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



Queen Victoria School was founded in 1906 by public subscription throughout Scotland, and among the Services in general and Scottish Regiments in particular, as a National Memorial to Queen Victoria and to Scotsmen who lost their lives in the South African War.

It was officially opened by King Edward VII in 1908 and has functioned continuously as a School for the sons of Servicemen since 1909, more than three and a half thousand boys having passed through the School in that time. The current strength of the School is 250 boys.

Admission to the School is open to boys between the ages of $9\frac{1}{2}$ and 12 at date of admission, who are the sons of serving or former *Scottish* Servicemen or Service women of the *regular* forces. Service in a Scottish Regiment qualifies, even if the parent is not of Scottish birth. The preferred age of entry is between $9\frac{1}{2}$ and $10\frac{1}{2}$. The sons of officers are only eligible if the father (or mother) has served at least four years in the ranks as a regular.

The educational policy is in conformity with the practice of Scottish schools, leading to Ordinary and Higher Grades of the Scottish Certificate of Education, though the School does not bind itself to keep a boy after he has reached the legal leaving age. Boys leave QVS bound for Universities, Colleges and commerce and industry in many areas. Every encouragement is given to boys who wish to enter the Services but no pressure is put on them to do so.

There are no fees, the cost of schooling being borne by the Treasury's Defence Vote, but parents have to provide Pocket Money, some clothing and a contribution to the Minibus Fund.

All inquiries and correspondence should be addressed to THE COMMANDANT, Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, Perthshire FK15 0JY.

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Headmaster – Mr J. R. F. MELLUISH, M.A.(Hons.)

Deputy Headmaster – Mr R. PATERSON, B.Sc.

Administrative Officer – Lieutenant-Colonel (QM) N. E. MacLEOD, O.B.E., (Retd)

Teachers in the Secondary School:

Art

Mr M. J. SQUIRES, A.T.D.

English

Mr M. G. KELLY, M.A.(Hons.)

Mr D. J. MOFFAT, B.A.(Hons.)

Mr I. T. WILLIAMS, Teacher's Cert.

Rev. A. A. ORROCK, M.A., B.D.

French

Mr A. M. BUCHANAN, M.A.(Hons.)

Monsieur D. RENAUDIN

(to be replaced in September, 1978)

Latin

Mr C. J. N. WILLMAN, M.A.(Hons.)

Mathematics

Mr G. M. WATSON, B.Sc.(Hons.)

Mr D. STEWART, B.Sc.(Hons.)

Mr I. T. WILLIAMS, Teacher's Cert.

The Headmaster

Modern Studies

Mr C. BRUCE, M.A.(Hons.)

Mr D. J. MOFFAT, B.A.(Hons.)

Mr I. T. WILLIAMS, Teacher's Cert.

Rev. A. A. ORROCK, M.A., B.D.

Physical Education

Mr G. REID, M.B.E., D.P.Ed.

Science

Mr R. PATERSON, B.Sc.(Physics)

Mr R. W. E. SCOTT, B.Sc.(Chemistry)

Mr A. L. BOVILL, Teacher's Cert.(Biology)

Technical Subjects

Mr J. G. FINLAY, Teacher's Tech. Cert.

Mr J. P. URIE, Teacher's Tech. Cert.

Mr SCOTT is Housemaster of Haig

(Forms VI, V, IV)

Mr WILLIAMS is Housemaster of Cunningham

Mr FINLAY is Housemaster of Trenchard

(and will be replaced in September, 1978)

Mr BOVILL is Careers Master

Teachers in the Primary School:

Mr N. C. BRUCE, B.A. (and Housemaster of Wavell)

Mr H. D. BROWN, D.C.E. (and Assistant Housemaster of Wavell)

Mr B. R. PHILIP, D.C.E.

Mr G. D. M. CARROLL, D.C.E., with some subjects taught by Mr SQUIRES, Mr ORROCK and Mr REID

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

Episcopal Church – Rev. Canon J. F. W. SYMON, M.A. *Roman Catholic Church* – Rev. Canon J. ROSS

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Dr J. M. HERBERT, M.B., Ch.B.

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

Dr W. G. SWAN, M.B., Ch.B.

Residential School Nurse in charge of School Hospital – Mrs J. LEE, S.R.N., S.C.M., O.H.C., R.N.T.

Assistant Nurse – Miss J. ROBERTSON, S.E.N.



THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 92

JUNE 1978

Commandant's Notes

Like the balance of payments a school year has its ups and downs and one hopes that at the end it comes out on the plus side. The effects of the long cold winter of 1977/78 and the chilly economic climate were felt here as everywhere else but not much, I think, by the boys. The brunt was borne by the staff and my first and most important task this year is to pay tribute to the loyalty and good humour which kept things running smoothly in spite of all difficulties. Fortunately we were spared the cuts in staff and in the numbers of boys in the School which accompanied the economic crisis in the 1930s, but our problems have been real and the patience and goodwill of our staff have been an immensely important factor in seeing the School through this difficult period. It is possible now to feel some cautious optimism about the future but before I expand on this I would like to mention briefly some of the achievements this year.

In the academic field David Hughson's Army Cadetship at Edinburgh University, Glenn Wallace's entry to St Andrews University and Philip Ross's acceptance for Aberdeen in 1978, all as a result of 1977 Highers, deserve mention. Another achievement of high distinction in this period was Ross McKinnell's selection for Sandhurst, his successful completion of the course, and his commissioning into The Black Watch, in which Regiment his father

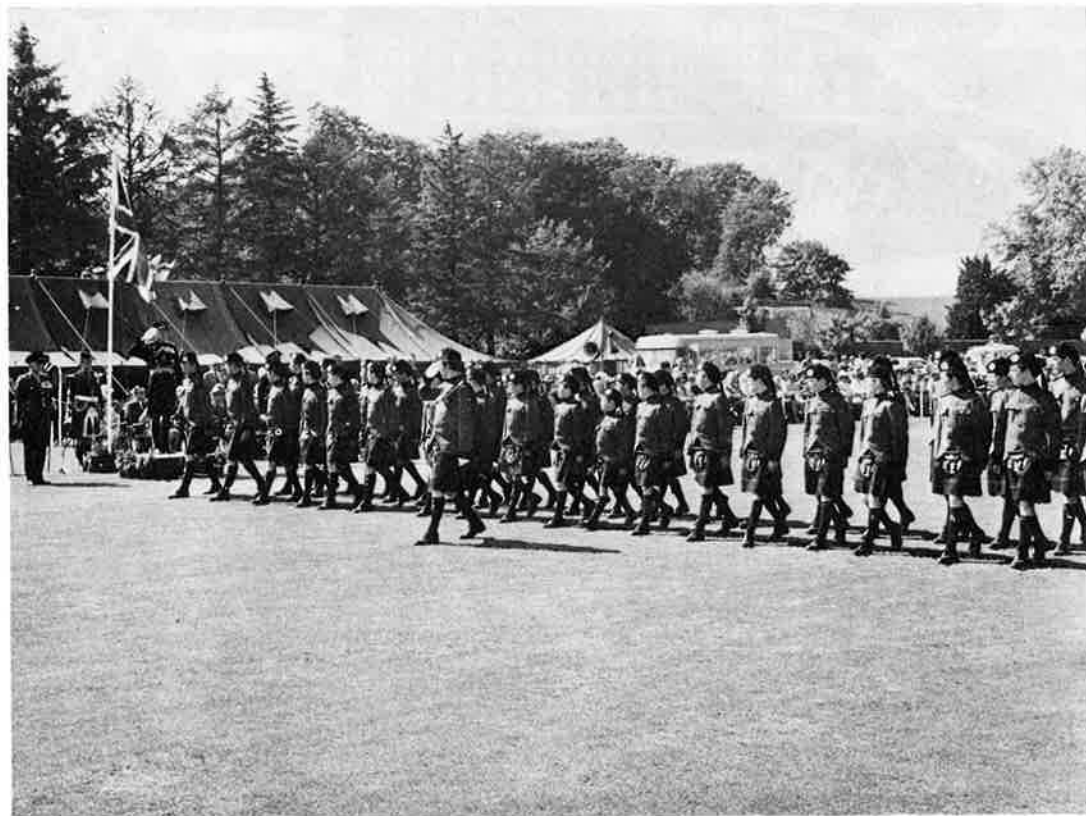
was still serving. We wonder if this constitutes a first of some kind.

Murder in the Cathedral was yet another noteworthy production by Mr Moffat. It was staged in the Chapel at Christmas time and the cold inevitability of the drama was very well conveyed. A star performer in another role has been Andrew Cuthbertson who is the Scottish Open Under 16 Squash Champion and has had a string of victories in many tournaments. Everyone contributed to the £637 raised for the Queen's Silver Jubilee Fund and to a very generous collection for Erskine Hospital at a Sunday service in April, 1978.

I was very glad to receive from the President of the Old Victorian Association, Major Campbell McQueen during the O.V.A. Annual Weekend in March, a cheque for £100. It is very nice to have this tangible expression of regard by the O.V.A. for their old School. It will be put to good use and a further report will be made.

A very sad event occurred in November, 1977, when Stuart Rae died. In terms of courage and character he was one of the most remarkable boys who has passed through Queen Victoria School in recent years and he will be long remembered by us all. An obituary will be found elsewhere in this journal.

Our optimism about the future is based upon a number of indicators, as the economic pundits put it. First and foremost the demand for places at the School remains constant and at a level which fully justifies the existence and cost of running the School. We continue to provide a service which is badly needed. Without it many excellent Warrant Officers and N.C.Os. in all three Services, alarmed by their sons' disrupted schooling as a result of frequent



Grand Day, 1977 – Alan MacRae marches his Guard past the Inspecting Officer.

postings, would face family separation or possibly leave the Armed Forces. In the early 1970s there was a doubt about the demand continuing, which is now dispelled.

It is a truism that any organisation either progresses or declines. How one judges progress or decline depends upon the nature of the organisation, and words such as results, demand, profit, loss, standard, find a place in the assessment. If we may apply these to this School the outlook is reassuring. As stated the demand is high and constant, and the results, academic sporting and in the wider educational sense, are excellent and improving yearly. Profit and loss are not in our balance sheet but standards are. Sociologists differ in their views concerning the nature and laws of human society but long experience of community living suggests that a society based upon honesty, tolerance, unselfishness, and discipline, is a better recipe for happiness for the majority than one founded on anarchy, survival of the fittest, and concern for self

interest. Rudyard Kipling wrote in a well loved hymn:

*Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
with steadfastness and careful truth;
that, in our time, thy grace may give
the truth whereby the nations live.*

I have been very struck in my three years as Commandant by the many letters and expressions of gratitude we receive for the education imparted here, not only for the things taught but for the precepts advocated by the School. These sentiments are not confined to the older generation. The evident gratitude of many who passed through the School in more recent years is a just reward to those who give so much care and time to their young charges.

The future does not take care of itself. Planning is needed if opportunities are not to be missed and expectation not turn to disappointment. Our plans for the next decade are based upon increasing public awareness of the advantages of education continuing beyond normal school leaving age, and

in consequence a likely requirement for more boys to stay on for one or two years more at the top of the School. A Working Party will look at this during the summer to see what the options are. We also intend to look at the structure of the intermediate houses where some means of breaking up the large dormitories in the Old Building into smaller units is sought. For many reasons, including the development of leadership by the senior boys, we would also like to revert to a vertical system, so that Houses in the Secondary School would contain boys from all age groups, instead of the current horizontal system in which boys are placed in Houses according to age. Such plans fall short of a major expansion of the School, which could not be achieved without a massive building programme, but would result if adopted in a small increase in numbers and could not be achieved without some building. We also intend to press on with improvements to the older dwellings including our married quarters, many of which have fallen behind the standard of the rest of the School.

Finally, as always, we have said goodbye during the year to several very long serving members of the Staff, including Mrs J. M. Innes (23 years), Mr A. Wernicki (21 years), Mr W. Sinton (13 years), Mr J. L. Muir (11 years), and others. We thank them all for their long and devoted service and wish them a very happy retirement.

Chapel Notes

Although Stuart Rae had left the School at the time of his passing, his death was a severe blow to us all. For him the Chapel of Queen Victoria School, and all it stood for, was the very centre of his life. His gaiety, his sparkle, his zest for life all stemmed from a living Christian faith. All who were privileged to spend years with him here will never forget the infection of his Christian character and we give thanks for every remembrance of him.

We are grateful to those visitors who have preached in the School Chapel – Bishop Hare Duke, Rev. Stanley Carr, the Rev. A. Ritchie, the Rev. Alan Reid, the Very Rev. George T. H. Reid, the Rev. J. Donald. They, in their turn, have expressed their appreciation of occupying our pulpit. Before the end of the Summer term we look forward to hearing the Rev. W. G. McDonald, and the Rev. Nigel Cameron.

On O.V.A. Sunday the Address was given by the Commandant.

One of the Services that stands out in the School year is that of Remembrance Day. In a bid to make it more meaningful in this day and age, we changed the form in 1977 with the Service leading up to the Silence instead of starting from it. It would be encouraging if on Remembrance Day, 1978, a number of Old Victorians were with us, especially those with war service.

Philip Ross who played such a prominent part not only in School activities but also in the Chapel gave the address on his last Sunday in the School and spoke of what the Christian faith meant to him in his years here.

Various charities have benefited from the weekly offerings and this year, as last, we made a special effort for Erskine Hospital.

We again thank all those who have put flowers in the Chapel week by week, Keith Sinclair, the Chapel Prefect, and his stewards, and those members of the Administrative Staff who did their utmost to keep us warm when the heating system became temperamental in the depth of winter.

A. A. Orrock



Grand Day, 1977 – Tony Stroud is presented with The Prince Philip Medal by Mrs M. R. J. Hope Thomson, wife of a former Commandant.

Old Boy's

WHILE MEMORY SERVES

by Lt-Col. D. J. McLeay
School Number 325

I was born in the Tower of London in 1904, my father being a Sergeant in The Scots Guards. One of my earliest memories was holding my mother's hand and watching a certain Col. Cody from U.S.A. flying an aeroplane he was trying to sell to the British Army at Aldershot. Later, during another "tour of duty" at the Tower I remember the widespread anxiety when H.M. King Edward VII had the appendicitis operation and also seeing a company of the Scots Guards march out to "The Battle of Sydney Street" — they took a maxim gun with them when on Churchill's order (as Home Secretary) they went to battle with three of four anarchists, including Peter the Painter, who were holed up in a jeweller's shop and had killed and wounded policemen and refused to give themselves up. The shop was destroyed by fire through ignition of gas from a burst pipe.

My earliest schooling was from a Queen's Army schoolmistress — letters traced with the finger in some sand on a slate and later slate pencil writing. The Battalion's next move was to be to Cairo and our teacher warned us that if we fell overboard, the ship wouldn't stop "to pick up a kid"!

Before embarking, the Battalion had a full dress parade wearing white helmets with a spike and a big brass chain (for the chin) instead of the usual bearskin. The dry Tower moat served as a parade ground in those days.

The voyage to Egypt was pretty rough and I was one of the very few children aboard who was not sick. The S.S. *Soudan* in which we travelled was alleged to have been the result of a collision from which the front half of one ship and the back part of the other were recovered and joined together! *Soudan* rolled and pitched and corkscrewed because the parts didn't agree — anyway, that was the tale! During the voyage I was always up and about very early indeed and many a shivering sentry (there was one on every staircase, companionway or ladder) would request, "Sonny, will you get me a penny mug of cocoa from the canteen please?"

As far back as I could remember — Aldershot, The Tower, and Cairo, I had heard my parents talking about "The Dunblane School" and how lucky we lads would be if we could go there. They had put our names down and could only wait and see. While we were in Cairo my brother Ernest went. We said goodbye to him and my father took him to Port Said and put him on a troopship (duly labelled) in the

Chief Steward's charge. He reached the School safely and became A67, School Number 237, and was, I believe, referred to as "the boy from Egypt" for sometime — I'm glad it wasn't "the Egyptian boy"!

Our family returned to England, father was pensioned, and I went to a London County Council School for a time. In that school we had teachers who saw to it that we worked but later I went to a "Church School" which was a "loaf" and where I forgot much and learned nothing!

It was the beginning of June, 1913, when we went to the Royal Tournament at Olympia in London. Queen Victoria School pipe band and Duke of York's School military band were among the performers and they were very popular. The Q.V.S. Drum Major had a stentorian voice and handled his band superbly — it was George Stirrat who left and joined the army at 14 years of age.

Then, out of the blue, came my vacancy at Dunblane. My father and I went to Olympia again and saw Colonel Wilkinson who was there. The Colonel gave permission for me to wait about a week and travel with the band to Dunblane. (Father had just landed a good job when jobs were scarce and he was reluctant to ask for leave.) So I travelled with the boys of the pipe band. We reached Dunblane and marched up to the School. I remember George Stirrat saying "Here, civvy, carry this," and handing me the bag containing his feather bonnet.

I joined 'A' Company, kit number A25 and School Number 325, and was put into the first floor dormitory on the south side. Later on the dorms were given names and mine was Lyndoch. I was given one Christian name — Donald. I saw this in the A.O.'s roll and also on the "Commissions Board" when I last visited the School. The ages of the boys ranged from 9+ to 14 years, except for the "Study Class" where the boys were kept on for further education till 15 for the R.A.O.C. apprentice armourer's exam or until 16 years for the exam for Student in training for Army Schoolmaster. The Armourer's Apprentice exam was referred to (by those others in the Study Class) as "the ha'penny stamp exam" — because it could be done on a halfpenny stamp they said. Those who aspired to be "Students" had to sit a much harder exam equivalent to London Matric (?) at 16+, and if successful began their three year "Student" training as teachers to become Staff Sergeants, then Warrant Officers (Army Schoolmasters). Esprit de Corps was of a very high standard at dormitory, company and school level, and every boy knew the number of V.Cs. and battle honours his father's regiment had. The Commandant, Col. Wilkinson, and the Adjutant/Q.M., Capt. Mathers, and the Headmaster, Capt. (Inspector of Army Schools) Stevens, were the only Commissioned Officers.

The boys were divided among four companies (A. B. C. D.), members of the bands being included. There were two bands — Pipes and Drums, and Military Band (brass, reeds and percussion) but I remember we had a Drum and Fife Band and a Bugle Band as well at one stage and they all appeared from different corners of the parade ground while the rest of the School performed various evolutions with lighted brands — our one "Torchlight Tattoo". The School's slow march was called *Glenlyon*, a tune to which the song *Come o'er the Stream Charlie* is sung. It was played by the Military Band as was the general salute.

A boy's kit consisted of glengarry cap, a scarlet and a khaki jacket, kilt, two pairs kilt pants (never worn save by dancers), two pairs stockings, flashes, one pair boots, one pair shoes. The greatcoat was the Inverness Cape — a favourite garment of King Edward VII and travelling gentlemen of that era, I believe, and except for the fact that it had more brass buttons to be cleaned it was much better than the ordinary army type greatcoat. So much for uniform. For other wear we had two nightshirts of natural flannel which reached to one's calves, three greyback flannel day shirts, one navy blue jersey and two pairs of navy blue shorts which had only one open hip pocket. We had no pyjamas, raincoats, football shorts or boots nor gum boots. We had two large (red with white spots) handkerchiefs the size of small table-cloths which had a loop of white tape sewn on one corner. When dressed in scarlet or khaki the loop had to be on the second button and the handkerchief pushed inside the jacket, and one was "improperly dressed without handkerchief" if the inspector didn't see that white loop on the second button! Later we were given three handkerchiefs rather smaller than the others, but they still had loops. Lucky was the boy whose parents gave him a pair of football boots. Most of us played in our ordinary school boots with iron shod heels and the soles covered with large hob nails (tackets). Shoes or slippers there were none — either to play cricket in or run along the cold corridor in the middle of the night, as some did.

The main dormitories had 34 beds in each. The lighting in the corridors was by incandescent gas mantles in glass globes while the dormitories had unclosed gas jets down the centre. At "Lights Out" the monitor would walk down the dorm turning off all lights save that nearest the door which would be turned down to a "wee peep", say "Goodnight all" and leave. Monitors occupied corner beds near the door and came to bed at about an hour later than the rest.

As previously mentioned the School was divided into four Companies each of which had a Senior Monitor and a Junior Monitor who were paid 1s. 3d., and 9d. per week respectively. Each Company had

one colour-corporal (they carried the colours) who received 5d. per week, some corporals — 3d. per week, and lance corporals — 2d. per week. The remainder were "Boys" (not privates). The 'Mons' were addressed as "Sergeant" ("Sarnt" as a rule). The N.C.Os. had their pay of rank but others were paid too. A boy piper, drummer, or bandboy, who was no longer a learner but played in the band, as well as one or two tailors, were paid 1d. per week. A "Boy" who hadn't been in mischief was given a Good Conduct badge and 1d. per month after a year. Only Boys and L/Cpls wore G.C. badges. (Alfie Archer has three in the painting.) I remember him as a very smart Colour Corporal.

