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Mr N. C. Bruce, Teacher's Certificate.

Mr J. G. Finlay, Teacher's Certificate.

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Visiting Medical Officers:

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Resident Church of Scotland Chaplain—Rev. L. A. RITCHIE, M.A., B.D., A.T.C.L.

Visiting Chaplains:

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

Roman Catholic Church—Rev. C. HENDRY



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Editorial

Many readers will let drop a tear at the news that this is the last *Victorian* — in its present form. As the Commandant will outline the reasons for the change we will confine ourselves to giving the editorial staff's views. Under the present system during the two weeks before the printer's deadline for the summer issue the editors break sweat and attempt to coerce small boys into writing reports on events which happened long ago and are long forgotten. For the winter issue the events are well remembered, but so few that the remembrances hardly fill the magazine and the staff are forced to "pad-out" what there are. Faced with one publication a year the editorial staff will have no difficulty in finding enough material and will also be able to spread the work of collecting and editing contributions over the whole year. If the editorial staff must remember to work all the time then so must the School: events must be reported as they happen and literature must be produced and handed in as inspiration strikes. Although there are many disadvantages, and there will be many grumbles, the advantages of having only one magazine a year will far outweigh the disadvantages, and the grumblers will be stunned into silence by the sheer quality and quantity of the first Year Book.

This is being written during the post-exam period: a stretch of about four weeks during which half the School flog themselves into an early grave while the other half lounge around the playing fields picking up daisies and suntans. This year, however, a lot of planning has gone into finding the happy medium.

The boys who are coming back next year returned to normal school work. As the majority of the leavers, especially those from Form IV, are going on to places of further education they are being given the opportunity to continue their studies, while at the same time being given the chance of doing some very valuable community service. We have work parties scattered around engaged on a variety of projects ranging from washing the Dunblane Priest's plates to gardening at Stirling Royal Infirmary. Besides these a party from Form IV spent a Sunday at a caravan site on the outskirts of Callander. They cleared the site up and bringing their CCF training into the conservation scene were set to dig a pond, this must be the first ever latrine shaped pond!

In the last month there have been three expeditions; a canoeing expedition organised by Captain Woodhouse and two hiking expeditions arranged by the boys. Captain Woodhouse, Mr MacPhee and twelve boys canoed down the River Tay from Aberfeldy to Perth during what must have been the wettest week-end of the summer. Another party of three boys spent three days walking from Bridge of Earn back to the School. We of the editorial staff were most fortunate to be able to go with Monsieur Garcès on a five day hill-walking expedition which took us up Ben Vorlich and would have taken us up Ben Ledi had the weather not prevented us.

Since this is our last *Victorian* we would like to thank all the people who help us to produce this magazine, and who are too modest to take any of the credit for the work that they do.

Commandant's Notes

THE VICTORIAN

This will be the last "twice yearly" issue of *The Victorian*. Henceforth it will be published as an Annual, or "Year Book", just before Grand Day each year, at a price of 25 new pence. While this change will, it is hoped, alleviate the unceasing struggle to hold down costs, which I mentioned in my last Notes, this is not the only reason for the change. Publishing the magazine twice yearly, in June and December, does impose a good deal of strain on all those concerned with its production, who are mostly fifth and sixth year boys with many other commitments. With the long intervening summer holiday, it has meant that the December issue has had to be thought about early on in the Christmas term, and there isn't usually all that amount of new material ready to go in by then. Some have thought the December issue rather redundant anyway.

The Annual, for which material will be gathered throughout the year, and not just during the few weeks before publication, will, it is hoped, provide not only a good overall review and record of the whole of the varied activities of the School during the preceding year, but also a better means of tapping the total potential of original literary composition in the School. We hope too that the greater scope and less intense pressure of preparation of the Annual will not only result in a generally higher standard of production but also make it easier to reconcile the diverse and sometimes contradictory aims of producing a journal which provides something of interest for boys, Old Victorians, parents, the Services, and other circles of Scottish society which have a friendly concern for the School; and in a form and style which will provide not only the essential historical record but a valued personal "souvenir" worth reading and keeping.

COLONEL WHITE

An obituary notice, and tribute, concerning "Colonel Archie", as he was universally known, appears elsewhere in this issue. In paying my own personal tribute to my very distinguished predecessor I recall the debt I personally owe him for his guidance and encouragement when I joined his Company at Sandhurst as a very raw cadet, forty odd years ago. Up until nearly the last moment he almost defied the years, and died as he had lived, a scholar, a great gentleman, an outstanding fighting soldier. Truly a "Mr Greatheart". The School can indeed be proud to have had him as Commandant.

GRAND DAY

To any boy, or indeed to any contemporary member of staff, the Grand Day ritual must seem as unchanging as the seasons, familiar, regular, recurrent. In fact its ceremonial procedure has changed a good deal in detail over the years and continues to do so, but that is by the way. Symbolically, on the one hand, we demonstrate our acknowledgment of the honour of bearing our Colours and our acceptance and support of what they stand for; we also show to the three Services, in which all our fathers are serving or have served, our appreciation of their interest and support. Conversely, each Service in turn annually expresses, by provision of one of its highest officers as Inspecting Officer, the esteem in which the School is held by each. Less seriously, the day provides, we hope, a genial social occasion and pleasant spectacle for parents, relations, Old Boys and the wide range of the School's friends, supporters, and helpers. All this is worth a bit of trouble.

This year we are especially honoured by the presence of General Sir John Mogg, the Adjutant-General, as Inspecting Officer, and of Major-General Evans, the Director of Army Education, who is presenting the academic prizes.

STAFF

There have been no actual staff changes in the short period since the publication of the Christmas issue but at the end of this term we shall be losing Monsieur Garcès, our young "attached" assistant French Master, whose year at the School comes to an end. This was the first of these "attachments" and certainly there could have been no happier beginning. M. Garcès, unfamiliar with the UK and even more so with the strange tribal ways of Scotland, threw himself into all the activities of the School from the moment of his arrival. Squash, tennis, piping, hill walking were only a few of his experiments and in a few months he made himself very much one of our community. We shall all miss his pleasant personality but it is good to know that he has accepted a teaching appointment at Glasgow University, so we hope to see him frequently.

We were sad to record, in March, the death of the Rev. Vaughan Johnson, until a few years ago our officiating Episcopal Chaplain.

Mr Monaghan, who has patched and plastered the School fabric for more than thirty years, and was nearing retirement, has unfortunately been ill now for some months; we all hope for his early recovery and look forward to hearing the scrape of his trowel again for a bit more yet.

Advertising is not allowed in this column but

rumour has it that the needs of any members of staff and their families, who may be contemplating a foreign holiday, can be efficiently catered for now by a new agency in Stirling which, it is said, seems to be owned and managed by a recently departed member of staff whose face would not be unfamiliar to Wavell or first year boys. Finally we give our good wishes to Mrs Watters, who was in charge of the Dining Hall until a year ago, when she became ill. She is now retiring from the Civil Service. And to Mrs Baird, for an early and complete recovery from her serious and prolonged illness.

GOERS AND COMERS

On Grand Day more than thirty boys will, with a handshake from the Adjutant-General, be given their formal farewell, marking the end of their life at Queen Victoria School and the beginning of more advanced training for adult careers. Added to these are a number of boys who have already left, so that we have had an unusually large leaving list this year. As always, the range of intentions and aspirations covers University entrance, technical training, apprenticeships, and many professions and careers as varied as gamekeeping, hairdressing, police and banking. As is also, sadly, usual nowadays, only a minority are going into the Services as their fathers did, but it is still quite a substantial handful, whom the Services will welcome.

Because of the large turn-out the Selection Board, which sat in May, was able to offer a better than ordinary proportion of vacancies to applicants this year. Out of one hundred and eleven eligible applicants we were able to offer places to fifty-two, an exceptional intake. Each Service got roughly half its applicants in but in the case of the Navy, alas, this only meant one out of a total of two applicants!

OLD VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION

Because the Postal strike prevented communication we were forced to postpone the March Reunion, though we did manage to attract enough younger OVs to play the usual Rugby Match. So this year we reverted to a May Reunion again, which was attended mainly by the older generation, who seemed to enjoy themselves however, in spite of foul weather. I understand that at their Annual General Meeting the OVA decided to assume greater responsibility for the management of their own affairs, which should relieve the School of a considerable commitment without, I am sure, in any way weakening the close and cordial ties between the School and the OVA.

BUILDING

I mentioned the new Wing proposed for the Teaching Block in my last Notes. Experience has made us wary, not to say cynical, about "target dates" in respect of any Building project. However, after a good deal of departmental delay while the differences between the cost figures of the original estimate, the architects' estimate, the D of E estimate, and the amount of money likely to be actually approved, were batted about between Whitehall, Rosyth, HQ Scotland, D of E HQ in Edinburgh, and the School, it does at last seem that there is a real prospect of building beginning during the Christmas term. As it must, if there is to be any hope of the Wing being ready by the time it is required, which is September, 1972.

COLONEL A. C. T. WHITE V.C., M.C., B.A.

Colonel Archie White, a widower, died suddenly in his home at Camberley on Friday, 21st May. He would have been 80 years of age in October of this year. His funeral was on the following Tuesday. By his own wish the ceremony was private and without flowers, so, respecting this, the School did not send the Wreath and the Piper and Bugler which otherwise we would have wished to do.

Of original Scots ancestry himself, with his family's roots in Caithness, he first joined the TA in 1909, a year after its formation, as a member of the 5th Bn West Yorkshire Regiment. He obtained his BA Degree at King's College, London, of which College he later became a Fellow. He was commissioned in the Green Howards in September, 1914, seeing active service first in Gallipoli, where he was wounded and Mentioned in Despatches. Later, on the Western Front, he was wounded again, being awarded the Military Cross. For outstanding and prolonged gallantry in the Battle of the Somme in 1916 he was awarded the highest military decoration, the Victoria Cross. After a period on the Staff Archie White went on fighting after the Armistice, being a member of the North Russian Relief Force which went to Murmansk to fight the Bolsheviks. While engaged in this campaign he was made a Brevet Major. Transferring to the Royal Army Educational Corps in 1920, on the formation of the Corps, he later became an Instructor at the RMC Sandhurst until 1924. From January, 1925, to August, 1929, he was Commandant of Queen Victoria School. Returning after this appointment to Sandhurst he became OC of a company of Cadets there. He retired in 1947 having held many important Corps and Staff appointments. Although fated to be a widower throughout the latter part of his life, and to live alone, his great range of interests, educational, military, Corps, Regimental, and his wide circle of

friends would in any case have prevented any relapse into introverted seclusion. But Colonel Archie was not that kind of man anyway, being a "doer" and a "giver", leaving his own personal burdens to look after themselves. Not least among his interests was his continued connection with Queen Victoria School, actively maintained through the London Branch of the OVA and also by not infrequent correspondence with succeeding Commandants and Headmasters, as well as occasional visits to the School when he could manage. He had been a Deputy Colonel Commandant of his Corps and this appointment, and his status as an ex-QVS Commandant, were probably as much prized by him as any of his many honours and distinctions. These two interests were pleasantly combined in symbolism when, in 1970, at the Jubilee Anniversary Celebrations of his Corps at the Army School of Education at Beaconsfield, he watched the QVS Pipe Band march past him.

His last visit to the School was in 1965 when he stayed as the guest of the present Commandant, whom he had once supervised at Sandhurst, for several days. We had greatly hoped that he might be able to come this year to Grand Day to see the Director of his old Corps present the academic prizes, but it was not to be.

When Colonel White came to QVS in 1925 the School was still, in a sense, in the shadow of the terrible years of 1914-1918 which, coming so soon after its foundation, had to a considerable extent slowed down its progress and development. Also there had been a rather rapid turnover of Commandants since 1918. Colonel White saw clearly the lines on which he considered the School should develop, and was under no illusions as to the difficulties of achieving such progress. This is not the occasion to describe in detail the changes and improvements which Colonel White, ably seconded and advised by a Headmaster of his own Corps, either effected, or laid a foundation for which enabled his successors to carry them out when times were more propitious. This must await the writing of the history of the School. It can however be said with certainty that in his four years at the School Colonel Archie achieved, or set in train, such improvements in respect of education, the status of the School, the status of the boys, the system of discipline, and general administration, that all successive generations owe him a great deal, however unconscious they may be of the fact. All successive Commandants and Headmasters have, it is certain, owed much of whatever they have been able to achieve and progress (and no one can do more than the circumstances and limitations of his own times allow) to the firm foundation which was laid by Colonel White and his staff in the later 1920s.

We honour his memory.

