

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

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Air Vice Marshal G. YOUNG, C.B.E.

Treasurer to H.M. Commissioners:

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

OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL

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

Headmaster – Mr J. D. HANKINSON, M.A. (Hons)

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

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

Teachers in the Secondary School:

Art

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

English

Mr M. G. KELLY, M.A.(Hons.)
Mr D. J. MOFFAT, B.A.(Hons.)
Mr I. T. WILLIAMS, Teacher's Cert.
Rev. A. A. ORROCK, M.A., B.D.(Hons)

French

Mr A. M. BUCHANAN, M.A.(Hons.)
Monsieur P. Y. MONIN

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.

Episcopal 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.



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Commandant's Notes

My first and very pleasant duty is to welcome our new Headmaster, Mr. J. D. Hankinson, M.A., who took up his duties at the beginning of the Easter Term 1980. Julian Hankinson came to QVS from Kelvinside Academy where he had taught for seventeen years, being successively Principal Teacher of English, Assistant Rector, and Deputy Rector. He is a graduate of Selwyn College, Cambridge, and, in National Service days, he held a commission in the Royal Norfolk Regiment. He commanded the CCF contingent at Kelvinside for 12 years. Mr and Mrs Hankinson have two children, a girl aged twelve and a boy aged ten. The family is now happily installed in the Headmaster's House and we wish Mr Hankinson a long and successful career as Headmaster of Queen Victoria School. It is very nice to have him here.

Once again I must pay tribute to Mr R. Paterson for his outstanding contribution as Acting Headmaster during the recent lengthy interregnum. Ben Paterson has given dedicated service to Queen Victoria School for many years and both I and the School owe him a debt of gratitude for his devotion, example, and tireless efforts during this difficult period. We are very grateful.

No doubt most people remember each passing year by the events which have had the greatest impact on their lives during that time. It would be interesting to know how others in the School remember 1979/80. I shall remember it as the year of the manpower cuts. Like all other government establishments we have had to bear our share of manpower economies. In a small establishment it is not easy to absorb the loss of posts without a significant effect on standards, on capabilities, and on people's lives. We have had to ask people to undertake wider responsibilities and, in some cases, an appreciable extra workload. One hopes standards have been maintained and that we are not obviously less responsive, well ordered, or provided for. If this is so, it has only been achieved by much goodwill and extra effort on the part of many worthy people to whom I express my sincere appreciation. My worry was that the primary function of the School, the education of the boys, would suffer. I am confident this has not happened, and the spectre that, as in the 1930s, the numbers of pupils might have to be reduced, has passed, at least for the time being.

I have to record with deep regret the death of Air Marshal Sir Brian Baker KBE CB DSO MC AFC in October 1979 at the age of 83. Sir Brian had been a Commissioner of the School since 1957 and only one year previously had carried out a full programme as Visiting Commissioner. He will be much missed by us all.

1980 sees the departure on retirement of two of the School's longest serving members of staff, Miss Isabella Johnstone, BEM, Housematron of Haig House, after 24 years' service, and Mr A. McRobert, ISM and C-in-C's Certificate for Meritorious Service, Stores Supervisor, after 34 years. They have both rendered outstanding

service to the School and they take with them our gratitude and best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

The boys have gained many successes during the year. The teaching staff report a good attitude to work and this year's forth form is especially commended. I am delighted that two more boys, Jonathan Smith and Mark Davis, have been accepted for entry to Welbeck College. With Alan Davies already there, this brings out total at Welbeck to three.

1979/80 was a particularly successful Rugby season. A fine 1st XV, splendidly led by the Senior Monitor Stuart Wilson, won 13 out of 17 matches, and scored 444 points against their opponents' 117. The 3rd year and 2nd year XV' did even better, winning respectively 13 and 12 matches out of the 14 played by each, and scoring a combined total of 929 points against 115. This augurs very well for the future. QVS swimmers were also very successful. In the Central Region Championships our 6 finalists won 1 Gold and 3 Silver medals, and the U/15 Relay Team (E. McLay, D. MacLennan, A. Halliday, D. Sutherland) won the 4 x 25m Medley Relay in a new Central Region record time of 60.0 secs. I cannot leave the subject of sport without mentioning Wavell House, where something interesting and energetic is always going on. The excellent results higher up the School start with the groundwork and coaching given to the little boys in Wavell. This is especially noticeable in rugby; the decision a few years ago to make rugby the principal game in Wavell in the two winter terms, they play soccer in the summer, has paid handsome dividends. The Wavell House teaching staff are much to be congratulated on their excellent work.

Piping, Drumming, and Highland Dancing remain prominent features of school life. We are sorry to say goodbye to Janet Snape who did a lot for our dancing in the time she was here. In her place we are very fortunate to secure the services of Miss Gillin Anderson, M.A., M.S.D.T.A. (H.B.) who had just returned from a four year tour teaching dancing the Hebrides. As well as being a leading teacher of Highland Dancing, she is also a graduate of Glasgow University, a qualified teacher, and a writer of impromptu verses which deserve to find a place elsewhere in these pages. Our reputation has, as always, been safe in the hands of Pipe Major John Mackenzie and Drum Major Bob Brown, and the Band at Murrayfield. They have a full programme this summer, including an appearance before Her Royal Highness The Princess Anne at a fete in aid of Save the Children Fund at Gosford House. Individually, there were fine performances by Kevin

Henderson, the Boy Pipe Major, in winning the Championship Cup in the Royal Scottish Piping Society's Schools Competition last spring, and by Angus Ingram who took part in the Berlin Tattoo in October at the age of 14. The latter was the object of much attention and acquitted himself wonderfully well. The drummers should also get a mention for a very creditable 2nd place, briefly a 1st place, in the Juvenile Drum Corps contest organised by the Scottish Pipe Band Association at Bellahouston Academy in February.

In my Notes last year, and the year before, I mentioned the Working Party which was examining the future accommodation and organisational requirements at QVS. The study was completed in January 1980 and has now gone to the Staff at Army Headquarters Scotland and the Ministry of Defence for consideration. It would be unrealistic to expect that in the present financial climate an early decision is likely. However, I am hopeful that the Report will receive a favourable response, subject to the availability of funds. In the meantime an urgent programme to deal with some deterioration in the stonework of the Old Building will start after Grand Day this summer.

We were glad to welcome a good turn out of Old Victorians for their Association Reunion Weekend in March. I was particularly glad to see a larger number of recent leavers than usual and I hope this trend will continue. Once again I am indebted to the Association for a generous gift of £100 for the benefit of the boys. I have given £25 to each of the four Housemasters, to use on behalf of their Houses as they see fit. I must also mention that support for the School Magazine is essential. Last year's edition of *The Victorian*, which was sold at 80p per copy, made a loss in excess of £700. Her Majesty's Commissioneres have generously made good the deficit but this year's edition will have to be sold at the increased price of £1.10. Even so we shall still make a loss. I hope, therefore, that everyone, parents, boys, staff, and friends will buy a copy.

After almost 80 years, during which everything has been provided free at QVS, including tuition, board, clothing, text books, etc, it has been decided by the Army Board of the Ministry of Defence, from whose fund the annual running costs of almost one million pounds are met, that some contribution should be forthcoming from parents. Her Majesty's Commissioners concurred, and I am sure that everyone will agree this is fair in today's circumstances. It has been agreed that the greatest costs, of tuition and board, will remain free but that parents should be asked to pay for the non-uniform items of clothing, and for haircutting. This system has

been in operation at the Duke of York's Royal Military School at Dover, plus a contribution for board which will not apply at QVS, for several years. The details have still to be worked out, but parents will be given at least one term's notice of what the charges are to be. They are likely to be introduced in early 1981.

As I said in my welcoming address to the Headmaster in the Memorial Chapel, the purpose of this School has changed very little since its inception so many years ago and its foundation upon Christian beliefs and principles has changed not at all. In a long period of ceaseless change this school continues to provide an education and a training for adult life which can bear comparison with any school anywhere. We have much to be thankful for.

Chapel Notes

I must first put on record our appreciation of all the help Mr. Paterson gave to the Chapel in his position as Acting Headmaster. His presence at almost every Service and weekday Chapel covering a period of eighteen months was of the greatest encouragement and a challenging example to all.

Now we welcome Mr. and Mrs. Hankinson, Julia and Justin. Mr. Hankinson, as Headmaster brings a bonus to the Chapel, being himself a Ruling Elder of the Church of Scotland.

Undoubtedly so far as Chapel activities are concerned the highlight was the Christmas Carol Service. The quality of the singing of both the Wavell and Senior Choirs, trained by Messrs Norman Bruce and Ben Philip, was commented on so favourably by many, and among these, musical critics. Then the bellringers of Dunblane Cathedral, the readers of passages from Scrooge, the wholehearted singing of the songs of Christmas all contributed to an evening which will not easily be forgotten. The entire Service was permeated with a happy family atmosphere and our thanks go out to all who played their part in this yearly celebration.

Visiting preachers have added variety and in some cases much humour at our Sunday Services. Since the last Victorian appeared we have been privileged to have the Rev. R.R. Philip (Father of Mr. Ben Philip), Rev. A.A.S. Reid, Chaplain at Strathallan, Rev. J. Taylor of Stirling Baptist Church, Rev. J. Currie, Minister of Dunlop Parish, and the Rev. A. Mitchell, Assistant Minister of Dunblane Cathedral.

The School Charity effort on behalf of Whiteford House, Edinburgh, and Rosendaele, Broughty Ferry, realised nearly £1700 through

various forms of sponsored activities. This will help in the bringing about of much needed improvements in these Homes for Ex-service men. In addition our Sunday offerings have been spread around many charities, especially Erskine Hospital, Homes with Service connections, and homes for deprived children and senior citizens in need of care.

Finally our thanks go out to Mrs. Lewis for the devoted care with which she tends the Chapel and to those ladies and gentlemen who provide flowers to beautify the Sanctuary.

A.A.O.

729 J. DOWLING

Born in the Married Quarters Queen Victoria School on the 19th January 1910. Went into the school on 1919 and left to go to the Boys Technical School at Chepstow Monmouthshire from where he went into the Royal Engineers. When war broke out went to France as a Sergeant. Fall of France at Dunkirk he went on to destruction of British Weapons and came out from St. Naguire. Posted to Elgin as an Instructor but again was sent to Egypt to construct Tanks, Guns etc., for El Alamein. After the war was posted to the Suez area. Eventually transferred home to work on the Forth & Clyde defences. He eventually took his discharge having served over 21 years. He later went over to Geelong Victoria Australia where he spent his retirement. He died on the 19th April, 1980 aged 70.

912 WILLIAM McKINLEY. MC.

William McKinley (SNUB to those of us who new him) joined the Queen Victorian School on 3 May, 1922. He became a member of the Pipe Band and was a first class piper and dancer. He left QVS on 3 Sept. 1927 and joined the Black Watch which was stationed at Fort George. He was a member of the Regimental Pipe Band until 1933, when he elected to return to duty with "B" Coy in Colchester. He remained with "B" Coy on its travels overseas in 1937 to Palestine, Aden, British Somaliland and Crete, by then he was COMS of the Coy. SNUB was then moved to SYRIA and promoted to CSM on 21 Nov. 1941. During the outbreak of the Tobruk Garrison all officers of "B" Coy were killed. SNUB regrouped the remains of the Company, some 30 men and led them to the final position. For this act he was awarded the Military Cross. He was one of the few Warrant Officers ever to be awarded such a high decoration. On return to Egypt, Snub was later commissioned.

On release from the Services he emigrated to South Africa, taking up the duty of Administrator

to the South African Civil Air Service at Cape-town. It was there, after a very long illness, that he died on 15th Sept. 1979.

To his family we offer our sincere condolences.

C. McQueen, President
Old Victorians Association.

Old Victorians

CENTRAL BRANCH

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

This year has been a most encouraging and surprising one for the Branch, the last batch of school leavers gave a boost to our numbers, as many joined within a few days of leaving the School.

At the AGM held on 8th March, the Younger Victorian's outnumbered the Older Generation for the first time, and we were pleased to see this happen. The difficulties, trials and tribulations which faced any Branch Committees were placed squarely before the Meeting in the hope that matters could be rectified in the future, it is a matter for all Victorians to take part in raising the status of their respective Branches. While consciences may have been pricked, there appeared to be no lack of volunteers amongst the Young Victorians to offer assistance.

The Dinner Dance held at the Westlands Hotel was again well attended, and we were pleased to welcome Brigadier Marston, Lt. Col. McLeod and Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. Amongst our numbers was Capt. May RAEC, the last Dukie to leave the QVS, and to his surprise found some pupils of his era.

Captain Arthur Beattie, MN took the Salute at the March Past, he no doubt enjoyed the experience watching the Pipes and Drums together with the boys marching along in a very smart manner, and recalling his own schooldays. It is a long time since Arthur had his feet firmly planted on terra firma, gone for a while are the heaving decks, may you enjoy your spell ashore.

I will not attempt to write about the Church Service, and leave this to better scribes than myself, though it was refreshing to listen to the Rev. James Currie.

As for the School Dancers, one can only say that each year their performances get much better, and bring delight to the many spectators. As for the boys themselves, it seemed that many more were participating, from the youngest and smallest to the older and bigger boys, and their energy seemed boundless. Congratulations to the Lady Dancing Instructress and her pupils, and look forward to seeing them on Grand Day.

May we make an appeal to all Old Victorians to take part in the efforts of the 200 Club, even if only on a one time basis. This would give members a chance to make a contribution to the Funds of the OVA and School, as well as having a chance of a prize in the DRAW, particulars have already been given in OVA Newsletters. Members may be interested to know that the Newsletters are finding their way out to distant lands, and that they are being read, with the increase in overseas correspondence, am now building up a lovely collection of stamps.

The Honours Boards in the Central Hall are being brought up to date and created much interest at the Weekend, a number of Old Victorians will now find their names suitably inscribed on them.

One cannot close this letter without mention of Jimmy White, for the past 8 years he has organised the Dinner Dance, and on each occasion he appears to achieve greater heights. He has helped many to renew former school friendships, and help for a better understanding between the Old and Young Victorians, which is now taking place. Jimmy, my fellow associate, we owe you a lot, bless your happy smiles.

EDINBURGH BRANCH

Hon. Sec. A. G. Bulloch

Since the last A.G.M. when we had cause for optimism of a resurgence by the Glasgow and London Branches we have struggled on, barely holding our own with our aging membership.

Thanks to the indomitable few, yes I think they should be named, "Jock Malloy, Tug Wilson, Bill McPherson, George Coyle, Jimmy Marr, Alastair Audsley, Stan Garner, George Mooney" and occasionally, when in good health several others, we manage to carry on our social evenings.

We suffered a near fatal body blow, when our accordeonist and very often compere, Davie Inglis had to give up playing on doctors' orders. It was some time before we were able to find a substitute. However Hugh Knox has agreed to fill the breach meantime and has appeared on 29th November and 21st February and also on our last social of the season on 20th March. All welcome to the Victoria Social Club, 11 Albany Street, Edinburgh, Thursday 20th March at 8 p.m.

A pleasant surprise on 21st February when one of the younger O V's (left in 1965) Allan Broughton joined us. His great grandfather Major McRae was adjutant at Q.V.S. from around 1920 to 1925. We all knew his grandmother Queenie McRae, as a girl living in the Adjutants Quarters, off the road leading

down to the North Gate. Queenie's married name was Williamson.

Her sons, John and Roddie were at the "School" in the 1945-1950 period. Unfortunately "Queenie" has not been in good health for some time. We send her our love and happy memories.

Reading the article in last years magazine by Major W. McPherson, brought out school days back again. (Surely, "Fudge" McPherson) many hilarious moments; indeed. Monitors Jim Palmer, Eddie McVie, Maurice Goldie, Jim Skelton, then Peter Taylor, Jim Kelt, "Pundy" Watson, "Teefie" Friend, Pat Cosgrove all "big" men indeed.

As my report closes, I ask the same old question? Where are the younger Old Victorians. We have good facilities in Edinburgh, where they could meet with us, monthly. Do come along, and take over.

OBITUARIES

T. WATT (642)

Died 31st March 1979.

Tommy was one of four brothers who passed through the School. On leaving enlisted into the Royal Tank Corps and served during the 1939/45

To his family we offer our condolences.

A. DREDGE (756)

Died in August 1979 after a very long illness.

Alf was the eldest of two brothers at the School. Served with the RA during the 1939/45 War. On demob, took up employment with RAF Leuchars, becoming Clerk of Works, the appointment he held for 20 years until his retirement.

To Mrs. Dredge we offer our deepest sympathy.

L. SMITH (819)

Died at his home in Bideford, Devon on 9th December 1979, after a long and painful illness.

Leslie was the youngest of two brothers in the School. He served with the RA during the 1939/45 War, was taken prisoner by the Japanese in the Far East, repatriated to UK in 1945.

