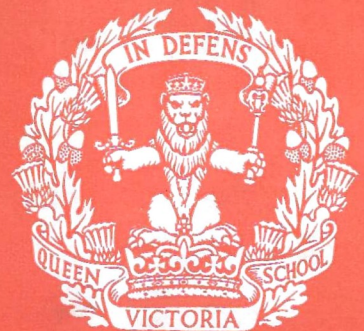


Shirley Cunningham





THE JOURNAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 84

DECEMBER, 1970

Editor: JOHN SAYER
Advertising Manager: BRIAN MURTON

Editorial

With this issue we must have reached a record for enthusiasm and support with respect to literary contributions. A read through the literature section, and I'm sure you will agree that a completely fresh approach has been adopted, and that the standard is progressively higher among the lower forms. You will also notice that the majority of contributions comes from the 3rd Year, and that among them are some delightful touches of humour – pleasantly surprising when you consider that it is in that age-group that the adolescent usually begins to discover the compelling beauty of atom bombs, disease, and death. One of my particularly favourite pieces is the Bill 90½ 'play'. It shows definite Goon potential. Martinus watch out!

Something which I have always been thankful for is that living in such an environment as this one could never be reduced to wasting away on street corners. But my exultation has been completely shattered by taking the occasional look at life in the Senior Sitting Room during the half-hour break before dinner on week-days. For less than thirty

minutes each day, and for only five on Thursdays, the place is packed with blank-faced bodies sitting round the radio, against the radiators, and at tables, sometimes mechanically raising coffee-cups or dealing cards. The question arises: how soon can a resident psychiatrist be placed on the School staff?

It is tradition that the Christmas term, probably because it is the longest, is the most boring. This year, however, the half-term break was extended to a full week, a change very gratefully received by most. Despite the fact that there will be no repetition of anything like 'The Boyfriend' this year, some of the senior boys will be attending a dance at the Beacon School shortly before the end of term, which should provide a refreshing break from the pressure of exams and application for University.

Something which the power failure on the morning of the 7th proved to me: that it is possible to type an editorial by candle-light! On behalf of the 'Victorian' staff, to our readers everywhere – Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Commandant's Notes

Staff Changes

Mention was made in the last Victorian of the unusually large number of changes taking place among the teaching staff at the beginning of the School Year, and due tribute was then paid to most of those who were then leaving. To avoid embarrassing him, since he was still here, little was said of the impending loss of our Headmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, who had decided to move to the civilian academic world. Colonel Harrison will long be remembered at the School for his sincerity, kindness, and enthusiasm, and the keen personal interest he took in each individual boy. We wish him and his family success and happiness in their new life, and hope to see them again.

No doubt more detailed mention will be made of the new arrivals elsewhere in this issue but I would like to welcome here our new Headmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, Mr Watson our new Head of the Mathematics Department, Mr Kelly in charge of English, Mr MacPhee Assistant Master in Wavell, and, with us for a year on attachment as French Assistant, Monsieur Garcès. Included in our welcome, of course, are the accompanying families of the first three.

On the Administrative side we welcome Major Robertson, late Queen's Own Highlanders, who has succeeded Major Kislingbury, and Mrs Roberston.

This short paragraph would not be complete without two further mentions, one happy, one sad. The happy one is our warm welcome to that very old member of the staff, Mr Le Maître, on his assumption as Senior Master in succession to Mr Brown.

The sad one is the tragic loss of our Chaplain's second son Charles in a motor accident, which cast a shadow over all sections of the School community, who expressed their sympathy to Mr and Mrs Ritchie as best they could.

Building

The new wing for the Teaching Block, to contain a third Laboratory, Preparation Room, and two more Class rooms has now been approved and building should begin before much of 1971 has gone by. We have several other projects of importance 'in the pipeline' but since approval has not yet been received it would be premature to make any mention of them yet. Minor exterior and interior improvements go on, of course, all the time, as visiting Old Victorians will notice.

Old Victorian Association

The next Reunion Weekend of the Association will be held on 13th/14th March, 1971. The Annual General Meeting which will take place as usual on the Sunday morning after Chapel will be of particular importance, since a proposed new Constitution for the Association will be discussed and voted on, and ways of increasing membership will also be discussed.

It should perhaps be pointed out that the Weekend is an OVA Reunion Weekend, not merely a gathering of 'old boys', and we expect that those who attend this occasion as guests of the School will be prepared to pay the Life Membership Subscription of £1 to the Association, if not yet members, and assume the very light obligations of membership, as well as becoming eligible for its privileges. In this regard, I also hope that some of the younger and more recently left 'old boys', if they attend, will show a reasonable respect to the School by tidying up their personal appearance and dress. This is a Services School, with standards and conventions still respected in the Services, for which we make no apology. 'Hippy' styles of dress and appearance are quite inappropriate for such functions as the Memorial Chapel Service, Parade with Colours, or Pipe Band Retreat; or indeed, for having tea in the Dining Hall.

The Victorian

This School magazine, which all too few Old Victorians bother to subscribe to, runs like all School Magazines at a heavy loss, the deficit being met by H.M. Commissioners. If the price were doubled it would still run at a loss, but at their last Meeting H.M. Commissioners decided not to make a substantial rise in the price for the time being, to see if costs could be held at about the present level. For convenience in decimal currency the price is now raised from 2/6 to 3/—, which will make a little difference to the annual deficit.

Composition of the School

At the beginning of the School Year the composition of the School was:

Sons of Naval fathers	23
Sons of Scottish Regimental fathers	101
Sons of fathers in rest of Army	76
Sons of RAF fathers	52

Of these, 203 of the fathers were still serving. Support for the School is not only being maintained among the Services in spite of drastic reduction in size but shows a tendency to increase. Last May the Selection Board considered 114 candidates for the 38 vacancies available and it is already clear that demand for places is likely to be about the same next year. But we should like to see some more Naval sons as candidates.

Liaison with the Services

The interest of the Services in Scotland, and the Scottish Regiments, in the School also continues to be very well maintained, and this is demonstrated by the number of individual Service visitors who come to the School, attendance at Grand Day, and the facilities given to the School by the Services. Recent examples of this close liaison have been, participation in the GOC's Installation Ceremony at Edinburgh Castle last June, visit of the Royal Scots Greys Band and Demonstration Team, presentation of a Pipe Banner at the School by the Colonel of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, invitations for the boys to RAF Leuchars, participation in the Services 'Christmas Fair' for the Scottish War Blinded in Edinburgh.

Such continued close liaison is, of course, not only desirable but essential for this Scottish Services School.

Senior School House Re-organisation

The new House system in the Senior School, whereby there are two Intermediate Houses for boys of 12 to 15, and a Senior House for all boys over 15, has been in operation for a full School Year. It is, I believe, the general opinion of staff and boys that this is a better system, at any rate for this school, than the old 'vertical' system of three houses each containing boys of every age between 12 and 18. The Intermediate House Championship for all games and sports throughout the year was completed successfully, being won by Cunningham. A new range of individual competitions, with personal trophies, was arranged for Haig, the Senior House, which also, of course provides most of the School Teams. This year Haig will in addition have their own internal team competitions.

'The Boy Friend'

Mention will, no doubt, be made elsewhere of the very successful Musical which we staged in June in conjunction with the well known Bridge of Allan Girls School, The Beacon School. Arising out of this, each School sent representative parties to certain social functions at the other School, which was very pleasant for both Schools. A friendly liaison of this kind between a boys' and a girls' School is, in my opinion, desirable and good for both, and I hope it may be continued.

Piping

We only decided at the last moment to put Allan MacDonald in for the Scottish Pipers Association Annual Amateur Championship Competition, which his brother won in 1968. However he nearly swept the board, winning all three events for which he entered, emerging as undisputed champion. It only remains for the youngest brother, Iain, to do the same in a few years' time and both the MacDonald family and the School will have achieved a record which should last a long time.

Academic Grants

Owing to the regrettably large number of boys who, having been given a grant on entering a University or other establishment of higher education, failed to complete the course, H.M. Commissioners recently decided to consider applications in future for grants only on 'passing out' (i.e. obtaining a degree or other such recognised qualification) rather than on entry, but to raise the figure for grants awarded.

Former QVS boys who obtain degrees should therefore write to the Commandant, when the time comes, making an application for a grant, backed by evidence of their success. Those who already have been given an 'entry grant' will be considered for a grant corresponding to the difference between the entry grant and the new level of grant, when they obtain their degree. Others will be considered for the full grant. While grants to those obtaining University degrees have priority for payment, applications from those completing education, art, or technical courses of not less than three years, resulting in a recognised qualification, may also be considered for grants.

Such grants are in no way an automatic entitlement; many factors, including the applicant's record while at the School, are taken into consideration by H.M. Commissioners.

News from Old Victorians

May I again make a plea to all Old Victorians, whether members of the Association or not, and of all generations, to send us news of themselves so that we may print it in each issue of the Victorian. While it is true, perhaps, that the doings of an Old Boy who left in, say, 1930, may not be of great interest to one who left in 1965, and vice versa, it probably is of interest to his contemporaries, who may be quite out of touch with him.

Altogether precisely 3,155 boys have left the School since it opened in 1909. Obviously, a good many of the older ones are no longer with us although, I am glad to say, I have plenty of evidence that many of the 'First 100' or 'First 250' are still hale, hearty, and vigorous. But, as you can see, there are a huge number of Old Victorians in the U.K. and all over the world, whether retired, in professions, in the Services, at the Universities, in jobs of all kinds. While individual news may only interest a comparatively small number of contemporaries, surely an overall picture, twice a year, in the Victorian, of how OV's as a whole are faring would be of general interest also. No need to give us your whole life story, unless you want to. The essentials are your name, the years you were at the School, where you are now, and what you are doing. Any particularly interesting experiences or achievements should be included also. Often a senior Old Victorian visits the School, usually unexpectedly, and when I talk to him it turns out that he is in a most interesting job and has had a very interesting life, but that he has been com-

pletely out of touch with the School for, perhaps, twenty years until a chance opportunity or a moment of sentiment has caused him to visit us.

To be realistic, sentiment isn't usually a dominant motive of a recently left OV in his attitude towards the School. Though some retain feelings of loyalty, and even obligation, to the School when they leave it, it is very natural that, for the first few years of adult life after leaving School their chief feeling is one of relief that they have finished with the routine and restrictions of 'that place'. I know mine were when I left School. Later, usually, one's feelings change. However, again naturally enough, we see or hear very little of boys for a few years after leaving, unless they turn up in the first eighteen months to show their admiring juniors, still at the School, how very adult and free they are. But we would like to have more news from those at Universities, Technical Colleges, Training Schools, Service Apprentice Colleges and so forth.

So do write in, even a post card will do. It doesn't matter whether you write to the Commandant, Headmaster, Housemaster, Editor or whatever. Your news will be channelled into the Victorian.

H.Q. BRANCH NOTES

It is unfortunate that no notes were submitted for the June issue of the Victorian. I was in St. James' Hospital, Balham, London, undergoing an operation for osteo-arthritis in my right hip. I now have a steel hip replacement and can consider myself in the animal, vegetable and mineral class! The Commandant, Brigadier Hope Thomson, very kindly sent me a telegram wishing me luck and regrets on my missing Grand Day which I had attended for the previous 40 years.

In April, my wife and I were present at the London Branch Meeting and 'get-together' in the Duke of York's H.Q., Chelsea. It was a pleasure to see Colonel White, V.C., a former Commandant, in the chair, and Colonel Clarke, a former Headmaster, as visiting member. Both had come from Camberley.

Donald Taylor, London Branch Secretary, and James Cooper (49), visited me in my daughter's home in Wimbledon. It was nice to see them; and many ears elsewhere must have been burning – as the saying goes. It certainly did me good to have news of other old Victorians.

Jim Kelt and his charming lady passed through Perthshire in mid-October. We were pleased to see them. He has retired from his lucrative post as manager of a well-known national firm.

Lt. Colonel Harrison, our former Headmaster, left the School in August. More will be said about him elsewhere in the Victorian and in the January newsletter. He was a very jovial person. I understand he has returned to Leeds University.

Lt. Colonel A. K. Evans is now in the chair as Headmaster. He was formerly at the Duke of York's School where he was a Housemaster. We trust he will be happy in Dunblane and live up to his reputation as a person who gets things done.

The March A.G.M. was well attended as was the 'get-together' social evening in the Westlands Hotel, Dunblane. A new Old Victorians' Association Constitution has been drawn up and this will be discussed at the meeting.

Doctor and Miss Margaret McLeay, wife and daughter respectively of Lt. Colonel Donald McLeay, Goolia, Australia, attended Grand Day. They also came to see me in Doune on my return from London. Donald was commissioned from Sandhurst into the East Surrey Regiment in 1926 and later transferred to the India Army. They are fine people and I feel sure theirs must be a happy household, for they are all delightful and charming people. Whilst a boy at Q.V.S. Donald was known as 'Floppy', possibly because of his height.

Our amiable and Senior Master, Mr Brown, has retired. I feel sure he will be missed at Q.V.S. He made himself known to Old Victorians and was a 'good mixer'. He was a very conspicuous figure, in his gown, on Grand Day. We wish him a very happy retirement wherever he settles.

GLASGOW BRANCH NOTES

I have been requested to 'have a go' at contributing in some small way an article for the school magazine, on the activities of the Glasgow Branch.

An old year is fast drawing to a close, and the new will soon be with us, when I sincerely hope that the activities will be a great deal more and a great deal livelier than in the year 1970.

The Branch meets, officially, on the first Monday of each month in the club rooms of the Seaforths, and let me at this stage thank the Committee, Club Master and all who help us in our meetings and functions held in the Club. They have been really grand to us.

I said earlier, that the Branch meets on the first Monday of each month, what I should have said was that a few loyal old school boys meet. Yes a pitiful few, and two of that few were at the meeting of the Glasgow Branch when first formed at the end of 1925. Joe McLeod and Bobby Stewart.

Our Secretary, Jackie Quinn, works so hard, and I am sure at times must feel very discouraged, but he carries on, hoping and hoping that one day he will be able to say 'Yes, it was worth it'.

We had a very good turn out of Glasgow members at the 'Old Boys' Weekend' in March, when a most enjoyable time was had by all, but why can't that same number join us at some meetings?

After the last war J. M. McLeod (Joe) formed a small social club for the old school boy, his wife and friends. That social club is still going strong, meeting every fortnight in the Seaforth Club, but unfortunately more or less ignored by the Old Boy.

The social club had an outing to Port Seaton during the summer when among the party were J. Quinn and Mrs Quinn, D. McDonald and Mrs McDonald, Jimmy Henderson, J. N. McLeod and Mrs McLeod, Bobby Stewart and Mrs Stewart, and the party numbered 76. During the evening Mr and Mrs Malloy and Mr and Mrs Munro from Edinburgh joined the party, and what a party. A really terrific party, and everyone having a wonderful time.

Messrs. McLeod, Stewart and Quinn must have been dead beat after the Port Seaton outing, for they had attended the Edinburgh Branch Dinner and Dance only the night before, travelling back to Glasgow the following morning and back to Edinburgh again that afternoon.

At the end of August the Branch attended the Edinburgh Tattoo. This was organised by J. M. McLeod and Bobby Stewart. This was an excellent outing and we take this opportunity of thanking the Club Master and Committee of the Camerons Club in Edinburgh for their wonderful hospitality.

Well the Glasgow Branch are few in number, but very much alive, and quite healthy financially.

The Branch is not appealing to the Glasgow old boys to join us; when they are not interested such an appeal would only be a waste of time. We, the loyal few, will carry on.