Old Boys' Notes

HQ CENTRAL REGISTER

It is with great regret that we report the sudden death of Colonel Archie, VC, MC, at Camberley, on Friday, 21st July, 1971. He was Commandant at QVS from 1925 until 1929; prior to this he had been an instructor of Imperial Military Geography at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

He was a very fine gentleman, a most amiable person and a very gallant soldier. All these splendid virtues wrapped in one. His wife predeceased him, but to his twin daughters we extend our deepest and heartfelt sympathy. A report will appear elsewhere in this magazine.

A letter came this morning from Bert Harrison, School No. 67, "Shepherd of the First Hundred", informing me of the death — after a long illness — of his wife, Gertie, who died in Barnet General Hospital on 19th May. To Bert we express much sorrow and extend our deepest sympathy. They had been married fifty years.

Many of the older Victorians will remember Alan Cameron, School No. 36. Poor Alan passed away in St. James' Hospital, Balham, SW12, in March this year. He was an excellent highland dancer and piper. He played with the School Pipe Band at Olympia in July, 1913. To his next of kin, we extend our very deep sympathy and condolences.

In the December, 1970, issue of *The Victorian* there appeared an obituary for Victor Fennessey. I submit for inclusion in this issue, a glowing account of his service in Aldershot, Palestine, North Africa and elsewhere whilst serving in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

Lt. Colonel Donald McLeay wrote to me from Goola, South Australia. It was indeed a pleasure to hear from him. Life there appears to be all that could be desired. His charming doctor wife and daughter, came to Grand Day in 1970.

A Buffet Supper was held in the Westlands Hotel, Dunblane, on 22nd May. Forty-six tickets were issued. Although we expected many more to present themselves, change of date — owing to the postal strike — the football international and other similar circumstances were the main causes of such a poor turn-out. Despite this, it was agreed by all to be a very pleasant evening. It was a great pleasure to welcome brothers Donald and Herbert ("Zep") Taylor of the London Branch. I think they deserve full marks for such a splendid effort. We must not pass without paying tribute to the enthusiastic endeavour of Flight Lieutenant Keith Douglas who came from Waddington, Lincoln. Well done, Keith!

On Sunday, the following day, 23rd May, a large turn-out saw the Wreath-laying Ceremony in the

chapel by members of the London, Glasgow and Edinburgh Branches. Thereafter followed the March Past. The Salute was taken by Bill McArthur, who came from Avoch, Ross-shire, with his charming wife.

At 2 p.m. thirty-two attended the Annual General Meeting. The Headmaster, Lt. Colonel Evans, gave a resume of School activities and sport. He also commented on the splendid record of the Combined Cadet Force. He informed the meeting of various changes which were taking place in the School and others which were planned for the future. The main item on the agenda was the drawing up of a new constitution for the Old Victorians Association. In order to avoid what was evidently going to be a long drawn-out discussion, it was put to the vote and decided that a committee be elected forthwith to get on with the business and submit for ratification, at a later date. Then followed nominations. Peter Taylor was elected Chairman, George Stirrat, Secretary and Treasurer, Major Campbell McQueen and James White, members for the Central Area. Two members will be nominated by the London, Glasgow and Edinburgh Branches when they hold their respective meetings. When this has been done, the Chairman will convene a committee meeting to draw-up a constitution for ratification. A report will appear in the next *Victorian*.

In the British Legion it is the Boys of the Old Brigade who "keep the engine running". So with QVS. We do wish many more of the younger generation of Old Victorians would take an interest in what will, one day, be their association. We implore you to join and swell the ranks. Furthermore we would like an increase in membership. Please take note and contact me: Ormonde House, Doune, Perthshire; Tel. Doune 294). I will be very pleased to hear from you; and promise a reply.

Old Victorian ties and magazines can be obtained from the School.

George Stirrat,
Hon. Secretary, OVS.

We recently heard from one of the younger old boys who still has many friends at the School. Michael Duckett, better known to his friends as Charlie, left the School four years ago to go to Western Australia where he went to school for a time before taking up an apprenticeship in lithographic machining. He is enjoying his life out there very much and his only regret is that he had to leave his many friends behind. For our part, our only regret is that we have lost the one really good full-back that 2nd Year rugby has ever produced. I feel sure that there must be at least one other old boy in Western Australia, and if there is and he would like to contact Charlie we have added his address onto the end of this note. We hope that Charlie will succeed in his efforts to come

back and visit the School. We will have left by then but we hope he will come and visit us too. In the meantime we wish him every possible success in the New World.

Michael Duckett, 11 Ashby Terrace, Middle Swan, W. Australia, 6056.

A. W. Morrice, who left in 1967, graduated at Edinburgh University in 1970 and was commissioned as a 2nd/Lt. in the Royal Marines.

Mr Scott (School Number 35, 1909-14) visited the School on Friday, 14th May. He lives in Dumfries, where he has retired after a lifetime career in the Railway Service. He had last seen the School in 1914 and was interested to see the changes and improvements when the Commandant showed him round.

Pilot Officer Graham H. Fox, at present stationed at RAF Wittering, has recently visited the United States Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs, BAOR in Osnabruck and the RAF Regiment in Cyprus.

MAJOR VICTOR CUNNINGHAM FENNESSEY

Victor Fennessey, who died on 28th November, 1970, was born on 11th March, 1904, the son of the late Colour Sergeant Patrick Fennessey, KOSB.

He was educated at Queen Victoria School, Dunblane.

He enlisted into The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders as a Boy on 13th September, 1919. Promoted Sergeant in 1932, PSM 1938 and CSM 1939, serving with the 2nd Battalion in UK, Southern Ireland, BAOR, Sudan, Palestine and India.

He was granted an Emergency Commission as Lieutenant in the Regiment on 20th January, 1940.

On the eve of Active Service Operations in North Africa, Victor, at short notice, was asked (in the absence of the QM) to take on the duties of QM for the Battle of Sidi Barrani and throughout the Eritrean Campaign. So efficiently did he carry out his duties, particularly during the Battle of Keren, that his name was brought to the notice of Higher Authority for Distinguished Conduct in the field.

Promoted T/Captain on 28th November, 1940.

In the withdrawal from Acroma to Tmimi, 4th February, 1942, he was the guide appointed for the Brigade Group, during a cross-country journey under exceptionally difficult conditions. He was

taken POW at Torbruk, 1942. He twice escaped, and was re-captured.

For his services in World War II he was twice Mentioned in Despatches.

Awarded the GS Medal for Palestine; 1939-45 Star; North Africa Star; Defence and War Medals; Coronation Medal; LS and GC.

After the War, he was granted a Short Service Commission in the RAOC, retiring as a Major on 25th December, 1956.

A fine rifle shot, he won his first Regimental Medal in 1922 and in his last years of service at the RAOC Corps Meeting, he won the Special Rifle Match. He was Army Champion Class 3 in 1923, and Aldershot Command Champion in 1932.

He had been ill for a number of years, and had undergone many operations.

To his family we extend our deep sympathy.

Valete

Form VI

BROWN, J. W. S. — RA; Joined 1963; Haig; Prefect; Rugby 1st XV, 1970-71; Colours 1970-71; CCF RE Section, Proficiency; RLSS Bronze Medallion; SCE Higher Maths, English, Science, Ordinary History, Arithmetic, Latin, French; to University. Home address: 29 Dawson Avenue, Howden East, Livingston, Midlothian.

BRUCE, S. G. J. — Royal Signals; Joined 1963; Haig; Monitor; Chief Projectionist; Rugby 1st XV, 1969-70-71, Colours 1970-71; 1st XI 1968-69-70; Sgt. in CCF (Army), Proficiency; RLSS Bronze Medallion; SCE Higher English, History, Science, Ordinary French, Maths, Arithmetic; winner of Addison Smith Public Speaking, 1970; *Victorian* staff. Home address: "Zalez", St. Edwards Drive, Sudbrooke, Lincoln.

BURGESS, I. — RAC; Joined 1963; Haig; Prefect; Rugby 1st XV, 1969-70-71; Sgt. in CCF RE Section, Proficiency; SCE Higher English, History, Ordinary Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Mechanics, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing; continuing education. Home address: 24 Acacia Grove, New Malden, Surrey.

MURTON, B. R. — RA; Joined 1962; Haig; Senior Monitor; Captain of 1st XV, Rugby 1st XV 1968-69-70-71, Colours 1968-69-70-71; Squash Rackets Winner 1970 and 1971; Cross Country Colours 1971; CSM in CCF (Army), Proficiency; Prince Philip Medal (1968); *Victorian* staff; Boy Drum Major in Pipe Band; SCE Higher English, History, Ordinary Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic; Chartered Accountant. Home address:

12 Beechfield Road, Ellesmere Port, Wirral, Cheshire.

SAYER, J. — KOSB; Joined 1965; Haig; Monitor; Rugby 1st XV 1970-71; Colour Sgt. in CCF (Army), Proficiency; RLSS Bronze Medallion; *Victorian* staff; Dramatic Society; SCE Higher English, Latin, French, Ordinary Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic; candidate for University. Home address: 93 Mays Way, Potterspur, Towcester, Northants.

SHANNON, J. H. M. — RHA; Joined 1963; Haig; Prefect; Rugby 1st XV, Colours 1970-71; CCF RE Section, Proficiency; SCE Higher Maths, Latin, Ordinary French, Arithmetic, English, History, Physics, Chemistry; candidate for University. Home address: 17 Ellisland Square, Glencairn, Ayr.

Form V

CRICHTON, W. — RAF; Joined 1964; Haig; Prefect; Rugby 1st XV 1969-70-71; Sgt. in CCF (RAF), Proficiency and Advanced; RLSS Bronze Medallion; Gold Personal Survival; Dancer; Dramatic Society; Tennis Team 1970; SCE Ordinary Maths, Physics, Chemistry, English, Arithmetic, Latin, French; Joining RAF. Home address: 28 Kilmaron Crescent, Cupar, Fife.

GOLDIE, T. L. G. — Royal Scots; Joined 1964; Haig; Rugby 1st XV 1969-70-71, Colours 1970-71; Cross Country Runner-up 1971, Colours 1971; CCF RE Section, Proficiency; Tennis Singles winner 1970; SCE Ordinary English, Maths, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Technical Drawing. Home address: 12 Albany Street, Edinburgh, 1.

LANGTON, C. V. — Queens Own Highlanders; Joined 1964; Haig; Rugby 1st XV 1970-71; CCF RE Section, Proficiency; School Shooting Team 1969-70; Silver Personal Survival; SCE Ordinary English, Maths, Physics, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Woodwork. Home address: 27 Moray Place, Upper Auchintorre, Fort William, Inverness-shire.

MURDOCH, R. C. — RAF; Joined 1964; Haig; Prefect; Colour Bearer; Rugby 1st XV 1969-70-71; Athletics Team 1969-70-71, Colours 1970; F/Sgt. in CCF (RAF), Proficiency and Advanced; Dramatic Society; SCE Ordinary English, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Art; joining National Westminster Bank. Home address: 5 Tedder Close, Ruislip, Middlesex, HA4 6NR.

PRYDE, J. G. — Royal Scots Greys; Joined 1963; Haig; Boy Pipe Major; CCF RE Section, Proficiency; Duke of Edinburgh's Award, Bronze Series; SCE Ordinary English, Chemistry, Physics, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Technical Drawing. Home address: Holmshill, Cardon, Glenholm, Broughton, Peeblesshire.

YOUNG, S. D. — Royal Scots Fusiliers; Joined 1964; Haig; Dancer; CCF RE Section, Proficiency; SCE Ordinary English, Maths, Physics, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Mechanics, Woodwork. Home address: 41 King Street, Watford, Herts.

Form IV

BROWN, J. G. — Royal Navy; Joined 1964; Haig; RAF Proficiency and Advanced; to Banking. Home address: 62a Conduit Road, Midlevels, Hong Kong.

CRAWFORD, D. N. — RAF; Joined 1966; Haig; Chapel Orderly; RAF Proficiency and Advanced; RLSS Bronze Medallion; Silver Personal Survival; Air Traffic Controller or RAF. Home address: 49 Hampden Close, Leuchars, Fife.

DOCHERTY, T. J. — Royal Navy; Joined 1966; Haig; Projectionist; Secretary of Photographic Society; CCF RE Section, Proficiency; to Southampton Technical College. Home address: 84 Worthing Avenue, Elson, Gosport, Hants.

FOGARTY, M. D. — RAF; Joined 1965; Haig; Head Dancer, CCF RAF Section, Proficiency and Advanced; Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Series; RLSS Distinction; Gold Personal Survival; First Aid Certificate; to Farnborough College of Technology. Home address: 2 Hawthorn Drive, Amery Farm Estate, Alton, Hampshire.