Other means of earning money were Tuckshop Orderly who received 6d. per week (a penny a day but NOT on Sundays) and Milk to Landrick (the Commandant's house) 7d. per week for taking the milk from the farm up to the house instead of attending the before breakfast roll call parade and then taking the evening paper. There were only these two jobs among so many boys.

But why did we want money? Well, we were always hungry — not because we were badly fed. It was wartime and people were rationed and I'm sure we were far better fed than other boys outside but it was due to the life we led. This ever present hunger made the visiting horse-drawn baker's and fruiterer's carts very popular (with those who had cash). The baker sold halfpenny cakes (he called them "tea breid") at 7 for 3d., while the fruiterer who brought vegetables and fruit for the married staff dispensed oranges, apples, pears, etc.

In our very full day from Mondays to Fridays we had an hour daily devoted to TRADES. During this period of the day (evening) all new boys went to the Sewing Class and darned the whole School's stockings — just out of the laundry. As vacancies occurred, boys graduated from the Sewing Class to Pipes, Drums, Military Band, Tailor's Shop, or Shoemaker's Shop. As soon as I joined I made up my mind to be a piper — a very popular choice with too many lads for me to get into in a reasonable time. Then one day the Sergeant Major came into the sewing class for "a big drummer for the band". Having had enough of darning very large holes in other folk's socks, I volunteered with a couple of others. Being the tallest, I got the job. I wasn't very big and was sometimes referred to as "the wee big drummer" but I went into the Band and in a very short time was being "paid" — 1d. per week. I spent half the Trades' time with the drummers learning "daddy-mummy" long roll, sevens, elevens and other beats for the side drum as well as the bugle and the other half of the time with the Band as bass drummer. I tried to learn drum music but didn't get far without anyone to teach me but I did learn all the various band tunes and when to beat. In these days

when most schools want a band and usually have to settle for recorders I wonder why the Military Band at Q.V.S. died – because of expense, or is it that music other than pipes has to be the “ya ya” music of the “Pops”?

Both Bands used to have engagements – some near the School, others far away. We nearly always travelled in horse brakes, but I remember once going by taxi with the Adjutant and his wife. I sat beside the driver with my drum in the space for luggage and we went to Stirling – my first ride in a motor vehicle. We were paid for these engagements – 2d. each to spend at the time and 3d. credited to us and which we were given on leaving the School. Many of the engagements were fêtes or sports meetings, but others were charity concerts for war efforts for which we weren’t given anything. I remember one night we had been playing for a concert at Victoria Hall, Dunblane (opposite the station). When we had finished we left the hall to find snow on the ground and we had to march back to School. We were clear of the village, the night was dark and my drum was in its waterproof case. Carrying it on my hip was very awkward and I wasn’t keeping up with the rest of the Band. The Bandmaster told me to take my time. I was staggering rather, and dropped the drum which rolled a bit. With a gentle push occasionally it rolled the remainder of the journey, but I was careful not to overtake the others!

The first Saturday after one Christmas Holiday the School went for a route march instead of the usual Saturday morning parade. We marched down The Ramoyle with the Band playing *A Guid New Year to Ane an’ a’* while the people came to their doors and smiled and waved. The village children had made a slide down the middle of the street and as luck would have it, I marched onto it. My feet slipped backwards, I fell forwards, the drum hit the ground and being hooked onto it, I was taking a “header” for the ground when the boy beating the triangle grabbed my kilt and hauled me back.

In those days and later the School March was *Scotland the Brave* and now it is *The Victorians*. The origin of the former tune is “traditional” as is *Hieland Laddie*. I wonder who would dare change *Hieland Laddie* for *Scots Guards* or *Dunbarton’s Drums* for *The First Foot*! Am I sticking my neck out?

The Band used to be up in the Gallery in the chapel to play the National Anthem. The Presbyterians used the Chapel while Episcopalians used the Central Hall – sitting on dining room forms and kneeling on the floor without any cushions or other means of softening it. I think R.Cs. went down to Dunblane.

All but R.Cs. went to Chapel on Sunday evenings to a service held by the Bandmaster, Mr McClurg,

whose daughter accompanied on the harmonium. We referred to this as “Bandy’s Concert”. We had hymns from the hymn book as well as lessons read, but Bandy also told us stories of various evangelists, Gipsy Lee, etc., as well as teaching us “songs of praise” which I’m afraid were often parodied. The last item was the final prayer: Bandy would say “Let us pray” and with his eyes firmly closed and his hands grasping the lapels of his coat, he would pray. One of the things he always said was “Comfort those who are wondering what the future has in store for them.” After hearing this Sunday after Sunday for a considerable time and knowing more about the School and its boys, I came to the amazing conclusion – “He’s praying for those who have got into trouble during the weekend and are ‘for office’ tomorrow – stick, strap, or chair?”

Tommy Hayes mentioned “the chair” in his article in *The Victorian* a year or two ago. When I visited the School in 1926 I noticed the stage in the Play Room had been moved to the eastern end and looking behind the stage saw a number of things obviously “dumped” to get them out of sight. Among them was “the chair”. I thought then that it should have found its way into some museum.

In my early days at the School any prizes we won were useful articles like cased hair brushes, books, etc., but from World War I onwards they were national savings certificates or just money. Our hair cuts had little use for brushes anyway since we were only left a little tuft in front and the rest taken off with clippers! There were regimental prizes. Some regiments gave two prizes (one from each battalion) – I think The Cameronians was one of these.

One summer the 9th Battalion (Dandy Ninth), Royal Scots, who wore the kilt instead of trows, came and camped for their training behind the wood which flanked the eastern side of our playing field. I think it was for their last exercise (in those days called a “sham fight”) that some boys from the School with Lee Metford carbines and blank cartridges provided “the enemy” – out towards Kinbuck, Ashfield. The rest of the School armed with tins containing stones were marched up to the neighbourhood of the “Gathering Stone” unbeknown to the soldiers. Later, the weary troops returned to their camp and halted. As they were about to disperse to their tents we were given the order to “charge” which we did with great gusto, screaming at the tops of our voices, beating our tins with sticks and rattling the stones in them. The “sodgers” spread out, threw themselves to the ground and gave us a real “mad minute” (fifteen rounds rapid) without an order or signal being given. Their training must have been good. I am sure Sheriffmuir hadn’t heard such a disturbance since “Some say we ran, some say they ran, etc.”

They gave the School “the cup” – The Dandy Ninth Cup. It was the only cup we had and was used for inter-company competition. Later we had a cup for the cross country run which my brother won twice. Then after the war (1914-18) we had many trophies – shields and the like presented to the School by disbanding units.

The Chapel had not been in use very long when I joined. The round towers of the “Scots Baronial Style” main building housed the boot rooms where there were wooden boxes on which to rest the boot or shoe being cleaned. Around the walls and about four feet from the floor were shelves divided into boxes – I suppose they were meant for brushes and the blacking we used. The latter was black and greasy – probably the kind of stuff Charles Dickens packed when he went to work at 12 years of age – except he dealt with liquid. Our blacking had to be moistened – usually done with spit! Boot rooms were used for any fist fights – the shelves providing a gallery where spectators sat. Beyond the boot room and down a few steps were the lavatories.

Our swimming bath sanitation was very primitive – a bucket in the small apartment at the South-Eastern end of the building. As we were dressing after a dip, the “cully” would shout “Last two empty the bucket!” The last two had to take the bucket and empty the contents on the rhubarb patch in the S.S.M.’s garden located on the left of the path leading down to the burn and playing field.

In my time the Gymnasium building had just been finished – the top floor being the gym and shoe room (we did have rubber soled shoes for gym) as well as the Students’ Common Room with billiards table and piano. On the ground floor was the Students’ Class Room (under their Common Room) and the remainder had the Tailors’ Shop and Woodwork Room at the Northern end with the Q.M. Stores in the centre part.

There was a row of married quarters for the military staff on the high ground to the east of the main building. Later another row was built at right angles and towards the back of the hospital. Then two bungalows were built on the eastern side of the square to house the Military Warrant Officers, S.S.M. and Bandmaster.

Before the Play Room was built we had concerts in the Dining Room – a stage being rigged at the eastern end for many good shows with good performers. Comic songs by the Commandant, Drummy Hetherington, and others as well as club swinging and sword swinging by our physical training expert Mr Scotland (later S.S.M.). We also had exhibitions of sabre and lance drill by ex-members of The Scottish Horse. I can also call to mind dances by two very bonny lasses, daughters of members of the Staff, namely Helen Milne and

Dorothy Taylor – both very pretty and good dancers (sailor’s hornpipe, Irish jig, etc.). I loved Dorothy – she used to make me toffee on Sundays and I was invited to tea more than once and had an egg for tea! What more could a hungry boy want?

When the Play Room had been built we had the stage at the western end and many concerts as well as recitation competitions were held there. I remember a boy named Harvey who had had voice training before coming to the School. He had a lovely voice and used to render such tear-jerkers as *Mother Macree* and the like – and my old pal Kenneth John Mackay MacKenzie whose father had been in The Scots Guards and whose home was in Stirling. I went to his home and enjoyed an afternoon with his family many a time. Kenneth was a great reciter – I can still recall his *Burial of Sir John Moore*.

I wonder what happened to the Nomination Plates? These were thick brass plates mounted on oak on which were engraved the names of the regiments and individuals who had nominated the boy above whose bed the plate hung. They are gone now. And what happened to all the old cavalry lances, tower muskets, horse pistols, swords, and bayonets which decorated the dining room? And the two cannons which pointed outwards on the lawn in front of the main building? I suppose they went during W.W. II as scrap metal. I wonder how many boys had their photographs taken by one of those guns? The photographer was a Mr Penny who resided in one of the White Cross cottages a short distance from the School’s south gate. He used to come up to the School carrying his large plate camera on a wooden tripod and take one’s photo when requested. His charge – 2/- per dozen postcard size!

What a day it was when H.M. The King visited the School in July, 1914. There were old boys from just about every corps and Scottish regiment present in full dress – a wonderful gathering. H.M. gave us an extra week on our holiday which was seven weeks and four days that summer.

Our military staff changed a lot during W.W. I and at one time we had Snip MacDougall (master tailor), Drum Major Hetherington, Pipe Major Wilson, and Colour Sgt Martin who was much too old to go, as Colour Sergeants. “Cully” Martin would never say “left, right, left, right” when calling out the step, but “oaf, oaf, oaf, ight, oaf” so he was known as “Cully Oaf”. Our wartime collection of Colour Sergeants gave rise to the following:

*“There’s daddy-mummy Drummie,
There’s stitch in time saves nine,
There’s over-coated grace-note ‘Pipey’,
And ‘oaf, oaf, by the right, mark time.”*

I must mention that we had Colour Sergeants. C.S.M. rank wasn’t invented till W.W.I, but we still had our “Cullies”.

The Schoolmasters all lived down towards Dunblane on the little lane which runs parallel to the main road and enters the village near the top end of the High Street. They used to walk (one or two cycled) up to the School by 9 a.m. and leave about 4.15 p.m. — their lunch hour was spent in the Sergeants' Mess (Admin. Officer's Office when I last visited the School). Four-Nine-Seven, Bobby Owens, wrote about the Schoolmasters in No. 88, June, 1974. I knew several of those he mentioned. I remember Christian Coote telling stories about "Bacca Bill" Birkett, one of which follows:

"One hot and drowsy summer afternoon when the class was dreaming about cricket and longing for dismissal at 4 p.m. — most of them half asleep and hearing 'Bacca Bill's voice as a distant lullaby. It was a history lesson — 'Roman invasion of Britain', Bacca's voice droned on, 'and the legions marched up this very road past the School to their camp at Braco and the boys of Q.V.S. sat on the wall and gave three cheers, didn't they?' 'Yes, Sir,' was the sleepy chorus, followed at once by 'Oh, did they? Come out here you, you, you, you. Bend over.' — then wallop, wallop, wallop, wallop, and the class woke up!"

The afternoon of the last Friday in the month was devoted to a "letter home" and every boy had to write one. Those who had stamps — parents sent them as pocket money — provided their own, but the School stamped the letters and posted them for those who had no stamp. Any book or paper we had (*Magnet*, *Gem*, *Boy's Own Paper*, comics, etc.) had to be initialised by one's teacher as suitable reading matter.

Major Churchill (Cameronians) was one of our Commandants and Mrs Churchill took a great interest in the boys. It was she who kindly gave the Bands mittens. We were all issued with white woollen gloves for winter use with scarlet jackets, but Band members couldn't play their instruments in gloves so they suffered cold fingers in winter. Mrs Churchill (herself a great knitter) and friends knitted a pair of white and of khaki mittens for every boy in both Bands. The same lady had several boys to tea on Sundays at their house up the Doune Road.

The "Postie's" bike was used more by boys than by the postman. He was unfit for military service yet he used to pedal/push that heavy bike from Dunblane up to the School. An ardent bagpipe learner, having delivered the mail to the School office he would repair to the Pipe Room (south end of ground floor corridor) borrow a set of pipes and put in some practice. Meanwhile "Gie's a loan of your bike, Postie" having produced an affirmative nod, the boys would have a go on his bike which was much too big and was ridden with one foot through the frame. Countless boys learned on that bike.

When I had sixpence on a Saturday I used to put in for a pass to Dunblane (wearing shorts — for the purpose of cycling). Saturday afternoon, and I would walk to the cycle shop next to Victoria Hall, hire a bike at 6d. per hour and ride up to the School. There I would show off a bit, give some of the boys a ride, and back to the cycle shop to return it within the hour — then walk back to School.

The Victoria Hall was the "Picture House" on Saturdays and we used to walk down, pay and see the afternoon matinée, then walk back. They were silent films of course and shown to the accompaniment of a piano played by a young man. He had one favourite and very stirring tune in march time but as soon as he struck up the boys would stamp their feet on the wooden floor in time with the music, whereupon he would change to something very slow and soulful from *Poet and Peasant*.

Dunblane had a town crier whose only job as far as I know was to inform the public the cinema programme for Saturday evenings. One winter evening whilst I was walking through the town having been to friends in Stirling, the swing doors of a pub opened and the crier came out with his big bell. Stopping in the middle of the street, he clanged his bell and announced: "In the pictur' hoose th' nicht the great film 'The Village Blacksmith' will be poot upon the screen — also Chairly Chaplin in a 'Gentleman of Nerve'." More clanging of the bell and he reeled away — to the next pub?

Of the shops in Dunblane "Ting-a-leerie's" (MacCalpines' Emporium) and "The Tally's" (Gonella) opposite were those frequently visited by the boys — the former for any kind of small present they wished to buy and the latter for ice-cream in summer, and hot peas with vinegar or a glass of O.T. (mostly chillies I think) in winter. "Ting-a-leerie's" was so called because there was a collection of small bells which hung over the door and tinkled in the wind. Gonella was Italian — hence "The Tally's". Farther up the street was Elder the Baker and alongside, a butcher. From the baker if we were "flush" we would buy a very new loaf and from next door a black pudding and eat them on the way back to School. No doubt due to Army ration custom we never had new bread — it had to be a day old before being issued — hence the pleasure derived from new bread. The "baps" we had for breakfast on Tuesdays were new — warm from the baker and I think most of us would have said that was our best breakfast. On the subject of food, we had porridge for breakfast every morning except Tuesdays (baps) with something else and tea. For dinner (lunch) we had a variety of things, but no choice. Soup twice a week, Irish Stew or Toad-in-the-Hole or Sea Pie, followed by rice (with a currant or two), tapioca, spotted dog, or duff. Two kinds of duff — plum duff on Sundays and treacle duff on one other day. Our tea consisted

of "3 halves" (the bread was sliced and the slices halved) with margarine and jam with a mug of tea. For supper we were given half a mug of cocoa and two biscuits.

Boys who left the School to join the army were played down the brae to the gate as they set off to walk to the station to entrain for their depot or battalion — and most of them shed a tear as the pipes played.

I can remember when the Staff or Monitors were calling an order to the whole School the cautionary word was either "Parade . . ." or "School . . .". The cautionary word was to be "Victorians . . ." in the future and my brother was Orderly Monitor the following day. We were all "at ease" in the Central Hall ready to march into the dining room and he yelled "School". "As you were," came from the back in the voice of the then Adjutant, Capt. J. J. Scott. He tried again — "School" — "As you were" — again. Then it dawned on my brother and "Victorians, 'SHUN" followed!

When I first joined the School we saluted with either hand — to the left and front with the right hand and to the right with the left hand, turning the head in the direction of the Officer. Saluting with the left hand ceased during World War I. At that time we frequently had local newly commissioned officers who came up to the School to practise their powers of command by drilling us.

After World War I only some of the Students who had joined up returned to continue as Students. Jim Pirie, then a Sergeant in The Royal Scots visited the School and he told me he was staying on in the army, which he did. We had only Bill Hawkins out of ten Q.V.S. Students who returned to Q.V.S. and by then I was in the Study Class. Because of the shortage the War Office reduced the age for the exam for Student from 16 to 15½. I was 15½ and was allowed to sit, so I became one of the last batch of Students — 1919.

At Dunblane we had Dodds, MacLauchlan, and Coote (old Victorians) who had done a year at the Dukies and Shearer Stewart, Cameron and two McLeays. After a year at Q.V.S. we were transferred to the Dukies and it was not long after that that the A.E.C. was born and Students were told they could if successful in exams, become Sergeants in this new corps instead of Staff Sergeant for a year and then W.O. II, or get out. After a great fight with the War Office on our behalf and risking his neck, the Dukie Commandant Col. A. C. Johnstone "won" for us a grant of £25 each for loss of job if we joined the army as private soldiers or went to civil life. Those who entered the A.E.C. as Sergeants received nothing. In case we wished to join the army we were allowed to sit for the First Class Cert. of Education, which we all passed.

I joined the army and whilst a recruit played in the Depot Cricket Team against a Royal Military College Team. At lunch I saw a Cadet Sergeant sitting at the end of the table. He wore World War I medals and his face seemed familiar. The next day on reading the Sunday newspaper there was quite an article on commissions from the ranks — the first batch had passed out. The paper gave the names and the first of these was George Stirrat, Q.O. Cameron Hldrs — the Cadet whose face had seemed familiar, of course.

There were fifteen vacancies, but nearly one hundred corps and regiments in the army in those days, so I considered myself very lucky to have gone to Sandhurst. There I found Joe Mullington, ex-Dukie Student and in the same batch as myself two W.O. IIs from A.E.C. — one who had been at the Dukies and the other from "the Hib" (Royal Hibernian Military School) as well as J. C. B. Shearer who had been a Q.V.S. boy and Student with me. He topped the passing-out list. I was at Sandhurst when I visited the School in 1926 and the Commandant Col. A.C.T. White, V.C., M.C., asked me to come to his office and be seen by the Commissioners as he was endeavouring to get them to provide a scholarship for a Q.V.S. boy to go to Sandhurst. Whilst I was there Col. White pointed out that I was 22 years of age and therefore handicapped for seniority. I was wearing a very nice new suit and thought I *looked* pretty good, but had a feeling that I was something like "Exhibit A"!

Times have changed but I wonder if the present generation realise how much they have changed. As an example of change I recall one particular Christmas holiday for which my brother and I decided we would stay on at the School because the boys who did not go home had a grand time. On the first day of the holidays while I was "down the field" playing football I was told to report to the office. This I did and was sent to the hospital. There, I was sent to bed along with three other boys. Some time before, every boy in the School had had a swab taken because we had a case of diphtheria. We four unfortunates were alleged to be carriers of this sickness.

Early next morning we were carried out on stretchers and put into a horse-drawn ambulance with a strange nurse. The ambulance took us to Dunblane railway station and was there wheeled onto a truck. The nurse did tell us we were going by train, but that was all. We couldn't see out of the ambulance. The train stopped eventually and our ambulance was unloaded, horse put in and we were off again. At the other end we were carried into a hospital (Burghmuir Hospital, Perth) and put to bed with no pillows — not allowed up for anything and had to lie flat. We were given no solids — just liquids sucked through the spout of a feeder. We were all

as fit as fiddles – imagine how we felt and how we were enjoying our grand holiday!

After about a week "Cully" Martin was admitted to the same ward. Poor old chap – he was very sick and his presence curtailed our conversations, most of which were "They'll be sledging now," "It's dinner time," "Wonder if it's duff today?" "I'll bet they're playing football now," etc., etc. We returned to School on the first day of the new term. For a day or two I was very embarrassed because whenever speaking to authority I found myself saying "Yes, nurse" or "No, nurse" – habit!



"WIN A CAMERA"

Do you recognise anyone in this photograph? The camera with which this photograph was taken was left on the field after last year's Grand Day. Any person wishing to claim the camera should contact Mr R. Paterson, Deputy Headmaster.

