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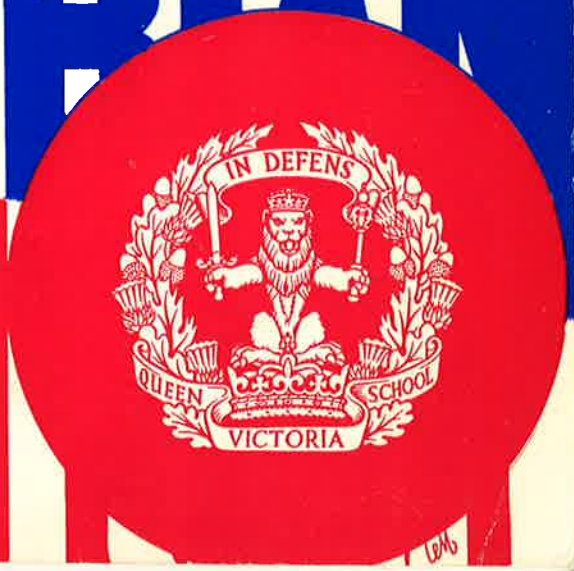

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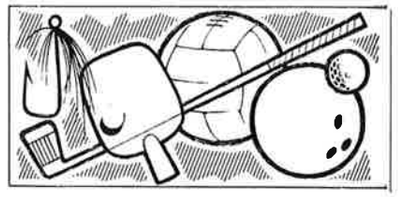

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Mr H. D. Brown, D.C.E.
Mr C. Bruce, M.A.(Hons.)
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Residential School Nurse in charge of School Hospital – Miss C. McINTOSH, S.R.N., R.F.N., S.C.M., H.V.
Assistant Nurse – Miss J. S. McLAUCHLAN, S.E.N.

THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 90 JUNE 1976

Commandant's Notes

We are fortunate. The traumas which the country as a whole and many people personally have experienced in the past year as a result of the economic situation have so far had little effect on the School. It could have been otherwise. In the last great depression in the early 1930s for example, the number of boys in the School was reduced by 20% as an economy measure and staff was similarly reduced. It must not be supposed that costs at Queen Victoria School have not escalated just as they have done everywhere else; charges for heating, lighting, food, clothing, salaries have all increased steeply as a result of the inflation which has crippled some other independent schools. The first thing therefore which I feel should be said in these Notes this year is that we recognise our good fortune and are grateful for it.

At a time of financial stringency it is logical to examine carefully the justification for expenditure whether on a greater or lesser scale. Today social conditions generally and the circumstances of members of the Armed Forces are different to those which prevailed when the School was founded at the beginning of this century. Yet in most ways the need for this School is as great as it was then. It is not at all unusual for a boy entering the School at ten years of age to have attended eight or more schools in his young career before coming here. Turbulence occasioned by frequent postings is still a prime factor in Service life and although this brings certain advantages there comes a time when a child's education begins to suffer. Parents who accept and even enjoy the peripatetic nature of Service life begin to worry when they see the need for settled education for their children. In consequence applications for entry to Q.V.S. continue to exceed by far the number of places available. Sadly too we are beginning to find among the applicants for entry boys whose fathers have been killed in Northern Ireland. Under the terms of our Constitution and Royal Warrant the son of a regular Scottish serviceman who is killed in action or dies whilst in the Service still has a very high priority for entry to Queen Victoria School. The special place of this School and the needs it exists to serve have been specifically recognised in the report of the Inspection carried out by the Scottish Education Department in the early part of this year.

What of the finished article? He has been moulded and taught in an enlightened but not over progressive fashion. Virtue is still seen here in some old fashioned methods and mores. He has grown up in a healthy environment. He had been cared for. He has had the advantage of close personal ties with his teachers. He has suffered some restriction of his liberty and a few indicate their resentment of this. But the vast majority recognise that they have been given a good start in life. "As their fathers served the State so also I pray that the children may grow up under the shelter of this building to be useful in their station and calling." So said King Edward VII at the opening ceremony in 1908, and today almost 70 years, two world wars, and five generations later one may echo his words.

Brigadier H. H. M. Marston, M.C., presenting the Imperial Service Medal to Mr A. McRobert.

The Old Victorian Association has a local branch and branches in London and Edinburgh. Some of the older members are active in the Association, most loyal and generous. They return year after year for their Weekend in March, when they have dinner together and attend the School Church Service, and for Grand Day. They reminisce and show each their photographs; they take a keen interest in the School and in the present generation of Victorians; they express their lasting affection for this place and support it in various ways including financially. With them, the veterans if I may so call them, come some younger Old Victorians with pretty wives and girl friends and they too are appreciative of what they received here. It is all very heart warming. Or is it? This group numbers between one and two hundred and they in turn are in touch with perhaps another three or four hundred. But almost four thousand boys have passed through the School up to the present time. Allowing for those who gave their lives in the two wars, or otherwise, there are at least four out of five Old Victorians who are not in touch with their Association. I know this because I receive letters from all over the world from Old Victorians asking for news, to be put in touch with others of their generation, and to have their news passed on. There is I believe a tide of loyalty, affection and goodwill of sizeable dimensions which is so far unchannelled to a useful purpose. Like the sea it needs to be harnessed and converted to produce energy for the benefit of all, especially those who come after. This requires time, organisation, and dedication, but I believe it would be very well worth doing. The success of efforts in the School's Jubilee year 1958 to trace the First Hundred shows that it could be done.

Honours and Awards were gained by the following during the past year and our warmest congratulations go to both of them:

Mr G. Reid, M.B.E. (Military)

Mr A. McRobert, I.S.M.

As usual there have been a number of departures. Major Jim Robertson, M.B.E., retired in August, 1975, after five years as Administrative Officer and will be greatly missed. He gave much time and enthusiasm to the School and many boys who learnt to sail under his experienced coaching will always be grateful to him. We wish him and his wife Diana a long and happy retirement in their home in the south.

The School Matron, Miss C. McIntosh, is retiring at the end of the summer term 1976 and will also be greatly missed. Her sympathy and devotion were much in evidence during the 'flu epidemic in the Easter term 1976 and many parents have already expressed their gratitude to her. We wish her too a happy retirement.

Major Reid, M.B.E. (Military)

Others who left after long and loyal service included Mr W. Grant, Mr P. Jack, Mr R. Kirkwood, Mrs A. White. We thank them and wish them good health and a happy future.

Finally Mr W. W. Malkowski is leaving at the end of the summer term and an account of his unique career will be found elsewhere in this copy of the *Victorian.*

Two other events in the year must not go unremarked. It is with sadness that we record the death of a most distinguished Old Victorian, Brigadier D. A. L. Mackenzie, C.B.E., D.S.O., whose school number was 135. His career, which is described on a later page, could well serve as a model and inspiration for any boy adopting a service career after leaving this School. We were very glad to welcome as a visitor in February, 1976, Major C. B. Innes of the Black Watch (R.H.R.). He is the grandson of Colonel S. A. Innes, D.S.O., who was Commandant of this School from 1930–1939, and he came both to renew acquaintance with the School and to present to us the Queen Victoria School cane carried by his grandfather when here. We are most grateful for this kind gesture and in future this cane will be carried by the Senior Monitor on ceremonial occasions including the Grand Day Parade.

In the September, 1975 entry, only one boy had prolonged problems in settling down here. In March, 1976, the same boy gave a larger opponent something of a battering in the Wavell boxing and afterwards was seen most sportingly commiserating with the loser. He has come a long way in six months and we hope this little incident epitomises in some way the spirit of Q.V.S.

Chapel Notes

On the eve of Christian Aid week 1973 two Victorians approached the Chaplain outside the staff room, "Could the School not do a sponsored walk for this cause?" The answer for 1973 was "No" for the simple reason that there was no time to organise it and gather sponsors. They were told, however, that such a project would certainly be considered for 1974. When Christian Aid week came we were all geared up with a target of £400. In the actual event we received nearly £600. So for 1975 we set the target at £600 and we gathered in nearly £700. In 1976 a committee, chaired by the Commandant, and representing the entire School decided to raise the target to £1,000. Whatever we receive from all that is being organised will be given towards the new wing at Erskine Hospital. At the end of last term a busload representing all departments of the School went to visit the Hospital, to see what was being done, and then spread the information around. £1,000 is a lot of money but at the time of writing the indications are encouraging. Our thanks go out to all parents, relations and friends who have sponsored our boys for their walk, swim, football, table-tennis and squash.

Chapel life has continued according to its normal pattern. There have been the usual highlights, the Carol Service, for which Messrs Norman Bruce and Robin Scott work indefatigably, the Confirmation and Old Victorians' Services.

We also thank our visiting preachers for their presence with us and their messages; the ladies who provide and arrange the flowers and our Elders for all their help.

Much steady, if inconspicuous, work is done by the Chapel Stewards who are chosen from all denominations. We have been greatly indebted this year to Ross McKinnell and Brian Munro, the Chapel prefects, who organise and take care of routine arrangements, thus taking no small load off the Chaplain's shoulders. And last, but not least we would thank Mr Lewis who gives such devoted service to us in keeping our Chapel a place of beauty.

Activities

PHOTOGRAPHY

The Photography Club had another successful year with plenty of new members taking an active part in the activities organised by the committee.

After the preliminaries of teaching the basic developing and printing processes we moved on to a programme covering studio lighting, photograms and reversal processing of film strips.

A new venture was the use of the latest in colour processing materials, the Photocolor II kit which develops both colour negative film and prints with the same two chemicals. We have managed to obtain excellent colour negatives and hope soon to produce our own colour prints.

Our competition for beginners brought to light some very good prints, the best being from C. Rutherford and I. Munro who is rarely seen without a camera in his hands.

K.R.

ELECTRONICS AS A HOBBY

Each year group in the School usually contains at least one boy who looks upon electronics as his favourite hobby. Timothy Hawkins, a real "boffin", left last year but his position as "chief consultant" has been ably filled by Brian Munro assisted by Keith Sinclair.

This session, due to the large number of applicants, we decided to split the club into two sections. The Beginners, after some basic instruction, attempted two simple projects – a Neon Flasher (a simple device which emits pulses of light at regular intervals) and a Swanee Whistle. It was soon found that success does not come easily. Great care is needed in planning circuit layout and in soldering before one can have the satisfaction of announcing to others less fortunate – "It works".

The Advanced section wanted to delve deeper and attempted a more theoretical approach based on some elementary research projects on potentiometers, radio circuits, phototransistors.

B.N.M.

DEBATING AND LITERARY SOCIETY

This year for the first time the society had regular meetings, every Friday evening. To maintain interest every week the society's horizons were considerably widened. Over the two terms we had visits from representatives of all the major political parties in Scotland, including two M.P.s. These evenings cannot be passed over without a mention of a particularly inspiring and enjoyable hour with the local Liberal candidate, Mr Barrie.

We also had an interesting Desert Island Discs, Any Questions, Ministers' Panel, a Mr G. Young speaking on Communist China, as well as sending a party to three SNO concerts.

This is not to say the debating side of the society has been run down, we have had five inter-school debates with Dollar Academy, Alloa Academy, The Convent of The Sacred Heart, Kilgraston, and Wallace High. Our debaters have always done well in these, indeed in the two debates in which we debated as a team, we easily won. This year we once again entered a team for the *Daily Express* debating competition, it was again Philip Ross and myself. The first round was in Dundee and we easily got through, all three judges agreeing we should go through. The second round was held in Glasgow, the chairman described it as the most competitive of all, and the highest standard of all the heats he had judged. We were knocked out, unluckily we thought, but then we always did! In two years in this competition Philip and I have had many good times, but particularly this year when we had girls asking for our autographs and addresses! Philip had not experienced this before.

Finally, I should like to thank all the members, those that have debated and those that haven't, for all the effort they have put in. Last, but by no means least, my two fellow committee members Philip Ross and Ian Robertson.

I feel now at least we have a society in which everyone can play a part, one which Haig House certainly needs. For this we have to thank one man, our sincere thanks to you, Mr Moffat.

Russell Marchant
Chairman

BADMINTON

There must be a Father Christmas, because just before the Christmas break, Andrew Pearce and I won QV's first badminton trophy, the Perthshire Schools Under-18 Boys' Doubles. Everybody was surprised including us, for we weren't even seeded, and the final was over in a matter of minutes.

With our feet now on the ladder we proceeded in an attempt to better our position by representing Perthshire in the Scottish Schools. We were knocked out in the third round, which doesn't sound too bad until I mention that we had had two byes to get there. I also played for Perth District in the Scottish Area Championships though without any real success.

The third year players showed that they had started where they had left off last year, and continued to make an impact in the under-16 age group of the Perth Schools and Perth District, but unfortunately couldn't bring off the big ones and enter a final, but there is always next year, and with some hard concentrated practice Stewart Benson and James Stewart can only get better and possibly get in among the honours. I wish them the best of luck.

The ever amazing duo of Mr Scott and Mr Willman again turned out to take the School's badminton hobbies. Where they get the energy from I don't know? I would like to thank them both for giving up their free time and a lot of their patience in helping everyone along. Special thanks to Mr Scott for ferrying us to and from Perth and for spending some mighty cold long hours in the vast Bell's sport centre. Thank you and good luck to everyone next season.

D. Hughson

THE SCHOOL PLAY
"The Merchant of London"?

Our producer in a vain effort to try and quell the on and off stage rift between Shylock and Antonio has asked us both to write up the article for *The Merchant of Venice*. After a good deal of bickering and squabbling we have at last settled on a suitable article.

After last year's great success with Shakespeare's *Macbeth* our producer and director, Mr D. Moffat, decided to adopt the same technique with *The Merchant of Venice*; namely to show the relevance of Shakespeare today, by setting the play in modern times.

Antonio the Merchant is portrayed as a London businessman, Shylock the Jew as a Black, and all the "Christians" as the trendy young of today.

The setting of the whole play has also been transported from 17th century Venice, to London 1976, giving all the necessary ingredients and conditions for a racial conflict today. Although the settings and times are different Shakespeare's original text is still used.

Rehearsals started in mid-January and since then a tremendous amount of work has been put into the play. Mr Moffat has spent many late nights working on the script and getting everything right front of stage. Behind the scenes Mr Philip and his "motley" backstage crew have again been working long hours integrating lighting, sound and special effects into the play. Even though this has been very much a cut-cost production Mrs Bruce and Mrs Bovill have still worked wonders on costumes, so that when everything is finally stuck together, the play, which is being shown on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday before Grand Day, should be a great success.

We should like to thank everybody who has in any way been connected with the play, actors, backstage, costumes, scenery and make-up. On behalf of everybody who has ever taken part in a School production we should also like to say "Merci beaucoup" and "Au revoir" to Monsieur and Madame Malkowski, who have both worked on numerous productions, probably before we were even thought of!

To them and everybody we both say thank you very much.

Antonio and Shylock

CHESS

We had a very good session this year with a strong contingent from the first and second years. Although there were no external competitions there was an internal chess ladder which proved to be very competitive. There were more learners than usual this year but by the end of the Easter term the standard of play, I consider, was higher than it has been in previous years. A latecomer at the beginning of the Easter term added competition to the top end of the ladder. I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of those who played chess to thank Mr Watson for all the work he has put in and for being a good loser.

G. Wallace

BRIDGE

Although unplaced in last year's Bridge competition after a disastrous start, it provided the team of four with great experience which can only be found in the heat of battle. By the end even we had improved tremendously and had lifted our final position greatly.

We started the Christmas term off with a large number of new players. But by the end of a few weeks tuition and practice, they had improved to the novice grade and then their skill increased in leaps and bounds. Although interest tended to dwindle slightly we managed to form a nucleus of regular players. With these we hope to form a team with which we can improve our position in the Bridge competition due to be held in Edinburgh in June.

G. Wallace

MODEL RAILWAY

As usual we started just after half-term at Christmas. We took the old layout to pieces and pulled up the track. We started this year by adding a bit of wood to give us extra layout space and got down to design this year's layout. This done we got stuck in and worked as if the devil himself was at our heels. We layed track, built houses, etc. We did at one time have some trouble with the track but we fixed it as best we could. As I say we worked and worked, none more so than Mr Robb to whom we all owe much thanks and gratitude for all the work he put in all the years he has been with the School.

Bruce Dempsey, IIIA

FENCING

The Fencing club did not have as large a membership this year, however the members progressed well with interest being shown in fencing with sabre.

SAILING

Having taken over as master in charge of sailing on Major Robertson's retiral I feel that the club should express its thanks for all the work that he put into the successful running of the club.

Over the winter months the dinghy maintenance hobby worked hard and prepared two mirror dinghies for the water. The club has had some good sailing this term with interest being shown by boys throughout the school.

D. Stewart

Obituary

Brigadier D. A. L. Mackenzie, C.B.E., D.S.O.

Brigadier D. A. L. Mackenzie, C.B.E., D.S.O., died on 6th January, 1976. His remarkable and distinguished military career began at the age of 17 and continued until he was 69. He was in action in both world wars.

At 15½ he ran away from St Olave's school and enlisted in the London Scottish. This first attempt to enlist was thwarted by his father who then sent him to the Queen Victoria School, but eighteen months later he again ran away from school and joined the Grenadier Guards. Having reached a height of 6 ft 5 in. he was posted to the King's Company with whom he saw service at the battle of the Somme. He then went to the RMA Sandhurst and was eventually commissioned into the 1st POW 12th Frontier Force Regiment Indian Army. He saw service on the North West Frontier and was awarded the D.S.O. He went to the Staff College Camberley in 1931. After another spell in India, he was posted to the War Office in 1938 to MI6 where he remained until 1942, being sent on several missions to Africa and Egypt, etc., during this time.

