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*Headmaster* – Mr. J. R. F. MELLUISH, M.A.(Hons.)
*Deputy Headmaster* – Mr. R. PATERSON, B.Sc.
*Administrative Officer* – Major J. A. ROBERTSON, M.B.E. (Ret.)

*Teaching Staff:*

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Mr. A. L. Bovill, Teacher's Certificate
Mr. H. D. Brown, D.C.E.
Mr. C. Bruce, M.A.(Hons.)
Mr. N. C. Bruce, B.A.
Mr. J. G. Finlay, Teacher's Technical Certificate
Mr. M. G. Kelly, M.A.(Hons.)
Mr. W. W. Malkowski, M.A.(Hons.)
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Mr. R. J. Ollason, D.A.
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Mr. B. R. Philip, D.C.E.
Mr. G. Reid, D.P.Ed.
Mr. R. W. E. Scott, B.Sc.
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*Residential School Nurse in charge of School Hospital* – Miss C. McINTOSH, S.R.N., R.F.N., S.C.M., H.V.

*Assistant Nurse* – Miss J. S. McLAUCHLAN, S.E.N.

The VICTORIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 89 JUNE 1975

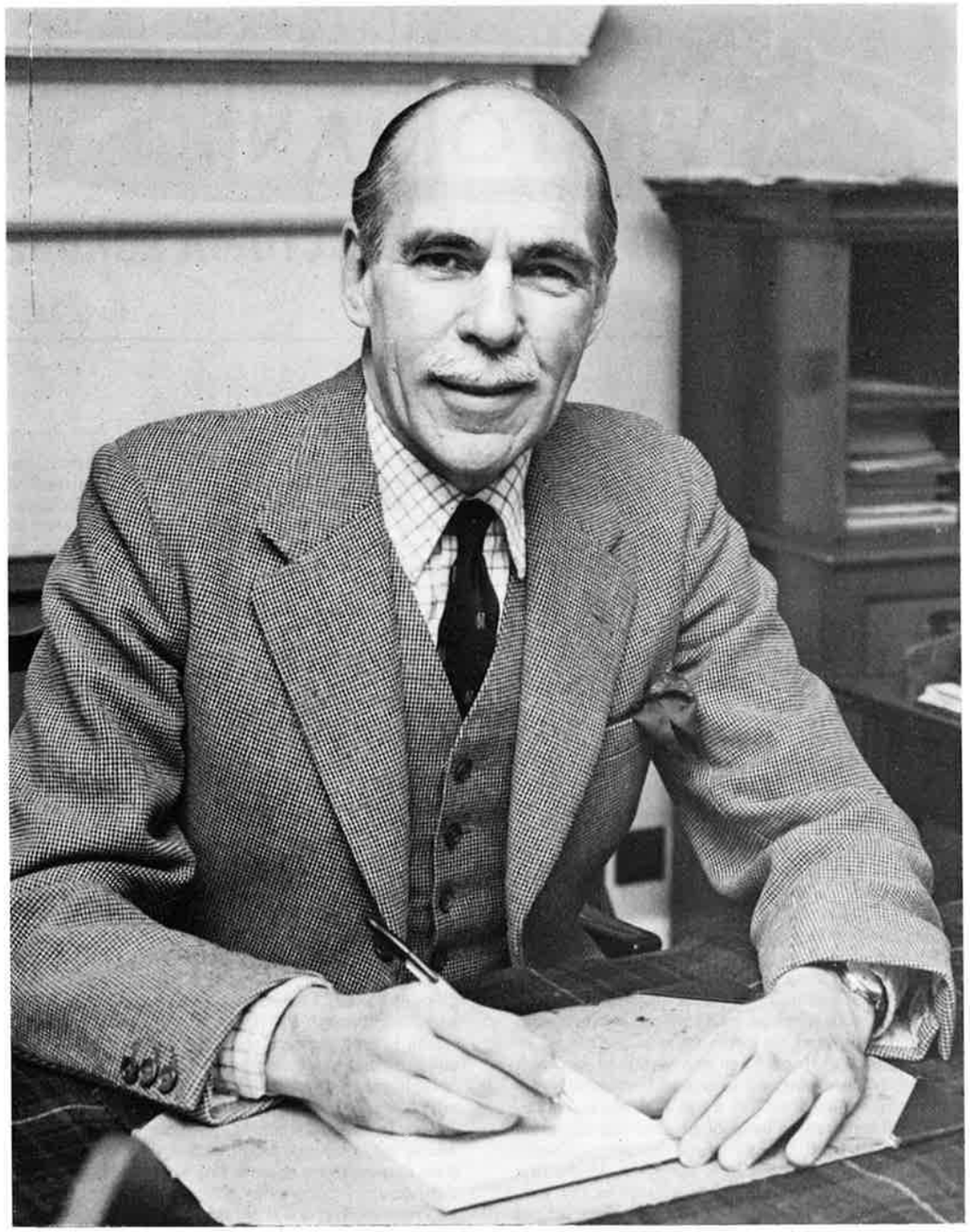
# Commandant's Notes

The Commandant's Notes in 1972 announced the impending departure of the R.A.E.C. officers and paid tribute to their long and devoted service at Queen Victoria School. In 1973, the Commandant wrote about the change to an all civilian teaching staff and expressed his confidence in the future. In 1974, Brigadier Hope Thomson wrote of his own impending departure and reviewed his eleven years as Commandant. I would think that these eleven years will be seen to have been amongst the most eventful and fruitful years in the history of Queen Victoria School. I would like, therefore, as my first public act so to speak to pay tribute to my predecessor. He did an immense amount for the School and today every facet bears witness to his imagination, energy and devotion. By the time one reaches the advanced age of senility normally associated with the rank of brigadier one has at least learnt to recognise at little more than a glance whether an organisation is efficient and happy or not. I would say simply that I was lucky to inherit the appointment of Commandant Queen Victoria School from Tim Hope Thomson.

I would like to express my sincere thanks to all members of the staff, teaching and administrative, who have made our arrival at the School so comfortable and easy. We have received much kindness. In this I do not forget the boys who have also helped and shown us much friendliness. Finally, I must gratefully acknowledge my good fortune in having as my principal guide and mentor the Headmaster, John Melluish. Himself only just over a year in the post, I wonder which task he has found more onerous – taking over a new school or inducting a new Commandant. He has most kindly and skilfully hoisted me into the saddle without decanting me on the far side.

When I knew that I was coming to Queen Victoria School I wondered how the School might have changed since I knew it twenty years ago, and I searched through the pages of *The Victorian* to get a feel. I came across a sentence which seemed, and still seems to me, a very good expression of our role, 'a high grade educational institution in its own right which retains its Service traditions and connections'. To quote my predecessor, 'to have the privilege of educating, training, caring for, and launching into their careers these sons of fine Scotsmen who serve their country so well is among the most enviable and rewarding tasks'. I agree.

# Welcome Commandant! . . .





# . . . and a Farewell

On 4th December, 1974, Brigadier H. H. M. Marston, M.C., with his wife and younger daughter Joanna, arrived in Dunblane to take up residence in Duthieston, hot from Turkey where he had been Military Attache to the British Embassy in Ankara. His elder daughter, Tessa, is in the Civil Service in London.

He formally assumed the post of Commandant of Queen Victoria School on 16th December and since then has been hard at work. May we, through the columns of *The Victorian* offer him our loyalty and wish him and his family many happy years here.

Our new Commandant started soldiering as war came to Europe and his first commission was in the Indian Army in 1940. He was with the Gurkhas in North Africa and Italy and in the Italian campaign he was awarded the Military Cross. In 1946 he was mentioned in dispatches.

He transferred to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in 1949 and was in Korea, commanding a company in 1950. Staff College 1951 was followed by a number of interesting appointments, including Brigade Major to the Independent Parachute Brigade, command of the Argyll's Depot at Stirling Castle (1954–56), Deputy Adjutant General at the War Office and attachment in a very senior capacity to Tanganykan Military Forces.

Brigadier Miles Marston was C.O. The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers in 1965, at a time when there was considerable Scots domination of the English regiments, there being three battalion commanders of southern units whose earlier regimental duty had been with Scottish regiments. In 1968 he was on the Headquarters Staff of F.A.R.E.L.F. in Singapore as Colonel G.S., and after that he was in Turkey till his retirement from the active list. As he put it on arrival at Queen Victoria School, he was moved from one extreme of the Roman Empire to the other. And he has had quite a change of job, too, but that is the lot of all fine soldiers and they have the knack of taking every new post in their stride.

Of course, we cannot welcome a Commandant without there being simultaneously some feeling of emptiness at the departure of an older model. December 1974 was also the month of the retirement of Brigadier M. R. J. Hope Thomson, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C. He and his wife Anne had actually moved away from Duthieston in July and for their last Q.V.S. term had commuted from their home near Kirriemuir. We would like to think that after ten years and more of arranging occasions, functions, farewells and Grand Days at the School he found his last occasion, in which to a large extent he just did what he was told, both memorable and happy. Having steadfastly refused to usurp the Chaplain's tenancy of the pulpit for over a decade, he was ordered into it at the beginning of his last hour as Commandant and he made a final address to the School at the Christmas term's last Sunday service. A foggy, icy, early morning had given way to brave winter sunshine for the Parade and March Past that followed. Then there were farewells to his staff, taken at the Brigadier's usual no-nonsense pace at the entrance to the Teaching Block and the Hope Thomsons were into their car and away along Nason Avenue. On the library corner the Pipes and Drums were waiting and from there they led the car past the front of the School to the strains of Pipe-Major Mackenzie's tune dedicated to the Brigadier and first played publicly at Murrayfield earlier in the year. Boys informally lined the route and spontaneously followed the car to the south gate, where a final 'blaw' from the pipes speeded the charming pair on their way. May they have a very happy retirement – they certainly deserve it!

Brigadier Tim Hope Thomson came to Queen Victoria School after 34 years' service with the colours, $1\frac{1}{2}$ as a Sandhurst cadet and $32\frac{1}{2}$ as an officer. He was commissioned in 1931 and joined the Royal Scots Fusiliers (now a component of the R.H.F.) and before the war served in Egypt and Palestine. He was awarded the Military Cross for his gallantry in action against Arab guerrillas. 1939 saw him in France and after a spell defending home shores he commanded the 50th Indian Parachute Brigade, coming face to face with the Japanese. He was C.O. The Worcestershire Regiment in North-West Europe in 1944 and 1945 and was awarded the D.S.O. After the Second World War the Brigadier commanded the 4th/5th Bn. The Royal Scots Fusiliers, spent some time with the United States Navy, had two years as G.S.O.1 to General Glubb Pasha, commanded his battalion in Berlin and Malaya and had a spell alongside the Sultan of Oman and in Saudi Arabia. In 1962 he became Vice-President of the Regular Commissions Board at Westbury and was appointed A.D.C. to Her Majesty The Queen.

Queen Victoria School certainly found a versatile and experienced soldier at the helm in 1964. Retired officer by now he might have been, but it was no retirement to him. He saw 450 boys join the School in his time and 453 leave. He dealt with over eleven hundred serious applications, to say nothing of the hundreds who turned out to be unqualified for admission. He was involved when sailing, canoeing, badminton, skiing, gliding, tennis, fencing and mixed country dancing were introduced for the boys and he helped all the staff involved in these activities not only by his unfailing support but also by persuading Her Majesty's Commissioners to buy a minibus for the transport of small parties of boys. He was responsible for the change in house-structure, had the A.C.F. become the C.C.F., re-organised the messing, saw to the introduction of less formal walking-out dress and had the title of 'Boy' discontinued.

On the administrative side he had three cooks added to the establishment, another House Matron, a Librarian, a Laboratory Assistant, and was responsible for the up-grading of seven other posts. During Brigadier Hope Thomson's command, five Headmasters served here and over fifty masters: the Royal Army Educational Corps' phasing out was hitchlessly completed and one of his last formal acts here was to receive from that Corps, and from H.M. Commissioners, the new window in the Chapel commemorating the R.A.E.C. connection.

Buildings: pavilion and playhall, band rooms and bus shelter, library and lavatories, gardeners' hut and glider hangar, masters' houses and monitors' room, playground for children and laboratory for physics.

A versatile and experienced Commandant!

And a great friend



# Wavell House

The end of the summer term sees the usual exodus of boys to the senior school. This year forty boys will be joining either Cunningham or Trenchard House after completing their primary education. They have either spent one, two or three years with us depending on their age when they joined the School; but for all of them Wavell has been their home and to many the change to the senior school has been a significant one. For a few weeks perhaps some look back to their primary schooldays with a little nostalgia but new routines and interests soon prove dominant and they quickly become fully integrated members of the senior school.

It is reputed that someone once said that children always win in the end. A schoolmaster gets older but an age-group never does. This is particularly true of the nine to twelve age-group which forms Wavell House. It is an age of enthusiasm, activity, ready emotion and discovery, where life is to be enjoyed to the full in the company of others and lasting friendships are made. One advantage of being in a boarding-school situation is that one is never lonely. There is always someone to play with, argue with or even fight with and this coupled with the routine of classwork and games makes the days, weeks and years slip by with increasing rapidity until sooner than expected one's first stage of school life is completed.

Those boys left will now shed the term 'rookie' and in turn have their own new boy to look after and initiate into the problems and perplexities of the House. There is much to learn; what individual bugle calls stand for, masters' likes and dislikes, customs such as birthday ceremonies, how to handle Mr. Bartley's dog when taking it for a walk and the meaning of such words as 'hunk', 'swot', 'skip' and 'softer' within the content of Q.V.S. ritual. Those appointed dormitory leaders will also find for the first time that this entails something more than having attractive gold and silver bands on their shoulder straps and begin to realise that a little authority can bring its problems and also carry responsibility if it is to be used correctly.

During the last two years there has been a period of stability in the teaching staff which has greatly contributed to the smooth running of the House. Mr. Brown, Mr. Bartley, Mr. Philip and Mr. Orrock are still with us and as ever are actively engaged in the organisation and supervision of the many activities within the House besides arranging trips and visits during the boys' spare time. Thus many Wavell boys have been given the opportunity of exploring the mysteries of the dungeons of Castle Campbell, have walked by the side of the Burn of Sorrow and have brought back to school the findings of a nature trail hike. This year we are resuming the camp at Aviemore after a break of two years and will be taking 28 boys to spend eight days in the Cairngorm mountains where they will be able to hike to the more inaccessible parts of these magnificent hills.

There has, however, been one important change in the Wavell staff which is the appointment of Mrs. Milne as House Matron on the retirement of Miss Bayliss. Mrs. Milne is no newcomer to the House as she spent many years keeping the dormitories spick and span before her new appointment. Since taking up her new duties she has identified herself with every aspect of House activity and has concerned herself deeply with the welfare of the boys under her charge. She has been greatly helped in this work by both Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Walker whose cheerful and willing co-operation has been much appreciated.

Mr. Jack leaves us at the end of term. He has had the unenviable task of keeping the House clean after it has been invaded by 78 small and often grubby boys. He has been with us for many years and we wish him a long and happy retirement.

Finally, I would like to add my personal thanks for all the help I have received from the Wavell staff in running the House and also to the boys for their cheerful co-operation and enthusiasm.

N. C. B.

# Life in Wavell

"Never a dull moment!" That is life in Wavell. Not all of them like the sound of the rising bell, not all of them like everything set before them in school, not all of them like all the games, not all of them like being hustled out of showers to be in bed by 8.30 p.m. – but are they dull? Never.

For one thing there is variety! If the boys are not eating they may be in school, or perhaps they are on an outing, or playing in the Zoo football league, or

*Wavell—Outside the classroom*



taken up with their hobbies, or watching T.V., or busy inventing some wonderful new game in their dormitory, or playing table tennis, chess and draughts in which these strange creatures called the masters become wonderfully human and join in with them, even examining their latest toys and sometimes playing with them! If you could not find the boy you were looking for in any of these activities you might find him making a weird noise blowing a chanter or beating a drum or testing the patience of Mr. Mortimer trying to teach him Highland or Country Dancing, or you might find him in the swimming bath trying to win more of the coveted badges, or damming up the Wavell Burn. If all these failed to find him then he might be doing prep. in the classroom.

For another thing there is companionship. Naturally the boys they know best are those in their own dormitory but no dorm. is an exclusive society and because they are mixing in school and games they know each other pretty well, the old ones, the young ones, the tall ones, the small ones, the punctual ones and the late ones. Moreover the House personnel is forever changing as about half of the boys go into the senior school each year – so not even the masters can get bored.

In all this they are growing up learning to take a full part in the life of the School. The architect of this build-up is, of course, the Housemaster, but fully assisting him are the assistant master and the other masters attached to the House who spend so much time, including their off time, with the boys. The latter may not say much but in their hearts they are grateful for all that is done for them to make their time happy and worthwhile.

A. A. O.

# SPORT

## FOOTBALL

With the introduction of rugby into the primary school games scheme, football has rather lost the pride of position it once occupied. Nevertheless it is still played with enjoyment and enthusiasm and there is fierce competition to gain a place in the 1st XI which has played well throughout the season.

The away game against Callander Primary School was a hard fought battle which was played before a lively crowd of spectators screaming encouragement for their respective teams across the pitch, while a home match such as the visit of the Kilbarchan team is always an event much looked forward to as it involves new faces and a chance to swop experiences over tea.

The inter-dormitory matches were played with their usual feverish pitch of excitement with Moore dormitory emerging the final victor. The Abercromby versus Lynedoch match was particularly close and exciting, being played on pitches which resembled a mud bath after the heavy rain of the previous day. Fervour, however, could not be dampened and after forty minutes Lynedoch surfaced soaked, muddy but triumphant.

### 1st XI FOOTBALL TEAM

D. Broadbent (Captain), G. Boyd, A. Robb, C. Leonard, A. Wilson, P. Murphy, B. Barrie, M. Fisher, G. Johnston, C. Angus, A. McLay, K. Smith.

*Colours:* D. Broadbent, M. Fisher, P. Murphy, A. Wilson.

### Games Played

| | | *Result* |
|---|---|---|
| | Q.V.S. *v.* Callander (Away) ..... ..... | 3–1 |
| | Q.V.S. *v.* Kilbarchan (Home) ..... | 7–1 |
| | Q.V.S. *v.* Bridge of Allan (Home) ..... | 5–3 |
| 2nd XI | Q.V.S. *v.* Doune (Home) ..... ..... | 2–2 |

### Results of Inter-Dormitory Matches

1st, Moore; equal 2nd and 3rd, Lynedoch and Abercromby.

## WAVELL RUGBY, 1974-75

It is a fact, that in the three seasons of its existence, the Wavell XV has yet to gain a victory. However, going by the pattern of points conceded in successive matches versus Hurst Grange, next season could be the one when we at least 'break even'.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1972–73 | Wavell | 0 | Hurst Grange | 62 |
| 1973–74 | Hurst Grange | 42 | Wavell | 0 |
| 1974–75 | Wavell | 0 | Hurst Grange | 18 |
| 1975–76 | | ? | | |

This season we gained a new fixture versus George Heriot's School, Edinburgh. The result of this hard-fought home match was:

Wavell ..... ..... 3 Heriot's ..... ..... 20

Unfortunately, another new fixture versus Ardvreck School, Crieff, was cancelled.

