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1981



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14/10	" To Five Pounds	BR	M	5	-	25 -
8/11	" To Seven Pounds.	ANN	CR	7	-	32 -
5/1	81 To Twenty five pounds	COY.	M	25	-	57 -
16-1	81 To Ten Pounds	SM	all	10	-	67 -
10/2	" To Ten Pounds	PAH	all	10	-	77 -
21/2	" To Four pounds	AN	R	4	-	81 -
6/3	" To Twenty Pounds	AN	SL	20	-	101 -

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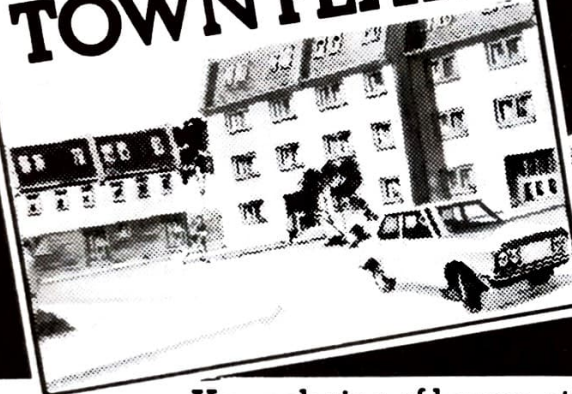


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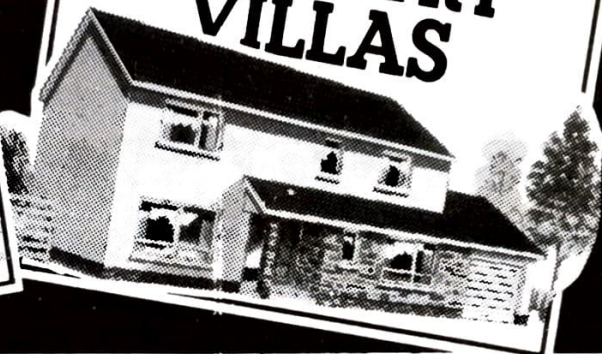
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QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

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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 9½ 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 9½ and 10½. 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.

Tuition and board are free. All Service clothing and equipment is issued free. A charge of £60 per term is made to defray in part the cost of providing a full range of non military clothing and for haircutting. Parents are also expected to provide pocket money at laid down scales, to pay an annual subscription towards the upkeep of the School minibuses, and to subscribe to the School magazine.

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

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

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Mr W. G. WEBSTER B.A., B.D.
Mr I. T. WILLIAMS, Teacher's Cert.
Rev. A. A. ORROCK, M.A., B.D.(Hons.),
Sen. Dip. R.E.

French

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

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 W. G. WEBSTER, B.A., B.D.
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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. (and Assistant Housemaster of Wavell)
Mr G. D. M. CARROLL, D.C.E., with some subjects taught by Mr SQUIRES, Mr ORROCK and Mr BOAST

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THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 95

JUNE 1981

Commandant's Notes

A week is a long time in politics, it is said, and a year is certainly a long time in the life of a school. The activities chronicled in these pages give some idea of the great variety of happenings which take place in the school year and of the attainments of some of the able, industrious, sporting or fortunate of its members. It is hoped these activities will be found generally interesting, worthwhile, and encouraging to those who read them. But how far, one wonders, do they show the kind of school it is or enable others to determine whether it meets a particular need?

Every year I read more than a hundred application forms and study the reasons which parents give for having applied for a place for their sons at Queen Victoria School. Overwhelmingly the main reason is a desire to provide their children with a stable education. It is, to me at least, surprising that withdrawal from so many overseas commitments has not apparently led to less frequent postings, judged by the number of schools a boy of ten may have attended before coming to QVS. Recently a visiting General going round the classrooms of Wavell, aware of the problem, invited those who had been to four or more schools before coming to QVS to put their hands up. More than half the class did so. This then is the reason for the continuing high demand which, with very little variation year by year, means unfortunately that there are at least two and a half applicants for every place.

I was struck last year by one percipient parent who gave another reason. He said he had chosen QVS because, "being a military school, there would be a greater understanding of the stresses imposed on a Service child". He may have been stating the principal reason in another way, or was he thinking of something deeper, a school perhaps which understood the ethos, motivation, difficulties, dangers and frustrations of Service life in the 1980s? I hope he was right and that we do provide this understanding. We try to do so, certainly, but at a time when the Armed Forces and their needs are changing as rapidly as the rest of society, there must be a danger that we become out of touch. This is something which needs to be thought about.

The School too is changing all the time. It is at least a subsidiary function of the School Magazine to record these changes and to provide a historical record for future generations. Let me record two important changes. Firstly, as parents will be aware, a charge has been introduced for the first time in the School's history. The cost of boarding and educating a boy at Queen Victoria School is now in excess of £3,000 per annum. To this must be added other expenses, such as the maintenance of the buildings and new capital works, so that the total exceeds £1 million per annum. Hitherto the entire bill has been met from the Defence Vote but in the light of the continuing need for economics in public expenditure it has been found necessary to ask that parents pay at least part of the overall cost. As I said in my Notes last year, Her Majesty's Commissioners have therefore agreed to the introduction of a charge for the non uniform items of clothing and for haircutting, amounting to £60 per boy per term. Tuition and board remain free. Whilst the introduction of any

charge is regretted it is hoped that everyone will feel that the School still offers exceptional value for money.

The second innovation is of a more encouraging kind. It has long been felt desirable to strengthen the top of the School and to offer more places for boys who wish to return for a fifth or sixth year in the Secondary School. There are many practical difficulties about this, not the least of which is shortage of space. However arrangements have been made to convert No. 1 Nason Avenue, the old Warrant Officers' quarter, into a Fifth and Sixth Year study centre at a cost of about £6,000. This will free one or two small rooms in Haig House for conversion to sleeping accommodation and so permit up to about 10 extra places to be offered. This is a modest start but a definite step in the right direction. More about this will be found in the Headmaster's Notes.

1980/81 has been a difficult year but I must again record my gratitude to all members of staff for their exceptional cheerfulness and loyalty in the face of all difficulties. Unfortunately time has overtaken a number of our most faithful and long serving members and with regret I have to record, amongst others, the retirement of Mr Martin, 'Gammie' to us all, and Mr Colin Thompson, two of our three Hall Porters. We wish them long life and happiness and thank them for their many services to this School.

I was very gratified to see a good turn out at the Old Victorian Weekend in March, led by Major C. McQueen, President of the Old Victorians Association, and their hard working Secretary, Mr Jimmy White. I was particularly glad to see a large number of younger Old Victorians, both on the playing field, where for the first time in many years two rugby teams were fielded by the Old Boys, and in Chapel and at my Reception in the Library on Sunday morning. This is very pleasing. At the Reception I was handed a cheque for £100 by the Association and another for £40 from the newly formed branch of the Association in Toronto, Canada, where the organising spirit is Mr A. J. Loats. I am most grateful to all Old Victorians for this tangible evidence of their affection for their old School. If ever it was true that everything here is provided free, it is no longer so, as already mentioned; such gifts are therefore genuinely helpful.

It is hoped that the many examples of excellence achieved by the boys during the year will find a mention somewhere in these pages. In conclusion I should like to add my word of praise for their behaviour, patience, endeavour and for being what they are, true sons of Servicemen. The Armed Forces face tasks today which in some ways are more difficult than those which previous generations knew, and some of this is bound to rub off on Service children. If, by providing a stable education and a solid background, we can bring help where it is needed, the School continues to fulfil its purpose.



Lady Christison presents Cameron Angus with the Prince Philip Medal.

Chapel Notes

The Chapel life has moved quietly on throughout the session. The organ had an extensive overhaul and after many teething troubles which had a way of making themselves felt at our Sunday Service the School organist is now satisfied that he is in command of a splendid instrument.

Following our usual custom we have invited visiting preachers and we are grateful to them and for their messages. For what may be the first time a lady in the person of Miss Helen Steven of the Iona Community preached the sermon in the course of which she told of some of her experiences in the third world. But the highlight as always was the Carol Service, and once again our thanks go out to Messrs Bruce and Philip and the choir for the hard work which brought so much Christmas joy to all present.

As usual we have supported many deserving causes through the weekly offering and that taken at the Carol Service. Between September 1980 and March 1981 over £400 has been received and this shows a considerable jump on the total of the previous year for the same period. At the moment of writing the Chapel is spearheading a campaign to raise funds for Erskine Hospital and Christian Aid and the approximate result should be known by Grand Day.

Our thanks go out to the ladies and gentlemen who provide flowers to adorn the sanctuary, to Alan White, the Chapel prefect and the stewards for the indispensable service they render day by day, and week by week. Without their help the chapel could not function efficiently. Nor do we forget the devoted labours of Mrs Lewis who keeps the Chapel in immaculate condition.

Old Victorians

CENTRAL BRANCH

Report by

**Major Campbell McQueen (815), President
25 Laburnum Grove, Stirling FK8 2PR**

Carrying on from last year, our numbers are still increasing; considerable improvement could be shown if the Old Victorians were to show less apathy and complete the enrolment forms sent to them, together with their subscriptions, so please give up the endurance test, and let's get down to business.

The O.V.A. Weekend was a great success, and once again the Younger Victorians outnumbered the Old and Bold and this we were pleased to see. The first shock of the Reunion came when we reached the Sports Field to find that two O.V.A. teams were playing. We won't mention the scores; we were glad to have a greater number of Young Victorians actually taking part. Congratulations to the organisers and players; we sincerely hope the exercise did you all good, keep fit and return next year.

The A.G.M. was quite well attended, and took on a new look when Vic Carroll read the Toronto Branch news which was followed by a tape recording of the Branch appeal over the local radio station; for all Old Victorians residing in the area to get in touch with the Secretary, Alf Loats, the message was loud and clear. Alf, if I harassed you, or kicked your shins, I am very proud of your efforts. Any other overseas Old Victorians looking for encouragement? We did hear from the two Ballantyne brothers in South Africa, requesting a cassette of the School Pipe Band, maybe holding a wee Grand Day on the veldt.

The Dinner Dance at the Westlands was again well attended, and we were pleased to welcome

Brigadier and Mrs Marston, Lt-Col. and Mrs McLeod, and for the first time the Headmaster and Mrs Hankinson. Some new faces appeared amongst the Old Victorians and were made welcome.

Major Charles McKenna took the Salute at the School March Past on the Sunday. Charlie is no stranger to Q.V.S.; his father was on the Staff for many years, and had brothers who also passed through the School. Later he handed over to the Commandant a donation from the 200 Club.

A large number of the Old Victorians attended the Church Service; many were in good voice, maybe not musical, but they indeed tried. The address by the Headmaster was very good and well received; he had made careful preparation (no educational pun intended, it just slipped in) and in his short time at Q.V.S. knew quite a bit of the history of the School.

We would like to congratulate the Pipe Band and Dancers for the excellent show which they provided afterwards in the Central Hall.

What else can we write about Jimmy White? He works long hours, travels many miles on behalf of the Association, and has done for years. Irrespective of our troubles and tribulations, he bounces back with a smile as wide as the Sphinx. Thanks for all your efforts Jimmy.

On behalf of the Old Victorians, I would like to thank all the School Staff for allowing us all the facilities for making the O.V.A. Reunion possible each year, and each occasion seems better than the previous year.

EDINBURGH BRANCH

**Hon. Sec. A. G. Bulloch
50 Northfield Broadway, Edinburgh
EH8 7PH**

Chairman S. T. Garner

Here we are in the Edinburgh Branch still struggling along with our valiant few, mostly Septuagenarians, with W. McPherson, J. Marr, Alastair Audsley and George Mooney still to reach that august status.

We have held Social Evenings during November, December, February and finish the season on 26th March. All much enjoyed by those present, although unfortunately, the attendance has been rather sparse. Our thanks to the Victoria Social Club of 11 Albany Street and to Rose, the lady Manageress, in particular, for their hospitality.

I was delighted on "Grand Day" to meet Alf Loates from Scarborough, Ontario, Canada; a new O.V.A. branch has been formed there. He gave me a copy of Branch rules and news letter and promised to keep in touch. Incidentally, Alf, our William McPherson claims to have known you, being at Queen Victoria School at the same time, take it from there. We thank also the Ontario Branch for their kind invitation to look after any Old Victorian who may be on holiday, or even settling down in their district.

Since the last A.G.M. we have made contacts with Old Victorians, A. L. Broughton, J. Manson, D. Smith and serving soldier J. Murray stationed at Craigiehall, near Edinburgh. Messrs Broughton and Murray have come along to our social evenings and enjoyed themselves. We hope to see them all at our last social of the year on 26th March.

During the year we keep in close contact with Campbell McQueen and Jimmy White and hear all the latest goings on at the "School". We all owe much to their devotion.

Quite characteristically was the story how Alf Loates formed the Ontario Branch. He was asked, cajoled and downright bullied by Campbell into taking on the job. This straight from Alf himself, one of the many examples of Campbell striking while the iron was hot and getting some more names into the records.

As I finish my report, the same old question. Where are the young O.V.S? We still have good facilities in Edinburgh. All we need are the younger folks to come and take over, so please contact the Edinburgh Secretary of the O.V.A.

ONTARIO BRANCH CANADA
Report by A. J. Loats (1345)
18 Chestnut Crescent, Scarborough
Ontario M1L 1Y5

As these are our first branch notes in the *Victorian* we take this opportunity to extend greetings to all past and present Queen Victorians and School staff, where ere ye be.

We formed the branch on June 4/80 when we held our first meeting in a police station, courtesy of Jim Oliver. As a result of this meeting we lay claim

to being the first overseas branch and the first branch to have its meeting in a police station.

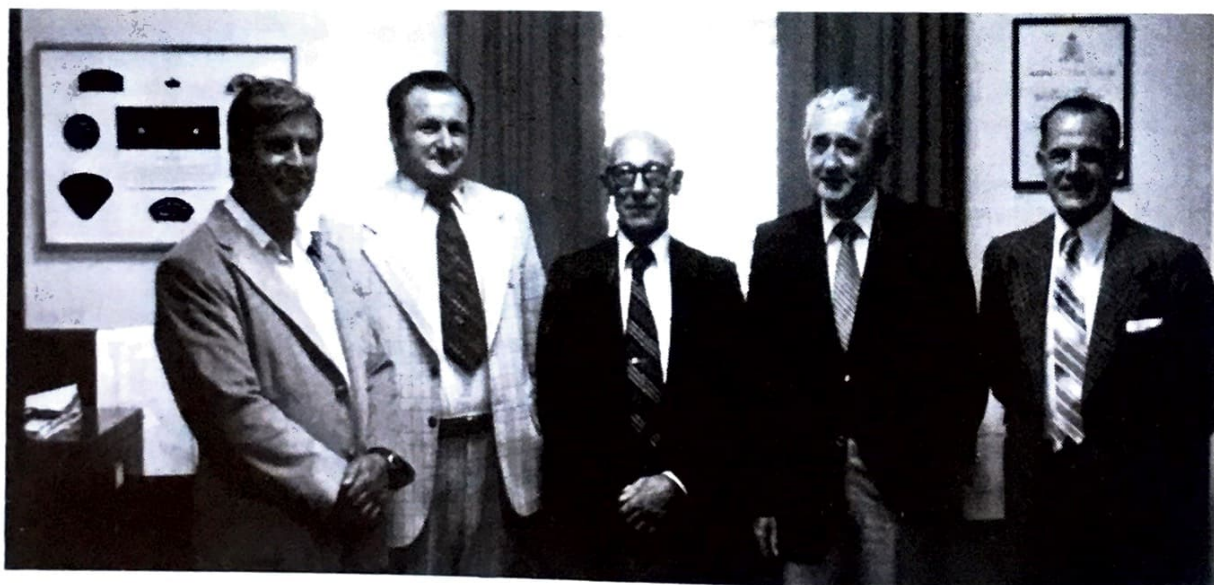
We started the branch with five members, all of whom live in or near Toronto, 1345 Alf Loats, 1511 Jim Oliver, 1588 Don Low, 2209 Bland Reid, 2314 Bill (Jenny) Geddes. Since then we have added two more members in, 1028 Bill Carroll in Niagara Falls and his young brother 1272 Vic who lives in Glasgow. Vic is our branch representative at home and I must add that he is taking it seriously and doing a grand job.

I had the good fortune to be home for the 1980 Grand Day when I met Vic again after a lapse of 47 years. We first met in the boxing ring but in spite of that we are still very good friends. That's a thought, attend the next O.V.A. weekend and or Grand Day and meet an old school chum!

We have started a branch album which contains some priceless photographs and items. We have some photographs of the first 50 dated 1909 and through the years to Grand Day 1979. All the memorabilia was made available and sent to us through the good graces of Campbell McQueen and Vic Carroll.

The branch owes its existence, and anything we have achieved, to Major Campbell McQueen the Central Branch President and the enthusiasm of the branch members. Campbell didn't exactly bully me into getting things moving but you know how persuasive he can be about all things "Victorian". All the members join me in thanking you, Campbell, for your inspiration, guidance, help, and just plain hard work in bringing us together and to Jimmy White for his fine efforts.

