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QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

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, 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.

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

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

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OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL

Commandant – Brigadier H. H. M. MARSTON, M.C. (Retd)

Acting 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 P. HERMAL
(to be replaced in September, 1979)

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.

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 T. BOAST

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 KELLY is Housemaster of Trenchard
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 BOAST

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

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

Visiting Medical Officers:

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

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

Dr J. M. HERBERT, 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 M. HAY, S.E.N.



THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 93

JUNE 1979

Commandant's Notes

I see that in the opening paragraph of my Notes in *The Victorian* last year I referred to the long cold winter and the chilly economic climate of 1977/78. By comparison 1978/79 was even more chilly, in terms of both the weather and the economic troubles of the country. Looking back further, 1976 was not much better. One is prompted to ask whether this way of conducting our affairs is going to continue; it is a poor outlook if it is. As I write these Notes in early May, the sun is shining, and the chestnut trees are in bud, and a new spring is beginning, late but full of promise as always. Surely we can find a similar hopeful spirit and a new approach to our country's difficulties. I am also reminded that every summer some forty boys leave Queen Victoria School to face the world on their own for the first time, as young adults. In bidding them farewell, my message is simple. Hitherto, in home and school, decisions have been taken for them. The biggest single difference from now onwards is that they themselves will make the choice and will decide the kind of life they will lead. The decisions they make, and that countless others like them make, will determine the kind of society we have. Something has gone wrong with our society; perhaps they can put it right.

My first comment this year must be wholeheartedly to thank the Acting Headmaster for so

ably and cheerfully assuming the burden of Headmaster. When the former Headmaster, Mr J. R. F. Melliush, M.A., resigned for personal reasons last autumn, it meant inevitably that Mr Paterson's already heavy load as Deputy Headmaster and Head of the Science Department became formidable indeed. It is fortunate for the School that someone of such dedication, insight, and robustness was available, and we owe him an immense debt of gratitude for keeping things running smoothly during a very difficult period. I would also like to pay tribute to Mrs Paterson, upon whom a part of the burden has fallen as well. We are very grateful to them both.

We were all very sorry to say good bye to Mr Melliush and his family. We shall remember his devotion to the School for which he did much as the first civilian Headmaster. We wish him well in his new post.

At the time of writing the advertisement inviting applications for the post of Headmaster of Queen Victoria School is expected to be published in the near future and it is hoped that a new Headmaster will be appointed in early 1980.

It was with the greatest pleasure that we learned that Miss Isabella Johnstone, House Matron of Haig House, had been awarded the British Empire Medal in the New Year's Honours. Miss Johnstone has been a House Matron in the School for 22 years, and during that time, by her integrity, care, and example, she has contributed immeasurably to the development, upbringing, and conduct of almost a thousand boys. Her award is a fitting recognition of her devotion and valuable services to Queen Victoria School.



Grand Day, 1978 – The Inspecting Officer with the Pipes and Drums: Ewan Pitkeathly (Senior Monitor), partly hidden; Mervyn Reid (Boy Drum Major); Brigadier H. H. M. Marston, M.C. (Commandant); Lieutenant General Sir David Scott-Barrett, K.B.E., M.C. (G.O.C. Scotland), Mr J. Mackenzie (Pipe Major Instructor) Anthony Stroud (Boy Pipe Major).

It is with sadness and a deep sense of loss to the School that I have to record the death of Mr George Reid, M.B.E., in Stirling Royal Infirmary on 16th July, 1978. He was buried in Dunblane Cemetery on 20th July following a service in Q.V.S. Chappel. Mr Reid was Principal Teacher of P.E. and his many contributions to Q.V.S. included Leadership of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, Officer i/c Q.V.S. A.C.F. Detachment and, more recently, till 1976, Contingent Commander Q.V.S. C.C.F. Altogether Mr Reid had served Q.V.S. for 23 years and during most of that time he and Mrs Reid had lived on the estate. We extend our deepest sympathy to his devoted wife and family.

Once again I am grateful for a generous gift of £100 which was handed to me during the O.V.A.

Annual Weekend in March. A similar gift in 1978 was used to buy dart boards and scorers for the three House Day Rooms in the Secondary School. This gift was much appreciated by the denizen's of these quarters.

I should also like to express my gratitude officially, it has often been expressed privately, to an Old Victorian who is outstanding in his generosity to the School. I refer to Captain R. G. Shaw who has made many donations to us in the past. His recent gift of £104 has been used to buy a really high quality spotting telescope and some other connected equipment for the new miniature range. This generous gift is most welcome and typical of him.

I should like to single out for special mention the C.C.F. Inspection Report this year. The Inspecting



Miss Isabella Johnstone, House Matron of Haig House, being presented with the British Empire Medal by Lord Strathcona, Minister of State for Defence, in Admiralty House, London.

Officer was Air Vice Marshal T. L. Kennedy, A.F.C., Commander of the Northern Maritime Air Region, R.A.F. Pitreavie Castle, who assessed the Q.V.S. Contingent as "extremely efficient and an example to others". This Report maintained the consistently high standard of such Reports over recent years, reflecting the enthusiasm, skill, and leadership of the Contingent Commander, Wing Commander I. T. Williams, and his officers. Lest anyone should think it is easy for a school, even one with the traditions of Q.V.S., to maintain such standards I must mention that it can only be done as the result of considerable sacrifice of time and leisure on the part of those involved. Since it is obviously a very important activity for Q.V.S., where high standards are rightly expected, I am very grateful to those who do so much to ensure we achieve them.

There have been a number of important visitors during the year. Foremost amongst these on his first visit to the School was the new G.O.C. Scotland (Army), Lieutenant General Sir Michael Gow, K.C.B., on 26th February, 1979. He declared himself an enthusiastic Victorian and gave assurance that he would do his very best for the School. It is

appropriate also that I should express our thanks and best wishes to his predecessor, Lieutenant General Sir David Scott-Barrett, K.B.E., M.C., who took a very real and positive interest in the School and did much for us in his three years as G.O.C. We were also very pleased to welcome two Visiting Commissioners, Air Marshal Sir Brian Baker, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.F.C., on 11th October, 1978, and Mr D. Crichton-Miller, T.D., M.A., on 1st, 2nd and 3rd March. The latter devoted a full day to interviews with the teaching staff. Other visitors included a senior civilian member of the Ministry of Defence and a senior official of the Civil Service Department, who were concerned with fact finding, especially related to terms and conditions of service for teachers, and the Headmasters of Welbeck and the Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover, who came to discuss mutual problems. This was a very pleasant innovation which I hope will be repeated. We shall also welcome shortly the Divisional Brigadier of the Scottish Division, who will meet during his visit the 70 boys from the Scottish Regiments who are currently here. Finally I should mention the M.O.D. Inspector of Establishments



Grand Day, 1978 – Lady Scott-Barrett presents the Wavell Cup for Outdoor Pursuits to Kevin Smith. School Sergeant Major, Mr J. Deeley, is with Lady Scott-Barrett.

whose team visited the School for a week in October, 1978. Those familiar with the Services' method of determining manning levels will know what this involved, a spirited defence of the present position not always conducted on ground of ones own choosing. As usual a fair compromise was eventually arrived at, although sadly this will involve the loss of one member of the Uniformed Staff and a reduction in the Highland Dancing curriculum.

At the end of my Notes last year I mentioned that a Working Party would be looking at the options available to enable more boys to stay on at Q.V.S. after normal school leaving age. Some boys already do so, of course, but there is clear evidence that more might like to, and would benefit thereby, if there was space available. This Working Party has met eight times since last summer and has carried out a very full examination, the results of which I

hope will be passed to higher authority later this year.

Full details of individual and collective achievements will be found in the appropriate sections of the Journal and I will therefore mention a few only. Andrew Cuthbertson has excelled once again in the Squash Court. This time he won the Scottish Schools Under 19 Squash Championship at Meadowbank, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 6th November, 1978, at the age of 16.2. He subsequently took part in the Scottish Under 21 Championships and, after defeating the No. 6 seed, he lost narrowly to the eventual runner-up. A remarkable achievement at his age. Also successful, this time in piping, was Kevin Henderson, Boy Pipe Major, who won the Royal Scottish Pipe Society Schools Under 16 Piping Competition in Edinburgh on 9th March, 1979.



Grand Day, 1978 – The Colour Party: Stephen Anderson (Commandant's Orderly), Colin Jones, David Edmondson, Gordon Best (Colour Sergeant), Alan Davis, Iain Collie, Sandy Borthwick (Commandant's Orderly).

A team of dancers, under the tuition of Miss Janet Snape, who has trained the boys this year to outstanding success in medal examinations, gave an admirable display in the Assembly Rooms in Edinburgh, on the occasion of the Christmas Bazaar for the Scottish War Blinded at Linburn. Curlers will know that a Grand Match took place on the Lake of Menteith in February, for the first time in sixteen years, when four boys piped the rinks on to the ice. This last effort, incidentally, was under the direction of Sergeant Stodart, d Scots Guards, who has most admirably filled in for two terms in the absence of Pipe Major John Mackenzie who suffered a heart attack at New Year. I am very glad to say he is now well on the way to full recovery and I hope will be playing again at Murrayfield, if not scoring tries, next season. The continuing spirit and success of the School was recognised by the Rotary Club of Larkhall, who in October most kindly organised a boxing evening and dinner on behalf of Erskine Hospital and Queen Victoria School. This met with a most generous response, and produced a cheque for £800 for each establishment.

Finally, as always, we have said goodbye during the year to several members of staff, including Mrs J. Girvan (10 years) and Mr Moulding and family (5 years), and others. We thank them all for their services to Q.V.S. and wish them good fortune.

Chapel Notes

It is, of course, impossible to assess the effectiveness of Chapel life on the School especially with a captive congregation. None the less the Queen Victoria School Memorial Chapel stands as a witness against the blatant secularism and growing materialism of our age. Here the seed of the Word of God is sown. Doubtless, as in the parable of the Sower, there are different kinds of soil with corresponding results of fruitlessness and fruitfulness.

On another level, however, we can count results. Three years ago the Chapel led a project on behalf of Erskine Hospital and raised £1,700. At the moment of writing we are engaged on a further effort raising funds for Whitefoord House in the Royal Mile of Edinburgh and Rossendale at Broughty Ferry. Seventy-five per cent of the boys have taken it up with gratifying zest. It is too early, yet, to estimate results but sponsors have been found in hundreds and as a result we hope to hand over a handsome sum to improve conditions in these homes for ex-service men.

We are grateful to the following gentlemen who have preached at our Sunday Services – the Rev. Farquhar Lyall, A.C.G.; the Very Reverend George

Reid, M.C., Revs. George Lugton, McDonald from Edinburgh, and from Dunblane Cathedral, The Revs. Campbell MacLauchlan, William McDonald, Nigel Cameron and Les Koerselman.

To the ladies and gentlemen who have provided flowers, to the Chapel stewards and in particular the ever helpful chapel monitor, Ross Mackenzie, the chaplain offers his sincere thanks and last but by no means least to those members of staff who support him in Chapel assemblies and Sunday Services.

Finally no report would be complete without acknowledging the help and co-operation of Canons Symon and Ross, Episcopal and Roman Catholic chaplains. Their interest and concern for the School, their regular visits are an encouragement to us all.

A.A.O.

Teaching Staff News

If Session 1978-79 is memorable for nothing else it will be remembered for the number of temporary appointment amongst the Teaching Staff. We now have an Acting Headmaster, an Acting Deputy Headmaster, a temporary resident Housemaster, a temporary Assistant Housemaster (Wavell) and temporary teachers of Mathematics and Primary Subjects.

Mr "Terry" Boast, our new Principal Teacher of Physical Education joined us at Easter and we welcome him and his family to Queen Victoria School. Mr David Moffat did a fine job as Temporary Principal Teacher of P.E. from September to April with assistance from Mr Brian Manson and Mr Ronnie MacLean in the Christmas and Easter terms respectively.

In August, 1978, Mr George Watson took over from Mr Jack Finlay as Housemaster Trenchard but, after a month's absence through illness in the autumn, he gave up the post in December. Mr Douglas Stewart, the Assistant Housemaster, bore the brunt of the extra load in Trenchard during the Christmas Term and deserves our sincere thanks.

It seemed that we might have to start the new term with no Trenchard Housemaster but this was avoided by the temporary appointment of Mr Malcolm Kelly as resident Housemaster for two terms to allow time for Housemasterships to be made more attractive. Mr and Mrs Kelly and family had just moved house back into the school estate when they suffered this second move into the top flat in the main building. Two flittings during the past winter – brave people!

In October Mrs Dorothy Moffat was appointed temporary Teacher of Mathematics to substitute for Mr Watson and has continued to give most valuable assistance during the Easter and summer terms by relieving Mr Stewart who has thus been able to take part of the Acting Headmaster's Physics time-table.

After Easter we were fortunate in retaining the services of Mr MacLean who has ably turned his hand to Primary Teaching thus enabling Mr Hugh Brown to attend an In-service Training Course in Outdoor Pursuits at Dunfermline College of Physical Education – not quite the holiday it may sound, by all accounts!

The need for a second Assistant Housemastership in Wavell House has at last been recognised and Mr B. R. Philip has been promoted to the position. We wish him success in his new role.

Monsieur Pierre Hermal, this session's French Assistant, departs at the end of June and takes with him our best wishes.

In conclusion mention must be made of the great loss suffered by the School in December on the departure of Mr John Melliush and his family. John, in his five years here as the first civilian Headmaster, devoted endless hours of time and perhaps too much of his abundant energy to a most demanding post. His concern for the well-being of the School, individual pupils and members of staff led him to shoulder a very heavy load of responsibilities and he carried constantly in his mind the sort of problems, the solutions to which are not just difficult to find, but are well nigh impossible. We wish John, Margaret, Gavin and Ann health and happiness now and in the future.

"R.P."

Old Victorians

CENTRAL BRANCH

Report by Major Campbell McQueen
25 Laburnum Grove, Stirling FK8 2PR

Despite strikes, inflation, miserable weather, flu epidemics, etc., the Branch still continues on with its quest in seeking new members, and are pleased to report a small increase. There is still a lot of work to be done, so hope that those who have received Newsletters, or perhaps sitting reading *The Victorian* on Grand Day, will make an effort to remedy the situation.

At the A.G.M. we were glad to welcome some of the Younger Victorians, and pleased that they were prepared to have a say in the proceedings, we of Central Branch will ensure that action will be taken to comply with their wishes as early as practicable.

Can we hope for a larger attendance of Younger Victorians next year?

A further favourable report was received, that Andy Leitch (the Originator of the 200 Club), 12 Lynn Drive, Eaglesham, Glasgow G76 0JJ, was prepared to attempt the revival of the Glasgow Branch, and immediate help was offered by several members present at the A.G.M. It would be appreciated if Old Victorians residing in the Glasgow area would contact Andy at his home address, and give support to help the Branch to return to its earlier high standards.

The Annual Dinner Dance was again held at the Westlands Hotel, there were a few notable absentees, illness and bad weather stopped many from attending. We were pleased to entertain Brigadier and Mrs Marston and Mr and Mrs Paterson, who were making their first appearance, and we would be pleased to see more of them in the future. With this type of function, we rely a great deal on Jimmy White, who makes his many jaunts to carry out the arrangements, and his flair for getting things moving, made the evening a success. Jimmy, we thank you.

The Salute at the March Past of the School after the Chapel Service was taken by Group Captain (Retd) T. W. Kean, C.B.E., A.F.C. Tom was the Boy Pipe Major around 1924, so I feel sure that he looked over the parade, the Pipe Band and later the dancers with great delight and appreciation.

We would like to thank the Lady Dancing Instructress and the Dancers for the display given to the visitors. Needless to say, although a lot of members are now O.A.P.s., but were enthusiastic dancers in their day, and they were heard to pass many complimentary remarks.

Last, but not least, I would like to thank my Archivist friend, whom I don't think I have met, for the many entries she makes in the Old Victorians Register, and the missives which she occasionally sends me, hope to see and meet you on Grand Day.

The sum of £100 was handed to the Commandant for use on a School project, by Vic Carroll on behalf of the 200 Club members.

EDINBURGH BRANCH

Hon. Sec., Alastair G. Bulloch
Chairman, Stanley Garner

Once more our Annual Report. It seems that each year could well be a facsimile of the previous one.

Our monthly social evening at the Victoria Social Club, 11 Albany Street, are always very enjoyable. Unfortunately, owing to the arctic conditions, our last on 15th February had to be cancelled. Here's hoping, with spring around the corner, 15th March will have a bumper attendance. Always much the same format as before: Davie Inglis, accordian, Alastair Audsley – compere par excellence, and

songsters – Jock Malloy, Willie McPherson and others. The dance floor can take some thirty couples, so come along and join in the fun.

Some of our “well kent” faces have been missing lately. With one age group averaging sixty-five to seventy, this is to be expected. Then one of the most devoted band, George Munro and charming wife, Doreen, have left Edinburgh to go to Hull for three years. They always swelled the crowd by bringing along friends. Here’s hoping to see them back again.

We suffered a staggering blow last June when our President, Peter Taylor, died on holiday in Peel Hospital, Galashiels. Peter was 71 and had not been well for some time altho’ he wouldn’t admit to it. He, Jim Kelt (former president died 1976) and Stan Garner resuscitated the Edinburgh Branch in 1967 after being in limbo for several years. We held many successful functions until 1973 when our treasurer, Bob Manson, emigrated to the U.S.A. Since then, it has been mostly a struggle with falling memberships and increasing age of the faithful.

I have been in contact with Ian Davidson – left Q.V.S. 1956. He hopes to come along on 15th March.

Nice to hear from H.Q. via Campbell McQueen and Jimmy White that more life members are being enrolled. As they say, we would like to see the life membership in the thousands instead of hundreds.

We are sorry to intimate the death of Harry Claugher – 619 – Harry died in January this year. He left School in 1924 to join the Cameron Highlanders as a bandboy; won the Gold Medal at Kneller Hall School of Music. Latterly was band master of T.A. Battalion, Dalmeny Street, and a well-known figure in military band circles in Edinburgh.

Before closing my report and after reading Lt-Col. D. J. McLeay’s interesting stories in “While Memory Serves” in *Victorian* of 1978, it occurred to me we could all contribute an item under this heading. Here’s two definitely true stories from my memory:

(1) Whilst out walking along Allan Water, near Kinbuck, one Sunday in 1922 with my pal Leslie High, we were horrified to see two schoolboys on the opposite bank high up on a hazelnut tree. Creeping towards them were two gamekeepers. If caught at that period, it was instant expulsion for any boy caught in private property. We immediately shouted “Shote”, “Gamies” at the same time as the gamekeepers shouted “We’ve copped ye noo”. The boys were transfixed; it looked hopeless for them. Not so, next minute out they came to the end of the limb of the tree and jumped into the River Allan which was in spate at the time. Lesley High and I rushed down the river and, at the next bend, pulled them in to safety. Quite a sight-seeing these two kilts flying through the air into the foaming river and bobbing down like corks. The villains were my brother, Norrie Bulloch, and Nobby Clark.

(2) Again, some three miles beyond Kinbuck, up river, Peter McKay and I while out walking saw something stir in the grass in front of us. We both pounced and landed on top of a large hare. It kicked and struggled and somehow it broke its neck. Peter and I thought it would be a great idea to carry the hare back to “cookie”, John Strathdee. It became very heavy and we took turns about in carrying it. When it was my turn, the hare opened its bowels on my kilt and I was covered in a green slimy substance. I tried to clean the kilt in the Allan but it was hopeless. I was in dire straits and reported to “Cully Orif” when I arrived back at the School weary and very scared. However all ended well as Cully Orif took me to the stores and got me a new kilt, paid out of his own pocket.

A MON’S A MON FOR A’ THAT by Major W. Macpherson (No. 497)

In the Highland Regiment in which I was privileged to serve, the discipline-breachers awaiting trial by their Commanding Officer were formed up in line outside the Head Lad’s office. For the consolation of these offenders, trembling in anticipation of the impending confrontation with the Great White Chief, the Battalion Orderly Piper paraded up and down playing the air *A Man’s a Man for a’ That*. A rather nice touch, I always thought, although it was never played for me in the Battalion. Indeed, the worst crime (when every offence was a “crime”) I ever committed in thirty-five years’ service earned me seven days C.B. – Confined to Barracks – from my Depot C.O. when, a naive recruit, I was alleged to have been found in bed after Reveille (Witness for the Crown: Cpl “Baw-heid” Mackintosh, Depot, Cameron Highlanders). Honestly, Sir, it was a frame-up for I just happened to own the first bed on the left once inside the barrack-room and, therefore, was the first victim Tosh saw in the gloom of that fateful November morning as he burst into the room at the first note on the bugle or squeak on the pipes for, in those days, they let you have it on both instruments to ensure you could not plead “I didnae hear Reveille, Sir”. It was as unsporting as using both barrels on a shot-gun to bag a wee bird. Tosh, I suspect, used to be poised outside the room ready to swoop on the recumbent, defenceless inmates on the first note/squeak. I was told, alas too late, that this was a favourite ploy of his, his Golden Rule for the Orderly Corporal being “Right or wrong, grab the first body you see once you’re through the door”. Sir, I was not IN my bed; I was ON my bed, pulling on that War Department-issue garment known to all ranks as “drawers, woollen, long, pairs, one” an operation, let me add, which was time-consuming and might give the spectator the impression that one was dawdling in one’s preparations to face the challenge of that day’s items on the Recruit Training Programme. But let us on.