MURRAY, C. — RAF; Joined 1965; Haig; Librarian; Corporal in CCF (RAF) Proficiency and Advanced; RLSS Bronze Medallion; Gold Personal Survival; First Aid Certificate; continuing education. Home address: 10 St. Johns Close, Ryhall, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

McMILLAN, W. J. — Royal Highland Fusiliers; Joined 1964; Haig; Bass Drummer in Pipe Band; Rugby 1st XV 1969-70-71; Corporal in CCF Army Proficiency; Bronze Personal Survival; Dramatic Society; SCE Ordinary English, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Woodwork; employment—Finance. Home address: 15 St. Vincent Crescent, Alloway, Ayrshire.

MYLES, R. — RAF; Joined 1965; Haig; Rugby 1st XV 1970-71, Colours 1970-71; Corporal in CCF RAF, Proficiency and Advanced; Secretary of the Maths Club; SCE Ordinary English, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Physics; to Grimsby College of Technology. Home address: 2 Hunter Road, RAF Binbrook, Lincolnshire.

NICOL, T. B. — Royal Navy; Joined 1964; Haig; Rugby 1st XV 1970-71, Colours 1970-71; Corporal in CCF Army, Proficiency; Head Chapel Orderly; Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Series; RLSS Bronze Medallion; Bronze Personal Survival; First Aid Certificate; SCE Ordinary Maths, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Technical Drawing, Woodwork. to Napier College. Home address: Lower Woodlee, Innerleithen Road, Peebles.

PEARSON, J. — Queens Own Highlanders; Joined 1965; Haig; CCF RAF Section Proficiency and Advanced; First Aid Certificate; continuing education. Home address: 35 Gateacre Court, Overpool Estate, Ellesmere Port, Wirall, Cheshire.

TODD, D. — Cameronians; Joined 1964; Haig; Rugby 1st XV 1970-71; L/Cpl. in CCF Army, Proficiency; Tennis Team; Badminton Team; RLSS

Bronze Medallion; Police Cadet. Home address: 82 Lime Road, Ferryhill, County Durham.

POWELL, S. J. — Scots Guards; Joined 1965; Haig; CCF RE Section, Proficiency; RLSS Bronze Medallion; to Carshalton College of Further Education. Home address: 9 Milton Road, Wallington, Surrey.

Form IIIc

CUTHBERT, E. — Seaforth Highlanders; Joined 1965; Trenchard; Chapel Orderly; Librarian; RLSS Intermediate Certificate; Gold Personal Survival; Outward Bound (1971); joining the Army. Home address: 46/2 Kennishead Avenue, Thornliebank, Glasgow.

ELLIOT, W. T. — SAS; Joined 1965; Trenchard; Dancer; Gold Personal Survival; continuing education. Home address: 166 Hoarwithy Road, Hereford.

GILCHRIST, C. — APTC; Joined 1967; Trenchard; Chapel Orderly; Librarian; RLSS Intermediate Certificate; Gold Personal Survival; Apprentice Chef. Home address: 19 Dregghorn Place, Edinburgh.

HAMILTON, I. S. — Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Joined 1966; Cunningham; Pipe Band (Piper); RLSS Bronze Cross; Gold Personal Survival; First Aid Certificate; Duke of Edinburgh's Award, Silver Series; joining the Marines. Home address: 27 Hartford Road, Huntingdon, England.

NICOLSON, M. — Royal Signals; Joined 1966; Trenchard; Gold Personal Survival; First Aid Certificate; Librarian; Outward Bound (1971); continuing education. Home address: 17 Acacia Avenue, Eastcoat, Ruislip, Middlesex.

OGILVIE, A. D. — Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Joined 1967; Cunningham; Dancer; RLSS Bronze Cross; Gold Personal Survival; Duke of Edinburgh's Award, Silver Series; Gamekeeper. Home address: Old Brig o' Dee Cottage, Balmoral Estate, Balmoral, Ballater, Aberdeenshire.

PEARSON, J. A. — Queen's Own Highlanders; Joined 1967; Trenchard; Gold Personal Survival; joining Junior Leaders Regiment. Home Address: 35 Gateacre Court, Overpool Estate, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire.

ROE, N. M. — Scots Guards; Joined 1966; Cunningham; Swimming Team 1970; Duke of Edinburgh's Award, Silver Series; RLSS Bronze Cross; Gold Personal Survival; Pipe Band (Piper); First Aid Certificate; continuing education. Home address: 3 Oakwood Rise, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

THOMSON, J. B. G. — Gordon Highlanders; Joined 1966; Cunningham; Duke of Edinburgh's Award, Silver Series; Dancer; First Aid Certificate; RLSS Bronze Cross; Gold Personal Survival; joining the Royal Navy. Home address: Culter School House, Culter, Aberdeenshire.

Form IIb

PRYDE, C. N. — Royal Scots Greys; Joined 1967; Cunningham; Pipe Band (Piper); to Peebles High School. Home address: Holmshill, Cardin, Glenholm, Broughton, Peebleshire.

Form IIc

GALE, K. J. — KOSB; Joined 1966; Cunningham; School Choir; continuing education (Hairdressing Apprentice). Home address: 4 High Street, Jedburgh, Roxburghshire.

STALLEY, I. — Highland Light Infantry; Joined 1967; Cunningham; First Aid Certificate; continuing education. Home address: 10 Spencerfield Road, Inverkeithing, Fife.

Primary 6a

PRYDE, M. I. — Royal Scots Greys; Joined 1969; Wavell; Pipe Band (Piper); to Broughton Primary School. Home address: Holmshill, Cardon, Glenholm, Broughton, Peebleshire.

CCF**RAF SECTION**

Staff and Instructors: Flt. Lt. I. T. Williams, Fg. Off. R. W. E. Scott; F/Sgt. R. C. Murdoch, Sgts. D. J. Barnes, W. Crichton, S. Grant; Cpls. W. A. Common, I. F. Crawford, A. J. Burns, J. R. Gemmill, J. A. Harrison; J/Cpls. S. R. Carmichael, D. J. Cockburn, A. R. Menzies, C. Murray, R. Myles.

Despite unfavourable weather during training periods and Air Experience visits the training schedule has been maintained and the cadets have been kept very busy — the “juniors” have probably been over-worked this term in their preparation for the Proficiency Training Certificate.

The twelve cadets who sat their Proficiency examination in December were all successful. C. S. Common and M. Ferrigan gained passes with distinction, gaining 93% and 86% respectively in the Navigation paper; the highest mark previously gained in this subject was 85% by James Will in December, 1968. In addition to these two Distinctions, passes with Credit were gained by T. M. Gemmill, G. E. Mackay, N. A. Mackay and R. Paterson.

Eight cadets were successful at the Advanced Proficiency Level with five of them gaining passes with Credit — J. G. Brown, G. C. McK. Gallacher, K. R. Matthews, A. R. Menzies and J. Pearson. A. R. Menzies, A. A. MacDonald and K. R. Matthews excelled themselves in the Engines examination:

the latter two equalling the previously highest score of 88% whilst A. R. Menzies set a new “best” with 89%.

The post-advanced cadets have prepared and given short lectures and have also experienced what it is like “on the other side” by sharing in the instruction. The Advanced Navigation classes have continued under Mr Scott’s leadership but they have ventured outside during the past two terms on navigational/orienteering exercises with varied and sometimes “supper-less” results.

Gliding Instruction has been offered to the cadets who have attained their sixteenth birthday. Alan Piercy is to be congratulated on gaining his “wings” at a Continuous Gliding Course at Arbroath during the Easter break. He brought particular credit to the School by being our first cadet to commence the Advanced Gliding Training with thirty launches already logged. Application has already been made for a further six cadets to undergo training during the Summer holidays.

The three shooting teams were promoted to higher divisions this year and found the competition keen. The ‘A’ team totalled 2,019 points in Division C, ‘B’ team — 1,969 in Division D and our recruits’ team 1,922 in Division E. The latter two teams finished 4th and 3rd respectively in their Divisions.

Cdt. G. A. M. Richardson won the Recruits’ Cup with 329 points in the Section’s Competition consisting of Airmanship, Map Reading, Shooting, Drill and History and Role of the RAF. Cdt. G. F. Weir was second with 311 points and Cdt. M. Nelson third (307 points).

RAF Germany Visit

During the Easter holidays five cadets accompanied by Flt. Lt. Williams attended camp at RAF Wildenrath. The five “fortunates” were Cpl. J. R. Gemmill, J/Cpl. S. R. Carmichael, L/Cdts. M. Ferrigan, R. Paterson and K. C. Walker.

We flew out from Gatwick Airport with sixty-five other cadets from various schools in the UK at lunch-time on Tuesday, 13th April, arriving at Wildenrath Airport a little over an hour later. Thirty-five of the cadets were transported to RAF Bruggen and the remainder, including our party, were accommodated at Wildenrath.

We were told that the purpose of the Camp was “to enable cadets to see for themselves the day to day life of regular personnel in an RAF environment overseas”. We did have some out-door exercises “designed to develop physical fitness and initiative”, and we also visited the squadrons based at RAF Wildenrath as well as the various hangars and workshops. However, considerable time was spent on visits and expeditions outside the station.

We visited the War Museum at Overloon which owes its origin and development to the fact that it is located along the route chosen by the Allies for their

advance to Germany in 1944-45. It also commemorates the famous Battle of Overloon which took place from 26th September to 16th October, 1944. The number of casualties in this battle was appalling and it was quite sad to see all the equipment used. The size and sheer mass of the tanks and guns was frightening. We all found the visit most interesting. After an early service on Sunday we spent the day on the Rhine visiting Bonn, the capital of the Federal Republic of West Germany and the birthplace of Beethoven, and sailing from Bad Godesberg to Cologne where we saw the magnificent Gothic Cathedral – a sight well worth seeing.

We also had a most interesting afternoon trip to Eindhoven in Holland to see the huge science exhibition called Evoluon (Evolution). This exhibition was recently featured on the TV programme *Tomorrow's World*.

There was also a map-reading exercise Wildenrath style. We were transported to the famous Nature Park, Nordeifel, on the Rhur where we had an escape and evasion exercise and an orienteering competition in most beautiful countryside.

Before we knew what had hit us, the day of departing came too soon. A shopping expedition was arranged to Dusseldorf and then back to QVS via Gatwick "skint" and with the prospect of 'O' levels looming ahead of us.

A most enjoyable visit and much appreciated.

Summer Camp will be at RAF Chivenar, North Devon. How will it compare with Germany?

ARMY SECTION

It seems that the closing date for *The Victorian* is such that our Army Section reports always end up incomplete. The printer's deadline is such that it falls in between an important event and the results of this event. The Annual Administration Inspection took place just before the last magazine was published and the outcome was not reported. Group Captain Locke's report was very good indeed, and all the Corps are to be congratulated. We are now coming to the end of the first year of the Apex scheme for Proficiency Certificate and all the candidates, except three, have completed one part of each of the three sections. We have arranged with Capt. J. Merritt for his Cadet Training team to examine the candidates for the remaining two compulsory subjects. This will be done before Grand Day but after *The Victorian* has been published.

The RE Section is still flourishing under the able instruction of Sgt. Simpson and we hope that we will soon be able to start a small Signals Section,

thus adding variety to the post Proficiency programme.

This year we had two Easter camps; the D of E boys at Cultybraggan, and the skiers at Aviemore. Of the four boys who went to Cultybraggan three W. Murray, A. R. Menzies and A. Crawford, were doing the Silver expedition and S. Langlands was doing the Gold. All completed their expeditions successfully. Two of our own officers are very experienced assessors of this type of work and attended the camp in this capacity. The Cultybraggan people wanted dry warm weather from the 2nd to the 9th of April while the skiers wanted snow from the 10th to the 16th. The expedition boys were lucky, so the skiers went up to the Rothiemurchus Ski Hut wondering whether they would put on their skis at all. Fortunately there was enough snow high up on the slopes and every one had a very enjoyable time.

Annual Camp will again be at Kingussie, from the 16th to the 24th of July, and along with the usual activities there will be a three day pony trekking expedition. The next issue of *The Victorian* (this time next year) should contain an interesting article on the subject. As last year Capt. Woodhouse will have his canoeing expedition, which, taking the work he has done in training his canoeists into account, should be very successful.

On the 26th of May we were very fortunate in having a visit from the Parachute Regiment, who keep Wavell boys amused by erecting a thirty-two feet tower, which sported a colossal wooden paratrooper. During the afternoon we had a lecture on the principles of parachuting, followed by a film which showed the advantages of using airborne infantry. In the evening everyone in the CCF had a chance to jump from the tower, with a harness of course. Everyone had a most enjoyable and informative day.

SWIMMING AWARDS

The following boys have gained the Amateur Swimming Association Personal Survival Award at the Gold standard.