The Social Club are holding an end of the season party on the 19th December, when several members of the branch and their wives will be attending.

We wish all Old Boys everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

'Let Glasgow Flourish'.

'Kelvin Hall'

FIRST HUNDRED NEWS LETTER

Owing to the prolonged illness of my wife I have been unable to write as often as I would have liked to the members of the First Hundred during the past seven months but I am able to say we still have 36 survivors with us. The only loss we have suffered during the year has been caused by the death of Donald Innes (32) our only Chelsea Pensioner who died in the Royal Hospital, London in May of this year at the age of 70.

I am very sorry to tell you that Eddie Coutts (86) had a very bad accident earlier in the year when crossing the street, he was unlucky enough to be run over by a car and badly injured. His skull was fractured, several ribs broken, internal injuries and also he had half of his right hand torn off. Happily he is slowly recovering although the last news I had he is still receiving hospital treatment.

John McIlroy (5) accompanied by his wife came over to this country on holiday in July from New Zealand where they now reside. They paid a visit to the School and were warmly welcomed by the Commandant who very kindly showed them round and explained the many improvements and changes which have taken place since our day. Both visitors were very pleased with their visit and by the kind welcome they received from the Commandant. They have now returned to New Zealand where John is still in full employment and works a steady forty hour week.

About a year ago I made an effort to try and collect individual photographs, either post card size or snapshots of members of the 'First Hundred' with a view to compiling an album for preservation by the school. I collected quite a number but when my wife became ill I had to lay the idea to one side but hope to get back to it very soon so I will appeal to any old boy who may have a photo of any one of the 'First Hundred' to send me along a copy if they could spare it. I will be very grateful for any photos sent to me and in the end the school records will benefit.

Some months ago while attempting to trace photos of deceased members of the 'First Hundred' I had occasion to write to an address in Broughty Ferry where a brother of Charles Bell Logan (88) (he died in Ranchi Military Hospital, India, in 1948) lived and received in reply a very nice letter from his sister which contained much information and photos of her three brothers who she informed me had all been pupils of the school in the early days and all of them on leaving had joined the Royal Engineers. They were Charles Bell Logan (88) born 6/3/1899 who joined the school in 1909. Gordon Methven Logan (00) born 15/1/1901 and Harry St. George Logan (00) born 4/1/1904. They all served over 21 years and all three were awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medals in addition to various Campaign Medals. Unfortunately they have all passed on. Charles in 1948, Harry in 1958 and Gordon in 1961. Charles was three times mentioned in Dispatches, in 1915, again in 1916 and also during the 1920's by which time he was serving with the Indian Army. They all had a wonderful Service Record and were a credit to themselves and to the school which gave them their early training.

Since its foundation the School has had very close links with Army Education. It was, therefore, most appropriate that the Pipe Band should have played a prominent part in the ceremonies held at Beaconsfield on 13th and 14th June to mark the 50th Anniversary of the formation of the RAEC.

The party left Dunblane on the morning after Grand Day, full of high hopes and the prospect of 'five days off school'. Considerations of space — and,

one should add, prudence – permit only the briefest mention of most of the weekend. Events followed on each other with exciting rapidity. The initial whirlwind dash from Euston to Beaconsfield (can one forget the expression on the Pipe Major's face as the Mini cut in front of a heavy goods vehicle at Shepherds Bush?). The visit to Kneller Hall. The conducted tour of Windsor Castle followed by a sumptuous 'bunfight' at the Sergeants' Mess of the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards. The 'Open Day' at Beaconsfield with a tour round the RAEC Centre (some of us are clearly not destined to be television stars). The visit to the Scouts at Amersham ('you will bring your pipes . . . won't you?').

If one singles out for special mention the Band's playing of Retreat on the Sunday afternoon, it is because it was then that the particular bond between the School and the Corps was most in evidence. It was indeed a unique occasion. Among the gathering there were four former Headmasters of the School, the present Headmaster, at least six other officers who have served at the School, one Old Boy and many others who have known the School well. It was a particularly poignant moment when, accompanying General Sir John Anderson, the Colonel Commandant of the R.A.E.C., Colonel A. C. T. White, V.C., and Brigadier W. T. Lunt, respectively Commandant and Headmaster of Q.V.S. more than 40 years ago, went out to 'inspect' the Band. After the very stirring programme of pipe music which followed, there was a very simple ceremony in which Brian Murton presented a School plaque to the R.A.E.C. Centre in commemoration of the visit.

Then it was time to pack again. Four very eventful days which all members of the Band will remember for a long time. Each will have his own memories, but all will surely remember with gratitude and appreciation the kindness and hospitality shown by everyone, especially by the Commandant of the R.A.E.C. Centre, Colonel Fowler, once Headmaster at Q.V.S., and all members of his staff.

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF CHANGES

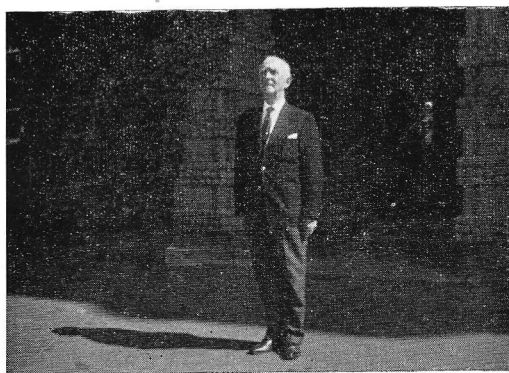
Miss Hunter has taken the place of Miss Strathdee as Matron of Cunningham, and Mr Fleming has joined the Kitchen Staff as a cook.

Mrs Clark, Miss Simon, Mrs Vallance and Mrs Walker have left the School, and their places have been taken by Mrs Cipra, Mrs Kenny, Mrs Monaghan and Mrs Shaw.

Mr J. McILROY

In August of this year the Commandant had the pleasure and privilege of showing a very senior 'Old Victorian' indeed round the School, accompanied by his wife. This was Mr J. McIlroy, whose School number was No. 5. Mr McIlroy can claim

several 'firsts'. He was the first boy to enter QVS from a civilian school, since of numbers 1-4, two came from DYRMS and two from the Royal Hibernian School. He was the first Monitor, and the first Senior Monitor, of the School. He was also the first ex-QVS boy to enter the Army, joining the KOSB in 1910.



During his long military career, which ended at Warrant Officer rank, Mr McIlroy was awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal in 1928. He also can claim what must surely be, if not unique, a very rare 'double'. He was present both at the battle of Mons in 1914, and the 'D' Day landing on 6th June, 1944. It would be interesting to know how many other 'old soldiers' can claim this. At the time of the 'D' Day landing he was, having passed his 50th birthday, the oldest man in his Division, the 49th. His father was an original member of 'the uniformed staff' of the School, when it opened in 1909. Mr McIlroy and his wife are now resident in New Zealand, having been there seven years. His last visit to the School was in 1958, on the occasion of the visit of the Patron of the School, H.R.H. Prince Philip, for the Golden Jubilee Grand Day Parade.

Mr McIlroy was very interested to see the many developments and additions to the School since then. He also told the Commandant gruesome stories of 'public executions' (i.e. public floggings) in the Dining Hall of recalcitrant boys. Allowing for the fact that any story improves over half a century we can, without being smug, be thankful that progress is not only a matter of bricks and mortar! However, whatever contemporary schoolmasters and schoolboys may think of the toughness of those days, it cannot be denied that the product was usually a very fine breed of man, as is so often demonstrated to us by senior visiting Old Boys. And of these, as will be seen in the photograph (to follow) Mr McIlroy, at a sprightly 76, and obviously good for many more years, is a fine example. He thinks he is now the second senior OV alive, and may he long remain so.

NOTES

The School received some material on space exploration from a former pupil, D. J. McArthur, who is employed at an American Deep Space Tracking Station in Australia.

Angus Macdonald now at Glasgow University, is the first former pupil to become a Medical Student.

The Sailing Club had an enjoyable outing on the Stirling University Loch in two Minor dinghies.

A guard of fifty boys attended the installation of Lt. General Sir Henry L. E. C. Leask, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E. as Governor General of Edinburgh Castle.

SALVETE

We welcome the following boys as recruits to the School.

<i>School No.</i>	<i>Father's Regiment</i>
3362	Aitken, Gavin Leonard Peter – R. Signals
3363	Ballantyne, Graeme – RAF
3364	Booth, Frank Alexander – RAF
3365	Burns, Derek Walter Duncan – RAF
3366	Cairney, John Michael – RA
3367	Cameron, Angus Malcolm Sutherland – RM
3368	Chapman, Thomas Michael – A&SH
3369	Edmondson, William David – A&SH
3370	Farquhar, Graham – RCT
3373	Gibb, Kenneth David – RScots
3374	Gibson, Edwin James McCrae – REME
3375	Gillon, James Brechin – KOSB
3376	Gordon, Charles – A&SH
3377	Gray, Neil – Para. Regt.
3378	Harrison, Paul Raymond – REME
3379	Isdale, Kevin Paul – Lancers
3380	Kerr, Paul Douglas – RE
3381	Leonard, Andrew Aitken – RAOC
3382	Leonard, Gordon Andrew – RAOC
3383	MacDonald, Iain – Scots Guards
3384	McKean, Warren Henry McNicol – RMP
3385	McKinnell, Ross William – Black Watch
3386	Marchant, Neil Alastair – Scots Guards
3387	Munnoch, James – A&SH
3388	Murray, John Andrew – KOSB
3389	Nicholson, Michael Hugh – EAF
3390	Rafferty, David Bone – RCT
3391	Riddell, Alan Stanley – R.Scots
3392	Ross, David James – Scots Guards
3393	Shelley, Andrew Edgar – RAF
3394	Stewart, James Charles Douglas – RHF
3395	Stroud, Anthony George – KOSB

- 3396 Taylor, Don – RAGF
- 3397 Tosh, Lindsay Ward – RAF
- 3398 Watson, Dougall McConnach Balfour – RN
- 3399 Watson, John Angus – RCT
- 3400 Simpson, Roy – REME

WAVELL HOUSE

New boys joined the House in September and by now have all settled down to the school routine. Making ones own bed, tying shoe laces and slipping on ones tie in the morning have all become part of every day life and are now executed without a second thought. Each boy soon finds his own particular interest ranging from playing for the 1st XI football team to singing in the choir or making models.

The Hallowe'en Party held on November 5th this year was its usual noisy success. The novelty races and party competitions were won by Moore dormitory and everyone enjoyed a perfect night for the bonfire and fireworks after weeks of wet evenings.

The 1st XI football team have enjoyed a successful season so far. Mr McPhee, who joined Wavell House in September, and who is an experienced football player, has been busy instilling the elements of tactics into the players who are beginning to realize that success is not just a matter of enthusiasm but requires practice and training as well.

The outdoor activities have been curtailed since half-term by almost continuous rain which has turned the football pitch into a quagmire. Nevertheless, good use has been made of the Wavell Play Hall, Gymnasium and swimming pool and a number of boys have gained swimming awards.

Boys have been occupied during the dark evenings with various hobbies including stamps, boxing, Meccano and model making, indoor football, swimming and choir.

WAVELL HOUSE SPORTS

1st XI FOOTBALL TEAM

Captain: I. O. Campbell (Colours).

J. Blake, P. Ross, F. A. Booth, G. A. Leonard, T. Reynolds, S. Cuthbert, J. McAllister, A. S. Pearce, D. C. Hughson, N. Lawrie.

Matches Played:

QVS	v.	Doune Primary School	–	won
QVS	v.	Rosyth	–	won
QVS	v.	St. Ninians School	–	lost
QVS	v.	Callander Primary School	–	won

Swimming Awards

Personal Survival (Silver Award) – N. Lawrie, A. Chapman, S. Robertson, J. I. Grant.

Personal Survival (Bronze Award) – Aitken, G. L. P.; Anderson, G. D.; Baird, D. A.; Blake, J.; Bath, F. A.; Buchanan, S. R.; Clark, I.; Cuthbert, S.; Dempsey, J.; Elliott, J.; Forrest, A.; Gillespie, G. J. R.; Graham, M.; Hughson, D. C.; Kempself, N. K.; Kill, D.; Leonard, G.; McGregor, M. F.; McKean, W. H.

THE SUMMER TRIP TO SWITZERLAND

The party led by Mr Scott and Major Athey which assembled for the trip to Switzerland consisted of David Barr, David Brown, Trevor Docherty, Colin Langton, Kevin Matthews, Andrew Menzies, Trevor Nicol, David Todd and Brian Will. It was particularly good to see Brian Will, who had left School at Grand Day but who had returned specially to join us on this trip.

All except Trevor Docherty and Andrew Menzies joined the overnight train from Edinburgh. Trevor Nicol writes:

'When we were shown our sleepers, we quickly got rid of our suitcases and assembled in David Brown's and my sleeper, where we had a great talk of what we did during the holidays. This was mainly to keep us awake until Berwick where Kevin Matthews came on. When he finally did arrive we were so tired that we split up and went to bed, leaving poor David Todd to come on at Newcastle with only Mr Scott as "Welcome Committee".'

The party arrived in London on a beautiful summer's morning, and, after dumping heavy bags at Victoria, sauntered down Victoria Street in search of an open cafe for breakfast. This was eventually found within hailing distance of Big Ben, and, apart from the fact that David Barr was unable to tell cheese from butter, was a great success. Thereafter we went a-wandering for an hour, Major Athey taking Mr Scott off to visit Westminster Abbey. We re-assembled at Westminster Pier and had an interesting trip by steamer, complete with knowledgeable guide, down river to the Tower of London. We spent the remainder of the morning looking around the Tower, listening to the tall tales of the Beef-eating guides.

After lunch, we at last met up with the Tour Organisers and were off on the train once more – to Folkestone and the Channel Ferry! The trip across the Channel, (it being a fine day and there being a large party of schoolgirls aboard) appeared to be much enjoyed. This was as well, for the night to come was no great source of pleasure to anyone. Trevor Nicol again:

'The worst part of the whole journey was the overnight trip from Boulogne to Basel. It was partially dark when the train left. We had heard that French trains were supposed to be great: it, of course, was false. They had rock-hard, leather seats, very narrow and almost impossible to sleep on. It was a restless night, tossing and turning, trying to find a comfortable position and never succeeding, and we finally awoke at 5.30 a.m. and had to use match-sticks to prop our eyelids up'.

(All the party were rather scathing about the comfort of French trains. Kevin Matthews even writes: 'So, if you're ever going to say anything about British Rail, think twice!!')

However, Basel put us back in good heart. An excellent continental breakfast awaited us, and we felt almost up to dealing with the much-too-cheerful-for-six-thirty-in-the-morning courier who saw us into our next and final train.

So, by way of ever-growing mountains and excitement and lakes to Interlaken, and, after a short bus-trip, to our hotel at Goldswil. As one of the party remarked, 'it didn't look exactly like the glossy brochure', but we were in no mood to be over-critical. Switzerland awaited us – and a glorious sunny day!

First, exploration was made of the nearby swimming lake. David Barr remembers:

'It was a hot day but the water was very cold. Somehow we all managed to get into the water and, even though it was cold, it was safer in than out of the water because of the hordes of "cleg" flies that plagued the place'.

Clegs or no, the Swimming Lake, set among firs with a backdrop of mountains, probably contributed most of all to the success of the tour. Boats, diving boards, floating platforms were all used to advantage, and the noise of ducking and pursuit could be heard back at the hotel.