DURING OUR PERIOD

During our period 1919-1925 Captain A. F. Barnes, Headmaster, started a "Renaissance" in "School" cricket. He was himself an accomplished cricketer and his guest during the summers John Hunter, a cricket professional with Hampshire C.C. delightedly supported him. "Straight Bat" was the order of the day.

In a deciding match in the summer of 1923 'A' Company played 'C' Company. "School" opening bowlers Pundy Watson and Maurice Goldie of 'A' Company soon had 'C' Company reeling at twelve for nine wickets. In came Norrie and his pal Nobby Clark and lo and behold they put on fifty-two runs and won the match. Captain Barnes was an astounded spectator hardly believing his eyes. To see the two "School" opening bowlers hit to all parts of the field was almost more than he could bear. "And not one real cricket stroke amongst the lot," he groaned. John Hunter an interested spectator, disagreed however, pointing out that as orthodoxy had scored twelve runs for nine wickets and failed badly, Norrie Bulloch and Nobby Clark justified their unorthodox approach by winning the match. Despite their heroic winning stand of fifty-two for the last wicket, neither was invited to play for any "School" eleven. THEY DIDN'T LIKE CRICKET ANYWAY.

An Appreciation

Peter Taylor and Alastair Bulloch, members of the "Straight Bat" brigade who scored nil, nil.

Old Victorians

Ian F. Crawford, who left School in 1971, gained an Honours Degree in Electrical and Electronic Engineering at Paisley College of Technology then went to the Royal Naval Engineering College at Plymouth for specialisation training. He completed this course in July, 1977, and at present is doing sea training.

Duncan Beat, who left School in 1946, is at present a Captain in the Scots Guards. He had previously been Director of Music, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

Derek R. Peachey, who attended the School between 1944 and 1950, is at present in Australia, and in an appreciative letter he wrote about his experience here, he states "I like to think my schooling prepared me to become an internationalist for I have experienced little trouble in my forty-five years of life in adapting to any community I have lived with. Joining in is to me, what life is all about.

I had to join in at School. I had to in the Army, and now, as I get older and wiser, joining in with the community is a perfectly natural thing to do, and provides many happy hours as it did, some thirty-odd years ago at Queen Victoria School."

CENTRAL BRANCH

Report by Major C. McQueen

This article concludes our 6th year as the Old Victorians Association. Jimmy White who has been our President over the past three years and has now handed over his appointment. During his tenancy the membership has increased, the bank balance has assumed a healthy state, new faces have made an appearance, even if only for a fleeting moment, and more correspondence has been received from overseas Victorians. One often wondered from where Jimmy found the energy to carry out the various tasks with the Association, in view of his regular employment as a shift worker. I feel sure that many Old Victorians will agree with me, that he has done a very good job over the years, and are pleased that he will be continuing as an official of the Branch.

Andy Leitch, the originator of the 200 Club, will be pleased to know that the sum of £100 has been presented to the School. We could do with many more members joining in, as the proceeds help both the School and the Association and is a useful source of income.

When we are stuck for something to write about for *The Victorian* we can usually prevail upon our D.Y.R.M.S./Q.V.S. friend from "Down Under", Derek Peachey to produce the goods, which I hope will appear in the next issue. From the same state of Queensland, we have also received news of No. 58, Alex Stewart, who left in 1911, emigrated, and served with the Australian Army during the 1914/18 War. Alex is a sprightly 82 years old veteran, and was very pleased to receive the photograph of "The Boy" to remind him of his early days.

At the Reunion Weekend in March, I am pleased to say that the Old Victorians won the rugby match. What does surprise me, is that nearly 60 visitors attended for tea, just a few feet from where the A.G.M. was to be held, but less than 10 managed to make the distance. As the A.G.M. only lasts about one hour, we should have been glad to welcome them, even if they brought their girl friends with them. Young Victorians, what about attending next year and airing your views, although many of us are O.A.P.s., we still like to see a pretty face?

The Annual Dinner Dance was again held at the Westlands, Brigadier Marston, Mr John Melliush, Lt-Col. McLeod and their ladies being the principal guests. Once again, Jimmy White got things moving, and it was nice to see some new faces

appearing and renewing old friendships. It was even a surprise to me, as I met an individual whom I last saw in 1945 in the Faeroe Islands.

There was a large number at the Memorial Service, to me, this is always a very impressive occasion, and many Old Victorians express the same view. F/Lieut. Colin Lannen read the Lesson, whilst Gordon Sanderson, George Taylor and Stanley Garner laid the wreaths for their respective Branches.

At the March Past, the salute was taken by No. 49, James Cooper, M.M., who is now in his 83rd year. Jimmy was the first Boy Drum Major of the School.

A very pleasant ceremony took place during the Commandant's Party, Brigadier Maston presented James Cooper with a Drum Major's sash, which I feel sure Jimmy will cherish for the rest of his days.



Old Victorian Weekend, 1978 – The Salute at the March Past was taken by Mr Jim Cooper, M.M., one of the First Fifty. He is accompanied here by the Commandant, the Headmaster (hidden) and the Administrative Officer.

EDINBURGH BRANCH

Chairman, S. T. Gardner
Secretary, A. G. Bulloch

Between September and May on the third of the month, we still have our social evenings, at 11 Albany Street (Victoria Social Club). These are always well attended by the older generation of O.V.s. and their friends. At the October gathering we welcomed three new faces, John Bisset, Mike Ferrigan and Jimmy Marr. They soon entered into the fun and all had a most enjoyable evening. Reminiscences were in order and it is on these occasions that the O.V.A. is so worth while.

In November John Bisset appeared in uniform with his bagpipes and gave us a recital which was much appreciated. When he heard our M.C.

Alastair Audsley had been a piper at School he dared him to have a go and although indeed Alastair's last appearance was at Q.V.S. he duly obliged. After rather a discordant start, he was soon piping away merrily giving us *Scotland the Brave*, *Barren Rocks of Aden* etc., etc., to tumultuous applause. At our January Social John again appeared with his pipes and played various requests from the company. Jimmy Lyon decided to have a go; it was rather interesting.

We note in News Letter No. 14 from H.Q. that the 200 Club are having a quiet period with few new members. I am sure the platform built by Andy Leitch will be added to in the future. We of the Edinburgh O.Vs. give him our best wishes in this worthwhile task.

Also in the News Letter item, that in future teas on Grand Day, 22nd June, will be charged for, most Old Victorians will be quite happy with this arrangement. Here's hoping for a repeat of last year's fine weather.

In conclusion what can one say now? We must have more members and in particular young members prepared to take over from us old stagers.

Best of luck to Old Victorians everywhere.

Alastair G. Bulloch
Hon. Secretary
50 Northfield Broadway
Edinburgh EH8 7PH
Tel.: 031 661 3620

Obituary

Andrew R. Benson

Who left the School in December, 1975, was killed in an accident at work in Germany.

William Norman Bulloch

It is with deep regret that I intimate the death of my brother, "Norrie". He was killed in a road accident on his way to meet me on 31st December, 1977.

J. R. C. Cosgrove

Old Victorian, R.A.E.C. Officer and for a time Administrative Officer at Q.V.S., died during the year.

A. C. C. Craig

Died at Gartnavel General Hospital, Glasgow, on 14th November, 1977, aged 68 years. Alistair was one of three brothers who passed through the School. To his relatives we offer our deepest sympathy.

T. Guthrie

A former Pipe Major of the Scots Guards who served for many years. Became an In Pensioner at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and died there on 30th December, 1977. Cremated at the South London Crematorium, Streatham, on 6th January, 1978. To his relations we offer our deepest sympathy.

Brigadier W. T. Lunt

From *The Times*, 12th July, 1977:

Early years of Royal Army Educational Corps

Brigadier Walter Thomas Lunt, M.B.E., died on 7th July at the age of 84. His death removes one of the last of the original officer cadre of the Royal Army Educational Corps. He joined that corps in 1920 and long after his retirement continued to take the keenest interest in its fortunes.

Walter Thomas Lunt was born in Liverpool on 13th August, 1892, and it was always intended that he should enter the teaching profession. After obtaining an Honours degree in mathematics at Liverpool University he did in fact teach for two years but the First World War then began and Lunt was given a commission in The King's Regiment (Liverpool).

He served with that regiment in Macedonia, and later, after transfer to the Royal Engineers, in France, but he always hoped to return to teaching after the war. It was the formation of the Army Educational Corps that persuaded him to remain in the Army in which he acquired the reputation of being a good administrator and gifted teacher. He served in India, the Middle East, and in various instructional appointments at home, including six years as headmaster of the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, and three years as an Instructor at Sandhurst, from where he went on to teach at the Indian Military Academy, Dehra Dun.

There were those who thought he might be appointed Director of Army Education in 1952 but the appointment went elsewhere and he retired in the rank of colonel with the honorary rank of brigadier. Soon after his retirement he joined the staff of Farnborough Technical College and continued to teach there until he was 80. At the age of 77 he wrote his *Basic Mathematics for Technical College Students* which has since been translated into several languages. He also played a full part in the local affairs of Camberley, where he chose to settle on his retirement from the Army.

He married Archilles Dodd in 1916 and they had a son and daughter. On her death in 1975 he moved to Oxfordshire and made his home with his son.

Stuart Rae

Joined Q.V.S. in 1969; left, having satisfactorily taken a few 'O' Grades, in June, 1977; and died on 11th November. He had represented the School at Highland and Scottish Country Dancing and at Debating. He had taken the part of Shylock in the 1976 production of *The Merchant of Venice* and he had won Addison Smith Public Speaking Prizes in 1975 and 1976.

That is a bald statement on Stuart's achievements at Queen Victoria School. But it leaves so much unwritten, for mention has also to be made of his illness which came to light in 1974, which led to two major operations and to his final 3½ years, a considerable part of which had to be spent as in-patient or out-patient in hospitals locally and in Glasgow.

Stuart could have slipped away in 1974 and had he done so he would have been spared a lot of pain and suffering. The miracle was not only that he had three more years, to take him up to eighteen, but that the School community – and with confidence I write that his family too – saw in him the most wonderful example of cheerfulness and fulfilment in most difficult conditions. That he continued his academic work at all, that he was able to display such sensitivity in his acting, that he remained thoroughly sincere in all his speaking when he could so easily have thrown in the sponge, not tried, cursed his rotten luck, was a living miracle. That he gave so much of his limited time to helping in the wards at Stirling Royal Infirmary, to serving God joyfully in worship in the Dunblane Roman Catholic Church and in the School Chapel, that he always put others before self so that a visit to him in hospital left the visitor thoroughly cheered and encouraged showed the stuff that Stuart was made of and showed the faith he enshrined. The head men of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme recognised this indomitable side of his character and he was specially awarded his Gold, which he had anyway almost completed.

It is sad that Stuart died so young and our thoughts are with his father, sister and brothers. But they can be proud of all that their dear one stood for. Those of us at Q.V.S. who knew him are proud too, for he brought honour to us all and has made us that much the richer for knowing him.

From the Headmaster

One hope that I have in recording Q.V.S.-life from one May-day to the next is that some functions get a mention here which might not manage to get a

paragraph to themselves in other parts of this esteemed journal. Another hope that I have is that esteemed readers do not get the impression that we go to Class, to Meals, to Games, to Chapel, to Bed only when Management can think of nothing else to do. Very far from it. Whatever we have achieved in functions here and there – and many achievements are sources of pride to us – is built on the foundation of a solid Routine and Scheme of Work, interference with which by any "fixture" has to be strongly argued by masters and others who are the sponsors, managers and coaches of the activities I am going to mention.

I therefore take this opportunity, before getting down to details, of thanking all Masters and Matrons, the School Sergeant Major and the Instructors for all that they have done to keep up, and improve on, our standards in routine matters and their levels of disciplined teaching and training. They are of course deserving of thanks, too, for the time and trouble they have gone to in organising the extras. My gratitude also to the Administrative Officer and all his Staff for their respective parts in keeping the place ticking and keeping the place happy and I pass very grateful acknowledgment to the Commandant for his oversight of, and leadership in, the total operation of Queen Victoria School.

Exams – The 1977 Highers produced two As, 24 Bs and 20 Cs from 76 subject-entries made by nineteen boys. Statistically the boys have done better, but what counts is whether candidates did themselves justice, or more so, or less so. My feeling is that all in all boys' results at H were disappointing. The 1977 Ordinaries produced one hundred As from 312 entries made by 37 boys; kindly Arithmetic papers may have helped but nevertheless this is a good score. And these 312 entries produced 232 As, Bs and Cs which is good as well. I know that there is more to studies than getting fair grades in S.C.E. exams, but as all our boys are certificate-candidates, however modest, and as the nation's employers do respect results we would be foolish to ignore figures of success and failure. We have, incidentally, continued to hold Parents' Occasions on selected Saturday mornings so that work can be discussed with teachers. This is normally best in a boy's Second Year in Cunningham or Trenchard.

On the games-front I am happy to report a very good attitude towards Rugby throughout the School, reflected in results. It is a serious sport in Wavell these days and that makes all the difference. The School XV of 1977-78 lived a little in the shadow of its two very successful predecessors as far as results have gone, but they played some attractive stuff and deserve to be proud of beating Strathallan away in a fixture in which they now parade their 2nd XV rather than their third. The seniors did well, too, to

get to the 1978 Final of Stirling University's Schools Sevens and to have skipper Kevin Smith and Gordon Best play for Central Region Schools. Two Third Years, Mark Fisher and John Girvan, played for Midlands District juniors and Central Region juniors and the Q.V.S. Third Year team won the Central Region Sevens. More Sevens success came to us through the First Year winning the Central Region trophy and only losing the Final of the Alva Invitation competition to a team from Lothian in the second period of extra time.

1976's and 1977's Summer Terms were so cold, wet and windy that we just had to grasp the nettle of arctic cricket. As a result in 1978 we have agreed that cricket might emerge in super weather (if any) but the games operation for many secondary boys has become football with a competitive internal league. This also allows full-time athletics to become an activity of the serious athlete. Tennis, Canoeing, Sailing, Fishing are planned for no less than in the past and we have no intention of reducing the breadth of the Summer Sports Day. 1977's Sports included good performances and good spirit; 1978's Swimming was the same. Together these two meetings produced twenty-five records. At Central Region meetings Fraser Gibson was first in A Grade Long Jump, David Craft first in C Grade 50m. Breast Stroke and Ewan McLay first in D Grade 25m. swimming on his back.

Winding up sporting topics, I report that on the junior general recreational scene skateboards are here, there has been another enjoyable C.C.F. ski-camp in admirable snow, a Wavell walking-camp and a C.C.F. expedition-camp with two "Expedition Golds" for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award; and not least, on the senior particular scene we have had Andrew Cuthbertson. This winter he has won Scottish Schoolboys under 16 Squash, Scottish Open under 16 Squash and North of England under 16 Squash. As I write he is eleventh in Scotland's under 19 rankings and ninth in Britain's under 16. Andrew, as they say, is a competitor!

It has been quite a churchy year. On a June (1977) Sunday we attended a Service inside Dunblane Cathedral and then marched past Moderator Right Reverend John R. Gray outside our town's most important building, second to Q.V.S. of course; in November we had a moving, redesigned Remembrance Service, to which in future years will be added O.V.A. wreath-laying, done up till now in March; in December our dramatists most stirringly presented T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. A visiting Headmaster told me it was marvellous to see a School "do something serious and do it really well."

A little about personalities: Mr Stewart has taken over Assistant Housemastership of Trenchard from Mr Reid and Mr Finlay will soon complete his spell

of housemastering there; Monsieur Dominic Renaudin has been French Assistant; Miss Janet Snape has been appointed Highland Dancing Instructor; Mr Donald Crichton Miller, one of Her Majesty's Commissioners, at Prize Giving did the honours at under two hours' notice and most splendidly too, speaking without a note; the Grand Day Inspecting Officer was another Commissioner, General Sir Jack Harman, Adjutant General, who had Mrs Hope Thomson as partner since she presented the Trophies and, to Tony Stroud, the Prince Philip Medal.



Andrew Cuthbertson with the Scottish Under 16 Squash Trophy.

And a little about National Events: we have had a strike of firemen and fortuitously this was just after a group of seniors had been on a Firefighting Course in connection with the Duke of Edinburgh's Award; thus was born the Q.V.S. Boys' Fire Picquet which I hope is here to stay. And we have had a Royal Jubilee which is enough to tell any reader who knows the minutest thing about us that Pipers and Drummers and Dancers were well in evidence in 1977. Those who know a little more of us were probably pressed into supporting our effort for the Jubilee Fund which raised over £600 and resulted in a very grateful letter from Stirling District's Lord Lieutenant; I pass on now his thanks to everyone concerned.

Valete

It would seem that for once that we have a clearer picture as we go to press as to who is leaving, and who not, than is often the case; it just remains for me to be proved wrong in September when we re-assemble, for exam results, university conditional offers and family changes can in the next four months alter the picture.

We seem destined to lose all of our Monitors and Prefects and to them I pass my thanks for what they have done in running the place, setting the tone and in general leadership. Ewan Pitkeathly has been their Chief; Boy Pipe Major for three years and a Rugby colour for two, he has got through a lot of work in both fields, won a competition or two and, at just the right moment, scored a good try or two. He has taken a prominent part in the C.C.F. and in canoeing. Ian McGregor, Deputy Senior Monitor, has done well on the work-front, in badminton, squash, tennis, stage management and cricket as well as in the C.C.F. His future ought to include a University-course and we wish him very well in it.

Alan MacRae has made his mark as a man from whose face a smile is never far away. As a youngster he was, to me, a twinkle-toes football fanatic and he never lost his magic touch; yet as Vice-Captain to the Rugby team he grew immensely in stature and never accepted defeat until the final whistle told him so. Gordon Best and Tony Stroud have completed the team of Monitors; both were Fifth Year men and both were Rugby colours; in fact Gordon played representative Rugby. Tony was 1977's Prince Philip Medallist as well as being Boy Pipe Major these past few months; there is just a chance he will be here in September.

Two other Sixth Year men who will be leaving us are Michael Nicholson and Neil Wilson; they have been Prefects. Michael has achieved almost every distinction possible to a schoolboy-lifesaver, and Neil has been a great help in our canoeing expeditions.

Seven of the Fifth Year men who will be leaving are Silver Award holders of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award (as have been most of those already mentioned). John Grant has been the leader of our intrepid firemen and was marvellously in charge when their instructor at the Dunblane Fire Station collapsed; it was no fault of his and his squad that the collapse had fatal results. He has been an intrepid canoeist as well and with his departure the last will be seen in Q.V.S.-dress of the four Grant brothers - will any qualify as a parent in years to come? Kane Rutherford has also been a keen fire-

man and a life-saver; Fraser Gibson has a Central Region Athletics First (for long jump) under his belt; Neil Marchant has been two years in the Rugby team, a Cross-Country Champion and a Prefect; Craig Hendry a tower of strength for our Sailing; Andrew Leonard an outstanding Rugby hooker, a good drummer (and a man who got a mention in these notes last year!); and by no means last of these seven is Kevin Smith, Prefect, Rugby Captain (with Central Region appearances too), Swimmer, Life-Saver, Athlete who has touched our communal life at many points.

Keith Sinclair, David Gray and David Ross probably made their greatest contributions to the School's life in the classroom. Keith, so often assisted by his henchmen, Alastair Anderson, has been an enormous help in gadgets, making projectors work and doing things for the Stage. He has also made his mark as a very good Chapel Prefect. David Gray has done well in the R.A.F. Section. David Ross' artistry has been way above our usual standard and he had Rugby colours too. Michael Cairney has been helpful as a swimming pool life-saver and David Edmundson has been Prefect and Rugby Colour.

These notes are headed "Valete!" - be strong. The word does not mean Good-bye. Yet two who grew up here cheek-by-jowl with current Sixth- and Fifth-Year leavers have now passed on, to whom we can say "God Be With You": Stuart Rae and Andrew Benson.

A number will be leaving from the Fourth Year. As they have not got to the top of the School the mark they will leave will necessarily be less. But our best wishes are nonetheless heartfelt to James Cullen, Stephen Hall, James Mercer, Kenneth Muir and David Scott. "Leave less mark," did I say? As Alan Davis moves on to Welbeck we will not forget his excellent piano-playing, nor Niall Campbell's successes in the Public Speaking Competition and on Stage and in *Murder in the Cathedral*, nor Mike Hindshaw's earlier record of appearances on Monitors' Punishments. Lorne Strang goes to the Argylls as a Piper; he was very successful in that direction here. Raymond Lambie drummed well, Peter Blythe danced well and Walker Graham was boy-king of the Railway Room. Five had appearances for the 1st XV, Mervyn Reid and Brian Hamilton deservedly with Colours, and also Colin Pashley, James Gallon and Kenneth MacRae. Michael Watson hopes to have a future with the round ball, with which he did well here and he was no mean dancer in his earlier days. Mervyn Reid, already listed, was Boy Drum Major and David Rogers a drummer and actor of distinction. Good luck, keep in touch! Valete!