In the 'needle match' versus the 1st Year XV (in fairness, minus its heaviest 'heavies') the result was:

Wavell ..... ..... 6 1st Year ..... ..... 24

The inter-dormitory competition went as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Abercromby | ..... | 8 | Lynedoch ..... ..... | 4 |
| Abercromby | ..... | 10 | Moore ..... ..... | 4 |
| Moore | ..... ..... | 6 | Lynedoch ..... ..... | 0 |

Thus Abercromby emerged as this year's champion.

*Colours:* Mark Fisher (Captain) and 'Sandy' Wilson (Vice-Captain); also Brian Barrie and David Wilson.

As planned, mini-rugby (9-a-side) was introduced and found of great value at the beginning of the season, in demonstrating to the boys the skills and concepts of 'The Handling Game'.

H. B.

### RUGBY RESULTS

| XV | P | W | L | D | F | A |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st ..... ..... | 12 | 4 | 8 | 0 | 113 | 205 |
| 2nd ..... ..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 20 | 7 |
| 3rd Year ..... | 9 | 7 | 2 | 0 | 269 | 62 |
| 2nd Year ..... | 9 | 6 | 3 | 0 | 228 | 98 |
| 1st Year ..... | 8 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 275 | 57 |

### 1st and 2nd XVs

Following the trends of previous years, this year's XV seemed destined for great things at the beginning of the season but didn't live up to that promise in later games.

This year's pack proved in every game to match the opposition in the set scrums with our power-house second row unmoveable.

Our much younger backs seemed dogged with injuries as they strove to find form, but showed great promise for next year.

The season was highlighted by the annual games against the Headmaster's XV and the 'Old Boys'.

After our 8–3 victory over the Headmaster's XV (admittedly lacking ex-British Lion Mr. Ron Glasgow due to an early injury) we were confident that our clash with the Old Boys would produce a similar result. Unfortunately the score line 44–4 in the Old Victorians' favour speaks for itself.

*Backs* – S. Cuthbert, I. Grant, N. C. Nelson, S. Brydon, I. Davidson, B. Leslie, P. Ross, D. C. Hughson.

*Forwards* – I. Kempsell, R. Marchant, M. Nelson (Vice-Captain), J. J. Dempsey, A. I. Crawford (Captain), I. Smith, I. Clark, G. Wallace, G. A. Leonard, F. Booth.

*Reserve* – G. Gillespie.

The 2nd XV played only one game and defeated Morrison's Academy 20–7.

A. I. Crawford

### 3rd XV (3rd Year)

We had a good season – played eleven matches and won nine; also a bad season – lost two matches 9–0 by Trinity College, Glenalmond and 16–14 by Alloa Academy and those two matches have annoyed us for the whole season. We could so easily have won them as our return match at Alloa proved. We won. We also had four matches cancelled by bus strike and weather.

We were particularly fortunate in that we had few injuries and did not use up many players. This helped the team to blend and the forwards played some extremely good rugby in the loose and in rucking. Simpson, Lambie and Buchanan were outstanding with the forwards. The backs, individually, were good but never got the blend right. Chapman at scrum half could demoralise not only the opposition but also his own backs as they never knew where he was going. The two wingers, Anderson and Smith, had to work for every ball they got and both were outstanding in defence. McRae and Benson at centre had good matches. Benson had a trial for Midland Schools under -15 XV but did not make the team.

We are grateful to Mr. G. Reid and Mr. J. Norberry for time, energy, patience and encouragement they put into their coaching throughout the season.

Players were – Gordon, Lawrie, Welsh, Anderson, Kill, Smith, McRae, Benson, Chapman, Lambie, Leonard, Watson, Best, Pitkeathly, Simpson, Millsop, Gibson, Buchanan.

## SWIMMING

### Non-Swimmers

This is the report on non-swimmers in the School. We have none. This year's class is the smallest since I started coaching – only five boys – and the determination of the pupils was such that they all passed the test in one week. At the time of writing this report they are all so confident that they are diving into the pool and setting their sights on the various awards which the junior school enter.

### Life-Saving

The following awards of the Royal Life Saving Society were gained by the undermentioned boys:

*Bronze Medallion* – R. Mackenzie, J. Cullen, I. MacGregor, P. Irvine, M. Reid, G. Robb, A. Cuthbertson, R. Boyd, G. Benson, J. Robb, S. Dolan, M. Watson, A. Foster, D. Edmondson, P. Calder, W. Graham, C. Fraser, A. Dacey, S. Wilson, C. Jones, B. Hamilton, L. Strong, D. McElhoney, M. Nicholson, M. Hindshaw, A. Stroud, N. Campbell, R. Lambie, A. Elliott, A. Davis, B. Dempsey, S. Slaven, F. Cameron, K. McRae, D. Rogers, A. Kerr, I. Clark.

*Bar to Bronze Medallion* – I. Connor.

*Bronze Cross* – R. MacKenzie, R. Boyd, G. Benson, W. Graham, P. Kerr, J. Munnoch, N. Marchant, J. Cairney, S. Wilson, C. Jones, D. McElhoney, R. Lambie, A. Davis, F. Cameron, S. Milner, C. Hendry, K. Pearce, M. Buchanan, K. Smith, D. Rafferty, J. Stewart, L. Tosh, J. Burns, E. Gibson, P. Ballantyne.

*Bar to Bronze Cross* – A. Lambie.

*Award of Merit* – D. McElhoney, S. Milner, E. Gibson, A. Lambie, M. Graham, A. Bertram, D. Kill, E. Pitkeathly, D. J. R. Anderson, R. Gillespie, R. McKinnell, N. Kempsell, I. Hutchinson.

*Teacher's Certificate* – M. Graham, D. Kill, D. J. R. Anderson, B. Neeps, S. Robertson, G. A. Leonard, S. T. Brydon, G. D. Anderson, I Smith, A. Chapman.

*Advanced Teacher's Certificate* – D. J. R. Anderson, R. I. Marchant, B. Heeps, S. T. Brydon.



The Life-Saving classes are not confined to the boys. Members of staff and staff families may join and this year Mr. D. Stewart, Douglas Paterson and Russell Walker gained the Bronze Medallion and the latter two the Bronze Cross as well.

*A.S.A. Personal Survival Awards* occupy our swimming time in the Senior School from now until the summer holidays.

### QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

**held on Thursday, 27th February, 1975, at 2.15 p.m.**

| *Events* | *1st YEAR* | | | *Points* Cunningham | Trenchard |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | **1st** | **2nd** | **3rd** | | |
| 1 lth. Butterfly | G. I. Benson (C) | M. Hindshaw (T) | S. Wilson (T) | 3 | 3 |
| 2 lth. Breast Str. | G. I. Benson (C) | M. Reid (C) | S. Wilson (T) | 5 | 1 |
| 2 lth. Back Str. | G. I. Benson (C) | I. M. Collie (C) | M. Hindshaw (T) | 5 | 1 |
| 2 lth. Free Style | R. Lambie (T) | F. Cameron (T) | I. M. Collie (C) | 1 | 5 |
| 4 lth. Medley | G. I. Benson (C) | M. Hindshaw (T) | S. Wilson (T) | 3 | 3 |
| | *Champion:* G. I. Benson | | *Runner-up:* M. Hindshaw | | |
| | | | Total | 17 | 13 |
| | *2nd YEAR* | | | | |
| | **1st** | **2nd** | **3rd** | | |
| 1 lth. Butterfly | K. Smith (T) | D. J. Ross (C) | I. Munro (T) | 2 | 4 |
| 2 lth. Breast Str. | K. Smith (T) | I. Munro (T) | N. A. Marchant (C) | 1 | 5 |
| 2 lth. Back Str. | D. J. Ross (C) | J. M. Cairney (C) | I. Munro (T) | 5 | 1 |
| 2 lth. Free Style | G. Farquhar (T) | P. Martin (C) | W. Edmunson (C) | 3 | 3 |
| 4 lth. Medley | P. D. Kerr (C) | J. M. Cairney (C) | D. B. Rafferty (T) | 5 | 1 |
| | *Champion:* K. Smith | | *Runner-up:* D. J. Ross | | |
| | | | Total | 16 | 14 |
| | *3rd YEAR* | | | | |
| | **1st** | **2nd** | **3rd** | | |
| 2 lth. Butterfly | A. R. Benson (C) | A. Leonard (C) | M. Nicholson (T) | 5 | 1 |
| 4 lth. Breast Str. | A. R. Benson (C) | A. Cameron (C) | S. Buchanan (T) | 5 | 1 |
| 2 lth. Back Str. | N. Lawrie (T) | E. Gibson (T) | J. A. Watson (C) | 1 | 5 |
| 4 lth. Free Style | J. Burns (T) | S. Buchanan (T) | A. Cameron (C) | 1 | 5 |
| 4 lth. Medley | N. Lawrie (T) | A. A. Leonard (C) | A. Lambie (T) | 4 | 2 |
| | *Champion:* A. R. Benson, 6 pts. | | *Champion:* N. Lawrie, 6 pts. | | |
| | | | Total | 16 | 14 |
| | *HAIG* | | | | |
| | **1st** | **2nd** | **3rd** | | |
| 2 lth. Butterfly | N. C. Nelson | S. Cuthbert | B. Heeps | | |
| 4 lth. Breast Str. | N. C. Nelson | D. Hughson | N. Kempsell | | |
| 2 lth. Back Str. | S. Cuthbert | D. Hughson | N. C. Nelson | | |
| 4 lth. Free Style | J. Elliott | S. Cuthbert | N. Kempsell | | |
| 4 lth. Medley | S. Cuthbert | B. Heeps | | | |
| | *Champion:* S. Cuthbert | | *Runner-up:* N. C. Nelson | | |

### RELAYS

| 1st Year | 2nd Year | 3rd Year |
|---|---|---|
| 4 × 1 lth. Medlay<br>1st Trenchard, 2nd Cunningham | 4 × 1 lth. Medley<br>1st Trenchard, 2nd Cunningham | 4 × 1 lth. Medley<br>1st Trenchard, 2nd Cunningham |
| 4 × 1 lth. Free Style<br>1st Cunningham, 2nd Trenchard | 4 × 1 lth. Free Style<br>1st Cunningham, 2nd Trenchard | 4 × 1 lth. Freestyle<br>1st Cunningham, 2nd Trenchard |

12 × 1 lth. Free Style—1st Trenchard, 2nd Chnningham

### WAVELL HOUSE SWIMMING ACTIVITIES

The School swimming pool is a source of endless enjoyment for most Wavell-ites who, in P.E. lessons, hobbies and free time are constantly proving that, individually, they have no 'energy crisis when it comes to swimming!

This year, boys have been working towards Bronze, Silver and Gold awards in Survival Swimming sessions, and have had considerable success. Special mention must be made of those boys who achieved their Gold award, aged only twelve. This is a great tribute to their swimming skill, and their 'stickability', for a high standard is demanded in this difficult test, and preparation for it requires many hours of extremely exhausting practice.

Once again, Mr. Reid took a beginners' class for 'rookies' who could not swim, and in a matter of a few sessions of expert handling, complete success was the result. At least one of the former beginners has now gained his Merit, Speed Swimming award. This is no mean achievement in a matter of a few months. Others, too, have been working, are working, or will be working on Merit and Advanced, Speed Swimming awards during this summer term.

This session, we have so far had three swimming galas, and hope to have one more yet. One of these was the House Swimming Gala which, full of the usual tensions and excitements, as well as the inevitable disappointments, ended with a clear win for Lynedoch, followed by Moore and Abercromby. There was also the usual battle to find a Major and a Minor Champion – Albert Robb and Malcolm Ferguson respectively taking the titles. The other two galas were invitation events against two guest schools, one in the first term – Hurst Grange Prep. School (Stirling) – and on in the second term – George Heriot's School (Edinburgh) Junior Swimming Club. Both of these home events saw a feverish pitch of excitement, and some remarkable swims in which boys of both guest and host teams, driven on by the atmosphere of the occasion, the mind-bending cheers and infectious enthusiasm, reached for the limits of their endurance to provide an enraptured audience with the thrills of sudden dashes, anxious glances, racing-dive splashes, and fingertip finishes. To all concerned, well done. I am sure all were rewarded well in enjoyment. My thanks also to members of guest and host staffs for their help in adjudication and running of the events.

Four boys were awarded House Swimming Colours for maintaining a very high standard of swimming throughout the session. Their names appear in the following list of awards and achievements. To those leaving the House this summer, all the best and well done. To those staying – can you do better next year?

### WAVELL HOUSE SWIMMING AWARDS

(*a*) **Merit, Speed Swimming Awards** (Amateur Swimming Association)

N. P. Arnott, R. B. Bruce, K. A. Gray, S. W. Hathaway, P. H. Hastings, S. J. Hill, J. Lamond, R. L. McDonald, I. McGregor, A. McLay, B. Nelson, S. W. Simmonds, K. G. Smith, R. A. Smith, D. J. Wilson.

Twenty-seven boys in the House already hold this award from last year.

**Advanced Speed Swimming Award** (Amateur Swimming Association)

C. A. Leonard.

(*b* **Joint National Swimming Awards** (Amateur Swimming Association)

*Stage 1 only* – S. A. Hill, J. Lewis, B. Watson.

*Stage 2 only* – C. Hulston, R. L. McDonald.

*Stages 1 and 2* – B. I. Barrie, A. W. Baxter, G. Boyd, A. A. Eagle, M. Fisher, J. R. Girvan, K. A. Gray, K. Henderson, A. G. Kennedy, D. Loch, C. D. Rutherford, I. McGregor, M. Milne, I. Mortimer, P. A. Murphy, K. M. Nicholson, A. Wilson.

(*c*) **Survival Swimming Awards** (Amateur Swimming Association)

*Bronze only* – A. A. Eagle, C. Hulston, D. S. Wilson, K. A. Gray, G. Johnston, S. A. Hill, J. Lewis.

*Silver only* (already hold Bronze) – D. Loch, I. McGregor, B. Watson.

*Bronze and Silver* – B. I. Barrie, A. W. Baxter, G. Boyd, M. Fisher, J. R. Girvan, K. Henderson, A. G. Kennedy, R. L. McDonald, M. Milne, P. A. Murphy, K. M. Nicholson, C. D. Rutherford, A. Wilson.

*Gold only* (already hold Bronze and Silver) – D. Broadbent, S. M. Thomson, C. A. Leonard, N. R. Collie, M. E. Smith, C. D. Angus, W. R. Hamilton.



**House Swimming Colours**

M. E. Ferguson, A. A. Robb, C. W. Buchanan, C. A. Leonard.

### Gala Results

*House Gala*

Lynedoch, 98 pts.; Moore, 72 pts.; Abercromby, 64 pts.

*Wavell v. Hurst Grange Prep. School*

Wavell, 117 pts.; Hurst Grange, 93 pts.

*Wavell v. George Heriot's School*

Wavell, 178 pts.; George Heriot's School, 200 pts.

### ATHLETICS

The School athletic championships were held on the morning and afternoon of Thursday, 13th June, 1974. It was a good day for athletics, dry and not too warm.

WAVELL HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Minor Champion: —. Fisher; Runner-up, A. Wilson.

Major Champion: S. Wilson; Runner-up, —. Harman.

The Inter-Dormitory Competition: 1st, Moore 39 pts.; 2nd, Abercromby 34 pts.; 3rd Lyndoch 23 pts.

SENIOR SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS

1st Year Champion: Farquhar; Runner-up, K. Smith.

2nd Year Champion: Benson; Runner-up, T. Chapman.

3rd Year Champion: Ross; Runner-up, Blake.

The Inter-House Championship was won by Cunningham House with 93 pts. to Trenchard House 84 pts. Cunningham House also won the Relay Cup.

The Senior House which produces the School Champion was a family affair as M. Nelson and C. Nelson were Champion and Runner-up respectively.

The Cross-Country Championships on Monday, 8th March, 1975, were held on a very cold but dry days. Results:

1st Year: 1st, M. Reid; 2nd, S. Wilson; 3rd, M. Hindshaw.

2nd Year: 1st, J. Stewart; 2nd, I. Connor; 3rd, K. Smith.

3rd Year: 1st, A. MacRae; 2nd, S. Milner; 3rd, S. Buchanan.

Haig House: 1st, Hughson; 2nd, Ballantyne; 3rd, P. Ross.

Senior Inter-House Championship: 1st, Cunningham 93 pts.; 2nd, Trenchard 84 pts.

Relay Cup: Cunningham House 15 pts.

### WAVELL CROSS-COUNTRY

This is the second year of the modified cross-country course. It is now an extended relay, speed replacing punishing tests of stamina. Nevertheless, the usual hazards abounded – the water-jumps and hurdles soon spaced out the field. Moore made great efforts – Fisher for the Majors, McLay for the Minors – but good running by the Loch twins, and a tremendous burst by Godderidge ensured that Lynedoch took first place. Abercromby were placed third.

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# C.C.F. Army Section

Field Day was on Wednesday, 5th June. It turned out not to be flaming June but flaming cold. One of the coldest we have ever spent on Whitestone range. Normally at this time of the year one expects the rain to be warm – this year it was colder than mid-winter.

In spite of the weather the whole corps – both sections, Army and R.A.F. – managed to have a shoot. That is all except seven R.A.F. cadets and the two R.A.F. officers who went canoeing. Although the conditions were terrible the shooting was good.

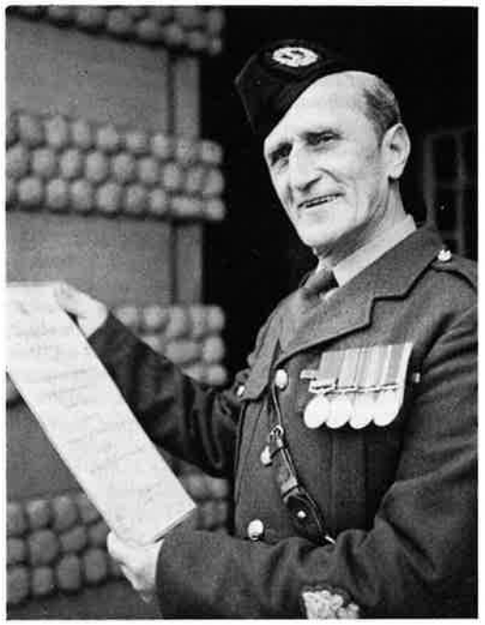
The recruits spent the morning being examined on map reading and all passed.

**Summer Camp, 1974**

We used the T.A. Centre at Lochgilphead as our headquarters as most of our time was taken up with two expeditions. This was a very comfortable centre with good facilities and accommodation for our 40 cadets and 4 officers.

Our first expedition on 27th and 28th June from Ford to Brigend was invaluable for the experience which most of the groups gained. It was simply that you may be very skilled in navigation theory but practical navigation is quite difficult. Three-quarters of the groups got lost and, worse still, Capt. J. Finlay and Lieut. G. Watson who were assessing, witnessed the mistakes being made and only corrected groups when danger seemed imminent. It was a short sharp lesson and the second day was perfect, all groups arriving at Brigend right on time. Saturday, the 29th, was used for cleaning up, relaxation and briefing for a three-day expedition.