Meanwhile, another party, consisting of Mr Scott, Major Athey, Colin Langton, Andrew Menzies and Trevor Docherty were pioneering the foot-route to Interlaken, primarily to investigate the delights and financial traps, and also to line Mr Scott's 'Bank Bag' with Swiss francs. Picture postcards were in great demand, and Colin Langton tells of 'walking up and down the main streets, taking up most of the time in recuperating in the marvellously hot weather'.

Evenings at the Hotel were spent in a variety of ways: using the Games Room, where curious pin-ball machines and rod-manoeuvred soccer matches were an attraction; ogling the 'talent' from Bristol and London who were staying in the hotel; drinking (appleade) on the Terrace, or, most popular, using the Bowling Alley. Many series were played, with all sorts of curious handicaps. The climax came, as David Barr relates:

'We had the Champions' Bowling night amongst the QVS Party. Major Athey was overall champion, and David Brown was Boys' Champion. Mr Scott, as it was his birthday, was allowed to win one game'.

One evening Mr Scott took us all to the Casino. Our expert on night-life, David Barr, is quick to point out that this was 'not to gamble'. We watched a show featuring Swiss folk-songs, flag throwers, wrestlers, Alpenhorn blowers and yodellers. It was a very good show. There was one bad thing about the Casino – the price of the drinks. A Coke cost 2.50 francs, which, in British money, is over five shillings'.

We saw some of the magnificent beauty of Switzerland by going on three coach outings. By far the best of these was the first, an all-day tour of the famous three passes, Grimsel, Furka and Susten. The scenery was spectacular and, luckily, we had an almost perfect day for seeing it. 'Elizabeth, our guide and interpreter,' Trevor Docherty writes, 'told us a lot of interesting things concerning the villages and mountains we visited.'

"After a hard climb we reached the top of the Grimsel Pass at a height of seven to eight hundred feet. Here we climbed out and took photographs. We went on about another mile and arrived at a hotel which was beside a lake. This is called the "Dead Lake" because Napoleon is said to have thrown his dead into it during the war against the Austrians'.

Sandwiches were eaten looking out and down over to the Rhône Glacier, our next stop. The journey towards it, up the Furka Pass, was the most hair-raising part of the day, as Colin Langton recalls:

'The Glacier was one of the most marvellous spectacles I have ever seen. Going through the valley and up towards it was a great experience for those of us who were not quite used to heights. On the long and winding road, you would be looking at the side of a mountain one moment, and then, suddenly, you would be almost hanging over a drop of hundreds of feet'.

After reaching the entrance to the Glacier, and going inside the blue ice itself, we set off down the other side of the Furka and then on towards the more gentle rise of the Susten Pass. On our way over the top we stopped for tea in a hotel, shared by what must have been the whole of the Swiss Army on mountain manoeuvres. Thereafter, we did what so many people have told us to do, and went to Hell! (It turned out to be a small village at the foot of the Pass).

On the way back we looked again at the entrance to the Aare Gorge which we had walked through earlier that day. The 'walk' is along a feat of Swiss 'human fly engineering' and is a wooden cat-promenade, balanced precariously over the surging torrents below. We passed once more the Riessbach

Falls, where in theory at least, Sherlock Holmes watched Moriarty fall to his death, and, finally, paid a short but fascinating visit to a wood-carving factory in Brienz. Colin Langton points out that this is 'the wood-carving centre of Switzerland, and it was fascinating to watch the workmen speedily carving out little models and putting patterns on box tops'.

The Sunday saw us off again: this time to see the Trummelbach Falls – a fantastic sight indeed, as the cascading white power-jet of water lashes down through the inside of a mountain. Then off we went to view, as far as the weather allowed, the North Face of the grim and redoubtable Eiger, awesome in the extreme, while Mr Scott, Trevor Docherty and David Brown disappeared upwards into the unknown in a chair-lift. It was a pity that the weather, which was not generally unkind to us, should have spoilt this one particular outing, whereas our final trip, which was not dependent upon good visibility, was carried out on a beautiful day. This was to see a cheese factory in action. Several faint hearts found the smell of the forming cheese a little hard to take, but most of us thought it interesting and informative – and the free samples of fresh bread, cheese and milk were very acceptable!

Walking was not very popular, but Colin Langton and Major Athey explored the far side of the Brienzersee, and actually found a waterfall which you did not have to pay to see! Otherwise the only walking expedition was to the top of the Harder Kulm, and even then most of the party took the mountain railway up and walked down. Only Colin Langton and Trevor Docherty really deserve credit for making the top, for, of the 'up-walkers', two fell out to carry Major Athey, who was feeling the pace, down!

Like most good things, our holiday came to an end just as we were beginning to get used to it. We all enjoyed it, and it has certainly made several of us very keen to return to Switzerland. From the Staff's point of view, they were extremely impressed by the behaviour of our boys, who, while good and lively, were always courteous and considerate – it is said that they even removed their hats when they whistled at the girls! The boys' opinions are best summed up by one who writes this description of the final moments of the tour at 7.00 a.m. on Waverley Station:

'We then said "goodbye" to everybody and to the masters who took us on such a wonderful holiday. I hope they enjoyed it as much as we did'.

Final comment from Mr Scott and Major Athey: 'Thank you! We did'.

Fellow Traveller.

Famous Conversations: Number Three

HENRY VIII AND THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH?

'Daddy, you've got to stop chopping my Mummies up!'

Henry VIII, (or Bluff King Hal as he was more generally known for his skill at poker) swiped a tennis ball viciously across the Royal Court and glowered at his second daughter.

'Lizzie,' he said, 'you're a chip off the old block!'

'There you are!' she said triumphantly. 'You've got a positive fixation, one might say, a sort of heady obsession!'

'Pshaw!' said Henry, (quoting, as he always did in extreme moments, his favourite playwright). 'Tis but two out of five so far, and 'tis a good clean way of cutting off an affair'.

'But, Daddy, you must stop this business of chopping and changing. 'Tis bad for a young gal never to know who her mother is'.

'Nay, nay, lass — be fair! Thou dost always have a suitable acclimatisation period. 'Tis well known thou didst have thine own mother for a thousand days. 'Tis a goodly round figure'.

Elizabeth prinked in front of the mirror.

'Nay,' she blushed modestly, 'I would not say that. I may have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but all this sitting about on horseback practising noble speeches is ruining my legs'.

'Tis naught to do with horses' said the King. 'Thou wast ever one of our Bow Belles!'

Elizabeth snorted. 'Be that as it may, Father, I am emotionally disturbed. Indeed I am aFreud I shall never be Jung again'.

'Very well, my child. We shall have a Reformation. We shall not lose our heads again, even if it be true, as Erasmus suggested, that the World doth revolve about its axes'.

He chuckled, but his daughter rattled the six-pences in her farthingale, tossed her head and went off to retrieve it.

Henry watched her go with distaste. Moodily he gave up his game of tennis, observing that he was 'sick of the whole racket anyway'. As he passed the Royal Kitchen, where Lambert Warbeck was busily baking yet another Simnel Cake, he sniffed appreciatively.

'Ha! Good!' he bellowed. 'Chops for tea!'

MARTINUS.

LITERARY AWARDS

Senior Short Story

What I Did on My Holidays, Teacher — J. Sayer

Senior Article

Operation Biological Ingredient — S. G. J. Bruce

Junior Short Story

Trapped — T. Gemmill

Junior Poem

I Remember, I Remember — D. Coleman

Wavell Poem

Black Night — D. Rafferty

WHAT I DID ON MY HOLIDAYS, TEACHER

A grey morning, with the seaside people swathed in tartan blankets, sunk gloomily in deckchairs under the verandahs of cafes and amusement-halls along the promenade. A few extroverts and health fanatics doing the King Canute bit in the yellow-frothed breakers, with the red flag dancing crazily on the cliff-top. Inside the salt and sand sprinkled cafe which advertises non-existent meals, the people crowd in as the clouds get darker. The hot-plate sizzling and spitting underneath bubbling eggs, drowning the shouts of 'Coffee!' 'Beefburger, please', and small squeaks of, 'Mummy, I wan' the toilet'. The staff here consists mainly of students, playing practical jokes between servings. A tall glass of green, foaming and smoking liquid stands on a table before the terrified eyes of two trembling old ladies. Raucous laughter can be heard when the kitchen door is flicked open by a tray-burdened waitress. My egg is burnt, and Keith's is testing embryonic wings and squawking for food. The porkburgers are gritty. Two well-groomed young ladies in the corner daintily guzzle cucumber sandwiches. I suspect that they smuggled them in in their coat pockets: there are none on the menu.

The last cafe we visited had only three girls working in it. The tall one had on heavy eye make-up and wore a black choker from which dangled a huge crucifix. She had to manoeuvre her head carefully when pouring out tea. I had expected her voice to be low and soft; it was high and squeaky — a nine year-old's voice. The blonde's skin was deep brown and she was always laughing. Once she tried to close the door while standing behind the counter, but it was too far away for her to push hard enough. She eventually used a broom, and shattered a pane

of glass. She still laughed. The small brunette was the cute one. She wore only enough make-up to disguise the colour, though not relief, of her spots. Her lips were pursed and her nostrils dilated, as though from constant work and irritation. She often gazed wistfully at a small boat in the harbour manned by three long-haired boys. When we were in the cafe again a week later, I spoke to her as she was wiping our table. 'Still dreaming of that motor-boat?' I asked. She stared hard at me for a moment, till I thought she was going to hit me, then she moved off quickly to collect some trays. Her legs were very white.

Outside on the promenade we saw two stout girls wearing 'Kiss Me' hats. Keith proposed we should oblige. He rushed on ahead. I approached with crossed eyes, glasses half way down my nose, my two false front teeth out, grinning like an idiot, and limping slightly. The girls ran before Keith could get his chance. He couldn't understand it until he saw me there, laughing hysterically. He was really quite annoyed, and said I was an ugly twit and he should never have come out with me. I resumed my normal appearance and treated him to a lager.

One evening we were sitting by the campfire outside our tent. I was playing my guitar and singing, with Keith supplying the somewhat doubtful harmonies, when two girls materialised into the red glow. We stopped, embarrassed. 'We have heard you singing,' said one, with a thick French accent. 'Is it that it is possible that we listen?' Keith patted the ground next to him. 'Of course' he said quickly, warming to the situation and the possible consequences. We did a few more songs, then the one who had spoken said, 'You will teach me the guitar, yes?' I agreed immediately. Being a straight beginner, she would probably need help for quite a while. We stayed out for an hour or so, frying splitting sausages and smoking the Gauloises cigarettes the girls had brought from France. They explained that they were sisters, Michelle and Francoise, and were staying in a boarding-house in the nearby village. Their English aunt was the landlady. 'Nasty woman' added Michelle, the one who was learning the guitar. Before they finally left, we made a date for Michelle's first lesson. We were to go to the boarding-house the next night, but quietly: the aunt would not like it.

I instructed Michelle until one o' clock in the morning. By then she was getting rather tired and my fingers were painfully numb. She went out of the room to get us some cocoa. For no apparent reason, Keith suddenly picked up the guitar and started to plunk it in the most unknowledgeable way. 'Oh,' said Francoise, leaning over to him, 'you want to do something special?' Keith went white, dropping the guitar as he struggled to his feet. 'Er, er . . . I've left the lights off. The car!' He was out of the window

and onto the fire-escape fast enough to burn the air with friction. Michelle returned with a laden tray as I was easing the guitar through the window after me. 'What is the matter?' she asked, dismayed. I mumbled some ridiculous excuse, then hurled myself after Keith, who was revving the car engine frantically. I didn't speak on the way back to the tent, but had cooled off by the time we were crawling into our sleeping-bags. 'Anyway' I laughed, 'I suppose that's us quits now. Still, what am I going to do with no Michelle?' Keith snorted. 'Blow your Michelle! What about my Gauloises?' The next morning, however, he was beginning to regret his rashness, and we wrote a message for the girls on a large piece of board that I dug out from the car boot. They were to meet us in the 'Queen's Arms' inn at eight that evening. We propped the notice against a hedge opposite the boarding-house, then retired to the 'Queen's' to await further developments. We returned to the hedge after morning closing-time to find the notice gone. They must have found it. We were telling each other what geniuses we were, when a car slid out of the boarding-house grounds. As the car passed us the elderly lady at the wheel gave us a sun-burnt, stone-cold scowl. In the back of the car was our notice. She must have been the land-lady. Nasty woman. We don't know what happened to the girls after that; whether they were sent home, or just kept out of sight. Perhaps in a few years' time I'll pick up a folk L.P. with their names on it. Who knows? Romantic speculation, rather cheering.

One of my ambitions has been to sing with guitar in public, and when one evening in the 'Queen's' the two singers there asked if I would like to have a go during their break, I naturally jumped at the chance. The one I had nick-named Paul Simon lent me his guitar, and Art Garfunkel accompanied me on his, playing lead. I wasn't used to using a microphone and amplifier, and at first thought we sounded terrible. I got accustomed to it after the first few chords – I had to! The audience, of whom not many were listening, looked dim and hostile in the semi-light, surging beneath the low, beamed ceiling, and in the blanket of cigarette smoke which I thought would drop at any moment to strangle me and offer those crammed shoulder to shoulder in the pub a chance to escape un-noticed. After the first song (we did four) I forgot the people, and played to myself, listening to the quick echo coming back from the speaker on the other side of the room. My body vibrated with the guitar, which seemed to come alive in my hands. The strings were closer together than on my own guitar, but the amplification drowned any occasional slip I made. I left the 'stage' breathless, and bursting with a sense of achievement. 'Come back Friday' they said. I did. As this time they had only a short break, I did one song, but solo. This time the audience were more attentive, and some joined the chorus.

After that the plans Keith and I had for forming a folk group seemed all the more probable.

That same night we had a storm. The wind had pulled undone a whole side of the tent's fly-sheet, but as it wasn't letting in the rain, neither of us could be bothered to get up and fix it. Unable to get to sleep, we turned on the transistor and had a smoke. Keith suddenly fancied he could feel water on the groundsheet. At first we weren't convinced: the inner tent was a complete unit, with a built-in groundsheet; how then could the rain get in? An investigation by torchlight, however, revealed a growing puddle near Keith's sleeping-bag. We discovered one of the cases pressed against the inner wall, which was in turn touching the outer, the wind being particularly strong on that side. Water was pouring steadily down the back of the case. The only remedy was to place towels and clothing along the ground to soak up the rain as it came in. The next morning brought glorious sunshine and a stiff wind, in which we spread the wet things to dry. They were done in an hour. The people in the tent not far from us hadn't been so lucky. As we prepared breakfast we saw them hanging out sleeping-bags and wringing out articles of clothing then laying them on the grass. That was rather a mistake: some ponies, grazing near the tent, while they were away, trampled on most of the clothes before Keith and I had time to scare them off. We explained what had happened to the people on their return. Though the mother was furious to the point of tears, the father sank into a deckchair, his red face wobbling as he laughed, and beat his fists on his knees. Keith and I left quickly, before the mother thought we were laughing at their plight and not at the laughing mass in the chair.

Then Keith's famous pony-photographing expedition: a small herd was chomping away in the bracken about a hundred yards from the tent. 'Perfect!' cried Keith, grabbing his camera and dashing towards them.

He couldn't get near them. Every foot he advanced, they advanced two.