To Mrs. Smith and family, we offer our deepest sympathy.

J. McLEAN, DCM (927)

Died at his home on 17th September 1979.

He enlisted into the Scots Guards and demobbed in 1939. Recalled for service in 1939/45 War and posted to the Border Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for gallantry on the Somme.

Served in the Middle East, Syria and India. Attended O.C.T.U. at Bangalore and commissioned into Cameron Highlanders.

To Mrs. McLean and family we offer our deepest sympathy.

J. OLIVER (1486)

Died in early January 1980 at his home in Perth.

He enlisted into Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in 1936, and later became Master Tailor at Stirling Castle. He was a well known Highland and Country Dancer, having danced with the "White Heather Club". He is survived by a son James D. (2816) and a daughter, both married, and by his brother James (1511), to them we offer our condolences.

R. DAVIES (2995)

Died at his home during July 1979.

To his parents we offer our deepest sympathy.

R. GRAHAM (3248)

Died on 6th March 1979 as a result of a car crash.

To his parents and family we offer our deepest sympathy.

Valete

CANNING, J. P. — R.C.T. (Retired). 1974. Haig House. Prefect in Trenchard, School Prefect, Sports Prefect, Sergeant in C.C.F. (Teaching). Junior First Aid Certificate. Pipe Band, Electronics, Athletics, Rugby, C.C.F. Squash. Physics, French, Latin, Arithmetic, Biology. 'O' Grade Maths and English, Higher Biology, Physics and French. Hopes to study Biology at Stirling University, or go to college or other place of Further Education if failing to get into University. Home Address: 123 Huron Avenue, Howden, Livingston, West Lothian.

RUTHERFORD, C. D. — R.A.F. 1973. House of Haig. Corporal in Army C.C.F. Adult First Aid. Photography Hobby, Fire Piquet, 2nd XV. 'O' Grade: Art, Technical Drawing, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork. Now sitting — Highers: Art, Physics, Economics. 'O' Grade: English, Mathematics. Hopes to go to Art College or Further Education College. Home Address: 2 Victoria Terrace, Musselburgh, East Lothian.

KENNEDY, A. G. — R.C.T. 1974. Haig House. Cunningham Junior Dorm Leader, Cunningham Prefect, Corporal Army/C.C.F. Bronze, Silver, Gold personal survival, Bronze Medallion, Junior First Aid, Adult First Aid, Adult Proficiency First Aid.

'O' Grades: English, French, Latin, Economics, Economic History, Chemistry, Physics, Arithmetic. Now sitting — Highers: English, French, Latin, Chemistry. 'O' Grade: Mathematics (Repeat). Hopes to go to a Further Education College. Home Address: 2 Tuzo Close, Isle of Benbecula, Outer Hebrides, Scotland, PA88 5LB.

JOHNSTON, G. G. — Royal Brunei Malay Regiment/Army. 1973. Haig House. Dorm Leader in Wavell House, Prefect in Cunningham House, School Prefect (Dining Hall), Corporal in the C.C.F. Stores. Pipe Band, Squash, Rugby, Projectionist. 'O' Grades: English, French, Biology, Art, Economics, Economic History, Arithmetic, Physics. Now sitting — English, French, Biology, Physics, Maths. Hopes to go to Dundee College of Technology to study Accountancy or Business Studies or to any establishment for Further Education. Home Address: c/o Wol. D. G. Johnston, RHQ/AW Sgts. Mess, Royal Brunei Malay Regt., Berakas Camp, Brunei, B.F.P.O. 605.

DONNELLY, A. J. — Civil Servant. Easter 1973. Haig House. Chapel Prefect. Bronze, Silver, Gold in personal survival, Bronze Medallion life-saving, Royal Signals badge. Sailing, Football. Now sitting — English, Maths, Physics, Engineering Science, Arithmetic, Biology, Economics, Economic History. Hopes to take German 'A' level at an education centre in Germany and repeat if necessary. Home Address: Mr. A. J. Donnelly, HQ, B.S.S.O.(G), BFPO 40.

ADAMSON, M. D. — Royal Artillery. 1973. Haig House. Deputy Dormitory Leader. Bronze Award, Bronze Medallion. Now sitting — French, English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Economics, Economic History. Home Address: 3 Coldstream Avenue, Leven, Fife, KY8 5TN.

DUFFUS, A. A. — Queens own Highlanders/Army. September 1975. Haig House. Life Saving, Personal Survival, Semi finals Central Region Squash, Haig Doubles Badminton Champions. First fifteen member 4 matches, Football team, Squash team, Canoeing Club, Captain of Table Tennis team. Now sitting — Economics, Economic History, Mathematics, English, Arithmetic, Biology, Physics, Woodwork, Engineering Science. Hopes to study Catering at



Lt-General Sir Michael Gow inspecting the Parade on Grand Day, 1979

College. Home Address: Csmr Mrs. Duffus, c/o Sgts. Mess, 1st Btn. Queens own Highlanders, Stanely Fort, Hong Kong, BFPO 1.

GARDNER, J. A. — R.E.M.E./Army. 1974. Haig House. Head Dancer, Prefect in Cunningham House, L/Corporal in C.C.F./Army Section. Bronze, Silver, Gold personal survival, Junior and Adult First Aid, Dancing Cup and medals, Bronze Medallion. Highland Dancing. Now sitting — English, Modern Studies, Technical Drawing, Engineering Science, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic. Hopes to do Nursing Training. Home Address: 4 Div. & HQ Sig. Regt., L.A.O. R.E.M.E., B.F.P.O. 15.

MCDONALD, R. L. — The Royal Scots. September 1973. Haig House. Sergeant RAF/CCF. Bronze Medallion, Adult First Aid Certificate, Gliding Proficiency Certificate. Drama — *The Merchant of Venice*, *Murder in the Cathedral*, *Highland & Scottish Dancing* (I-IV), Canoeing. 'O' Grade: Arithmetic, English, French, Latin, Physics, Modern Studies. Now Sitting — Higher: French, Modern Studies, English, Physics. 'O' Grade: Mathematics. Hopes to go to Edinburgh University. Home Address: 16 Redford Gardens, Colinton, Edinburgh.

BOYES, S. — Kings own Scottish Borderers. 1975. Haig House. Chapel Steward. Personal survival, Bronze, Silver, Gold Medallion, Junior First Aid. House Badminton. Now sitting — Arithmetic, English, French, Physics, Engineering Science, Biology, Modern Studies. Has been accepted for a two year College course. Home Address: 15 Martinton Road, Heath Hall, Dumfries.

WILSON, S. — Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. 1973. Haig House. Prep. Supervisor, Corporal in C.C.F. Bronze, Silver, Bronze Medallion, Junior and Adult First Aid, Signals Instructor. 'O' Grades: Economics, Economic History, English, French, Latin and Chemistry. Now sitting — 'O' Grade: Mathematics. Higher: English, Economics, Economic History. Hopes to go on to Further Education. Home Address: 30 Drumossie Avenue, Culcabock, Inverness, Scotland.

CAIRNS, A. A. — Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. 1975. Haig House. Chapel Steward. Bronze, Silver, Gold, mile, Intermediate, Bronze Medallion, Bronze cross, Personal Survival, Wavell House Football Colours, 1st, 2nd, 3rd year Rugby Teams. C.C.F. Ski-ing Camps. Now sitting — Physics, Mathematics, Arithmetic, English, Biology, Modern Studies, Woodwork, Engineering Science and Technical

Drawing. Hopes to go to College and take a course in Further Education and Engineering. Home Address: Arthur Cairns, c/o RSM Cairns, Sgts. Mess, 1st A & SH, Shackleton Bks, B.F.P.O. 802.

MORTIMER, I. — R.A.F. 1974. Haig House. School (Chapel) Prefect, Sergeant R.A.F./C.C.F. Electronics hobby. 'O' Grades: Mathematics, French, Arithmetic, Physics, Modern Studies, Chemistry, Engineering Science. Now sitting — Higher: Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, French. 'O' Grade: English. Hopes to take a Chemistry Degree at Edinburgh University. Home Address: 67 St. John's Way, Bo'ness, West Lothian, EH51 9TD.

FISHER, M. — Scots Guards. 1973. Cunningham/Haig House. Head of Wavell House, Head of Cunningham House, Monitor. Prince Philip Medal, Commandants Cup, 1st XV Colours, Cross-Country Champion 1st, 2nd & 3rd year, Runner-up Athletic Champion 1st, 2nd & 3rd year, Central Region XV 1978, Central Region 7's Winners Medal 1978, Runner-up Addison Smith 1975 & 1980, Junior 1975, Senior 1979 & 1978 Personal Survival, Bronze, Silver, Bronze Medallion. Leading Side Drummer Pipe Band 1978-80, Chairman Debating Society, Corporal C.C.F./R.A.F. 'O' Grades: Latin, French, English, Modern Studies, Biology. Now sitting — Higher: French, English, Latin. Hopes to study Journalism at College. Home Address: 10 Burton Way, Aldergrove, Crumlin, Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland.

BROADBENT, D. S. — R.A.P.C. September, 1972. Haig House. Dormitory Leader in Wavell, 1st XI Capt. Wavell House Prefect, Trenchard School Prefect, Colour Bearer 1978-79, Colour Sergeant 1979-80, Sergeant C.C.F. Army Section 1979-80, Commandants Orderly 75-76. Athletics Champion 1st, 2nd & 3rd years. Runner-up to School Champion 1979, 1st XV Colours, Rugby Captain 1st year. Central Region 7-A-Side champions 1978, Played for Central Region Schools Seniors 1979-80, Bronze Medallion, Personal Survival, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Central Region Athletics, Attainment prize PTA, Maths prize 2nd year. All sporting activities, except squash. 'O' Grades: English, French, Latin, Biology, Arithmetic, Modern Studies. Now sitting — Higher: English, French, Biology, Modern Studies. Hopes to go into Management in Retail Trade. Home Address: 75 Nicholas Mead, Great Linford, Milton Keynes, Bucks, MK14 5EL.

LEE, G. — Saudi Arabian Air Force. 1974. Haig House. Wavell House Deputy Dorm Leader, Prep. Supervisor. Wavell Drum Medal 1976, School Drum Medal 1980, C.C.F. Orienteering Certificate. School Pipe-Band, C.C.F. (Signals & Light Rescue), School Pop Group, Athletics team, School Choir 1979-80, School 3rd XV 1978. Now sitting — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, English, Economics, Economic History, Technical Drawing, Engineering Science, Woodwork. Hopes to do an Engineering Officer Cadetship at Nautical College. Home Address: 109 Juniper Avenue, Greenhills, East Kilbride.

SMITH, J. D. C. — Royal Military Academy Sandhurst Band Corps. 1974. Haig House. Dep. Dorm Leader in Wavell, Drum Major in Pipe Band, Chapel Steward, L/Corporal in Army C.C.F. Bronze, Silver and Gold Personal Survival, Swimming, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, Adult First Aid, Royal School of Music Grade 3 Exam in B Flat Cornet, Won Wavell Tenor Drumming competition, Won Bugling in 3rd year. Pipe Band, Canoeing Club, Dunblane Cricket Club, Ski Camp. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, English, Mathematics, French, Physics, Latin, Biology, Economics, Economic History. Has gained a place at Welbeck College and later hopes to go to Sandhurst and gain a commission into the Army. Home Address: 1 Chapel Square, R.M.A. Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey, England.

ROBINSON, B. — 1st A/SH. 1974. Haig House. Prep. Supervisor for Friday. Bronze Medallion. Fire Piquet, 2nd Year XV, Photography Hobby, Cross Country team. Now sitting — English, Physics, Arithmetic, Engineering Science, Woodwork, Engineering Drawing, Modern Studies. Hopes to join Merchant Navy. Home Address: 6 Gooseholm Crescent, Dumbarton.

LEWIS, J. A. D. — Royal Navy. 1972. Haig House. C.C.F. Corporal in signals. Bronze, Silver, Bronze Medallion, Junior First Aid, Signals instructor. 'O' Grades: English, French, Physics, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Latin. Now sitting — Higher: French, English, Physics. 'O' Grades: Mathematics, Chemistry. Hopes to do a B.A. in Business Studies at Dundee College of Technology. Home Address: 8 Thistle Chambers, Thistle Centre, Stirling.

ANGUS, C. — R.A.F. 1974. Haig House. Deputy Senior Monitor, Junior Leader (Cunn), Deputy House Captain (Cunningham), Captain 3rd year rugby, Vice-captain 1st XV, Commandants Orderly, Colour Party. Runner-up swimming champion 1980; 1979; 1978; 1977, Runner-up Cross-country champion 1980,

Central Region swimming, Central Region Athletics, School Relay team, Gold personal survival, Central Region XV 1978. Canoeing. 'O' Grades: Mathematics, Arithmetic, English, Biology, Physics, French, Latin, Economics, Economic History. Now sitting — Higher: English, French, Economics, Biology, Physics. Hopes to go to Joint Service School of Physiotherapy. Home Address: 8 Morris Close, Henlow Camp, Bedfordshire, (Tel: 0462 814813).

LAMOND, J. — 1st Battalion Royal Highland Fusiliers. 1974. Wavell/Cunningham/Haig House. Junior First Aid Certificate, Personal survival and Life Saving awards. Rugby team, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th year, Athletics every year, Swimming Gala every year, Football every weekend. Now sitting — Physics, English, Biology, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Mechanics. Hopes to get a job as a Technician Engineer or go to College in Glasgow. Home Address: James Lamond, 60 Cobinshaw Street, Greenfield, Glasgow.

MORRISON, A. J. — R.E.M.E. September, 1975. Cunningham/Haig House. Prefect Cunningham, L/Corporal Army C.C.F. History Progress Prize, Maths Progress Prize (1st year), Bronze, Silver, Gold personal survival, Bronze Medallion RLSSI, 3 Bronze Dancing Medals (Different ones), Junior First Aid. Member Dancing Team, Football (Wavell & Haig), Rugby Squad (1st-4th), Athletics (1st & 2nd year). Now sitting — Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Biology, Modern Studies, Latin, French, English. Hopes to go to R.E.M.E. College Arborfield as Apprentice Aircraft Technician. Home Address: 3 Ardhalow Cotts, Bullwood Road, Dunoon, Argyll.

BOYD, G. — R.E.M.E./Army. September, 1973. Haig House. Chapel Stewart 1975, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, Corporal in C.C.F., Signals. Rugby 7's Medal 1978, Personal survival Bronze, Silver & Gold, Bronze Medallion, Silver Central Region Swimming Medal, Bronze Central Region Swimming Medal, Signals Instructors Badge. All sporting activities, First XV, First XI Wavell, 1st, 2nd & 3rd year XV's. 'O' Grades: French, English, Latin, Economics, Economic History, Physics, Arithmetic. Now sitting — Higher: Economics, English, Economic History, French. 'O' Grade: Mathematics. Hopes to go into Management. Home Address: 43 Hayfield Road, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

EAGLE, A. — Royal Engineers. 1974. Haig House. 'O' Grades: Mathematics, English, Physics, Biology, Arithmetic, Engineering Science, Modern Studies, Technical Drawing. Now sitting — Higher: Mathematics, English,

Physics, Biology, Modern Studies. Hopes to go to Dundee University. Home Address: C/O S/Sgt. H. Eagle, 14 P.C. SQN, R.E., B.F.P.O.15.

HASTINGS, P. — R.A.F. 1973/1974. Haig House. (Swimming) Bronze, Silver, Intermediate Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, (Wavell Colours) Football, Rugby. Fly-Tying. Now sitting — Mathematics, English, Arithmetic, Physics, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Engineering Science. Hopes to take an apprenticeship as a Technician Engineer. Home Address: 37 Millfield, Cupar, Fife.

IRVINE, M. — Ex Army R.E.M.E. 1973. Haig House. Wavell Dormitory Leader, Hose Prefect in 2nd and 3rd Year Cunningham. Now sitting — Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, French, Latin, English. Going to North Tyneside College of Further Education, Wallsend to take 'A' levels. Home Address: 14 Widnes Place, Benton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE12 8HD.

GODDERIDGE, S. G. — Out of Army. 1974. Haig House. Deputy Dorm Leader (Wavell), Prefect (Trenchard). Athletics prize 1st, 2nd and 3rd year, Cross-country prize 1st, 2nd and 3rd year. Rugby team 1st, 2nd, 3rd year and 1st XV. Now sitting — Mathematics, Physics, English, Art, Economics, Economic History, Arithmetic, Biology, Technical Drawing, Woodwork. Hopes to join Merchant Navy as Engineer Officer. Home Address: 19 Newlands Road, Upperby, Carlisle.

