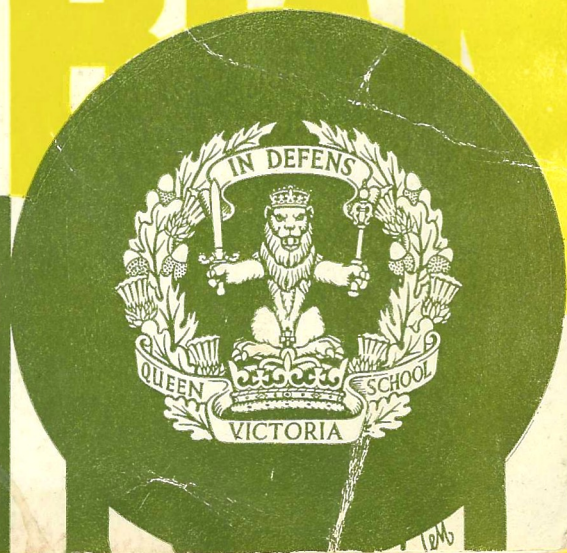


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Major G. M. Athey, B.A., R.A.E.C.

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

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

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Episcopalian Church—Rev. J. F. W. SYMON, M.A.

Roman Catholic Church—Rev. F. J. McDERMOTT





THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 83

JUNE, 1970

Editor: JOHN SAYER

Advertising Manager: BRIAN MURTON

Art Adviser: PETER GILCHRIST

Editorial

I began with intentions of quoting Bob Dylan wherever possible in this editorial, both to give it bulk, and to flavour it with intellectualism. This has, however, been pointed out to me as the current "in-thing", and I will consequently have to go it alone, at the same time avoiding mention of cubicles or conkers!

I am pleased to report that the response to the call for literary contributions has been more encouraging this time, especially so with respect to the competition, which has accounted for the bulk of entries. There still exists, however, an incredible lack of support between the very senior and the junior sections of the School. Perhaps the fiery adolescents I refer to prefer to give vent to their philosophical attacks on our corrupt society and Vietnam by playing cards and listening to records over cups of stagnating coffee.

At the time of writing this I am expecting a second *Letter From America* from James Shannon and Peter Gilchrist (both of Form V) who are in the States at the moment with the English-Speaking Union. They are staying with families in the New England area.

Once again the three-week period of confusion, alarm and, in some cases, enjoyment before Grand

Day looms up ahead; this year with the added pressure of play rehearsals of *The Boyfriend* (being done in conjunction with the Beacon School for Girls, Bridge of Allan). Owing to circumstances and the SCE exams, the meat (if I may be excused this atrocious mixing of metaphors) of the rehearsals will be devoured during the following four weeks. As the productions will not be until after Grand Day, don't miss the write-up in the next issue of *The Victorian*. (In fact, try and see the play!)

The 5th and 6th years have now been accorded another privilege: that of being allowed out on an occasional week-end pass, which was, I believe, the custom many years ago. Whether this, along with the civilian-clothes pass, coffee-making, more time to watch television, the sitting-room and the added access to sports facilities, has been entirely beneficial will be seen in July when the exam results come in. Looking back on this editorial it doesn't seem all that exciting, and rather than, as my predecessors have so markedly done, give a preview of articles and reports in the magazine, I say only two more things: whoever borrowed my pen for an exam sometime around 21st May, please return it, and . . . listen to some of Dylan's LPs!

The School Year

It has been a long, hard winter. As these notes are being written, the sky is overcast and threatening, although there is just a hint of some sunshine to come.

That is a fair description of the school year. How else could one describe a year in which we have suffered the loss of an unusually large number of stalwart members of staff and in which each term has been marked by an epidemic of one sort or another?

You may read elsewhere in these pages the tributes to our departing colleagues and it is not my purpose to duplicate that in these notes. Yet in a report such as this, it would be misleading to omit all mention of them. They have all made their contribution and left their impression on the School. As the years pass and new generations of boys come into Queen Victoria School, no doubt their memory will grow dim, but the value of what they have done will remain. So, whatever praises are accorded to them individually, it is fitting that a collective tribute should be paid to them here.

Miss Bruce, our Hospital Matron, was the first to leave us, when she married Captain Woodhouse at the beginning of the summer holiday last year. Only a few days after that Major and Mrs Hughes set off for the sunshine of Malta. At Christmas, Miss Chalmers retired after serving for 13 years as Matron to Cunningham House. Captain Bull retired from the Army at Easter to take up an appointment as Headmaster of a primary school in Garlieston in Wigtownshire. Within recent weeks we have had to bid farewell to Major Kislingbury, our Administrative Officer; to Mr Girvan, from the School kitchen, without whose support the Aviemore camps will never be quite the same again; and, most recently, to Mr Brown, our Senior Master and Principal Teacher of English. Finally, at the end of term, Mr Robertson, our Principal Teacher of Mathematics, plans to retire and to set off for a long holiday in New Zealand; Mr Wright will leave us for fresh fields and pastures new; and our headmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, is to depart on his retirement from the Army.

Not all is gloom, however. The hint of sunshine is real. The School has withstood the changes with remarkable poise so that, although our new Headmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, will find a number of his colleagues are as new as he is, he can feel assured that Queen Victoria School will remain on an even keel. Several new members of staff have, of course arrived, and are so well settled that it is hardly appropriate to think of them as new. Major Athey has not only taken up the reins in Trenchard

House but has assumed the mantle of drama producer this year. The production will be an enterprising one in that we are working together with the Beacon School on a presentation of Sandy Wilson's musical *The Boyfriend*. Miss Strathdee, who has taken over as Matron of Cunningham House, affords a striking example of continuity in that her father was the first master chef in Queen Victoria School. Captain King has replaced Captain Bull in the Junior School and as the master in charge of the Sailing Club.

With so much to report about staff changes, there is not much room for comment on other events, but mention must be made briefly of some. This is a suitable time to take stock of our first year under the new House system. Inevitably, some snags have been revealed but there is no doubt that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. A particularly notable achievement by Haig House was to enter for *The Scottish Daily Express* Schools Debating Competition and to reach one of the regional finals.

The School Choir has reached new heights this year and has received several invitations to sing in churches outside the School. On 28 December, BBC Radio broadcast an Evening Service that had been recorded earlier in our own Chapel. It went out on the World Service, which included every country on the face of the globe except England. Even the most ardent latter-day supporter of the Declaration of Arbroath may feel that this is a rather severe snub for our southern neighbour.

We have had a full quota of interesting and important visitors this year, including lecturers, dramatic actors, and so on, but two visitors merit a special mention. In October, Major-General Bredin, the Director T&AVR, paid us the signal honour of carrying out in person the first annual inspection of our newly constituted Combined Cadet Force Contingent. The exceptionally good report that he awarded us reflects great credit on Major Reid and his officers. Then, in February, the General Officer Commanding Scotland, and the Vice-President of Her Majesty's Commissioners, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Leask, spent a day with us as our Visiting Commissioner for the term.

In March, we held another successful Old Victorians Association Weekend. This year, we have made a drive to enrol new members and have succeeded in adding over sixty. We are grateful to Mr E. V. C. Hayes for sending us his reminiscences of the early days of Queen Victoria School and we want to encourage as many Old Victorians as possible to emulate his example. We should be delighted to publish contributions of this sort in every future issue of *The Victorian*. We are sorry that George Stirrat has not been on hand to write his usual newsletter. He is in hospital in London, recovering from an operation on his hip and, sadly, we have to record that this will be the first Grand Day that he has missed

for many years. We look forward to seeing him around blithe and well in the next few weeks.

This has been a busy year and, despite the loss of so many esteemed colleagues with which these notes began, it is possible to end on a note of positive optimism. The weekend after Grand Day, the Pipe Band has been invited to play at the Jubilee celebrations of the Royal Army Educational Corps at the Army School of Education, Beaconsfield. The following week, *The Boyfriend* is to be presented. The week after, the World Pipe Band Championships are to be held in Aberdeen. So often we have come really close to winning our division. What a splendid way it would be to push the clouds aside and let the sun through if we were to pull it off this year.

As I wrote that sentence, the clouds drew apart. I really think we shall win.

Staff Changes

There can have been few, if any, years since the last war in which so many changes have occurred as will have been the case during 1970. While these changes, like all others, will be absorbed in course of time, and what has come to seem the familiar and durable organisation of our key staff has been replaced by another pattern which will, in its turn, seem to acquire the characteristic of changeless stability, it must be admitted that the coincidental upheaval of 1970, taken as a whole, appears a trifle abrupt.

Such an appearance of stability is in any case, of course, an illusion. While we are lucky enough to retain a small "hard core" of staff who have been here a long time, and whom we hope will continue to be here a long time yet, if one compares, for example, the Common Room Roll of only five years ago to the present, it will be seen how many important individual changes have been successively absorbed without loss of continuity or diminishment of function. It is when so many come together that there is a slight sense of shock, a feeling that the School is changing gear, if one may put it so, in the course of its steady progress through the century.

The first departure of the year was Captain Bull, in April, on his retirement from the Army, after an unusually long posting, for an RAEC officer, at the School. Among the achievements for which he will be remembered perhaps the most memorable, and certainly transcendently the most important for him, was winning the hand of the Art Master's charming daughter. He has been much missed in Wavell and his kindly and sensible manner with the younger boys should ensure his success in his present post in charge of a primary school. He has been replaced

by Captain King, who will certainly make his own individual contribution to the School and who, to the Commandant's relief, has taken over the Admiralty of the School Fleet from Captain Bull.

Most of the changes to which we now have to adjust have been long foreseen; but the Headmaster took us all by surprise, in announcing his retirement from the Army in September, so cutting short his expected tenure by at least a year. To say more, while he is still here, than that we greatly regret his departure to the civilian academic world, would only embarrass him. In the December issue we can be less reticent. He is being succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, RAEC, who is at present at the Army Institute of Education.

Our Senior Master, Mr Hugh Brown, will have retired ten days before the publication of this issue. He has been such an integral part of the modern growth, change, and evolution of the School, and such a dominant influence on the lives of so many generations of Victorians, that only a separate article could do him justice. And this, since we know he will not be here to call us, characteristically, over the coals for producing such nonsense (and probably point out a few grammatical errors into the bargain) we dare to include elsewhere in this number. As Senior Master he is being replaced by Mr Le Maistre, and no Old Victorian who has been at the School these past seventeen years will require any further introduction. As Head of the English Department Mr Brown is being succeeded by Mr Kelly, from Edinburgh, who joins us in September.

Another casualty of the calendar is Mr Robertson, Head of the Mathematics Department. One cannot help wondering if he has not, for the first time, committed an arithmetical error, since it seems barely credible that so vigorous a personality, and so fit a man, should have reached retiring age. In the class room or on the sports field he will be a hard man to replace, and we have not yet done so. In the common room he will be much missed. But since he, too, has not left us quite yet, we will say no more; until the next number.

This journal loses its Editor, Mr Wright, this term. Although this column is not (really not) being written by the Editor himself we can hardly praise him in this issue, or he may go as pink as one of his recent covers. Please await the December issue for full justice. But he will be a great loss, and not only to *The Victorian*. We do not have a replacement for him yet.

Nor are changes confined to the teaching staff. We have had to say goodbye to some members of the Administrative Staff, each well known and highly respected in their different spheres. Major Kislingbury, our Administrative Officer for seven years, was in any case due to retire in August. To our sorrow, through ill-health, he has had to leave us a couple of months earlier and so will miss the "send-off" we should have liked to have given him.

Not everyone, perhaps, fully realises what a harassing and continuously demanding job Administrative Officer is, since, for most of the School community, it is carried out inconspicuously "behind the scenes". We shall remember the "AO" kindly and gratefully for many reasons but perhaps most of all for the unfailing courtesy and good humour with which he received every request or demand, however difficult or awkward it might be, and from whatever source. We wish him and his wife Jo a happy retirement together and may he soon be fully restored to health.

From the kitchen has departed a very old member of the staff, Mr Girvan, who has played his full part for 20 years in feeding boys and staff and who will also be well remembered for, (is it), seventeen consecutive appearances at Aviemore Hill Walking Camp. We are, happily, retaining contact with the Girvan family through Mrs Girvan, who is remaining on the staff of the School although (we hasten to add) she has of course moved house to Stirling with Mr Girvan.

Less happily we have lost Mrs Watters, in charge of the Dining Hall Staff, who has served the School most devotedly for fifteen years, but has now been compelled to resign through ill health. We wish her a quick recovery.

To all these members of the School Staff, Headmaster, Senior members of the academic staff, junior Masters, and administrative staff we express our good wishes and sincere thanks. On such depends the School, and the careers and welfare of all who pass through it.

Valete

Form VI

BARNES, J. F. — Joined 6th October, 1962; RAOC; Haig; Administrative Head of Haig; Sergeant, CCF Army Section; 1st XV (1969-70), 1st XI (1969); CCF Army Proficiency; Life-saving; Bronze Personal Survival, Intermediate Award, Bronze Medallion; Higher English, History, Science, Maths; Ordinary French, Latin, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry; Rugby Colours (1970); now student at Edinburgh University. Home address: No. 6 Flat, St. Helier, Clumber Road East, The Park, Nottingham.

CAMPBELL, J. R. — Joined September, 1965; RAF; Haig; Senior Monitor; President, School Council; Secretary, Photographic Society; CSM Army Section CCF; Vice-Captain 1st XV, 1st XV (1969-70), 1st XI (1969-70), Shooting Team

(1966-67), Rugby Colours (1969-70), Best Boy in Outdoor Activities (1969), Cross-county medals, Canoeing medals; CCF Army Proficiency; Bronze Personal Survival; Higher Science; Ordinary Maths, French, Physics, Chemistry, English, History, Arithmetic; Shooting Champion (1970); to college. Home address: 20 The Lea, Leasingham, Nr. Sleaford, Lincs.

GREY, A. S. — Joined 6th October, 1962; Royal Scots; Haig; Monitor; Sergeant, CCF Army Section; 1st XV (1969-70), 1st XI (1970); Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze; Life-saving; Silver Personal Survival, Bronze Cross; Higher English, History, Maths, Science; Ordinary Latin, French, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic; now student at Heriot-Watt University. Home address: 103 Walter Scott Avenue, Edinburgh EH165TS.

MACDONALD, A. N. — Joined 6th October, 1962; Scots Guards; Haig; Boy Pipe Major, Prefect; 2nd XV (1970), 1st XI (1970); Best Piper (1967-68); CCF Army Proficiency; Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze; Life-saving; Bronze Personal Survival, Bronze Medallion, Instructor's Certificate; Higher English, History, Science; Ordinary Maths, Latin, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic; ESU trip to USA (1969); now medical student, Glasgow University. Home address: Seannlag, Glenuig, Lochailort, Inverness.

MUNRO, S. W. — Joined 1962; Intelligence Corps; Haig; Prefect, Secretary of Debating Society, Librarian; Debating Team (1970); CCF Army Proficiency; Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze and Silver; Life-saving; Bronze Med., Intermediate; Higher Science, Physics, Chemistry; Ordinary English, History, Technical Drawing, Woodwork, Arithmetic, Mechanics, Modern Studies; Haig Tennis Captain (1968-69). Home address: c/o HQ Intelligence Corps, BFPO 40.