On Sunday, 30th June, the expedition started at Glenfeochan, following the old drove track where visible to Avich for the first camp site. The second day from Avich to Ford over some very rough country and the final day from Ford to Bridgend. The weather was good throughout and no one got injured. In fact, it was the perfect expedition – tough and testing with everyone fit and capable of carrying out all that was required of them.



*S. M. I. Mortimer receiving the Lord Lieutenant's Certificate from Major D. Butter, M.C., Lord Lieutenant of Perthshire, who later presented him with the British Empire Medal.*



Wednesday was spent recovering, reminiscing, relaxing, ready to return refreshed to School on Thursday.

The Army section training continues on same lines as last year with the section divided into three sub-sections; *Recruits* training for proficiency certificate; the *Light Rescue* section which is the immediate post-proficiency group training to deal with rescue from natural or man-made disasters. The latter part was brought home to the cadets when a Fire Officer from Perth brought down his Land Rover used in car accidents. His lecture and demonstration of the amazing amount of equipment they use in every effort to save lives made us think deeply on the work these men do without any fuss or publicity. The *Signals* section continues to gain in strength and knowledge and they, too, had a visit from a Signals Demonstration Team. This team brought and demonstrated all the latest equipment. For myself, the amazing thing was how quickly they set up the demonstration, how everything worked and how quickly they packed everything away. The efficiency of this team had to be seen to be belived.

Field Day was on 9th October, 1974, but for some cadets it started on the 8th as they had to pass their self-reliance test by staying out all night and cooking their meals. On 9th October, the remainder of the Army section joined them for an exercise starting at Cultybraggan and moving across country to Callander.

**Annual Inspection**

Our Inspecting Officer this year was Brigadier A. O. L. Lithgow, M.C., Officer Commanding Highland Area. He visited us on 16th October, 1974, and the whole corps were on parade and after the inspection marched past; the Brigadier taking the salute. Afterwards he visited the cadets at the work or activity they were doing which was varied and interesting. His report on our C.C.F. was good.

**Awards**

Mr. James Mortimer, who has been S.M.I. to our Cadet Force since it started in April, 1956, and even before that in the organising and planning stages, was awarded the British Empire Medal by Her Majesty in the New Year Honours List, also the Lord Lieutenant's award for outstanding service to the Cadet Force.

It is difficult to express in words how highly we regard the ability, loyalty and character of Mr. J. Mortimer. The gaining of two awards for his service to the corps says all that we know. We are proud to be associated with this man.

**Adventure Training: Rothiemurchus Ski Hut, 24th March - 3rd April, 1975**

Our party this year of four officers, twenty-four cadets and most important the two gentlemen who attend to the inner man, Mr. J. Walker and Mr. J. Shaw, two of the School chefs. Also in the party was Mr. L. Bovill, Biology master, who tried to ski last year and hoped to be able to ski this year. He made progress, plus a badly sprained ankle. Mr. 'Tommy' Thompson, whom we befriended years ago when he was the Army's ski instructor to the ski instructors, volunteered to spend the week with us. He took the learners and by the end of the week they looked as if they had been born with skis. Their progress had to be seen to be believed. Unfortunately, one of the learners, Peter Carson, did not see a hole in the snow, fell in, and badly fractured his leg. He's now hopping around the School on crutches. We are most grateful to Tommy for his expert instruction, happy personality and interest in the boys.

The 'experts' – those who had skied before – found themselves with a lady instructress, Mrs. Hillary MacDonald who, we were told, is one of the best ski instructors in Aviemore. Now we know, from experience, that she is. Her group progressed by leaps and bounds and finished the week confident in their ability to ski anywhere. With all this talk of skiing I must not forget Capt. J. Finlay and Lieut. J. Deeley, who did their own sliding thing on four wheels, driving the Land Rover up and down a beaten snow path every day taking the cadets to and from the slopes.

Our thanks to Major Fisher, S.O.P.E., for arranging for Mrs. MacDonald to instruct our boys and to Major and Mrs. G. Michie, the warden and his wife, who always make us welcome.

Annual Camp, 26th June to 3rd July, 1975, will be at Victoria Barracks, Braemar. We have plenty of volunteers for camp but have to restrict numbers as all our training is expeditions in wild country.

*Andrew Hill who graduated from Aberdeen College of Education.*

# Literature

### FAIRGROUND AT NIGHT

The dark wind howls as if it's homesick. Little boys are crying because they have lost their mothers. Little heads bob up and down as if they are moles coming up for fresh air.

The ground is mire and the leaves are rustling.

The mice gnaw at the ropes of the tents and scratch the blocks of wood. I hear the whizz of the roundabout and the crash of bumper cars. Lights go off and on like S.O.S. signs.

Money jingles and coins drop and shine in the cold night. The lights slowly fade out.

The stalls pack up, one by one.

The children have lost their pocket-money.

They walk away sadly.

David Wilson, P6A

### A GANNET

A flashing beak and slender body,
Floating with the wind like a puppet on an invisible string.

It dives like a deadly missile. A streamlined beak and bright tufted eyes hitting the water, without a splash from its delicate body.

Shane Thomson, P7A

### PIRATES IN THE DORM

Rushing, shouting, everywhere,
Jumping high to see the square,
You slide on the floor, collide with a chair,
As shirts and clothes fly everywhere.
The master, 'Alarm', you run like mad,
He must not know that you've been bad.
Everything is pushed in haste,
Chairs and table neatly placed.
"Hullo, hullo, is this a prank?
If I catch you again you'll walk the plank."

George Boyd, P7A

### BLIND AND DEAF

The room is dark and lonely,
Noises are never heard,
Things and sounds around you are gone,
What has become of you?
You can never read or listen,
What is going to happen to you?
You are some detached person,
In some other world,
A dark foreboding place,
No noise, no vision,
Everything is lost.

Brian Barrie, P7A

### WINDSOR AND THE POP FESTIVAL

With hair unkempt, platted, gollywoggish,
Dancing about, shaking, shivering, rolling, rhythm moving.
Freedom is all they need,
From working in
Shops, offices, dust-carts,
From working in houses, factories and universities.
Do they get it?
Windsor Castle is a stately home
Or was?
Until fun fairs and hippies came to mock the ancient castle walls.
Streakers, strident sounds, and gaudy colours,
But the old Guards still march up and down.
Traditions remain.

Mark Smith, P7A

### THE PAPER AEROPLANE

Simple bit of folded paper,
But so graceful and aerodynamic.
Little Concordes, not stuffy books.

Alexander Wilson, P7A

### BUBBLES

Gliding swiftly through the air,
A technicoloured globule catching the wind,
Diving, swooping, blindly going nowhere,
A beautiful toy for wind to play with.

Caleb Rutherford, P7A

### TORTOISE

The lumbering tank-like shy tortoise,
Cautiously peeping round the garden,
Retracting its lumpy head at the first sign of danger.

Charles Hulston, P7A

### PAPER PLANES

A streamlined manoeuvrable object,
Soaring, playing with the wind.
Its swift movement like a seagull's,
But made only of paper.

### WATER BOMBS

A fat bulging shape,
Falling from the sky.
Like a bird dropping a stone to smash an egg.

Shane Thomson, P7A

### WATER BOMBS

Artificial, harmless, drenching,
Small but powerful, as it hits the wall.
The bomb of peace,
Waiting to be destroyed,
But not to kill.

Mark Smith, P7A



### THE CAT

Small, speedy, playful cat,
With your whiskery, smiling, mischievous face,
Your eyes speaking mischief,
Looking for something bad to do.

What happened to Granny's slippers?
Who broke Auntie's good vase?
Where is that ball of wool?
All eyes are focused on you.

Robert McDonald, P7A

### HUNTING THE BEAST

Soft, friendly warm and safe golden sand,
Dark shadowy forest with your dangers lurking,
Into which two boys will wander,
Looking for a terrible unsparing beast.

The boys are unkempt, half savage, wiry and lithe,
They are scarred and brown and painted,
They both carry long brown spears,
And walk in Indian file.

They walk holding breath, feeling chills up their spines,
They are crouched warily and on guard,
Their brown tanned faces showing unknown fear,
Straining their dark blue eyes to see the beast.

They walk, crawl and push themselves along through the creepers,
They cannot find the beast,
They will not find the beast.
They will only find the beast in their nightmarish imagination.

Robert McDonald, P7A

### THE CHEETAH

Zoom, what was that?
An animal tearing up the ground,
The jet like plumes of dust flow behind,
Hisses, growls, and swiftly running,
The cheetah whizzing after food.
Eyes like burning flames of fire,
Leaping in high bounds with back-swept ears,
The zebra running from destruction,
As the spotted beast comes nearer.
Bent on death.

George Boyd, P7A

### THE BLOODY SUNSET

The sound of the victors fade,
The drum still rhythmically beating.
The voices disappear.
Just the groans of the victims are left,
Except for the beautiful sunset
Which shines across the bloody battlefield.

Graeme Johnston P7B

### FEAR

One dark winter's night when the wind was howling furiously, I walked into an old house. As I opened the squeaky door I began to shiver. There were cobwebs everywhere I looked. The place was unkempt and smelt of decay and rotten wood. I walked a few steps and stopped. My face was white with fear, and my movements were quick and sharp, as I thought a phantom or ghost would jump on me at any moment. Then suddenly a bat flitted over the room and out of the window. I walked through the door and saw some stairs. I started to go up them. As I stamped my feet the dust went up and down. When I got to the top of the stairs, some of the floorboards were loose, so I was extra careful not to fall through. I came to a door and there was no handle, so I just gave it a push and it swung slowly and opened. As I looked round, my spine shook with nauseating horror as I saw a dead rat being eaten away by ants. Then I saw a white sheet covering something. I walked cautiously over to it. I was very apprehensive about it but something inside me forced me to investigate. I picked it up slowly and gingerly. When I saw what was underneath it I was petrified, because I saw four curved legs sticking up. But when I came to my senses I realised it was a table upside down, and I gave a sigh of relief.

Shane Thomson, P7A

### SEA OTTER

The happy, playful sleek otter,
Easily domesticated, streamlined, speedy.
In the water graceful, swept-back ears,
On the land short-legged and clumsy.
It dives to the bottom of the murky sea,
Gropes on the muddy bottom,
He feels a juicy clam.
He picks up a stone as well.
It quickly swims to the top,
Rests, the clam on its belly.
He cleverly hammers away
Then eats the succulent meat.

Alexander Wilson P7A

### STORM

Time ticking away,
Wind lashes the windows,
Footsteps outside tramping, struggling,
But in our classroom, warmth.

Neil Collie, P6A

### FOOTSTEPS

Cursed footsteps!
Following me about.
I stop in silence;
They are gone.

Bernard Nelson, P6A

### DEEP RED LIQUOR

A clear glass full of dark strong rum,
Stands on a dented gouged-out table,
I sit on a wobbly chair and drink
The deep red, warm alcoholic liquor.
I stagger out of the tavern and on my way
Lazily place two pieces of gold on the bar,
Then walk away feeling relief.

Kevin Henderson, P7B

### THE DEER

As the deer stands alone,
Silhouetted upon the mountain top,
Alert it smells a hunter close.
The graceful movement of its nimble legs
Carry it far away.
But in the reserve
Protected and tame,
It lets you pat and stroke its hide.

Caleb Rutherford, P7A

### TABBY CAT

Its lithe body co-ordinates perfectly with its movement.
Muscles tense, hair on end,
It sees a tiny mouse scamper.
Its eyes grow to slits,
It prepares to pounce,
Then up like a flicker of lightning,
Nothing can save the mouse.
Then it sits there, gorging itself,
It leaves the unfinished corpse, why?
It feels something's presence –
Another cat, an enemy, a Persian.
It leaps, slashing the Persian in its flank.
The Persian reels, red dots visible on its pure white fur,
Teeth bared it prepared to engage in combat,
But the tabby is nowhere in sight,
The Persian slinks towards the mouse's corpse,
And eats the remains.

Neil Collie, P6A

### TIME

Mumbling sounds,
Click, chime, tock.
Clocks make you mad,
Time that lives on walls.

Bernard Nelson, P6A

### SEASONS

Black is winter, the sea's raging and roaring,
Black is death, the devil's awaiting,
Black are the streets and the sky at night,
Black is winter, the end of a year.
Green are meadows, so nice and cool,
Green are buds of life and joy,
Green is the sign of new life, reeds on a river,
Green is spring, and spring is lovely.

Yellow are the sun, stars and moon,
Yellow is corn beginning to ripen,
Yellow is the river bright with the sun,
Yellow is summer, the beauty of nature.

Rusty red are the leaves falling from the trees,
Rusty red is the squirrel collecting nuts in the trees,
Rusty red is the corn as ripe as can be,
Rusty red is autumn, the harvest time.

Michael Adamson, P6A

### COLOURS

Yellow is the colour of the sun,
So bright.
Black is the colour of the clouds that hide the sun.
Green is the colour of grass,
So fresh.
Brown is the colour of mud beneath the grass.
Blue is the colour of water,
So clear.
White is the colour of the spray on top.
Red are the squirrels in the tree,
Grey is the mole under the tree.
Orange is the colour of flame,
So warm.
Black is the coal that feeds the flame,
Bronze is the colour of a penny,
So worthless.
Gold is the colour of sovereigns,
So priceless.
Silver is the sword in the Viking's hand.
White is the ivory horns on his helmet.
Red is blood, and black is death.

Angus McLay, P6A

### BLACK

Black is an obscure sky,
Black is the background of the moon and stars,
Black are the storm clouds like an erupting volcano,
Black is a shadow,
Black is evilness and sin,
Black is disaster,
Black is the van which holds the dead,
Black is mournfulness,
Black is the shadow, under a desk or under a tree,
In a cave without a light,
Black is blindness,
Black is the heart of the devil,
Black is shame,
Black is obscure,
Black – is solitary darkness.

Bernard Nelson, P6A



### STATION IN DARKNESS

Nightime.
A dark station.
The wind blows a soft breeze on to the buildings.
Gloominess.
It infects the station like disease.
Bright coloured posters,
Now dull and unreadable,
Stuck up on the slogan-covered walls.
A light from the black roof shines like an ogre's eye on to the dirty floor.
The clock ticks on as the minutes pass,
A porter clumps out of his office,
Boots as if filled with lead.
He drinks from a grey mug,
Steam rising and disappearing.
At the dark horizon a long sound becomes louder,
Filling the station with a piercing noise.
It is the midnight train.
It arrives at the station.
Steam pours out of its funnel.
Its paintwork sparkles and glints in the darkness,
A sliding door opens from a carriage,
Two men of youth climb out holding sacks,
Sacks of mail.
They rush to a van,
In goes the mail, away goes the van,
The porter talks to them,
Soon, after chatter, the train begins to move.
A stream of light catches its escaping steam that drifts away.
The train roams away solemnly into the darkness.
The porter yawns and goes into his office,
Relaxes, and untwines his mingled thoughts.

Bernard Nelson, P6A

### A HORSE'S PLEASURE

There we go, just me and my master,
Galloping along the soothingly cool sand,
Smelling the sea air breezes,
Hearing the seagulls cry.
It's as if my master, the seagulls and I
Were the only living things in the world
And my master's talking,
And the sound of my hooves on the sand,
Fit the scene perfectly.

I wish there was no such thing as death,
Only life and happiness.
I could gallop those sands,
Ten times a day, and still do more.
My master always seems to know what I like,
He never wears spurs,
And he never treats me cruelly,
So I always try to do what he wants.
When my daily ride is over,
I always wish I could have it again.

Kelvin Smith, P7B

### THE BOY WITH THE KNIFE

It was dark when I came out of Cubs and my brother, Ewen, was just getting his coat.

He came out of the club and we started walking home. We took a short-cut through an alley. The area around here was well known for its unpleasant characters.

The houses were black and broken slates lay on the floor from roofs. We walked over the slates and turned into a derelict house. The walls were smashed and covered in slogans. Broken furniture covered the floor and wooden beams lay across the rubble.

Suddenly a boy jumped in front of us. He was holding a knife in one hand and a stick in the other. We backed away from him terrified. He wore ragged clothes and his shoes were tattered. One of his shoes was just a sole tied on with a rag to his foot. His trousers were torn and were much too small. His shirt was dirty and had big rips in it. He wore no socks and his feet were cut and grazed.

He looked at us with his evil eyes and then he came a bit nearer to me and grabbed my wrist. He threw me down on the rubble and he found an old chair and sat down on it. "Where d'you live?" he said.

"Twelve Pendorlan Avenue," I replied.

"Quite a long way from 'ere, ain't it?"

"Not that long." He got up and walked over to my brother. "Go and sit by 'im," he said. My brother came over to me. "Got any money on yer?" he said.

"No," I replied. He picked up a stone and threw it at an old mirror. The glass smashed and it flew everywhere. He stuck his knife into the wooden beam and came over to us. "Do yer wanna live? Well, if you do get us some money and I wan' it by tomorrer."

"We'll get it for you," said my brother.

"If yer tell anyone I'll get yer when I come out of Borstal. Get going." We ran quickly home.

Later that night we returned with my dad and we walked quietly in and there he was lying on an old trunk wrapped up in an old curtain. His knife was lying on the floor so my dad took it. Then he grabbed the boy's arm. The boy awoke and he started to panic. My dad quietened him and then dragged him to the car. We tied him up with the seatbelts and took him to the police station. We got a letter saying that he had been sentenced to four years in Borstal.

Angus McLay, P6A

### THE SUN

Gleaming ball of fire,
Alone,
In the universe,
Amongst other planets,
And life.

Kevin Henderson, P7B

*Illustrated by Stuart Benson, 2A, Linocut*



### THE WORM

Dark and slithering,
Creeping and crawling,
It slimes its way out of the swaying grass,
It wriggles over a cabbage leaf,
And tumbles on to the paving.
A lazy, careless human
Idly places its vast foot on its stomach,
No hope of survival.

Bernard Nelson, P6A

### A NIGHT WITHOUT A HOME

The trees rustle loudly as I cycle past.
The leaves part and a face peers through,
Not a human face, but a late bird chirping quietly.
I cycle on through the misty grey macabre woods.
I turn but hear nothing, see nothing.
I wonder if I'm deaf, but no—
I hear an owl hooting
Into the bitter, sharp night air.
My mind tells me to pedal quicker.
I hear my heart
Thumping away.
I'm scared, I'm lost.
I jump off my bike and hide in the bushes
I sob, I moan and whine.
But why? Why?
There's nothing here—
That's just it!
There's nothing here!

Mark Irvine, P6A

### THE GENERAL

Stiff, solid, straight,
Inflexible, proud, smart,
The General marches forward.
"Clump, clump," go his tough army boots
Legs just bending at the knees,
Arms swinging frantically.
Legs going one way,
Arms going the other.
He marches down a soldier-banked square,
The only one in a million.

A sweat-covered face,
A brain full of determination.
"I must do my best,"
He says over and over again.
Not daring to cough,
Not daring to splutter,
At last the parade is over.