In 1942 he returned to India and eventually commanded 32 Brigade from Kohima south, being allotted the task of making the first crossing of the Irrawaddy River. He was awarded a bar to his D.S.O. and an immediate C.B.E. by the Commander XIVth Army, General Slim.

After the war he had various appointments in Delhi, commanding at Dehra Dun at the time of Partition, when he came home and was Krishna Menon's M.A. until December, 1949, when he retired.

He was then living at Camberley and was Commandant of the Surrey ACF.

He was subsequently appointed by the Home Office to raise the Civil Defence Experimental Mobile Column, which he commanded for about three years and then went to the Civil Defence School at Falfield as Commandant. His final appointment was as Adviser in Civil Defence to CENTO from 1962–1966, after which, at the age of 69, he finally retired!

Brigadier Mackenzie was a man of great stature, character and courage. He devoted his long life to the service of his country and his career is a model and inspiration – notwithstanding his apparent determination to leave school in a hurry – to all Victorians who go into the Services. We are proud to record these details of the life of a Victorian who passed through this School in its very early days. He leaves a widow and son, both of whom are in touch with the School, and to them we express our deepest sympathy in their sad loss.

No. 103 G. R. Gilmour

Joined Queen Victoria School 1909. Enlisted into the Band of HLI 1914 and served till 1923. He joined the Glasgow City Police Band after that and served 25 years with them, retiring as Detective Constable.

He died at his home in Glasgow on 5th February 1976, and to Mrs Gilmour we offer our deepest sympathy.

No. 353 William A. Sargent

William A. Sargent, who was at Queen Victoria School between 1913 and 1917, died on 3rd August, 1975. He retired from the Royal Engineers in 1950 with the rank of Captain.

Brigadier D. A. L. Mackenzie, C.B.E., D.S.O.

No. 589 Leslie G. Burns

Leslie G. Burns, who was at Queen Victoria School from 1st May, 1917 to 21st January, 1921, died in Oxford on the 3rd of May, 1975.

No. 1082 Alick Ross

Joined Queen Victoria School 15/1/25. A regular, with his wife, at OVA Edinburgh Branch functions. He served with the Seaforth Highlanders where he rose to Sergeant. To Mrs Ross we extend our deepest sympathy.

No. 1090 Thomas Bowie

Thomas Bowie, who was at Queen Victoria School from 1925 till 1930, died on 9th November, 1973, in Melbourne, Australia.

No. 1620 George A. West

At Queen Victoria School 1934–8. He had been Drum Major at School and on leaving joined the 1st Bn The Scots Guards as a drummer in the Pipe Band. (At that time many Victorians made up this band, one being George's brother, John, who is now RSM to the Canadian Military Forces.)

On the outbreak of the Second War George West was with the 4th Bn, later the Training Bn and last with the 2nd Bn. His Scots Guards service took him to BAOR, Malaya and Kenya and he also had a spell on the staff of RMA Sandhurst. He retired from the Regular Army with the rank of WOI in 1966 and was appointed RSM to the Eton College CCF where he spent his last ten years, in indifferent health, till his death on 1st September, 1975.

At his funeral in Eton Chapel *The Flowers of the Forest* was played and at the Crematorium *The Skye Boat Song*, by an OV colleague. He is sadly missed and our sympathy goes to his wife and daughter.

Old Victorians

EDINBURGH BRANCH

Report from Alastair G. Bulloch
Hon. Secretary of the Branch
50 Northfield Broadway, Edinburgh
031 661 3620

Ruminating before by Annual Report I recollected that previous to the new constitution in 1972 the Association was always referred to as "The Old Boys Association". Looking round the hardy regulars of the Edinburgh Branch, I find this has indeed literally come to pass, with only very few members under the age of sixty.

We have continued our functions in much the same way, with monthly social evenings held in the Victoria Social Club, 11 Albany Street. Our hosts, the Victoria Social Club, represented by Mr Seater, afford us excellent facities on any of three Thursdays per month, with a first class private bar and dance floor accommodation for some thirty couples. Our M.C., Alastair Audsley, and maestro on the accordion, Davie Inglis, make for a very happy evening. Our numbers vary from twenty-five to forty. We keep hoping for a larger turn out.

Our president, Jim Kelt, has been in poor health the last few years and was admitted to the Western General Hospital, Edinburgh, from Dumfries, for treatment. We were able to establish a rota of OV's anxious to visit him and indeed during his fortnight's treatment he was never without a visitor. He was able to attend our social evening in November with Mrs Kelt and we were all delighted to see them. Since then, however, he has not kept so well. We wish him "good health". Archie Guthrie, who has also been in hospital, also appeared at the same function, in excellent voice as well. It was good to see the old ritual of Jim presenting Archie with an outsize cigar and his delight in smoking it.

Very pleased to have a visit from Leslie E. Smith, on holiday in Scotland from Devon where he has now retired. Stan Garnerm our Chairman, and I had a long chinwag with him. As 'C' Company boys of the 1920–1925 era "Billy Ouf", the legendary Company Serg. Major of 'C' Company figured largely in our reminiscences. Leslie's school number 817. His brother Tom also 'C' Company has now retired in the London area. Another visitor to the January social was Alan McKean, school number 2248, whose home is at St Katherine's Crescent, Edinburgh. He was returning from working in Holland, making a quick trip home, then to be off to Rio de Janeiro on 1st February. We wish Alan "God Speed".

In December Branch members received a circular from Andy Leitch of Dundee. In view of its implications we convened a special meeting on 15th January. The decision made at this meeting seems to have been overtaken by events. Circular No. 9 of the Co-ordinating Committee which we received after 15th January mentions the proposed 200 Club and Andy Leitch seems to have the full authority of the committee.

Best wishes to Old Victorians everywhere.

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders' Military Band taken in the Palace Gardens, Stirling Castle, in 1919. There are eight QVS boys as bandsmen in this picture.

Reading from the left:
Back Row – 7th, D. Norton; 10th, J. Kennedy.
Second Row – 4th, McGinlay; 5th, McDougall; 8th, R. Shaw; 9th, Buchanan.
Sitting on ground – Left of drums, Hetherington; right of drums, Buchanan (brother in second row).

CENTRAL BRANCH

Report from Major Campbell McQueen
Hon. Secretary of the Branch
25 Laburnam Grove, Stirling

This past year has been a quiet one as far as the Association is concerned, possibly due to the depression in industry, inflation and other factors, though we still carry on, attempting to gather information. From Robert Shaw, we learn that 284 Tom Guthrie, London Branch, has joined Bert Harrison as an In Pensioner, at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and both would look forward to visitors to London, calling to see them.

The Annual Dinner Dance was again held at the Westlands Hotel, Dunblane, sixty-two attended. We were pleased to entertain Brig. and Mrs Marston, Mr and Mrs Melluish, and Lt-Colonel and Mrs Macleod. Jimmy White with his usual flair for these functions, got the evening off to a grand start. One of the main troubles when organising this type of function, is that few give notice of attending until the last minute. As a definite number has to be given to the Hotel in sufficient time to make the catering arrangements, it would therefore be appreciated if members would consider this, as the situation could arise, where the Dinner Dance would have to be cancelled at very short notice.

We are sorry to lose the services of our Treasurer, Willie Carruthers due to ill health, and welcome Bob Chessar as the new Treasurer.

We also thank the enthusiastic members who travelled long distances to attend the Reunion, but wish many of them would also attend the AGM and submit their views.

During the course of the year we have heard from W. Jones from Johannesburg, James Blackie, A. McLean from the Netherlands and James Wilkie from USA. He graduated B.A. at the University of California, and is now employed as a Special Agent/Criminal Investigator, with the United States Treasury.

NOTES

James Wilkie who was at Queen Victoria from 1953 till 1961 emigrated to the USA in 1963. After a period in the United States Army he completed a B.A. degree at the University of California. At present he is a Special Agent/Criminal Investigator with the US Treasury Department, Bureau of Customs. His address is 1029 W. Camden Place, Santa Ana, California 92707, USA.

J. T. Harold who was at Queen Victoria between 1944 and 1950 is at present an Experimental Engineer/Process Control with ICI at Stevenage. His address is 16 Ashdown Road, Shefford, Bedfordshire.

James McMillan won the Student of the Year shield and silver tankard at Bournemouth College of Technology, completing a three-year course in one year.

W. K. McKerron gained a Second Class Honours degree in Pharmacy at Heriot Watt University.

A. Robertson gained a B.Sc. (General) degree.

I would like to report the progress of the young generation of Old Victorians, if that's not a contradiction in terms, in this boom town of the North – Aberdeen. We do not possess an official branch of the OVA although we have been known to meet under the one roof (the Marischal Bar) to discuss weighty topics not unrelated to our stay at Dunblane.

It would be appropriate if I give a list of the personalities involved (I'm afraid I can't stretch to individual School numbers). At the University Derek Barnes – final year honours geography and Mike Stear senior honours genetics complete their courses in June, Derek is looking for a job with the Arctic Survey while Mike is thinking in terms of research work. Next in line in third year are Bill Common junior honours sociology – don't all groan at once – Allan Macdonald who completes his B.Sc.(Ord.) this year. David Cockburn is also in third year of a four-year B.Sc. in pharmacology at Robert Gordon's Institute of Science and Technology. In second year are Charlie Common, M.A.

university and Raymond Paterson, B.Sc. business studies at RGIT. The three most recent arrivals are Mike Ferrigan, Bob Knox and Andrew Crawford, all are in first year M.A. at the university. Finally Sam Dalziel is in first year studying for a B.Sc. at RGIT.

We all live in different places throughout the city although five of our number live in university accommodation. The accommodation situation is not too desperate as yet, contrary to popular opinion. The purpose of this despatch apart from advertising our existence is to bring Aberdeen to the attention of younger Victorians who might be contemplating further or higher education. I think I can speak for all of us when I say that a former pupil of QVS could do a lot worse than make for Aberdeen!

W. Common

P.S. – Didn't they do well?!!

Lieutenant Colonel N. E. Macleod
O.B.E.

appointed Administrative Officer QVS January 1976

Lieutenant Colonel N. E. Macleod, O.B.E., began his military career after leaving QVS (No. 1523) in 1937 as a boy piper in the Glasgow Highlanders (TA). He was called up in September, 1939, and shortly afterwards transferred to the Gunners. During his war service he took part in the Normandy Invasion on 'D' Day. He was commissioned into the Indian Army Mountain Artillery (Sikh Regiment) in 1946 and remained with them until Partition in 1947. He subsequently served with the Gunners in Korea, Japan, Singapore, Malaya and UK until joining the Commando Gunners where he served aboard the Commando Carriers HMS *Albion* and *Bulwark*. In 1970 he became quartermaster of 3 RHA for one year before posting to the Royal Military College of Science as Equipment Officer. He was awarded the O.B.E. for his work there and on retirement became the Administrative Officer at QVS in succession to Major J. A. Robertson, M.B.E.

The photograph shows him as the GOC's Orderly on Grand Day 1933.

THE PIPE BAND

As the School year draws to an end there are many things worth remembering about the present pipe band.

Starting off with the Stirling Youth Parade in September and finishing up with Grand Day itself, the band has had a good number of successful engagements.

We had three Murrayfield engagements this year in December, January and February, where a few young members gained experience. The highlight of the Easter term was the World Junior Curling Championships at Aviemore which was televised as far as Canada following our success at last years World Curling Championships in Perth.

In February, four of our number – Angus Cameron, Iain MacDonald, Roy Simpson and myself – appeared on *The Songs of Scotland* and earned high praise for the first class performance. In May, I and Iain MacDonald gained first and second places respectively in the CCF (Scotland) competition in Edinburgh, keeping up the band's reputation.

Other engagements have included playing at the *It's a Knockout* competition at Stirling King's Park, beating the retreat at Edinburgh Castle, the Police passing-out parade at Tulliallan and another engagement at Bishopton. We regret losing Russell Marchant, Angus Cameron, Gordon Cameron and drummers Andrew Pearce and Antony Paris, and thank them for their service during the past few years.

With a mini-band going over to Belgium with the dancing team in July, the band looks all set to have another good year and some keen young pipers are on the verge of entering the band already.

Ewan Pitkeathly
Boy Pipe Major

The Pipe Band on Grand Day.

Valete

Among the thirty or so boys who have left since the last issue of *The Victorian* or are leaving on Grand Day are a number who are especially saluted at this time and wished well in the future.

Our Senior Monitor this year, Russell Marchant, has been involved in most sphere of the life of the School. He has been three years in the Rugby XV and captained the team this past season and had a lot to do by personal example and successful goal-kicking with the good results that were achieved. Captain of Cricket, a leading piper, Chairman of the Debating Society – being a QVS representative for two years in the *Scottish Daily Express* competition – having parts in the School's production of *Our Town* in 1973, *Macbeth* in 1975 and *Merchant of Venice* in 1976. This is versatility in a big way. Add to it a successful canoeing expedition for the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award and leadership of the CCF's RAF Section. And at one stage, though he himself says it with a smile, he was in the Choir. Russell Marchant has high hopes of becoming a vet and he is wished well in his efforts to enter the gates of a university and later on in obtaining a degree and a post.

Christian Nelson was Deputy Senior Monitor till Christmas. Outstanding in the classroom, he won the Dux Prize in 1975 as well as The Prince Philip Medal. He was Victor Ludorum in 1974, a high-flyer in Trossachs Canoe Festivals, Boy Pipe Major, a Rugby Colour, in *Macbeth*. He has been accepted for university and we hope he does well there.

Russell and Christian formed our Sixth Year this session. Alongside them others may not appear to have made quite the same contribution but that would be harsh judgment, for a young man who

gives of his best has made his maximum contribution. Where some have not given their maximum is in not bothering so much over matters at which they do not excel. However, that said, the writer must mention the contribution to the Pipe Band of Angus and Gordon Cameron (no relation) and Roy Simpson. Simpson was also a Rugby Colour, as were Thomas Chapman, Stuart Cuthbert and Alex Lambie. Gordon Leonard had his Rugby Colours and was a Prefect; Iain Davidson was a Prefect too. Reverting to the Band, I must add that Iain MacDonald was Best Piper in 1975 and Runner-up in the Royal Scottish Piping Society's CCF Competition in 1976, Anthony Paris was Best Tenor Drummer for two years. Andrew Pearce (cricket and badminton colour, and Victor Ludorum 1975) was a drummer with Neil Kempsell, the latter having done very well as actor in *Our Town* and *Macbeth* and having painted a splendid picture of the School which formed our Christmas Card in 1975.

Finally, Billy Munnoch over the years was a Dancing mainstay and John Angus Watson certainly was an expert in messing about in boats. *Valete!*

Literature

EARLY ASTIR

When I woke up it was dark and cold, but I knew I had to get up or I would never revise for my exam in time, so I reluctantly got out of my bed and started, as quietly as possible, to get dressed. After I had put on my last articles of clothing, my slippers, I went to the window, opened it, took a deep breath of the fresh air, then I took my books from the windowsill. As I was going out the door I glanced up at the clock, the time was about 5.50 a.m. I went down the stairs into the transit lockers and changed into my shoes.

When I got to my form-room, I turned on the lights, sat down in my seat and started revising.

The buzz from the lights kept me from falling off to sleep, and the occasional "song" from a bird cheered me up. The sound of the clock ticking seemed to go on and on, with every minute like a second. Before long I heard the bugle call for breakfast, so I put away my books and hurried over to the main building, but, on the way over, I noticed a sound I had not heard earlier as I crossed the square, the noisy sounds from the crows.

Andrew Stephen Foster, 3a

THE ROAN

The door, wooden, though covered with black shoe marks, it had no panes of glass and creaked violently, grating one's eardrums. It was split at the bottom and swung on a single hinge, which was itself in no condition to be operational.

I looked in, the chalk was lying on the floor broken into three bits, its dust was spread over the floor like fungi devouring a tree with no remorse. The desks and wooden benches were covered in dirt and knife marks. One desk had a drawing of a lion and other such scars.

The walls, white though they were meant to be, were covered in slogans, dirty fingerprints. Part of the plaster had fallen from the corner of the ceiling and landed in a pool of water, the blackboard was split and lying in two pieces on the floor, just like fallen tiles off a roof. The open window frame swung freely with the outside wind, which coolly invited itself in and played with a blotted sheet of paper. A jar filled with skeletons of tadpoles was lying in the corner of the room, a primitive piece of wood used for a fishing rod was lying across the teacher's bedraggled desk, the hook still suspended freely in space.

A bucket sat on a bench, split down the middle, separating the 'I' and 'R' of a crudely lettered 'FIRE'. A pool of water lay on the floor beneath the bucket, growing bigger by the second as drips of water fell and sent ripples sauntering through the pool, which finally flowed into a hole in the wooden floor, again sending a cascade of drips into the dirt below.

Mervyn Reid, 2b

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF SPEED

What's that? The shuffling of grass caught my ear as I ate stealthily in the green pastures. I listened attentively, and again the shuffling sound appeared. Without hesitation I was off with the speed of a cheetah and the tactics of a hare, the ground seemed to be moving under my feet.

Then I saw it; the lioness was hurtling towards me as fast as she could, longing for my meat. It wasn't just dying that made me sprint like a thunderbolt, why should I a mighty gazelle of the upper class be outrun and out-dodged by a lioness? Oh! What a humiliation it would be to me as she brought my mangled body home for the cubs, and then the vultures. Oh what a disgrace plebians such as vultures pecking at my entrails, devouring all but bone. But alas she was closing, only effort and swiftness would bring success. With a final sprint and last minute burst of power and skill, the lioness dejected and defeated stopped dead in her tracks.