He eventually ran back to the tent, crossed into the woods, and crept through them till he drew level with the herd again. Some young ones had strayed near the track in front of him. He lay on the ground and edged forward, then stopped still, apparently trying to get a good shot of a foal against the sky. He took one photograph, then the foal came menacingly towards him. The initial enthusiasm was beginning to die now, and Keith got up and walked slowly away. The foal, however, came quicker. Keith walked faster. The excited foal was on him in a flash as he tried to make a break for the tent, giving him a gnawing, large-toothed bite on the rump. Keith screamed! He made an insane dash towards the tent and threw himself inside. I took shelter in the

car. The whole herd was coming over now. They swarmed around us, and I could hear Keith shouting at them to go away, his words sprinkled lavishly with oaths and obscenities as the ponies nosed and rubbed against the tent. When they finally moved off, having reduced our grass crop, they left a number of steaming pancakes outside the tent. Keith, crawling from the tent, immersed his foot in one, and swearing loudly, hopped about in the heather trying to clean the stuff off. 'Never mind' I laughed, 'Get the old shovel out and we'll take a bucketful back for Mr Greene's roses.' Keith didn't think it quite so funny. He did scrape it up though, but dumped it in the trees out of the way.

It rained the last two days of our stay, but as the sun came out the day we intended leaving, we postponed the departure till the afternoon, deciding to spend the morning down at the beach. There was a thumping, light-flashing amusement-hall at the bottom of the steps, and a wasp-infested rock shop. We paused at the stall selling the subtly sordid seaside postcards and the sensational paperbacks seen only on turntables *outside* shops. I resisted the temptation to enter the photograph booth, not having shaven for three weeks. On the sand were a group of boys and girls, one of them playing a guitar, but we were too shy to join in. We walked along the promenade between the arm-wrapped young couples and the half-naked old people with handkerchiefs on their heads, till the gathering clouds made us feel suddenly hungry.

The cucumber-sandwich girls have left, leaving a fading trail of scent past our table. The green liquid has stopped foaming and turned red. The old ladies cling to each other's arms. People are squeezing three to a seat now, eating with strangers, who pass the salt over-enthusiastically. Outside, a thin drizzle tickles the face as we, collars turned up and fists deep in pockets, with damp cigarettes, edge up the cliff-road towards the car. There is no horizon now, only a mixing of greys deceptively nearer. The Isle of Wight shows faintly now and again. A whole camp-site there was blown into the sea the day before yesterday. It seems to have been a time of regrets and missed opportunities, with girls and weather alike – what else is a holiday about? 'Did you leave a tip in the cafe?' I ask Keith. He grins. 'Yep – a No. 6!' Laughing we pause at the cliff-top for a last look at the murk. Keith is going to drive the first stage, which gives me the opportunity to clean my toe-nails. As we wait at the lights Keith drops a black half-penny onto the road. 'Why?' I ask, gouging. 'To show that a coin is worth only the ground it's found on'. I savour the profundity of this remark, and as we drive on begin on next year's holiday plans.

John Sayer, VI.

From inscriptions on cigarette butts and engravings on tombstones between Greenhead and Berwick-on-Tweed, the editor managed to piece together the following account of:

OPERATION BIOLOGICAL INGREDIENT

(the most complete and utter washout on the market)

The operation 'real' began when Sgt. Steve Blue Discs Bruce and Shoogie 'What, me thin?' Hewgill alighted from the Thomas mobile at Greenhead: a house and public house near Hadrian's Wall. We rendezvous-ed successfully with C.S.M. Brian P.P.M. A.M. and noose Murton and Fats Shannon, who had earlier met Bill 'What d'ya mean, you don't like me Beef Rissoto?' Common and Clement Barnes, as they debussed at M.R. 659 659 . . .

. . . Falling in three's we marched to the campsite, a tree-infested swamp between the main road and a main up line. With a great deal of help from a gale force 7 wind and lashing rain, we erected our tents, and got down to the serious business of plotting the next day's march, which we did in the strategical security of the Greenhead Hotel's Public Bar. (We're only here for the weather forecast!) 'Top of the Pops' was pretty good, unlike the weather forecast which predicted a holocaust and second Flude. Having decided to follow the age-old practice of playing it by ear, we returned to our tents and cooked a meal . . .



. . . During the night I lay awake in my Icelandic (and almost as cold) sleeping-bag, listening to the wind, the rain, Shoogie and the 10.30 special. Twice I got up to tighten the guy-ropes and batter the pegs with the All-Purpose murder weapon. (With the axe-head you slew your victim, sawed him up with the saw attachment, picked out the gold fillings with the bottle opener, and buried him with the spade attachment) . . .

. . . Next morning, in a flurry of compasses and mapcases, we decided to stay in bed. The tents were dreepit and soddit, and so were we. Breakfast was a meal and a half, with Clement demanding

Chicken Paella and Shoogie writing to the *Guardian* about the acute lack of liquorice papers in Greenhead. Brian and Bill hitched into the next town to buy some bread, and we rendezvous-ed at 658 657: the Greenhead Hotel. It was about that time when what appeared to be C.S.M. Murton noticed what what appeared to be a let-up in the rain, or what appeared to be rain; so with a yelp* of 'Banzai!' we rushed back into the Bar for another square before hurrying to pull down the tents, but, as usual, the moment we had the tents rolled up it began to rain again . . .

. . . Our six intrepid explorers are next seen stumbling up a steep hill, cracking jokes like: 'Where's the Wall? I don't know - we'll ask a centurion'. They were loaded to the teeth with torches, and plastic bags which were doing a great job of keeping the bread wet. At the top of the hill, code-named Black Hill, they rested, while Brian and Steve pushed on over the next crest to look for a possible camp site. Driven back by rain, now blowing into them, the explorers tried a farmhouse for sites, and were politely turned away with apologies involving pregnant black cows, which didn't really make much sense, as no black cows could be seen for miles . . .

. . . By now the troops' morale was at a record low, and the rain in my boots a record high. There was only one course left: to call in a seedy back farm doctor and abort the mission. It was a miserable two-mile trek to Haltwhistle, the next piece of civilisation down the Wall. We soon recovered some of our former gaiety when we found a dry bus-shelter and Shoogie got his liquorice papers. We rolled a few bogies, chatted to an old Argyll and got a train to Newcastle. At Newcastle we requisitioned the waiting-room for the T.A. and decided to make for Berwick. We took the last train to Berwick (thinking it would look nice in the Quiet Room) and soon found ourselves standing in a dark, cold street near the sea-front . . .

. . . The fun had just started. Bill led us through the streets, past the museum of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, where we presented arms, over the golf course, and onto the cliffs. Bill knew a cave down on the beach where we could sleep, and sure enough: it was a real R.A.C. Four Star Cave. I suggested that rather than fumble in the dark, we should go straight to sleep, but was immediately shouted down by the Craddock family who wanted a four-course meal. Fats, Brian and I got well into the cave, with Shoogie at our feet and Clement and Bill in the mouth. As Brian put the case to Bill: 'If you're so certain the tide doesn't reach this far, you can sleep in the entrance'. Bill came in later waving a steaming pan and demanding that we try his Beef Rissoto, and when we declined the rare privilege let forth the now famous, 'What d'ya mean,

you don't like me Beef Rissoto? 'Snot every day you get the chance to eat Beef Rissoto a la sand et gravel!' With an unaccompanied rendering (rend it! rend it!) of 'For Behold, Darkness . . .' and we fell asleep . . .

. . . Next morning I washed in the Public Conveniences at the top of the cliffs, and sitting outside on a bench I gazed out across the blue sea and black sea-weed, blowing clouds of fresh smoke into the air. No sooner had we finished our breakfast and decided to go South again to Bill's uncle's farm, than the heavens opened and everything got soddit again. After a quick summit conference with Shoogie we decided that we'd had enough and that we were off home. This, as may have been expected, was greeted with raucous cheers of jubilation from the others. We headed for the A1, the Craddocks headed for the farm, and the C.S.M. and his A.D.C. went west . . .

Stephen G. J. Bruce, VI.

WAH, WAH TWANG

After reading Stephen Bruce's article on the Blues in the last issue of the 'Victorian', I felt the need to match his mediocre achievement by writing, on behalf of Frd and Gunge, about Wah, Wah Twang. Stephen's article seems to have fallen on deaf ears (probably deafened by Eric Clapton), so I doubt if this will have any effect on the greater mass of vegetation.

Wah, Wah Twang is a completely (well, at least semi-) original form of music. It began on a wet Sunday evening in May, with three bored people heads-in-hands. Suddenly Frd jumped up and beat out the rhythm of a tune. From this rather dubious beginning (especially after the bit about originality) was formed the Jemmy Jones Trio, with their first composition, 'The Queen of Duh Broads'. At this our first jam session, there were no instruments (all simulated with mouth percussion). After this the group formation began to evolve. By the next session we had progressed to three compositions, an improvised bongo drum, a borrowed kazoo and wails of 'Not you lot again!' By the end of term sufficient material had either been stolen, gathered, or (now and again) composed. We decided to assemble in London to cut some tapes. (Isn't that the way the professionals say it?)

The week in London fostered the rough pattern for our present group form. The jaw-harp appeared as the main instrumentation with Frd on vocals and kazoo, Gunge on jaw-harp and kazoo, and Ommy on just plain jaw-harp. (Would you believe lead?) During the week about an hour's playing and general noise (more general noise than playing) was put on

tape. Nevertheless, it did contain some good stuff. (Prospective listeners apply: Senior Dormitory, Haig House).

Back at school the formation had to be changed yet again due to a high mortality rate among the jaw-harps. The line-up became Frd on vocals, Gunge on kazoo, and Ommy still on just plain jaw-harp. After adopting several numbers (yetccch!) from Bob Dylan and Sonny Terry (who?) we had expanded our repertoire considerably. Several jams of varying quality have taken place in the Sitting Room, received in a very lukewarm way by a blue-and-white striped audience of about ten (big deal!) We have cut three tapes this term, none of which is particularly good. (All prospective listeners refused).

The layout and material of the group, now re-christened the Inner Lensar Spectacles (nothing to do with me!) has shifted mainly onto the Blues, which will probably be hotly denied by a Blues fan already mentioned. We are hoping to put in a public appearance at the end of term, so rally round and support your local Wah, Wah Twang!

Barry C. Hamilton, V.

WHAT A DELIGHT IT IS

What a delight it is
when I wake up in
the morning and think,
double English, maths, then
No! I'm on holiday.

Douglas K. Coleman, IIIB.

What a delight it is
When someone you knew long ago
Picks you out
And calls you by your nickname.

Richard Davidson, IIIA.

What a delight it is
To arrive at a new place
Early in the morning
To find your next-door neighbour
Is a fourteen-year-old girl.

Norman Mackay, IIIA.

What a delight it is
when you give
a present to a friend
and watch his face
while he unpacks it.

John White, IIIB.

What a delight it is
After it has been raining for weeks
To get up out of bed
And open the curtains
To find the sun shining in.

Thomas Armstrong, IIB.

REVISITED

On yonder string there hangs a conker –
 'Ts no there noo –
 It's just been bonkered!

Robert McKelvie, 1C.

THE SIMPLE GOLDFISH

I am a simple goldfish
 And I'm in a simple dish
 If I were free I'd swim a mile,
 But only in enough water, yes, the River Nile.

Where I swim there is so little water
 And every year the dish gets shorter.
 I like the sight of food I get,
 But if you get fat you'll soon regret!
 Gordon Griffiths, P.7A.

THE SCARECROW

The scarecrow is a tatty old thing
 With his arms both spread out wide,
 He tries to scare the birds away,
 The birds of every kind.

The birds sweep down to try and steal
 The farmer's lovely crop,
 But when they swoop down from the sky
 The scarecrow, he says, 'Stop!'
 Andrew Pearce, P.7A.

BLACK NIGHT

It's a black, black night,
 Sitting by the fire,
 The coal creaking, cats screaming,
 Doors squeaking, human weeping
 In the black, black night.

David Rafferty, P.6A.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

Dirty and narrow street,
 Broken-down houses and shops,
 Children screaming and crying,
 Mothers shouting and beating,
 Cars turning and schreeching,
 Then peace as the moon dominates the land.
 Colin Miller, 3B.

Rough, uneven, dirty, white-washed walls.
 A huge, flaming red, log fire.
 Dusty, sandy, hen littered ground.
 A dry, green, twisting, stony river;
 And silent white rollers at a distance.
 Douglas K. Coleman, 3B.

AUTUMN

Pioneers fill the square
 Picking up leaves everywhere
 That deciduous trees have shed.
 James Stewart, 3A.

My foot goes gently forward
 Amongst the pile of dead leaves.
 The sudden rustling is soft.
 Charles Common, 3A.

Chilly winds blowing
 leaves over barren landscape
 leaving trees naked.

Some birds fly southwards;
 The red-breasted masochist
 stays to freeze to death.
 Michael Dolan, 3A.

JOCK

We have a West Highland Terrier,
 And call him 'Jock' by name.
 He's still only a pup yet,
 But can be vicious all the same.

He sprawls in front of the fire
 With one ear cocked in the air,
 No matter how quiet you are,
 He knows if you're still there.

He's been in quite a few fights
 Against dogs big and tall,
 But Jock's motto is always,
 'The bigger, the harder they fall'.
 Richard Davidson, 3A.

CRABBY COBBLER'S COMPLAINT

Me tose is num
 An sose me thum
 Me nose is blu
 It sure aint flu
 Me lips is crakd
 Me brane is rakd
 With thots like led
 They fill me hed
 Ive hit the hite
 But its all rite (ma)
 So dont despare
 They mite just dare
 When winters gone to turn thi heeting on
 James McMillan, V.

THE SHOWER

The shower is a funny thing.
It's silver all around, and all
its intricate piping gives
it its hissing sound.

It's nice and cool when you get in
And when you get out
you want to shout
because you're nice and clean.

Duncan J. McDonald, 1C.

WINTER

The leafless trees sway
in the winter wind.
The snow falls like feathers,
white feathers
from the swans above.

George Gillespie, P.7A.

BILL 90½ AND HIS SUPER-FAISERS

Dramatis personae:

Bill 90½ – Secret Agent
The priest – his boss
Mugsetta (Mugs 70) – The Priest's secretary
Madame Drip – Secret Agent
Herman Stooze – boss of the baddies
Zeke – a stooge
Gug McDonald – another stooge
Jake – a third stooge

SCENE I

*Priest's Den in the middle of nowhere. The office
is full of computers, none of which works.*

Priest – Right, Bill. I've a mission for you.

Bill 90½ – Oh?

Priest – Yes. Herman Stooze and his cronies:
they've stolen the Royal Steamed Pudding and
unless they receive the ransom of three warty
toads and a well-chewed bit of chewing-gum,
they'll drop it on the citizens of Ochentogle!

Bill 90½ – The fiends!

Priest – Exactly. And if they're not stopped, the
annual crop of spring cabbages will be ruined, and
agriculture in the area will be set back 100 years.

Bill 90½ – Oh, ghastly! How will you stop them?

Priest – Not me! Take Mugsetta with you when you
leave for Herman's Hut. You'll be leaving in ex-
actly 3.765432 minutes.

SCENE II

On an Africa-bound jet-airliner.

Mugsetta – Oooo, this is my first mission. Aren't
you frightened, Bill 90½?

Bill 90½ – No. Heroes like me, unlike kittens like
you, don't scare easily.

Mugsetta – Oooo, my hero!

Bill 90½ – (Oooo, my kitten!) We're crossing the
Sahara now, so be prepared to jump in one
minute. We'll be landing in the oasis of El Al Leal
so we won't need parachutes.

Mugsetta – Are you sure your calculations are right?
I wouldn't like to miss the oasis.

Bill 90½ – My calculations are never wrong, so come
on and jump.

