

*David Harrison*

VICTORIAN  
VICTORIAN  
VICTORIAN  
VICTORIAN  
VICTORIAN



# HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

*Patron*—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G., K.T., G.B.E.

*President*—THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND

*Vice-President*—THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING, SCOTLAND

## *Commissioners:*

THE LORD JUSTICE CLEARKE

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL

THE SECRETARY, SCOTTISH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

General Sir A. F. PHILIP CHRISTISON, Bart., G.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.L., B.A. (Oxon.)

Admiral Sir ANGUS E. M. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, K.B.E., C.B.

General Sir GORDON H. A. MacMILLAN OF MacMILLAN, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., D.L.  
D. CRICHTON-MILLER, Esq., T.D., M.A.

Air Marshal Sir BRIAN E. BAKER, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.F.C.

Colonel J. D. L. BOYLE, M.C., T.D.

Air Vice-Marshal A. MacGREGOR, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C.

Major-General F. C. C. GRAHAM, C.B., D.S.O., D.L.

Lieutenant-General Sir WILLIAM TURNER, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.

C. P. C. SMITH, Esq., M.A.

R. L. S. CARSWELL, Esq., C.B.E., T.D., M.A., F.E.I.S.

G. F. CARPENTER, Esq., E.R.D.

R. G. DUTHIE, Esq., C.A.

Vice-Admiral Sir IAN McGEOCH, K.C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C.

## *Treasurer to HM Commissioners:*

JAMES CRAIG, O.B.E., W.S., LL.B.

## **Officers of the School**

*Commandant*—Brigadier M. R. J. HOPE THOMSON, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C. (Ret.)

*Headmaster*—Lieutenant-Colonel A. K. EVANS, B.A., RAEC

*Administrative Officer*—Major J. A. ROBERTSON, M.B.E. (Ret.)

## *Teaching Staff:*

Mr. V. H. Le Maistre, D.A. (Dundee), Senior Master

Mr. P. Bartley, B.A. (Swansea)

Mr. A. L. Bovill, Teacher's Certificate

Mr. H. D. Brown, Teacher's Certificate

Mr. C. Bruce, M.A. (Aberdeen)

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

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

Captain J. S. Hendry, M.A., RAEC

Mr. M. G. Kelly, M.A. (Edinburgh)

Mr. W. W. Malkowski, M.A. (Edinburgh)

Mr. D. J. Moffatt, B.A. (Witwatersrand)

Rev. A. A. Orrock, M.A., B.D.

Mr. R. Paterson, B.Sc. (Edinburgh)

Mr. G. Reid, D.P.Ed. (Jordanhill)

Mr. R. W. E. Scott, B.Sc. (Edinburgh)

Mr. D. Stewart, B.Sc. (Heriot-Watt)

Mr. J. P. Urie, Teacher's Certificate

Mr. G. M. Watson, B.Sc. (St. Andrews)

Mr. I. T. Williams, Teacher's Certificate

Mr. C. N. J. Willman, M.A. (St. Andrews)

Monsieur F. Delbosc-d'Auzon (French Assistant)

## *Visiting Medical Officers:*

Dr. J. N. M. FAIRLEY, M.B., Ch.B.

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

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

*Resident Church of Scotland Chaplain*—Rev. A. A. ORROCK, M.A., B.D.

## *Visiting Chaplains:*

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

Roman Catholic Church—Rev. C. HENDRY

*Residential School Nurse in charge of School Hospital*—Miss C. McINTOSH, S.R.N.





## THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 87

JUNE 1973

---

*Editor:* ALLAN MACDONALD

*Advertising Manager:* GEORGE GALLACHER

*Staff:* DAVID BARR

SCOTT LANELANDS

---

## Editorial

Many articles received by the Editor were the results of sudden fits of despair when entries limit was but a few days away. The *Victorian* staff assure everyone that all received close scrutiny (and translations) and some were even given an honourable place in the sitting-room litter-bin. To combat such unfortunate dilemmas, Mr. Kelly over the past two years has taken the best material written during English classes and has used some of it for the school magazine, improving the quality of our literature section.

Although I have not noticed any poems about British workmen or addiction to tea breaks many should certainly have received inspiration through the classroom windows from the new building which is arising brick by brick in front of their eyes.

As a result of the new block, Sunday march pasts have been a bit of a squash and will probably continue to be so unless new techniques are developed or people begin to slim. Officers now take the salute at the flagpole to make room for marching off which in its initial stages becomes a 'waddle off'. Who said you couldn't walk up some-

one's back?

Once again, the boys of Haig House had their own 'disco' dance and buffet in March with the invitation of Dunblane girls and this proved successful although it began an hour later than as planned due to lack of 'talent'. But it soon filled up and talent was there in another form—our own 'Pop-rock' group. They helped to make the dance a great success, demonstrating that musical talent was not lacking in Vth year—Chuck Berry, watch out!

Our school sitting-rooms are still very much the centre of attraction and meeting place or re-energising zone for the prefects and monitors and also the 4th year who now have a well-decorated and cosy place to work or down cups of coffee in three seconds flat.

This year saw the arrival of a few new hobbies and we have endeavoured to include most of the newer ones further on in the magazine in place of some of the now 'traditional' hobbies within the school.

## Commandant's Notes

### DEPARTURE OF R.A.E.C. STAFF

As parents have already been informed, the end of this term sees the departure of the last two officers of the Royal Army Educational Corps from the teaching staff of the school, four officers having already been replaced by civilian masters. This important change, which is also taking place at the Duke of York's Royal Military School, though much to be regretted, does not imply any change in the policy, status, or function of Queen Victoria School. It is dictated solely by the necessity incumbent upon the RAEC, having suffered some cut in strength, to reduce the number of their officers' appointments. Nor does it entail any weakening of the close connection between QVS and the Directorate of Army Education, which has for so long been of great help and benefit to the school. The Directorate remains our sponsor branch at MOD and the Service Children's Education Authority, which has many RAEC officers on its staff, will continue to have important responsibilities for the school. Nevertheless, the withdrawal of RAEC officers from close involvement in the actual function of the school, which has up to now been implemented by the continuous provision of successive headmasters, and by the supply of, at one time all, and since the 1950s, one-third, of the teaching staff, does mark the breaking of a close link of more than half a century's duration. This link has been a service of inestimable value to the school, and to the RAEC we owe a great part of the progress and development to the present status, and range and level of achievement, of Queen Victoria School.

It is the wish of Her Majesty's Commissioners, and of the school, to mark their recognition and appreciation of this service, and their regret at its termination. Accordingly on 'Corps Sunday', 17 June, the Director of the RAEC, Major-General K. Hall, and as many former headmasters and RAEC members of staff as can be collected, together with other RAEC officers serving in Scotland, with accompanying wives, will be entertained at the school. Their hosts will be four Commissioners representing the three Services and the academic profession, the Commandant, and the civilian teaching staff. A variety of social and ceremonial events to fill the day is planned. A more permanent memorial to this long and close association will, in due course, be a stained-glass window in the Chapel, the funds for which are being jointly provided by HM Commissioners and the RAEC Corps Committee.

The school has undergone many changes in its history, most of them, we like to think, consciously willed. The change to an all-civilian teaching staff is

certainly one of the most radical which has happened and is not of our volition. As an institution, however, we are not afraid of change, as the events of the last fifteen years, to go back no further, prove. I am myself quite confident that, much as we regret the relinquishment of the RAEC involvement, the school, while continuing to progress, improve, and adapt, will still retain all those cherished standards, traditions, customs, and symbols, proved in value over the years, which link us so closely with the Services, the Scottish regiments, and the Scottish people. I have strong grounds for this confidence but one need seek no further for its support than in the quality of the civilian teaching staff we have been able to build up, and the knowledge that it is their wish and own determination that, without detriment to educational function, Queen Victoria School shall maintain those special qualities and status which make it unique in Scotland, perhaps unique anywhere.

### HM COMMISSIONERS

Sadly, we have lost two more Commissioners by death since the last *Victorian* was published. The first of these was Rear-Admiral Crombie, who died last summer, followed by the Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Grant, who was killed tragically in a road accident last November. Rear-Admiral Crombie has been replaced by Vice-Admiral Sir Ian McGeoch, a former Flag Officer Scotland, and Lord Wheatley, the new Lord Justice Clerk, has replaced Lord Grant. Mr. R. G. Duthie has taken the place of the late Colonel French, whose death was reported in the 1972 *Victorian*.

Our Vice-President, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Leask, retired last October so that our new Vice-President is Sir Henry's successor as GOC Scotland, Lieutenant-General Sir Chandos Blair.

The visit of General Sir Philip Christison, as Visiting Commissioner, in the winter term, was one of special significance, since it marked the completion of Sir Philip's twenty-fifth year as a Commissioner.

Finally, we are pleased and honoured to have our *ex-officio* President, the Rt. Hon. Gordon Campbell, MP, Secretary of State for Scotland, as Inspecting Officer for the Grand Day Parade this year.

### TEACHING STAFF

Chiefly because of the phasing out of the RAEC there are many changes to report, both those which have already taken place during the year since last Grand Day, and those which are impending. We shall miss very much the present headmaster,

Lieutenant-Colonel A. K. Evans, and his charming wife, when he, as the last RAEC headmaster to hold the appointment, leaves us in July. As Commandant I should like to pay my own tribute here to his calm and humorous 'unflappability', to his intense and detailed interest in the boys, collectively and individually, in respect of everything from rugger to careers, and to his patience in the face of all petty harassments and irritations.

We look forward to welcoming as our new, and first civilian, headmaster, Mr. J. R. F. Melliush, at present on the staff of Trinity College, Glenalmond, who was selected out of more than eighty applicants for the post.

At the end of the last session we lost our two RAEC Majors, Thomas and Athey, and Captain Gardner. All sorely missed. In their place Mr. Stewart, Mr. Moffatt, and Mr. Bovill came to us. Mr. Lambie and Mr. Ingledew went to other posts and were replaced by Mr. C. Bruce and Mr. Bartley. When Captain Hendry leaves in July his nominated successor, Mr. Philip, will replace him. So we will begin the new school year with a full, and highly qualified and experienced civilian teaching staff, well spaced out in age and including a wide range of professional accomplishment.

Three new appointments, as assistant housemasters for the senior school, have been authorised by MOD, and these will be filled, from within the staff, in September.

Finally, though it seems so little time since he came, we regretfully have to say good-bye to our French assistant, M. d'Auzon, who in his short year here, by virtue of charm of manner and active interest and participation in almost all our activities, has become a most popular member of our community.

#### ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

A valued and respected member of staff, Mr. McLaine, one of our storemen, died in November. Mr. Stewart, handyman, retired at Christmas, since he assured us he was 70, a fact difficult to believe.

Miss Hunter, who came to us from the Glasgow Police to be matron of Cunningham three years ago, became restless for wider fields and could not be persuaded to stay longer. She has been replaced by Mrs. Noyle.

We hope to add an additional cook, labourer, and laboratory assistant to the staff establishment in September.

Mr. R. E. Hughes, MA, librarian for the past five years, suffered a severe heart attack a few months ago but is now, happily, back at work. He retires in August having served the school for twenty-two years, since he was one of the original civilian masters, retiring in 1968 from the teaching staff on reaching the age limit.

#### APPLICATIONS FOR ENTRY

I received over 170 applications for the school during the year, probably an all-time record. More than fifty of these, however, had to be disallowed, either because the parent was not eligible, or the boy too old. We are left with 120 firm applications for consideration which still, it is believed, constitutes a record. Since there are only 36 vacancies to fill, many disappointments are unavoidable. Some candidates, of course, may be able to try again. This is written before the Selection Board has sat, so results cannot be given here. Among the 120 candidates, the Scottish regiments are adequately represented, though much out-numbered by other Corps. The RAF well maintains interest, but RN candidates are very few.

#### SCHOOL MINI-BUS

HM Commissioners have agreed to provide a 12-seater minibus for the school, on the understanding that its running and maintenance costs will not be charged against their funds.

Consequently, confident that we can support the running of the bus, I have already ordered a new Ford Minibus which I hope will arrive during this term.

I have had a most heartening, and virtually hundred per cent affirmative, response from parents to my request that they should pay £3 per family per year towards the cost of running the bus, beginning next September.

Apart from its administrative convenience, the ability to transport small parties of boys whenever required will improve and increase to a marked degree the frequency and range of 'outside' interests and activities in which the boys can engage.

Parents may be assured that only safe and competent drivers on the school staff will be allowed to drive boys on approved journeys.

#### BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS

The most obvious of the several additions to the buildings made during the year (indeed it can hardly be ignored) is the extension to the Teaching Block. Approval for this extension took some years of negotiation and even after this had been obtained there have been many frustrating delays, so that the building is already more than a year past its original target date for completion. However, we still hope to have it functioning by the beginning of next term, with a third laboratory, store, and preparation room above, linked by a bridge to the rest of the Science Department. Below, two more classrooms, to cope with ever more demanding educational requirements, including the raising of the school-leaving age, although this affects us only to a limited extent.



Nobody could call the new building beautiful. Indeed, from its western aspect its forbidding blank wall reminds me vividly of one of Hitler's air raid bunkers. But perhaps, in due course, our Art Department may be able to do something about that. Functionally, however, the new wing should be of great benefit to the school and give the Science Department the additional facilities they have long required and deserved.

In respect of the grounds, this being 'Tree-planting Year' we have done our part by planting nearly six hundred young trees, mainly but not exclusively spruce or fir, but including a fair proportion of deciduous trees, all kindly provided by the Department of the Environment. In years to come these should much increase the attractiveness of our grounds, already greatly improved during the last five years by our own excellent maintenance staff.

## Valete

MACDONALD, A. A. — Scots Guards. Sept. 1965. Haig. Prefect, monitor 1971-73; Boy Pipe Major 1972-73; 1st XV 1971/72, 1972/73; Editor *The Victorian* 1972-73; Head Librarian £972-73; Sergeant in CCF/RAF. Piping Champion 1969-70-71; 1st XV colours; CCF/RAF Advanced, Personal Survival; Cranston Memorial Essay 1973; Scottish Amateur Piping Champion 1969-70. Debating Society; Sailing Club; Scottish Country Dancing Club. Higher Chemistry, English; 'O' level Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Latin, French, English, Arithmetic, Modern Studies. To University. Home address: 'Seannlag', Glenuig, Lochailort, Inverness-shire.

GALLACHER, G. C. McK. Royal Air Force. 1965. Haig. Prefect, Senior Monitor, Head Highland Dancer, Advertising Manager, *The Victorian*, 1972-73; 1st XV 1972-73; Flt. Sgt. CCF/RAF; Colour Corporal 1971-72. 1st XV Colours; CCF/RAF Advanced Proficiency; Runner-up Addison-Smith Competition 1972-73; Adult First Aid Proficiency; Personal Survival. Debating Society; Sailing Club; Scottish Country Dancing. SCE Higher English, French, Physics; 'O' level Latin, Chemistry, Maths, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Economic Organisation. To University. Home address: 14 Argus Place, Bishopmill, Elgin, Moray.

BARR, D. I. Black Watch. September 1966. Haig. Monitor, Prefect; Colour Sergeant; CSM CCF/Army section; Captain of Cricket, 1972; 1st XI Cricket 1969/70, 1971/72; 1st XV 1971/72, 1972/73; Seven-a-Side Rugby 1972/73. Badminton Champion 1970/71, 1972/73; CCF/Army Proficiency; Squash Champion 1971/72; 1st XV Colours; Badminton Colours (no kidding). Gym.

Club, Badminton Club. Highers—English, Latin, French. 'O' level Maths., Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Chemistry, Physics. To University. Home address: 259 Muirfield Drive, Glenrothes, Fife.

HIGGINS, R. C. — Royal Signals. 1967. Haig. RLSS Bronze Medallion; First Aid Bronze, Silver, Gold; Personal Survival. Chess Club, Debating Society, 1st XV. To Banking. Home Address: 34 Kingsway Place, Dundee.

DARLING, D. — Ex-Royal Scots. 1966. Haig. L/Cpl. CCF; Trenchard House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; School Swimming Team. Winner Piping Competition 1973 and 1972; Bronze Cross; CCF Proficiency; ASA Gold Personal Survival. Royal Life Saving Society; Choir. Continuing education. Home address: 162 Church Street, Tranent, East Lothian, Scotland.

FERRIGAN, M. — RAF. 1965. Haig. Dormitory Leader; Non Prefect; Cpl. in CCF/RAF section; Drummer, School Group (Government property); Drummer, School Group (Klutz); I/C Highland Dancing Team; 1st XI Football Team; 1st XV Rugby Team. Intermediate Life Saving; Personal Survival, Gold, Silver, Bronze; Highland Dancing Champion; Wavell Boxing Winner. Scottish Country Dancing Team; Table Tennis Club; Wavell Cross-Country Team. 'O' levels English, Maths., Latin, Chemistry, Physics, Modern Studies, French, Arithmetic. To College. Home address: 102 Mansefield, East Calder, Midlothian.

MURRAY, W. — RAOC. 1965. Haig. Athletics Team 1970/73; School Prefect 1972/73; Cpl. CCF (Army); 1st XV Captain 1972/73; Captain 1st VII (Gannochy Cup); Chief Projectionist 1971/72. D of E Bronze, Silver; Life Saving Bronze Medallion and Bar; Bronze Cross; Award of Merit, Distinction in Teachers, Advanced Teachers; Junior Red Cross Proficiency and Advanced; CCF Proficiency; Rugby Colours 1971/72; Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold. Life Saving Society, Red Cross, Choir Member 1967-73. 'O' grades — Maths., English, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Statistics, Modern Studies, Mechanics, Technical Drawing, Woodwork. To University. Home address: 'Kilmuir', Main Street, Abernethy, Fife.

WHITE, J. R. — Navy. 1965. Haig. Col./Sgt. CCF; Intermediate House Prefect; School Prefect; 1st XV. Gold, Duke of Edinburgh; Outward Bound; Advanced First Aid; Teacher's Certificate RLSS; Distinction RLSS; Proficiency CCF; Personal Survival Silver. Pottery Club, Fencing Club, Volleyball Club, Debating Society, Choir, Badminton Club. 'O' grades — Chemistry, Arithmetic, Art, Physics, Woodwork, English, Technical Drawing, Modern Studies. To Social Work. Home address: 16 Shillitoe Close, off King's Road, Buty St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

WOODWARD, D. R. D. — Parachute Regiment. 1968. Haig. 1st XV 1971/72, 1972/73; School Prefect; School Colour Party; President of the QVSPS; School Projectionist. Rugby Colours 1972/72; Gold Personal Survival; 3rd Year Bronze Cross-Country; CCF Proficiency. Photographic Club, Electronics Club, Fly Tying Club, Canoeing Club, Pottery Club. 'O' grades — English, Physics, Modern Studies, Art, Arithmetic. Unknown. Home address: P.O. Box 30053, Nairobi Primary School, Nairobi, Kenya.

DAVIDSON, R. — Royal Highland Fusiliers. 1967. Haig. School Prefect; Corporal CCF Army Section. Bronze, Duke of Edinburgh Award; Life Saving Bronze Cross and Medallion; Gold, Personal Survival. Cricket 1st XI, Choir, Volleyball, Football 1st XI. 'O' grades — English, French, Latin, Maths., Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Physics, Chemistry. To Bank of Scotland. Home address: 4 Briery Bank, Haddington, East Lothian.