John Melliush, Headmaster

1978/79

These dates are already fixed:

1978	
Tuesday, 5 Sept.	Christmas Term starts
Wednesday, 6 Sept.	New Boys arrive
Thurs., 19-Tues., 31 Oct.	Midterm
Sunday, 12 Nov.	Remembrance Service at 1100
Saturday, 9 Dec.	Band to Murrayfield for Scotland v. New Zealand
Wednesday, 20 Dec.	Christmas Term ends
1979	
Tuesday, 9 Jan.	Easter Term starts
Saturday, 20 Jan.	Band to Murrayfield for Scotland v. Wales
Saturday, 3 March	Band to Murrayfield for Scotland v. Ireland
Saturday, 10 March	O.V. Weekend Rugby: Q.V.S. v. Old Victorians at 1430
Sunday, 11 March	Service at 1100
Thursday, 29 March	Easter Term ends
Sunday, 15 April	Easter Day
Thursday, 19 April	Summer Term starts
Thursday, 26 April	S.C.E. starts
Tuesday, 29 May	S.C.E. ends
Thursday, 28 June	Grand Day
Friday, 29 June	Summer Term ends

Hobbies/Sports

FISHING

Fishing at the beginning of the season was very slow but soon picked up as it went along. This year permits doubled but this did not stop over 30 boys applying for one. Our thanks must go to Mr Willman for organising it, and for getting permits to take three boys fishing on the River Teith. This season's record is held by two boys - Duncan Davidson and Jeremy Smith who both caught a one pound rainbow trout. As yet nobody has caught a salmon yet but we live and hope.

S. Hall

MODEL RAILWAY

As always we had a large response from people wishing to join the model railway. Unfortunately of the 43 who gave their names 19 had to be disappointed. We decided, after much thought, to change the layout completely and try something new. We transformed one end of the layout with some new features and changed a few old ones as well. This year a few new buildings have been added along with a new station. I would like to thank all those who have helped to build this year's

layout, especially Walker Graham who kept up spirits with his even distribution of the dirty jobs and when it may have looked like we would not be going to complete the display in time. Most of the credit must go, however, to Mr Robb who has, as in previous years, given up a considerable amount of his own free time to keep the hobby running.

D. Scott, IV, and
W. Graham

PHOTOGRAPHY

This year we got straight down to work and soon made some competent photographers out of novices. Our instruction included both developing and printing but not theory, which was too involved for some of the younger boys. We also ran a passport photograph service for the School. Bulk buying in film by Mr Paterson has made the cost just a penny a slide to our club. J. Cullen and D. K. Scott won the club competition for beginners with some excellent work. I have great expectations for next year with the new enlarger which we purchased this year. Finally I would like to thank C. Rutherford for helping me to instruct the novices and on behalf of the club I would like to thank Mr Paterson for devoting so much time and effort to the club.

C. Jones, IV

BADMINTON

Badminton attracted a fairly small following this year, but even so the standard was good with noticeable improvement by the less experienced players, which led to many good matches during our hobby time in the Christmas and Easter term evenings. Sadly we missed the Perthshire schools competition in the Bells Centre in Perth this year, but this was due to it being during our Christmas holidays.

In the School competition (which has in previous years been dominated by David Hughson) the most experienced partnership of Ian Collie and Mark Riddell won the doubles without too much trouble.

The singles saw myself and Mark Riddell into the final, which we played after his win in the doubles, and perhaps this had some effect as Mark did not produce his best form, but I still had to fight to win.

Once again our sincere thanks go to Mr Scott and Mr Willman for their friendly advice and help to us all.

I. MacGregor

BRIDGE

We started the year hoping to raise two teams for the Scottish Schools Bridge Competition in Edinburgh, but due to lack of numbers we have only been able to raise one. Last year's makeshift team came 24th out of 34 teams in the competition and with

this year's side of Ian MacGregor, Michael Cairney, Steven Hall and Walker Graham, we are hoping for a better position.

Our thanks go to Mr Watson for his help, advice and extreme patience with us all.

I. MacGregor

BAND

This year has been altogether a much quieter one than last year, as we have had nothing comparable to the Queen's Silver Jubilee and the record to concentrate on. However, the general playing standard of the band has, if anything, improved due to the practice done on each 7et and many new tunes have been introduced by the Pipe Major to escape from the common tunes and to have something original.

The first engagement of the year was at Stirling Castle in September where a conference on European Hydro-electricity was being held, followed later on in that term by a Murrayfield game in December, and we were back there again in February and March but unfortunately it didn't seem to help the international side. This month we have paraded through Stirling and raised money at Bishopton for Erskine Hospital.

At the moment the band strength in Pipers (20) and Drummers (14) is very high and there are reserves ready to fill the empty spaces next year already, and while the record is selling well it provides a good incentive for maintaining the playing and turn-out standards.

Ewan Pitkeathly

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARDS

This Scheme has now come of age and we have been part of it for all of the 21 years. Because of this, I would have been very happy if this was a good report, unfortunately it is not so good. Only 5 boys gained awards this year - 3 Bronze and 2 Silver. On the bright side I was at Holyrood House and saw Russell Marchant presented with his Gold Award by the Duke of Edinburgh.

Many boys enter this Scheme, this year 25 at Bronze, 15 are continuing at Silver and 9 at Gold. The Gold is difficult and few can complete it while at School. What has gone wrong this year?

When a boy enters the Scheme he commits himself to achieving the standard necessary in each section of each stage of the award. Unfortunately this year 9 boys went on a Gold canoeing expedition on the River Wye and did not pass. A number of Bronze candidates went on foot expedition and failed to report to the assessor at a check-point, so failed. Another group did fire service and have been unable to get their record books signed.

We must maintain our standards so that a boy gaining an award now, knows that he has earned it

and that the standard for him is the same as it was for all his predecessors over the past 21 years.

FIRST AID

Mrs A. Eadie, who is an instructor for the Dunblane Branch of the British Red Cross Society took a group of boys for the Junior Certificate. All the boys were successful and R. Sim was successful in the next step-up and gained the Proficiency Certificate.



Sailing Club

ATHLETICS

The results of the School Sports for 9th June, 1977, were for the Individual Championships as follows: Minor Champion - S. Black, 6 pts; runner-up, K. Duffus, 4 pts.

Major Champion - D. Sutherland, 9 pts; runner-up, J. Paxton, 7 pts.

1st Year Champion — S. Godderidge, 15 pts; runners-up, B. Nelson and M. Davis, 7 pts.

2nd Year Champion — D. Broadbent, 17 pts; runner-up, M. Fisher, 14 pts.

3rd Year Champions — S. Wilson and P. Kent, 8 pts.

Haig Champion — A. Lambie, 12- pts; runner-up, N. Marchant, 11 pts.

The Wavell House Inter Dormitory Championship — 1st, Abercrombie, 42 pts; 2nd, Lyndoch, 34 pts; 3rd, Moore, 14 pts.

Senior School Inter House Championship — 1st, Cunningham, 92 pts; 2nd, Trenchard, 81 pts.

Cross-Country Championships

Individual Champions:

1st Year — 1st, Grant; 2nd, Sutherland; Time 10m 48-6s.

2nd Year — 1st, S. Godderidge; 2nd, Duffus; Time 10m 55-5s.

3rd Year — 1st, M. Fisher; 2nd, K. Loch; Time 10m 06-6s.

Haig — 1st, I. Collie; 2nd, A. Stroud; Time 9m 58-3s.

Inter-House Championship:

1st Year — 1st, Cunningham; 2nd, Trenchard.

2nd Year — 1st, Trenchard; 2nd, Cunningham.

3rd Year — 1st, Cunningham, 2nd, Trenchard.

Inter School Athletic Meetings

We had two triangular meetings last season. The first was on 19th May, 1977, with Stirling High School as hosts, Alva Academy and ourselves as guests. The second meeting was Lornhill Academy as hosts and St Mungo's Academy and ourselves visiting. In both matches we came second.

CENTRAL REGION EVENTS

We are now taking part in Rugby, Swimming and Athletics at this level, and, in spite of the fact that we have less pupils in our senior school than many of the other 25 schools have in a one year age group, we have had the successes listed below.

Rugby

Two members of our 1st XV, K. J. Smith and G. Best, have been selected for the Central Region Senior XV.

The other Regional team, the U15 year XV, has J. Girvan, hooker, and M. Fisher, stand-off, as members with C. Angus, B. Barrie and G. Boyd as reserves. This XV were unbeaten this season.

In the 7-a-side competitions we won two out of four. Our 1st year '7' and 3rd year '7' were our successes. This is the second year running that the 3rd year have won this tournament.

We hosted the 2nd year '7' tournament on our playing fields and as perfect hosts our 2nd year got knocked out in the first round thus allowing a visitor to win.

Swimming

The Regional Championships were held on 10th March, 1978, at Grangemouth. We had 13 boys accepted, this being possible because their times for the events were in the top fastest for the Region; 10 made the finals of their events, and were placed as follows:

U/13 year age group:

E. McLay (1st) 25m Back Crawl.

D. Sutherland (4th) 25m Back Crawl.

D. McLennan (2nd) 25m Breast Stroke.

U/14 year age group:

D. Craft (1st) 50m Breast Stroke.

B. Nelson (4th) 50m Breast Stroke.

D. Grant (4th) 50m Free Style.

U/15 year age group:

G. Boyd (2nd) 50m Butterfly.

C. Angus (5th) 50m Back Crawl.

Over 15 year age group:

I. Collie (6th) 50m Free Style.

A. Stroud (6th) 50m Breast Stroke.

D. Craft and D. McLennan both had a trial for the Central Region Swimming team. D. Craft has been selected for the under 14 relay team, and is reserve for the 100m breast stroke.

Athletics — 15th June, 1977

Eleven boys reached the qualifying standard required for this meeting and the following placings were gained:

Under 13 year group:

B. Nelson (2nd) Long Jump.

Under 15 year group:

I. Collie (1st) Long Jump.

B. Harman (2nd) 200m.

S. Wilson (3rd) 100m.

Over 15 year group:

F. Gibson (1st) Long Jump.

A. Stroud (4th) 1500m.

SWIMMING

The Annual Swimming Championships for the Senior School Houses was held on 9th February, 1978, with the following results.

1st Year

1 length Butterfly — 1st D. Craft; 2nd D. McLennan; 3rd E. McLay; Time 12-2s (NR).

2 lengths Breast Stroke — 1st D. Craft; 2nd D. McLennan; 3rd D. Sutherland; 29s (NR).

2 lengths Back Stroke — 1st E. McLay; 2nd D. Sutherland; 3rd T. Brunton; 31s (NR).



The Third Year Seven who won the Central Region Tournament.

2 lengths Free Style — 1st D. Craft; 2nd D. Grant; 3rd J. Paxton; 23-6s (NR).

4 lengths Medley — 1st D. Craft; 2nd D. McLennan; 3rd E. McLay; 61s (NR).

Champion: D. Craft, 12 pts; *runner-up:* D. McLennan, 6 pts.

2nd Year

1 length Butterfly — 1st B. Nelson; 2nd N. Collie; 3rd M. Davis; 13-8s.

2 lengths Breast Stroke — 1st B. Nelson; 2nd M. Ferguson; 3rd G. Newton; 31-6s (NR).

2 lengths Back Stroke — 1st S. Deuchars; 2nd N. Collie; 3rd A. Duffus; 33s.

2 lengths Free Style — 1st N. Collie; 2nd A. Winning; 3rd D. Davidson; 26s.

4 lengths Medley — 1st N. Collie; 2nd M. Ferguson; 3rd B. Nelson; 67-4s (NR).

Champion: N. Collie, 10 pts; *runner-up:* B. Nelson, 7 pts.

3rd Year

2 lengths Butterfly — 1st G. Boyd, 2nd K. Henderson; 3rd C. Leonard; 30-2s.

4 lengths Breast Stroke — 1st C. Leonard; 2nd E. Wallace; 3rd R. MacDonald; 80-4s.

2 lengths Back Stroke — 1st C. Angus; 2nd K. Hill; 3rd C. Lyons; 30-6s.

4 lengths Free Style — 1st P. Murphy; 2nd C. Leonard; 3rd C. Angus; 55-8s.

4 lengths Medley — 1st K. Henderson; 2nd C. Leonard; 3rd C. Angus; 71s.

Champion: C. Leonard, 8 pts; *runners-up:* K. Henderson and C. Angus, 5 pts.

Haig

2 lengths Butterfly — 1st I. Collie; 2nd K. Smith; 3rd B. Hamilton; 27-4s.

4 lengths Breast Stroke — 1st A. Stroud; 2nd K. Smith; 3rd S. Wilson; 66-4s (NR).

2 lengths Back Stroke — 1st I. Collie; 2nd K. Smith; 3rd B. Hamilton; 29.6s.
 4 lengths Free Style — 1st I. Collie and D. Ross; 3rd R. Lambie; 55s.
 4 lengths Medley — 1st A. Stroud; 2nd I. Collie; 3rd K. Smith; 64.2s.
Champion: I. Collie, 10½ pts, *runner-up:* K. Smith, 7 pts.

Relays

1st year 4x1 length Free Style — 1st Trenchard; 2nd Cunningham; 45.4s (NR).
 2nd year 4x1 length Free Style — 1st Trenchard; 2nd Cunningham; 45.6s (NR).
 3rd year 4x1 length Free Style — 1st Trenchard; 2nd Cunningham; 45s.
 1st year 4x1 length Medley — 1st Trenchard; 2nd Cunningham; 54s (NR).
 2nd year 4x1 length Medley — 1st Cunningham; 2nd Trenchard; 55.2s.
 3rd year 4x1 length Medley — 1st Trenchard; 2nd Cunningham; 54.8s.
 Inter House 12x1 length Free Style — 1st Trenchard; 2nd Cunningham; 2m 18.2s.

Non-Swimmers

We had eleven boys in this group this year and all are now fully fledged swimmers. Mr Philips organises many swimming activities for various awards. This is very helpful in that it gives the non swimmer the incentive to learn, so that he can take part and qualify for swimming awards.

Life Saving

Boys in the School gained a total of sixty-three awards from the Royal Life Saving Society. This covered the following range of awards: Bronze Medallion 19, Bronze Cross 26, Award of Merit 11, Teacher's Certificate 4, and Advanced Teacher's Certificate 3.

RUGBY, 1977-78

	P	W	L	D	Pts
1st XV	11	5	6	0	10
2nd XV	8	4	4	0	8
3rd XV	9	5	4	0	10
4th XV	10	6	4	0	12
5th XV	7	5	2	0	10

Most of the activity in this season was in 1977. The snow and frost cut the second half of the season to only three matches. The 1st XV had two and the 4th XV (2nd year) had one. Thus the various reports are for the first half of the season.

1st XV

The Rugby season of 1976-77 was an excellent season for the 1st XV, captained by Philip Ross, this year a very young side was expected to do just as well. We did not quite reach the standard of last year, it certainly wasn't through a lack of "trying", as the results show, we beat Dollar, Strathallan, Morrisons, Fettes, Inverkeithing. Losing to Glenalmond by 7 points, McLaren by 2 points, Stirling High by 10 points and Rannoch by 17 points.

In seven-a-side tournaments we also did very well, reaching the final of the Stirling University tournament, only to be beaten by a slightly better side from Dollar. In the Central Region Sevens, we deserved a better finish than being knocked out by Grangemouth High School, in the semi-final.

In my mind Neil Marchant and Ian Collie were the people who took us as far as the final and semi-final in the sevens tournaments, with super speed and handling that left opposition standing.

Gordon Best, Andrew Leonard and David Edmondson have proved to be one of the School's finest front rows, they needed no introduction to each other, having played together since the third year. Pushing them forward with plenty of power was David Ross and Colin Pashley, who worked together like ball and socket. Both Tony Stroud and Ewan Pitkeathly not only fought well in the scrums but battled bravely in the line-outs as well.

James Callon, the small and fragile scrum-half who doesn't like being beaten, worked hard, linking the scrum to the three-quarters. His passes were snapped up by the stand-off Mervyn Reid, who had the opposition running everywhere with some good switch moves.

Alan Macrae played outside Mervyn Reid and worked tremendously well with Ian Collie. His kicking has been spot on, and earned some very valuable points. Allan also helped in my absence in organising practices, as Vice-Captain of the team, one will remember the splendid win he brought back from Strathallan.

I'll always remember Stuart Wilson for his brave tackling on the wing, which earned him two stitches just above his eye in the Old Boys' game, which incidentally was just as hard as the Headmaster's team, in that we lost both games by several points. I would like to mention Brian Hamilton, "Fonzie" of the rugby field, when eight rock-hard forwards are rushing for you, you have to remain cool and keep your head, and that is exactly what Brian did saving us from many defeats. I would like to give a mention to Mark Riddell, Ross Mackenzie, Ken Macrae and Fraser Gibson for being on the standby when we needed them.

I would like to thank Mr Paterson and Mr Melliush for the tremendous help and valuable coaching we received throughout the season.

Even if we were not as good as last year's team, we did beat them in one respect, we got two players more than they did in the Central Region side — George Best and myself. I wish next year's team all the luck in the world.

K. Smith, 1st XV Captain

DEBATING AND LITERARY SOCIETY

The Debating Society has perhaps not been as active this year as in the past but there was still plenty to interest all.

As usual there were visits to Edinburgh to see the Scottish National Orchestra. Although a few people are perhaps put off by the thought of classical music there were still full minibus loads to each of the three concerts. A worthwhile, entertaining visit even if you don't feel you are "into" this style of music.

There were four Debates/Socials, with Wallace High, McLaren High, Dollar Academy and Dunblane High visiting here and there was also a trip to Morrison Academy. The motions at these debates ranged from "That the national obsession with football is bad for Scotland" to "This House believes in Sex Equality". I would like to thank our speakers and those of other schools for their interesting contributions; our speakers included Mark Riddell, Niall Campbell, Sean Dolan, Jim Robb, David Rodgers, Ross Mackenzie, and Mervyn Reid. Those that made up the floor of the house also made major contributions with many people asking questions and putting forward points from the floor of the house.

Again this year we were involved in the Scottish Schools Debating Competition. Myself and Alastair Anderson took part in this and won through to the second round. These two debates proved to be highly competitive and very interesting.

Perhaps the final function of the year is the Addison-Smith Public Speaking Competition to find the best public speakers at various levels in the school. Many of the younger boys take part in this section of our activities and it never ceases to amaze me that the standard of speaking for these 11-12 year olds, in front of a crowd of nearly 300 people, is so high. The finalists for the Junior Section are: A. Macdonald, A. Charlesworth, S. Deuchars, R. Bruce, S. Hill and P. Stewart. In the Middle School section: M. Clay, M. Fisher, R. Macdonald, K. Nicholson, E. Wallace and C. Lyons. In the Senior Section the finalists are M. Riddell, S. Dolan, R. Mackenzie and myself.

Finally I should like to thank Mr. Moffat for the hard work he puts into the society organizing these

activities, without his work the society would certainly collapse.

Keith Sinclair (V)

ELECTRONICS

In the past year the Electronics has been a great success. We had 12 newcomers to the hobby and 6 old members.

This year instead of starting the newcomers off on the usual course of conventional electronics we thought we would give them a try at Integrated circuits. They did this up to the Christmas break and on returning from holiday they proceeded to make their own projects; some being burglar alarms, radio receivers and amplifiers, all of which worked.

We would like to thank Mr. Paterson for his time and knowledge given to us during the past year.

I. M., IIB

"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL"

Last summer in the cool shaded surroundings of the school theatre 13 pupils were asked if they would perform in the school's production of "Murder in the Cathedral" by T. S. Eliot. They all agreed. That was the beginning of two terms of rehearsals, which included hours of fun, joy, frustration, and hard work. The early days consisted of therapy—like gatherings in the classroom, sitting in a circle and reading your part from the book.

The summer holidays broke the rhythm in a way but after a couple of weeks into the Christmas term the serious task of acting began. The older members of the cast certainly got a shock when they found themselves being outshone and outclassed by the acting abilities of the younger boys.

As the term progressed the actors found themselves being surrounded by men with lights and record players; this was Mr. Phillip and his merry band of backstage crew, who gave the chapel that vital ingredient, atmosphere. With the backstage busily working away and Mr. Norman Bruce crashing thunderous notes through the chapel from the organ, it was obviously an indication that the end was drawing near.

Queen Victoria School's own top fashion designer, Mrs. Bruce, had finished the making of the costumes, which were excellent. Now all we could do was touch up our lines and wait. Everything was ready for the dress rehearsal. All except some props and costumes from 'Mutries' of Edinburgh. They finally arrived a few hours before the dress rehearsal. With Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. Squires, and Mrs. Bovill on make-up duty who could fault our appearances? The dress rehearsal ran without hitch.