SCENE III

The oasis of El Al Leal.

*One minute of falling later, they land in the lake,
which has dried up.*

Bill 90½ – Now, now, Mugsetta. I didn't forsee this,
did I? Back! Back, I say! Back . . . aaaaaaargh!

SCENE IV

*A hut, which Bill 90½ and Mugsetta have reached
after a twelve mile crawl through the desert. They
hear voices from within the hut. Bill 90½ radios his
boss.*

Bill 90½ – Priest? Bill 90½ here.

Priest – You! I thought I'd got rid of you. Why
aren't you dead?

Bill 90½ – I'm just about to enter Herman's Hut.

Priest – Ah, that explains things.

Bill 90½ – Well, I'll radio you back later.

Priest – Righto.

Mugsetta – Listen to them snoring!

Herman – Hmmmmmm, lovely hmmmmmm . . .

Zeke – Our Father, which art in heaven . . .

Gug – Grunt, snort, wheeze the noo, och aye . . .

Jake – Duh, mummy, duh, daddy, duh . . . duh . . .

Mugsetta – Let's join them!

Bill 90½ – Don't give way to sensible temptation.
Think of the citizens of Ochentogle and their
spring cabbages. Stand back a minute.

*He unscrews his front tooth and uses it to drill the
lock on the hut door to nothingness. The door
swings open, a net drops onto them from above, and
Herman's mob walks out of the hut.*

SCENE V

Priest's H.Q.

Priest – Cup of tea, Madame Drip?

Mme. Drip – How strong do you make it?

Priest – As strong as my arm.

Mme. Drip – I didn't think you'd like dishwater.

Priest – Bill 90½ hasn't radioed back, so we'll have to go and find him.

Mme. Drip – Which plane will we take?

Priest – The Priest Mk. 17.

Mme. Drip – That's a nice fancy one. O.K. Let's go.

SCENE VI

Herman's hut. Mugsetta is sitting on a dentist's chair rigged up at the back. Gug is standing over her with a pair of blood-stained pliers, cackling like a madman. Mugsetta has a gummy mouth.

Gug – Hee hee. Next, please.

Herman – Get her off and throw this drip onto the seat and continue. Zeke and Jake, come over here and we'll discuss the latest developments.

Bill 90½ is dragged onto the seat.

Zeke – What latest developments?

Herman – I've had word from Ochentogle that they can't afford the ransom.

Jake – So we drop the Royal Steamed Pudding?

Herman – Of course! Let's see how Gug's getting on.

Gug – They, grunt, won't come out, grunt. Have a go, Zeke.

Zeke – Sure. Grunt . . . Arg! He's bitten through the pliers!

Herman – Now I know who he is – he's Bill 90½!

Zeke – I feel weak. (He drops to the floor).

Gug – Uuuuuuuuurg. (He also drops to the floor).

Herman – Please don't faint out on me! You won't, will you, Jake?

THUD!

Herman – Dah, doo, duh, duh, doo, dada

Enter Priest and Madame Drip.

Priest – So you did it Bill 90½. Three unconscious and one insane.

Mme. Drip – How are you, Mugsetta?

Mugsetta – Mmmph . . .

Priest – Thanks to you Bill 90½, the Ochentogliers can feel safe that they'll have spring cabbages for their Sunday dinners. Well done.

Mme. Drip – Anyone fancy a slice of steamed pudding?

Michael Dolan, 3A.
Kenneth Scullion, 3A.

Known only to a few, a new school of poetry has sprung up within our walls. Its founder-members are William Common, Derek Barnes, and Alastair Hewgill, all of Form V, who write under the respective (though not respectable) pseudonyms of Jake Rare, Die Bharnes, and Shoogie Thompson. The following are extracts from the bootleg publication of their first (and perhaps last?) collection:

RIFLE practice wooden cadets ACF for the use of.

My wooden rifle

Is no mere trifle – of wood and paint,

Sitting on the window-sill,

So clean and white and still,

The names upon you stand out bright

And give us courage in every fight.

You are the only tool for me

For giving bovver to 3C.

Jake Rare,
Die Bharnes.

REFLECTIONS ON FURNITURE

Ode to our bureau.

Bureau sitting by the wall,

Thou art the brownest of them all,

Standing up so straight and tall,

In this bunk so clean and small.

Jake Rare,
Die Bharnes.

Ode to a bed.

Looking at my mini-bed,

Which, it seems is made of lead,

Upon which I dread to lay

My weary head,

You make me sick.

Shoogie Thompson.

Ode to a wardrobe.

Wardrobe, oh so tall and light,

Up against the wall so white,

Looking down from such a height,

Somehow you just don't look right.

Die Bharnes,
Jake Rare,
Shoogie Thompson.



BOB DYLAN – CON-MAN OR POET?

To many, on both sides of the generation gap, Bob Dylan is just a young man with an ear-splitting, nasal voice, wailing protest songs and making lots of money. But Dylan is only five months away from thirty, the start of old age, by his own definition. About two years ago he had a throat operation, and he now sings like a cross between Johnny Cash and Elvis Presley. The sandpaper voice belongs to the period between 1962 and '65, during which time he recorded the LP's which are most played and listened to, consequently being the ones to reach the ears of the uninitiated most often. For many, the Dylan of up until '65 died in a motorcycle accident in 1966, for what he produced after several months in bed recovering from almost fatal injuries was of a lower standard, and a definite branching-out. So it is the pre-'66 Dylan I am here concerned with. He did not sing only protest-songs. On his LP's are songs of love, bitterness, hope, pain, humour, and his 'story' songs, are so lyrical and meaningful that in the written form they can be accepted as poems.

To begin to understand much from his songs, we should know something about Dylan's background. He was born in Duluth, Minnesota, but grew up in Hibbing, a small mining-town near the Canadian

border. Between the ages of ten and eighteen he ran away from home seven times, on each occasion hitching lifts right across the States, reaching as far as South Dakota, New Mexico, Kansas, California, and Texas, where for a short time he joined a travelling circus, an environment which had a marked effect on him, emerging through his songs later on. He taught himself to play the guitar, piano, autoharp and harmonica by the time he was fifteen. Having graduated from Hibbing High School, he attended the University of Minnesota for six months, then dropped out, remarking that 'lots of people go to college'. During the next two years Dylan took time off from drifting around the States to visit his idol, Woody Guthrie, who was dying in a New Jersey hospital. While scraping a desperate living in New York's Greenwich Village, playing in clubs and coffee-bars, he was noticed by a CBS recording executive. He recorded his first LP in 1962.

Perhaps the most well-known of his protest-songs is *Blowin' in The Wind*, voicing the anger of intellectual Youth in

'Yes n' how many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see? . . .'

but through other songs he strikes at specific aspects of the society engulfing him: *The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll*, the story of the brutal murder by a young rich noble of an elderly negress chambermaid in a Baltimore hotel, points out the corruption of justice by money and power. Between the verses concerning the events before the trial, we get the chorus

'Ah, but you who philosophise, disgrace,
And criticise all your fears,
Take the rag away from your face,
For now ain't the time for your tears.'

The verdict is finally given: six months' imprisonment, and in the last chorus:

'Bury the rag deep in your face . . .'

A stabbing line, with forceful imagery.

Highway 61 Revisited does not at first seem to be a protest song, until one is aware that Highway 61 is notorious for its accident black-spots. How more precisely or originally could anyone put forward their point of protest than this:

'God said to Abraham, kill me a son
Abe said, man, you must be putting me on
God said, no, Abe said, what!
God said, you can do what you want Abe but
The next time you see me comin'
You had better run
Abe said, where d'you want this killing done?
God said, out on Highway 61.' ?

And consider the poetic value of the last verse of *It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)*, Dylan's protest-song to end all protest-songs, a summing up of society as it appears to him, and his views on it:

'My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards,
False goals, I scuff
At pettiness which plays so rough,
Walk upside down inside handcuffs,
Kick my legs to crash it off,
Say, okay I've had enough
What else can you show me?
And if my thought dreams could be seen
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine.
But it's alright, ma,
It's life and life only.'

In his love-songs Dylan talks to or about types of girl. They are the ethereal, goddess creature, as in *Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands*, and the earthy, physical woman as portrayed in *To Ramona*. For both, he uses words of feeling and force. Of *Sad-Eyed Lady*:

'With your mercury mouth in the Missionary Times,
And your eyes like smoke and your prayers like
rhymes,
And your silver cross and your voice like
chimes ...'

And in *To Ramona*:

'Your cracked country lips I still wish to kiss
As to be by the strength of your skin.
Your magnetic movements
Still capture the minutes I'm in ...'

The theme of lovers parting he treats in a dual way. In *Just Like a Woman*:

'When we meet again,
Introduced as friends,
Please don't let on that you knew me when
I was hungry, and it was your world.'

and in *Restless Farewell*:

'But the bottles are done, we've killed each one
And the table is filled and overflowed.
And the corner sign says it's closing time,
So I'll bid farewell and be down the road.'

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue is an address to an unmarried mother whose lover abandons her as she is evicted from her lodgings. About the landlord:

'He understands your orphan with his gun,
Crying like a fire in the sun.'

These two lines at once make clear the situation: the fatherless child, the hostile immovability of the landlord, the almost audible sound of the gun; one of the main values of poetry – the ability to convey

such a great deal in a few well-chosen words, so that whole episodes and stories grow within the mind of the reader or listener. Similarly in *Visions of Johanna*:

'The ghost of electricity
Howls in the bones of her face.'

And in *One Too Many Mornings* he expresses vividly the unbreachable gap between himself and

whoever he is addressing in the song:

'We're both just one too many mornings
And a thousand miles behind.'

The favourite arguments put forward against Dylan are that many of his songs are not very tuneful, that they all sound the same, that he cannot sing, that many of his lyrics have more read into them than Dylan probably intended them to contain. But are the melodies that important in songs which express ideas as opposed to primitive beat? Does his inability to sing like Elvis Presley in any way affect what he is trying to convey? (If anything it lays bare the lyrics, which are the most important element of the songs.) When reading a work of literature, should one be concerned with the type, or the paper it is printed on, or the design on the cover? The fact that more is read into the lyrics is no reflection at all on Dylan, and what in fact the cynics are concerned about there is that the fans are making more of Dylan himself. Besides, people are quite entitled to read what they like into anything – though my sympathy to the teenybopper who tries to tell me that

'War ain't nothin' but a heartbreak.
War leads only to the undertaker ...
What is it good for?

Absolutely nothin' (current hit record)
contains art, depth, or even originality!

A large percentage of Dylan's songs are obviously personal, but it is that which makes them so easily identified with by the listener. One could find an apt quote in one of the songs for almost any occasion. This involvement is, I feel, one of the essentials of poetry.

Through one or two songs, Dylan has created a fantasy world of his own, with its citizens, like C. S. Lewis and his chronicles of Narnia, or Lewis Carroll, through his Alice books. The best example of this is the song *Desolation Row*, which builds up the picture of a street-world containing all the absurdities of life, which do exist. Dylan finds himself there, and in the last verse addresses someone, perhaps who symbolises reality, who is outside *Desolation Row*:

'Yes I received your letter yesterday
 About the time the doorknob broke,
 When you asked me how I was doing,
 Was that some kind of joke?
 All these people that you mentioned,
 Yes, I know them, they're quite lame,
 I had to rearrange their faces
 And give them all another name.
 Right now I can't read too good,
 Don't send me no more letters, no,
 Not unless you mail them from
 Desolation Row.'

Everyone, sometime, finds himself in Desolation Row.

Because his songs condense so much, can be identified with, evoke emotion and germinate thought, at the same time involving a skilful mastery of words, I label Bob Dylan as a poet of our time.

John Sayer, VI.

TRAPPED

I was hustled along roughly by my warders. We stopped outside a cell, and I wondered why I was here as the door was unlocked. 'In!' said one of the warders, and flung me down onto a padded floor. The door slammed shut as I stood up and straightened my clothes. The place was soundproofed: I couldn't hear the key turn in the lock, though a quick inspection proved the door to be firm.

I leaned against the wall, and sank a little way into the padding. I slid down onto the floor and looked around. Padding. Padding everywhere. Even on the ceiling. My little cell was a 4-metre cube, and padded all over. I thought about padding, where it's used: chairs, mattresses, rugby players' jerseys, and even in my little cell. 'Yes, it's quite a nice cell,' I thought, 'but not perfect.'

I stared at the padding on the door. It was different. It was green instead of white, and where it was pulled in a bit there were small, perforated discs, pumping air in and out.

'They said I was mad,' I said slowly. Then louder: 'Well I'm not! I'll show you. You're trying to *drive* me mad so that you won't be wrong. It won't work, you know. I'm too strong for you. Not even your little padded cells are going to drive me crazy!' I folded my arms across my chest and breathed out heavily. A few minutes later I was still in that position. I was thinking that they might drive me mad. What if I *am* mad anyway? If I am then I won't need to be strong to prove that they can't drive me mad, because I already am. And if I *am* mad and try to prove that I'm *not* mad, they'll think I'm even madder. And if I'm not mad and try to tell them, they'll try even harder to drive me mad, and keep me

here longer. I'm getting myself confused. Maybe that's a sign of being mad. I am lying on my back now . . . I am very tired . . .

I don't know how long I slept, but I still can't get the fear of being mad out of my mind. I think about my life. Have I ever done a mad thing? I think for a long time, and conclude that I haven't. But then again, thinking about things, I realise that maybe I *am* mad, and my mind is trying to trick me by covering up the fact. If I'm fighting with myself then surely I am mad. I must be. But if I am mad then I must be sane, because I'm aware of my madness. Of course my mind could be tricking me again. Why again? I wonder if the first time was a trick. If it was, the second time must have been. I'm sure the second time was a trick, so in that case, so must have been the first. I must do something about my mind . . .

I slept again. When I woke up I knew I wasn't mad, because I'd admitted being mad yesterday. Or was it yesterday? Anyway, if I admit it I can't be. Or can I?

I will get out of here and walk the streets again. I will tell them I am mad, and they will know I'm not mad because I know I *am* mad, and they will let me out.

I stand up and scream, 'I am mad! I am mad! I admit I am mad! I'm mad!'

A padded section of the wall opens and a piece of paper is dropped into my cell. I read. It says, 'We know. That's why you're here.'

Thomas Gemmill, 3A.

ABLE?

To say he followed me around the Campus would be to stretch the point a bit and it would probably sound conceited. It would be better to say that he thought of himself as being acceptable in my group of acquaintances. I say 'acquaintances' rather than 'friends' because real friends are scarce; a real friend is one to whom you can talk about your relationship without sounding like a queer or a priest. I reckon I've got two. But to get back to Richard; his real fault is that he always thinks with his company, agreeing all the time and generally making sure he never offends any faction of the Union. But what bugs me even more is his habit of completing my sentences for me. It's hard to explain, but if he could guess what I was going to say, usually in answer to a question, he would say it with me, giving a ridiculous effect of two part harmony. Sometimes I really wanted to rip his throat out. Hints were no use, not with Rhino Richard. If you wanted to stop him in his tracks you had to remove the tracks, and that's why I'd taken to avoiding him.