"That was a jolly good show, old chap," said Alfred when I arrived back to the pastures.

"Oh, thank you so much," I puffed as I lay down relaxing, "but what did you expect from the superior mind."

"As you say, Archibald, superior mind, yes? Superior mind."

"You showed them, Archie," said Nellie in his Scottish accent.

From above there was the vultures melody which was sung to our national anthem tune:

We need some meat today,
A nice big delicious prey,
A nice big gazelle,
Archibald will do us fine today
And we will always say
Gazelle is the best.
For his meat is truly wonderful,
His entrails are loveable,
We love gazelle.

But this time fortunately for me it was not to be so.

David Rogers, 2b

WASHING

Dirty, splish, water, spray,
Soap, rub, bubble,
Splashing, throw, laughing, play,
Soaking, caught, trouble.

David Rogers, 2b

PLAYING CRICKET

Nervous, facing, bowler, run,
Wickets, sweating, shout,
Duck, blatter, six, sun
Keeper, caught, out.

David Rogers, 2b

THE DARK IS NOT EMPTY

A clock tower struck midnight, then the city put on again its mantle of silence and darkness.

The cobbled streets were dry and sandy, the gutters wet and slimy, the pavements bare.

Only the occasional street lamp was radiating a moon-like glow of pale yellow light which illuminated the steely-grey colour of the lamp post.

A cat, black, silent and mysterious, had while darkness reigned over the sleeping and unconscious city, returned to the wild. The fierce and powerful instincts of the wild cats of the dark ages were pounding through its body. The cat ran swiftly across the cobbles and disappeared among a group of dusbins standing guard by a close. Nightmarish creatures seemed to peer out of the forbidding passage, and I hurried on.

Sitting on a bench at the corner of the street, bathed in the dim light of a street lamp sat a dully dressed man, smoking a cigarette. He had one hand in his grey coat pocket, his knees were together and his shoulders were hunched forward, like somebody who was feeling the cold.

As I approached him, trying to act in a normal manner I saw his face. It was almost luminous, his skin was so pale. His eyes were black, his cheeks hollow and the bones in his face were protruding prominently.

He made no sign of acknowledging me and continued to dreamily smoke his drooping cigarette. The last I knew of him was the glow of his cigarette, a cough, then nothing. Almost as quickly as he had entered my life, so he had departed from it.

The night journeyed on, silent and strong. The murky waters of the slow-moving, yet, powerful river were illuminated for a second by the mysterious moon as it found a gap in the almost impenetrable barrier of cloud and mist, then darkness fell again.

The night was growing old now. A streak of light, just above the row of black chimney pots appeared and revealed a beautiful veil of mist suspended above the waters of the river. Soon the beauty, horror and fantasy of the night would succumb to the reality of day.

E. J. M. Gibson, IV

Illustrated by David Ross, IIIb

THE END OF THE WORLD

The golden, sphere-like sun slid behind the solid barrier of black granite mountains and darkness blanketed the land.

Hours later, all was silent and peaceful. The strange moon slid slowly from each gap in the clouds to the next in an attempt to light up the world.

When the glow of the moon died behind a mass of black cloud, a man-hole in the middle of a quiet suburban street rattled then slowly rose up.

From out of the sewers came ten silent creatures. Dripping wet, they congregated in the middle of the road. They were all uniform in size and shape, a characteristic of their race perhaps?

Their skin was black and in places dark green. Long skinny fingers hung onto elongated tentacles, fastened to stooping shoulders. Their legs were short, and their feet splayed out covering an area equal to that of the man-hole through which they had entered this world. The heads on each of them were grotesque. Large golden eyes glared into the darkness from sunken sockets. Their heads were almost completely covered in numerous swellings which distorted any expressions they made with their fish-like mouths, which were constantly open and sucking in air. They did not appear to have noses.

Then out of the man-hole came a gas, heavy and thick. It rose up slowly and engulfed a lamp cutting out completely its light. The gas spread, covering houses then seeped through cracks and keyholes. It floated up stairs, entered bedrooms and devoured humans.

The sewer creatures appeared to be immune to the effects of the gas and limped around the town, curious and inquisitive.

Their golden eyes shone through the black and evil gas, they never blinked and never slept.

More creatures came out of the man-hole with the gas. The whole street was now full of them. The former of the street occupants had been consumed by the ever hungry gas which was clawing out with its evil fingers for more human flesh.

The sun never appeared again on Earth. The gas had so completely covered the earth by dawn that the sun could not penetrate through and feed the dying plants with its life-giving rays. The humans had all been devoured by the gas and the sewer creatures were victorious in their silent invasion.

E. J. M. Gibson, IV

TELLY

"Hey, Stavros!" shouts Theo Kojak.

"Yes, Lieutenant," says his wiry haired assistant.

"Book him. Okay. Oh! and give me a full report on Carlos the junkie," says Theo.

"Okay, Lieutenant," nods Stavros.

Kojak goes to Carlos and asks him, "Are you gonna sing baby?"

"Y-yeah, sure man," breathes Carlos.

Carlos tells Kojak the story and Kojak rushes downtown. He gets the crook and asks him, "Who loves ya baby?"

"J.D. put me up to it, honest, Theo," whimpers the crook.

"How d'ya like that lollipop?" says Kojak to his lollipop and walks away.

J. Robb, 2b

PARENTS

"Don't do that you'll ruin your eye sight! Dry yourself properly! Eat up! Sit up!"

"I wish she would shut up," I say to myself. "Nag, nag, nag, that's all she ever does."

"It's for your own good!"

"At this rate I'll be nagged to death. Why can't she shut up?"

"We're going shopping today so get up!"

"What time is it?"

"Seven o'clock!"

"Seven o'clock!"

"Yes, so hurry up or we'll be late!"

"Bl--- h--!" I say under my breath.

"We're going to see your Granny today!"

"Oh not again!" I say under my breath.

"Be good and stick in at your lessons!"

"Yes, Gran."

"Is George coming? When I saw the programme about the sea, and the big waves I thought of poor George," she says almost crying.

"Here we go again!" I say under my breath.

"How are you? Are you washing properly? Look at the size of these nails!"

"Er, er, er."

"Here I'll cut them for you."

"Ouch, ouch," I scream under my breath.

"There now that didn't take long, and it didn't hurt did it?"

"N--n--no!"

M. Watson, 2b

THE MAN AT THE DOOR

We had hardly sat down to tea, when the door bell rang. I answered the door, there was a man in a baker's suit, white hat, shirt, trousers and an apron with Zebedee on it. He also wore a black bow tie and a pair of brown riding boots. He had a magnet in one hand and a baking tin in the other. I asked him what he wanted and he said, "Have you any coal please?" "Are you trying to be funny?" I replied. "No," he said, "I'm trying to catch some wild red herrings I've heard are in the district." "How do you catch them with a tin of coal and a magnet?" I asked smiling. "Simple," he said, "you lay the tin down

in a shady spot in a darkened room and, when they smell the coal and come to eat it, you whip out your magnet and point it at the tin and it comes towards you. When the tin is near enough you grab the fish by the legs and drop them in a brown paper bag and throw them into half a hole dug the previous night." "Sorry, no coal," I said and slammed the door. The last I saw of him was a bent figure on hands and knees talking to our neighbour's gnomes.

G. Milne, IIb

SAND

The dry granules of sand rub and scrape against my skin. It even gets lodged beneath my nails and lifts them up.

It prises my toes open and squeezes through. When I put my socks and shoes on, it feels like walking on a bed of nettles, each one embedding itself in the soft skin of the foot.

The sand succeeds in trickling down my back as I squirm through a fresh tunnel of wet sand. My hair is like a steel helmet but it is only a pack of wet sand, coating my skull.

The best part is the picnic.

"My butter has got specks in it!"

"My bread has turned brown!" and the sand is grinding around my teeth.

Those last few minutes of playing follow and then we get into the car. I put my hands to my face and bring them down in astonishment to see what has happened. Have I grown old? Did the water crack my hands?

C. Lyons, IIb

PHOTOGRAPHS

Photographs! What a bore, standing here like a stuffed dummy in my Sunday best, just because some bird brain wants to take a photograph, and to make it worse this collar stud's digging into my neck.

Stay still! Did you hear that? That pea-brained bird watcher behind his mechanical scrapyard is telling me to keep still, well he can get stuffed, if he thinks I'm going to keep still and get strangled he's very much mistaken.

Ouch! Alright mum I'll keep still. Huh! What a flaming waste of time. First I get half choked, then I get clouted across the ear for not keeping still.

Now he's telling us to say cheese. Well, I'll say eggs and custard for a laugh.

Ye Gods! What next, now I get blinded and then I get attacked by raving maniacs, just because I said eggs and custard.

Photographs! Huh, what a farce!

Mervyn Reid, 2b

THE DIRECTOR

"Come in," barked a voice from behind the door. Unwillingly, I obeyed. Sir Robert was pacing up and down the worn strip of the carpet he always paced up and down on, his hands clasped behind his back.

"You called, sir?" I asked, hoping he'd say no.

"Yes," he replied, dashing my hopes, "it's about the take-off date. I want it advanced a week."

"A week?" I asked incredulously.

"That's what I said," he snapped back, his moustache bristling. He carried on in his cold, computer-like voice. "I have worked out new shifts for work to continue round the clock."

"But, sir, a week," I spluttered.

"The new shifts will enable you to finish the project on time," he said, making it sound as though it should be obvious, even to me.

"Sir, the men aren't going to like this," I said.

Ignoring me, he said, in the voice of a master dismissing a slave, "Execute the new shifts immediately," and dismissed me with a wave of his hand.

"Yes, sir," I said, through clenched teeth. I went out, resisting the impulse to slam the door. How I hated that cold inhuman man!

D. I. Gray, 3a

THE DROP

"Nearly there," panted Keith, who was in front. We went round another 180° and there, at the top of the stairs was a doorway. "Phew! Some climb," I panted, getting my breath back. Keith had gone over to the guardrail. "Wow!" he exclaimed, "Look at that drop." I had no real wish to as I was terrified of heights, but if I didn't look Keith would never let me live it down. Why I'd come up here in the first place I didn't know, but there wasn't much else besides towers at Caernarvon Castle. I stepped slowly towards the edge, my eyes focussed on the rail. When I reached it I took a firm hold of it with one hand, held on to my glasses with the other (a habit I'd gained when my glasses and I had parted company over a third floor balcony, the glasses shattering on the concrete below and me rushing to the stairs) and looked. A cold hand clutched my stomach. My head swam and I broke out into a cold sweat. I stared down, wanting desperately to get back to terra firma, but hypnotised by the drop. Far, far below tiny antlike people scuttled around the all too solid courtyard. I visulised what would be left of me if I fell and shuddered at the thought. I gulped and asked, in a not too steady voice, "How far up are we?" Keith consulted the guide book. "420 feet," he said. "420", I exclaimed, and stepped quickly, but carefully, back. My glasses were shaking and I wondered why, until I saw that it was the hand holding them that was shaking. "Come on," I said, and started slowly and carefully down the spiral stairs, another of my pet hates.

D. I. Gray, 3a

THE OLD MAN

The old man stood by the bridge, waiting. His overcoat collar was turned up against the snow and he wore a faded blue scarf under it. His hat, sprinkled with snow, was as far down on his head as it would go and he watched passersby nervously through thick glasses. Tucked in under his left arm was a brown, paper bag. He seemed to be waiting for someone but unwillingly, as though he hated the person but feared him as well. His unblinking stare flicked from passerby to passerby, but always returning to the south end of main street, probably the direction the person he was meeting would come from. Then his gaze fell upon a black van coming down the street. He stiffened, with a sharp intake of breath and a look of pure terror flashed across his face. The van came between the old man and myself, and stopped. I saw someone get out, then get back in again. Then the van moved off. The old man was now lying on the pavement, his neck obviously broken and his blood running into the gutter. I went up to him, made sure he was dead, picked up the brown paper bag and its contents and went off to my rendezvous with the black van.

D. I. Gray, 3a

EARLY SILENCE

On getting up one morning at my usual time of 10.30, I decided to get some breakfast, for a change. I nipped into the kitchen to see if there was any bacon. I make some sandwiches and tea but noticed there was no sound from the kettle. I walked into the living room and looked out the window, cars were moving along the main road, but it was silent.

I sank my teeth into the sandwich, sat down, and then got up to switch on the radio. As I got up I listened. Not a sound, not even a bird. I put up the volume control to "max" and listened hard. Nothing! I turned on the TV but again no sound. I sat down scared and screamed but nothing came out. It was deadly silent . . .

C. R. Hendry, IIIa

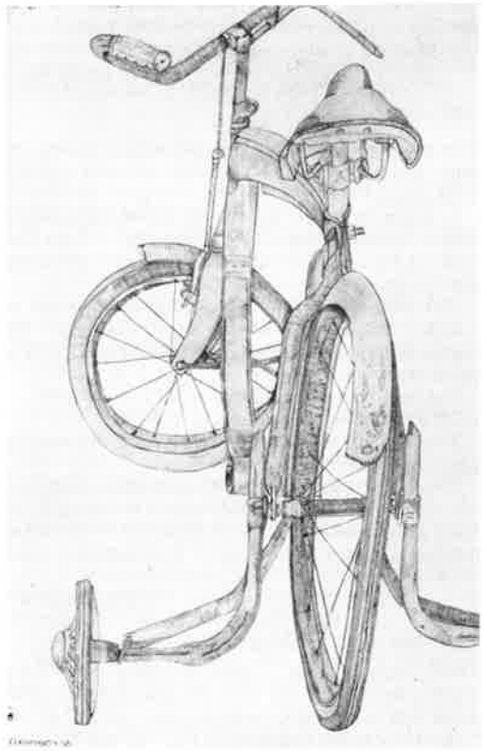
OBSERVATION

He sat there with a white pin striped suit biting on a big fat cigar. He showed no signs of emotion. He must have been about six feet tall and he was well built. I was scared and the perspiration flowed off my forehead. He got up and walked slowly up to me. I looked up at him and he spat the cigar out and smiled. Then he suddenly shouted, "You filthy son of a bitch! Where's the ten grand?" "I, I don't know," I stammered. His eyes grew larger and the blood rushed to his head. He twitched his lips and slapped me across the face. I felt a warm trickle on the side of my face. My heart was pounding away and the adrenalin rushed round my body. Then he said, "Let's start again, where's the bread?"

"Honest, I don't know, Al," I said in a soft voice.

"Okay, don't sweat man, just keep cool," he said in a voice half laughing, half talking.

F. B. Gibson, 3a



Illustrated by D. Rafferty, IIIb

THE BAND PRACTICE

"Rolls one two!" shouts the Pipe Major. He starts marking time, then his thumb presses against his middle finger and he moves his arm up and down. I'm killing myself with laughter and Dougal Watson is trying to play the pipes laughing at the same time. Then we start doing our Bay City Roller dance rocking from side to side. Then the Pipe Major walks round the pipe hut looking at everyone's chanter. I'm in stitches and he passes Dougal who's going red in the face trying not to laugh. Then he puts his fingers on his ears and I just turn away and burst out laughing. I stop laughing but one of his arms is moving in time with the tune and his other one is moving twice as fast.

F. B. Gibson, 3a

BEGGAR BOY

A piece of rotting shabby rag twisted once about his bloated belly was all the clothing he wore. His ribs poked out sharply stretching his mud-caked skin tightly. He was perched on stick-like limbs, so thin and fragile that anything so much as a gust of wind would put him off balance. His thin bony, claw-like hands clutched a wooden begging bowl, his only possession. His bones protruded rudely through his skin, his head was hairless and appeared to be too big for his body – it was balanced on a line of bones that stuck out precariously. His large brown eyes were wells of misery.

S. J. Rae, IV

THE DARK ROOM

Slowly, painfully I opened my eyes – I was in total darkness. Surely this wasn't the end of the world? My legs and my left hand were numb – they had been manacled to my chair.

With my free hand, I took a pencil torch out of my pocket; I switched it on . . .

The first object the beam of light fell on, was a crate of empty beer bottles. A thick layer of dust had settled on the sides of the bottles, making the make of the beer impossible to distinguish.