PATERSON, R. — Royal Air Force. 1965. Haig. Corporal RAF/CCF; Haig Cross-Country Runner; Keep Fit; Touch Rugby Team. 3rd Minor Cross-Country, Wavell; Bronze, Silver Personal Survival. Chess. 'O' grades — English, Maths., Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Art, Physics, Chemistry. To Royal Bank of Scotland probably. Home address; Holme Mains, Inverness.

SCULLION K. — RAF. 1967. Haig. L/Cpl. CCF (Army); 2nd XV. Bronze Medallion, Parachute Jumping Certificate; Bronze D of E; CCF Proficiency and Advanced Proficiency (RAF). Bridge Club, Chess Club, Photo Club, Maths. Club, Model-making Club, Musical Society. Seven 'O' grades. Unknown. Home address: 112 West Close, RAF Medmenham, Marlow, Bucks.

LANGLAND, S. — Scots Guards. 1964. Haig. School Prefect 1971/72; School Monitor 1971/72; CCF Corporal 1972, Sergeant 1973; Rugby Captain 1972; Swimming Captain; 1st XV 1971/72/73; 1st XII 1972/73; Chief Projectionist 1971/72; School Ski Champion 1972; School Canoe Team 1971. Duke of Edinburgh Gold; First Aid Advanced; Life Saving Distinction; 2nd Cross-Country and Athletics 1972; Rugby Colours 1971/72; and Teachers; Swimming Champion 3rd year; School Swimming Champion 1970/71/72/73. Canoe Club, Debating Society. 'O' levels — Physics, Chemistry, English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, History; Highers — Physics, Woodwork. To Dundee College of Technology. Home address: 'Hahawa', 32 Lorne Crescent, Monifieth, Angus, DD5 4DZ.

AITKEN, T. S. — RAF (RUF). 1967. Haig. Chapel Orderly; 1st, 2nd and 3rd Rugby Team; Captain of

First Year Rugby Team; School Swimming Team 1973; 1st, 2nd and 3rd Year Cricket Team. RLSS Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Award of Merit, Teacher's Certificate; Bronze, Silver and Gold Personal Survival Awards; Proficiency First Aid and Advanced First Aid; A Cross-Country Medal 1972; Silver, Duke of Edinburgh's Award. School Debating Society, Badminton Club, Sailing Club, Chess Club, Life Saving Club, First Aid Club, Gym Club. Taking 'O' levels this year. Joining the RAF (Engineering). Home address: 14 Blackbird Road, Married Quarters, West Gate, St. Athan, nr. Barry, Glamorgan, South Wales.

DACEY, W. T. — A. & S.H. 1969. Haig. Drum Major; L./Cpl. Army Cadet Force; House Prefect; School Swimming Team, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th years; School Cricket Team, 1st, 2nd, 3rd years; School Rugby Team, 1st, 2nd, 3rd years. Swimming Champion, 1st, 2nd, 3rd years; Runner-up, 4th year. RLSS Bronze Medallion and Cross; Award of Merit; Distinction; Advanced Teachers; D of E Bronze, Silver, Gold not completed. Debating Society; Swimming; Life Saving; Pottery; Model Railway; Choir, 1969/73; Volleyball; Badminton, Chess Club. To Napier College of Science and Technology, Edinburgh. Home address: 52 Braeview, Stenhousemuir, Stirlingshire.

CARMICHAEL, A. P. — International Police Assoc. 1966. Haig. Personal Survival, Bronze, Silver, Gold; Life Saving, Bronze Cross, Bronze Medallion; First Aid, Advance; D of E, Bronze, Silver. Sailing, Canoeing, Debating Society, Electronics Club, Fencing Club, Volleyball. Taking 'O' levels. To Army, Radar, Radio. Home address: 156 Marrow Brook Lane, Cove, Farnborough, Hants.

GRAHAM, R. — Royal Artillery. 1967. Haig. Champion Bugler, 1972/73; Chapel Orderly. RLSS Awards — Teachers' Certificate and Distinction; Army Proficiency; Adult First Aid; ASA — Gold Personal Survival Award. Debating Society, Electronics Club. To Glasgow Nautical College. Home address: 56 Lairhills Road, Murray 3, East Kilbride, nr. Glasgow.

GALLACHER, R. J. H. — RAF 1967. Haig. J./Cpl. CCF/RAF. Bronze Medallion, RAF Marksman, Boxing Award. Photographic Society, Sailing Club, Canoeing Club, Debating Society. To College or temporary job. Home address: 14 Argus Place, Bishopmill, Elgin, Moray.

ANDERSON, G. J. — RAF. 1966. Haig. CCF/RAF J./Cpl. Bronze, Silver, Gold Personal Survival; RAF Proficiency, RAF Advanced. Pipe Band (Piper); Secretary, Fly Tying Club, 1972/73; Debating Society; Drama. To RAF. Home address: c/o F./Sgt. J. Anderson, Sgt. Mess, RAF, Bracknell., Berks.

## Obituary

### GEORGE STIRRAT, No. 43

A very well-known Old Victorian died suddenly, of heart failure, a few days after last Grand Day, which he had attended. He had attended almost all the preceding ones for the past forty years. George Stirrat was well known, not only to his surviving contemporaries of the 'founder members' of the school, but to many OVs of all succeeding generations for the following fifty years. For he was a constant visitor to the school and took great interest



in maintaining personal contact with as many OVs as possible, particularly in his last years when he acted as General Secretary to the Central Branch of the OVA. He was the first Boy Drum Major of the school and he is included in the framed 'First Fifty' group, presented by him, which hangs in the entrance hall. He left QVS in 1914 and, being a big lad looking more than his real age, succeeded in joining the Cameron Highlanders as a Private before his fifteenth birthday, and proceeded with them and the other 'Old Contemptibles' to France. He was wounded just after his fifteenth birthday, probably the youngest British combatant soldier to be so, and certainly so in 1914. Later he returned to France for a long spell in the trenches and soon after the war he was commissioned through Sandhurst. Later in

life he joined the Glasgow Police. He married the daughter of Sergeant-Major Scotland, one of the original members of the staff, the ceremony being performed in the school chapel.

Settling in retirement in Doune, Mr. and Mrs. Stirrat were for many years familiar, frequent and welcome visitors to the school. Mrs. Stirrat, we hope, will long continue to be so, since she has now moved to Dunblane. George Stirrat had suffered much in his later years with an arthritic hip, which even a major operation could do no more than slightly help, but he bore this painful disability, especially irksome to so active a man, with courage and cheerfulness. His heart was always with the school and he now lies by it in Dunblane cemetery where, an exceptional procedure, he was buried last June with 'military honours' provided by QVS Piper and Bugler, in the presence of many past and present members of the school.

### Mr. ANDREW DUNCAN

Mr. Andrew Duncan died at Drem, North Berwick, on 3rd January, 1973, at the age of 92.

He joined the staff of the school as a carpenter in 1908, before even the first boys had arrived, and served continuously on the administrative staff until he retired in 1949. The then Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Hall, M.C., retiring at the same time, took Mr. Duncan into his employment and he continued to work for Colonel Hall until a very advanced age. After his complete retirement, Mr. Duncan remained in residence in the Lodge on Colonel Hall's estate, until he entered hospital shortly before his death. His wife died in 1959. He is survived by a daughter.

Since it is now sixty-five years since the school was officially opened by King Edward VII, and the original staff enrolled, it is possible that Mr. Duncan was the last surviving member of the original staff. If there are any others still alive, the Commandant would be very glad to receive information about them.

### ALEXANDER MUNRO DODDS

Mr. Dodds died in December, 1970, but owing to an oversight mention of this was omitted from the following issue of the magazine. He joined QVS in January, 1912, and left in the summer of 1918, having been Dux of the school. On leaving QVS he trained as an Army schoolmaster and gained his certificate as such in 1921. He held a wide range of educational appointments during his long career, some of the most notable being instructor at the Army School of Education, Shorncliffe, 1934-38; Education Officer, Bangalore, 1942-44; and Staff Captain, Education, South East Asia Command in 1944. After the Second World War he became deputy headmaster of an approved school in

Scotland. He was still teaching, part-time, at a comprehensive school in England when he died at the age of 69, being survived by his married daughter, Mrs. Heighway.

#### **ALEXANDER BRETT, No. 28**

Alex passed away in Burntisland on 5th November, 1972, after an illness of twelve days' duration. The funeral took place at the Crematorium, Kirkcaldy. Alex was admitted to the school in the very early days and was a member of the military band. On leaving school in 1913 he joined the Black Watch and served for 15 years, reaching the rank of Band Sergeant, the only one of the first hundred to reach that rank (though John Hetherington, No. 33, was bandmaster of the Gurkha Rifles with the rank of Major). On leaving the Army, Alex settled in Burntisland and found employment in the aluminium works. He was a very keen bowls player and won many prizes and trophies on the greens. His wife pre-deceased him many years ago. To his two daughters we extend our deepest sympathy.

#### **ADAM McBEAN SCOTT, No. 34**

Adam died in Inverness at the end of November, 1972, and his funeral took place there on 1st December, 1972, before a very large number of mourners, there being 170 in attendance. Adam, along with his younger brother Fred (who died in 1937), was admitted to QVS shortly after it opened; he also was in the military band. On leaving school he joined the Cameron Highlanders and reached the rank of Sergeant, serving for 25 years. Amongst his many medals was the one granted for Long Service and Good Conduct. Adam was a typical Highlander and enjoyed the company of his many friends. He was a well-known figure in Inverness and his many friends did him proud by so many attending the funeral. To the members of his family we offer our condolences in their loss.

#### **A. J. M. LEWIS, No. 284**

With deep regret we record the death of A. J. M. Lewis which took place at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, on 8th August, 1972. Mr. Lewis was a former Pipe Major in the Highland Light Infantry and was well known in the Edinburgh area. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Lewis and family.

#### **D. McCARTNEY, No. 1734**

It is with regret that we report the death of Dennis McCartney, which occurred in Japan during June, 1972, as a result of an electrical accident. Dennis was one of five brothers who passed through the school between 1933-40. To his brothers and sisters we extend our deepest sympathy.

#### **JOHN COSGROVE, No. 806**

It is with regret that we report the death of John Cosgrove. John was the youngest of the Cosgrove brothers who passed through the school. He served in the Cameronians (SR) for over 14 years and was eventually discharged through ill health. He was buried at Dunblane Cemetery on 12th November, 1972. To Mrs. Cosgrove and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

#### **Major C. P. KISLINGBURY Late Royal Signals**

Just as we go to press the sad news has been received of the death of 'Kay' as he was known to all the staff during his seven years as Administrative Officer at the school. His time here was interrupted by a severe stroke, from which, perhaps, he never fully recovered, although he resumed duty after a long illness and carried on for a few years with characteristic courage and cheerfulness.

He retired in 1970 and in the June *Victorian* of that year we paid just tribute to his unfailing courtesy and good humour, and wished him a long and happy retirement. This, sadly, was not to be, since he only survived three years. The sympathy of all his colleagues and staff members who remember him is expressed to his wife and son.

## **Old Boys' Notes**

#### **OLD VICTORIANS' ASSOCIATION The First Hundred**

Owing to ill health, Major Bert Harrison has had to give up his mantle of 'Shepherd of the First Hundred'. Over the past twenty years he gave up a lot of his time seeking the members, who appeared to have emigrated to various parts of the world. Eventually he managed to get thirty members of the group to attend the school's Golden Jubilee. The service records of the First Hundred have now been taken over by Central Branch, and have been incorporated in the Old Victorians' Register. We would like to thank Bert for his efforts, and for giving the spur to seek more information regarding old Victorians. To date we have managed to obtain information close on 1,000 old Victorians, and it is hoped that we shall gain much more in the months ahead.

It is with regret that we have to report the deaths of two more of the group, No. 28 Alex Brett and No. 34 Adam Scott, and whose obituary notices appear in the magazine.



### CENTRAL BRANCH

It is with regret that we open our notes reporting the death of George Stirrat, and whose obituary notice appears in this issue of *The Victorian*.

This is our first year, working under the new Constitution of the OVA. It is felt that we have achieved some measure of success, in that we have gained quite a number of new members, and have been able to exchange information with the other three Branches, which has helped to closer liaison. Over 1,200 letters have been sent out to OVs. Unfortunately, with the constant movement of individuals, some never reach the addressee, as changes of address have never been reported. Many are reported marked 'Gone away'. Our real classic has been the one returned 'House demolished'. We only hope the OV concerned got away safely. We would like news of all OVs wherever they may be, and thank Joe McLeod, George Maitland, Jock Malloy and the many others who sent in lists of those with whom they had made contact. News of OVs who have emigrated is very scarce. It is believed some of the younger Victorians may be in touch with former school friends. If so, we should be pleased to receive the names and addresses of the emigrants.

The annual dinner dance was held at the Westlands Hotel, Dunblane; seventy-four attended. This number was a great improvement over last year and it is encouraging to think that we might have even more next year. We were pleased to entertain Brigadier and Mrs. Hope Thomson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Evans and Major and Mrs. Robertson.

The annual Memorial Service was attended in strength by the main Branches, and it was a change to see a sprinkling of new faces in our midst. We would like to congratulate the enthusiastic members who travelled long distances to attend the reunion. Some came from as far apart as Bournemouth in the south and Caithness in the north (not forgetting, of course, Bill McArthur, complete with weather charts, from the Black Isle). Following the church service, the salute was taken by Mr. Malloy (Edinburgh) at a very impressive march past by the boys of the school.

The OVA Register was placed on view for the first time at the AGM. This became well thumbed by members seeking information on their old school friends. To those members who have not returned their forms giving information as to their careers, it would be appreciated if you would give this your early attention.

To the many OVs who have written to us over the past year, we thank you, and hope that you may continue your good work. John Barnatt, CEPO Office, Frimley Park Cadet Centre, would be pleased to look up any OV who may go there. Having sold him two OVA ties, he should be easily recognisable

when going his rounds. Bruce Campbell, who left the school in 1965 for Australia, has now returned and is serving with the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards. He will be attending a piping course in Edinburgh in April, and would be pleased to meet old friends. Derek Peachey (DYRMS/QVS) is now serving with REME at the Army Aviation Centre, Nether Wallop (there is such a place). WO2 McCabe, our annual correspondent, is now in BAOR serving with the Queen's Dragoon Guards.

To the editor, the staff and backroom personnel, who help to produce *The Victorian* magazine, we wish you record sales.

Jimmy Campbell

### LONDON BRANCH REPORT

There is little change from last year. We still hold our two meetings in the year. The problem of holding more meetings or social gatherings is due to lack of active members, distances required to be travelled and lack of permanent HQ. We have it in mind to contact the Union Jack Club to obtain 'permanent' hiring of accommodation and this is being looked into. This is additional to our general idea of obtaining our own premises which at this date is considered too ambitious. We are also considering the possibility of operating sub-Branches according to location—this was brought forward by one of our members and is being investigated.

Also the membership is being re-orientated: we have a number of about fifteen 'hard core' members on whom we depend. There are 72 names on the books. This year our Chairman, Donald McQueen, has retired and did not seek re-election. We now have a young OB as Chairman, Brian Murton, with a view to obtaining younger members to attend the meetings. Donald McQueen is retiring in eighteen months and will be living in Scotland after retirement.

The membership fee has been increased to 50p.

### OLD VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION

#### Edinburgh Branch

*Chairman:* S. T. Garner

*Secretary:* A. G. Bulloch

*Treasurer:* R. Manson

Hallo, Old Victorians, everywhere!

Here once more from Auld Reekie our annual review.

As usual, the last Tuesday of each month, our meetings are held in the Edinburgh and District Trades Social Club, 11 Albany Street. The 'Trades' Club are moving to larger premises in Picardy Place and we have been assured that we will enjoy the increased amenities offered. Thanks to them all for their hospitality.

On Prize Day, 14th June, several of our members and friends had a most enjoyable day. The usual

colourful parade was much appreciated, not least the contingent of youngest Victorians stepping out manfully in the rear in a variety of steps. Then the Golden Lion freefall parachutists gave us a most impressive display. After that an enjoyable tea from the marquee and a general 'natter' all around, Campbell McQueen and George Stirrat keeping us in the picture as to 'goings on' at HQ. Little did we realise that this would be the last time we would see George. We received word from the school next evening of his sudden death. This was a grievous blow to the OVA as his hard work since taking over was beginning to show results. At his funeral at the Dunblane Cemetery opposite the school, the Edinburgh Branch was represented by Peter Taylor.

After the summer recess, we carried on with our usual social functions: Social on 5th October, Prize Draw and Social on 20th December and, last one of the season, on 1st March. These were always much enjoyed by all who came along. Unfortunately, they were not so well attended as in previous years. Our annual Reunion Dinner and Dance on 17th November at the Harp Hotel, Corstorphine, was again the highlight of the year. Our guests included Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. K. Evans (school headmaster), Bobby and Mrs. Stewart from Glasgow and, representing HQ Branch, Campbell McQueen. Some ninety members and friends were present. This is one event that always brings out our members. Included at the top table appeared our President, Jim and Mrs. Kelt. Jim had a very serious illness last summer, and we were all absolutely delighted he could join us. The speeches were minimal, Lt.-Col. A. K. Evans giving us a report on what was happening at the school, then on with the dance.

Last year we reported an Old Victorian in need of financial help. He appealed to us and we helped him. I am happy to say that he has discharged his debt in full.

We welcome the the reports of the Co-ordinating Committee. Our member, G. Wilson, keeps us informed of what is going on at HQ. We much appreciate the terrific burden of work done by Campbell McQueen and Jimmy Whyte. I now have a record of members of London, Glasgow and Central Branches as well as Overseas. Some of the names of the Edinburgh members were new to me. I have now contacted them.

Our young and energetic Treasurer, Bob Manson, is soon going to be lost to us. He and Mrs. Manson and three sons have decided to emigrate to the USA in May. Good luck, Bob, we will miss you.

It is with deep regret that I have to report the death of three of our members: Eddie Coutts of Musselburgh on 2nd August; J. Lewis (284) in September; and G. Smith (189) in November. The Branch was represented at the funerals.

In conclusion, we must have new members. I am

sure the work done by Campbell McQueen and Jimmy Whyte should soon begin to bear fruit. What is the use of having a committee in their sixties. Join up you 20s, 30s, 40s, 50s, we will welcome you with open arms.

Alastair G. Bulloch (771)  
Hon. Secretary  
50 Northfield Broadway  
Edinburgh, EH8 7PH  
Tel: 031-661 3620

#### R. G. SHAW, No. 211

##### (An Old Victorian with a varied career)

Joined East Kent Regiment, Sept. 1916; served in BEF France, taken POW in 1917. Released Dec. 1917 on exchange of prisoners; discharged as being under age and wounded. Joined A. & SH in June 1918; invalided out of service 1919. Joined 11th Bn. Machine Gun Corps in Sept. 1919; served on NWF India; was Band Sergeant until 1923, when unit was disbanded. Transferred to East Surrey Regiment 1923-26. Emigrated to Australia 1926. Joined RAAMC; served until 1930. 1939 commissioned to RA; appointed Entertainments Officer, Southern Command, Portsmouth Division. Transferred to 103 LAA Battery, Hampshire RA; served until 1943. 1946-47 served in civil capacity with Civil Censorship Division, American Army, at Stuttgart and Frankfurt. 1964-66 emigrated to South Africa; joined Prison Service. Medals include 1914/18 War General Service, Victory, Indian GS; 1939/45 War Medal, Pacific Star, Defence Medal, Croix de Guerre. In between wars and emigration, he played with the Bournemouth and Melbourne Municipal Orchestras. Takes an active interest in the interest of disabled people in the Swindon area.