ROBINSON, C. J. — Joined 1961; RAF; Haig; Prefect, Corporal, CCF RAF, School projectionist; Treasurer, Photographic Society; CCF RAF Proficiency, Advanced; Life-saving Intermediate; Higher Science; Ordinary Maths, English, History, Latin, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic; 1st in Army Canoe Championships (Novice) 1968; candidate for Edinburgh University. Home address: 49 Kirkstone Avenue, Fulwell, Sunderland, County Durham.

WRENN, D. W. — Joined 13th October, 1962; APTC; Haig; Monitor, F/Sgt. CCF RAF Section, President, Photographic Society, Captain School Swimming Team; 1st XV (1967-70), Shooting Team (1967-70); CCF RAF Proficiency and Advanced, CCF Marksman; Duke of Edinburgh's Silver; Life-saving: up to and including Distinction, Gold Personal Survival; Higher Maths, History, English, Science; Ordinary Arithmetic, French, Physics, Chemistry; Rugby Colours (1967-70), Swimming Champion (1969-70); now at Edinburgh University. Home address: 57 Mead Street, Eastbourne.

WOOD, M. C. — Joined October, 1962; RAF; Haig; Prefect, Captain 1st XV, 1st XV (1968-70); CCF Army Proficiency; Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze; Higher English, History, Ordinary French, Physics, Chemistry, Maths, Mechanics, Woodwork, Arithmetic; Badminton Champion (1970); to Dundee University. Home address: Colcliffe House, 17 High Street, Crail, Fife.

Form V

FRASER, C. — Joined 1963; RAMC; Haig; ACF Certificate A Part 1; Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze; Ordinary Maths, English, Physics, Arithmetic; to join RAF. Home address: 45 Christian Crescent, Portobello, Edinburgh EH15 3AB.

WILL, J. A. — Joined 1963; RAF; Haig; 1st XI (1970); CCF RAF Advanced; Ordinary Maths, Arithmetic, Physics, History, English, Technical Drawing; to join RAF. Home address: The Moorings, Garmouth, Morayshire.

Form IV

CRUIKSHANK, I. D. — Joined 1964; REME; Haig; 1st XV (1969-70), 1st XI (1968-70), School Athletics Team (1969); CCF Army Proficiency; Ordinary English, Arithmetic, Physics, Technical Drawing, Woodwork; Dancing Medal (1967-68), Athletics Med. (1967-68). Home address: 11 French Road, Catterick Camp, Yorkshire.

JEFFREY, A. N. — Joined 1963; REME; Haig; 1st XV (1968-70), Colours (1969-70), 1st XI (1968-70); CCF Proficiency (Credit), Corporal Army Section; Ordinary English, Physics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Arithmetic. Home address: 7/5 Hermiston Court, Sighthill, Edinburgh.

LAWRENCE, K. R. — Joined September, 1963; Queen's Own Highlanders; Haig; 1st XI (1970); ACF Certificate Part 1; Bronze Medallion.

McHARDY, C. S. — Joined 1964; RCT; Haig; Colours Corporal; 1st XV (1968-70), 1st XI (1969), Rugby 7's (1970), School Athletics Team (1969); CCF Army Proficiency; Ordinary Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Woodwork, JLC. Home address: 27 Ryebank, Ladywell, Livingstone.

McLEAN, S. — Joined 1964; Queen's Own Highlanders; Haig; ACF Certificate A Part 1; to Perth School of Technology. Home address: 34 Balhousie Street, Perth.

ROBERTSON, J. S. — Joined September, 1964; RE; Haig; 1st XV (1969-70), Athletics Team (1967-70); Bronze, Silver, Gold Personal Survival, First Aid; ACF Certificate A Part 1; Intermediate Athletics Champion (1967-68), Senior Athletics Champion (1969), Junior Cross-country Champion (1968-69), School Cross-country Champion (1970); Drama Society; continuing education. Home address: 20 West Banks Terrace, Wick, Caithness.

SHERET, G. M. — Joined 1963; Scots Guards; Haig; Librarian; CCF RAF Advanced, Gliding "Wings", Marksman; continuing education. Home address: Eastwood, Dunkeld, Perthshire.

SHERWOOD, D. F. — Joined September, 1964; Queen's Own Highlanders; Haig; CCF Army Proficiency; future employment: Electrical Engineer for Rank Xerox. Home address: 45 The Link, Rye, Sussex.

Form IIIc

BOWDEN, G. R. — Joined 10th September, 1965; Black Watch; Cunningham; 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year Rugby Teams, 1st, 2nd Year Cricket; Prince Philip Medal (1970), 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year Swimming Medal; 2nd Year Athletics Medal; Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze and Silver; Life-saving Award of Merit; Gold Personal Survival; First Aid; continuing Education. Home address: 11 Caplathill Road, Paisley, Renfrewshire.

CASELLS, S. T. — Joined 1965; Royal Scots Fusiliers; Cunningham; 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year Rugby Teams, 1st, 2nd Year Cricket; Life-saving: Bronze Personal Survival, Intermediate, Bronze Medallion; JLC: future employment: Chef in Merchant Navy. Home address: 22 Ure Crescent, Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire.

McMURDO, R. J. — Joined 10th September, 1965; Royal Navy; Trenchard; 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year Rugby Teams; JLC; First Aid; future employment undecided. Home address: 12 Gosport Road, Stubbington, Nr. Farham, Hants.

MacVICAR, R. — Joined 1964; Royal Marines; Haig; CCF RAF Proficiency; Life-saving: Silver Personal Survival, Bronze Medallion, Distinction Award; JLC; continuing education. Home address: 6b Cliff Road, Nee Soon Garrison, Singapore (26).

WILL, B. G. — Joined 10th September, 1965; RAF; Trenchard; House Prefect; Gold Personal Survival, Bronze Medallion; JLC; Outward Bound (1970); working as shop-assistant. Home address: The Moorings, Garmouth, Morayshire.

LEAVERS

Christmas 1969 — Easter 1970

Form V

KNOX, B. S. — Joined 1963; Royal Scots; Haig; Leading Side Drummer in Band; ACF Certificate A Part 1; Bronze Personal Survival. Home address: 64 Elm Hill, Warminster, Wilts.

Form IIIa

SAYER, P. — Joined 1965; KOSB; Trenchard; Pipe Band (drummer); Drama Society; 2nd, 3rd Year Rugby Teams, 2nd Year Cricket; House Prefect, Commandant's Orderly; continuing education. Home address: 93 Mays Way, Potterspury, Towcester, Northants.

Form IIIb

ROSS, K. T. — Joined 1964; RAF; Trenchard; 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year Rugby Teams; Chapel Orderly; continuing education. Home address: c/o Chief Technician P. Ross (579486) TASF, RAF Akrotiri, BFPO 53.

Form IIIc

GILROY, S. G. R. — Joined 1965; RAF; Trenchard; Model Railway Club, Drama Society; Home address: 23/3 Calder Grove, Sighthill, Edinburgh, 11.

Form IIa

STEAR, G. C. — Joined 1966; Royal Signals; Cunningham; continuing education. Home address: 34 Muirfield Street, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

Form IIc

MacKAY, A. M. — Joined 1966; Trenchard; Pipe Band (drummer). Home address: 29 Tay Court, Glenrothes, Fife.

Form Ib

RANKIN, J. R. M. — Joined 1967; Trenchard; School Choir. Home Address: 4 Barry Avenue, Bicester, Oxford.

Form Ic

CARMICHAEL, T. — Joined 1967; RAF; Trenchard; continuing education.

Our best wishes to those who are leaving or have left.

Retirals

Mr HUGH BROWN, M.A. (Cantab)

Mr A. H. ROBERTSON, M.A., B.Sc.

At the end of this session the School loses to retirement two very important members of the academic staff — Mr Hugh Brown, Senior Master and Principal English Master, and Mr A. H. Robertson, Principal Mathematics Master.

Mr Brown has been on the staff since 1955 when he succeeded Mr Bowen as Principal English Master.

At this time the "winds of change" were blowing strongly through the School and Mr Brown brought to us a wealth of boarding school experience and a remarkable ability to grasp at the roots of a problem. He also possessed a determination never to be too surprised, pleased or disappointed at a boy's reaction to any given situation — even when the boy in question may have been led to believe otherwise.

No school could have wished for a more devoted and talented teacher of English. Not only do a great many Old Victorians have cause to be grateful for having passed through his hands but quite a number of Staff children too can look on his ministrations with equal gratitude.

In 1962 he succeeded Mr Stewart as Senior Master and since that time has been the most constant means of steadily improving the academic and domestic welfare of the boys, giving of himself unsparingly in the process.

Writing about him is not an easy task because he has always had scant respect for overpraise, and rightly so. He also has a liking for precise English.

I hope he will forgive this writer's failures in the latter and accept that so far as his work for this school is concerned overpraise would be very difficult.

Our sincere best wishes go, too, with Mr A. H. Robertson who terminates his very successful teaching career here.

He succeeded Mr Stewart as Principal Mathematics Master in 1962, bringing with him wisdom and experience in full measure — and fitness and energy more usual in someone much younger!

His unfailing good humour, combined with good discipline, and his infectious zest for living are things both staff and boys are going to miss very much indeed.

We understand that Mr and Mrs Robertson are visiting New Zealand for a spell before deciding where to settle. We wish them a most enjoyable trip and a long and happy retirement.

Obituary

Mr E. BLAKE

In the last week of the year Mr Edward Blake died peacefully in his own armchair in his home in Dunblane. It was, somehow, typical of him to die as he had lived, calmly, quietly, without fuss or bother. Although he was no longer on the staff of the School, he was often to be seen about the place, for the Commandant and others used his craftsman's skill as a draughtsman and sign writer for numerous odd jobs about the School. Indeed, the handsome badges which are attached to the walls of the Band and CCF Buildings remain his visible memorial. He was a meticulous craftsman and would release no

article of his work, be it a complicated design or a mere "keep off the grass" notice until he himself was fully satisfied with it; regardless of any appeals to expedite delivery, for he could be obstinate too.

Perhaps he was not so well known to the present generation of QVS boys but he had served the School well, in several different capacities, for a good part of a long working life. His most recent jobs, before retirement, being part time batman and Tuckshop manager. He was proud of his Service in the RAF, and often referred to it. Since losing his wife, and sons being out in the world, he had, perhaps, some feeling of loneliness, but his gentle manner and ready smile won him many friends and acquaintances in the School and also in the local community, in which he had many interests and contacts. He was a good man, a humble generous-minded man, and the School owed him much.

Sovereign's Pipers

by

PIPE MAJOR JOHN MacLELLAN

Queen Victoria was the first sovereign in relatively modern times to have a personal piper and indeed she went so far as to ensure that he also had an assistant. In 1842 she visited the Marquis of Breadalbane at his home in Taymouth Castle which stands at the head of Loch Tay in Perthshire where she was much impressed by John Ban MacKenzie who held the position of 1st Piper to Breadalbane. John Ban appeared before her in full Highland costume, his breast glittering with his many prize medals and playing the gold mounted bagpipe provided by Campbell of Breadalbane for the use of his chief piper. The Queen was much taken by John Ban, for apart from his magnificent appearance his playing was superb, and on her return to Windsor Castle she wrote to Breadalbane saying she wished to have a piper on her household establishment and would his Lordship find for her a piper like MacKenzie. Breadalbane offered the post to John Ban who declined saying "I do not want a better master than yourself." The Queen, on hearing that MacKenzie would not join her service wrote once more to Breadalbane, this time saying she would be happy to accept John Ban's son Donald into her service instead, but Donald's mother decided he was much too young to leave home as he was only ten years old, but was already quite an accomplished player. (He was the Northern Meeting prize pipe when aged 15.)

It was in the following year that the Marquis of Breadalbane was able to recommend to Her Majesty that Angus Mackay (Raasay) who had been Piper to Campbell of Islay join her service. Angus composed the Piobaireachd *Farewell to the Laird of Islay* in 1840, although he was being still described in July 1841 as Piper to the Laird of Islay, but it was in 1843 that Angus Mackay became Piper to Queen Victoria and the first personal Piper to the Sovereign. He remained in her service until 1854 when he developed mental trouble and had to go into hospital, firstly in London and later in the Crichton Royal Institute, Dumfries, where in the records it is noted that "He had delusions of grandeur and he also maintained that he was related to the Royal family". On 21st March, 1859, he ran away from the hospital and while attempting to cross the river Nith was drowned. Much has been written elsewhere about the piping achievements of Angus Mackay and it will be sufficient here to say that but for him piping today would have been much poorer. His Manuscripts are the backbone of most of our published Piobaireachd music.

There is a little confusion as to who followed Angus Mackay as piper to the Queen. Robert Meldrum in his reminiscences says that the Prince Consort on hearing of Mackay's death sent to the 79th for the black bearded Pipe Major (Hardy, a native of Skye), and that Hardy was dismissed for thrashing two English footmen who had been making fun of his highland accent. William Ross was appointed Queen's piper in 1855 and as Angus Mackay died in 1859 Ross was already in the post. There is no record in the Royal Archives of Hardy having been appointed to the Queen's service but this extract from her diary shows that he certainly was "Windsor Castle April 8 1864 . . . Saw Mr Anderson about my band and how to replace poor Hardy who died suddenly yesterday . . ." It is reasonable to surmise that Angus Mackay carried the appointment to his death, when Ross would be appointed 1st Piper and Hardy engaged as 2nd Piper, and probably re-instated after his dismissal for dealing drastically with the sassenachs. William Ross had been Pipe Major of the 42nd before joining the Queen's Household and continued in her service in the post of 1st Piper until 1883 and it was from this date until 1891 when he died that he was called the Head Piper. Having got settled in London in 1855 he obtained permission to live outside the Palace and setting up in business in the Bagpipe trade he was soon in a position to fill orders from the Highland Regiments. Robert Meldrum notes that the Pipe he won at the Northern Meeting in 1884 was made by Ross, and that it was mounted in ivory. An extract from the records of the Privy Purse shows that Ross was employed as Gentleman Porter at various residences, and that he was also Groom of the State Chamber. He was paid £80 p.a. as Piper, £50 p.a. as Groom and also had an allow-

ance of £5 p.a. for the upkeep of his pipe. This, in addition to his keep and having annually

- 1 Morning Suit
- 2 Dinner dresses of highland clothing
- 3 Bonnets
- 3 Pairs of Brogues,

amounted to a fair remuneration for his post in those years, and in 1883 he was getting £90 p.a. for his employment as Piper. He retired from active duty in 1883 and was appointed Head Piper. This extract shows his appointment, duties and wages.

Vic P.P. 16911 Note by Sir H. Ponsonby on a letter dated 19th April 1883.

"Ross to be Head Piper.

To receive wages	£80
House Allowance	£30
For Pipes	£10
Clothing	£20"

and in the Letter book of the Master of Horse-Accountant. Jan 1881-Mar 1897 page 26 the memo is confirmed as follows:

"Mr William Ross on being promoted from 1st July next to the place of head piper to Her Majesty will receive

Salary	£80
Allice. for Aparts	£30
Allice. for Clothing	£20
Allice. for Pipes	£10

making . . . £140 p.a.

He will not be required to be in constant duty or will he receive Board Wages. He will have to play at State Balls and if required he will have to play during dinner at Windsor Castle. He will have leave to play at the public places he has usually played at.

4 June 1883

Sgd G. A. Maude
Crown Equerry

Ross to have his state clothes renewed every twelve years."

It would appear that the State was more generous in the allowance for upkeep of the Bagpipe in those days than they are at present, as the present allowance for Army pipes is £2 p.a. When William Ross died in 1891 the Queen deplored his death.