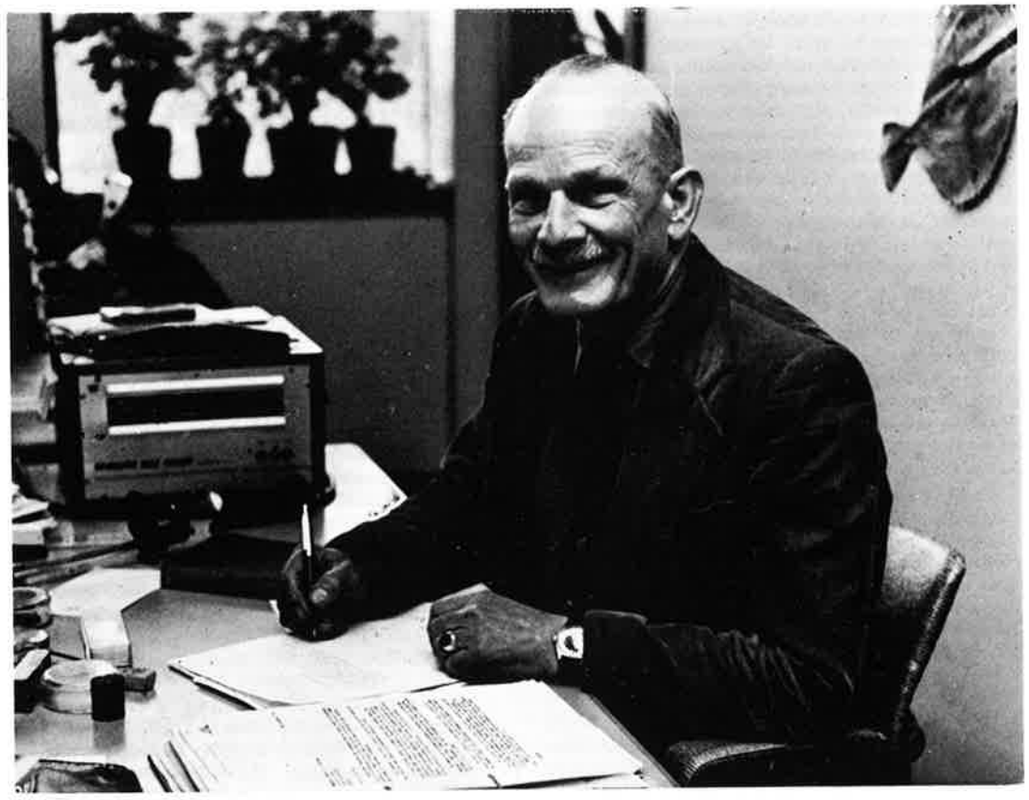
I moved the light along a slimy, grey wall – I pinpointed a sack of grain – the rats had eaten into it, and the contents of the sack had been spilled on the floor.

Away in a far corner, sat an old packing-case; cobwebs stretched across the top, and an old, motheaten curtain hung over the side.

Suddenly I heard a sort of scuffling, scratching noise – I swung the torch round, to investigate. About twenty rats were coming towards me. I flashed the torch at them – they stopped, and cowered in terror. Then they all advanced again.

My torch began to flicker, and suddenly went out.

Sean Dolan, IIa



Mr Malkowski.

Staff Notes

Mr Malkowski retired in June, 1976, but, as we go to press, his successor as Principal Teacher of French has not been named.

Mr P. F. Bartley left the Primary Department in October, 1975, after three years' service, moving on to the Duke of York's Royal Military School and he was replaced in February, 1976, by Mr G. C. M. Carroll, whose father and brother are Old Victorians.

After a year and a half at the helm of the Art Department Mr R. J. Ollason left to become an Adviser in Art with Tayside Educational Authority and he was succeeded by Mr M. J. Squires who joined the QVS Staff from Rannoch. Mrs Squires nobly filled the breach in the interim between Mr Bartley and Mr Carroll.

For most of the past session we have had Monsieur R. Gilles as the French Assistant.

Mr W. W. Malkowski retired from the Teaching Staff of Queen Victoria School in June after eighteen years of service in which he has dedicated himself to the punctitious presentation of the fundamentals of French to those boys who have been channelled his way. Results of public examinations in his subject have usually been a considerable improvement on the gloomy predictions he has made beforehand and many an Old Victorian has let it be known how grateful he is for the pass in a language that has come his way through Mr Malkowski's determined method of laying down a daily standard, of sticking to it come what may and of extracting the prescribed toll from any who failed to reach it. Since 1958, when he joined QVS, he has organised fishing for generations of boys and operated the fly-tieing hobby. He has, too, over the years helped with the athletic side of the School's life, with make-up for dramatic productions and with meticulous detant ensuring that text books of all subjects strayed for as short a time as possible and that because of these strays the current charity became the richer.

Mr Malkowski has certainly lived a full and varied life: educated in France, he returned to his native Poland to enlist as a Regular Officer in the Polish Horse Artillery. He married just before 1939's hostilities, was wounded in action and by Christmas that year was a prisoner in German hands. He escaped imprisonment during the 1944/45 winter and found his way first to the American lines and then to the British supporting echelons. Commissioned then into our Army he held a number of posts first with AMGOT and then in Britain, where he was reunited at Inveraray with his bride after nearly seven years' enforced absence, liaising between English-speaking and Polish military men.

Demobilisation found him again in Scotland where he has virtually been ever since. He trawled out of Peterhead and Granton and it was as a trawlerman that he first earned the soubriquet "Mac" – a cheerful choice because although it is not possible for the slightly deaf to pick up his every word of English he has always managed essentially Scottish fishing words like "loch" and "wee dram" nae bother – he obtained an Honours Degree at Edinburgh, he taught at Kinlochleven and at last fetched up at Dunblane. He and his wife Janka, who for a term taught Art at QVS, made their home on the School estate where they and daughter Ania were always generous hosts. Recently they moved to their retirement home at Braco.

Not only those who learnt French here will miss him, for he influenced all with his devotion to duty, his stern approach, his kind heart and, though it was not always on parade to all of the boys all of the time, his keen sense of fun. We shall miss him as master and as colleague, but we hope we shall see Mr and Mrs Malkowski around for many years to come.

Wavell House

Each year the new intake into the House is something of an enigma. Names are known, reports from other schools are read and academic achievement noted but the real boy, his response to his new environment, his attitudes and personality still remain obscure. This year the new arrivals seemed to be dominated by small boys with fair hair who were difficult to differentiate for the first few days. We had a Master Mutch, a Master More and only needed a Master Most to complete a living comparison of adjectives. The satisfying aspect was, however, that everyone eventually settled down very well and from the start a cheerful friendly attitude prevailed which has been one of the features of House relationships during the past session.

Not that competition was lacking. The dormitory championship was keenly contested in rugby, soccer, swimming, the steeple-chase, boxing and table-tennis while on wet Saturday afternoons rival factions fought out imaginary battles in Wavell Wood equipped with plastic radio sets and wooden guns or slaughtered one another's plastic soldiers on the dormitory floors with a various assortment of toy artillery.

Mr Paul Bartley left us during the Christmas term to teach English at the Duke of York's Royal Military School where he also took up the appointment of assistant housemaster. We wish him every happiness and success in his new appointment and thank him for all the interest he took in our various activities and the time he so freely gave to help develop them.

Mr Graham Carroll has filled the vacancy left by Mr Bartley and quickly associated himself with all aspects of life in the House. Although not himself educated at QVS both his father and brother were educated here so in a sense he is carrying on a family tradition. Our thanks also to Mrs Squires who so ably coped with the teaching of P7a during the interim period.

During the year the House has taken on a more colourful look. Boys' art has been displayed on the walls, library display cabinets have been installed on the landings together with the establishment of a carpet corner which is a great gathering centre for indoor games and gossip.

The House has had a very encouraging games season. We did well in soccer and the team has benefitted a great deal from Mr Squires' expertise as a football coach. A historic moment was reached when the Wavell first XV rugby team won its first ever match. Much of the credit for this must go to the people who helped with its coaching and the enthusiasm of Mr Brown together with the determination and hard play of its captain, David Wilson. Swimming has maintained a high standard under the untiring guidance and encouragement of Mr Philip. We won the swimming gala against Hurst Grange School and David Cruft and Neil Collie both achieved their honours award in personal survival.

Finally, my thanks to the House Matrons for the cheerful way they tackle the never ending round of seeing to the wants of 79 small boys and the interest they show in every aspect of the boys' lives within the House.

BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS

After a lapse of one year the boxing championships were again held. By careful selection taking into consideration weight, height, aggressiveness, skill or just plain tenacity, teams were picked and boys matched thus enabling a dormitory competition to take place. The evening was a great success. The boxers turned out immaculately clad, well groomed and eager for the fray. All fought hard, not one gave in and at the end of the bout emerged from the ring as friendly as they had entered it. True in some bouts a certain basic skill was lacking but the spirit was there and what was lost in tactics was made up in enthusiasm. Our thanks to Mr Martin for the enthusiasm he instils for the sport and to those members of staff who made the evening possible by acting as judges.

Lynedoch emerged triumphant with 13 points, but it was a close call with Moore obtaining 12 points and Abercromby 11.

William Young was awarded the Best Stylist Trophy.

The boys who took part in the championship are listed below with the winner of the bout on the right of the column.

P. Arnott	v. S. Godderidge
S. Hill	v. R Smith
B. Nelson	v. W. Young
I. Solway	v. M. Davis
M. Black	v. W. McCrimmon
A. Halliday	v. S. Deuchars
J. Gordon	v. E. McLay
A. Mackintosh	v. A. Morrison
A. McLay	v. J. Lamond
R. Dickson	v. C. Moffat
M. Irvine	v. N. Collie
D. Wilson	v. A. Duffus

THE STEEPLE CHASE

Owing to a combination of bad weather and the influenza epidemic the steeple chase was postponed from its usual position at the end of the Easter term until the third week in April. This paid off as far as weather was concerned as the race was run in blazing sunshine with perfect conditions underfoot. The course which is within the School grounds is about a quarter of a mile for each lap and includes three water jumps which served on this occasion to cool the perspiring competitors. The race, which is in the form of a relay, was keenly contested. The minor race was won by Moore and the major race by Lynedoch. The overall marks however gave Lynedoch the final victory.

Results: Lynedoch 11 points; Moore 14 points; Abercromby 17 points.

Winning Teams in order of Running

Lynedoch Major Team

Wilson, D.	Winning, A.
Grant, D.	Young, W.
Gardner, J.	Miller, C.
Godderidge, S.	Lamond, J.

Moore Minor Team

Bruce, R.	McColl, J.
Deuchars, S.	Brunton, T.
Fernie, I.	Cameron, A.
Black, M.	Mackintosh, A.

TABLE TENNIS

For weeks before the actual competition preliminary contests take place until only the élite table tennis players in each dormitory are left. The finals are held in an atmosphere of great tension where each movement of the ball is followed with metronomic precision by the spectators who applaud every dextrous manipulation of the bat displayed by their dormitory representative.

The winner of each section each receive a wooden

Annual Inspection

Inspecting Officer:
Lieutenant-General Sir DAVID SCOTT-BARRETT, K.B.E., M.C.
General Officer Commanding Scotland

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 *Terebus.*
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 *Loch Tummelside* 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 Scott-Barrett 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	Russell Marchant
Guard Commanders, No. 1 Guard	David Hughson
No. 2 Guard	Brian Munro
No. 3 Guard	Ross McKinnell
No. 4 Guard	Russell Gillespie
Orderlies to Inspecting Officer	Cameron Angus
	Duncan Broadbent
In Charge of Colour Party	Glen Wallace
Colour Bearers	Ian Clarke
	Alexander Lambie
Boy Pipe-Major	Ewan Pitkeathly
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. Exhibition of Highland Dancing (Instructor Mr. J. Mortimer, B.E.M., late K.O.S.B.).
   Highland Fling
   Reel of Tulloch

3. 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).

Retreat Call	(*During the Retreat Call the Union Flag will be lowered. Guests are requested to rise and gentlemen to take off their hats.*)
Drummers' Flourish	
Retreat Marches	*The Battle's O'er* *Castle Dangerous*
Slow Marches	*The Crooked Bawbee* *Dream Angus*
Marches	*The Banks of the Kelvin* *Queen Victoria's Jubilee*
Strathspey	*The Laird of Drumblair*
Reel	*The Fairy Dance*
Marches	*The Black Bear* *The Back of Bennachie*

4. March Off of Pipes and Drums 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.

cup and the runners-up a packet of much coveted three star table tennis balls.

Results

Minors	1st	J. Paxton
	2nd	E. Lundon
	3rd	R. Bruce
Majors	1st	D. Wilson
	2nd	P. Hastings
	3rd	B. Nelson

RUGBY 1975-6

Without doubt our best season so far, yet, although we have now "drawn blood" against Hurst Grange, we were nevertheless beaten by four points after a grand battle below the frowning ramparts of Stirling Castle.

We continued our fixture with George Heriots' School, Edinburgh, and were victorious both home and away.

Our new fixture with Morrison's Academy at Crieff was our toughest and we conceded twelve points for none gained.

The season was concluded by a match against the senior school 1st year XV which they narrowly won by four points.

The final score card looked like this:

George Heriot's 8	Wavell 10
Hurst Grange 8	Wavell 4
Wavell 20	George Heriot's 0
Morrison's Academy 12	Wavell 0
Wavell 0	1st Year 4

Congratulations to the following who were awarded their colours: Captain P. J. Wilson (re-award), S. Godderidge, P. Hastings, A. Murison.

The Inter-Form Competition was as follows:

Lynedoch 18	Moore 4
Lynedoch 16	Abercromby 6
Abercromby 0	Moore 6

and so Lynedoch were this year's champions.

H.B.

AVIEMORE CAMP 1975

We packed all of our rucksacks into the waiting bus then piled into the large seats. When we were all settled we drove off.

Everyone was eager and excited, wanting to know what the hut was like and the scenery. Mr Bruce was surrounded by boys trying to get all the information out of him.

Eventually, after travelling along a stretch of wooded road the bus suddenly stopped. Down beside us was an iron gate and a small bridge spanning a small river.

There was a bit of confusion as the master vaguely remembered the numbers for the combination lock. When it was finally opened the bus swerved onto the bridge and drove across. Behind the bridge was a scenic panorama. A landscape that stretched for miles, and mountains that ringed round the back. There was a rough sandy track that led to the hut. Everyone was filled with interest and we were even more excited when we saw the hut and inside it. Everyone knew that this holiday was going to be one never to be forgotten.

The hut was wooden with the beams outside painted white. It looked like one of those Austrian ski hotels. From it you could see the tops of the toy-like houses of Aviemore.

Later the same afternoon Mr Bruce decided to go up Castle Hill. Firstly we went round the back of the hill and clambered over countless boulders. Mr Bruce showed us a rock which looked like a skull. We got round and started climbing up until the gradient levelled off. We got to the top and looked down. There was the hut looking like a toy with the miniature Land Rover beside it. We got down everybody starving and piled into the dining room where we were served a beautiful meal made by Mrs Girvan and Mrs Monaghan.

Everyone was in high spirits. We were allowed to stay up till ten o'clock, and then turned into our beds feeling pleasantly tired, and thinking about what the next day would bring.

The next day was bright and sunny. There was excitement and chatter when Mr Bruce told us that we were going up the ski-lift in the Cairngorms. We all thought of a vast mountain plain of snow and lots of fun.

We packed all the rucksacks into the Land Rover and had to wait our turn going down to the ski-lift car park. When we reached the ski-lift we were amazed at the scenery.

We all congregated in the foyer and were ready with our tickets.

There was a sudden jerk as we set off up the lift. The sun was shining, there was a gentle breeze, and you could hear the birds above the soft hum of the cables.

The sun smothered the mountain snow.

When we reached the top everyone got out, wishing they could have another go. We walked over the rocky, snowy mountainside. Our twelve mile walk back to the hut began.

We saw still lochs of freezing water and a rare bird called a dotterel in the heather. We also found great mounds of snow that felt like broken pieces of glass.

Eventually we saw the tiny hut in the distance. We were tired and couldn't wait to get back to a hot, tasty meal.

The day had been full of excitement and new experiences. The sun sank slowly and the evening came. We all unpacked outside the hut, and were talking to each other of the great day we had had.

The rest of the holiday included swimming in Loch Morlich, but the water was very cold. We had a sandcastle competiton and played cricket on the beach, organised by Mr Philip.

We went to Loch an Eilein and caught little fish in the burn leading into it. Mr Orrock and the headmaster came with us for the day. One morning we went to the Aviemore centre. Some people went on the go-karts which were very fast, and some people went swimming in the indoor pool.

The last evening came with the mist rolling down Castle Hill. After supper a roaring fire was lit in the main room and we listened to ghost stories and tales of the mountains until nearly midnight with the grey mist swirling round the windows. The next morning, we packed all our kit, and made our beds. When the bus came we packed all our luggage into the back and got in. We were going back to QV. The bus stopped at Pitlochry, where we all got out and had a look around. We got back on the bus, with all sorts of presents. Everyone was telling jokes and talking about something special which had happened to them at Aviemore. The next day we went home with our stories and experiences ready to be told.

B. Nelson and N. Collie

SWIMMING ACTIVITIES

Last year's report concluded with a challenge to the present Wavell boys to improve on the record number of awards gained last year. This they have done convincingly. Nineteen boys passed the Gold Award in Survival Swimming and for the first time in Wavell, two boys (D. Craft and N. Collie) gained the Honours Award, a remarkable achievement for their age. Another "first" has been the group of sixteen boys who passed the Intermediate Life Saving Certificate.

As usual, the emphasis in the summer term has changed to speed and distance swimming, and this is well under way, though it is too early to print and list awards in this field. Though very impressive, the list below cannot show adequately, the high standard of swimming and the steady improvement, notable in the pool. Many fine swimmers will enter Cunningham and Trenchard in September. Well done all, but look out for your record being shattered by next year's swimmers.

B.R.P.

Swimming Awards (to 10th May)

Joint National Swimming Awards (ASA)

Stages 1 and 2

M. Adamson, P. Arnott, S. Boyes, A. Cairns, N. Collie, M. Davis, A Duffus, J. Gardner, C Geddie, S. Godderidge, J. Gordon, G. Harrison, P. Hastings, S. Hathaway, S. Henderson, S. Hill, M. Irvine, J. Lamond, W. McCrimmon, Rod. McDonald, A. McLay, E. McLay, A Morrison, B. Nelson, G. Newton, J. Paxton, B. Robinson, J. Smith, R. Smith, I. Solway, A. White, D. Wilson, A. Winning, R. Wilson, W. Young.

