, pointing to the flies, "I'm a deus ex machina".

"Split me no hairs!" said Shakespeare (making a note of the phrase in his note-book, and repeating it:) "Split me no hairs! I've heard on good authority that you're intending to get buried with all my plays written on your heart. Do you deny it?"

"No, Bill, I don't. It's good publicity, and you've got to admit that it's a hellava sight more lively stunt than Queen Mary did with Calais".

"Frank! I didn't come here to argue the ethics of the thing. If you try to get away with this, I shall have no alternative but to publish your essays".

Bacon went pale, but Bill went on pitilessly:

"Furthermore, I'll give away your family secret that Chris Marlowe is none other but your brother, registered at birth as John Bunyan; and that Lloyd George was your father".

Frank was saved the trouble of fainting at this dastardly scheme, by a newshound entering and telling them that this very Christopher Marlowe had killed a mermaid and then committed suicide in the Swordfish Tavern.

Bill took this very dramatically, and turning to the empty theatre, remarked:

"Thus Posterity doth make idiots of us all!"

And, making a note of the quote in his note-book, he left the theatre.

OBSERVATION

(Trad.)

On yonder hill there stands a coo!
't's no' there noo!
It must ha'e shifted!

William Common, IV.

THE WIND

The pink clouds sink
Under the sea of trees
Waving gently in the wind
That blows dust into
The eyes of the man
Who saw
The beauty of the wind.

Ian F. Playle, V.

BRAVE OLD WORLD

We would never have a brave new world,
he said, flicking cigar-ash
and missing the ashtray.
Besides, he went on, it *is* only fiction,
and quite frankly I think the idea
is absurd — please take it away.

A capitalist brat smashes toys on the floor
of his carpetted nursery, and screams,
and quite unperturbedly
is given some more.

A socialist brat falls down with a bump
on the hard, cold stone floor of the kitchen,
and for disturbing his dad, on the dole,
taking a nap,
he is given a smack on the rump.

A capitalist well-to-do boss refuses the rise
asked for by a humble employee who is
working hard and devotedly,
not made of the stuff to argue the point,
and who needs what he's got to survive.

So drop your cigar-ash,
let your empire-flags be unfurled:
a lackey will clean up — and raise —
a slum kid,
raised up in our big brave old world.

John Sayer, V.

AT NIGHT

I wake up in the middle of the night,
I pull up my covers and cuddle in tight,
I get out off bed and on to the floor,
I hear a master opening a door.

I quickly strip a couple of beds,
I dash into bed and lay down my head,
I fall asleep and all is quiet,
And in the morning the dorm's a riot.

Colin Burgess, P.7A.

THE BLOB OF INK

It's a pig, it's a face, it's a lump of mud,
 Or if I were sadistic it's a big blob of mud.
 It's sad, it's happy, it's in a bad mood,
 Now it's a lump of exotic food.
 It's a blob, it's a gloyp, it's a thingummybob,
 Whatever I think of, it's just the job.
 It isn't thin, it isn't fat,
 It isn't this, and it *can't* be that.
 It's got no top and it's got no middle,
 It's between a sick joke, and a two line riddle.
 It can't laugh and it can't cry,
 It can't live and it can't die.
 It can't walk and it can't hop,
 It can't go and it can't stop.
 It laughs all day and cries all night,
 It can't tell black from the brightest white.

It's unemployed, but it's got a job,
 It sits on my page a *big INK BLOB!*

Tom Gemmill, IIA.

LAUGHTER

Laughter.
 The Destroyer. The most powerful
 weapon.
 Laughter destroys ideas and institutions.
 Good?
 or bad?
 Ideas joked to death by
 the scoffers
 Institutions ridiculed out of existence.
 But!
 Can a person always be serious?
 Can a person walk through life
 with a frown above his eyes
 and scorn for a pun?
 What takes a person's mind
 off his own miseries?
 A joke at someone else's expense.
 If there is great tension between
 two sets of people
 Laughter can snap it like a rubber band.
 Laughter!
 Who can do without it?

Derrick W. Wrenn, VI.