#### HOW No. 62 JACKIE LOVE WAS DISCOVERED

My grandson, John Harrison, who left QVS in June this year, and now lives with his father, Capt. H. Harrison, at 10 Bolley Avenue, Bordon, made friends with a young lad about his own age, whose father was the steward of the Bordon Officers' Club. My grandson called on his friend one evening and had with him a copy of *The Victorian*. The friend's father asked my grandson how he had a copy, and my grandson replied it is the magazine of my old school in Scotland. The family was named Love, and Mr. Love said he had been born at the school in 1913. He also said his father was the original Master Cook at the school. I went down to Bordon and met Mr. Love in October. When I explained my reason for seeking out Jackie, he informed me that Jackie had been a piper and dancer at the school, but when he was due to leave he returned home, but later joined the Merchant Navy, and was twice torpedoed during

the first war. When the war ended in 1918, Jackie remained in the Far East and was an Instructor in radio in Hong Kong, and had died there in 1929 from blood poisoning. Mr. Love informed me he had never been a pupil at QVS, as the family had left Dunblane when he was quite young. His father died in 1946.

Bert Harrison, No. 67

### HOW I MET HITLER

I was just over 14 years of age when I joined the East Kent Regiment, having put my age on to 18 years in order to enlist. Having joined as a fully-trained bandsman, it was the custom in those days for the band to proceed with the regiment. I was held behind the lines at Arras, taking part in a troops concert party, in one of the Irving Berlin shows. I was dressed in female attire in the show. When the Germans advanced, my regiment was wiped out, all but 20 men, including myself. I was still in female attire when taken prisoner, and for a long time the lads nicknamed me 'Mademoiselle from Armentières'.

All prisoners were collected and taken to Offenbach POW Camp, outside Frankfurt. It was there that I first met Hitler, who was a Lance-Corporal in the Austrian Army, and one of the guards in the camp.

Little did I realise the power this man would wield and the destruction he would cause in later years.

R. G. Shaw

### REMINISCENCES

By the late Mr. George Shirrat

My father was killed in action with the Royal Scots Greys at the relief of Kimberley in February, 1900. I was then 16 months old.

The Royal Scots Greys had subscribed to nominate a boy to represent the regiment at the opening of the school in 1909. On 9th July, my mother and I arrived at Dunblane station en route to Queen Victoria School. Victor Hayes—later Lieut.-Colonel—and his mother arrived by the same train. We all took the road together.

The first intake of boys stood at 50 for a long time; and thereafter, we were always referred to as 'The First Fifty'. By April, 1910, 170 boys had entered the school. We had at that time a pipe band, a military band and a drum and bugle band. In 1910, the pipe band played at the Glasgow Exhibition held in Kelvingrove Park. Boys who showed special aptitude were trained as students with a view to becoming Army schoolmasters. Included in 'The First Fifty' were two boys from The Duke of York's RM Military School, Chelsea, and two boys from The Royal Hibernian Military School, Dublin. John McIlroy, whose father was on the school staff became No. 5. All were made monitors. (I met Stevenson from RHMS, Dublin, in France, the night before he was killed in late 1917.)

In those times, we wore long ankle-length night-shirts. The beds had beautiful red and white counterpanes. The floors throughout the school were polished with 'Ronuk', by the numerous maids employed. All lighting and cooking was by gas. The dining-hall was an impressive display of armoury, lances, tiger and bear skins and battle pictures of soldiers. From time to time, two boys were selected to sing 'Grace'. Corporal punishment was administered by the staff Dum-Major—came across the shorts whilst touching toes, or across the bare bottom, by a tawse, for a more serious breach of the rules. Fire drill was practised occasionally in the night. When 'Fire Alarm' sounded, it was case a of Get-up—dress-up—shut up. We foot-drilled in the square almost every morning—except when wet. Occasionally, we marched up the Perth road or to Kinbuck. We had to sing. Because of an outbreak of scarlet fever in 1911, some of us had to sleep in the chapel until our dormitory was fumigated. It was during this time that the cross on the crown of the lion in front of the pulpit was broken off—and still is! In those days, horse-drawn trams travelled between Stirling and Bridge of Allan. The depot shed still stands on the Causewayhead Road. The motor car was in its infancy.

In July, 1911, 25 boys were sent to London for the coronation of King George V. We were joined by 25 boys from The Duke of York's RM School, Chelsea, and 25 boys from The Royal Hibernian Military School, Dublin. We were quartered in old Scotland Yard police barracks.

On coronation day, all three detachments marched in column down The Mall, headed by a small QVS band. We passed through the Scots Guards and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders who lined the route. We played the regimental march of each regiment as we reached it. We were given a very prominent position opposite Buckingham Palace. The following day—the Royal Progress—we were positioned beside the Gordon Highlanders on Constitution Hill.

We stayed a week; during which time we were taken to the Tower, the Zoo and other places of interest. I was reprimanded for sitting on the wool-sack in the House of Lords. We saw Martin Harvey in *The Only Way* at the Lyceum and Anna Pavlova in *Swan Dance* at the Palace Theatre.

Because I was boy Drum-Major, I had the singular honour of being introduced to Sir Robert Baden Powell, hero of Mafeking and founder of the Boy Scout movement, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., hero of the Indian Mutiny, and Sir William Smith who raised the Boys' Brigade.

King George V came to Scotland in July, 1912, and the entire school paraded in a review at King's Park, Edinburgh. I overheard the Prince of Wales say,

"Aren't they smart" as he passed along our ranks in a carriage.

In July, 1913, the pipe band and dancers took part in the Royal Navy and Military Tournament at Olympia. We stayed in Chelsea Barracks with the Coldstream Guards. Many times on our way to Olympia, we heard suffragettes harangue crowds outside Sloane Square underground station. How well I remember Queen Alexandra bowing so graciously when I saluted her as we marched out of the arena.

During my stay at the school, Bleriot had flown the Channel, King Edward VII died, Paulham flew from London to Manchester for a prize of £10,000, Dr. Crippen was on the run, arrested and executed, Captain Scott and his brave men perished returning from the South Pole, the *Titanic* struck an iceberg on its maiden voyage, and sank with a terrific loss of life, and Winston Churchill had directed the 'Siege of Sidney Street' when 'Peter the painter' and his gang of Russian anarchists were eliminated.

When I was a small boy, I had a latent desire to be a soldier and fight for my country as my gallant father had done. Four days after my fourteenth birthday, I left QVS to enlist in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, at Stirling Castle recruiting centre. I soon obtained a 2nd Class Certificate of Education and was appointed 'Drummer'. This meant I was on the fighting establishment of the regiment. In August, 1914, less than a year after leaving school, I left Edinburgh Castle with my regiment as a drummer to join the British Expeditionary Force in France. Two companies, of which one was mine, became escort to General Sir John French, Commander-in-Chief. After the retreat from Mons my regiment replaced what was left of the Royal Munster Fusiliers in the 1st Infantry Brigade, prior to the first battle of the Marne. It was here that I saw enemy soldiers for the first time. German horse artillery burst a few shrapnel shells over us while we were advancing in extended order, then rapidly withdrew.

Three days later, at the Petit Morin, I had my baptism of fire. We were marching along a hillside in wooded country when suddenly rifle fire from a German rearguard caused us to deploy for action. When I heard my platoon officer shout, 'Fix' bayonets', my mind went back to pictures of soldiers in action in bygone wars. I was not yet 15. I saw many dead soldiers that day! Six days later, 14th September, we were again in action at the Chemin des Dames in the Aisne country. My battalion had over 600 casualties—mostly from rifle and machine-gun fire. In late October, 1914, we moved to Belgium to halt the German advance to the Channel ports. As we marched through Ypres, the Cloth Hall, now famous, stood unscathed; and people were sitting outside cafes quite oblivious to

what was going on elsewhere. They merely waved us on our way. Then followed the first battle of Ypres. In December, 1914, King George V and the Prince of Wales visited us in billets. Some time later in the year, I became a casualty. When I reached hospital in Boulogne, a doctor examined me. At this time, I had worn a kilt for five months and my knees were brown with exposure. He said to me, "You're a Jock, aren't you? You've legs like a lassie. How old are you?" When I said I was 15 and 3 months, he murmured, "My God!" Then he turned to the Sister and said, "This boy must go home tomorrow." I went to France again in 1916 and marched into Germany in November, 1918.

Time marches on. I represented my regiment in the victory marches in Paris and London in July, 1919. I passed out of Sandhurst in 1913, having gained a boxing 'Blue', and I entered my regimental depot in Inverness, exactly 10 years to a day, after having enlisted at Stirling Castle.

In October, 1933, when I was a Sergeant-Instructor in the Police Training School, Glasgow, I married Georgina Fraser Bain Scotland, second daughter of R.S.M. Peter Scotland, D.C.M., who served 25 years at Queen Victoria School, and who had endeared himself to hundreds of Old Victorians. It was the first occasion on which an old boy had married in the school chapel. My best man was an old boy, 2nd Lieut.—later Lieut.-Col.—George Thomson, Royal Corps of Signals.

I have a unique boast—call it what you will—of having worshipped, slept and married in the school chapel, which was erected as a memorial to those gallant soldiers who fell in the South African War, 1899–1902, of which my father was one.

### SITTING-ROOM WALTZ

Together they waltz round the floor,  
In perfect step, sweeping past the other dancers,  
In such a fashion, as not to give a wisp of  
Breeze, like swallows in summer they glide.  
As the spotlight follows them they waltz,  
On to a stage, hundreds of eyes watch every step,  
Which they do in perfect unison, as though  
They had one brain. On and on they waltz,  
Until the band finishes with a click.

The other dancers fade into armchairs,  
The crowd into the depths of the blue walls,  
The Band switches itself off,  
The spotlights form into brown standard lamps,  
The partner replaces the two foot by one foot-six  
mirror,  
The partner replaced he proceeds to take  
The band off and put it in its cover.

S. Langlands





*Sergeant and Mrs. Welsh, with their son Stephen, after Sergeant Welsh had been presented with the Military Medal by HM The Queen, for gallant services in Ulster with the Parachute Regiment.*

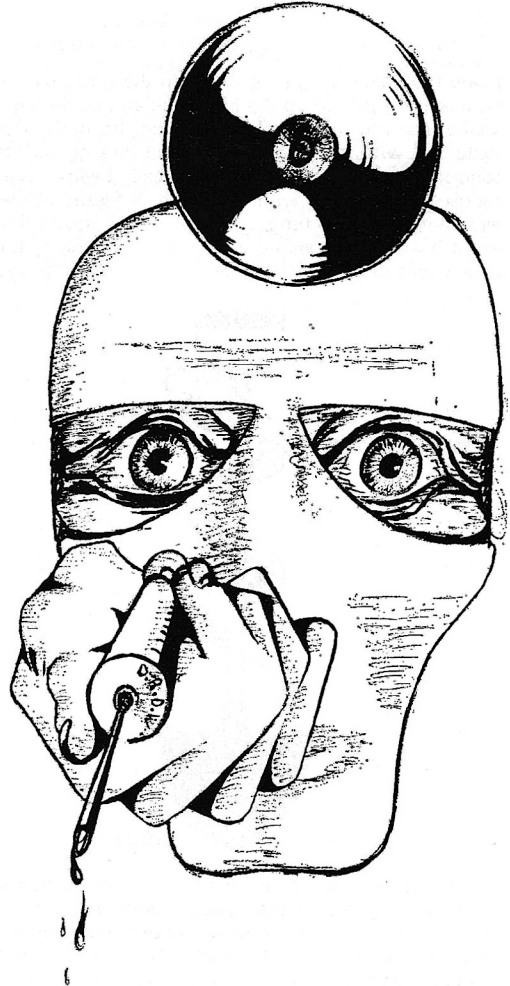
## Literary Section

### SPIDER MAN

"Hurry up, Bill, get across there and fix that bolt. I'm not wanting the beam to fall down." "OK." I wish that man would keep his hair on. They didn't pay him to get us killed. Maybe we are called 'spider men' but it doesn't mean I'm a 'spider man'. It sickens me sometimes. The bloke gets on my wick and I've got a headache. A headache! So I have. I've not noticed it before. If I fall off here I'd probably kill myself. Not a very nice thought is it. I can't hardly focus on the ground it's all blurred. Oops-a-daisy, just about fell. Have to sit down take a rest. Need to get my vision back. "Bill, hurry up. They don't pay you to sit down on the job, come on, get up, get moving." "Oh, shut up, will you. I've got a headache and I can't hardly see." "You're getting too old that's your trouble. Hey, Alf, nip over there

and fix that bolt for Bill. He's feeling ill." He said that last piece very strongly. "No, don't bother, Alf, I'll do it—I'm all right now. Just had a bit of a weezy spell. I'm all right now." I got a grip on the girder and began to walk again. Maybe he's right, maybe too old for this job, maybe I ought to be retiring, no not really he's just trying to get me back on to the job again. I'm good for a few more years yet easily, easily. Man, I am feeling weezy, I'm feeling faint.

"Is he all right, doctor? Will he be all right? What's broken? Is badly hurt?" Who that. It sound like my wife talking to a doctor. A doctor? I opened my eyes. This was very hard because my head was very sore. I tried again to move but felt pains down my legs. I tried again and screamed in pain. The nurse came in and said, "Now don't move,

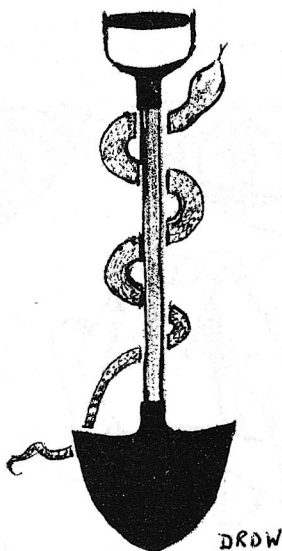


you'll be all right." She moved to the door. "Doctor, doctor, he's awake." I heard footsteps then a doctor appeared. "So you're just about fighting fit again." "Don't give me that, doctor. What happened?" "Well, you were lucky that you had got across so far you landed on the inside platform." "How far down is that? From where I fell." "Not very far; about thirty feet." "What did I do in the way of damage?" "Well, you broke your legs. The left one's the worst. You broke that one just below the knee. The other leg you've broke the ankle." "I'm past it, doc, past it. It's about time I retired." "Well, I don't know about that but it's time you went to sleep. Nurse, give him the drug." I felt one slight prick in the arm. In twenty seconds I was asleep.

M. J. Evans, IIIa

### SNAKE

I saw the snake wriggling about in the grass by the wire fence. I picked up the big brush and pushed the snake into the middle of the garden. Its body was dead still with its head held up and flicking out its tongue. I moved round. Its small beady eyes followed me. I hit it with the brush. It hissed at me. Watching it all the time, I picked up the spade and lifted it above the snake, then I brought the spade down and chopped the snake in half. Orangy-red



blood oozed very slowly from the snake on to the light green grass of the lawn. I watched it for a moment, both ends wriggling about like magic. I chopped the bits up into smaller bits but they still wriggled about. I battered them with the spade,

then lifted the bits on to the spade and threw them away into the mass of bushes and fern as far as I could. I wiped the spade in the sand and carried on playing.

C. Nelson, III

### HALF A LIFETIME

In September 1964, a nine-year-old boy arrived at the school, hardly able to write, let alone do arithmetic and certainly not able to comprehend what Beatlemania was about. In June 1973, that same boy now eighteen, leaves the school, still unable to write, or do arithmetic, but he has noticed the changes in the school.

In his lifetime, or rather half his present lifetime, the changes have been enormous. No longer stiff-necked, sweaty-shirted boys, walk around with the sun reflecting off their buttons, or cower round a stove in a corrugated hut, waiting for their fingers to de-frost. Days long gone, now they stroll about in tweed jackets and play pipes in a modern, central-heated hut.

The marshes have disappeared, to be replaced by tennis courts, a young plantation, a long-promised sports hall, and a plush new pavilion, which with it brought decent roads.

Even as I write this in the library, I realise this was not here when I arrived, nor the sitting-rooms which came in with the changing of the house system. Television is watched in comfort from armchairs instead of benches, and coffee is now drunk legally.

Even now another change is in progress, as a science block appears out of the main square. Changes for the better? Yes!

S. Langlands, VI

### SPIDERMAN

My stomach grumbled under me as I scurried along a cross-beam shaped like a capital H lying on its side, my feet on the lower edge and my hands flat down on the top surface. This same flat surface blocks most of my view of the ground.

The early morning noise pounded my ears. The crane, that huge yellow monstrosity which disfigures the skyline, lowered the first girder of the day. I guided it into position and slid in the bolts.

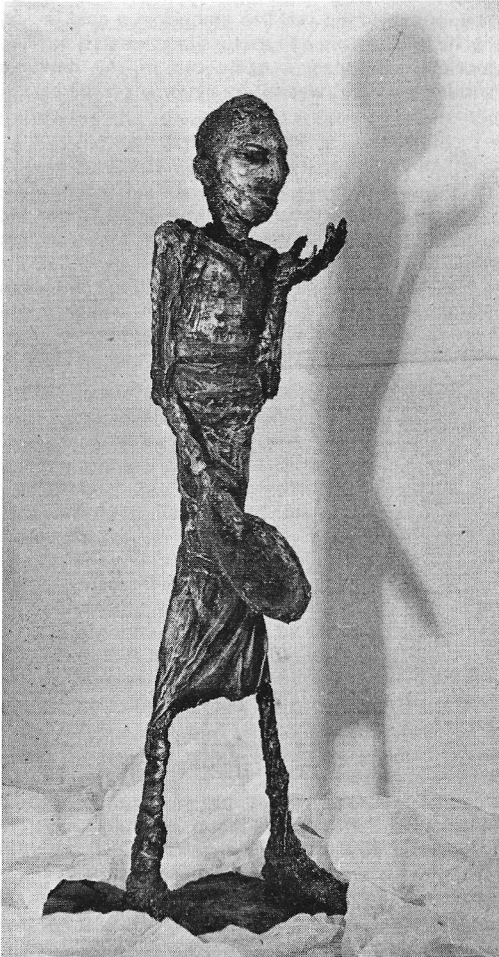
I looked round the girder at the ground, the flow of commuting traffic steadily increasing. My hands started to sweat for a reason I couldn't explain as I made my way along the next cross-beam girder.

My stomach gave in its final notice and I was suddenly violently sick. I started to fall, thrashing my arms around trying to find a grip. The girders are flying past me at an ever increasing rate. As I smash on to the ground the commuters, their interest at an end, go on their way.

C. H. Brown, IIIa

## THE BEGGAR BOYS

Two little beggar boys,  
With begging bowls in hand,  
Sat and waited.  
Two thin beggar boys,  
With begging bowls in hand,  
Lay down and waited.



Two dead beggar boys,  
With begging bowls in hand,  
Filled their little hole and waited.  
A kind archaeologist,  
With digging space in hand,  
Came and dug them up and filled  
Their bowls with sand.

Duncan Woodward, V

## HUMILIATED

I was in a CCF class being taught about the rifle.  
"You're here this afternoon to be shown how to  
remove the bolt, the magazine and how to clean the  
rifle." Great fun, I thought, and set myself into a  
day-dream. "To remove the bolt you. . . ."

I didn't care, I was too busy picking fluff off my  
shirt.

"Now you take your four by two and fold it and  
put it through the second loop in the rope."

I started picking renovator off my belt and tried to  
loosen it one place.

"Do you all understand that?"

We all muttered, "Yes."

"Well, who is going to go through it all to show  
the rest of us?"

No one volunteered.

"Ah, Anderson, you were listening, weren't you?  
You come out and show us what I've just been  
telling you."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. You are Anderson, aren't you?"