In 1881 James Campbell was engaged as 2nd Piper to the Queen at a salary of £55 p.a. and he was able to have the same clothing as was granted to Ross. He also got £5 p.a. for "... Keeping his pipes ribbons etc in repair ..."!! His duties required him to take charge of the Gun Room at all the Queen's palaces and to keep the Guns, Fishing Rods, Skates, etc., in good order. He was to take his orders from Mr Brown and to make himself generally useful. Campbell was a native of Kintail and had served seven years in the 42nd which had also been William Ross' regiment. In 1883 he took over Ross' duties as Gentleman Porter and his salary was raised

to £80 p.a. He was to rank next to and after the Sergeant Footman and it was in 1891 when Ross died that Campbell was appointed 1st Piper to the Queen so that he carried out all the duties of 1st Piper from 1883 until 1891 although officially 2nd Piper, but was paid as if he was 1st Piper. When Edward VII came to the throne on Victoria's death in 1901, Campbell continued as Piper to the Sovereign until 1910 when he retired. He lived the last years of his life in Fort Augustus where he died about 1930.

William Campbell, nephew of James was appointed in 1891 as 2nd Piper to Queen Victoria and assistant to his Uncle. The circumstances of his appointment are noted as under by Sir Fleetwood Edwards at Balmoral Castle.

"Campbell (James knows of no soldier piper that he thinks would do, but no doubt he says there are plenty of good men in the various regiments – but it appears that he has a nephew, an excellent piper who took the prize at Inverness – he is a teetotaller and at present with a Major Allenby at Ardrishaig as a piper. Campbell on hearing a soldier was required was reluctant to mention him: but Sir Fleetwood thinks Your Majesty may wish to know of him: he is 20 years old unmarried.

13 June 1891"

(The prize won by William Campbell was 2nd in the Gold Medal 1890.) His clothing allowance was to be the same as the others and his salary £55 p.a. plus the handsome allowance of £10 p.a. for "Repairing the Pipes and keeping them in order". His duties were to assist James Campbell – now 1st Piper, wait at Her Majesty's table, and to play Pipes at all times when required. He too, was "required to make himself generally useful". He won the Gold Medal at the Northern Meeting in 1897. On the Queen's death in 1901 it seems that the post of 2nd Piper was done away with as it was in that year that William Campbell left the Royal Service. He went to Canada in 1913 and died after a distinguished piping career on November 1st 1960.

When King George V came to the throne in 1910 he already had a personal piper. Henry Forsyth had been in his service since 1905 thus presumably James Campbell (who would be aged 59 in 1910) was compulsorily retired to make way for Forsyth who was an ex Scots Guardsman and had been Pipe Major from 1899 until 1905 when he retired and became Piper to George, Duke of York, later Prince of Wales and George V. Pipe Major Forsyth continued in his position as Piper to the Sovereign with Edward VIII and George VI and it was during his tenure of office that King George V engaged Robert Brown and Robert Nicol as Pipers at Balmoral and it is well known how these distinguished players who are still in Royal employment, have enhanced the art of piping.

When the post of Sovereign's Piper became vacant in 1941 (presumably on Forsyth's death) the post

was held in abeyance until the end of the war. In 1945 Pipe Major Alexander MacDonald who had just retired from service in the Scots Guards was chosen to fill the position. He had, like his predecessor, been Pipe Major in his Regiment but for a longer term – fourteen years. At the time of writing he still holds the appointment and wherever the Queen is in Residence, Alex MacDonald will be found in her household carrying out the duties of Piper to the Sovereign. (Details of his career appeared in *The Piping Times*, Vol. 16, No. 8.)

In conclusion it is interesting to note that the late Pipe Major John MacDonald, MBE, was appointed honorary piper to King George V, King Edward VIII and King George VI, an honour which he greatly valued as a mark of successive sovereigns' interest in pipe music.

Roll of Pipers to the Sovereign

1843–1854	Angus Mackay (Raasay)
1855–1891	William Ross
1891–1910	James Campbell (2nd Piper, 1883–1891)
1910–1941	Henry Forsyth
1945–1965	Alexander MacDonald
1965–	Andrew Pitkeathley (A&SHdrs)

Extracts from the Royal Archives are by Gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

CCF

COMBINED CADET FORCE

We are now into our second year as a CCF and most of our difficulties, administrative and practical, have been overcome. During this difficult period we have had expert assistance from Captain P. Jay and Sgts. Robertson and Ryan of the Army Youth Team, stationed in Stirling. The RAF Section have had Sqdn. Ldr. J. Honey and his two Flight Sgts. Morrice and Gillies. A firm basis has been set for our future training and we go from strength to strength.

ARMY SECTION

Throughout the year the programme has been varied and interesting. We operate in three sections: Recruits, who are now beginning to realise what all the training is about, and are an enthusiastic group; the Proficiency Section, who should take their certificate within the next week or two; and the RE Section, who have been fortunate enough to have had the expert and enthusiastic instruction of Sgt. Robertson of The Royal Engineers. This section is

now training in watermanship at Drip Road Camp, Stirling, instruction being given by Sgt. Simpson who replaced Sgt. Robertson when he was posted to Germany.

All cadets have now fired the Empire Test, thanks to Lieut. J. Deeley's hard work in the .22 range. We have an excellent Map Reading Course consisting of a number of question-and-answer books which Capt. J. Gardner, RAEC, has introduced to the cadets. This has taken the slog out of Map Reading and made it a game at which the cadet progresses at his own speed of learning and can actually see his progress.

During the Easter holidays, Corporals J. M. Fleming and J. G. Wrenn attended a leadership course run by Southern Command at Stamford PTA, Thetford. Cpl. Fleming was awarded an Above Average pass and Cpl. Wrenn, who had an accident and did not finish the course, was awarded an Average Pass.

Three cadets went to Cultybraggan for the Duke of Edinburgh Expedition Course. Two failed to complete the course and the third, A. R. Menzies, was unfortunate to be in a group which was so reduced that the assessors decided it would be dangerous for them to continue the expedition. The climatic conditions were particularly hazardous this year.

The Easter Camp at Rothiemurchus Ski Hut was very successful, and the seventeen cadets attending enjoyed it immensely. The first four days, when snow fell almost continually and it was a bit dangerous to go too far from the Hut as visibility was very low, ski instruction took place fifty yards from the Hut. This preliminary instruction, which was undisturbed by the various distractions one meets when ski-ing, was to benefit the cadets once they got onto the slopes proper. Once on the big slopes they found they could stop, turn, traverse, stay on the ski tow, and enjoy the long runs. We were particularly fortunate with our instructor S/Sgt. Norman Lloyd, who by example, encouragement, praise, organisation of small competitions, and by being a fair, friendly, but strict disciplinarian, brought a group of non-skiers to a standard of proficiency that had to be seen to be believed, especially that long snake formed by the group as they followed him from the top of the mountain to the bottom. Lieut. T. M. Wright devoted quite a bit of his time, and patience, to the less apt members who were quite content to use the lower tow. Fortunately he did manage at times to get in some decent runs, when his group tired and needed resting.

This term we have a very full programme. Capt. P. Jay and his youth team gave us a very interesting display of the various weapons used by the modern army. This was no static "stand still and look" effort: the display was on the Whitestone Range and the weapons were fired and some of the senior cadets had the opportunity to fire them.

The Proficiency Exam is soon, and Sgt. Ryan has had special classes for this so we hope for a good result.

The Royal Artillery had a display on in Stirling which we visited. Another visit which we look forward to is our Field Day at Glencorse.

Annual Camp is at Kingussie and two expeditions have been organised. The second one starts with the RE Section putting their watermanship training to practice by sailing the other cadets down Loch Erlich to their starting point. A day's pony trekking will give variety and interest to this camp. This will be done from Newtonmore. Capt. M. Woodhouse is leading another section on a Canoeing Expedition on the Spey. Both the Mountain and Canoeing Expeditions will count for Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme expeditions.

RAF SECTION

Cadre: F/Sgt. D. Wrenn.

Sgts.: J. A. Will, D. J. Barnes, W. Crichton, S. Grant.

Cpls.: C. J. Robinson, W. A. Common, P. J. Gilchrist, R. C. Murdoch, I. A. Crawford.

The first six months of this year will not be remembered as anything special. However, they have not been dull. I think this is the best way of summing up RAF section activities:

Weather for flying, the main attraction of the Section, has been fairly good for this period of the year. Twenty-seven cadets have flown a total of 14 hours 28 minutes. This is an average of 32 minutes flying for each, but one lucky cadet Cpl. I. Crawford, has flown a total of 97 minutes. Four cadets have been to Turnhouse this term, but the weather did not clear up sufficiently for any flying. However F/Sgt. D. Wrenn and Cpl. R. Murdoch did get a ride to the edge of the runway and back!

Training for the certificates, Proficiency and Advanced, has again been the main priority of the Section. In the Christmas term:

3 passed the Proficiency – R. MacVicar "credit" in Meteorology.

3 passed the Advanced.

Easter:

2 passed the Proficiency – D. I. T. Brown and K. R. Matthews gaining "credits" in Principles of Flight.

4 passed the Advanced – R. Myles "distinction" in Flying Section. C. J. Robinson and P. Gilchrist "distinctions" in the Engines Section.

On 9th June there were 2 candidates for the Proficiency and 11 for the Advanced. The results are not yet known.

The Advanced Navigation Section, led by Mr Scott is carrying on its work, with some cadets becoming quite proficient. The model-making section has also flourished, and an aerial "dog-

fight" has now been strung up on the ceiling of the RAF Hut.

This Easter another 4 cadets went to No. 662 Gliding School, Arbroath, to try and obtain their A and B Certificate ("Wings"). They arrived on a Saturday and immediately received one air experience flight each to accustom them to the gliders. However, the weather seemed to bear a personal grudge against those cadets, and there was no more gliding until the next Saturday. The result was that only one of our cadets, Cpl. R. C. Murdoch, managed to get the required number of launches and solos and obtained his "wings". Two others, Sgts. S. Grant and D. J. Barnes, hope to go back there sometime to complete the course. In fact there may be a course open to some in August, when the weather should be better.

Squadron Leader R. Henderson and F/Sgts. Morrice and Gillies from HQ Air Cadets (Scotland) have maintained interest, and we were honoured in February by a visit from the Commandant, Air Cadets (Scotland and N. Ireland), Group Captain J. C. Hunter, O.B.E. Squadron Leader Honey from the RAF Careers Information Office, Edinburgh, continues to interest and inform us on the RAF as a career.

Congratulations are due to Cdt. K. C. Walker who has won the "Best Recruit" cup in the first year of its existence. He scored 260 points out of a possible 300 in Airmanship, Marksmanship, and Drill. Cdts. M. Ferrigan and C. S. Common were second and third, respectively, with 244 and 241 points.

Camp this year is at RAF Swanton Morley, Norfolk. Since they can only accommodate 20 cadets another party are leaving a week earlier to attend camp at RAF Brize Norton near Oxford. Four cadets are going on a Canoeing Expedition down the River Spey in Scotland; three are going on the Duke of Edinburgh expeditions at Kingussie with the Army Section and another two are taking a leadership course at Frimley Park CCF Training Centre.

April saw the close of the CCF/RAF and ATC Small Bore Winter League Competition. We were quite successful with the 'A' and 'B' teams coming third in Divisions 'D' and 'E', and our 'C' team winning the Reynolds Cup for being first in Division 'F'.

'A' team regulars: D. Wrenn, R. Murdoch, D. Barnes. Also competed: G. Sheret, B. Knox.

'B' team regulars: J. Harrison, A. Fiddes, C. Murray. Also competed: M. Haston, D. Cockburn.

'C' team regulars: M. Ferrigan, H. Shannon, K. Walker. Also competed: R. Paterson, G. Gallacher, C. Gilchrist, C. Common.

The 'A' team scored 2,068 points in 7 rounds, the 'B' team 1,928 and the 'C' team 1,933.

Shooting has been popular and results are high as shown by the "Empire Test" results. F/Sgt. D. Wrenn and L/Cdt. A. Fiddes both scored "possibles" (80 out of 80). Of the rest, so far, there are 10

marksmen, 8 First Class shots, and 11 Second Class shots. There are 13 more cadets to shoot at the time of writing.

As I said at the beginning the period has not been dull. I think the only discontented people were the recruits, who said they had too much drill!

F/Sgt. D. Wrenn.

CAPTAIN KING

Replacing Captain Bull this term is Captain N. King, RAEC. Captain King attended Trinity College, Dublin, and Leeds University. He is living in Stirling with his wife and daughter of 2 – Tamasine. Not very fond of haggis-hunting, Captain King is, nevertheless, fairly interested in sailing, and hopes to spend some time with the School Sailing Club. Before coming to QVS Captain King visited the Duke of York's School in Dover for a short time, but we already have his oath of allegiance, and hope he enjoys his time here.

Occupational Hazard

I jumped into the train as it was pulling away from the platform, opened a carriage door, and deposited my brief-case on the rack. Pulling the latest copy of *Argosy* from my overcoat pocket, I sat hurriedly down in the remaining corner-seat, and skimmed impatiently through the pages. Yes! There it was! – *A Matter of Moments* by Edward C. Smith. I looked proudly and tenderly at the title: my first appearance in the public eye as a writer.

Quickly I read through the story which I already knew by heart. I was pleased, and quite naively surprised, that there were no mistakes in the printing: it had seemed inevitable that something should go wrong with my first short story. But no! there it was – just I had laboriously copied it out on the office typewriter.

I put the magazine down and gazed into the future. I saw myself as the writer of the year's best-selling novel, lauded by the critics, on the short list for the Nobel Prize for Literature – rich, famous, happy. However, my future was jerked back to the present when a voice said:

"Excuse me, but is that the new *Argosy*?"

I looked up and saw the questioner to be a small, rather ferrety-faced man, regarding me with an ingratiating smile. I replied:

"Yes! Would you like to borrow it?"

The Ferret said he would and was there anything good in it?

Here was a marvellous opportunity: the chance

to find out what the ordinary "man-in-the-street" thought of my writing. The little man was immediately transformed from an ingratiating ferret to a wise, understanding critic.

"Oh yes," I replied. "There's a rather good story by a chap called Smith, Edward C. Smith. Can't say I've heard of him before, but to my mind he's got something. His story's a bit away from the ordinary, but perhaps you'd like to read it and see what you think?"

The little man seemed agreeable, so I turned back to the beginning of my story and handed it across to him. He took it, put on his glasses and began to read.

The few minutes taken up by his reading were a nightmare for me. What if he didn't like it? I could, of course, treat his opinion as that of a literary ignoramus, but it was no good deluding myself – the lack of appreciation would rankle. I had just about convinced myself that I had been a fool to let him read it, when he finished. Methodically he removed his glasses, put them in their case and looked up at me. I was in a frenzy of anticipation. If only he'd say something!

He did.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" he said.

"Well?" I asked impatiently. "What did you think of it?"

"Mmm!" he repeated. "As you say – it's got something."

I almost sighed out loud with relief: he'd liked it after all.

"Of course, it's a little far-fetched," he went on (and my pulse started to beat that little bit faster), "but that's a minor fault. It's really quite well written, and shows promise – definite promise. I think we might hear some more of this Smith fellow."

The man had echoed my sentiments exactly! How on earth could I ever have taken him for a ferret! He was obviously a man of discerning intellect. However, our communion of souls was interrupted, for the occupant of the other corner on my friend's side looked up from his paper.