In those happy, far-off, pre-“House” days when the Q.V.S. was organised in Companies, there were two brothers in D Company. For the sake of anonymity, let us call the older one F, the initial of his nickname. The other brother was known, not surprisingly, as Wee F, for it was customary so to label two brothers in those days, provided they were not identical twins, like the McKillops, who came to the School all the way from Jamaica and, to the surprise of us all, were not ebony-black, thick-lipped and woolly-pated nor called their Teachers “Massa”. Of course, there were other pairs of brothers who were not separately identified as “Big So-and-so” and “Wee So-and-so”. There were, for example those two McLeay stalwarts, “Enrie” and “Flobby”. But I digress.

At the time of which I write, D Company had a certain C.S.M. (of uncertain temper) who employed one of his juvenile subordinates as Company Clerk, a boy whose duties involved keeping the Company Office tidy and the inkwells filled, running the occasional message and acting as a kind of liaison officer between the C.S.M. and the lower echelons within his command. F was the C.S.M.’s loyal Company Monitor. It was usual for F’s Mother to send to her sons the previous Saturday’s evening papers which contained reports of the achievements of the boys’ favourite soccer teams, thus enabling them to keep up with current events in the great outside world. The package was, naturally, addressed to F as the senior partner. Sometimes, the boys’ Mother would enclose some pocket-money. This would be in coin, carefully wrapped in the package, for postal-orders, were not convenient in that they were not readily negotiable, because cashing them necessitated a sortie into Dunblane, always a nuisance for boys anxious, at the earliest possible moment, to convert currency into confectionery.

Came the day, the Clerk informed Monitor F that the usual package had arrived but he was under orders not to release it to the addressee until F first personally reimbursed the C.S.M. the (pre-decimalisation) twopence “postage due” which the Sergeant-Major had initially paid the postie in order to accept delivery. Fair enough. Now, boys being boys, F had to confess to being temporarily “skint” as they say in banking circles, but he knew the package might contain another remittance, so, if the Clerk, his best pal George, would only let him open up the bundle, he could extract the money therein which would enable him to pay off his creditor. George reluctantly agreed, despite his instructions that the Boss wanted to see the colour of F’s money first. The Monitor removed the enclosed florin and, to make change, he and Wee F proceeded hot-foot to the tuck-shop where they shared out the cash. When F went to the C.S.M. with the money he owed him, he found that gentleman in a very angry mood

for having been “by-passed”. He refused the proffered pennies, brushed aside all explanations and, in a particularly stormy outburst, accused his Monitor of having stolen the florin from his office. Having made the accusation in front of another boy (George), the C.S.M. could not but try to bluster through with it because, you see, grown-ups just cannot climb down in front of youngsters. By the time F was hauled up before the Commandant, the charge had now, somehow, become one of stealing from his brother with whom, you will recall, he had shared the cash at the tuck-shop. Now, in a School such as ours, theft was serious enough but **STEALING FROM ONE’S OWN BROTHER** was positively heinous. I understand that in a court of law the legal owner of stolen property is usually called upon to testify to the thief’s guilt. Not so in this “cause celebre”, for Wee F was not brought before the Commandant to testify at all! The only prosecution witness was the C.S.M. Now, boys, if a Monitor, of all people, transgresses, then the Commandant is obliged to make a really thorough example of him and visit the full majesty of the relevant School Rule upon the offender, else what’s a Monitor for? The current sentence for theft was the application of the tawse to the bare posterior of the thief, which is, admittedly, a wee bit less extreme than the lopping off of the guilty hand as ordained by Koranic law. While the tawse was just the thing for the lower orders in our School, its application to the bare buff of one of the exalted status of Monitor would be rather the limit, n’est-ce pas? Nevertheless, to the shock of finding his version utterly disbelieved by the Commandant was added the painful indignity of the award of six strokes on F’s unclothed derriere. Notice how, in military circles, they “award” an offender a punishment as if they are making one a present, gift or gratuity for which one should be duly thankful. A person can be awarded a V.C. or C.B. it is still an award, so be grateful, you varlet. I a soldier’s offence merits a fine equal to a week’s pay, he is “awarded” seven days’ pay! At that period in our School’s history, there was no appeal against the Commandant’s sentence, unless, of course, one chose to run away crying to Mummy. There was not even an Ombudsman to whom to plead, nor yet a Court of Human Rights. This was a humiliating moment in F’s hitherto-blameless career, for he had been held, I understand, in high esteem by all the staff who knew him, even although he says so himself. Indeed, he went on to reach the dizzy height of Leading Monitor (=“Head Boy”, for the sake of the incognoscenti). Normally, in that era, the ultimate deterrent was applied to one’s nude posterior in the Dining Hall at the end of a meal – just to add spice to the dessert (incidentally, I seem to recall learning that Charles the First was executed *outside* his Dining Hall). As an act of clemency, however, the

Commandant ordered that the belting be administered in the Clerks' Office – presumably to avoid disturbing the tidy lay-out of his own den, or, perhaps, he was anxious that his lovely carpet be not stained by innocent blood – or tears? Here, out of sight of the hoi-polloi in the building, Drummie Hetherington (remember him, boys?) laid on the tawse while the miscreant was held over the dreaded Chair by the C.S.Ms. of C and D Companies who, be it noted, included the Chief Prosecution Witness himself. This, as Shakespeare, has it, was the most unkindest cut of all.

When F left to join the Army, he carried away with him a Leaving Card signed by Capt. J. N. Macrae (remember him, too, boys?) certifying that "his conduct has been exemplary". Fat lot of consolation, that! While serving on the Rhine – not this present picnic but the real stuff after the Kaiser's War – he was delighted to learn that Wee F had followed him into his Battalion, and he sought him out. After disposing of the latest family news, the two went on to reminisce about their days together in D Company. It was then that Wee F was astonished to learn how, unknown to him, his older brother had suffered the supreme penalty for allegedly stealing the younger's money. This was the first he had heard of such an accusation and its painful sequel!

F, I understand, has learned to forgive but still feels the sting of Drummie's thongs. The real villain of the piece, whose temper, impetuosity and obstinacy sent F to the Chair, eventually retired and went to live, I learn, in Kinbuck. Ah, dear old Kinbuck, through which we were marched on many a dreary Sunday afternoon – presumably to take our minds off the conker-laden trees in Glasingall's woods – dear old Kinbuck, with its wee sweetie-shop where we once bought the auld wifie's home-made tray-toffee, what did you do to deserve such a citizen? I wonder if the C.S.M. (ret'd), in his hours of ease, ever reflected on the injustice which, in his rage, he inflicted on a loyal subordinate in his Company? Still, a Mon's a Mon for a' that and F bears no grudge but does, from time to time, wonder if the Punishment Book of those days is still extant in which his humiliation is recorded. Maybe someone can track down that tome and let us know if there is a relevant entry. Do not, however, look for anything under the pseudonym "F". Look, instead for "MacPherson, W." for that was the way the staff spelt my name at that happy time. Finally, if this happens to catch the eye of George, I hope he will accept my apologies for getting him involved in this affair. No wonder he didn't answer the letter I wrote him a year ago!

THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH

I was intrigued by Donald McLeay's article in the 1978 *Victorian* which revived vivid memories of these early days and prompted this article.

The sewing class was mentioned into which all new boys were placed before being selected for the various trades. The sewing mistress instructed us and was strict with the work. With unsatisfactory darns her large scissors would appear, the botched up darns would be cut out and we had to start again with a bigger darn. I made a great mistake, after my first term, telling my family how well we were taught to darn, whereupon my father who had been listening in the background produced a large bundle of socks which I was made to darn on the spot.

When I joined there were a number of students from the Hibernian School and the Duke of York's. They seemed giants, many between 6 ft and 6 ft 4 in. They formed a powerful rugby team and I remember them returning from Strathallan School having beaten their 1st XV by 43 points to nil. I believe they were unbeaten in 1913/14.

In these days the School burn held many trout and I witnessed Capt. Mather, Adjutant, organising the students to catch them, to stock the School reservoir, where trout up to 2 lb were subsequently caught. This was done in summer when it was warm. The swimming bath water was let out, when the trout in a pool below the bridge over the burn became upset, floundered on the surface and were easily caught.

Discipline was strict, under a very efficient staff, with the monitors carrying out a most important role. When I joined there was a monitor, over 6 ft, called "Pa Ritchie" and we were all fascinated as he dealt with offenders. Justice was meted out after supper and before lights out, when beds were made down. Pa Ritchie would summon offenders before him. He invariably stood with hands behind his back, as explanations were heard. If adjudged guilty, excitement would rise among the onlookers, as they waited to see which hand would cuff the culprit. Pa would twitch one elbow, the offender would dodge in the opposite direction only to be met with a large hand. We had all suffered from time to time and were not concerned with the punishment. What we were interested in was to see which elbow Pa would twitch and whether the culprit could avoid the other large hand.

I became a drummer and bugler. When proficient we took our turn as orderly bugler for the day. We were awakened by the night watchman, so called by the boys, to sound reveille. A dormitory window was opened over the central hall and the call sounded. The orderly bugler sounded other calls for meals, parades, school and lights out.

I became leading drummer in the pipe band and I recall an amusing incident during an engagement in the Albert Hall, Stirling, reminiscent of a Marx Brothers comedy. This was the first engagement of the drummers and instructions were given by Drum Major Instructor Hetherington to play a named March, Reel and Strathspey which we took to be

the actual order of playing. The march went well then the pipers broke out into a strathspey whilst the drummers beat a reel with chaotic results. Suddenly Drum Major Hetherington in full dress dashed on to the stage, seized the big drummer's drumstick to beat a strathspey, at the same time shouting at me to change the beat, after which order was restored.

World War I saw the exodus of most of the military staff and all the students to the Forces. The results which followed varied. Rugby continued but on a much smaller scale, soccer became the game, with smaller boys. Discipline gradually became more lax as time went on and in one company a group formed under one boy with some bigger boys, the smaller boys coming under his influence.

I recall one incident when I and another small boy were ordered against our will to accompany the group on a walk to the R. Allan. On the return we came on a sheep lying next to a small pond swarming with tadpoles, obviously sick. The leader went over to it, attempted to give it water in which there were a few tadpoles. I and the other small boys were mere onlookers, but boys from another company reported the whole group for feeding tadpoles to the sick sheep. We were charged before the Commandant and to my amazement the older boys in the group all stated that I and the other small boy had been responsible, in other words we were made the scapegoats, the result being that we were awarded "Four strokes on the seat for cruelty to a sheep". This was carried out on the famous or shall I say infamous CHAIR previously mentioned.

The punishment did not do me much harm, except perhaps at the moment of impact, but it could hardly be described as refreshing. I was so incensed by this gross injustice that I asked to see the Commandant. I told him exactly what had happened and about this group as a whole. The result was I was moved to another company, the group was broken up and the leader did not appear next term, which was a very good thing for the School. Arising out of this I couldn't understand why I seemed to be so popular and it wasn't till bedtime I found out the reason, when numerous requests for a peep-show were made. As the stripes became more vivid the Ohs and Ahs became more pronounced, but alas everything fades and interest gradually ceased.

The usual games took place, but one sport we enjoyed were the paper chases, where the better runners set off, laid the trail and the field followed usually up through the School wood, the Colonel's wood near the reservoir and the moors. In winter sledging was popular and the slopes seemed no different today from 1913. One mad idea was to crowd as many on a sledge as possible. The leader lay flat with four sitting and a couple hanging on somehow. Needless to say disasters were frequent. Skating and sliding on Ashfield pond took place when suitable.

When outside games were not possible the boys organised their own. I remember challenges being sent to other Companies for contests in the Central Hall, when teams of "horses and pick a back riders" competed as teams or as individuals. These were stirring contests where the object was to knock over one's opponents or unhorse the rider. Spectators enjoyed these contests as horses and riders were frequently strewn all over the hall.

Another game was "HUNCH CUDDY HUNCH" where two teams of about 6 boys performed with a "PILLOW" against the wall. The team which went down had to unseat the jumpers who did everything to cause the cuddy to collapse. This was not a game for the weak of fainthearted, as the jumpers jumped high, to land with all their weight on the cuddy.

There was another mad game if it can be so called, known as "PILE ON" generally on the playing fields where a group of boys would be wandering around. Suddenly, someone would shout "PILE ON", point to one boy, whereupon the others would rush at him, knock him down and all pile on top. The pressure was terrific and one could hardly breathe. It could be said to be good practice for rugby.

I witnessed once only one of the maddest escapades when the burn was in spate and used to be about 12 ft wide with the water almost level with the fields. The burn today seemed very much smaller than it was in 1913. One bright spirit procured a galvanised bath into which a bold boy would embark. This was released and went merrily on its way only to founder about 30 yards downstream with a ducking for the occupant.

During the early days of World War I digging for victory became a National slogan and to help the war effort it was decided to plant potatoes. Billy Ouf who had agricultural experience was put in charge of the project. The site chosen was directly in front of the main entrance about 30 yards down the slope from the grass verge and the plot was approximately 75 long by about 50 broad. Labour was supplied by the boys who were selected by Billy Ouf at one penny per hour. Digging took place after the mid-day meal and before afternoon school, a one hour stint. Billy Ouf would mark out the line and after instruction digging commenced and a long trench dug for the potatoes, followed by a second trench until complete. Picking took place in season with similar labour rates as for planting. Each boy's work was carefully recorded and I managed to amass 4s 2d at the end of the season.

On the scholastic side we had a master whom we called "Daddy Birkett" but referred to as BACCY BIRKETT by Donald McLeay. He as a character, a real martinet and a mighty wielder of the cane, I know I was in his class.

One day he entered the classroom, produced a cane from a wrapped up parcel and bending it in a beautiful bow announced "I wish to introduce to you

your new cane. It is the quickest and most efficient teacher in the School and teaches quicker than any master". We wondered what was coming next when he said to a boy called Jimmy Craig whom nothing seemed to bother "Come out and try your new cane". After a sample Jimmy returned to his seat without batting an eyelid, whereupon Daddy Birkett asked if it was alright to which Jimmy replied "Yes Sir".

Daddy used to give our class twelve mental arithmetic questions every Friday afternoon in the last half hour. No writing, except the answers, was allowed. One day I finished first and it was marked on the spot. Eleven were correct, alas one had a blot, as he said "What answer is this?" I replied, whereupon he said "Go away you can't see the answer". To my surprise he said there is only one boy with all correct and that is Palmer, whereupon I stepped forward to receive the penny he always gave for the winner.

One year a copybook handwriting competition took place between the Duke of Yorks, the Hibernian School and Q.V.S. I was in Mr Paget's class, another strict disciplinarian who was most meticulous and an excellent choice to run this competition.

Mr Paget had given much thought to this problem and his detailed planning would have excited the admiration of any general planning a complex campaign.

It was quickly evident that he was not going to have any blots on his copy books. We were ordered to wash our hands before each lesson, which took place the first hour in the afternoon, when we were fresh, to avoid loss of concentration. Copy books were only issued for each lesson.

The drill for the actual writing was masterly, reducing unforeseen errors to nil and there was more instruction than actual writing. Each letter or word was illustrated on the board. Inkwells were filled only half and new nibs were unusually plentiful. Pens were always on the desk and woe betide any boy who touched them until ordered.

With military precision writing commenced following these commands "PICK UP PENS" then "DIP IN THE INK" followed by "TAKE OFF SURPLUS INK ON INK WELL". The class was now ready for battle as we awaited the final order "WRITE SLOWLY AS I SHOWED YOU" and finally "PUT DOWN PENS" when we all sighed with relief, but all was not over. Mr Paget inspected each boy's work, thus allowing time for the ink to dry and to deal with offenders, which if minor had their ears tweaked, which we all preferred to a wallop, and it also saved valuable time.

In the face of such measures success surely had to come and when the results were announced Q.V.S. had won the first two places. Frankie Pyott who was Boy Drum Major for some years won and I managed second prize.

In these early days we were taught to sing many Scottish Airs, among them were: *Bonnie Dundee, Over the Sea to Skye, Jock o' Hazeldean, The March of the Cameron Men* and *Will Ye no come back again*. We had to recite many stirring ballads with suitable actions and these included: Henry V's speech before Agincourt, Young Lochinvar, The Burial of Sir John Moore. There was another, the title of which I cannot recall, the first two lines being "Come hither Euan Cameron, Come stand beside my knee, I hear the mighty waters roaring down to the wintry sea".

As seniors it was decided we should learn Pitman's Shorthand, as being useful when we left. A genial master, Mr Purdie from Yorkshire took the class. After three lessons it was decided to test our work with an examination. Alas the results were disastrous. Instead of the normal maxim "Forward and Onward" we were going sideways and backwards with outlines that were more futuristic than shorthand.

Mr Purdie announced the results stating the best boy obtained 20 marks out of a hundred, the bulk of the class, including myself managed nothing out of a hundred, and there were one or two minus marks, but one paper remained.

This last paper had everything and Mr Purdie in his long career had never experienced such a unique combination and he was well aware he would never have such an opportunity again. Having read our previous results, this last paper undoubtedly required special treatment, with such a stirring name as KENNETH JOHN MACKAY McKENZIE and marks well below zero.

Mr Purdie with obvious relish announced "KENNETH JOHN MACKAY McKENZIE come forward" and as our hero halted in front of him he said "KENNETH JOHN MACKAY McKENZIE your marks are minus 30 out of 100" and shaking his head sadly he remarked "I tried very hard to give you nothing, but I just couldn't manage it. My advice to you is to take your paper and frame it".

The outcome was that "FRAME IT" became very popular as boys could be heard telling their friends to "FRAME IT" when matters were bad. All was not lost as later we were able to take dictation at 100 words per minute.

One term a new master Mr KIDBY arrived to take the Students class. His wife took the small boys in the adjoining classroom divided by a large glass upper partition.

Mrs Kidby was most attractive with auburn hair and the monitors soon became very interested as they directed sly glances at the edge of the glass partition from time to time. Mrs Kidby soon became aware of these glances and no doubt had read the riot act to Mr Kidby. One afternoon he came in smiling and said to our surprise "I understand you boys are very interested in Mrs Kidby and I am sure

you would like to see her, so I suggest I bring her into the class so that you can have a closer look. We were embarrassed as he asked each in turn only to receive the general reply "No thank you Sir". "We didn't want to meet her". He ended by saying "Any time you want to see Mrs Kidby let me know and I'll arrange it". This ended the peepshows.

We did meet her later when we were invited to tea, in full dress, for photos to be taken, Mr Kidby being a keen photographer.

After lights out in the long summer evenings we used to have games in the dormitory as we found it difficult to sleep. These varied from pillow fights, tossing in the blanket and obstacle races, for all of which we had a good system of lookouts.

The obstacle races consisted of two jumps, boxes covered with mattresses, "Volunteers" were selected by me, slow runners being no good. I and the next senior would "supervise" at the jumps with a pillow to knock the runners as they jumped. One weekend my younger brother had been allowed to stay pending possible entry. I told him I had organised an obstacle race and being unaware of the conditions he said he could win the prize of one penny. "Volunteers" were selected, the field was soon "Off" and my brother was well in front, when coming to the first jump "bang" he went for six, whilst the veterans who had been waiting soared over. My brother came in last, but never forgot the fun he had that weekend.

Another game was to practice scrummaging, only a mattress was placed on the scum on which I or the next senior would recline while the pack scurried along one length of the dormitory. The drumming of many feet could be heard all over and C.S.M. Price A Coy could never understand what it was. As soon as he heard the drumming he would rush to the dormitory only to find everything in order. I met C.S.M. Price after I left many times and we were discussing highlights when he remarked about the drumming and said he had tried for months to find out what it was, and why it only happened in summer; it was too cold in winter. It was only by chance he was on the back stairs, where the lifts were, that he heard the noise, dashed up, opened the door and found the secret. We had no lookout on the back stairs door, which was always locked.

I was a keen fisherman and used to catch trout, when we frequently had a feast frying the trout over the gas after lights out. I had a loose board under my corner bed in which I kept all the utensils. The seniors shared the dish and what amused us was the nightwatchman on his rounds sniffing the air. He could not understand how this fish smell was only in one dormitory when no fish had been on the day's menu.

After the supper meal the duty monitor used to read an extract from the bible selected by the monitors. One evening to add interest, I suggested

the duty monitor read a certain chapter, which he did without checking.

Billy Ouf was on duty as the monitor announced "The lesson tonight is taken from etc., etc." The first three verses were normal, but thereafter were all similar viz. "and so and so begat so and so" followed by the same monotonous repetition.

There was no reaction from Billy Ouf until the repetition was repeated when he became restless, and as it continued he moved and glanced at the monitor, then he glared at him as it continued. He knew something was wrong and so did all the boys, but they were not quite sure, nor were they very interested.