FEELINGS FOR FISH

I had not been fishing for two years and was
 excited when my father took me with him to a river
 he knew. When we got there I found the water was
 a murky black.

After about quarter-of-an-hour, something
 started to nibble. Then suddenly, tug, a bite. I had

it on for about three seconds, but in the excitement
 of the moment I started winding as fast as I could
 backwards. Then as I hoisted, the wretched thing
 tangled. I cursed that fish. When I had untangled
 it I started to fish again.

An hour went by but we had nothing so much as
 a nibble. So we sat down for tea. I finished my tea
 and decided to move to another spot. There, after
 about ten minutes, I had a nibble and then a bite. I
 jerked hard and got it. I made no mistake in landing
 it this time. It was a seven inch silver brim. Its
 underneath was a shining silver. It had a brown
 back and huge red eyes which were staring at me
 all the time, never moving, never changing. I was
 personally glad we couldn't eat it for its bright eyes
 were full of sadness when it was caught, and they
 had haunted me all day. So at the end of the day we
 let that sad fish go.

Ian R. Marchant, P.7A.

WATER

Water's here, Water's there,
 Water's almost Everywhere.
 Water's in England, Scotland,
 Ireland and Wales.

Water shines at night,
 Water gleams in daylight,
 Water's always fresh and clean.
 When flowing down a stream.

Water's hot, Water's cold,
 Water's sometimes sold,
 The Water's never asleep,
 Water's never in a heap.

Water's blue, Water's black,
 And sometime slack,
 Water's dull, water's clear,
 Water's not far from here.

Water's dull, Water's bright,
 O Water's a wonderful sight,
 Water's on the run,
 Water's great fun.

Gordon Griffiths, P.6A.

Clubs and Societies

DEBATING SOCIETY

This term, by popular request, the Debating Society was re-formed after an absence of two years. This year under the guidance of Major Thomas we managed to muster twenty-five members.

Our first meeting took two weeks to complete. It was to decide the procedure to be taken at future sessions. At the end of this meeting, a vote, by show of hands, was taken to elect a committee. The committee would consist of the chairman, a secretary, and two members from the house. After the meeting the house was thrown open to suggestions for further debates.

At the next meeting slips of paper were handed out with serious or humorous proposals written on them. This gave a chance for everybody to speak. Proposals ranged from *This house believes that music is the food of love* to more humorous ones like *television causes athletes foot*. At the end of the debate the next week's motion was decided.

The motion for that week was *This house believes that the Americans are wasting time and money on their space programme*. The proposers were A. Macdonald and A. S. Grey, while opposing were S. Bruce and P. J. Docherty. The proposers soon realised that apart from outspeaking the opposition, they had to break down the prejudices caused by American publicity and the mass media. The result: the motion was defeated, but not without leaving us in two minds.

When the next debate was called the subject was more light-hearted. It was that *This house believes that ghosts are figments of the imagination*. Proposing were D. Wrenn and P. Gilchrist, while their opposers (and antagonists) were A. Hewgill and A. Robertson. The speakers for the motion kept introducing ideas on psychology and mental stress, while the opposers' main material would have done credit to one of Bram Stoker's Ghost Books. The votes were so close, that a second count had to be taken. The motion was defeated by one vote.

At this time it was decided by the committee that the School should enter a competition. The competition in question is the one sponsored by the *Daily Express* and Glasgow University. The idea behind this was to start off a tradition by which our actions would lead to a very high standard in further years. The first round was held at Perth High School on 20th November. The motion which we were to oppose was *This house rejects violence as a justifiable action for the cause of Civil Rights*. Now all that remained was to pick a team of two. For this a session was held with three pairs for and against, on a serious subject: *That this house*

believes Europe should be united politically. Judging the competition were Mr Lambie and Major Athey. The six teams were

Proposing	Opposing
D. Wrenn	A. Grey
J. Sayer	A. Hewgill
A. Macdonald	S. Bruce
S. Munro	J. Brown
J. Barnes	I. Burgess
W. Common	P. Gilchrist

The standard was good. S. Bruce and S. Munro came first and second, with J. Sayer a fraction behind. Points were given for stance, diction, content, and how the speaker put across his points. S. Bruce and S. Munro did in fact win through to the 2nd round of the debate competition at Perth and we wish them the best of luck in their next try.