I got out of my seat and walked to the front with  
a confident smile which I soon lost. I picked up the  
rifle and tried to open the bolt.

"The safety-catch, you fool. You must take off the  
safety-catch."

"Ah . . . Oh, yes, that's right."

I undid the safety-catch and pulled the bolt back.  
It still wouldn't come out.

"You must lift up the back sight first, Leading  
Cadet Anderson."

I lifted up the back sight and the bolt came out no  
bother.

"Well done. Now go through the clearing motions.  
Oh. God. I picked up the cleaning strip and tore  
it on the dotted line. I folded it in half and put it into  
the first loop on the rope and tried to lower it down  
the barrel."

"The weighted end down first. The piece you're  
holding."

I dropped the weighted end down the barrel and  
pulled. It stuck fast.

"Well done, Mr. Anderson. Now a big hand for  
that wonderful demonstration. Go and sit down,  
You've the mentality of a Rock Ape!"

Pass on, nigger!

Run along, chink!

Even if you can type you're not pretty!

Junkie? Beat it, you can't work here!

Up you, Jew-boy!

Damned lefty!

Independence for Scotland!

They can't fend for themselves.

Creep off, Abo!

Evolution? Blacks don't evolve!

D. Scullion, IV

## THE FACE I NEVER LIKED



"What are you doing there?" I said to my reflection in the mirror. "Looking at you," was the answer. "Get out," I said, "I'm trying to comb my hair." "What a coincidence, so am I," it said in a soft voice. "I mean it," I said, nearly pulling my hair out. "If you don't go I'll smash you." "Try it," it said. "Oh, come on, I want to put cream on my spots." "Nope," it said. "Right, that does it," I said, and I picked up a chair and threw it at my reflection. Smash, tinkle, tinkle, I was lying in fragments on the floor. After being glued together, I kept on getting a gluey taste in my mouth. I went to another mirror. "Oh, no, it can't be, is it, yes, it is. How did you get here?" Well, you see, it's like this. I repeat story.

G. Aitken, II

## Mr. JONES

He sat staring at Smith twirling a pencil with his thumb and forefinger. He said, "What dimensions are in the end view, Smith?" Smith did not reply. He stood there, eyes bulging out like a pair of small side plates. His mouth began to open like a giant clam and he stood there apparently transformed to a zombie. Mr. Jones sat breathing heavily, his face slowly changing to purple like a plum when it is ripe. His eyes glowed like ambers in a coal fire and his nostrils twitched like a fly's legs when it has been mortally wounded. I came out of my daydream suddenly when I was hit by a rubber on the ear.

G. Doyle, IV

Go through the proper channels  
Go through them.  
Although you'll never come out  
Unscathed  
For the proper channels  
Have no exits.

You will enter them  
They'll see to that  
They'll also see that  
You don't come out  
They turn you round,  
Mix you up  
And send you back  
The way you came  
Saying,  
"Good boy, you did it  
Through the proper channels.  
Try again!  
But mind you . . .  
Go through the proper channels!"

G. Weir, IV

## THE BOXER

A stool was swung out into the corner, with the hum of the bell still lingering in the smoke-saturated air. He sat down with his legs straight and slightly apart, the weight of his calf muscles resting on his heels. His lips limp and moving out and into his cheeks again as he sucked for air. A long streak of elastic saliva stretched from the corner of his mouth and developed into a globule blob idling down his chin. His body was covered with glossy streaks where beads of sweat had made their path over and around rippling muscle. His dark brown skin became taut and limp again as his rib cage moved up and down, giving assistance to his breathing. The bell resounded, a sponge trailed across his face, absorbing the phlegm from his nose, saliva from his mouth and sweat from his brow. Out into the ring he went glittering under spotlights.

J. White



### BOREDOM

They were all sitting in the class bored. They were always bored in this class. It was always the same. The teacher's voice dragged on and on, and the class became more and more bored.

I watched one person as he swung back on his chair. First on two legs and then on one, trying to spin himself around in a complete circle. After finding he couldn't because his desk got in the way, he stopped swinging and lifted the desk lid slightly and slid his hand in. Rummaging around he pulled out a book. He flicked through the pages stopping to look at the pictures, then he put the book back into the desk. He sat still staring into space for a while. He then pulled a jotter from one of his folders and put it down in front of him and started patting his head and watching the dandruff fall out on to his book. After collecting a fair amount, he blew it on to the floor, put his head on the desk and went on a trip into his own world.

### VERGORGETORIX

"Vergorgetorix is coming. His band are going to kill us all."

Everyone ran except these two.  
They were old and bed-ridden.  
The rest of the villagers returned.  
The outlaws had gone.  
The old couple were buried.  
No one had remembered them in their flight.  
Now they were dead.

G. Anderson, IV

### DARKNESS

The weight of a bulky object obstructed his normal breathing. He awoke, pushing what felt like a fabric-covered case to one side. Small splinters of glass dug into his hand as he pushed against the floor to stand up. He heard the distant voices which were drowned by the humming of machines. The smell of diesel oil and coffee was picked up by his increasingly keener nose. Moving his hands slowly and cautiously to his front and side he felt the texture of seating wet, and after smelling his hand he realised it was coffee, presumably from a vacuum flask.

Things began to make sense to him, as he stumbled about on the inclined floor. Chatter of men became louder, a ray of light from a torch beamed through a splintered window, and for a second focused on a triangular piece of mirror, with the letters BR on it.

J. White

### DESCRIPTION OF A BUS CONDUCTRESS

Jumping on to an already moving bus, I swung my way down to the back, sat hunched, undid my laces and tried generally to look under thirteen. The bus conductress was taking fares at the other end of the bus. She was big, monstrous would be better. She had fuzzy light-brown hair which almost completely hid her hat, pig-like eyes and a mole, a hairy mole. Her deep bass voice held an aggressive, menacing tone for everyone as she lumbered down the aisle I noticed her hairy legs were squeezed into laddered stockings. She had small, narrow feet.

Bad will and bad breathe hung around her like cigarette smoke and nicotine-stained hands that had nothing to do as she approached, hung by her sides. When she finally arrived at my seat, towering and ominous, I visualised getting my teeth put back, but keeping to my original plan, in a high Scots falsetto I asked for "a half tae Dunfermline, please" and extended my trembling hand. "You're no' a half," it stated, its fat quivering. I looked at her badge pinned to the traditional black jacket and my eyes travelled over her breast to her money-bag and ticket machine. Finally, I looked at her shoes—and paid the fare.

R. J. Knox

### BIRTHDAY

A birthday is waking up on Monday morning at five past seven to wash, make your bed, sweep your bedspace and get out of the dorm before anyone awakens at twenty-five past seven.

I did this and walked into breakfast at a quarter to eight. No one had remembered my birthday as yet. Halfway through the meal Trevor asked, "What date is it?" Then I knew my days were numbered. Someone replied, "Fourth of December, why?" "It's Shug's birthday," said Trevor. Eyes turned as the message was passed by word of mouth down the fourth year messes. At the end of the meal I cleared the mess. A reception committee in the dormitory was disappointed when I didn't go up to make my bed. While they awaited me in the north dormitory I had put my hard shoes on and fought my way past Trevor on the south side of the building. I went to the English room and laid low till Chapel.

At Chapel time, a reception committee awaited me at the main door, but suspecting this I entered by the choir door. Luckily they respected the sanctity of the House of God. At the end of Chapel I was the fifth person to leave by the main door. The people in front were sixth years. They didn't matter—it was the fourth years behind me that I had to avoid. I walked calmly out of Chapel and once into the open broke into a sprint with Gallacher and Heaps in hot pursuit. I entered the new building, tore up the

stairs and hid in the toilets next to the French room, locking myself in. No one knew where I was. After a while I dared to venture into the wild but Kempself was there washing his hands. He saw me. I dashed back into the toilet, but Kempself made no attempt to catch me. He just calmly walked out. Thinking it was safe I wandered out and came face to face with Dave Darling. I turned to run for my hiding place but before I could lock the door, he and Kempself pushed against me keeping it partially open, while Trevor climbed over the top. I tried to make a break for freedom but they held on to me and dragged me, struggling all the way into the English room. They laid me on Mr. Kelly's desk and got to work with their dumps, holding me down for others as they arrived one by one. Then as though to save me from being beaten to death the bell went and I was left alone to crawl to my place. A minute later Mr. Kelly walked in and told us to write a conversation and a story. Here I am writing the story. The bell goes now I have to face PT with no protection but a pair of sports pants.

H. K. Boyle, IV

### DARKNESS

Lying on my back just regaining consciousness, its cold and uncomfortable. It's black outside, it's black inside, too. The proverbial hand in front of face blackness. I stood up. Far away sounds recede into the darkness. My head hurts, it's cold and I'm lost. Where am I? Dead? I can't see any angels or anything else, hear anything. Smell. Smell of dead dying things. Suddenly something grunts then wheezes; the sound of a dying thing. A medley of sounds penetrate the darkness. Water dropping, distant battle sounds. That's it, battle, war. I remember the German tank turning round facing our building, our impudent bullets bouncing off its thick hide, a noise then blackness.

Now blackness too, destined for future darkness, my eyes ache, either the world has lost all its light or I'm blind.

R. J. Knox

### HIS ANGER

I had never seen Mr. Jones so angry. His usual monotonous tone had disappeared and another developed. As usual his hands wavered in the air. "There seems to be a private joke amongst us," he said calmly. Then exploding into a raging fury he shouted, "And you, Mr. Smith, seem to be the centre of it by trying to imitate me!" Then calming down, the tension disappearing from the area around his eyes, his mouth widening a little and his shoulders relaxing and becoming smaller, he said,

"Now, Mr. Smith," trying to keep himself calm, "I have a variety of voices and I can use any of them better than any of you can." He was starting to cool off, the colour gradually coming back into his face. "Now let's get on with the play and no more nonsense."

H. K. Boyle, IV

### THE SKELETONS

Carefully I dug away  
So as not to break any more bones,  
Of these two people.  
For I had already damaged  
Their two left feet.

A team of experts came  
From the nearest large museum.  
"At a rough guess," one said,  
"These two men  
Were Romans."

They, the two men, were probably murdered  
Because one had a fractured skull,  
And the other,  
A piece of metal  
In his ribcage.

From that day on,  
I have thought the house  
To be haunted,  
By two men  
Fighting for their lives.

H. K. Boyle, IV

### THE MATCH

I held the matchstick between my thumb and forefinger. It made a slight impression of its long, straight, rectangular body on the soft pads of my thumb and finger. I struck it on the glasspaper whereupon it made a short but violent tearing noise. Suddenly the blue head burst into a bright yellow and orange flame like a fuse. The smoke went billowing up to the ceiling to form a mushroom-shaped cloud. The smell was like burnt out fireworks. The flame formed a triangle with the matchstick as a base. As it crept along the matchstick it slowly diminished, leaving behind a red glow which turned into a raven-coloured black, crumbling substance. As the flame went out another puff of thick grey smoke went billowing up to the ceiling and left in my hand was a piece of burnt wood, twisted like a dry bent twig and just as frail.

M. Nelson, IV

## SKELETONS?

As my spade slid through  
 The soft earth,  
 I saw them.  
 White but dull,  
 Lying as if asleep.  
 A fight to the death,  
 Perhaps.  
 Like branches of trees  
 They lie.  
 Like palm leaves  
 In dirt.

D. Scullion, IV

The look on the old hag's face. The look of a long, hard childhood. I've seen the look before, on old relatives, old friends of my mother and on her mother. I remember once when I was visiting my Granny, my hair was curly and unkempt after being in the wind. She got out a stiff wire brush and scraped at my scalp until not even one rebellious curl remained. She then patted my aching head and I remember looking in the mirror at her. She had that look on her face. Maybe I should describe the look to you; the tilted head, the half-closed eyes, the stern lines of the lips. But it's not an expression but an impression left on my brain.

R. J. Knox

## HOSPITAL

Turned over on side,  
 Posterior staring her in the face.  
 Oversized needle plunges,  
 I die for a second.  
 The pain disappears with her.

Stretcher passes me empty,  
 It returns with puzzled men,  
 Asleep I'm not,  
 They lift me on.  
 Slightly afraid but more excited.  
 Off to be dissected.

M. Ferrigan

THE CASE OF THE POISONED  
TARANTULA

I had a lot of unusual pets, but probably the most unusual was a small tarantula.

It was about two inches long, including the legs, and weighed about five grams.

I kept him in an old glass aquarium which I had found in our shed. In this I had just about two inches of sand. At one end I put some stones in, some large enough to have cracks in between which the spider

could walk into. I put in some soil which I had got from our garden on to some stones, and soon plants began to grow in it.

I usually fed it on egg yolks. I kept it in this way for about four months, until one Friday it died.

I went to school as usual, but when I returned home I found it on its back with its legs just twitching in mid-air. It died the next night. I found out later that it had eaten a bit of left-over meat from one of our plates at breakfast.

## POW '72

I feel that it is only right to begin this report on last summer's dramatic production by offering, on behalf of the whole cast, our sincere commiserations to the Electricity Board, who tried very hard to disrupt our weekly, Wednesday 6 p.m. rehearsals with their constant 'blackouts'. Hard luck . . . better luck next time!

Secondly, if POW '72 did nothing else, it did give us the once-in-a-lifetime chance to see one of our



resident Welshmen, Major Thomas, wearing a kilt. Alas, we only had the audacity to show the spectacle

three times, but it will always be a memory to cherish!

Being serious for a change, the scope of our—dare I say it—SHOW, from 'pie-flinging' sketches with very sick jokes to 'serious' Gilbert and Sullivan opera, was enough to give our director, producer, scriptwriter, musical arranger, choreographer, etc.—all being Major Athey, by the way—a lot of hard work, and I am sure many headaches. For his suffering, we thank him! I am sure, also, that he would back me, when I congratulate all the boys who took part in this QVS extravaganza, especially the Wavell boys, who, for ones so young, did extremely well. I might add that we other actors and singers (if you can describe us as such) suffered along with Major Athey.

Everyone would agree with me that in an all-round effort like this, individuals should not be mentioned, but we must break this rule, to thank Mrs. Athey, who did such a marvellous job as our 'wardrobe mistress'. She must surely have gone through dozens of reels of cotton when making the many costumes needed. Special thanks also go to the various departments that helped in the production of POW, also the MOD, who supplied the hurricane lamps when it was dark!

Lastly, we salute the master of our only four-footed actor, Sam. His generosity in letting us use Sam in the production was very much appreciated by all—except possibly by Sam Dalziel, who was landed with his namesake on a few occasions, for long walks. We also thank the headmaster for allowing the production to get off the ground. Look out! Here's Batman—POW! POW! POW!

S. Grant  
(on behalf of Major G. M. Athey)

### FAT MAN ON THE BUS NEXT TO ME

Flumph!

He was next to me. Well, that is, his thighs had spread out over the seat like a rampant greasy tide, straining wetly against his badly overworked, faded jeans, leaving his outermost extremities resting against my leg. I moved quickly and the evil, slithery mess that was his fat leg slid after me and stopped a millimetre away.

I turned and looked at what had sat next to me. It was a man. A horribly fat man, so fat as to be almost disgusting, but a man nonetheless.

His face was lost amidst the glistening folded walls of excess body that hung round it, hooding it almost, making his tiny, shiny, over-lidded fat eyes seem very distant. They were green, I think, and they sparkled and flicked from side to side seemingly checking that the fat came no nearer. I looked at his

nose. It was massive and blemished pink and a purply, sick, blue colour, and it had little holes in it. There were two gigantic holes as well, spouting hairs like over-active anemones. God help me if he sneezes. I couldn't find his ears amongst the hair and the fat which hung side by side down the side of his head. He had very thin lips, a small pale red branch floating on a slicked sea of excess person and loose, greasy, blotchy skin. He did not move it. I don't think I would have watched.

I sat back and worried. I had to get off, but I had to go past him. I stopped looking at him and tried not to notice the odour. The foul, musty, very noticeable, yet desiring not to be noticed odour. Yes, I tried not to notice the odour.

T. Gemmill, V

### A BUTCHER, AN OBSERVATION OF

"Half a pound of best mince." His muckle hand dips into the appropriate tray. He scoops some up and with his free hand he lays some greaseproof paper on the scales. Then for a few seconds in the pretence of patting it into shape he slaps the mince to and fro with his hands, whereas he is actually playing with it like a child plays with plasticine or suchlike, enjoying every second. On the scales with it. "Oops!" A drop too much. Pinch a bit out here and there and flick it back into the appropriate tray. Wraps it up quickly and efficiently—this is a part of the game he doesn't like so much. "There now, 45p, please." His big, round, reddish face beams at me like a child who has done well and is awaiting a reward. Hand over money. Receive change. He's no longer interested in me now that I've been served. "Next, please," he says, emphasising the 'next' with childish delight.

J. T. S. Stewart, V

### Sir ROBERT CRANSTON MEMORIAL ESSAY

**Patriotism is a dirty word nowadays. Discuss.**

When one is confronted with a word such as patriotism the first ideas which probably spring to mind in this day and age are those of revolutionary groups of people, usually young, with banners and effigies of certain leading men or women in society who have portrayed, at one time or another, the general united feeling of the people in one country towards other nations of the world. Patriotism in itself has much deeper meanings and has a wide range of associations. It is, certainly, an expression of the ties of each individual to the country into which he was born, commonly known as 'the mother country'; so, therefore, by implication we have associations by *feeling* and not just by the participant





HEADMASTER WITH LEAVERS 1973

PIPE BAND 1973



|                                   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |                                  |
|-----------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------------------------------|
| Senior Monitor, Commanding Parade | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | George Gallacher                 |
| Guard Commanders, No. 1 Guard     | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Scott Langlands                  |
| No. 2 Guard                       | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | John White                       |
| No. 3 Guard                       | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Richard Davidson                 |
| No. 4 Guard                       | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | William Murray                   |
| Orderlies to Inspecting Officer   | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Ian MacGregor, Andrew Murray     |
| In charge of Colour Party         | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | David Barr                       |
| Colour Bearers                    | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Vincent Parker, Charles Common   |
| Boy Pipe Major                    | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Allan MacDonald                  |
| Boy Drum Major                    | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | William Dacey                    |
| School Sergeant-Major             | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Mr. J. Deeley (late Royal Scots) |

# Programme

1. Tea will be served immediately the Parade has left the Parade Ground.
2. Descent of Scottish Division "Golden Lions" Free Fall Parachutist Display Team (weather permitting), 4.45 p.m.
3. Highland Dancing (before or after parachute descent, dependent on timing).  
Argyllshire Broadsword  
Highland Fling  
(Highland Dancing Instructor, Mr. J. Mortimer, late KOSB)

4. 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 Union 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 . . . . . Cabair Feidh  
The Hills of Ayla

March . . . . . *The Bloody Fields of Flanders*

Strathspey . . . . . *The Braes of Tullymet*

Reel . . . . . Willie Davie

Slow Air . . . . . *Fair Jean*

Hornpipe . . . . . *The 78th Walk Round*

March . . . . . *The Bonny Summer Days*

March Off . . . . . *Highland Laddie*

## ARTS, CRAFTS AND HOBBIES

A display of work done by the boys during the year, or exhibits relating to popular hobbies, is arranged in the "Playhall" on the South edge of the Parade Ground. It is hoped that all visitors will visit this exhibition, either before or after the Parade. It closes at 5.30 p.m.

Guests are also invited to inspect the Pipe Room and Drum Room, behind the main row of seats. In these rooms are pictures and badges which have been presented to the school by all three Services, including every Regiment and Corps of the Army normally represented by sons at the school; also presentations from British Legion (Scotland) Branches, the South African War Veterans' Association, and principal or neighbouring cities and towns of Scotland.