Stage 1

R. Bruce, M. Henderson.

ASA Survival Swimming Awards

Bronze – M. Adamson, J. Gordon, E. McLay, J. Paxton, B. Robinson.

Bronze and Silver – P. Arnott, G. Harrison, P. Hastings, S. Henderson, —. Hills, Rod. McDonald, R. Smith, I. Solway, A. White.

Bronze, Silver and Gold – R. Bruce, A. Cairns, M. Davis, A. Duffus, J. Gardner, C. Geddie, S. Godderidge, S. Hathaway, M. Irvine, W. McCrimmon, A. McLay, A. Morrison, B. Nelson, G. Newton, J. Smith, D. Wilson, A. Winning, R. Wilson, W. Young.

Honours – David Craft, Neil Collie – (an exceedingly high standard).

Royal Life Saving Society

Intermediate Certificate – N. Arnott, A. Cairns, M. Clay, N. Collie, D. Craft, M. Davis, A. Duffus, M. Ferguson, W. Hamilton, P. Hastings, J. Lamond, A. Morrison, G. Newton, D. Wilson, R. Wilson, W. Young.

House Swimming Gala

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

Major Champion: D. Craft; *Runner-up:* N. Collie.
Minor Champion: E. McLay; *Runner-up:* A. MacIntosh.

Challenge Gala

Wavell v. Hurst Grange

Wavell	227 points
Hurst Grange	173 points

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Though this year's eleven are lighter than last year's, the success rate of the team is equally commendable. Apart from one disastrous game against Claremont Primary (Alloa) where injuries caused us to field several less experienced players against a very good side, the standard of soccer has been fairly high, though with more coaching time, this could improve yet The second eleven also deserve praise, particularly for their away game against Ralston (Glasgow) where the quality of play, and the degree of effort put in, augurs well for next year's Wavell Eleven.

Below are the results up to 10th May, with games against Callander, Rannoch, Claremont, Greengares and Kilbarchan, yet to be played.

First Eleven Pool – A. McLay (captain), D. J. Wilson (goal), A. Duffus, A. Cairns, C. Miller, E. McLay, A. Ingram, A. Morrison, A. Turner, J. Paxton, E. Lundon, B. Nelson, P. Hastings, S. Godderidge.

Results

1st Eleven

v. Bridge of Allan Primary	Won 5–3
v. Doune Primary	Won 2–1
v. Kilbarchan Primary	Won 4–2
v. Callander Primary	Lost 1–0
v. Claremont Primary	Lost 5–0

2nd Eleven

v. Ralston (home)	Won 6–2
v. Ralston (away)	Won 7–4
P6 v. Dunblane Primary	Lost 7–2
P7 v. Dunblane Primary	Won 3–2

House Competition

1st	Moore (on goal average)
2nd	Lynedoch
3rd	Abercromby

B.R.P.

LOST!

It was a roasting Saturday and all our family were at the town. We had to dive and push and shove even to move.

There were fainting old ladies resting in the few calm shady spots that could be found in the town.

As we past "ASDA" I noticed a moving figure in the shop window. It was an elf. Beside him I noticed a motionless but interesting figure of the Toad of Toad Hall. I became very interested and immediately delved through the gossiping shoppers.

From the inside visibility was very poor and I could not see the figures so I moved forward to a car that you pay five pence and it monotonously rocked to and fro. It may have seemed a mere puny decoration and money making replica to a grown-up. To a child though it was a 100 m.p.h. Rolls Royce or you were Jackie Stewart and this was the car that you won the world championship in. I turned round and said, "Can I have five pence please, mum?" but there was no answer. I was lost.

I looked around for two minutes and then started to cry. Not that anyone cared, for it was nearly a quarter of an hour till a kind gent picked me up and led me as a dog leads his blind master to my parents. They were all very worried especially my mum.

That taught me not to leave my parents again.

R. Bruce, P6a

QVS LIFE IN WAVELL HOUSE

School!
Stately old buildings
Stained glass windows
A rushing crowd of excited boys with corduroy shorts
Shouts of "Hunks", "Two's Up", "Swot", and "Skip"
A towering chimney
Ancient walls,
Shorts that nearly touch your toes.
A shout rings out,
A crowd forms,
The first craze.
Paper aeroplanes swoop and dive.
Pitches. Green grass, brown mud, white posts
Dotted green, red and blue jerseys
Flushed, excited, frenzied spectators
Mud covered players
Steaming sprays
A good win
A good game.

R. Bruce, P6a

MY GRANDAD

My Grandad is sightless. He sits on a chair in the corner of the room staring into unending darkness. He knows the way around the house because we have lived there for years. He takes drops in his eyes hoping he will get well. His hair is white and his face is slightly wrinkled. He wears normal trousers and a woolly jumper to keep him warm. When he gets fed he picks up his tray and his food is served. He is in all ways friendly and trying to be helpful. When I enter the house he asks if it is me and I reply, "Yes". In spite of his blindness he gives me money and tells me to get some sweets at the shop round the corner for myself. I try to pay him back by giving him dinner and helping him when I can. He gives me plenty of things but what I would like most is him to get his sight back.

E. Lundon, P6a

THE FAIR

People shouting, laughing.
Screeching yells from the ghost train.
Dipper spinning round and round.
Jerk . . . stop.
Deafening shrieks from terrified people.
On, on, on the roller coaster runs.
Hustle, bustle.
The ghost train hurries along,
Through the dark tunnel of horrors.

Richard Dickson, P6a

A BLIND MAN

No tangerine sun that sets peacefully
No ripple in the water that breaks upon the shore
All the light is lost
He follows the smell or drifting noises
Cautiously he moves alert for danger
He grows familiar with his surroundings
But no details can he see
No world of colour, no depth, but only darkness all around
The miraculous wonder of sight never falls on him
His best friend is his stick
A personal guider
His world is one of sounds
Crying babies, nerve racking vibrations of the noisy vehicles
This is how he lives day by day
Relying on sound his guide.

S. J. Hill, P6a

A SHARK

Swift and cunning is the shark,
With its grasping teeth like a clamp,
It plays with its prey like a leaf in the wind.
Ferociously he guards his territory of death,
Where intruders are doomed.
His ways are those of a savage fiend,
His jaws are a sensitive mechanism tuned to death.
As he lurks at the bottom,
Darting and dashing about,
He's just a ferocious scavenger,
Who's the notorious king of the seas.

Simon I. Deuchars

THE BLIND MAN

Walking through the never ending darkness.
Hearing only the laughing of children here and there.
The cars zooming past the footsteps of shoppers and businessmen.
Smelling freshly caught fish laid out on my right.
People chattering like mice.

Pushing and shoving.
Hearing the crying of babies rocking in their prams.
The cars sounding their horns and buses with trembling motors.
Stallmen yelling.
Tapping away through my world of darkness listening and smelling.
Objects are nothing to me but black unseen senses of touch.

A. Mackintosh, P6a

SPLIT SECOND TIMING

The gate in front of him.
The door opens quickly;
His excitement rises;
Like a tiger he leaps on the slope,
And gathers the speed of a cheetah
The first sticks and flags,
Loom up in front of him
Like ships appearing over the horizon.
He gets more excited as his speed increases.
The jolting and jogging of the bumps;
The knees like springs for suspension
As zooming round a stick he goes,
Twisting and turning.
Through the rest he speeds.
Suddenly, a flag is seen in the distance,
As the finish line appears.
He tries to gather speed
For an extra split second
He speeds through,
As the spectators applaud loudly,
And stops to find he's in the lead.

A. K. McLennan, P6b

BATTLE STATIONS

Planes refuelling,
Like thirsty birds.
Guns being checked
Oiled and loaded.

Suddenly alarmingly,
A siren screams a warning.
Battle Stations! Battle Stations!
Panic; desperation; concentration.

Deck covered with fighter planes,
Sea Vixens, Sky Raiders, Scimitars.
Like flies trapped in a spider's web,
Anxiously trying to take off.

A few surviving planes lift off
Minutes later a thunderous bang.
A ball of fire and white hot metal
Comes roaring back terrifying people
With a hail-shower of bloodthirsty bullets.

Balls of fire slicing along the deck,
Howling stukas diving at you.
Everybody diving madly for cover.
Slowly, surprisingly everything goes quiet.

Iain M. Hutton, P6b

THE SURPRISER

It slowly creeps up behind you.
You are unaware of it.
As it crawls up to you.
Closer and closer.

It slides up your face.
It tickles your forehead.
And you wake up shivering.
Still unaware of it climbing down your nose.
You rub your eyes.

You see a black shiny thing.
Sliding down your nose.
So close to your eyes.
It is blurred.
You jump up frightened.
With a sudden jerk.
It falls on to the floor.
And you kill the beetle.

D. Grant, P6b

INVINCIBLE?

Like a modern amphibious tank
Streamlined, powerful, armour-plated.
Quick on the draw in defence
Sometimes stealthy mainly courageous
Energetically launched to cut and heave,
And plough through deadly enemy infested waters.
The turtle, sometimes outwitted.
Propels itself boldly
Towards its destination, and its destiny
Swim swift, or die
Gallant knight of the sea.

Class Poem by P6b

TINY MODEL SHIP

Swishing,
Spraying,
Splashing,
Swerving,
Speeding,
Turning,
Twenty knots,
Twisting in
flight.
Go!
Go!
Go!
Swish,
Swash,
Swoop,
Bump back, make a crack, wobble,
Model ship, "You've got to make it,
My tiny model ship."

A. P. Haley, P6b

WHERE THE SNOW FALLS THICK

By the great lakes, among vast pine forests,
Lived an ancient tribe of raw-meat eaters,
But disturbing problems of their changing environment,
Destroyed their simple freedom, and their peaceful happy existence.

Migrating northwards over long, seemingly endless years,
Of misery, hardship and frantic searching for lost contentment,
They began to settle in strange, unknown, deserted territories
Of bitter freezing winds, icy stinging blizzards, and deadly Arctic seas.

Gradually these southern lake dwellers adapted like the hardy polar bear,
Even hurting him to steal his coat, and devour his insulating layers of flesh,
Walrus, after walrus, whale after whale, did not suffice their needs,
Blubber oil, ivory tusks, whale teeth, waterproof hides temporarily satisfied the Eskimo.

But these primitive people had to conquer or be conquered; hunt or be hunted.
Invent or suffer, strive or perish, travel or be totally isolated,
Among, dangerous, ghostly-white plains, towering, spectoral mountain ranges,
And enormous, exhausting expanses of spiteful desolated wastelands.

Class Poem by P6b

THE MINUTE SUBMARINER

Moving like a dynamic submarine.
Hunting for something destructible.
Submerging with minute air bubbles,
The creature protects its young.
Its periscopic eyes pick out its foe,
As it evacuates to another destination.

Eventually the mobile monster,
Begins to rust with age.
Suddenly, as it leisurely moves along
It dramatically fails to continue.
Trapped and surrounded by diabolical foes
Who try to exterminate him,
Crushed by the fatal water pressure,
He lacks oxygen and dies from drowning.

But the Water Spider race carries on.

D. Burns, P6b

DEVIL OF THE DEEP!

Graceful in death,
A shark surfaces.
Heading towards its prey.
"Damn the thing,"
A sailor says.

Pig, animal, rat, devil.
Are nothing to the Great White Shark.
High in death.
It swims like a king!

Like a torpedo speeding
It zooms towards its prey
One bite is not sufficient
For the eight foot long
Bloody murderer of the deep.

Many die at one bite
Devil of the sea attack!
It comes to its prey
Blood in the water
As it bites the torso in half
Fifty fangs of terror slice flesh to ribbons.

"Later I will get you, you devil."
Days after, the deaths rise.
One after another they die.

When will it end up dead?
When will all of these devils die?
Never, never will they die!

R. A. McCrimmon, P6b

THE KING ON SKIS

Swish!
Downhill, races the olympic skier,
Faster and faster.
Over the edge at over sixty m.p.h.
As a sea plane would land on water,
He skis through the air,
And lands with a thud!

Over rough land and bitterly cold snow,
Through the air at unbelievably fast speeds.
Heart pounding like artillery on a battle field,
Stomach turning round and round,
And asking himself the same question over and over,
"Will I make it?"
"Will I be quick enough?"
"Will the judges think me worthy
Of an Olympic winner's medal?"

—. Mutch, P6b

BETTER OFF DEAD

Swooping gliding
Its elegant movements
Who would have have thought
This graceful creature hurts and kills
And gets hunted and killed?
Who by?
Us
Mankind, destroyers, nest wreckers
Men who wipe out
What mother nature strived for
Centuries work.
We wreck in seconds
Plundering, Murdering
How long will we do it?
The birds must think us freaks of nature.

M. Irvine, P7a

THE EXECUTIONER'S PRAYER

Give me a criminal please, oh Lord
Bread and water's all I can afford.
I kill to live, I live to kill
And other people's blood I spill.

The scaffolds are empty and so is the stock
The steps are clean and so is the block
Give me cause to pick up my axe, Lord
Pull the rope or swing my sword.

My wife and children starve and freeze,
A murderer so we can live in ease,
That's all we ask of you, dear Lord.
There'll be meat and drink for the swing of my sword.

M. Irvine, P7a

SEA CAVE

Pounding the barren rocks,
A seaman's nightmare.
Mouth foaming, teeth bared,
It devours the granite gateway;
A black, hungry wolf.
Entering the cave,
A world of ripples,
Of shimmers on the creamy marble,
Bright lanterns where light enters.
With the coarse purring of the sea outside.

Roddy Macdonald, P7a

EVEREST

Immense monster of ice,
Aged, weather beaten creation.
I look down from your high brow,
Down on all the world.
You dwarf Snowdon and Ben Nevis,
Killimanjaro and Mount Blanc.
You king of all giants.

Roddy Macdonald, P7a

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

THE UNIVERSE

Looming up in front of me
The moving stars
Like white dots
Shine everywhere,
On a black never ending cushion.

Like a small white line
Drawn across the galaxy,
A meteorite
Streaks across the universe,
Separating big stars from small stars.

Our space craft orbits Saturn,
That blue globe
With the rings of minerals
Circling the still planet.

Through the thin atmosphere
We land on Saturn
We feel tense, the stillness overcomes us –
What is out there? –
Human life?

We don our suits
And wonder . . .
Should we go out there?
To the rocky surfaces.

We decide to go out
To what is awaiting us
Fame?
– Or death perhaps.

Colin Miller, P7a

FARM CAT

With a sleek head,
A long thin body,
A head that is black
A mind that is thoughtful.

In the day a peaceful cat,
In the night a hunter,
Eyes that light up like lights,
With black slits.
With a coat of a creamy white,
And paws of a dark, dark grey.
With a pinky tongue and white, sharp teeth,
And green hollow eyes.

It creeps with padded paws,
It sniffs with scented nose,
It lies in wait,
Then pounces.

Stanley Hathaway, P7a

THE FROG

Bulging, staring eyes.
A green leathery skin,
He leaps on to a lily leaf,
Causing ripples that surge onwards across the river,
He leaps about, catching insects that tresspass in his territory,
He sits unchallengeable on a leaf,
Warning his enemies with a large vulgar croak.
His only unbeatable predator is man.
He sniggers at a dead frog,
Killed with a spade.

Bernard Nelson, P7a

STILL

Still is the blue book upon the book shelf
Still is the brown leather seat
Still is the reflection in the classroom window.

Still is the black sky
Still is the white gleaming star
Still are the patches of blue.

Still is the fallen brown chestnut
Still are the orange leaves lying on the ground
Still is the grey stone under the ground
But stillest of all is . . .
The road, that stretches for ever.

Stephen Boyes, P7a

RESEARCH ON THE FOUNDER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

(to mark the bi-centennial year of the United States)

On the 6th July, 1747, John Paul was born at Kirkbean in Kircudbrightshire. He was the youngest son of a gardener and bore the same forename as his father.

At the age of twelve young John was apprenticed to a Whithaven shipowner. On a return voyage from abroad the ship's master and mate both died and John took over command. His performance so impressed the ship owners that John was appointed skipper, young as he was.

In 1773 one of John's older brothers died and left a considerable property and money. With this he spent the next few years in Virginia then a British colony. While he was there, the Revolution began, marked by the signing of the Declaration of Independance on 4th July, 1776. Seizing his opportunity John offered his service under the assumed name of Jones to the infant "American Continental Navy". He was granted a commission and appointed First Lieutenant of the *Alfred*. In June, 1777, he was given command of the *Ranger*, a new frigate of twenty-six guns. Unfortunately the ship could not carry all its armament safely and had to sail with only eighteen guns.

On the 24th June, 1777, "Jones" sighted the *Drake* of the Royal Navy and they hotly engaged for an hour. The *Ranger* won but in so doing sustained heavy damage and had to put in at Brest in France to refit. Jones did not have enough cash to complete the work and had to make use of another vessel. This was an old and battered ship which he re-named *Bohomme Richard.*

The *Richard* set sail in April, 1779, but soon received news that the *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, both of the Royal Navy, were near. Of the three ships the *Serapis* was by far the most powerful. Because of the fiercer fire of the *Serapis* the American closed in with her and fierce hand to hand fighting ensued. "Jones" had installed a barrel of grenades on the main yard of his ship which some of his crew threw down onto the deck of the *Serapis* with devastating effect. Because of the damage and loss of life caused by the American grenades Captain Pearson was obliged to surrender. This was extremely fortunate for Jones as by now the *Richard* was sinking fast. This exploit was one of Jones most famous.

John Paul retired from the US Navy in 1781 and went to live in Paris. He died on the 18th July, 1792, aged only 45 years.