Billy Ouf was now angry, he was moving his feet, muttering to himself and biting his moustache on which he normally lavished much care. This was a sure sign of his anger, but he could hardly stop the lesson. However, when it was ended he moved over to the monitor and said "You blitherer, what made you select this chapter, it's quite unsuitable?" The result was that monitors had the privilege of selecting the lesson removed from them and next night R.S.M. McKinnon could be seen with a bible in hand and a prominent marker on which were written chapter and verse for the evening lesson. Alas one more duty had fallen on the R.S.M. arising out of another of those inexplicable mistakes which occurred.

After the lesson, the evening hymn was sung *Now the day is over* and the duty monitor started by saying "take the note La, 3 . . . 4" whereupon the hymn started. We had a very tall Deputy Head Monitor Eddie McVie who had a very deep voice, consequently his La was very low and deep. The boys could never cope with this note and a chaotic untuneful start resulted. The start was slow on a high note gradually descending to a low note, with a gradual speeding up as they tried to find the correct tempo and key which was achieved after four or five bars. After a number of such starts the task was handed over.

There seemed to be a tendency for something to happen when time hung heavily. While awaiting dispersal at the meal one day, I decided to add some interest to proceedings and I told a junior monitor, named "Dearest George" by Billy Ouf, to go and ask the cook for extra seed cake. It was normal practice for the monitors to receive extras at tea time, but seed cake was unusual, as Dearest George knew, when he queried it, but on my replying "Would I send you in if I knew there was no seed cake" he took up a plate and went to the kitchen. Meanwhile, the senior monitors smiled and awaited results which we thought would be a mere refusal.

The next thing we heard was a loud bellow from the kitchen followed by the sound of running feet on the stone floor. This was unusual and completely out of the ordinary as all eyes were directed on the

kitchen swing doors to ascertain what the noise was. Suddenly the swing doors burst open and Dearest George came flying out at some speed, with an empty plate at arms length, to balance an acutely arched back in an endeavour to avoid a large boot following about one foot behind. Next to appear was the tall figure of a very angry cook resplendent in white overalls.

This was unexpected but nevertheless dramatic and far beyond anything we had envisaged. The irate cook immediately went to R.S.M. McKinnon to report the incident after which they both moved to the monitors' table where the still angry cook pointed to Dearest George and said "This is the boy who came in for seed cake. He knows there is no seed cake and he has upset the kitchen routine".

The R.S.M. being more in touch with the fertile minds of the boys was well aware that some bolder spirit had sent Dearest George in, so he was ignored as he moved to the head of the table and gave the seniors a hard look in turn. The interesting thing was that seed cake was never mentioned again as the drama unfolded. The R.S.M. knew he had to unearth the villain of the piece, but this would not be easy with monitors, as with the smaller boys, so he had to tread warily.

On the other hand the senior monitors were unable to fathom why a simple request for seed cake had escalated into such a stirring drama.

Meanwhile Dearest George knew he was at the centre of trouble. It is said that in a crisis the brain works very much faster than normal and a computer couldn't have bettered the speed at which Dearest George's thoughts were circulating. He knew he would be questioned and had decided that a telling off from the R.S.M. was preferable to the speedy and more painful retribution from his peers which would follow an incorrect answer.

The R.S.M. as an old campaigner was well aware of the maxim "surprise your enemy" as he suddenly turned to Dearest George and said "Who sent you in?" Fortunately he had been given time to reflect and he turned to the R.S.M. in a very confident manner, with just a tinge of pained surprise at such an uncalled for suggestion and replied "Oh nobody sir, I went in myself". Well this reply may have delighted a Henry Irving but the R.S.M. remained unconvinced. Nevertheless he realised he had failed to uncover the mastermind responsible.

Turning to the senior monitor he delivered a short lecture on maintaining control of the others before dismissing the assembly.

This was rated by the monitors to be the most dramatic show for many a day.

At last the day arrived when I had to leave school and after an interview with the Commandant I was met by R.S.M. McKinnon who said in a very

friendly voice "I've got something for you". Ah I thought – a late letter. Instead with a smile the R.S.M. said "You must have this before you go" and handed me my conduct sheet on which I saw two entries "Disrespect to a member of the staff in calling the master tailor 'SNIP' punished by 'Reduced to the ranks'," which entailed the loss of pay of one penny per week for the lance corporal's stripe; the loss of pay being much more serious. The other entry was "Cruelty to a sheep", already described.

With such a gesture I was convinced the R.S.M. had remembered the many inexplicable occurrences which had suddenly erupted from time to time and the efforts wasted in fruitless investigations. Matters had surely been evened up as we both smiled and shook hands as we said Goodbye.

It was a somewhat sad day but on looking back they had been very happy days, in fact golden days.

GREETINGS FROM OVERSEAS AND A MESSAGE

With the exception of some of the teachers of the School, those whose memories have the capacity to remember the thousands of people who "just pass by" over the years, I will not be known. I am one of the pupils who, at one time, had the good fortune to be taught at this School.

When the time came to leave for South Africa I was overjoyed at the prospect of "getting out of this dump". I have never regretted anything more. As the "experts say" – you never enjoy something until you lose it. Not that I didn't enjoy the School – that would be false to declare I took it for granted, as most of you probably do. When you leave you will shout "Hooray!" and probably walk away without a second look at your home for so many years.

But you will come back. If you can, you will return, because something will draw you irresistably. It is drawing me now – I feel the sadness when I look at my pals (of Trenchard and Wavell House), and when I see photographs of the School. I wish I hadn't left, I think to myself. If I get the chance, I will return, just for an envious glimpse into one of the greatest experiences in my life. Envious because I have had a little of it, and now it is lost to me.

Please, don't take Queen Victoria School for granted. Your School is a unique establishment. Take a pride in her and appreciate your position. You have the best that anyone could wish for. You too will regret, some day, that you left the School.

Graeme Ballantyne
Q.V.S., 1970-75

Obituary

Mr George Reid
(Principal Teacher of Physical Education)



Mr George Reid's death shortly after Grand Day, 1978, came as a great shock to all who knew him, particularly as he had apparently recovered from a slight heart attack some weeks previously.

Educated in Ayrshire at Cumnock Academy, George served with the R.A.F. in Bomber Command with the rank of Warrant Officer during the Second World War, and on returning to civilian life he resumed his studies at Jordanhill College, Glasgow, gaining The Diploma of the Scottish School of Physical Education and Hygiene in 1947. He commenced his teaching career in Midlothian and taught at Musselburgh Grammar School for seven years before coming to Q.V.S. in session 1955/56 to join the small group of civilian masters in the School at that time.

We are indebted to him for fostering a competitive spirit and interest in sports amongst the boys of this School. His particular interest was swimming at which, as a young man, he himself excelled. It was George's proud boast that this was one school where there were no "non-swimmers" and his enthusiasm led to a large number of boys obtaining Advanced Life Saving Certificates and Personal Survival Awards. Many staff children and others from Dunblane also benefitted from George's willingness to promote swimming.

George was associated with the Cadet Force at Q.V.S. from its introduction in 1956 as an A.C.F. unit and, when it was replaced by the formation of the Combined Cadet Force in 1968, Major Reid became its first Contingent Commander, holding that office until 1976. In 1975 his achievement of service was marked by the award of the M.B.E. in the Birthday Honours List.

The games and sports side of school life is an area in which boys participating in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme find many interests and pursuits to test their initiative. It was natural that George should involve himself with the organisation and administration of the Scheme and many boys who can proudly point to Bronze, Silver and Gold Awards will appreciate the part he played in their success.

His wife, Carrie, his daughter, Linda, and son-in-law, David McDiarmid, have been much in our thoughts over the past session and we extend to them our sympathy in their great loss.

P. B. TAYLOR (582)

Died in Peel Hospital, Galashiels, whilst on holiday on 3rd June, 1978.

Peter joined the Royal Scots from 2 V.S. in 1925 and served with them till 1937. Returning from India in 1937, he transferred to the R.A.E.C. and later the Intelligence Corps. He served with the B.E.F. in France and was on General Fortune's Staff when they were captured at St Valery. As a prisoner of war he sent much valuable information home, referring in several cases to places in the School and the Dunblane district which rather bemused me. I later on was told by the War Office a cypher was being used. He was "mentioned in Despatches". After his repatriation to the U.K., he returned to the R.A.E.C. His first post was teaching at the Duke of York School ("Dukies"), Dover. Then, in 1947, he was transferred to Q.V.S., Dunblane, where he served till 1957. Abroad again to Singapore and finally was demobbed in 1962 after 37 years' service.

Peter was awarded the M.B.E. in 1965. He and his wife, Emily, went to Buckingham Palace where it was presented by Her Majesty The Queen.

Joining the Civil Service, he served in Executive capacity with the N.A.B. Glasgow and later transferred to Legal Aid in Edinburgh where he remained till his retiral in 1972.

Peter served as President of H.Q. Branch of the O.V.A. for several years and, at his death, was President of the O.V.A. Edinburgh Branch. His mathematical ability was exceptional and he coached pupils for University Examination including the sons of Headmasters of Fettes and Loretto Colleges. He was mentor and friend of Old Victorians in the Edinburgh Branch and his keen and acute mind is sadly missed.

Speaking personally, I miss him as a life-long friend and brother-in-law.

Harry Claugher (619)

Died at home in January, 1979.

Harry was the third of four brothers who passed through the School. He joined the Camerons in 1924 as a band boy. His ability was such that he graduated to the Knellor Hall School of Music, where he passed out as a Gold medallist. Finishing his service with the Camerons in 1936, he joined the 4/5th Royal Scots T.A. He was then employed in the Post Office. After the 1939-45 War, he returned to his civilian job and rejoined the 7/9 T.A. Royal Scots. He was appointed Bandmaster and, until his death, was a well known figure in military band circles in Edinburgh.

James Black (804)

It is with regret, that we learn of the death of Jimmy Black, which occurred on 8th October, 1978, at his home in Haddington, after a long and painful illness.

Jimmy was the eldest of three brothers at O.V.S., and was awarded the Primus Prize in 1925. On leaving he took up employment with the S.C.W.S. in Glasgow, and remained in their employ for 50 years, until his retirement in 1975. He was for a time the Secretary of the Glasgow Branch of the Association in its early days. Jimmy had an inbuilt pride of being an Old Victorian, and loyally attended nearly every Grand Day, until illness overtook him.

To Mrs Black, we offer our sincere condolences in her sad bereavement.

Valete

Form V

COLLIE, I. M. – R.A.F. September, 1973. Haig House. Senior Monitor 1978-79, Sergeant R.A.F. Section, Colour Corporal 1977-78, 1st XV Rugby Captain, Rugby Colours 1978-79. 1976-77 Central Region Long Jump Champion, School Swimming Champion (twice), School Cross-country Champion, School Athletics Champion, School Badminton

Doubles Champions (twice), Duke of Edinburgh Silver, Award of Merit, Gold Personal Survival. 'O' Grade: Maths, English, Physics, Chemistry, Modern Studies, Latin, Arithmetic, French. Now sitting – Highers: Physics, Chemistry, Maths, English, Economics. Hopes to go to Aberdeen University. Home address: 4 Elmfield Road, Ashfield, Elgin, Morayshire IV30 3DS.

CUTHBERTSON, A. M. – Smal's Arms School Corps. September, 1972. Haig House. Corporal in C.C.F./R.A.F. Section i/c Rifle Range, School Prefect. Squash: 1978/79 Scottish Schools U-19 Winner, Yorkshire U-19 Open Runner-up, Scottish U-19 Open Winner, British U-19 Closed Plate Winner, Central Region Men's Closed Runner-up, Scottish Men's Closed, Best Local Player Award, Scottish U-19 Team (5 International 'Caps'), Ranked No. 1 U-19 in Scotland, Yorkshire U-19 Team (British County Champions). School Shooting Team, School Badminton Team, 1977/78 School Squash and Tennis Champion, 1978/79 School Badminton and Table-tennis Champion, School Squash Colours, Bronze and Silver Duke of Edinburgh Awards. Swimming: R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion, Personal Survival Gold and Award of Merit. 'O' Grades: English, French, Latin, Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics, Economics, Economic History, Arithmetic. Now sitting – Highers: English, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Economics. Hopes to study Physics at Heriot-Watt University. Home address: 63 Gyle Park Gardens, Corstorphine, Edinburgh (Tel. 031 334 1349).

DOLAN, S. A. – 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards. September, 1972. Haig House. School Prefect, R.A.F. Cadet Sergeant. Bronze, Silver, Gold Personal Survival, Bronze Medallion Lifesaving Award, First XV Rugby Colours, School Debating Team, Addison-Smith Public Speaking Winner (once), Second (twice), Badminton Team 2nd/3rd Year. Debating Society, Drama – School Plays *Murder in the Cathedral* and *Macbeth*, Chief Projectionist. 'O' Grades: English, Latin, French, Modern Studies, Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics, Arithmetic. Now sitting – Highers: English, Latin, French. Entering employment before applying for Drama College. Home address: c/o R.Q.M.S. Dolan, 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, Fallingbowl, B.F.P.O. 38.

JONES, C. – R.A.F. 1973. Haig House. Colour Corporal 1977-8, Colour Sergeant 1978-9, C.C.F./R.A.F. Corporal 1978-9, Deputy Senior Monitor, Commandant's Orderly. Gold Personal Survival, Advanced Teacher's Certificate, Bronze Duke of Edinburgh's Award, Adult First Aid Certificate, Glider Pilot's Licence, Marksman, 2nd XV Rugby. R.A.F./C.C.F. Shooting Team, Photography Society. 'O' Grades: English, French, Latin, Economics, Economic History, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic. Now sitting – Highers: English, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Economics. Hopes to study

Mechanical Engineering at Heriot-Watt University. Home address: 25 Inchcolm Drive, North Queensferry, Fife KY11 1LD.

MacKENZIE, R. – R.E. September, 1973. Haig House. Monitor, Senior Highland Dancer 1977-9, C.C.F./R.A.F. Corporal, Chapel Monitor, Commandant's Orderly 1974-5. Central Region U-15, Midland District U-15, 1st XV Colours, R.L.S.S. Teacher's Certificate, School Production – *Murder in the Cathedral*, Personal Survival Silver. Canoeing, Debating Society, Scottish Country Dancing. 'O' Grades: Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, English, French, Latin, Economics, Economic History, Arithmetic. Now sitting – Highers: Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, English, Economics. Hopes to further Education. Home address: Private Bag 0037, Gaborone, Botswana.

MILNE, G. D. F. – R.A.F. September, 1973. Haig House. Int. House Prefect, Corporal Army C.C.F. Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold, Teacher's Swimming Certificate, Duke of Edinburgh Bronze, Junior First Aid. Sailing Club. 'O' Grades: English, Latin, French, Maths, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Economics, Economic History. Now sitting – Highers: English, Maths, Physics, Economics, Economic History. Hoping to enter University after Industrial Experience. Home address: 4 Baytree Grove, Finningley, Doncaster.

RIDDELL, M. A. – R.A.O.C. 1972. Haig House. House Prefect, House Captain, School Prefect, N.C.O. R.A.F. Section, Projectionist. Wavell Football Colours, Vice-Captain 1st XV, 1st XV Colours, Regional Final Scottish Daily Express Debating Competition 1976, Runner-up in Addison-Smith 1975, 77, 78, School Debating Team, School's Badminton Doubles 1977-8, 78-9, Runner-up School Table Tennis 1978-9. Dramatic Society. 'O' Grades: English, Mathematics, Latin, French, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Physics, Chemistry. Now sitting – Highers: Latin, French, English, Modern Studies. Hoping to go to Aberdeen University. Home address: c/o Lt D. E. Riddell, 3 B.A.D. R.A.O.C., B.F.P.O. 40.

ROBB, J. I. – Royal Highland Fusiliers. 1972. Haig House. School Prefect, C.C.F. Army Sergeant. Gold Personal Survival, Bronze Medallion Life Saving, 1st XV Rugby Colours, Wavell Swimming Champion. Sailing Club, Debating Society, Drama, Projectionist. 'O' Grades: English, French, Latin, Biology, Physics, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Modern Studies. Now sitting – Highers: English, French, Latin, Biology. Hoping to study Journalism at Napier College, Edinburgh. Home address: 30 Tollerton Drive, Irvine, Ayrshire KA12 0QE.

SMITH, J. R. – Scots Guards. 1971. Haig House. School Prefect, C.S.M. C.C.F./Army, Fire Picquet Commander. Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Duke of Edinburgh Silver. Table Tennis, Fishing, Dramatic Society. 'O' Grades: English, Latin, French, Maths,

Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Economic History, Economics. Now sitting – Highers: Physics, French, English, Economic History, Economics. Hopes to go to University or Accountancy Training. Home address: 29 Hartley Old Road, Purley, Surrey.

ROGERS, D. – Royal Highland Fusiliers. September, 1971. Haig House. C.C.F. Corporal. Addison-Smith Runner-up 1976, 2nd XV Rugby Captain, Cross-country Medal Winner 1972. School Plays *Merchant of Venice* 1976 and *Murder in the Cathedral* 1978, Debating Society 1978-9, Pipe Band Member 1975-9, Squash Team 1979, Personal Survival Medals Bronze, Silver, Gold, Life Saving 'Award of Merit' and Bronze Cross, Table Tennis. 'O' Grades: Mathematics, English, Economics, Economic History, French, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Applied Mechanics. Now sitting – Highers: Physics, French English. 'O' Grade: Biology. Hoping to emigrate to Western Australia and make a career out of Journalism, possibly after going to Perth University in W. Australia. Home address: Isla Cottage, 12 Cross Street, Scone, Perth.

WILSON, S. W. – Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. September, 1971. Haig House. School Prefect, Hospital Prefect, C.C.F./Army Section Sergeant. Cross-country, Central Region Medals for Athletics, 1st XV Colours, Central Region Senior XV, Badminton Team, Squash Team 1979, Personal Survival Medals, Life Saving Medals, Basketball Team, Projectionist. 'O' Grades: Maths, English, Economics, Economic History, Latin, French, Chemistry, Physics, Arithmetic. Now sitting – Highers: Chemistry, English, Economics, Maths. Hopes to further Education. Home address: 30 Drumossie Avenue, Inverness.

Form IV

BARRIE, B. I. – Queen's Own Highlanders. 1973. Haig House. Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Life Saving Bronze Medallion, 2nd XV, Pipe Band, Central Region U-16 and Midlands, Canoeing, Duke of Edinburgh Bronze. Now sitting – 'O' Grades: French, Latin, English, Maths, Physics, Arithmetic, Biology, Modern Studies. Hoping to take O.N.D. Catering, Inverness Technical College. Home address: 4 Alamein Drive, Cameron Barracks, Inverness.

BAXTER, A. W. – Royal Highland Fusiliers. September, 1972. Haig House. Chapel Steward. Personal Survival A.S.A., 1st and 2nd Stages, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Merit, Life Saving Society Bronze Medallion, C.C.F. Signals Exam, Swimming Team for Central Region Championships 1978, Sailing Club 1978. Now sitting – 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, Engineering Science, English, Maths, French, Physics, Biology, Economics, Economic History. Hoping to be Clerical Officer in Civil or Diplomatic Service. Home address: 1 Laburnum Lea, Silvertonhill, Hamilton, Lanarkshire ML3 7NA.

BUCHANAN, C. W. — Royal Highland Fusiliers. 1973. Haig House. Pipe Band Piper, Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold, Bronze Medallion, Junior First Aid Certificate, 1st XV. Fire Picquet. Now sitting — 'O' grades: Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Biology, Art, Woodwork, English, Engineering Drawing. Hoping to enter Employment and Night-School. Home address: Kildare, Ashampstead Road, Bradfield, nr Reading, Berkshire (Tel. Bradfield 744425).

DOYLE, P. C. — Royal Navy. September, 1972. Haig House. Head Bugler, Tenor Drummer. Cross-country Runner-up 1977-8, Squash Team 1978, 2nd XV, Life Saving Bronze Medallion, Personal Survival Silver Award, Tenor Drumming Champion (4 times), Bugler Champion (3 times), School Champion (2 times), Member of Pipe Band. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: English, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Art, Woodwork. Hoping to go to College in London (Musical Instrument Technology). Home address: 39 Chatham, Westwood 7, East Kilbride.

GIRVAN, J. R. — A.C.C. 1972. Haig House. House Prefect, Senior Canoeist, R.A.F. Section Sergeant. Adult First Aid, Junior First Aid, R.L.S.S. Swimming Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, R.A.F. Advanced Proficiency 3rd Year, Athletics Team, Canoeing, Sailing, 1st XV Rugby Colours, Central Region U-16 XV, Midlands Schools U-16 XV. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Mathematics, English, Physics, Arithmetic, Engineering Science, Engineering Drawing, Biology, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork. Hoping to be a Junior Leader, Royal Marines. Home address: 24 Queen Street, Stirling.

GUNN, D. C. — Royal Scots. 1974. Haig House. Int. House Prefect, R.A.F./C.C.F. Corporal, Chapel Steward. 1st XV Rugby Colours, Colour Corporal, First Aid Certificates Adult and Junior, R.A.F. Proficiency, 0-22 Marksman. Athletics, Cricket. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Mathematics, Arithmetic, English, Physics, Chemistry, Mechanics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing. Hoping to join Metropolitan Police as Cadet. Home address: 49 Farm Avenue, Lasswade, Edinburgh.