"Excuse me butting in," he said, "but are you talking about that chappy Smith's story in this month's *Argosy*?"

I looked at the questioner who had, up till now, been shrouded in the *Financial Times*. He was revealed as a large, florid type in a tweed suit of good cut, completely ruined by being teamed with an uncomfortably loud tie. Not at all the sort of chap I would choose as a life-long friend, but, after all, he was one of my "public", and as such his opinion was valuable. So I said:

"Yes, we were. Have you read it?"

"Indeed I have! Not bad at all! Not bad at all! Course I don't hold with all this intellectual twaddle about style and such: give me a good yarn, and I'll read it. Odd sort of tale, really, I suppose, but not at

all bad. Makes a change, anyway! And, talking of changes, this is where I get out," he concluded as the train drew into a station. "Cheerio!"

Glowing with inward pride, I smiled my farewell to the big man as he got out. I was to learn that my erstwhile ferret friend also left us here, but, generally speaking, I was pretty pleased with life. The public, nay, the Public, actually liked my writing: success was here at last.

As the train pulled out, and I idly flicked over the pages to see what setting my own jewel had been placed in, the man in the corner on my side, who had so far maintained a withdrawn silence, turned to me with a smile.

"You know that story you were talking about?"

This, I thought, is getting too coincidental by half: surely this chap can't have read it too! I took a look at him: a keen, intelligent, face mirrored a pleasant, open sort of character – obviously a man on whose opinion one could rely. I said:

"You mean the one by Edward C. Smith?"

"That's it," he said. "I didn't like to say so when those other chaps were in her, but (he leaned forward confidently), "as a matter of fact – I wrote it!"

G.M.A.

FAMOUS CONVERSATIONS: NUMBER TWO COUNT AND COUNTESS DRACULA

Count Dracula was in a jugular vein over his breakfast. His wife, Haemophilia, poured out the red corpuscles from the new blue-veined breakfast coffee pot, and passed the artery jar when required.

Periodically the Count emerged from behind the *Bloodsuckers' Times* to rally his wife, calling her "a spot on the escutcheon", "a sanguinary mess", and other similar endearments. But, unfortunately, she had got out of the wrong side of the corpse that morning, and, striking a convenient pose (which the Draculas always kept convenient at the table), replied to her husband:

"The trouble with you, Dracula, is you're just a sucker! You sit there, complaining that the bacon has low blood pressure and referring to your friends as 'succulent bits'. Why don't you do something useful for a change? Look at Mr Atlas next door! You don't see *him* lying around in a coffin all day."

"Pah!" said Dracula, pounding the table and upsetting several blood vessels in the process, "don't talk to me about that clot! He's a mere corpuscle-man!"

"There you go again! Making rude remarks about health and vitality! The trouble with you is you've no ambition. You'll never amount to more than a tumour – you – you thrombosis you!"

"Don't nag, woman!"

"Well, Dracula, you do get me down. I wish you were a little more like Mr Atlas: he's so kind to his wife, and she's a dumb belle if ever there was one."

Roused to anger, Dracula put in his fangs, hailed the butler and shouted:

Fetch me my vampire! I'm going out. There's no peace around this house any more. I'll be home for dinner, unless I'm kept late at the cemetery!"

He banged out of the house, and went down to the local for a bier.

Martinus.

LITERARY COMPETITION WINNERS

WAVELL POETRY:

Dreams – Timothy Hawkins, P7A

JUNIOR POETRY:

The Window – Vincent Martin, IB

JUNIOR SHORT STORY:

Persuasion – Thomas Gemmill, 2A

SENIOR SHORT STORY

Under Canvas And All That – John Sayer, V

SENIOR POETRY:

Waiting – James Pryde, IV

DREAMS

As I lie down in a dark room
My imagination does wander
Crystal houses, silver streams
My senses they do ponder
Sugar train on liqueurice rails
Thunders past the School
I run along and jump on
And it falls into a pool
My head goes under – What a sight!
An underwater city
I blink my eye and it is gone
By glory what a pity
I dive back under without a breath
I feel just like a fish
To see the city is my joy
And my only pleasant wish
A city so good, a city so fine
With buildings oh, so frail
The mermaid people whisk about
With golden hair and tail
A water place, a water house
King Neptune on the throne
With a booming voice and Trident spear
The sea-bed he doth own.

Timothy Hawkins, P7A.

A SHELL

Fred found a shell upon the beach.
He put it to his ear –
An unexploded German one,
Now Fred's no longer here.

Bruce Ewan, P7A.

THE SOFT SHOE

Waiting in suspense,
Bend over.
The master in dense anger strikes –
Both hot and cold.
I loathe the boys outside.

Gordon Cameron, P6A.

ABOUT GIRLS

Fair hair, not dark.
Blue eyes, not black.
Hair in curls –
That's what I like about girls.

I don't like girls fat,
I don't like girls who chat,
I like girls that live and work
So I can laze about.

I'd like a stubby baby
Just like a fatman's belly.
It would have a nice warm cradle,
Just like a pancake ladle.

George Gillespie, P6A.

THE SEA

The sea is a magical power, taking and giving life.
Its history is lost in myths and legends, but today it
catches the eye of the old and wise like a sheet of
translucent glass, and its sound mocks our ears
like the cry of a thousand gulls. But some men live
on the sea, catching fish and lobsters. They are
tough, and show no sympathy to their catch. I
cannot even bear to see a fish bashed against a rock
to kill it. But I still feel the excitement of the catch.
The sea is a land to the fish. The sea, at twilight, is
a sheet of liquid fire.

The sea, the sea
It puzzles me.
I sit down and wonder what can it be
It might be a galaxy or sky full of stars,
It might be a road avast with cars,
Or a prison, and covered in big, strong bars.

It might be a universe full of life
It might be a battle full of bloodstained strife –
Or a horror – carrying its own gun and knife.

But I don't know:
I'll never know.

Timothy Hawkins, P7A.

THE WANTED SIXPENCE

It was a lovely day as I was walking along the
crispy sand and stone on the sea-side of Gosport.
Then, I spotted the amusement house. I walked up
to it eagerly: I just couldn't resist the temptation of
spending the one and two-pence I had on me on the
amusement house. I dashed in with the speed of a
leopard and the first machine I saw was "The
Guillotine". What was it? All I saw was a glass
frame with a brick wall including two closed doors.
I injected the penny in the slot with hardly an inkling
of what was going to happen. Suddenly the doors
opened and there stood a melancholy, sober looking
man about to be chopped by a guillotine. Even
though they were puppets, it was a horrible sight,
and as soon as the doors closed I turned away.

Later I was still savagely spending the rest of my
one and two-pence until I had nothing. "Well," I
thought, "I've had a good time and . . ." but suddenly
an object struck me, I glanced at it with a general's
eye thinking, "Sixpence for three shots. Oh! If
only I had sixpence, just sixpence."

I stood there for a moment or two searching for
any sixpence in sight. Then suddenly I saw a silvery
glow lying on the dusty floor, further away from me.
I ran to it with high spirits and picked . . . picked up
a bit of dust. "Oh! It's one of those indecent
gimmicks," I thought, half mad.

I was in the midst of gloom, waiting there, bored.
I wanted a sixpence, just sixpence. I said that con-
tinually while I dropped my hands into my stuffed
pockets when suddenly I remained quiet.

Silence reigned for one minute as I drew out a . . .
a sixpence. "Oh! Fool me, I had a sixpence all the
time," and with that I rushed into the "target stall".

Sooner or later all you heard were three "Pops"
and I stepped out of the amusement house, pleased
and satisfied.

Early Days

It was 9th July, 1909, when my Dad took me to
Dunblane. It's little I can remember now of that
far-off day. Having tea together at a little cafe
round the corner from the Stirling Arms. George
Stirrat, I seem to remember, was the boy gloomily
dealing with his tea at another table. Then being
escorted – with no Dad, but with seven or eight
other boys – to the School under Drummie
Hetherington. All over the road we were, in most
unmilitary fashion, for there was no need to bother
about traffic in those days, even though it was then
a main through route. I suppose there had been a
picking-up point for new arrivals in the town some-
where, and I wonder now if my Dad – as casual in

such matters as his son now is – ever saw the school he was handing over his son to.

I was put into A Company – A 11 – and lodged in the dorm on the first floor of the south side. (I am taking it that the School faces the west.) Only one other dorm – on the other side and a floor higher – was then in use. This held B Company, with their "C attached", as we had ours. My School number being 46 I was just in the First Fifty, though some few dozen boys must have been in during the next couple of weeks or so.

The buildings then consisted of the main block (without the later extension on the north-west corner), a row of married quarters, and a house each for the adjutant and the headmaster, situated on the road leading to the north gate. Also, I believe the uncompleted chapel, subsequently opened by King Edward VII.

I had my medical in the top dormitory above that my bed was in. On the same floor, the small, ten or twelve bed dorm at the head of the stairs was a surgical ward – I was a patient when I tore the top of my index finger off. When I had tonsillitis I was isolated in one of the bunks between the main stairway and the steps up to the cross dorms that ran across the front of the School. Sick parade was held in one of the box rooms at the end of the passage on the top floor, and the dispensary was either in the same place or near by. I haven't been upstairs in the School since 1917, when I spent a night there on my way from Dublin to attest at Perth, and I believe there have been extensive alterations on these top floors, so my locations may not be too easy to follow, but they will have to do.

The top long dorm on the other side was the band practice room. Here, my mother having written to the School to ask if I could keep up my music (piano), I shortly found myself sitting on top of a pile of boxes, learning the flute! I couldn't have been too good at it, for I next found myself in the bugles. Failing to get beyond the third note on the bugle, and my long roll not being above reproach, I was shortly demoted again – to the tailor's shop. This was on the floor below, corresponding to my isolation ward on the south side. Here I did a marvellous "sampler" of a splendid save by a button-headed goalie in a goal framed by drummer's braid; but early in 1911 found rest at last in the Study Class.

The library was either my isolation ward in a later incarnation or the room above or below. Tommy the Snob's lair was on the first floor, south side, west front, half way along to the lavs. The top floor cross dorm was the gymnasium, possibly also a playroom on wet days, for it was during a wrestling match on the horse – with, I think, George Stirrat – that I force-landed on the bridge of my nose gaining a spectacular bruise. The boxing ring, when erected, was at the other (north) end of this room. Here it was that some humorist fixed up a match between Jimmy Mair, thirty odd inches of whipcord and

energy, and dreamy "Tom" Hayes. My seconds, to my disgust and against my furious protests, threw in the towel in the second round. I've never been in the ring since. It would have been much kinder to let me take my punishment, but they meant well, I suppose. Quartermaster's Stores were in one or two of the classrooms on the north side beyond the doors leading to the kitchen. I should add here that some of these arrangements may have been very temporary, and perhaps not all contemporaneous. These are my recollections, but I am not upon oath.

I was put, I believe, but I can't be sure, directly into "Daddy" Birkett's class, second door on the right as you come into the Central Hall from the South end. "Daddy", a great rugger player, and a real he-man, had no time for pampered little boys who cried if you spoke roughly to them. "Come out, Hayes. Bend over." Six on the seat was the maximum legal punishment in class. Entered in the Punishment Book as "Cause – childishness". On one occasion I hadn't got back to my seat before: "Hayes! You're still crying. Come out." Another six. "You'll thank me for this when you grow up." He was right, too. I did and I do. I have a healthy contempt for self-pity (and Lord knows there's enough of it about nowadays). All thanks to "Daddy" Birkett, may Allah be merciful to him!

From "Daddy" Birkett's I graduated to the Study Class beyond the swing door. The room after that, by the way, was the science lab. The Study Class consisted of boys who intended to become Army School masters. In those days it was taken for granted that every boy, excluding blind and maimed (poor Jimmy Mair, for instance, who lost a foot from a poisoned wound not long after his scrap with me), would join the army in some form or another on leaving. So if you were brainy and wanted to stay on, there was nothing for it but to have a shot at the Corps of Army Schoolmasters. Later on, mind, we had a kind of second class citizenship for boys who couldn't quite make the grade, but were good enough fodder for armourer-sergeants' jobs. Our master, Mr Bairstow (affectionately known, strictly behind his back, as Baregut) was the finest teacher I have ever known, yet full of mannerisms, which the pundits deplore as tending to distract the attention of the class. He would literally tear his hair at a stupid answer, walk along the dais to his desk, lean heavily on it, and stare fixedly across the paradeground for an endless minute. We loved the performance, and waited for it. He was also quite a gifted entertainer: musical monologues and the like – and once got up a concert in which every performer was a member of the Study Class. My own contribution ran only to being one of the jury in a sketch. Another keen rugger player, he started and trained the School rugger team, got us a playtime different from the other classes so that we could practise passing on the square, and usually dived into a discussion on tactics, illustrated by a diagram on the board, as soon

as we got in. If he heard the door open behind the easel, the duster in his left hand would sweep away the diagram as he changed, in mid-sentence, to something like "... now Edward III had based his claim to the French throne on ..." Usually it was the Head who was coming in, and I doubt if he was deceived.

Talking of the Head, for some reason, I, who remember all things more visually than otherwise, have no visual memory of the Head at all. Yet I know he was an exceedingly downy bird and much of his wisdom has helped me more than once in my teaching and in other ways. But he should not have stopped me from getting an Omar Khayyam. It was in 1916, when, as I already had the Primus medal, and the rest of the prize was being given in War Savings Certificates, the Commandant thought I should have some permanent reminder of doing the double. I was to have a clasp (I'm still waiting for it), but in the meantime he'd give a book. Choose it myself. But the Head thought I was not yet ripe for old Omar, so I had to make do with a Scott, and leave coping with hedonism until later. Sad waste of time.

Mr Boon was music master. We rehearsed *Pinafore* in the small dorm corresponding to the surgical ward on the other wing, but never got to a performance. Mr Steel took over from Bairstow when the latter, by much pulling of strings, was released to take a commission in the war. Other schoolies had to desert and re-enlist under a false name if they wanted to take a more active part in the war.

The non-teaching staff. The Commandant – awe-inspiring, even after a performance in a concert, wearing a false nose and singing *Hey-go-lucky, I'll wed my ducky, the belle of the Rose and Crown*. How annoyed he was over the porridge mutiny! All the plates that had been marched out into the serving-room were saved up for the mutineers to clear before they were allowed any dinner. Cold porridge as an entree! Ugh! The Adjutant, Danny Mather, who was so fairminded when asking me to coach a boy whose mother was worried about his lack of progress, that I thought he was actually encouraging me to refuse. Then: "I'm disappointed in you, Hayes." It still rankles. The Q.M. I just can't remember. Then there were the pioneers. There was one who talked in Irish bulls: "Who tied that dog up loose?", and another who was so anti-Campbell, that on Sunday morning when the band played in front of the School, someone only had to shout up to him "They're going to play *The Campbells Are Coming*, Duncan!" for his head to disappear and the window to slam down. The Drum-major, the Master Tailor, the Shoemaker, the Master-cook, I remember them all clearly, and their little ways, but there isn't time for all. Just this – one day, when we were at dinner, Mr Strathdee, the master-cook, put his head round the door from the kitchen, and, referring to some old exercise books he was boiling down as

papier mache for the use of the Students' Master, said: "Tell Mr Ward his stew's b---ered", in his best sepulchral, Man-in-Black voice.