It was a Monday. I left the theatre at the end of the second lecture, stopping in at the bookshop to see if *Opuscles* was in yet. I had ordered it as a surprise birthday present for Evan, who had probably forgotten it was his birthday. It was not there, but they promised it for Wednesday and I left it at that. Looking left and right I made a break along the slippery corridors, which reminded me of an airport, till I reached my study. I hung my 'Working, please don't disturb, thank you' sign on the door and slammed it shut behind me. This was my answer to a conventionless society where folks wandered in, said 'Oh you're working. I'll be going then' and stayed for the rest of the day. As usual, Evan was stretched out on the bed with his manky hair on my pillows sniggering at one of my new poems that I'd put on my hardboard wall (it took all the fun out of decorating. Why put pictures on the wall if you can't rip the plaster off?) But Evan — he and I were pretty close, as matters of the mind go: we thought the same thoughts, held the same beliefs and, in days of distress, smoked the same bogies. Evan was studying French Philosophy as a subsidiary and to keep up in the intellectual's Status Ratus Raceus I had borrowed his Pascal. With a couple of pleasant-ries he took the book and 'quit the scene', leaving me thinking:

'Bloody snob, asserting his right to that book, what he's really saying is "I'm *studying* Pascal, you just read it", crud.'

Then, dismissing that thought as a lot of petty knockers, I slammed the wardrobe door and decided to go to sleep. I hadn't slept for about two days and a Monday afternoon seemed like an excellent opportunity to catch up. The conscience twinged slightly as I remembered how I had righteously rubbed out the workings of some joker who had written 'sleeping' across 'working' on my sign. If anyone came in now I would feel pretty bad.

Someone did. It was Richard. He meekly stuck his pole-axe face around the door and looked blank. I felt sorry for him sometimes because he couldn't even think of good excuses to gate-crash. Before he could speak I yelled:

'Don't tell me, you can't read either.'

The 'either' was there to soften the blow by suggesting a previous offender. He remained unmoved.

'Oh, you're sleeping,' he mumbled, the last few syllables gargled at the door as he shut it. His voice, like his thoughts, was cold and standard, like eggs. Staring at the unconcealed electricity lines I tried hard to find some opinion of his which I detested. I admitted defeat and turned to the wall.

Cain put his head round the door (I sensed rather than saw him) and seeing I was in bed, immediately shut it. Before I could resist I had called out and he

came back: you just couldn't be angry with him; he was so pleasing without being a yes-man and he had such a petty set of principles you just had to like him. I liked him.

'Do you mind if I stay and do a bit of work?' He set a pile of Maths books on my table and, with a quick look for approval, switched on the record player. He thoughtfully picked out *Another Side of Bob Dylan* which was quite pleasant. This disc had never been popular except in my study. Evan said it was just because the slobs in the Union didn't have the imagination to appreciate it, but I explained it as a straight act of spite on us ('us' being the pseudo-intellectuals). I drifted into a serene sleep in the last verse of *Ballad in Plain D*.

I woke to find a large hand poised above my shoulder blade, obviously about to wake me. Richard. He asked me, in the tones of a manservant, if I would like a cup of coffee, and before thinking I replied with a harmless 'yeah'. A diamond quick green and white stab from Cain shook me: he had answered with an abrupt 'No'. I found myself muttering an incoherent apology as Richard went to make his entrance ticket.

Storytime: It had all started long ago. Rich and I have always done much the same courses and so we had come up together. When I had become friendly with Cain he had leapt in too. Rich was a social problem. He had an inbuilt fear of isolation and he clung on to his friends like a clamp. Each one was precious, but gradually his attentions became a bore and his gifts (usually of coffee) became a habit. Each friendship ended the same way, with the object of Rich's attentions breaking with him. He ran through 'friends' like women use paper handkerchiefs. Anyway, Rich had set on Cain and in no time they had formed a borrow-and-lend club and a solid clique. Sometimes I even detected a hint of coldness in the shoulder they offered me at the Union meetings. So I took to avoiding them. Then the paper burst and Cain started using me to escape Rich while Rich hitched onto me to get back with Cain. So either way I got used. Actually Cain and I had overcome that problem by only seeing each other when we wanted to and ignoring each other the rest of the time.

Cain's original questioning stare turned into a grimace of disgust as he turned back to his books, wanting to show me his contempt, but not having the enjoyment of loneliness to get up and leave.

When Rich came back with the coffee, I grinned:

'Thanks.'

Stephen Bruce, VI.

OBITUARY

LESTER MACLEAN

Lester Charles Wilson MacDonald Mackinnon McCulloch Maclean died in Sydney, Australia, on 14th March, aged 66. He had been living in Darwin. Lester was an Old Boy from about 1918.

HARRY TEMPLE

Another Old Boy, Harry Temple, who was living in Darwin a couple of years ago, returned to the land of his choice, New Zealand, where he died soon after.

DONALD ALEXANDER INNES

It is with much regret that we report the death of Donald Innes. He joined the School in July, 1909, with the first intake of 50 boys. Donald was a piper and joined the Seaforth Highlanders in 1913. In 1924, he was transferred as Pipe Major to the Royal Scots. In 1932 he served in Palestine and Egypt. He was unfit for the 1939-45 war. On leaving the Army, he joined the Merchant Navy and became master at arms. He served for 17 years, mostly with the Union Castle line. In February, 1967, he joined the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. He was very reserved; but a most friendly person with a quiet humour. He was awarded the Long Service and Home Defence Medals. He was 70 years of age.

MAJOR VICTOR FENNESSEY

It is with deep regret that I have to announce the death of one of our members, Major Victor Fennessey of 1 Minerva Drive, Watford, Herts. He died on 28th November at King's College Hospital, aged 67. Victor was one of our enthusiasts, and his cheerful attitude and help will be sorely missed. I have been in contact with Mrs Bennet, his daughter, and conveyed our condolences on behalf of the Association.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

Group-Captain N. S. Howlett, Station Commander, RAF, Leuchars.
Colonel W. N. French, DSO, OBE, TD, DL, Visiting Commissioner.
Brigadier J. L. Proudloch, DSO, School Liaison Officer.
Group-Captain D. R. Locke, OBE, Station Commander, RAF, Leuchars.
Brigadier F. M. Coutts, OBE, Commander, Highland Area.
Colonel G. S. K. Maydon, Command Youth Liaison Officer.
Mr T. E. M. Landsborough, MA, BA, D of Ed, Clackmannanshire.
Colonel W. P. Meldrum, MBE, BSc, CEO, Scotland.
Major-General H. H. Evans, BA, Director of Army Education.

Sport

RUGBY

XV	P.	W.	L.	*D.	F.	A.
1st	10	2	8	0	45	137
2nd	3	0	2	1	8	74
3rd year A	7	4	3	0	65	23
3rd year B	2	1	1	0	20	33
2nd year A	8	4	2	2	81	88
2nd year B	1	0	1	0	0	34
1st year A	4	3	1	0	71	19
1st year B	1	0	1	0	0	22

3rd Year A and B XV's

'A' XV - Weather-wise this has been a good season with no cancelled games or practices. Rugby-wise a bit disappointing as the three-quarters gave the appearance of being a hard running, attacking group which shone in practice but visibly dimmed in matches. During the last match v. Rannoch they managed to fulfil the promise shown in practice and on a wet, miserable day had a very good game. The forwards work hard, play hard, and against much heavier opposition have had a fair share of the ball. Their play is up to normal standard for 3rd Year and if the three-quarters continue to find form this could be an above average side.

'B' XV - A team with a wide range of ability who have manfully provided opposition to the 'A' XV and through guts and determination rather than skill can now give the 'A' XV a very hard practice.

Masters-in-Charge

1st & 2nd XV	Mr R. Patterson.
3rd Year A & B	Mr G. Reid.
2nd Year A & B	Capt. J. Gardner, Mr M. Kelly.
1st Year A & B	Mr R. Scott, Mr J. Willman, Mr G. Watson.

1st XV

At first glance the statistics of this year's 1st XV results seem to show a disastrous season. To say this, however, I think would be unfair. Over seventy of the points scored against us were run up in two games. The first was against Dollar just a few days after our term started. Our second heavy defeat was at the hands of a very good Kiel side who scored forty points without reply.

All our other games have been very closely contested affairs in which either team could have won. After our opening game against Dollar we had three home games, winning one and losing the other two.

We were beaten by Strathallan and Glenalmond and victorious over Morrisons. After our defeat at Kiel we won a close game against Hazelhead Academy in Aberdeen. Our last game before half-term was with Alloa Academy which we narrowly lost. Since half-term we have played three games, all of which we lost. The closest we came to victory was against Stirling High, but they finally defeated us with a penalty goal in the closing minutes of the game. We made the long trip to Rannoch only to be beaten 12-0. In our last game at Fettes we were beaten 16-6.

We have only three games next term, but I hope we will fare a little better.

Team members:

Backs: B. Murton (Captain), I. Burgess, T. Goldie, C. Robinson, T. Nicol, D. Todd, W. Crichton, C. Langton.

Forwards: S. Bruce (Vice-Captain), M. Stear, R. Myles, J. McMillan, R. Murdoch, J. Brown, J. Wrenn, J. Sayer, J. Shannon, A. Crawford, W. Murray.

2nd XV

The 2nd XV has played three games this term. They lost heavily to Dollar and Rannoch, both these games were away from home. Their only home game was against Morrisons in which they gained a very creditable 8-8 draw.

2nd Year 'A'

Apart from heavy defeats by Fettes and Morrisons the Second Year have had a successful season. With greater experience the quality of their play will improve.

1st Year 'A'

They have had a successful season to date, losing only one game. What they lack in guile they make for with enthusiasm.

'THE BOYFRIEND'

Not since *Lady Precious Stream* had 'real, live girls' been seen on the Playhall stage. In that particular show they took equal honours with the boys in the cast, but in *The Boyfriend*, Sandy Wilson's pastiche of the 20's, this was not the case.

The Boyfriend is a musical play in which there is life and humour in every female part whilst the male supporting characters are very puppet-like in concept. In consequence this show rested squarely on the shoulders of the girls.

Last summer term the girls of the Beacon School, ably backed up by the QVS Drama Group, put on a performance of real sparkle and verve, of youthfulness and charm. The professional performance many of us had seen in Edinburgh in the early Spring seemed tired and forced by comparison.

The show was such a complete all-round team effort it is hardly fair to single out individual performances. Nevertheless three parts were very demanding, and the people who played them deserve mention.

Firstly, as Madame Dubonnet, Sally Forsyth had to be the complete extrovert, sustain a broken French accent throughout, and deliver her often very funny lines with perfect timing. All this she did with great success.

Secondly, the hero and heroine, Tony and Polly, were played by John Sayer and Jennifer Common. These parts could hardly have been 'hammed', or, worse, allowed to sink into complete banality. They were very wisely directed to play their parts more or less straight, and their interpretations were intelligent and sensitive. It was obvious that Mrs Scott had no intention of settling for a mere joyous romp, and I think she must have derived great satisfaction from the playing of these two young people.

To Mrs Scott must go full credit for reaching her objective with so many natural obstacles in her path. Living as she did in Falkirk, with half her cast in a convent in Bridge of Allan and the other half in a monastery in Dunblane, it seems quite extraordinary that she should get them in the same place together long enough to produce anything so demanding as a three-act musical play!

Major Athey's musical direction, with assistance from Miss Booth and Mr Ritchie, was as relaxed and unfussy as to ensure the best possible results, whilst his dance arrangements were kept simple yet apt and entirely right for a cast with practically no previous knowledge of dancing.

Everyone behind the scenes, from both schools, must have worked tremendously hard to make *The Boyfriend* such a success. I am sure that all concerned, cast, costume and make-up team, stage and lighting crew, set-designers and everyone else must have thought, as the audiences obviously did, that it had been all very worthwhile.

THE CHOIR

During this year the chapel choir has broken new ground. Previously all our preparation has centred on the annual Carol Service, as much of it still does. We have, however, been able to add an occasional anthem to the Sunday chapel services and certainly the ordinary singing in chapel has improved greatly,

due, in part at least, to the fact that the congregation are led by a rehearsed body of singers. We were able to sing during the month of November to a large congregation in the historic church at Fowlis Wester. This year we are giving a carol service at the new town of Livingston where we will sing in the parish church, at the town hall in Falkirk, and finally in our own School chapel. The following is the programme.

1. Minsiter's Introduction
2. Hymn 55, *O Come All Ye Faithful*
3. Choir
Angels From The Realms of Glory
(Old French)
Away in a Manger (Kirkpatrick)
Caux Carol (Old French)
4. Scripture Reading
5. Hymn 69, *Once in Royal David's City*
6. Choir
Up Good Christian Folk (Old English)
The Infant King (Basque)
7. Scripture Reading
8. Choir
For Behold Darkness Shall Cover The Earth
(Handel)
Beside Thy Candle Here I Stand (Bach)
Break Forth Thou Bounteous Heavenly Light
(Bach)
9. Hymn 63, *As With Gladness*
10. Scripture Reading
11. Choir
I Saw Three Ships (Old English)
In The Bleak Midwinter (Darke)
12. Hymn 47, *O Little Town of Bethlehem*
13. Scripture Reading
14. Choir
The Holly and the Ivy (Old English)
Polish Carol
15. Scripture Reading
16. Choir
Ding Dong Merrily On High (Old French)
While Shepherds Watched
(Scottish Paraphrase)
17. The Minister
18. Hymn 22, *Praise To The Lord*
Hymn 46, *Hark The Herald*
19. Blessing.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARDS

It is impossible to make any report at present as I am still waiting for candidates to return Record Books. Apart from the general forgetfulness of some boys the Canoeists have just recently completed their expedition. This is the first time that we have had this type of expedition which was led, organised, and assessed by Capt. M. Woodhouse, who is not only an expert canoeist but also proficient at making canoes.

Three boys tried the Silver Expedition at Cultybraggan and were not successful. A. R. Menzies was most unfortunate as his group became so reduced that they had to be stopped for obvious safety reasons. The main expedition was done at CCF Camp, Kingussie, and all candidates were successful.

A large number of boys have expressed the desire to enter for the award this year but experience states that initial enthusiasm does not match staying power, so they have been directed to various hobby groups and after the Christmas Holidays, if they are still as enthusiastic, they will be issued with Record Books.

FIRST AID

The British Red Cross Society Junior Certificate Exam on 2nd June, 1970, was most successful and the following boys gained the award.

R. McMurdo, G. Bowden, A. Ogilvie, J. Harrison, N. Rowe, A. Allan, S. Dalziel, A. Burns, D. Cockburn, D. Coleman, R. Davidson, M. Ferrigan, M. Foggarty, J. Gemmill, T. Gemmill, M. Haston, R. Holmes, R. Knox, G. Mackay, N. Mackay, C. Murray, R. Paterson, K. Scullion, G. Stear.

This year we have two classes for this subject. The Junior Certificate class being instructed by Mrs Macadam and the Senior Class by Mrs MacInnes, Commandant of the Dunblane Branch of the BRCS.

CCF

The Combined Cadet Force is now an accepted way of School life on Wednesday afternoons for the boys – for the officers it is becoming a way of life most days of the week.

Our Annual Administration Inspection was held on 28th October, 1970, by Group-Captain D. R. Locke, OBE, RAF, Turnhouse, accompanied by two Staff Officers, Squadron Leader R. Henderson, RAF, and Capt. J. Merritt, RCT. To date we have not had the report officially but by our other sources are led to believe it is a good one.

Army Section

On 3rd June, 1970, we had a Proficiency Exam for 24 cadets of whom 21 passed and three failed one subject. Our small Royal Engineers Section had a Classification Exam and all nine candidates passed.

Since the summer holidays training has continued along the pattern of the past year although we had heard that a new training programme had a pilot scheme working in the south, so when this scheme was announced as the programme for the future training of CCF Army Cadets we were not caught unawares.

The scheme is called Apex and is a union of military and civilian activities in just about the right proportion. It consists of three sections, viz.