LEONARD, C. A. — Royal Army Ordnance Corps. September, 1973. Haig House. C.C.F./Army L/Cpl. Swimming Awards: Bronze, Silver, Gold A.S.A. Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross. 1st XV Rugby Colours. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: English, French, Latin, Physics, Biology, Arithmetic, Mathematics. Hoping to go to Salisbury Technical College (Catering). Home address: 5 Avondown Road, Durrington, Salisbury, Wiltshire.

MILNE, M. S. — R.A.F. September, 1972. Haig House. House Prefect (Trenchard). Life Saving Bronze Medallion, Personal Survival Bronze and Silver. 2nd XV Rugby. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: English, Woodwork, Physics, Biology, Arithmetic,

Economics, Economic History, Mechanics. Hoping to go into Employment. Home address: 4 Arnold Avenue, Gonerby Hillfoot, Grantham, Lincs.

MURPHY, P. A. — R.A.F. 1973. Haig House. Prefect (Trenchard), Colour Party Corporal. Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold, Award of Merit, 1st XV Rugby Colours, Cadets Recruit Cup, Marksman, Swimming and Athletics Teams, Sailing Club. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Maths, Physics, English, Arithmetic, Engineering Science, Modern Studies, Biology, Engineering Drawing, Woodwork. Hoping to go to Lincoln College of Technology. Home address: 4 Belgravia Close, Forest Park Estate, Skellingthorpe Road, Lincoln, Lincolnshire.

PAXTON, M. J. — King's Own Scottish Borderers. 1975. Haig House. Junior First Aid Certificate, Adult First Aid Certificate. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Woodwork, Economics, Economic History, Technical Drawing, Physics, Arithmetic, English. Hoping to enter Employment. Home address: 51 Weensland Road, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

ROBB, A. S. — Royal Highland Fusiliers. 1973. Haig House. 1st XV, Junior First Aid, Drumming Medals, Swimming, Pipe Band. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Woodwork, Biology, Physics, Arithmetic, Mathematics, English, Technical Drawing, Art. Hoping to be a Mechanical Engineer. Home address: 30 Tollerton Drive, Irvine, Ayrshire.

SIMMONDS, S. W. — Scots Guards. September, 1974. Haig House. House Captain (Trenchard), Chapel Steward. Junior First Aid Certificate, Personal Survival Bronze and Silver, Life Saving Bronze. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Maths, Physics, Economics, Economic History, Technical Drawing, Engineering Science, English, Woodwork, Arithmetic. Hoping to be an Engineer or go to College. Home address: 35 Jessfield Terrace, Edinburgh EH6 4JR (until July).

TURNER, S. D. — R.A.F. 1975. Haig House. House Prefect (Trenchard). 2nd XV Rugby. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Maths, Art, Chemistry, Physics, Modern Studies, English, Arithmetic, Woodwork. Hoping to go to Grimsby College of Technology (Catering). Home address:

WALLACE, E. — R.A.F. 1973. Haig House. 3rd Year House Prefect, Drum Major, Chapel Steward, C.C.F. Junior Corporal. Junior First Aid Certificate, Bronze Medallion. Debating Society (Addison-Smith 1975), Dramatic Society, Canoe Club, Pipe Band 1976-9, Rugby 2nd XV. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: English, French, Modern Studies, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Art, Physics, Chemistry. Further Education next year, sitting 3 'A' levels at Solihull Sixth Form College. Home address: Mason Court, Hillborough Road, Birmingham B27 6PF.

WILSON, D. S. — Royal Army Ordnance Corps. 1974. Haig House. Personal Survival Bronze, Life Saving Bronze Medallion. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Economics, Economic History, English,

Mathematics, Arithmetic, Engineering Drawing, Chemistry, Woodwork. Hoping to enter Catering College. Home address: c/o W.O. 2 E. J. Wilson, O.D.A. Det., Ayrshire Bks., B.F.P.O. 40.

Form IV (possible leavers)

BOYD, G. — R.E.M.E. September, 1973. Haig House. Head Steward of Chapel 1978-9. 2nd in Butterfly 1978 Central Region Swimming, Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold, Bronze Medallion, 2nd XV Rugby. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, Mathematics, Economic History, Economics, Physics Chemistry, Latin, English, French. Hoping to go to Army. Home address: 49 Alexander Street, East Wemyss, Fife.

GRAY, K. A. — R.A.F. September, 1974. Haig House, C.C.F. (R.A.F.) N.C.O. Life Saving Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold Merit, 1st and 2nd Stage A.S.A., 1 mile Swimming, Junior First Aid, P.3 C.C.F. Credit, Table Tennis, Electronics. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Mathematics, Physics, Arithmetic, Biology, English, French, Latin, Modern Studies. Hoping to further Education next year. Home address: 11 Talbot Road, Albrighton, Wolves, W. Midlands WV7 3HH.

HENDERSON, K. — Queen's Own Highlanders. September, 1973. Haig House. Boy Pipe Major. School Piping Champion 1978-9, Runner-up Champion 1977, Runner-up Swimming Champion 1978. Rugby 2nd XV, Pipe Band, School Fire Picket, Squash Team. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, English, French, Art, Technical Drawing, Modern Studies. Hoping to a Civil Engineering Technician. Home address: 23 Swanston Avenue, Scorguie, Inverness.

MCDONALD, R. L. — Royal Scots. September, 1973. Haig House. C.C.F./R.A.F. Cadet Corporal. Life Saving Bronze Medallion, Personal Survival Bronze and Silver. Canoeing, Scottish Country Dancing, Highland Dancing, Dramatic Society. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Mathematics, English, Physics, Chemistry, Latin, French, Modern Studies, Arithmetic. Furthering Education next year. Home address: 16 Redford Gardens, Colinton, Edinburgh.

McGREGOR, I. — Royal Signals. 1974. Haig House. House Prefect (Trenchard), 2nd XV, Member of Pipe Band, Bronze Medallion, Silver A.S.A. Awards. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, English, Maths, French, Physics, Latin, Biology, Modern Studies. Home address: 26 Culloden Terrace, Arbroath, Tayside.

RUTHERFORD, C. D. — R.A.F. September, 1973. Haig House. Junior First Aid, Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Life Saving Bronze Medallion. Photography, Sailing, Fire Picket. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Art, English, Technical Drawing, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork. Hoping to go to

F.E. College to take Art and Design Diploma. Home address: 2 Victoria Terrace, Musselburgh, East Lothian.

WILSON, A. J. — Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. September, 1973. Haig House. Athletics, Swimming and Rugby (1st XV) Teams. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Latin, French, Economics, Economic History, English. Hoping to further Education. Home address: 30 Drumossie Avenue, Culcabock, Inverness.

Form III

CURRIE, A. — Royal Army Ordnance Corps. 1975. Cunningham House. Junior Dormitory Leader. A.S.A. Bronze Medallion. Personal Survival Bronze Cross. Badminton, 3rd Year XV Rugby, Dunblane Cricket Club. Hoping to enter Employment (Engineering Apprentice). Home address: 25 Chapel Crescent, Eddlewood, Hamilton.

DEUCHARS, S. R. — R.A.F. 1975. Cunningham House. 3rd Year Rugby XV, Personal Survival Bronze. Hoping to join Merchant Navy. Home address: Longley Brodie, by Forbes, Morayshire.

Hobbies/Sports

PHOTOGRAPHY

The Photography Club this year got off to a bad start with things not going too smoothly due to lack of enthusiasm, although the number of members was small enough for individual attention to be given. As the weeks went on things straightened out, enthusiasm picked up, and now the dark room is being well used by most members.

Caleb Rutherford

HIGHLAND DANCING

Highland Dancing has been a part of the School for many years. Many very good dancers have been made from teachers such as Mr Mortimer, who taught many good dancers; Mr L. Georgeson who filled in for a term when Mr Mortimer had retired; and the present instructor, or instructress I should say, Miss J. E. Snape, who has taken many dancing teams to places like Edinburgh, Stirling Castle, Bishopton and Larbert.

The dances are taught, and the practice is done mostly after tea and after school time. The dances performed range from a fling or a sword dance to a hornpipe or a jig. Many people recognise the dress of the "Queen Victoria School highland dancers". But we are not only Highland dancers, Scottish country is taught as well.



School Dancing Team with Commandant and Miss Snape.

This year the dancers have taken different standards of medals from two different Associations – U.K.A. and Imperial – in which all dancers achieved very high grades. For each dance medals were awarded; the amount of medals received by some boys ranged from three to five.

Then at the end of the summer term comes the big day when eight dancers bite their nails and dance in front of more than two thousand boys and parents. And from all the dancers to Miss Snape – “Thanks”.

Anthony P. Haley and
David Aitken

ELECTRONICS

This year the electronics hobby has continued to be a great success especially among the younger members of the senior School.

As usual the new members were started on a course of electricity, learning about simple battery/light circuits and ohm's law, and after twelve weeks ending off with the relative complexities of

electron emission in diodes. The senior members of the club continued to design and construct their own projects such as organs, flashers and amplifiers.

I would like to take this as an opportunity to thank Mr Paterson and Mr McIntyre for their hours of help and attention with the club, and also to Keith Gray and John Canning for their help with the teaching of the beginners.

Ian Mortimer, IV

DEBATING AND LITERARY SOCIETY

This year was an eventful one compared to last year, due to the fact that there was no School play this year. So where do I start?

Competitions – The School didn't fare as well as expected but a great effort was made both by the teams and Mr Moffat. We entered three national competitions this year: *The Daily Express* competition, the English Speaking Union competition and the United Nations Speech Making contest. Sean Dolan, Mark Riddell and Colin Lyons put up the best

performance in two rounds of the United Nations contest. This is an excellent competition for boys who show an interest in current affairs and can speak in public with flair and conviction.

We also welcomed a few visiting speakers. Mr Sunter, a local minister, came and gave a talk on his work in prisons, which the boys found very interesting indeed. In February we welcomed Mr Coleman who gave a talk on the work of the Christian Leprosy Mission, and also in the same month Mr King, secretary of the local Community Council, came to give a talk on the topic – Is local government democratic?

Obviously the debates and socials are a highlight for any fourth year entering Haig, for the first time. Times being as hard as they are, and the cost of hiring a coach high, we were only visited by one school – Falkirk High (well, that's the excuse I heard anyway!). It was such a resounding success that we were invited to their school in March, which was such a resounding success that they have been invited back to Queen Victoria next November!

Other events which have taken place over the session have included trips to see the plays *Look Back in Anger* and *Julius Caesar* and visits to Edinburgh to listen to the S.N.O. and the moving music of Brahms, Beethoven and Mahler. Not all the boys take to the music but the chips and smoked sausages are good.

The Rev. Koerselman, adjudicator at the Addison-Smith Public Speaking Competition, impressed everyone with his sincerity, his fluency and the quality of advice he had to offer. Many of the finalists were praised for their contributions; the audience will perhaps particularly remember the speech of utter conviction delivered by Colin Lyons, the confidence of Robert Bruce and the promise shown by young Colin Hutton.

To conclude I would like to thank all those boys who have participated in any internal events, helped to decorate the hall, sell drinks and make the socials a success! And finally, on behalf of all the boys, a warm word of appreciation to Mr Moffat who makes it all possible, and I hope that one day he can help



Addison Smith prize winners.



1st Yea. VII – Winners of Central Region Tournament

to bring back to Queen Victoria that elusive prize – *The Daily Express Debating Trophy*.

Mark Riddell, V

RUGBY **1st XV**

After last year's disappointing season with a promising side, I did not expect this year's young side to be as successful as it was. Out of twelve games played, we won eight, drew one, and lost three, although this record could have been improved, if it had not been for the bad weather from late November until early March.

In our first game we lost by a convincing margin to a strong Dollar side, but this game is always hard and I was not too disheartened. My faith in the side was strengthened when we beat Inverkeithing 22-4 at their ground. After this, we had a stream of hard matches. The first was against Strathallan, and was a true test of the character of the side, since we were

down 9-0 at half-time. In the second half we commanded the game and with a combination of hard graft from the scrum, tactical kicking from Mark Riddell and excellent back play we scored two tries and converted one to win 10-9. Then came an away fixture with Morrison's Academy two days after. In this game we were 6-4 down with 10 minutes to go and then, due to our extra training, our fitness paid off as we scored a flood of tries to win 17-6. The game against Glenalmond was probably the best game of the season. The score at half-time was 8-0 to us, after fine back running with Stuart Wilson and Duncan Broadbent showing fine turns of speed and creating a feast of chances. In the second half we were pinned down in our own 25 and the team showed it could defend just as well as attack with some fine tackles from Paul Murphy and Mark Fisher. But with all the pressure Glenalmond scored twice but failed to convert and the score remained 8-8. In beating McLaren H.S. we avenged last year's double defeat and notched up another

victory. Next we beat Stirling H.S. and then the team had a lean patch with two narrow defeats by Lenzie and Rannoch. After this, our winning ways continued with a victory at Fettes on a very heavy pitch. We won 4-3, the score at half-time also. In our final two games of the season, we beat the Old Boys 12-0 in a very hardly contested match and then to finish a very good fifteen season we beat Alloa away from home by 27-14.

At the end of the season, the sevens team played in the Central Region Sevens Tournament. We reached the final of the competition by beating Falkirk H.S., followed by McLaren H.S. and in a very hard match against Alloa, which we clinched with a try started from our own 25, in which every player in our team was involved. In the final we met the holders of the trophy – Wallace High. The final was 24 minutes of fast running play. Unfortunately in the third period of extra time, Wallace scored a try which broke the 6-6 deadlock and clinched the trophy for the second year running. Although we

lost, it was a fitting way to finish a fine season. I would also like to add special thanks to Mr Moffat who did so much to make the season enjoyable and successful.

I.C.

Results

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY

Examination Passes

Bronze Medallion:

R. More, II; A. Reid, II; A. McLennan, II; K. Hainey, II; A. Borthwick, II; A. Ingram, II; G. Harrison, II; S. Deuchars, II; I. McGregor, III; T. Brunton, II; D. Aitken, II – Well done.

Teacher's Certificate:

G. Milne, V; R. MacKenzie, V – Well done.



Senior VII – Runners-up in Central Region Tournament.

CENTRAL REGION SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Twelve competitors were entered. Seven gained places in finals.

Following gained medals:

D. Sutherland – Bronze for Front Crawl (50m) 'C' age group (32.65).

D. McLennan – Silver for Breast Stroke (50m) 'C' age group (38.00).

E. McLay – Gold for Back Crawl (50m) 'C' age group (37.9).

D. Craft – Gold for Breast Stroke (50m) 'B' age group (37.4).

Relay Team – E. McLay, D. McLennan, A. Halliday, D. Sutherland – first place (gold) in 4x25m Medley Relay 'C' age group. New Central Region record time 1:05.00 (i.e. 0.8 seconds off previous record).

Also, 'B' age group Relay Team – Craft, Collie N., Davidson, Grant – 4th place 'B' Boys Medley Relay.

Also, A. Rutherford – 'D' Boys Front Crawl, 5th place. N. Collie – 'B' Boys Front Crawl, 5th place. T. Brunton – 'D' Boys Back Crawl, 6th place.

SNOW

Snow, snow, it's snowing today,
Snow, snow, it's thick hooray,
Snow, snow, it's thawing today,
Snow, snow, it's going away.

I. Kennedy, 1A

THE OLD HOUSE

The old house stands alone
just down the road from one home
the windows stare
dark and bare
and scare anybody from going there.

I. Kennedy, 1A

THE RETIRED DEEP SEA FISHING CAPTAIN

His face screwed up into a ball of weather-beaten skin as he laughed with his mates in the pub. His shoulders shook almost violently as he bellowed out his laugh. The hands that gripped his mug of beer were yellow and like stiff sandpaper.

He stood up as he said, "My round".

He walked upright showing off his size, he walked steadily in even paces as if he was walking on a fishing boat in a rough sea and making sure he wouldn't slip. He ordered the round and stuck his hand into a deep pocket, jangling the money around and flicking the coins onto the bar so that each coin landed in a perfect line. He turned to see if anybody had been watching. But they'd seen him do it so many times it was unusual if he didn't do it.

"Hurry up, captain", shouted one of his mates, he walked skilfully towards the table carrying the tray of beer with both hands clasped around the edge



Illustrated by T. Charlesworth, 3rd Year.

like he was hauling a net in and he didn't want to spill any of his catch. He lunged down on to his seat, crossing his legs then uncrossing them quickly as if it was not manly.

His lips moulded around the mug, taking his time over the drink he swallowed a few slow gulps. A deep sigh of appreciation came from his mouth as his muscular arm placed the beer on the table. His hand reached into another abyss of a pocket and he placed a box of dominoes on the table. Everybody was sitting back watching and waiting for the dominoes to be turned face down as if it was a nightly ritual which took place at exactly the same time every evening.

"My down tonight", he said with great enthusiasm as he turned over the double six. He fixed his hat slightly to the left before his wide blue eyes became deeply engrossed in studying his hand of dominoes.

"Goodnight, men", said the captain as he left the public bar. He walked up the road with one hand in his pocket and one hand on a glowing pipe,



Boys who took part in Central Region Championships.



The Royal Caledonian Curling Club's Grand Match – Lake of Menteith, 7th February, 1979.

whistling as his feet took their steady pace pulling his baggy trousers. He stepped into a dark corner just beyond the lamp-post muttering he said, "I knew I had too much beer".

J. A. Gardner, IIIA

CAT

Cat
Cheetah
Sleek and fast
Staring green eyes
Burning like fire
A man with a
Gun to put
Out the
Fire.

Andrew Reid, IIB

THE SEA IN ALL ITS NEEDS

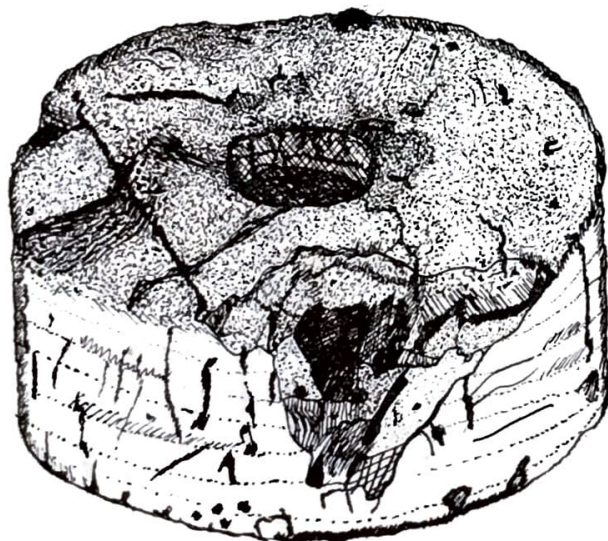
The seagulls glide, with the sun on their backs. The sea is like a mill pond; nothing moves except for the gentle lapping of the waves on the autumn leaf coloured sand.

Clouds form overhead, the sun is dulled like a lightbulb with a reostat. I can hear the sea pounding at the rocks like a hose being fired at a crumbling brick wall. The sea sounds like long drawn out breathing. The wind forces my hair to dance about violently like corn on a windy day.

A. C. MacKay, 2B

THE QUEUE

I leant against the wall at the back of the chip shop. Wating. The queue was trailing outside the squeaky door. I didn't fancy standing at the end of the queue, in the stinging rain, on the pavement; getting sprayed by sadistic motorists.



Illustrated by S. Godderidge, 3rd Year.

"Two bags of chips, please, Tony, and lots of salt and vinegar."

"Okay, Mrs Bell," said 'Tony', his black hair stuck to his scalp with steam and cream. The woman held a small boy in her left hand, and a big purse was clasped in her right. Her curled hair was hidden under a purple headscarf, and a cigarette slept in the corner of her mouth. The small boy was looking up at the buzzing light, while he picked his nose with his free hand and scratched his leg with his soggy sandal.

As the woman waited, the queue got longer. I heard the sneezing and coughing of someone outside getting soaked in the rain. There were also complaints from impatient people. "Hurry up!", "I haven't got all night."

"What the hell's he cookin', a bloomin' horse?"

An old man stood beside the door reading *The Sun*. His nose was dripping water onto his newspaper, and a stubby chin did the same onto his thick coat. He sniffled. His neck was engulfed in a bright green scarf which seemed to be getting in the way of the man behind him. He was trying to read the price list, a motorbike helmet under his arm. He kept on having to duck and shift, and twist and turn, just to get out of the way of the scarf.

A small girl leant against the counter behind the Mrs Bell. She jingled her money in a wet, soggy hand. Staring at everybody and chewing some chewing-gum with a slurping noise.

A hiss of steam occasionally escaped from behind the counter. It floated to the flaking ceiling in a mushroom cloud.

Tony handed over two steaming bags. "Ta, very much," said Mrs Bell, handing over the money. "Cheerio," said Tony with a worn-out smile. She dragged the boy with her out of the door.

The girl stretched above the counter with the money in her taut arm. "A bag of crisps, please," she whispered.

"I'll be here all night," I thought to myself, and let out a sigh.