And the colour-sergeants. In the earliest times A company had Mr Lindsay, the RSM. Then came Mr Fennessey, Victor Fennessey's father, who didn't much care for me, possibly for the same reason that made "Cully" Martin, B Coy, call me Clarence and give me "beardie", but possibly also because, as was said of an Indian officer of my acquaintance, "He has certain non-military habits which appear to be ineradicable." Currie, of C company, I remember as an immaculate, gentleman-ranker type, while D company CS (Taylor, I think) I hardly knew.

When I think back to those early days some of my memories seem difficult to believe. Perhaps it was because the School opened just before classes stopped for the summer holiday, and something had to be done to keep the troops quiet, perhaps because, as I have heard, the War Office hadn't taken over yet, perhaps because, as I have also heard, there were unexpended funds left over from the Queen Victoria Memorial Fund. So there were competitions with prizes, a picnic with sticky sugar buns on Sheriffmuir, and pillow fights not only permitted, but organised by the Colour Sergeant. One night we actually raided B company, aided, abetted, and even accompanied by the RSM-designate. Incredible. I must have dreamed it. I think it was rather later that I won a football medal in a five-a-side competition where my name came out of the hat with four of the School First Eleven. Even with my presence the team couldn't be prevented from winning the runners-up medal.

The first boys in the School arrived about a month before me. Gibbons and Swan for A company from the Dukies, and Crichton and Stevenson from the Hib (Royal Hibernian Military School, Dublin, where I later did my teacher training). Gibbons it was who taught me how to swing a kilt. It took me years to unlearn and keep my greatcoat tail from swinging. Andy Swan proved a born defier of authority, lost his stripes, and even qualified for the "Chair". Stevenson I remember as a gentle soul and a wonderful hand at map-drawing. Crichton, of course, was in a class by himself, and a School hero.

Talking of the "Chair". I was quite surprised recently to read a report of the Commandant's speech in which he spoke of the strict discipline of the early days. Well, of course it was harsh, but it had never occurred to me to think so. I had my share, what with "Daddy" Birkett's cane and "Cully" Fennessey's tawse, but I never graduated to the "Chair". This was a barracks chair, Windsor, with a block of wood across the top of the curved back, over which delinquents were folded for the greater tension and the easier accessibility of their bases. Punishments other than corporal I cannot recollect.

Bounds were strict. Only on Sunday afternoons –

Programme

(Tea will be served immediately after the Parade has left the Parade Ground)

1. Departure of Inspecting Officer by Helicopter.
2. Highland Dancing: (Instructor, Mr J. Mortimer, late KOSB)
Argyllshire Broadsword
Highland Fling
3. Beating Retreat: (Pipe Major Instructor, Mr J. Mackenzie, late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders)
(Drum Major Instructor, Mr A. K. W. Morrison, late Scots Guards)

Retreat Call The Flag will be lowered during the Retreat Call. It would be appreciated if spectators would stand and keep silent during the lowering of the Flag.

Drummers' Flourish

Retreat Marches	<i>Battle's O'er Land of my Youth</i>
Slow March	<i>Pride of Scotland</i>
March	<i>Leaving Port Askaig</i>
Strathspey	<i>Captain Horn</i>
Reel	<i>The Pipes of Drummond</i>
March	<i>51st Highland Division</i>
March Past	<i>Highland Laddie</i>

ARTS AND CRAFTS

A display of work done by the boys during the School year is on exhibition in the "Wavell Hall" on the South edge of the Parade Ground. All guests are cordially invited to visit this exhibition, which closes at 5.30 p.m.

Guests are also invited to view the Pipe Room and Drum Room, behind the main rows of seats.

"You may go out by the Perth road, the Ash road, or the Kinbuck road, but you may NOT go out by the Dunblane road." Only as "duty mon" was I ever in Dunblane except as one of a party. "Duty mons" were responsible for collecting the mail at the Post Office, on Sundays when there was no delivery and, in the evening, taking it up to the Commandant's house at Landrick. The first part was fine – you could have an ice cream in town, rare luxury, or, in the winter (for then no sensible person ate ices in winter), a plate of hot peas and vinegar, but in the evening it was a different matter. Walking up by that wood on the top of the slope behind the married quarters on a winter evening, with the wind making eerie sounds in the trees, was no fun, even if you could persuade someone to "chum" you up.

I went into the Study Class in 1911, with three others, Crichton, Pollock (I think) and "Jim" Pirie. I was younger than the others who all passed out a couple of years before me. Jim Pirie I last saw in Lahore less than a year before his battalion (he was RSM and in the unit they called him "Jock") went to Hong Kong and a Jap POW camp. He was scandalised to learn that I did not possess an "Old Victorian" tie, and on the instant tore the one he was wearing from his neck and thrust it on me. It was, however, New Year's Eve, the impulse had evaporated the next morning, and he called to get it back. However, I still wear it occasionally.

Crichton was a great lad, popular with all the boys. He and one of the pioneers made a cross-talk pair for our concerts. He worked hard to pass at the exam for "Student-studying-for-Army-School-master" (which was the only way I could explain to orderly sergeants what my "civil occupation" was), and I believe he made it on second attempt, but went as instructor to the new armies, then out to France, and was killed, I believe at Loos, and, I believe, before he was 21. Mr Bairstow used to say, "I wish you were all like Crichton. He may not know as much as you do, but he puts all his goods in the window." – because Crichton knew how to conceal his ignorance of part of what was asked for in an examination question, and bring out every fraction of what he did know on the point.

I remember how, when we were assembling for evening study (two hours, and Mr B. gave us plenty to keep us busy), he would come in at the head of a "Conga" chain – though this was before the "Conga" was danced – playing *Here Comes The Chocolate Soldier* on the mouth organ. But once the clock had struck he'd see they was no skylarking.

One must stop somewhere, so why not here? Other echoes come surging up, protesting – "Who ate the policeman's pie?"; "Thanking you for your kind cake."; "No, he EXtinguished himself"; "Joshua to Elizabeth, Sir." But no, enough is enough.

E. V. C. Hayes (46).

SKYDIVING AND PARACHUTING OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

About 150 years ago a man whose name I'm afraid I don't know, thought up the idea of a parachute, but if you had seen his idea I don't think you would have agreed to it trying to float down to earth without killing yourself, because the weight of the parachute was much heavier than the weight of the person who was foolish enough to be the guinea pig, for the structure was made of wood.

Then years passed and some Japanese man thought up an idea for making the parachute structure out of thin metal, but this was not a very suitable idea either.

Then men began to get the idea of having the canopy rounded, not triangular. This worked wonderfully but there had to be a few changes – the canopy enlarged – different types of harness were used and different cloth or silk or nylon was tried. Best results were the nylon canopy for it had small holes in the nylon so that the air could pass through the chute and also nylon was much cheaper than silk. Different names – the most modern one nowadays is the Commando Chute (American) which you can handle, guide and hover with. The speed of the descent is 10-12 m.p.h. There's different positions which you guide yourself across the sky.

Alistair F. Christie, 1A/B.

BLUBBER RUBBER!

I own a rubber,
which is made of blubber,
and rubber's blubber is thick!

If you eat the blubber,
of the blubbery rubber,
you might feel awfully sick!

BEWARE! the blubbery rubber,
might be in your rubbery blubber!

Michael W. S. Quinn, P7A.

LOCUST

The locust enters,
opening the door naturally
as if he lived here
in my cave.
Touching everything
pollution, contamination,
touching,
under his sickening fingers
beauty turns to puss.
The locust spoils.

Stephen Bruce, V.

CAST-OUT

He leeches round, unwanted,
 Sickening smugness through and through,
 That never-fail two-faced smile,
 Draped across his fat face.
 You'd love to knock it off.
 Well-chewed clichés he's heard around
 Flow, like a sewer.
 Yet he drags on, and on, and on,
 Full of his own ignorance.

Alistair Hewgill, IV.

MY FUTURE

When I grow up I wonder
 What the future holds for me
 Will I join the Navy
 And sail o'er all the sea?

I don't fancy being a criminal
 Trying to rob a bank,
 I might play for Hearts in goal
 And be like Jim Cruikshank.

Should I be a doctor?
 And help to cure disease?
 Should I join the circus
 And swing on the flying trapeze?

No, I think I'm too young
 To choose my profession yet –
 I'll wait till later on and see
 What certificates I can get.

Richard Davidson, 2A.

KNITWIT!

There was an old lady from Dover
 Who decided to knit a pullover.
 But oh, might me,
 She knitted four sleeves
 And now it will only fit Rover.

Andrew I. Crawford, 1A.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT

There was an old man called Jose
 Who poured some meths up his nose.
 Along came his Gran
 With a match in her hand
 And that was the end of old Jose.

James Topping, 1A/B.

Story of the Blues

As a large John Mayall following has grown up in the School I thought it would be a good idea if some notice was given to the earlier forms of the Blues.

The Blues first appeared on the plantations of the deep south, where the primitive tribal rhythms of the Africans combined with American folk music to produce the work chant or "holler". As the negroes worked in the dusty cotton fields they chanted responsive songs. It soon became a convention for each plantation to have its own singer. Probably the greatest of these was Charley Patton, a small fair man who sang in an incredibly rough bass voice and accompanied himself on a six-string guitar. He sang the first line of each verse twice and then sang the third rhyming line. In his songs we can see the beginning of the classic twelve bar blues. The second birthplace of the Blues was the State Penitentiary: Huddie Ledbetter's vivid life gave him many in these hospitable establishments, where he learnt to play the twelve string guitar. He proudly called himself the "King of twelve string guitar". His blues were a curious mixture of the work songs and the more plaintive ballads of Mississippi John Hurt. He was also a great friend of the late Woodie Guthrie.

When the plantations collapsed after the Civil War many singers were left without support and had to go on the road, heading for the cities of the North. There were many blind musicians who couldn't earn their money in any other way and were forced to beg at the roadside. Blind Willie McTell was such a singer who travelled through many states and sang of his many journeys in his "Travellin' Blues". He was particularly accomplished in finger-style guitar and could imitate trains and many other things on his guitar.

By the early twenties the Blues had spread into the large cities and with a change of location it took on a different look, from a personnel form it changed into an entertainment form, many sounding like the "reels" and "rags" of pure country music. In the "juke-joints" and "barrel-houses" many small groups of musicians played. Although the names were different the places were the same: a large dance floor with a piano and a barrel. A typical band of this period is the Memphis Jug Band who used a piano, a guitar, jugs and cowbells.

Meanwhile the Blues were being used on the Vaudeville stage. There under the expert hands of singers like Bessie Smith and Bertha Hill the Blues were given the jazz treatment. The name of Louis Armstrong can be found on many 78s of this period.

Neither of these forms survived the Depression and the Blues re-appeared with a surprisingly polished smoothness, while still keeping a country

feel about it. Themes were directly related to social conditions and Casey Bill can be heard singing about the New Deal in his WPA Blues. But he sings as a man whose house is being pulled down around him rather than one who has been given a job by the WPA. In the South old techniques were taken up by younger men like Robert Johnston who varied them with new techniques heard from records from the North.

The Forties and Fifties were the great years for the Chicago Blues. In the heavy boogie style of Pete Johnston we can hear the origins of R and B which became popular in the Fifties. A new burst of life was given by the "down home" singers who moved up after the war. The bands of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf and Elmore James produced a very heavy electric sound which seemed to burst out of the small clubs in which they played. James used a bottleneck technique very similar to that of Robert Johnston. This was the time when the Blues were being discovered by a large white audience.

The sudden realisation that the old Blues were rapidly disappearing led to many rediscovery trips to the deep south to bring back the old masters. Many were dead, having spent their lives in poverty, but Bukka White, John Hurt and a few others were still able to play. This "boom" has allowed much old material to be re-issued and it seems a great pity that while Mayall and Fleetwood Mac have colossal record sales the real hard Blues and the origins of today's music are ignored. It is worth noting that Eric Clapton will probably die a very rich man while Robert Johnston, who provided most of Clapton's material, died penniless at the age of 26.

Stephen Bruce, V.

THE WINDOW

The window looks like nothing
nothing at all.
You only notice a window
when it's beside a wall.

Maybe it is dirty
maybe it is clean
a window might look like a mirror
or just a very smooth stream.

You might notice
insects trudging up and down
And an occasional moth
twirling around.
On the window which looks like nothing
nothing at all.

Vincent Martin, IB.

THE RSD

... A drama school ...

actors
the main characters are despised by the rest
the head actor is mimicked
and despised
by ambitious bit-actors
dissatisfied with their walk-on parts.

Yet they aren't too nice either
a motley crowd of comedians
and intellectuals
who are followed by the troupe:
who laugh when their sheep dog speaks,
and the hips
who just live true glue
to fill their small lives.

Stephen Bruce, V.

PORTRAIT

It all began with a conception
of an idea,
of what it was all about
and I was the result.
When able to walk I was given a gun –
only plastic but still it held power
the latest power enabled me
to stab my sister with a dart
Hand grenades and a plastic SLR
have replaced
spinning tops and wooden horses,
as Vietnamisation replaces
Colonialisation.

And as the benevolent government
of Harold Macmillan had realised
the need for knowledge
as well as a power lust
I was sent to school –
to soak in liquid ideals
hand picked ideas
selected by the Education authorities
(those faceless pens who yearly
reject your bus pass application).
By careful planning I learnt how
to appreciate the Victor
and how to recognise Germans.

Under the ——— of Science
I was taught how to make beer
and bombs
but never bothered to buy a licence.
English – reading gave me ideas
and emotions I'd never had before,
opened New Horizons and one new door
I had crested the hill and could now look back
and see my life spread below
and my seven worthless certificates.

Stephen Bruce, V.

Groove it, Honey Joe!

It took my brother no less than two hours, forty three minutes, and twenty five seconds (he says he timed it) to persuade me to go with him to the discotheque in the village. I don't normally go in for that sort of thing – discotheques I mean – and I didn't really want to go in for it then, but, my parents assured me, it was free.

"But what if the place is full of neds?" I asked as we left the house, feeling suddenly shaky.

"Oh don't be so thick," Pete retorted.

He apparently had no more to say on the matter, so I kept my trap shut and toddled along. I'll confess that neds (a general term for a group of male adolescents – hooligans, teddy-boys, members of the Salvation Army: one didn't know till one was beaten up, or not) have always been one of my greatest sources of discomfort. The mere sight of a group of them makes my scars, wounds and ruptures itch, before I've had time to receive them.

Just in case of costs I'd taken along three shillings. I asked Pete if he had any money. He nodded, feeling in his jacket pocket.

Someone just then must have opened the discotheque door: there was a screaming, screeching, booming noise of what must have been at least a million decibels that sent us skidding, scraping and bouncing about fifty yards back up the road. We were stuck there flat on our backs for at least five seconds, or it may have been six, till someone else mercifully closed the door again and we were able to peel ourselves from the ruffled tarmac and resume our journey.

I noticed, as we approached the tiny 16th century-looking shed, hidden in the shadows behind the Cock, which once a week had the audacity to call itself a discotheque, that on either side of the road were bent lampposts, overturned dustbins and various oddments of litter (dead dogs, prams, cabbages) which were the result of the sonic gale.

Turning the corner we could see the doorway of the discotheque. Then as we were crossing the road, three leather-jacketed, wrinkle-picked, slimy-haired Greasers (an appropriate anme) were ejected from the back door of the Cock. I screamed, and threw myself against the wall. Pete did too. We gave them time to reach the top of the road before removing ourselves from the humanoid impressions we'd made in the brickwork, and before going into the discotheque I took a last look at them as they were strangling an old lady with bicycle chains.