BLACK WATCH SONS 1973

WAVELL HOUSE RUGBY TEAM 1973





members of a democracy to make their country, as a nation, economically and politically strong. This is the essential difference between patriotism and its accepted synonym—nationalism. Patriotism, therefore, in itself, implies a certain amount of nationalistic feeling and the two expressions run hand in hand.

When we talk about patriotism being a 'dirty word' we are referring to the amount of hard feeling which it automatically produces when mentioned, this being either due to the turbulence patriotism causes in social life or, more probably, to the unawareness of the favourable effects it might have on society. This is probably because of the effects of the people of a country coming together under one nationalistic feeling for a certain objective and in the past has usually been for the cause of war, therefore people look back on the past and shun patriotism as an 'evil thing'. Granted, but many such wide-ranged expressions have their detrimental effects, even Christianity which has been the cause of so many wars and turbulent periods in the past.

Patriotism is not only expressed in terms of nationalist feeling. Every nation has its own traditions, culture and way of life which they have a right to, and are proud of. Is this not expressed in patriotism? A nation proud of its culture and very often romantic history tends to be more patriotic than one which has 'borrowed' from other countries or has been created within a country by the effects of immigration and colonisation. Scottish people tend to be very patriotic because they are proud of their heritage and culture, in the same way that the Eskimos of today are still very proud of their way of life. The Chinese are very patriotic, they are united under one language. Surely this is the essence of patriotism.

In the past, patriotism was not so strong as to arouse the feelings which it has the effect of doing nowadays. This is because of the lack of communication between the people allegedly united under a flag—the symbol of patriotism. People tended to be more loyal either to tribes or clans or to their own community; with communication nowadays very efficient, the people are aware of their unification and tend to be more loyal as a whole; then surely patriotism has the great effect of holding a nation together or members of a set of people, with united spirit, together as a united force. A recent example is the American Indians. The only reason they have survived, to a certain extent, until this day, is because of their unification of a truly patriotic spirit. The Israeli Jews, for hundreds of years suppressed by savage brutality, have survived and built up their nation once again due entirely to that patriotism which supplies the determination and sense of purpose which is so important to the people of a nation in this day and age.

A. MacDonald, VI

What a delight it is  
To walk down to the pipe hut,  
Pick up my pipes,  
Blow them up,  
And find they have just been seasoned.

T. Reynolds

### THE FOREMAN

"There he is below me, checking the girder I have not long checked. Him! The so-called foreman; the man who plagues me; the man who always gets at me, if I don't tie a ladder quite firm enough; the man who always gets at me for smoking in the store hut; the man who always gets at me to wear my safety helmet. Ha! He's not wearing his. Shall I tell him? No. If he falls it is his fault, if he does not, I will slip it in, in conversation just to get a dig at him in front of my mates."

"I bet he is cursing me, me the foreman with a voice like hob-nailed boots on tarmac, or so they say; the man halfway between the workers and the management. What a job, both against you. I used to be called Bill. Now it is Mr. Murray this, and Mr. Murray that. Both management and workers don't like the foreman, although they need me. Two more months and that despicable, conceited sod above me will be called 'the foreman' and I will be happy at home with my gold watch and called Bill once again. Well, at least he knows his job, and the one coming to him. Is friendship worth the extra money?"

S. Langlands, VI

FOREMAN



### THE FOREST FIRE

Heat searing through the bark,  
To the gum beneath,  
Destroying as it goes,  
Across forest and heath.

A forest fire, the rangers dread,  
Its burning, leaving all things dead.  
A dull, thudding pain inside my head,  
Flames leaping yellow and red.

We can't control it,  
Going wild and worse,  
The trees withhold it,  
Then they burst,  
Exploding, ripping, and falling.

G. Ballantyne, P7a

### THE HARBOUR

The cranes are creaking and rusty. Rats scuttle over rusty anchors, and dry seaweed turns from green to brown on the quay. Tall buildings of red brick fill one horizon on the other, sailors scuttle over tidy ships. A siren is wailing out into the mist. Brown smoke pours from a rusty tramp steamer, and oil drips from old oil drums down the steps and into the water. Greasy patches lie over old metal, and bright metal soon becomes rusty as well. At night, the creaking cranes are still. Bright lights illuminate platforms and rats scavenge for food. Both the tidy and the rusty ships are empty. No sirens wail.

G. Ballantyne, P7a

### THEM

They came from the black, stinking marshes, from the gutters, and the sewers. They slobbered at door-steps, scraped at windows, and slopped and quivered all over cleanness, making it filthy. They were brownish in colour, except for guards and their leader, and had virtually no shape, except for a hideous pair of eyes, and evil, glinting fangs. They did not walk, but glided along on tentacles. Their manners were disgusting.

They were all the same, and all had one thing in mind, to produce dirt and germs. Their leader was a hideous creature, with orange, warty skin. He had purple dandruff in his green hair. His fangs were yellow and long, his tail armoured. From his body glinted many pairs of eyes and on his chin was a disgusting red beard.

One soldier guarded him all the time. The soldier was multi-coloured, had large dismal eyes, and

flared nostrils for smelling humans. His clubbed tentacles were armed with razor-like claws, and five germ rays.

They moved over the country, spreading disease and germs. People began to barricade themselves in, but the things came through the drains. Men laid down rat poison and strong cyanide, but the things thrived on it and reproduced more quickly. They moved to London. A thick scum appeared on the Thames before anyone knew they were there. Then plague swept London like fire, and they were gone. On, on, on. Night and day they moved on. They got to Wiltshire. Deep in Savanake forest they lurked. RAF, Upavon, was deserted, the airstrip grass a thick layer of slime. They came to Devizes, ruining the food market. On to Potterne, and then . . . they were gone. Nothing happened, until finally a voice rang over the county, saying, "We are leaving. Disease racks our bodies, we die now, we leave you!" The last words were rasped out like metal on sandpaper, and that was all. They had gone. Next day, blobs of yellow-brown jelly lay on the grass verges, and on the roads. They had left their sick to die, wiped out by their own germs. The invasion was over.

G. Ballantyne, P7a

### A WORLD OF SOUND

I shut my eyes I cannot see,  
A world of darkness comes through to me.  
The lights are humming  
Somebody is coming.  
He is standing next to me.  
A rattling pencil  
A clattering desk  
But who is that next to me?  
He is breathing heavily  
He blows his nose  
Who is that next to me?  
The clock is ticking  
I hear the door clicking  
But who is that next to me.  
Books dropping  
Somebody next to me.  
Who is that burping I do not know?  
I have to open my eyes  
I look around, all I get is a frown.  
Who was that next to me?  
I look around but nobody's there.  
Oh, what a gift to be able to see.  
I see light but some are in endless night.

K. Sinclair, 7a

The newspaper seller  
Lives on disaster.

R. Paterson, V

## WITHOUT EYESIGHT

I shut my eyes  
 I cannot see  
 A world of sound comes through to me.  
 A sound of a cough  
 As a ruler hits the floor  
 And somebody kicks the door wedge  
 Into the door.  
 A pencil running down the desk  
 A scrape of chairs  
 The sound of someone running down  
 The stairs.  
 A shuffle of feet  
 As the clock ticks  
 The tapping of pencils sounds like  
 Sticks.

A. Anderson, P7a

## A PAIR OF SHOES

I'm sometimes clean  
 And sometimes dirty,  
 But I'm cleaned at night  
 Until I'm bright.  
 I sometimes have to get repaired  
 With nails going in me everywhere.  
 My master never looks after me  
 Until Grand Day;  
 And when it comes  
 I'm bright and gay.  
 What am I?

*(A pair of shoes)*

P. McLoughlin, P7b

It shook itself free at last  
 And floated like a paratrooper in the sky.  
 Suddenly "Whoosh!" it skidded  
 Along the bright green grass  
 And there it will always lie.  
 What is it?

— *(A leaf)*

I. Connor

## BEING ANGRY

I tear everything apart in anger. I feel like a hunting  
 bear. And anything that gets in my way I will kill.  
 The things that make me mad are people speaking  
 and acting tough. I hate the sight of them—people  
 blaming me for something I've not done.

Now there was a boy called Martin and he told on  
 me for smashing a window which I'd never done.  
 But I will tell you something secret—it was my idea.

So that's why I think he's a miserable urchin.

People are always shouting, bawling and screaming down my ear. They don't care at all. You can't do anything without getting angry. People mess games up. And never agree. When people start fighting they get one back from me. You can't trust me when I'm in anger. I'm calm as a lake in the country and then suddenly I'm like a wounded dinosaur. Once I snapped an apple straight in two with my nails. Lots of people are afraid of me when I get mad. That's why they nick-named me the dreaded lion. It really suits me. When I'm feeling like a savage people never touch me. I have a really bad temper.

C. Lyons, P6a

## THE TOURNAMENT

## 1321—In the reign of Edward II

There was a loud round of applause as the helmeted figure of the Duke of Albany, one of the most dreaded and powerful nobles in all England, rode out of the stables where his trusty steed had been tethered. A gasp rose from the loyal onlookers as they gazed intrigued by his clean burnished German plate armour. His sollerets firmly placed in the stirrups he sat solidly on his huge charger, looking invincible. His pauldrons showed no sign of rust whereas my own were so badly corroded that I could hardly move. The plumes on his helmet fluttered gallantly in the slight breeze. I brought my horse to heel and collected my weaponry, which consisted of a ball-and-chain flail, a lance and a dagger. I spurred my horse wildly and as I turned I heard him put and boast, shouting facetious remarks at me, knowing I could do nothing about it. I placed myself ready for the charge. "Just look at the impudent whippet!" he snapped. "Trying to make a fool of me. I'll soon cut him down to size."

A cool sweat oozed from my forehead. It was a warm day and I wished I hadn't engulfed myself in the warm gambeson beneath my plates. The king's mace dropped and I spurred my mount on violently. A brief checking of my later movements ran through my head. My brain was working out a battle strategy. We met, and the impact was too much for my gallant little horse as I struggled to maintain my balance. A warm liquid trickled freely down my arm. My lance lay nearby smashed beyond recognition. He had turned and was charging again. I made a split-second precise decision and my flail split his helm like an eggshell. His chain-mail gauntlets raised in agony to his visor, he fell to the ground, dazed. Dismounting, I ran to him, opened his visor with a wrench and with deadly accuracy plunged my dagger into the skull of the writhing figure—the Marquis of Albany was dead!

D. Taylor, P7b

A penny and Jack will laugh.  
 Another penny and Jack will cry.  
 Maybe if we gave him another  
 He would pull himself to pieces.

D. Scullion, IV

---

### THE MISER

You can have a tea-bag.  
 It's too bad you haven't got a cup!

R. Knox, V

---

### THE LOAFER

Dodging work with great effort  
 And feeling weary at the end of the day.

J. White, V

---

### HYPOCRITE

He's this but not that,  
 And that but not this.

D. Woodward, V

---

### THE WARLOCK O' DUNBLANE

Watty Bryce, the hero of this authentic tale, is believed to have *flourished* as an *uncanny* wight among the citizens of Dunblane, in the days of our Scottish Solomon, King James the *Last*. It is well known that at the nod of this sapient monarch, and by means of his antiwitchery publication, myriads of 'witches and warlocks' were conjured up, to the great terror and alarm of the newly-converted presbyterians, and their superstitious spiritual pastors. In those days, from writings still extant, as well as from gleanings from oral tradition, Dunblane seems to have been abundantly favoured with that spirit of illumination which so happily distinguished its august monarch from every other potentate on the face of the earth, since the days of his great prototype, the Son of David—although for a long time 'the maist pairt of ye inhabitants in ys town and nither pairts about had stuid over in sic fear, yt they never durst accuse' our hero, Watty Bryce. But as time wore on, and Adam Ballenden in 1615 obtained the Bishopric—'ye heall toun and sundrie gentillmen yrabout' seem to have conceived that the new Bishop would listen most religiously to 'ye strange dittayes' which they now had the courage to prefer against Watty. For we find the Bishop (Maie 13, 1615), in consequence of an application from Dunblane, numerously subscribed, in a letter from Scone, applying for a 'Comissione' to 'ye Laird of

Keir, Sir Geo. Muschat of Burnbanke, Knyght, James Kinross of Kippenross and to William Blakwoode and Jhon Morrisone, Bailyies of Dunblane, for putting ys man to inquest,' he being one 'yt haid dune grett mischief be his sorceries and witchcraft.' His Lordship's letter, 'desyrand ye comissione,' had, it appears, been duly attended to by 'yt worthie minister, the Rev. Jhon Rollok' of Edinburgh, to whom it was addressed—this divine having lost not a moment in applying to the *Secret Council*, procuring the document and transmitting it to Dunblane. In virtue of this, poor Watty Bryce was in a very short time 'fast in bandis.' His hoary locks and wrinkled features, instead of exciting commiseration, had only the effect of furnishing his superstitious persecutors with additional reasons why 'ys boundis sud be purgitt of ye pestilent fellow.' The *Evil-one* was observed by those who apprehended him, ginyin' in his very face—while the onlookers with what was called *holy fear*, blessed themselves that 'the devil durst gang nae farer than the tether wad lat him'—to say nothing of those who had *delated* the old man as a *warlock*, and who gazed on the intended victim with tremulous apprehension, while they no doubt considered how they 'wald give yair conscience upon the gritt damage yai had sustenit be his cantrips.'

When the Commissioners met within 'ye tolbuith' of Dunblane to hold the inquest, the Laird of Keir proposed (contrary it seems to the then usual practice in such cases) that the prisoner should be present to confront his accusers—and that he should be permitted to exculpate himself by cross-questioning the witnesses—in which proposition he was supported by the Laird of Kippenross and the Knyght of Burnbanke. The Bailies, however, opposed this with all the sturdy pith and fury which so much distinguished the bigotry and superstitious ignorance of the times. They averred that none of his accusers would venture to tell the truth face to face with this evil enemy of all good; but Kippenross frankly avowed his determination to sift the matter fairly, and had the hardiness and firmness even to drop such contemptuous hints against the whole proceedings as shewed he was no believer in their absurdities. In this he was supported by Keir, who failed not to tell them that the Bishop himself was of the same mind. Nor was this all. He even went so far as to propose the propriety and justice of burning the accuser, and setting the poor old prisoner at liberty.

'Beilzie Morisone' stood aghast on hearing this, but on recovering from his trepidation, he solemnly reminded them what they were about—that the *great King James* was a true believer in witches—nay, that *the great and ever blessed John Knox* himself was a believer in the existence of witches, and that every godly minister of the true Reformed



Kirk of Scotland at that day believed in the Bible and in *witches*.'

Scepticism in the creed of the worthy authorities, both royal and reverend, referred to by the sapient Bailie, was no longer minced. The Laird of Keir pitied the credulity and ignorance of those who recognised such absurdities as part of their faith. Kippenross contemptuously observed that the ministers of the *True Kirk*, as it was called, were, with few exceptions, grossly illiterate and ignorant—so much so, that he had lately heard one of them from the pulpit aver that the natural phenomena of Solar Eclipses were nothing else than miracles performed by the direct interposition of heaven, that poor benighted Scotland might profit thereby. The Knight bore testimony to the excellent character of the prisoner. He had known him for forty years, and his honest name he trusted would not be sullied by the visionary accusations of folly and ignorance. He had been industrious all his life, and possessed more than ordinary sagacity—and all that could be urged against him was, that the latter property had been more imprudently than wisely exercised, so as to work on the fears of the weak and credulous.

The 'Beilyie' here again rose and essayed to speak, with horror depicted in every lineament of his lank countenance. But he had just said that little more than 'aughteen zeirs' had elapsed since the last 'awfu' and fearfu' Eclipse whilk the Reverend and godly Robert Rollok, moderator of ye General Assemblie, of ye True Kirk of Scotland, and a man of gritt knowledge, and learned in all ye wisdom of ye Egyptians, had tauld from the poupit, was a *fearfu' warning to sinfu' Scotland sent by—* when he was abruptly interrupted by the three gentlemen, who formed a majority of the inquest, peremptorily ordering the prisoner to the bar, and which order was immediately attended to by the *lictors* in attendance.

Bryce appeared, and with confidence too, for he knew the majority of the tribunal were men whose sense and education had placed them above the superstitious ignorance of the times. Accordingly, he had no sooner approached the bar than he boldly requested and obtained permission to address a few words to their 'Honors.' From the tale which Watty here told, it would appear that during the three days and nights of his incarceration, he had not been permitted to sleep; that Bailies Blakwoode and Morison had been during all that time at stated intervals torturing him most cruelly, endeavouring to extort a confession from himself that he was actually a *warlock*, and in compact with the devil. He had been 'stabbit wi' swords, dirks, and daggers,' by the Bailies' attendants, and sometimes by themselves, in many parts of the body, while bound and unable to do anything for himself. And, committing his cause to the three gentlemen, he craved redress for the barbarous usage he had experienced.

The Knight of Burnbanke fired instantly in learning these particulars, and rising, turned hastily round to his coadjutor, the Bailies, enquiring if the prisoner had stated facts. The Bailies could not contradict what had been said by the old man, but pled common custom, and the necessity of extorting confession by torture, of such heinous and hellish criminals as *warlocks* must necessarily be—the enemies of both God and man. Whereupon the Knight, in the utmost ire, declared that by such means he could make the Bailies themselves confess being in compact with the price of darkness, or anything else which might be suggested to them—and forthwith proposed to send for Cromlix, hereditary superior of the regality, in order to have his consent to try the experiment. The proposition being warmly acceded to by Keir and Kippenross, the *ruse* was not without its effect; for the two Bailies retired from the bench thunderstruck, and the three gentlemen proceeded to call evidence. But one *witness* only, however, was examined, an old woman named Elspat Whirrit, who said she did not believe Watty Bryce could deny but that he had witched her, seeing he had, thirty years before, appeared to her in a dream, and exhorted her to leave her husband and elope with another man—since which occurrence, having taken his advice, she never had a day to do well; all which she ascribed to Watty's evil counsel in her dream. It is almost needless to add that this was a sufficient specimen of the *evidence* likely to be adduced. In a word, the Court broke up in disgust, and Watty Bryce was discharged. The Bailies, however, reported the matter their own way to the General Assembly—but Cromlix being rather more inclined to Episcopacy than Presbytery, found means to have the Bailies hanged at the 'gallow-lee' of Dunblane a short time thereafter. So saith our tale, the greater part of which is founded upon written documents, and corroborated by tradition.

## Wavell House Notes

### WAVELL HOUSE SUMMER TRIP TO AVIEMORE, 1972

I don't propose to give a minute-by-minute account of our activities but will simply recount the more memorable days, not necessarily in order.

Our first full day was spent walking round the tops. We went up on the chairlift—a new experience for many and most enjoyed it, though some were apprehensive of the height. We walked over Cairngorm itself (4084 ft.) where the Evans family were intrigued by the rocks and gave a brief account of how to find Cairngorm semi-precious stones by the

simple expedient of smashing open various types of boulder. This set the scene for the day, and the hills resounded to the sharp reports of rock on rock, as chips of stone flew in all directions. It was the Klondike Gold Rush all over again. We walked up to the edge and looked into the Coire an t-Sneachda, over quite a steep slope which impressed all. Then straight on to the Feith Buidhe river where we cooled our feet and looked for the elusive stone that would make us rich. Then it was home along the east slope of the Lairig Ghru, skirting the crags of Creag an Leth-choin and round the base of Castle Hill. A good day's walk in excellent weather.