Bernard Nelson, IIIB

"LA GUILLOTINE"

He lay down on the coarse wooden bench, his last "rest" before his eternal one. A hubbub of chatter, shouting, and appeals filled the village square like a market-day. This was to be the first public execution in seven months, and the townspeople had all congregated in the square. The French soldiers dressed in their number one dress uniform, strolled around the guillotine with their hands clenched onto their sword handles. It was also the first time that the summer sun had glowed upon the little village for a few months, casting a warmth over the countryside, like a fishing net.

The large blade hung, suspended from the tautened piece of rope, the blade's silvery glaze

Grand Day Parade

Inspecting Officer:

Lieutenant-General Sir MICHAEL GOW, K.C.B.
General Officer Commanding the Army in Scotland

INSPECTION

The Parade is drawn up 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 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 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, and then returns 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 *McDonald's awa to the Wars*. 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 *The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow* 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.
Boys receiving trophies and Prince Philip Medal are fallen in.
Trophies and Medals are presented.
The Senior Monitor calls for Three Cheers (*only boys on Parade cheer*).

MARCH OFF

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

ON PARADE

Senior Monitor, Commanding Parade	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Iain Collie
Guard Comanders, No. 1 Guard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Ross McKenzie
No. 2 Guard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	James Robb
No. 3 Guard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Sean Dolan
No. 4 Guard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Stuart Wilson
Orderlies to Inspecting Officer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Stuart McKenzie, Dugald Revie
In Charge of Colour Party	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Colin Jones
Colour Bearers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Duncan Broadbent, Douglas Gunn
								Paul Murphy, Cameron Angus
Boy Pipe Major	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Kevin Henderson
Boy Drum Major	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Euan Wallace
School Sergeant Major	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Mr J. Deeley (late Royal Scots)

Following the Parade

1. Tea will be served immediately after the Parade has left the Parade Ground.
2. Queen Victoria School Pipes and Drums (Pipe Major Instructor Mr J. McKenzie (late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) and Highland Dancers (Instructor Miss J. Snape, A.I.S.D.T., U.K.A.P.T.D.).

Programme of Music

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

Drummers Salute

Retreat March	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Pipe Major J. K. Cairns
Dancers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	The Argyllshire Broadwords
Slow March	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Hearken My Love
March..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Dundee Military Tattoo
Strathspey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Mrs McKenzie
Reel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Captain Lachlan McPhail
March..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	The Sweet Maid of Mull

3. March Off of Pipes and Drums to the tune *Highland Laddie* giving "Eyes Right" to Inspecting Officer.

ARTS, CRAFTS AND HOBBIES

A display of work done by the boys during the year, 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 Model Railway Room, to which any Q.V.S. boy will direct guests. Guests are also invited to view the Pipe Room and Drum Room, behind the main row of seats. In these rooms are pictures and badges which have been presented to the School by the three Fighting Services, including every Regiment and Corps normally represented by sons at the School.

Also presentations from neighbouring British Legion (Scotland) Branches, the former South African War Veterans' Association of Edinburgh, and principal or neighbouring cities and towns of Scotland.



Illustrated by K. Henderson, 4th Year.

glinting sharply in the afternoon sun. The deserter lay motionless on his resting place, his glazed eyes fixed on the coarse brown basket below his forehead. His fists were clenched, and thick leather straps restrained his torso from moving out of "position". His neck was bared, his long dusty hair parted on either side of his neck. He wore a clean silk shirt, collarless. This would be of much more comfort to him than one made out of sacking. The sound from the crowd suddenly turned into a quiet, gentle murmur, like a hive of bees on a dry summer afternoon. Mesmerized, eyes were turned towards the platform on which "Madame" was posed. They were opened wider, eager to catch every drop of blood that would surge from the severed neck. The executioner walked calmly up to the release lever and stood at ease, waiting for the command. A sergeant stood, with his uniform carefully brushed and his boots like the reflection of his sword, beside the platform. He suddenly raised his long arm up above his head. The tension rose, the murmur fell. The executioner draped in a grey cloak took a single step forward and took a grip of the lever. There was a last breath-taking moment, a last flicker of life from the deserter before he depressed the lever. The sudden release, and rush of the blade was like a burst of static lighting. The sweating neck of the deserter was the spot on which this smooth, razor-edged blade chopped in one final surge. The head fell into the basket, the end of the platform turning crimson and wet with the gush of blood.

The birds slept on the rooftops of the surrounding shops and houses in the calm mid-day sun. The decapitated body lay motionless, fists still clenched.

Bernard Nelson, IIB

THE CONVERSATIONALIST

I watched him from the bench in the street. He was staggering backwards and forwards like a boxer just before a K.O., trying to have a conversation with a lamp-post, but, from where I was sitting, the lamp-post didn't seem very interested.

In his clutching right hand was a brown paper bag with a protruding bottle-neck, peering innocently over the top. A cigarette was in his left hand, and every so often the ash fell off onto his creased trousers, accompanied with a swear from the man.

He started to curse the uninterested lamp-post.

"Listen, son, ah'm gonnae smash you!" he said.

Then, with a drunken swoop, he hurled the paper bag at it. The contents smashed, then flew into tiny pieces over the path.

"That'll teach ye!" he shouted.

He looked as if he would fall asleep any moment after that, as he plodded aimlessly across the road. Then I noticed him advance towards me. I stood up. "Hey, you! What are you starin' at?" he said.

I never answered.



Illustrated by C. Rutherford, 4th Year.

His hair was sticking up in greasy clumps, probably a contrast to the smooth, 'Brylcreemed' mat of hair a few hours ago when he had walked into a pub. His "white" shirt was stained with brown marks, where careless gulping of whiskey had left their mark. He stood in front of me.

His feet seemed stuck to the ground as his body swayed to and fro. His head looked as though it was attached to his neck with a piece of string as it nodded backwards and forwards in accompaniment with the rest of his body.

I walked away from the acid stench of him, and as I did so I heard him yell, "Come back here, you bloody coward, don't run away!"

I almost laughed at his pitiful shouts, and his clenched fists.

Bernard Nelson, IIB

FACE CHANGE

Otto Haufmann undressed in front of the mirror. The genial old man was about to undergo a transformation, from father of three into killer of thousands. He took everything off and admired his fine body. He slipped on the regulation underwear, followed by black trousers with creases sharp enough to cut butter. Followed by the handmade jackboots. He put on the shirt that he was so proud of. It was black. Like everything else he was wearing. Next, his black tie, with the death's head tie pin. He tied the regulation knot. Next, his jacket, also black. On the left sleeve in the regulation manner was an armband. Next, his black leather belt, inscribed "Gott mit uns". On his belt was a holster with a regulation pistol in it. His face hardened. The looks his family

knew disappeared. With each piece of clothing the face hardened a little more. Frowns became scowls, smiles became sneers. His ears stuck out. Nobody pointed at them. He had a long, scraggy neck. Nobody pointed that out either. His face now suited the uniform. Nobody picked an argument with an Oberscharführer in the S.S. Everybody hated that face. It was a dangerous face. A face that could chill the devil to the bone. Everybody hated the face of Oberscharführer Haufmann. It was a face that executed soldiers who could not fight. It was a face that gassed babies and old men alike. A face that could kill you if you looked at it the wrong way. It was a dangerous face, the face of Oberscharführer Haufmann.

W. McCrimmon, IIIB

"IT'S A NICE DAY TODAY"

He was walking slowly, he was lost. It was raining. There was sleet and wind. His head was down, facing the ground. The grass grew longer, the ground muddier. He took no notice. He found it difficult to move forward. He felt as if he was sinking, and found that he was; right into Marsh-moor bog. He clutched at straws, they came away in his hand. The sun came out. He didn't notice. The rain, wind and sleet had stopped. The last thing ever to register in his mind was the sun shining down on his face, and he thought, "It's a nice day today . . ."

W. McCrimmon, IIIB

TRANSFORMED

The wig came off first. It looked like a grey mop. Underneath was short sweaty brown hair, matted due to the wig. He then removed the deep black eyebrows. When they came off the lustre and sparkle like diamonds in his eyes seemed to peel away with them. He took a damp cloth to his cheeks making the white colouring material dribble off his face like rivers of Milk of Magnesia. He wiped the cloth round his face squeezing out the cleansing water. It was like a farmer washing the whiteness from a pure white cow leaving behind the brown of flesh. He flicked round the top of the tap allowing the basin to fill with water. He plunged his head into the water to remove the final dabs of white make-up which were like dead doves lying in a muddy field. Next was his pale red lipstick. He took a brush from the special fluid and gently painted it over the lipstick with his experienced hand. He had been in this business for years. He dabbed his face dry and ran his fingers through his hair. He gave a sigh like a lorry's high pressure air brakes and his forehead collapsed into winding furrows, then he retired to sleep.

Alan R. White, IIIB

THE CLOWN

He looks dismally at the painted face. Sighs and realises how pathetic he really looks. The small pair of ringed eyes roam the mirror in search of something to restore his confidence in himself, a hint of humour or even a small sign of sanity. Wiping away the streaks of gold and yellow make-up from his cheeks he regains confidence again as small parts of his face start to reappear from under the great cloud of make-up. Lights flash in sequence, chasing around the side of the mirror, in pursuit of the happy face it had previously known. Removing the red, gleaming nose-cap from his face, he drops it into a jar marked "eye shadow", which is surrounded protectively by various other shapes and sizes of bottles. Feeling for a small piece of cotton wool marooned somewhere in the back of the drawer he kicks out furiously at the bowler hat resting "hollow side up", like a potty below his chair. By now he had removed all signs of make-up from his waxed face, except for two bright orange lips that shimmered playfully in the glare of the lights.

William Young

THE CLOWN

Looking at his now worn face he wondered how he still managed to make people laugh.

His skin was furrowed with wrinkles and it was increasingly hard to hide them.

He put his hand into the pot of slimy white paste, prepared ten minutes before, and submitted his entire face to its cold clammy embraces.

By the time he had erased all the wrinkles the paste was almost a centimetre thick.

Next he painted his left eye with blue paint, four thin lines at right angles to each other, giving the impression of a star in a picture of Christ.

He studied his face again, it was a wilderness of white, except for the blue star.

Now for the right eye, he repeated the process. He used red lipstick and broad strokes to give his mouth the appearance of sadness.

Today he was trying something new – he marked in big black tears with some charcoal.

Using red dye he reddened his cheeks and the area around his eyes.

He pushed on his "funny" red nose and reddened his nose in an effort to blend it in.

Now he regarded his hair, it was fighting a losing battle against the steely grey. He glanced around for his curly orange wig, and having sighted it under the table, pulled it on.

He was now ready except for his tiny blue hat.

Andrew Winning, IIIB

THE QUEUE

The rain lashed down on the orange headscarf of the woman in front of me and as we rounded the corner I couldn't tell if they were tears or raindrops rolling down her cheeks.

My bleached jeans clung to my shivering legs like a baby clings to its mother's breast. I shuddered and hoped it would be warm inside. The coins in my sweaty palm were annoying me and I tried to dry them on my soaked jacket but I gave up and stuffed them hurriedly into my pocket.

When I got inside the woman in front of me took her coat off to reveal a low cut dress and a brightly designed orange and yellow apron. She leaned across the counter and said, "Alright, Ada, I'll take over e're, luv." She moved with the grace of a stubborn donkey squashing fallen beans and chips.

The woman behind me moaned at me and urged me to get a move-on. I replied cheekily, "Aw, shuttup, will ya?"

The lady on the serving side of the counter said, "Alright, you cocky little devil, what 'y'ere 'avin, eh?"

"Two take-away fish 'n chips, please."

I dashed out to the shining, blue, wind swept, rain beaten juggernaut, carrying my two packages, away from the queue.

M. Irvine, 3B

SAND

The fresh, clean breeze carried the fragrance of sea water. The sun was a ball of blurred light and the kettle-steam clouds hung, peacefully not blocking the sun's radiant rays. The beach was nearly deserted except for a few late holiday makers. The hissing, spitting waves licked the firm, damp sand as the children played on the beach.

Their wet bodies acted as adhesive to the loose, warm sand, and great blotches of it were stuck to them in irregular patterns. Spades excitedly attacked the ground and soon a great fortress was forming shape. The young architects shouted and laughed at the likeness of their masterpiece to the stone castles of long ago.

The enemy was creeping up the hill, its destroying waves edging closer and closer. In a desperate attempt to save themselves the children dug great ditches for the enemy to gurggle into. It did not stop him though, and soon the fort was taken. The clouds came over and it was time to go home, out of their fantasies into reality.

R. Bruce

THE CHANGE

The dull, sullen face looked up at the mirror. Wrinkles hung like clouds around a mountain. Suddenly an earthquake began, changing the whole appearance of the form. The presence of the mountain faded.

A hill with a grassy meadow and four new-born lambs appeared. Two bright red apples fell from a tree and lay on either side of the lambs. A big rock covered with moss and flowers rose up from the earth and settled itself above the new-born congregation. Two blue tractors drove up and positioned themselves a few yards above the apples. Also a house stood on top of the hill in all its glory. Towering over the whole meadow. But best of all the clouds disappeared revealing hundreds of white butterflies surrounding the tractors.

As soon as all this was completed, the clown ran into the arena.

D. Burns



Illustrated by S. Godderidge, 3rd Year.

WHEN I WAS HAPPY

I sat on the saddle shaped seat, placed my feet on the rectangular pedals, and pushed downwards to the gravel covered ground. I looked down as I was propelled forward. The reddish mass of tiny stones became a big red moving blob. The wheels moved like water when the river is in spate.

I gathered speed as I darted along the small and narrow path alongside the canal. I felt happy as the rush of air blew in my face, and pushed my hair back behind my forehead. The speeding air was strong enough to make my eyes water. The tears began to roll slowly down my red cheeks. This was beginning to hurt, but I did not stop.

The speeding tyres were moving too fast to grip the gravel, and the machine fell to the ground. I sat up and laughed. Sat back on the bicycle and began moving faster and faster.

Anthony P. Haley, IIA

THE QUEUE

They stood hungry, homeless and demoralised. Their hair was dirty and uncombed. Their clothes were rags. Many didn't have anything on their feet. Blisters and boils were not uncommon. One little boy about six stood about fifth in the queue. He

seemed dazed, lost in a world of his own. He also had a large deep cut in his arm. His hair was filthy, it contained lice and dust like so many others. The queue shuffled along, not a word was spoken. The large black pot bubbled moving like a mass of magma except for the white colour. A tall slender man stood up to take his ration. The ladle sank and was engulfed, then retrieved spilling its boiling contents into the man's cupped hands. He registered no pain. Maybe it was because his hands had no sense of touch left in them. An old man sat in the corner of a pile of rubble licking every last drop of his hands. Next in the queue was a young boy about four crying for his mother. Little did he know he wasn't to see her again. A girl stood up and took the boy's share and her own. Her dress was torn and her blouse was stained and charred, her eyes a dark brown still blazed with hope for another day.

A. Borthwick, 2A

THE QUEUE

Four individual queues had formed up in the main hall. Four queues with anxious members. Each of the queues had people giggling and talking amongst them. I saw two young boys, one of them crying, holding hands. Some boys were not worried at all, others however were both nervous and worried. I could see boys shaking and biting their lips.

Then a scream shattered the low noise level. It had sudden effects on some people. Boys began to stare at the area from which the scream came.

The boys began to get restless, wanting to know where the scream had actually come from. They became more anxious than they thought they would ever be.

A teacher walked past the queues with a small boy in his arms. Boys began to leave their places in the queue and join the end of the queue.

It seemed strange to see people leaving their place to join the end of the queue. If boys were lining up for dinner or their pocket money they wouldn't dream of going to the end of the queue, but this was different, boys and teachers alike were queueing for their INFLUENZA VACCINATIONS.

I. Fernie, 2A

ANGER

A cold draught broke my fascination for the savage account of shark attacks on B.B.C. 2.

I carried on watching until I heard the living room door being thrown open with amazing force.

My brother stamped in. The dog was still barking but ceased after my brother shot a sharp left foot into its side, it gave a howl of pain and it quickly retreated and established a stronghold under the table.

I knew something was wrong and I tried not to get involved. The sudden fit of anger had taken my mind off the bloodthirsty programme and now my adrenalin was flowing.

Was it me he was angry with? What had I done wrong? My thoughts spread through the day behind me. All my questions were answered with a sharp "no".

I looked again and he was rummaging through the fruit bowl, casting aside the marked fruit. And then when his requirements weren't met he threw the bowl off the edge of the table and made for a seat.

There was a cushion lying on the seat and he threw it towards the wall units. It crashed into my mum's wedgewood and other pottery, and an explosion occurred as the figures were trapped against the back of the cabinet and could not stand the extra pressure.

Fragments of china lay all over the carpet, and with a grunt my brother left the room.

S. J. Hill, 2A

LONELINESS

As the tide came in the white foam gurgled around my feet. I took my finger off the line, drew back the fishing rod and cast out into the shimmering waters of the bay.

After yesterday I thought I would never come to fish here again. The quietness and the isolation of the bay was driving me insane. Four hours, no people, no fish, no birds, no boats and no sign of life but the inexorable in and out movement of the tide. How can life be so changing? Only a week ago Dave was right next to me. How I relished the company of a friend.

I screamed for a sign of life, the only reply I had was from a wary seagull observing me in a cautious way from a nook in the rock wall high above me. It looked as though she had chicks, so I left her to her instincts, to circle above me for a while.

Suddenly a tug on the line awakened me from my trance. I jerked but missed. Somewhere out there a silver fish darted away. I had just lost another friend.

S. J. Hill, 2A

Wavell House

When a boy reaches the second year of his career in Wavell House he is put in charge of a new boy and is responsible for his welfare during the first few weeks of his School career. This has a two fold objective. Firstly it gives the new boy someone to rely upon and turn to during a rather perplexing time and secondly it teaches the second year boy the real

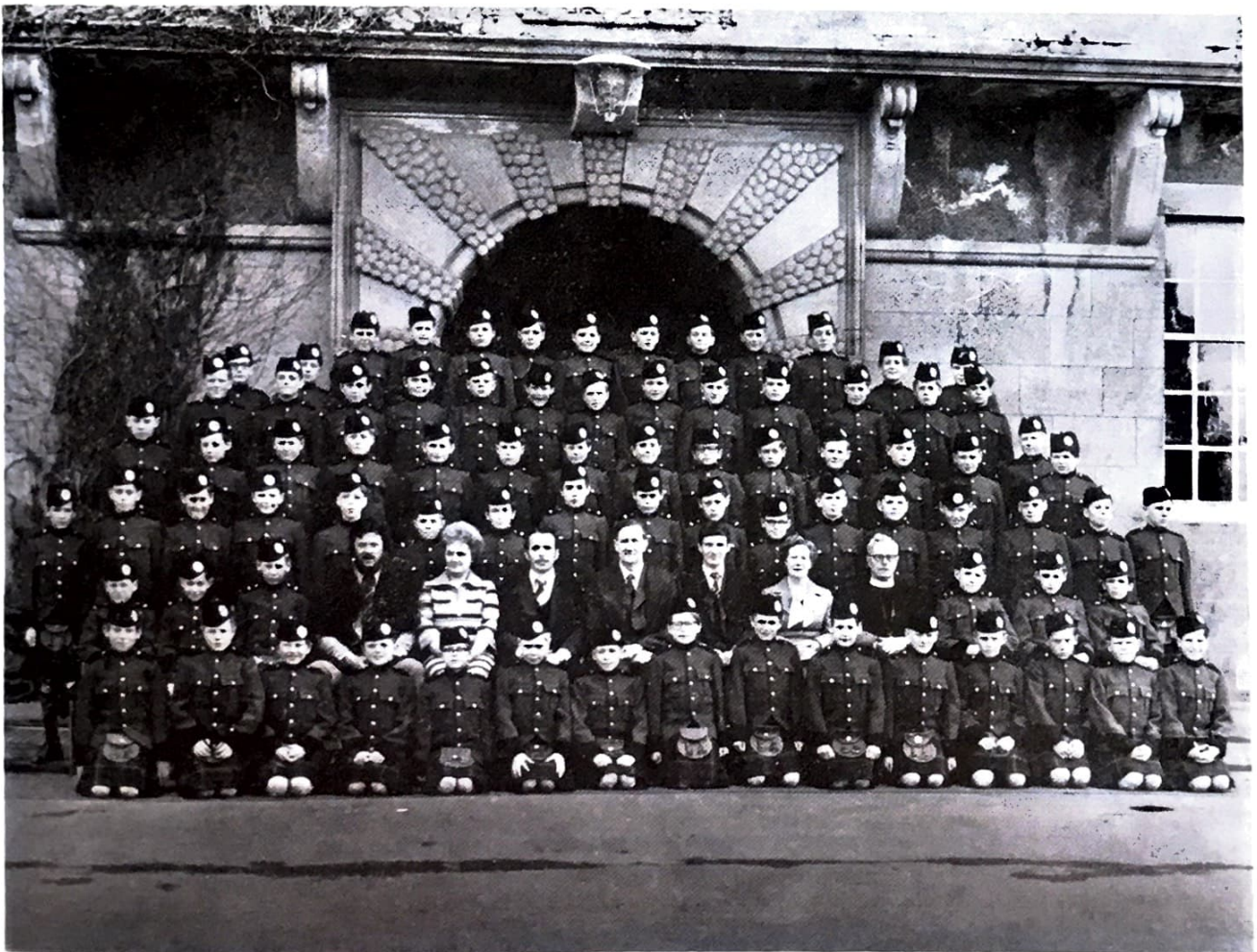
meaning of responsibility towards others in the practical sense of the word.