Finally I think everyone should be praised who has taken part and kept the Society going; but mostly I hope they have laid the foundations for an excellent Society of the future.

Committee:

Chairman: C. Fraser

Secretary: S. Munro

Members: J. W. Brown, A. Macdonald

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Society started off again this year with the usual good attendance of new members. At the annual meeting at the beginning of term, the office-bearers were elected and new members initiated.

These new boys were split into two groups and were instructed by senior boys on camera usage, film development and printing. After four weeks of training they have the use of the Society's dark-room and equipment. Meanwhile the experienced members are experimenting with toning techniques and have had a portraiture session. Talks from expert photographers are being arranged.

POTTERY CLUB

The Pottery Club for this term and next is being run by Miss Judy Le Maistre, now a lecturer at Glasgow School of Art, who very kindly travels from Glasgow every Wednesday evening. Six of the twelve members of the Club are working on a commissioned mural which, it is hoped, may be put up under the teaching-block. The others are working under a totation system doing coiling, slab-work, and throwing on the wheel. Some good work has already been produced, and the boys, having benefited from Miss Le Maistre's talent and experience, will no doubt bring out some work of a very high standard by the end of the session.

SHOOTING CLUB

Twenty-four boys chose to do Shooting as a hobby this term. The Headmaster split the group into three sections of eight and found three convenient times to shoot. We were firstly taught the rules of the range, for some of us a revision of the rules, and then went on to shoot "grouping". Recently we have been concentrating on application shooting and the picking of a School Team to represent us in the local inter-schools competition. Some of the older boys were picked as a team: Derrick Wrenn, John Campbell, John Harrison, Colin Langton. We have had two or three postal shoots so far this year.

However the younger boys I am sure will displace one or two of the 4th, 5th and 6th year later, when they have learnt how to handle the sling. We have had some good shots from Alistair Fiddes and James MacMillan. We hope for a team good enough to win the inter-schools competition this year, I am sure we shall have it.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

In this term's meetings the boys, under the skilled instruction of Capt. Gardener, have been trying to master some of the highly technical surveying instruments. One of these, which we are truly lucky to have, is the theodolite.

We have had only one, but very interesting, visit this term to Elco Abbey near Perth. The excavation of the site is being carried out by Dr. Stewart and her team of archaeologists. Some of the boys have already met her at our Annual Camp last year. Many interesting objects have been found during the dig, including some human bones and three skulls. More items are expected to be uncovered in the three years the team will spend there. It is hoped that in the future most of the boys will gain practical experience on some digs.

BADMINTON CLUB

The Badminton Hobby was started once again this term with Mr Scott taking Haig House and Mr Willman the two Intermediate Houses. After half-term a competition was arranged for a singles and doubles tournament. The first part of each was arranged on a points basis and then the winners go into a knock-out competition. Response to the competition was very good. A number of boys entered who had never played before. Everybody put in a lot of practice and there should be some good matches between the better players towards the end of the competition. The results will be in the next *Victorian*.

Sport

RUGBY

Results of matches played up to and including 29th November are

XV	P.	W.	L.	D.	Points	
					F.	A.
1st	8	3	5	0	57	113
2nd	3	1	2	0	32	37
3rd	9	5	4	0	98	76
4th	2	1	1	0	15	16
5th	5	1	4	0	25	97
6th	6	1	4	1	23	21

1st and 2nd XV's

Before the season began we were set back by the loss of Steve Powell and Robert Long, two regular 1st XV players whom we expected back this year.

Our first game as usual was against Keil School of Dumbarton. Despite continual effort from our side, Keil swept through our defence several times to win 22-0. In our next two games against Morrisons and Strathallan we were beaten too.