M. Dolan, W. T. Elliot, I. D. Fitzgerald, E. Cuthbert, M. Nicolson, G. G. D. Doyle, K. T. Shepherd, D. Copland, R. Davidson, J. A. Pearson, A. D. Ogilvie, C. A. Miller, T. J. Armstrong, G. M. Spiers, J. S. Irving, C. Gilchrist, G. J. Glass, J. B. G. Thomson, N. M. Roe, I. S. Hamilton, P. A. Adams, J. K. S. Stewart.

RLSS AWARDS

The following boys gained the RLSS Bronze Medallion.

Al Allan, Barry Heeps, D. Agnew, N. C. Nelson, R. H. Nesbitt, A. D. Ogilvie, J. Turnbull, M. Nelson, R. Higgins, G. J. Anderson.

Literary Section

LETTER FROM AMERICA

Monday, 24th May.

Dear Readers,

I am writing to you during an English period, at the Princeton High School, all the others are writing an essay about some novel or other. We arrived in the USA at 1.45 p.m. on Saturday. After spending thirty minutes at the John F. Kennedy Airport going through customs and immigration procedures we were taken by bus through New York to Princeton.

NY is the biggest collection of roads, highways and skyscrapers I have ever seen. Sitting in the bus for once I really felt as if I were in the "asphalt jungle" – sheer brick walls looming up on all sides, with fast moving cars weaving about all over the place. I could not help noticing that almost all the girls walking along the streets were wearing jeans or "hot pants", very few were wearing skirts. Among the many other sights I have seen was what must be the biggest and most densely-packed graveyard in the world, it stretches for miles on both sides of the road. We travelled over, under, beside, and along on many different roads that after a while I thought we were going round in circles.

At the Princeton University car park we were greeted by hundreds of young Americans all trying to grab their own particular Scots student.

Since Saturday I have been shown around Princeton and the area in which I am staying (Washington-Crossing Pennsylvania) by my host family. The town (Princeton) is just one big University – the place is packed with faculties and halls of residence. As well as the university colleges there are quite a number of schools (which by comparison to QVS are all huge, very few of them have less than 1,000 pupils). The one which I am attending has about 1,800 pupils. The Scottish students have been given a free hand to go where they want so if you want to go to a particular class it is just a matter of asking any American to take you along. So far I have been to classes in Maths, French, Latin, Music, History, Humanities (Sociology), Spanish and English.

I haven't as yet mentioned the people so I will do now. The hundreds of Americans whom I have met up until now have been very kind, everyone has gone out of his way to make me feel welcome.

Well, I must finish off here.

Dateline – Monday, 24th May.
Bill Common,
Victorian Reporter,
Princeton, NJ.

THE CHICKEN LADY

In Omagh we had our bins emptied on a Friday morning about half-nine. But before the conventional garbage collectors called the "chicken lady" arrived. Her name was derived from the fact that she owned half-a-dozen scrawny hens and sold the eggs at black market prices, but as the nearest shop, Joe's, was about half-a-mile away one usually went to her for eggs.

Nine o'clock on a Friday morning, every Friday morning whatever the weather, one would be aroused by the sound of bins rattling. Opening a window you would see a bent up old witch exploring the contents of your bin. Under her arm she carried an old shopping bag, probably thrown out by Mrs Maple up the road.

When she found anything she or her hens might need or use she'd look around to make sure no one was looking then slide the item into her bag.

One Friday I was rudely awoken by the clattering of our bin. Heaving my head out of the bedroom window into a blinding blizzard, I shouted to the old hag "What do you think you're doing?" She replied with all the bad language she could muster and went on scavenging. When she'd raked out the contents of our bin, leaving half of it on the ground, she screamed up to me in her finest brogue that I was to mind my own business. Then she crawled on to rake in next door's bin. All along the street she'd left heaps of rubbish beside every bin, as she did every Friday.

M. Dolan, IIIA.

AN EXPERIENCE

Behind my house there was a short strip of woodland, a field and then a forest. It was raining sun and I decided to go for a walk. I walked for a short while in the cool brown-green strip of wood and then into the yellow field of tall, dry grass. I started running, often stumbling as I frightened animals from their hiding places. I stopped breathlessly outside the large wood which challenged me to go in, the tall trees frowned at me as I stepped boldly in. It was very quiet in the wood, not even distant sounds pervaded the silence of the vast forest, the green of the small wood had left me, except where the sun filtered through in patches.

The forest reminded me of a cathedral, large, dark and ominous. I decided to retreat to the field and when I got there I lay in the long yellow grass looking at the sky.

R. Knox, IIIA.

THE GOLDFISH

The goldfish is all lonely in his tank.
 He peers through glass all day long.
 When feeding time come he's there right away.
 He gobbles and munches till he's finished,
 But when he's finished
 He's lonely again.

D. Rafferty, P6A.

OLD MAN

His head was small for his body, yet he strained to keep it up. He peered out through eyes sunk deep in their sockets. His pale white cheeks were stretched taut over his face and every movement of his cheek bones could be seen as he chewed away at nothing. His mouth was small and he had thin severely discoloured and cracked lips. He had no teeth and his pale pink gums glistened with saliva. He was a small man and his hands looked a size too big for him. He sat crouched forward with his hands in his lap, fidgeting ceaselessly.

T. Gemmill, IIIA.

For sale: One temple – no roof.
 The builders have gone.
 The gods have gone too.
 They went with the roof.

D. Barnes, V.

Astronaut out in space,
 Trapped in a square of nothingness.
 Only link with reality
 A lifeline,
 Made of gold!

C. Langton, V.

**THE COLDEST MORNING
OF THE YEAR**

The sky was velvet and the moon and one star were shining cold. There were no clouds of cotton wool to lie under and keep warm. The yellow light from the classrooms reflected on the cold mirrors lying on the square.

I could hear cars rumbling in the distance breaking the morning silence. Sound was sharp. There was a cold wind blowing from the east. The trees seemed to move to keep warm.

My fingers started to throb so I put them in my pockets to find heat.

Heat, a form of energy, life.

J. Irving, IIIB.

RAIN

Falling silver drops
 Run down naked branches
 Onto the earth below.

T. Armstrong, IIIB.

GALE

The sea of air crashes upon my house
 It pours through any crack or opening.
 It washes up leaves on my doorstep.
 The waves break against my windows
 I can only hope the sea grows calm.

J. Irving, IIIB.

THAW

Drip, the trees undress,
 The sledge sticks,
 Mud is bared,
 The thaw has started.

T. Gemmill, IIIA.

BUTCHER'S

Bones crunching, meat ripping
 Thud of cleavers
 The busy grate of hacksaws
 Paper rustling
 Screech of hooks sliding
 A cheerful "Yes, sir?"
 Among the dead meat.

T. Gemmill, IIIA.

Start
 Trickle
 Not lying
 Now much faster
 A sleet of mothballs
 Decreasing blows
 Now it slows
 Patter
 Stop.

M. Ferrigan, IIIA.

Cool crisp air assists my wakening
 I return from a most uncomfortable night
 I am calmed by the serene silence of the sheiling
 In the midst of ruin I can see light.

J. Stewart, IIIA.

Ad.

Cool, frothy, bubbling booze
Like a golden gun
Aimed at your thirst.

G. MacKay, IIIB.

SPRING

Cold pockets of winter resistance
Clouds blocking out the sun
Silhouetted trees growing green
The slow uneventful victory of spring.

R. Knox, IIIA.

SPRING

Trees in bloom
Swift flowing rivers
Snow melting.

W. Murray, IIIB.

WATCHING TV

I call for Henry.
Shots ring out,
Two hungry mouths less,
The rebels are looting
The peasants are hiding.
"Yes, my lord," asks Henry entering the room.

C. Common, IIIA.

I lay back on the settee.
The television was warming up.
Horizontal lines zig-zagged, blinked.
People running frantically.
A man brandished a head in front of the camera.
"God, it's the news!
Anyone for cocoa?"

J. White, IIIB.

L'AFFAIRE D'UN HERO

It can't go on this way, you say
But not to each other
You cannot talk
You have no common ground
Or friendship to fill it.
Your love is dead,
Your meetings hollow
And copyright;
You never contradict the appointment book
— Not even in Lent.

Battery hens do not break out
cry "Go now, We are dead"
Only a fool despises cloisters.
You must carry on together
Living in an iron lung.

M. Stear, IV.

I listen to my brother, a soldier on leave.
On television are pictures of Vietnam.
Total dead, 800 in two weeks.
Someone will sit and mourn
As I sit and listen to my brother.

S. Dalziel, IIIB.

LINCOLN'S LAST NIGHT I AM

The second match splintered
And tumbled to the cobbles
As naked striped curtains
Flapped at wailing windows
That yelp and bitch at my intrusion.
Here among the dark and uncertain
I am nothing.

Nothing in the animate silence
Broken only by a wireless
On the very late show.

A car's headlights
Pin me to the turgid wall;
I am no longer myself,
Just a damp silhouette.

The dying gear change
Returns me to the cigarette,
The trickle of sewage,
And the envy of starlight
As the third match splutters into life.

S. Bruce, VI.

BEAR, ALL BARE

Dragging myself out of the stinking pit, I was confronted by my next task. How to avoid the growling bear? I took the easy way out, and immediately threw myself straight back into the slimy pit. A couple of hours later, I sneaked up and peered over the edge of the pit at the bear who, being all bare, was standing in a position of considerable embarrassment. With a low-pitched "EEK!" he dived for his swimming trunks and, coyly facing the other way, struggled to pull them up over his stocky hindquarters. They stretched repulsively. I saw my opportunity and rushed towards the stockade. Once over, I would be free.

Climbing up swiftly, I just managed to avoid the bear's clutching paw as it whistled up behind me,

ripping off my shirt. I now sat astride the wall. Once over the stockade there was no going back. The wall was unscaleable from the opposite direction. Down below the bear was gathering its tribe, and all were growling insults at me. I was alone, ready to jump and reluctantly imprisoned on a one foot ledge by my own weakness.

B. C. Hamilton, V.

THE NO HOPE PLAYING FIELDS CLASSIC

I had recently returned from another stormy expedition (see *Victorian*, December 1970) and was on the point of writing "Enzyme Cleaner – an even bigger washout than Biological Ingredient" when I was invited to report on the 1971 year's No Hope Playing Fields Golf Classic (a cheap version of the Bob Hope Desert Classic). At first I hesitated over the morals of such a pagan festival, but as the organisers steadily increased the bribe my resistance lowered till at last I cracked . . .

At the tee-off Einstein the Relative used his adding machine to calculate the trajectory for his wood-shot and then tried to light his No. 6. He gave this up when he discovered that neither metal nor rubber made good smoking, and instead drove for the first green. Already at the first, Vergil the Aeneid was trying to prove that grass divots flew as fast as golf balls while Derek the Underfed and the Common Man were taking sweets from a molesting 5 year old who wanted them to go for a ride with her on her tricycle. Off to the right, John the Upright was stuck in a bunker. With much fishing for big fish (wailing I) and gnashing of teeth (I myself prefer a good teeth salad to gnashed teeth) he managed to chip a ball out of the sand. Being more than normally intelligent for QV (he could count past ten), he soon realised that as sand is cheap and golf balls expensive he could make a fortune just standing chipping golf balls out of this bunker. In a neighbouring field a sheep had the audacity to baa and was solidly struck between the eyes by a carefully aimed No. 7 from Malachi the Divine (Oh, simply divine!). When asked if he felt any pain, the sheep told News at Nine Minutes past Five "Only when it hurts". Einstein got a birdie at the third and, slinging it over his shoulder, ploughed on to the 8th hole.

By the time the sun was in the descent all the competitors had gathered in the top corner of the course: all except the Common Man who was digging latrines for sheep in the field of a neighbouring farmer called Lungworm. Vergil the Aeneid produced a luncheon hamper which had successfully hampered the luncheon and took out the last supper. A truly hairy and sad occasion it was, that last meal together. The consecrated bottle of wine was taken out of its crate, uncorked and drunk in one mouthful by John the Upright, who gargled and

gargled until he looked like the Notre Dame; Derek the Underfed then said a long prayer for the recovery of Pope John, obviously not realising the poor man had departed from this earth for years.

At that point in the proceedings a shabby looking man in cloth cap, shabby tweed suit and clogs appeared on the horizon carrying a copy of Socialist Standard and a Sony colour portable. One glance from Malachi was enough to turn him into a pillar of salt ("There's an awful Lot of salt about") and it was used to flavour the bread. The company grew quiet. Vergil tapped his baton and the company swung mournfully into what is undoubtedly the worst rendering of "No Surrender" that has ever been rended. A cushion of heavenly foam descended on him, and with a celestial flick of an open razor he was gone. Far in the distance a pony munched at the roots of Society and the sun set for the last time.