Robert Bruce, P6A

### A WIZARD'S LAIR

Deep in a wood,
Disguised from the outside world,
Conjuring up some evil spell,
A bearded old wizard stoops over a bubbling pot.

The birds are too frightened to roost,
Because of who lives in the derelict house.
The moon only dares
To show a quarter of itself.

The wizard scatters the dust off an old spell book,
Ready to make things spellbound,
But he never finds anyone,
Because they are too full of fear.

The woodland creatures cower away,
They have no feeding places near,
They know what would happen,
Their eyes would never see daylight again.

Few of the trees bear leaves,
Because the wizard has destroyed them,
With his evil spells he is destructive,
And as long as he lives he will destroy everything.

Stanley Hathaway, P6A

### A TREE

Lichen infects it like leprosy,
But still it stands straight,
Looking up to nature,
Branches twine and untwine,
Leaves cluster and pack together,
A lodging for travelling birds,
And now at autumn,
Even though struggling for life,
It does not disgrace the wood,
But dresses itself in all its splendour.

Neil Collie, P6A

### SOUNDS OF A CHURCH

The sound of the church bells peal through the town,
The organ hums,
The choir clear their voices,
Doh, ray, me, fah, so, lah, tee.
Chairs scrape,
Papers rustle.
The service begins.
Whispers come from the bored congregation,
Old ladies eat cream cakes,
Crumbs drop silently to the floor.
Then up stands the preacher and on he preaches.
Amen, Aaamen, Aaaaaaaamen.
The service ends and people rush out,
Shoving and squeezing.
Out go the lights, buzzing then fading.
All is silent.
But is it?
No, it's not.
Three little church mice gnaw
At crumbs left by the congregation,
All alone in the dark, eating,
Waiting for next Sunday for a meal.

Angus McLay, P6A

# Annual Inspection

**Inspecting Officer:**
General Sir CECIL BLACKER, G.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., A.D.C. (Gen.), Adjutant-General

## INSPECTION

The Parade is drawn up in single line with Pipes and Drums in rear. The Colours are marched on to the Parade to the School March "The Victorians" and given a Salute by the Parade. (*Spectators rise for the Salute.*)
The Inspecting Officer is conducted to the Saluting Base by the Commandant, accompanied by the Headmaster, and preceded by two boy Orderlies. He mounts the dais and is received by a General Salute at 3.45 p.m. precisely. (*Spectators rise for the Salute.*)
The Senior Monitor commanding the Parade, reports the Parade "Ready for Inspection" to the Inspecting Officer. The Inspecting Officer preceded by the two boy Orderlies, and accompanied by the Commandant and the Headmaster, inspects the Parade, returning after to the dais.

## MARCH PAST

The Parade moves off to the right and forms Column of Guards to the left of the Saluting Base.
The Pipes and Drums play "Pibroch of Donald Dhu".
The Guards march past in slow time to the tune "The Mist Covered Mountains". (*Spectators rise as the Colours pass them.*)
The Parade reforms line to the tune "Blue Bonnets over the Border" and then advances in Review Order to the tune "Scotland the Brave" and again gives a General Salute. (*Spectators rise for the Salute.*)

## ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION OF PRIZES AND TROPHIES

The Parade forms three sides of a square and advances to the Saluting Base.
The Inspecting Officer addresses the Parade.
Boys receiving trophies and medals are fallen in.
Lady Blair presents non-academic Prizes, Trophies and Medals.
The Senior Monitor calls for Three Cheers (*only boys on Parade cheer*).

## MARCH OFF

The Senior Monitor requests permission to march off from the Inspecting Officer.
The Parade reforms line and marches off, preceded by the Pipes and Drums playing "Highland Laddie". (*Spectators stand during the March Off until Colours have left the Parade Ground.*)

## ON PARADE

| | |
|---|---|
| Senior Monitor, Commanding Parade | Manfred Nelson |
| Guard Commanders, No. 1 Guard | Joseph Dempsey |
| No. 2 Guard | Christian Nelson |
| No. 3 Guard | Ian Grant |
| No. 4 Guard | Russell Marchant |
| Orderlies to Inspecting Officer | Colin Jones |
| | Ross McKenzie |
| In Charge of Colour Party | Glen Wallace |
| Colour Bearers | Gordon Leonard |
| | Bruce Leslie |
| Boy Pipe-Major | Andrew Crawford |
| Boy Drum-Major | Steven Buchanan |
| School Sergeant-Major | Mr. J. Deeley (late Royal Scots) |

# Programme

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

2. Queen Victoria School Pipes and Drums (Pipe-Major Instructor Mr. J. Mackenzie, late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Drum-Major Instructor Mr. G. Moulding, late Scots Guards).

| | |
|---|---|
| Drummers' Flourish | |
| Retreat March | *Lochanside* |
| Slow March | *Sunset* |
| March | *Queen Victoria's Jubilee* |
| Strathspey | *Campbeltown Kiltie Ball* |
| Hornpipe | *Circassian Circle* |
| March | *Leaving Port Askaig* |

7. Exhibition of Highland Dancing (Instructor Mr. J. Mortimer, B.E.M., late K.O.S.B.).
   Argyllshire Broadswords
   Reel of Tulloch

4. Retreat Call (*During the Retreat Call the Union Flag will be lowered. Guests are requested to rise and gentlemen to take off their hats.*)

5. March Off of Pipes and Drums and Highland Dancers to the tune "Highland Laddie" giving "eyes right" to Inspecting Officer.

## 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. All guests are cordially invited to visit this exhibition, before or after the Parade. There is a separate display in the School Model Railway and Modelling Hobbies Hut, to which any Q.V.S. boy will direct guests. Guests are also invited to view 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 the three Fighting Services, including every Regiment and Corps normally represented by sons at the School. Also presentations from neighbouring British Legion (Scotland) Branches, the former South African War Veterans' Association of Edinburgh, and principal or neighbouring cities and towns of Scotland.

### OLD MAN IN ABERDARE

I look towards where the shaft used to be.
But instead I see a playground.
Children climb up the monkey bars.
It reminds me of when I climbed the winding gear.

I see myself back in the coal mine town,
Climbing the slag heaps.
But now, no slag heaps,
Just fresh green hills.
The old black coal mine town is gone,
We now have a new green town.
The black River Dare is gone,
We have a crystal river instead.
But all is sad for me,
I won't be alive to see the new trees.

Angus McLay, P6A

### THE FIGURE FROM THE TUBE

The stench of a mangled body,
Green slime on barks of trees,
Lion prints in the soil,
Leading to a thin tube.

Green saliva round the edges,
Talon prints in the soil.

A green and red blooded body,
Mangled by a wolf,
Appears in front of my eyes.

His hair like wire,
His eyes like suns,
His hands are talons,
His feet are lion claws.

He looked at me in horror
And disappeared!

Kevin Henderson, P7B

### IRAN

In Iran I live in Ziatoon which is about 100 miles from the Persian Gulf. During summer it is the hottest place in Iran with temperatures of 125°F every day. The road down to my house is just a track made out of mud and stones. The only tarmac road in Ziatoon is to be found when you turn the corner to the only supermarket in the town. At the back of our house, about half a mile away, is an oil rig which you can see clearly from my house. One day I went to the oil rig which had six huge generators which were working and making a lot of noise.

We have a mosque only two hundred yards away from our house and every Friday, which is their Sunday, you hear funny shouts and music. At 12 o'clock the roads are then full of people and cars.

We are not in a camp but scattered all round Ziatoon and Ahvaz or Ahwaz which is the only city near to us. The boys about my age, if their parents are poor, work on building houses or get a job in Ahwaz as coolies carrying your shopping from the centre of town to the car or landrover. If you give them 10 rials which is 5p they are very pleased, but the Americans cause inflation by giving them 30 to 40 rials.

In winter it rains every day and you have to wear your wellingtons because the roads are made out of mud and the cars wear it down and make deep ruts. When I was there at Easter they were tipping sand to fill in all the holes. So next winter it will be worse than this year. In Shushtar there are old flour mills next to a huge waterfall. The people there make beautiful baskets and trays made from grass and dyed straw which cost about £1. A man will also dive off a 50-ft. rock into the river for 100 rials which is about 60p.

The people of Iran always carry worry beads which are made from plastic, wood, ivory, and some glass. The plastic ones cost 5 rials or 30. In Iran the boys over 18 or 19 have to join the Army except those still continuing their education.

Dennis Wilson, P7A

### THE SOUND OF DEATH

The blare of the horn,
Loud in my ears,
The horses' hooves shaking the earth,
Yelping foxhounds trained to kill,
Sure was I, of the death of my forefathers,
I wasn't going to give in as easily as them.

The pack leader was an old dog,
Who knew all the tricks I used,
As I tired, he started to gain,
Nearer and nearer to me he came,
Man and dog I smelt all around,
My territory was just a blur of colour,
The hound came closer,
To my horror I feel teeth rip my flesh,
Lose him I must, or by instinct,
He'll kill with a second strike.

Running desperately, I approach a village,
Then bounded over a fence,
Startling a big burly Alsatian dog,
But was away before he recovered,
Then the packleader leapt the fence,
The Alsatian attacking the retaliating foxhound.
The hound fell heavily to the ground.

But now I lay in an abandoned hole
Dreaming of my short but pleasant life,
Licking my wound for the last time,
Knowing I'm going to die.
I drop my head on the warm earth,
And breathe my last.



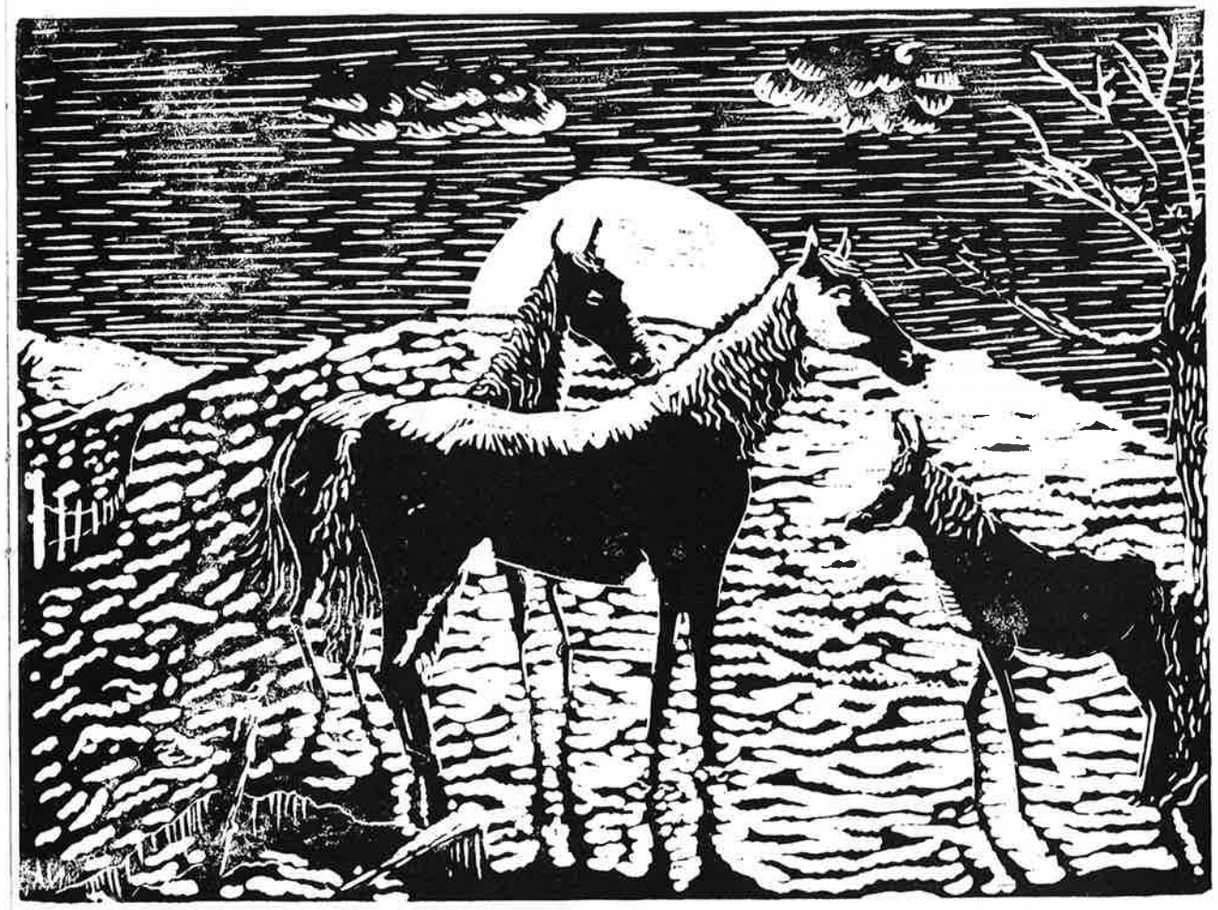
Penetrating darkness
Overcomes my brain, then. . ..
Silence!

Ewan Wallace, P7B

### RED BLOOD OF CADIZ

Lap, lap, of the calm waters around Cadiz harbour,
The thick fog disguises the English fleet,
As we near the Spanish fleet;
We hear singing and dancing;
Soon to be silenced,
Its successor the noise of battle,
We send blazing fireships;
Into the midst of the unaware Spanish fleet;
Setting alight everything that burned,
Thirteen men o' war clawed out from the blaze;
Ready to fight to the death,
The noise of cannon,
Shrieks of pain,
The cracking and splintering of wood,
English sailors board the enemy flagship;
Bits of flesh splattered all over the deck,
Musket balls flying everywhere blasting off heads,
Blood running freely down the gunwales,
The Admiral in his blood-splattered coat, head hung low;
Gave the order to hoist the white flag.

Kenneth Nicholson, P7B



*Illustrated by Neil Kempsell, IV, Linocut*

### WHISPERING DEATH

I lift my head, to see
My herd of buffalo, grazing peacefully.
Then drop my head to munch
The lush, tender grass again.
Suddenly an inner sense
Warns me of danger.
My heavy head lifts,
But my eyes do not see anything.
Then from out of nowhere
Horses charge down the slopes
Of the beautiful valley.
The herd bolts.

Arrows fly everywhere;
Buffalos fall, and little calfs
Lie beside their dead mothers.
Grunts of pain reach my ears.
Wherever I turn my head
Faces of terror meet me.

Arrows still fly.
A painted human on a horse
Bolts after me.
My heavy body slows me down.
Then a cunning plan
Forms in my mind;
I slow down and look back,
To see the hunter ready for the kill.
Then I lunge my great body
Against the small pony,
Crushing the red hunter.
I hear shouts,
And see other horses galloping toward me.
A sharp pain sticks into my side
And I slump heavily to the ground.

Thoughts race through my mind
Of my family.
Did they survive?
Have I led my herd well?
I try to stand on my feet,
But that increases the burning pain.
Again I think about the herd.
How many fell victim
To the whispering death?
The sound of horses' hooves reach me.
A tall, proud Indian sits astride
His piebald pony.
He points his bow towards me. . . .

Mark Fisher, P7B

### SAILING

You pull the unrigged boat into the water, trying desperately to keep your feet out. You then attempt to rig it. Put that through that, clip that on that, slip that through that.

"Oh, bother!" you cry as you watch your clip sink to the bottom of the lake. "Why do I do it; I never get time to sail any way." And you feel like wrecking the whole boat.

Once the boat is rigged you take that feeling back and feel proud of yourself, even if you have missed out half your clips and your sail is likely to get blown away any minute. Then you launch the boat, run through the ice-cold water and leap into it. You shudder with the cold and suddenly remember the centre-board and quickly let it down. But you can hear the sails flapping, so you grab the rope and haul them in. You keep holding then and at the same time steering the boat. The sun shines through the refreshing spray, making it look like diamonds.

The boat cups cleanly through the water. Only the water lapping against the boat and the breeze can be heard. You are alone on a paradise lake sailing in a silver boat, with diamonds all around you. The surrounding hills look down on you like green giants eager for the treasure. Suddenly a big shadow covers the lake and you return to the shore to face the tortures of unrigging a boat in rain.

Angus McLay, P6A

### THEM

Creepy, sepulchral and tormenting,
Murderous and villainous,
Black, dark and slithering,
Look out! It's them!

Hissing, throbbing, nibbling, gnawing,
Moaning, agonising, injurious,
Death-causing, abominable,
Poking, persecuting,
HELP! it *is* them!

Bernard Nelson, P6A

### WINGED KING OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS

Perched gracefully, high on a rocky moss-covered ledge,
Defiantly peering at an agitated, devouring and accumulating sea,
I view with great temptation and eager anticipation,
Glittering in the reflection of the fading, gentle sun,
Shoals of dashing, gloriously shimmering shapes,
Which dot the tormented, tossing waters below.

Launching noiselessly, into spouts of sparkling salty spray
Erupting furiously from the dark, green, crashing depths,
I thoughtfully soar, while spying secretly, on my unsuspecting prey
Darting to and fro, straining away the lives of their minute defenceless victims,
To gorge themselves in ecstasy, soon to satisfy appetite
With delicious layers of soft, tender, white flesh and juicy, chilled eyes.



Plummeting excitedly, with the enormous span of my powerful wings
Swept back soothingly, my plump neck extended and keen eyes sharply focused,
I pierce the cool, silent, colourful deep, my feet propelling me onwards
Through the swaying curtain of green and brown groping fronds
Swimming past cruel grasping crustaceans, avoiding the wandering murderous tentacles
Of poisonous, semi-transparent men-o-war, to reach my unaware, unprotected prize.

Emerging breathlessly, slippery catch wriggling desperately for survival
In my dripping, razor-sharp bill, I stretch my gaping gullet for the final, fatal move.

Spreading my muscular wings and beating with full force, I ascend gradually
Into the fresh tang of the moaning sea breezes, which are my natural habitat;
To see a strong, strenuously labouring trawler, above which I continuously circle,
Effortlessly observing, with jealousy and curiosity their strange yet fascinating activities.

Class Poem by P7B

### SHEET OF RAIN

"For England! Fire!"
Thousands of arrows fall like rain,
On to the charging French cavalry.
I pull back my massive six-foot longbow.
"Fire!"
Men fall before me like ninepins,
Into the mud and blood,
Yet still they come.
Shouting war cries and screaming with pain.
"Oh, Lord, how much longer must this killing go on?"
Thousands of arrows are let loose.
They fall causing chaos and inflicting pain,
Among the oncoming enemy.
They still come, nearer and nearer.
I feel the sweat drip
From my ice-cold face.
Tears run down my mud-splattered cheeks.
Then suddenly our cavalry charge;
"For England! For England!"
I feel myself shouting with the others.
"Hurrah! Hurrah!"
And the sorrow leaves me,
And burning pride fills my heart.