You are a great team, thank you both.



Ontario Branch – Canada – Founder Members: (l. to r.) 2314 Bill Geddes, 2209 Bland Reid, 1345 Alf Loats, 1588 Don Low, 1511 Jim Oliver.

THE KUVEE GIRL

Amongst letters received by Central Branch, was one from a Lady describing *HER DAYS* at Q.V.S., this caused a bit of panic. Had the School been infiltrated by the girls of St Trinians? On reading further, it transpired that she had been born in the Staff Married Quarters, and her waking, eating and sleeping hours had been controlled by the Duty Buglers. She recalled how as a toddler, she had marched alongside the Pipe Band, and to her grief had been hastily removed, as "she could nae keep the step". Later she was to learn how to guddle for sticklebacks in the burn, and take her catch home in a jamjar. As she grew older and bolder, managed to climb the large pine tree by the married quarters, right to the top, where she was the Queen of all she surveyed, when called for by her Mum, answered from the treetops, near causing her to have a fit. She also learnt to swim in the School Baths and enjoyed many happy hours in the summer months, swimming against the water beetles in all events. Mr and Mrs Mortimer had taught her Highland Dancing, and even today, her feet still go through the motions on hearing the Pipes.

Her proudest moment was watching her Dad being introduced to the Duke of Edinburgh on Grand Day, 1958, when he was asked about his medals, as he had served in both the Army and Navy.

She went on to say, that with her background, and having watched the boys many times on parade, she joined the W.R.A.C., would have liked to have been a Drill Instructor, but decided to marry her soldier husband instead. The Lady now lives a sedate life, the mother of three girls, on an Army Base, but happily states that should the Q.V.S. ever go co-educational, she can supply three volunteers immediately.

It would seem that it is not only the Old Victorians who enjoyed the happy times at the Q.V.S.

Extract from a letter to Mr G. M. Martin from Mr C. Stewart (No. 2701).

"If you can cast your ever youthful memory back to 1956 you may remember a very young boy entering Q.V.S. where he stayed until 1961; during his stay he was never very academic nor was he any good at sport or drill, as a matter of fact he very soon became the R.S.M.'s nightmare, because you would think that he had two left feet. Well, when his time at Q.V.S. came to an end in 1961 he enlisted as a boy in the Army Catering Corps and eventually saw active service in the Radfan, Aden and later in Northern Ireland. During his time in the Armed Forces he was a regular visitor to his old school, that is whenever time permitted. In 1974 he left his native Scotland for a better chance in life in a young country; this is one move which he never regretted

and over the years he often let his mind wander over land and sea to those whom he knew and loved so well there, people such as you Mr Martin, 'Pop' Blake, Mr White, Jimmy Diamond, Frank Morrow, Johnny Girvan, Jimmy Walker, Chrissie Gow and many others. But he remembered you particularly well because in 1976 you sent him a Christmas card with a picture of 'The Boy' on it; then he later received a cassette of the Q.V.S. Pipe Band playing tunes that he knew and loved so well. In 1977 he entered Sydney Missionary and Bible College from where he graduated in 1979 with his Diploma of Divinity. During all that time whenever he was down-hearted he just looked at the picture and, believe me, it was an inspiration.

After graduating from College he went back to his profession of Chef and continued studying on a part time basis. Last year he did well in studying Greek. Apart from studying he also found time to get married.

So, Mr Martin, it is because of your kindness and the very pleasant memories that I have of knowing you that I am sending you this photograph of my bride and myself. As my former C.S.M. at the School would you please note that all the buttons are in line, the blood line in my kilt is in the centre, the kilt hangs evenly all the way around and just cuts the centre of my knees.

Also in the near future whenever Hyle and Alma Eadie receive a cassette recording of my wedding they will let you hear it, as I am sure you will be happy to join with us. I'm also very glad that they keep in touch with you because I've known them ever since before I went into the School and have always thought it a pleasure and honour to know and to love them.

In closing I want to say thank you for all your help, Mr Martin, and as you retire I know that Boxing at the School won't be the same without you. I also want to assure you that I haven't forgotten how to dress myself in the kilt.

Please do write when you get time and give any news of some of the other 'old boys' that you may come across. Yours sincerely, Colin Stewart.
3/14-16 Minter Street, Canterbury, N.S.W. 2913, Australia."

IAN D. KEMPSSELL

"Passed Out" from Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, as a Midshipman on the 9th April, 1981. He will be at sea in H.M.S. *Yarmouth* for the next four months, prior to being promoted Sub-Lieutenant in September. He will then join the Royal Naval Engineering College in Plymouth for four years to study for an Engineering Degree.

Obituary

HERBERT JOHN HARRISON (67)

Died at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on 15th February, 1981. Bert joined Q.V.S. in 1909 and left in 1912, enlisting into the Black Watch as a Piper and joined the 1st Bn at Aldershot. On the outbreak of war in 1914 Bert was posted to 7th Bn for service with B.E.F. France, where he was badly wounded in the face and underwent many operations before being finally discharged to pension. In spite of wounds and pension, he managed to get back into the Army for the 1939/45 War and joined the Pioneer Corps, but after seven months his wounds broke out again, and he was finally discharged. In 1953 at a meeting at the School, Bert learnt of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh which would take place in 1958 on the Golden Jubilee Opening of the School. He then set out to attempt to trace the whereabouts of the First Hundred pupils who joined in 1909, with a view to a Reunion. On the actual day of the visit, 30 of the original boys arrived at the School and were inspected by the Duke during the Parade, he had a word to say to each of them, and for those present it was a very happy occasion. Bert was a very proud Old Victorian, and since his days at Q.V.S., had seen his own son and two grandsons enter the School, an excellent record. He was admitted as an In-Pensioner to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, in December, 1974.

To his family we offer our sincere condolences.

J. HARDIE (603)

Died at Whiteford House, Edinburgh, on 9th March, 1981. He enlisted into the Royal Scots Greys and served at home and abroad with his Regiment. On completion of his service he took up employment in Edinburgh.

To his relatives we offer our sincere sympathy.

JOHN ALEXANDER GORDON BRUCE (807)

Died in Glasgow on 1st June, 1980. On leaving the School he went to the Army Technical School, Chepstow, in 1924, and was later posted to the Royal Engineers in which he served until 1953, retiring as a Warrant Officer. He had served in Ceylon, also the B.E.F. at Dunkirk, and was seconded to the R.W.A.F.F. on the Gold Coast and Nigeria. On leaving the service he joined the National Coal Board. Mr Bruce returned to Scotland and joined Rolls Royce and remained with them until his retirement.

C. BOOTLAND (1130)

Died at his home in Edinburgh on 16th February, 1981. On leaving the School he enlisted into the

Seaforth Highlanders. He played football for his Regiment, and for the British Army v. French Army, v. Belgian Army. He later played for Dumbarton F.C. and Leith Athletic. He was taken P.O.W. during the 1939/45 War and repatriated in 1945. On completion of his service took up employment in Edinburgh.

To his relatives we offer our sincere sympathy.

J. M. WILLIAMSON (2007)

John Williamson died suddenly on 12th March, 1981. He had a long career with the Somerset Constabulary, and was Chief Superintendent at the time of his death. He was one of three brothers who passed through the School, though the family had a long connection with the Q.V.S., his grandfather was Major J. N. Macrae who was the Adjutant in the early 1920s.

To his family we offer our sincere condolences.

C. McKENZIE (2252)

Died at his home at Loch Carron, Wester Ross, on 3rd March, 1981. To Mrs McKenzie and family we offer our deepest sympathy.

ROBERT JACK AIRNES (2363)

Died at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, on 5th January, 1981. To Mrs Airnes and family, we offer our deepest sympathy.

Mrs GEORGINA STIRRAT

Many of the older Victorians will learn with regret of the death of Mrs Georgina Stirrat at her home in London on 26th July, 1980. Ina was the second daughter of R.S.M. Peter Scotland, D.C.M., and whose marriage to No. 43 George Stirrat, an Old Victorian and Captain in the Cameron Highlanders, was the first to be held in the School Chapel. For many years Ina was one of the first arrivals on Grand Days and we sorely miss her company.

The Funeral Service was in the Dunblane Cathedral on 31st July, 1980, and thereafter to Dunblane Cemetery.

To Peter and Anne Stirrat we offer our sincere sympathy.

Mr JAMES DIAMOND

James Diamond died at his home at 5 Well Place, Dunblane, on 30th July, 1980, aged 82 years. Jimmy was a member of the School Administrative Staff for many years and will be remembered by the Old Victorians. Despite ill health, he often made a slow and painful journey to the School on Grand Days to witness the Parade and meet some of the boys of his acquaintance over the years.

To Mrs Diamond and her son, we offer our sympathy.

Headmaster's Notes

A detailed record of the school year should show itself on the other pages of this magazine, hence it seems opportune as I have now completed my first year in QVS that I give some of my impressions of the school and some of my thoughts for its future. I notice that one of my predecessors commented in *The Victorian* on the school's success resting on the foundation of an ordered routine and efficient organisation, as well as the conscientious and interested endeavour of those concerned with it: I would emphatically endorse what he said, for it is true. I would repeat also what I said at Prize Giving last year; it is very pleasant to work with such agreeable, polite, mannered and, in the best sense, biddable boys. It is the combination of all these factors which makes being in Queen Victoria School such a rewarding experience for us all, adults and boys.

We are very fortunate to have so many such good facilities, and, we hope, more to come; the result is that there is much to do and much done: I mean outside the classroom in particular. We have done well on the sports field; at rugby, swimming, athletics, and cross country, achieving wins in many Regional and some National events. I am told that rugby strengthens all the time and things auger well for most of next year. Certainly when I can keep up in refereeing, the teams seem to play fast, vigorous, aggressive rugby. In swimming, from Wavell upwards, we know the benefit of our pool that is open so many hours a day. That boys are also able to take part in at least ten other sports speaks well for Mr Boast and the staff.

Throughout the winter we had something like thirty-five hobbies operating on evenings during the week. I know it is my prejudice but what pleased me much was the success of those senior boys who went out to the four Old People's Homes in the district and achieved such a splendid rapport with them. We say thank you to the residents of the Homes – I believe our snooker and dominoes have



The Headmaster with the Monitors and Prefects

improved vastly! Again I applaud the four senior boys who worked throughout the winter teaching the disabled to swim. It is in these ways that we may prevent ourselves from suffering too much the effect of an enclaved boarding school life where we are in danger of only doing things for ourselves.

One of my earliest impressions was that the school is too small at the top: this has been a commonplace to those who know the School well. Too many boys who wanted to stay for a Fifth year could not. A partial solution is to be implemented this year: 1 Nason Avenue is being converted into a Vth/Vlth Study Centre, with two sitting rooms downstairs with a kitchen and upstairs there will be three work-rooms with study carrels. This Centre will do something to alleviate the lack of study areas in Haig House; similarly arrangements are being made to increase Haig House recreation areas. As a result in Session 1981/82 we will have ten more boys able to continue into Vth year. Looking back at last year's SCE results, which were very good (as an 80% pass rate of A, B and C in both SCE Higher and Ordinary grades would indicate) it was not difficult to arrive at a rationale that would justify the School offering more opportunity to its older boys to complete their pre-University education.

One further point of educational interest to note is that the Commissioners have generously agreed to the appointment of a part-time teacher of music for next session to supply an important aspect of education that has been lacking in recent years. Another thought yet to be resolved is that senior boys cannot derive stimulating competition while the School has all its senior boys in one House.

I was made conscious last year how difficult can be the latter part of the Summer Term for older boys who are leaving school and who have completed their examinations, and yet have a month of term left. This year in an effort to counteract ennui the leavers are departing for five days on various activities planned by themselves. One understands that all have a serious purpose in mind though I did not know that St Andrews and Dundee had Fair Maids as well as Perth! However I am pleased to see them showing a sense of adventure and initiative.

Without the infinite detail involved in naming all who have given of their time and energy I thank the staff who have been instrumental in doing so much for the boys; by that one means especially the giving up of 'non-official' time to take boys on visits, run debates, discos, take little boys swimming in the evening, arrange so many matches, take part in so many competitions, organise camps, lay on Hallowe'en and Christmas parties and Christmas lunch, the Carol Service; nor should one ever forget how much the school gains from the consistent and splendid achievements and standards it obtains in Piping, Drumming and Highland Dancing, and the level of excellence in its Ceremonial parades and Grand Day.

Finally, I am very conscious after one year how fortunate we are as a School in all that is done for us by the non-teaching staff who back us up so well and so cheerfully. To all and everyone thank you for a happy year and I wish you all a happy summer holiday.

HOUSE APPOINTMENTS

Mr Malcom Kelly was appointed as Housemaster of Trenchard from the beginning of this session. Mr Kelly had been Acting Housemaster for a considerable time before that, and the School is grateful to him for helping us in what was a difficult period. We wish he and Mrs Kelly and their family a happy and rewarding time in Trenchard House.

Mr Jack Finlay was appointed Assistant Housemaster of Haig House in October 1980, replacing Mr John Willman to whom we express our thanks for all that he has done for Haig House.

TEACHING STAFF APPOINTMENT

Mr W. Webster, M.A., B.D., who has taught for the last 5½ years at Glasgow Academy, has been appointed as Teacher of English and Modern Studies as from 22nd April, 1981. He is married and has a small daughter.

Mr DAVID MOFFAT, B.A.

In the first week of the September Term 1980, David Moffat left Q.V.S. with his family to go to take up a teaching appointment in New Zealand. He had joined the teaching staff in September 1972 and contributed a great deal to the life of the School, both in the classroom and outside.

As a teacher of English and Modern Studies he was enthusiastic and zealous as all the boys he taught can vouch. However, like the best schoolmasters, David will be remembered and deserve the School's gratitude for all he did in extra-curricular activities. Four particular dramatic productions were instances of his energy and meticulous standards: *Our Town*, *Macbeth*, *Merchant of Venice* and *Murder in the Cathedral*. At the same time, he ran the Senior Debating and Literary Society, helping boys in external debating competitions and providing Haig House with discos, as well as classical music appreciation.

David Moffat gave much on the sports field: he 'learned' rugby so as to be able to coach teams, and encouraged cricket and athletics. In particular he ran the P.E. and Games Department during a two-term staff vacancy. David Moffat was a fine teacher and a valued colleague. The School thanks him for all he gave to it.

Miss JENNIFER LUCKAS, B.A.

Jennifer taught English and Modern Studies from September 1980 to Easter 1981 as a temporary appointment. The School as a whole appreciated

her charming, enthusiastic presence. In her short stay she entered fully into school life; teaching, rugby (even offering to referee), cross country and School and House duties. Above all, she organised the Haig Debating Society throughout the winter and ran several debate-discos for which the senior boys were most grateful.

Staff and boys thank Miss Luckas and wish her a happy and fortunate future.

Valete

JOHNSTON, Graeme G. – Royal Brunei Malay Regiment. 1973. Haig. Dormitory Leader, School Prefect, Head Boy, Head of C.C.F. Section, Chief Projectionist. Badminton Champion, First Aid Certificate, Life Saving Awards/Personal, Gained Medals for Piping (School), Wavell T.T. Champion (1973 and 1974). Pipe Band Member, Rugby Teams (2nd Year, 3rd, 1st XV), Squash, Badminton, Cricket Team (1st and 2nd Year). Highers: Biology. 'O' Grades: Maths, Physics, French, English, Biology, Art, Arithmetic, Economics, Economic History. Now sitting: Maths, Physics, French, English. Hopes to study at Dundee College of Technology. Home Address: c/o W.O.I. D. G. Johnston, R.H.Q./A.W. Sgts Mess, Royal Brunei Malay Regt, Berakas Camp, Brunei, B.F.P.O. 605.

LEWIS, James Alexander David – Royal Navy. 1972. Haig. Prefect, Monitor, C.C.F. Signals Sgt. Swimming (Bronze, Silver, Bronze Cross), First Aid (Junior), Duke of Edinburgh Bronze. Higher: English. 'O' Grades: Maths, Chemistry, Physics, French, Latin, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, English. Now sitting: Highers – French, Physics, Chemistry, Maths, Modern Studies. Hopes to study Ophthalmic Optics at Glasgow College of Technology. Home Address: 8 Thistle Chambers, Thistle Centre, Stirling.

COLLIE, Neil R. – Royal Air Force. September, 1973. Cunningham. House Prefect (Cunningham), Dormitory Leader (Wavell), 2nd XV Captain, C.C.F./R.A.F. Section Corporal. Personal Survival (Bronze, Silver, Gold Honours), Swimming Champion (1st, 2nd, 3rd Year) and Haig Bronze Medallion, Adult First Aid, Junior Public Debating Winner 1976, Runner-up (Haig) 1981. Canoeing, Band (Piper), Swimming, Debating Society. 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, English, French, Latin, Economics, Economic History, Physics, Biology. Now sitting: Highers – English, Physics, Biology, Economics; 'O' Grade – Mathematics. Hopes to go to Aberdeen University. Home Address: 4 Elmfield Road, Ashfield, Elgin IV30 3HQ, Morayshire.