S. Bruce, VI.

REFLECTIONS ON THE 14th

The children of God receive their cards,
Sitting in exclusive groups and boasting hopefully
Of triumphs past and future – they are chosen.
We, the Gentiles, we laugh cynically at their
out-moded games,
Feeling excluded, waiting jealously for the
opportunity
To join the "circle" – but it never comes.
3.30 comes and goes – their elation grows in
jubilation and
Success. Their manna has fallen – they are
chosen.
But we sit on the threshold, not wanting to
enter, laughing
Lightheartedly, groping for the door-handle,
desperately.
Finally the discovery is made – the door has no
lock.
We push lightly, it swings open, and eagerly
begin boasting
Of conquests, exploits – anything goes here.
The lies gush out, sludge drowning truth in a
contest of
Hopeless and hopeful lies.
The laughter at the end is the guarantee of
credibility.

Barry C. Hamilton, V.

A BED OF ROSES

I turned round a clump of bushes and found myself in a world of Snow White or Hansel and Gretel. Ahead of me stood the perfect country cottage, perfect in every detail from the thatched roof to the

Senior Monitor, Commanding Parade	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	B. R. Murton
Guard Commanders, No. 1 Guard	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	G. J. S. Bruce
No. 2 Guard	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	D. J. Barnes
No. 3 Guard	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	J. W. S. Brown
No. 4 Guard	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	J. H. M. Shannon
Orderlies to Inspecting Officer	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	J. Walker
								D. Macdonald
Boy Pipe Major	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	J. Pryde
Boy Drum Major	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	K. Walker
School Sergeant Major	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr J. Deeley (late Royal Scots)

Programme

1. Tea will be served immediately after the Parade has left the Parade Ground.

2. Exhibition of Highland Dancing (Instructor Mr J. Mortimer, late KOSB)

Foursome Reel

Shepherd's Crook

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

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

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

Drummers' Flourish

Retreat Marches		<i>The Black Isle</i> <i>Archie McKinlay</i>
Slow March		<i>The Saffron Kilt</i>
March		<i>McLeod of Mull</i>
Strathspey		<i>The Keel Row</i>
Reel		<i>The Fairy Dance</i>
March		<i>Dovecote Park</i>
March Off		<i>Highland Laddie</i>

ARTS AND CRAFTS

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

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

ivy covered walls. I approached the red plastic gate and stood still, too stunned to move. The garden path was coloured flagstones – scarlet, royal blue, bright yellow and emerald green. They stretched from the gate to the house door, meandering up the garden like something out of a five year old's fairy tale book. At the side of the path grew some red flowers. At first I wasn't sure what they were but on closer inspection I discovered that they were daffodils. "Daffodils in August?" I mused. Beside the "daffodils" grew a macabre black plant, some sort of snowdrop. All round the "garden" were grey crocuses, navy-blue roses, yellow thistles and other sorts of twisted and contorted plants, weeds and flowers. In the distance a Pan-like figure hobbled from behind the house and was lost into thin air. I then turned my attention onto the house. It had picturesque windows with diamond shaped panes and black curtains. The walls were brilliantly whitewashed, so clean were they that the blue sun (it had appeared whilst I was examining the garden; gleamed off the walls, blinding me momentarily. The door of the place was nowhere to be seen. "Must be round the back", I said to myself.

I opened the gate (getting molten plastic onto my fingers) and stepped cannily onto the first flagstone. It seemed hollow, a metallic sort of hollowness, yet on looking it seemed to be made of paper. I stepped on up the path, thinking it strange that I never seemed to get any nearer the house yet getting further and further away from the gate. The flapping of wings! I heaved a sigh of relief, it was only a condor. "A condor In Surrey?" I screamed, getting hysterical, but the condor flew on, taking no notice. My mind boggled at what the house might contain. I had walked for more than half an hour when I realised that the gate was out of sight although I was no nearer the house. I panicked and raced towards the cottage. The six foot high daffodils (how they had grown!) tilted inwards into the path like some bizarre guard of honour. I tripped and fell across a broken wine bottle, a black fungus growing where drops of blood from my finger landed. I looked up. A nine foot high, smelly, smiling daffodil was descending onto me. I screamed. It enveloped me, breathing became difficult, obnoxious gasses were pouring from the bowels of the flower. I tried to scream but I couldn't. I lost consciousness, forever.

M. Dolan, IIIA.

THE DEER UP ON THE MOUNTAIN

It was late at night and the sun was going down below the horizon. The record player was on and the deer came closer and closer. They must have liked the noise because they came up to the window.

I walked out quietly with some food in my hand. They saw me but didn't seem to care. Against the sky their coats seemed golden. I held out the food and they gently nibbled at it twitching their ears. I went back to the house and I could hear them leave as they pattered gently on the paved path.

G. Breakey, IIB.

THE STREET

Slowly I walked down the street,
Newspapers fluttering
Like birds on the wing.

Progress has not reached this street;
Old gas lamps rustily stare
Back at the past,
The good old days.

The houses stand crumbling
Like walls in a siege,
Shattered windows
From stones or wind.

G. Wallace, P7A.

WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS

Only budding leaves,
They lie in pools
Of poisoned blood.
Which the cows drink
For kicks.

A once heavenly body
Was only a bridge.
Suspended across the jungle,
With wires taut.
Now the wires have sheared.

All around,
Other leaves have fallen
From the few branches,
Which they had to cling to
For food and life.

Now the leaves fall faster
As autumn comes.
Unprepared for winter it must die
As it sheds its leaves,
In a bloody spring.

J. Pryde, V.

LIFE ON HILL 60

The spring sprouts as usual
On Hill 60,
The black rust flakes and cracks
As the slender sapling
Bursts through the dome of the helmet,
Long forgotten since Ypres.

On this helmet a life depended.

A. Hewgill, V.

OLD WOMEN

Mouth like a spider,
Spins its web of wrinkles round it.
Skin hanging loosely round the skull.
Hair, light, thin and grey
Swept to the back of the head.
Eyes set deep into this head.
A struggle of veins around her temple.
Chin jutting out of a sunken jaw.

S. Young, V.

RUGBY COMMENT

Having staggered into the dormitory, dragging my feet, head sagging, socks at my ankles, jersey reeking of sweat, I collapsed on my bed.

Playing rugby is a real sweaty affair. Sweaty bodies all over the place, colliding with each other and squelching as they come into contact. It makes one want to collapse on one's bed so to speak. However, I'll get straight to the point. No one can accuse me of beating about the bush. Yes, the point. About this rugby. Well firstly, if I may be permitted to say so, in my opinion rugby is a good game – if you like that sort of thing – which I don't – but that is irrelevant, however, there are certain aspects of the game which tend, shall we say, to get the hair up on one's back. For instance, when one has to come into physical contact again and again *ad nauseam* with some fat slob whom one detests, one becomes quite peeved. No sweaty names mentioned of course. Also, huge lumbering oafs, breathing heavily their bad breath all over those who happen to be of lesser stature, can become annoying and sickening. Can you imagine sixteen hot, sticky, greasy bodies lumped together in one huge reeling mass? (some days steam, or are they fumes?, can be seen rising from the lump). Well, if you can't I can assure you that it is very unpleasant. Therefore in view of these facts, I propose that all people who sweat should be banned from playing rugby. As this applies to all people I propose rugby should be abolished in the interests of hygiene, and more to the point (selfish) the interests of me.

J. Gemmill, IV.

A DOG'S LIFE

"Sit down" I roared, raising my hand to strike her, but she just stood there, ears back, yawning and baring her long white teeth.

"Sit down you thick dog" I screamed. I picked up a stick to hit her and then dropped it with fear.

"Why?" said the dog.

"Uhhh?" I moaned, frantically trying to comprehend what was going on.

"Why sit down? I'm quite comfy as I am" she said and sniffed around. "Besides it's wet."

I had regained a little composure by now and I had the nerve to answer back. "Because I'm your master!"

"Master! Man, have you got a good opinion of yourself! You, my master? Tell me another."

"But you can't speak!" I pleaded.

"I suppose this is barking then. Face it man, I can. No argument needed so we'll drop the subject."

"Now listen, you're a dog. My dog. You'll do as I say! I own you!"

"Hoo-boy, are you one for the corny stuff! Who do you think you are, telling me what to do? You're not even superior to me. I could kill you no bother."

"I'm a human, and more intelligent than a dog."

"A human! That's something man, really something, and as for the intelligence; you call working for a living intelligent? You got a lot to learn boy, a lot."

"What the hell are you trying to do? Why can't you just be a dog? Why do you want to speak?" I blurted out stamping my feet.

"To let thickos like you know how I feel! You think I like eating cold, soggy, tinned food, and 'doggie biscuits'?" Do you think I don't have a pride, that I have to beg for what decent food I can get? Man, you really must think I am a masochist of some kind!"

"But you seemed happy, content."

"And if I didn't? I'd have been out on the old lug-hole. Put down because I wasn't the right type of dog, because they were afraid that because I didn't eat tinned muck and wouldn't beg for the guests that I might be some sort of wild animal, and might savage someone. And believe me there's a lot of folk around who need a good savaging or two. You for one."

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Why? You really are pathetic. You get me up at all hours of the morning to walk through wet grass and sniff for stupid rabbits that I could never catch. And spend hours trying to teach me ignorant and unnecessary things. And you hit me for not doing them. God, and you ask why!"

"How the hell was I to know all this? You don't exactly let it be known that you are unhappy."

"Well I have now and if there aren't a few drastic

changes round here, soon you'll know again, only then I'll back up my argument with a bit of old physical!"

She bared her teeth and snarled. To say I got the point would be an understatement.

"Well, I'm going home" I said in a higher than normal voice. "You coming? Or are we too low a class for your type of animal?"

She came without answering.

I've kept this to myself since, as discussing it might lead to people coming to unwanted conclusions, besides, she hasn't said a word since. Maybe that's because she now sleeps on a chair, doesn't get dog-food, and gets out when she wants to.

Myself, I don't know.

T. Gemmill, IIIA.

IMITATIONS OF ME AS A KING

I wish I was a king,
Who sat on a throne all day.
I would receive food whenever I rang,
And my palace would be bright and gay.

I wouldn't have any rent men,
And the kids would get free sweets.
I'd have a lion in a den
And feed it the finest meats.

King Cameron the first would be my name,
And my brother would be Locheil.
All over the world would spread my fame,
And every half hour I'd eat a hearty meal.

All the masters would go to school,
And the boys would teach them all.
I would laze in a swimming pool,
While my lion the masters would maul.

G. Cameron, P.6A.

NO MORE FRIENDSHIP

I'd been walking now for one hour with Don,
Don, my horse, had done his last walking.
To myself I've been talking.
Don is lame.

If I part with him I'll go insane.

I've had him for nine years.

A beautiful big mare with long silky ears.

I looked into his eyes, he looked into mine.

I began to unpack him, he began to whine.

Must I do such a heart-breaking thing?

I loaded my pistol and tried hard to sing.

I pulled back the cocking piece and began to aim.

Grey clouds floated above me, it's going to rain.

My finger tensed on the trigger,

Don looked at me and began to snigger.

"Go on, shoot me, don't be afraid,

I'm only the horse you've known for a decade."

To be precise nine years.

Streaming down my face were a number of tears.

"Goodbye my old friend, I'll not see you again."

I pulled on the trigger.

It began to rain.

A. F. Christie, IIC.

COLLOIDAL SUSPENSION

Raised in an amber light,
More in void than deep in night.
Wake the mind only to shake with fear
Every time the world comes bear.

Waiting for alarm bells to toll,
Electric clocks to cuckoo.

S. Bruce, VI.

ME

I'm me, I am,
And me I be
Just a little boy
Who can breathe and see.

I often wonder why I'm here,
Why I play and laugh and fear.

P. Ross, P7A.

PICTURE OF A FOX

A fox, who cares.
The picture that lies in front of me,
Is meant, I think, to bring lines of poetry,
Flowing from a place I know not where.

To me the fox is pictured in some grass,
But no special thoughts with hidden meaning,
No deep pseudo-intellectual lines come out,
Only, what am I supposed to do with this?

T. Goldie, V.

A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

In the part of Africa where I lived there are a lot of snakes and of these the two deadliest are the Black and Green Mambas. Both live in trees but the Green Mamba usually stays there longer because of its green colouring. The Black Mamba is the fastest snake in the world as it can maintain a speed of seven miles an hour and can travel at fifteen miles

an hour in short bursts. It normally stays on the ground and measures about six feet.

My experience happened some years ago during my first year in Africa. Our grass was being cut and all the snakes driven out and beaten to death and snake traps laid. But the beaters failed to get all the snakes and they slithered out of the veld and onto the area around our house. As I rode my bike under a mango I was horrified to see a snake falling from a branch. It dropped onto my neck and then off again and I screamed as my bike and I fell to the ground, but luckily it was already dead. I later had the satisfaction of seeing it being cut up and thrown into the bush. Then our house boy Morfo went over the house. We lived in a small set of flats for the Army and other civilians; in fact we were the only army people there. About a hundred yards away there was another block of flats where the Police lived. The house boys lived with their families further down the road. Just behind the Police flats was a spooky looking cemetery with bare trees overlooking the graves. Often you could see African mourners walking the road in their hundreds and in the centre of the black mass you could see a coffin hidden by wreaths.