It would be naive to consider that this system works in every instance as clashes of personality are bound to occur in some cases but generally it works well and has been extremely successful this year when the second year boys showed a real interest and concern for their "rookies" with the result that the new boys settled down well and enjoyed their first year in the House due to the happy and cheerful atmosphere which prevailed.

A word should also be said concerning dormitory leaders and their deputies. These are much sought after positions as they carry a bright gold or silver band on the shoulder straps of the dress uniform to denote in a young boy's mind a newly found position of authority and importance. That this position also comes considerable responsibility concerning dormitory organisation and concern for others is soon realised and it is to the credit of many boys who have held these positions over the past years that in most

cases they have contributed a great deal to the smooth running of the House and to the establishment of a happy atmosphere within their dormitories.

This year will be remembered for the exceptionally hard winter which held the playing fields in an icy grip for most of the Easter Term. This meant the end of all outdoor games while it lasted and resulted in cancelled fixtures and postponed inter-dormitory matches. Table tennis, subuteo, chess and a variety of impromptu indoor games flourished and the new play mat areas on the landings were put to full use. Major Ward kindly arranged for a judo demonstration team to give us a display which was much appreciated by all and it is hoped to introduce this sport along with boxing and air rifle shooting next session. The House now has a coloured T.V. set which has proved invaluable for watching series such as *Life on Earth*, and the part of the common room which is partitioned off from the viewing area has been carpeted and furnished so that a room is



Wavell House.

set aside where a boy can go and read or play a game in relative peace and quiet.

The Staff has remained unchanged during the year. Mr Brown's class has been taken by Mr R. McLean during the greater part of the Summer Term to enable Mr Brown to attend a course on outdoor pursuits and Mr Philip has been appointed to a newly created post which authorises two assistant house-masters within the House. Mrs Milne has continued her never ending vigil watching over the needs of the boys and Mr Carroll has been a driving force along with Mr Brown in rugby coaching.

More than ever this year everyone is looking forward to the better weather which we hope the Summer Term will bring and along with it the opportunity to explore further afield in the Scottish countryside.

N.C.B.

CAMP AT AVIEMORE, 1978



The glorious weather which had been a feature of May and early June unfortunately came to an end just before we set off for the annual camp in the Cairngorm Mountains and the bus journey to Aviemore was accompanied by gathering storm clouds and rain-spattered windows. Our first sight of the mountains was cloud shrouded summits and coires wreathed in swirling mist. However it took more than this to dampen the enthusiasm of the twenty-eight Wavell boys bound for a holiday in the hills and in the excitement of settling into the hut the conditions outside were soon forgotten. The weather conditions were, however, not to be so easily thrust out of mind. On the first short walk that evening conditions worsened. A blanket of black cloud followed us up the Lairig Ghru and soon visibility was limited and it was raining hard. A rain dance was performed led by Mr Philip in an attempt to appease the gods with the result that the heavens opened and it came down in torrents. Nevertheless we pressed on to the Sinclair Bothy and after having explored its sparse interior stood outside like a herd

of steaming cattle before retracing our steps to the warmth of the hut and the much appreciated meal provided by Mr and Mrs Fleming. My most vivid memory of this first excursion into the hills was saying to one sodden bedraggled small boy, "Well, what do you think of this?" – which received the quite unexpected but genuine reply, "Oh, sir, I'm enjoying every minute of it."

Although the weather remained damp and dull for most of the Camp there were periods when the clouds lifted and the sun shone. One of these respites lasted long enough for us to take the ski lift to the top of Cairn Gorm and walk across the high plateau descending into the Laing Ghru and thus completing the twelve mile round trip back to the Ski Hut. This walk is without doubt the highlight of the holiday. Once one leaves the summit of Cairn Gorm behind the real desolation, solitude and grandeur of the mountains manifests itself. In the book *The Cairngorms* first published in 1928 the writer states, "The first fleeting impression made by these mountains may be one of disappointment for their appeal is not of the picturesque or obvious kind, but as one explores them, wanders among them the magnitude of everything begins to reveal itself, one realises the immensity of the scale upon which the scene is set and the greatness and dignity and calm of the Cairngorms cast their spell over the spirit." It is during this walk on the high tops that the boys begin to experience the real meaning of this quotation. The ever presence of the clouds scudding overhead, the acres of broken silent rocks, the expanses of everlasting snow and the dizzy cliffs falling away beneath their feet to reveal lonely lochs does, I feel, leave a lasting impression with many of the boys who have experienced these sights for the first time.

Then there is always the chance of seeing the rare and the unexpected. This year we were fortunate enough to see a dotterel with her chicks crouching almost hidden in the rocks of the high plateau and to disturb a cock capercailzie in the heather while climbing Cairn Elrig. The size of a turkey it rose in a flurry of wings and distress calls leaving scattered tail feathers behind which were eagerly pounced upon as trophies.

The poor weather limited our activities and the chance of swimming on the Loch and sunbathing on the sandy beach did not present itself. Instead walks on the lower slopes were organised and thanks to the use of the Land Rover we were able to be transported far afield and trek back through the Forest of Abernethy following the lonely Waters of the River Nethy for many miles as it twisted through one of the only primeval forests left in Britain.

Living in the hut is also a novel experience. There are the attractive four-bunked wooden sleeping quarters and the cosy common room with its open fire, easy chairs and games spread out on the floor

on wet evenings. Also there is the broken country of fir trees, rocks and heather on the doorstep of the hut where a small boy can explore, build a den and let his imagination take flights of fancy.

Over the past 25 years well over 600 boys have had the opportunity of walking in the more inaccessible regions of this vast mountain range and carrying away lasting memories. The camp was started in 1952 by Capt. James Ross, R.A.F.C., and apart from two years when the new hut was being built a party of boys have spent the first week of their summer holiday in the mountains. This has been made possible by the willing co-operation of many staff who over the years have given their time and experience in organising the camp and leading expeditions. To them and to all who have made the camp possible I am greatly indebted and so I am sure are the generations of boys who have walked in the hills and gained a new experience by so doing.

N.C.B.



Wavell at Play



*Wavell 1st XI.*

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Any casual observer of spare time activities at Q.V. would speedily come to one clear conclusion. Football is the first love of many. In this, Wavell are endlessly involved. This year the standard has been higher, though we lacked sometimes the length of leg and power of some of our opponents from other schools. At least, though, we had fixtures, something which turns senior school pupils green with envy, or pink with frustration, or both. Many Wavell boys have competed for the chance to wear our new green and yellow strip and great has been the desire to score into the new goal-nets now used. Though we have not always won, our results have been very satisfactory over all. The standard of play of the majority has progressed throughout the season, but the following boys, who were awarded colours, deserve particular mention: Larsen, G.; Rafter, D.; Reid, T.; Proctor, R.; Smeaton, B.; Letford, S.; (and Laird, D., who holds colours already).

B.R.P.

RUGBY

Once again our fixture list was decimated by the harsh Scottish winter, but nevertheless our 1st XV was able to fulfil two fixtures. Our first match was played in Edinburgh against a Primary 7 team from George Watson's School. Despite a well fought struggle between the forwards, our three-quarters lacked the penetration of the opposition who eventually ran up a score of 44 points to nil against us.

However as winter clasped the land in its icy grip, outdoor activities came to a standstill. So it was until mid-March when we took on the might of Heriot's at Dunblane. Taking into account the lack of match practice, our 1st XV competed admirably and contained Heriot's for much of the first half. However continual pressure by Heriot's achieved results and they eventually won 24 points to nil, scoring three tries in the last ten minutes of the match.

However, achievements were much more favourable when the mini-rugby section of Stirling County Rugby Club visited the School in October. Our under-10 team won 24 points to 12, which is most encouraging for the future and our under-12 team won comfortably by 44 points to 4. Our under-11 team was beaten 16 points to 12 by a try in the dying seconds of the game.

The 1st XV was represented by P. McGrath, C. Claydon, J. Craig, J. Gold, G. Grant, S. Gray, C. Hutton, D. Smail, M. Wilson, R. Proctor, S. Buchanan, A. Dalglish, A. Davidson, J. Geddie, J. Hay, D. Laird, J. Larsen, D. Rafter and B. Smeaton.

Colours for rugby have been awarded to: P. McGrath, C. Hutton, D. Laird, A. Davidson.

Hopefully next season we will see results more to our favour and hope that the players can achieve a higher standard through much more competitive match practice.

G. Carroll

TABLE TENNIS COMPETITION

There are nine surfaces in Wavell House which can be used for table tennis. There are three real tables ranging in size and condition on the landings and six dormitory tables which, with the aid of a wooden barrier, suffice very well.

The competition is divided into major and minor sections and everyone in the House enters, the competitors being eliminated by a series of knock-out games which go on through the term. The game is taken very seriously and a fortune is spent by would be aspirants for the championship on table tennis balls. This year Graham Johnston was a clear winner of the minor match although John Bruce, the runner-up, gave him some anxious moments in the second game. Andrew Dalglish came third. In the senior game Patrick McGrath was the winner but the game between David Laird and Steven Letford was very closely contested with David Laird just achieving second place after scores of 22-20 and 21-19.



Wavell 1st XV

BOXING COMPETITION

Fifty-four boys out of a House of eighty put forward their names for the boxing competition. Unfortunately factors such as weight, age and dormitory limit the number who can actually take part but a final selection of twenty-four was made and these represented their dormitories in the competition.

Everyone tried hard, no one gave in and the evening produced some spirited bouts. John Bruce was awarded the best stylist's trophy and the evening drew to an exciting conclusion with the dormitory cup hanging on the result of the last bout which was just won by David Beveridge giving Lynedoch a draw with Moore Dormitory.

The final results was Moore, 13 pts; Lynedoch, 13 pts; Abercromby, 7 pts.

The results of the bouts were as follows:

<i>Winners</i>	<i>Runners-up</i>
D. McLay	S. Murdoch
S. Letford	D. Laird
C. Claydon	M. Buchanan
J. Bruce	J. Wood
S. Smail	A. Manson
B. Ferguson	D. Rafter
C. Hutton	B. Smeaton
P. McGrath	J. Craig
S. Buchanan	S. Gray
J. Flynn	D. Weir
V. Lucas	G. Grant
D. Beveridge	P. Johnston

Best Stylist: J. Bruce.

Our thanks go to all members of staff who acted as officials and judges and to Mr Martin whose continued coaching and enthusiasm over many years has enabled this annual competition to take place.

THE STEEPLE CHASE

After postponing the race because of unseasonable freezing winds and sleet showers in early May it was finally run in near perfect conditions. The sun shone but a cool breeze kept the competitors from overheating and the ground had a springy feel to it.

The race is about 400 metres long and is run on the School field making use of the burn for water jumps and the track round the edge of the field to provide plenty of uneven ground.

It is run in the form of a relay with ten competitors from each dormitory running each circuit in pairs.

The minor race was won easily by Lynedoch but a very strong team gave Moore a good win in the major event where they gained first and second places.

The results were:

<i>Minor Race</i>	1st	Lynedoch
	2nd	Abercromby
	3rd	Moore
<i>Major Race</i>	1st	Moore
	2nd	Lynedoch

3rd Abercromby

This gave the final position as:

1st	Moore	13 points,
2nd	Lynedoch	14 points,
3rd	Abercromby	15 points.



SWIMMING

Enthusiasm for swimming is an ever present element in Wavell House life, and this year is no exception. Whether it is in the Primary Seven Survival Swimming Hobby, or just in free swimming time where all manner of jumps, splashes, wrestling games, swim-and-chase games, etc., take place, there always seems to be no lack of energy.

Though we have had none of the superb power-swimmers of two years ago, the achievements of session 1978-9 have been just as great when taken in proportion to the size and power of the present boys.

In survival swimming, ten boys gained their A.S.A. Honours Personal Survival Award, the highest possible, and a further fourteen reached Gold Award, while sixteen others also gained Bronze or Silver Awards.

To give the reader an idea of what is involved for the twelve-year-olds who gained these awards, here are the examination requirements set by the Amateur Swimming Association for the Honours Award (note that the test has to be continuous, in order set out and without pause):

Dress: Men and boys in vest, long-sleeved shirt, trousers, pants, long-sleeved pullover, socks and gym shoes.

1. Effect an entry from the side of the bath by straddle or a tuck jump.
2. Swim 100 yards in less than 2½ minutes.
3. Remove socks and shoes and keep afloat:
 - (a) for 1½ minutes using 1 arm and 1 leg. The

free hand must hold the other leg below the knee.

(b) for 4½ minutes using both arms and legs.

4. Swim 500 yards in less than 15 minutes. During the swim surface dive twice head first and twice feet first. On each dive swim through two hoops four yards apart without surfacing. The tops of the hoops shall be at least 3 feet below the surface.
5. Remove pullover. Make a float from shirt, blouse, trousers or skirt, removing same if necessary, and, using this float, swim 100 yards with legs only, re-inflating float if necessary.
6. Tread water for 2 minutes with one entire forearm out of the water.
7. Climb out from deep water without the use of steps or assistance. The level of the water must be at least 9 inches below the landing place.

If you are still not sure how demanding these conditions are, next time you are in a pool just try swimming item no. 2 itself, with clothes on, and note your time!

Now that we are into the obscurely named "summer" term we are pursuing A.S.A. Speed and Distance Swimming Awards. In the latter I find great difficulty in buying badges fast enough to meet the demand. Twice already this term, in under five weeks, we have had presentations of over ninety awards, and many are still waiting for a chance to swim for more awards. Distances range from 10 metres for beginners through 25, 50, 100, 200, 400, 800, 1,000, 1,500, 2,000, 3,000 to 5,000 metres (265 lengths of our pool and four to five hours of non-stop swimming) – and all by ten, eleven or twelve year olds.

The Annual Inter-Dormitory Swimming Gala, won by ———, was an occasion when boys gave every ounce of energy they had, whether they were cutting through the water with great style, splashing and thrashing desperately in their poorer strokes, leaping up and down at the side in paroxysms of pent up emotion, or screaming their frenzies support for their dorm's own heroes. One thing is sure – it is an occasion when the famous Hampden roar pale into insignificance and the stoutest earplugs are powerless to defend staff "lugs".

This year I have chosen to mention only a few names of boys as without exception they have done very well. Colin Hutton, our Major Champion, has done exceedingly well, as we expected. Perhaps more to be praised though are two who started the year in P6 as non-swimmers and despite great difficulties have shown what epitomises the spirit we look for in Wavell boys, and progressed to the stage where one can now swim over two hundred metres and the other has already swum one thousand metres and both look set for much more yet. Well done all, but especially Martin Shaw and David Watson.

Finally my thanks to all who help with Wavell swimming; the varying masters; Mrs Milne who sews on the hundreds of badges gained; the heating engineers who have worked long hours to keep us swimming in warm water in the worst weather for a long time; the ladies of the laundry and sewing room who tend to the soggy towels; and all others involved in any way. My congratulations also to Mr G. D. M. Carroll who joins me in the ranks of Amateur Swimming Association examiners.

B.R.P.

SHOOTING A FOX

The night chilly but clear, gave the air the fresh smell of newly sprung grass. A thin layer of dew engulfed the grass in a silvery lawn. I was waiting in a mud infested drainage trench, where the water goes after it floods the five or six acres of steeply sloping hills with lush green grass for dairy cattle. My mud-sucked boots were so heavy and my legs so tired I leant heavily on the dry banks of mud. Suddenly the light pitter of feet alerted me.

It came stealthily to the bait. A dead decapitated chicken. I raised the shotgun to my shoulder silently but quickly. The fox, now creeping noiselessly on its undersides, stopped, sniffed the air, cautiously raised to its feet and ran like the wind. I fired. Both barrels going off at the same time with a sheet of solid sound. The recoil of the heavy gun jerked it upwards. I whirled back and landed on my back. I got up, rubbed my bruised back and re-loaded. Unless I was wrong the fox, because of its immense hunger, would be back in several hours, so I waited.

While I waited I drank a warm and comforting cup of coffee and sat down on a seat cut from the mud bank. I took another two cartridges and drove them into the breeches with care and clicked the heavy gun shut.

The hoot of an owl made my eyelids feel like weighted lead. While I dozed my gun had been rocking to and fro. Suddenly the shotgun's barrel hit the flask and it went flying with a crash. I jerked, alerted by the commotion and watched keenly, my eyes piercing the darkness like a pin does plasticine.

After several hours wait the fox came back. Again it crept on its underside. It crept stealthily up to the chicken. I raised my gun for the second time and fired. There was a thunderous "clap" as the gun went off, both barrels. The fox reeled did a sort of somersault and dragged itself back to the forest.

Its back legs shattered by the cluster of pellets were badly injured, but it still heaved on into the forest to die the death of a fox, in peace.

T. W. N. Geddie, P7A

TRAINS

Phew, phew the whistle goes
Shsh the engine starts up

All aboard for Edinburgh.
Clickety, clackety off she goes.

Eeeo she blows
"Tunnel ahoy!" I cry
All off for Newcastle.
Tsss as the brakes slam on.
Hands flying out of the window
Like scarfs getting blown away.

Eeee the whistle goes
Sssss the engine starts up
Waving hands and tears dripping
From the window.

David Rafter, P7A

THE WARM

Small, wriggly snake
Dweller of the underground.
Natural mud drill.
The pirate of the underground seas.
Dependent on bacteria,
The working pink soldier in shining armour.
Pathetic little monster,
Delivered in simplicity.

S. Murdoch, P7A

THE FURNITURE IS AFTER ME

Code VY6 File No. 2654 Top Secret
This file is not to be divulged by any unauthorised personnel. What I've found is the hottest thing this century has produced. I'll give you it straight. The furniture is trying to kill us and take us over. There I've told you a plain fact. You may say no you're mad, but has it ever occurred to you when you bang your head inside the desk, when you're getting your books out for Maths that you have just been intentionally hurt. Then you pull your book out and bang your desk lid has fallen onto your finger. It is meant to provoke you. Have you ever been in the dorm when it is really quiet? If you had you would have heard a tiny jingling. It is the lockers talking amongst themselves. They are planning how to get you. Have you ever been carrying a tray of hot coffee when suddenly you trip over the foot rest and hot coffee goes all down your trousers? You have just been intentionally assaulted.

Please don't blab this to anyone or they'll make life hard for me on K.O. day (Knock Over Day).

Passing Paragraph

Next time you think of going on the top of a locker – don't – you don't know what they've been planning.

M. Wilson, P7A

TRAPPED IN A MINE

Trapped in a mine like a mouse in a cage
Shrivelled up like a stone
Tapping like drills
Tap tappetty tap.

Six hundred feet below the ground
Gulping down the air
They shiver
They shake
They die off like flies
Their rosy cheeks gleaming
Their mouths gaping wide
They sit there like stone statues
Trying desperately to survive.

Steven Letford, P7A



Illustrated by L. Smart, 2nd Year.

THE TRAMP

The ragged, tattered clothes,
Worn and torn to shreds
Toeless boots on his feet
His eyes are vacant like a scarecrow
Red and bloodshot eyes from lack of sleep.
Staring into nothing
His beard is like a bush
From his mouth to his chin
His hair shaggy and long
Sleeping under a bench at night
Trampling wearily along a path all day.

T. Brotherstone, P7A



J. Charlesworth.

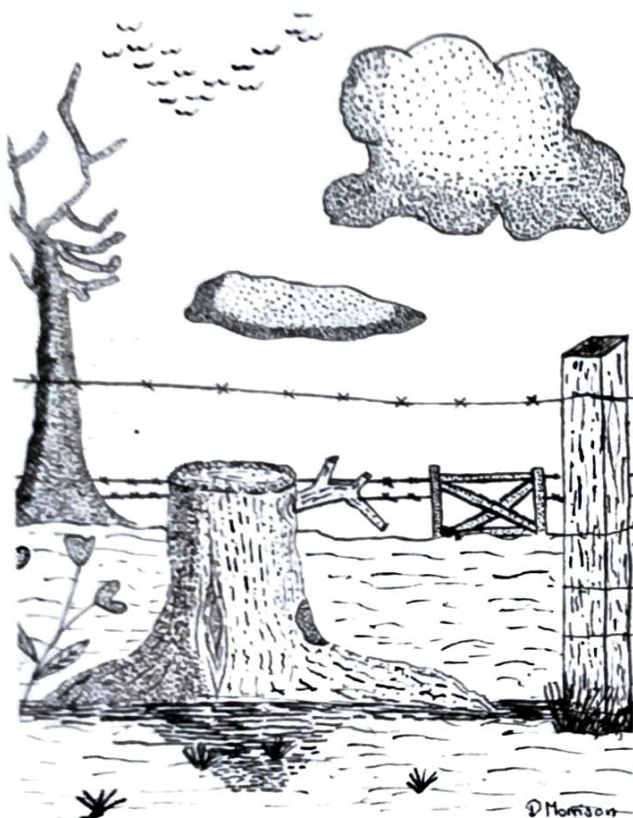
Illustrated by T. Charlesworth, 3rd Year.