FERGUSON, Malcolm E. – R.A.F. 1974. Haig. Deputy House Captain (Wavell), Junior Dormitory Leader (Trenchard), House Captain (Trenchard), Prefect, Corporal in C.C.F. Various and numerous

Swimming and Personal Survival Awards, First Aid Certificate, Wavell Swimming Champion 1974. 1st and 2nd XV Rugby Teams, Haig Debating Society. 'O' Grades: English 'A', French 'A', Latin 'A', Economics 'A', Economic History 'A', Arithmetic 'A', Maths 'B', Physics 'C'. Now sitting: English 'H', French 'H', Economics 'H', Economic History 'H'. Hopes to read History/Politics at Aberdeen University or Banking. Home Address: c/o F./S. M. S. Ferguson (M5058865), 54 S.U., Royal Air Force, B.F.P.O. 23.

GARDNER, J. A. – R.E.M.E./Army. 1974. Haig. Junior Dormitory Leader, Prefect (Cunningham), School Prefect, Head Dancer, Corporal in C.C.F. Personal Survival (Bronze, Silver and Gold), Junior and Adult First Aid, Bronze Medallion, School Dancing Champion, Maths Progress Prize (P7), Technical Progress Prize (3rd Year). Highland Dancing, C.C.F., Community Service (Swimming for the Disabled). 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, English, Physics, Maths, Modern Studies, Technical Drawing. Now sitting: Highers – Physics, English, Modern Studies; 'O' Grades – Chemistry, Statistics. Hopes to study Nursing at the Western General Hospital, Edinburgh. Home Address: 4 Div. H.Q. and Sig. Regt, L.A.D. R.E.M.E., B.F.P.O. 15.

GORDON, John – Royal Navy/Clyde Submarine Base. 1973. Trenchard. Dormitory Leader (Wavell), Chief Armourer (C.C.F.), Prep Supervisor. Wavell Football Team, 1st Year Cricket Team, Table Tennis (Central Region 1978 – 3rd Round), Personal Survival Awards, Academic Prizes. Football, Cricket, Debating Society, C.C.F. 'O' Grades: English, Maths, Biology, Arithmetic, Physics, Economics, Economic History, Latin, French. Now sitting: English, Biology, Economics, Economic History Highers. Hopes to enter University at Stirling and study Economics and History. Home Address: 3 Argyll Terrace, Dunblane.

HENDERSON, Steven – R.C.T. 1975. Cunningham. Drum Corporal, Corporal in R.A.F. Section. First Aid, Swimming Bronze Medallion, Bronze and Silver, R.A.F. Swimming Proficiency. Pipe Band, Football, Rugby, Haig Debating Society, Community Service. Highers to take: French, English, Economics, Economic History. 'O' Grades: French, English, Economics, History, Latin, Arithmetic, Physics, Statistics, Biology. Hopes to join Diplomatic Service. Home Address: 7 Langdale Road, Mict Weighton, Yorks.

McCRIMMON, William – Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. 1974. Haig. Corporal in Signals Section C.C.F. Personal Survival (Bronze, Silver and Gold), Bronze Medallion. Fishing. 'O' Grades: English, Arithmetic, French, Chemistry, Physics, Economics, Economic History. Now sitting: Highers – English, Chemistry, Economic History; 'O' Grades – Biology, Maths. Hopes to join Royal

Navy (Deck Officer). Home Address: 23 Sandbank Crescent, Bonhill, Dumbarton, Strathclyde.

MacDONALD, Roddy K. – Royal Army Medical Corps. 1975. Haig. House Prefect (Trenchard), Corporal C.C.F. Signals. Personal Survival (Bronze and Silver), Lifesaving (Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross), First Aid Certificate. Pipe Band, Sailing, Model Railway. 'O' Grades: Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics, English, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Latin, French. Now sitting: Highers – English, Physics, Chemistry, Latin, French; 'O' Grade – Biology. Hopes to study Chemistry at Napier College, Edinburgh. Home Address: 68 Glenallan Drive, The Inch, Edinburgh EH16 5RB.

McLAY, Angus Cameron – R.A.F. 1974. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. House Captain (Wavell and Cunningham), School Prefect, Wavell 1st XI Captain, S/Leader in 1st XV. Bronze Medallion, First Aid, County Sevens Winner, Picked for County Rugby, Various Academic Prizes. Pipe Band, C.C.F., 1st XV, Football, Cricket, Canoeing, Squash, Debating Society. 'O' Grades: Maths, Physics, English, French, Latin, Biology, Modern Studies, Arithmetic. Now sitting: Highers – Modern Studies, Biology, English, French; 'O' Grade – Statistics. Hopes to go to Aberdeen University to study Politics and Economics. Home Address: 1 Bro Madog, Dolwen Road, Old Colwyn, Colwyn Bay, Clwyd, North Wales.

MURISON, Alan – Royal Engineers. 1973. Cunningham. Prefect, Staff Sergeant (C.C.F.). R.L.S.S. Bronze Cross, 1st XV Rugby. Community Service. 'O' Grades: English, Physics, Chemistry, Economics, Economic History, Technical Drawing, Arithmetic, Engineering Science. Now sitting: Physics, Chemistry, English, Maths, Economics, Economic History. Hopes to go to University. Home Address: 43 Chattenden Lane, Chattenden, Rochester, Kent.

NEWTON, Graham – Royal Army Pay Corps. 1975. Haig. Trenchard Prefect, Chapel Steward, Sergeant in Army Cadets, Deputy Chief Projectionist, Prep Supervisor, Fire Piquet Commander. 2nd and 1st Stage Swimming Awards, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Honours Swimming Awards, Intermediate, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross Life Saving, Two Medals for Piping and Progress Prize 1977/8, First Aid (Junior). Piping in Pipe Band, 800m Distance 1978/9 Athletics, Model Railway Hobby, C.C.F., Projection Duties, Choir, 2nd XV Rugby Team. 'O' Grades: Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, English, Economics, Economic History, French, Latin, Arithmetic. Now sitting: Highers – Mathematics, English, Chemistry, Economics; 'O' Grade – Statistics. Hopes to study B.A. Accounting at Napier College, Edinburgh. Home Address: 108 West Mains Street, Broxburn, West Lothian.

WHITE, Alan R. – R.N. 1975. Haig. School Prefect, Leading Drummer, C.C.F. Sgt. Drumming

Medal 1981, Bronze Medallion Life Saving Award, Sailing, C.C.F., Pipe Band. 'O' Grades: Maths, Arithmetic, English, Physics, Biology, Latin, French, Economics, Economic History. Now sitting: Maths, Physics, Biology, Latin, English, French Highers. Hopes to go to University, Edinburgh, to study Maths. Home Address: 2 Duncan Road, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire G84 9DJ.

YOUNG, William – Royal Scots. 1975. Haig and Trenchard. School Sports Prefect, Corporal C.C.F. Signals Instructor. Wavell Boxing Stylist, Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold, Life Saving Bronze Cross, Bronze Medallion. Art Prize (P.7), Maths Prize (3rd Year). School 2nd XV, C.C.F., 1st Year Cricket XI, Debating Society. 'O' Grades: Arithmetic, English, Physics, Chemistry, Engineering, Science, Engineering Drawing, Mathematics, Woodwork, Economics, Economic History. Now sitting: Highers – English, Chemistry, Economics, Economic History; 'O' Grade – Statistics. Hopes to study Management Training Scheme, Lloyds Bank. Home Address: 19 Boyd-Orr Drive, Greenlaw Mains, Penicuik, Lothian Region.

AITKEN, David – T.A. R.H.F. (former R.A.P.C.). Summer 1974. Haig. Chapel Steward, N.C.O. R.A.F. Section. Advanced First Aid, Junior First Aid, Bronze Medallion, School Champion (Highland Dancing), $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 mile Swimming, Champion in many External Highland Dancing Competitions, Marksman C.C.F. Highland Dancing Team. Now sitting: Maths, English, Arithmetic, French, Latin, Biology, Physics, Modern Studies. Hopes to further education next year. Home Address: 15 Garfield Avenue, Mossend, Bellshill, Lanarkshire ML4 2NU.

ANDERSON, Stephen R. – 1st Bn Queen's Own Highlanders. September 1975. Haig. Commandants Orderly. Bronze, Silver, Gold Swimming Awards, Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, First Aid, Certificate, 2nd Year Rugby Team. Now sitting: Maths, Physics, Engineering, Science, Engineering Drawing, English, Biology, Arithmetic, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork. Hopes to become a Clerk with Barclays Bank or further education. Home Address: c/o Capt. G. S. Anderson, 1st Bn Queen's Own Highlanders, Stanley Fort, Hong Kong, B.F.P.O. 1.

BURNS, David – Royal Air Force. 1975. Haig. N.C.O. in the R.A.F. Cadets. 1st Stage C.C.F. R.A.F. Proficiency Part One, Part Two, Part Three. 3rd Year Rugby XV, School 1st XV Rugby, School Pipe Band, 2nd XI in Wavell, 1st Year School Relay Team. Now sitting: Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, English, French, Latin, Economics, Economic History. Hopes to go the North Gloucestershire College of Technology to study 'A' level English Literature, Economics, Economic and Social History. Home Address: 30 Draycot Road, Granley Fields, Cheltenham, Glos. GL51 6LZ.

FLETCHER, Colin Stewart – R.A.F. January 1975. Haig. Signals Instructor, Shooting Team Captain.

Signals Instructors Course, Navy Marksman (S.L.R., S.M.G.), Marksman 202. Shooting, Photography, Projectionist. Now sitting: Mathematics, English, Engineering Science, Technical Drawing, Woodwork, Physics, Economics, Economic History, Arithmetic. Hopes to join the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineer or the Catering Corps. Home Address: 7 Mendip Road, Oakham, Leicestershire (0572-3739).

HAINEY, Kevin – R.A.O.C. 1976. Haig. L/Cpl Cadets. Tenor Drumming Winner 1979, School Bugler 1980, Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Life Saving Bronze Medallion, Speed Merit Swimming, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 3 miles Swimming, Naval Marksman, Completed 10th W.L.L.F. Leadership Course, 1st Class School Marksman. Pipe Band, Duty Bugler, Shooting Team, Sailing. Now sitting: Maths, English, Physics, Arithmetic, Engineering, Science, Biology, Technical Drawing, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork. Hopes to achieve a commission in the Royal Engineers or the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. Home Address: 37 Mayburn Loan, Loanhead, Midlothian EH20 9EN (031-440-0873).

LAVERIE, David Thomas – Royal Navy. September 1976. Trenchard then Haig. Colour Party, L/Cpl C.C.F. Army Section. Personal Survival Bronze, Silver, Gold, Life Saving Bronze Medallion, Bronze Cross, 1st Class Marksman. Shooting Team, 2nd XV Rugby. Now sitting: English, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Engineering Science, Economics, Economic History, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing. Hopes to join the Army – Royal Engineers. Home Address: Clifton Cottage, 3 Castleblair Lane, Dunfermline, Fife.

MCDOWALL, William – Royal Navy. 1974. Trenchard, Haig. First Aid Senior and Adult. Community Service 1981, Computers 1980. Now sitting: Latin, French, English, Physics, Chemistry, Maths, Arithmetic, Modern Studies. Hopes to go to Mid Kent College of Further and Higher Education to sit 'A' Levels. Home Address: 45 Scotby Avenue, Walderslade, Chatham, Kent (0634 63897).

MORE, Robert Ivor (177) – Royal Engineers. 1975. Wavell, Trenchard, Haig. Bronze, Silver, Bronze Medallion, Technical Drawing Prize. 2nd XI Wavell, 3rd Year 1st XV. Now sitting: Arithmetic, Engineering Science, English, Woodwork, Biology, Technical Drawing, Economics, Economic History. Hopes to become a Junior Store Person in Berlin, British Sector. Home Address: c/o S/Sgt T. J. More, P.C. Troop R.E., Berlin, B.F.P.O. 45.

OLIVER, Bryan – 1st Bn K.O.S.B. 1976. Haig. Life Saving Awards (Bronze, Silver, Gold), $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 3 miles. Rugby 2nd XV in 4th Year. Now sitting: English, Technical Drawing, Economics, Economic History, Arithmetic, Woodwork, Physics, Engineering Science. Hopes to join R.E.M.E. to become a

Vehicle Mechanic. Home Address: 16 Redford Bank, Colinton, Edinburgh.

WILSON, David J. – Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. 1973. Haig. Captain of 1st XV Rugby Team, Boy Pipe Major, School and Cunningham House Prefects, Monitor. Athletics Colours, Rugby Colours, 5th in Scottish Schools (Hammer), Piping Awards, Bronze, Silver, Gold Personal Survival Awards. Sgt in C.C.F., Piper in Pipe Band, Bugler, Athletics, Squash Champion, Darts Champion, Debating Society. 'O' Grades: Maths, Biology, Modern Studies, French, Latin, Arithmetic, English. Now sitting: Modern Studies, French, Biology, English and 'O' Grade repeat Physics. Intending to join the Canadian Mounted Police. Home Address: 30 Ferguson Way, Brightsridge, Livingston, West Lothian.

Hobbies/Sports

MODEL RAILWAY SOCIETY

1980-81 was a good year for railway modelling in Q.V.S. The layout has been given a facelift with new scenery, new track, and some new stock and buildings.

Alas, we had to struggle on without the advice and leadership of Mr Robb, who unfortunately was ill in the middle of the session, but fortunately is making a speedy recovery. This is Mr Robb's last year as the head of the model railway club, and so we wish him and his wife a long and happy retirement together and give him many thanks for all the time and effort he has given in keeping the club alive over the years.

Thanks are also due to the people who helped out by standing in for Mr Robb and finally to the many enthusiasts from Wavell right through to Haig without whom the railway could not have run.

Roddy K. Macdonald.

SMALL BORE SHOOTING

It is the first year for some time that Q.V.S. has participated in competition shooting with other schools. We have started this year to shoot regularly with Anshtz rifles, for which we now have slings, shooting jackets and gloves. Using these rifles we competed with Dollar and Kelvinside Academies, both side by side and pistol competitions. One hard lesson we learned was that it is much more difficult shooting away on a strange range. We also know that we have a great deal to learn and only experience and practice will get us there. The team also shoots with No. 8 rifles for the Country Life Competition. Small Bore Shooting Competition was also done by the R.A.F. Section.

The School Eight were: George Harrison, Ian Hutton, David Laverie, Ian Fernie, Kevin Hainey, Andrew Mutch, Alistair McKay, Andrew McIntosh.

The Cadet Pairs were: Ian Sutherland and Martin Sinclair.

Captain of Shooting: Colin Fletcher.

PRINTING

After joining in the hope of doing posters and such things no-one backed out when we discovered our first task was to sort out hundreds (literally) of loose letters into face size for a printing press. We all persevered with Mr Boast's and Mrs Harkinson's aid and soon (4 months!) our job was done. We then bought a full set of type, inks and accessories, and soon hope to set out on our first venture, some tickets.

Our thanks again go to all the adults involved, and especially to those men of Erskine Hospital whose aid and know-how was a great help when we visited them on Sunday, 3rd May, to be shown how to set type and work a press.

Drew Law, IIIA.

SAILING

This season's beginning witnessed a never-seen-before event at the Q.V.S.Y.C. berths on Loch Ard. The year-long Mirror dinghy kit assembly project's final result, took to the water, floated, and performed as well as could be expected in the circumstances. Her constructors, namely, Colin Geddie, Alan White and Mr Stewart, watched with lumps in their throats as the little craft bobbed contentedly on the waves. Their blood, sweat and foul language had got results at last. Once again the resident Loch Ard sailors fished out their crash-helmets and insurance policies as the Q.V. helmsmen crashed onto the scene. However, the race training programme is going extremely well with one or two potential contenders for the National Championships.

Many thanks to Mr Stewart, Mr Bovill and Mr C. Bruce for giving up their time to make the activity possible.

Colin Geddie, Form V.

COMPUTING

After a frustrating first half of the first term awaiting the arrival of a RM380Z computer, which was delayed as a result of financial cuts, the hobby took off with the private purchase of a Sinclair Zx80. In a very short time there were ten pupils making full use of it at every available time. Unfortunately ten into one does not go, and there was a continual queue to use the machine. Things got so bad that the unfortunate owner of the machine had great difficulty finding a time to use his own machine.

Thanks to the good offices of General Young it is likely that the more sophisticated computer RM380Z will now arrive in time for the start of the new session.

ELECTRONICS

This year there has been an intense interest in the electronics hobby. There are many new young members showing an interest, the physics laboratory being a hive of activity each Wednesday evening. The beginners tested their knowledge of components and soldering techniques by constructing simple devices such as crystal radios, and neon flashers. The experienced members tackled more ambitious projects, and there was the added possibility of using micro chips. This was made available in the School's new Micro Electronics kit. The members of the hobby wish to express their great appreciation for Mr Paterson's help.

Thank You.

A. Borthwick.

FIRST AID

As in previous years, two First Aid classes were run during the Session. In the Autumn Term, Mrs Eadie ran a class of 21 boys at 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoons. All boys passed the Junior examination including four at Proficiency level.