That afternoon my father wanted Morfo for something or other and so my brother and I went to fetch him. After passing the garages that stood on one side of our huge lawn we made our way up a little patch that led to their houses. I didn't see how they could be made to live in such primitive battered down and cramped dwellings. Suddenly, half way up the path I heard screams from the African boys and girls as they ran away and then my brother broke into a half scream, half yell: "Look out!" A slithery scaly thing wrapped itself round my ankles and I felt something slimy touch my leg. It poked about for a few seconds and then vanished, leaving a loud hiss. It was an adult Black Mamba and the slimy thing had been its tongue. In those seconds death seemed only next door and I was about to enter in. Morfo came rushing out with a stick only to see me white faced and petrified.

P. Ross, P7A.

EXTRACTOR FAN

"Five minutes" went. I decided I'd better drag myself out of bed. For a change I got out of the right side and nearly broke my nose on the metal wall. I changed my mind and reconsidered my decision, I got out of the left side, the right side (as oppose to the right side, the wrong side).

Lying on the floor, groaning, I pulled my slippers on, and then hauled myself up. Grabbing my towel I slung it over my shoulder, turned round and picked it up off the floor. I felt as if I had one foot out of the grave.

Finally reaching the door, I flung it open and strolled confidently out into Boadicea's chariot. I doubled up over the loaded trolley. Straightening myself, I found my feet were looking like Dunlop radials.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, matron", I replied.

I groped my way down the corridor to the wash-room to go to the toilet. Realising my mistake I came out of the wash-room and washed my face in the toilet instead.

It was on the way back to the dormitory that I thought I met the 10.01 Express coming the other way. Someone had left the spring-leaded swing door go in my face. I overbalanced, accelerated backwards. In an attempt to do a John Wayne fall I slid along the floor on my chin. My teeth ground into the doorstep. The door re-opened behind as my assailant returned.

"Does it taste nice?" he asked.

Chewing over it for a bit, I replied "Yeth ethpethially with butter and jam."

I picked up my teeth from the floor and managed to get ready in time for breakfast. After drinking breakfast I decided to get an appointment with the dentist.

The sign on the surgery door said EXAMINATION IN PROGRESS. The person beside me went in to see about his eyes. Ten minutes later he returned, on a stretcher. He lay there writhing, a straight-jacket on and a lump of cotton wool in his mouth.

"There, there", said the hospital matron, "There, there . . ."

"Next please", she cackled, rubbing her hands together.

"What can I do to you", she said.

"An appointment with the dentitht, pleath."

"Oh! Have your bowels moved?"

"An appointment with the dentitht, matron", I gurgled.

"Oh! Trousers down then. Hurry up, there's a lot more after you."

"Dentitht, matron!" I screamed.

"Oh Dentist! Well, here's two codeine and these; if you don't go to the toilet by tonight come back in the morning. Dentist, nine o'clock."

"Sit down." I flattened my back against the dentist's chair.

"Head back." He pushed my head 90 degrees over the back of the chair.

"What's the trouble, then?"

"No teesh", I said, pushing my adam's apple back in place. Jumping onto my stomach, he wrenched my mouth open as if it were a bull-worker.

"Oh, lovely! Oh joy! They'll all have to come out. Oh, ecstasy!"

Jumping down again, he took his fingers out of my mouth to a quick count.

"One, two, three, four . . . five . . . let me sit down. Joyce, get the cine camera!"

Two minutes later she returned clutching the camera; he got up and grabbed the syringe.

"Take one!" he shouted. He stabbed the syringe into me, careful to keep facing the camera with his shiny plastic teeth.

"Cut, cut!" he screamed. "Tea break."

Picking up his *Telegraph*, he turned to the cross-word.

"Nine across. For removing air."

"Extractor fan", I said.

"Very good, Joyce is one of those. She loves me", he drawled, dislocating my shoulder with one easy slap. Fortunately I felt nothing as my left arm was already going numb.

Ten takes, seventeen cuts, ten teeth and two plaster casts later I was escorted from the room.

"Take eleven next week", he shouted as I fell through the door.

A. Hewgill, V.

A MEMORY

A memory brings back to me
A starlit sky and starlit sea,
While a boat at anchor lay
In a little lowland bay.

And the scent of hawthorn trees
Was carried by the gentle breeze,
Never shall so bright a moon
Shine upon a night in June.

I saw things with happy eyes
When I was young and not so wise.
June is something to remember
In the darkness of December.

G. Aitken, P7B.

YE OLDE HAT

Have you ever seen, or even worn, a three-cornered hat? It is doubtful that you have ever seen one, let alone worn one, but just in case there are any readers who have had this dubious honour conferred upon them, you have my deepest sympathies, for I know what wearing one of these garments entails. In fact, to keep a short story as long as possible, I own one. This particular breed of headgear, now nearly extinct save the few remaining in captivity in theatres or museums, is antique, but I can say with a honesty (Let's here those harmonies of "Oh, yeh!" from the Heavenly Choir) that this particular example

is antique, although most probably a stage prop of one kind or another . . . or another. It is antique, it is antique! (Well at least Edwardian, or, or . . . maybe, just maybe Vintage? Aw, come on. Gimme a break will ya!) and was acquired at great personal expense from an antique-vending establishment (Who said junk shop?) in a grotty back alley where the sun only shines at noon. OK, I abolish . . . forget it.

As I said, an orphan of the back streets, a poor pauper brother of the celebrated Ascot hat. Now on with the description. The original owner must have had an outsized head, for even with a heavily perfumed wig, it is quite large enough for two heads. I usually have to wear it cocked back on my ears, using them as supporting platforms (See told you! Ears isn't no good fer nuffin 'cept getting red). Of course, this ridiculous observation depends on the assumption that my head is around average size (Fire away, Sigmund! "Who's normal, who's normal?" gibbered Flynn's parrot. Any persons wishing appointments with the school's resident psychologist, by the way, apply somewhere else; he is a certified psycho analyst. Any way, Flynn's parrot. "Here have some bird seed and be quiet"). Anyway. "And now, folks, your faaavorite spot . . . And tonight it's the black spot."

Let's see. Do you know the weel-worn phrase "Vee haf veys und means . . ."? (Laugh on the command laugh, observing a statuary pause of two-three between bursts.) Meanwhile, back at the film studios (I get around you know. I'm just a pretty face). Vee haf furst question "Vhy?", "Vhy not?" (It's lucky the heroine is tied to the chair, or perhaps sewn into the lining (Customs, you know). But sssshh! it's the producer - "Awh, come on! Turn de udda cheek, willya?"). OK. Enough is enough.

The reasons for buying this hat are varied and, I am told, psychological (Let's hear it from Sigmund once again!) - partly to attract attention (Oh, the sheer braziness of it! At least note the wonderfully refreshing intellectual honesty . . . Please?) partly because I have always fancied myself as the dashing cavalier, or buccaneer with the long flowing locks (who says that all buccaneers are greasy little men with raven black slicks and sinister Spanish cowboy accents with the legendary bogey-roll cigar? SSSHHH! The producer again, "I say 'at. That's what the public wants, an' dat's what they get), and partly to keep the heavy sun from burdening my sinking spirits. However, the vicious brute overcame its own object by not only being intolerably heavy, but also by being pitch-black so that it actually attracts the sun (verification? see Physics is Fun, Bk. II). Thinks - "Perhaps it would've been better to buy a kiddie's foreign legion hat?" Thinks again "Oh, the emotional battering, betide my wounded ego!" Wear the hat and be damned. Reflections

and thoughts by number, observing the statutory pause two-three – God knows how those greasy little buccaneers managed to walk, let alone climb the ratlines with that damned lead weight sitting on their heads – however, I suppose it has its advantages, such as: it could serve as a cover if the swash-buckled ancestor of Erroll (arr, shiver me timbers, and also brother of Sigmund!) happened to forget about his swashbuckler's cutlass, Mk. IV., buccaneers for the use of, stuck carelessly and with great bravado through his belt and into his breeches, resulting in an almighty rend from stem to stern at an inopportune moment as he whistled through the air yelling the contemporary equivalents of such gallant battle-cries as "Tongs!"; i.e. he affected a bow towards, and in defence of, the captains' private quarters or for the very obvious and practical aspect of marking out goalposts for games of inter-watch (and inter-play) football on the poop-deck (Claim the hill and wind first half!) – forgive this little digression from agreed lines of this humorous/corny/outrageous article (Select your preferences; "Sir, you are an absolute synical boundah!).

And on that last despairing note we leave you for tonight, falks. All debits are reserved. If by chance there are any readers who have managed to stick through to the end of this, you are either a remote vegetable or a Dravidian coolie who can't read. Congratulations, take a Gold Star and stick it on your big toe.

B. C. Hamilton, V.

EXPERIENCE

The morning was warm and the sun glistened on the damp grass making my shoes look cleaner than they were. The yellow sun was warm on my back. I walked onto the beach and took my shoes off and as I walked towards the sea the cold dark sand got in between my toes. Small bits of glass gleamed like diamonds as the sun shone on them. The sky was a soft blue with a few white bushy clouds scattered over it. Far out at sea was a ship, it looked like an elongated cork, staining the sky with dirty black smoke.

D. Darling, 2A.

EXPERIENCE

I could feel the heat of the sun blazing down upon my head. I could feel it coming through the soles of my sandshoes. I could see the blue sky and the brilliant sun. I could see a car moving slowly along the road on the other side of the loch, dust flying up behind it. I was free to go where I wanted to go, and I knew where I wanted to go. I turned into the shade of the trees and walked till I reached it. A

keep it was and I could climb to the top of it. It was dark, and the darkness was only broken by the sun flowing through the lancet windows. At last I reached the top.

I could see over the tops of the trees, I could see across the loch, I could see the dusty road disappearing into the distance. I could see everything.

G. Weir, 2A.

MORNING

Let us see all things without shadow
As the sun sees them.
Bright yellow buttercups
Tinted white with morning sun.

H. Boyle, 2A.

SEAGULLS OVER ARBROATH

Arriving at Condor in the pouring rain the first thing that I noticed was that the Navy were everywhere.

The first glider that I saw was a Sedburgh gliding along slowly, this was followed by a Kirby-Cadet Mk. III which seemed to glide and drop much faster. This was proved the next day when I went up in the Mk. III which travelled at about forty knots on a still day. One of the characteristics of this glider is that the seats are one behind the other and it has a particularly narrow fuselage. After six launches, each lasting about three minutes, I went up in a Sedburgh. The speed of this glider is thirty-seven knots on a calm day. The seats are alongside each other causing the fuselage to be much wider. I had only four launches in this, but each averaged five or six minutes.

When a trainee has finished his launch he takes up one of three jobs in assisting the launches – working the light signals to show the winch-man when to start "pulling in" i.e. winding in the launching cable, to log the pilot's/pupil's take-off and landing time or finally towing or pulling back the gliders after landing.

This went on for each of the nine days, starting at 09.00 hours until 17.00 hours, with an hour's break for lunch.

After a number of successful training launches I was finally given permission to fly solo. The instructors seemed satisfied with my efforts for I was presented with my "wings" (sea-gulls) and invited to start my advanced training. I have already completed two weekends and look forward to gaining my Advanced Proficiency Gliding Certificate before the end of term.

A. J. Piercy, IIIB.

THE NERVVY

"Two packets of salt and vinegar crisps, please, and a bottle of coke." After paying the extortionate price that the British Rail Co. Ltd., etc., have a habit of charging, I ambled along to my first class compartment where I had previously dumped my gear. I was, to say the least, slightly annoyed to find that two girls had requisitioned "my" compartment by spreading various pieces of baggage and underwear all over the seats. They, like myself were obviously trying to get their own back on the British Rail Co. Ltd., etc., by travelling first class on a second class ticket. My tough and dramatic entrance was ruined when I casually tried to throw the crisps on to the luggage rack and missed. Grinning stupidly I fumbled with the crisps, threw the damn things on the opposite seat and buried myself in the corner.