Two days later, Sunday 11th December, our first performance. Nerves were on edge and a few minor mistakes occurred. But all was forgotten and made up in the following two performances. The audiences were brilliant to perform in front of and were very appreciative. We were later told by one of the ushers that a dear old lady had commented, "she didn't think that the Royal Shakespeare Company could have performed it any better."

Individual praise is also due to certain members of the cast. Sean Dolan for his major role as the Archbishop Beckett, and the two youngest members of the cast, Simon Deuchars and William McDowell, for the way they coped with the pressures of being "stars" at such a young age.

I would like to end by thanking Mr. Moffat and Mr. Phillip and all those who were involved in making the production a success.

THE CAST

Archbishop Thomas Beckett	— Sean Dolan
First Knight and Tempter	— Mark Riddell
Second Knight and Tempter	— David Rodgers
Third Knight and Tempter	— Ewan Wallace
Fourth Knight and Tempter	— Niall Campbell
First Priest	— Mark Fisher
Second Priest	— Jeremy Smith
Third Priest	— Ross Mackenzie
People of Canterbury	— Robert MacDonald
	— Mark Clay
	— Simon Deuchars
	— William McDowell
Messenger	— James Robb

Mark Riddell, IV



The cast of this year's School production.

POSTERS

My posters are looked at in disgust by many people. "What do you want this rubbish on your wall for?" is the standard question asked.

"To liven the place up", is the standard reply any

"To liven the place up," is the standard reply "any way, my friends like them."

Here come the people who criticize. "Racing cars are stupid" says the self-confessed intellectual "Too noisy, too smelly."

"Don't you realize those machines are a tribute to modern engineering, precision uniques those are." This usually heats up the argument.

Now the know-alls. "A pre-war Mercedes could go faster on the straight than those things."

"Yes, but if they tried cornering half as fast as a car now the Mercedes would fall to bits!"

Then the old die-hards, my grandad. "I remember going to races when I was a young man all those years ago, those men had real guts."

"Look grandad, all the others have guts. Nicki Lauda for instance. Would Stirling Moss ever have come back after a crash like that? No, after his crash, he quit!"

This is how to deal with people who wish to decorate my room.

Neil Collie, 2a

THE OLD WOMAN

She was the oldest woman that I had ever seen. She walked into the lift of the block of flats with a very long and slow shuffle of her feet. She stood in the corner of the lift and lent against the side. Her face was empty of life, her eyes were nearly closed and every now and again she flickered her eyelids as if she was waking up.

Her nose and face were wrinkled but the wrinkles looked tight as if pulling her face and skin. Her lips were pale, cracked and peeling.

I looked down at her hands which were boney and skinny but her knuckles looked too big for her hands. They were swollen, perhaps with old age and hard work. Her nails were a yellowy colour, some were cracked and splintered.

I looked at her legs. They were lumpy and slightly fat. Her knees were together as if resting against one another. Her ankles looked swollen, her feet too tight for her shoes.

The lift stopped, her eyes flickered and her feet moved. She shuffled out of the lift her face was expressionless as she left.

By J. A. Gardner, IIA

THE SKELETONS

Two cracked and brittle skeletons whose flesh had been devoured by the maggots and worms lie in a ditch. Their legs and arms seem entwined in each other. The morbid expressions on their skulls look as though they have been through some horrible nightmare. Their rib cages all battered and broken lie beside them, but the occasional couple have withstood the pressures of the ground that was above them. Their backs look as though they are wriggling snakes who have been fossilized into the soil. Their dark grey pelvises look as though they have been ground into the fertile soil to become like the rocks next to them. Their feet seem to have been specially preserved, they are like the sharp pointed branches of trees in the winter, bare and brittle. The brown aged pots that lie broken by the splintered bodies fit into the scene perfectly, as though the pot lying on the pelvis of one of the skeletons was put there on purpose.

Kevin Henderson, IIIA

IDENTICAL?

On the wall a painting of a snow scene,
The snow covering roofs, trees, roads and fences,
all quiet and tranquil,
All quiet and somewhat eerie,
No life noticeable
except for the wisps of grey smoke
and the old man pacing the cold road . . .

The year 1870

Reflected in the picture's glass,
A scene of vivid reality,
Perhaps identical,
The same ghostly appearance,
The snow covered roofs, trees, roads and fences,
But no life noticeable . . .

The year 1978

Malcolm E. Ferguson, 2a

THE CLOWN

He walked into a well-kept caravan and sat at a mirror. His face was made of many colours. His mouth was forced to smile and his bald head shone. I could just make this out from beneath the custard. He removed the round red nose to reveal a large spotty one. He then pulled off the rubber which made him look bald and a mass of hair fell down to his ears. Then he picked up a blob of cotton wool and slowly rubbed off his make-up. First a wrinkled forehead was uncovered. Then the bags under his eyes appeared. As his mouth became uncovered it no longer smiled but drooped at the corners. The unshaven chin then appeared. Now in front of me

stood the once happy clown converted into a sad little man. He then removed his brightly coloured, baggy clown's clothes, and put on his old grey suit then stepped out of his caravan.

James Lewis, 3A

GRAVES

Someone was digging a grave in one corner of the cemetery as he went in through the side-gate. Five or six rooks lifted out of the willow trees like bundles of black rags calling angrily at one another, as he threaded his way through the tombstones, turning up his collar against the driving rain. He moved to the side of the freshly dug grave, dodging a spadeful of mud, and peered in.

"Nasty morning for it."

The man looked up. He was an old, old man in a cloth-cap and a shabby mud-stained suit, a grain sack draped across his shoulders. His cheeks were sunken and hollow, covered with a grey stubble, and his eyes full of moisture and quite vacant. Then hell erupted.

He turned around, fumbled in his waistband and brought out a Walther automatic.

"Down you go."

He was thunderstruck.

"I don't understand," he replied.

"I don't have time to explain," the other grunted, motioning towards the grave. He bent down and picked up a spade and hit him on the back of the neck. He flailed wildly, trying to hold air, then fell back. Earth was flung in on him. It blinded his eyes, clogged his nose and hurt his bruised body. The sky turned and turned and spun wildly away. He blacked out.

Stuart A. Hill, 3A

ANGER

The door is pushed open and my mother stamps in. She glares down at me for a second but as my eyes meet hers, she turns and walks smartly to my bed. She pulls back the sheets and blankets, and then starts to remake it again. She fluffs up the pillows then throws them back on the bed. She stamps over to the chest of drawers and begins to rummage through them all. She makes a feeble attempt at tidying them up then slams them all shut. She starts towards the wardrobe, but trips over a slipper. She picks it up and throws it into a corner. She begins to ransack the wardrobe pulling everything out and searching through it all. When she finds nothing that she's looking for, she pushes everything back into the wardrobe, this time not even bothering to try to tidy anything. She turns and scans the room, her eyes never once dropping to the floor to look at me.

She moves the small bedside table and fumbles with the handle. It jams and does not open. She pushes the whole table against the wall in a vain attempt to open it. Then she stamps to the door, grabs the handle, and slams the door with a great crash that shakes the whole room.

Mark Fisher, 3A

THE FISHERMAN

The old fisherman sits asleep on his chair, his forehead contorted and his skin weatherbeaten by wind and sea. His coarse grey hair appears sparse around the sides of his head. Bags appear under his eyes, because of sleepless nights at sea. He coughs in his sleep, a deep hoarse sound. His unshaven chin is stubbly and thin, and the veins in his neck bulge as he sleeps. His ears are red and bitten, and his nose is large and purple. One of his hands clasps a walking stick at the side of his chair, and the other rests on his knee. Part of his middle finger is missing and his nails are broken and worn. He goes on sleeping.

B. Nelson, 2B

POOR OLD DOG

The old dog lay in the long grass, paying no attention to the flies buzzing round his tired head.

The old grey skin and fur drooped over his lower jaw, and under his mouth the fur had grown into scruffy patches leaving little grey blotches of bare skin.

His stomach and hind quarters were very thin, and the bones could be clearly seen through the skin and fur.

A. Morison, 2B



Illustrated by C. Rutherford.



Haig House

CAUGHT IN THE RAIN

Looking out of the window, which was the only thing protecting me from the drenching, pouring downpour of rain, I saw over the top of the concrete and gravel bank a single, rain distorted figure. The rain was bouncing up about two feet from the concrete playing area. The only tree in the area was bent double by the gale force wind. At first all his clothes seemed to be one single piece; but as he came nearer his jacket became discernible from his trousers and shirt. His hair was plastered straight down his face and the sides of his head. Every now and then a wisp would change position, blown by the wind. He was leaning against the wind. His hands inside the edges of his sopping, sagging jacket stopped the edges from blowing away. The flapping trousers, held fast on one side of his legs by the wind, flapped and fluttered like doors on one hinge in a strong wind. His face was a combination of red,

blue and white. His left sock had fallen to cover the laces of that shoe. His right sock had held fast.

Andrew M. Winning, 2B

SMASHING A PIANO

I threw down the boulder and watched the carved, black mahogany split. I jumped up and down on the keyboard and listened to the wierd noises that came out of the piano. My friends and I had great fun skiffing pebbles off the piano strings, trying to get them to bounce into a target made from bits of wood. We took all the keys out and threw them at each other.

Then we set it alight and watched the varnish boil on the sides of the piano. The strings lit up like filaments in a light bulb. Soon the sleek, shiny, black piano was a heap of dull, grey ash.

Roddy K. MacDonald, 2B

Grand Day Parade

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 are Saluted 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 *10th Bn H.L.I. Crossing The Rhine*.

The Guards march past in slow time to the tune *The Borderers*. (*Spectators rise as the Colours pass them.*)

The Parade reforms line to the tune *Colonel Craig Brown* 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 TROPHIES AND PRINCE PHILIP MEDAL

The Parade forms three sides of a square and advances to the Saluting Base.

The Inspecting Officer addresses the Parade.

Lady Scott-Barrett presents the Trophies and the Prince Philip Medal.

The Senior Monitor calls for Three Cheers (*only boys on Parade cheer*).

MARCH OF

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	...	...	...	...	..	..	Ewan Pitkeathly
-----------------------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	----	----	-----------------

	..	..	..	..	..	..	Ewan FitzGerald
Guard Commanders, No. 1 Guard ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Alan MacRae

[illegible]

No. 3 Guard	..	...	...	...	...	..	..	..	Ian McGregor
No. 4 Guard	..	...	...	...	...	..	..	..	Mark McGowan

[illegible]

Orderlies to Inspecting Officer Stephen Anderson
Alexander Borthwick

In Charge of Colour Party Alexander Borthwick
Gordon Best

[illegible]

David Edmondson
Alan Davis

John Collie

Colin Jones

[illegible]

Boy Drum-Major	**	**	**	***	***	**	..	..	..	Mervyn Reid
School Sergeant-Major							Mr. J. Dealey (late Royal Scots)			

Following the Parade

1. Tea will be served.
2. Queen Victoria School Highland Dancers (Miss J. Snape, A.I.S.T.D., U.K.A.P.T.D.) will give a display accompanied by Queen Victoria School Pipes and Drums (Pipe-Major Instructor J. Mackenzie, late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Drum-Major Instructor Mr G. Moulding, late Scots Guards).
3. The Pipes and Drums of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards will beat Retreat by kind permission of the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Scots Guards, Colonel I. A. Ferguson.

Programme of Music

Retreat Call Sounded by buglers Queen Victoria School. *(During the Retreat Call the Union Flag will be lowered. Guests are requested to rise and gentlemen to take off their hats.)*

Retreat Marches       *Lochanside*
Loch Maree

Slow March .. ♩♩ ♩♩ ♩♩ ♩♩ ♩♩ ♩♩ *Largo*

March *The Atholl and Breadalbane Gathering*

Strathspey      *Maggie Cameron*

Reel *Lexy McAskill*

March *The Scots Guards Review*

Regimental March Past      *Highland Laddie*

Pipe Major Alexander Davidson

ARTS, CRAFTS AND MODEL RAILWAY

A display of work done by the boys during the year is arranged in the "Playhall" on the South Edge of the Parade Ground. All guests are cordially invited to visit this display, before or after the Parade. There is a separate display in the School Model Railway 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 there are 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.

DOWNPOUR!

The sky suddenly became dull and grey, the waves started to get choppy, and the rain came teeming down.

It was like watching an old movie. Picnics were packed away. The bathers shot out of the sea as if they had seen a shark. Deckchairs collapsed, people swarmed into the car park like stampeding cattle. Cries of anger rang out from the swarm: "Typical British weather!" "I told you we should have gone to Spain!" "Let's go to France, I said, but no, you wouldn't listen. We've always come here you said. I'll give you Bognor, you can come on your own next year!"

The beach was deserted, the canvas of soaked deck-chairs flapped about in the wind.

THE COMEDIAN?

His mouth opens and shuts monotonously so that every word he speaks reaches its destination inaudible and rushed. His eyes gleam excitedly in the studio's glaring lights, his nose twitches uncontrollably as beads of sweat congregate on his brow and drop rhythmically onto the bridge of his nose. Fingers dart nervously from chin and hair to ear, as he puzzles himself as to what comes next in his neverending barrel of unhumorous jokes. Feet shift uncomfortably in an attempt to draw out and smother the comedian's uncomical jokes.

William Young, 2B

A SCULPTOR AT WORK

It came curling in,
Like a woman's hair.
White curling crests,
Which glisten in the sun-light.
It rushes onto rocks,
In and out of cracks.
Eroding day by day,
Forming a master piece of art,
Like a sculptor doing his work.
What can equal this,
This gigantic mass of power?
It surrounds us.
We use it.
It is the Sea.

D. Grant, 1A

FOREST FIRE

Bush and bramble,
Brook and burn,
Wind and Woodland,
Trees do burn.

A. P. Haley, 1A

AFTER IT HAS RAINED

The heavy rain has stopped at last,
And everything is still,
After rain was beating on the window-sill,
But the grass is all soggy and wet,
And puddles make a net over the concrete,
The dripping rain falling off garage roofs,
And disappearing down the drain,
That's what it's like after the rain.

M. Henderson, 1A

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

Tick, tock,
I'm the grandfather clock,
Passing the time as I tick and chime.
I stand in the hall,
So big and tall,
My pendulum swings
from left to right,
Keeping the time,
Both day and night.
I'm old and grey,
But still I can say,
The time to work and
The time to play.

D. A. Craft, 1A



Illustrated by K. Smith, V.

DESIRE

My desire is beneath the trees,
In a green wood with a gentle breeze.
The trickling burn flowing down and by,
The green fields under a cloudy sky.
The time to see, when woods we pass,
The squirrels hiding in the grass.
The sun slowly rising higher and higher,
These are the things that I desire.

R. Bruce, 1A

THE HUFF

One night while I was watching television my brother came into the room. I had the lights off, so he turned them on, and began looking for something. Having been convinced it was not in the room he walked to the table, picked something up and walked out. After a few minutes he returned. I had turned the lights out again after he had gone out, but when he returned he reached up to the light switch and turned them on again. I cursed him under my breath, then my mother called him for supper and he walked out. I got up and turned the light out. When he had finished supper he walked in and turned on the light blotting out the blue glare from the television. I knew he was ignoring me. But why? I could not talk to him because he would not speak to me. So all I could do was to put up with being ignored until he went to bed. He rummaged through some of my books but not finding anything he wanted. Just then my mother told him to go to bed. He left reluctantly without a word.

J. Canning, 3A

TELEVISION HEROES

He draws back his right hand to serve.

"Ooh!" she lets out a squeal.

"Shutup", he drawls and moves to turn up the volume. He brings his arm down and the ball moves like a rocket to the other end of the court. His opponent stretches, and sends a beautiful return to the back of the court. He sprints back, and with his back to the net sends the ball over. The fat woman clings to her husband's shoulder.

"Fantastic", she whispers in awe. Her husband sits transfixed, his eyes moving with the ball. Suddenly the ball is dropped just over the net. He sprints forward and scoops it to the back of the net.

"Game" she squeals in a high pitched voice.

"One more to go though," her husband snarls back. The opponent serves. The ball drops short. He serves again. The ball shoots off like a missile straight towards him. He swerves to the left to avoid the ball and sends the return. His opponent scoops the ball back. He is waiting for it by the net and he drops his shot just over it. The fat woman clasps her hands in excitement.

"Wonderful". Her husband barely hears her whisper. She pulls off her steamed up glasses and wipes them on the front of her tennis skirt. He waits for the service. It comes like a rocket but he lifts his racquet to return. The ball flies to the corner of the court. His opponent replies with a two-handed shot to the back of the court. He shuffles back, and, almost casually sends the ball wide of his opponent. He hurdles the net, almost before the ball bounces out of the court, and shakes hands.

"He's won", she screams clutching his photo to her chest. She lies back with a glazed look in her eyes. They pick up their tennis equipment and go to their court in the garden, the fat woman imitating shots with her racquet, humming gently to herself.

Mark Fisher, 3A



Illustrated by W. Graham, IV.

CITY LIGHTS

I strain my eyes in the neon-lighted gloom. I look up, up about 100 feet or more, and notice the spot-light like lamp shining out, warning planes of the danger of low flying. I focus on some of the names, some flashing frequently. "Lou's Bar", "24 Hour Strip Club", "Police Station". The sound of heavy goods lorries floods my ears, and the glowing colours begin to make my eyes water and ache. The red of cars stops lights mingle with the blue of the police car, the yellow of the tower, loomed up in the dark,

like a lighthouse on a stormy night. I hear the clipping of feet on the pavement, and the rain pattering lightly on the tops of parked cars. The smell of hot dogs, hamburgers, stew, soup, sticky sweets, coffee, and car fumes mingle together, causing me to walk from my view point to a travelling van for a bite to eat. I hear the sound of breaking glass, a bottle perhaps, or a window. I meander like a snake through the crowds of people, rushing home to the television, and sigh at the expensive goods in the windows.

George Boyd, 3A



Illustrated by Niall Campbell.

MORNING PEOPLE

Early morning light beams out
across the margin of the skyline,
the early bird pulls the length of a worm,
the river swirls in a yawning stir,
the trees twitch in a wakening breeze,
the cat soaks up the new day's warmth,
the bees hum around the honey-suckle garden,
the sweet sound of the skylark aloft,
the sparrows queue anxiously on the garden wall,
the human dwelling gives out a call,
the bright new morning awaiting the inhabitants,
Latches open and bolts unlock,
the door swings wide ajar,
People.

Keith A. Gray, 3A

Drowsily I yawned, stretched, then opened my eyes. All I could see was a great pile of white and I felt as if I was being crushed.

I realised I must have been buried by an avalanche of some sort, but the snow was dry, warm and very firm neither melting nor crumbling.

I dragged myself out from under the avalanche and the hollow I left didn't fill in. I looked around and found everything white, I glanced at the sky and saw it full of birds, not wheeling and soaring as birds should but stationary as if hovering, and very small birds at that because they were just specks against the white background of the sky.

I looked ahead and saw at the snow ended and there began a great, brown, shining rock face. But before I could get there I had to climb a great snow escarpment. Slowly and laboriously I made my way to the top of the rock face which was just a flat topped ridge, with an identical rock face on the other side leading into an infinite abyss, and then another rock face but this one was green!

I turned around and looked down to where I had come from, there was a huge plateau with four sides, each side vertical. It was then I realised my predicament. I was trapped!

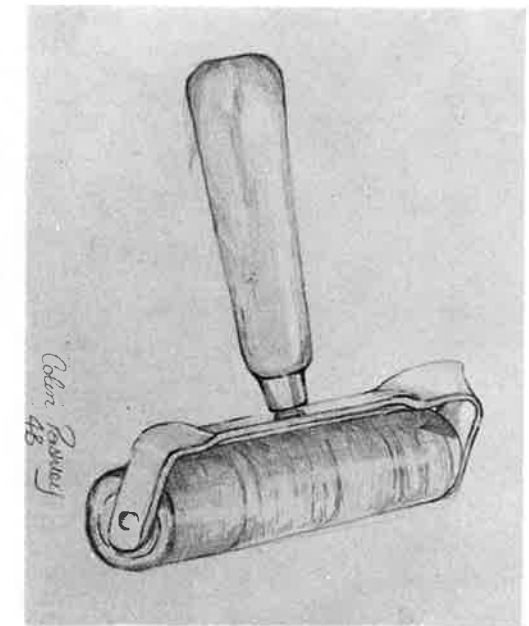
However I decided life would be pleasanter on the multi-coloured plain on top of the plateau. Forgetting the ledge was so narrow I took a step forward and found myself plunging into a terrifyingly dark crevasse. Reaching out into the gloom as I fell I grasped a rod which was very cold but wasn't rock. I hauled myself panting onto it and sat down.

On either side of me there was a crack from which faint light gleamed but was hungrily overpowered by the immense darkness.

I couldn't go up and I dared not go down or along for fear of missing a hand or foothold in the murk.

I stayed on that strange rod in that bizarre world and wondered what unkind twist of fate had got me there.

C. Geddie, 2A



Illustrated by Colin Pashley, 4B.