Our first victory was against a particularly weak Glenalmond side but this was soon followed up by a 27-0 win over Grangemouth away from home. In this particular game the scrum were the main attackers and the three-quarters the try scorers. We needed little or no defence as we were rarely out of the Grangemouth half. In our following games against Aberdeen, Alloa and Stirling High, we were beaten each time. Games against Fettes and Rannoch were cancelled because of bad weather.

Team Members:

Backs: T. Goldie, B. Murton, M. Wood, C. McHardy, I. Burgess, I. Cruikshank, J. Robertson, A. Grey.

Forwards: D. Wrenn, J. Barnes, A. Robertson, R. Murdoch, A. Jeffrey, S. Bruce, J. Campbell, J. Sayer, J. Brown.

3rd and 4th XV's

Under-14½ XV's have had an average season as far as results are concerned. The weather, until the past fortnight has allowed uninterrupted practice and matches. This is a keen and enthusiastic group who obviously enjoy the game and have improved their standard of Rugby.

The match record is quite good considering that some of the schools we play have as many boys of this age group as we have boys in the whole School. As a result we play XV's much taller and heavier. Our forwards deserve credit because they have played together as a pack, scrumming, rucking, rolling and tackling, that no matter how big the opposition they have not been outplayed this season. The backs have tried hard to get together and are now more confident and playing well. This is very much a team and everyone playing his part and one does not want to single out any one member of the team for special mention. The exception can be made in the case of D. I. Barr, who was scrum half at the beginning of the season – he played in three matches and was injured in all three. He had to be taken out of the team for his own safety. Players in 3rd XV: A. J. Burns, R. J. McMurdo, J. R. White, G. R. Bowden, M. S. Haston, K. T. Ross, J. M. Fleming (captain), D. Todd, W. Murray, S. Langlands, M. J. Stear, D. N. Crawford, A. G. Fiddes, M. D. Fogarty, A. R. Menzies, J. A. Harrison, B. C. Hamilton.

5th XV (2nd Year)

This term did not find 2nd Year Rugby up to standard. As a player I have no doubt that the team was not to blame but I am at a loss as to whom the blame should lie on. To start the season on an 8-0 victory against Morrisons Academy raised our morale to a peak, but this was shattered after our unexpected defeat of 9-6 by Grangemouth. This victory was lucky for Grangemouth who gained their winning points from a penalty conversion a few seconds before full time.

After being defeated by Grangemouth our hopes dropped to zero. Dalhousie, playing against a reduced QVS 2nd Year XV, walked the game by 35-5. Our try was scored from a very lucky break from a scrum 5 yards from the Dalhousie line.

Our fourth and latest match was against Stirling. Most team members, thinking of the little boys we played last year, were confident of a victory. However, the outlook changed as soon as the Stirling boys arrived. We started the game excellently and jumped into the lead with a quick 8 points. I leave you to imagine the game knowing that the final score was 28-8 for Stirling.

The future of good rugby in the 2nd year seems obvious. There is none. At least with the 2nd year I am a proud member of. See, there are three factors needed on a rugby pitch – Discipline, Intelligence and Guts. The 2nd year are rowdy, second nature, semi-moronic, and yellow, to a certain extent.

So to avoid the breakdown of 2nd year rugby, and the wrath of Mr Brown, I hope the future generations of 2nd years are as good as us.

6th VX (1st Year)

Under Mr A. H. Robertson the 6th XV's results were as follows: Grangemouth, lost 3-0; Falkirk High School, lost 6-0; Alloa, won 20-0; Queen Anne School, Dunfermline, lost 6-0; Stirling High School, lost 3-0; Graeme High School, Falkirk, drew 3-3.

SWIMMING

Royal Life Saving Society

Classes are held on Monday evening for Award of Merit, Tuesday afternoon for Teacher's Certificate and Bronze Medallion and Tuesday evening for Distinction Award. We have had to cut down the number of awards boys can take for three reasons: (1) lack of time; (2) changes in RLSS Syllabus; (3) more boys going for the top awards.