McGREGOR, R. — Royal Signals. 1975. Wavell, Trenchard, Haig House. Best over all tenor drummer and bugler 1979/80, Swimming awards, Bronze Medallion. Pipe Band, 1st XV Member in Rugby, 7-a-side member in Rugby, and in Wavell 1st, 2nd and 3rd year Rugby. Now sitting — Arithmetic, Woodwork, English, Biology, Physics, Modern Studies, Technical Drawing. Hopes to take an apprenticeship in joinery or go to Angus Technical College. Home Address: 26 Culloden Terrace, Arbroath, Angus, Scotland.

ARNOTT, P. — K.O.S.B. 1974. Haig House. Prefect in Cunningham House. Signals exam, Bronze, Silver life saving. 1st IV rugby team, Colour Party. Now sitting — Mathematics, Physics, Woodwork, Economics, Economic History, Engineering Drawing, English, Mechanics, Arithmetic. Hopes to join the R.A.F. as a mechanic. Home Address: 11 Silloth Place, North Shields, Tyne & Wear, NE30 3AA (Tel: Newcastle 526 435).

CLAY, M. — R.A.F. 1975. Haig House. A part in school play *Murder in the Cathedral*. Rugby and all sporting activities, C.C.F. Signals section. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: French, English, Latin, Physics, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Biology. Going on to Lincoln College for Further Education to take 'A' levels. Home Address: 10 Thorsby Close, Brant Road, Lincoln.

WILSON, S. W. — A & SH. 1971. Haig House. Wavell Dorm Leader, Trenchard Junior Leader, Trenchard House Captain, School Prefect, School Senior Monitor, C.S.M. in C.C.F., XV Captain. School Cross-country champion, school singles & doubles Badminton champion, school swimming runner-up, Central Region 400m champion, Scottish Schools 6th 400m, National 7th 400m, 11th Central Region Cross-country, Central Region XV 78-80. Highers: Chemistry, Economics, English. 'O' Grades: Mathematics, Physics, English, French, Latin, Economics, Economic History, Arithmetic, Chemistry. Now sitting — Highers: Mathematics, Physics, Economic History. Economics Sys. Hopes to go to University. Home Address: 30 Drumossie Avenue, Inverness (Tel: 0463 221379).

WILSON, D. J. — Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. 1973. Haig House. Dormitory leader in Wavell, Prefect in Cunningham house, Captain of 1st, 2nd and 3rd Rugby team. Bronze, Silver and Gold personal survival, Swimming, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, won Piping competition in second year and Runner-up 1980. Pipe Band, Rugby team, Athletics. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, English, Biology, French, Physics, Mathematics, Latin, Modern Studies. Has gained entrance to Leith Nautical College. Home Address: 1/7 Dreghorn Drive, Colinton, Edinburgh.

NICHOLSON, K. — Royal Navy. 1974. Haig House. 'O' Grades: English, French, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Modern Studies, Latin. Now sitting — Higher: French, English, Physics, Modern Studies. 'O' Grade: Mathematics. Home Address: 1 Laurel Road, Rosyth, Fife, KY11 2AB.

McGREGOR, I. — Royal Signals. 1974. Haig House. House Prefect (Trenchard). Bronze and Silver Swimming awards, Corporal in C.C.F. 1st XV Member, Bronze Medallion. Pipe Band, Rugby. 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, English, Latin, French, Modern Studies, Biology, Physics. Now sitting — Higher: English, Biology, Modern Studies. 'O' Grade: Mathematics. Hopes to go to College. Home Address: 26 Culloden Terrace, Arbroath, Tayside.

DAVIS, M. — Army R.E.M.E. Haig House. Trenchard House Prefect, Chapel Steward, J/Corporal in R.A.F. Section. Swimming awards: Gold Personal survival, Bronze Cross, Runner-up athletics champion in 1st and 2nd years, First Aid Junior. Rugby 1st XV. Now sitting — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, English, Latin, French, Chemistry, Modern Studies. Going to Welbeck College. Home Address: 18 Dykedale, Dunblane, FK15 0DH.

LOCH, K. — Navy. 1972. Haig House. Prefect (Trenchard), Prep. Supervisor. Band, Bronze Medallion. Second XV. 'O' Grades: Economics, Economic History, Technical Drawing, English, Arithmetic, Engineering Science, Physics, Chemistry. Now sitting — Higher: Economics, Economic History, Chemistry. 'O' Grade: Mathematics. Hopes to join Navy. Home Address: 12 Guymannering Road, Colorian, Helensburgh.

DAVIDSON, D. R. — Army R.E. 1976. Haig House. Prefect (Trenchard). School swimming team. Second XV. Now sitting — English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Biology, Physics. Hopes to join the Army in REME. Home Address: c/o RSM Davidson, 3PC Regt. RE, B.F.P.O. 34.

HATHAWAY, S. W. — R.E.M.E./Army. September, 1973. Haig House. Deputy Dorm Leader, Wavell House, House Prefect Trenchard House, Lance Corporal Signals, C.C.F. Army section. Bronze self survival, Silver self survival, Gold self survival, Swimming awards, Bronze Medallion. 2nd XV Rugby, Canoeing Club, Ski Camps. Now sitting — Mathematics, English, Arithmetic, Physics, Engineering, Science, Technical Drawing, Woodwork, Modern Studies, Biology. Hopes to join Royal Navy as a Marine Engineer Mechanic. Home Address: 87 Valon Road, Arborfield Garrison, Reading RG29QQ, Berkshire, England.

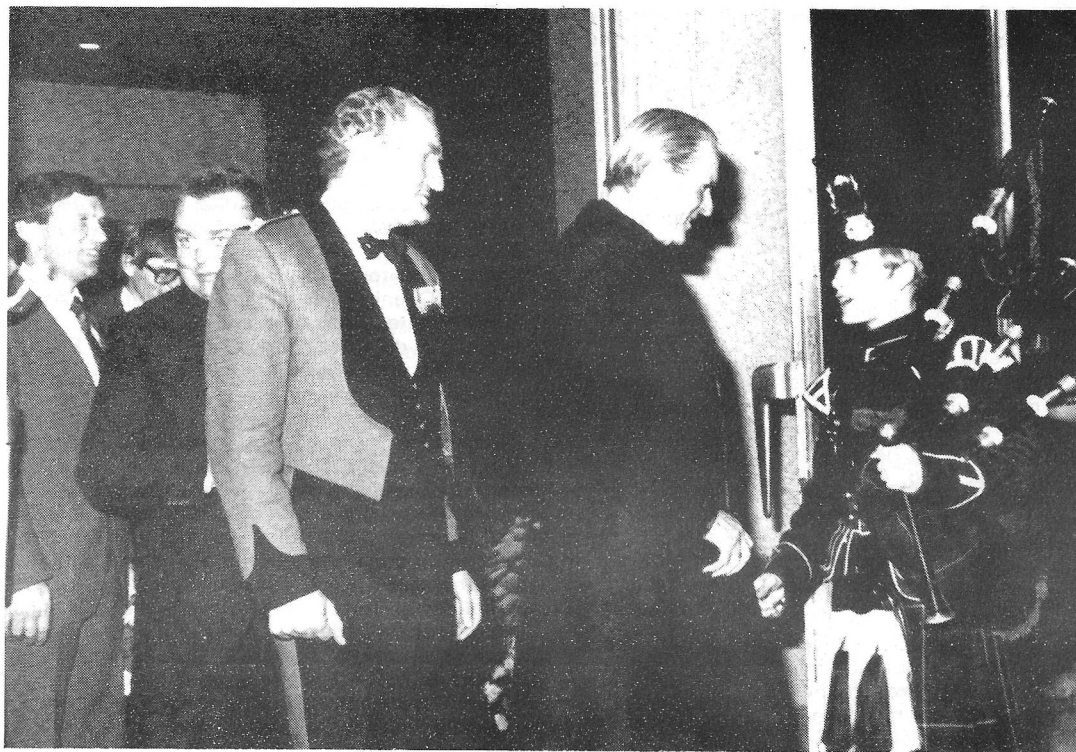
HENDERSON, S. M. — Royal Corps of Transport. 1975. Haig House. J/Corporal C.C.F. R.A.F. Section. Pipe Band drummer, Bronze Medallion, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Athletics in 1st year. Pipe Band, Football, C.C.F. Debating Society, Swimming, Rugby. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: French, Latin, English, Biology, Physics, Arithmetic, Economics, Economic History. Hopes to go to Hull College of Further Education to study for 'A' levels. Home Address: 7 Langdale Road, Market Weighton, Yorkshire.

LYONS, C. — Scots Guards. 1972. Haig House. Deputy Dorm Leader Wavell, Prefect 79-80. Debating Society, Two times winner of Senior Section Addison Smith 1979 & 1980, winner of Intermediate Section 1978, Member of Highland Dancing Team 74-79. 'O' Grades: English, Maths, Latin, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic, French, Modern Studies. Now sitting — Higher: English, Art, Modern Studies, French. Hopes to take course in Graphic Design at Swindon College. Home Address: 76 The Dormers, Haresfield, Highworth, Nr. Swindon, Wilts, England.

HENDERSON, K. — Queens Own Highlanders. 1973. Haig House. Boy Pipe Major, Fire Piquet Commander, Prefect, Corporal (Signals Section). School Piping champion 1978-79, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross (Lifesaving), Signals Assistant Instructor. Pipe Band, Fire Piquet, Rugby 1st XV, Debating Hobby, Athletics (Hammer). 'O' Grades: English, Arithmetic, Physics, Modern Studies, Art and Design, Technical Drawing. Now sitting — Higher: English, Modern Studies, Art and Design. 'O' Grade: Mathematics. Hopes to go to Aberdeen Grays School of Art. Home Address: 23 Swanston Avenue, Scorgule, Inverness.

WINNING, A. M. — Black Watch/Army. 1975. Trenchard and Haig House. Trenchard House Prefect 1978-79. Member of Colour Party, Cdt. Corporal, Member of 1st XV. Swimming. Now sitting — 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, English, Mathematics, French, Physics, Chemistry, Latin, Economics, Economic History. Hopes to attend College in England to study for 'A' levels. Home Address: 175 Goodwin Close, Imber Road, Warminster, Wiltshire.

MILLER, C. — Previously Royal Artillery. 1975. Haig House. Deputy Dorm Leader 2nd year, Deputy House Captain 3rd year. Rugby 2nd XV, Bronze Medallion, Junior First Aid, 5-a-side Soccer champions. Football (Indoor & Outdoor). Now sitting — Arithmetic, Biology, Mathematics, English, Latin, French, Modern Studies, Physics. Hopes to go to College for a SNC in Business Studies. Home Address: 263 Gilmarton Road, East Fulton, Linwood, Scotland.



Angus being introduced to President Carstens

Hobbies/Sports

SAILING

The arrival of this year's sailing season saw the school's rather antiquated Mirror class dinghies (probably the first one's built) transported to the pebbly shores of Loch Ard, where they receive their annual beating, reaching and running on the placid waters. As usual the hordes of potential mariners plagued Mr Stewart for a place on the crew list, and although their nautical knowledge was negligible they made up for it with enthusiasm. Although there were one or two preliminary set backs we kept our spinnakers untwisted and soon had the younger members acquainting themselves with the basic skills and some racing amongst the more experienced helmsmen. Our thanks go to Mr Stewart, Mr Bovill and Mr Bruce for their organisation and invaluable assistance.

Colin Geddie, Form IV

CHESS AND COMPUTER CLUB

The club this year spent more time on the computing side and operated a new V.D.U. unit adapted from an old ASC11 keyboard. The Mk14 micro-processor was also used extensively by the members. It is hoped that next session will see the installation of a small computing unit which will give the members even better facilities.

G.W.

II YEAR RUGBY

After losing to Lenzie Academy in the first game of the season the team suffered only one further set back — a narrow 4-6 defeat by Glenalmond. The remainder of the year saw the team play exciting, open rugby and achieve a winning run of nine games in succession; the last six games of the season being won without conceding a point. The enjoyment of the game is evident in the sharing of eighty-five tries by almost the whole squad, and the scoring of all the points this year by crossing our opponent's line. My thanks to all who have made this season so successful — our

coach Mr Squires, all the members of the team, and lastly the referees who have given up their time so generously.

I.F. Sutherland

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The photography club this year, again, finished on a good note, as more beginners began to join the club.

Throughout the year enthusiasm was high, with the darkroom being well used, despite the lack of cameras, but people were willing to share their own cameras and the use of the school camera helped to ease the pressure.

At the beginning of the year our only beginner was Robert MacDonald, who, throughout the year improved his photography greatly, but as the year went on he was not to be alone as a beginner for long. One of our older members, Colin Geddie, who has been in the club for two years has produced some very impressive work and I hope he will be able to go on in the club next year as chairman. This year the photography competition was won by Colin Fletcher, who has shown immense enthusiasm and some good work, with Robert MacDonald coming second. John Weir, another of our older members has also improved greatly through the year, although his final products are rarely seen. But on the whole this was a good year for the club with the darkroom becoming very crowded.

I would personally like to thank Miss Manson, on behalf of the club for helping us through the year by keeping everything in order and also by helping us all improve our photography.

Caleb Rutherford

THE DEBATING AND LITERARY SOCIETY

We kicked off the debating season with a visit to Edinburgh for the ESO Public Speaking Competition, with a team consisting of: Colin Lyons, Main Speaker, Ian Mortimer, Chairman and myself as Voter of Thanks. Unfortunately, the "conservative" minded judges didn't appreciate the controversy Colin's speech aroused and despite a good team performance, especially from Colin, who in the eyes of the majority of the audience and other competitors was far and away the best speaker of the night, the team had to exit from the competition.

Next came a debating competition at Perth High, run by the infamous ESU again! in which Steve Hill and Robert Bruce were the debaters. They were beaten after a good performance, but more importantly these two young promising speakers gained valuable experience for next year.

Our first Debate/Supper/Dance was here with our old friends from Falkirk High School. Mark Clay and Andy Eagle debated for the motion "That this house should fuse TV" and for the first time in its history, QV were outvoted by the opposing school!

The first "Haig TV room debate" of the year proved to be the most interesting and exciting of the year. It was on a topic dear to all our hearts here at QV, "the prefectorial system". Defending the system was our own revered Senior Monitor, Stu Wilson, ably assisted by Kevin (Chunky) Henderson, a prefect. After much heated debate, and near riot, they eventually defeated Mark Clay and Andy Eagle, the violent opposers of the system.

Following a talk by Mr. A. McKerracher on "The history of Dunblane" we had another Debate/Dance here, this time with Wallace High. Again the QV team (Malcolm Ferguson and Mark Davis) were defeated, mainly because they had the harder task of convincing people on the typical subject, that we should NOT play sport with countries whose political systems we disagree with.

Following the Christmas break, we had talks from Capt. Mawdesley on the High Andes and from Sir Crispin Agnew on Everest. We also had our very own QV "General Election" which Kevin Henderson's Anarchy Party won. Following another guest speaker, Campbell Steven, on "Advertising in Scotland" and an away Debate/Dance with Wallace (which Duncan Broadbent again greatly contributed to!) there followed the build-up to the highlight of the debating year, the Addison-Smith Public Speaking Competition. Mr Brian Marjoribanks adjudicated, the results being: Junior School: "Ambitions", 1st Graeme Cooper, 2nd Roy Leslie; Middle School: "The Future?", 1st Steve Hill, 2nd Robert Bruce. In the Senior School section Colin Lyons and myself defeated Mark Clay and Kevin Henderson in a debate, with Colin taking first place, and my good self as runner-up.

Despite our lack of success in outside competitions it has been a very interesting, full and exciting year for the society. I'd like to thank everyone who debated, spoke or contributed in any way towards the society, and I'd like to say a very warm "Thank you" from the whole society, to Mr. Moffat, because we all recognise the amount of effort and time he puts into the society, especially in organising Debate/Dances. I only hope that the society can enjoy the same sort of year we have had this year, next year.

MARK FISHER, FORM V
Chairman Debating Society.

RUGBY — 1st XV

Looking back to the beginning of the season there must have been very few people who thought the 1st XV would do as well as it did this year. For we started off with a very young inexperienced team, with only 4 members having played 1st XV rugby before. Over the season we have played 17 matches and lost 4, the reason this impressive set of results must be put down to hard training, determination and the big 'C'. Our fitness enabled the whole team to run for 70 minutes without a rest, the scrum mauling and scrumming like a pack of hungry wolves, led by Cameron Angus whose constant hustling enabled the backs to gain regular and good ball, which we used to the full, running it from everywhere in true Barbarian style, and with the same success!