Mark Fisher, P7B

### MY BEDROOM

The white, glinting door, reflecting in the rays of the sun from the landing window, with the odd bits of crumbled paintwork, stands ajar. It opens without a sound on its well-oiled hinges and lets the sun stream through to the far side wall. The soft silken carpet, of multi-coloured patterns, spreads across the linoed floor up to the white sparkling wall with the occasional dirty fingerprint here and there. The bulky wardrobe, made of smooth brown wood, casts its shadow across the floor. The light with its creamy glass shade hangs silently from the white ceiling. My bed, soft and comfortable, stands in the corner with a tartan rug draping right down to the floor. Alongside stands my bedside locker, with its plastic-plated top and inside, books, pens and other odds and ends. Next to that my dressing-table, with its manoeuvrable mirror fastened to the top. Across the top lies a diamond-shaped rug and many models of different description and size. Hanging head high across the walls are the glass-plated shelves where I keep many of my books and a few ornaments. The streamlined big french windows, dazzling in the sun stand open, letting in the fresh air. Stepping through the french windows is the balcony, running proudly round the house, made of concrete and a railing made of wood carving. From there you can look down on to the garden and across the fence to the hills in the distance against the blue sky.

Alan Kennedy, P7A

I had eighteen bottles of whisky in my cellar and I was told by my wife to empty them down the sink . . . or else.

I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I drew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I drew the cork from the second bottle and did the same with the exception of one glass which I drank. Then I drew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whisky down the sink which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank.

I feel so foolish.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink of it and threw the next down the glass which I drank.

I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle.

Then I unbottled the cork with the glass, bottled the drink, and drank the pour. When I had everything empty, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles, sinks with the others which were 29. As the house came by I counted them again and finally had all the houses in one bottle which I drank.

I am not under the affluence of incohol as thinkle deep I am. I'm not half as think as you might drunk. In fact, I fool so feelish. I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand the longer I get. . . .

Ian MacDonald

### 'LOTHLORIEN'

(from Lord of the Rings)

The leaves are silver-lined and twinkle, wink and fall,
The gnarled old roots stand fast through the sleet and snow.
The brown forest bed lies soft and the twigs bend under my weight,
The tree top shiver and whisper and announce my arrival.

I. Davidson, IV

### FIST

From the side – an eight-legged elephant?
A spider?
From above –
A single finger, weak.
A weapon united dreadful to behold
And sore on the jaw!

G. Ballantyne, 2A

### DIAMOND?

This
sort of
poem gets on
my nerves because I
can never get
the shape
right.

G. Ballantyne, 2A

Cold autumn morning,
Running through the drifts of leaves,
Hurrying to warmth.

G. Cameron, 3A

Cold autumn morning,
Frost resting on frozen milk.
The worm paralysed.

S. Buchanan, 3A

Cold autumn morning,
Dry leaves frosted to the ground.
Silence bites like teeth.

P. Irvine, 3A

### SOCIAL DRINKING

He pushed open the swing doors of Dan's Saloon, in Yellowdog, Texas.

He was wearing a buckskin jacket and a black stetson coated in thick dust. His face was dirty, unshaven, and mean.

"Come far, stranger?" asked the bartender, as he put the drink down in front of 'Dead Eye Dick."

Dead Eye picked up the drink and swallowed it in a gulp. Then he stared at the bartender deep and hard and said, "Ask a lot of questions, don't you?"

The bartender smiled uneasily. "Sorry, partner, nothing personal—just talking."

Dead Eye stared at him long and hard again and said, "Quit the talking and get me another drink."

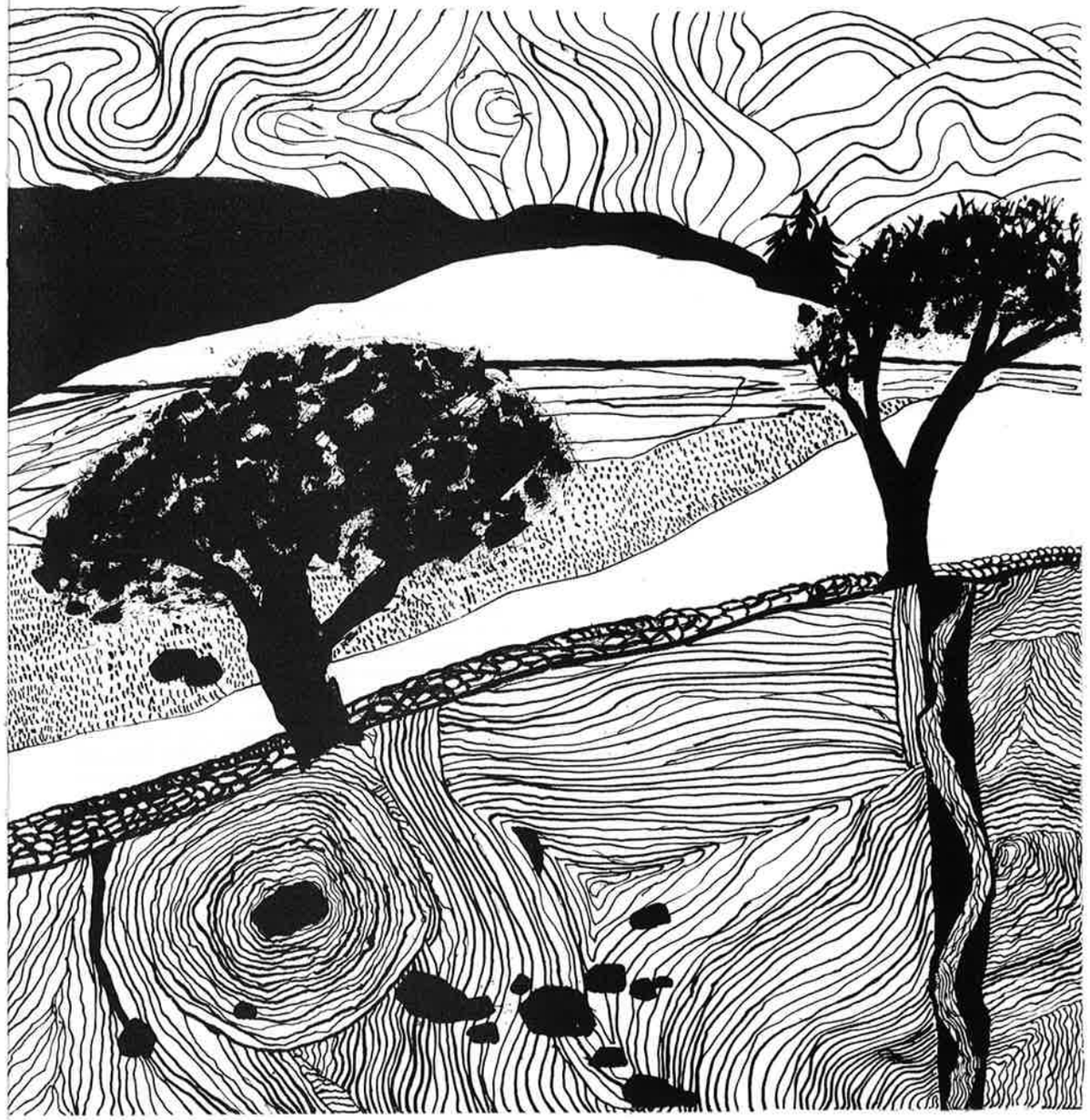
Harrison, 3A

### A FABLE

*D. Watson:* "Bugs, where's your kettle?"
*G. Farquhar:* "Say that once more, Doug, and you're dead."
*D. Watson:* "Come here and say that, Rabbit."
*G. Farquhar:* "Dougal, you're dead."
*D. Watson:* "Right, come on then."
*G. Farquhar:* "Right, that does it."
*D. Watson:* "Fancy some carrots?"
*G. Farquhar:* "Boppin, help me?"
*K. Sinclair:* "I'm not superman, you know."
*G. Farquhar:* "Doug, let go!"
*D. Watson:* "Go hop down your burrow."
*G. Farquhar:* "Okay."
*D. Watson:* "Pass your kettle over here."

F. Gibson, 2A





*Illustrated by James Munnoch, 2B, Pen and Ink*

### WE ARE FREE

The door opened and we all scuffled out into the beautiful white snow. It was the third day of freedom from the school but it was only the very first day out. The sun gleamed down on to us and the snow sparkled and shone as we slowly descended the hill into the park. We entered the park and suddenly we were all racing about chasing each other, rolling over in the snow and sliding down the hills. I then started at a slow trot to move towards the large tree. But my brothers and sisters saw me and a great race was on. I ploughed my way through the snow and reached the tree. I scrambled up it, and there I stood gasping for breath with steam flowing out of my mouth. My brothers started to climb up after me, but I dived off the tree on to the rope hanging from the largest branch. I started to swing on the rope then I leapt off on to a large pile of snow. I was then captured by my brothers and we started a snow fight. When we came home later that day I started thinking how happy and free I felt away from home with my brothers and sisters.

James Munnoch, 2B

### RELIC

The new green leaves
sway in the breeze,
As the young tree
supports its burden.

A rusted steel helmet
About sixty years old
Like its owner
lies forgotten.

D. I. Gray, 2A

### THE LESSON

"Come on then, Susan, put that lace over there and pull the other one under it. No, no, no, put it *there*. That's right. Now put this lace bunched up and wrap the other lace round it. That's the way. No. you can't put it up your nose. Put it there. No, not round here, round there. I am not losing my temper with you. *I said I'm not losing my temper with you*! Don't cry *and take that lace out of your mouth*! You don't know where it's been. You do? Where? *Yes, I know it's been up your nose.*"

"*I am not making her cry, dear.* I am merely trying to teach her to tie her laces."

"*I am not shouting at you*! *I am just trying to make myself heard above the infernal wailing of this child.*"

"*I am not angry with her*! Now stop crying, Susan, and I'll show you that again, *and take that lace out of your ear. . . .*"

K. Isdaile, 3A

### THE OLD LADY

She was the oldest women I have ever seen. Her rugged, gnarled face was split with sun-bronzed chasms and cratered ravines. Her nose, bent into a hawk's hooked beak, was covered in warts and full of formidable spiked hair which crowded and jostled in her nostrils. Her eyes, screwed up under paper eyelids, fluttered like pale, faded blue butterflies. She stumped around her tiny, rambling garden, on bent legs – staring at each weed with obvious distaste in her butterfly eyes, scratching her snow-white, receding hair with gnarled fingers.

Graeme Ballantyne, 2A

### WIND

The rain, swept before the roaring wind, was wet, and almost solid. Grass flattened before the terrible thrust. Trees whipped and flailed like crazy hydras, and copiously shed leaves, in bursts and flutters. Chimneys hummed and whistled eerily, cooing and moaning like a pair of doves in love. The telegraph wires hummed and screamed in time with the music of the trees and grass. Leaves pirouhetted and waltzed like madmen in a ballroom. This gale blew for a day and a half.

Graeme Ballantyne, 2A

### IN THE DARK

Groping in my jacket pocket, I found my pen-torch and yanked it out. The tiny beam leapt forward, only to hit a wall, damp and crumbling, with peeling grey paint hanging in small shreds. A green bottle sat, with a candle end in it, alone on a crate marked generously with "Geest Bananas – Finest quality." A rusty pipe dripped foul water on to a cold, damp stone floor. There was no window, my torch being the only light. In the far corner of this room, shrouded in gloom which the torch beam could not quite penetrate, was a battered, broken-down door, hanging on one hinge. In the doorway was the dim shape of a huge, broad man. He stood silent, then he sniggered evilly. The torch went out.

G. Ballantyne, 2A

### UNPLEASANT SERVICE

He managed with great effort to get up the stairs. Once he caught his breath he snarled, "Fares, all fares." He staggered over to me and aggressively asked for my fare. "How much is it to George Square?" I asked him. The bus was rocking about and this seemed to make him more angry. "What?" he replied. "I said . . ." He quickly cut in "twenty-eight pence". I handed him a 50p piece. "Is that all you've got?" He snatched it off me and slammed the change into my hand. He walked away muttering, "Some people."

Angus Cameron, 3A



### THE ROOM

The door squeaked open, shouting in protest, on one rusted hinge. The room was shrouded in grey. Cobwebs hung like sheets from the roof, and dust stirred lazily under the boy's foot. At a small table in the centre of the room sat a figure.

A skeleton. A tweed jacket hung miserably, crumbling over bone shoulders. The hands rested on a faded, half torn book by Charles Dickens. So it was him. Now the boy knew.

The skull leered eerily at him under a battered tweed cap, hanging saucily over one empty socket. The room was silent. The old clock on the mantel-biece had stopped, exhausted, years ago. The dial was still – and sullen. A lone picture hung forlornly, cracked and faded, on a wall. A mouse ran up the skeleton's leg. The cloth fell away, revealing bare bone. Peter turned quickly from the room, and shut the door.

Graeme Ballantyne, 2A

### A BAD STORM

The heavy beating rain and whirling sea-spray left my clothes and hair saturated, and my face glistening with drops of water.

I was pushing against the driving wind as I tried to walk along the promenade. The sea usually placid rose as though a volcano had erupted on the sea bed, and crashed on to the promenade, then flowed across it, spreading out, until the wind caught it and spun it into the air.

Under the bus shelter pieces of newspaper, discarded in better weather, were having dogfights. They flew around wildly like aeroplanes out of control of the pilots but obsessed by the wind.

The flag erected on the concert hall was a solid rectangle until suddenly the wind grew more and more powerful and wrenched it off the pole.

On the ground cars began to sway and the bus shelter creaked. Boats moored to the promenade began to turn over as the violent sea grew more insane.

Then the bus shelter crashed down and was immediately carried away into the sea. Then the sky grew darker, the wind died down, the sea grew tired and the rain bounced gently off the promenade.

E. J. M. Gibson, 3A

### PET HATES

I have got a couple of pet hates and I will try and tell you what they are and why.

Pet hate No. 1 is *onions*. Most people seem to like onions but not me. Seeing onions is not too bad and the smell is reasonable providing I don't smell it for too long, but it is the taste and the texture of onions that I dislike. I can't say why I don't like the taste of onions. Nobody can about any food they don't like, but I can say why I don't like the texture of onions. They remind me of beetles (another one of my pet hates). The onions seem to represent a beetle sliced up, especially when they are in a stew or mixed up with my mince and tatties.

The sliminess of the onions represents the slimy underside of the beetle and the fried, crispy onions represent the hard shall of the beetle.

Pet hate No. 2 is *cockroaches, beetles* and *earwigs*. All these creatures seem to me to be very much related to each other. They all represent filth, slime and ugliness. In Aden cockroaches lived in cracks in the walls and crawled amongst the green beer bottles stacked up against the grey corrugated iron wall of the N.A.A.F.I.

Earwigs and beetles I used to find in my uncle's rain-water tank. Normally, it was full of rain water collected over the rainy months but during the warm summer beetles and earwigs would set up communities there amongst the slime and dead and wet leaves. It was revolting!

E. J. M. Gibson, 3A

### WHERE AM I?

As I wake I hear a scraping sound, a cold draught chills my whole body. Night or day? I ask myself as I fumble around for my torch in the darkness, which seems to close in on me. I probe the thin torch beam around my surroundings. High walls tower all around me, a fireplace meets my eye, a pile of ashes lie within. They lie there dead and cold. The beam flickers for a moment, a cold sweat runs from my brow. And all the time this scraping noise is eating at my mind. Suddenly there is silence, the torch beam slides off to meet the red glaring eyes of a rat, which quickly scurries off into the thick blackness. A table, a chair spring out of the darkness as the torch beam silently slides around the dusty room. Suddenly a loud crash brings the opening of a door, rays of light blind me. I cover my eyes with my arm. As I look up again I see the silhouette of a tall man. What fate can this be?

Angus Cameron, 3A

### THE STRANGER

He pushed the swing doors open and lazily strolled across the creaking floorboards to the bar. He sat down and ordered a glass of milk. Mud and dust were caked on his boots and his clothes were weatherworn. The brim of his purple stetson shadowed his face. He looked around the room with cold bespectacled eyes. The piano player stopped playing. A few cowpokes playing cards looked at him nervously.

"Go tell Desperate Dan I'm in town," he drawled.

J. Burns, 3A

### THE OLD ROOM

The faded letters on the door said, "Library". I turned the handle, it was stiff, and pushed the door. It creaked protestingly. Dust swirled up, choking me. The dust was everywhere; dust on the shelves, dust on what few books there were left, dust on the tables and dust on the chairs. Cobwebs stretched from shelf to shelf. Brushing them aside, I walked towards the other end of the room. The carpet under my feet was dirty and threadbare. The books were going yellow and falling to pieces. I found an old newspaper, dated 18th November, 1952. That was the day my world collapsed. Still, I'd managed to patch it back together again. I looked up. The old grandfather clock still stood in the corner. I wound it up, but it wouldn't go. The mechanism probably needed cleaning. The fireplace, at one time bright and clean, was now covered in a mixture of dust and soot. The paint was flaking off the walls. I wondered if it would be worth restoring the house.

David Gray, 2A

### AFTER THE PARTY

I opened the door and peeped in, dreading what I would see. And I was right in dreading it. The first thing that caught my eye was the table leaning drunkenly to one side. Following the slope with my eyes I came to the edge where a large plate hung perilously over the edge. Below it I saw its predecessors lying in a heap on the floor, not one intact. Near this a jelly still quivered as if frightened by its experience. Lying on top of the jelly was the end of a streamer. Following that I came across more fallen decorations. Then I saw the settee lying on its back, a great, ugly, red stain on its sdie making it look as though it had been shot! Lying on its side behind the settee was my drinks table, minus two and a half legs. On the floor in front of the collapsed table was a heap of broken glasses and bottles, some still pouring their expensive contents on my expensive and almost brand new carpet, turning it from bright yellow to red, orange, black and various other shades. Looking up I found I was minus a lamp-holder. A quick search revealed it underneath an upturned bowl, which had contained punch. found the punch all over my tablecloth, turning it a deep red. Then I found an intact glass, how it escaped I do not know, and poured in a mixture of every drink I had left, which wasn't much!

David Gray, 2A

### THE GALE

The wind was howling past the building as Keith and I went down to the main door. We opened it and a gust of spray-filled wind hit us in the face. We stepped out and attempted to shut the door, while the wind tried to push us down the street. After shutting the door we made our way up the street, bowing into the wind. A few minutes later we arrived at the water-front. Here we were being drenched in spray. We could see the huge waves crashing over the breakwater, sending spray high into the air. We arrived at the garage, fortunately only about 50 yards further down the water-front. But it was shut. We had to go back without paraffin. By now the wind had increased and the water from the bay was coming on to the road, even where the road was more than 10 feet above the usual sea level. We turned into our street and were pushed along by the wind. But we reached our door safely and got in, soaked to the skin. Outside the wind howled past the door. I'm not going out there in that again," I said.

David Gray, 2A

### THE GIFT

He leaned out of the window, resting heavily on the sill. His backside stuck out a few yards into the air. I had the temptation to push him out, but before I could fulfil my desire, he turned around. I observed that one end looked much the same as the other.

"That one down there is a Fiat 126. My dad had one of those," he announced smugly. He had been looking at the cars on the motorway, as he usually did. He was fascinated by bits of tin on four wheels.

"Cor, really, how thrilling!" I exclaimed in surprised awe.

"Want a flat face," he drawled arrogantly, his sweaty fists clenching in anticipation.

"Who said I did?"

"Well, then, shut yer face, lad," he grunted.