SLIME

Drippety, flippity
 Splodgedy, splidgedy
 Glooping its way down the stair
 Green stuff
 Goozing along
 The moisty slime
 Falls out of your hand

Gozzy, wozzy
 Dripping around
 Glurky, wurky
 A murky green
 It ssquoothes
 Back into the jar
 And a final plop.

C. Claydon, P7A



Illustrated by D. Morrison, 1st Year.

THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE

The triangle of doom,
Glides along the ocean,
Bells clanging ; people crying,
Ships sinking ; people dying.

The alien being.
Green and cloudy.
Panic brews up inside me,
I scream ; and pass away,
From fear.

I. White, P7A

SUPERNATURAL

A question mark silhouetted against our fear.
A picture of fear and mystery.
A large book of terror and destruction opened to
our minds.
Large carnivores of the human minds piercing our
brains with claws of dread.
As ambassadors of the devil's troops kill us in our
fright.

S. Murdoch, P7A

THE IMMENSE HEAT

Lying on the beach sunbathing,
All you hear,
Is the lapping of the waves
And the occasional shout,
From somewhere far away.
The sandflies jump,
Itching you ;
Stupid creatures.
A tasty whiff
Drifts with the cool breeze.
The sky is as blue as the sea.
Lizards lurk in the shadows.
The enormous pond is dry,
The flowers like it.
The trees give the cool shade,
In the mid-day heat.

Simon Scott, P7B

THE KNIT

Over hill and dale, bounds the Knit,
Smiling from ear to ear,
Jumping fences, clearing stiles,
It's big foot shakes the ground.
Climbing trees up in forests,
Smells some danger,
And leaps away.

Stomach bulging, eyes glaring.
Stands the fearless Knit.
Sees its prey and bounds
Onto its unfortunate back.
Catches its prey in massive hands,
Then bounds and bounds,
Until it's out of sight.

In its den the Knit will feast
On the deer that it has caught.
It's teeth are long and razor sharp,
It sinks hungry jaws into its side,
And eats . . .
And eats . . .
And eats . . .

T. G. Reid, P7B

MORNING BELL

The bell goes,
Pupils moan and groan.
Skip come in,
"Get up."

SUPPER

A pupil comes in,
"Pack up, sit up, and shut up."
He shouts "Go."
And just escapes the herd.

NINE O'CLOCK BELL

The bell goes,
There's no shuffling of slippers,
Everyone goes to sleep,
To have "Sweet dreams".

P. Johnston, P7B

SUMMER INSECTS

As I lay on my stomach
I saw a ladybird with
One . . .
Two . . .
Three little spots !
Hey !
What's that ?
Oh ! Another ladybird.
This time
Six little spots !
A beetle crawls
Up my arm
"How do you do
Mr Beetle ?"
Then comes
The snail
Slow, slow, but steady and sure.
Finally disappears in the sunlit bushes.

J. C. Hair, P7B

THE TEA POT

Just like a tea pot
He steams,
But only, this time, burning rocks.
Scalding liquid rumbling,
Bubbling everywhere.
From crater to crater
The bubbling lava shoots out.
Killing and consuming everything in his path.
He's got to go one day,
But he'll be back.

M. D. Smith, P7B

YUL BRYNNER

Calmly,
He waits ;
A slight movement ;
Reflexes like greased lightning,
Fires mercilessly.
The body falls harmlessly off the roof.

A ruthless killer,
Identified by his bald head,
Shows no emotions.
Too tough for that ;
Better to be his friend,
You could regret it if you're not !

Andrew Easson, P7B

SUMMER LOVING

The hot days,
Are back.
The beach like gold dust.
Heat waves float on the sea.
By the blue cool water,
People play games in the sand.
Children make sand-pies.
Women sun-bathe in the warm sand.
Babies splash in the shallows,
While loving Gran and Grandad,
Paddle beside them.
It's all summer loving to us.

G. Rae, P B



Illustrated by P. Doyle, 4th Year.

HITLER

Sly.
 Being of destruction.
 Power over all.
 His stubby moustache,
 Like a bit of ash.
 Lips of death,
 Ears like earphones,
 Eyes as wide as a watchface.

The skull,
 Sign of hatred,
 As he orders his force
 To fight;
 To kill;
 To exterminate.

Colin Hutton, P7B

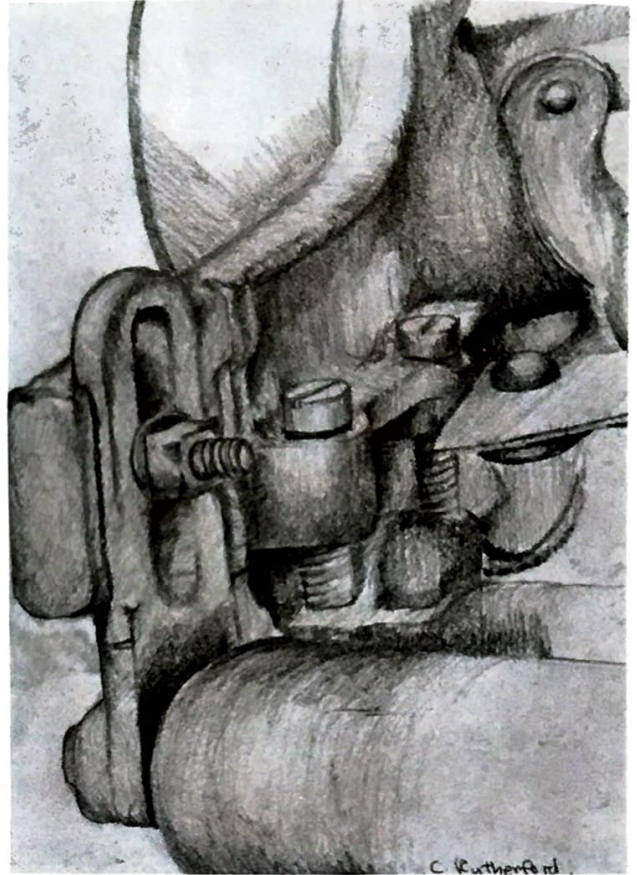
THE TRAIN

Heavily,
 It steams up the mountain,
 Snorting; hissing.
 Its big round wheels,
 Turning.
 Pistons,
 Puffing, wheezing and repeating again.
 It reaches the top and . . .
 Rushes
 Pistons you hardly see
 As it darts to the bottom,
 And screeches to a halt
 At the immaculate country station.

Iain Kenyon, P7B

**THE ROOM I WOULDN'T LIKE
TO SLEEP IN**

There was no bell on the door only a rusty old door knocker. It was iron and stiff but I managed to knock with it. An old woman answered the door. She had a sinister look in her eyes. She cackled, "Oh! We have been expecting you." Then she led me upstairs to a small room. While I looked round in disgust she locked the door and screeched, "Sleep well, my dear." She walked down the creaking staircase cackling to herself like a witch. I took a step back in fright and cracked my head on a low rafter. I took a look around. There were cobwebs in the corners and rats and mice scurried across the floor boards. There was no roof, only wooden rafters holding up the loose slates. There was a damp smell and fungi grew in the rotted floorboards. Some of the room was roughly carpeted but even that was blood stained. I followed the trail of blood which led up to a cupboard. I took a deep breath and opened it. I almost screamed. It was a skeleton, next to it was a Victorian dagger. There was also two books. I opened one. It was a record of murder. The identity card next to the skeleton showed the name of Smith. Smith's name was in the book with



Illustrated by G. Rutherford, 4th Year

a line through it. But the worst was to come, my name was next. It sent a shiver up my spine and I turned to jelly. A spider climbed up my neck and a rat scampered past. I was freezing as there was no heating. The only light was a gas lamp. I climbed into bed. The sheets were wet and they stank. The wind disturbed the loose slates from which the bats hung from making eerie noises. Eventually I got to sleep but I was woken by the bats screeching. I got up. I heard a noise behind me. It was a thud so what could it be. To find out I had to face it so I swung round but nothing could be seen by the dim lamp. Nothing prevented me getting to sleep again as I was so tired. The next thing I knew I was attacked from behind and a dagger whistled past my head. I dodged the second attempt. I punched it in the jaw. It was a sturdy punch and it knocked it off balance. I was about to let fly again when it disappeared but the voice echoed in my room "I'll be back". In the morning I forced the door open and escaped. I caught a bus straight to town. I was about to tell the police but I decided to have another look but it wasn't there.

J. Flynn, P6B



Illustrated by S. Hill, 2nd Year.

RUGBY PRACTICE

The trepidation builds up inside you as you suffer the anger of the elements. The cold, swirling winds bring in snow and ice from the north. The game starts and the ball is kicked high into the air. You try to catch it, but the numbness penetrates deep into your fingers and the ball drops in front of you. A penalty is given, the ball is tapped, you tackle someone and you get the ball. You barge your way through your opponents. A ruck is formed and you exert all your might into pushing forward. You drop flat on your face, you're covered from head to foot in thick goeey mud. The heat of exertion evaporates. Feelings of misery. You warm to the occasion, everyone has become actively involved, the ball's passed to you and you're a runaway locomotive, no-one can stop you from scoring a try. You take the conversion, it soars through the air like the way a crow flies. You become battered and bruised from scrums and being hit by a steam powered engine. You're really involved in the game, as steam rises off your body the whistle goes as full-time has finally come. You get a lukewarm spray after a tremendous game.

G. Gillies, P6A

GUY FAWKES NIGHT

It was the night, the night when we go to the airfield to see a blazing monster burn like the sun. With poor old Guy Fawkes on the long black stake. He

hangs with his old muddy black, wornout boots melting in the heat. His brown, patched trousers starting to burn and his jacket as black as ebony starting to burn. His face and hat is still complete. The multi-coloured flames roaring through the air then exploding into fragments of colours, then the white, purple, blue and red catherine-wheels are going off all of a sudden like a fabulous fiery ball flying through the air. The people gasping as a fire work starts over again. The children are cheering with delightful voices holding sparklers and waving them all over the moonlit evening. But then the time comes for the men out of the red monster on wheels to come out and tell everyone to go. So everyone leaves the great fiery monster to go to sleep.

Colin Stewart, P6A

SNOW FIESTA

It was if someone had covered Dunblane in a huge white blanket. There were lots of sledges going down the hill. Muffled cries could be heard. Sledges were crashing everywhere like stock-car smash-ups. Some people were ploughing through the snow, covered in it like a human snowman. The snow men that were built were in a world of their own. They were stunned, just staring right in front of themselves. The scene was like a Christmas card

and all was still apart from boys running around.
Snowballs were gliding through the sky like white
meteorites.

David Beveridge, P6A

SPACE WALK

In the ebony darkness.
The floating mothership.
The eerie silence, silence of death.
The azure earth marooned in blackness.
The silver coated astronauts
Lonely as a candle flame flickering in a dark abyss.
Suspended in weightlessness he floats
The life-sustaining fuel pumped in to the umbilical
chord as the babe from its mother.
The vastness of the heavens slowly swallowing
life.

G. Gillies, P6A

MY FIRST DAY AT Q.V.S.

This story is about my first day at Queen Victoria School. The day I left home I felt really nervous. I left my house at 8.30 and got in the car and I was on my way. I had some sweets and I shared them with my dad. When we got there a boy came running to us and asked for our name. He went and got my second year. When he came he looked a good friend and not clumsy or frightening. He told us his name which was Patrick McGrath. He showed us the hospital and took us to the Matron. After that we went to the stores. We had a little chat while we were in the queue. Then it was my turn. I got my shirt and kilt on, my socks and my brogues. After Paddy put my clothes in my kit bag, Paddy told me that I would be called a rookie for a year. In the dormitory I had a look around and there was a picture of a monkey at the top of my bed. We unpacked my case and kit bag and my grip bag. After that I got into my blues. It was like putting rusty armour on because the buttons were stiff. I went up to Mr Bruce's office. We had a little chat. I saw the rugby and football pitches, the library, and pictures in Wavell. When my dad left, me and Paddy went in the dorms and Paddy gave me some sweets. Then we walked around the School. After tea I went to Wavell woods with some other boys. Then we had a shower, completed our dorm duties, which involved us sweeping and tidying, then we went to bed. I wrote a letter to my mum and dad then fell asleep at 9.00 p.m.

Andrew Dalglish, P6A

HALLO'E'EN

Witches in the sky.
As light as a fly.
She's swift.
She's gentle.
She's like a bird of prey.
She's invisible.

In the dark.
The eyes on her face.
Gleam for a mile.
She shows her green teeth
And smiles.

Duncan Ingram, P6A

THE MONSTROUS PIT

Hacking away like chopping up a body.
Working and toiling with sweat.
The tunnel so narrow.
Lie on your back to swing your axe.
Imprisoned in nature's Bastille.
Shut off from the living world.

Robert Ferguson, P6A

THE KILLER WHALE

Huh here we go again
Up and over the hoop
And not a single clap
He takes all the gratitude.
Well I'd like to see him do it
Oh I wish I was in the sea
With the cool water
Nobody saying "Jump!"

V. L. Lucas, P6A

THE DARK BLUE WORLD

Thick golden sand lies still on the ocean bed not
daring to move through the ice cold chamber.
Fish are caught by the copper sun.
The silver surface catches the eye of the sea dog
with its aqua blade.
A fountain is turned on by the great blue whale.
The moon appears in the misty sky.
And all is still in the world of blue.

M. T. Rae, P6A



Illustrated by L. Smart, 2nd Year.

C.C.F. Section

Contingent Commander: Wg Cdr I. T. Williams
 O.C. Army Section: Capt. J. G. Finlay
 O.C. R.A.F. Section: Flt Lt J. P. Urie
 O.C. Signals Section: Lt G. M. Watson
 Adjutant: Lt J. Deeley

Whilst our cadet strength remains constant our adult staff was further decreased with the departure of Mr Moulding at the end of the Easter Term – we, are now two officers/schoolmasters and two S.S.Is. below the establishment strength thus placing an increasingly heavier burden on the “aging” adult staff. We are, therefore, most appreciative of the help we receive from the Regular Services in carrying out our training programme, as well as of the support and loyalty of so many of our Senior Cadet N.C.Os. who have had to accept additional responsibility.

The 1978 competition for the Recruits Cups was keenly contested by cadets undergoing training in the Proficiency Part 1 Stage – a common course for both Army and R.A.F. Section cadets. The Cup for the Army Section cadets was won by Roddy W. K. Macdonald, with Jonathan D.C. Smith, Stanley W. Hathaway and Alan Murison following closely behind. Bernard D. Nelson won the R.A.F. Section's Recruits Cup with Colin J. W. Geddie, Mark Davis and Malcolm E. Ferguson in close contention for second place.

The two sections also meet on common ground for certain aspects of their post proficiency training and in their pursuit for adventure – ski-ing, canoeing, assault course activities at Stirling Training Camp (by courtesy of the Commandant – Major Len Bartlett), map-reading exercises, camping, First Aid and fire-fighting. The Fire Section has continued since the “emergency” of 1977-78 under local tuition since it has proved difficult to arrange times for training at the Central Fire Brigade Station in Stirling – a time which is convenient for both the Station and the Q.V.S./C.C.F. Fire Section.

The 1978 Annual Inspection took place in October with Air Vice-Marshal T. L. Kennedy, A.F.C., R.A.F., Commander Northern Maritime Air Region as Inspecting Officer and Flt Lt J. Stevenson, R.A.F., H.Q. Air Cadets Scotland and N. Ireland and Capt. J. Heath, A.P.T.C., of 23 Cadet Training Team as accompanying Staff Officers. The Inspecting Team commented favourably on the contingent's performance and, in his written report, the Air Vice Marshal, concluded by assessing “the C.C.F. at this School as extremely efficient and an example to others”. He referred to the training programme as “both comprehensive and realistic . . . a good balance between classroom and practical instruction”. Well done, staff and Cadet N.C.Os.

Members of the contingent again attended M.O.D. sponsored courses open to C.C.F. Cadets and these are now proving very popular: places, unfortunately, are limited. Applications have already been made for the Physical Training, Basic Cookery and Electronics Courses at Aldershot as well as for the Orienteering Course at the School of Signals, Blandford, Dorset, and Gliding at No. 661 Gliding School, Arbroath (open to members of the R.A.F. Section only). Two of our Senior N.C.Os. – Sgts Jim Robb (Army Section) and Sean Dolan (R.A.F.) attended the Joint Cadet Executive Camp at R.A.F. Gibraltar.

The 16th Air Defence Regiment of the Royal Artillery paid us a visit on their way south from Benbecula and displayed all their sophisticated hardware. Boys, other than those in the C.C.F., also found their display most interesting, and imaginations ran wild as they aimed and fixed their missiles on selected targets!

We always enjoy receiving visits and news from Old Victorians. Raymond McMurdo, who left in 1970, is now a Bombardier with the 45 Field Regt, R.A., serving in Germany, and apart from “operating the computer which plots the correct charge and elevation of the guns” he is married with two young sons. Joe Dempsey (left 1975) is enjoying himself serving with the R.A.F. – M.T. Section – at R.A.F. Valley, Anglesey: he lists as one of his accomplishments having got engaged to a Welsh girl! Hamish Grigor, one of a trio that went to Cramwell in 1968, is flying Hercules out of R.A.F. Lyneham – it was good to meet up with him when at Annual Camp with the R.A.F. Section in July, 1978. Colin Lannen has left Leuchars and is bound for R.A.F. Germany, whilst the third member of the trio, Graham Fox, is with the R.A.F. Regiment in Gütersloh – all three are Flight Lieutenants and all three are married: well done on both accounts. Bill Common, who left us in 1972 for Aberdeen University on an Army Cadetship (despite being a Flt/Sgt in the C.C.F./R.A.F. Section!) is now a Lieutenant in the R.H.F. – 2 i/c ‘B’ Coy, stationed in Germany. Younger brother Charles (1974) also graduated from Aberdeen and, although not in H.M. Forces, is in uniform as a “Graduate Entry” with the Lothian Police Force. Tom Gemmill (1974) graduated from R.A.F. Henlow and is now en route for R.A.F. Germany. Also in Germany is one who nearly qualifies as an Old Victorian – “Major” Wyn Hughes, former Housemaster of Trenchard, and now Lieutenant Colonel, R.A.E.C., serving at the H.Q. in Rheindahlen. There seems a nucleus here for an O.V. Branch in Germany.

I.T.W.

ARMY SECTION

Cadet N.C.Os. (as at 30th April, 1979): C.S.M. J. R. Smith, Sgts S. W. Wilson, J. I. Robb, Cpl D. Rogers,

G. D. F. Milne, D. S. Broadbent, G. G. Johnston, L/Cpls J. P. Canning, C. A. Leonard.

SUMMER CAMP

It is five years since we last visited Dingwall. At that time, conditions were pretty primitive. A lot of money has been spent on the living quarters and it is up to the usual standard which we have been enjoying over the past number of years. As we do not believe in making the cadets too comfortable all of the time, we sent them off on their first shake down expedition which was carried out locally. This does not mean that it was carried out round the back gardens on the outskirts of Dingwall. One does not need to go very far in that part of the world to be out in the wilds and it can be very remote and isolated I do not know whether there was something wrong with the maps, but instead of converging on the bivouac site down a path by a burn the groups were spread over about two miles of mountainside. Lesson No. 1 was learned – last in gets the poorest bivouac site.

We were back to the old type "camps" and what was cooked roughly resembled what was marked on the tin. I don't suppose it mattered anyway as they all looked fairly tired and hungry. After a few odd lectures on the country code and possibly a few threats it isn't surprising that the site was in immaculate condition. We had one more night of home comforts and back out the following day for a three day expedition.

I should not imagine that there are too many people can say that they have walked from the west coast of Scotland to the east coast. Well 38 of our cadets did just that. Starting at Ullapool the track runs through Glen Achail along a wild life safari route where a few odd herds of deer were fenced off and I did hear a few remarks about something being good for augmenting camps. I wondered what.

The first night stop was at Knocknadamp where there just happened to be a convenient bothy for the elders and betters. Fortunately there was a good stiff breeze blowing and this kept away the midges which made our life a misery on our last visit.

The following day the trek started out for Glasschoil via Duag Bridge and along Strath Cuileannach. The scenery ranks among the best in Scotland but as usual it was not much appreciated by those who were carrying about 60 lb on their backs and instead of a hill track this was a fairly rough cart track which was not very kind to the feet.

The bivouac site was idyllic beside a river teeming with salmon but in spite of the efforts of our angler/poachers, the fish remained where they were.

The final day was just a road walk to a school at Gruinard just short of Bonar Bridge. I am sure they all appreciated how the first American must have felt when he arrived on the Pacific coast. It was back

to Dingwall by bus and enjoyable home cooking provided by Mr Shaw, one of our School chefs.

I am most grateful to the local land owners and farmers who were most kind and gave us every assistance, also to Lt Deeley and Lt Watson who helped out with driving and assessing and last but not least to C.S.M. Pitkeathly, Sgts Smith, Wilson and Gibson who did a sterling job keeping track of the strays.