He was unable to return to his native Scotland as he was considered by the British government of the time to be little better than a pirate. Today, some two hundred years after his adventures and there were many more, the United States Navy honour him as its "father" and keep his remains at Annapolis Naval Academy which is the United States equivalent of Britannia College, Dartmouth.

John Gordon, P7b

Son of father at present serving in one of Her Majesty's nuclear submarines

THE UNWANTED CAT

Silently, stealthily a cat moves through the night,
A tawny, scrawny cat,
A hungry, sad cat,
Searching for food, maybe a rat.
No one likes him, he's all alone,
Alone in the cold, dark night,
And no place for a home.

Malcolm Ferguson, P7b

WATER

Cool, cool water,
Trickling over the rocks.
Letting the thirsty animals lap you up.
I let you run through my hands,
Wetting them
So that I can dampen my head.
I block you up and your flow stops.
But soon you break loose
And are free again.

Steven Henderson, P7b

THE THING UNDER MY BED

Quickly I run to my bed and
Jump on it.
I hear the floorboards creak.
Who's that? I call.
Is anyone there?
No answer.
I slowly peep around.
Then suddenly I throw a book under
My bed.
It does not come out the other side.
I lie in bed paralysed with fear.
Then tiredness rescues me and I go
To sleep and forget about the thing
Under my bed.

William McCrimmon, P7b

THE OWL

He sleeps through the day,
And hunts through the night,
Hunting and killing all prey in sight.
He swoops off a branch,
Glides majestically round,
And plucks a small creature
From off the ground.
Hunting and killing all prey in sight
With a sharp cry of hunger he speeds through the night.

Colin Geddie, P7b

A DREAM

I am in the desert
All alone, alone, alone.
I walk for hours without
Water, water, water.
I see a tent, tent, tent.
I stagger towards it.
But it is gone, gone, gone.
I see a rider coming, coming, coming.
He has a gun!

He aims at me, me, me.
Then I here "Wake up, Paul!"
It was only a dream.

Paul Arnott, P7b

A TORTOISE

A tortoise slowly creeps
Round about
Munching a green juicy
Lettuce leaf
On the alert for danger
A dog!
She slips into her dark
Caravan-like shell.
The dog sniffs it
Paws on her shell
And leaves it in disgust
She slowly slides her
Head out.
On the alert of danger
Then she plods to a big
Green leaf
And munches slowly.

Ewen McLay, P6a

C.C.F. Section

CCCF 1975-6—

The corps strength at the beginning of the year was Army Section: 4 Officers, 1 SSI and 84 Cadets; RAF Section: 2 Officers and 51 Cadets.

We have our full complement of Officers.

Officer Commanding CCF	Major G. Reid, M.B.E.
Officer i/c Army Section	Captain J. G. Finlay
Adjutant to CCF	Lieut. J. Deeley
Officer i/c Signals Section	Lieut. G. Watson
Officer i/c RAF Section	Ft.-Lt I. T. Williams
2 i/c RAF Section	FO J. P. Urie
RQMS CCF	Mr J. Mortimer, B.E.M.

CCF

Summer Camp, 1975

We were in new territory this year by going to Victoria Barracks, Ballater, and found ourselves among friendly, helpful folk. Queen Victoria School has a very high reputation with the local population and fortunately, the group of thirty-five cadets whom we had with us made a favourable impression on all the people that they met.

Our accommodation was spacious and comfortable, unfortunately we did not occupy it for long, as the main reason for camp was Duke of Edinburgh Expeditions – a 2-day one, a day's rest then a 3-day expedition, so in all we had our first day (25th June), fourth day (28th June) and last day in the barracks.

Our first expedition on 26th and 27th June started at Cockbridge, well known in the winter, as the radio is always announcing that the road is blocked with snow. We saw it at its best in glorious summer weather. The hike was down the Glen to Lagganauld, then swung south past Craig Bhuilg, continued south to Loch Bhuilg Lodge where the bivouac site was set up. Next day the walk was due south past Invercauld House to Keiloch on main Braemar-Ballater road. This expedition was too good, all groups kept together, bivouac siting was good and bivouac site left in perfect condition. So the cadets deserved a well earned rest on the 28th June at least for the morning; we had to brief them in the afternoon for the three-day expedition.

29th, 30th June, 1st July expedition route was from Cabrach to Tolduquhill to bivouac at Bressachoil Ruin. 30th June from bivouac site south to Luib, down a track to Easter Sleach, to bivouac at the ford on the Sleach Burn. The last day, 1st July, continue along the track to Tulloch Ma Carrick, then on to Tomnavey and lastly through the Forest of Bunzeach to a farm named Hillock Head.

That is the bare bones of a 3-day expedition and it was incident free for the first two days. The cadets on this expedition are in two grades. Top grade doing the expedition for Silver Award (no mistakes allowed) and other grade making a training expedition for Silver and learning from their mistakes. The top grade know from past and bitter experience that a strong back, strong legs, head down, press on attitude will not get you there. All our expedition have one day of hard map reading and navigating and on this one it was the last stage of the last day. As one approaches the Forest of Bunzeach, one approaches over featureless land, so the navigation beforehand has to be spot on. Those making the training expedition did quite well, but tried to barge through the forest – which is very large – instead of navigating along the forest roads. I must say it was very interesting for the assessors standing along the forest roads listening to the most uncomplimentary remarks made about not only about the expedition but also the Officers who set it up.

Eventually all got to finishing point except four. A gamekeeper was cutting peats beyond the forest and this quartet had asked him the way. Unfortunately he had a wonderful Buchan accent, so I don't think they understood a word he said. He told me that he had met them, also that he had twice lost a line of "beaters" up there. I thanked him for his encouraging remarks, and made a mental note that he was an expert on this territory, and if necessary to do a rescue, he was going to be in my team. As it turned out when he got home they were knocking on his door so he very kindly brought them round in his car. I think he must have read my thoughts.

The final day was debrief, clean up and rest ready for the journey home.

Training

The Army Section is in three groups – recruits, light rescue and signals.

The recruits which includes RAF Section do basic training for the Proficiency Certificate and from now until the summer holidays will be tested on all subjects.

Light Rescue Section are the immediate post Proficiency Certificate group. They are learning the art of serving and the techniques of saving people in difficulties on land or water. The beginning of the course is difficult – learning the method of making the correct rope knot for various situations. When interest seems to flag we have a quick method to remedy this. We take them rock climbing at an old quarry near the School. When they find themselves hanging on the end of a rope they make doubly sure the knot is correct.

They learn and practise correct and safe methods of crossing flooded rivers, methods of making rafts and floats to rescue injured on water, methods of carrying and treating people injured in road or building accidents. It is in fact a year of training in service to the community in most of the emergency situations that human beings get into. Later when they reach the age of sixteen years we set up a class for the British Red Cross Society Adult First Aid Certificate thus rounding off this course with a training which will last them for life.

Signals Section

This year this Section under the instruction of Lieut. G. Watson has had a successful session. Four members – Cpl A. C. Kerr, Cpl B. N. Munro, L/Cpl G. T. Muir and L/Cpl S. J. Rae – passed their

Mrs Christison presenting Christian Nelson with the Prince Philip Medal.

Assistant Instructors Test. Seven other cadets passed their Signals Classification Test. All together a very commendable effort by the cadets.

Field Day, 27th September, 1975

We divided into three sections for this day. The first section was cadets who had not done the final two-day expedition for Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Award. They set off on Tuesday evening to bivouac at Whitestone Range, then set off next day on a 14-mile route over Sherrifmuir to Dumyat and back to School. They were joined by the second section who were on a map reading and navigation test. As the day turned out wet and misty conditions were uncomfortable but excellent for the exercise as landmarks were not easily identified. The third section, mainly RAF cadets, spent the day at Strathallan Aircraft Museum.

Field Day, 2nd June, 1976

This day is on Whitestone Range doing annual shoot and recruits will be examined for subjects in Proficiency Certificate.

Annual Inspection

The Inspecting Officer this year was Air Commodore T. H. Blackman, O.B.E., D.F.C., Commandant HQ Air Cadets. He visited us on 15th October, 1975. The whole Corps were on parade for inspection and after this the Air Commodore took the salute at the march past. Afterwards he visited cadets at the work or activity they were doing which was varied and interesting.

His report on the day was good This was our third consecutive good report so we are now excused an Annual Inspection in 1976.

Awards

SMI J. Mortimer, who last year was awarded the British Empire Medal and Lord Lieutenant's Award, has been awarded a Bar to his Cadet Force Medal.

Major G. Reid received the M.B.E. from Her Majesty the Queen on 2nd December, 1975, and has this year been awarded a Bar to his Cadet Force Medal.

Captain J. Finlay was awarded his Cadet Force Medal last year.

Summer Camp, 1976, at Lochgilphead

In preparation for this camp Major G. Reid and Lieut. J. Deeley spent four days of the Easter holiday visiting landowners and farmers clearing the routes for the expeditions we do at this camp It was hard work made enjoyable by meeting so many friendly people.

Adventure Training

We returned to Rothiemurchus Lodge for this training from 30th March to 7th April.

Unfortunately we were not as usual oversubscribed with cadets wanting to go to this popular camp, reason – inflation The costs have soared – living accommodation, ski gear hire and ski lifts have almost doubled in price We had to request financial aid from H.M. Commissioners through the Commandant, and if we are to continue the camp we will need more aid.

So much for the depressing news, all went well, we had plenty of snow and conditions were not too bad. As usual we had our own ski instructor Tommy Thomson with us, also Lieut. G. Watson and Mr L. Bovill, who are now at the stage where they can cope with the beginners. To our delight when we arrived, the S.O.P.E. Scotland had assigned Mrs Hillary Macdonald as our ski instructress. We had her last year and she and the cadets get on very well indeed. Stuart Rae was particularly pleased to see her – he was her star pupil last year.

We had no broken bones and more important from our sad financial plight, no broken skis. It was a cheerful, happy camp with all cadets feeling that they had made good progress and acheived quite a high standard of skiing. We give our thanks to the instructors for their unending advice and patience, to Captain J. Finlay and Lieut. J. Deeley for getting us to the slope and back again safely, and lastly, to Mr J. Shaw for the magnificent meals when we got back to the Lodge each evening.

RAF SECTION

Cadet NCOs (as at 14th April, 1976) : Flt/Sgts I. R. Marchant, N. C. Nelson (left January, 1976), Sgts G. J. R. Gillespie, P. J. Ross, G. Wallace, Cpls D. G. Cuthbertson, A. S. Mcl. Dickson, G. A. Leonard, I. M. Clark, J/Cpls I. P. Hutchinson, I. D. MacGregor, A. K. MacRae, A. J. Millsop, I. S. Robertson, N. H. Wilson.

Training

With forty-nine cadets undergoing training and twenty-two members of the First Year having already indicated their wish to join the Section when the recruits are enrolled this term (the maximum number of vacancies is fourteen but this could be as low as nine!) the establishment is very healthy. Since last going to press in April/May, 1975, fourteen cadets have completed their Proficiency Part One Training (a common course with the Army Section), fourteen have successfully completed their Part Two and eleven passed the Part Three. The Best Recruit's Cup (RAF) was won by Cadet N. A. Marchant (240 pts) with P. E. Calder

(230 pts) and D. I. Gray (229 pts) taking second and third places respectively. With only the Map Reading examination to come competition for this year's Cup is keener than ever with only 4% separating the leading six – I. M. Collie, A. M. Cuthbertson, C. Jones, C. J. D. Lyons, R. MacKenzie and S. W. Wilson. Parts Two and Three of the Proficiency Training examinations are written tests set and marked by HQ Air Cadets at RAF Newton, Notts. These may be taken twice a year in December and March. There were fourteen successes at the Part Two stage with David Gray, Craig Hendry and Keith Sinclair gaining "distinctions". Eleven cadets successfully completed the final part with Mark Riddell and David Ross qualifying for a "pass with distinction". In addition, there were four credits gained at Part Two and five at Part Three. Both the candidates and the instructors are to be complimented on a most commendable performance.

Three of the senior cadets – Ian Clark, Russell Gillespie and Stewart Robertson – gained their Gliding Proficiency Certificate and "wings" by attending Continuous Gliding Courses (during the holidays) and weekend training sessions at Arbroath and Milltown, near Lossiemouth. Six names are forward for Gliding Courses this summer and it is hoped that the weather will permit us to have our own "Grasshopper" (glider) out for glides and hops to give them that first experience of going "solo in a kite" (albeit for a matter of a few seconds). Those few seconds airborne were sufficient, however, to enable Iain MacGregor to give us our first "prang" and the first "763" (Glider Accident Report Form) submitted by CCF/RAF/QVS. "This was my second airborne slide," wrote Iain in his Pilot's Report in the 763, "and, at a few feet above the ground I experienced a drop in windspeed, as a result of which my glider landed heavily, bounced and landed again. I was not aware of the fuselage damage until reported by the members of my handling crew." The damage? Fractured butt joint rear 'A' frame. The error – "a misjudged landing" – was more a fault of nature ("a sudden drop in wind speed") than of Iain's, of whom the instructor i/c Line reported that he showed ". . . considerable promise, is keen and enthusiastic" and that he succeeded in bringing the glider ". . . to a stop with wings level, but slightly off its predetermined course."

The Summer evening training sessions enable the cadets to practise some practical map reading and orienteering exercises, canoeing and swimming and dinghy drill. Andrew Crawford, Glenn Wallace, Ian Robertson and John Grant succeeded in gaining their Swimming Training Proficiency Certificate in June, 1975. The award of these certificates to CCF/RAF cadets is very rare – three years have elapsed since our previous success – and in addition to swimming the test includes much dinghy drill and rescue.

Demand for shooting far exceeds our quota of rounds and availability of the miniature range and continues to be a popular activity within and outwith our Wednesday training programme. All members of the RAF Section (with the exception of the 'P1' training section who train with the Army Section) have had at least two periods on the indoor miniature range with Mr Urie and the post-proficiency cadets have averaged four periods. Thirteen have qualified for the CCF Marksman's Badge. ·303 and SLR classification takes place at camp under the direction of the RAF Regiment. Five of our present contingent hold ·303 CCF marksman's qualification, six have qualified for the badge firing the SLR and two of our members – Russell Gillespie and Ian Clark have qualified for the "crossed rifles" – the coveted RAF Marksman's Badge. Two teams were again entered for the Small Bore Winter League Postal Competition organised by HQ Air Cadets Scotland and Northern Ireland and open to all CCF and ATC units in the region. Our 'A' team were again competing in Division D and our 'B' team promoted from Division E to join our 'A' team in Division D. (There are a total of eight divisions ranging from A to H.) Our 'B' team totalled 2,004 for the six rounds, improving on each round, and were far from disgraced. Our 'A' team, however, did themselves proud by scoring 2,164, topping the Division and winning the Tomintoul Cup. Well done contestants and Mr Urie – all those early morning, lunch-time and evening sessions brought their reward. Members who shot targets were David Cuthbertson, who shot most consistently for an average of 98·0, scoring the possible 100 on one occasion and whose lowest score was 97, Russell Marchant (av. 90·1), Philip Ross (88·3), Ian Clark (86·8), Iain MacGregor (86·0), Ian Hutchinson (80·6), Christian Nelson (80·3), Alex Lambie (80·2), Alan MacRae (79·6) and Paul Irvine (77).

The Annual Inspection – reported elsewhere in the CCF Notes – was conducted by Air Commodore T. H. Blackham, O.B.E., D.F.C., A.D.C., R.A.F., Air Officer Commanding Air Cadets from RAF Newton. The inspection comes very early in our School year when some of the cadet NCO instructors are still very inexperienced and sometimes overawed by the entourage of visiting personnel which the occasion demands. We thank the Air Commodore for his understanding and encouragement.

Annual Camp

The 1975 (June/July) Camp will be long remembered for many reasons. Due to the threatened-on-off rail strike we travelled 384 miles overnight by bus (Mackie's of Alloa) and arrived at our destination in the heart of the Cotswolds *before reveille*. The

security police at the main entrance to the RAF Station were reluctant to accept that we were not a detachment of the Tartan Army!

And the location of this not-to-be-forgotten annual camp? The Royal Air Force's Central Flying School, RAF Little Rissington – the oldest flying school in the world. We were soon to discover that the station had the friendliest climate that we have ever experienced at camp. We were warmly welcomed and well cared for by the Station ACLO, Flt-Lt "Rusty" Russell and his specially appointed Deputy ACLO for the week, Flt Off. Tom Marshall, formerly of Dollar Academy and recognised by some of our senior cadets as a Cadet Flt/Sgt who was with them at camp at RAF Coningsby in 1972. The Station Commander, Group Captain M. R. Williams, was not content with giving us the customary address of welcome but enquired after us and visited us often during the week – RAF personnel of all ranks seemed to be going out of their way to make us welcome.

In addition to the usual "section visits on station" the Instrument Trainers and the CFS Museum were of special interest. Every cadet received instruction on the range as well as firing the SLR. The flying programme kept our own Fg Off. J. P. Urie busy morning, noon and . . . but his efforts ensured that each cadet got off the ground at least once, most claimed to "have control, sir" and some attempted aerobatics. A trip was even arranged for the Headmaster who visited us later in the week. His natural aptitude for all things RAF must have been noted in the corridors of . . . the Air Ministry: from being an "assistant in khaki" at RAF Shawbury in 1974, to being airborne at the RAF's Central Flying School in 1975, the Headmaster is now to be congratulated on his recent appointment as the CCF Schools' Representative on the Scottish Air Cadet Council.