The season started with a match against Dollar in which the team clicked together, the scrum winning the ball and the backs running it with great results, the dodgy Duncan Broadbent opened his impressive tries record, scoring from second and even third phase ball. We learned from this game that there was a slight lack of communication in the team and throughout the season we worked on the big 'C' ending up with an elaborate system of code-words, such as 'G' String, 'Bananas', 'X7' and 'Bear in the air'. Sean Godderidge (God) realised his potential in the Strathallan game in which he scored many

tries, leading to our impressive victory over them, with 14 men for our No.8 Paul Arnott was taken off after running into 'G' String Johnstone our stand-off. Although not everyone scored 4 tries in a match, everyone in the team did score eventually. Roy MacGregor scoring in his debut match and his brother Iain scoring in front of his girl friend in the Dunblane H.S. match. The whole team deserve mentioning from the 'Wee Bull' Kevin Henderson who modelled himself on Iain to Angus McClay, Mark Davis and Malcolm Ferguson who always got to the point of breakdown before it arose. With such an impressive scrum, the backs couldn't help but play good running rugby, Mark Fisher feeding good ball to 'G' String Johnstone who passed to 'Dickhead' Broadbent. The 'sausages' Wilson (me) who normally passed to either 'Sherri' Boyd or 'God' Godderidge but occasionally "Loobied" known as scissors, with D. J. Wilson (Dozy).

Having mentioned the team I would like to thank Mr. Boast for his coaching and inspiration without which I'm sure we wouldn't have made it, all our supporters, members of staff, pupils, parents and girlfriends, especially the Commandant and Mr. Paterson who followed and supported the team everywhere we went. To them the whole team says "Thank you". I would like to say it was an honour to captain such a great bunch of lads and my thanks to them all for everything.

S.W.
(Sausages)



3rd YEAR XV

I think the main quality of the team came from the spirit in which we played. On memorable occasions like playing Glenalmond 100% effort came from every one. Andrew Mackintosh developed well into a good attracting fullback, Michael Black pulled off a good few matchsaving tackles, Angus Ingram proved very useful with his speed, David Craft always at the spearhead of attacks, Andrew Turner an aggressive runner and safe tackler, George Harrison saved us often with his pinpoint kicking, Eddie Lundon a small elusive runner, Douglas Sutherland the strength and power in the team, David Grant a speedy runner and an ever present support player, Tom Brunton always to be found at the bottom of a maul, David Burns another ever present player, Steven Hill a good mauler and prop, Frank McClennan who won valuable possession in the scrums, Richard McDonald a strong prop and good mauler and then there's Robert Bruce the patient substitute. And out thanks to Mr. Moffat who coached us so well.

E.M.

RUGBY RESULTS

	Pl.	Won	Dr'n	Lost	For	Points Against
1st XV	17	13	0	4	444	117
2nd XV	4	0	0	4	0	193
3rd Year XV	14	13	0	1	521	57
2nd Year XV	14	12	0	2	408	58
1st Year XV	11	5	3	3	82	60



3rd Year XV with Mr Moffat



2nd Year XV with Mr Squires



Swimming Team

Results

SWIMMING

School Swimming Championships

N. Collie	Haig Champion
D. Craft	3rd Year Champion
A. Rutherford	2nd Year Champion
J. Craig	1st Year Champion

Central Region Swimming Championships — Grangemouth

D. Craft	2nd	Over 15	50m Breaststroke
D. MacLennan	1st	Under 15	50m Breaststroke
E. McLay	2nd		50m Backstroke
A. Halliday	2nd		50m Butterfly
A. Rutherford	4th	Under 14	50m Freestyle
T. Brunton	5th		50m Freestyle
E. McLay,	1st	Under 15	4 x 25m Medley Relay (New Record Time)
D. MacLennan,			
A. Halliday,			
D. Sutherland			

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

Inter-House Championships

Individual Winners

Open	S. Wilson	Haig
3rd Year	D. Sutherland	Trenchard
2nd Year	D. Fishwick	Cunningham
1st Year	C. Claydon	Cunningham

Central Region Schools Championships — Callender Park College

Over 15		Under 15	
S. Wilson	11th	D. Sutherland	9th
D. Grant	15th	A. Ingram	34th
S. Deuchars	51st	D. Fishwick	63rd
S. Godderidge	56th	D. MacLennan	78th
R. McDonald	66th	E. McLay	87th
A. Mackintosh	72nd		

Under 13

C. Claydon	32nd
A. Davidson	74th
P. Marr	95th
B. Ferguson	104th
S. Letford	112th
P. Johnston	138th

ATHLETICS 1979

Scottish Schools Track and Field Championships — Glasgow.

C. Jones	1st	17-19	1600m Racewalk
J. Smith	2nd		1600m Racewalk
I. Collie	5th		Long Jump
	5th		200m Final
S. Wilson	6th		400m Final
A. MacDonald	3rd	13-15	Hammer

Scottish National Championships—Grangemouth Stad.

I. Collie	4th	17-19	Long Jump
	5th		Triple Jump
J. Canning	5th	15-17	Javelin
D. Sutherland	2nd	13-15	Long Jump
	2nd		Shot Putt

Scottish Schools Pentathlon Championships—Pitreavie

S. Godderidge	15th	15-17	3223 pts.
D. Grant	18th		2845 pts.
A. McLay	20th		2509 pts.
D. Sutherland	3rd	13-15	3754 pts.
D. Craft	8th		3146 pts.
B. Nelson	14th		2762 pts.

Central Region Schools Championships—Grangemouth Stadium.

S. Wilson	1st	Over 15	400m
I. Collie	1st		Long Jump
S. Wilson, I. Collie	}	4th	4 x 100m Relay
D. Broadbent,			
C. Angus			
D. Grant	5th	Under 15	800m
D. Sutherland	1st	Under 14	Shot
T. Brunton	4th	Under 13	Long Jump

School Sports

I. Collie	Haig Champion & Victor Ludorum
S. Godderidge	3rd Year Champion
D. Sutherland	2nd Year Champion
A. Rutherford	1st Year Champion
J. Craig	Wavell Major Champion
D. Weir	Wavell Minor Champion

Wavell House

At the start of the year we welcomed 40 new boys to the House and said goodbye to the 39 boys who went to their respective Senior Houses. The ages of the new boys ranged from 9½ to 11½ with 33 entering the primary six forms and 7 going directly into primary seven.

Wavell House must seem a very large and perplexing place when you have just turned nine years of age and are about 4 feet in height with its never ending flights of stairs, large dormitories and acres of landing. There are also the wash-rooms with their hissing showers, bellowing clouds of steam and glistening stone floors. Then there are the boys, seemingly hundreds of them. You find them everywhere engaged in numerous duties, playing a variety of games or planning activities ranging from war games in Wavell Wood to the selection of teams for the inter dormitory Rugby Matches.

The new boy quickly learns, however, that there is a definite routine and order which governs every aspect of his life in the House. He soon understands what is expected of him and begins to feel secure when he discovers that he is quite capable of coping with demands made upon him and there are lots of activities for him to participate in.

The Staff has remained unchanged over the past year. Mr Brown successfully completed a course on outdoor pursuits during the summer term of 1979 and Mr Carroll, after carefully coaching the Wavell fifteen on Rugby tactics, promptly broke his leg while playing for a Stirling County team. Mr Philip has been doing a lot of work setting up fixture lists for Rugby, Soccer, Swimming and indoor competitions which has enabled the House to extend its connections with schools in the district. Mrs Milne still continues to administer to the constant demands of eighty boys whose requirements range from words of encouragement when a little homesick to having a battered Teddy Bear patched up.

The usual activities took place over the year. A shooting hobby was introduced for boys in primary seven using air rifles and this proved to be very popular. We had a most successful camp at Aviemore with a very lively and cheerful set of boys who thoroughly enjoyed their seven days in the mountains. This year we hope to extend the activities to include some canoeing instruction on Loch Inch. The weather for the annual 'Big Walk' through the mountains was perfect and quite a few boys have explored Loch Lomond in Mr. Bruce's speedboat.

Finally I would like to thank the members of

the Wavell Staff and all those in other departments of the School who have so willingly helped with games, hobbies and organised outings throughout the year.

N.C.B.

THE BOXING COMPETITION

For many years boxing has flourished in Wavell House under the expert guidance of Mr. Martin who has done so much to help keep the sport alive. He runs the 'boxing hobby' each week during the winter months and organises the boxing competition. This year he retires after many years in the school and I am sure that many generations of boys who have been trained and encouraged by him in the boxing ring will wish him a long and happy retirement.

This year great interest was shown in the competition and 52 boys out of a House of 80 entered. Unfortunately such things as weight, height and aggressive tendencies have to be considered before suitable opponents can be matched and thus only a selected few can enter.

Those who did fight for their dormitories did so with courage and determination. No one gave in and there were a record number of good losers' points awarded.

Our thanks go to all members of the staff who acted as officials and also to the kitchen and the Commandant for providing the lemonade, cakes and sandwiches which followed the competition.

Individual Results

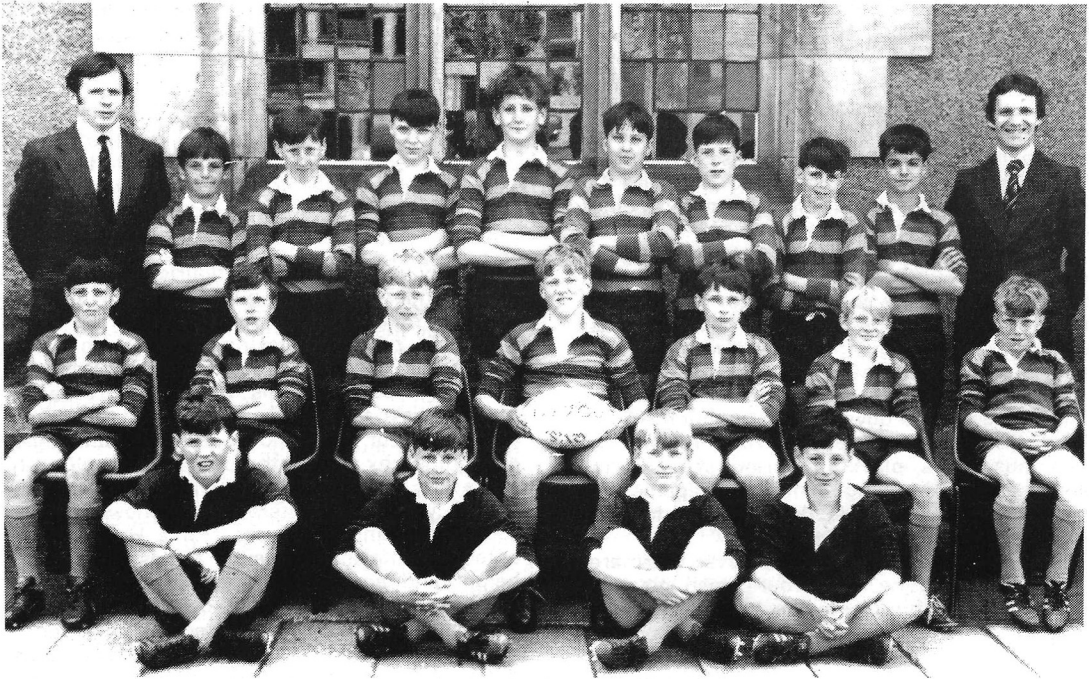
Winner	Runner up
Gary Clark	John Smith
John Williamson	Scott Darling
Lee Lucas	Graeme Cooper
John Bruce	Jim Wood
Graeme Gillies	Gordon Hunter
Craig Johnstone	Tommy Millar
Duncan Weir	John Hay
James Flynn	Paul Doran
Darren Stewart	Stewart Boyle
Allan Ellerby	Kenneth Hindle
Sean Glenn	Stuart Smail
Leslie Burnett	Angus Ryrie

Best Stylist Lee Lucas

Inter Dormitory Results

1st	Lynedoch	29pts
2nd	Moore	27pts
3rd	Abercromby	22pts

N.C.B.

*Wavell 1st XV**Wavell 1st XI*

STEEPLE CHASE

This year we departed from the usual form of the race and instead of a relay over a relatively short course the distance was increased and the runners competed against each other from a mass start.

The course was roughly a kilometre long and included four water jumps, a scramble through the thickets of Wavell Wood and stretches of open field where the sprinters could come into their own.

In the minor race Sean Glenn set a brisk pace and led from the start to win with a comfortable margin from Craig Johnstone while the senior race was a closely fought contest with Graeme Cooper just managing to sprint past Leslie Burnett a few yards from the finishing line.

Results

Minor Race

- 1st Lynedoch
- 2nd Moore
- 3rd Abercromby

Major Place

- 1st Lynedoch
- 2nd Abercromby
- 3rd Moore

From these placings the overall winner of the inter dormitory competition was Lynedoch Dormitory.

N.C.B.

WAVELL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Despite the change in emphasis within Wavell games programme to priority for Rugby, the "fitba' daft" Wavellites continue to play a great deal with the round ball in their spare time. This has helped, this year, to develop a large number of boys contending for places in the first XI, and an equally promising group exists within P6 for next session's football. To date we have had a fair degree of success, starting the summer term well with a 6 - 4 win. Rather ironically, Rugby practices and fixtures seem to have helped the standard of Association Football as we seem to have developed through the former a tougher, more determined set of "men" who play with fire right to the final whistle. Perhaps the days are over when, like many a blue-cap player, they could only say "I got wan kick at the ba', an' it was a header, an' I missed it!"

B.R.P.

TABLE TENNIS COMPETITION

One of the reasons for holding the table tennis competition during the Easter Term is that the preliminary knock-out games keep everyone occupied during the periods of bad weather that are all too prevalent in Scotland at that time of the year.

There are two classes, Major and Minor and everyone in the House takes part. The best of three games are played to decide the winner who then goes on to meet his opponent in the next round.

The boys who represented their dormitories in the Major class were Gordon Hunter, Ian Barclay and Lee Lucas and in the Minor class were Mark O'Donnell, Graham Dargie and Michael Reid.

The final matches were played before the rest of the House when it is not so easy to keep ones concentration when forty pairs of eyes are focused upon every move.

Results:

Major	Minor
(Champion)	(Champion)
Gordon Hunter	Mark O'Donnell
(Runner-up)	(Runner-up)
Ian Barclay	Graham Dargie

N.C.B.

RUGBY

This season has seen an expansion in the number of matches played due to a longer fixture list and helped by the milder winter.

Two teams were fielded, a minor (P.6/2nd XV) as well as the usual major (P.7/1st XV), more experienced young players are available as a result and should help to get the major team off to a good start next season.

We now play schools who as a rule are considerably bigger than ourselves and whose pupils are Rugby orientated from an earlier age. In the circumstances it is probably fair not to expect large measures of success unless we are fortunate enough to possess an outstanding pool of players. Notwithstanding there are signs that we are gradually gaining in strength, witness a much reduced deficit against the Edinburgh sides compared with previous years.

Mini-Rugby continues to be a good "primer" and also enables us to take part with the junior section of Rugby Clubs and hopefully more often with Local Authority Primary schools.

Too many different matches were played to include a full list of results, but noteworthy were:

Heriots (18)	—	Wavell (0)
Beaconhurst Grange (0)	—	Wavell (6)
Wavell (24)	—	Glasgow High (6)
Watsons (14)	—	Wavell (0)

Colours were awarded to the Captain, Graham Cooper and also to Leslie Burnett, James Wood and Malcolm Buchanan.

The major team pool was as follows:

A. Gilchrist, S. Spence, P. Doran, M. Buchanan D. Ingram, G. Cooper (Capt.), L. Burnett, D. Weir J. Wood, I. Hay, D. McKay, G. Gillies, A. Ellerby S. McCurdy, L. Lucas, K. Hindle, J. Flynn, R. Mowbray, G. Hunter.

H.B.

WAVELL SWIMMING

Survival Swimming Hobby this year succeeded in surprising many who did not believe at the start of the year that they could reach the standards which they have now attained. Some fourteen boys gained Honours Awards, the highest Personal Survival award available to them. In addition, seventeen others reached Gold Award and, including all the others who gained lesser awards, a total of almost two hundred awards were presented.

In the first term we had a swimming gala, against George Heriot's School, which was a very friendly contest where swimmers, strong and weak, excelled themselves. Wavell won the contest despite the odd, embarrassing race lost to a girl! The house Interdorm Gala was fought in the usual fever of excitement with Lynedoch winning, followed by Abercromby. Scott McCurdy became Major Champion, runner-up Lee Lucas and Jamie Duff became Minor Champion, runner-up Paul Smith.

Now into summer, we have started speed and distance swimming, some boys already holding up to the 5000 metre award, and many now headed for the 10,000 metre award. (530 lengths of the school pool!!!) Finally, well done to all who took part and particular praise to those who, despite facing difficulties, kept on until they succeeded.

B.R.P.

AVIEMORE CAMP 1979

My recollections of our annual camp to the Rothiemurchus Ski Lodge are particularly vivid and fond, probably because we managed to capture the best week of weather in Scotland and also because we had a group of lively, pleasant boys to look after.

Undoubtedly, for me, the finest day was when we trekked from the summit of Cairngorm, over the plateau formed by the surrounding countryside and back to the ski lodge via Lurchers Crag and the Lhairig Ghru. The weather on that particular day could only be described as idyllic and so the order of the day was shorts, boots, beanie-hats and an ample supply of Ambre Solaire sun-tan lotion.