Hurriedly thinking of ways and means of restoring my meagre position on the social scale I decided to fall back on the "ushul". With a quick flick of the thumb and a twiddle of the fingers my shirt was undone exposing a large area of anaemic skin. Tossing a wad of Dentine into my mouth I proceeded to lounge about slurping occasionally and throwing in the odd grunt for good measure. Thus suitably prepared I introduced myself by offering the girls a swig of coke or, if they preferred, a crisp or two. To my shock, embarrassment, frustration, etc., my generous offer was refused — so I decided to sulk. This form of passive attack seemed to please the girls and succeeded in making me feel like one hell of an idiot. I went out to relieve myself and the situation at the same time. It's a tricky movement this at the best of times, and even trickier on a train that's hurtling along at 60-70 miles an hour. Suitably poised while clinging on to the rail that's provided I planned my next line of action. I reached the conclusion that these girls were not impressed by the virile rugged look. Buttoning myself up and making the most of the soap, I had a quick wash and brush up. I saw a good joke about that once. Anyway back to the plot (what plot?), with my hair greased back and my flies done up I headed back to my compartment.

On the way back I had to pass through the refreshment car so I decided to have a "kwik yun". Leaning against the counter and pondering over the various bits of junk and flotsam floating about the top I felt a soft pressure against my rear end. At the same time thoughts of "it is suede" and "ooohh you hulking Hells Angel, you" went shooting through my brain. Mustering what little courage I had I was relieved to see that it was a stunted dwarf that had accidentally backed into me. Back at the compartment I noticed that the lights were out and that the blinds were drawn. Naturally numerous dirty and perverse thoughts went bounding across the lower parts of my cranium. Pause while mutterings of "dirty sod" and "yeah, I bet they did" subside.

Taking advantage of the intimate atmosphere and the sexy lighting I daringly slid up to the middle seat. I began to make exciting conversation about the scenery and the shade of paint on the walls. Being slightly slow and trifle thick skinned it took about an hour or so for me to realise that the conversation was a bit one sided. I did a Tony Curtis and asked one of the girls if I had seen her before. When she didn't answer, it was at this point that I began to feel the tinge of defeat so upholding the tradition of being a lousy loser, I let up the blinds, switched on the lights, slammed the door and went looking for the stunted dwarf.

James McMillan, IV.

LITERARY AWARDS—

Senior Poem

Lincoln Morning — S. Bruce

Senior Story

Extractor Fan — A. Hewgill

Junior Poem

Spring — R. Knox

Junior Short Story

A Bed of Roses — M. Dolan

Wavell Poem

A Memory — G. Aitken

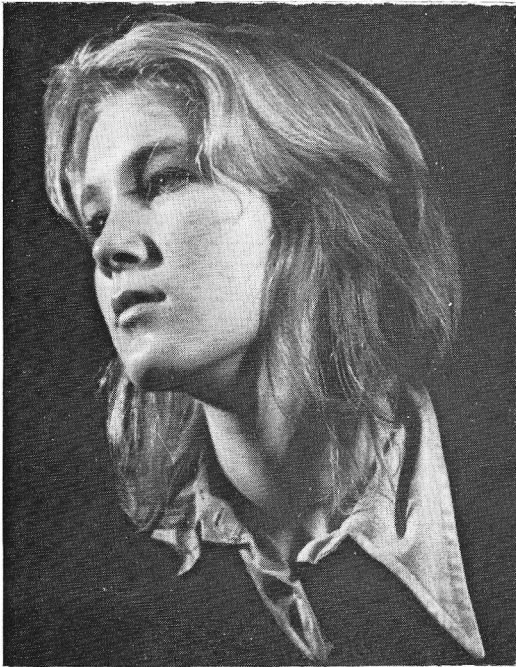
Clubs and Societies

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Committee: D. J. Barnes, T. J. Docherty, I. F. Crawford, J. Sayer, D. I. T. Brown, D. J. Cockburn.
Members: B. Murton, I. Burgess, W. Common, C. Murray, D. Woodward, J. Baldwin, J. Manson, T. Mullholland, H. Boyle, R. Gallacher, D. Smith, R. Nesbitt.

Once again the society can report an interesting, if not always entirely successful year. For this our thanks must go to Mr Paterson, for without his help, advice, and most of all his trust, the Club could not function outside of the hour long weekly meeting.

The prize for the years most spectacular failure must go to the Society's budding cartoonists. After weeks of little thought and less action the project, finally got off the ground with the filming of some of

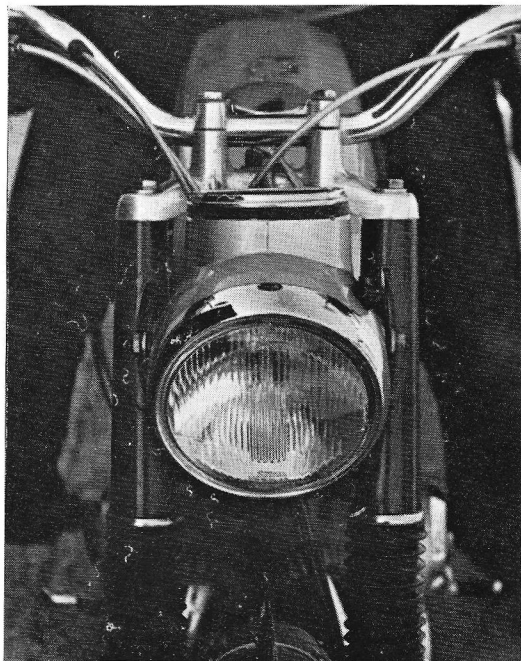


"PORTRAIT"—W. Common

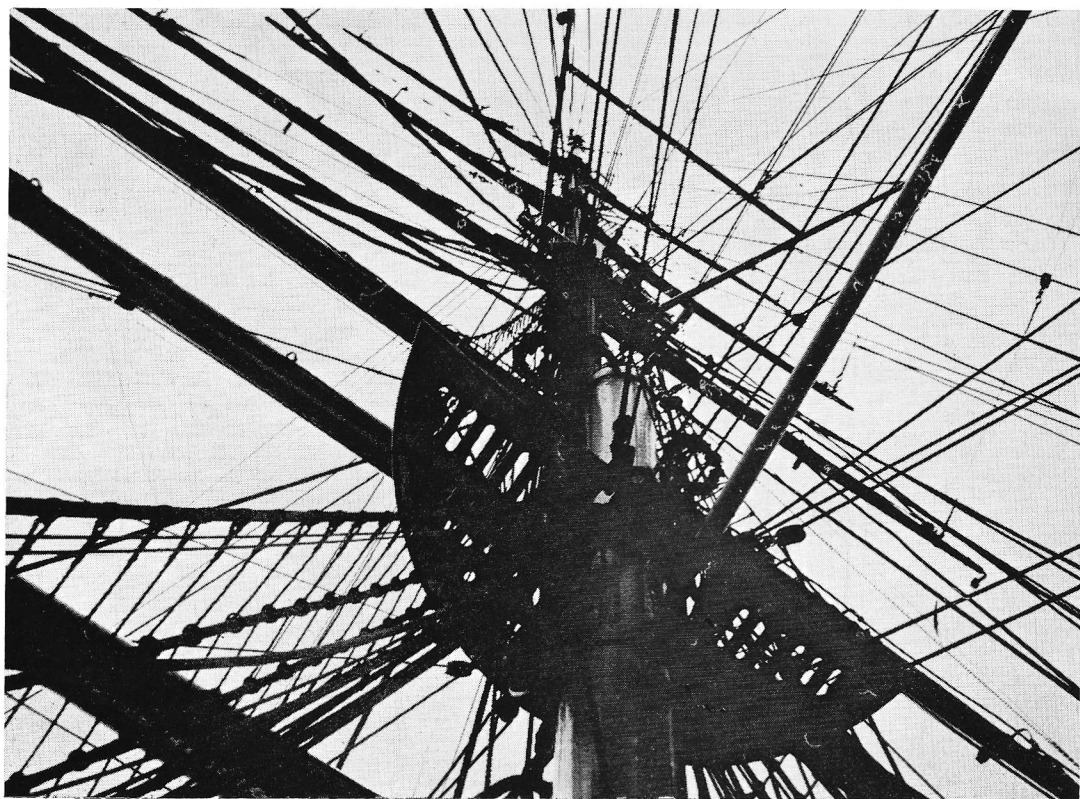
"NEWSPAPER SELLER"—I. Burgess



"HEADLIGHT"—T. Docherty



"CROWS NEST"—D. J. Barnes



John Sayer's more blood-thirsty than artistic sequences (involving the gradual disintegration of a matchstick man). The project itself disintegrated in the developing tank. Unfortunately consolation was at hand – "Well, you won't make that mistake again."

Apart from such comic interludes, a lot of good work has been produced, some published here and most of the rest can be seen at the exhibition – which for the first time will contain work done by some of the novices (three reached Proficiency standard within the last year).

Christmas Competition Results

Senior	1st	T. J. Docherty
	2nd	D. J. Barnes
Junior	1st	W. A. Common
	2nd	I. Burgess
	3rd	C. Murray

TENNIS CLUB

This summer tennis was in such great demand that it had to be restricted to Haig House during games' periods. The standard is, as yet, not very high, but there are a few promising players who are improving steadily, coached by Mr Scott and Mr Willman.

At the time of writing the Singles and Doubles Championships have not been played. Last year's winner, Thomas Goldie, will be defending his title against some very determined challengers. The doubles should be interesting, which makes a change, because two of the favourite pairs have been drawn against each other in the first round.

Last summer a few matches were played. The boys team was easily beaten by a mixed Staff team, and the boys again lost to a team of masters. However, the adults did not rub in their victory and the boys can claim that they have only been playing for a very short time. The matches were enjoyed throughout by both parties.

This year, there have been more people entering both singles and doubles which seems to indicate that tennis is certainly gaining in popularity, and we all hope that we will have reached a much higher standard by the end of term.

PIPE BAND

Boy Pipe Major: J. G. Pryde. *Pipers:* S. Grant, A. A. Macdonald, K. Holmes, T. Gemmill, I. Hamilton, S. Dalziel, N. Rae, P. Adams, D. Darling, A. Crawford, I. Kempself, G. Anderson, C. Nelson, I. Marchant, J. MacPherson, J. Harrison, C. N. Pryde,, J. Allan

M. I. Pryde. *Boy Drum Major:* B. R. Murton. *Senior Drummer:* A. Hewgill. *Bass Drummer:* J. McMillan. *Tenor Drummers:* J. G. Wrenn, A. Hewgill, K. Walker, G. Richardson. *Leading Side Drummer:* H. Shannon. *Side Drummers:* R. Paterson, G. Glass, S. Walker, B. Gilchrist, I. Grant, A. Christie.

The band played at the three Murrayfield international matches this year, the last of which was the centenary match between Scotland and England attended by the Prince of Wales. For this match the band remained at School until after the match, losing two days of our Easter holiday, but we were well rewarded for our efforts with a good game of rugby and a Scottish victory.

During the Easter term a select number of the band, along with the dancers, were filmed in front of the School by BBC TV for the Gaelic programme *Se ur Beatha* which was shown on 24th May. For this programme we played a selection including *I See Mull, Hi ro Hiroam*, and a jig, *Cutting Bracken*. From the jig we broke straight into two small strathspeys and reels for the dancers.

We still have a few engagements yet to be performed, including the Blackford Highland Games, and beating the retreat at Edinburgh Castle before Grand Day, and our annual performance after Grand Day at the Doune and Dunblane Agricultural Show.

The playing standard of the band has been quite good this year, although the majority of its members are still quite young. However, the band strength was diminished during the Easter term with several young pipers leavingr C. N. Pryde, J. Allan, M. Wood and M. I. Pryde. J. Harrison has also been unable to play because of his broken collar bone, but Pipe Major Mackenzie has kept the band up to a commendable standard and even after the departure of several more members of the band after Grand Day I am quite sure that he will be able to keep the band at its usual high standard.

MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

Only once since 1966, when the club was founded, have we put on a Grand Day display but this year, with the help of Mr Lambie, we have again built a layout of a standard high enough to be displayed on Grand Day.

Since Mr Lambie brought his foraging ability to aid the lack of supplies we have rebuilt the whole layout and also added a new section. Every Wednesday night this year the members have met to work in the confined space of the Railway Hut which at times resembled the waiting room at Clapham Junction.

DANCING TEAM

This term may well be the last for several members of the dancing team, but we are all very grateful to Mr Mortimer for his teaching, patience and work in arranging engagements for us. Like the band, we have also appeared on BBC TV's *Se ur Beatha*, shown on 24th May. For the rest of this term we have several more engagements, culminating at Grand Day.

SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING

Now that Scottish Country Dancing has been going for nearly a full year, I feel confident that I can comment suitably on its progress. With twenty boys and twenty girls we are able to perform a large number of varied dances.

On 20th March, we held a ceilidh, which was a complete success. Everyone who attended enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and consequently we will be having another ceilidh before Grand Day which I am sure will be just as successful. For many of the boys this will be their last night of Scottish Country Dancing at Queen Victoria School, but luckily there is no shortage of willing boys to more than fill the empty places.