I paused at the door to read a scrawled notice pinned to it: "If you're not sixteen – beat it!"

Relief! I grabbed the brother and began dragging him away. "Come on. You're not sixteen – let's get."

He struggled free. "I'm not going home. I'm going in. I didn't come this far for nothing."

He was right. We'd suffered the unbearable heat – the terrible thirst – the vultures – worse could not be. So in we went!

The noise was terrific! My whole body was twisted, torn at, wrenched, and completely battered by the oppressive barrage of sound waves. I could hardly breathe.

On my right, sitting on the floor, leaning against the walls, lying on tables, dangling from light-bulbs, and hanging from window-ledges by their false eyelashes were a score or so colourfully and exotically dressed wenches. Most were smoking and/or drinking. One or two occasionally twitched their nostrils in time to the music. It struck me (a rather dirty trick, as I wasn't at all expecting it) that they were all wearing the same outfits, but perhaps it seemed so because of the dull lighting, and because I wasn't wearing my glasses.

On my left was the most murderous looking bunch of neds I had ever seen. They were dressed alike: black suits and ties and white shirts, and were sitting ranged along each wall – there was a bar at the far end – each clutching a pint mug in his right hand, and a cigarette or knife in the left.

My knees had begun to weaken, and a million terms of abuse, aimed telepathically at my brother, swirled round my mind. But before I'd time to inconspicuously back out a ten-ton fist smashed down on my shoulder and spun me round. I was facing the knees of the most massive bouncer who had ever smashed me on the shoulder and spun me round. He must have said something: his lips moved. I screwed up my eyes, cupped my mouth with my hands, and with as much volume as I could squeeze out screamed, "Pardon?" He looked a bit angry at that, then repeated it – that is, his lips moved again.

Fortunately, before he had time to rip off both my arms, I noticed on a table by his ankles a battered rusty tin containing a few coins. Money! We had to pay? I broke into a sweat. I hadn't the least intention of staying, and neither was I going to pay up then leave. "How much?" I screeched. Big Boris held up three fat fingers. "Three bob?" He nodded, and spat out a nail. "Give's your money," I said to the brother, stalling for time. "I've only got a shilling," he whispered.

Saved! I stood on tip-toe and shouted again. "I'm going home. Haven't got enough money." He frowned. "Wot?" Picking myself off the floor after the blast I shouted, "I'm going home for money. I'll be back in a minute." The sweat was dripping off my chin. He frowned, grunted, then turned away. I grabbed the brother and dragged him out. We'd

got about ten yards when he suddenly stopped and waved a pound-note in front of my nose. "Hey, I have got more money. Let's go back." He turned. In desperation I grabbed the note and sprinted off homeward; you couldn't see me for dust – or rather tarmac – besides the fact that it was pitch dark.

John Sayer, V.

BUILDING A DAM

One Sunday afternoon when we were outside some boys were down at the burn sailing pieces of stick up and down. But some of the boys didn't like this so they started to build a dam and soon nearly everybody had joined in getting bricks from every place and getting turf from the banks and everything they could get their hands on, and when they had finished they would go up as far as they could and sail their sticks to see if any could get past. When it was near time for tea they burst the dam and made a tidal wave down the burn and then they got changed and went to tea.

Barry Davies, IC.

GOING OUT FISHING

When you go fishing you put on your wellingtons and great-coat and start out for where you are going for. By the time you get there your feet are sore so you have a rest for about ten minutes and after that you get your fishing gear all set up, and that takes five minutes and then you start fishing and hope for the best. After about two hours you have had no luck and you say to your partners, "Let's find a new place." Just after you have got all your fishing gear packed you see some fish jumping about in the water and you shout, "Look at the fish jumping about in the water!" and someone says, "You just can't win." After you get to a new fishing place and get your gear all set up again it starts to rain down very heavy and you have to go back to School. When you get back the sun comes out and you all say together, "You just can't win."

Barry Davies, IC.

TWO DOGS EATING

The two dogs are very healthy and run around all day. But at meal time they are there as usual under the table. You can sit down in peace but you can bet you'll find a dog's head resting on your knee. With its eyes pleading in its own silent way for food. Often those pleading eyes are too much for people to bear and they give a bit, and then a bit more, until

the dog eats half of their meal. When it has had its share it will slowly wander away and lie in front of the fire while swallowing every morsel, even the bones. Mayor, the bigger of the two dogs, will, if he wants, take food from your plate if you leave it. But this is our meal time and at theirs it is very different. They are not the quiet, calm dogs we knew before. Nisco, the smaller one, turns into a terror. She eats anything that you give her, gulping it down greedily. She will eat but at the same time eyeing around to make sure no dog, or person for that matter, takes any of her meal. Mayor is not like Nisco. He eats everything yes, but he is never finished and will always go on to Nisco's plate after he has finished his. This may sound normal but he does it in such a placid way. Mayor is a show dog and has won at Cruft's but Nisco is not old enough yet. After they have eaten they will go and lie in front of the fire, one eye on my grandad who has brought them both up and the other closed. This is the life which they have led since my aunt bought them, and I personally hope they go on like this.

Ian R. Marchant, P7A.

PEOPLE IN SCHOOL

Nelson is our dorm leader's name, he is a good dorm leader. At night Nelson says "shut up" to Thomson and Heeps and tells them to report. Heeps reports, you hear a bang, some one shouting "Nelson, Mr Bruce wants you." Nelson goes up he comes back down with something in his hand. Its his colours for swimming and cross-country, Nelson is the best swimmer in Abercromby.

My second year's name is B. Heeps, he is nice sometimes and sometimes awful. He was born in Dunfermline but he lives in Glasgow like Kempself who still lives in Dunfermline. Heeps is quite tall and he is in 7B, Captain King's form, and Heeps is a drummer. Heeps and I are for a bath on Saturday night after prep.

Mr Bruce, the House Master, inspects the dorms checking drying rooms and shoes, checks the dusting and the sweeping, comes to our dorm. Nelson snaps the word then we're standing at attention. He looks around and says its quite tidy so no points off so as soon as he goes out the door downstairs we go to the Chapel.

Mr Finlay is a good master like Mr Bruce. Up we get on Wednesday at seven o'clock. We get up straight away in case we get a cold spray.

The morning passes quickly so does the afternoon until its time for bed. We get our shoes done, a shower or a bath, into bed we go and the half-past-eight bell goes. Mr Finlay will deal with all the people who were late.

William Munnoch, P6A.

SONNET FOR 14th FEBRUARY

For me there are no hearts, no country names,
 No silly crosses spilling down the page.
 I puzzle at no riddles, guessing-games,
 Which only serve to bore me at my age.
 I recall one year I laboured hours to make
 A dozen tokens saying "Postie, fly!"
 But waiting in the exclusive queue got but a shake
 Of the head, a letter, and a sympathetic sigh.

I think: well, I've been missed this year again
 While others gleefully clutch with jealous paws
 Their cards, and I'm still left up on the shelf.
 But why the worry? I have my struggling pen
 Which I regard above the Santa Claus
 Of this mad day: I've always got myself.

John Sayer, V.

WAITING

Scruffy little children run about,
 On tricycles, in shoddy footwear.
 Dirty are their faces, especially their mouths.
 A sex mad Collie runs about with them.
 A child screams, with fright.
 And a fat masculine woman beats the animal.

A newspaper crawls sluggishly along the road.
 Spreading, contracting; then flattened by
 A ton of steel. Pouring out fumes.
 I force a sneeze, then hold my breath.
 The paper begins its journey again.
 Where to?

Paper!
 I see it everywhere,
 I am disgusted.
 I notice the ugliness of the railing,
 Surrounding the black dismal – caves.
 Brakes screech, as the Collie saunters across the
 road.

A beautiful animal, neglected.
 It limps as it glides towards me.
 That beast of a woman.
 He sniffs. Then passes by
 Holding himself like a Cruft champion.
 My brothers appear.

James G. Pryde, IV.

PERSUASION

I was gaily walking down the stairs chewing away
 at some delicious toffee. I stopped chewing for a
 while to dislodge a gooey bit which had lodged in a
 part of my back tooth, which once contained a

filling. Unexpectedly but not suddenly I started
 rising. I wasn't alarmed really – just plain terrified. It
 was then that I felt the hands under my armpits. I
 was very relieved. I opened my mouth to (swear at)
 scold the joker, but before I could speak a coarse
 gag was thrust in my mouth and under my tongue.
 Next came my eyes which were covered with a
 rather grubby handkerchief. By this time I was
 almost in hysterics. There was a foul taste on my
 gag; and then I woke up.

I was chained to a rack which was slowly
 attempting to pull my arms and legs out of their
 sockets. As my mouth and eyes were uncovered I
 screamed. "S'no good" said a QV boy in trews, "the
 wall's sound proofed." "Oh!" I said.

Slowly my eyes became adjusted to the light and
 I could see the walls festooned with thumbscrews,
 six inch nails, bicycle chains, and various assorted
 knives and razor blades. Now I knew what they
 wanted.

"Your not getting it" I said defiantly.

The boy, who was now with company, merely
 chuckled.

"I'm telling you; your not getting it" I said aggressively.

"We'll seeeeeeee!" he chuckled to himself as he
 removed a red hot poker from a brazier and moved
 towards me.

"No don't, please" I pleaded almost screaming.

"Are you going to get it?" he said. The others
 were now extremely interested in the proceedings.

"Well I don't know" I said, stalling for time.

He moved the poker towards my forehead,
 shrivelling my hair. The others were moving closer,
 their eyes bulging.

"Alright," I screamed, "I'll give you it; I'll give you
 it."

"Gooood", he said "I had a feeling you would."

They unchained me and let me straighten myself
 up.

"Come on!" they said. "Give us it!"

"Oh all right" I said grudgingly.

I reached in my pocket.

Then gave them the rest of the toffee.

Thomas Gemmill, 2A.

UNDER CANVAS AND ALL THAT

Nothing in particular had woken me – no cock,
 crowing on a fence in the early morning sun, no
 bedside alarm-clock, and certainly no nerve-
 smashing school bell – just perhaps a subconscious
 realisation that I must move off as soon as possible
 that morning. I stirred a numb leg and heaved
 myself into a sitting position. Being in the middle
 of the tent, I could sit up without much bother – but
 my back still ached. Still in a bit of a daze I fumbled

with the tent-flap until it fell open and I could crawl out, wetting my knees, into the cold, dewy shadow of the warehouse which loomed up on the right. My denim trousers, sticky when I first woke, were now worked loose by the probing breeze, and my sweaty legs were quickly chilled as the stiff moisture evaporated. Yawning, I turned to look at the tent, seeing it for the first time in daylight, and laughed at the crazy way it was sagging and leaning.

I blinked at the flickering surface of the small bay in front of me. A few tiny fishing-boats heaved gently and a screeching gull lurched across the dazzlingly blue sky. The other two in the tent hadn't yet awakened, which decided me to postpone breakfast for a short time, and I picked my way through the huge, mushrooming tufts of soaked, knotted grass down to the miniature beach.

Then the smell hit me, standing there ruffle-haired and hands sunk in pockets. The smell associated with a well-remembered part of my childhood: the period when I spent my time among lobster-pots, dead crabs, baskets of fish, and giant reddened buoys with their spilling mounds of rusting anchor-chains; the smell of drying sea-weed, which lay strewn in salted wavy ranks along the dirty grey sand. I was listening, hypnotised, to the slop-sucking sound of the soft water as it flopped over large chunks of broken concrete and wood where there had once been a jetty, when a rat, like a bloated, oversized grasshopper, sprung from behind a tide-smoothed, half-buried tree trunk. It skidded and jumped along the edge of the sand, and suddenly vanished into the upturned wreck of a rotting rowing-boat.

I discovered a crushed cigarette in my right pocket, and along with it a broken match. Crouching by a particularly large clump of grass I managed to light the cigarette, and sat there, sucking the smoke deep into my lungs to clear away the night's fustiness, until a sharp, hot sensation on the tip of my tongue warned me that I was smoking the filter.

Reluctantly I stumbled back to the tent, and found to my surprise that a small cooker, giving off throat-catching fumes, had been set up just outside the tent. The other two weren't around, leaving me to suppose that they were preparing breakfast inside the tent. With the intention of helping I pushed my head in through the flap.

On the floor, and seemingly fast asleep, were Phil and Alan. I was about to ask what was going on when Phil rolled over, half-opened one eye and mumbled, "Fire's on. Make breakfast, willya?"
John Sayer, V.

UNHINGED

One hundred and twenty pounds of
Skin, bone and muscle,
Functioning, just.
With no future and no past.

Born to be nursed unto death,
Or until science catches up with him.
He is of another world
We do not know.

His eyes stare into space
At something we cannot see.
He could be seeing the person who
Has cut him off from me and you.

What could he have done
To be locked out,
Of the cavern that hath no depth,
In another dimension?

He could be in hell
We do not know,
Let's have compassion
And let no hate for him grow.

Yet he could be in heaven
Where no worries he knows,
And concealing a secret
We will never know.

James G. Pryde, IV.

NO HUMAN ERROR

There was no war.
But it happened.
The atom split,
And the cap began to slip.

There was an error.
Not human.
So who is to blame,
For the movement of this plane.

Do we blame the memory banks who
Took us to the moon so soon,
Who, saved our own banks from memory labour
And gave us time to fight our neighbour.

We move now, south
Like migrating birds.
But lack their organisation,
As we run from the giant shaving.

Passports, visa's,
We need now, none,
We are finally one race
Beneath a setting sun.

James G. Pryde, IV.

TELEPATHY WITH A RABBIT

I was bored.
I looked out.
It was dark.
The window cast a yellow patch onto the grass.

A rabbit sat nibbling
At roots of juicy grass.
He saw me, and stopped.
Our eyes met.

He was frightened, but the grass was good.
I was curious, he was only feet away.
He sat proudly, observing.
And I studied him.

Ever been rabbiting?
If so you must be slick.
Ever been shot at,
For eating what is yours?

Ever had a nip of gin, or
Been chased by a fool, a hawk or an owl?
If so you must be cunning.
They would have caught me.

I played Lord of the Flies once,
We caught one of you.
He got sloshed in his gin.
I felt sick. But I daren't show it.

Why do you persecute us?
Instinct. Or may be
It's because you are
Inferior.

At least we don't replace the grass
By a black waste.
Rip up the countryside, and deposit disease.
And threaten our world with destruction.

Our numbers are controlled.
And not by pills.
You'll devour our world
Because you defy it.

You have protected your weaklings,
And controlled your predators.
You were strong once. Now you are weak.
The weakest of us all.

He stiffened, trembled.
Then stole off into the darkness.
A car went by, silently.
I never heard it!

James G. Pryde, IV,

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The thing that gets us about these so called poets
is that their so called poems are . . .

Have you ever wondered where some of these
weirdo's get their material from? – the Bucket as far
as we can see – that's where it comes from and
that's where it should go (preferably burn it).

Leave the poetry to those who are literally gifted
and the rest of you get down to writing something
solid and worth reading.

Alan Grey and Michael Wood, VI.

STRANDED

Ignition.
Silence.
I stare into empty space. Shocked.
Rivulets of sweat are all that move.
Three days of life.
Shall we wait.
Test. Retest.
Ignition.
Silence.
A national disaster,
Only mother goes home.

Tears. Regret,
I should have been a carpenter.
Claustrophobia is building.
Buttons are pushed.
Computers go berserk.
Destruction follows. Pointless.
But we are broken.
They gave us pills,
But we cannot reason.