Many of the day walks that had been planned were cancelled in favour of swimming and sun-bathing on the shores of Loch Morlich. The weather



was so tremendously hot that many less careful boys sustained nasty sun-burns and Mrs. Evans did sterling service with the calomine lotion. Idyllic days were spent lying on the beach soaking up sun or allowing oneself to be pressed into service with Col. Evans travelling cricket team which developed some fearsome skills during our stay. A strike to the water scored a six, and Col. Evans consistently placed his wickets about 10 feet from the nearest stretch of water. He scored rather highly, I remember. David Evans and I hired a couple of canoes and some of the boys had a bash at sculling up and down. Some fish were found, a passing log was commandeered as a pirate vessel which terrorised the immediate vicinity and was periodically attacked by screaming, brown bodies who flung themselves suicidally into the cool water to the famous battle-cry, "Geronimo!" which became the general signal for the less hardy of us to abandon deck chairs and get wet—or else! We thus passed several days at Costa Morlich most pleasantly if rather lazily. There is no doubt that the boys enjoyed this kind of activity best though we made one concession to hill-walking in that usually walked by circuitous routes to the loch.

Another less energetic pastime was a day spent at the Aviemore Centre which caters for all interests.

Some boys swam in the pool and a diving contest began from the springboard. Several boys had a try at Karting and some showed Fittipaldi-style talent as well as a latent death-wish as they hurtled round at about 25 mph. Mini-golf was attempted, pinball machines were played but the highlight of the visit was the pony-trekking. Not all the boys had ridden before but they did well and enjoyed the long ride though regrettably speeds over a slow walk were prohibited.

One of the longest walks was the trek to Loch Einich about 12–14 miles round trip. Unfortunately, one lad had a nasty nose-bleed at the halfway mark so Mr. Bruce stayed with him while we carried on. We spent only a short time at the loch as the boys paddled and threw stones. Much interest was shown in the surrounding cliffs and it was claimed by some that an eagle had been heard. One enterprising fellow thought he would carry a 15 lb. rock back to the hut but was successfully dissuaded from this after I had carried it some little way. Again, the weather was very pleasant—not as sunny as other days but dry and warm.

A day was spent at Loch an Eilein on the shore opposite the castle. It was a most pleasant day though the water was rather cold for continued swimming. Cricket again emerged as the number one activity with Col. Evans hooking the ball into the lake about 30 yards from the shore. The outfielders had a rather cold game as they stood chest-deep waiting for that one glorious catch.

One less sunny day, we gamely set off after Vasco da Bruce who succeeded in becoming slightly lost though not enough to cause either alarm or boredom. It was a lovely walk through heather and it was on this trip that the amazing phrase was coined, "Oh, look, there's a ptarmigan—no, it's not, it's a black-bird." The fact that we were not 100 per cent certain of our location added to the boys' excitement and the crossing of a stream became the massive bridging task of some Himalayan torrent which threatened to sweep them away to their watery doom. Several boys were keen for Mrs. Evans to fall in, just so they could throw themselves gallantly into the rushing water and save her.

The high point in terms of walks was the trip up the side of Feith Buidhe. This was a glorious day, the sun beat down and clothes were shed rapidly. Having taken the chairlift to the top of Cairngorm we walked along to the top of Coire Raibert and picked our way like mountain goats down the steep rocky path by the side of the stream. This created its own excitement. We strolled along by Loch Avon which was perfectly blue and clear though very cold. The Shelter Stone was visited and the visitors' book signed, the bag of emergency rations examined by hungry little boys who then had lunch outside by the river. Then began the scramble up Feith Buidhe itself. This is a very steep face to a small boy and

though misgivings were expressed initially, not one complained once the climb began but they scrambled on chatting incessantly and admiring the view which was magnificent. The crags on our left dominated the scene entirely, rising to a height of 3673 ft. The river tumbles down over flat rock slabs and the walk goes right beside this. It was a great trip and the boys were highly pleased at having done it. Again, we cooled our feet in the river on the top and watched the reindeer grazing on a nearby snow-patch. Then home along the east side of Lairig Ghru once more. The episode of the reindeer was recalled a few days later when on a walk to Loch Morlich, they were encountered at close quarters, in their pen and the old Lapp who is trying to introduce them to Scotland as a domesticated animal chatted to the boys, who took snaps of the reindeer.

Evenings were passed in reading, lazing, the inevitable cricket or cards, David Evans insisting on chatting away in French spoken with a Pakistani accent so I was hard put to it to understand what game he was playing. There were two outstanding features of the 10 days. The weather was undoubtedly a major factor in making our stay so pleasant. I cannot recall more than a few spots of rain and hardly any cloud. Mr. Bruce assures me that the last time the weather was thus was 1955. The other factor was the food. Mrs. Girvan and Mrs. Monaghan did a terrific job of producing Savoy-style meals and copious quantities of squash to raise flagging spirits, and we pass on our sincere thanks to both for their efforts. It might be mentioned that they were not averse to taking bat in hand for an innings occasionally and they both displayed unknown talents! I must say that the Colonel has an unknown musical talent for composition of lyrics. He composed a song entitled "Middle Benson" to the tune of a well-known folk song. He did promise to finish it but he feels that the competition from Marc Bolan is rather strong!

To sum up, everyone had a most pleasant stay and we pass on our thanks to the intrepid Mr. Bruce for all his tireless efforts in organisation, administration, discipline and navigation. It appears that there will be no more such summer trips to the Cairngorms, at least not along present lines which is a great shame. What better Outward Bound course could one devise for the Wavell boys?

Capt. J. S. Hendry, RAEC

### WAVEL BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS

| <i>Minor Winner</i> |                | <i>Loser</i> |             |
|---------------------|----------------|--------------|-------------|
| 1.                  | D. Rodgers     | ✓            | S. McLean   |
| 2.                  | M. Watson      | ✓            | M. E. Smith |
| 3.                  | A. Cuthbertson | ✓            | S. Dolan    |

|    |               |   |           |
|----|---------------|---|-----------|
| 4. | B. Hamilton   | ✓ | S. Slaven |
| 5. | M. Milne      | ✓ | J. Cullen |
| 6. | D. Waterhouse | ✓ | G. Lang   |
| 7. | S. Wilson     | ✓ | A. Elliot |

#### *Major Winner*

#### *Loser*

|     |             |   |               |
|-----|-------------|---|---------------|
| 8.  | M. Reid     | ✓ | G. Robb       |
| 9.  | D. Watson   | ✓ | K. Rutherford |
| 10. | D. Rafferty | ✓ | I. Munro      |
| 11. | M. Riddell  | ✓ | J. Turnbull   |
| 12. | D. Taylor   | ✓ | W. McLean     |

### PERSONAL SURVIVAL AWARDS, 1972-73

#### Wavell House

Session 1972-73 produced a total of 38 awards being gained—19 bronze and 19 silver medals. This is better than the period 1971-72 during which 18 medals in total were won. This makes a total of 56 medals over the two-year period. The syllabus is quite extensive for young lads and much hard training is needed to ensure a pass. Several boys have not passed the exam, but sodden pyjamas is not conducive to speed swimming! The total is quite acceptable and has been limited, not by lack of interest, but by the restricted capacity of the pool for swimming classes. A number of boys who already possess these awards are presently working for the gold standard, which is significantly more difficult but there is every indication that the group of 16 boys will succeed.

#### Boys who passed exams during 1972-73

| <i>Bronze only</i> | <i>Bronze and Silver</i> | <i>Silver only</i> |
|--------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| McLoughlin, P.     | Taylor, D.               | Kerr, P.           |
| Connor, I.         | Johnson, C.              | Rose, D.           |
| Riddell, M.        | Reid, M.                 | Elliot, A.         |
| Dempsey, B.        | Heeps, J.                | Graham, W.         |
| Boyd, R.           | Munnoch, J.              | Benson, G.         |
| Ballantyne, G.     | Marchant, N.             | Wilson, S.         |
| Millar, J.         | Wilson, B.               | Buchanan, M.       |
|                    | Smith, K.                |                    |
|                    | Gray, D.                 |                    |
|                    | Turnbull, J.             |                    |
|                    | Munro, I.                |                    |
|                    | Pearce, K.               |                    |

In addition to the above, S. Benson completed both courses and passed the exams although he already has the Bronze, Silver and Gold standard since before he joined QVS. I would like to congratulate all the above boys who have done very well and trained hard and I hope that as they progress up the school they will keep up their swimming and lead the school on to greater honours.

Capt. J. S. Hendry, RAEC

## SWIMMING GALA, 1973

### Wavell House

Looking at the list of events and participants before the big day, I had the impression that the gala had the makings of a most exciting afternoon for all concerned. And so it turned out. As usual, there was much vocal audience participation as swimming is a good spectator-sport. The screams of encouragement from 80-odd highly enthusiastic throats drowned utterly the efforts of the swimmers, who thundered up and down, apparently oblivious to the fact that numerous casual bets were changing hands and ecstatic or downcast watchers were celebrating or bemoaning the performance of 'their man'.

But if the spectators were thus intimately involved, what of the contestants themselves? Well, without exception they swam to the limits of their ability, some time forcing from themselves great extra bursts of energy, which was tiring for the spectators, as well as the swimmers! Although times were not recorded, it was obvious to the judges that very good times were being established, and perhaps previous records broken. The boys were on the whole very fit and swam accordingly.

There were the customary 15 basic events, and this year it was decided to add a diving contest, to cater not only for demand but to give a natural break in mid-gala. Four boys from each dormitory had a dive-off to produce a dormitory winner, and then these three did two dives to choose a winner. The quality of the diving was very good, although it is not a skill generally taught in Wavell, whereas swimming is. The diving contest was judged, very ably, by Mrs. Hope-Thomson. The overall results are as follows.

#### Swimming

Abercromby won with 42 points  
Lynedoch and Moore tied equal 2nd with 30 points

#### Individual Champions

|       |           |             |
|-------|-----------|-------------|
| Minor | Champion  | J. Robb     |
|       | Runner-up | G. Benson   |
| Major | Champion  | G. Farquhar |
|       | Runner-up | D. Ross     |

#### Diving Contest

|        |              |
|--------|--------------|
| Winner | C. Johnson   |
| 2nd    | G. Benson    |
| 3rd    | D. Broadbent |

Capt. J. S. Hendry, RAEC

## SWIMMING BEGINNERS, 1973

### Wavell House

During this session, Mr. Reid—the Mark Spitz of QVS—has taught 15 boys to swim reasonably, whereas before he began his ministrations they

tended towards brick-like agility in the water. At least now they can swim a length and are, therefore, able to participate in the same pool activities (Water-Babies!) as other, more capable boys. By the start of this summer term all boys in Wavell could swim to some degree, which is a highly worthwhile and necessary qualification these days. Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Reid, who spent some time each day with the boys, using the little-known Reid Instant Watermanship Method. Here are the boys who have passed out: N. Campbell, K. Muir, A. Baxter, J. Bunton, J. Girvan, J. Cullen, B. Watson, B. Harmon, S. McLean, P. Doyle, A. Wilkie, S. Hall, D. Loch, K. Loch, K. MacRae.

Capt. J. S. Hendry, RAEC

## WAVELL RUGBY

The newly-formed Junior House XV made their debut against an experienced Hurst Grange XV. Events went fairly heavily against Wavell and, to their credit, the final result (62–0 for Hurst Grange) did not diminish their enthusiasm. Soon after, by popular request, a match was arranged against a 1st Form XV during which the Juniors showed that too much was not to be read into the previous match. An inter-dormitory competition was also held and the winners were Abercromby.

## WAVELL HOUSE

In September of last year, 40 new boys arrived in Wavell House and were quickly initiated into the routine and mysteries of the house by their allotted second year boys who were eager to carry them off under their protective wing as soon as they arrived. All settled down very well and were soon making beds, performing dormitory duties and beginning to reveal their individual personalities.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had also moved into their flat in Wavell. Together with their two young sons, Martin and Christopher, and the dog Rough, they quickly identified themselves with the life of the boys and injected a friendly, homely atmosphere into the house organisation which has been much appreciated. Mr. Brown has also introduced rugby football into the primary school's games programme and has instilled much enthusiasm amongst the boys who will now be going into the senior school with a thorough basic knowledge of the game.

Mr. P. Bartley joined the Wavell staff in September and has been form master of Primary 6A during the year. He has developed a keen interest in chess within the house and boys can be found playing the game in all sorts of odd places and at odd times.



This, however, paid off as the Chess Club was highly successful in their first match against Hurst Grange School. We hope that Mr. Bartley will have a long and happy stay with us.

Mr. Orrock, the school chaplain, has also become closely associated with the Wavell boys during the past year as he now helps with supervising house routine and games as well as teaching the primary classes. His enthusiastic participation in all these activities and his concern for the boys' welfare has been an important contribution to the smooth running of the house.

Captain Stewart Hendry will be leaving us in July, his place being taken by a Mr. B. R. Philip who has recently taught in a primary school in Paisley. Captain Hendry is going to Hong Kong to teach Gurkha recruits and is the last of a long line of RAEC captains who have taught the young boys of Wavell House. Since he came three years ago, Capt. Hendry has identified himself very closely with almost every activity in which the boys have been involved. He accompanied them to the Aviemore camp last July, produced the primary play in the school concert and has been a valuable help on the games field. His chief interest is in swimming and it is due to his hard work and enthusiasm that we can publish such an impressive list of Personal Survival awards which have been gained by the primary boys. We thank him for all his help and wish him success in his new appointment.

Finally, we should like to thank the two House Matrons, Miss Bayliss and Mrs. Martin. For many years now they have kept the house routine running smoothly. Through illness, difficulties, home-sickness and minor crises they have always been there to see to such things as cut fingers, torn pyjamas, lost shoes, and buttons that just will not seem to stay sewn on. They are people who boys come to unconsciously rely upon a great deal without ever considering the amount of time and interest that they give over a year's session.

## CCF

The Combined Cadet Force consists of 5 officers, 2 SSI and 114 cadets. The CCF is commanded by Major G. Reid and we run two sections: the Army section commanded by Capt. J. Finlay, assisted by Lt. J. Deeley, SSI J. Mortimer and SSI A. Morrison; the RAF section commanded by F/Lt. I. T. Williams assisted by PO J. P. Urie.

### Army Section

#### *Appointments*

Cadet CSM D. I. Barr, Cadet Colour Sgt. J. R. White, Cadet Sgt. S. Langlands, Cadet Cpls. S. G. Dalziel,

W. Murray, J. K. S. Stewart, R. Davidson. Cadet L/Cpls. J. G. G. Doyle, D. R. Woodward, K. Scullion, W. T. Dacey, D. Darling.

We started the CCF year on the Wednesday after Grand Day. This gave an introductory period of three weeks to the recruits to familiarise them into the working of the Corp. Recruit training has gone well this year and they are all well on the way to taking all subjects necessary for the Proficiency Certificate.

Our post-Proficiency training has not been so successful. The Signals section which Capt. J. Gardner, RAEC, organised, continued after his posting last summer, relying on outside help which was most erratic. Cadet Cpl. S. Dalziel has held the section together and done a power of hard work and accepted heavy responsibilities. If only those who offered us help had the same sense of responsibility this could be a first-class section. A rescue operation had to be mounted to maintain the interest of the Senior cadets, so a section was started on a course leading to the Adult 1st Aid Certificate. Dr. S. Gray and Mrs. H. Brown, SRN, were the instructresses and on 26th March, 1973, Dr. L. Dunbar examined the class and 19 cadets gained the certificate.

Now that this First Aid course is finished we are back with our old problem—the Signal section. We have a good liaison with Stirling University OTC and CSM Seaney, who helped us out last year, may be willing once again to give us his services.

### Annual Camp, 1972, at Portree Adventure Training Centre

This was our first visit to Skye and the advance party received a very wet welcome. On the road between Kyleakin and our destination, Portree, it not only rained but the cloud was right down on to the road. On arrival at Portree the rain stopped and the sun broke through and for the rest of the camp we had wonderful sunny weather.

The main body arrived on Friday, 14th July, in time for the evening meal and soon settled in to the quite comfortable accommodation that the Centre provides. Our party was small: 3 officers, Major G. Reid, Capt. J. Finlay, Lt. J. Deeley, 2 SMIs—CSM J. Mortimer and CSM A. Morrison and 26 cadets, including John White and Ronald Holmes who hold the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award, and both joined the adult staff in supervising and assessing the expeditions.

Saturday 15th saw the start of the first expedition from Glenhennisdale Bridge on west coast of the Trotternish area to Bealach na Leacach to bivouac at Loch Culthair.

Sunday 16th, break up bivouac camp, pack up gear and move on to east coast where party were picked up at Lealt. This two-day, 16-mile expedition is part of the Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze Award, and gave the cadets an opportunity to work and

shake down in groups of four, which was to be the operating size of groups for rest of camp. When cadets returned to Portree they were debriefed for the first expedition and then briefed for the next one which was longer and more arduous.

The second expedition lasted from Monday, 17th July to Wednesday, 19th July and started at Uig on the west coast, moving up on to the high ridge on eastern side of isle, to Bealach na Leacaich to make bivouac camp for the night. The second day, Tuesday 18th, was a high level walk from south to north of Trotternish. The weather was perfect and the scenery in all directions was breathtaking. The bivouac site for this night was on a small loch called Loch Leum na Luirginn. The third and last day, Wednesday 19th, we moved back to the west coast to be picked up at Uig.

After a late morning start on Thursday 20th, gear and kit were checked and cleaned up so that the afternoon was free as the evening was spent preparing to break camp on Friday morning at 7 a.m. to return to school.

### Field Days

The first term Field Day on Wednesday, 18th October, 1972, was used to familiarise the recruits with a .303 open range and they spent the day on Whitestone Range. In the morning, cadet NCOs instructed recruits on revision periods of cleaning, lying position, sight-setting and aiming, under the supervision of Lt. J. Deeley, SMI J. Mortimer and SMI A. Morrison. Late morning, the groups came together and revised range safety and range procedure under adult instruction. The afternoon was spent firing the .303 classification course, finishing off with a falling plates competition.

Major G. Reid and Capt. J. Finlay assessed and supervised the post-proficiency section on a compass and map-reading exercise from Comrie through Glen Artney and down to Callander.

The second term Field Day on 7th March, 1973, was a visit to the Scottish Infantry Depot (Glen-corse). On arrival we were given morning coffee and the training Major responsible for co-ordinating our visit spoke a few words of welcome and outlined our programme for the day. This officer knows the school well as he is Major J. H. Wason, son of the late Lt.-Col. R. F. Wason, Commandant of the school from 1950-56. In the morning we watched a rehearsal for a recruits' passing-out parade which was of a very high standard. The museum was our next stop and the cadets' interest was such that we were a bit late moving on to watch the soldiers going over a mammoth assault course.

After an excellent lunch, we had a demonstration of the various weapons used in the modern infantry. When this demonstration finished the cadets were allowed to examine and handle the weapons and

had the mechanism explained to them. A confidence course was the next item with soldiers climbing ropes on to a rope bridge and crossing on them. But the most spectacular of all was the death slide which was a wire stretched over a gorge on to which the soldiers attached a bat with a wheel, hung on and slid right to the other side. The day finished with a film titled 'The Sniper', which demonstrated the training, technique and purpose for this specialised method of soldiering.

Major J. H. Wason must have a great understanding of cadets as this programme was varied and just the right length to maintain the cadets' interest throughout. We thank him for making this a most successful Field Day for the Army section.

This term, our third, the Field Day will be on Whitestone Range firing and passing the .303 classification course.