In the second term six senior boys attended the Advanced Course in Dunblane and all passed the examination at the beginning of the Summer Term.

We again thank Mrs McKenzie and Mrs Eadie for their cheerful and efficient support and instruction in First Aid.

PHOTOGRAPHY

This year's photographic society had an unusually high number of members and it was encouraging to see the increase in interest.

A number of new ideas came out this year, with reversal processing attempted by myself, and a method of obtaining drawings from prints introduced by John Weir. However the new members, so absorbed in trying weird and wonderful innovations, have neglected their technical skills and, as a result, their work leaves much to be desired. However these are early days for them, and they can only improve. We were glad to have Mr Paterson back after his absence last year as the society was in need of re-orientation. Many thanks to Mr Paterson and Mr McIntyre for keeping the club going.

Colin Geddie, Form V.

THE ADDISON-SMITH PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION, 1981

The competition this year was held in the theatre on the evening of Friday, 20th March. The whole School attended and 16 boys in total took part in the three levels of the competition.

In the Junior Section, for boys in Primary 7 and 1st year, the speech was to indicate their choice of a famous person in history who they would like to bring back to visit them in a Tardis-like manner. John Bruce chose Nelson, Jim Wood invited James

Watt, Robert Robinson chose Robert the Bruce. The runner-up was Martin Rae with an amusing and vigorous speech on King Arthur; the overall winner was Tommy Miller who gave a scintillating performance both for and as Winston Churchill.

The Intermediate section had a rather challenging subject, one which, in retrospect, showed little or no chance for humour, which a school audience tend to want. Their task was to select a time in history where they might have made a personal contribution to change the course of history. Martin Sinclair opted to change what happened in the Roman Empire, Angus Cameron with some wit took us back to Adam and Eve; Ian White wished to annihilate Karl Marx, while Malcolm Strachan wanted to transpose the benefits of modern medicine. The runner-up was Stewart Buchanan on changing the Treaty of Versailles, and the winner, Drew Law, who wished to have prevented Nuclear discoveries.

The Senior section was after the interval and was of a high standard and received with pleasure by the whole School. Their task was two-fold; to read a

short story written by themselves and to make a persuasive speech on any subject they really cared about. Stephen Hill, whose story was a little disappointing, excelled in wit and irony in his speech on those "characters" of this School he would choose to people his utopian world. Simon Deuchars' story was futuristic and foretold of man's eventual doom, while his speech more particularly dealt with the present plight of the suppressed male. Bernard Nelson's story was in the science fiction genre and as such most ingeniously worked out in terms of man controlled by computers; his speech on his philosophy of pleasure was less successful. The runner-up was Neil Collie whose story was realistic, human and worth hearing; his speech on "The Student" was sensible and yet humorous. The overall winner was clearly evident: Robert Bruce's story was both well written and superbly read; while his plea for the parlous state of the disadvantaged teenager brought tears even to the hardened Adjudicator's eyes.

This competition was a success; we congratulate those who took part. Next year we look forward to more boys competing.



The Commandant, Pipe Major McKenzie and Miss Anderson with the Dancing Team which appeared at the Usher Hall

HAIG DEBATING SOCIETY

An interesting series of events took place during the session under the auspices of the Haig Debating Society. These included lectures by visiting speakers, public speaking competitions, "away" debates with other schools, "at home" hat and balloon debates and the occasional debate and dance.

The first talk was given by the Reverend Forbes, B.D., who spoke on the work of young people abroad. He outlined the training which takes place beforehand and the type of work involved, particularly in the underdeveloped countries. In February we were fortunate enough to be visited by a member of the Lomond Mountain Rescue Team who not only spoke of rescue procedures but also illustrated his talk with a wide range of equipment. This included the correct clothing to wear in the hills, ropes, flares and a survival tent which was pitched in the theatre.

In November Stephen Hill and Robert Bruce, with Simon Deuchars as chairman, gained second place when they spoke at Falkirk in the preliminary round of the United Nations Association Speechmaking Contest. All three spoke again in March, at the Addison-Smith Public Speaking Competition, with Robert Bruce winning the senior section.

Even debates which involved no "outside" competition produced speeches and arguments of a very high standard. Haig T.V. room became a forum for the discussion of such controversial questions as "should men wear trousers any longer", "is Q.V.S. an anachronism", and "should Britain pull out of Northern Ireland?" The latter, with Sandy Borthwick, Stephen Anderson, Kevin Hainey and William McDowall as speakers, was perhaps one of the best researched debates of the session.

Candidates in the "Balloon Debate" included Jeremy Thorpe, Hercules and Hitler. David Burns, however, had an overwhelming victory when, with assistance from Stephen Anderson and Andrew Turner as two pot-plants, he masqueraded as David Bellamy.

"Haig" was invited to Dollar Academy in November for a debate in which Angus McLay convinced the audience that one should not "do one's own thing". Following this was the first dance of the session. Angus McLay spoke again, with Bernard Nelson, at Kilgraston Convent where they opposed the motion that "behind every great man there is a woman". This opposition was defeated mainly due to Q.V. finding themselves in the unusual position of being outnumbered by women. Two dances took place at Queen Victoria, with Kilgraston in November and Wallace High and Dollar Academy in March, at the final debate of the session.

There are several people who should be mentioned for their help and co-operation over the months.

First of all, I would like to thank the boys who expended a considerable amount of time and effort on their speeches, the staff who offered to drive the mini-buses to "outside" debates, Douglas Paterson for providing the music for dances, and finally Mr Scott without whose help and support none of the debates and dances could have taken place.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

In October, 1980, a number of boys in Haig House took up the idea of going out of School in hobbies time to meet and regularly visit people in the area who might like to see them and whom the boys would enjoy meeting. Throughout the winter five groups have carried out this idea, arranged by the Headmaster and organised by Mr Scott. They have been in weekly contact with Abbotsford and St John's Mount Old Peoples' Homes, and Aultwharrie and its Annexe. It is pleasing to note how welcome the boys have been made and how old and young enjoy each others' company. The fifth group go every Thursday to Grangemouth with Mr McIntyre to help with swimming for the disabled: they do a marvellous job.

Abbotsford

Abbotsford is a large house run by the Central Region Community Council and is responsible for the welfare of 10 elderly people. The home's large garden is an ideal place for one of the residents who looks after the grounds so well. Despite the old folks shyness in the beginning we soon talked them into organising a Domino league, with Miss Hutton being the eventual winner. Much to our delight we were invited to a 91st Birthday Party and a Sale of Work, at which £220 was raised for the home. Our thanks to Mrs Pettigrew and staff for putting up with us, to Mr Bruce and Mr Philip for arranging the Christmas mini-concert which is still talked about. And our special thanks to Mr Scott for taking us down each Monday. We both enjoyed doing this new hobby and hope it will continue for many years to come.

John Steel and William McDowall.

St John's Mount

People often speak about the need to help the elderly and the disabled, but for anyone to fully realise the enormity of this problem one needs to experience with them their lives. For some (and probably the majority) this entails being kept indoors for long stretches of time and despite the constant attention of the nurses, feelings of isolation from the world are almost inevitable. I, Alan Murison and Simon Deuchars visit a house of old folk once a week providing an invaluable contact with another generation, and letting them realise that somewhere, someone cares — a feeling expressed through a

lively game of dominoes or perhaps a quiet conversation.

Malcolm Ferguson.

Aultwharrie

Although it was difficult for us to communicate with some of the old folks from Aultwharrie, having to contest with their regular visits to *Crossroads* Motel, I think it is reasonable to say that there isn't one of the old folks who hasn't enjoyed a lengthy chat or even just the company of my two companions and I since we began visiting them at the beginning of the year. We became attached to their snooker room and two of us regularly played a team of theirs while the other played chess in the corner with Mr Finlay, the father of one of our teachers. Even though the reception we received wasn't as good as some of the other boys I must say it was an enjoyable and worthwhile evening each week. I hope other boys will offer to do the same service next year.

Graeme Johnston.

Ardnablane

Each week Lee Smart and myself visited Ardnablane, a home for the elderly. Our first week was spent looking round the home and being introduced to many of the residents. On future visits we were met and warmly welcomed by one of the residents. We then went to their snooker room where we played snooker or cards or chatted to the many people who came to watch or play us.

Lee and I both enjoyed ourselves very much and looked forward to our weekly visits throughout the year.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank them all for their kindness and generosity to us throughout the year.

James Lewis.

Handicapped Swimming

The School had been asked by the Red Cross if they could assist in teaching the handicapped how to swim so four of us volunteered to help. The first week was full of apprehension for Steven Henderson, Derek MacLennan, Colin Geddie and me. As we all became used to handling and helping the handicapped, each week became more of a pleasure than a task. We were all pleased with ourselves at the end of the Easter Term as one particular person who we had been teaching how to swim, and who was badly physically handicapped, passed his first swimming test, and it was good to see the pleasure that had been gained from this. We are all looking forward to going back to swimming after our exams and to helping more people achieve swimming awards.

James Gardner, V.

RUGBY 1980-81

1st XV

This year's team was not as successful as previous years but that is to be expected as the team was much younger and smaller. What we lacked in strength we made up for in fitness and we came away at the end of the season with some admirable matches and results.

The most pleasing moment this season must have been when we travelled the length of Scotland to play Rannoch beating them convincingly. It was a moment everyone cherished as we have suffered some humiliating defeats in past years. However no results would have come about if it hadn't been for the hard training in the gym at night by the willing 1st XV members. In March we faced the annual Old Boys' match and came away with a well deserved victory after a bruising game in which the Old Boys felt the might of the team at its best. We could not have risen to the occasion though without our dedicated supporters especially the Commandant, Mr Hankinson, Miss Luckas and Mr Scott.

The climax of the year came right at the end of the season. The School Sevens team trounced their opposition at Central Region taking the trophy back to School. I'd like to thank the whole team for their effort especially Angus McLay who throughout the year kept the scrum working efficiently, Ewen McLay and Douglas Sutherland for their tireless effort and who showed other schools what to expect next year, Angus Ingram who may be small but what he lacks in height makes up for in speed and finally before resigning my position I want to thank Mr Boast for his time and devotion without which the team couldn't have functioned.

David J. Wilson, *Captain*.

3rd Year XV

After the success of last year this seasons' results were rather disappointing. The lack of weight was very evident and in many games this problem was responsible for the team losing to less skilful opponents. Throughout the season the team attempted to play open, mobile rugby and this to some extent offset the problem of size. This emphasis on running and handling was seen at its best in the Central Region seven-a-side competition which was won by scoring 110 pts and conceding only seven.

Congratulations should go to Andrew Meiklejohn for representing the Central Region XV, and to Iain Sutherland and Alex Girvan for their leading of the school team during the season. Lastly our thanks go to all those who have refereed for us and given up their time so generously.

M.J.S.

2nd Year

The rugby season 80/81 went very well for the 2nd year team. I personally would like to congratulate



The Senior VII which won the Central Region Tournament



The 1st Year VII which won the Central Region Tournament without losing a point



The Third Year VII which won the Central Region Tournament



The boys who competed in the Central Region Cross Country Championships, including those who won the Under-13 event

Annual Inspection

by

Inspecting Officer:

Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Baird, K.C.B.
The Flag Officer, Scotland and Northern Ireland

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 72nd's Farewell to Aberdeen*.

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 *Invercauld House* 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	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Graeme Johnston
Guard Commanders, No. 1 Guard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	James Lewis
No. 2 Guard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Malcolm Ferguson
No. 3 Guard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	James Gardner
No. 4 Guard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	William Young
Orderlies to Inspecting Officer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	John Hay, Duncan Weir
In Charge of Colour Party	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	David Grant
Colour Bearers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Michael Black, Thomas Brunton
								Derek McLennan, David Laverie
Boy Pipe Major	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	David Wilson
Boy Drum Major	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Iain Sutherland
School Sergeant Major	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Mr J. Deeley (late Royal Scots)

Further Programme

PRIZE GIVING

by

David W. Nickson Esquire
Chairman of the CBI in Scotland
Vice-Chairman and Group Managing Director
of Messrs Wm. Collins & Co. Ltd, Publishers

Prize Giving takes place in the School Memorial Chapel at 2.30 p.m. in the presence of Her Majesty's Commissioners, distinguished guests, parents and boys.

Due to limited accommodation it is regretted that attendance at Prize Giving is restricted to those holding personal invitations. It is hoped to arrange for the proceedings to be relayed outside the Chapel.

TEA

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

PIPES AND DRUMS AND HIGHLAND DANCERS PROGRAMME

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	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Torosay Castle
DANCERS	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Strathspey/Reel o' Tulloch
SLOW MARCH	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	The Mingulay Boat Song
MARCH	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	The Earl of Mansfield
STRATHSPEY	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Stirling Castle
REEL	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Mrs Macleod of Raas'ay
MARCH	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	El Alamein

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

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, M.A., M.S.D.T.A., M.B.A.T.D.

the whole team on a splendid performance throughout the season, especially the game at Morrisons which we in fact won 14-12 after being 12-0 down at half-time. My thanks go to the boys who have fought so hard to get into the team and to the few who did. Last, but not least, I would like to say thank you on behalf of the whole team to Mr Paterson and Mr Willman for constant help and encouragement throughout the season.

Thank you all.

D. Laird.

1st Year XV

After losing all our games in Wavell we started the 1st year with a very strong and changed team. In the First Term we marched on winning all our matches with the highest win of 56-0 against Inverkeithing at home.

The second term was much harder but with our spirits up, we battled through to be beaten only once by Dollar Academy. Nevertheless we went on to score our highest number of points 68-0 against Lornhill.

The one time when our team kept on enthusiastically was against Stirling High School in the midst of sleet and snow and eventually it was abandoned at half-time when the score stood at 42-4.

Graeme Cooper, *Captain*.

Results

						Points	
		P	W	D	L	For	Agst
1st XV	..	16	9	2	5	255	139
2nd XV	..	6	4	0	2	78	44
3rd Year XV	..	19	11	0	8	399	232
2nd Year XV	..	18	11	1	6	240	160
1st Year XV	..	17	16	0	1	500	36

Central Region Schools

T. Brunton and A. Meiklejohn were selected to represent the Central Region under 15 team.

In the Central Region 7-a-side competitions the 1st Year, 3rd Year and Senior Teams won their tournaments.

Teams - *Senior*: E. McLay, D. MacLennan, A. McLay, D. J. Wilson (Captain), A. Ingram, D. Grant, G. Harrison. *Reserve*: G. Johnston.

3rd Year: D. Fishwick, M. Feighan, S. McDonald, A. Girvan, I. Sutherland (Captain), A. Halliday, D. Revie. *Reserve*: A. Bovingden.

1st Year: J. Hay, D. Weir, V. Lucas, L. Burnett, G. Cooper (Captain), M. Buchanan, P. Doran. *Reserve*: J. Flynn.

CROSS COUNTRY 1981

Central Region Schools Championships

Team Results:

Under 13	1st	60 points (Nicholson Trophy)
13-15	8th	160 points
Over 15	4th	84 points

Individual Results:

Under 13	C. Claydon (1st), K. Hindle (6th), G. Cooper (16th), P. Doran (37th), D. Beveridge (59th), J. Wood (113th)
13-15	P. Collie (21st), M. Feighan (35th), A. Davidson (47th), S. Gray (57th), M. Wilson (97th), S. Gordon (106th)
Over 15	A. Ingram (15th), D. Grant (17th), D. Sutherland (22nd), A. McLay (30th), S. Deuchars (49th), A. Mackintosh (56th)

Inter House:

1st Year Champion	K. Hindle (Trenchard)
2nd Year Champion	C. Claydon (Cunningham)
3rd Year Champion	P. Collie (Cunningham)
Haig Champion	D. Sutherland

ATHLETICS 1980

Scottish Schools Pentathlon Championships

15-17 Years	1st S. Sutherland	2768 points
	12th D. Craft	2286 points
	15th D. Grant	2236 points
13-15 Years	7th A. Rutherford	1717 points
	10th A. Macdonald	1260 points
	11th A. O'Donnell	1242 points

School Sports

New Records:

Haig	1500m	S. Wilson	4:33.7
	Shot	D. J. Wilson	11.46m
	Discus	M. Davis	32.92m
3rd Year	200m	D. Sutherland	24.7
	400m	D. Sutherland	53.9
	800m	D. Grant	2:16.7
	Discus	D. Sutherland	33.16m
	Long Jump	D. Sutherland	5.66m
	4x100m Relay	Trenchard	49.6
2nd Year	High Jump	I. Sutherland	1.49m
1st Year	High Jump	L. Wilson	1.41m

Individual Results:

1st Year Champion	Lindsay Wilson
2nd Year Champion	Angus Rutherford
3rd Year Champion	Douglas Sutherland
Haig Champion	Stuart Wilson

Scottish Schools Track and Field Championships

13-15	1st A. Rutherford	Hammer 37.38m
	2nd A. O'Donnell	Hammer 30.24m
15-17	2nd D. Sutherland	Hammer 43.96m
	5th D. J. Wilson	Hammer 42.00m
	5th D. Sutherland	Long Jump 5.98m
17-19	3rd C. Rutherford	Hammer 28.20m
	3rd S. Wilson	400m Hurdles 59.7
	4th K. Henderson	Hammer 26.90m
	G. Johnstone	1600m Racewalk (walkover)

S.A.A.A. Eastern Districts Championships

15-17	1st	D. Sutherland	Hammer 48.30m
	3rd	D. J. Wilson	Hammer 40.04m
	3rd	D. Sutherland	Long Jump 5.84m
13-15	4th	A. Rutherford	Shot 10.80m

Inter-House Pentathlon

1st Year Champion	S. Gray (Trenchard)
2nd Year Champion	A. Rutherford (Cunningham)
3rd Year Champion	D. Sutherland

British Schools International

Douglas Sutherland was selected to represent Scotland at the Home Countries International at Lincoln. He finished in 5th place in the Youth's hammer event.