The success of Scottish Country Dancing is mainly due to the hard work of Mr and Mrs Mortimer, who have taught us so well, and are hoping next year for an equally successful year.

SAILING CLUB

This year the club got down to sandpapering and painting the boats, which was quite an arduous and time-consuming task. Fortunately plenty of people came down to give a hand, enabling us to overhaul the boats at the same time. We took the boats back to the Loch Ard Sailing Club, where we are still members, once they were finished. A new wooden causeway and a clubhouse have been built and the surrounding ground cleared, while the Loch Ard Club has also bought a new heavier rescue boat with an outboard motor, which has pleased many of our own club members who, left on shore while the dinghies are out on the loch, go out in the rescue boats to pick up any capsized unfortunates. The weather has been quite reasonable and, thanks mainly to the hard work of Captain King and Mr Lambie, we have had many hours of enjoyable sailing.

BADMINTON CLUB

Partly due to the efforts of Mr Scott and Mr Willman, and partly due to the attraction of Mr Scott's colour TV, badminton has rapidly grown in popularity.

This year we have not only played the Inter-House competition, but also played against other local Badminton Clubs. In the Christmas term, a team of four Intermediate House boys and four Haig House boys played a team from St. Mary's, Dunblane – we won without conceding a game. Mr Scott organised an American-style doubles tournament in which partners are drawn out of a hat, giving the game a more sociable atmosphere than is usual for School tournaments. As an added attraction Mr Scott offered prizes for the first four and after the last four had ruptured themselves trying to win, he surprised everyone by handing out prizes to all the competitors.

The boys demanded a game against the masters which they eventually got, though they had to give the masters an adjournment of a term between sets. The boys won conclusively. In amongst all this the Haig House Championships got under way. There were so many entrants that they had to be split into four groups from which the winners and runners-up went into the quarter-finals. The singles finished with David Barr beating Thomas Goldie 2-0. The doubles were also very popular and I think special thanks should be given to the many pairs that entered the competition for enjoyment, with very little hope of winning and who made what is usually a very serious contest into a very entertaining event. But skill eventually won out with David Barr and Trevor Nicol beating James Shannon and Ian Burgess 2-1.

In the Easter term a School team played an adult team from St. Mary's and again the School won without conceding a game. To deflate the swelling egos and biceps of the team Mr Scott arranged a game against the Victoria Hall Club, Dunblane, which he and Mr Willman frequent. The School team was beaten but played well and could possibly win a return match. Mr Willman arranged a contest between the Intermediate House team and a team from Form IV. Although the younger boys played very well they were not quite a match for Form IV; the younger boys showed a lot of promise and will be invaluable in filling the spaces left in the team by older boys leaving. Again we must thank Mr Scott and Mr Willman for doing so much for School Badminton and for making it such an attractive sport.

OBITUARY

Just before going to press we were saddened by the death of Mr P. Simons who had worked for the School since 1929. He was a much respected member of the staff.

Sport

RUGBY

1st XV

As usual we played very few games in the Easter term. This year was worse than previous years because we managed only one game, against the Old Boys. This was played on Saturday, 13th March, and resulted in a win for the School by 13 points to nil. Our first win for a number of years. There were a few familiar faces missing from the Old Boys' team, but despite this the game was very closely contested from start to finish.

1st XV: W. Crichton; T. Nicol, I. Burgess, B. Murton (captain), Todd; T. Goldie, Robinson; S. Bruce (S/L), M. Stear; R. Myles, J. Wrenn, J. McMillan; J. Brown, R. Murdoch, J. Shannon.

We again entered a team for the Stirling Sevens at Bridgehaugh Park. This year we did much better than in previous years, reaching the final before we were beaten by a much bigger and faster side from Falkirk High School. On our way to the final we defeated Stirling High School 8-0, and Alloa Academy by 10-0. I think I should say that we had played two games before reaching the final, while Falkirk had only played one, against Grangemouth High School. This probably had some effect on our performance in the final in which we went down 22-0.

Sevens team: T. Nicol, B. Murton (captain); T. Goldie, D. Todd; S. Bruce; M. Stear; J. Wrenn.

3rd XV

The 3rd XV had a very successful season this year losing only two of their nine games. The fast running three quarters at last measured up to their reputation and at least can take some of the credit for the high scores. Mr Reid has again done a fine job of instilling the basic skills into these enthusiastic players who should be able to fill the gaps left in the 1st XV by the leavers.

The 3rd Year XV only played one game during the Easter term. This was against Queen Anne School, Dunfermline, which we narrowly lost.

We must thank Jim Ritchie for helping Mr Reid out whenever he had time.

SPORTS RESULTS

SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Intermediate Houses

1st year C. Nelson (Cunningham), 1st;
D. Macdonald (Trenchard), 2nd;

2nd year W. T. Dacey (Cunningham), 1st;
V. Martin (Cunningham), 2nd;
3rd year A. D. Ogilvie (Cunningham) and M. J. Dolan (Trenchard), 1st equal.

Haig House

S. Langlands, 1st; A. R. Menzies, 2nd.

House Championships

Intermediate – 1st Cunningham* (85 pts.), 2nd Trenchard (59 pts.).

Haig (Red v. Green) – 1st Green (76 pts), 2nd Red (24 pts.).

RUGBY

Results for whole 1970-71 season:

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
1st XV	11	3	8	0	53	137
2nd XV	7	3	2	2	80	88
3rd XV						
(3rd year A)	11	9	2	0	121	56
4th XV						
(3rd year B)	3	1	2	0	25	40
5th XV						
(2nd year A)	11	5	4	2	100	172
6th XV						
(2nd year B)	1	0	1	0	0	34
7th XV						
(1st year A)	8	4	4	0	90	45
8th XV						
(1st year B)	1	0	1	0	0	22

Inter-House 15-a-side competition

14th December, 1970

1st year Cunningham 0 Trenchard 5
2nd year Cunningham 3 Trenchard 3
3rd year Cunningham 0 Trenchard 8
Red v. Green – Red 24 Green 0

Inter-House 7-a-side competition

22nd March, 1971

1st year Cunningham 0 Trenchard 5
2nd year Cunningham 0 Trenchard 8
3rd year Cunningham 0 Trenchard 6

1970-71 1st XV v. Old Boys, 13th March, 1971

Crichton; Nicol, Burgess, Murton (captain), Todd; Goldie, Robinson; Bruce (S/L), Stear; Myles; Wrenn, McMillan; J. W. S. Brown, Murdoch, Shannon.

BADMINTON

Results of Inter-House Championship

11th March, 1971

1st year Singles

D. Thompson v. J. Milner
J. Milner (T) won 15-11

I. Marchant v. D. Torrance
D. Torrance (T) won 15-6

- I. McPherson v. B. Heeps
 B. Heeps (T) won 15-3
 D. Ewan v. C. Burgess
 C. Burgess (T) won 15-12

Doubles

- D. Thompson & D. Ewan v. J. Milner & B. Heeps
 Trenchard 15-9
 I. Marchant & I. McPherson v. D. Torrance & C.
 Burgess - Trenchard 15-4
 D. Thompson & D. Ewan v. D. Torrance & C.
 Burgess - Trenchard 15-14
 I. Marchant & I. McPherson v. J. Milner & B. Heeps
 Trenchard 15-7

Result

Trenchard (8 pts.) beat Cunningham (0 pts.)

2nd year Singles

- V. Parker v. G. Breakey
 G. Breakey (T) won 15-8
 V. Martin v. I. Nicholson
 I. Nicholson (T) won 15-13
 G. Weir v. A. Christie
 A. Christie (T) won 15-13
 G. Anderson v. B. Gilchrist
 B. Gilchrist (T) won 15-10

Doubles

- V. Parker & G. Weir v. G. Breakey & I. Nicholson
 Trenchard won 15-7
 V. Martin & G. Anderson v. A. Christie & B. Gilchrist
 Trenchard won 15-6
 V. Martin & G. Anderson v. G. Breakey & I. Nicholson
 Trenchard won 15-6
 V. Parker & G. Weir v. A. Christie & B. Gilchrist
 Cunningham won 15-8

Result

Trenchard 7, Cunningham 1

3rd year Singles

- H. Shannon v. S. Dalziel
 H. Shannon (Cunningham) won 15-5
 G. Glass v. I. Fitzgerald
 G. Glass (Cunningham) won 15-2
 M. Ferrigan v. W. Murray
 M. Ferrigan (Cunningham) won 15-8
 J. Sinnett v. C. Common
 J. Sinnett (Cunningham) won 15-5

Doubles

- G. Glass & M. Ferrigan v. S. Dalziel & I. Fitzgerald
 Trenchard won 15-10
 H. Shannon & J. Sinnett v. W. Murray & C. Common
 Cunningham won 15-1
 G. Glass & M. Ferrigan v. S. Dalziel & I. Fitzgerald
 Cunningham won 15-6

Result

Cunningham 7, Trenchard 1

SQUASH

Results of Inter-House competition

Monday, 8th March, 1971

Trenchard v. Cunningham		Score
S. Dalziel	N. Mackay	0-2 (sets)
W. Murray	J. White	0-2
D. Coleman	R. Knox	0-2
I. Fitzgerald	H. Shannon	0-2
C. Common	G. Glass	0-2

Result

Trenchard 0, Cunningham 5

CROSS-COUNTRY

Results of Intermediate House Individual and Inter-House

Monday, 15th February, 1971

1st year: 1st, C. Nelson (C); 2nd, D. Torrance (T);
 3rd, T. Gallon (C)

House Placings: 1st, Cunningham; 2nd, Trenchard

Standards: Cunningham 6, Trenchard 5

2nd year: 1st, M. Nelson (C); 2nd, T. S. Aitken (C);
 3rd, B. J. Davies (T)

House Placings: 1st, Cunningham (61 points);
 2nd, Trenchard (75 points)

Standards: Cunningham 11, Trenchard 14

3rd year: 1st, G. Glass (C); 2nd, G. G. D. Doyle (T);
 3rd, J. B. Sinnett (C)

House Placings: 1st, Cunningham (52 points);
 2nd, Trenchard (84 points)

Standards: Cunningham 8, Trenchard 8

Haig House: 1st, A. J. Burns; 2nd, T. L. G. Goldie;
 3rd, B. R. Murton

WAVELL HOUSE NOTES

Since the last edition of *The Victorian* appeared, the House has passed through the dark days of the winter term with surprisingly little illness and the younger boys are now enjoying the greater freedom for outdoor activities that the better weather and brighter evenings of the summer term provides. Mr Finlay has provided an arsenal of wooden rifles and machine-guns which are in great demand for battles in Wavell wood, whose rough ground provides an ideal setting for manoeuvres and ambushes. The season of dam construction has also arrived with the sun and on fine evenings groups of budding engineers can be seen blocking the burn with the sole intent of releasing a brown muddy flood when the water has risen to a sufficient height. Tadpoles, newts, frogs, and water tigers are eagerly sought and kept in tins in the most inappropriate places. It is hoped to sublimate some of this surplus energy in the annual walk which covers about twelve miles

of mountainous country and is scheduled to take place during the first spell of settled weather. Twenty-eight boys are also going to camp in the Cairngorm Mountains during the first ten days of the summer holidays and will get a chance to explore some of the remoter parts of Scotland.

A great variety of sporting events has taken place during the Easter and Summer terms, including swimming, football, table tennis, boxing and cross-country running. At the moment a rounders' competition is in progress and the Thistle Award Scheme in Athletics is in operation to improve the boys' standard of running, jumping, and shot-putting.

At the end of term we shall be losing forty boys who are going to the Senior School and will be welcoming forty-five new boys who will be joining Wavell House at the beginning of the year.

Sporting Events

Football

QVS 1st XI v. Alva Cubs Football Club (lost)
QVS 2nd XI v. Alva Cubs Football Club (drawn)
QVS 1st XI v. Doune Primary School (won)

Inter-dormitory Competition

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

Football Colours

D. C. Hughes, J. P. Blake

Swimming

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

Major Champions

1st, S. Cuthbert; 2nd, S. Robertson

Minor Champions

1st, A. Cameron; 2nd, G. Farquar

Swimming Colours

S. Cuthbert, S. Robertson

Boxing

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

Best Stylist

D. C. Hughson

Cross-country

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

Major Champions

1st, D. C. Hughes; 2nd, W. H. McKean; 3rd, P. Ross

Minor Champions

1st, S. M. Milner; 2nd, J. C. D. Stewart; 3rd, J. B. Gillon

Cross-country Colours

D. C. Hughes, S. M. Milner

Table-Tennis Individual Championships

Major: T. Reynolds

Minor: D. B. Rafferty

MacRae Quaich for the Best-Kept Dormitory

Abercromby

Commandant's Cup for Best All-round Achievement in Wavell House

D. C. Hughson