We have monuments.
Not Lift-Off.

James G. Pryde, IV.

BOTH SIDES

When times are rough, and ego low
We think of times not long ago.
Where song and laughter filled the air,
And we so young had not a care,
Of places seen and sights adored
So in our hearts sweet memories stored.

But . . . if in life we can't succeed
By Thought, or word, or even deed.
Then to despair we turn our soul
And knowing we can't reach our goal,
Despair again, for we can tell
That here on earth we've made our hell!

James McMillan, IV.

Sport

RUGBY

The second half of the season was practically wiped out by the snow which in a most annoying way was sufficient enough to stop rugby but did not stay deep enough for continuous sledging or ski-ing.

Again, the majority of our games were cancelled because of bad weather. We managed to fit a game in against Glenalmond in early February. It was played away from home and we had a comfortable win of 14-3, the majority of our points being scored by Brian Murton's penalty kicking. Later, in fact the last game of the season, Alloa beat us away from home, mainly due to a slack defence and the usual end of term apathy.

Our best and hardest game was against the Old Boys who produced one of the strongest teams we've seen for a long time. There was the usual outbreak of cramp from both sides, the Old Boys', probably due to lack of exercise, suffering most. However their heavy scrum eventually proved too much for us and they scored twice in the last four minutes. The final score was 21-3 for the Old Boys.

This term we entered the Stirling Seven-a-Side Competition and met Alloa in the semi-final. We were beaten 21-3 by a faster and more experienced side.

Regular 1st XV players were:

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

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

The 2nd XV lost 23-0 to Queen Anne School, Dunfermline.

The 3rd XV had a good end to the season with wins over Glenalmond and Alloa. This team has had a particularly good season playing hard, attractive rugby and combining well as a team.

The 4th XV lost to Queen Anne School.

The 5th XV lost to Alloa and the 6th XV lost to Queen Anne and Alloa.

An Inter-House rugby seven-a-side tournament was held on 11th December. Cunningham 1st year lost to Trenchard 6-0; Cunningham 2nd year and 3rd year beat Trenchard 19-9 and 31-3 respectively.

SWIMMING

School Swimming Championships 25th April, 1970

FIRST YEAR

2 lengths Breast Stroke – 1st W. Dacey, 2nd V. Parker, 3rd I. Grant.

2 lengths Back Stroke – 1st W. Dacey, 2nd V. Martin, 3rd J. Mackle.

2 lengths Free Style – 1st W. Dacey, 2nd A. Christie, 3rd V. Martin.

4 lengths Medley – 1st W. Dacey, 2nd A. Christie, 3rd V. Martin.

4 x 1 length Relay – 1st Trenchard, 2nd Cunningham.

4 x 1 length Medley Relay – 1st Cunningham, 2nd Trenchard.

Champion – W. Dacey.

Runner-up – V. Martin and A. Christie.

SECOND YEAR

2 lengths Butterfly – 1st M. Dolan, 2nd I. Fitzgerald, 3rd G. Glass.

2 lengths Breast Stroke – 1st K. Walker, 2nd G. Glass, 3rd M. Ferrigan.

2 lengths Back Stroke – 1st M. Dolan, 2nd N. Roe, 3rd E. Cuthbert.

2 lengths Free Style – 1st A. Ogilvie, 2nd G. Glass, 3rd M. Dolan.

4 lengths Medley – 1st M. Dolan, 2nd E. Cuthbert, 3rd G. Glass.

4 x 1 lengths Relay – 1st Cunningham, 2nd Trenchard.

4 x 1 length Medley Relay – 1st Cunningham, 2nd Trenchard.

Champion – M. Dolan.

Runner-up – G. Glass.

THIRD YEAR

2 lengths Butterfly – 1st G. Bowden, 2nd S. Langlands, 3rd M. Fogarty.

2 lengths Breast Stroke – 1st G. Bowden, 2nd S. Langlands, 3rd M. Fogarty.

2 lengths Back Stroke – 1st G. Bowden, 2nd A. Fiddes, 3rd D. Crawford.

4 lengths Free Style – 1st S. Langlands, 2nd J. Harrison, 3rd G. Bowden.

4 lengths Medley – 1st S. Langlands, 2nd A. Burns, 3rd M. Fogarty.

4 x 1 length Relay – 1st Trenchard, 2nd Cunningham.

4 x 1 length Medley Relay – 1st Trenchard, 2nd Cunningham.

Champion – G. Bowden and S. Langlands.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

First Year – 1st Cunningham 29 pts., 2nd Trenchard 13 pts.

Second Year – 1st Cunningham 27 pts., 2nd Trenchard 21 pts.

Third Year – 1st Cunningham 26 pts., 2nd Trenchard 25 pts.

HAIG

2 lengths Butterfly – 1st D. Wrenn, 2nd J. Wrenn, 3rd A. Grey.

4 lengths Breast Stroke – 1st R. McVicar, 2nd J. Wrenn, 3rd D. Barnes.

2 lengths Back Stroke – 1st D. Wrenn, 2nd R. Murdoch, 3rd A. Grey.

4 lengths Free Style – 1st D. Wrenn, 2nd J. Wrenn, 3rd D. Barnes.

4 lengths Medley – 1st D. Wrenn, 2nd J. Wrenn, 3rd A. Grey.

Champion – D. Wrenn.

Runner-up – J. Wrenn.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY AWARDS

On Sunday, 26th April, 1970, Mr T. Duff from the Scottish Police College, Tulliallan, examined 27 boys for various awards of the Society. All candidates were successful.

Bronze Medallion

W. Dacey, J. Armstrong, B. Gilchrist, T. Thomson, A. Christie, J. Richardson, J. Topping, J. Kill, K. Walker, W. Common, T. Nicol, J. Fleming, D. Todd, V. Parker, I. Fitzgerald, M. Evans, I. Grant, A. J. Piercy, W. West, C. Pryde, I. Kempself, T. Manson.

Bronze Cross

M. Dolan.

Teacher's Certificate

W. Murray, A. Robertson, S. Langlands, A. Menzies.

Still to be examined are the candidates for the Award of Merit and Distinction Award. This examination was delayed – two of the candidates being on an Outward Bound Course.

We cannot hold this exam in our own swimming baths as they are not deep enough. Some day we hope the MPBW will build a small wall round the baths and we will get the required depth.

NON-SWIMMERS

Fifteen boys were on the course this year and all managed to swim the required one length at the end of the course.

SCHOOL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

28th May, 1970

HAIG INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP

100 yards – 1st M. Wood, 2nd J. Robertson, 3rd J. Campbell.

220 yards – 1st M. Wood, 2nd J. Robertson, 3rd J. Campbell.

440 yards – 1st M. Wood, 2nd J. Robertson, 3rd J. Campbell.

1 Mile – 1st A. Grey, 2nd J. Robertson, 3rd A. Robertson.

Long Jump – 1st M. Wood, 2nd J. Robertson, 3rd C. McHardy.

High Jump – 1st T. Nicol, 2nd I. Cruikshank, 3rd J. Campbell.

Shot – 1st A. Robertson, 2nd J. McMillan, 3rd J. Campbell.

Discus – 1st D. Wrenn, 2nd J. Campbell, 3rd A. Robertson.

Javelin – 1st R. Murdoch, 2nd C. McHardy, 3rd I. Cruikshank.

Champion: M. Wood, 12 points; *Runner-up:* J. Robertson, 10 points; 7 points – J. Campbell, 5 points – A. Robertson, 3 points – C. McHardy, T. Nicol, D. Wrenn, A. Grey, I. Cruikshank, R. Murdoch, 2 points – J. McMillan.

INTER-HOUSE AND INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS – INTERMEDIATE HOUSES

THIRD YEAR

100 yards – 1st M. Haston, 2nd N. McMurdo, 3rd G. Bowden.

220 yards – 1st G. Bowden, 2nd D. Crawford, 3rd W. Murray.

440 yards – 1st W. Murray, 2nd D. Crawford, 3rd N. McMurdo.

880 yards – 1st D. Crawford, 2nd A. Fiddes, 3rd S. Langlands.

Long Jump – 1st G. Bowden, 2nd D. Todd, 3rd A. Menzies.

High Jump – 1st A. Fiddes, 2nd N. McMurdo, 3rd C. Murray.

Shot – 1st M. Haston, 2nd A. Menzies, 3rd G. Bowden.

Discus – 1st M. Haston, 2nd D. Todd, 3rd D. Cockburn.

Javelin – 1st G. Bowden, 2nd D. Todd, 3rd D. Barr.

4 x 110 yards Relay – 1st Trenchard, 2nd Cunningham.

Champion – G. Bowden, 11 points.

Runner-up – M. Haston, 9 points.

Inter-House Championship – 1st Trenchard, 34 points, 2nd Cunningham, 29 points.

SECOND YEAR

100 yards – 1st T. Armstrong (T), 2nd D. Woodward (C), 3rd P. Adams (T).

220 yards – 1st T. Armstrong (T), 2nd D. Woodward (C), 3rd P. Adams (T).

440 yards – 1st J. Sinnett (C), 2nd D. Woodward (C), 3rd G. Glass (C).

880 yards – 1st G. Glass (C), 2nd J. Sinnett (C), 3rd G. Doyle (T).

Long Jump – 1st T. Armstrong (T), 2nd G. Doyle (T), 3rd P. Adams (T).

High Jump – 1st E. Cuthbert (T), 2nd J. Pearson (T), 3rd T. Gemmill (T).

Shot – 1st M. Dolan (T), 2nd D. Woodward (C), 3rd J. Sinnett (C).

Cricket Ball – 1st G. Glass (C), 2nd C. Common (T), 3rd N. MacKay (C).

4 x 110 yards Relay – 1st Cunningham, 2nd Trenchard.

Champion – T. Armstrong, 9 points.

Runner-up – D. Woodward, 8 points.

Inter-House Championship – 1st Cunningham, 29 points, 2nd Trenchard, 28 points.

FIRST YEAR

100 yards – 1st K. Gale (C), 2nd A. Crawford (T), 3rd A. Christie (T).

220 yards – 1st K. Gale (C), 2nd A. Crawford (T), 3rd R. Graham (T).

440 yards – 1st K. Gale (C), 2nd A. Crawford (T), 3rd T. Manson (C).

880 yards – 1st K. Gale (C), 2nd A. Crawford (T), 3rd J. Baldwin (T).

Long Jump – 1st K. Gale (C), 2nd M. Nelson (C), 3rd A. Christie (T).

High Jump – 1st A. Christie (T), 2nd I. Grant (C), 3rd M. Nelson (C).

Shot – 1st K. Gale (C), 2nd G. Weir (C), 3rd A. Crawford (T).

Cricket Ball – 1st A. Christie (T), 2nd S. Walker (C), 3rd Darling (T).

4 x 110 yards Relay – 1st Cunningham, 2nd Trenchard.

Champion – K. Gale, 18 points.

Runner-up – A. Crawford, 9 points.

Inter-House Championship – 1st Cunningham, 34 points, 2nd Trenchard, 23 points.

INTER-DORMITORY AND INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS – WAVELL HOUSE

MAJOR

100 yards – 1st D. Torrance, 2nd R. Anderson, 3rd M. Wood.

220 yards – 1st D. Torrance, 2nd R. Anderson, 3rd D. MacDonald.

880 yards – 1st D. Torrance, 2nd N. Nelson, 3rd C. Burgess.

Long Jump – 1st D. Torrance, 2nd R. Anderson, 3rd M. Wood.

High Jump – 1st D. Torrance, 2nd M. Wood, 3rd D. MacDonald.

Shot – 1st D. MacDonald, 2nd M. Wood, 3rd R. Anderson.

Cricket Ball – 1st M. Wood, 2nd J. Walker, 3rd D. Agnew.

Inter-Dormitory Relay – 1st Lynedoch, 2nd Moore, 3rd Abercromby.

Champion – D. Torrance.

Runner-up – M. Wood.

MINOR

80 yards – 1st P. Ross, 2nd S. Cuthbert, 3rd I. Campbell.

440 yards – 1st D. Hughson, 2nd S. Cuthbert, 3rd I. Campbell.

Long Jump – 1st S. Cuthbert, 2nd D. Hughson, 3rd N. Kempell.

High Jump – 1st S. Cuthbert, 2nd J. Dempsey, 3rd E. Pitkeathly.

Cricket Ball – 1st S. Cuthbert, 2nd D. Cuthbertson, 3rd A. Pearce.

Champion – S. Cuthbert.

Runner-up – D. Hughson.

Inter-Dormitory Championship – 1st Moore, 40 points, 2nd Lynedoch, 38 points, 3rd Abercromby, 18 points.

WAVELL HOUSE

A combination of poor health and adverse weather conditions during the Easter Term resulted in very few games being played. If the football pitches were not covered in snow they were frozen solid and the boys obtained most of their exercise from sliding and sledging. Snow battles raged in Wavell Wood and this aspect of winter was enjoyed by all. One winter hazard which was not so pleasant, however, was the influenza epidemic that swept through the House during the latter part of the Winter Term. Only a dozen or so boys escaped it and at one time there were over thirty boys in bed at the same time. As usual everyone miraculously managed to recover in time for the Easter holiday.

So far the Summer Term has been a hectic one. All the sports competitions which were postponed have been run off in quick succession and the term has been a grand festival of boxing, swimming, cross-country, football and athletics. So far cricket has taken second place but with the temperatures during the first half of the term mostly hovering around freezing point, perhaps it has been a good thing.

Wavell Wood comes into its own as the days lengthen and there is more time to play outside in the evenings. This rough piece of ground containing trees and a stream is a marvellous playground for small boys and can be turned into whatever the imagination wills it to be. Normally it is a battlefield and opposing armies can be seen manoeuvring there, equipped with the Wavell House issue wooden rifle, Mark I. Early summer is also the term when animal collecting begins. Class-room aquariums are stocked with tadpoles and all sorts of carnivorous water creatures are caught and bottled. In a previous year we reared a young rook which, unfortunately, died, just before it was ready to fly off, owing to an excess of tinned cat food which was all it could be induced to eat. This year so far we have discovered six young ducklings which we were able to return to a rather agitated mother.

At the end of the term the House will see many changes. Captain Bull has left us to take up an appointment as Head of a primary school in the borders and Mr T. M. Wright will be leaving us at the

end of the term. The hard work and interest that they have shown during their stay is much appreciated by all of us. Captain N. J. O. King has joined us to replace Captain Bull and we extend a very warm welcome to him.

The term is, however, not over yet and we have the usual outings and hikes to look forward to. Twenty-eight boys will be going to camp at Aviemore for the first ten days of the Summer holiday and with their return and despatch home another year will have been completed.

Minors

56 lb & under	Munnoch, W.	Topping, G. W.
57-63 lb	MacRae, A. K.	Gillespie, G.
64-70 lb	Hughson, D.	Kill, D.
71-77 lb	Clark, I.	Kempself, N.
78-84 lb	Cuthbert, S.	Baird, D. A.
85-91 lb	Smith, I.	Forrest, A.
92-98 lb	Robertson, S.	Wallace, G.
1st Lynedoch; 2nd Moore; 3rd Abercromby.		

MACRAE QUAICH

Lynedoch Dormitory.

Competitions and Sports Results

COLOUR AWARDS

Football: D. MacDonald, R. McKelvie, M. Wood, J. Walker, R. I. Marchant, I. Campbell.

Swimming: R. Anderson, C. Nelson.

Cross-country: D. Torrance, C. Nelson.