SWIMMING

Central Region Schools

Under 13	Butterfly	1st	L. Burnett
Over 15	Breaststroke	1st	D. MacLennan
Under 13	Butterfly	4th	D. Beveridge
Under 14	Butterfly	4th	M. Buchanan
Over 15	Backcrawl	4th	E. McLay
Over 15	Butterfly	5th	D. Craft
Under 15	Frontcrawl	5th	A. Rutherford
Under 14	Backcrawl	5th	A. Davidson
Over 15	4x50m	1st	D. MacLennan
	Medley		D. Sutherland
	Relay		D. Grant
			E. McLay

Derek MacLennan was selected to represent Central Region Schools in an Inter-Area Gala.

Scottish Schools

Derek MacLennan after winning the 100m breaststroke Area Trials went on to come 4th in the Final missing a bronze medal by two-hundredths of a second.

Inter-House

1st Year Joint Champions	J. Hay and V. Lucas
2nd Year Champion	A. Davidson
3rd Year Champion	A. Halliday
Haig Champion	D. MacLennan

Records:

Haig	Butterfly	D. Craft
Haig	Breaststroke	D. MacLennan
Haig	Backstroke	E. McLay
Haig	Freestyle	D. Sutherland
Haig	Individual Medley	D. MacLennan

Wavell House

At the end of the summer term we say goodbye to 40 boys who will be leaving the House for the Senior School. The completion of their time in Wavell is marked by a farewell party with cream cakes, biscuits, sandwiches, gallons of soft drink, plays and songs. Then after a few more days in the House the second year boys are off home or to camp in the Cairngorms. The Senior School awaits them on their return with its own challenges. More freedom in one respect yet greater responsibilities and self discipline to go with it. As a reflection of the broader aspects of life the year has had its achievements and disappointments. For a long time the House 1st XV never seemed to achieve a spirit of determination and drive essential for successful rugby despite the valiant efforts of the coaches. Although individuals in the team showed spirit and fight it was not a vintage year on the rugby field for the 1st team but confidence and skills did develop and there was a marked improvement and uplift in morale in the last few weeks of the season.

There was a good response for members of the choir. About half the House took part in the annual carol service and worked very hard to produce a good standard of singing. Some of the choir also went round the Old Peoples Homes in Dunblane as part of a mini concert just before Christmas.

The Hallowe'en Party was also a great success. This year instead of a dormitory producing its own play which usually resulted in the area being littered with corpses an idea based on a topical subject was given to each group to interject. The productions of the first scene of *Macbeth*, *Tem 'O'* and a poem entitled *The Making of a Charm* were certainly amusing and original. A word of thanks here to Mr Walker and the kitchen staff who always go to a great deal of trouble to provide the food which is so much enjoyed on this and similar occasions.

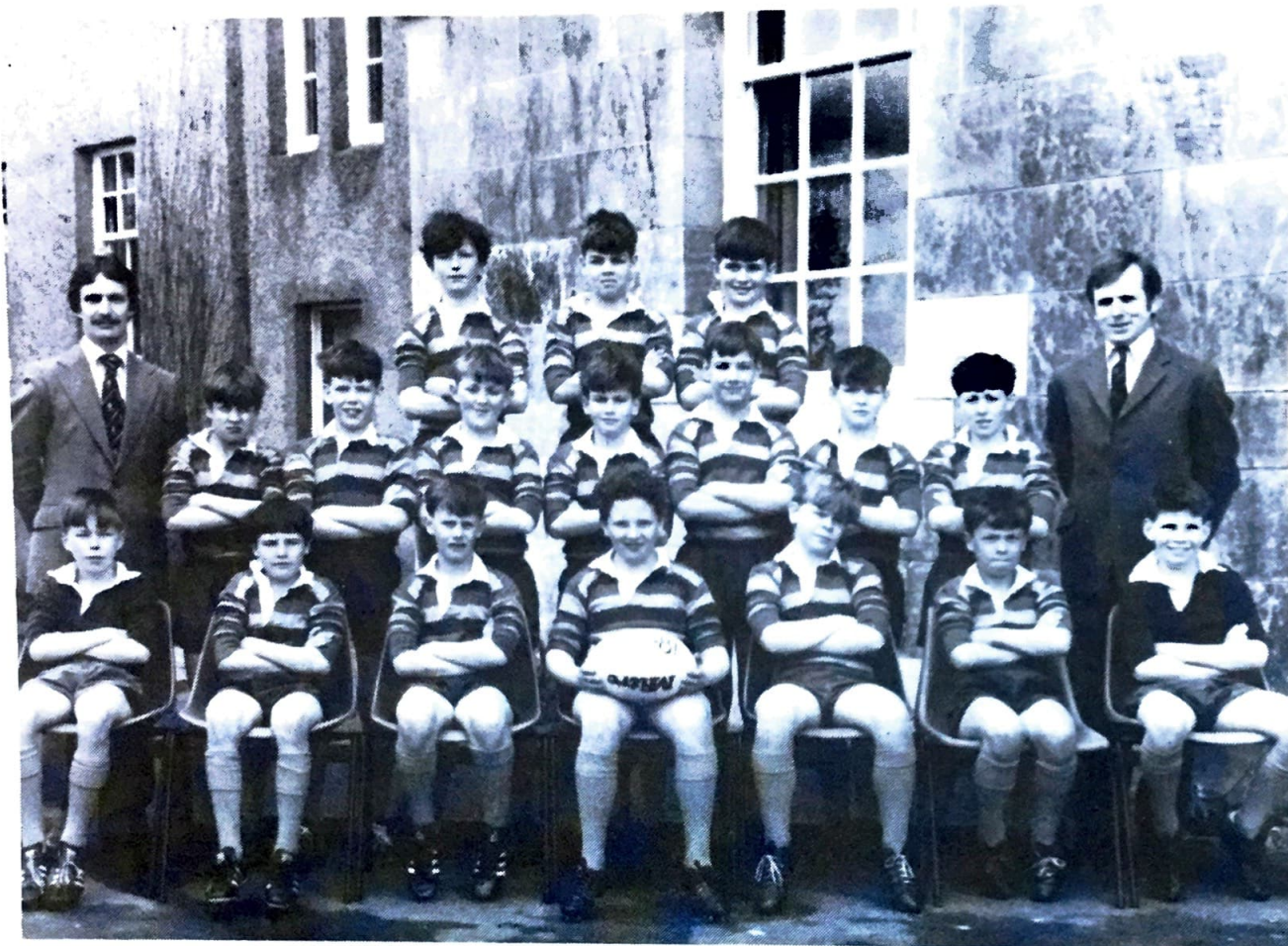
This year saw a rather full House with 82 boys. This together with the new side lockers made conditions rather cramped in some of the dormitories but small boys are a gregarious lot and seem to thrive on close contact.

The House also established its own reference library on the middle landing where boys can browse through a wide selection of books on various topics and interests.

A House of 82 young boys is a large one and does not run itself. A constant level of supervision and personal contact is required. Many people are involved and every aspect of the work is important.

I should like to thank the staff for their constant support and involvement; to the Matron, Mrs Milne, for her patience, concern and cheerfulness, and to Mrs Brown for helping so willingly.

A special word must go to Mr Cameron who retired this year. Together with Mrs Walker his job



Mr Carroll and Mr Brown with the Wavell Rugby Team

was to keep the House clean. A task rather like painting the Forth Bridge with 82 small boys constantly in and out. We shall miss his friendly yet firm relationship with the boys, his unfailing punctuality, thoroughness and lack of complaint even in the most frustrating circumstances. We wish him a long and happy retirement.

N.C.B.

RUGBY

Both majors and minors had a shaky start, but ended the season on a high note by defeating Glasgow High School. The majors developed well in the latter part of the year, and in the minors we have some promising players.

In the major side, thanks are due to Graham Dargie for his leadership, to Scott Cochrane for determination, to Michael Reid for his "shove", to Scott Reid for a quick-silver service and to Steven Rutherford for never missing a tackle, all are awarded House Colours. Noteworthy of late was

the kicking of Mark O'Donnell (Andy Irvine look out?).

The major team pool was as follows: Sean Glenn, John Williamson, Karl Vasey, Mark O'Donnell, Craig Johnstone, Stewart Smail, Scott Reid, Scott Cochrane, Martin Rae, Graham Dargie (Captain), James Duff, Robert Farmer, Steven Rutherford, Michael Reid, John Lanigan, Paul Robertson, Noel Anderson.

In the inter-dormitory competition after the usual "ding-dong" battle – Moore emerged as victors. In the inter-class stakes, 6B defeated 6A and 7A defeated 7B.

As rugby football is now an integral part of our activities and our major sport, it is felt that mini-rugby (8-side), which in the past was so useful as an introduction, now tends to interfere with our fairly full fixture list commencing immediately we resume after the October break. Accordingly, we intend to dispense with "mini" at the beginning of session 1981-82 and the new entrants will be coached in 15-side from the beginning.

	P	W	D	L	Points F	A
Minors (P6 XV/under 11's)	9	4	0	5	84	204
Majors (P7 XV/under 12's)	11	1	0	10	50	412

H.B.

TABLE TENNIS COMPETITION

Scottish winter weather dictates that there should be a variety of indoor pursuits and games to be played inside the House during the dreary months of January and February.

Competitions are organised in a variety of indoor games and eliminating rounds are played off until a champion emerges. During this time the constant click of table tennis balls can be heard as contesting pairs battle it out to see who is going to get to the finals. Various ploys are used to improve one's game. This year I was informed that a table tennis ball painted green sharpened one's reactions and trained one's eye to focus better.

The finals are quite an occasion with the whole House supporting their dormitory representative.

In the junior finals it was a close match between Scott Darling and Andrew McIntyre with Andrew McIntyre winning the first round two games to one. Elliot Smart who played the winner won the first two games by a comfortable margin to give him the overall junior championship.

In the senior game Steven Rutherford lost the first two games to David Watson who then went forward to meet Mark O'Donnell, the former champion. It was an interesting match. The "ping-pong" tactics of David Watson rather baffled the title holder who instead of replying with his usual panache played a similar game to that of his opponent which almost lost him the title. Finally he did manage to win, although it was a close thing.

N.C.B.

SWIMMING

He had swum strenuously without stop for forty minutes. It had all started with a mighty straddle jump into the deep, and a desperate swim, at speed, to put a hundred yards between himself and the ladder. Then came six minutes of gruelling treading water, the first minute and a half without the use of one arm and one leg. He then launched desperately into a five hundred yard swim towards safety, achieving it in under fifteen minutes despite the heavy clinging of his sodden trousers and jersey. Four times he had to surface dive to avoid obstructions, twice head first and twice, with more difficulty, feet first, each time plunging deep and long. Now, nearing exhaustion, he shed all his clothes and made a float from his shirt, lay on his back and kicked his way through the last hundred yards to near safety.

Finally, faced with a bank to climb, he trod water for two minutes, waving his hand in the air to attract attention, but to no avail. Eventually he heaved himself out of the water with a final, strength-sapping struggle to lie, gasping, on dry land at last.

A knife-edged, life-or-death drama, you may think; but not so! Simply a description of one of the awards of the Amateur Swimming Association which Wavell boys have worked hard this year to achieve. Not all were as ambitious, so congratulations go not only to those who achieved the major awards but to those who struggled on to their own targets, or who simply tried their best in a Gala. Well done all!

B.R.P.

INTER DORMITORY BOXING COMPETITION

First we must thank Mr Martin for continuing to come up to the School to take boxing classes after his retirement. It is through his enthusiasm and teaching that boxing has been able to continue in the House.

As in previous years a large number of boys volunteered to box for their dormitory, but matching for size, weight and temperament reduced the numbers to the selected few who fought in the twelve bouts in the competition.

Credit must go to John Smith, John Lanigan, Colin Smith and Scott Darling who found the going difficult but never gave in. A really hard-fought bout between Gary Smith and Scott Paton won Gary Smith the Best Stylist Trophy for hard, accurate hitting while Tommy Millar clinched the competition for Lynedoch by winning the last bout.

The results were very close, being:

Lynedoch	13 points
Moore	12 points
Abercromby	11 points

Results of Individual Bouts

Winner	Runner-up
Andrew Mitchell	John Smith
Darren Stewart	John Williamson
Thomas Laidlaw	John Lanigan
Scott Fitzpatrick	Malcolm Crease
Graham Bowden	Colin Smith
George Campbell	Graeme Tennick
Carl Vasey	Martin Rae
Jason Cruickshank	Gary Clark
Gary Smith	Scott Paton
Stuart Smail	Allen Kilcullen
Sean Glenn	Scott Darling
Tommy Millar	Jim McAllister

Best Stylist Trophy

Gary Smith

N.C.B.

CROSS COUNTRY RACE

The object of holding this event at the start of the summer term is to ensure better running conditions. Three days before the race the entire course was under three inches of snow and conditions were more like mid January than the end of April. The snow soon vanished however and the running conditions were perfect allowing some good times to be recorded.

The course is not a long one but has plenty of interesting features such as water jumps and rough paths through Wavell Wood. It is designed to tax the younger boys without demanding too much physical exertion.

Abercromby dormitory ran a well organised minor race keeping well bunched up near the front. Noel Anderson was the winner, followed closely by Gary Smith who just caught Scott Reid at the finishing post.

The winner of the senior race was Gary Clark who fought off a challenge by Sean Glenn who pressed him hard for the last few hundred yards. Lynedoch dormitory ran well in this race and won by a considerable margin. The final results of the combined

major and minor scores resulted in the dormitories finishing in the following order:

1st	Abercromby	171 points
2nd	Lynedoch	210 points
3rd	Moore	227 points

N.C.B.

FOOTBALL

Rugby has now been firmly established as the main game in the House and this has displaced football from the autumn and winter terms.

Football is, however, still a game close to the hearts of many small boys and is much played in their spare time. Two games were played in the autumn term but it is the summer term when most of the matches take place.

There is in fact a feast of football consisting of the House Zoo League and the inter dormitory matches as well as numerous fixtures against other schools and cub packs. A five-a-side tournament is also taking place in June with eleven local schools competing. Although it can be said that the oval ball



Mr Philip with the Wavell Football Team

predominates the round one is far from being forgotten.

N.C.B.

MY MEMORIES OF AVIEMORE 1980

The holiday really began as we approached the hut. As we trundled up the tracks leading to the hut we saw fire swatters made out of chicken wire so we called them chicken swatters. The first walk we had was the evening of the day we arrived at Rothiemurchus Lodge. Just as we got 200 metres away from the hut it started to rain but we carried on. We climbed Castle Hill and had a meal when we got back. The most exciting walk we had was when we climbed Cairn Gorm on the ski lift. As we got higher the clouds came over us but they cleared after we got off the ski lift. As we reached the top of Cairn Gorm some of us noticed we were not under the clouds but they were under us. On the summit of Cairn Gorm we had a picnic. When we had finished we set off again down the mountain. We did not have to go down very far because we were on the Cairn Gorm Plateau. When we came right round facing Cairn Gorm we all saw a cliff of about 1,000 feet drop to Loch Avon with rocks sticking out of the sides. Near the end of the walk the clouds came right down and we could only see about ten feet away from us so Mr Bruce had to use a compass. In the evenings the boys who had fishing rods went to Loch Morlich but they didn't catch anything to bring back but got very wet. Duncan Ingram caught a fish but it hit off a tree and bounced back into the water. On the last day we went to see a fish farm where we saw giant trout and we fed some of them. There was a sheep inside there trying to eat some of the fish food. The same day we went to the old steam railway from Aviemore to Boat of Garten and the seats were better I think than British Rail. The last thing we did on that day was to go to see the ospreys. We saw them through binoculars from a hide and had a glimpse of the young and the mother. That night we had a big supper with sweets, cakes, oranges, sausage rolls, biscuits and also ghost stories. Mr Philip told us one and he said he made it up as he went along. At the end he jumped up and shouted something which frightened everyone in the room. The next morning we packed up and cleaned out our rooms and by about 10 o'clock we had set out for Dunblane.

Paul Smith, P7A.