He strolled over to his locker with his nose in the air, opened a bag of sweets, pulled out a chew, and stuffed it into his face. Then he turned to me smiling smugly.

"Let's get one, then."

"Ask nicely." He spoke as if addressing a minion or servant.

"May I have a sweet, O great fat one?"

"'Ere, you can 'ave this one I'm eating," he belched and handed me it.

"Get lost," I shuddered in disgust.

"All right, then, do without."

He sounded hurt, that one so inferior should refuse a gift from him. He walked airily away.

J. Burns, 3A



# Valete

MORRISON, D. S. – A.C.C. Joined 1966. School Prefect 1973–75. Qualifications – Eight 'O' grades, three 'H' grades, three 'H' grades pending. To university.
Home address – 8 Balgarthno Street, Dundee.

McPHERSON, I. A. (left June 1974). R.A. (Ret.). Joined 1967. Haig. Deputy Dorm. Leader 1969–70 (Wavell), Cunningham House Prefect 1972–73, School Prefect 1974, Cpl. C.C.F. (Army), C.C.F. Proficiency, Pipe Band 1970–74, Bronze, Silver, Gold (A.S.A.) Awards, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross (R.L.S.S.) Awards, Bronze, Silver. D. of E. First Aid (Junior and Adult), 1st XV Rugby Team 1973–74, Athletics Team 1971–73, School Play 1974. Clubs – Fencing, Badminton, Athletics, Pottery, Life Saving, Pipe Band, Drama, Canoeing. Qualifications – 'O' grades English, Modern Studies, Arithmetic, Physics, Engineering Drawing, Woodwork. To Lanarkshire Constabulary.
Home address – 39 Albert Street, Dunblane.

BELL, S. M. – A. & S.H. Joined 1969. Prep. Supervisor, Helmsman in Sailing Club. Gold Personal Survival, Proficiency C.C.F. Clubs – Sailing Club, Chess Club, Athletics, Shooting, Woodwork Club, Amateur Swimming Association. Qualifications – Sat 'O' grade in Arithmetic, English, Mechanics, Mathematics, Woodwork, Engineering Drawing, Physics, Economics, Economic History. To school in Stirling.
Home address – 41 Craigend Road, St. Ninian's, Stirling, Stirlingshire, Scotland.

DEMPSEY, J. – The Life Guards. Joined 1969. Cpl. in C.C.F., Sgt. in C.C.F., Prep. Supervisor. Bronze Personal Survival, Bronze Medallion C.C.F. Proficiency, Junior First Aid, Gold Personal Survival, Bronze Cross, Bronze and Silver D. of E. Clubs – Sailing, Fencing, Shooting, Royal Life Saving Society, Model Railway, Conservation Society, Amateur Swimming Association, Chess, Debating Society, Woodwork, Athletics, Bridge Club. Qualifications – Sat 'O' grades in Arithmetic, Physics, Economic History, Mechanics, Engineering Drawing, English, Woodwork, Economics. Probably join R.C.T.
Home address – 4 Caledonia Road, Baillieston, near Glasgow.

CHAPMAN, A. – A. & S.H. Joined 1969. Wavell Librarian, Pipe Band Drummer, Runner-up 2nd Year Swimming Champion. Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold, Life Saving Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Award of Merit, Teacher's Certificate, C.C.F. Proficiency. Clubs – Life Saving Society, Model Railway, Fly-tying. Qualifications – Sat 'O' grades Latin, French, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, English, Physics. Labourer.
Home address – 32 Am Vogelsang, Kleine Moscow, Osnabruck, W. Germany.

GRANT, J. I. – Scots Guards. Joined 1969. Deputy Dorm. Leader, 1st Year Rugby Team, Scorer for School Cricket Club. A.S.A. Gold, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross and Bronze Cross 'Bar', Army Proficiency. Clubs – Model Railway, Canoeing, Sailing, Stamps, Life Saving Society. Qualifications – Sat 'O' grades Arithmetic, English, Biology, Economics, Technical Drawing, Economic History, Physics, Woodwork, Applied Mechanics, Mathematics. Joining R.A.F.
Home address – Ashe House, 89 Bolton Road, Windsor, SL4 3JY, Berks, England.

BOOTH, F. A. – R.A.F. Joined 1969. Rugby Team, Badminton, N.C.O. R.A.F., Cricket Team, Wavell Football Team, Chess Team, Librarian, Prep. Supervisor. Awards – Bronze, Silver and Gold Personal Survival. Bronze D. of E., School Badminton runner-up at Doubles, C.C.F. Marksman (S.L.R.), First Aid Certificate. Clubs – Badminton, Scottish Country Dancing, Bridge, Gym., Shooting, Woodwork, Art, Fly-tyeing, Canoeing. Qualifications – Sat 'O' grades Arithmetic, English, Woodwork, Physics, Economics, Technical Draning, Economic History. Working in Fishmarket (or R.A.F.)
Home address – 22 Kenkast Circle, Rob Roy Caravan Site, Peterculter, Aberdeenshire.

ANDERSON, D. – Black Watch. Joined 1967. C/Sgt. A.C.F. 1974–54. Silver and Gold A.S.A., Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Award of Merit, Teachers, Advanced Teachers, R.L.S.S. Silver, Duke of Edinburgh. Clubs – Wargaming, Mathematics, Chess, Bridge, Life Saving, Archaeology and Ecology. Qualifications – 'O' grades Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Mechanics, Sat 'O' grade English, 'H' grade Chemistry, Physics, Modern Studies, Mathematics. To Merchant Navy or Army.
Home address – On the point of changing.

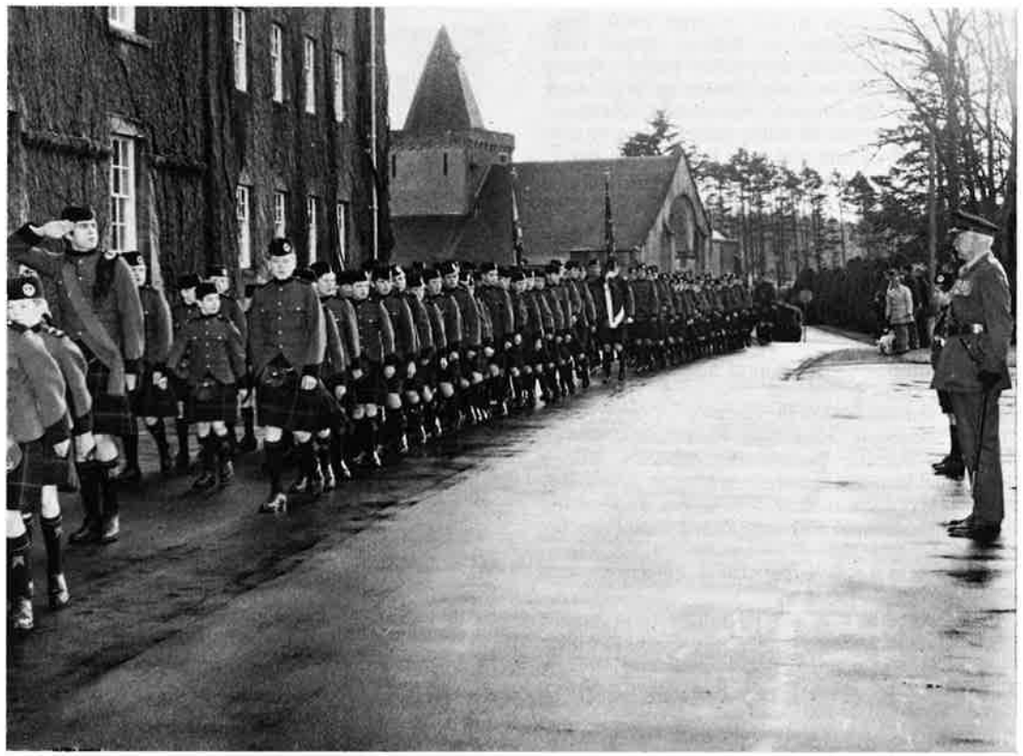
DEMPSEY, J. J. – Life Guards. Joined 1968. School Prefect, Senior Bugler, Sgt. C.C.F./Army Section Force. Awards – Personal Survival Gold, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Red Cross First Aid Adult Certificate, C.C.F. Proficiency. Clubs – Pipe Band (side drum), Model Railway 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year XV, First XV 1974–75, Debating Society. Qualifications S.C.E. 'O' grade French, Arithmetic, Physics, Engineering Drawing, English, Sat 'O' grade Mathematics, 'H' English, Physics, 'O' grade Chemistry, 'H' Modern Studies.
Home address – 4 Caledonia Road, Baillieston, near Glasgow.

REYNOLDS, T. J. – Royal Military Police. Joined 1969. C.C.F. Army N.C.O., House Prefect, Dorm. Leader, Member of Pipe Band, Member of Perth and

Kinross County Badminton Team, Cricket Captain 1st, 2nd and 3rd Years. Awards – Adult First Aid, Junior First Air Certificates, Gold Personal Survival, Duke of Edinburgh Bronze, School Badminton 1975, School Squash 1975, C.C.F. Proficiency. Clubs – Badminton, Tennis, Red Cross. Qualifications – Mathematics, Physics, English, Modern Studies, Arithmetic, Mechanics, Technical Drawing, Woodwork. To Ewell College, Surrey.
Home address – Salterns, Green Lane, Leatherhead, Surrey.

GRANT, I. D. – Scots Guard. Joined 1966. Intermediate Prefect 1971–72, School Prefect 1973–75, Leading Side Drummer, Senior Drummer 1973–75, Sgt. C.C.F./R.A.F. Section, Drumming Champion 1974. Awards – Latin Prize 1973, D. of E. Bronze and Silver, Personal Survival Gold, R.L.S.S. Intermediate, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Award of Merit Teacher's Certificate 1974, R.A.F. Proficiency and Advanced Certificates, Rugby Colours 1975. Clubs – Drama Society, Debating Society, Canoeing, Motor Mechanics, Pipe Band, Rugby 1st XV 1973-75, Cricket Teams 1st, 2nd and 3rd Years, 2nd XV 1972–73. Qualifications – 'O' grade Mathematics, English, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Latin, French Modern Studies, 'H' grade English, French, Latin. Sat Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, Modern Studies.
Home address – Ashe House, 89 Bolton Road, Windsor, Berks, SL4 3JY.

CRAWFORD, A. I. – R.A.F. Joined 1966. Trenchard Prefect 1972, School Prefect 1974, Deputy Senior Monitor 1975, Boy Pipe-Major 1975, 1st XV (Rugby), Captain 1975, C.C.F./R.A.F./Cadet Sgt. 1974–75. Awards – C.C.F./R.A.F./Proffiency & Advanced Award. C.C.F./Gliding Proffiency award. British Gliding Association A and B Certificate 1974, R.L.S. Bronze Medallion 1971, Bronze Cross 1972, Award of Merit 1972, Teachers Award 1973, A.S.A. Gold Personal Survival 1971, Red Cross Junior and Adult Certificates, Duke of Edinburgh Silver and Gold 1973/74. Wavell Memorial Cup 1974, Art Prize 1973,



*Brigadier Hope Thomson taking the salute at his last parade.*



Outward Bound Certificate 1973, Scottish Schools Amateur Fencing Association First Award 1973. Clubs – British Schools Exploring Society (Icelandic Expedition 1975), Outward Bound, Pipe Band 1970–75, 3rd Year Rugby XV 1972, 1st XV 1973–75, Choir 1966–75, Debating Society 1973–75, Canoeing Club 1973–75, Motor Mechanics Club 1974–75, Fencing Club 1973–75, Drama Club 1974–75, New Dunblane Golf Club 1973–75. Qualifications – S.C.E. 'O' grade Arithmetic, Chemistry, English, French, Latin, Mathematics, Modern Studies, Physics. 'H' grade English, Latin. To take 'H' grade Chemistry, History, Mathematics, Modern Studies, Physics. To Stirling University.
Home address – 8 Cumberland Terrace, Binbrook, Lincolnshire, LN3 6EL.

NELSON, M. – Royal Military Police. Joined 1968. Cunningham Prefect 1972, School Prefect 1974 Senior Monitor 1975, Rugby 1st XV Vice-Captani 1975. Awards – R.L.S. Bronze Medallion, Scottish Schools Amateur Fencing Association–First, Second and Third Awards, Flying Scholarship, Rugby colours –1974/1975, Duke of Edinburgh Bronze, Asa Silver Adult First Aid, Outward Bound 1972. Clubs–Canoeing, Fencing, Motor Mechanics, Pipe Band. Qualifications – Eight 'O' grades, Arithmetic, Mathematics, English, French, Latin, Physics, Chemistry, Modern Studies. Four 'H' grades, English, Latin, Physics, Chemistry. Four 'H' French, Mathematics, History, Modern Studies sat. To University.
Home address – Det. III, Provost Coy. R.M.P., B.F.P.O. 29.

KEMPSELL, I. D. – Royal Navy. Joined 1966. Wavell Dormitory Leader 1968–69, School Prefect 1973–74, School Monitor 1974–75, C.C.F. Colour Sgt. 1973–74, C.C.F. Sgt.-Major 1974-75. Awards – R.L.S.S. Inte mediate, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Award of merit, Distinction, R.L.S.S. Teachers. Advanced Teachers. A.S.A. Gold. D. of E. Silver and Gold. Rugby Colours 1974–75. C.C.F. Proficiency. British Red Cross Society Junior First Aid 1972, Adult First Aid 1973.
Clubs – Pipe Band 1969–75, Canoeing 1974-75, National Conservation Corps 1973–75, Fencing 1975, Debating Society 1972–75, 1st XV 1973–75, Wishbone Ash Club. Qualifications – Passed 'O' grade Mathematics, English, Physics, Chemistry, Modern Studies, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Mechanics, Woodwork. 'H' grade English, Physics. Sitting 'O' grade Statistics, 'H' grade Mathematics, Modern Studies, Economics. To Royal Navy.
Home address – 38 Lundin Road, Crossford, Fife Scotland.

ELLIOTT, J. – S.A.S. Regiment. Joined 1969. Captain 2nd XI, Senior Dancer. Awards – 3rd Year Cross-country Champion, Scottish Country Dancing Certificate, Gold, Silver and Bronze Personal Survival, Silver and Bronze Dancing Medals, Bronze Cross (Life Saving), First Aid Bronze, D. of E., Clubs – Model Railway, Gym., Scottish Country Dancing. Qualifications – Sat Arithmetic, English, Woodwork, Engineering Drawing, Economics, Economic History, Physics, Biology. Apprentice Joiner.
Home address – 14 Laycock Drive, Stirling Estate, Hereford, HR 2 6NS.

BLAKE, J. – Royal Corps of Transport. Joined 1969. Junior Cpl. R.A.F./C.C.F., Photographic Society President 1975, R.A.F. Shooting Team, Projectionist. Awards – Boxing Medal, B.S. Gold Personal Survival, Athletics Runner-up. Clubs – Photography (The 'Play'), Art, Cricket; musician with group). Qualifications – Sat Art, Arithmetic, English, Woodwork, Economics, Economic History, Physics, Biology. Interior Decorator.
Home address – 27 Woodpark, Ludgershall, Andover, Wilts.

FORREST, A. W. – Royal Navy. Joined 1968. Awards – A.S.A. (Personal Survival) Bronze and Gold, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion and Bronze Cross, D. of E. Bronze and Silver Awards Boxing (Wavell) Runner-up. Clubs – Photographic, Electronics, Geology, Drama, Sailing, C.C.F. (Army) Signals. Qualifications – Sat Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics, Arithmetic, English, French, Latin, Economics, Economic History.
Home address – Australian Arms, Trevor, Llangollen, Clwyd, Wales.

MORRISON, G. – Army Catering Corps. Joined 1968. L/Cpl. Army Section C.C.F., Deputy Dorm. Leader, 1st and 2nd Year Cricket Team, 1st Year Rugby. Awards – Gold Personal Survival, Bronze Duke of Edinburgh. Clubs – Sailing, Scottish Country Dancing. Qualifications – Sat Arithmetic, English, French, Mechanics, Biology, Technical Drawing, Economics. To Army.
Home address 2 8 Balgarthno Street, Charleston, Dundee.

BRYDON, S. T. Royal Navy. Joined 1968. House Prefect, Cunningham; Rugby 2nd, 3rd and 1st XV; L/Cpl. C.C.F. Signals Instructor; 3rd Year Cricket team. Awards – Personal Survival Gold, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Life Saving Teacher's Certificate and Advanced Teacher's Certificate, First Aid junior, Bronze, Silver and Gold, D. of E. Clubs – Life Saving, Gymnastics. Qualifications – Arithmetic, English, Physics, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork, Technical Drawing and Mechanics. To Police Force.
Home address – 10 Torridon Place, Kinross, Tayside.

MORRISON, C. R. R.C.T. Joined 1971. Prep. Supervisor. Awards – Adult First Aid, Bronze Medallion, Gold Personal Survival. Clubs – Debating Society, Model Railway, Speed Swimming, Woodwork, School Play, (Back stage crew), Bridge Club. Qualifications Sat Biology, Physics, Mathematics,

Arithmetic, English, Modern Studies, Mechanics, Technical Drawing, Woodwork, 'O' grades. To Customs and Excise (?).
Home address – 1 Millcraig Farm, Alness, Ross-shire Scotland.

ROBERTSON, S. Scots Guards. Joined 1968. Dorm. Leader, Chapel Steward, J./Cpl. C.C.F., Prep. Supervisor. Awards – Boxing and Swimming Medals, Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold. D. of E. Bronze, Silver, taking Gold. Piping Champion Class B. Scots Guards Book, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Teacher's Award, Junior and Adult First Aid. Swimming colours. Clubs – Pipe Band, Canoe Club, Drama, Choir, Life Saving, Debating Society, Gymnastics, Swimming Team, Rugby Team 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year, Cricket Team 1st Year. Qualifications – Sat 'O' grade Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Latin, English, Economics, Economic History, Chemistry, Physics. Continuing education.
Home address – 96 Lochend Road, Carnoustie, Tayside.

SMITH, I. Royal Scots Greys (2nd Tanks). Joined 1969. Intermediate House Prefect (Trenchard), Captain 3rd Year Rugby Team, Prep. Supervisor. Awards – Bronze, Silver, Gold Personal Survival, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Teacher's Certificate Swimming, 1st Award Fencing, Junior First Aid, Adult First Aid, C.C.F. Proficiency, Silver Duke of Edinburgh Award, Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award. Clubs – 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year Rugby XV, School 1st XV, School Athletics Team, School Seven-a-Side Rugby Team, Badminton, Fencing. Qualifications – Sat O grade Mathematics, English, Mechanics, Physics, Biology, Arithmetic, Economics, Economic History, Engineering Drawing, Woodwork. To Merchant Navy (Deck Officer).
Home address – 'The Banks', 2 Mosspark Road, Dumfries.