The view from the top of the ski-lift was especially striking. The Moray Firth could be seen clearly to the north with the Grampians and North West Highlands surrounding us from south, east and west. Many of the boys, I am sure, were left with an imprint in their minds of that incredible vista which will probably remain with them for the rest of their lives.

On returning from our walks each day the boys and staff alike had worked up ravenous appetites. It is fitting, therefore, that Mr Fleming should be thanked wholeheartedly at this point because his catering did justice to our appetites.

Rugby is now the main outdoor game played in Wavell, and on one occasion, while at camp, I slightly regretted the coaching which the boys had received in tackling techniques.

Mr MacLean and I had procured a rugby ball to play with on the sandy shores of Loch Morlich. However even two adults can find themselves in a difficult situation when they are outnumbered by 20 boys desperate to "tackle skip"! I can assure everyone that it is a physical impossibility to move with a pair of arms clutching your neck like a vice, a body wrapped round your knees and a limpet attached to your ankles! But despite super-human efforts to stay on my feet, I was finally cut down by a superb, scything, defensive tackle around the waist by a certain member of the house who just happens to be head boy this year!

On the final day we packed up, boarded the bus and as it moved off from the lodge the heavens opened and the rains came down, but we didn't care. We had had a super week of glorious weather for our walks and as far as we were concerned it could rain for the rest of the summer — and it did!

G. Carroll

A TRIP TO NEW LANARK

by Duncan Ingram and Graeme Cooper

On the third and fourth of May 1980, Primary 7A, with Mr Carroll, went on a trip to New Lanark which is an old industrial community of the late 18th and 19th century which is being restored and preserved. This was all part of our class project which was dealing with the River Clyde. On our way down to New Lanark we passed through the market gardening area of the River Clyde which is famous for its hot house cultivation and tomato growing.

In 1784 a famous man called Richard Arkwright, who was the inventor of the water frame, joined up with a famous cloth merchant named David Dale. Together they discussed the possibilities of building an industrial village by the Falls of Clyde. This was successful and by 1795 they were employing 1,500 workers to work in the mills in the village they called New Lanark. But for some unknown reason Number one mill was largely destroyed by fire.

In 1789 the New Buildings, as they were called, were built to accommodate the worker's families as well as a religious meeting place until 1898 when a church was built. A belfrey, which lies at the top of the building, was used to house the bell which the Highlanders brought from their storm bound ship. When brought to New Lanark it was used for summoning the workers to the mills. The Highlanders came to New Lanark when Dale heard about them being driven off their crofts in Caithness. They were emigrating to the U.S.A. but because of fierce storms in the Firth of Clyde they were delayed and Dale persuaded them to live at New Lanark and work in the mills. Because of this they built a new row of houses in 1792 and named them Caithness Row.

The position of New Lanark was chosen because it was in a well sheltered valley and had a plentiful supply of water from the River Clyde. Because the mills needed a sufficient supply of water to keep the production level to a high standard the company built a lade for a steady supply of water to power the mill wheel. Probably one of the most important people involved in the cotton industry of New Lanark was a young cotton manufacturer named Robert Owen. This man influenced the cotton industry in Lanarkshire and he was very interested in the welfare of people.

Robert Owen married Caroline Dale in 1799 and came into partnership with David Dale at the mills in New Lanark. Robert Owen put forward many ideas to improve New Lanark and its cotton industry. One of the ideas which Robert Owen put forward to improve production

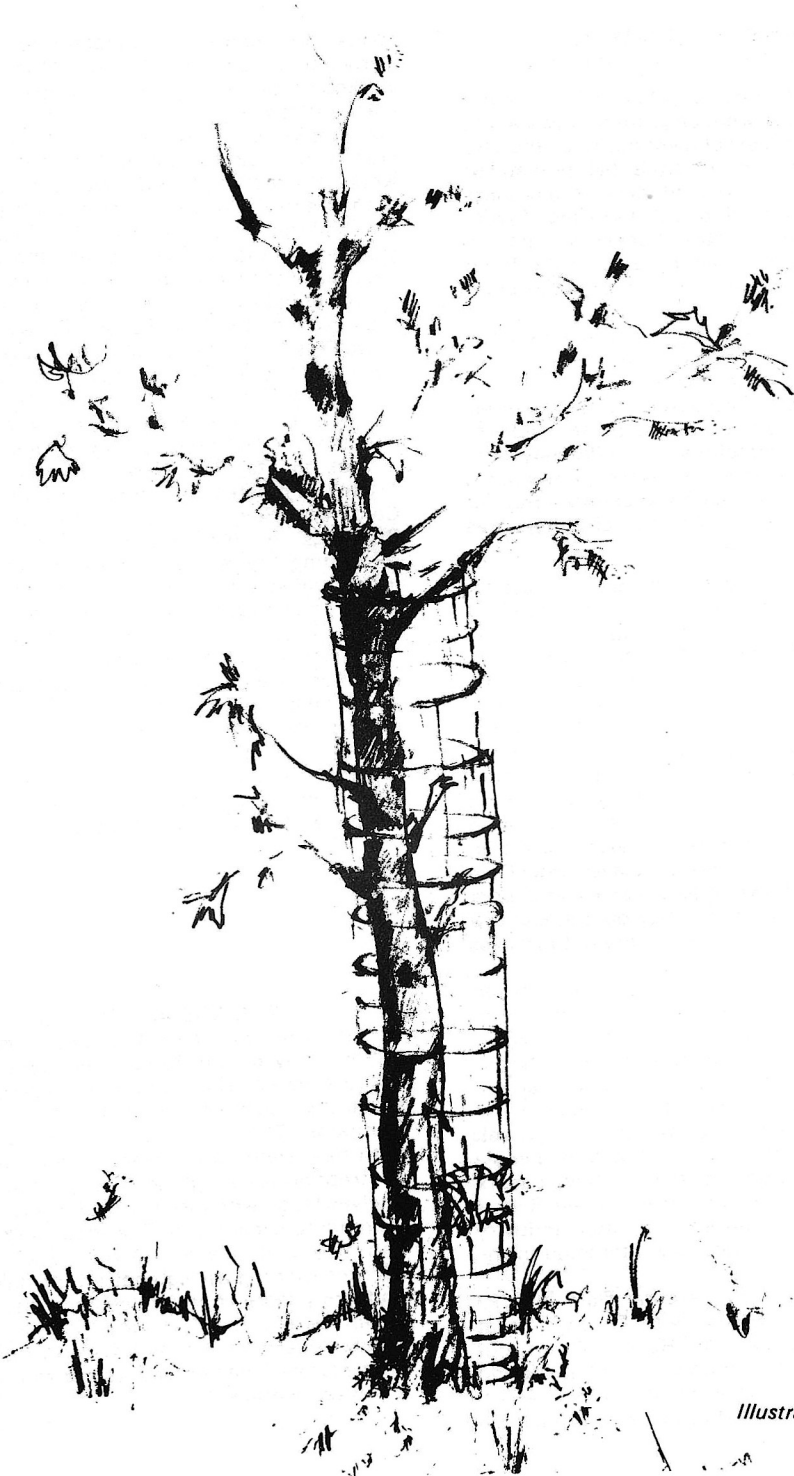
levels of cotton manufacturing was the introduction of the "Silent Monitor". This worked on the basis of a man walking round the mills and looking at the silent monitor to see that his employees were working to a sufficient standard. Robert Owen believed that his workers' children should have every opportunity in their education and therefore built a school for the children in 1816. He also believed that children should not work under the age of ten because of the risk of them dying of exhaustion.

To safeguard the future of the village, an organisation, the New Lanark Conservation and Civic Trust, has been established. It is supported by local and national government as well as private individuals and organisations. Its symbol shows the central facade of the New Buildings and its aim is to "revivify" the village — to bring it back to life. The New Lanark Conservation Trust completed a modernisation plan of Caithness Row and the store and Nursery Buildings in 1966 and are in the process of renovating the New Buildings and other streets in the village. In fact the plans for the future hope to see New Lanark as a thriving community once more. New Lanark is being preserved because it was a model village which was away ahead of its time. It provided education, welfare and good living conditions at a time when poverty and squalor were rife in industrial areas. New Lanark is a monument to our industrial and architectural past and because of this it has been put under the protection of the government for the benefit of future generations.

A PLACE IN DUNBLANE

My favourite shop is small, neat and well stocked. It has many of the things that make children's mouths water. There are welcoming jars of old favourites such as toffees, jelly beans and humbugs. The small post counter is festooned with new stamp issue leaflets, and has a small contraption for weighing. Behind that is a set of shelves laden with biscuits, fruit loaves and many more tantalizing goods. The shop itself looks neat and tidy and has a Pre-war look. The main counter was a glass cabinet full of flakes, Aeros and many more chocolate confections. There are cheap sweets on the main counter. It has a regular swarm of Wavell boys on Fridays all out on the spree. The two owners are kind and happy and wear overalls.

P. McKay, P6A



Illustrated by K. Henderson

I SPY by members of P6A**An aircraft carrier**

Gigantic Cumbering ogre
Impressive and proud
Steam builds up and off go the jets
Like wasps from their nests.

P. McKay

VOLCANOES

The Mountain sleeps like a dead man,
Climbers come, it wakes,
Swallowing houses and innocent people
Under a blanket of death,
Then it tires and sleeps again.

P. Smith

AEROPLANES

Aeroplanes like graceful swifts
Cutting through the air
With silver glistening wings
And radar eyes ever watchful

G. Clark

A RIVER

Swirling, twisting like a graceful dancer.
Swallowing the rounded rocks in a cloud of foam.
Gliding round the corner at a snail's pace.
Beautiful yet merciless.

G. Dargie

FOG

The silent mist which engulfs buildings.
Hides cars and people from sight.
The lazy white misty vapour.
Creeping silently from nowhere.

S. Glenn

CARS

Black and white tigers,
Racing down the motorway.
Greedy petrol swallows,
Like creatures from outer space.

C. Johnstone

A LONDON TAXI

Like a lump of mobile coal.
A Vulture finding its prey,
It goes at full speed.
Along its tarmac path.

T. McCluskey

THANKS

Miss I. Johnstone wishes to thank the large number of former Pupils and Parents who sent contributions via the Acting Headmaster to her retirement presentation. She is most grateful for their thoughtful generosity.

HONG KONG TYPICAL TRAMP

It was my first holiday of our second tour in Hong Kong, and as I walked to one of the major roads Kowloon a host of memories came flooding back to me like an incoming tide, but as I walked down Nathan Road there was something out of place, something there that shouldn't be there. Then it caught my attention, a sight movement in the corner of my eye. To the unaccustomed foreign eye it stuck out like a sore thumb, but to the native eye it was totally inconspicuous, this little bit of magic that makes Hong Kong, just sitting there like a used discarded rag doll. His hair was hanging straight, partially covering his eyes like a set of frayed boot laces. Deep lines like clefts and ravines on a cliff face traced the beggar's visage, though whether they were through old age or a worried existence, was difficult to tell. Old clothes draped around him like a set of old curtains. His arms were like those of a broken kite, the bones of his lower arms forming the main struts while his tattered clothing, the ripped plastic covering. I noticed his trousers were ripped and shredded from just above the knee to his bony ankles, but considering what they must have been through, the rest of them could be described as satisfactory. I finally looked at his shoes, both of them dilapidated and worn from use, tied together and held on by lengths of string. They were not from the same pair, and no sole could be seen on either of them. His toes protruded through the bottoms and judging from the first it had been like that for some time. I took all of this in in an instant as I walked past but it will take far, far longer to erase it from my memory.

Paul Stewart, 3B

WARELL WOOD AND WARELL BURN

Warell Wood is a little wood near the playing fields. Warell Wood is good for playing man hunt and hide and seek. There is an incinerator where all the rubbish gets burnt. There are some nicknames for places in the wood. There are a few trees which are in a circle which are called "The Magic Circle". There are a cluster of trees where the Rooks nest. The wood is quiet apart from the birds singing and the trickling sound of Warell Burn. The burn is a slow flowing burn with lots of twists and turns. There is a nickname for a part of the burn. The Grand Conyou is the nickname for a bit of the burn which gets wider. The banks of the burn are muddy and slippery. In some places there are stepping stones across the burn. There are some places where the burn gets so narrow you can jump over it. Warell Burn runs along the side of Warell Wood.

N.S. Anderson, P6A

Annual Inspection

Inspecting Officer:

General Sir Philip Christison, Bart., GBE, CB, DSO, MC, DL, BA,

Her Majesty's Commissioner

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 *The Back of Benachie*.

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 Barren Rocks of Aden* 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	.	.	.	.	.	.	Stuart Wilson
Guard Commanders	No. 1 Guard	.	.	.	.	.	Cameron Angus
	No. 2 Guard	.	.	.	.	.	Ian Mortimer
	No. 3 Guard	.	.	.	.	.	George Boyd
	No. 4 Guard	.	.	.	.	.	Alexander Wilson
Orderlies to Inspecting Officer	.	.	.	.	.	Stewart Buchanan, James Easson	
In Charge of Colour Party	.	.	.	.	.	Duncan Broadbent	
Colour Bearers	.	.	.	.	.	Andrew Winning, Paul Arnott	
						Michael Black, David Grant	
Boy Pipe Major	.	.	.	.	.	Kevin Henderson	
Boy Drum Major	.	.	.	.	.	Jonathan Smith	
School Sergeant Major	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. J. Deeley (late Royal Scots)	

Further Programme

1. Tea will be served immediately after the Parade has left the Parade Ground.
2. Queen Victoria School Pipes and Drums (Pipe Major Instructor Mr. J. McKenzie, (late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) Drum Major Instructor Mr. R. Brown and Highland Dancers (Instructor Miss M. G. Anderson MA, MSDTA(HB)).

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	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	P/Mjr. J. K. Cairns
DANCERS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	The Argyllshire Broadwords
SLOW MARCH	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Hearken My Love
MARCH	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Kilworth Hills
STRATHSPEY	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Strathconnon
REEL	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Traditional
MARCH	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	General Sir Philip Christison

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.

SUMMER GAMES IN WAVELL HOUSE

A game in Wavell House in the summer is marbles. In the summer everybody goes crazy with them. It looks like their marbles are worth more than the Crown Jewels the way they guard them.

You can get different kinds of marbles. The white ones with two or more different colours on are called chinks or chinass. These kind of marbles are like glass and have different colours in them. The colours range from one to three in a marble. These kind of marbles are transparent. After these marbles come a different type of glass which can be blue, green or a different colour. This marble is only one colour. The green marble of this kind is called a cat's eye and others are called glass eyes. These marbles are translucent.

The big marble of any of these kind are called bonks. Most of the marbles are fascinating and colourful. In my personal opinion I think the blue glass eyes are the most attractive by far.

There are different kinds of games. Firstly there is "cracks". That is when one boy flings a marble and the other boy has to hit the marble which has been put down. They then take turns about until one boy hits the other marble. He is then the winner. Then there is "potsies". That is where two boys roll their marbles towards the hole. The one nearest to the hole has a go. If he misses it is the other boy's turn to go.

Marbles give people a lot of satisfaction and I think they are a lot of fun for everyone. The craze soon finished though when we come to the end of term.

Gary Day, P6A

MR TRAVEL AGENT

Mr Travel Agent,

Have you ever stayed at his place called Faulty Towers? I suggest that you attempt to survive a week, no a day here before you start advertising "Faulty Towers — a peaceful place to relax from the day-to-day hazards of life." Are you the manager of a joke shope? This morning I proceeded to eat a melon for breakfast when I caught sight of a white thing wriggling in it. After complaining to the manager, he simply blamed me for putting on too much sugar and giving it worms. He then wrenched out the worm told me that I was a big baby and to get on with it. I then stormed out and complained to the waiter. He just looked at me as if I was foreign, then stuttered in some sort of jibberish "Que?" I haven't been here 24hrs yet, I'm already turning into a demented freak. Get me to another hotel fast! Help me!

Yours
D. Sutherland

BONFIRE NIGHT DISASTER

Crackling, flickering, flames, blazing,
Red, Orange, Blue,
Boxes, Cardboard, paper, cartons,
Misty, black smoke.

Rockets, swirling, screeching, booming,
Jumping Jacks, hopping, bangers,
Catherine wheels swirling bright,
Roman Candles, booming bangers.

Rocket swirled in wrong direction,
Panic, yelling, running,
Pushing, shouting, shoving, screaming,
Hurt, shaken, sick.