Amateur Swimming Association Personal Survival Awards

This is now an organised activity in the Junior School and members of the Wednesday evening class, with Capt. C. J. M. Woodhouse, are training for their Bronze, Silver and Gold Awards.

Speed Swimming

This enthusiastic group taken by Mr A. H. Robertson meet on Thursday evenings. When Alloa Academy offered us a Swimming Match they very happily accepted the challenge and on Wednesday, 29th October, the match took place. We had 22 races at various age groups and over various distances. We lost 4, drew 1, and won 18, finishing up with QVS 41½ points, Alloa Academy 28½ points.

DRY SKI-ING

Twenty boys are going to Rothiemurchus Hut at Easter for a week's ski-ing. Enthusiasm for this class is being built up by Mr Alexander in his dry ski-ing class on Wednesday evenings. They have already had the opportunity of putting the skills learnt into practice when the School playing fields were covered with snow on 29th and 30th November – now they are most impatient to get on to the real thing at Easter.

WAVELL HOUSE GAMES

Games and matches with other schools have been badly effected by a series of minor illnesses which have plagued the House since the start of the Term. Sore throats, tummy upsets and chicken-pox wrecked havoc with team selection and for many weeks it was impossible to field a first eleven at full

strength. These setbacks are now fortunately behind us and we look forward to getting back to a normal games programme next term.

Football

The team is developing nicely under the direction of Mr Le Maistre and there has been some good tactics and position play in recent games. Ian Campbell and James Blake, who joined the School this term, have proved useful additions to the team and David McDonald is an enthusiastic Captain who can always be relied upon to play hard. There is still a weakness in strong kicking and a striker in the forward line but in general the teams show prospects of developing very well.

Boys who have played for the First Eleven:

D. McDonald (Captain), S. Marchant (goal), J. Walker, I. Burgess, I. Campbell, J. Blake, R. McKelvie, M. Wood, T. Gallon, D. Thomson, C. Ward, I. Davidson.

Matches Played:

Rosyth	(away)	—	won
St. Ninians	(home)	—	lost
Doune	(home)	—	won
Doune	(away)	—	draw

Swimming

Boys have been trying hard for their Standards during the term. To achieve a Standards Badge a boy must reach a certain standard in six Swimming events. These include: back stroke, breast stroke, crawl, underwater swimming and distance swimming — the times for each event depend upon the age of the boy.

Minor Badges have been awarded to A. Chapman, N. Kempself, I. Robertson, N. Laurie and Major Badges to D. McDonald, C. Aitken and R. Anderson.

Two Swimming Competitions have been arranged and will take place shortly. These will be against Doune Primary School and Callander Primary School. The Wavell boys will have the opportunity for the first time of pitting their swimming ability against girl competitors from other schools.

Captain Woodhouse has been taking boys during hobby periods for Personal Survival training in the swimming pool and the following have gained their first award: J. Walker, D. McDonald, J. Leyden, M. Wood, C. Aitken, C. Burgess, J. Allan, Barry Heeps, R. Nesbit, R. McKelvie, D. McDonald, T. Gallon and I. Marchant.

Cross Country Running

We have not yet had our annual fixture against St. Ninians School but this is scheduled for next term. The new boys have been introduced to the cross country course and are already familiar with its hills, water jumps and muddy stretches. A few are so keen to get into the House team that they race round it on a Saturday afternoon but others consider it to be one of the less attractive ways of spending a games afternoon. A variation of cross country running which is always popular is a ramble. This consists of leaving the School grounds and, headed by an energetic master, running over open country. There are always burns to jump, hills to race up and down, hares to put up and bushes to scramble through. In this fashion without even noticing it one can cover four to five miles quite easily and really enjoy doing it.

Boxing

The Boxing Class is again under the direction of Mr Martin. The competition will take place next term.

Standards Competition

At the time of writing the points are very close and promise a hard fought competition.

Lynedoch	—	49
Abercromby	—	44
Moore	—	47

FIRST AID

BRC Class meets on Tuesday afternoons and has 22 candidates for the Junior Red Cross Certificate. Mrs McInnes, Commandant of the Dunblane Contingent BRC, takes this class.