The following boys have played for the 1st XI Football Team: D. MacDonald (Captain), M. Wood, R. McKelvie, J. Walker, R. I. Marchant, T. Gallon, I. Davidson, I. Campbell, D. Thomson, C. Burgess, J. McDougall, C. Ward, D. Hughson, J. Blake.

FOOTBALL RESULTS

QVS v. Bannockburn under 12 Football Club
Lost 1-3.

QVS v. Doune Draw 2-2.

QVS v. Callander Win 4-0.

HOUSE FOOTBALL COMPETITION

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

ZOO LEAGUE

Tigers.

SWIMMING COMPETITION

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

Minor Champion: N. Lawrie. Runner-up: D. Hughson.

Major Champion: R. Anderson. Runner-up: C. Nelson.

CROSS-COUNTRY

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

QVS v. Gartmore (win for Wavell team).

Medal Winners - Minor Race: 1st D. Hughson, 2nd S. Milner, 3rd I. Campbell.

Major Race: 1st D. Torrance, 2nd T. Gallon, 3rd C. Nelson.

BOXING FINALS

Best Stylist: M. Wood.

Majors	Winner	Runner-up
66-70 lb	McKelvie, R.	Brydon, S.
71-77 lb	Aitken, C. R.	Heeps, B.
78-84 lb	Wood, M.	Burgess, C.
85-91 lb	Torrance, D.	Walker, J.
92-98 lb	Marchant, I. R.	Brown, C. A.

Clubs and Societies

SAILING CLUB

The Sailing Club started up again this term under Captain King, one of the new masters, and we had a new intake of the younger boys who all seem eager enough. We still hold membership at Loch Ard Sailing Club and sail at Loch Ard most Thursdays and sometimes over the weekend.

The weather has been reasonable and about half the Club have been out for at least one trip. All three boats can be taken out with Captain King helmsman in one, and the other two are taken out by the boy helmsmen I. Crawford and T. Nicol. So far nobody has capsized but there have been a few close calls and everybody has been taught what to do if it does happen. We are hoping to get the people who have not yet sailed out before the end of term and also we help in clearing the ground for the Loch Ard Sailing Club to build on. Next term the maintenance of the boats starts and that soon sorts out the lazy people.

T. Nicol,
I. Crawford.

POTTERY CLUB

This year the Pottery Club was again under the supervision of Judy Le Maistre (Lecturer, Glasgow School of Art). Only 12 people were allowed in the Club since any more would not get sufficient teaching to be of any advantage.

A large ceramic wall plaque was made by five members of the Club ($3\frac{1}{2}' \times 2\frac{1}{4}'$). Although ambitious, the plaque was completely successful and should be appearing on a School wall very soon.

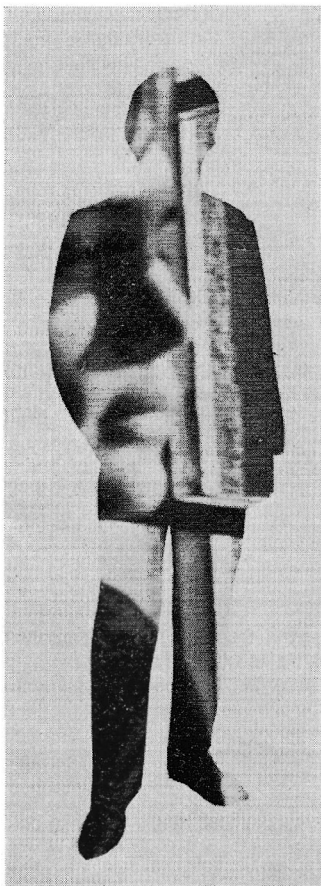
There was no lack of enthusiasm and a large amount of pottery was produced of a good standard, although there was an acute lack of glazes. For a better appreciation of the work produced this year do not miss the Art and Craft Exhibition!

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Committee: J. R. Campbell, C. J. Robinson, C. McHardy, I. Crawford. *Members:* J. Sayer, K. Lawrence, T. Docherty, D. Cockburn, D. Brown, D. Woodward, J. Scullion, K. Boyle.

During this School year the Photographic Society has gone very well. We have had three talks, two from Captain Woodhouse, an experienced photographer, on colour reversal and colour printing. We followed up the first talk by exposing and reversing a colour film which turned out well. The other speaker was our Art Master, Mr Le Maistre, who explained the framing technique of reversals. Much was learned from both speakers.

Apart from talks and practical work we have had two competitions: one for the novices and the other for experienced members. The standard of both was very high and many entries were submitted. The



SENIOR COMPETITION
First Prize—JOHN SAYER, V

SENIOR COMPETITION

First Prize—JOHN CAMPBELL, VI



competition was again judged by Capt. Woodhouse who gave his comments on each photograph. J. Campbell won the senior Competition and J. Sayer the junior.

Despite the high standard of the competition, however, only three out of seven novices passed their proficiency test. To counter the dying enthusiasm towards the end of the year cheap films were purchased in bulk, and a wider variety is now stocked and sold at reduced prices.

We are all looking forward to a good end to the year with our exhibition on Grand Day.

J. Campbell.

PIPE BAND

I cannot begin as usual by saying that we have made a great improvement this year because we have not. We reached, four years ago, the standard of a third grade band and since then each competition has told the same story! Bad drumming and unsteady pipe blowing. People expect no more from us as a boy's band though they do not realise that we have by far the finest facilities in Scotland and an instructor who has taken many bands to the top of grade one.

I feel we will progress no farther until pipers play their pipes a little in their own time or someone invents automatic bagpipes. We were further handicapped by the sudden departure of our leading drummer this term, though H. Shannon is quickly learning to fill this position.

Our first engagement this term was to John Players & Sons (Stirling) Gala Day on 23rd May. We were invited back to Blackford Highland Games this year for the centenary year.

After Grand Day we depart for a weekend in Beaconsfield to play at the 50th anniversary of the RAEC.

On 27th June we are making another attempt to win 3rd grade at the World Championships held this year at Aberdeen.

Pipe Major Instructor: J. MacKenzie.

Drum Major Instructor: A. Morrison.

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

Boy Drum Major: Brian Murton. *Bass:* J. MacMillan. *Tenor:* A. Hewgill, J. Wrenn, K. Walker, W. West. *Side Drummers:* H. Shannon, G. Glass, R. Paterson, C. Gilchrist, S. Walker, I. Grant.

A. MacDonald.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

At present the Society is undertaking a survey of some limestone workings and the associated limekilns at Cambusbarron, near Stirling. Although the workings only closed in the early thirties the project is of some importance as there are still people alive who worked in the mine and the kilns.

No map was made of the underground workings and it is hoped to produce a trace for use with the 6" map.

The project is being undertaken at the request of Dr Mackie of Stirling University and is an example of a new branch of archaeology called Industrial Archaeology whose main concern is the recording of the whereabouts and methods of working of local industries over the ages.

The underground survey gang comprises the following members of IIC: R. K. Holmes, R. J. McMurdo, R. MacVicar, W. Murray, and L. Rudham with Captain J. F. Gardner performing on the theodolite. These workings are cut into a 6' strata of limestone and the entrance is a level out of which flows a stream. The survey gang have had to chain through over quarter of a mile of this level containing water to a depth of 1-2' which takes one's breath away when one first steps into it. This level has been called the "Long Paddle".

The NCB has lent us helmets and lamps. The helmets are very necessary as incautious movements frequently result in massive collisions between heads and the low lying roof in certain parts.

The cookhouse very kindly provide us with tea which is very welcome on emerging into the fresh air after the Long Paddle out.

HAIG HOUSE

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Squash Racquets:

winner - B. R. Murton

runner-up - J. F. Barnes

Badminton:

(singles) winner - M. C. Wood

runner-up - A. S. Grey

(doubles) winners - M. C. Wood and A. S. Grey

runners-up - J. Shannon and R. C. Murdoch

Cross-country:

winner - J. Robertson

runner-up - J. Campbell

Swimming:

winner - D. Wrenn

runner-up - J. Wrenn

Shooting:

winner - J. Campbell

runner-up - R. C. Murdoch

Victor Ludorum: M. Wood.

Tennis: *Not yet known*

NEAR ESCAPE

When crossing the border on the road from Carlisle to Glasgow the only indication that you have entered Scotland is the change of place names. The scenery of the southern Scottish uplands and the north Cumberland hills is very similar: round pear-shaped hills; shallow banked rivers; and of course silence. Well not complete silence... Now a motorway roars itself over the Douglas moor and descends on Gretna Green. It was on this road that I escaped an early death.

I was making my way back to School after a week-end in Manchester. By the time we neared the border the cool English Autumn had changed to a cold Scottish Winter. In other words the bus I was travelling on hit a snow blizzard. I had been through many such occasions but never with a lunatic bus driver. Since Carlisle he had averaged fifty, managing to drive us onto the verge only twice! His finale took place a few miles north of Lockerbie.

I had just woken up. In front of me, through the front windscreen, I could just see a dark shape blocking the snow covered road. Well I saw it, but I am quite sure the driver did not. About thirty yards from the overturned lorry he realised it was too late to brake, and spun the wheel in a frantic effort to avoid a collision. The next few seconds for me were very blurred. I remember my seat giving way and I was floating in the air. Finally I landed in a most embarrassing position with "old Mother Hubbard" sitting beside me. The whole bus was plunged into darkness broken only by the groans of the dazed passengers. I had been through my first miracle. I was still alive! If it had not been for the wet snow the bus would never have swerved so quickly. To top the evening some exhibitionist came round collecting for the "brave driver who had saved our lives"!

Allan Robertson, V.

EARLY MORNING

I rolled out of bed coughing. (My chest often hurts me when I get up in the morning and my throat goes dry.) Still in pyjamas I boiled the kettle. It didn't take long because the water was just over the element. An egg was ready and the toast beginning to crackle. I was still coughing like hell.

After I'd eaten I washed and had a quick shave (cut myself twice – the blade was blunt). As usual by 8.30 I was ready to leave. The cat rubbed against my leg and I kicked it away.

Outside it was misty and still dark. Already I could smell the smoke from the factory and an attack of coughing struck me again. Fred would be round the corner.

Michael Wood, VI.

DESTINY

What shall I do –
What is the point of living –
Where shall I go to in the end –
How shall I die?

In war, in bed or
Shall I dry up on desert plain,
Swell up and burst on the ocean waves
Or, will the intellectuals of this world,
Disintegrate me,
With Oppenheimer's little device?

Will I starve like some Biafran kid,
Suffocate in bed, or shall
Technology suffocate me –
Will some wild cat maul then devour me?
Shall I die, or just be obliterated?

Shall I be cremated? NO!
I might be burned alive by some crammed doctor.
I could be buried alive!
I know, I'll tell them to cut my throat.

Shall I save up money and be put in ice,
To be brought back to life in the future?
What would be the point?
Shall I sell my body
To some worthy scientific cause?
I know what! I'll become a human guinea pig.

When I'm gone will I be remembered,
Will there be anything left to show I once existed?
Or will there just be,
An upright marble stone,
And a faded name in Somerset House?

James G. Pryde, IV.

MINUTES OF MEETING OF THE OLD VICTORIANS' ASSOCIATION HELD ON 15th MARCH, 1970

Present: President: Lt. Colonel W. C. Harrison, BA, RAEC; Chairman: Mr P. B. Taylor; Mr J. Deeley, Mr G. Stirrat; 37 members of the Association.

1. The Commandant welcomed members to the second Annual Old Boys' Week-end and hoped that the AGM would complete its business successfully.

2. *Reading the Minutes.* The Headmaster read the Minutes of the last Meeting. It was proposed by Mr Audsley, seconded by Mr McQueen, that the Minutes be approved and signed.

3. *Matters arising from the Minutes.*

(a) BBC Scottish Television had been asked whether it would be possible for the cameras to be directed on to the Pipe Band before the start of an international match from Murrayfield or during half-time. The BBC explained that it was difficult to

allot time for such a feature as there were so many other activities to cover during these intervals.

(b) It had proved difficult to arrange a time for the soccer match to be played, despite the bringing forward of the Chapel service to 10 a.m. After some discussion, it was agreed that next year the programme for Sunday would take the following form:

- 10 a.m. Chapel Service and Wreath-laying.
- 11 a.m. March Past – Salute to be taken by a young Old Victorian.
- 11.15 a.m. Pipe Band Beat Retreat.
- 11.45 a.m. Annual General Meeting.
- 2.30 p.m. Soccer – Edinburgh Branch v. Glasgow Branch.
- 3.45 p.m. High Tea.

Mr J. Quinn of the Glasgow Branch agreed to be responsible for the arrangements for the Soccer Match.

4. *Headmaster's Report.* The Headmaster gave a report on the activities of the School during the past year.

5. *Branch Reports.* The following read reports from their Branches:

- Mr D. Aitchison, Glasgow;
- Mr A. Bulloch, Edinburgh;
- Mr C. McQueen, London.

6. *Life Membership.* The following proposal was made by Mr M. Owens and seconded by Mr K. Douglas and carried unanimously:

- "1. Life Membership of the Old Victorians' Association should continue to cost £1.
- 2. Life Membership of the Association will entitle the Member to be kept in touch with School affairs, mainly through the annual Newsletter.
- 3. *The Victorian* should be ordered and paid for separately from Life Membership.
- 4. Life Members under the old scheme should be allowed to carry forward their membership under the new scheme. They are not required to pay another £1."

7. *Old Victorians' Association.* The Headmaster explained what had been done so far to enrol new members in the Association and undertook to enclose with these Minutes when they were sent out, a statement to show how the Old Victorian Fund now stands.

After some discussion it was agreed that Branches should send to the Headmaster by the middle of May their suggestions for a constitution for the Old Victorians' Association. He would discuss these with Branch Representatives on the morning of Grand Day so that a draft constitution could be circulated to Branches and Members before the end of 1970. Agreement would be sought at the Annual General Meeting in March, 1971, to a constitution for the Association.

It was proposed by Mr A. Bulloch and seconded by Mr J. Quinn that the name should be retained as

Old Victorians' Association. This was carried unanimously.

8. Mr Black asked the Committee to write to Mr Andrew Duncan, The Lodge, Compton House, Drem, North Berwick, East Lothian, congratulating him on reaching his 90th birthday. The Headmaster undertook to do this.

9. The Headmaster was requested to arrange in good time for a young Old Victorian to take the Salute at the March Past in future years, preferably one who is serving, so that he may wear his uniform. The Headmaster agreed to do this and to give the lesson-reader more notice in future.

10. There being no further business to discuss, the meeting closed at 12.55 p.m.

Stop Press

RELAY BATON MEETING 2nd June

Only one record was broken this year, by Ballantyne of Glenalmond, who beat the previous mile record (4 min. 34 sec.) at 4 min. 27.8 sec.

QVS Results:

17-19 years—

- 220 yards – M. Wood, 3rd.
- 440 yards – M. Wood, 2nd.

15-17 years—

- Long Jump – R. Murdoch, 2nd.
- Discus – R. Murdoch, 1st.
- 220 yards – R. Murdoch, 2nd.
- Javelin – R. Murdoch, 2nd.

13-15 years—

- 440 yards – D. Crawford, 4th.
- Long Jump – G. Bowden, 2nd.

Points:

- 1st Glenalmond, 59; 2nd Strathallan, 51; 3rd Dunfermline, 47—; 4th Dollar, 44—; 5th Rannoch, 25; 6th Queen Victoria School, 23.

DRILL COMPETITION

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

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