HEEPS, B. A. R.A.O.C. Joined 1968. N.C.O. C.C.F. Army, Senior Member of Sailing Club. Awards – 2nd Year Badminton Doubles Champion, C.C.F. Classified Signaller, A.S.A. Bronze, Silver, Gold, Junior First Aid, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Award of Merit Teacher, Advanced Teacher, D. of E. Silver, 1st, 2nd 3rd Year High Jump Winner, Boxing Medal, Adult First Aid, C.C.F. Proficiency. Clubs – Sailing, Gymnastics, Drumming, Country Dancing, Stamp Collecting, War Games. Qualifications – 'O' grades in Arithmetic, Mathematics, English, Physics, Biology, Economics, Woodwork, Engineering Drawing, Economic History, Applied Mechanics. To College of Further Education (Bournemouth).
Home address – 8 Bond Avenue, West Moors, nr. Wimbourne, Dorset, England.

McKEAN, W. H. M. Royal Scots. Joined 1970. Member of Pipe Band, Librarian 1972–75, Member of School Pop Group (Flying) and School Choir 1970–75, Athletics Team, Member of Play. Awards – Bronze, Silver, Gold Personal Survival, Bronze Medallion, and Bar, Bronze D. of E., Junior and Adult First Aid, C.C.F. Proficiency, Piping (Scots Guards Book). Clubs – Chess, Model Railway, Stamps, Member of School Bay City Rollers Fan Club, Gymnastics, Debating Society. Qualifications – Sat Mathematics, Arithmetic, English, Modern Studies, Woodwork, Physics.
Home address – 19 St. Katherine's Crescent, Edinburgh EH16 6PU, Scotland.

LESLIE, B. R.C.T. Joined 1971. Intermediate House Prefect, Two Years Chapel Steward, C.C.F. Cpl., Colour Party Cpl., Captain Trenchard Athletics Team. Awards – D. of E. Bronze and Silver, Personal Survival, Bronze, Silver and Gold A.S.A., R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Junior Certificate First Aid, Army Proficiency Part I. Clubs – Scottish Country Dancing, Highland Dancing, Fencing, Choir, 1st Year, 2nd Year, 3rd Year, 1st XV Rugby Teams, 1st Year, 2nd Year Cricket Teams, 2nd Year, 3rd Year Athletics Team, Canoeing, Shooting. Qualifications – Sat Arithmetic, Mechanics, English, Mathematics, French, Physics, Chemistry, Modern Studies. Hoping to enter Welbeck College.
Home address – Crossgate Hall, Carberry, Musselburgh, Midlothian.

McGREGOR, M. F. R.A.F. Joined 1967. R.A.F./C.C.F. Junior Cpl., Librarian, Senior Member of Sailing Club, Senior Member of Highland Dancing. Awards – R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion, A.S.A. Bronze Personal Survival, Bronze Proficiency Dancing, Best Dancer 'B' Class, Cunningham Team Dancing Medal, R.A.F. Proficiency Parts I, II, III, R.A.F. Swimming Proficiency. Clubs – Conservation Corps, Stamps, Models, Gymnastics, Electronics, Motor Mechanics, Sailing (Helmsman), Canoeing, Choir, Debating Society, Athletics, Rugby, Tennis, Scottish Country Dancing, Highland Dancing, Life Saving, Personal Survival, R.A.F. Shooting. Qualifications – Sat Technical Drawing, Arithmetic, Physics, English, Woodwork, Economics, Economic History, – 'O' grade. To Technical College or Engineering apprentice.
Home address – 79 Northdene Road, Knighton, Leicester, England.

GRIFFITHS, G. R.A.O.C. (ex-R.A.S.C.) Joined 1969. School Librarian, Prep. Supervisor, Semi-finalist in School Doubles and Singles Badminton, reached Perth and District Semi-Finals, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th XI Cricket, 6th, 4th, 3rd, 2nd XV Rugby, School Badminton Team, Wavell Swimming Team, Wavell Cross-country Team. Awards – Bronze, Silver and Gold Personal Survival, Bronze Cross, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Duke of Edinburgh Award, still doing Silver, C.C.F. Part I Proficiency. Clubs – Chess, Philatelist, Archaeology Society, School Choir, Photographic Society, School Dramatic Society, School Cricket Club, Model Railway, Badminton, Tennis, Life Saving Society, First Aid, Fencing Wargaming, Modelling, Gymnastics, Trampolining, Shooting. Qualifications – Taken 'O' grade Mathematics, English, Economics, Physics, Economic History, Latin, French. Arithmetic. Continuing edution.
Home address – c/o Capt. J. Griffiths, 89 Supply Depot, R.A.O.C., B.F.P.O. 40.

BALLANTYNE, R. P. – R.A.F. Joined 1969. Band (Piper), Wavell Chief Librarian, N.C.O. R.A.F. C.C.F. Awards – Bronze Medallion R.L.S.S., Gliding Proficiency, Bronze Cross R.L.S.S., C.C.F. Marksman SLR and .22 rifles, 2nd Cross-country Championship 1975. Clubs – Car Mechanics, Fencing, Stamp Collecting, Pipe Band, Life Saving, C.C.F., Drama, Cricket, Athletics, Model Railway. Qualifications – Sat Mechanics, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Engineering Drawing, Modern Studies, English, French. To National Service, South Africa.
Home address (temporary) – 12 Bouverie Drive, Market Lavington, Devizes, Wilts.

McALLISTER, J. – A. & S. H. Joined 1969. L/Cpl. C.C.F. Awards – Gold Personal Survival (Swimming), 1st Year Rugby 1972, 2nd Year Rugby 1973, Wavell 1st XI Football 1970. Club – Chess. Qualifications – Sat 'O' grade Arithmetic, English, Mechanics, Physics, Technical Drawing, Modern Studies, Biology, French, Mathematics.
Home address – 12 Bullionslaw Drive, Eastfield, Rutherglen, Glasgow.

# The Chapel

The last chapter in the life story of the R.A.E.C. in Queen Victoria School was finally completed when on Sunday, 6th October, 1974, a small stained-glass window was unveiled in their memory by General Hall. So with the New English Bible for the lectern, presented by the last serving officers in the School, we have constant reminders of their work for, and their influence on, Victorians over many years.

On the last Sunday of the Christmas term and prior to his retirement, Brigadier Hope Thomson gave the address at the chapel service. It was an inspiring as well as an ecumenical occasion as all denominations were present for this part of the service. At the Christmas carol service two days later one of the Lessons was read by his successor, Brigadier Marston. There was the usual large congregation of parents and friends. Our congratulations go out to the choir and in particular to Messrs. Norman Bruce and Robin Scott. This carol concert was repeated at Cardross Parish Church and also at Crieff Hydro where the Offering was devoted to Erskine Hospital.

Another highlight of the year was the Harvest Thanksgiving Service when the chapel was beautifully decorated by flowers and fruit, not to mention gifts of produce as well. It is encouraging to see a growing number of boys bringing their own gifts from their pocket money. All these were distributed later by the Chapel Stewards to the Churches' Homes for old folk. One or two of our own boys in hospital were also debtors to this Service!

Our offerings have gone to support the usual charities along with donations to the Mission and Service Fund of the Church of Scotland, and also to St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Dunblane. The School did noble work for Christian Aid raising nearly £600 through the efforts of the boys, their parents, relations and friends.

An increasing number of boys are taking part in Morning Chapel through reading the Lesson, and we are grateful for their help. Hymn practices on certain Friday mornings have taken the place of the Friday evening practice which had outlived its time. The Headmaster makes these lively occasions and as a result our praise is growing aided and abetted by the New Church Hymnary. Nor do we forget the faithful service given day by day by the Chapel Stewards under the Chapel Prefect, Craig Nelson. Among visiting preachers we have been honoured by visits from Dr. Morris of Glasgow Cathedral, the Rev. Farquhar Lyall, Senior Chaplain Scotland (Army), the Rev. James Macleod ,Warden of Churches House.

Finally, we give a warm welcome to Brigadier and Mrs. Marston who have entered into the life of the Church here. We wish them a long and happy time in Queen Victoria School.

# Old Victorians

### OLD VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION EDINBURGH BRANCH

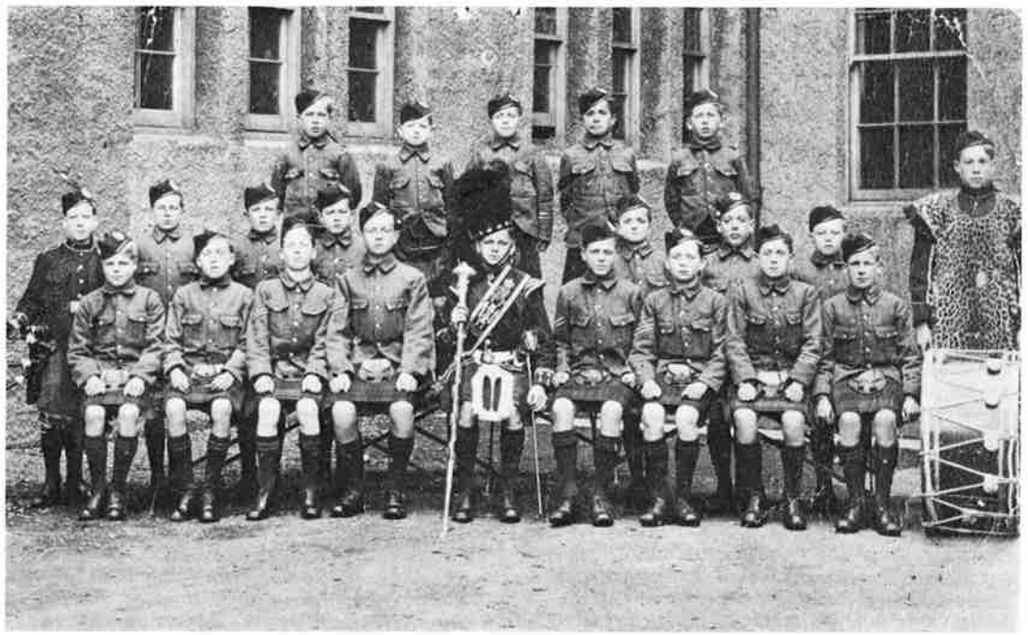
*Chairman:* S. T. Garner
*Secretary:* A. G. Bulloch

### Annual Report to March, 1975

Since our last Annual Report which was firstly most pessimistic and latterly more hopeful, I suppose the O.Vs. of the Edinburgh Branch can now say we are holding our own.

Our decision taken then to have social evenings at frequent intervals between September and May seems to be justified, any Branch business being done during the evening. Since last October, we have had one each month. The first had some twenty-four members and friends attending and the latest on 27th February when, with a small group of Welsh rugby

# "SCOTS GUARDS" BOYS — EARLY 1920



*TOP ROW X X X X ELLIOTT*
*CENTRE X X X HIGH, L. SMITH, T. BLACKMAN X RICHARDSON (Big Drummer)*
*DRUM-MAJOR*
*BOTTOM ROW X X X X RYDE X BRACKEN X X*

guests, the company numbered nearly fifty. This was a most hilarious evening enlivened by the infectious good humour of our Welsh friends and the community singing led by that indomitable Welshman of the Edinburgh Branch Willie McPherson, was much appreciated.

Our hosts, the Victoria Social Club of 11 Albany Street, afford us excellent facilities on any three Thursdays out of four in any month. The dance floor can accommodate some thirty couples. We have our practically resident maestro, David Inglis, on the accordion. With Alastair Audsley compering and O.Vs. Stan Garner, P. B. Taylor, George Nooney, Jock Malloy, George Wilson, Jock Balgarnie, George Munro, George Coyle and their guests, it's on with another enjoyable evening. Since Christmas, we welcome three new members to the Edinburgh Branch, Ernie Watson and Jim Lyon, school numbers around 800, and Alick Ross, school number 1082, also their charming wives who are now regular visitors.

We once more pay tribute to the mammoth task done by Campbell McQueen and Jimmy White in the compilation of the new O.V.A. register. Campbell sends me names and addresses not on our Branch register and I follow this up in Edinburgh district with little success so far. Our active members are nearly all over the age of fifty-five. As the bulk of O.Vs. are between the ages of sixteen and fifty-five — *where are you?* During my eight years as Secretary I continually stress that we must have young blood to run our association. Remember some of our "Old soldiers are fading away!"

We are pleased to report that Archie Guthrie is improving after his severe illness and will welcome him back to our social evenings soon. The scene is not the same without Archie's svelte form. Haste ye back.

I am sorry I will be unable to attend the Old Boys Weekend this year. Apology also from our President, K. G. Kelt, who is at present convalescing in the Canary Islands.

A. G. Bulloch
*Hon. Secretary*
50 Northfield Broadway
*Tel.* 031–661 3620 Edinburgh EH8 7PH



## CENTRAL BRANCH

The Old Victorians' Association has now completed its first term of three years under the new Constitution. It has been a difficult and trying time for the Committee, attempting to solve the various troubles and difficulties which arose. We are of the opinion that had we received greater support and encouragement from the Old Victorians themselves, we might have been more successful.

The O.V.A. Weekend Reunion held on 8th/9th March was well attended by old and young Victorians. We take this opportunity of congratulating Brian Murton and his team on their rugby victory. This seemed to set the mood for the weekend, and for everyone to enjoy themselves.

The A.G.M. was held in the early evening, Jimmy White being elected President and Campbell McQueen as Secretary. It was quite pleasing to see the young Victorians offering their services to join the Council, and hear them putting forward their views on matters relating to the O.V.A. As the outgoing President, I sincerely hope that the message which I put across relating to the future of the Association was taken to heart, and that we shall have some response in obtaining new members. (I wonder if I have any friends left?)

The Dinner Dance at the Westlands Hotel was well attended. This was Jimmy White's third effort, and was the biggest, brightest and best of them all. The highlight of the evening was when we were joined by some French people — the 'dolly birds' proved a great attraction. Later on, these girls were highly amused to find that they had joined a boys' school reunion (vive la difference). As the evening wore on the atmosphere was extremely friendly, and the final close-down came all too quickly.

On Sunday morning, London, Edinburgh and Central Branch members laid wreaths in the chapel at the Memorial Service. The lesson was read by Bill Common, and the Salute at the March Past was taken by Lieut. W. Common, R.H.F.

It may not yet have dawned upon the Young Victorians, that having provided the rugby team, members to lay the wreath and read the lesson, a young officer to take the Salute, and others attending the Dinner Dance, this was their first time that they had made a full contribution to the O.V.A. weekend. We hope we do not have to wait too long for a repeat performance.

Lastly, I would like to thank the School staff for their hospitality in allowing us the use of their premises. To Jimmy Mortimer and his team of dancers, this performance gets better every year, and I feel sure the many visitors were highly delighted by their performance.

Campbell

## THE FIRST HUNDRED

We learn from Robert Shaw that John McIlroy (No. 5) will be unable to make the journey from New Zealand this year to attend Grand Day. He is moving his home to another part of the country, and will be settling in, and making himself familiar with his new surroundings. As the numbers 1–4 had been allotted to pupils from the D.Y.R.M.S. and the Royal Hibernian School, John was the first boy to enter the Q.V.S. from a civilian school. He was also the first ex-Q.V.S. boy to enter the Army, joining the K.O.S.B. in 1910. He is well into his 70s now, and still enjoys good health. We wish him well in his new abode.

Bert Harrison (67) decided to become our second In Pensioner at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea (the first was No. 32, Donald Innes, who died in 1970). Bert became well known for his activities in tracing and writing up a brief history of each of the boys who formed the First Hundred, who passed through the School. Later he arranged for the attendance of these Old Victorians at the Golden Jubilee celebrations in 1958. He has now gone the full cycle of passing from a 'wee red jacket' to a big red coat. Keep in good voice, Bert — we may yet see you singing at the Albert Hall on Armistice Night. Should any Old Victorian be passing through London, I feel sure Bert would be glad of a visit to discuss old times.

Willie Tucker (97) dutifully reports his movements every year, so it would appear he is still fit and well.

# R.A.F Section

Staff and N.C.O's (30 April, 1975): Flt.-Lt. I. T. Williams, Fg. Off. J. P. Urie, Flt.-Sgt. M. Nelson, Sgts. I. D. Grant, A. I. Crawford, N. C. Nelson, I. R. Marchant Cpls. D. G. Cuthbertson, A. S. McI. Dickson, G. J. R. Gillespie, G. A. Leonard, P. J. Ross, G. Wallace, J./Cpls. R. P. Ballantyne, J. Blake, F. A. Booth, I. M. Clark, I. P. Hutchinson, M. F. McGregor, S. Robertson.

### Training

There are at present a total of fifty-nine cadets under training including the thirteen 'recruits' from the 1st Year (Secondary) who joined us after Easter. Thirty of these are undergoing Proficiency training in subjects including Engines, Navigation (Theory), Meteorology, Principles of Flight, Aircraft Operations, Airmanship and the Development and Organisation of the R.A.F. Proficiency Part I cadets receive training common to both Army and R.A.F. cadets — drill, shooting and safety and map reading. Eleven cadets who have recently completed their

Proficiency Training have started the N.C.O. Selection Course in preparation for their first 'tape'.

As a result of the Proficiency Part I examinations completed in the summer term of 1974, Ian D. MacGregor was awarded the Recruits' Cup, closely followed by Andrew J. Millsop who scored the possible 100 marks in the map reading test. Sixteen cadets were successful in the Part II of the Proficiency Training examinations which were taken in December, 1974, and March, 1975 – nine of these obtained passes with distinction, with Alan K. MacRae scoring 88·5%. During the same period eighteen cadets passed Part III of the Proficiency with James Blake and Stewart Robertson gaining 96% and 89% in the Engines examination, to improve on the previous highest mark gained in this subject at this particular stage of 86%. Ian S. Robertson, John Burns and Ian M. Clark also bettered the previous highest mark gained in Meteorology with Ian Robertson scoring 98% – a total of twelve distinctions was gained at this stage.

Manfred Nelson is to be congratulated on being awarded a Flying Scholarship in June, 1974 – our first since 1967. He completed his training in August and September and was awarded his 'wings' within two months of attaining his seventeenth birthday. Manfred has only to complete five more hours solo flying in order to gain his private pilot's licence.

Paul Ballantyne was awarded his Gliding Proficiency Certificate and wings during the Easter holidays whilst Russell Gillespie and Stewart Robertson have received training and should 'go solo' before the end of term.

### Annual Camp

Thirty cadets attended camp at R.A.F. Shawbury during June and July 1974, and were accompanied by Messrs. Williams and Urie. The Headmaster,in khaki, answered our call for assistance and helped out with staffing. In addition to experiencing 'the day-to-day life of regular personnel in an R.A.F. environment' and 'to practise out-of-door training which is designed to develop physical fitness and initiative', every cadet received flying experience and instruction in a Chipmunk aircraft for periods ranging from twenty to fifty minutes. An educational visit was also arranged to Ironbridge where in 1709 the world's Industrial Revolution began.

Seven cadets accompanied by Mr. J. P. Urie spent ten days as the guests of the R.A.F. in Malta. This was more of a holiday than a training camp – 'a holiday in a lifetime' according to some.