This was the youngest group we have ever taken to camp and I think the most pleasant. The cadets must have thought so too as I see the same faces coming up for another dose of "punishment" this year. Well done.

J.G.F.

ROTHIEMURCHUS SKI CAMP

As we were having some difficulty booking accommodation for the ski hut during the holidays the headmaster kindly allowed us to go in term time. So on the last Sunday of term we set off much to the envy of those who were left behind. When we arrived at the hut there was about a level four feet of snow and a few odd tracks of sorts which Len Holmes, the warden, had managed to cut.

Having been fed and fitted out with skis and boots, the older hands immediately took off down the road and tried to break in the rookies for the following day. As it snowed all night and the road to the ski slopes was closed there was nothing for it but to learn the hard way – side step and herring bone uphill and a short run back down. It was tiring work and no one had to be chased to bed – the last of them limping off about 8.30.

After another night's snow we headed off for the ski slopes but as the track was too dangerous to transport the cadets, they had to ski 2½ miles downhill to the level – good practice. When the road to the car park was eventually cleared they had a pleasant day's ski-ing and were becoming quite proficient thanks to the efforts of Lt Watson and Tommy Thompson.

Another night of snow and the road blocked again. We eventually reached the slopes by eleven o'clock. By this time it was blowing a blizzard and it was not surprising after two hours we had a frantic phone call to get them off the mountain. I must admit they looked really cold and miserable. As usual Mr Shaw who can always rise to the occasion produced a good warm meal and got everyone's circulation going again.

The blizzard continued and the power lines gave up an unequal struggle and parted, plunging the place into darkness and the auxiliary generator could only produce enough power for light or the water pump.

Tea and porridge the next morning were made from melted snow which we had in abundance – another two feet, and as it continued to snow and

blow, we decided that discretion being the better part of valour, we had better pack up and go home to ensure that those who had flights to catch managed to get them. It seems rather strange to have too much snow for ski-ing and what should have been a good ski-ing holiday was more of a winter survival exercise.

I am most grateful to our two instructors for the hard work they put in and to Mr Deeley who did the quartermastering and for his efforts in keeping the Land Rover on the road at all times – which is more than I can say. And last but not least to Mr Shaw for his catering efforts without which no camp can be a success.

J.G.F.

SIGNALS

This year Sgt J. I. Robb passed his Signal Instructor's exam with a 'B' pass. The report on his work was very good indeed.

Thirteen cadets sat the Signals Classification Test and the following twelve passed: B. Barrie, G. Boyd, C. Buchanan, K. Henderson, A. Kennedy, J. Lewis, K. Loch, I. McGregor, P. Murphy, M. Paxton, S. Simmonds and A. Wilson. Cadet A. Baxter is due to resit one part of the exam in the near future.

G.M.W.

R.A.F. SECTION

Cadet N.C.Os. (as at 31st May): Sgts I. M. Collie, S. A. Dolan, C. Jones, R. Mackenzie, Cpls A. M. Cuthbertson, J. R. Girvan, R. L. McDonald, C. D. Angus, D.C. Gunn, C.J.D. Lyons, E. Wallace, L/Cpls K. A. Gray, A. A. Eagle, M. Fisher, I. D. Mortimer, S. A. Hill.

Having completed the common course of the Proficiency Part 1 Syllabus the Army and R.A.F. Sections then go their own way and work begins in earnest in preparation for the next two stages of their Proficiency training, at the end of which examinations set by H.Q. Air Cadets are taken. It has been the practice to try and complete the Proficiency Parts 2 and 3 in two terms (examinations can only be taken in December and March), thus leaving the following year clear for the School's S.C.E. 'O' Grade examinations. The work has to be concentrated into a shorter period of training than that intended for the syllabus and the results are, therefore, not as good as they might otherwise be. Nevertheless, much credit to the candidates and cadet N.C.O. instructors in obtaining a higher percentage of passes than the national average, according to statistics produced by H.Q. Air Cadets at R.A.F. Newton. In the Part 2 examination in December "Passes with Distinction" were gained by Mark Davis, Malcolm Ferguson, Colin Geddie and Andrew Winning, whilst Bernard Nelson and Alan White gained "Passes with Credit". No Distinctions were gained in the Proficiency Part 3

examination but a total of nine candidates obtained "Passes with Credit" in the Engines Section with Steven Henderson and Bernard Nelson heading the list with 84%; Alan White, who gained a "Pass with Credit" in the Weather and Air Navigation Section, is to be complimented on being the only cadet to have obtained a credit, or higher grade pass, in every subject of the Proficiency Examinations.

In the last issue of *The Victorian* it was reported that Neil H. Wilson had been recommended for a Flying Scholarship. Since then Neil has been awarded the Scholarship, completed his month's flying training, gained his "wings" after three satisfactory solo flights and is now equipped with a Private Pilot's Licence – well done, Neil. Only two other Victorians have been awarded Flying Scholarships: Hamish Grigor, who is now flying Hercules in the R.A.F., and Manfred Nelson who has recently taken up flying training on helicopters with British Airways; Neil is studying at Stirling University.

Two other members of the R.A.F. Section gained their "wings" on Continuous Gliding Courses during the summer of 1978. David Gray and Colin Jones successfully completed Courses at No. 661 Gliding School, Arbroath. Three other cadets have been nominated for courses in August, 1979, and twenty-one cadets are at various stages of training on our own Primary Glider – a Grasshopper T.M.K.1 Sail-plane. For the uninitiated this is a single seat, high wing monoplane of wooden construction. It is designed for initial training, is launched manually by elastic rope and has to be assembled and dismantled for each training session – a practical exercise in the principles of flight and aircraft operation. A stand is also provided to permit training while the aircraft is static – a necessary stage of training before attempting slides and hops.

Field Day visits included an overnight stay at R.A.F. Kinloss for a party of thirty-three cadets. R.A.F. Kinloss is currently our affiliated station and the Nimrod presentation was well worth the long journey. Another visit was arranged to the East Fortune Museum of Flight and proved most interesting. The East Fortune site occupies part of a former R.A.F. wartime station and is located some 19 miles east of Edinburgh. It was also the airship base from which the R.34 set out in July, 1919, to make the first double crossing of the Atlantic – only a few weeks after Alcock and Brown made their famous first non-stop flight from west to east in their converted Vickers "Vimy" bomber. Aircraft on display ranged from the Spitfire and examples of early jet aircraft to the diminutive Weir W-2 autogiro and a modern hang glider; another interesting item on display was one of the Olympus jet engines from the Concorde prototype aircraft. R.A.F. Turnhouse, No. 12 Air Experience Flight, and H.M.S. *Caledonia*, Rosyth, were again included in our itinerary of visits

by smaller party of cadets during June and September.

The venue of the 1978 Annual Camp was R.A.F. Lyneham, Wiltshire. Four squadrons of Hercules tactical transports are based at R.A.F. Lyneham within Strike Command. Our party consisted of twenty-eight cadets with Sgt David Gray as our Senior Cadet N.C.O. Also at camp was a similar sized party from Batley Grammar School providing keen but friendly rivalry in the various inter-flight competitions – navigation exercises, initiative tasks (including a river crossing with real cold, wet, flowing water!), shooting, swimming (R.A.F. proficiency tests), drill, accommodation and sports (indoor evening competitions – soccer, volley-ball and badminton). Q.V.S. 'A' Flight won the framed picture of a Hercules, with Batley Grammar school 'B' Flight beating Q.V.S. 'B' for second place. David Gray deservedly won the Best Cadet award – the R.A.F. Lyneham tie. Twenty-five R.A.F. Swimming Proficiency Certificates were gained by our contingent. Iain Collie, Colin Jones and Cameron Angus gained C.C.F. Marksman awards for shooting.

Chipmunk flights were not available at Lyneham but this was more than compensated for by lengthy cross country flights providing a birds eye view of Southern England. Some went as far afield as Land's End and the Scilly Isles and a few of the more fortunate ones had a glimpse of the South Wales coast! Cadets normally travel home direct from camp by rail or road, in the U.K., but on this occasion Angus McLay hitched a lift home in record time by flying in a Hercules from Lyneham to R.A.F. Valley in Anglesey, North Wales, and thence down the road to Llanrwst – he arrived home in less time than most of us took to travel from Camp to the nearest rail head at Swindon by R.A.F. bus! Off station expeditions included a visit to the railway museum at Swindon and the Roman Baths at Bath – most enjoyable and much appreciated.

Iain Collie, John Girvan, Graeme Johnston, Robert McDonald and Alan White were privileged to be members of a party of 115 cadets from schools in the U.K. selected to be hosted by R.A.F. Germany from 4th to 11th April, 1979. The Scottish contingent, accompanied by Mr Williams from Q.V.S., joined a party from Solihull School and were based at R.A.F. Bruggen. Bruggen is an extremely busy station and it was most re-assuring to sense the high degree of efficiency and the state of readiness throughout the station. Morale was high and we were proudly informed that Bruggen is the largest operational Wing in the Royal Air Force and the largest of the four major Stations in the front-line Command of the Service – Royal Air Force Germany. We were often reminded that "Bruggen is at the sharp-end and it does not come much sharper!" A few metres inside the main entrance a notice in large block capitals stated "The task of this station

in peace is to prepare for war. Don't you forget it" ... and we didn't – we were not allowed to. Bruggen has four Flying squadrons equipped with Jaguars, two missile squadrons, No. 4 Wing R.A.F. Regiment, a Maintenance Unit, a troop of the 21st Signal Regiment and a small detachment of the United States Air Force – a formidable array. The visit to the Engineering Wing was considered by the cadets as the best organised, most profitable and interesting station visit ever experienced on any station. In addition to the usual trail around the various "bays" the cadets were taken around in twos and threes and visited the particular areas of their own choice. Two of our cadets chose to visit the "wheel bay" where they were told to change into working gear and spent the rest of their time dismantling and assembling a wheel of a Jaguar – with a little assistance from a Chief Tech.!

The station was suddenly placed on an alert – a "Taceval" – in the early hours of the morning, and the incessant roar of aircraft and the simulated bombing and bursts of fire went on for nearly three days: we seemed to be challenged by every tree, bush and post. The Officers' Mess had apparently received a direct hit and we found ourselves breakfasting from a field kitchen. Everyone had his own particular task to perform and we were given ours – to arrange off-station visits of an educational interest, or, put more crudely – to get lost! Equipped with a bus and provisions and a most co-operative German "civvy" driver we set about our task. The West German frontier post with Holland lies some 500 metres from the main entrance to the station. A few kms. across the border is Roermond. It stands where the Rivers Maas and Roer join and is a small cathedral city. We were told that it resembles an English market town, that English is widely spoken and that it even has an English "chipper". The Scottish contingent discovered that it sold Scottish fish suppers!

During the next few days our educational interests were whetted by visits to Eindhoven, the birthplace of Philips of Philips Electrical and its famous "Evoluo" – a week's visit would still not suffice in doing justice to its exhibits – to Overloon, the open war museum and Chapel of Peace: a memorial to the Dutch Resistance Movement, and on to a N.A.T.O. Bombing and Firing Range at Helchteren in Belgium. It was whilst watching the bombing from an advanced observation tower that some of the Scottish contingent experienced the additional excitement of being taken out on a fire-tender to extinguish an unexpected fire started on the moorland by an off-target bomb. Further excitement was enjoyed by two visits to the Ice-skating Rink at Greifrath on the West German side of the border and less than an hour's bus run from Bruggen. All educational and most interesting and enjoyable.

Our gratitude to all those who made this, and other ventures associated with the C.C.F., possible and, in particular, to the Commissioners of Q.V.S., through the Commandant, for their financial assistance.

I.T.W.

R.A.F. GIBRALTAR April, 1979

We travelled down to London on the night of Thursday, 5th April, and reached Gatwick just in time to assemble at the Dan Air flight desk, where we were to meet the other 46 members of the trip. While waiting to be "checked-in" we had a good laugh trying to avert the ground-hostesses attention from the fact that our suitcases were too heavy. We also played "spot the fellow-cadet" – it wasn't very hard, since they were all excited about going on an aeroplane and stood out like sore thumbs! The flight itself lasted 2½ hours and we spent this time recuperating from the previous night's long journey; the other cadets were too thrilled to sleep (what sheltered lives these people must lead!). The weather was scorching when we put down in Gibraltar, and we were overawed at the sight of the huge white Rock towering above the camp. The billets consisted of rooms for six men, and we (the only Scots there) landed in with two cadets from Leeds, and two from Surrey. We had a beach approximately 100 yards from our block, which, unfortunately was strewn with domestic rubbish from somebody's malfunctioning incinerator. (Incidentally we had the best room of all – with a large balcony outside the window, on which we passed away many sunny hours.)

Saturday was a "free" day on which we were allowed to visit the town, but no-one was too impressed with it, since it consisted mainly of souvenir shops, hi-fi and camera shops, and sleazy bars which we were warned to avoid!

On Sunday, after attending a mammoth church service (in which we had to remain standing for 20 minutes), the inter-flight competition got under way with a raft-building exercise and an exercise to test one's qualities of leadership. In the evening we started our sports programme of inter-flight football, volleyball, and tug of war.

Much to our dismay we encountered a monsoon on Monday so activities were restricted to the inevitable (but interesting?) station visits. Once again we had sports in the evening – it was the first time that we'd ever played 5-a-side football under 12 inches of water!

First thing on Tuesday we endeavoured to cross a naval dock using various ropes and pulleys – at this our group wasn't very successful. In the afternoon we had the highlight of our visit – a sightseeing tour of the Rock; which included not only a death-defying journey in a wildly-swinging cable car, but

also a visit to the world-famous St Michael's Cave, it's a pity that none of us had brought camera flashes, because we might otherwise have taken some truly beautiful photographs.

The whole of Wednesday was spent in the company of the 1st Battalion The Queen's Regiment who entertained us with films, an assault course, various weapons, and took us for rides in a ferret armoured car, and the army's new one ton landrover. In the afternoon we toured the seemingly endless tunnels which run within the Rock itself. The size of some of these man-made caverns was truly amazing – apparently during the war, these tunnels not only housed thousands of troops, tanks, three hospitals, but also their ammunition and stores!

On Thursday we had an orienteering exercise which involved clambering over the steepest parts of the Rock and scaling the "Mediterranean steps" – 5,000 of them – each one crumbling and treacherous! In the evening we enjoyed the comforts (?) of an R.A.F. guard boat on a two hour trip round the peninsula.

We left on Friday amid the pouring rain and watched with amusement the next 50 cadets arriving to enjoy the irregularity of Gib's weather. Mind you, on the plane back home we suffered constant drips of water which emerged from somewhere above our heads. We were surprised to land safely at all! Our thanks to Mr Williams and all the organisers of this camp.

Sean Dolan and Jim Robb

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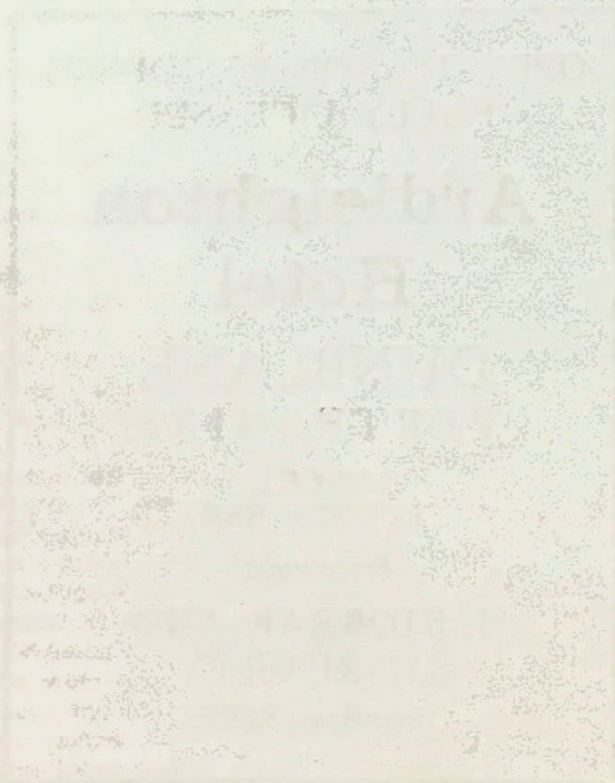
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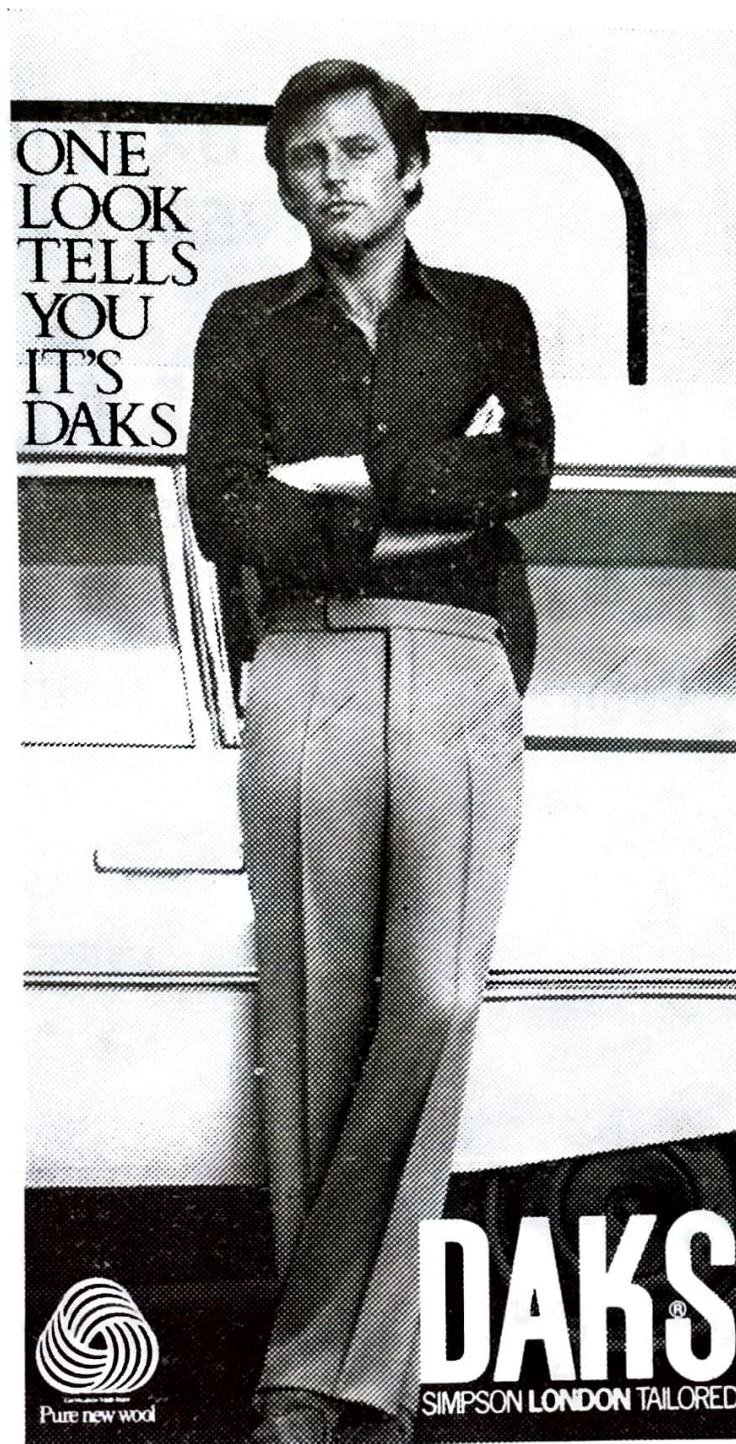
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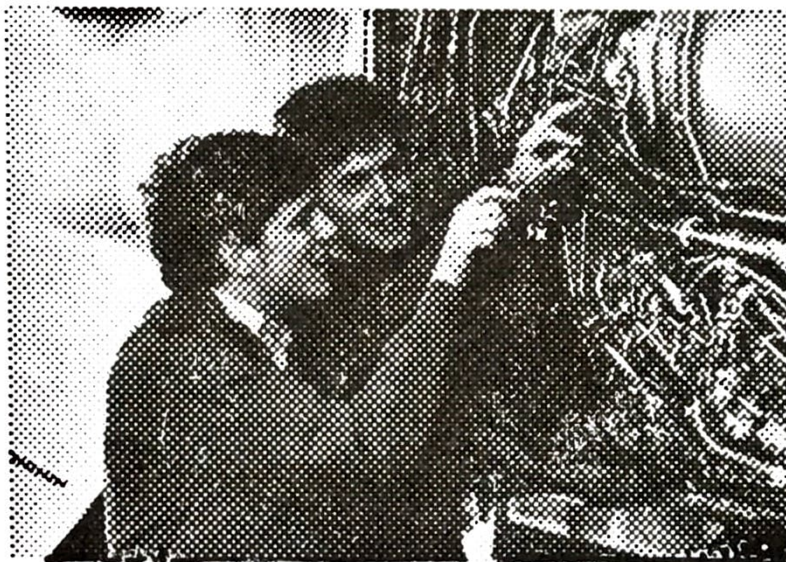


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