THE ROOM

I opened the door, old and rusted. As I walked through there was a strong musty smell. I sat down in an old easy chair and a cloud of dust shot up.

I looked around the room, the walls were damp and mouldy and in some places the wall paper had peeled off, leaving in view the cracked plaster.

The windows had long been smashed in and now were boarded up. The light in the room was very pale because only streaks of light entered the room through the planking on the windows.

There was more furniture in the room. A big wooden table covered in dust and cobwebs stood in the centre of the room. On it were an old clock which had stopped at 10 minutes to 2, and an old, cracked clay jug. In the far corner of the room there was another old easy chair with a spring protruding through the material, which like everything else was covered in a thick layer of dust.

In another corner of the room stood an old cabinet with one of the doors broken off. It was riddled with woodworm.

The roof had a large crack in it from one corner to another. As I rose out of my seat another cloud of dust shot up almost choking me, so I left the room nearly undisturbed.

Stanley Hathaway, 2A



Illustrated by David J. Ross.

THE BUBBLE CAR IN THE WOOD

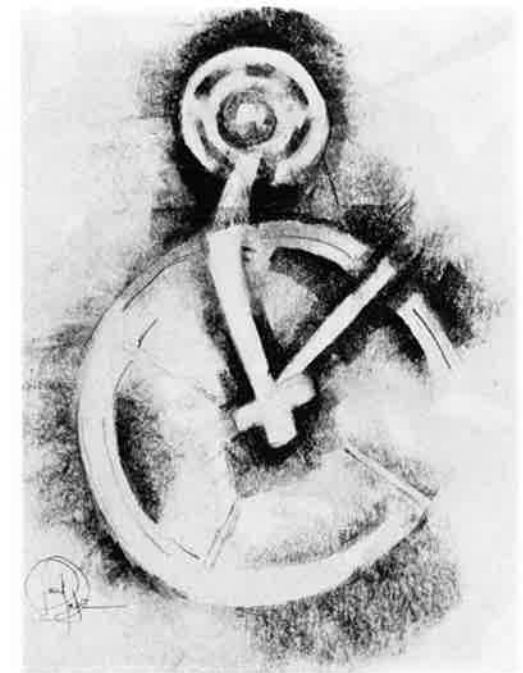
When I was about seven years old, my friend and I went to play in a wood which had a pool in it near my home. In the pool the overnight rain had unsettled the oil slick which seeped out from a bubble car which was lying pathetically with its front wheels completely submerged.

My friend and I climbed into it, I was in the driver's seat, flicking switches and turning the steering wheel. My friend being the passenger was foraging around under his seat. He found an old, rusted spanner and an old cigarette packet which was all mushy from the damp. He carelessly tossed them into the pool which sent the oil slick rippling to the banks of the pool.

There were no springs in the passenger's seat so my friend had to squat on the floor.

It was getting late when we arrived home for tea and as always I got told off for being untidy and dirty.

Stanley Hathaway, 2A



Illustrated by P. Doyle.

THE BIAFRAN

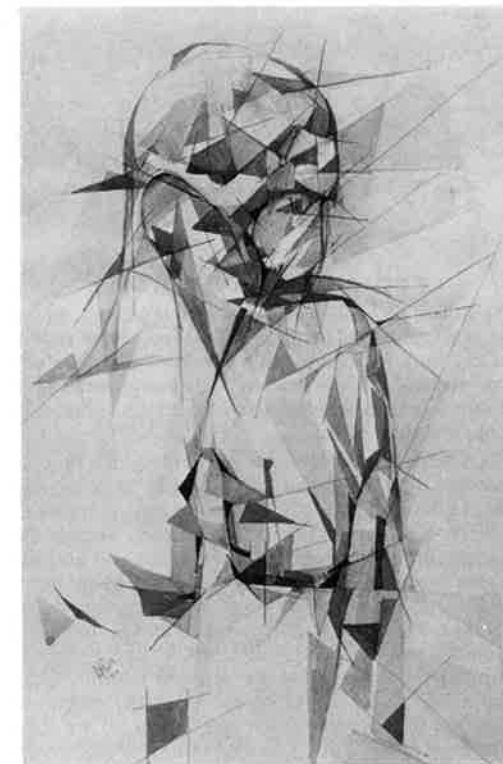
The small boy stood motionless, too tired to move. His stomach seemed to be inflated like a beach ball, yet his limbs were like wet matchsticks as his legs bent underneath him, and his arms strained to clasp his clay begging bowl. He never spoke, but his sorrowful eyes begged for him, and tears trickled down his spindly face. He was covered in scabs, cuts and grazes and was dusty, with his feet caked in dry mud. And as he stood there, the crowd hustled and bustled around him, and his begging bowl remained empty.

B. Nelson, 2B

MORNING AT THE SEA

Those looming towers of spray—waves. Strong, white-tipped and explosive. I smell that putrid salt smell which I hate so greatly. The taste on my lips is vile. A large wave towers in front of me. Spray is whipped off the top as an icy blast of wind whirls inland. The dancing spray leaps toward me as if it knew I hated its wetness. A wave thunders on the rocks in front of me, the sound it makes is heard well away. The wind eats at my bones as I hurry to shelter.

Alan R. White, 2B



Illustrated by D. Ross.



Illustrated by N. Campbell.

FIRE

I knelt down beside the dry bundle of twigs and leaves I had gathered earlier on, and struck a match over the edge of the matchbox.

The matchbox exploded and burst into flames. I shielded the burning from the merciless wind which would have loved to kill it given the chance.

I bent forward pushing the burning match into some leaves. Within a minute flames were leaping out of the leaves and reaching out as if to grab hold of the twigs and more leaves.

Soon my little fire was in its full glory blazing away. This pleased me and gave me warmth.

But soon my little fire began to die out. In a mad rush to save its life, I covered it with leaves, twigs, and paper handkerchiefs which filled my pockets.

Then it stopped. All was silent. I thought I had killed my fire. But no. What was that? I heard a noise coming from my fire.

Then once again it burst into flames. I gave a sigh of relief and sat back.

Then my fire began to chant, "More wood, more wood." I obeyed. I put more wood on top of it, but it kept on chanting "More wood, more wood."

I gave it more wood, I gave it more wood, I gave it even more wood, more and more wood. By now I

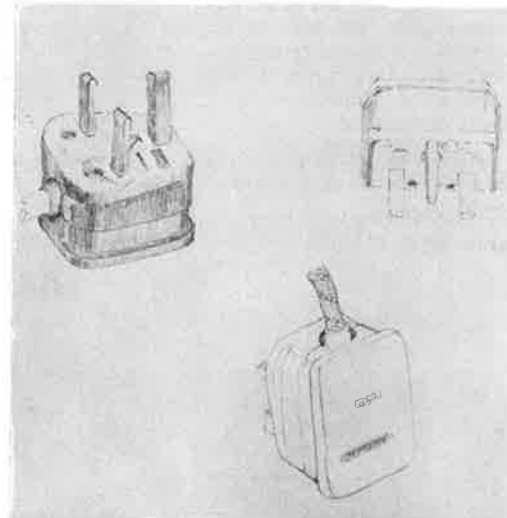
was hysterical. I was dragging whole logs on top of it. I sensed something evil about it yet I liked it.

I bent over for some more wood, then . . . I fell down in sheer exhaustion.

By the time I recovered my fire was dead. There was a trickle of smoke rising gently. I let my fire die! What was once a huge fire, is now a pile of smouldering ash.

I had a friend once.

M. Davis, 2A



ELECTRICAL OBJECTS

Illustrated by K. Smith, V.

THE LANDINGS OF WINTER

Like millions of Alien 'Spacecraft', bleached white, descending the miles of sky to land on a new world. Falling, turning, meandering, curving they gracefully glide down. Each surrounded by its own specie, each descends to the waiting earth, to stay on this new hope, this new world.

Fate intervenes. For some the landing is a failure; crashing into trees and falling away in a million remains; landing quietly on the waters a moment alive, then dissolved forever; into drains among the sewage; onto the pavement, suppressed and trodden upon; onto roads and cruelly cleared away by a mechanical monster into huge heaps of destroyed, useless remains; picked up, shaped and hurled, only to collide with a solid and crumble into nothing; stranded on trees and roofs, waiting fearfully until they break away and crash to the earth; some are even melted, transformed into a liquid, in turn transformed into a solid; which in turn is broken up and lost; some land on bodies and are roughly brushed away . . .

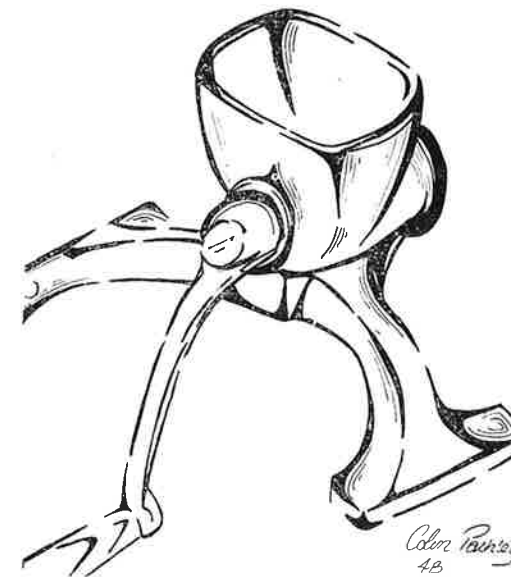
But some land gracefully and safely like a well guided craft, landing neatly on the countryside forming colonies, only to survive until their greatest arch enemy appears from behind the wall of clouds to melt and destroy, to liquidate any that survived, like a magician it makes them disappear—the sun, ultimate destroyer of snow.

M. E. Ferguson, 2A

CROSS-COUNTRY

I sat on the bench. The sweat was turning cold against my face and trickling down it, tormenting me. My shirt stuck to me uncomfortably. I felt as if the back of my throat was cracking up, and my tongue sandpapering the roof of my mouth. My cheeks were burning and my ears felt itchy. My heart was throbbing in my chest, thumping hard as if trying to push its way out. I was relieved to finish the cross-country.

B. Nelson, 2B



Illustrated by C. Pashley, 4B.

"CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP"

Butterflies flutter in the stomach,
As the single row of boys crouch like panthers
ready to strike.

Ornate in their clean red and green jerseys,
Two armies ready to wage war to the death.
The gunshot signals that battle has commenced.
A trail of red and green jerseys advance to the burn,
Jostling for position, always striving

towards the front.
Over tree-stumps, through mud,
splashing through the burn,
And up towards the tennis courts.
Several minutes later and you're on the final lap.
The weary troops descending the hill for the
final time.

The commanding officers of both sides
bellowing orders;
"Run! laddie! we must beat the greens!"
"Get a ripple on! the reds mustn't beat us!"
The chest is tight and the stomachs quease;
As they burst down the final few metres.
The two front runners, neck and neck,
green and red.
Green is over the line first and is hailed "Victor,"
Red collapses in second place, vomiting,
his battle colours caked in mud and grass.
He came in half a second behind
but the rewards for him are NIL!

Mark Riddell, IV

In last year's *Victorian* the drawing of a bird on page 16 was by Kevin Smith.

Wavell House

Forty three new boys entered the House in September and were allotted to second year boys as their rookies while the same number of veterans of one, two or three years stay in Wavell left for the Senior School.

It must seem an endless stretch of time before a new boy when he first arrives yet once he becomes accustomed to the routine and makes friends he finds that he is never lonely, that he is always occupied and has plenty of challenges to face and overcome. Thus time passes at an ever increasing pace and sooner than one realizes another set of boys have left for the Senior School. Those who left Wavell in 1977 left behind them an impressive record of Rugby successes, swimming awards and general enthusiasm and the campers at Aviemore were a cheerful good humoured party who thoroughly enjoyed their week in the mountains despite the fact that the weather was often wet and cold.

This year's intake have proved to be a set of cheerful high spirited boys who have settled down well to school life. From the start this was reflected in their success in the Mini rugby tournament against Stirling Rugby Club where the highlight turned out to be the battle between the two under ten teams. The House XV team had plenty of determination and received much encouragement and coaching from Mr. Brown

and Mr. Carroll but never seemed to knit together in a successful combination with the result that they were often out manoeuvred by their opponents. It is always easy to lead a successful team but not so easy to be captain of a losing side and much credit should go to Ian Sutherland who never became dispirited or reproachful, constantly rallying his team when they fell behind.

The year will be remembered for the long and hard winter which disrupted games programmes during the Easter Term. The cries of delight which greeted the first fall of snow turned into groans as week after week of snow covered the playing fields and the novelty of sledging and snow fights had worn off. The usual hobbies and indoor competitions were organized but by the time the term had ended everyone was looking forward to the warmer days of the Summer term.

Once again the swimming reached a high standard under the enthusiastic guidance of Mr. Philip with many boys achieving their gold and advanced standard award in personal survival. The usual out of doors activities, walks in the mountains and camp in the Cairngorms have also been arranged during the summer term giving many boys their first really close acquaintance with the more remote parts of Scotland.

Lastly our thanks to all members of the staff who have helped to organize the many activities which have been held throughout the year with a special mention of Mrs. Milne for all the little extras she so willingly does and Mr. Walker and the kitchen staff who have made our parties and after games teas with visiting teams so enjoyable.

N.C.B.

TABLE TENNIS COMPETITION

Wavell House has a varied assortment of tables which are in constant use as surfaces on which to play table tennis. They range from adapted dormitory tables with a wooden partition to the very latest in table tennis manufacture and all are in constant use especially during the dark dreary days of the Winter Term. A competition is held which involves all the boys in the House competing in knockout games until finally only the three best are left in the minor and major classes.

This year the major game was keenly contested between Philip Collie and Steven Borthwick, both displaying good sense of timing and agile footwork. The minor game although not quite as fast as the senior competition, should how young boys can improve if they are prepared to practice and develop their powers of concentration and coordination between eye and hand.

Major Champion Steven Borthwick
Runner Up Philip Collie
Minor Champion Patrick McGrath
Runner Up Simon Scott

WAVELL BOXING COMPETITION

This year there was no shortage of boys who were willing to represent their dormitory in the boxing competition. As the event is run on the basis of a dormitory competition and such considerations as size, difference in weight, length of arm and personality have to be taken into account before two boys can be successfully matched many who put their names forward never have a chance to take part. Those who did represent their dormitories fought well and the competition was keenly contested. Alexander Halliday and Andrew Davidson were awarded good losers points and it was indeed the extra point gained by Andrew Davidson which resulted in Lynedoch winning the competition. We thank all those people who made the competition possible by acting as judges and timekeepers and our special thanks go once again to Mr. Martin whose coaching and enthusiasm makes this annual event possible.

RESULTS OF BOUTS

WINNER	RUNNER UP
D. Barclay	T. Brotherstone
J. Wood	D. Rafter
S. Borthwick	A. Charlesworth
J. Sutherland	A. Halliday
B. Ferguson	S. Letford
C. Claydon	A. Davidson
A. Bovingdon	A. Meiklejohn
A. Girvan	M. Feighan
D. Fox	A. McDonald
S. Gordon	S. Buchanan
L. Young	D. Morrison
G. Nicol	P. Collie

Best Stylist Trophy: Iain Sutherland
Results of Competition 1st Lynedoch 11 points
2nd Moore 10 points
3rd Abercromby 5 points

AVIEMORE CAMP 1978

Below is an account of the Aviemore Camp of June 1977 written by Robert Bruce. Before one reads of one boy's memories and impressions of his holiday it is fitting to pay tribute to two ladies who for many years have contributed so much towards the enjoyable atmosphere and smooth running of this annual event.

The camp was started in 1951 with Mr. Girvan as cook and for twenty four years a member of his family has reigned over the camp kitchen, the

position being taken over by Mrs. Girvan when her husband took an appointment away from the School. During the past few years she was helped by her friend Mrs. Monaghan and it was with the deepest regret that we learnt of her death earlier in the year. Mrs. Girvan has also had to leave the school owing to ill health and thus sadly an era has come to an end.

I am sure that the two ladies' presence at the camp, their cheerfulness, sense of humour and readiness to do all they could to contribute to its success will be remembered by many boys whose holiday they helped to make enjoyable and memorable.

N.C.B.

AVIEMORE '77

It was a Grand Day and there was a feeling of excitement throughout the whole school, but for 27 Wavell boys there was twice as much excitement for the next day they would attend the Wavell camp at Aviemore. The day dawned bright and sunny which led the boys, thoughts along the lines of blistering sun and bathing in deep cool blue lochs by enchanting hills speckled with the white of sheep and heather. Unfortunately it wasn't to be that way. At 9 o'clock we all piled on the bus and soon reached our first stop, Pitlochry. At Pitlochry it was funny to see the tourists, faces as 4 wee boys in blue cords down to their knees, carrying blue buckets and wearing embarrassed faces jump off the bus and make a dash for the toilets. After Pitlochry we all piled on the bus again and set off for our final destination. Aviemore and the Rothiemurkus hut.

A few boys were expecting tourists everywhere but there was no one, just the blue lochs and large mountains with snow covered peaks. We settled down to our new routine and the first day we went to the Aviemore Centre. The second day it was bitterly cold and we set off on a hike to the bottom corries of Cairn Gorm. There was snow in parts and every now and again it sleeted. It was freezing when we settled down to eat our sandwiches and drink our orange juice. We huddled behind rocks to protect ourselves from the cold. It all sounds very uncomfortable to say the least but it was just these conditions that made the hike so adventurous. We all enjoyed it. When we returned to the hut we all rushed for our bunks to put some warm clothing on. Mr. Bruce told us that it was typical of highland conditions. One day the weather was fine and we went up the ski lift to cross the high tops. The snow was still present but it wasn't as cold and visibility was perfect. As you climb more and more of the beautiful scenery greets your eye. This plateau is almost 4000ft high and is dissected with huge corries containing lochans. It was here that we played on areas of snow in June, gazed down on remote Loch Avon 1000ft below our feet, and waded through

Feith Buidhe as it flowed in its valley 3800ft up before plunging over the cliff tops. It was difficult to imagine the savage conditions that could prevail in these places which were, on this day, so pleasant and peaceful. Still, even in summer we had to keep an eye on the weather so we plodded on, and after an exhausting descent of Creag-an Leth-choin, trooped tired and hungry back to the hut.

One night, Mr. Philip asked five of us if we wanted to go to Loch Morlich, a loch near the hut. We arrived there at eight thirty and played football in the warm sand. It was a fantastic night and the sun was still out at half past nine when we went in for a swim. We were still playing in the water at ten o'clock when some tourists walked past and thought we were mad. On the last night the cooks, Mrs. Girvan and Mrs. Monaghan put on a fantastic supper and Mrs. Monaghan won the C.C.D.M. (the champion cloutie dumpling maker). After the supper we all gathered around the open fire and Mr. Bruce and Mr. Philip told us chilling ghost stories. The next day we had to go back to school. It was a holiday we would never forget.

R. Bruce

FOOTBALL

As Rugby has now taken over pride of place in the games' hierarchy in Wavell soccer has tended to be tagged onto the end of the School year. This, however, has not dampened enthusiasm for the game and the fact that it was played during the better weather of April and May made turning out for a game all the more enjoyable.

The first eleven has had a successful season and thanks to the coaching and organization of Mr. Philip boys have developed their skills and have also had the opportunity to play teams from other schools in the district both at home and away.

First XI Captain Andrew Meiklejohn

Results of Matches

The first eleven won against Callander, Beacons-hurst and Crieff, drew against the Bridge of Allan and Ralston and lost against Kilbarchan.

Colours were awarded to A. Halliday, K. Duffus, P. Collie, A. Meiklejohn, G. A. Mackay.

THE STEEPLE CHASE RACE

The running conditions for the race were perfect with firm ground underfoot, a cool breeze and bright sunshine. Each dormitory fielded major and minor teams consisting of ten boys in each who run in pairs. The race is in the form of a relay with each pair of boys completing one lap of the course. There are three water jumps and a narrow bridge to negotiate with the total distance being just over half a kilometre.

All the competitors tried hard but Moore dormitory proved to be the strongest side winning both the Major and Minor races.

The final position of the dormitories were:
1st Moore, 2nd Abercromby, 3rd Lynedoch.

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1977-78

Captain: Iain Sutherland; *Colours:* Andrew Bovingdon, Philip Collie, Iain Sutherland.

Despite beginning the season earlier than previous years, our fixture list suffered greatly from persistent bad weather. Beaconhurst Grange were our initial opponents and we won the match for the first time. However the victory was achieved at a heavy price, as we were defeated in the remaining five matches. This season brought new fixtures with George Watson's and Stewarts/Melville in Edinburgh, the latter match being a casualty to snow and ice. In the ferocious internecine inter-dormitory games, Moore emerged as champion with Lynedoch as runners-up.

We have established good relations with Stirling County R.F.C. (Junior Section) resulting in a mini-rugby competition at the School in November involving four age groupings. We did well in this first meeting but were overpowered in the return at Bridgehaugh in April.