THE LIGHT

The cold air swept in through the half shut window. The dormitory was as black as ebony and the grey moonlight left many interesting shapes upon the roof. I could hardly distinguish Macdonald's bed-space in that dark foreboding corner. His long snoring and whistling indicated his presence in the dark room. My neck hairs bristled as a pinpoint eye crept across the landing. A dark black mass clung

to the little light. It crept over Hamilton's bed inspecting the ranges on hills made by his body. Over the Ben Nevis like stomach and onto the colourful Adam and the Ants poster. A derisive grunt came from the accompanying shadow. My heart began to beat loudly as the little probe flicked away and the shadow left the dormitory. Just then the brilliant light came yet again into the dark expanse of Moore 1. This time it crept over the grey floor and leapt onto my tartan rug and onto my face. I could feel the beam crawling over my face like a spider. I wondered if it was a lion. I hid like a frightened rabbit. Accidentally I knocked over my radio which clattered to the floor noisily. "What's all this noise then?" asked Mr Bruce. "Me, sir," I answered timidly. Then Mr Bruce left the dormitory along with his fearsome torch.

Michael Reid, P7A.

SUMMER

The summer sleepiness is close behind the
Daffodils
The rhythmic swaying of the grass
Slowly begins to hypnotise me
Life is green and lush
Bodies slowly turn brown upon the beach
While swifts slick and float on balmy breezes
The summer smiles as it drifts into the brownness
of Autumn.

Michael Reid, P7A.

THE HOME LOVING CAT

A fat cat sits by the blazing fire.
Purring and stretching legs as kind hands run over
its soft silky fur.
The clanging of dishes in the kitchen sends it on
its way.
Fawning and rubbing against stockinged legs.
Then back to the fire to sleep in domesticated
comfort.

Cameron McDonald, P7A.

THE ALLEY CAT

The giant tom cat
Dwells in the alley way.
When people see him
They say what
a treacherous cat
an artful cat
a vicious cat
a merciless cat
a dog despiser of a cat
a midnight demon of a cat.
No cat dare approach him,
No dog will fight him.
He hisses and spits his spite
When humans walk by.
A feline savage only half tamed.

Gary Day, P7A.

THE ENJOYMENT OF NOISE

The rattle of wheels on a bumpy road,
 The fierce hoarse croak of the warty toad,
 The rustle of the wind through the leafy trees,
 The continuous humming of busy bees,
 The steady clop of a horse's hoof,
 The tinkle of rain on an old tin roof,
 Enjoy this noise but shed a tear,
 For the deaf who can see but cannot hear.
 Graham Dargie, P7A.

A FOGGY DAY AT SCHOOL

The fog is like a wall of white mist, making everything dematerialise. Only the shrouded outline of the buildings can be seen. There is no detail, all is obscured. It opens up, lets you in and closes behind you. It sort of engulfs you. It makes everything damp and makes the spider webs into silver patterns. The birds cease to fly, they just huddle together dejectedly. The cars tag along behind each other. The children play hide and seek. If you are standing about six metres away you can only see the hazy outline of the chapel steeple. The cars coming along cannot be seen, only the dim headlights are visible with the coloured halos around them.

G. Clark, P7A.

AFTER THE BOMB

The barren wasteland stretched into the new unknown. Above me, red skies cast colourful rays down on the shattered remains of London, bathing it in a beautiful wave of light. Gone for a second was man's inhumane treatment of man that hung over the radioactive rubble like a shroud. The light faded and again I stood in a searing corner of hell. My dream was over I had to face reality. As I stumbled over the rubble something large, lurking in the shadows caught my eye. It scampered away into the monotonous heat. Scuttled back quickly and disappeared. Hate, tenacity and fear welled up inside me. First a holocaust and now the only other living thing deliberately avoiding me. In a flourish of movement it flung itself in front of me as if it knew what I was feeling and had decided to be belligerent. Its menacing body symbolised all my hate and fear. Its sting swayed in rhythmic motions above its shell like structure. I charged at it, hate and anger overcoming fear, claspings a metal strip words of hate tumbling from my swollen, cracked lips. It sensed danger and repulsed my charge by waving its claws menacingly. I tripped and fell and just when death seemed inevitable fate allied itself on my side. It disappeared in a swirling cloud of dust. I dragged myself to the newly formed crevasse which it had disappeared down. Its smashed, pulped body lay twitching in a bloody heap. Its blood was splashed in gouts all over the mass of wires and pipes the

mutant had been impaled on. I dragged myself up and trudged away into the twilight.

P. McKay.

THINKING BACK

Out of all the succession of houses I have lived in the one at Eight Richmond Avenue is my favourite. The small front garden has a narrow concrete path running down the middle. To the left of the path, as you come out of the door, there is a large bush infested with small red flowers. There are three scarlet rose bushes in the garden. A rough hedge divides our garden from our neighbour's. In the back garden my dad grows raspberries, strawberries, tomatoes and potatoes. There is a small white porch in front of the door. The dark grey bin sits sheltered by an old stone bunker. The pale white caravan just sits on the grass until the summer, then off goes the handy house on wheels. In the winter when it begins to get cold or it starts to rain, you can go into the kitchen where the cold metal kettle sits on the stove. On goes the gas and the kettle brews a welcoming cup of coffee. You then go up the narrow steep stairs to the landing. On the left there are two bedrooms – my mum's and dad's and mine. On the right there is the toilet, bathroom and my sister's bedroom. My bedroom is the smallest of all. My bed is against the far wall. On it there is a brown quilt with matching pillow cases. At the end of my bed there is a large white cupboard. On the top there is an untidy pile of games. On the shelves inside the cupboard lie boxes of family photos and an old French horn. The horn is dusty and you can't get a note out of it. Stacked at the bottom is my mum's sewing and knitting kit. There is a wardrobe opposite my bed. The door is always half open and on the shelf at the back are all my books. Hanging from the rail there are my dad's and my clothes. On the floor there is a box of old comics and magazines which will be going to hospitals. As you come in the door, on the left, there is my dressing table. On top are my models and books that I have not put away. On my bedside locker there is a lamp and an alarm clock. My bedroom is not tidy but it is comfortable.

N. Anderson, P7A.

THINKING BACK

Once I lived in a house in Darlington and in the succession of houses I have lived in this one stands out with particular clarity.

It is a red bricked big house and is situated just across from a very big park. My room is the smallest room upstairs apart from the bathroom.

This is the best house I have lived in because of the places to go in the park. The room I sleep in seems to draw me in like a magnet because of its pleasant atmosphere. I have a small sandy sideboard with four good sized drawers. If you pull the

top one out you can make it turn into a table to draw or write on. It has a small dark table floating on top of it, which holds lots of books and some quartz and some model planes ready to take off which all help to make the atmosphere. Beside this there's a small window that lets a dim light through the thin white netting which hangs over it. Then there's the chair, the big black one which is the only survivor from our old suite, while beside that sitting quietly is my little white bed-side locker with some sweets and a book from the night before.

After this I come to the place where I wander into a dreamland of fantasies and comforts – my bed. Then there's the entrance and exit. A big white door which I like because of its happy colour. Then I come to my cupboard with two dartboards above it. It is big and holds clothes I have grown out of. The walls are full of colourful posters.

There's a Liverpool one above my bed ready to kick off and score some goals. Then there's my two *Professionals* posters waiting to arrest me if I make a false move.

Sean Glenn, P7A.

MAYBE JUST A BIT OF FUN AT HALLOWE'EN

The wood looked unpleasant, malicious and mischievous, but I walked on. It was cold and the decaying wood let off a musty smell. The moon was slinking behind a sorrowful cloud. I looked up at the drooping tree tops, they seemed to be telling me to get out warning me of some great danger. They whispered gently as a mean gust of wind swirled through their bony, dry, brittle branches. I went on walking, my muscles tense and my heart thumping hard on my ribs. I had a funny feeling in the back of my mind Halloween and dark woods link up a fear. At that moment the moon came out and white-washed everything in sight. The shadows that remained loomed over me like angry giants. Then I began to tremble and I felt like crying, but something held my nerve.

I looked around me and I was confronted by many gaunt looking trees, I slowly carried on. The silence was intense but it was broken by heavy footsteps crunching through the brittle undergrowth. It then became two pair of feet. Moans came from the still air and I was filled with fear. The footsteps became a frantic rush in my direction. The urge to run over took my body. I ran and ran and dived over the burn. But then I heard panting behind me and as I looked back I saw Dargie in a Halloween mask with Rae leaping close behind. My nightmare was over.

J. J. Williamson, P7A.

THE WORD MARKET

Gather round word thirsty folk and try a pound, a tonne, or even two tonnes of my scrumptious words. No word before your scrutinising eyes is impracticable and once you say them you just can't stop.

They're really addictable. They're extraordinary, superb, spectacular! You sir have a bag of mixture specials. Hyroglyphics, for instance. A couple of cratefuls of flibbertifibets they're real good value words. For the gardeners of the crowd a few forsythias or maybe a large bag of eglantines. How about a few thousand echimyds? That's just a small one folks! In a matter of a few days you'll be a dictionarial genius. In all my days of selling words no one has ever complained about them. These words have been handed down through time. They're essential in everyday life for the future generation.

M. T. Rae, P7A.

R.09

Their Lordships, in honourable pride of our navy's superiority
Decided, through wisdom, to conceive of a floating fortress!
Working excitedly, like men possessed by a demon force,
The designers toiled feverishly, and enthusiastically,
at creating a wonder,
As if totally captured in an inventive, hypnotic trance.

Ambitious builders, like scurrying worker-ants,
labouring endlessly,
Constructed an armoured nest for fierce fighters
and flying furies.
Testing anxiously, like minute, strange nerves after
a metamorphosis,
The crew experienced the advanced capabilities,
but poor manoeuvrability,
Of the long, sleek, sea-grey, young dragonfly of
Birkenhead.

Punier vessels, jealous of the irresistible strength
of her magnificent bulk,
Witnessed her commissioning with curiosity,
amid a cacophony of racaus blasts.
Spying sneakily, like winning predators cautiously
stalking a strange, alien foe,
Potential enemies directed dangerous infiltrators
on land, sea, and in the air,
To collect vital, secret information about
Boadicea's marine successor.

Aquatic races, continuing undisturbed their dull,
but secure, natural routine
Glimpsed with startled dread the giant, shark-grey
fiend of the oceans.
Basking menacingly, like a pompous,
ferocious-fanged old walrus,
Our filmstar warrior of the briny-blue proudly
bore the colours
To encourage faithful allies, resurrect lost hopes
and protect her fans.

Irate protectors, broken-hearted at the fate selected
unfairly for their heroine,
Guarded her glorious reputation with loving
loyalty and immense support.
Dying slowly, like a once-noble whale being
flensed with acetylene knives,
This beautiful creature, near to extinction, was
melted down like blubber,
But the memory of her majestic spirit lives on in
her historic name; *Ark Royal*.

Class P7B.

THE FISH THAT WAS "TOO BIG"

The Red Spinner landed dead on spot,
The salmon attacked the red and silver fly,
The swift movement of the wrist,
Ensured that the hook bit firmly into the fish's lip,
Then, the struggle for life began,
The fisherman was reeling-in madly,
The fish, leapt out of the water,
Unexpectedly, the line snapped like thread.
The disappointed fisherman watched,
As the fish swam happily away.

S. A. Reid, P7B.

THE EXPERIENCE

Walking along the hard concrete path,
At a quick, but steady pace,
Glancing over his shoulder constantly,
Dragging a black, heavy bag along the ground,
Then silver-drop tear begin to slither out of his
eyes
Then in front of him he sees,
The iron mass of a heavy, barred, black gate.
The sweat begins to drip from his brow.
He gulps, while taking his last breath.
Entering, he feels cold and then fear.
He senses he is being watched
By many an eager-eye.
Then he slowly, cautiously, walks up the drive.
The massive build of a man approaches,
His mouth opens.
"Have a nice holiday, John?"
"Yes, sir!"

J. H. Hamilton, P7B.

FIRST BACK

The creaking door opens. I walk cautiously up the
shiny stairs into the huge, lonely, gleaming dorm
slipping and sliding as I go. I unpack my case
quickly and throw all my junk into my tall, thin,
wooden locker. Then I look round the deserted
room, and sigh. Slowly, unhappily, I make my un-
comfortable bed. I jump as the door bangs behind
me. I look round at the thirteen empty beds, and run.
Soon I stand on the long, dreary landing looking for
the others. One comes then another. At last we
become our old selves again.

Neill Wood, P7B.

DREAM ONLY A DREAM

Oh! How I dream of
Some friends and I,
Swinging wildly on tough ropes
Climbing, clambering or scuttling up trees,
Exhausting all our energies;
Speeding down a death slide;
Crawling under a tarpaulin;
Clambering over a high wall,
Racing up a scrambling-net.
Excited pupils charging about,
Like startled mountain goats.
Everyone out, inhaling fresh air,
Not stuffed-up inside.
We enjoy every moment.
It seems it could come true,
If certain people would take my hint.

S. L. Smail, P7B.

WAVELL HOUSE AT SUNSET

It was one minute to eight-thirty p.m. Suddenly a
bell rang. Complete silence had entered Wavell
House. Nobody was walking about from either
landings. Most boys were on their beds either con-
centrating on a book or they were thinking maybe
about home or the days that were to come. Maybe
they were looking around at the usual poster-
covered walls. Some boys just were too tired and
went to sleep. Most people's attention on what they
were doing was distracted when a master came
round and pulled a joke. Then suddenly a bell rang.
All the lights were put off and it was time to go to
sleep. At first boys were struggling about in their
beds while others were scraping their feet on the
floor while coming back from the toilet. Then every-
thing was still. All I could hear were the cars rushing
past the School or a master's recordplayer quietly
playing, but slowly I fell asleep.

Andrew J. Millar, P7B.

A FANTASTIC VICTORY

Nervous.
Out pops my head
From the flimsy jersey.
Goosepimples.
Arctic gale blows in my face
Teeth grit as I charge
Through the raging tunnel,
Onto the pitches.
We're ready!
A shrill echo
Pierces out hearing.
We've started!
Some noisy . . . playing well,
Some quiet . . . not playing well.
Ball slips my grasp.
A pass is made
I get my chance.
Dodging opponents,
On the line,

I dive
 Score given!
 We jump for joy.
 Our angry opponents'
 Gloomy moment
 A shrill echo sounds
 To announce,
 "Conversion scored."
 Second half is fierce
 But, no more score
 "No Side!"
 We win again
 In the sprays
 Lanigan calls
 "Fantastic try!"

Robert B. Farmer, P7B.

THE PIPER

The dripping of his soaked glengarry,
 The shaking of his baldy head,
 The projecting of his elephantine ears,
 The wrinkling of his leathery forehead,
 The twitching of his prickly eyebrows,
 The bulging of his bloodshot eyes,
 The inhaling of his cherry nose,
 The expanding of his scarlet cheeks,
 The pouting of his rubbery lips,
 The doubling of his ancient chin,
 The ponging of his moth-eaten jacket,
 The flapping of his dusty old kilt,
 The bouncing of his discoloured sporran,
 The falling of his tartan socks,
 The flapping of his size ten feet,
 The reeking of his whiskied breath,
 The pressing of his arm on bag,
 The flicking of his boney fingers,
 The thumping of his untuned drones,
 The shrieking of his skinny chanter,
 The dangling of his cut-up cords,
 The waving of his frayed banner,
 Angus McChugger, regimental piper to
 The Queen's Royal Highland Spudpeelers.

S. J. Wilson, P7B.

"THE NEXT TIME"

Anxiously waiting in the bunkers,
 Men, women and children cramped,
 Into a space, the size of a small bare corridor,
 The muck nearly as bad as the trenches.
 Sweat, glaur and spew;
 The starving and destitute;
 The smelly and sick;
 All crammed in a large steel coffin.
 Feeling poorly, worrying, half-dying,
 Waiting for the all clear signal.
 At last it comes.
 With a cheer, people run out,
 But alas most of their homes are rubble,
 Their belongings only fit for the scrap heap.
 Only the iron girders still stand.

Like the bones of a skeleton.
 So just think! If there's another war,
 It would be more horrific than this.

Philip Gower, P7B.

LUCKY ESCAPE

The dreaded and feared bell rings.
 There is the ascending beat of thumping hearts,
 In which a kind of echo follows the first sound.
 A deadly silence descends on the room.
 The door bursts open to reveal . . .
 The teacher with the black folder.
 Everyone gapes like a fish.
 Their eyes widen immensely.
 They start to tremble madly.
 The teacher glares around,
 While striding happily to his desk.
 "Exams,"
 A frightened voice whispers out.
 The teacher replies with a huge grin,
 "No exams today!"
 Fooled again by the cunning fox.

T. J. M. Millar, P7B.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE

The king of the birds looked down,
 Its eyes like hands probing for its prey,
 Its eyes grasp a speck on the ground below
 It soars up, up, up,
 And drops down like a stone,
 With its talons extended,
 It grasps its prey and carries its meal to its eyrie,
 With one plunge of its scimitar like beak,
 The bundle of fur becomes prostrate,
 And on his stoney throne,
 The king of the mountain feasts.