John Williamson, P6A

THE AFTERMATH

The room is still, like a battlefield after the living have moved on. The cloud of smoke is drifting nowhere like fog on a highland moor. The ash in the cheap smoked glass ashtray lies like crumbling abbey ruins. A glass at the foot of the Edwardian table lies on its side with a half slice of moist lemon, keeled over like a gondola run aground. A solitary forgotten light still shines across the sea of carpet littered with crumbs and peanuts. The dying embers of the log fire are still giving out a little warmth and light like the distant sun setting. The walls no longer wear their white glossy coat. Everywhere there are glasses, some empty. The beer glasses still have dirty coloured foam on their sides like that of a polluted river. The crisp bowls sit like an empty granary. Even the dictator television had had a chair placed in front of it with a lipstick rimmed glass lying on it.

A. Mackay, 3B

THE ROOM

The well-oiled door slid open. I felt as though I ought to take off my spotless shoes. Lying on the bright orange carpet was a sheepskin rug. Every fibre delicately brushed upwards to produce an ordered cotton wool effect. Both pillows on the bed were exactly eleven point two five cms. The desk-bureau was well dusted and the mirror above it was like a mill-pond. The spectrum had been cast upon the glittering wallpaper by the crystal, diamond-cut chandelier. The original light entering the room from a three metre high french window leading onto a balcony which looked almost like "Kew Gardens". The varnish on the mahogany wardrobe was so shiny, I could see the iris in my eye changing. There wasn't a wrinkle to be seen in the bed. When it was made they must have used protractors and rulers.

A. MacKay, 3B

*Teaching Staff***THE TRAMP**

I stood waiting in Central Station. The tannoy system belched out, echoing noises to frantic passengers who were dragging their belongings about the station. I turned around to look about. Over by a large rubbish bin stood a small figure delving deep into it looking for a scrap of food. He brought out a chip paper and with his shaking begrimed fingers he slowly picked little bits from it. On his weary feet he wore pieces of leather and rubber which many miles ago used to be shoes. His baggy trousers were oiled and hung on him like sacks. I felt guilty looking at him as I stood in my "latest fashion" jeans wearing an expensive jacket. Covering his small bronchitis infected chest he wore a thin woollen jumper which was stained with past remnants of meals. His face looked prematurely old, you could not guess his age. His face was partly hidden by an uneven beard. His mouth was slightly open showing what remained of his teeth, saliva trickled down his long chin. His glazed sunken eyes were dull and empty. I saw him shuffle off outside to continue his life.

Ewan MacLay

THE ROOM

I felt I was walking through time as I gingerly opened the smoothly varnished door. The outside handle was a structure of gleaming brass, but the inside handle was green with age reflecting the room's history. The carpet rolled up as it caught on the door, almost like a wave pouring up and letting away all the water, only in this case it wasn't water but dust pouring away the past. Every step I took I knew I was destroying our family's past. I could see old comics almost gone by the fading of the sun, lying on the neatly made bed. The covers were turned in and smoothed out like wrapping paper on a parcel with its neat folds at each end. The net curtains at the windows had dying flies caught in their lace fibres. They were breaking the laws of nature catching flies in their false webs. The curling posters on the walls advertising soap and oxo cubes fell down with the sudden draught from the wide open doors, bringing down their aprons of dust with them. They resembled time falling upon the room slowly taking everything in its grasp.

J.S. Steel, 3B

THE HUNTER

A small brass cartridge was thumbled into the breech, the greased bolt slid forward, nudging the bullet into the barrel, then locked.

My left hand curled around the trigger and I raised the rifle to my shoulder. Looking through the telescopic sights, I focussed onto my target . . . perched on a wall, the cross-hairs directly centred on my prey.

I squeezed the trigger and the rifle kicked. The coco-cola can, punched the heavy morning air, flying off its perch, like a startled dove, and landed three metres away in the heather, a gaping hole where the hyphen used to be.

Satisfied, I moved off, in search of worthier prey. A sweet smell lingered in the misty haze, that of ferns and heather and dampness, playing on my nostrils as I glided through the mists, a few soggy twigs snapped lazily under my feet and the crystal dew drops clung to my boots.

My combat jacket mingled into the fir trees, where that sweet smell, thickened, sickly. Branches scratched past my cheeks, red and tingling from the nippy breeze. As I came to a clearing, I saw what I had been searching for, beasts, creatures of the bracken — Pheasants!!

Loading, deftly as before, the bolt quietly clicked its approval. The gun seemed blissfully lighter now, as I raised it once more to my shoulder. As the cross-hairs lined up on that little multi-coloured head, the eyes flicked round, gaped in terror, its wings and tail flapped as one, but only once did those little red wings flap. The next second it lay fallen on the bracken in twisted, split-second agony, dead.

J. L. Smart, 3B

BYDAND

Cock o' the North,
The pipers play,
Into battle,
Night and day,
Many live,
Many die,
But the battle was worth it,
The pipers do say.

S.J. Wilson, P6B

THE ARMADILLO

He rolls himself into a ball,
To be like an armour-plated tank,
For his protection against his enemies.

G.J. Christie, P6B

EYES IN THE SKY

Cold and damp,
The sky glitters with gleaming stars
Shining like diamonds
Twinkling as if newly cut.
They gleam so brightly,
Even the black sky
Black as coal,
Cannot hide them.

McKay T.A. P6B

HORRIBLE HORACE

It was an old cat;
A nasty cat;
A sly cat;
A sneaky cat;
An arch-backed cat;
An approaching cat;
A fish-eating cat;
A tree-climber cat;
A Lazy cat;
A crawling Cat;
A black-eyed cat;
An enraged cat;
A Savage cat;
A hairy cat;
A girl cat;
A fast cat;
A good cat;
A camouflaged cat;
A Lively cat;
A human-like cat;
A monstrous cat;

Stewart, D.W. P6B

THE MINI

The small, sleek car,
Runs along the road,
On its feet, round and rubbery.
Its mouth of steel lies,
Below a honking nose,
'and eyes light up at night.
It speaks with a roar,
Then all is silent and still,
In its home;
Relaxing, cooling down,
Clicking its radiator.

S.G. Cochrane, P6B

I am dark, tall
I may be handsome
I follow you everywhere.
Some people notice me
but they can never lose me.

(Shadow)
S. Gordon, 1A

GRAND DAY

The morning is misty,
The ground is wet,
After breakfast back to the dorm
Swotting shoes to look like glass.

After dinner down to the fields
Tension building up inside you,
Looking, searching for familiar faces,
Up to the dorm to get ready.

"Good luck!" says Mr. Deeley,
Silence now as everything's ready,
Marching on through the crowd,
Cameras flashing here and there.

Inspection long and searching,
People fainting in the heat,
Marching off feeling happy,
Dismissal, then relief.

Gary Grant, 1A

SEA

I'm rough, reckless
I'm so strong I wear away rocks
I hold all kinds of life
Some people like me
Some people don't
I supply water but I wouldn't drink me
I am enjoyment
I can kill
Sometimes I'm calm
But sometimes I'm a terrible danger.

C. Claydon, 1A

TIME

I am never ending,
I am part of your life;
Some people notice me
But some people don't
Even scientists do not understand me.

Stuart Gordon, 1A

THE PUMA TRAIN

It's streamlined shape, like a Puma,
Cuts the night air in two.
Hot breath exhales from its mouth.
Its green eyes shine in the dark.
Several cubs follow in a long line,
Their eyes gleaming with yellow light.
This puma is a track-eating machine.
Its cubs are people-eaters.

P. Gower, P6B

COMPOSITE SEQUENCE: THE YACHT

Did you ever sail a yacht?
Quiet-moving, water-skimming, smooth-flowing

Sails gently flapping
Ready to harness the wind
Cart without a horse

Catch
The wind
Sail along
The wind dies down
And you are stranded;
Wait a bit, wait
Soon the wind
Blows up
Freed

Yatch, long, smooth, low
Gull, shining, white
Float, gently, rock, slow
Sharp, gleaming, bright.

A yacht floating on water
A bird hovering in the air

Martin Sinclair, 2B

"ONCE AGAIN"

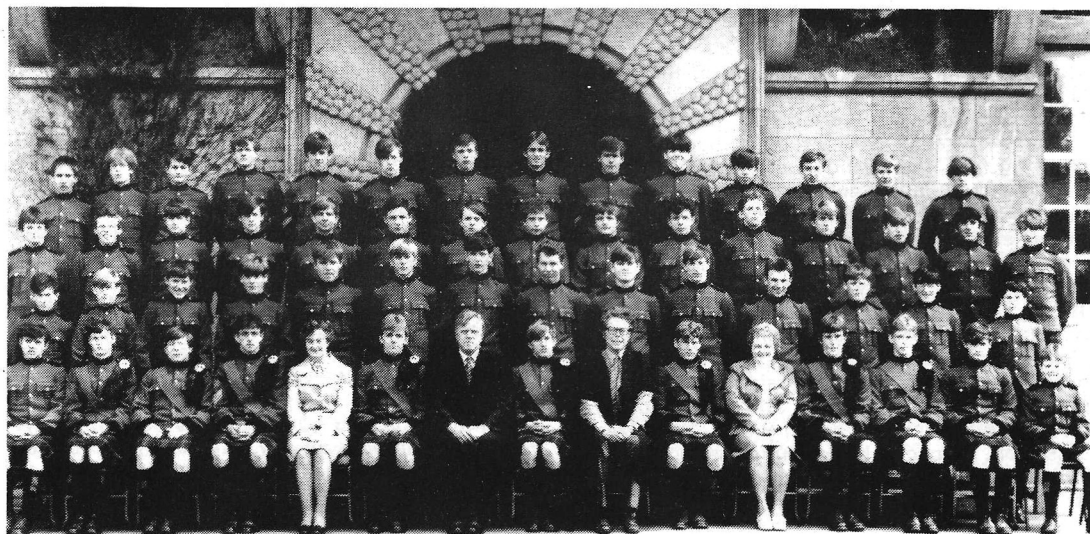
Right, cream, powder, lipstick and I'm ready,
I sometimes feel like a spy when I slowly,
gingerly put on my stage face, all the make up
disguising me. As soon as I have a new face,
I have a new soul and personality. But why
do I paint on the gay colours onto my somewhat
wrinkled face? Surely the audience wants to see
my real self. Surely they want to know what and
who I really am? Or am I to them just another
"CLOWN", with no differences — a big smile,
red nose and white face? Why do they like my
funny face and walk? It makes them laugh you
might say, but I can make people laugh without
my mask. Funny isn't it?

Do I enjoy painting myself with the colours out
of my paint box? I enjoy making people laugh
of course, but I don't feel I need to change my
face. Oh well so long as they like it I'll do it for
them. So once again I start to put on my white
face. But wait I know what I need, a change yes a
change, why not a red chin or a purple moustache
or a wig of bright green hair? A black eye and a
yellow nose. But wait! Stop. Will they recognise
or even like me? Will I frighten or please them?
Well I hope they do like me because I like *hers*.

J. S. Steele, 3B



Illustrated by C. Lyons

*Haig House*

A SILENT MOVIE

The heroine sits at the window of the cottage that she and her mother live in. She is looking out down the road for her fiancé who went to seek his fortune nine months ago. Her eyes are dark and sorrowful and her face is deathbed pale. Her hair is dark to match her eyes. Her mother sits in a rocking chair in front of a small fire. She is wearing a patchwork shawl which is pulled tight around her shoulders for warmth.

Then suddenly through the door bursts the evil landlord. He is wearing a black cape, white gloves and a top hat. He is carrying a silver-topped cane. He has a moustache that is waxed into a curl at each end and a pointed beard on his chin. He shakes the snow from his clothes.

He gets down on one knee as if to propose to our heroine, but she backs away and shakes her head. The landlord smiles a sinister smile which turns into a snarl as he points to the open door. The heroine begs with him but it is in vain.

At that moment the hero arrives on the scene. He is wearing a hooped shirt and a sea-man's hat. He has come home a rich man because he struck a successful gold mine in Australia.

First he pays the landlord the overdue rent money and then he chases them off their land.

A few days later the hero and heroine are married in style and everyone lives happily ever after, except the evil landlord.

P. Collie, 2A

A WALK TO THE SEA

As we came down the sand dune towards the rocks I could smell the sea strongly in my nostrils. There was a fresh breeze blowing. The sun had almost set and it was at such an angle so as to reflect its light off the puddles into our eyes. This reflected light silhouetted everything in front of me.

We went carefully through the rocks because although they were dry, the wet seaweed made them slippery. We got off the rocks safely and onto the sand. This sand was dry and was quite easy to walk on. We walked on the dry sand for a while and then came to a stream. We crossed over the stream which had a muddy brown sediment in it.

On the other side of the stream the sand was wet and was almost like mud. We walked, squelching, over the sand. One or two of us lost a boot or a shoe in the suction of the mud but recovered them safely.

When we had started out about half-an-hour ago the sky was blue, and white fluffy clouds drifted lazily with the wind, but now the sky had turned grey and the clouds were almost black.

We reached the sea just as the rain started. We just stood there and watched the sea and the rain, because, after all, it was our first sight of the sea.

P. Collie, 2A

THE OBSESSION OF AN EVERTONIAN

For the past two years each and every one of my Saturdays caught up in the clamour of the football season has been solemnly devoted to one first division team — Everton F.C. Seated close to a tuned-in radio, with a tape at hand, I seal myself off from the outside world and bury myself in my football. I listen passionately interested to the commentator speaking about the game — sometimes his comments bring a grin to my face, a proud smile; on other occasions a shout of disagreement, and in very extreme cases the radio suffers! To win brings a wave of happiness; to lose puts me in a solemn state, silent and moody.

Sometimes when I've just had enough of physics or maths, I wander aimlessly up the dorm, brew a cup of coffee and sink into my "Everton File". My "Everton File" — a prized possession. A concise book of information I compiled; each player's particulars noted down, from his birthplace to his position. Each player's picture is signed — signed by the player himself. Or I may sit and gaze thoughtfully at the results chart I have up on my locker, pondering over the possibilities of the next game's result — always ending with myself totally convinced that Everton should win. Incidentally, whenever that firebell goes that file comes down with me to the play-hall without fail!!

Money is irrelevant to the cause: whenever I go down to Dunblane, always risking confiscation of my Everton scarf, I check every football magazine for articles, or pictures concerning Everton — and even if there's only one page, or one picture I'll gladly pay the 50p to get a copy. To think of how much money I've spent — POUNDS; but all spent with no remorse or regret whatsoever.

And when I see Everton struggling at the bottom of the league, I still stand resolute and stubborn — oblivious to sarcasm. Whenever people scorn or mock my team, I argue relentlessly until I'm satisfied he's wrong!

Whenever Everton play their arch rivals Liverpool, tensions build up within me, nails disappear as I listen to the commentary: —

"And we've just heard that Mick Lyons has scored an own goal — so the score is Liverpool 1, Everton 0."

"Let me tell you that there has been another goal at Anfield (deliberate pause) — Brian Kidd has equalised for Everton with a header!"

"Another goal at Anfield! Ray Kennedy has put Liverpool back into the lead!"

"Andy King has equalised for Everton!!!"

Full-time.

That goal made my day!!

M.E. Ferguson, IV

WEIRD ANGRINESS

What a night! what a ruddy night I thought, whilst lying in bed. First it was my shoes, then my jeans, then my coat, then my hands, then my hair, I thought she would never end, nagging at me. I had been out fishing for the day since 9.30 a.m. to be precise, and arrived back at the house at 8.30 p.m., with an empty stomach, and no fish. My dad was out, I could tell, the car wasn't in the garage, and my sister was staying at a friends for a week, and was due to return tomorrow night. No sooner was I in the door, than my mum was shouting and bawling at me, "Wipe your feet!, look at the state of your hair, it will take me ages to clean that coat, and those jeans."

Well I suppose you can't blame her really, she's out at work all day, and when she comes back it's time to make our tea, and then time to do the dishes, so the only time she has to do her house-keeping is the late evening, when she wants to relax and watch T.V., and for someone to come in to the house, in the state I did, no wonder I got shouted at.

The next thing I knew was my dad tapping me on the shoulder and saying "Time to get up son". So I rose, with a splitting headache, washed, got dressed and stumbled down the stairs and flopped on to one of the dining room chairs. "Good morning everyone", I said, Dad said the same back, but nothing from mum except an evil look, straight into my eyes. It was just then, did I realise what was wrong. My mum usually awakens me, but that certainly wasn't the case this morning.

Having sat down at the table, and eaten some breakfast, I was just about to ask if there was any more toast, when mum got up and began collecting in the dishes, and clear the table. "Need any help mum", I asked, but yet again not a word uttered, just an evil look. Then dad said, "If your quick son I'll give you a lift to school". Thanks dad", I replied as I began gathering my school things without any help from mum. At that moment mum handed dad his lunch but, today there was no lunch pack for me. Mum helped dad with his coat but today there was no helping me with my coat. Mum gave dad a kiss but yet again there was no kiss goodbye for me. Then I knew why mum was acting like this, because of the state I was in. So I made up my mind, to persuade her to be friendly again, by apologising bitterly and by the end of the day luckily we were pally once again . . . thank goodness.