The season has not been very successful despite having the heaviest pack yet. Our non-success was in no way a reflection on the cool captaincy of 'Suds' Sutherland or the steam-rolling tackles of 'Big' Angus (Rutherford).

Results:

Beaconhurst 8	Wavell 12
Wavell 0	Dollar 26
Heriot 24	Wavell 12
Wavell 6	Watsons 26
Watsons 14	Wavell 8
Wavell 4	Heriot 30

H.B.

SWIMMING

A measure of the amount of effort and achievement in evidence in Wavell's swimming, is the ever growing list of names achieving awards in all kinds of swimming activities. This list is now so large, were it to be included here in full, there would be no room in the Victorian for many other items. Therefore, attached is a brief summary of a remarkable year, especially since this was not as strong a year-group as last year's. Well done to all concerned. I hope that Primary Six, and next year's new intake will see this record of achievement as a challenge to them. Finally, may I thank varying colleagues for their help, especially in running galas, and their encouragement, mentioning Mr. N. C. Bruce and Mr. G. Reid in particular.

B.R.P.

(As at 21/5/78)

Amateur Swimming Association: (ASA)

Personal Survival Swimming Awards: (ASA)

10 Honours Awards (the highest award available)

Borthwick S; Fishwick D; Girvan A; Hutton C;
Low T; Mackay G; Morrison D; Rutherford A;
Sutherland I; Weir J;

Also: 25 Gold Awards

31 Silver Awards

35 Bronze Awards

42 2nd Stage Joint National Swimming Awards

46 1st Stage Joint National Swimming Awards

Speed Swimming Awards: (ASA)

4 Advanced Speed Swimming Awards: (Girvan A; Mackay G A; Meiklejohn A E; Sutherland I F)

Also: 18 Merit Speed Swimming Awards.

Distance Swimming Awards: (ASA)

10 metres— 7 awards

25 metres—12 awards

50 metres—19 awards

100 metres—28 awards

200 metres—44 awards

400 metres—10 awards

800 metres— 7 awards

1000 metres— 6 awards

1500 metres—28 awards

These awards continue to 2000, 3000, and 5000 metres. At present, a large waiting list is in operation for the 5000 metre award—over 260 lengths of the school pool!

(Finally, for the mathematically minded, there are eighty boys in Wavell House. Between them, they have gained this year, 372 awards at a total cost to their pocket money of £110.20 for badges and certificates.)

GALA RESULTS:

Second Term: (Inter-dorm) 1st Abercromby; 2nd Lynedoch; 3rd Moore.

Third Term: Wavell House 195 points; Beaconhurst Grange School 156 points.

HOUSE SWIMMING COLOURS: Davidson A; Hutton C; Halliday A; Collie P; Sutherland I; Low T.

ATHLETICS

(As at 21/5/78)

Continuing what we started last year, we are holding an inter-school athletics contest on Saturday, 27th May, (Wavell House versus Beaconhurst Grange School) at Q.V.S., and in preparation for that, an Inter-dorm Contest on Tuesday 23rd May. We have also accepted a challenge to a Triangular Contest, with Beaconhurst and Croftinloan Schools, to be held at Stirling University. For the first time, boys are

working for Scottish Amateur Athletic Association Awards. Quite a number of boys are still completing sections of these, but to date the following have been gained:

4 *Blue Awards:* Charlesworth A; McGrath P; Morrison D; Sutherland I.

8 *Bronze Awards:* Black S; Bovingdon A; Gallacher G; Mackay G; Meiklejohn A; Morrison D; Strachan M; Sutherland I.

2 *Silver Awards:* Bovingdon A; Collie P.

House Athletics Colours: Black S; Morrison D.

B.R.P.

MOTOR BIKE

Like a human athlete,
It slips and skids on the race track.

Patrick McGrath, P6B

CRANE SHOVEL

Like a fierce dinosaur, moving slowly past me.
It demolishes every obstacle in its path.
While it grins at me.

Martin Smith, P6B

ITALY

Like a giant boot stretched,
Out into the sea.
It kicks Sicily like a football,
Into the Med.

Scott Gray, P6B

HOOVER

Like a snake that's lost its mind
It still eats after its had a meal.

Alan Morgan Riddel, P6B

MOTOR BIKE

Like an animal with wheels
Instead of legs.

It pounds along at top speed.

Barry Smeaton, P6B

POLISHER

Like a monster with a frightening throbbing noise,
It sweeps its way angrily through the dust.

Ian Barclay, P6B

DESK

Like a book-eating
monster,
It swallows
Its wordy
prey.

John Harrison, P6B



Illustrated by D. Morrison, 7B.

VOLCANO

Like a witch's pot,
It bubbles and spits.

David Smail, P6B

MRS THATCHER

She talks like a mouse,
Very quietly.
She walks like a mouse,
Scurrying around.
She is a very important lady,
Always busy.
She speaks on behalf of her Tory Party.
Posh accent.

Gavin Rae, P6B

OSPREY

Like a two feet long brown and white dart,
It dives ferociously at its unfortunate target,
Then flies eagerly to its shaky perch in the bare
branches,
Like a hungry young boy at dinner time,
Where it sits, savagely eating the dead fish it has
caught.

James Easson, P6B

COUP DE GRACE

Osprey flies high,
Sights a salmon,
Shoots down at his target.
Salmon has no chance,
Arrow, the osprey, has him caught
Gives him the coup de grace
And all is quiet.

Colin Hutton, P6B

THE MINI SUB

The fish is like a submarine,
Swimming down below,
The Caudal fin a propeller,
The pectoral fin for diving,
The Olfactory bulbs are lights,
The scales are armour plating,
The heart is an engine,
This sub can stay underwater
For a life time.

Gary Grant, P6B

DR. WHO'S SCARF

Long,
Multi coloured,
Like a woollen bandage.
Dr. Who's famous scarf,
Could be wrapped round a wound,
Or round his curly hair.
Which is like an African jungle.

Paul Johnston, P6B

THE LORRY

Like a massive caterpillar,
Creeping along the quiet road.
On six huge wheels,
She is slow.
Meandering about the sleeping town.
Resting every so often,
When an enormous spider,
With a bloodshot red eye,
Stands staring hungrily at her.

A. Manson, P6B

THE BEE

It has two antennae like car aerials.
The jaw looks like a bumper.
The eyes look like lights,
And behind, there's the thorax,
As the seats in the cabin.
The abdomen looks like the boot;
The sting is like the exhaust pipe.
And the wings, like pistons, go up and down.

Duncan Barclay, P6B

THE DIGGER

Like a frantic digger in the ground,
The dog creates his secure hiding place,
He puts his juicy bone in, deep down below,
Like a pirate would with his treasure.
He covers it up like a bowl being filled.

Scott McCurdy, P6B

STUNNED IN THE DEEP

Down in the dark deep
Our angler waits angrily,
For a sardine or two
Which pass unsuspectingly.
On flashes a flickering light
As bait, to lure its prey.
Then, snap!
The poor little fish has gone.

Lindsay Wilson, P6B

THE CHEETAH

Its streamlined, skinny body and black-spotted
camouflaged coat.
Along with its powerful chassis, snarling teeth
and beady eyes.
Which focus on any unfortunate, stupid little
Animal.
Which chooses to cross its path.

Simon Scott, P6B

AMBER

A fly, an ant, on a tree,
caught in sticky Amber.
Hardening, hardening through the ages,
caught in sticky Amber.
Every detail shown clearly, when
caught in sticky Amber.
Found, freshly fossilized, taken to a museum
in your Amber cell.
Cleaned, preserved for eternity,
displayed in brownish Amber.

Stewart Buchanan, P6B

PELE

Pele weaves like a snake,
In and out of his opponents,
Who appear to be moving . . . like trees!
He reaches his destination,
He kicks, as a cannon would fire at its target,
And the ball shoots towards the net.
He runs back in triumph,
And his fans go mad with joy at his triumph.

Iain Kenyon, P6B

TIGER

His red saucer like eyes,
Glaring at his silly prey,
He waits impatiently,
like an Eagle waiting to swoop down,
At any sign of life.
He is camouflaged in the jungle.
Then suddenly he jumps up,
With a leap like a frog in the pond,
And catches his timorous prey.
He says to himself,
That he has had a good day's lunch.

Roland Proctor, P6B

THE QUIET KILLING

Hovering quietly in the air
Like a giant Sikorsky helicopter,
Is our foe.
Innocently far below,
Trapped, unaware in a peaceful meadow,
Is our prey.
The giant colourful wings,
Swoop down upon the poor little lamb,
Casting an ominous shadow,
Over its white furry fleece.
Razor sharp talons stick in,
The blood gushes out,
The lamb falls to the ground,
With the blood, red stream,
Pouring out its life beside it.

Colin Hutton, P6B

THE KANGAROO

Bouncity wouncity
across the great plains
for a bouncing competition
The kangaroo reigns.
Whippity skippity
Look at those feet
Humppity dumppity
Great plates of meat.

J. Craig, P6A

THE FIGHT

Eager in the corners,
Ready to Kill,
Blazing fists ready to hurt
A Bell rings,
Off they go,
The first punch wins a black eye,
The Second a bloody nose,
The enemy retreats into his corner,
Cries and sniffs can be heard,
The winner.

D. Beveridge



Illustrated by G. Gallagher, 7B.

THE FAIR

In the fair
Way up high
On the top of the wheel
Its whirring round and all the crowds are waiting
There waiting for it to stop
There waiting for their go
Its like a windmill gaining speed and losing speed
In a mile up
looking down at all the tiny people
The lights are gleaming
There gleaming all around the stalls
There like pistol shots flashing on and off
The big wheel creaks
It jerks it stops we get off and all the people run on.

THE FIGHT

Standing there tensed up,
Ready, bang go,
Come from the sides,
Punch, clang, arms whirring,
Breaking knuckles,
Legs kicking,
Cauliflower ears, rubber lips,
Bleeding noses, black eyes,
Shouting children,
Exhausted red faces,

Fall to the ground like to dead warriors
back from a battle,
Sore heads,
Breaking knuckles,
Tears and sniffs,
Runny noses,
The winner.

C. Claydon

THE FIGHT

An annoying kid gets on my nerves.
"Behind the garages after tea," I say
"You're on."

A small meal before the battle,
He's there on time,
But so am I.
I'm lucky, I got the first punch in.
His eye is fiery,
My fists are impatient,
Dust is spreading on the ground,
Our fists are flying in all directions,
Whack!
I'm seeing red, my nose is numb,
My hands are cupped across my face.
I gave him a wallop,
Tears in his eyes,
Cries from the crowd.
The defeated loser,
I won.

S. Murdoch, P6A

THE BIRD

Hovering soaring
Through the sky
Twisting turning
Ever so high
Flipity Flapity
Goes its wings
Gobbledy Gobbledy
When eating things
Higher and Higher
Up he goes
Pointed Beak
Like a Witches nose
Thumpity Bumpity
Down he falls
Round and Round
With squeaky calls

B. Ferguson

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

There it stands,
Sinister, spectral, weird,
alone in the black wood,
The haunted mansion,

Inside sinister shadows tower,
Green eyes stare,
The door bangs as you enter,
The floor boards creak as you walk,
The haunted mansion.
The ghost that haunts is a weird thing,
Changing form and body,
It wears chains around its neck,
It materializes when people show,
With moaning rattling chains.

S. Gordon

MY HOUSE ON FIRE

It was a Saturday morning and my friend David was coming to stay with me for a weekend. He and I were fans of action men so he brought his up and we made an action man camp in the attic. I had a den in the attic. The only way people could get in was by a ladder which was hidden completely by dirt in the corner. When we had made the camp David said it would look better with a small fire. So we found an old tyre and then we asked my mum if we could have some matches to make a fire in the tyre. But of course my mum said no. As we went up into the attic David kicked a matchbox and out flew some matches. So of course we picked them up and made the little fire. We decided to get some wood and paper to make it bigger. Suddenly the flames caught my action man and was setting him alight. David saw it on fire and told me so we tried to put it out. As we were doing this we did not notice a spark which hit some paper. Then David looked around him and saw the flames getting larger. We missed the ladder and went tumbling down David landed safely but I didn't. We ran down the stairs and told my mum. She rang the Army Camp and they brought fire extinguishers. The German Police and fire brigade were there and they went up into the attic and fought it. The fire died down and there was nothing left of my den except smouldering ashes. My mum then put me to bed for the rest of the day.

Stuart Gordon

THE FIGHT

There he is playing marbles
An argument, a punch, a kick.
Down on the ground
Flying fists, sniffing noses
Horrorfying faces, red noses
Black eyes, tensed muscles
Wailing, shouting curses
Iron fists steely feet.
Rolling about in the mud
The loser runs off leaving his marbles to the Victor.

J. Craig P6A

A DAY IN THE SNOW

One Thursday morning after the bell had gone, Mr. Carrol came in and told us there had been a blizzard overnight. I got onto the bar of my bed and stared into a new world of white. I stood there watching it tumble down from the white clouded sky. The fields were virgin white. They sparkled like myriads of sequins. I got dressed quickly and went out into the white powdered substance. The snow swirled round me like wasps on jam. The snow danced in the sky like a little ballerina. After inspection I went out into the white substance, but this time it was not by far virgin white. It had footprints and salt all over it. At break I did not go out into the white substance I stayed inside and watched the people ruining it. At dinner the workmen started clearing the snow. Overnight what was left turned to ice. In the afternoon it snowed again. So ice covered with snow was left. That afternoon I went out on pass. The village seemed to have had no snow at all as all that was left was water and a slushy substance. As soon as I got back I went sledging. Flying down the squashed slippery white surface. I was going so fast I went flying headfirst into a tall grim tree. I flew into a swirling, cascading heap of snow. The white substance glittered like stars at night. At night it is like a huge white blanket stretching as far as the eye can see. In the morning it is like stepping into a huge world of white swirling snow. The Romans thought it was a cloud falling apart. No two swirling snowflakes are the same. It changes the countryside into a white heap. I like the snow because you can go sledging and snowballing. My dislikes are you can't play Rugby or Football. You can only play indoors. Snow is like a giant goose losing its feathers, soft, comfy and white, but when it goes it leaves a soggy wet, slushy substance.

I. A. White, P6A

LETTER TO MY ROOKIE

Hello Rookie,

My name is Thomas Brotherstone. I am 10.7 months. My height is 4.6 inches. We get a menu for our dinner, tea and breakfast. It is quite a good choice. The best meals are breakfast and dinner. You get a big choice for dinner. There are lots of sporting activities like rugby, football, cricket, swimming and lots more. The ones I like best are swimming, rugby and football. You might think it is a small school before you come but when you get here it's big. There is a primary part and a senior part. You will be staying in Wavell for 2 or 3 years. It depends on your age. When you come you get drill. Then after that there is a choice of piping, drumming and dancing. You get a kilt and a green jacket to wear on special occasions and you get a red jacket for marching. Every week you get 40p for your pocket money.

Sometimes you are allowed to get extra for buying birthday presents or to buy a model. When you come you have lots of things to learn especially fractions and decimals. There is an hour's homework at night. Sometimes you will get homesick but if you try you will overcome it. In the summer you go for a long walk. At the beginning of the summer holidays you might be able to go to Aviemore. The holidays are long especially summer. It is ten weeks long. We get lots of snow in winter. It is more than a foot deep. We go sledging and hill climbing. The behaviour is good most of the time but when it is really bad you have to watch out incase you get the belt. There is a big wood at the back. It is called Wavell wood. That's where a part of the burn is that we jump. Bye for now. Looking forward to seeing you when you come.

Thomas Brotherstone

I SEE RAILINGS

I see railings,
Steel and strong.
To protect people from fate
On the stairs.
Shiny polished oak,
Blue painted metal.
Towering up above.

S. Murdoch, P6A

I SEE MASKS

I see masks.
Horrific, imaginative,
Colourful, dull,
Frilly, well designed.
Cardboard horrors, Hallowe'en nightmares.

S. Murdoch, P6A

I SEE SHIPS

I see ships,
Fast and speedy.
Gun bearing, powerful.
Net casting for food.
Heavy metal defenders.
Light wooden fishing boats.
Waterproof, ingenious.

S. Murdoch, P6A

BURNS

I see burns
Running free
In the woods
Just like me

GRASS

I see grass
Small and slender
Natures carpet
Which we play on

M. S. Wilson

SLEEP

"Switch the lights out!" shouts the dormleader
The lights go out at last.
I climb into my soft warm bed,
Another day has passed.
I snuggle down till I'm comfortable,
And fall into another world.
I close my eyes and just relax
And let my sleep unfurl.
Slowly my thoughts start swimming,
Making colours, red and green.
My brain reveals all its confessions
And tell me what I've seen.
I feel my mind rolling,
like a wind on a desolate plain,
Every time I try to escape it,
It brings me back again.
Like a sea of pure tranquility,
It carries me away,
It takes me to another time,
Another place, another day.

Gordon Groubach, P7A

RAIN

The ground like a minute sea,
The people like wet paper bags,
The air is dark and cloudy,
The streets deserted and lonely
The drains overflowing, like the Niagara Falls
The gutters flowing like rivers, grey and cold,
The night watcher drenched and dreary.

K. Duffus

THE DESERTER'S PRAYER

"Dear God whom I know not well
Please save me from this fiery hell
I wish that I was back at home
As we attack the city of Rome
The enemy 'planes fly overhead
Many comrades of mine are dead
I wish they'd consider a long ceasefire
Before the death toll goes any higher
But now my heart begins to sag
We know that there is no white flag
Hitler says "There is no retreat!"
But at this moment, peace we'd greet!"
Amen

D. Law, 7A

THE BLIND MAN'S ROSE

His touch is sight
His sight has gone
The petals velvet
The stem is long
Darkness, darkness ever long

Revie, P7A

WAR

Hour by hour
Day by day
People dying
Passing away
The destructive war
The war of gas
The screams of evil
The cries of death
And if man's thread is spun
It's drawn out and cut and so is done

Revie, P7A

A HOLIDAY ABROAD

It was a fine day, a brilliantly warm, sunny day. It was 5 minutes till our plane took off. Everyone was excited: two weeks in Malta in the sunny 'Med.' Our plane was a turbo prop engined 100 seater. Nigel my brother was so excited he almost lost us on the way to the plane. We sat down in the luxurious plane's seats, the tense atmosphere is lost through the ventilation shafts. The engines whined, coughed and spluttered then there was just a low drumming noise which got louder as we moved off. Finally we were flying across Europe toward the Mediterranean. Several hours later we were able to see the glistening Alps below with the snow caps shining with brilliant rays of shining light dazzling people's eyes as they stared at the bewildering sight. When we arrived in Malta we passed through customs and soon we meet our friends Trevor, Marlene, Andrew and Kimberly. Next day we were going to the Blue Grotto. This place has been carved out of the limestone. Inside is a strange soft glimmering blue light and the shallow seabed is covered in an orange and brown looking seaweed. On the next day we didn't go anywhere but on the second last day we toured Malta from Marfa vineyard to Kalafrana Bay to swim in the shallow water. The bay is called Marsaxlokk bay. Next we visited Mellieha Bay where about a mile out it is approximately 10 feet deep. The next day we packed for home and at 2p.m. we were winging our way home over Europe after 2 of the most exciting weeks of my life.

Ian Hay, P7A

THE UNHAPPY MOUSE

Noah's old ark was a merry old thing
The dogs would bark
The birds would sing
The elephants trumpeted to the skies of grey
But to the mouse—it was misery
Lots to eat (Especially cheese)
Delicious honey (Made by the bees)
But still the mouse was in sad mood
Everyone got there before *he* could

Bandages were his everyday clothes
And everyone said 'Are you *still* wearing *those*?'
To which he replied: 'I wouldn't if you tried
To keep well away from the gangway side!' Which, as you all should know
Is where the tiniest animals go.
So they made it a law
Which everyone saw
To be nice to mice
Was the animals' choice

Martin Sinclair, P7B

TRAINS

Trains, trains,
Through the rains,
Over the fells and through the dales,
Gaining speed on shiny rails.
Trains, trains,
On the downhill line,
Working all day in rain or shine,
Then at night away to rest,
Each engine thinks herself the best.
As they all sleep soundly away,
All ready for work on another day,
They dream of a line,
All sunny and fine,
No wagons to pull and no incline.

A. Macdonald, P7B

TOWERING INFERNO?

Rising far into the sky,
That twenty storey building.
Blotting out the sky, blacking out the view,
This tower block for me and you.
Hundreds live within its maze.
Hundreds daily use its stairs.
Women gossiping to each other
Children bawling for their mother.
'No cats, no dogs' no games with ball,
To many it is a place to dwell,
To some its just inverted hell,
That's what its like in that man made cell.

Douglas Fishwick, P7B

'NESSIE'

She is Scotland's famous 'lassie'
bout cameras she is not fussy.
Tho' sometimes she is seen by us,
From motor cars and tourist bus.
Her lair is in a cave below
Where it is we do not know.
But we will leave her well alane,
In murky depths which is her hame.