### Easter Activities

#### Adventure Training Camp at Rothiemurches, 12th-19th April, 1973

This is a very popular camp and due to lack of accommodation numbers have to be restricted. A new hut is being built and nearing completion, so we hope in the future that all cadets who want this type of training will have the opportunity to do it. The emphasis on ski-ing was maintained this year and many of the cadets showed an aptitude for this skill. The weather was good, in fact too good, as the snow was scarce and as the week progressed the snow decreased. This meant getting up early in the morning so that we could claim a patch of snow for training. We were unable to hold our usual last day competitions because the mist was down below the snow line and we had to be content with a visit to the Landmark Forest Trail and Theatre at Carr Bridge.

Judging by the number of "Can I go next year, sir?" most of the cadets have their appetites whetted for this type of training.

Those attending were Cadets M. Evans, D. Agnew, J. Milner, D. P. Thomson, S. Buchanan, D. Nesbitt, B. Leslie, S. Rae, I. Nicolson, J. Baldwin, I. Clark, A. Forrest, J. Dempsey, G. Leonard, C. Morrison, G. Wallace. Adults: Major G. Reid, Capt. J. Finlay, Lt. J. Deeley, Mr. J. Walker and Mr. J. Shaw.

#### Duke of Edinburgh's Award. Expedition Camp, 1973, at Cultybraggan Training Camp, Comrie, 13th-20th April.

This year, two members of our CCF took part in this, the toughest Gold Award expedition in Britain.

L/Cpl. J. G. G. Doyle and Cadet A. Carmichael were successful in passing this section of the award and are to be congratulated. A summary of the route is in the Duke of Edinburgh Award section of this magazine.

**Cadet Leadership Course** at Frimley Park, 9th–19th April, 1973

This second UK LF course was attended by Cpl. W. T. Dacey and Cpl. D. Darling. Both returned full of enthusiasm for the content, interest and variety of work they did on the course.

**RAF Section**

*Officers and NCOs:* Flt.-Lt. I. T. Williams, Plt. Off. J. P. Urie, Flt.-Sgt. G. C. McK. Gallacher, Sgts. A. R. Menzies, A. A. MacDonald, C. S. Common, T. M. Gemmill, Cpls. N. A. MacKay, M. Ferrigan, R. J. Knox, R. Paterson, I. D. Grant, G. A. M. Richardson, G. F. Weir, J./Cpls. G. J. Anderson, H. K. Boyle, A. I. Crawford, R. J. H. Gallacher, M. Nelson, H. S. Shannon, I. Lavery.

**Training**

The old training syllabus which came into being in 1963 has finally given way to the revised Proficiency (Parts 1, 2 and 3) and Advanced training programme. The 'guinea pigs' finally completed their Part 1 in May, 1972, with Christian Nelson gaining the RAF Recruits' Cup with a total of 289 points—easing Russell Marchant out of first place with a better performance in the final Airmanship section. Five of this same group were later successful in the Part 2 examinations in December, 1972, with Christian Nelson once again excelling by gaining a Pass with Distinction—192 marks out of a possible 200. Russell Marchant is also to be complimented on gaining a credit in the same examination. Part 3 of the examinations was taken by five cadets at the end of March and the results are being eagerly awaited.

Compliments are also due to Charles Common, Michael Ferrigan, Raymond Paterson and Iain Lavery for their project on the future role of the hovercraft in the 'Young Lions' *Scottish Daily Express* hovercraft competition in June, 1972. The *Express* editor, Mr. Clive Sandground, in presenting the prize to the Technical Department of St. Bride's Secondary School, East Kilbride, is quoted in the *Daily Express* as saying—"From the many entries we received, we selected a short leet of four. These consisted of excellent tries by boys from Gordonstoun, Elgin Academy, Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, and yourselves." So near, but . . . well done.

Certificates for gliding proficiency were gained by Thomas Gemmill and Robert Knox at continuous gliding courses held at No. 661 Gliding School, Kirknewton.

The primary glider—a Slingsby Grasshopper—has finally arrived. Groups have started their training in assembling and dismantling this 'wire-braced monoplane' and, with favourable conditions, hope

to progress to the static training and slide launches during the summer.

Most of the cadets have had one attempt in the Empire Test shoot on the .22 miniature range. A second shoot is being arranged before the end of the session as well as a visit to the .303 open range. Five cadets hold the RAF .303/SLR Marksman's badge (gained at camp) and a further eleven cadets have qualified during the year for the CCF .303/.22 Marksman's badges.

**Camps**

Annual camp (1972) was held at RAF, Coningsby, Lincolnshire, and attended by twenty-two cadets and two officers—Flt.-Lt. Williams and Plt. Off. Urie. Coningsby is the main UK base for the RAF Phantom force and has a large number of Phantoms for use by its operational squadrons and by No. 228 (Phantom) Operational Conversion Unit which is responsible for all specialist air and ground crew training for the whole Phantom force. The station personnel were justly proud of being associated with Coningsby, not only because of the Phantom ('the finest aircraft ever to enter RAF service') but also because of its historical background. Coningsby aircraft flew in the famous 'Thousand Bomber' raid on Cologne in May, 1942, and No. 617 Squadron—'The Dam Busters'—under the command of Wing-Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., flew Lancasters from here from August 1943 until January 1944. And there was much more to recount. There was plenty of activity during our stay and interesting visits arranged to the various branches and departments, including visits to the special Phantom engine bay at RAF, Woodhall Spa, recently featured in BBCs 'Tomorrow's World'. Our cadets logged a total of 6 hours 13 minutes flying time during the eight days and gained eighteen RAF Swimming Proficiency Certificates.

Cadets Andrew Menzies, Hugh Boyle, Andrew Crawford, Iain Lavery, Timothy Manson, Russell Marchant and Ross Nesbitt accompanied 133 other cadets from the UK as guests of RAF, Germany, from 4th–11th April, 1973. Messrs. Urie and Williams shared the responsibility for the cadets with nine other RAF VR (T) schoolmasters. Our contingent of thirty-five cadets were based at RAF, Gütersloh, the closest RAF station in West Germany to the Iron Curtain. The German Luftwaffe carved the airfield out of forest in 1935 and it was a place greatly favoured by Herman Goering—one of the rooms in the officers' mess still bears his name. Our own cadets acquitted themselves well. Andrew Menzies, who was given much responsibility during our stay, was singled out by the Air Cadet Liaison Officer and commended for his matured leadership and sense of responsibility. Iain Lavery is also complimented on qualifying as runner-up in the

competition for the 'Best Cadet at Camp'. A more detailed account of the visit is given in a contribution by Andrew Crawford and Hugh Boyle.

Twenty-five places have been reserved at the RAF College, Cranwell, for our summer camp from 12th–19th July.

### Visits

Since the last publication of *The Victorian*, visits have been made by selected cadets to the Apprentice Colleges at RAF, Halton, Bucks. and RAF, Locking, Weston-super-Mare. Arrangements are being made for visits to the Apprentice Colleges at RAF, Cosford, Salop, and RAF, Hereford, in addition to further visits to Halton and Locking.

We again visited RAF, Leuchars, during their 'At Home' in September, commemorating Battle of Britain Day. The highlight of the visit was seeing the Concorde flying low over the station and making a couple of circuits before returning south. While these 'At Home' visits are much enjoyed, particularly by the younger members, we are longing to spend a Field Day at Leuchars when we can enjoy a more detailed tour of the station.

Field Day visits to RAF, Turnhouse, to No. 12 Air Experience Flight and the Royal Observer Corps have proved successful. The ROC visit was particularly interesting and an hour or so was spent in the specially built and equipped underground room which is designed to give complete protection from radiation. It is here, by means of 'bomb power' and 'ground zero' indicators, observers would be the first to report the explosion of a nuclear bomb. The cadets were most fascinated by this brief visit.

We greatly appreciate the help and encouragement given by so many, particularly by Group Captain Hunter, Sqn. Ldr. Henderson, F/Sgt. Jeffery and Briggs who 'parent' us from RAF, Turnhouse, and by Sqn. Ldr. Brown and his staff at the RAF Careers Information Office, Edinburgh, who keep us well informed.

### GERMANY CAMP, 1973

Even before take off, things were happening. A bomb scare caused an evacuation of the BCA air terminal in Victoria Station. No bomb was found. The flights there and back were very pleasant with lunch in a BAC One-eleven at 1400 ft. Landing at Wildenrath, we were ferried to RAF, Gütersloh, our destination in two RAF buses, the Scots in one, and the 'Sassenachs' in the other.

We had a full timetable of trips and excursions with plenty of activities at night to keep us occupied. Our visits, of course, were highly secret, so I will briefly outline these. Of particular interest were our trips to the Flight Simulator section, two Lightning

squadrons, a helicopter squadron, a swimming pool, and the RAF Regiment, as well as to the normal activities of a RAF station.

More interesting to us were our scheduled and unscheduled visits to well known and slightly less well known beauty spots. The scheduled ones were to the Mohne Dam (best known target of the Dam Busters) and the towns of Bielefeld and Munster. The unscheduled trips? ... well, that's another story.

We flew an average of two hours each in a Wessex helicopter though the more lucky amongst us got a lot more. Also included in our timetable was an orienteering exercise consisting of finding points on a map while being chased by Land Rovers, with an occasional sprint through 200 yd. woods to give our officers some exercise.

The highlight of our camp was a Scotland v. England (international) rugby match. That international match came about as a result of a challenge issued by the Scots to avenge the Twickenham debacle, before fully realising the size of the English. The Scottish team was selected from fifteen fit members (one being unfit), and we were seen to be 11–0 down at half time. In the second half, after having their pride pricked, the Scots fought back with real venom, and a try was soon scored by Timothy Manson (QVS) while everyone else was in a loose scrum! A further try by Ponsonby (Edinburgh) brought us within victory. The English fought back, and one man tripped over one of our backs, who was too slow to get away; Andrew Crawford (QVS) collected the ball, and in the dying seconds of the match scored the winning try. After the match the Scots were seen to be celebrating all over Gütersloh.

Finally, our thanks to the ACLO, the Camp Commandant and officers and, in particular, to our own two officers.

H. B. and A. C.

## Sports and Results

### SWIMMING

#### RLSS Awards

In April last year, the Midland Branch of the RLSS nominated our school for the G. B. Aird Trophy. This trophy is awarded annually to the school which has shown the most effort and endeavour in life-saving during the year. This year our 'effort and endeavour' has continued and the following awards in ascending order—have been gained: Bronze Medallion, 46; Bar to Bronze Medallion, 5; Bronze Cross, 6; Teacher's Certificate, 10; Award of Merit, 7; Advanced Teacher's Certificate, 2 and Distinction Award, 4, making a total of 80 awards gained.



### Non-swimmers

Sixteen non-swimmers attended a special class taken by the Games Master, Mr. G. Reid. After a fortnight's tuition all members succeeded in passing the test of one length of our 20-yard swimming pool, from the shallow end to the deep end (you cannot put your feet down to have a rest in the deep end). Members were: N. Campbell, K. Muir, A. Baxter, J. Brunton, D. Waterhouse, J. Girvan, J. Cullen, B. Watson, B. Harmon, S. McLean, P. Doyle, A. Wilkie, S. Hall, K. Lock, D. Lock, K. McRae. The school record of everyone being able to swim has been maintained.

### Personal Survival Awards

Little activity has taken place in this sphere to date, as this term is used for testing boys for Bronze, Silver and Gold PS awards.

### Competition

We had a match with Lornshill Academy on 23rd November, 1972, at Lornshill Academy swimming baths, which we won by 157½ points to 139½ points.

The **Inter-House and Individual Championships** were held on 22nd March, 1973.

#### Inter-House results

|          |                                        |
|----------|----------------------------------------|
| 1st year | First (equal)—Cunningham and Trenchard |
| 2nd year | First—Cunningham<br>Second—Trenchard   |
| 3rd year | First—Cunningham<br>Second—Trenchard   |

#### Individual results

|          |                                                                                                  |
|----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1st year | Champion—A. Benson<br>Runner-up—N. Lawrie                                                        |
| 2nd year | Champion—I. Davidson<br>Runner-up—D. C. Hughson                                                  |
| 3rd year | Champion—C. Nelson<br>Runner-up—J. Walker<br>Open Champion—S. Langlands<br>Runner-up—W. T. Dacey |

## ATHLETICS

**School Athletic Championship** on 1st June, 1972

### Results

Haig House Individual Champion—A. J. Burns  
Runner-up—S. Langlands  
Wavell House Individual and Inter-Dormitory Championship  
Minor Champion—B. Wilson  
Runner-up—P. Carson  
Major Champion—G. Farquhar  
Runner-up—A. MacRae

### Inter-Dormitory Championship

1st Abercromby; 2nd Moore; 3rd Lyndoch

### Intermediate House Individual and Inter-House Championship

|          |                                                 |
|----------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 1st year | Champion—P. J. Ross<br>Runner-up—S. Cuthbert    |
| 2nd year | Champion—C. Nelson<br>Runner-up—J. Layden       |
| 3rd year | Champion—G. F. Weir<br>Runner-up—G. G. D. Doyle |

### Inter-House Championship

1st Cunningham; 2nd Trenchard

Inter-School match v. Auchterarder Secondary School was held on the school playing field on Thursday, 25th May, 1972. The result was Queen Victoria School 98 points, Auchterarder School, 79 points.

Cross-Country Championships, 22nd March, 1973  
Haig House Individual Champion—G. G. Doyle;  
2nd—M. Nelson; 3rd—G. A. M. Richardson

### Intermediate House Individual and Inter-House Championship

|          |                                                                          |
|----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1st year | Individual Champion—S. M. Milner<br>2nd—J. B. Gillon<br>3rd—A. K. MacRae |
| 2nd year | Individual Champion—T. Gallon<br>2nd—D. C. Hughson<br>3rd—G. Leonard     |
| 3rd year | Individual Champion—J. G. Baldwin<br>2nd—C. Nelson<br>3rd—B. J. Davies   |

### Inter-House Championship

|          |                               |
|----------|-------------------------------|
| 1st year | 1st Trenchard; 2nd Cunningham |
| 2nd year | 1st Trenchard; 2nd Cunningham |
| 3rd year | 1st Trenchard; 2nd Cunningham |

## SEVEN-A-SIDES

Stirling University Rugby Club organised a Sevens competition for schools called the Gannochy Cup.

We met Alva in the first round and won 16–4. We went on to meet Lenzie who had beaten Dollar and these two were the co-favourites but the hard tackling and good backing up gave us a 14–4 victory.

In the final, we met Grangemouth but with close handling and good scrumming, we swamped all over them for a 34–0 victory.

*Threequarters:* D. Barr, V. Parker, T. Gemmill, S. Dalziel, D. Darling.

*Forwards:* S. Langlands, G. Doyle, W. Murray (*Captain*), J. White.

## Q.V.S. RUGBY SEVEN

WINNERS OF GANNOCHY CUP

At Stirling University Seven-a-side Competition



*Back Row (left to right)—Murray, Langlands, Doyle*

*Front Row (left to right)—Parker, Gemmill, Barr, Dalziel*

### 1st XV

| P. | W. | L. | D. | F. | A.  |
|----|----|----|----|----|-----|
| 11 | 5  | 6  | 0  | 90 | 163 |

We started the season by being narrowly beaten by Dollar but quickly settled down and went on to beat Morrisons and Strathallan. We, unfortunately, lost all remaining games in the Christmas term. They were Stirling, Glenalmond, Fettes, Alva and Queen Anne. In the Easter term a lot of games were cancelled due to bad weather and illness. We played three and won three. This was due to the building of confidence, good handling and forwards and three-quarters playing well together. The 'Old Boys' team

was the youngest and fittest that the school has ever faced; good rugby was played on both sides.

*Backs:* D. Barr, R. Higgins, D. Woodward, S. Dalziel, D. Darling, V. Parker, T. Gemmill, R. Knox.

*Forwards:* J. White, S. Langlands, G. Weir, G. Gallacher, A. MacDonald, G. Doyle, A. Crawford, N. Mackay, W. Murray (*Captain*).

### 3rd XV

| P. | W. | L. | F. | A.  |
|----|----|----|----|-----|
| 7  | 1  | 6  | 48 | 132 |

This sorry-looking table gives a completely wrong impression of the season. In fact, all matches were

closely contested and most defeats were by 3, 4 or 6 points, except for the last game of the season against Alloa Academy when we were swamped 56-0.

The XV played hard and well. A bit more confidence and composure in their own ability could have made this a season they would have wanted to remember not forget.

*Players:* C. R. Aitken, C. A. Brown, I. A. McPherson, T. J. A. Mawson, I. R. Marchmont, N. C. Nelson, D. P. Thomson, J. C. Walker, C. P. Ward, D. Agnew, J. K. Baldwin, B. J. Davies, J. J. Dempsey, M. J. Evans, J. Layden, D. J. Macdonald, I. C. E. Nicholson.

Inter-House Rugby 15-a-side Championship held on 11th January, 1973

1st year   Cunningham 4 pts. ; Trenchard 6 pts.  
2nd year   Cunningham 30 pts. ; Trenchard 0 pts.  
3rd year   Cunningham 13 pts. ; Trenchard 12 pts.

Inter-House Rugby 7-a-side Championship held on 15th March, 1973

1st year   Cunningham 16 pts. ; Trenchard 0 pts.  
2nd year   Cunningham 18 pts. ; Trenchard 0 pts.  
3rd year   Cunningham 6 pts. ; Trenchard 10 pts.

### CROSS-COUNTRY, 1973

Waiting, worrying, whistle, dash ;  
Elbowing, swerving, passed.  
Downhill, jumping, slipping, splash ;  
Spring, falling . . . last.

In front, lonely, slowing, slope ;  
Panting, finishing burst.  
Legs ache, heart break, losing hope ;  
Cheering, tears, first! —Anon

Both races were very fast indeed, and the Minors managed to achieve almost the same time as the Majors. The first three in the Minors' race were all from Lynedoch, Hamilton running splendidly to lead all the way, with the Loch brothers fighting for second and third place—Kenneth just beat David. Reid's fine win in the Majors' race pushed Moore ahead of Abercromby in the dormitory competition. But Connor and D. Watson came in second and third, so helping Lynedoch to an overwhelming victory. Not everybody could be first, however, as Lambie's poem shows—

The whistle shouts 'Go !'  
We were battling for first place.  
Blue shirts,  
Green shirts,  
Red shirts.  
The pain is coming.  
It drives into you.

You have to keep running.  
But you stop, drop,  
The pain is harder, harder . . .  
You walk back, looking at the ground.



I. D. KEMPELL with the Pipe Banner  
presented by  
Admiral Sir Angus E. M. B. Cunningham Graham  
K.B.E., C.B.

### DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

This has been a good year for the top award. S. Langlands, J. White and L. T. Rudderham have all been presented with the Gold Award. R. K. Holmes will receive his in June from the Duke at Holyrood Palace.

This award is known world-wide but the majority of people know little of the work it entails for a candidate. The Gold has five sections: Public Service, Hobby, Athletic Standards, Residential Qualification and Expedition. Two of our boys were successful this Easter in completing the expedition organised and run by HQ, Highland Area. This expedition, which I will summarise below, is assessed by men with years of experience in and on the Scottish mountains. These men include three members of the staff of Queen Victoria School: Major G. Reid,

Capt. J. Finlay and Mr. H. Brown. The route followed at Easter by J. G. G. Doyle and A. Carmichael was—Start at Spean Bridge south to south end of Loch Treig, eastward to south end of Loch Ossian, then south-east to Bridge of Gaur on west shore of Loch Rannoch, south to Mealt Caol, change direction to eastward between Leagag and Mealt a Bhabuir till you hit Lairig Chalbath, then go south and drop down into Innerwick; Innerwick to Milton, then south on to Lairig Breisleish, down to Duncroisk, move westward along Glen Lochay, passing Badour on to Batavaime, turn south to Lochan Chailein and continue southward to Crianlarich and finish. Ordnance Survey maps used: 36, 47, 48, 53 and 54. Distance covered, over 60 miles.