Derek MacLennan, 3B

*Illustrated by L. Smart***POISON IVY**

Poison Ivy is the most grotesque witch
 seen by mankind;
 She's the most gruesome
 of her kind;
 Spilling spells everywhere —
 I wouldn't go near her, I wouldn't date!
 Her eyes are filled with poison —
 venom from a Cobra;
 Her nose is wrinkled —
 Like a warped carrot;
 Her chins are cracked like toads limbs
 simmering with boils;
 Her mouldy teeth decaying —
 chewing a juicy maggot;
 Her hair is splattered
 with spiders blood;
 Her ears are dripping snails —
 slimy saliva and mud.

Roland Proctor, I

ELECTRONICS

This year the electronics hobby continued to be in great demand from the senior school, but due to lack of space only twelve boys could be admitted to the hobby. Miss Hanson the temporary physics teacher took over the running of the hobby from Mr. Paterson.

It was decided that this year some theory of electronics should be included so that as someone was building a circuit he could have a better understanding of how it worked.

I would like to take this as an opportunity to thank Mr. McIntyre, John Canning and Andrew Eagle for helping with the instruction of the new members and especially for Miss Hanson for the many Wednesday evenings which she spent running the hobby. We wish her the best in her new job.

Ian Mortimer, V

MODEL RAILWAY HOBBY

The introduction of two smaller gauges 'N' and 'TT' have widened the scope of the Model Railway Hobby at Q.V.S. This, coupled with the expansion of the railway section in the school library has made 1979-80 a good year for the railway enthusiast. The railway has progressed quite well, especially the scenery. Most of the credit, of course, goes to Mr. Robb, who has devoted many hours of leisure to the hobby. Many thanks also to the vast number of enthusiasts from all sections of the school.

Graham Newton, Roddy Macdonald

TYGER! or HERE BE THE TYGERS . . .

The Tiger; the true 'King of the Jungle', a black and gold fur as his robes; his teeth as his armies, his piercing eyes his judges.

But for man, the jungle is his own. No other creature will threaten his domain of...trees, tall and erect; and of animals, from the flies to the elephants.

His white eyebrows, chest, and neck give the impression of an old sage; but his razor-sharp claws prove the opposite. The ever-present black stripes go over all of his back, never far apart, chopping his gold fur into thin strips.

The whiskers, nature's alarm for tight spaces, stick out from his cheeks, some long, some short, but their whiteness is absolute, and their straightness makes them look like spikes.

His flattened ears, a warning to passers-by, show his displeasure, as do his curled lips, showing but a hint of his snow-white fangs. His eyes, deep-set, but showing their green irises and slits of pupils, glare slightly. They all show a temperamental creature, placid in sun at one moment, but aroused the next at an intruder.

His paws, like wolves in sheep's clothing, can be soft while gliding through grass silently, but conceal his claws, able to be extended at the scent of prey, their cloudy-greyness disguising their sharpness.

His tail, white-tipped, but alternately black and gold, flicks slightly to prove attentiveness, but lies still to show sleepiness.

Altogether, the tiger is a regal beast; fit for king ship, and superior to his cousins, (the lynx and the household cat), and even to his brothers — the puma, panther, jaguar, leopard, cheetah, and lion.

The Tiger, loping forward

On his soft silky paws,

Stopped; his nostrils quivered,

Prey!

What dare intrude,
In his Kingdom?
His ears flat; a warning,
His claws out — his judges
The penalty for trespass?
Death!

His gold-black fur, rippling,
A Warrior-King is he.
Seeming hundreds of teeth,
Razor-sharp....
Executioners!

But his white chin, and whiskers
Show naught — but a sage
Eyes, keen and piercing,
Show naught, but —
Anger!

Low to the ground, positioning
Himself for the leaping kill,
Upwind — his body waiting,
For the command —
Attack!

His quick clean kill is final —
Justice has been done.
A dead man on the ground before him
Harmless, but for a gun.
And now, the intruder vanquished,
He starts his lope again.

Martin Sinclair, 2B

WORKMAN

That safety officer is as dumb as my pet budgie. Dangerous he says, its as dangerous as picking my nose. I've climbed these girders 15 years and never seen so much as a hammer fall. He's got a cheek, Southampton he said he came from, that's in England isn't it? And he came all that way to tell us that garbage. I've done 15 years here and I've still got 15 to do, and he tells me to wear boots and a helmet and gloves and Good God. An hour in that smelly foreman's office getting lectured by a twit with half a brain who thinks he's a prophet saving mankind. Well I've got a week to go before I get my week's leave and in that week I'm not going to touch any blasted "protective" clothing.

"High", he said, "It's high up there."

I could read the date of the evening Post if somebody was reading it down below. This girder doesn't look steady I'll smash another peg in. Ah, the hooter, music to my ears. Time to knock off. Gawd I'd knock that safety block's head off if I got the chance. Tatties and mince for tea tonight. Better get my ticket out. That's that. And here's the 32 Bus.

A. K. McLennan, 3B

THE RAILWAY LOUNGE

He sat there silently, in the dark corner of the lounge, sipping his beer thinking to himself, looking, as if in a trance, at his feet. The beer tasted sweet and tangy. He only had an hour to wait for his train.

The Railway lounge seemed quite placid. Cigar smoke drifted from a fat cigar stuck in the mouth of the bartender. Henry sighed. He didn't want to go home to his wife, nagging him for more housekeeping money, the kids rushing down the stairs, screaming and yelling, or the crashing of toy bricks, or the breaking of a plate of tea. He didn't want to go home to that pandemonium, that madhouse. He gulped down the rest of his tartan special, it was his third pint.

So what!?, he had time to kill, and the wife could go without a few 'bob' for once.

"Hey!! Bartender" he said softly "Get me a neat whisky please."

As the bartender poured his drink for him, Henry thought to himself, of the day he had had at work. The quiet tapping of the typewriter of the girl next to him. He knew her address and he liked her, but he was too shy to say anything except "Hello."

She was nice, she always smiled at him, not like Mrs. Roerden! she was a bitch! she always got on to him, the cow!

She wouldn't even give him a payrise when Anita was born! How he hated her! How different women could be.

"Here you are, sir!"... Henry jumped, it was only the bartender placing his drink on the small coffee table.

Henry swallowed the whisky in one gulp and then almost violently, his head began to swim, it went round and round, Henry felt dizzy.

"Ere! you all right?" queried the bartender.

Now Henry was in no mood for scum like him!

"Get your hands off me!! Leave me alone!!" he screamed, "I'm okay, just leave me alone!!".

He staggered up and walked to the 'mens'. He peered at himself in the mirror, his eyes slanted in the brightness of the neon lights, they were bloodshot, and he had bags under them, his eyelids felt heavy, the corners of his mouth, drooped into a ragged snarl.

Hell! he'd go and see her, she was the only one who liked him in this whole stinking world!

He wasn't just anybody, he was Henry Taff!

To hell with the wife and kids! to hell with Mrs. 'Slut' Reorden.

He pulled out his notebook and stared at the address written there . . . Miss Joanne Hawker, 51 Crescent Drive, N.W.7. He'd go there just to show the world he was Henry Taff!

Not just an everyday clerk!

J. L. Smart, 3B

RAIN PAIN

I was on my way back from the village to the school, and while reading my newly bought magazine I noticed tiny droplets of water clicking onto the pages. I looked up towards the heavens receiving several bigger drops on my spectacles which distorted my vision to a great extent. It had obviously started to rain and was getting heavier by the second. By the time I had run to the Post Office my hair was plastered to my forehead and neck and my soaking shirt collar rubbed irritatingly against my neck like sandpaper. I had given up cleaning my lenses as they were useless now anyway. I was then faced with a dilemma: was I to go by the road, and be soaked by drenching spray from cars and lorries, or was I to take the muddy but less wet way through the woods? I chose the latter. I soon began to feel the warm damp of my shoes turn to the cold numbness of my toes. The water ran from my coat onto my knees which my kilt rubbed at until the pain was unbearable. It ran down my nose into my mouth where it left a salty taste. I tried to run but my clothes were too heavy for it. At last I was outside the Porter's Office where Mr. Bruce told me I was late and gated me for a week.

Drew Law, 2A

THE HUNTER

I sat down on the cool grass embankment in one of London's green oases. I looked across the stagnant pond which held in its depths old unwanted prams and long lost "keep off the grass" signs. In the distance was the ever present low, mournful, rumble of the flowing traffic. A large war torn cat padded past me. My lazy eyes followed him along the paved path. Suddenly his body tightened. The short grey hairs on his curved, tensed back stood erect. His mouth opened to reveal a set of jagged yellow teeth each one like a small dagger. His paws snapped open and flashed his worn claws. I followed his evil green eyes to the point of focus. In the grass further along something moved. The cat dipped and began to crawl agonizingly, slowly towards it. His powerful hind quarters pushed his supple body closer and closer. All the time his deep green eyes sending impulses to his small effective brain. He contracted his body like a spring. I felt and urge to shout out. He leapt through the still air easily. His claws fully extended ready to strike. He landed with a quiet thud. He trotted back onto the path the same as before but between his ragged teeth he held a small bundle of feathers.

Ewen McLay

"THE ROOM"

I stared at the old wooden door, which was now only supported by a large brass hinge, barely clinging to the wall. The glossy white paint was peeling from the rotted wood of the panelled door. I peeled some of the strips off. I nudged the door gently inward and it creaked as it opened. The wooden floor was soggy because of a hole in the roof and my gym shoes soon became wet. I was fascinated by the thousands of tiny holes in the floor and walls, this was the result of many years in which the walls had become damp and the woodlice had eaten their way through. My old wallpaper of cartoon characters was either on the floor or about to slither down to the floor. I looked at the ceiling, there was a large hole and that lead through the roof where I could see the stars. It was dark and gloomy and then the silence was broken by the fluttering of a bird somewhere within the attic. I progressed slowly until I stumbled over what seemed to be a piece of wood, but there was glass surrounding it. I picked it up gingerly and on the reverse side was a photograph of a group of people. I couldn't make them out, so I turned it over again, it said "1962". I thought for a moment, oh yes my parent's wedding. I shone my torch light into the corner which had a chest of drawers. There were no drawers there, they were broken into little sections on the floor. My eyes followed the torch light up the wall to the corner, there was a cobweb which glowed and shone. Behind the web was its shadow and you could see a spider crawling along the web strands. In the centre was and old fireplace. The stonework had been smashed up around it, probably by vandals. Heavy black soot covered the floor and walls near it. I looked at what once was a window. There was not one pane of glass which hadn't been smashed. There was a kind of fusty dampness in the room and the air felt heavy and sickening. A warped chair was sitting in the opposite corner to the web. Pieces of newspaper and wood lay all around this sole surviving chair.

A. Mackintosh, 3B

"BIKE RIDE ON THE SHORE"

The wind was strong and whistling past my ears, which began to feel numb and nippy. I had to lean in towards the harsh wind for fear I might fall leaning backwards. I felt the splashing of the water spurting up from my wheels and spokes onto my legs. I stared for a moment at the shiny surface on the wet sand. I glared intently at my shadow and thought of trying to beat it, and so I began to accelerate fast like Barry Sheene trying to win another World Championship. The waves crashed to the sand with an enormous

roar which made me shudder to think what was out there. The wind seemed to be trying to tear my face to shreds every time I looked up to correct my bearings. My hands seemed to be glued to the metal handle-bars and I just couldn't feel them. The cycling became harder and harder as the rim of the wheel sank deeper into the sand. I turned my face toward the sea, almost losing my balance, the sea looked threatening as wave upon wave tried to engulf me. The white wave crests came toward the shore like divisions from a regiment advancing on the enemy and I happened to be on the enemy's side. It even sounded like a battle field. This tremendous uproar of evil sent shivers down my spine and I was urged to cycle faster. I didn't dare look into the sky especially with the great ruddy mass of light beaming upon me. All I was worried about was getting home quick and, "safely".

A. Mackintosh, 3B

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER

Dad walked into the room, stood on my little brother's "Tonka" truck and did half a somersault. Mum got such a fright she knocked over a pan of mince. The mince flew into the fuse cupboard. My brother wanted to watch "Wonder Woman" and my big sister had just started to dry her hair with the new electric hair dryer. She had called up Peter to turn the shower off, and dad fell on his tonka truck. Dad blamed Peter for leaving the truck out. Peter blamed Julie for calling him up. Julie blamed mum for telling her to wash her hair and for fusing the house. Mum blamed dad for making a noise. I didn't blame anyone. Mum served tea, in silence. That was the first time I had more mince than Dad. We were lucky we had a gas cooker. It was also the latest that I'd ever had tea (Mum had to cook another pot of mince).

"What's on the radio tonight?" I asked. No reply. "What about a game of Scrabble?" No reply. Mum got up and took all the plates, put them in the washing machine and switched on. She then took out the plates and placed them in the sink cursing dad. I switched on the radio and listened to the news. Then the "Top 40" from Radio 1. Then, on came a quiz and our host, after asking a load of unanswerable questions asked "What new invention is supposed to be indestructable?" Quick as lightning Dad replied "Tonka". Soon the whole family was talking. Except for my brother. He's too thick.

A. K. McLennan, 3B

THE CYCLE

As the sun is just beginning to rise I begin my keep fit campaign by cycling along the two mile beach. There is a cold breeze blowing off the sea, so I wrap up well to protect myself. It is not an easy cycle because the sand is wet and sticky, preventing the wheels from going round very fast. As I speed along a small rippling noise is heard below the bike, as the tyres open up a path through the shallow water. As I move slowly along through the wind my collar flutters up and down against my cheek like a butterfly's wings dancing up and down. There is no noise except for the water and my heavy puffing as I struggle along. The sea seems dark and mysterious as I gaze at it through eyes watering from the wind. The clouds are also dark and the seagulls which are usually out screaming with high pitched trills are nowhere to be seen. At last I see my destination, the end of the beach, and after approaching it I descend from my bike and slowly push it home.

E. London, 3B

MISSION CONTROL

Sitting in a hard, brown, wooden chair I survey a vast expanse of light brown desert, which reflects light as if it were coated with varnish. Black indentations in the desert stand out like a sailor in a row of soldiers, the sinister shapes of modern architecture bear a remarkable resemblance to a swastika. At the furthest edge of this plain there is a deep pit, running the entire length of the desert. But this pit does not reflect light, as it is as deep as space itself and twice as dark. Beyond this pit there is a shallow, wide ditch, and in this ditch, immediately in front of me, there is a metallic complex. On this complex there is a gigantic, metal, sliding door which slides back and forth; as it is bound to do, very soon.

"Attention! All personnel to clear the main launching deck immediately. Countdown will commence in two minutes."

My voice sounds so harsh after it has passed through the loudspeakers.

With a flick of the wrist the entire desert elevates around the dark ditch, the massive metal door slides back to reveal a hexagonal rocket, aimed towards the skies. The two letters BO stand above the edge of the launching tube. Might the other letters be MB?

"Attention, countdown commencing, now! 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, ignition! We have blast off."

My voice begins to shake from nervousness, as if someone were giving me a cold stare every now and then.

As the rocket reaches for the skies, I see the rest of the lettering: BONDED — GREAT BRITAIN — STAEDTLER NORICA — 130/41 — HB. I wonder what this code means.

"Sit up, boy! Pay attention, stop playing with your rattle!"

A harsh voice rushes at me from the other side of the room.

"Put your desk lid down, put your pencil in the trough, and close your inkwell. You're wasting my time and the government's!"

Flight 603 to Mars will be postponed, for the 6th time this period.

Andrew S. Mutch, 3B

PETER SCOTT

"And before Highland Tonight here is the news from Peter Scott"

Help, not the ever-smiling Peter Scott.

"Good evening", four people have been killed and over thirty have been injured in the worst M1 pile up ever"

Look at that smile, he looks so happy.

"Over twenty vehicles were involved including an Esso tanker"

He'd make a great Politician.

"Luckily it was empty, we'll give you more information when we get it"

What's on the other channel.

"Petrol Prices are to rise again"

I hope he lives miles from the studio.

"By another 20%"

Good Grief, he's not smiling.

"Esso First announced the rise yesterday at a Press Conference"

I wonder if Larry Grayson could smile like that.

"Shell and Mobil announced rises last night"

Help my bob! look at that nose.

"Edinburgh Zoo is to receive a new giraffe"

And that hair style.

"It will be transported from London tomorrow at 6 o'clock"

He's like a sadist, he's like HITLER.

"And that is the main headlines, Good night"

The BBC's seen sense.

A. K. McLennan, 3B

THE SCARECROW

Raggy baggy scarecrow,
With your big top hat,
All the birds like you,
Because your big and fat,
You let them nest inside you,
And peck your turnip head,
The raggy baggy scarecrow,
You'll never think he's dead.