Iain Sutherland, P7B

RUN

Footsteps!
It tenses itself.
A brown flash,
A rabbit, I think.
Suddenly it came to an abrupt halt.
Then high pitched squealing.
Caught by a snare.
Its tiny mind races with pain and fear.
It madly struggles to escape.
Then its struggles subside.
Then stop.
Briefly it starts again then they stop forever
The rabbit is dead.

R. McCrimmon, 7B

THE FIRE

A bit of burning paper,
drops by the fire side,
The small fire is catching,
and the carpet is alight,
But the people sleep on,
Unsafely in their beds,
Not knowing there's a fire
and they may soon be dead.
Smoke is coming from the window,
Someone see's it from outside,
but nobody will do much,
but run away and hide,
But still the people sleep on,
They're not thinking of sorrow,
but they're thinking of the next day,
But they won't see tomorrow
A fire engine is coming,
For someone else has seen,
The fire that is growing,
and spreading room to room,
The fire men now are here
and running through the gate
if only they'd got here earlier
For now it is too late

Angus Cameron, P7B

THE PRIDE OF SCOTLAND

Burns lives on,
through poem and song,
So dearly loved by Scotia's throng.
Alex Fleming's 'fungus' plates,
Have helped to save the human race.
David Livingstone, favourite of all,
Discovered Africa's greatest Fall.
Long has been our countries pride,
And long will it remain,
As long as she's such famous men,
To keep her worthy name.

K. McGuire, 7B

THE OLD HAUNTED HOUSE

Everywhere
Creaking doors,
Rotten floors.
Clanging chains,
Broken panes.
Ghosts abiding,
Monsters hiding.
In the old Haunted house.
The mist is parting,
Dogs are barking.
Skeletons rattle
While in battle.
All the noise dies down then goes away.
It must be the beginning of a brand new day.
Then all by itself is a little brown mouse,
Right in the middle of the old haunted house.

Iain Sutherland, P7B

A TRUE MONSTER

The head was long and goat like, the ears hairy and tapering to sharp points. The face was narrow and sloped to the slaving mouth, covered with black matted fur. Its tail was longly coiled with a red fork at the end. It was the eyes which frightened most. They were pools of red fire that gleamed with ferocious hatred. It had bent shoulders and long arms that terminated in curved claws. The ugly brown skin was thickly covered in a reddish fur. It was a true monster.

D. Morrison, 7B

WHICH PLANET?

My first is in Mercury
But not in quicksilver
My second in Earth
But not in Jupiter
My third is in Uranus
But not in Janus
My last is in Aries
But not in the Ram
If some clues
You need more
I am the fourth planet
And also Lord of War
(Ans.: Mars)

Philip Collie, 7B

ALONE IN A FOREST

You are alone what do you see or hear. Sounds that animals make. Snapping of twigs. You feel that eyes are staring at you from all directions. You panic and start to run. Branches are like arms with long clutching fingers. Near the end it is like all the trees have come alive waiting to catch you. You burst out of the edge of the forest, look back, then walk away.

David Fox, P7B

STRANGE BEASTIE

There was a strange beastie cam tae oor hoose.
It had muckle jaws, stumple legs and bogle een.
It just gouns onythin.
It ran frae wa' tae wa' sair tormentin us.
Whiles I lifted up ma feet and stampit it deid

Stuart MacKenzie, 7B

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

Flames leaping high
right above the sky,
Flames fly through broken windows.
And people start to cry.
People shout
Fire! Fire!
Fire men rushing
water flushing
water spurting to the sky
Then soon enough the flames do die

Scott Millar, 7B

SLEEKIT MOOSE

The sleekit auld moose
climbs on tae the kitchen table
When ye gang tae yer bed.
It rins aroond makin' a skreichy noise
lookin fur meat.
Efter its kye's fu, it rins awa back tae its hoose.
Whit a sleekit auld moose.

Daniel Barr, P7B

AIR

What is air?
Is it there?
Of course its there!
We'd be dead without air.
Air is there, air is here,
Air covers the earth in an atmosphere.
A rocket out in space,
Doesn't need air to stay in place.
But, without air the men couldn't survive,
Making useless a deep, space dive.
So, what about air?
Its got to be there,
If there wasn't any air like out in space,
No-one would know of the human race.

Gordon Gallagher, P7B

LANG LEGGIT BEASTIE

Lang leggit beastie,
Keekin for a feastie,
Wings are like kirk glass,
Glistening as he flees past,
Marks his prey taks a dive
Lesser cratur losses life.

A. Charlesworth, P7B

DEAF

Walking the streets silent and lonely,
Watching children noisily playing.
Some think 'poor old fellow.'
When it is noisy and busy
He does not bother,
Traffic is dumb to him.
Leaves rustling in a sudden breeze,
Destroying our fancied mute world.
Does not matter to him.

L. M. Ingram, P7B

FOG

One foggy night in Hangmans Loan,
I suddenly felt o so alone.
The wispy fingers cold and clammy
Seemed searching for a lonely body.
I hurried home, to cottage bright.
And ne'er went out till broad daylight.

I. Kennedy, 7B

C.C.F. Section

Contingent Commander: Wg. Cdr. I. T. Williams,
RAF VR(T)

O.C. Army Section : Capt. J. G. Finlay

O.C. R.A.F. Section : Flt. Lt. J. P. Urie,
RAF VR(T)

O.C. Signals Section : Lt. G. M. Watson

Adjutant : Lt. J. Deeley

R.Q.M.S. : Mr. G. Moulding

But, alas, there is still no Naval Section.

There are at present fifty-eight and thirty-five cadets undergoing training at various stages with the Army Section and R.A.F. Section respectively, and a further thirty-nine cadets undergoing Proficiency Part I (Recruits) training—a common course for entrants to both sections.

The Recruits Cup (Army) was finally won by Paul Murphy at the close of the 1977 session, and the R.A.F. version by Cameron D. Angus. The competition is again being keenly contested with Roddy K. W. MacDonald and Jonathan D. C. Smith heading the points league for the Army Section Cup and, with only one more test (Airmanship) to complete the competition in the R.A.F. Section Mark Irvine, Bernard D. Nelson and David J. Wilson are in close contention.

Certain aspects of the "Advanced" syllabus, such as adventure training, cadre training, service training, etc., are also common to both Army and R.A.F. Sections. Adventure training has consisted of expedition work—on hills (walking) and water (canoeing), ski-ing (on snow and dry-ski slopes),

self-reliance exercises (cooking and camping) and assault course activities with the co-operation and assistance of Major Len Bartlett and the facilities at Stirling Training Camp, of which he is Commandant.

The Fire Service Section completed their course of training under the guidance of Station Officer J. McGown and staff at the Stirling Fire Station in November—a week before "the strike." During the emergency which followed members of this section formed the nucleus of three teams which practised regularly with much enthusiasm and efficiency. Another group of eleven cadets commenced a similar course of training involving fire prevention, instruction on action to be taken in the event of fire and methods of rescue, and, due to demand, arrangements have been made for a third group to undergo training during the September–December period. However, currently industrial difficulties have interrupted training since the beginning of May.

The same emergency in November also interrupted our programme involvement with 23 cadet training team who, instead of conducting our cadre training course were drafted on to "fire duty." Since their resumption of normal training they have had to visit their far flung flock scattered from Bo'ness and Cumbernauld to Oban and Campbeltown and beyond to Islay in the Inner Hebrides—we are looking forward to resuming normal service!

Brigadier A. G. Findlay, A.D.C., Brigadier Highlands was the Inspecting Officer at our Annual Inspection in October. Major D. H. White, Gordons and Flt. Lt. J. Stevenson, R.A.F. were accompanying staff officers representing the Army and R.A.F. respectively. The programme was divided into two parts: an administrative inspection in the morning and a parade followed by a visit to and the inspection of the various training activities of the two sections. In addition to viewing the activities in the school area—both indoors and outdoors—the inspecting team visited cadets training on the assault course at the Stirling Training Camp, canoeing on the River Forth and service training at the Central Region Fire Station, Stirling. After valuable and constructive comments the Brigadier's final remarks in his report on the contingent were "... enthusiastic and attentive in its activities ... displayed a high standard amongst both sections of the contingent."

In addition to canoeing on the Rivers Forth and Teith a party of canoeists carried out an expedition on the River Wye starting at Glasbury and covering over sixty miles in three days. We are again indebted to Flt. Sgt. A. McLay, of the Outdoor Activities Centre, R.A.F. Llanrwst, who provided the canoes and camping equipment as well as accompanying us and assessing the cadets' performance for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, and to the Physical Education staff at R.A.F. Hereford whose gymnasium and facilities were made available to us.

Three members of our contingent attended M.O.D. sponsored courses open to C.C.F. and A.C.F. cadets throughout the U.K. James Cullen attended a course on Basic Cookery at the Army Catering Corps Training Centre, Aldershot, and gained an 'A' assessment in the five practical sections and 90% in the Theory Test. Iain Collie and Mervyn Reid were two of only eleven cadets from Scotland who attended a course at the Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot the object of which was "to train cadets as Unit P.T. Instructors." They both successfully completed the course and finished well up the list—a list which contained a surprising number of "failed candidates." Congratulations to the three cadets who were a credit to themselves and to the school.

Highlighting our Summer programme was a visit by the Golden Lions Free Fall Parachute Display Team—members of the Regiments of the Scottish Division. The team was based at Glencorse Barracks, Edinburgh and managed by the father of Paul Arnott, one of our younger cadets. Prior to the Free Fall Display Lt. Arnott and other members of the team gave a lecture, showed two films and demonstrated the equipment and clothing used by the team. The parachutes used by the team are Para Commanders, Delta Wings and Planes—all highly manoeuvrable giving both high forward speeds and good directional control during descent. The slots cut in the canopies provide drive and steerage and enable the parachutists to track across the sky at speeds of between 12 m.p.h. and 45 m.p.h., brake, drop vertically and even travel backwards. During the free fall phase of their descent the jumpers reach a terminal velocity of 120 m.p.h. but, when tracking, that is travelling diagonally across the sky, speeds of 180 m.p.h. can be reached. The wind and cloud proved favourable and the breath-taking display was enjoyed not only by the C.C.F. members but by members of the wider school community and friends. Our gratitude and appreciation to Mr. Arnott and his team for favouring us with their display and demonstration.

Old Victorian, P. O. Andrew Crawford, who is at Aberdeen University on a R.A.F. University Cadetship visited us in October and lectured on his Iceland Expedition and, more informally, on University Cadetships. S/Lt. Crawford, R.N., another "old boy," serving on H.M.S. Dolphin, at Gosport, paid us a visit and hopes to come back in the near future to speak to our contingent. Flt. Lt. Colin Lannen, now serving at R.A.F. Leuchars is also arranging a similar visit as, too, is 2nd Lt. Bill Common who, following his graduation has been commissioned into the Royal Highland Fusiliers. The latter is currently on a Platoon Commanders' Battle Course at the School of Infantry, Wiltshire, but should be returning North later in the Summer. News has also reached us of

2/Lt. Ross McKinnell who was commissioned into The Black Watch earlier in the year and was last heard of in Catterick, Yorks. Flt. Lt. Hamish Grigor is at R.A.F. Lyneham where our R.A.F. Section hope to link up with him at our Summer Camp. Tom Gemmill was successful at the O.A.S.C. at R.A.F. Biggin Hill and is now undergoing officer training at R.A.F. Harlow.

More news and more visits from former C.C.F. members serving with H.M. Forces in all ranks would be much appreciated. If you are willing to lecture to the cadets, assist in any way with training, or merely talk informally to a smaller group this, too, I would gladly arrange. Be in touch.

I.T.W.

ARMY SECTION

Cadet N.C.O.'s (as at 30th April, 1978): C.S.M. E.R.A. Pitkeathly, C/Sgt. M. H. Nicholson, Sgts. G. J. Best, K. T. Smith, A. G. Stroud, Cpls. W. D. Edmondson, F. B. Gibson, J. K. Rutherford, J. R. Smith, L/Cpls. J. Cullen, A. G. W. Davis, D. Rogers, D. K. Scott, M. S. Watson and S. W. Wilson.

SUMMER CAMP

Last summer we were more or less guests of H.M. the Queen. While we were in camp we occupied part of Victoria Barracks at Ballater. I have no doubt this must bring back memories to some parents who have been privileged to be members of the Queen's guard. The accommodation was first class and by our standards it is Rolls Royce camping.

The day after our arrival the cadets moved out for the first shake down walk. It was a glorious day and we were fortunate to have a visit from the Headmaster who came out with us and watched every single group make the same mistake in map reading—strangely enough all within the first half mile. Having been corrected half a mile further on they made sure that no one benefitted from their mistake by hiding in the forest and enjoyed watching the other groups heading in the wrong direction. Thereafter a lot more care and attention was paid to map reading.

Someone must have told them that an army marches on its stomach. I have often wondered what Mrs. Melliush thought of the expedition as every group we met was having a brew up.

This was the first time we had been issued with "dehydrated Compo." The instructions all seemed simple and the menus excellent. But what I saw being consumed bore no relation to what was on the menu. One cadet enjoyed his breakfast of scrambled bread I did not ask him for the recipe. No one died and they all arrived back safely at Ballater to a good square meal provided by Mrs. Shaw—and how they enjoyed it.

The following day they set off again for a three day expedition from Clacks of Cudden on the Tomintoul-Dufftown road to find their own way back to Braemar, via Glen Livet and Glenfiddich estates—even the cadets found the water slightly under proof. Once again we were fortunate in having a visit from Brigadier Menton who walked in and met the cadets en route. This time there were no map reading errors. I remember him asking one cadet if he was attempting a D of E Silver or Bronze award. His reply was "Neither sir, I'm too young." I am sure he will collect an award this year.

The weather throughout was rather mixed and although we were soaked through at times it cleared up in the late afternoon and everyone was dry on arrival at the bivouac site. The pattern was the same during the next two days and everyone arrived back safely to be welcomed by the whole population—the saw miller, his wife and two children and six tame deer.

We were fortunate to have assistance in assessing from Sgts. Buchanan and Smith who incidentally went straight from camp and succeeded in gaining a D of E Gold Award, just another sixty miles. And also Sgt. Pitheathly and Cpl. Gibson who saved us a lot of leg work. And of course, our thanks to Mr. Shaw for the excellent meals provided on our return.

I am most grateful to Lt. Decky and Lt. Watson who did the initial recce and a good share of the driving and foot slogging. Without this the expedition would have been impossible. The local landowners have been exceptionally kind allowing us to trek through some of the most beautiful parts of Scotland and are happy to have us back any time. The blisters and painful shoulders are long since forgotten and I am sure most of the thirty-five cadets we took with us will be back for more this year.

J. G. F.

ROTHEMURCHES SKI CAMP

After one of the worst snow falls for many years sixteen cadets and ourselves arrived at the Union Jack Lodge and thanks to the warden and his wife it is kept and run like a five star hotel. The following day in ideal snow conditions Lt. Watson and Mr. Bovill took the older hands up into the clouds and novices were left to the tender mercies of Tommy Thomson on the nursery slopes.

On this second day the Commandant paid us a visit. It was a glorious day and we set off for the sheiling to find our cadets. This is not as simple as it sounds as everyone dresses and looks alike. However Tommy eventually sorted out his flock and with a command "Bend your ankles, knees into the slope—follow me," and they all took off like experts and with only one spill they all arrived safely at the bottom—

back on the tow and repeat the dose. Most of the older cadets who were working higher up we did not see.

Two days later the Headmaster arrived in slightly different conditions which I believe were ideal for skiing but for those who just stand around and watch it was something different with snow and hail driving horizontally. We did spot a few cafeteria commandos—I don't blame them. We did spot a few of ours I think coming down the White Lady run and on to the mogul field at the bottom which always strikes me as one of the most difficult ways to commit suicide.

We never missed a single day on the slopes and by the end of the week we had sixteen fairly expert skiers all in one piece and looking forward to next Easter.

My grateful thanks to our three instructors and to Lt. Bailey who helped out with the shuttle service and did all the housekeeping and of course to Mr. Shaw who provided excellent meals for the ravenous cadets on their return to the lodge.

J. G. F.

This year the signals training programme was disrupted as a result of the firemen's industrial action. Instructors and pupils were involved in firefighting duties, and, as a result, those sitting the Signals Classification Test will have to resit one part of the test.

The senior signallers, cpls. J. R. Smith and J. K. Rutherford, however, obtained good passes in their Instructors' exam, and did credit to their section.

G. M. W.

R.A.F. SECTION

Cadet N.C.O.'s (as at 30th April, 1978): Flt. Sgt. I. D. MacGregor, Sgts. J. S. Grant, A. K. MacRae, N. H. Wilson, Cpls. M. A. Riddell, D. J. Ross, D. I. Gray, K. A. Sinclair, A. A. Leonard, J. M. Cairney, C. R. Hendry, N. A. Marchant, A. J. Anderson, J/Cpls. I. M. Collie, M. Reid, S. A. Dolan, P. D. Kent, A. M. Cuthbertson, S. B. Hall, C. Jones, R. Mackenzie and K. G. MacRae.

With shortage of adult staff and Flt. Lt. J. P. Urie much involved with the Shooting programme before the builders moved in to take over the range over Christmas (and have kept it since!) the N.C.O.'s were left more to themselves than normally would be the case during the earlier part of the session. This fact has been reflected in the Proficiency Examination results which have fallen short of the "glory of the past."

The Proficiency Part I (Recruits)—a common course with the Army Section—is reported elsewhere. Cameron Angus obtained a "Pass with Credit" in

the Part 2 examination scoring 84% in Principles of Flight and 80% in Aircraft operation; Ewan Wallace also scored 80% in the latter followed by Robert McDonald with 76%. Of the class that sat the Part 2 exam. in March Ian Mortimer scored 84% in the Aircraft Operation Section. In the Proficiency Part 3 examination in December Kenneth MacRae gained a 72% pass in the Weather/Air Navigation section. Keith Gray excelled himself in the March Part 3 by achieving a "Pass with Credit" gaining 92% in the Engines Section and 76% for Weather/Air Navigation. Well done all.

Following the unfavourable weather conditions of the autumn period the Primary Glider has been evident once again during the summer term. The glider has left the static stand and slides and hops (or hiccups!) have been experienced. We are most grateful to the staff at HQ Air Cadets Scotland and Northern Ireland for their regular and tireless assistance with our training—Flt. Lt. Stevenson and F/Sgt. Gibson during the Autumn/Christmas term and the former together with F/Sgts. Crook and Blackham during the summer term—they have pencilled themselves in for a total of eight visits.

Three of our senior cadets attended Continuous Gliding Courses at Arbroath and Glenn Wallace and Craig Hendry were successful in gaining their "wings." The Easter course dates this year were unsuitable for us and no invitations have come forward for the usual early June course. We have been offered three places during early August—in the middle of the holiday period—of which only one has been taken up.

Air experience flying has been confined to Field Day Visits this year—two days—and to Annual Camp. However, a total of thirty-nine cadets have flown at least once since the last publication of this magazine.

Neil Wilson attended the Officer and Air Crew Selection Centre at R.A.F. Biggin Hill, was successful in the medical, initiative and aptitude tests and

interview and has been recommended for a Flying Scholarship—only the third from our Contingent in eleven years. Well done so far Neil—we await the final selection.

We returned to R.A.F. Shawbury for our Annual Camp this year. Being the first week of their camp period we had to suffer the usual teething troubles. And, for the first time, we shared our camp with A.T.C. Cadets from the Kent Wing—their adult staff to cadet ratio was much envied by our two schoolmasters! Because of our number the QVS contingent were divided into two flights under the command of F/Sgt. Ian McGregor and Sgt. John Grant. Inter-flight competitions with the other schools and the ATC were keenly contested. After the Navigation and Map Reading Exercises, the Night Ex., Shooting, R.A.F. Swimming Proficiency tests, Drill and Barrack Competitions John Grant was awarded the inter-flight Comp. Certificate at our final parade. And our other flight? They were narrowly beaten for the runner-up spot by Launceston College. We're right real proud of you!

Two visits have been made to HMS Caledonia where the Physical Education Staff at R.A.F. Turnhouse have conducted the tests for the R.A.F. Swimming Training Certificate—this is the test given to Air Crew and involves dinghy drill. Of the twenty-six tested so far fifteen have been successful—a record number for our section.

The Battle of Britain "At Home" at R.A.F. Leuchars was visited and enjoyed by forty-eight members of our Section. We are going to miss out on the 1978 visit on Sat. 2nd September since we do not return from our long earned rest until the 5th of the month—how sad!

We appreciated the visit in November from Group Captain J. C. Hunter, O.B.E., M.B.I.M., Commander Air Cadets Scotland and N. Ireland and thank him for all the back-up services we receive from his staff throughout the year.

J. P. U. and I. T. W.

Notes

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