C. Lane, P6A.

DREAMS

Ah dreams,
 Ever lasting,
 Never ending,
 Like a little stream,
 All forgotten,
 When morning bell clangs.

E. Schooling, P6A.

THE HOBO

This poor old man,
 From civilisation he ran.
 His clothes are all tattered,
 Battered and torn,
 His mind is befuddled and all forlorn.
 He walks with his fagend,
 Just puffing away,
 Life a continual daily replay.

G. Bowden, P6A.

THE BEE

Buzz a Buzz
 Buzz
 The bee flits
 Darting to and fro
 Like a robber
 In a bank
 Stealing the honey money.

J. McAllister, P6A.

THE WASHING LINE WURG

Through laundry, pants, shirts and socks,
 The playful Wurg gently hops.
 Playful and happy he may seem,
 But when he's angry he's very mean!
 The gentle eyes that mean no harm,
 Could with one look destroy a farm,
 But, fortunately they have no need,
 To burn down homes or make men bleed.
 But when the washing gets all in a tangle,
 And plastic clothes lines break and dangle,
 Don't presuppose that strong winds came,
 For the Washing Line Wurg was probably to
 blame!

I. Gonoude, P6A.

TIGGER MY UNDERSTANDING FRIEND

Many a time I'll get told off and I'll storm up to my room in a rage, but my own special confidant will listen to my anger, and will understand everything I say. I've had Tigger for three and half years now and I had her mother two years before that. To me Tigger is not just any cat she's "My Cat", my friend whom I can trust and confide all my secrets and thoughts to. She knows how I feel when I've been told off or sent to bed and just her eyes staring sorrowfully at me each time I come in in a rage is enough to calm me down. The appearance of Tigger is that of a shaggy bundle. Her green eyes stare suspiciously at everyone and everything. Her thick coat of fur is a warm insulation but she thinks of my feet as much warmer. Although we are real friends, at certain times we loathe each other for example a few weeks ago Tigger kept getting under my feet and the dearest possession I had was ignoring me simply because I wouldn't pay any attention to it. That proves the friendly, fluffy bundle I own has a proud, majestic heart I wouldn't part with Tigger for anything. She's so precious and offers succour so she brings pleasure to the whole family.

Iain Andrew Gonoude, P6A.

GOLDEN EAGLE

Sharp talons,
 Vicious beak,
 Powerful vision,
 Feathered streak.
 Diving darting,

Swiftly swooping,
 Gliding hovering,
 Graceful looping.

Andrew Mitchell, P6B.

THE OSPREY

A shadow is cast across the
 Water as the osprey scans the loch in search of
 prey
 Its alert eyes notice a solitary fish feeding near the
 surface of the loch
 In one swift movement it attacks
 Wings back, talons forward it hits the water
 A great splash, a brief struggle then the hard
 beating of wings,
 As the victor struggles into the air, amid a shower
 of droplets.
 Its prize clamped in its talons.

Malcom Crease, P6B.

OWL

A shadow gliding through the darkness,
 No sound coming from the wide-spread wings.
 Razor-sharp talons, staring golden eyes searching
 all,
 Suddenly screechingly the owl dives at a solitary
 mouse.
 A brief tussle – then silence.
 Blood stains mark another victory.
 Once again a shadow moves but now direct to
 the shelter of a hollow tree.

Graeme Tennick, P6B.

THE WITCH

A witch zoomed through the air.
 Gleaming eyes and dark black hair.
 A nasty look is on her face.
 Her clothes are made of sooty lace.
 Her ancient face is old and pimpled.
 Her hat is long, black and wimpled.
 Where is she going?
 Who can tell?
 But then – perhaps it's just as well.

Torquil Kellie, P6B.

IN THE DESERT

Alone I walk through the desert,
 My mouth as dry as a bone.
 I fell, thinking, into the dirt,
 Thinking, thinking of home.
 Hoping someone would rescue me.
 Suddenly a plane flew past.
 I signalled frantically,
 It landed – safe at last.

Elliot Smart and G. Robertson,
 PGB.

WATER

Water trickles in the streams, down rivers, through
 canals,

Glinting in the sunlight.
 Gathering twigs, leaves and seeds.
 It's lovely, peaceful, beautiful,
 But then pollution attacks.
 The rainbow spread of oil,
 The glint of sunlight on tins,
 The ruining of Nature.

Jason Cruickshank, P6B.

THE BAGPIPE

The bagpipe is the queerest thing,
 Ye squeeze the bag tae mak it ging,
 If ye're nae guid ye'll mak folk deef,
 An fill their heids wi' noise an grief.

Scott Johnstone, P6B.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER

The train steams steadily down the track,
 Clickety-clack, Clickety-clack,
 Steadily on through the pelting rain,
 Clickety-clack, Clickety-clack.
 Ahead on the river a mighty wind blows,
 Shaking girders loose though nobody knows.
 Onward the train through the wind and the rain,
 The weather was like a hurricane.
 Onward it steamed towards its terrible fate,
 With some passengers angry because it was late.

Alex Veitch, P6B.

(With apologies to William McGonagall.)

THE GAMES ROOM

I was walking past my bedroom door when I heard a crash inside. Gently, I opened the door a crack to look inside. The door creaked and for a moment I thought it might be heard, but with the clamour that was going on inside it was hardly likely.

I stared in and could hardly believe my eyes at the scene I saw before me. My bed had been stripped of sheets and blankets, and turned on its side. Behind it, a soup pan resting firmly on his head sat my little brother, John. He was trying to find something to throw at my little sister, Heather, who, crouching behind the upturned tables, was constantly bombarding him, with a well aimed barrage of my best models. Looking more closely, I noticed that one of the table legs was broken. I saw it in Heather's left hand. She was using it to beat off whatever missiles John found. To my horror, I saw my best ever model in pieces near the table. During a lull in the battle, I had a quick look round. My wall mirror was shattered. All my posters were ripped to shreds. My bedclothes were arranged like a rampart in one corner. The paintwork was cracked and chipped. Even my radio had been broken beyond repair, the batteries being used as ammunition. The electric light was even broken.

I decided things had gone far enough. I burst in and grabbed them both. As I led them downstairs they began to whimper like puppies.

J. Andrew Easson, IIA.

BASIL FAWLTY

He is tall, straight and thin as clothes just out of a wringer. He wears a neat, two-piece tweed suit, in his usual fashion. His wide, brown eyes seem to be fixed in a permanent stare. He is forever barking out orders to Manuel, the dithering Spanish waiter who never seems to get anything right, or Polly the maid. He has a mischievous manner something like that of a chimpanzee. He could annoy you without the faintest idea that he was doing it. One thing to watch out for is the fact that he is quick to anger. If he is in a bad temper it is very wise to keep out of his way. Manuel is frequently hit, slapped or kicked for various petty reasons. Come to think of it, the poor little fellow has quite a time. He finds it difficult to learn English but if he does anything wrong he is hit.

Basil and his wife, Sybil, are constantly at each other's throats. There's never any peace when they start arguing. In fact, there never is any peace in that hotel. One day there's a false fire alarm, another, rat poison on the meat. It's like a madhouse in there.

J. Andrew Easson, IIA.

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

Looking through his one good eye he focussed on his other eye through the mirror. The first thing he saw was the light red patch where the glove landed. His eyelids were almost welded together with dry blood. He could see the marks his "second" had made attempting to cut his upper eyelid. A cut below the eye was swelling forcing his eyelids nearer together.

He moved his eye down from his bad eye to his nose. What a mess! The left nostril was split sending a gush of blood down past his lips.

The nose itself was knocked sideways and broken in at least two places. The blood from his nose mingled with the blood of his mangled lips. The upper lip, he saw, was cracked and swelling blocking him from seeing his lower lip. Three teeth marks stood out on his upper swelling lip caused when his chin was knocked upward.

He lifted his head higher to see his chin. It had a bright shiny blue bruise that shone with the light from behind him.

He made his eye follow the outline of his face. On his left cheek there was a rope burn from when he hit the ropes. On the right temple stood out a large purple bruise. He looked into the reflection of his good eye. He could see the only working feature on his face. Slowly he closed his eyes as he watched a tear roll down his slightly reddened cheek.

Jeremy Hair, 2A, 1L.

HABITS

While talking to a friend I noticed his habits. Everything he did was in order. While we were on the subject of leaving school he rubbed the back of his neck and then changed legs because he was standing on one leg and leaving the other one

loose. Then he scratched his armpit and rubbed the back of his neck. He always said "right" after every two or three words. Rubbing the back of his neck again he burped and said "Uups" and again he changed legs. We were about to change the subject of our conversation when he rubbed his neck and scratched his armpit again. I was beginning to find this rather amusing and before long I was almost laughing.

Again he rubbed his neck and cracked his knuckles, then he changed legs again. It was like he was rubbing his neck to pass information to do something. We were on the subject of getting a job after school and he started blinking every time the word job came up. Again he rubbed his neck, burped saying "Uups" again and scratched his armpit and changed feet one after the other. After he did it for about five or ten minutes he had me rubbing my neck.

Jeremy Hair, IIA, 1L.

THE OLD MAN

He walked through the door, a man about 75 and not very tall. He had short grey spiked hair, little screwed up eyes and his jaw stuck out from the rest of his face. His tongue stuck out under his bottom lip so that his lip stuck out even more than his jaw. His nose was small and flattened as if it had been broken before and not re-set properly.

His clothes were old and uncleaned and didn't match each other, he rarely wore shoes and nearly always wore wellingtons, even when he was in his dressing-gown.

He walked up to the chair by the table and sat down, coughing and spluttering all over the table, not bothering to put his hand over his mouth. He took a cigarette out of his pocket; it was only about half an inch long and he had found it in the gutter as he walked down the street one day. He put it to his lips with his hand that had a glove on it with the fingers cut out. His other hand was bare because he had lost his other glove when his horse ate it last year. He lit his cigarette but didn't take into account how short it was and soon burnt his lips. He gave out a scream and acted as if he was out of breath and started to shout "Harold".

Dugald Allan Revie, IIIB, 1L.

THE PERFORMANCE

The bareback rider entered the ring on a snow-white stallion with plumes reaching out from its bridle. She stood on the horse's back in the pose of Cupid then gracefully let herself down to sit sidesaddle.

The great stallion cantered round the ring its hooves pounding with a rhythmic beat kicking up the sawdust behind it.

The rider slid down the side of the horse and kicked herself off the ground and right over to the other side showing her agility and speed. She

lowered herself round and under the horse's neck hanging just above its knees when they lifted.

The horse was sweating and panting, the sweat glistening under the spotlights that relentlessly shone down upon its heaving body; continually circling the ring at the same steady pace.

Oohs! and aahs! went up from all around the big top as the girl did a handstand on the horse's rump. The band started playing and she left the ring smiling and waving to tremendous applause.

Alistair E. Macdonald, IIIB.

THE ROOM

As I opened the door I scrutinised the jagged hole in the panelling but nothing was going to prepare me for the shock of the inside of the room.

I took a step forward and slipped on a cream bun. As I fell I caught sight of the goldfish in a pint of beer nibbling at a cigar butt. On the floor I gazed at the ceiling half the plaster had come off and was now rubbed into the carpet. The carpet apart from the plaster was really in quite a mess. It was wringing wet and stank of beer. I had several holes in it and a smashed lightbulb ground down. In the corner was a repulsive mass where someone had been sick. The television screen was covered in jam and the record player was in pieces. Under the ash covered table and partly covered by a broken chair leg was a flattened cucumber sandwich. The lamp-shade was on the hat stand and a shoe was under the sideboard. It must have been a good party.

S. B. Buchanan, IIA.

THE FAT MAN

As I was sitting in the cafe thinking about what I was going to eat a man walked in. Well you could not actually say walked – wobbled would be more the right expression. He drooped into the chair, it creaked rebelliously and the legs bent dangerously. I thought for a moment it was going to collapse. When he wiggled his bottom the fat spilled over the side of the chair in thick rolls. His stomach did not "the muscles had long since given up" it sagged. A polar bear would have been lost if it had walked into him.

Then he started eating. He lapped up his soup like a thirsty dingo and he made nasty sounding drawn out slurps. His triple chin was bouncing up and down covered in the grease from his pork chops. A hungry pig would have had better manners. He could hardly hold his knife and fork his fingers were so thick, and his eyes rolled every time something was put in his cavernous mouth.

S. B. Buchanan, IIA.

THE STREET FIGHTER

He staggered into the bathroom and stared at the mirror. He rubbed his eyes softly. His face was puffed up and had patches of blue with slight tinges

of black and yellow. His mouth hung open in shocked amazement which deepened as he saw the wide blood-red gap at the front of his mouth. His nose was fat and squashed like a rotten tomato and he had a large lump where the bone was broken. His chin had been cut and it showed as a red welt on his unshaved skin. His left ear was covered in dry crusted blood and a small piece was missing. His eyes were half-closed and bloodshot and his pupils different sizes. He had a big black and blue bruise over each eye. His hair was lank and knotted and covered in congealed blood. The street fight had been very vicious.

S. B. Buchanan, IIA.

THE DRUG

She walked into the studio still wondering if she was doing the right thing. She was hoping the ad in the paper was true if it was she would be leaving the studio in twenty minutes looking like a twenty-one year old, blue eyed blonde. At this moment she was a sixty-nine year old freak of nature. Her face was wrinkled and black, her nose was as crooked as her walking stick and twice as long.

She walked into Studio Nine where everything was set up. The show was to go on live because the director thought it would be good for publicity. "Over here, love," a voice called from in front of one of the cameras. "Just drink this while you look into the cameras." He handed her a small flowery cup containing a substance that looked like blood. She opened her mouth and gulped down the potion. At first there was no change then she started gasping for air, her trembling fingers clutched at her stomach. After about ten seconds she collapsed in a heap on the shiny floor. She saw the studio director's face grinning at her. It was the last thing she ever saw.

Grant Larsen, IIA.

THE CAT

The leaves rustle as they are blown through a derelict torndown house onto the street. In the background faint sounds of children screaming can be heard. Nothing moves in the street apart from a few doors and shutters, the leaves and a black, scraggy cat. His tail trails like a bride's dress and his ears are pinned up like two antennae. He's aware of every movement.

He drags himself up to a derelict shop, the windows smashed in and the walls covered in graffiti. Outside stand black tinted dustbins and lids without handles. He suddenly surges forward onto the post of a fence and turns his head to the bottom of the garden. He thinks of investigating down there but changes his mind because the so-called garden could pass as a paddy field. He leaps down and quickly scampers away through the old house into the street.

David Laird.

TWO FACED

He looked into the old saloon-type mirror which he had just wiped with a grimy sleeve. His eyes were a strange light blue, set like cold tempered steel, hard, unyielding, fearless yet hateful, showing the presence of his Swedish mother.

His hair was jet black, thick and matted, uncombed and unwashed for weeks. His eyebrows were the same, thick, black and matted. The stubble was a day old, thicker at the moustache showing the presence of his Mexican father.

His skin was lean and tanned through many days in the desert sun, stretched tight like a bear skin on Indian stretching poles. He sighed and looked away.

Gary Grant, IIA.

THE SILENT ARGUMENT

There were three people in the squash courts – myself, and two others having a game. I was in the gallery.

All of a sudden, a racket flicked forward to hit the ball, like a swatter trying to hit a fly, but instead of hitting the streak of vivid blue that was the ball, the tip of the racket slammed against another, and the racket clattered from the hand that held it.

The racket's owner moved forward to pick it up, grabbed it from the floor, and started to say something – the perspex sheet stopped me from hearing what. His opponent, a black-haired fourteen-year-old in an old red and green tracksuit, turned slightly dark in the face, but regained his self-control, put on a smug face, and started to nod sarcastically in agreement with every jerk of the offended player's finger at him. The finger was a dagger, stabbing forward against its background of dull wooden floor. The finger stopped, seemingly conscious of what it was doing and slowly retracted to form a fist. The purple sweat shirt sleeve pulled back slightly, to reveal a reddening wrist; and then the arm halted in mid-air. Suddenly, the offended player's racket was hurled to the floor, and he walked quickly from the court.

The opponent jumped slightly at the clatter of the racket; and then he followed his "mate" out of the court, running and looking apologetic – his shoulders shrugged, and his eyebrows raised. I heard the door slam twice, and so I went down to the silent, empty white court, with its pockmarked wall. After all, a game was what I'd come for.

M. Sinclair, IIIB.

THE ACTOR

He sat down heavily onto a wooden folding chair, and sighed in weariness. He stared with bleary eyes into a darkened mirror ringed with light bulbs, mounted on a dressing table. He switched on the bulbs, and flinched at the sudden, almost painful, illumination of the room. He gazed into the mirror, his eyes growing accustomed to the light, and looked at his face. It was a thin face, with a high

forehead that was dosed liberally with freckles; his hair was long and straight; a dull, dark, mucky brown. (He hated the continuity director, saying he shouldn't change it, because it would show.) Further down, two sparse, long eyebrows with little "twitches" of hair at the end. They were a shade lighter than his hair – something that a few people looked at twice.