Major C. B. Innes of the Black Watch (RHR), who is the grandson of Colonel S. A. Innes, D.S.O., Commandant from 1930 till 1939, presenting his grandfather's cane to the Senior Monitor.

Off station visits catered for a variety of interests. A cultural visit was arranged to nearby Burton-on-the-Water for the second afternoon of our camp – thereafter a number of off-duty visits (more of a social nature) were arranged privately! A morning was spent at RAF Fairford, at that time the home of the Concorde, where we were given a most interesting tour by a BAC official. Another visit was to RAF Kemble, the training facilities of which come under the command of the Central Flying School. RAF Kemble is the home base of the Red Arrows, the aerobatic team of the Royal Air Force who, during 1975, were celebrating their tenth anniversary. We lunched in their one small mess – no separate messes for the different ranks – and then shown over the Hawker Siddeley Gnats used by the Red Arrows, and met some of the pilots and members of the groundcrew – the engineering support team (26 men, a Flt/Sgt and the Team Engineering Officer) who always accompany the display team. On our return journey we stopped off to visit a "graveyard" where the cadets were allowed to wander freely among the wreckage of a vast number of scrapped planes awaiting to come under the hammer. RAF Brize Norton was visited early one morning (an 07·20 departure from L.R.!) where we cooled off (or woke up) in the swimming baths receiving instruction in dinghy drill. Another morning was spent visiting the Cotswold Wildlife Park, and another afternoon in the peaceful serenity of Gloucester Cathedral and rushing to the nearby shops to buy a last minute present for mum. Saturday afternoon was far from relaxing as we attempted a very ambitious cross-country search and rescue exercise – a six hour effort including time for a meal. Russell Gillespie's group won it in a record breaking time.

And there was the Night Exercise! With a number of young energetic RAF officers to assist us we were able to attempt something more interesting – something which involved map reading at night. most of the boys found it very interesting and enjoyable, but some, who found map reading difficult in the daytime found it . . . well, couldn't find anything or anywhere at night – and some of them were NCOs!

All that at one camp? In eight days? Thank you, RAF Little Rissington.

Other visits have taken place during the year – RAF Leuchars for their Battle of Britain At Home, RAF Turnhouse for Air Experience Flying at No. 12 AEF, HMS *Caledonia* for Swimming Training and Dinghy Drill, and RAF Hereford which some of us used as a base for our adventures on the River Wye.

We are grateful to HQ Air Cadets – both the Scottish version at RAF Turnhouse and the British complex at RAF Newton – for their assistance in so many ways; and to those ACL gems who have moved on – Squadron Leader Bob Henderson, F/Sgts Andrews and Seymour – the new boys, Flt Lt Laundry and F/Sgt Crooks, and the evergreen Group Captain Hunter. Thank you.

I.T.W.

GÜTERSLOH '76

Mr Urie accompanied cadets F/Sgt R. Marchant, Sgt G. Wallace, Cpl I. Clarke, Cpl G. Leonard, J/Cpl A. MacRae, A. Leonard and M. Cairney to the CCF/RAF Cadets Easter Camp at RAF Gütersloh in West Germany.

We flew from Gatwick on Thursday, 1st April, at 1800 hours arriving at RAF Wildenrath about an hour later. We were met by our Camp Commandant, F/Lt Harvey, RAF, that we had a four hour bus journey in front of us. We arrived at Gütersloh about midnight. No one needed rocking to sleep.

From Friday morning till our departure the following Thursday it was "all go". Within camp we had visits to the various sections of activity which makes the unit "tick" – The armoury, the engine bay, the stores, the medical centre, etc., not forgetting the hangers where various types of aircraft, including helicopters, were inspected and their role within the RAF explained. Each of us had an approximate half-hour flight in a helicopter and we all fired ·303 on the range; Russell Marchant and Glenn Wallace gaining CCF Marksman classification.

There was a friendly rivalry with the members of the other schools who accompanied us. They were from King's College Wimbledon, Arnold School, Haileybury, Alleyns, Epsom College and Charterhouse. We won the "mini-international" soccer 5–0, won the cross-country run, lost the day out search and capture exercise but came to the fore again in the "battle course" exercise planned and run by the members of the RAF Regiment. Everyone was soaked to the skin after crossing and falling into innumerable streams, and deafened by the thunderflashes and blank ammunition used. All were tired but happy at the end of the day.

Outside visits included Münster on Saturday where we spent the morning shopping and exploring the town and the afternoon at the town's world renowned zoo. During the return journey we payed a visit to Münster British War Cemetery. On Sunday afternoon, after morning Church, we visited the Mhöne See Dam of Dambuster fame, and were suitably awed by its size and amazed by the fact that the RAF had successfully destroyed it in 1939–45 War.

But all good things must come to an end and on

Thursday, 8th after cleaning up and making the beds for those coming the following week we left on our four hour bus journey to Wildenrath. We arrived at Gatwick about 8.45 p.m. where we dispersed for our respective destinations after having had a super week – thanks to our hosts RAF Germany.

Sporting Events

SWIMMING

Queen Victoria School Swimming Championships were held on 23rd February, 1976, at 3.15 p.m. The high standard of swimming was maintained and six School records were broken – three by G. I. Benson in the second year group; in third year group, A. G. Stroud and G. Farquhar; and D. C. Hughson in the Haig championship.

Events	*1st YEAR*						*Time*	*Points C*	*Points T*	*Record*
	1st		**2nd**		**3rd**					
1 lth Butterfly	D Loch	(T)	R. Boyde	(C)	A. Eagle	(T)	14·6	2	4	14·2
2 lth Breast Str.	P. Murphy	(T)	A. Eagle	(T)	E. Wallace	(C)	39·2	1	5	33·1
2 lth Back Str.	C. Leonard	(T)	A. Wilson	(T)	M. Fisher	(C)	34·5	1	5	32·5
2 lth Free Style	C. Angus	(C)	C. Leonard	(T)	D. Loch	(T)	27·7	3	3	26·6
4 lth Medley	C. Leonard	(T)	D. Loch	(T)	K. Henderson	(C)	74·0	1	5	72·2
	Champion: C. Leonard				*Runner-up:* D. Loch					
						Total		8	22	
	2nd YEAR									
	1st		**2nd**		**3rd**					
1 lth Butterfly	G. I. Benson	(C)	I. Collie	(C)	M. Hindshaw	(T)	13·0*	5	1	14·1
2 lth Breast Str.	G. I. Benson	(C)	M. Hindshaw	(T)	S. Wilson	(T)	33·3	3	3	32·3
2 lth Back Str.	G. I. Benson	(C)	I. Collie	(C)	M. Hindshaw	(T)	31·1*	5	1	32·3
2 lth Free Style	S. Wilson	(T)	I. Collie	(C)	R. Lambie	(T)	26·3	2	4	26·2
4 lth Medley	G. I. Benson	(C)	M. Hindshaw	(T)	S. Wilson	(T)	67·9*	3	3	72·1
	Champion: G. I. Benson *Runners-up:* M Hindshaw & I. Collie									
						Total		18	12	
	3rd YEAR									
	1st		**2nd**		**3rd**					
2 lth Butterfly	A. Leonard	(C)	I. Munro	(T)	K. Rutherford	(T)	31·9	3	3	31·0
4 lth Breast Str.	A. G. Stroud	(T)	K. Smith	(T)	N. Marchant	(C)	76·1*	1	5	78·2
2 lth Back Str.	I. Munro	(T)	D. Ross	(C)	K. Smith	(T)	32·8	2	4	32·3
4 lth Free Style	G. Farquhar	(T)	A. Leonard	(C)	I. Munro	(T)	58·9*	2	4	62·1
4 lth Medley	K. Smith	(T)	A. Leonard	(C)	P. Kerr	(C)	75·8	3	3	64·1
	Champion: A. Leonard				*Runners-up:* I. Munro & K. Smith					
						Total		11	19	
	HAIG									
	1st		**2nd**		**3rd**					
2 lth Butterfly	A. Lambie		I. Hutchinson				32·0			29·3
4 lth Breast Str.	N. Kempsell		I. Hutchinson		A. Lambie		76·1			72·1
2 lth Back Str.	D. C. Hughson		I. Nicholson		N. Kempsell		28·7*			31·2
4 lth Free Style	D. C. Hughson		A. Lambie		I. Hutchinson		59·8			55·7
4 lth Medley	D. C. Hughson		A. Lambie		I. Hutchinson		74·9			55·7
	Champion: D. C. Hughson				*Runner-up:* A. Lambie					

** New Record*

Relays

	1st Year	2nd Year	3rd Year
4×1 lth Free Style	1 Cunningham, 2 Trenchard	1 Cunningham, 2 Trenchard	1 Trenchard, 2 Cunningham
4×1 lth Medley	1 Trenchard, 2 Cunningham	1 Cunningham, 2 Trenchard	1 Trenchard, 2 Cunningham
4×12 lth Free Style	1 Cunningham, 2 Trenchard		

As we are now in Central Region we were invited to enter a team for their swimming championships. As most of our swimmers passed the qualifying times we had a team for three of the four age groups. This was a new experience for us and it certainly opened our eyes, many of the competitors were wearing Scottish badges having represented their country, so we found ourselves in a class competition. Considering we are by far the smallest school in the Region our boys did well to get a team into each age group and we had four boys placed in the finals – G. I. Benson, 1st 50m. butterfly under 14 years; 3rd and 4th 25m. butterfly, G. Boyd and D. Loch, respectively; and A. G. Stroud was 5th in 50m. breast stroke open.

Life Saving

This activity has expanded this year and to date 120 awards have been gained, the largest number of awards we have ever had, and we have still a few boys to be examined for Bronze Medallion, Award of Merit and Distinction Award.

We started a new class this year under the supervision of Mr B. Philips in Wavell House. Twenty of the Wavell House boys were trained by four third year boys for the Royal Life Saving Intermediate Certificate and twenty were successful in gaining the award and the four third year boys were awarded Student Teacher's Certificates.

In the Senior School 41 boys gained the *Bronze Medallion. Bronze Cross* had 31 successful candidates plus one candidate who gained a bar to his Bronze Cross. *Award of Merit* – 14 boys received this award. *Teacher's Certificate* was awarded to 10 boys and 4 more gained *Advance Teacher's Certificate.*

Non-Swimmers

For the twentieth successive year the report is the same – we have none in the School.

Re this class a remark overheard on Old Boys' Day – "I hated you for those ten days but I've thanked you for the past 10 years."

Amateur Swimming Association Personal Survival Awards

These awards are being gained in the Junior House – Wavell. In the Senior School we pick up where they leave off. The majority of boys in the Senior School go straight for the Gold Award.

Last summer term we had our first set of awards above the gold standard. The honours award was gained by Callum R. Morrison, David J. R. Anderson and John Dempsey.

Life Saving and Survival Awards are important to the boys in that the canoe club and sailing club demand either or both before one can join.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

New entrants this year totalled 40 – 39 at bronze stage and one at silver. This means that in the School at present we have 42 boys at bronze stage, 29 at silver and 12 at gold, making our total of boys participating in this award scheme 83. This means that more than half of the boys in the Senior School of age to enter this scheme are taking part. We are the smallest M.O.D. School yet have highest number of awards for all M.O.D. Schools throughout the world.

FIRST AID

This course consists of two groups – junior and adult – and is run by the local British Red Cross Society. Classes are organised for the School by Mr G. Reid.

The junior class have finished their course and the following boys gained the BRCS Junior Certificate in First Aid – G. Benson, S. Dolan, R. Mackenzie, R. Sim, P. Blyth, A. Eagle, K. MacRae, M. Watson, C. Buchanan, J. Girvan, G. Milne, A. Wilkie, P. Calder, P. Kent, G. Robb, B. Wilson, N. Campbell, R. Lambie, J. Robb, S. Wilson, A. Davis, C. Lyons, S. Slaven.

The top three candidates were C. Jones, I. Mortimer and W. Graham.

At present the adult class meets every Wednesday for two hours, lectures are given by Dr S. Gray and practical by Mrs A. Eadie of the Dunblane BRCS. Nine senior boys and one master make up the class.

This class like others in the School, e.g. life saving, Survival awards, woodwork, etc., are open not only to boys but also members of staff and their families.

RUGBY

Weatherwise and rugbywise this has been a good season with few games cancelled. The results as tabulated below show that the teams have worked well.

Results

XV	P	W	L	D	F	A
1st ..	15					
2nd ..	2	0	2	0	3	49
3rd Year	11	8	3	0	192	112

2nd Year	11	6	4	1	221	150
1st Year..						
1st Year 'B'	1	1	0	0	12	0

1st XV

This has been a fantastic season for the 1st XV, its record is only second to the team of 1962 in School history. No-one could have predicted this at the beginning of the season, we had an extremely young team, the majority being 4th year.

We started brilliantly with three home wins: Dollar 43–7, Morrisons 24–0 and Lenzie 6–4. This was Lenzie's first defeat for two years. Then we had two superb away wins against Glenalmond 15–0 and Strathallan 7–3, it's a long time since we beat those two. At Strathallan we were losing 3–0 at half-time but played above ourselves to swamp them in the second half. This was the happy situation at half-term, with Ian Clark at hooker and scrum-half David Hughson having been great throughout.

Next we played Perth HS at home comfortably winning 17–4. Then we travelled to Stirling HS, in a hard match we lost 12–0 to a much bigger, stronger side. This was to prove our only weakness, bigger, stronger sides away from home. A week later we went to Rannoch and against another strong side lost 28–0, playing our worst rugby of the season.

Things looked bad for our clean sheet at home, when in our next home game we were losing 10–4 with ten minutes to go, seemingly with a Rannoch hangover. As we were to do so often for the rest of the season we seemed to get a second wind and won 12–10 with the winning penalty kick being the last kick of the game.

For our last game of the Christmas term we went to Queen Anne HS, at half-time we were 8–0 down having had the advantage of the wind and slope. With our three-quarters weakened by injury and regulars looking jaded we lost 25–0. They were unbeaten at this stage but said we were the best

The 1st XV.

fighters they had played. We took that as a compliment!

By a strange twist of fate our first game of the Easter term was at home to Queen Anne. With our home record threatened we turned on our early season magic, Philip Ross scoring a brilliant winning try in the last minute after we had been behind until five minutes from full-time. We won 15–9.

For our next game we were sadly weakened. We had lost four players since the Christmas term with boys leaving, including two colours players – Christian Nelson and Tom Chapman, also Glen Wallace our regular prop and myself were out with 'flu. Someone quipped that it was like losing five normal sized men from your scrum. Against a very strong and extremely entertaining Headmaster's XV we lost 34–16. Mr Glasgow and Mr Robson were this year more ably backed up by 13 other so called "old men". Perhaps now since, at last, they've beaten us they'll retire.

Next fixture was Oban HS at home. We still didn't have all our team back, but played very well to win 25–0.

Then came the Old Boys' game. For the second year running they fielded an extremely strong team and in a hard match played in terrible conditions we lost 14–3.

We still needed to win our last two games to equal the record number of wins for a 1st XV – 11. Away against Alloa Academy in an exciting fast moving game we seemed to be losing our chance when we scored 9 points in the last five minutes to deservedly win 21–15. Our last game was at home against Lornshill Academy. We started strongly and playing some highly entertaining handling rugby, we romped home 33–6, finishing as we had began – playing fine rugby and enjoying it.

It's impossible to pick out individual players for praise as it's been playing as a team that brought success. And anyway as far as I'm concerned everyone of the 23 players used are stars, the three reserves who only played one game each would have been regulars in any other team. I only wish I could be playing in the same team again next season.

1st XV Captain: Russell Marchant. Players – *Three-quarters:* Cuthbert, Davidson, Pearce, Chapman, Benson, Lawrie, Smith, MacRae, Ross, Hughson, Gillespie (R) and Kempsell (R).

Forwards: Wallace, Clark, Lambie, Marchant, Webson, Leonard, Buchanan, Simpson, Robertson, Millsop, Gibson (R) and Edmondson.

Ben Paterson

3rd Year XV

They had a bad start to the season and could quite easily have become disheartened. They won the first match and then lost to Strathallan on Thursday followed by defeat on the following Saturday by Glenalmond. Fortunately they picked themselves up and except for a game lost to Morrison's Academy they won all the remaining matches. When we played Rannoch School and won then discovered that Rannoch had beaten Morrison's that was the turning point – confidence flowed into the team and at the end of the season all areas of play were working hard and in the second half of the season they scored 136 points for, with only 18 points against. The forwards were led by G. Best and K. Smith was captain of XV. But to single players out is not possible as they played so well as a unit. The half-backs were the weak spot of the team. Eventually C. Johnson came in as scrum-half. He was not a natural half-back, but by determination and practice he got the link going with stand-off and the backs, who were ably led by G. Farquhar.

Central Region had a trial for an under-15 years XV and K. Smith, D. Ross, W. Edmondson and G. Farquhar played in this. W. Edmondson and G. Farquhar got into the team and played in a match against the Highland Region.

CRICKET

Last season, our first for a long time with a 1st XI, we played three games. We played Glenalmond away and won narrowly in an exciting game. Next we played Graeme High School, Falkirk. This fixture was at home and we won comfortably. Finally we played Stirling High, here unfortunately our batting let us down badly and we slumped to a disappointing defeat. A School XI comprising 3rd and 4th year boys played Glasgow High at home and in another exciting match won narrowly.