Those who gained the Silver Award were J. Stewart, A. Carmichael, J. Kill, W. T. Dacey, J. Sutherland, T. S. Aitken, Brian Heeps, D. Darling and J. Baldwin.

Bronze Award—C. Aitken, D. Hamilton, I. McPherson, S. Brydon, R. Higgins, M. Nelson, C. Nelson, R. Marchant, B. Ewan, I. C. E. Nicholson.

This year our state is: 19 Bronze, 13 Silver and 9 Gold. This means that these boys are at present working for the award at the various stages and no doubt many will not complete all sections necessary to gain the award, but at least they have had a go.

## Clubs and Societies

### BADMINTON REPORT

At the beginning of the year we had the usual avid enthusiasm for badminton. Mr. Scott kept up his badminton hobby on Sunday nights, giving us expert tuition and advice on the game. This year has been packed with activity from competitions at Perth and Glenrothes to competitions on our home ground. At Perth early this year David Barr, who incidentally won the school's singles competition beating Hugh Shannon 2 games to nil, came runner-up in the singles at Perth in the Perth and Kinross competitions. Then later on in the year Hugh Shannon and his partner Norman Mackay came runners-up in the doubles in the Perth and District competitions. Hugh got to the semi-finals in the singles but was neatly knocked out by the same entrant who consecutively knocked Sam Dalziel and Norman Mackay out. During the year, several schools were invited up to play us in the residential hothouse, the gymnasium. McLaren High and St. Columba's were unable to beat us but the latter came very close to doing so. Respectively the scores were 7½-3½ and 13-12 to us. Actually if it wasn't for our younger enthusiasts St. Columba's would have

returned home the proud victors. The one black mark against this year was the cancellation of the doubles competitions due to the lethargy and apathy on the part of the competitors. We all hope this will not happen next year and that anyone who enters the competitions is earnest and not just going to muck about.

The four of us, David Barr, Hugh Shannon, Samuel Dalziel and Norman Mackay benefitted enormously from training sessions at Perth on Friday evenings and we have Mr. Scott to thank most sincerely for the time he spent and the boredom he endured while we frolicked around at Perth.

We also want to thank Mr. Willman with equal sincerity for the abundance of encouragement and advice he supplied us with.

N. M.

### CHESS

For the first time, Chess became an established Wavell hobby; nearly everybody in the house has taken up the game. In the spring term there was a weekly dormitory league with the Lynedoch first team the excellent victors, being unbeaten in all ten matches.

We challenged Hurst Grange School to a match; our team did extremely well, winning by 9½ points to 2½ points. The players were: Rafferty, Benson, S., Ross, Hendry, Watson, D. and Riddell, M.

Next time you play, remember:

1. Attack with **all** your main pieces.
2. Ask yourself: "What does *his* move mean?" Stop and think.
3. Touch a piece, move it.

### ELECTRONICS CLUB

This year the Club began with 14 members, 9 being keen novices, under the supervision of Mr. Paterson. The novices practised soldering bits of wire together and mastering certain elementary techniques. After the smell of burning flesh had subsided they built one transistor radio and 9-volt d.c. transformers.

The older members tried various projects with transistors, e.g. building audio-amplifiers, a gunshot simulator, a rain detector and two are attempting electric organs. Duncan Woodward's amplifier was the most complicated piece of equipment made this year.

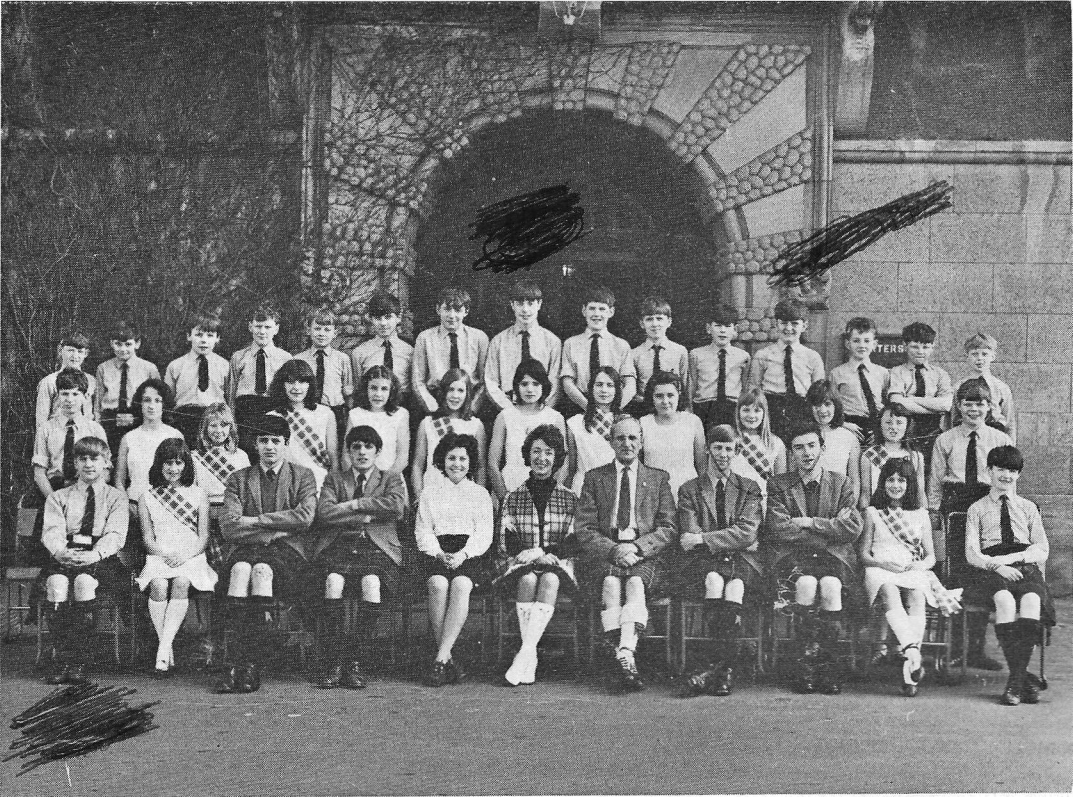
The most unusual, though, was the gunshot simulator which when built by Hugh Boyle worked, but when rebuilt by Ian Kempself received Radio 4 Scotland, which surprised everyone!

We are thankful for the money made available to us from the hobbies fund for the purchase of components for the projects.

H. B.



## Scottish Country Dancing



The Scottish Country Dancing Club has not been functioning this year as a lack of girls has made it impracticable. But, to make up for this, some teams were organised for those who were experienced and keen.

Four teams in all were formed along with girls from Dunblane. A senior team, comprising of four boys and four girls (Caledonian Dancers), two intermediate teams with one all boys' team, and a Wavell team with girls, were soon practising hard. In March, we competed at the Perth Festival and to our surprise came away with the cream of the prizes. The Caledonian Dancers received a 1st, the two intermediate teams a 1st and 2nd and the youngest team 1st equal. Although in the senior section the competition was not too hot, the judges were at a loss to find criticisms so if this is not a true reflection

of the expert training we have been receiving from Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, then we must all be born dancers; which I would certainly hesitate to say judging by the 'dancing' we were producing when we started.

This term the Caledonian Dancers hope to attend certain functions in Perthshire and with the valuable coaching we are now receiving, we should be able to give even better performances than before.

A. McD.

---

### DRAMA

This year the Drama Group are putting on a production of "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder, which is being produced by Mr Moffat.

### FIRST AID

For a number of years we have been running a class for the Junior Red Cross Society Certificate. This year, Mrs. McAdams, of our local BRCS, presented the following candidates for examination on 20th March, 1973, and all were successful.

D. C. Kill, P. R. Harrison, M. Graham, I. P. Hutchinson, D. J. Nesbitt, M. J. Evans, D. Anderson, J. Dempsey, R. Gillespie, S. Cuthbert, G. D. Anderson, F. Booth, S. Buchanan, S. Dickson, J. Elliot, B. Leslie, A. Kerr, D. Cuthbertson, A. Forrest.

For the first time we presented candidates for the initial adult First Aid Certificate. Dr. Sheila Gray and Mrs. Hugh Brown, SRN, took the lectures and practical instruction for this class. On Monday, 26th March, 1973, they had their examination conducted by Dr. L. Dunbar and the following were successful.

H. K. Boyle, R. Graham, I. D. Kempself, M. Nelson, B. Heeps, T. S. Aitken, D. Darling, A. P. Carmichael, A. I. Crawford, J. G. G. Doyle, I. Lavery, D. Morrison, J. White, G. C. M. Gallacher, T. Manson.

All candidates for the above must be 16 years of age so this may well become an added qualification which the 16-year-old school-leavers should aim to obtain.

### FENCING CLUB

With the arrival of Mr. Stewart, followed by one demonstration, the fencing hobby was founded in the school. Fencing was composed of third year and above and took us to see such things as the Scottish Universities Sabre Championships and also the British Universities Sabre Championship.

Fencing, as a hobby, consists of three parts: the warm up, an individual lesson, and finally a fight in which your natural aggression is shown. Our thanks go to Mr. Stewart for his effort in teaching us this fascinating sport.

M. N.

### TRADES COMPETITIONS

#### 20th March

#### (a) Piping

##### (1) Class C (a) Slow March

- 1st D. Watson
- 2nd M. Buchanan
- 3rd K. Sinclair

##### (b) 3/4 March

- 1st M. Buchanan
- 2nd D. Watson
- 3rd K. Sinclair

(c) Class champion and winner of chanter  
M. Buchanan

##### (2) Class B

##### (a) Slow March

- 1st S. Robertson (C) 3 points
- 2nd T. Reynolds (C) 2 points
- 3rd A. Cameron (C) 1 point

##### (b) 6/8 March

- 1st S. Robertson (C) 3 points
- 2nd I. MacDonald (C) 2 points
- 3rd A. Cameron (C) 1 point

(c) Class champion and winner, Gordon Stobo Cup

S. Robertson

#### (3) Class A

##### (a) Slow March

- 1st D. Darling (H)
- 2nd C. Nelson (C) 2 points
- 3rd S. Dalziel (H)

##### (b) 2/4 March

- 1st D. Darling (H)
- 2nd C. Nelson (C) 2 points
- 3rd S. Dalziel (H)

##### (c) Strathspey and Reel

- 1st D. Darling (H)
- 2nd S. Dalziel
- 3rd C. Nelson (C) 3 points

(4) Class A champion and individual cup  
winner D. Darling

(5) House championship points for Piping  
Cunningham 5 points

(6) Scots Guards Prize  
S. Robertson

#### (b) Drumming and Bugling

##### (1) Junior Bugling

Winner—P. J. Carson (W)

##### (2) Junior Side Drum

Winner—A. S. Riddle (W)

##### (3) Senior Bugling

Winner—A. Paris (C) (Silver Bugle)

##### (4) Senior Side Drum

Winner—H. Shannon (H)

##### (5) Senior Tenor Drum

Winner—M. Nelson (H)

##### (6) Combined Winner Drumming/Bugling

H. Shannon (Individual Cup Winner)

##### (7) House Championship Points for Drumming/Bugling

Cunningham 5 points

#### (c) Highland Dancing

##### (1) Class A Highland Fling

- 1st P. Irvine (C) 3 points
- 2nd D. McDonald (T) 2 points
- 3rd B. Davies (T) 1 point

##### (2) Class A Sword Dance

- 1st J. Gillon (T) 3 points
- 2nd D. McDonald (T) 2 points
- 3rd J. Elliot (T) 1 point

##### (3) Class B Highland Fling

- 1st A. Elliott (W)
- 2nd J. Heeps (W)
- 3rd D. J. Ross (W)

- (4) *Class B Sword Dance*  
 1st A. Elliott (W)  
 2nd J. Heeps
- (5) *Foursome Reel*  
 Trenchard 3 points
- (6) *Best Highland Dancer and Individual Cup Winner*  
 D. McDonald (T)
- (7) *Most Improved Learner*  
 B. Hamilton (W)
- (8) *House Championship Points for Highland Dancing*  
 Trenchard 5 points
- (d) **Trades Competition House Championship Points**
- |            |    |
|------------|----|
| Cunningham | 10 |
| Trenchard  | 5  |

### PIPE BAND

*Boy Pipe Major:* A. MacDonald.

*Pipers:* S. Dalziel, T. Gemmill, G. Anderson, D. Darling, I. Crawford, R. Kempsill, C. Nelson, I. Marchant, D. Hamilton, I. Macpherson, S. Robertson, D. Cuthbertson, I. Reynolds, D. Hughson, R. Ballantyne, R. Simpson, W. McKeen, A. Pitkeathly, I. Macdonald, A. Cameron, G. Cameron.

*Boy Drum Major:* W. Dacey.

*Bass Drum:* N. Mackay.

*Tenors:* G. Weir, G. Richardson, M. Nelson, D. Agnew.

*Side Drummers:* Lead—H. Shannon; I. Grant, J. Walker, J. Dempsey, P. Ross, A. Chapman.

We fortunately lost very few members at the end of last year and their places were soon filled by eager young players from the junior school making the number of pipers to the remarkable total of 22.

This season, being the centenary season, we played at 5 Murrayfields and although the weather was cold, especially at the Scotland v. President's XV in March, the standard of playing was quite good. This no doubt, on the drumming side, was because of seven new side drums and one bass drum which we obtained in February. This is the most modern side drum on the market—the SP41. We are now probably one of the best equipped bands in Britain; whether we can use this to the best of our advantage remains to be seen.

Again this summer, as last year, we are beating Retreat at Edinburgh Castle as well as playing at the Black Watch memorial on 9th June.

As usual there is a lack of individual practice among pipers and drummers alike, especially among senior pipers—who expect their pipes to be 'ringing

like bells' after lying unplayed for days on end. No doubt the Pipe Major would welcome the invention of the electric bagpipes. To give boys more time for individual playing and to give time for other engagements in the summer term, the trades competitions were held in March instead of June, the results of which are printed elsewhere. It is now hoped that more time will be given to competing and that next year the band will find time to attend the world championships—with better results.

A. MacD.

### POTTERY

As usual this hobby attracted more would-be creators than the pottery room could cope with, even when the hobby is held twice a week.

The members lucky enough to get in were soon going through the basic exercises of the craft. Mr. Le Maistre soon had body of boys feverishly working away at thumb pots, coil figures and face masks, some of which are a credit to Mr. Le Maistre and the members. Occasionally, a monstrosity was created, when a member thought he had discovered a new technique and, occasionally, Mr. Le Maistre knocked it off the table with his elbow.

Judy Le Maistre also came up and revealed to us some new methods in pottery recently learnt at Art School, some of which were new to her father.

The success of the hobby I am sure will be evident at the Arts and Crafts display on Grand Day.

### DEBATING SOCIETY

The beginning of the Christmas term saw the arrival of a new master, Mr. Moffat, who discovered that the school lacked a debating society. The first thing he did was to enlist a chairman, N. Mackay, who then in turn enlisted the outstanding number of 32 members. Then the action began. Mr. Moffat made up a list consisting of motions for inter-school debates and the boys to participate in them, he invited ministers of different churches to make a speech for three minutes on "What I believe" and he thought up the idea of a Q.V. general election, which Allan Macdonald, the candidate for S.N.P., not surprisingly won convincingly. I phoned up several schools asking for inter-school debates and received an enthusiastic response. At Alloa, Tom Gemmill and Sam Dalziel upheld the school tradition for eloquence by masterly defeating the opposition in the motion, "Responsibility for today's young, even at 18, is ridiculous". They were moving the amendment and I'm hardly surprised they won. On home ground, K. Scullion and I represented the

school but in mixed sides this time and understating a little, my partner, Helen Robertson and I won, defeating the motion, "That this house would fuse TV". The last inter-school debate was held at Dollar where four schools participated, with the Cicero of Q.V. Allan Macdonald, representing us. Unfortunately he was defeated despite a heart rendering speech. The motion, believe it or not, was, "This house believes that the female of the species is more deadly than the male" and Allan was moving the amendment. Quite a few male egos were shattered that night including mine.

A little controversy arose amongst us proletarians over the changing of the Addison-Smith competition. Instead of the usual recitation of a poem and a short story on a certain topic, we had debates in the Junior and Senior sections of the school. However, in the end, everybody was content, even the fastidious members of the fourth year. Tom Gemmill won the Senior section, Ross the middle section and Cameroun the Junior section. Overall, it was a very active year for the society and most active also for Mr. Moffatt whom we all thank sincerely for the amount of effort and time he put in to make it a success.

N. Mackay, *Chairman*, Form V

### OUTWARD BOUND

On arrival at Burghead Outward Bound school, Morayshire, the six Queen Victoria boys were split up and I was put in a watch along with eight other boys.

The general routine was:

- 6.45 A cross-country followed by a cold shower.
- 8.00 Breakfast.
- 8.50 Assembly.
- 10.00-12.30 General activities.
- 13.00 Dinner.
- 15.30-17.00 General activities.
- 18.00 Tea.

After tea, free time.

In the three weeks and five days we were at the camp we had three expeditions: two one-night expeditions and one two-night expedition. In between these expeditions we did such things as rock climbing, sailing, canoeing, swimming, PT, life-saving and abseiling down cliffs.

One climb up a hill was ruined by a boy running away, otherwise it was enjoyable right up to the end.

T. Manson, IIIab

### MATHEMATICS AND CHESS CLUB

This year we managed to raise a team of sixteen chess players to play a match against McLaren High. Despite the strength of the opposition and our lack

of experience we managed to avoid defeat in five games. With more experience we hope to improve on this result in the return match.

This year, after our success last year, we have three projects entered for the Schools Mathematics Projects Competition this summer. The topics are 'Topology', 'Chance or Luck in Rugby' and 'Wave Forms'. I am sure the readers will wish the entrants the best of luck in the competition.

### ORNITHOLOGY CLUB

This year, for the very first time, the school has had an ornithology club thanks greatly to Mr. d'Auzon, the French assistant, who has given up a great deal of his free time for our enjoyment.

The school also purchased some very good slides from the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, which were shown on Saturday and Sunday afternoons to those interested. Mr. d'Auzon also took John Dempsey and myself to the R.S.P.B. film show in Bridge of Allan.

He has been very patient in introducing young, inexperienced bird-watchers to the hobby. This year we visited Sheriffmuir, Ashfield Ponds and the River Allan on weekly hikes held on Sundays, and we have spotted well over twenty different types of birds. I sincerely hope next year can find someone so patient and understanding to help us along.

R. M.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This year the membership was less than usual, there being eight new members plus six original members. Mr. Paterson followed the usual routine of teaching the novices how to process a film, to obtain negatives, and also how to produce prints.

The 'veterans' assisted with the group instruction of the younger boys until they had acquired enough knowledge and skill to work on their own, for their proficiency exam. The usual requests for passport photographs have been dealt with competently and the small charge made has helped the Club funds.

Several members are working for Duke of Edinburgh awards, and although these boys use the darkroom frequently, only a few prints of real quality are being produced, although we hope to have some for our competition.

We try to break some new ground each year and this year we photo-copied an old print of a former Pipe Major. Duncan Woodward has also been investigating the mysteries of photo-screen printing, and this should prove an interesting project for him during the post-exam period.

B. H.