He blinked, slowly, his eyelids dragged over his dry eyes. He looked at the mirror again, staring at them. They contrasted with his hair – they were a clear, icy blue, with the retinal pattern like a spider's web, segmenting the blue, fracturing the ice surrounding the small, deep black pupils.

He blinked again, and looked at the thin, protruding beak of a nose that was his, with its slitlike nostrils that flared only slightly with breath; at the stubbled upper lip, and the cleft chin; at the thin slit of a mouth; and finally at his flattened ears and drawn cheeks, at those high, freckled cheekbones; and thought to himself, "God, I feel awful."

M. Sinclair, IIIB.

THE ROOM

I walked up the dark stairs, with the landlady gibbering away like a pack of monkeys. She opened the door, flashing a toothless smile at me, and demanding the twenty pounds a week rent.

I took the key and pushed open the door to the angry protest of rusty hinges. The smell of decay hit me like a physical blow and I had to stop myself from retching.

"It needs to be done up a bit," she said and hobbled quickly down the stairs.

She had just uttered the understatement of the year. The once blue carpet was almost threadbare, the wallpaper was peeling, and there were damp patches on the ceiling. A crack was smeared across the window pane, and I think the window sill had once seen a coat of paint. Dust lay thick and even, the light didn't work, and a faded picture of Ché Guevara on the back of the ancient door didn't help either.

I shut the door torturing again the rusty hinges. I lit a match then the small candle sitting on the bare rickety table. A hard backed chair was sitting near the table, and the bed and cupboard looked as though they were going to collapse.

"Twenty quid a week for a pigsty. Charming!"

John Weir, IIIB.

THE "FRIENDS"

"Skinny freak," he snarled as we walked towards the playing fields.

"He thinks he's so smart with his sly comments and jokes."

"He only wants to be noticed," I feebly protested. It didn't even sound convincing to me.

"Shut up," he spat angrily. "What I would give to punch him in his teeth."

We walked on lost in our thoughts. He was planning his next attack, while I was thinking of a defence.

"Dirty little Chinaman," he said, gloating over this new phrase. "Shut up!" I yelled, "Just lay off him."

"You're no angel, yourself," he counterattacked. Which started a battle of insults. "Hi!" the insulter shouted to the one he had just finished insulting. "How're you getting on?" I watched this charade in amazement. "The two faced dog," I muttered, and walked away.

John Weir, IIIB.

C.C.F. Section

Contingent Commander: Wg. Cdr I. T. Williams

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

O.C. R.A.F. Section: Flt Lt J. P. Urie

Adjutant: Capt. J. Deeley

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

2 i/c R.A.F. Section: Plt Off. M. J. Boast

S.S.I./Q.M.: Mr R. Brown

Supernumerary to Establishment:

Major J. D. Hankinson

The C.C.F. Notes in the 1979 edition of the School magazine made the observation that "... whilst our cadet strength remains constant our adult staff was ... below the establishment strength thus placing an increasingly heavier burden on the 'aging' adult staff." The cadet strength in 1981 still remains constant and still within the same age range – between thirteen and eighteen years of age. The adult staff of '79 are still with us (and still aging!) but have since been strengthened and invigorated with the transfusion of three "youngsters". Mr Boast came to us fresh without any previous service with H.M. Forces or Cadets but he has already attended two camps and the R.A.F.V.R.(T.) Administrative Course, and is "learning fast"; Mr Brown has the benefit of having served with R.E.M.E. and with the Glasgow Police Force and has already been initiated into our annual camps; Mr Hankinson brings with him his vast experience as a former Contingent Commander having been originally commissioned as a National Service officer in the Royal Norfolk Regiment – Major Hankinson has re-vitalised our N.C.O. Cadres training by conducting a most interesting course for twelve post-proficiency cadets (8 Army and 4 R.A.F.) and, in his other role, Mr Hankinson, the Headmaster, has visited us at camp. (In both capacities, however, he has continued to wear the gown – his enthusiasm for all things C.C.F. has not yet extended to "swinging the kilt"!)

Competition for the Recruits Cups, open to cadets undergoing training for the Proficiency Part



Cunningham House

I Tests – a common course for both Army and R.A.F. Sections – was again keenly contested. The winners of the 1979 competition were Cadets Robert B. Bruce (Army) and Andrew E. Mackintosh (R.A.F.). Cadets Linden M. Ingram and Martin G. C. Sinclair won the 1980 competition for the Army and R.A.F. Cups respectively.

Lieutenant General Sir David Young, K.B.E., C.B., D.F.C., General Officer Commanding the Army in Scotland, was the Inspecting Officer at our 1980 C.C.F. Annual Inspection in October. His remarks and official comments, as well as his continued keen, personal interest in the School's contingent as a member of Her Majesty's Board of Commissioners for the School, are much appreciated. We shall miss out on an official inspection this year – 1981 is a "Reporting Year".

We were again invited to fill "spare slots" on the Joint Cadet Executive's R.N. Training Courses. Cadets Colin Fletcher, Kevin Hainey and Andrew Mutch of the Army Section and Cadets Sandy Borthwick and Alan McLennan of the R.A.F. Section successfully completed Range Firing Courses at H.M.S. *Cochrane*; Cadet Tom Brunton

(Army) and J/Cpl Simon Deuchars and Cadet Alex Girvan (both R.A.F.) endured and enjoyed a course that was officially described in the hand-out as consisting of "a varied and challenging practical programme of boatwork in 27 ft whalers/32 ft cutters, canoeing, mountain walking, camping and introduction to rock climbing"! They were based at Garelochhead but the horizon and the sky held no limits to their activities; Cpls Alan White and Colin Geddie (both R.A.F.) attended sailing courses at H.M.S. *Caledonia* where the former qualified for the R.Y.A.'s Elementary and, the latter, the Intermediate Day Boat Certificates (Tidal). L/Cpls Kevin Hainey and Iain Hutton (both Army) attended the U.K.L.F. Cadet Leadership Course during the Easter break. The aim of the course, held in the Stantord Training Area, Norfolk, is to develop cadets' powers of leadership whilst, at the same time, providing some first hand experience of the Regular Army.

Presentation teams from all three arms of the services visited the School during the course of the year and these stimulated much interest amongst a number of boys – twenty-two members of the 4th

and 5th years having sought interviews with the Royal Navy, Army or R.A.F. Careers Information Services.

We are grateful for the assistance we receive in so many ways and from a variety of sources in our endeavour to fulfil the aim and broad functions of the Combined Cadet Force.

I.T.W.

N.C.O. CADRE

The N.C.O. Cadre of 8 Army Section boys and 4 R.A.F. boys, with Ewen McLay as leading spirit, underwent a conglomerate training programme over the autumn and spring terms under the multi-aegis of the Headmaster, who likes to suggest from time to time that he has impressive military knowledge and then rapidly disappears to let someone else instruct us. Mr John Rankin of Glasgow and Strathclyde University gave us several weeks of lessons on methods of instruction, and shooting and safety instruction. C.T.T. taught us how to drill a squad, and the second year were given to us as guinea pigs while we were assessed. We spent a most enjoyable and inevitably cold weekend at Glencorse where we not only met a Q.V., now 2nd Lt McKinnel, but also fired the S.M.G. and S.L.R., and nearly died on Castlelaw doing battle drills in sub-zero temperatures. Our kindly Headmaster organised two overnight expeditions for us, both of which were noteworthy in that never had so much rain fallen on so few for so long. Our Cadre is over and it is to be hoped that we will be the better N.C.Os. next year.

J.D.H.

SKI CAMP, 1981

Ski camps seem to fall into certain categories such as the year we were blown off the mountain – the year when conditions were perfect – the year we had too much snow. This year's camp will be remembered as the one of shortages – short of snow and short of cash. I do not know which was the more serious.

We set off hopefully with seventeen cadets most of them quite experienced and some who had only been on skis once or twice. The only snow to be found was right at the very top and even that was patched up with matting to cover up the holes and the streams. Judging by the look of the slopes, the beginners had to learn fast. They did – thanks to the expertise of our instructors, Lt Watson, Plt Off. Boast and Tommy Thompson. I think Brigadier Marston was quite impressed by what he saw when he visited us.

After two days they were able to tackle Corrie-na-Ciste which is for advanced and intermediate skiers only. To me it looked absolutely horrifying. By this time we were running short of cash. What had cost us £67 for day tickets last year had soared to £102 this year. There was nothing else for it but to buy

ten run tickets and by a careful bit of dodging they seemed to manage not too badly, but I shouldn't think it put too much into the coffers of Ciarngorm Chairlift Co.

We were lucky and at the end of the week we had seventeen cadets still in one piece and all quite confident skiers even if they were a bit sore in places. "Bending the ankles" is no mean feat in ski boots but it appears to be very necessary.

I am most grateful to all the adult staff who made this a very successful camp.

J.G.F.

ARMY SECTION

Cadet N.C.Os. (as at 30th April, 1981):

C.S.M. G. G. Johnston, C/Sgt A. Murison, Sgts J. A. D. Lewis, D. J. Wilson, G. W. Newton, Cpls J. A. Gardner, W. T. Young, W. B. McCrimmon, R. K. W. Macdonald, L/Cpls D. A. Craft, D. T. Laverie, R. B. Bruce, E. McLay, T. C. Brunton, D. Grant, K. Hainey, M. Henderson, I. M. Hutton, R. Letford, D. J. MacLennan.

SUMMER CAMP, 1980

My apologies for the non-appearance in the last issue of *The Victorian* of the camp report. They seem to have got lost somewhere along the line.

We spent last summer's camp at Lochgilphead. As things turned out, it was one of those camps. Prior to our arrival someone had burned down the cookhouse and dining hall. However we did manage to survive with hired equipment – probably a bit primitive but nevertheless – functional, and the dining accommodation although cramped was adequate and from the cadets point of view was much more easily kept clean.

I recall discussing C.C.F. camps with Mr Hankinson on his arrival at School and boasting that we had never lost a single cadet in all the years I had been to camp. Perhaps I should have kept quiet. In spite of repeated warnings to use map and compass carefully and that every mountain top looks alike we lost *THE* lot. Fortunately one enterprising cadet realising there was something wrong – or by asking the local farmer where he was, phoned the police who contacted us. They were only about fifteen miles in the wrong direction as the crow flies and one the crows would have difficulties keeping a straight course in that territory. A very kindly farmer gave them permission to camp on his farm with tap water laid on and all mod cons.

The following day we ferried them all to the proper start point for that day, going on the assumption that lightning could not strike twice in the same place. It did! Three hundred yards from the final check point and in sight of Lochgilphead the first section failed to turn off and headed straight into the forest only to be followed by the other sections. They would probably still be walking if they had not been found by Capt. Deeley.

It was with our tongues in our cheeks that we sent them out the following day on a three day expedition in pouring rain and visibility down to half a mile. It was a relief at the first check point to see them coming down the hill side right on course. They must have learned a lot from the hard lesson of the weekend and without any incidents everybody arrived safely at the bivouac site on time where we had a visit from Mr and Mrs Hankinson. I think they rated them fairly highly as campers, but judging by the expression on their faces when they sampled the cooking their rating as cooks was pretty low.

The hill walk the following day caused no problems but a rather long road walk after lunch did nothing for the feet and we did a brisk trade in the evening with elastoplast. There was nothing difficult in the last day's trek and they all arrived on time for the bus – blisters or no blisters, and it was back to camp for a decent meal.

I am most grateful to the local farmers, landowners and the Forestry Commission for all their assistance, and of course to Capt. Deeley for all the driving and quartermastering. Lt Watson being the youngest officer does most of the leg work for which I am truly thankful. He was assisted by Cpls Henderson, Wilson and Hathaway. We also welcome D/M Brown to the Corps and he proved a very useful person to have around and of course last but not least, Mr Shaw with his home cooking no camp would be complete.

J.G.F.

SIGNALS SECTION

Thanks to the assistance from S.S.M. Fowler and his helpers from 242 Signals Squadron, our instructors put two groups through their signals exams.

From the third year group the following passed first time: D. Barr, S. Black, S. Borthwick, A. Bovington, A. Cameron, P. Collie, M. Feighan, B. Gillespie, A. Halliday, L. Ingram, A. Law, A. McDonald, S. McDonald, M. Strachan and L. Young.

The others – D. Fox, R. McCrimmon, A. Meiklejohn, D. Morrison and G. Nicol – passed after a re-sit.

In the fourth year group G. Harrison, S. Hill, A. Mutch, L. Smart and P. Stewart passed first time, while C. Fletcher, A. Haley, I. Hutton, A. Ingram and E. London passed after a re-sit. All those in the fourth year group, named above, went on to sit and pass the Assistant Signals Instructors Exam. Congratulations are due to everyone concerned.

After the successful weekend camp last year at Kinlochrannoch with 242 Signals Squadron a number of the instructors will be attending the camp again this year.

G.M.W.

R.A.F. SECTION

Cadet N.C.O.s (as at 30th April, 1981) :

Sgts A. R. White, B. D. Nelson, Cpls N. R. Collie, A. C. McLay, C. J. W. Geddie, S. M. Henderson, M. E. Ferguson, J/Cpls M. A. Black, A. S. Borthwick, S. I. Deuchars, I. A. Fernie, A. C. Mackay, A. E. Mackintosh, D. I. Sutherland, D. Aitken, D. Burns, A. K. McLeman, A. W. M. Reid.

At the start of the session in September twelve recruits joined us to commence their Proficiency Part 1 training thus bringing us up to the full establishment strength of forty-five cadets. This part of their training should be completed in the summer term and Part 2 well under way before camp.

All cadets at the Proficiency Parts 2 and 3 stage have completed the syllabus and have now successfully passed the examinations in both Parts. To qualify for the R.A.F. Proficiency Certificate a cadet must pass (a) the Part 1 tests, (b) Part 2 tests and written examinations in Principles of Flight and Aircraft Operation, and (c) the Part 3 written examinations in Engines, Weather and Air Navigation. The tests are examined by the Cadet Training Team and Contingent Staff, whilst the written examinations are prepared and marked by H.Q. Air Cadets Staff, R.A.F. Newton. The R.A.F. Proficiency Certificate bears a grade of either 'Pass', 'Credit' or 'Distinction' – the grade reflecting the result achieved in the final written examinations. Martin Sinclair excelled himself by gaining a 'Distinction' with 96%; Alan O'Donnell (92%), Ian Hay (90%) and Graham MacKay (90%) also gained 'Distinctions'. Douglas Fishwick, Stuart MacKenzie, Ian Kennedy, Dugald Revie, John Steel, Iain Sutherland and Alex Girvan gained 'Credits'. This is a most creditable achievement and compares most favourably with the good results of 1979/80 – two 'Distinctions' and six 'Credits'. Well done, instructors and candidates.

Primary Glider Training continues under the supervision of Flt/Sgt Alan Blackman, our Liaison S.N.C.O. from R.A.F. Turnhouse who gives us a tremendous service despite economies/cutbacks/the moratorium/travel restrictions, etc. Cdt/Sgt Alan White was our sole representative in attending a continuous gliding course in the summer of 1980 – he 'went solo' and 'gained his wings' at the Gliding School at Arbroath. We have six cadets ready, eager and waiting for the go-ahead from H.Q.A.C. for the summer of 1981.

R.A.F. Locking, Weston-super-Mare was the venue of our 1980 Annual Camp. Our contingent arrived early on the Saturday morning after an all-night journey. The discomfort and tediousness of travelling was well compensated by a most spectacular welcome – our arrival co-incided with the station's Open Day, the highlight of which was a visit and display by the Red Arrows and the Free-fall Parachute Team. Another interesting feature was the History of Radar Exhibition. Popular amongst

the cadets were 'on station' visits to the Electronics, Radio and Radar, and Computer Sections. Other activities included shooting on the open range, swimming at Weston-super-Mare Baths, an evening's gliding with the local club, Air Experience Flying at R.A.F. Kemble (the home of the Red Arrows and where we once again met up with them on their return from an Air Display in Italy) and a hike/map reading exercise on the Quantocks where we discovered that South-West England isn't really flat – not even to the Scots. A free day was spent on a visit to the Cheddar Caves and Wookey Hole and later a half-day visit was made to

the R.N.A.S. Museum at Yeovilton. All this in one week! Yet, some 'fitba' daft cadets found time to play in an indoor 5-a-side evening tournament and Mrs Williams, who was caravanning locally, is reputed to have given late supper (or was it early breakfast!) to equally 'daft' anglers from Q.V.S. who could not resist a late evening's fishing.

For our Summer Camp 1981 we turn our backs on the South-West and travel North-East to R.A.F. Lossiemouth – round the corner from the Army Section at Dingwall.

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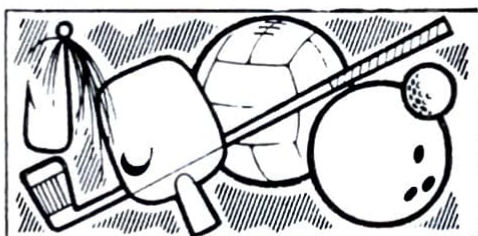
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For full details, consult your School Careers Staff or write to:-

Schools Liaison Officer

**Army Headquarters Scotland
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