S. Darling, P6A

A FOGGY NIGHT

The fog greedily swallows everything in its path. All you can see is the shrouded outlines of buildings. The misty grey moon slowly moves across the foggy sky. All the birds stack together and don't move. The cars slowly move through the fog eaten roads. Everything is still except the slow creeping fog. Spiders' webbs are glittering with drops of water. Fog wraps its arm round trees and slowly dematerialises them. The fog clings to its half eaten pray. It slowly engulfs everything and swallows them in a few large gulps.

Martin Rae, P6A

MY FORK

Gleaming, glittering four pronged thing,
For me to scoop delicious food,
To twirl and twist,
My spaghetti.

Gleaming, glittering four pronged thing,
For the devil a spear or dagger,
To prod and goad,
A man to hell.

L. Vasey, P6A

THE ALMOST DOMESTIC CAT BUT?

You're on a step ladder.

A flash, a blur the cat has passed.
Into the loft it goes.

It is black as ebony.
Your head goes up.

To be met by two gleaming eyes.

This is her territory.

The eyes have gone.
She must be stalking.

My cat is back out of the dark.
Down the steps with mouse in mouth.
The almost domestic cate, but?

Michael Reid

HUNTED

My heart pounds like a kettle drum. I feel so weak. No-one is there to help. Not caring for anything but myself, I just keep moving. Not far behind is death, his coat ripples with each powerful searching stride. Death, jet black with razor blade claws. Death that has images I used to cuddle when I was small. I pushed away the long, thick, fresh, pungent grass, as if swimming. Occasionally my clothes or skin catch on the sharp biting undergrowth. I can sense the gap closing. My energy, it's going, like a dying battery, then all of a sudden hope has gone. There on a rock in front is the hunter, a bear on its throne. Stepping back I hear the growl of yet another, I'm surrounded. In despair I sink to my knees. Is it to be thumbs up or down?

A. MacKay, III

A MODERN RAILWAY STATION

The black, sooty, cocoon shaped station,
With its warm oily smell,
Quiet murmuring engines,
Blasting whistles,
Booming speakers,
Waiting children,
Kissing lovers throughout the huge grey station,
The huge blue, yellow, green catter pillars;
Crawling along the stem like track,
Hissing, hooting as it runs,
The dull grey platform,
The bustling people,
The smoke lingering with the misty air.

Colin Stewart P7A

ROPED IN

It was a sunny morning in Germany that day. I was in a Daredevil Club and our next meeting was at the river. As I wandered down there I met my friend who dared me to jump over the widest part in the filthy muddy river which looked like an African Swamp. I knew if I did not do it I would be thrown out of my own club, so I considered that fact, but I also considered meeting up with my mum.

When we got there it smelt like an open air sewer, but it did not put me off. As I stared at it, the time flew like someone had thrown a clock out of a window. My friends were getting impatient so I took a run and leapt. The river seemed to grow bigger and bigger as I flew through the air. Then I had a funny feeling I wasn't going to make it. There was a plop and there I was a combined sewer and a pig sty. I was panic stricken, things whizzed through my mind, such as, "Rotten tricksters," "I knew I shouldn't have done it". As I treoped home a lump seemed to grow in my throat like a gobstopper.

When I reached home I received a hiding off my dad. Sore bottom and tears trickling I couldn't be bothered to tell the story or as they might not have believed me.

D. Weir, P7A

THE SPIDER

As it's creeping and crawling,
I am screaming and bawling,
If there is one thing I hate it's spiders.

It looks as big as a sieve,
Its legs are like ribs,
And up the wall it scampers,
If there is one thing I hate it's spiders.

D. Weir, P7A



Headmaster and Prefects

A SCHOOLBOY

Have you ever seen a schoolboy,
A bandaged-kneed, Rugby-crazy, dirty-looking
schoolboy?

R.J. Ferguson, P7A

A BLIND MAN

Darkness fell on me,
A year ago,
How sad I was,
Now all the colourful flowers of life,
Have died away to nothing.

A.J. Eller, P7A

BLINDNESS

Blindness is an ebony darkness,
A never ending void.
No lights for me to see,
Just a cold, sad blackness.
All I have is my trusty white stick,
Guiding me through streets and time,
Till the day I die.

Graeme Gillies, P7A

THE DOG

Have you ever seen a dog,
Furry-eared, slipper-chewing, long-tailed,
playful dog?

Graeme Cooper P7A

THE END OF TERM

People packing their cases,
With clothes, games, toys,
Cars waiting,
Nearly everyone has gone except,
Boy travelling on trains and plane,

They go to bed late,
Set off early in the morning,
Up at 6.00, Barrack our beds,
Pile up sheets, get to breakfast,
Then onto a bus.
Down to the station,
On a train,
HOME

A. Ryrie, P7B

ROBERT BURNS

A long time ago Scotland was made up of moor and woodland, and there were lots of animals. Robert Burns was an animal lover who we know as a famous poet. He wrote lots of poems about animals, such as 'The Marriage of Robin Redbreast and the Wren' and 'To a Mouse'. Some of his poems were about people, for instance 'Tam o'Shanter', 'Duncan Grey' and 'Tom Glen'. Beside animals and people he often wrote about ideas of democracy and of friendship. Here are a few well known ones, 'A man's a man a' that' and the most well known is probably 'Auld Lang Syne'. Probably he will never be forgotten as his poems will last for ever.

S. Murdoch, P7B

ENCOUNTER

I, I.... saw it approaching,
 Along the corridor of torture chambers.
 It came closer a dark menacing figure,
 Beads of cold sweat are running down my forehead,
 "Yes" now it is only a metre away,
 I am paralysed with fear.
 It's mouth opens — it's fearsome mouth,
 Hello — who are you?....
 After I thought to myself, the Headmaster's
 not all that bad.

J. Bruce, P7B

STORM IN THE FOREST

The wind howling, clawing, mighty trees to the ground,
 Rabbits scurrying from their flooded burrows,
 The pleasant trickling stream bursts its banks and turns into a raging monster.
 The relentless blast tears the leaves off the swaying trees and carries them to unknown distances,
 Streaks of lightning brighten the dim sky like a spear hurled in battle.
 Rain drops as big as marbles pelt down,
 Thunder blocks out all other sounds.
 Then the terrible wind weakens and a bleary sun rises into the sky framed by a rainbow.
 Animals return to their homes,
 The last puff of wind has faded.

James Flynn, P7B

SUNSET

The sun after a days work,
 prepares to retire for the night.
 Throwing blotches of red and orange,
 across the landscape.
 Finally as if accepting defeat,
 It disappears leaving only a glow.
 A new light appears almost triumphant,
 And glows in the dark.

J.W.J. Harrison, P7B

SAILING

The whistle of the wind whipping round the stays, the crisp rustle of the sail curving under the wind, and the rounded outline of the bows forcing their way boldly through the waves make the discomforts of the numbing cold wind and freezing rain permeating through trouser seat and footwear more than worthwhile. This is winter sailing. Your eyes are watering, your hands are useless and you don't know you've got feet when you come off the water but at least you've enjoyed yourself.

Summer sailing, on a warm day with a warm breeze flicking off the wave crests is absolute heaven. Sitting at the helm of a heeling dinghy, planing powerfully across the surface of the water is an addictive experience.

Weight hiked far out over the side, feet under the toe-strap, the wind gusting brutally into your face, the sudden flow of adrenalin as the boat breaches dangerously under an unexpected gust causes a fear-tinged nervous excitement to course through your body after emerging from the pit of your stomach. Immediately afterwards you breathe out again in relief and feel a warm glow flow through you, you feel like laughing, incredibly free, as if nothing else mattered. The total absorption of this sport is pleasantly relaxing on calm days and exhilaratingly action-packed in fresh conditions.

Racing is somewhat different from cruising though, on a cruise you are a gentleman of the waterways, out to absorb all the benefits and excitements of a day's cruise. In a race you are the cold, calculating, strategist. Your opponent is your enemy once you are out of the club house. You are as unco-operative and callous as you legally can be, as long as you can stay on the clean side of the rules you manoeuvre and position your boat, deliberately obstructing and disadvantaging your enemy. Rounding marks requires cold, strategic, concentration if you are to keep your place or even advance it.

But racing isn't all deep concentration and advanced strategy. Drawing level with a boat on a straight or trying to hold your place against an

opponent when approaching a buoy, or surging through a gust towards the finish the excitement mounts, the boats take the appearance of race-horses lunging for the line manipulated by all the skill of the jockey.

But most of all I am attracted to sailing by the closeness to the elements, the feeling of dependence on the wind and the ability to use it, the first hand experience of the smells of the sea uninterrupted by diesel fumes, the sound of the waves free from engine noise and the challenge involved in pitting your knowledge and your tiny craft against the power of the wind and the waves.

Colin Geddie, Form IV

R.A.F. GIBRALTAR

We arrived in Gibraltar at about midday on Thursday 3rd of April. The journey to Gatwick Airport from Edinburgh went well and so did the flight to Gibraltar with the exception of a small delay before take-off. When we arrived we were driven to our billets and had lunch after which we were issued bedding and allocated flights. That afternoon the camp started. We were given talks from the Station Commander and an officer from the local police and the R.A.F. Police about routine and the general ways of the population and there was also a talk from the camp doctor about sunburn. Apparently, the week before, someone had fallen asleep for half an hour in the sun and was sunburned so badly that he was in agony whenever he tried to put a shirt on. In our stay, though, nobody suffered from sunburn that bad although a few nearly did. After the doctor had finished we were taken to see the 100-ton gun that used to defend the Straits of Gibraltar, followed by a visit to a model that had been made of "The Rock" almost a hundred years ago. After this it was dinner-time and following this we went down to the town to try to accustom ourselves to the ways of the Indian traders who owned the high street between them. If they quoted a price of £3 our answer was to be £1.50. We had been forewarned by the Station Commander about the Indian trading 'methods'. Usually the price could be brought down to half the price that was quoted — if you were good enough at persuasive talking.

The next morning saw us onboard HMS Kent and RFA Tidespring being given a tour by one of the stokers from each ship. This took us up to lunch and afterwards we were supposed to have a raft exercise but the sea was too rough so we played volleyball and football under the hot Gibraltar sun. Our free time after dinner, that evening, saw us in town and along the sea-shore for two or three hours.

Each morning when we woke up we would switch on the radio and listen to a BFBS DJ giving us the six o'clock temperatures in Britain and Gibraltar. One morning we woke up and the DJ was telling us that the temperature in Scotland was 1°C and in Gibraltar it was 14°C — at 6 a.m.

Saturday was almost definitely the hottest day while we were there. In the morning we were all given instructions to follow which involve taking the cable car to the top and going various places of interest, for example the Ape's Den, and told that when we finished we could lie around lazily on the beach until dinner — we did just that.

Next morning was Easter Sunday and we attended a communion church service followed by another walk all over the 'Rock' including walking up the 'Med Steps' again. We had done that on Saturday and were wondering why we were doing it again. We found out on Wednesday. To get back to Sunday though, this orienteering exercise took until dinner which was followed by a walk into town and down to the beach again and a game of cards.

The following morning we shot .22 rifles in an underground range in one of the many caves hewn out in the actual rock of Gibraltar itself. We were taken back to camp for lunch after which we had the raft exercise that had been cancelled of Friday. Everyone got soaked — including the officers. After dinner we went for a long walk on the beach.

Tuesday morning saw us in SLR training from an RAF Regiment sergeant in preparation for Wednesday. After lunch we were supposed to go out in the guardboat but it was in for repairs and so we ended up cleaning the bottom of several smaller boats and washing dishes although we did get a little time in the guardboat at the end. This was the only thing that went wrong in the whole week.

After breakfast on Wednesday we were driven to the Headquarters of the 2nd battalion of Light Infantry. All 64 cadets were split into 8 teams and we set about the day's programme after a brief introduction from the c/o D company.

D company had organised for us abseiling, .22 shooting SLR and GPMG shooting, assault course, an introduction to the weapons used by the Light Infantry, including Wombat, Combat and the mortar followed by the 'Med Steps', only this time we had to run up them. All of the cadets at camp found this the most tiring and also the most enjoyable day. That evening was spent on the beach. A barbecue had been organised and that went on till 10.00 p.m. by which time we were all tired and went to bed.

Thursday morning was initially for packing but we were also given a trip in a Wessex helicopter

around the 'Rock'. At midday we were in the terminal at Gibraltar and by 8.15 p.m. we were on a train bound for Edinburgh.

All in all an enjoyable week and the weather couldn't have been better.

A.R. White and D. Craft.

C.C.F. Section

SIGNAL

This year seven cadets passed their signals Classification Test: R.K.W. Macdonald, A.J. Donnelly, W.B. McCrimmon, S.W. Hathaway, B. Robinson, M. Adamson and W.T. Young. Three others were successful after a re-sit: N.P. Arnott, P.H. Hastings, and A.A. Cairns.

A first class pass-rate was achieved by the potential instructors in their Assistant Instructors exam and the following passed: G. Boyd, K. Henderson, J.A.D. Lewis and A.J. Wilson.

As a new innovation this year several of the assistant instructors are attending a weekend Radio exercise at Rannoch under the wing of 242 Squadron Royal Signals and W.O.2 S.M. Fowler.

G.M.W.

R.A.F. SECTION

Cadet N.C.D.'s (as at 30th April, 1980): Sgts. C.D. Angus, R.L. McDonald, I. Mortimer, Cpls. C.J.D. Lyons, A.A. Eagle, M. Fisher, C.J.W. Geddie and A.R. White, J/Cpls. N.R. Collie, M. Davis, S.M. Henderson, M. Irvine, A.C. McLay, B.D. Nelson, A.M. Winning and N.P. Arnott.

Fifteen cadets commenced their Recruits/Proficiency Part 1 training in September, 1979 and should move on to their Part 2 training by the end of the Summer Term, 1980. During this time they are tested in Drill and Turnout, Shooting & Safety, Map Reading and Airmanship, the results of which count towards the Best Recruit's Cup. The result of the Proficiency Part 2 Examination in December was amongst the best received with all fourteen candidates successful. Sandy Borthwick gained the solitary "Pass with Distinction" whilst another eight "Passes with Credit" were achieved. Twelve cadets were successful in the Part 3 Examinations in March with Alan McLennan and Alisdair Mackay gaining Distinctions — there were also six "Passes with Credits". These are most commendable results and the cadets concerned and their Cadet N.C.O. Instructors are to be complimented on their performance.

In addition to the two Gliding Proficiency Certificates gained in the Summer of 1979

(John Girvan and Douglas Gunn) Robert McDonald "went solo" during the Easter break. Andrew Winning attended the same continuous gliding course as the latter at No. 662 Gliding School, Arbroath but the weather broke and became unsuitable for gliding before Andrew could complete his training schedule — he hopes to go "solo" during week-end visits after his S.C.E. exams. We have been fortunate in being offered a place on a similar course at the end of the Summer Holidays.

Twenty-four cadets attended Annual Camp at RAF Odiham in the summer of 1979 and a number of successes were notched. Cdt. Andrew Mackintosh excelled himself by winning the "Best Cadet" Award — this normally goes to a Cadet N.C.O. Cdt/Sgt. Robert McDonald's Flight won the "Best Flight" Award against keen rivalry from a flight from Daniel Stewarts & Melville College. We again miss the Chipmunk flights but this was compensated with air experience flying in helicopters. A number of interesting visits were undertaken to Pirbright, Aldershot, the naval base at Portsmouth and the R.A.F. Museum at Hendon — the latter proved a pleasant diversion en-route to camp.

Flt. Lt. John Stevenson, R.A.F. completed his tour as Staff Officer C.C.F. Scotland and N. Ireland in August, 1979 and is now serving as a squadron navigator on Vulcans flying out of R.A.F. Scampton. His regular visits and assistance are greatly missed. On his departure from R.A.F. turnhouse a new liaison system was introduced by H.Q. Air Cadets with all the liaison Staff based at R.A.F. Newton, Nottingham. Our new liaison officer is Flt. Lt. M.D. Hayter, R.A.F. and visits are now limited to one per term. During his two visits to date he has, however, succeeded in enthusing a group of cadets in Aircraft Recognition and such a section is in the process of being formed. Flt. Sgt. K.A. Blackman, R.A.F. continues to be based at R.A.F. turnhouse and proves invaluable in his support of the R.A.F. Section. Sqn. Ldr. A.T.H. Taylor, R.A.F. Area Commander, R.A.F. Careers Information Service visits us regularly and keeps us well informed. Sqn. Leader, J. Ritchie, R.A.F., O.C. No. 12 Air Experience Flight works many hours overtime to get as many of our cadets as possible into the air and to enable them to hear those thrilling words over the intercom — "You have Control!" Wg. Col. C.H. Bidie, R.A.F. (Retd.) visits us in his capacity as R.A.F. Senior Schools Liaison Officer but also assists in flying cadets out of No. 12 A.E.F.

May I record our gratitude to so many who help us in a variety of ways to provide a service through the C.C.F.

I.T.W.