- Section I
1. Inspection and Drill.
 2. Shooting and Safety.
 3. Orienteering or
Practical Map Reading.

All the above subjects are compulsory.

- Section II
4. Battlecraft.
 5. Self Reliance Exercise.
 6. Night Patrol Exercise.

- Section III
7. Special to Arm.
 - (a) Royal Artillery
 - (b) Royal Engineers
 - (c) Royal Signals
 - (d) REME
 - (e) Band.
 8. Personal Survival Swimming.
 9. First Aid.
 10. Light Rescue.
 11. Adventurous Training
 - (a) Climbing
 - (b) Canoeing.

In Sections II and III Cadets can choose one subject from each or two subjects from Section II. Thus a Proficiency Certificate has a minimum of five subjects.

We are at present well geared to this syllabus as many of the subjects in Section III are already included in the boys' extra curricular activities, but with the change of masters and shortage of CCF officers the training syllabus will have to be under constant review.

The Cadet Training Team of Capt. P. Jay, Sgts. Robertson and Ryan has given us most valuable assistance throughout our CCF training. We thank them for the advice, experience and enthusiasm they brought to us and wish them every success in their future careers. Capt. J. Merritt, Sgt. Simpson have been visiting us and we are building up a healthy respect for their training methods. Sgt. Ryan's successor has not yet visited us.

Camps this year will be same as last year. Duke of Edinburgh's Award Expedition, Cultybraggan Training Camp, 2nd/9th April, 1971, will have candidates from our Corps and two of our officers will be assessors. The Ski Camp at Rothiemurthies follows from 3rd/16th April. Annual Camp will be at Kingussie from 16th/24th July.

Annual Camp

The camp this year was held once again at Kingussie. We arrived on the Thursday afternoon, 16th July, and went straight out in the evening on Exercise 'Break In' which lasted for approximately twenty-one hours and involved a night camping out at Bhran Cottage, a spot we used last year.

The groups moved off in the morning and went across country into Glen Feshie and down the Glen to Tolrah Bridge where they were picked up.

Having completed this part of the camp we found that 'Break In' had been aptly named and a run was made on the medical kit that evening as blistered toes, heels and soles were dealt with in the time honoured fashion.

On Saturday, 18th July, having begun with an attack on the feet we moved further up the anatomy and took two groups pony trekking; one group in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Apart from a few bruises and bumps we are happy to report that there were no blisters on this occasion.

The pony trekking was voted a great success and we think that a pony trekking expedition might well be on the cards for next year. We feel that the experience was certainly worthwhile.

On Monday we began exercise 'White Cockade' so named because of the associations of the main route over the Corrigarrick Pass with the '45 Rebellion. The 'White Cockade' was the badge of the Jacobite followers.

We arrived at Loch Ericht near the Dalwhinnie end where the RE Section, under the direction of Sgt. Simpson from the CTT, had prepared two assault boats which were used to shuttle the party down Loch Ericht to Ben Alder Lodge.

From Ben Alder Lodge we went across country via the Pattack Glen in a northerly direction to Kinloch Laggan. As the Laggan side road is busy at this time of year the Cadets were motored down to Aberarder and we camped on the side of Loch Laggan.

The next day we had planned to go over the tops Ca'm Liath to Ca'm Dubh but this had to be abandoned because the morning rose on a day with a very cold northerly wind and the tops shrouded in mist. Instead we went from the eastern end of Loch

Laggan through Glen Shirra to Glenshirra Lodge and then up through Garva Bridge to the Melgarve Bothy at southerly end of the Corrieyairick Pass.

On Wednesday, 22nd July, the groups crossed the Corrieyairick Pass, actually marching on the old Wade Road which General Cope used to avoid the Jacobite Army. Interesting enough the old Wade Bridge at Melgarve has partially collapsed in the centre and we were interested to see how it had been constructed.

On the way down from the northern end of the pass the groups were picked up by Land Rover and ferried out to the bus which took them back to Kingussie through some really magnificent country; the Ben Nevis massif showed up very well that afternoon.

Some of the boys who did this expedition and last year's now claim to have crossed the two highest passes in Scotland, the Lhairig Ghru (the highest) and the Corrieyairick.

The weather during camp was never good and on some days was absolutely awful but nobody let it get them down and the standard of fitness, cheerfulness and team spirit of the cadets taking part was to their credit.

Between the two exercises a distance of approximately 70 km was covered by foot alone.

A separate group attended a canoeing camp at Grantown-on-Spey and this is covered under Canoeing Notes.

RAF Section

Cadre :

F/Sgt. R. C. Murdoch.

Sgts. D. J. Barnes, W. Crichton, S. Grant.

Cpls. W. A. Common, J. F. Crawford.

J/Cpls. A. J. Burns, J. R. Gemmill, J. A. Harrison.

The results of the Training Certificate examinations taken in June arrived in time to encourage most of the candidates before they set off for their respective Summer Camps and various activities. Cadets C. Fraser and A. A. MacDonald were successful at the Proficiency Level with the latter gaining a 'Pass with Credit' in Principles of Flight. All ten L/Cdts. passed at the Advanced Level with J. R. Gemmill and S. R. Carmichael gaining passes 'with Distinction', and J. A. Harrison, C. Murray, M. S. Haston and D. J. Cockburn passing 'with Credit'. L/Cdt. J. R. Gemmill is to be complimented on equalling the highest mark so far gained by a QVS cadet at the Advanced Level; L/Cdt. C. Murray is also to be complimented on equalling the highest mark gained in the Engines Section. A further eight cadets will be sitting for their Advanced Training Certificate in December and eleven sitting for their Proficiency.

In July twenty cadets went to RAF Swanton Morley, Norfolk, for their Summer Camp. Unlike our previous camp at Cranwell last year we were

allocated to four-men tents – a new experience for most of the cadets. RAF Swanton Morley is not an operational station so we paid visits to RAF Coltishall, to Eastern Radar and to RAF Marham. The training programme kept us busy during the day with flying, shooting, bridge-building, navigation exercises, a map reading recce, swimming and a night exercise. Some of the cadets recollect being given one free afternoon to relax in Norwich – or was the purpose sight-seeing and shopping? Sports were organised for nearly every evening of the week – 7-a-side soccer, volley-ball, tennis, badminton, etc. F/O R. Scott's expert coaching of tennis and badminton was much appreciated. One of our sections under the leadership of Cpl. Murdoch (now F/Sgt.) won the inter section Cadet Cup. Other Schools competing were Battersea Grammar School, Royal GS, Wolverhampton, and George Watson's, Edinburgh.

Due to a limited number of places at RAF Swanton Morley seven cadets with Sgt. Crichton in charge were offered places at RAF Brize Norton, Oxon. – an RAF Support Command base – where flights were enjoyed (?) in VC10s, Britannias and Belfasts. Unfortunately, at the time of our camp, the air crew were exercising a series of 'circuits and bumps' to carry out aircraft checks and to 'convert' raw pilots and navigators. Trainee Quartermistresses were also on board to attend to our discomforts! Other activities at the Camp involved watching a display of RAF Police-dog handling, swimming, shooting, map reading exercises, visits to Air Movements, Operations, Flight Planning and Met. Offices, Supply, Base Servicing and Mechanical Engineering Squadrons. A visit to Oxford was arranged for the last afternoon but most of the cadets were 'broke' – where did they spend their money in the evenings?

During the camps seventeen RAF Swimming Training Certificates (including life-raft drills and tests) and twenty-five Swimming Proficiency Certificates were gained. Four cadets – W. Crichton, A. G. Fiddes, P. J. Gilchrist and R. C. Murdoch – qualified for the RAF Certificate of Marksmanship in .303 shooting and a further eight cadets qualified for the CCF/ATC Marksmanship Badge.

Instead of attending annual camp Sgt. S. Grant and Cpl. J. Crawford joined CCF Cadets from Schools all over UK to 'undergo' a leadership course at the Cadet Training Centre, Frimley Park, near Camberley. The activities over the first few days – fieldcraft, map reading and orienteering – served the purpose of weeding out the cadets and preparing them for the 'main attraction' of the course, a three day tactical exercise during which each cadet was given the opportunity to show his capabilities as a leader. Sometime during those three hectic days the cadets found themselves boarding a helicopter and being 'dropped tactically' elsewhere. The climax of the

course was a parade at which those who survived were presented with certificates to show that they had successfully completed the course. Both QV candidates possess certificates as evidence of survival and completion!

Congratulations are also due to Sgt. D. J. Barnes and Cpl. W. A. Common on their success in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme Silver Expedition 'Somewhere in the Highlands', and to the four RAF Cadets who emerged from the Canoeing Expedition on the River Spey with sufficient enthusiasm to have another go this term. Their leader, Capt. Woodhouse, RAEC, must possess some hypnotic power!

With only a few hours on terra firma F/Cpl. A. J. Burns travelled direct from the mouth of the Spey to the Royal Naval Air Station, Arbroath, to attend a gliding course at No. 662 Gliding School and successfully obtained his 'Wings' – the youngest QV cadet to do so. Well done.

There has been little activity outside the School this term. Although the facilities at No. 12 Air Experience Flight, RAF Turnhouse, have been made available to us on alternative Thursdays the Met. Office has succeeded in shrouding our prospects with mist and fog so efficiently and consistently that there has been no flying recorded so far this term.

The visit to RAF Leuchars for their Battle of Britain Open Day was greatly enjoyed and the perfect flying conditions are remembered enviously.

The post-advanced training cadets – the Senior Cadets – have been given the opportunity to display NCO qualities this term by preparing and delivering five-minute lectures as well as 'assisting' during instructional periods. They have also been engaged in navigational exercises on Sheriffmuir and the surrounding countryside. This takes the form of orienteering, without the running, and tests one's initiative and map reading ability – or the lack of them!

On 28th October Group Captain D. R. Locke, OBE, Station Commander, RAF Turnhouse, conducted our Annual Inspection accompanied by Squadron Leader R. Henderson who regularly visits us as Liaison Officer, HQ Air Cadets, Scotland and Northern Ireland. We are favourably impressed by their interest and by the Inspecting Officer's closing address – we have not heard officially of their impression yet!

We have also had our regular visits from Squadron Leader Honey of the RAF Careers and Information Office, Edinburgh, and the Liaison NCOs from HQ Air Cadets. F/Sgt. Gillies and Morrice have left the Staff and have been replaced by F/Sgts. Kitson and Clark. We are greatly indebted to the HQ AC Staff for the help and encouragement they so readily give us.

R.C.M., W.C., S.G.

Clubs and Societies

MATHEMATICS CLUB

The introduction of a Mathematics Club into the School hobbies curriculum this term by Mr Watson, Head of Mathematics Department, proved to be quite popular among the boys. The objects of the club are (i) to work on projects for the Schools' Mathematics Competition; (ii) to introduce members to computer programming and techniques; and (iii) to have discussions on mathematical topics.

Mr Watson has himself studied computer techniques and has been passing his knowledge onto the senior members of the club. The club meets twice weekly, on Monday and Saturday evenings. Four 'Facit 1004' manual calculating machines have been made available, at a cost of £360 to the members, who are at present being instructed in the uses of the machines by the club's president, William Crichton. A few members, under the guidance of Mr Watson, have constructed basic Binary and Base Three digital computers. We are very grateful to Mr Watson for his help and encouragement, and hope to see an increase in popularity of this new and interesting hobby.

Robert Myles, (secretary).

SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING

The re-introduction of Scottish country dancing for senior boys was met with good response. Local girls, members of the Caledonian Dancers, were invited along as partners. Although most of the boys had never danced before, they soon picked up the steps, and after only four evenings can claim to know ten dances. We are extremely grateful to Mr and Mrs Mortimer for giving up their time on Thursday evenings between 8 and 9.30 to instruct us. It is hoped that we will have a Ceilidh for the members some time next term.

William Crichton.

ELECTRONICS CLUB

The club is run by Mr Paterson on a Wednesday night. When the club started we had so many new members that it was difficult to find something for everyone to do. Last year's members were able to carry on with projects started last year. The most senior of the new members were able to start on projects. The younger members started by using basic electronic kits.

Trevor Docherty.

TENNIS

The Senior Tennis Team played three matches, losing to the Masters and to the Masters and Wives, and defeating Dunblane Tennis Club Juniors.

Cunningham won the Inter-House Competition.

BADMINTON

Both Senior and Junior Teams defeated St. Mary's. The Haig Singles Badminton Championship is in its final stages. The club is flourishing.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

As we have only just started there is little or nothing to report on the actual activities side. The first few weeks were spent instructing the new members in the mystical arts of photography. While this was occupying most of the senior members, those who were left over amused themselves with such menial tasks as soring paper, preparing chemicals and generally annoying the instructors by picking holes in their patter.

Now that the instruction is over we hope to get down to a bit of the serious and have already drawn up many weird and wonderful plans – one team of experts are busily preparing a major breakthrough on the home-movie scene with plans which not only involve using great lengths of film, but actually attempting to *develop* the said lengths of film – they'll do anything to get out of spending money!

A further team of intrepid researchers will attempt to unravel the dark mysteries of Colour processing but as with all the other worthwhile experiments – it takes time: a particularly rare commodity round here. Past attempts have produced some reasonable results and we feel that now we know a little more about it...

Earlier in the term, in a truly democratic fashion, the club committee selected themselves to go with Mr Paterson to a Kodak invitation lecture at Stirling University, where much to our surprise we heard a non-technical and extremely interesting talk on Colour Photography and Portugal (where the slides were taken). All in all it was quite an eventful evening with free road maps, fish suppers and a buckshee packet of chewing gum.

New Year Resolution – make £££!

D. Barnes.

PIPE BAND

Boy Pipe Major – J. G. Pryde.

Pipers – S. Grant, A. A. McDonald, J. Harrison, K. Holmes, T. Gemmill, I. Hamilton, S. Dalziel, N. Roe, P. Adams, C. N. Pryde, D. Darling, J. Allan, A. Crawford, I. Kempself, G. Anderson.

Boy Drum Majors – B. R. Murton, K. Walker (assistant).

Senior Drummer – A. Hewgill.

Bass-Drummer – J. McMillan.

Tenor-Drummers – J. G. Wrenn, A. Hewgill, W. West, G. Richardson.

Leading Side-Drummer – H. Shannon.

Side-Drummers – G. Glass, S. Walker, R. Patterson, B. Gilchrist, I. Grant.

After the departure of a considerable number of the older pipers from the Band in the summer term, our playing strength has been greatly diminished, and the places left have not been completely filled by boys coming into the Senior School from Wavell House.

The Band has had only a couple of small tasks to perform this term: the first of these was at Dunblane Hydro Hotel, where Pipe Major Mackenzie, S. Grant and J. G. Pryde played at the Japanese Ex-Prisoners of War reunion dinner. The whole Band was engaged in raising a considerably large sum of money for Lady Leask's fund for the War-Blinded. This was also contributed to by the various associations who requested for pipers and buglers to play at their Remembrance Day services. The Band as a whole raised money by marching down George Street, Edinburgh, with the Pipes and Drums and Military Band of the Queen's Own Highlanders.

In November a new pipe-banner from the King's Own Scottish Borderers was presented by Brigadier F. M. Coutts, OBE.

As far as the general playing standard of the Band is concerned, it is not very high at the moment, owing to the fact that a completely new repertoire of tunes is being prepared. Once the new tunes have been learned, and if everybody pulls his weight, the Band should be back to its normal standard of playing by our first Murrayfield engagement this coming February.