### Visits

R.A.F. Leuchars was again visited for the Battle of Britain R.A.F. display. R.R.A.F. Turnhouse have also played host and given us air experience flying. H.M.S. Caledonia have arranged to entertain us during our Field Day in June and some of the senior cadets will have the opportunity of taking the R.A.F. Swimming Training Certificate examination. R.A.F. Hereford are accommodating some of us on the River Wye which will take place in May/June, 1975. We are grateful to all these R.A.F. stations for their assistance and co-operation as well as to the liaison staff at Headquarters Air Cadets (Scotland and Northern Ireland) at R.A.F. Turnhouse.

I. T. W.

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# OBITUARY

### No. 55 W. R. Watt

Died at his home on 17th December, 1974. Willie joined the School in 1909, together with his brother Tom (56). He enlisted in the Scots Guards as a Piper and served during the 1914–18 war. On discharge he joined the postal service in London. He was present at the Golden Jubilee celebrations in 1958.

To his next of kin, we offer our deepest sympathy.

### No. 210 W. Auld

Died at his home on 8th November, 1974. On leaving the School Willie became a marine engineer and continued in this career until retirement. He was the first Chairman of the Glasgow Branch of the O.V.A.

To his family we offer our sincere condolences.

### No. 1098 F. James

Died at his home in Dundee on 15th December 1974. On leaving the School he enlisted into the Royal Engineers and served during the 1939–45 war.

To his next of kind we offer our deepest sympathy.

### Captain F. R. James

A former captain in the Royal Engineers, Francis Robert James, died in Ninewells Hospital, Dundee.

A native of Dundee, Captain James had been living in Wales for the last 20 years but had been visiting his sister, Mrs. Kosiba, at 94 Finella Terrace, Dundee.

After his schooling at St. Mary's, Forebank, Dundee, he went to Queen Victoria School at Dunblane before entering the boys' service of the Army.

He saw service in the Far East, Middle East and Europe during and before the war; he was commissioned in 1945 and stationed for a period in Perth after the war.

His father, Edward James, was in the Black Watch.

Captain James, who was 58, leaves a wife and four children.

# W02 J. NORRIS

**Band Sgt.-Maior, Royal Artillery Band**

Mr. Norris joined the Queen Victoria School for sons of Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen, Dunblane, at the age of 11 years, in April 1943. He enlisted as a Band Boy in G Troop of the Boys' Battery, Cambridge Barracks, Woolwich, in 1947 and took his place in the Royal Artillery band in 1950. In 1956 he became the principal trombonist of the band, a position which he has kept to this day.

During his career with the Royal Artillery band he has served under three Directors of Music: Lt.-Col. O. W. Geary, M.B.E.; Lt.-Col. S. V. Hays, M.B.E.; and the present Director, Major R. Quinn, M.B.E.

Mr. Norris was promoted to Warrant Officer in March, 1973, and appointed Band Sgt.-Major in April, 1974.

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# Prizegiving, 1974

**Speech by Lieutenant-General Sir William Turnder, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., who presented the Prizes**

Vice-President, Headmaster, Ladies,
Gentlemen and Victorians,

As the Headmaster has said, how sorry we all are that Lord Wheatley has been called to a Privy Council meeting in London today and so was unable to present the prizes – no doubt we'll have the privilege of his presence on another Grand Day. I am very happy to have been chosen as substitute because it has given me the chance to lay my hands once again on a school prize. I was educated at various establishments for fifteen years but only once before have I touched a school prize and that was when a few years ago I presented the prizes at Dumfries Academy. If we can draw any sort of conclusion from my rather dismal school record it is perhaps that there is no need for those who don't win school prizes to be too depressed about it as long as they are prepared to go on working and for them, as for the prizewinners, to make the very best of the opportunities which this excellent school provides.

This is the first time in the history of this school that the opening address on Grand Day has been

made by a civilian Headmaster and how very well you did it, sir. We hope that you have enjoyed your first year here and are looking forward to many more. It is, however, appropriate that I pay today a tribute to the Royal Army Educational Corps whose officers as Headmasters, housemasters and teachers made such a great contribution to the development of this school for over fifty years. We are all extremely grateful for everything the many members of that Corps did for this place. We are absolutely confident that, while the transition to an entirely civilian teaching staff under a highly experienced civilian Headmaster has marked an important stage in the progressive development of the School. It has not involved, and will not involve, any sacrifice or abandonment of the School's Armed Services traditions, symbols, status or connections: many of these will be publicly demonstrated by the Parade shortly to take place watched by several hundreds of people connected with all three of the Armed Services and of all ranks of those Services. We are most grateful to all members of the teaching staff for the support they have given and are giving to the School's unique status and special traditions.

In that connection it is most gratifying that the appointment of Commandant is to be retained. This will mean that the Headmaster and all his staff will have such help and advice as they may need to ensure that in a rapidly changing world, the best Service traditions are fully and properly maintained. As the Headmaster has said this is the last Grand Day that Brigadier Hope Thomson will attend while holding the appointment of Commandant. The Headmaster also said he reckoned it was not proper for him to enumerate his achievements. I have no doubt it is not proper for me to do either but I feel I must say just a few things rather than let him slip quietly away and rely on history to give him our thanks. Brigadier, your forthcoming departure is very sad for the Commissioners, the teaching staff, the administrative staff and the boys – and, no doubt, for you yourself. We are all extremely grateful to you for the immense amount you have done over the last eleven years, not only to maintain the high standards this school has always enjoyed but to improve the overall administration. I can think of no other person who would have gone on and on pushing and arguing with all levels of Government officials from many different ministries in order to get the improvements you considered essential carried out. In the fourteen or so years that I have been coming here regularly, it is quite startling to see the number of new buildings that have been erected and the excellent renovations that have been made to old ones. Almost all are the direct result of your hard work. Brigadier, for your devoted toil, for your enthusiasm and for your friendly approach to everyone connected with this school we give you our warmest thanks and we hope that you and your charming wife will have many happy years ahead of you. You know that both of you will always be most welcome to pay visits here regularly after you have handed over your appointment next Christmas.

I seem to have talked for too long but there is another group of people who deserve our thanks. Not only on Grand Day, though that is probably the highest peak in their work load, but throughout the year the whole functioning of the school and the welfare of the boys depends to a great extent on the excellent and cheerful work done by all grades and departments of the Administrative staff to all of whom the genuine interests of the boys are the paramount consideration. No machine will function properly unless all its parts are in full and proper working order. The Administrative staff here have a vital part to play in the overall running of the School and how well they do their job is obvious to everyone – especially on Grand Day.

Finally, and I really mean I am just about to finish, a word to the boys. Education is for your own good: seize the opportunities this School offers you with both hands: at the same time try and enjoy yourselves. Life is meant to be both rewarding and enjoyable and life here can be just that. I hope you all have a marvellous summer holiday and come back for next term more enthusiastic than ever.

# Activities

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

This scheme is still going very strong in the School and at present most candidates for 1975 have completed all sections except for the expedition which is held in the summer holidays.

Three Gold candidates attended the Gold Expedition assessment at Rannoch School this Easter and have successfully completed this section. They were S. T. Brydon, I. Smith and R. W. McKinnell.

Those who gained the award last year were:

*Gold* – C. R. Aitken, J. G. Baldwin and A. Crawford.

*Silver* – D. J. R. Anderson, I. Campbell, S. Cuthbert, I. Davidson, J. Dempsey, A. Forrest, G. T. R. Gillespie, M. Graham, I. Grant, I. D. Kempsell, D. Kill, G. Leonard, B. Leslie, R. W. McKinnell, J. A. M. Richardson, S. Robertson, P. J. Ross, I. Smith, G. Wallace.

*Bronze* – D. S. Anderson, G. D. Anderson, A. R. Benson, F. A. Booth, G. D. L. Cameron, T. M. Chapman, I. Clark, D. G. Cuthbertson, D. Hughson, N. K. Kempsell, S. Milner, J. A. Murray, W. H. M. McKean, A. Pearce, S. J. Rae, T. Reynolds, R. Simpson, N. H. Wilson.



## CANOEING

Interest and enthusiasm has been maintained. One hundred and fourteen boys have taken part in some form of canoeing since September. Basic instruction has been given in the School swimming baths and on the "Weir" in Deanston. Fifty-six boys have already progressed to canoeing on the river and as many again will have enjoyed that experience by the end of term. Thirteen of the boys at present in the School have completed their expedition for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme Bronze Standard; ten have completed the Silver Standard whilst eight of the senior boys will be attempting the Gold Award on the River Wye in June. A further twenty-eight candidates are preparing for either the Silver or Bronze expedition.

We have added three more canoes to our fleet and this will enable us to give more practice to more boys. Most of our river canoeing is done on the River Teith and Forth although we have the occasional trip to Lochs Vennachar and Lubnaig.

Three of our boys competed in the Scottish Canoe Association Loch Lubnaig Long-distance Race in June, 1974. Christian Nelson was second in the Senior and Junior Men's Slalom class with Timothy Manson and Russell Marchant fifth and nineth respectively in the Junior class – a most commendable performance.

I. T. W.

*Philip Ross who played the part of Macbeth, and Neil Kempsell as Lady Macbeth.*

## SCHOOL PLAY—"MACBETH"

This year's school play, *Macbeth*, was a very ambitious attempt by our producer and director Mr. D. J. Moffat.

The play got off the ground in the summer term and after our first introduction rehearsals got under way immediately, two hours a week, every week. It was hard work, and as was to be expected for a short spell interest in the play sagged, but due to Mr. Moffat's sense of timing, interest suddenly bounced back. The arrival of the sound effects and lighting, under the command and leadership of Mr. Philip and his devoted followers in the backstage crew caused a great deal of excitement. They worked long hours before and after rehearsals to get things no less than perfect. As it grew nearer the first night, rehearsals got under way thick and fast and on the night of the dress rehearsal there was a buzz of excitement about the place. For the first time costumes under the care of Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Bovill were used and make-up under the command of Mr. Malkowski and Mrs. Robertson gave a startling effect.

Lady Macbeth, my wife (for the play only) was receiving a lot of attention from a few boys, who thought that she was the nicest female they had seen for ages (poor Neil!). The rehearsal had its bad moments with pillars falling on heads, and flags crashing to the ground, but it was not too bad.

The first night made all the effort and hard work worth while. The play, set in modern times, portrayed Macbeth as a fascist dictator.

During the sword fighting scene, Macbeth's sword broke in half, leaving a gasping audience and horrified Macbeth.

One of the best moment was the banquet scene which was brilliantly staged.

The play was a great success all three nights,and it is an event which will not be forgotten. I would like to thank everybody who was connected with the play – actors, backstage, costumes, make-up, scenery, refreshments and many others; on behalf of everybody I thank you.

It is like "a poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more," says Macbeth.

We will never be heard again but we will never forget the experience, thrill and pleasure of acting on the stage.

Philip Ross, 4th Year

### FENCING CLUB

The fencing club continued to operate two sessions a week during this year, with several boys passing the first grade of the Scottish Schools Fencing Award Scheme and Manfred Nelson gaining the third award.

### BRIDGE

This hobby was run again this year with a small number of enthusiastic members. A team has been chosen from them to represent the school in the Scottish Schools Bridge Competition in Edinburgh in June. The members of the team are D. Anderson (Captain), G. Wallace, D. Nesbitt, J. Dempsey with A. Kerr as reserve.

D. A.

### CHESS

The chess hobby was again a success and a chess ladder was tried. While there were no inter-school matches this year the members enjoyed playing against each other and some of the masters.

D. A.

### CONSERVATION

This year some of the boys have been working with the corps in Scotland, helping clear and burn rhododendrons at Balhaldie. They helped restore the wall in Dunblane behind the cathedral. Then in Airlie they helped make a path and bridges so people could walk along the burn.

D. A.

### CRICKET

This year the School will have a 1st XI for the first time in many years. The team will play six fixtures against other schools and with luck the majority of the young team will still be here next season. Also three or four boys will play in the Cricket Club's matches, a team comprising locals from Dunblane and Doune, masters and boys. The Cricket Club has 24 fixtures against such teams as Stirling University, Comrie, Glenalmond and Stirling County. The games are played at school and away, at week-ends and Wednesday afternoons between May and August.

Cricket in the junior years is still growing and the re-forming of a 1st XI can only help.

Russell Marchant,
*Captain*, 1st XI

### DEBATING SOCIETY

Well, I must admit it's not been the year we expected; we haven't really been unsuccessful, it's just that we haven't had the enthusiasm and excitement of last year.

Reasons are hard to find but it's true to say we just haven't had enough "old hands" and those that we had, I feel, have been relied on extensively.

We have debated against Dollar Academy, Alloa Academy, Queen Anne High School, Morrison's Academy and Perth Academy.

I would say the standard of debating generally has been much higher than last year. Philip Ross and myself represented the school in the 'Daily Express' Debating Competition; we got through to the second round where Mr. Moffat, Phil and myself made the long trip north to Elgin. The motion for the debate was "The generation gap is an unbridgable gulf", a motion which reflected the tone of the debate – pointless. It turned into a slanging match, with breaks for songs, dances and jokes; we were knocked out!

The only remaining event now left is the Addison Smith public speaking competition on 5th June. The senior section will be a debate with the motion "That Britain's future lies in Europe". The intermediate section is entitled "Hyde Park Corner" and contestants will be asked to give a controversial speech, and the junior contestants will speak as six prisoners in the Tower of London and argue their case for "The keys to the Tower of London", only one can escape (great, that makes five less!).

Finally, I would like to thank all who have debated – I. Campbell, I. Davidson, D. Hughson and Philip Ross – all proving that the 4th year who got involved were all outstanding, and also A. Crawford and C. Nelson. In closing a special mention for departing Derek Morrison who has given three years of invaluable help in running, organising and "grafting" to make our debates and dances more enjoyable.

Russell Marchant, Form Five

### MODEL RAILWAY

We give our thanks to Mr. Robb, without whose aid and time, we could not have built this year's model railway. I also give my thanks to all those who helped to build it.

The track consists of a figure-of-eight layout and another track going around it. It will be working (I hope) before the parade. We will be running two new trains (a dock shunter and a diesel) so we hope to have your company.

C. R. Hendry, 2A

### BADMINTON

Thanks to the conscientious work of Mr. Scott there has been a revival of badminton in the fourth year (and it's not because we're mad). Thanks also to Mr. Willman for encouraging the intermediate school to start playing (or trying to play) with more enthusiasm. We have met with a fair bit of success this season in the competitions at Perth. Tom Reynolds and myself were beaten in the finals of the Perth schools and Perth open. We also played in the Perth and Kinross county team against Fife County at Glenrothes. There was a surprise when Iain Davidson and Gordon Griffiths who had never played together before reached the semi-final of the Perth schools, but met Tom Reynolds and myself (they've never played again!). The under-14's did not meet with the same success though with James Stewart and John Murray getting the farthest by reaching the quarter-finals of the doubles. Our only success has been in the doubles, though, not in the singles.

To everybody's surprise Gordon Leonard who paired up with Stuart Cuthbert (he had no choice) in the School championship, reached the semi's and narrowly missed the final by two points after playing the number two seeds, Andrew Pearce and Frank Booth (who were beaten in the final by the number one seeds). There were no surprises in the singles (except that Tom Reynolds beat me).

On behalf of everybody in the badminton hobbies, senior and intermediate, I would again like to thank Mr. Scott and Mr. Willman; we have enjoyed it, I hope they have.

D. Hughson



### PIPE BAND

The strength of this year's band was kept fairly constant with first year members stepping into the places of the leavers at various stages.

This year we welcome our new drum-major, Drum-Major Moulding, ex-Scots Guards, who has managed in the short time he has been with us to combine popularity and new drumbeats and the difference he has made to the band is quite noticeable.

The band played as usual at the Scottish home rugby internationals but this year also played at the semi-finals of the Air Canada World Curling Championships, creating such an impression that we were invited back and played at the finals. Both the semi-finals and finals were broadcast live in America, Canada and Switzerland to mention a few countries, with the U.K. seeing only recorded highlights.

The competition band, this year, will play at three competitions, namely, at North Berwick, Lanark and Dunblane with the full band beating the Retreat at Edinburgh Castle as usual.

*Pipe-Major Instructor:* J. M. Mackenzie.

*Drum-Major Instructor:* G. Moulding.

*Boy Pipe-Major:* A. I. Crawford.

*Pipers:* I. Kempsell, I. R. Marchant, N. C. Nelson, W. McKean, S. Robertson, D. C. Hughson, R. Simpson, I. Macdonald, A. Cameron, G. Cameron, E. Pitkeithly, D. Watson, P. Stroud, M. Buchanan, L. Strong, P. Wilson

*Boy Drum-Major:* S. Buchanan.

*Senior Drummer:* I. Grant.

*Bass Drummer:* M. Nelson.

*Tenor Drummers:* A. Paris, P. Carson, E. Gibson, F. Gibson.

*Leading Side Drummer:* I. Grant.

*Side Drummers:* J. J. Dempsey, P. Ross, A. Pearce, N. Kempsell, A. Chapman, A. Leonard.

*Senior Bugler:* J. J. Dempsey.

### THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The Photography Club started with a good intake of beginners this year, but most of the experienced members had left the school. After teaching the beginners the basics of developing and printing we started learning other things such as portraiture with studio lights. A Van De Graff machine was used to obtain some 'special effects' with people's hair standing on end. After that we developed a black/white reversal film which came out quite well. The next experiment was with a cine film which was sadly a flop. After this failure we were pleased with the success of the colour slide film which came out

*Photography Club*

better than expected. J. Rutherford and T. Hawkins tried to make their own photographic plate for photo-screen printing which worked after a fashion.

A pleasant afternoon was spent on a Club excursion to the Motor Car Hill Climb event at Doune where all enjoyed watching and photographing the high-speed racing cars in action.

J. Rutherford

### ELECTRONICS CLUB

This year's Electronics Club was a much better organised affair than last year. The club's activities were centred around the construction of the 'electronic maze'. This small machine discovered by Mr. Paterson is a simple electronic toy. It offers hours of enjoyment for the price of a small 9-volt battery. As usual we older members continued our studies into the many varied facets of modern electronics. Although I myself will not be returning, I hope nevertheless that the club will continue to move on to better things and offer the unique enjoyment that it has given to me in past years.

T. Hawkins

### FIRST AID

Once more we are indebted to the ladies of the Dunblane section of the British Red Cross Society who coached our boys in the art of First Aid with the following boys gaining the Junior Red Cross First Aid Certificate:

A. Anderson, G. Best, J. Burns, S. Benson, I. Collie, M. Buchanan, P. Carson, W. Carter, B. Dempsey, A. Foster, E. Gibson, J. Grant, G. Farquhar, D. Gray, F. Gibson, J. Heeps, C. Hendry, C. Johnstone, N. Marchant, P. Martin, J. Mercer, J. Miller, J. Munnoch, G. Muir, J. Murray, I. Munro, W. McLean, P. McLoughlin, M. Nicholson, S. Rae, D. Rafferty, S. Robertson, D. Scott, J. Stewart, K. Sinclair, K. Smith, D. Watson, S. Welsh.

At present ten of our Senior boys (over 16 years) are attending classes and lectures for the adult First Aid Certificate taken by Dr. S. Gray and Mrs. A. M. Eadie, B.R.C., and will have completed the course before the holiday but after the magazine has gone into print.


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