Various senior boys played for the QV/Dunblane Club, giving us all a valuable taste of senior cricket. Hughson, Pearce and myself played in a Wednesday night XI for Stirling County CC. Without doubt the outstanding boy cricketer of the year was Andrew Pearce, he bowled and batted superbly for both the Club and School, and gained his School colours.

This year we only have two 1st XI games with Stirling HS, however there are three games arranged for a 4th and 3rd year team, the first of these against Glenalmond having already been narrowly lost.

We still suffer from a shortage of senior cricketers, but next year will be the first year when we will have a sixth year who have played for the School in every year, this can only help. Let us hope the fixtures can be obtained and the 1st XI can survive and grow stronger.

Looking to the future, the present 2nd year are extremely strong, this season already they have had an overwhelming victory over Glenalmond, one of the strongest cricketing schools in Scotland. Boys like Carson, Murray, Benson, Reid, Collie, Kent, and Harman, to mention a few, could become fine players.

Russell Marchant *1st XI Captain*

ATHLETICS

This is always stale news as the School Sports take place after the *Victorian* has gone to the printers so results shown are the 1975 championship. This year we have two outside competitions and again this is limited to the Junior School. We have a triangular match with Alva Academy and Stirling High School and have been invited to take part in the Central Region Championships.

Results of 1975 Championship

Events	*MINOR*			*Time or Distance*
	1st	**2nd**	**3rd**	
80 metres	D. J. Wilson	—. Harrison	—. Collie	11·9 sec.
400 metres	S. Godderidge	D. J. Wilson	—. Paxton	2 min. 9·8 sec.
Long Jump	—. Nelson	S. Godderidge	—. McLay	3·89m.
High Jump	D. J. Wilson	R. Wilson	R. Smith	1·25m.
Cricket Ball	—. Paxton	D. J. Wilson	—. Hastings	39·52m.
Relay 4×100m.	Lyndoch	Moore	Abercromby	1 min. 5·3 sec.
	Champion: D. Wilson		*Runner-up:* S. Godderidge	
	MAJOR			
	1st	**2nd**	**3rd**	
100 metres	A. Wilson	—. Broadbent	K. Smith	14·7 sec.
200 metres	A. Wilson	—. Broadbent	—. Barrie	30·7 sec.
800 metres	K. Loch	—. Barrie	D. Loch	2 min. 40·4 sec.
Long Jump	K. Loch	A. Wilson	P. A. Murphy	4·11m.
High Jump	A. Robb	P. A. Murphy	I. MacGregor	1·27 m.
Cricket Ball	—. Broadbent	—. Barrie	I. MacGregor	48·7m.
Shot	—. Angus	—. Rutherford	—. Buchanan	7·76m.
Relay 4×100m.	Abercromby	Lyndoch	Moore	1 min. ·09 sec.
	Champion: A. Wilson		*Runner-up:* D. Broadbent	
	1st YEAR			
	1st	**2nd**	**3rd**	
100 metres	B. Harman (T)	S. Wilson (T)	P. Kent (C)	13·8 sec.
200 metres	B. Harman (T)	M. Reid (C)	S. Wilson (T)	28·8 sec.
400 metres	M. Reid (C)	I. Collie (C)	A. Davis (T)	1 min. 4 sec.
800 metres	M. Reid (C)	S. Wilson (T)	I. Collie (C)	2 min. 25·7 sec.
Long Jump	I. Collie (C)	S. Wilson (T)	A. Davis (T)	4·49m.
High Jump	B. Wilson (C)	I. Collie (C)	B. Hamilton (T)	1·33m.
Cricket Ball	—. Kent (C)	—. Gallon (T)	B. Hamilton (T)	69·8m.
Shot	W. Graham (C)	A. Davis (T)	C. Lang (T)	10·55m.
Relay 4×100m.	Cunningham	Trenchard		55.8 sec.
	Champions: M. Reid and I. Collie			
	2nd YEAR			
	1st	**2nd**	**3rd**	
100 metres	G. Farquhar (T)	K. Smith (T)	N. Marchant (C)	13·1 sec.
200 metres	G. Farquhar (T)	K. Smith (T)	N. Marchant (C)	28·2 sec.
400 metres	K. Smith (T)	F. Gibson (T)	J. Smith (C)	1 min. ·05 sec.
800 metres	J. Stewart (T) and A. Stroud (T)		P. Calder (C)	2 min. 34·5 sec.
Long Jump	G. Farquhar (T)	N. Marchant (C)	J. Stewart (T)	5·11m.
High Jump	N. Marchant (C)	K. Smith (T)	D. Rafferty (T)	1·42 m.
Shot	G. Farquhar (T)	—. Edmondson (C)	N. Marchant (C) and K. Smith (T)	8.62m.
Cricket Ball	A. Riddell (T)	N. Marchant (C)	M. Riddell (C)	57·65m.
Relay 4×100m.	Trenchard	Cunningham		55·8 sec.
	Champion: G. Farquhar	*Runners-up-* N. Marchant & I. Smith		

Events	*3rd YEAR*			*Time or Distance*
	1st	**2nd**	**3rd**	
100 metres	A. Benson (C)	T. Chapman (C)	E. Gibson (T)	12·6 sec.
200 metres	A. Benson (C)	D. Kill (C)	E. Gibson (T)	27·0 sec.
800 metres	A. MacRae (T)	A. Leonard (C)	S. Milner (T)	59·4 sec.
400 metres	T. Chapman (C)	A. MacRae ( )	S. Buchanan (T)	2 min. 30·9 sec.
Long Jump	A. Benson (C)	T. Chapman (C)	E. Gibson (T)	5·08m.
High Jump	A. Benson (C)	A. Lambie (T)	M. Graham (T)	1·42m.
Shot	A. Benson (C)	A. Lambie (T)	J. Watson (C)	10·3m.
Discus	M. Smith (C)	A. Lambie (T)	S. Buchanan (T)	26·72m.
Javelin	S. Buchanan (T)	N. Lawrie (T)	T. Chapman (T)	36·15m.
Relay 4×100m.	Cunningham	Trenchard		51·2 sec.
	Champion: A Benson		*Runner-up:* T. Chapman	
	HAIG			
	1st	**2nd**	**3rd**	
100 metres	P. Ross	B. Leslie	A. Pearce	12·2 sec.
200 metres	P. Ross	A. Pearce	S. Brydon	25·9 sec.
400 metres	P. Ross	B. Leslie	A. Pearce	58·4 sec.
1,500 metres	A. Pearce	P. Ross	R. Ballantyne	5 min. 7 sec.
Long Jump	S. Brydon	A. Pearce	D. Hughson	5·77m.
High Jump	B. Heeps	S. Cuthbert	S. Brydon	1·65m.
Shot	N. C. Nelson	I. Smith	I. Marchant	10·11m.
Discus	N. C. Nelson	I. Smith	S. Cuthbert	28·75m.
Javelin	A. Pearce	N. C. Nelson	S. Cuthbert	32m.
	Champion: A. Pearce		*Runner-up:* P. Ross	

CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Held on a dry but cold day, the 4th March, 1976, and a day made for good cross-country running as the results show by two new records.

1st Year – 1st M. Fisher; 2nd K. Loch; 3rd S. D. Turner; Time 10 min. 52·6 sec. (record 10 min. 46·4 sec.).

2nd Year – 1st M. Reid; 2nd S. Wilson; 3rd G. I. Benson; Time 10 min. 31 sec. (record 10 min. 34·6 sec.). This was a new record.

3rd Year – 1st J. D. C. Stewart; 2nd A. G. Stroud; 3rd I. Connor; Time 10 min. 18·2 sec. (record 10 min. 8·6 sec.

Haig – 1st D. C. Hughson; 2nd P. J. Ross; 3rd S. M. Milner; Time 9 min. 40·7 sec. (record 9 min. 46·4 sec.). This was a new record.

The Inter-House Championship went to Trenchard House.

Results:

1st Year
Trenchard 62 points; Cunningham 74 points.

2nd Year
Trenchard 81 points; Cunningham 35 points.

3rd Year
Trenchard 64 points; Cunningham 72 points.

CANOEING

Despite an effort to confine the numbers participating in the activity to those seriously concerned with the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme expedition work and to beginners (for a limited period only), interest in and the demand for canoeing is such that we have, at present, ninety-seven names on the register. With more canoes, more time, more staff and more water (wishful thinking?) then more boys could share and experience the pleasures of canoeing.

For those interested in statistics, sixty-eight boys have had two hundred and four sessions (afternoons or evenings) on the river, excluding actual Duke of Edinburgh qualifying expeditions, up until mid-May. Sixteen candidates have successfully completed their Duke of Edinburgh expedition and a further twelve are now ready to take their Gold, Silver or Bronze Award expeditions, an additional twenty-two should reach the standard (weather and enough water permitting) by the end of term. It is also hoped that conditions will permit the beginners to emerge from the swimming pool and have at least one jaunt on the river during this same period.

Eight of our senior members – Ian Grant, Ian Kempsell, Russell Marchant, Christian Nelson, Russell Gillespie, Gordon Leonard, Stuart Robertson and Philip Ross – successfully completed their Duke

of Edinburgh Gold Expedition on the River Wye in June, 1975. They are to be congratulated for their efforts and success added a new paragraph to the history of canoeing at QVS – they are the first to successfully complete the Gold expedition canoeing. Well done. And well done, too, RAF's Llanrwst and Hereford and, in particular, Sgt A. MacLay of the former without whose help the venture could not have been undertaken. Extracts from the detailed report submitted by one of the candidates for the Duke of Edinburgh assessor are included at the end of this article.

Another "first" was a near disaster incident on the River Forth in early October – following the heavy rain and flooding. Seven canoeists were negotiating the rapids near the Old Mill Farm on the east side of the M9 motorway on the outskirts of Stirling when the No. 2 canoeist, Angus Cameron, was overturned by a tree trunk churning around below the surface of the water. Paul Irvine, in the next canoe, succeeded in taking evasive action and "ran" the rapid. John Grant, leading the group, and Stuart Dickson in the seventh canoe also successfully negotiated the hazard. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 canoeists – Ian Munro, Andrew Bertram and Gordon Cameron, respectively – were less fortunate. Ian Munro, unable to correct his course, was washed against some boulders and branches where his canoe broke up. Andrew Bertram and Gordon Cameron, in going to Ian Munro's assistance, also got into difficulties and were forced to abandon their canoes. All the safety drill practised in the swimming baths and on the calmer stretches of the Rivers Forth and Teith on pleasant sunny afternoons was now "for real" and the conditions far from pleasant. By the time the police arrived, however, (alerted by a passing motorist on the M9) all was under control and they were able to assist us in salvaging one of the canoes from the water. They complimented the group on carrying out their drills so calmly and competently, on being properly equipped and having taken the necessary precautions. The four less battered canoes and canoeists then continued their journey to their destination some three-and-a-half miles further down the Forth.

Expeditions of a different nature have also taken place during the year. Parties of boys attended the Trossachs Water Festival and enjoyed the outing both as spectators and participants. Much appreciated was the instructional film evening at Wallace High School which whetted our appetites for more ambitious adventures!

I.T.W.

Duke of Edinburgh's Award
Gold Expedition (1975) Report

Location: River Wye. *Total Expedition distance:* Glasbury (175392)–Blackney Common (582271) =approx. 67 miles. *Ordnance Survey Maps used were:* Sheets 148 Presteigne and Hay-on-Wye; 149 Hereford and Leaminster; 161 Abergavenny and the Black Mountains; 162 Gloucester and Forest of Dean.

We set out with Mr Williams to travel down to the River Wye for our expedition at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, 3rd June. We boarded a train at Dunblane and, travelling via Glasgow and Crewe, we finally arrived at our destination, Hereford, at about 4 p.m. We were met at Hereford Railway Station by Sgt A. McLay of the Royal Air Force Outdoor Activities centre at Llanrwst in North Wales. Sgt McLay was to be our assessor for the expedition. We loaded all our equipment into the Land-Rover and went to RAF Hereford to pick up the canoes and the remainder of our camping equipment. We then drove out to our first camp site, Glasbury, from where we were to start the expedition. After reaching the camp site we began the arduous task of unloading and checking our equipment. As the field was also inhabited by sheep and had previously been visited by cattle we spent about five minutes searching for a clean patch of grass to pitch our tents!

Our cooking equipment consisted of one Swedish primus stove and two mess tins. Although the stoves were sometimes temperamental in starting, once lit and pumped up they proved very efficient cookers. After the tents were set up and our gear stowed away we made our evening's meal which, for that evening, was made up of a Beef Stew with mixed vegetables. After our long day's travelling this, and the cup of coffee that followed, were most welcome. As we lay back contented we were snapped back to life by the reminder from Mr Williams that washing up was now our responsibility. Refreshed we retired at about quarter past ten, much looking forward to the next four days on the River.

Day One – As the landowner had informed us that this stretch of the water was privately owned and that we were not allowed to launch our canoes before 11 a.m. we didn't get up until 8.30 a.m. The menu the first morning was sausage and beans and coffee. After we had cleaned up we prepared to move off: all the litter was collected and put in a large plastic bag. The canoes were checked and any required adjustments were made to the footrests, spray covers and buoyancy aids were also checked. This routine was to be carried out each morning.

Promptly at 11 a.m. we set off down river. The weather that day was quite warm although it was slightly overcast. We arrived at our lunch stop, Hay-on-Wye, at about one o'clock. During the morning we had brief "snack stops", for which we carried chocolate and sweets and we bought more in the town for our afternoon half of the journey. We left Hay-on-Wye at about two o'clock and half a mile down river we came across some good rapids. We spent thirty minutes practising various strokes and movements with Sgt McLay. Unfortunately two of our number capsized but got out safely none the worse for their unwelcome ducking.

Setting off again at quite a strong pace, we arrived at our overnight stop at the Boat Inn (GR) 270473 at about four o'clock and found that Mr Williams had booked us in (i.e. the Camp Site not the Inn). We soon put up our tents and changed into dry clothes.

We then had a meal and cleared up and had a game of football to relax. At about six o'clock some of us accompanied Mr Williams to Hereford to pick up Ian Kempsell who was arriving to join us after attending a Royal Navy interview in London. We eventually retired about 10.30-11 p.m.

Day Two – We got up quite early on Thursday morning to be on the river by 9.30 a.m. The wildlife on the river was abundant. Swans lived on the river in groups of about four or five with their young cygnets. As the river was quite low lots of heron could be seen feeding on the shallow rocky shores exposed by the low water. There was the usual quota of ducks and numerous flocks of ducklings tracking along behind. We were also able to see the fish life quite clearly, as on quite a few occasions trout jumped among us as we canoed past and, when we rested, shoals of young fish could be seen around the banks.

We had our lunch-stop at a bridge at Bredwarding GR 337448. We rested there for about an hour eating lunch. Later on in the afternoon we came across some more good rapids. We spent about fifteen minutes carrying out various tests before we set off again. We finally arrived at Byford, GR 396422, at about 4 o'clock. We had our evening meal and after we had cleared up, we prepared to go to Hereford because Mr Williams had to return to School. We returned to Byford and retired at about 11.30 p.m.

Day Three – Sgt McLay now took over the driving of the Land Rover and two airmen came out from RAF Hereford to canoe along with us during the day. We set off even earlier this morning, having got up at about 7.30 a.m. to be on the river by 8.30 a.m. The banks around Byford were quite muddy so we had quite a job getting into our canoes without covering ourselves and the outside of the boats with slimy mud. The weather that day was very hot and by lunch time we all began to get a bit burnt. I was pleasantly but unexpectedly able to cool off, when, before lunch, we found a good run of rapids. I leaned upstream instead of downstream when ferry-gliding and before I knew it I had capsised! At our lunch stop we were refreshed by chicken supreme and coffee and also donned dry clothes. Later in the afternoon we reached the city of Hereford where we took a break and walked into the town and bought chocolate and refreshments. We left Hereford at about 3 p.m. and after a hard slog through heavily weeded water we reached our camp site at about five o'clock. This camp site was near the small village of Mourdford on the River Lugg (a tributary of the Wye). Most of us were so hot that we went for a swim in the river to cool off. We only had one alarming incident during the day, when, as we turned a bend coming out of Hereford we were confronted by a bulldozer in the middle of the river! However, we managed to circumnavigate it and carry on. That night we were very hungry and although tired we had a larger meal than usual, with stewed steak, steak and kidney pudding, mashed potatoes and the inevitable cup of coffee. We retired refreshed but exhausted at about ten o'clock.

Day Four – We rose even earlier this morning, at six o'clock, in order to be on the river by 7.30 a.m. The weather again was very warm even at seven-thirty in the morning. We reached our lunch stop at Hoarwithy Bridge (GR 549295) at about eleven o'clock. We purchased chocolate and lemonade in the village and about half-an-hour later we set off. The river was now quite full of weeds with occasional rapids and it was quite a slog. Later on in the day we passed an angler on the bank as he landed a 24" trout – it really was magnificent. We made surprisingly good time during the day and arrived at our final stopping place, an hour-and-a-half ahead of schedule, at one o'clock. We sunbathed until 2.30 when the Land Rover arrived. We packed up the canoes and our gear and returned to RAF Hereford tired but happy. We showered and had a meal, and at about seven o'clock said goodbye to Sgt McLay at Hereford Station and began our long trek back to School.

Mr Williams met us off the train at Stirling early the following morning. We returned to School. The expedition was over. We were tired, stiff, blistered in the most unusual places, but, filled with a sense of accomplishment, we were satisfied. We hope the Duke of Edinburgh and his "schemers" were.

Ian D. Grant

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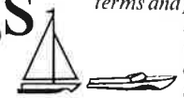

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