J. G. Pryde.

CANOEING CLUB

The club has enjoyed great success this year. Before the summer holidays we spent a week by the River Spey. We camped at a place called Ballindalloch. None of us had canoed on a river before, and capsize were anything but rare, although one boy held the record of capsizing only once.

Four of us were on our Duke of Edinburgh expedition, but were all failed owing to an unfortunate pile-up accident.

There was amusement: once when we were practising on a rapid down-river from the camp, one boy got stuck on a rock. He yelled for the people at the bottom of the rapid to undertake the impossible journey up. He eventually got free. Another boy was stuck in a whirlpool. He span about for a couple of minutes before finally freeing himself. He was later sick in the food tent. All in all the camp was a success.

At the beginning of this term we went canoeing on Loch Lomond with some people from Stirling University. We were practising to retake our Duke of Edinburgh expedition on the Rivers Forth and Teith.

We finally did our expedition, beginning on the Forth at Aberfoyle, and going a gruelling 37 miles in the one day. There was hardly any current and at the end of the run we were exhausted. We got to bed at 10 o'clock that night. At 8 the next morning we were up again. We had breakfast, then set off for the River Teith. This river proved to be much more interesting: the rapids were very exciting. Unfortunately, someone got a hole in the bottom of his canoe, and we had run out of repair tape. He had to get out at Doune and take his canoe to the main road to wait for Capt. Woodhouse to finish his run and come back for him. And what an embarrassing wait it was, waiting by the roadside accompanied by a canoe!

We went back to the Firth of Forth in November, taking with us a beginner who capsized once, but manipulated a brilliant recovery, using the Eskimo Rescue. This was quite an achievement for someone on his first time on a river. We also shot a weir – on which the same person hit a rock and damaged his canoe.

Our especial thanks to Capt. Woodhouse who this year managed to get us out onto the rivers – where the action is!

DANCING TEAM

This year has been a busy year for the dancers. There seems to be no end to the amount of steps and dances that Mr Mortimer can produce, but we find it really interesting and we enjoy and appreciate it greatly. Mr Mortimer is thankful for the assistance of Michael Ferrigan and Michael Fogarty who have helped him considerably in his task of teaching and disciplining the dancers. Our main engagements were in Edinburgh where we danced to help raise funds for War Blinded. We also danced for the Far East POW Association at Dunblane Hydro Hotel.

Andrew Allan.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The survey of the limestone mine and kilns at Camusbarron was completed last term. A map of the workings on the scale 25"=1 mile has been produced along with scale drawings of the kilns. Research has still to be done amongst the County Records.

One of the highlights of this work was an interview with a Mr Andrews, who is now 80 years old, and worked in the mine as a lad of 16 years in 1906. As the mine closed in 1910 and not 1930 as we had thought, this tape has some considerable historical value. The interview was carried out by W. Murray and B. Will.

In September a second visit was made to the season's excavations at Cardean. The new excavations had located the other entrance to this Roman fort and some pottery shiels were found in the ditch.

This term we have had three lectures on the Romans – 'The Roman Conquest', 'Hadrian's Wall', 'Roman Gaul', and one lecture on 'Pre-man'.

We hope to visit the Roman Fort at Ardoch, near Braco, this term.

ACADEMIC PRIZE WINNERS

- P.6A 1. D. C. Hughson; 2. A. Chapman.
- P.6B 1. S. Cuthbert; 2. T. Reynolds.
- P.7A 1. H. Nelson; 2. B. Anderson (and Scripture Prize); 3. I. Marchant.
- P.7B 1. J. Wilmer; 2. Barry Heeps; C. Aitken (Primary Art Prize).
- IA 1. A. I. Crawford; 2. I. Grant (also Eric Drew Junior French Prize).
- IB 1. W. C. Parker; 2. R. Higgins.
- IC 1. I. Lavery; 2. A. Carmichael.
- IIA 1. K. Scullion; 2. J. Stewart; T. Gemmill (Addison Smith Public Speaking Junior First Prize).
- IIB 1. J. S. Irving; 2. S. Dalziel; D. Woodward (Intermediate Art Prize).
- IIC 1. G. Doyle; 2. W. Elliot.
- IIIA 1. M. J. Stear (also Scripture Prize); 2. J. Gemmill.
- IIIB 1. E. Matthews; 2. J. Harrison; J. Fleming (Addison Smith Junior Second Prize).
- IIIC 1. W. Murray; 2. J. R. White.

**Junior Secondary Certificates
presented to the following boys:**

W. Murray (also Intermediate Tech. Prize),
J. R. White, R. McVicar, L. T. Ruderham, R.
McMurdo, R. ———, P. Coleman, T. Cassells.

- IV 1. A. Hewgill; 2. D. Barnes (also Addison Smith Senior 2nd Prize); A. Crawford (Technical Prize).
- V 1. J. W. S. Brown; 2. J. Sayer (also Addison Smith Senior 1st Prize and Eric Drew Memorial French Prize Senior); S. Bruce (Addison Smith Senior 1st Prize); P. Gilchrist (Fowler Art Prize and Senior Chapel Reading Prize); I. Burgess (Cranston Memorial Essay Prize).
- VI DUX — J. F. Barnes.

AWARDS AND WINNERS**presented on Grand Day****10th June, 1970**

The Award for the Best Piper, Drummer/Bugler and Highland Dancer

Best Piper — A. McDonald.

Best Drummer/Bugler — G. Glass

Best Highland Dancer — M. Ferrigan.

Combined Cadet Force Awards

Best Army Section Recruit — G. Doyle.

Best RAF Section Recruit — K. Walker.

Wavell Memorial Cup for Best Boy at Outdoor Pursuits

J. Fleming.

Haig House Individual Cups for Various Sports

Squash Rackets — B. Murton.

Badminton — M. Wood

Shooting — J. Campbell.

Tennis — T. Goldie.

Cross Country — J. Robertson.

Swimming — D. Wrenn.

The Victor Ludorum — M. Wood.

The Prince Phillip Medal for the Best All Round Boy under 15 at the beginning of the session

G. Bowden.

The Macrae Quaich for the Best Kept Dormitory in Wavell House

Lyndoch.

Inter House Competitions between the two Intermediate Houses

Shooting —	Cunningham.
Athletics —	Cunningham.
Cross Country —	Cunningham.
Swimming —	Cunningham.
Rugby —	Cunningham.
Squash Rackets —	Trenchard.
Badminton —	Trenchard.
Highland Dancing —	Cunningham.
Relay Cup —	Cunningham.
Open Senior Drill Comp. —	Trenchard.

The Intermediate House Championship

Cunningham.

Mr TOM MUIR-WRIGHT

After three years of service in Queen Victoria School, Mr Tom Muir-Wright left us for a less sheltered way of life. As usual, we only realise how much somebody was doing only when he has left. The senior boys will miss his leadership in hill-walking and camping; the junior boys — their outings to the moors and hills. The teaching staff will miss him probably even more: finished are our so enjoyable outings to the concerts of the Scottish National Orchestra and to the Pitlochry Festival. Tom always knew if anything worth hearing or seeing was happening within driving distance, he was always ready to organise it, drive to it a full car and, most important, keep the accounts.

Wherever Mr Tom Muir-Wright goes, our good wishes will go with him and we hope that he will come and see us whenever he is in our part of the world.

VALETE

Form VI

P. J. GILCHRIST (ADTC) 1964. — Haig. Prefect. Pipe Band (piper). Drama Society. Higher English, History, Art, 'O' Grade Maths, Arithmetic. CCF (RAF), Proficiency and Advanced, Corporal (RAF). Debating Society. 2nd XV (Rugby) 1969–70, 1st XI (Cricket) 1968–70, Bronze Cross (Life-Saving), Bronze Duke of Edinburgh's Award. Now at Glasgow School of Art. Home address: 19 Dreghorn Place, Edinburgh.

A. ROBERTSON (RE) 1962. — Haig. Monitor. 1st XV (Rugby) 1968–70, Colours 1968–70, 1st XI (Cricket) 1969–70. Pipe Band (Pipe Major). Drama Society. Higher English, History, Modern Studies, Maths, Science. Bronze and Silver Duke of Edinburgh's Awards. Sgt. in CCF (Army), CCF Proficiency (Army). Debating Society. Home address: 20 West Banks Terrace, Wick, Caithness.

Form V

K. R. LAWRENCE (A&SH) 19—. — Haig. 2nd XV (Rugby) 1969–70, Swimming Team 1969–70, 1st XI (Cricket) 1970, Tennis Team 1969–70, Athletics Team 1969–70, Badminton Team 1969–70. CCF Proficiency (Army Section). Life-Saving Bronze Medallion. 'O' Grade English, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic. Continuing education at Inverness High School. Home address: 12 Firthview Road, Muirtown, Inverness.

Form IV

A. G. FIDDES (RAF) 1966. — Haig. Chapel Orderly. 3rd XV (Rugby) 1969–70, Athletics Team, 1st and 2nd Cross Country Awards. CCF (RAF) Advanced, Marksman. Bronze Duke of Edinburgh's Award. PS Bronze, Silver. Bronze Medallion (Life-Saving). Continuing education at technical college. Home address: 12 Chalsewell Road, RAF Abingdon, Abingdon, Berks.

J. M. FLEMING (KOSB) 1964. — Haig. 3rd XV (Rugby) 1969–70, 2nd XV (Rugby) 1970–71. Wavell Memorial Cup 196. CCF (Army) Proficiency, Sergeant. Bronze and Silver Duke of Edinburgh's Awards. Bronze Medallion (Life-Saving). Outward Bound. Army Cadet Leadership Course 1970. Employment: Assistant Salesman. Home address: 6 North Gyle Drive, Corstorphine, Edinburgh 12.

M. S. HASTON (RAF) 1965. — Haig. 7th XV (Rugby) 1967–68, 5th XV 1968–69, 3rd XV 1969–70, 2nd XV 1970–71, Runner-up Athletics Medal 1970. CCF (RAF) Proficiency and Advanced. Continuing education at Madras College, St. Andrews. Home address: 95 Bridge Street, St. Andrews, Fife.

Form IIC

J. M. MACKLE (RAF) 19—. — Cunningham. Home address: 12 Thornhill Place, Forres, Morayshire, Inverness.

Form IA

M. G. WOOD (RAF) 1968. — Trenchard. 1st Year Rugby Team 1970–71. PS Bronze. Commandant's Orderly.



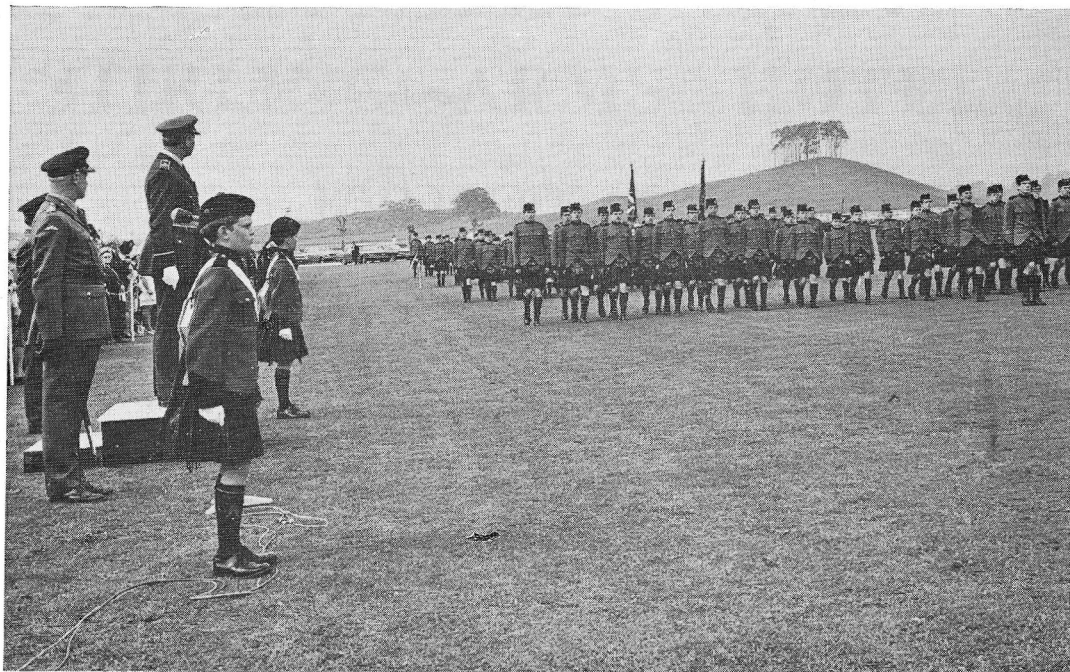
Allan Macdonald, winner of March Competition, Strathspey and Reel Competition, Jig Competition and Amateur Championship at Scottish Pipers' Association Annual Championship, Glasgow, October, 1970.



Brigadier F. H. Coutts, OBE, Colonel of The King's Own Scottish Borders, presenting a Pipe Banner to the School on behalf of the Regiment on 15th November, 1970.

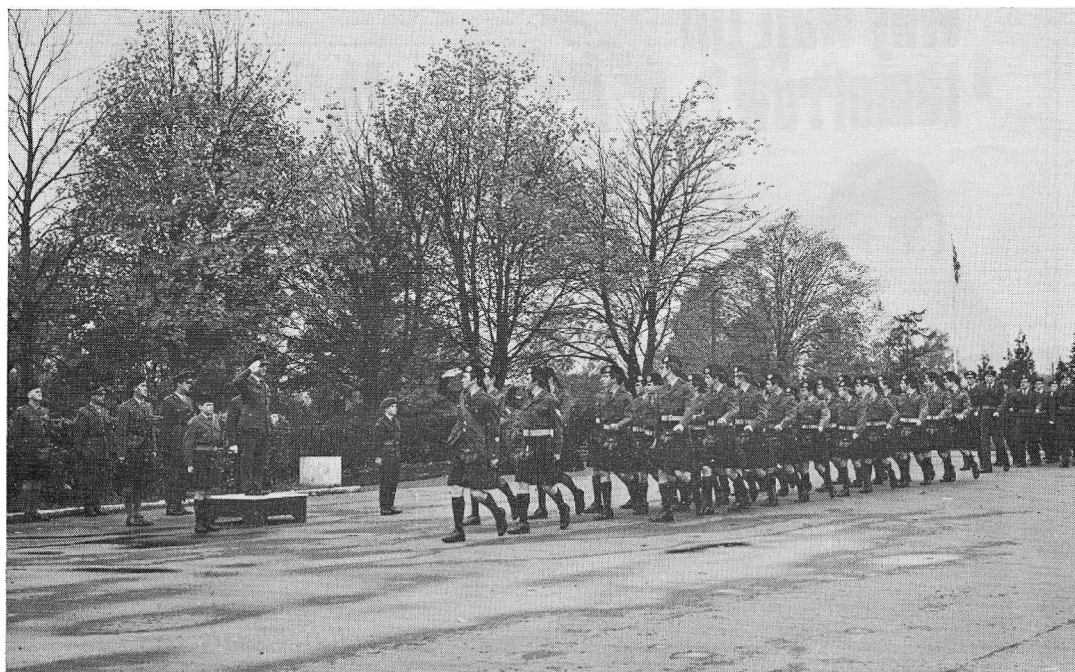
The Banner is being received on behalf of the School by Boy Pipe Major J. G. Pryde.

GRAND DAY PARADE



The Inspecting Officer was Air Vice Marshal R. G. WAKEFORD, MVO, OBE, AFC

CCF INSPECTION



Inspection of CCF by Group Captain D. R. LOCKE, OBE