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QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

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



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

It was officially opened by King Edward VII in 1908 and has functioned continuously as a School for the sons of Servicemen since 1909; nearly 4,000 boys have passed through the School in that time. There are places for 270 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 10 and 11. 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, an SC SYS, though the School does not bind itself to keep all boys after they have 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, to subscribe to the School magazine, a personal accident insurance scheme and a sports subscription.

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

PATRON

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

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OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL

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

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

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

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

Teachers in the Secondary School:

Art

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

English

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

Mr W. G. WEBSTER, B.A., B.D.

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

Rev. E. G. MILTON, R.N.R.

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.

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

Rev. E. G. MILTON, R.N.R.

Physical Education

Mr M. J. BOAST, B.A.

Science

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

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

Mr A. L. BOVILL, L.I.Biol., Teacher's Cert.

Technical Subjects

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

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

Housemasters in the Senior School

Mr SCOTT is Housemaster of Haig

(Forms VI, V, IV)

Mr WILLIAMS is Housemaster of Cunningham

Mr WEBSTER is Housemaster of Trenchard

Mr BOVILL is Careers Master

Teachers in the Primary School

Housemaster and Head of Primary School – Mr N. C. BRUCE, B.A.

Deputy Housemasters – Mr H. D. BROWN, D.C.E.

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

Assistant Master – Mr G. D. M. CARROLL, D.C.E.

Visiting Music Master – Mr G. McINTEE, C.E.Dir.Mus., L.T.C.L.

Visiting Metalwork Master – Mr I. MACLEAN, Dip.Tech.Ed.

Resident Church of Scotland Chaplain – Rev. E. G. MILTON, R.N.R.

Episcopalian Church – Rev. Canon J. F. W. SYMON, M.A.

Roman Catholic Church – Father C. ADAMSON

Visiting Doctors

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

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

Dr A. POLLOCK, M.B., Ch.B.

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

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

Visiting Dentist – Mr A. J. K. McCULLOCH, B.D.S.

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

Assistant Nurse – Miss M. McHUGH, S.E.N.



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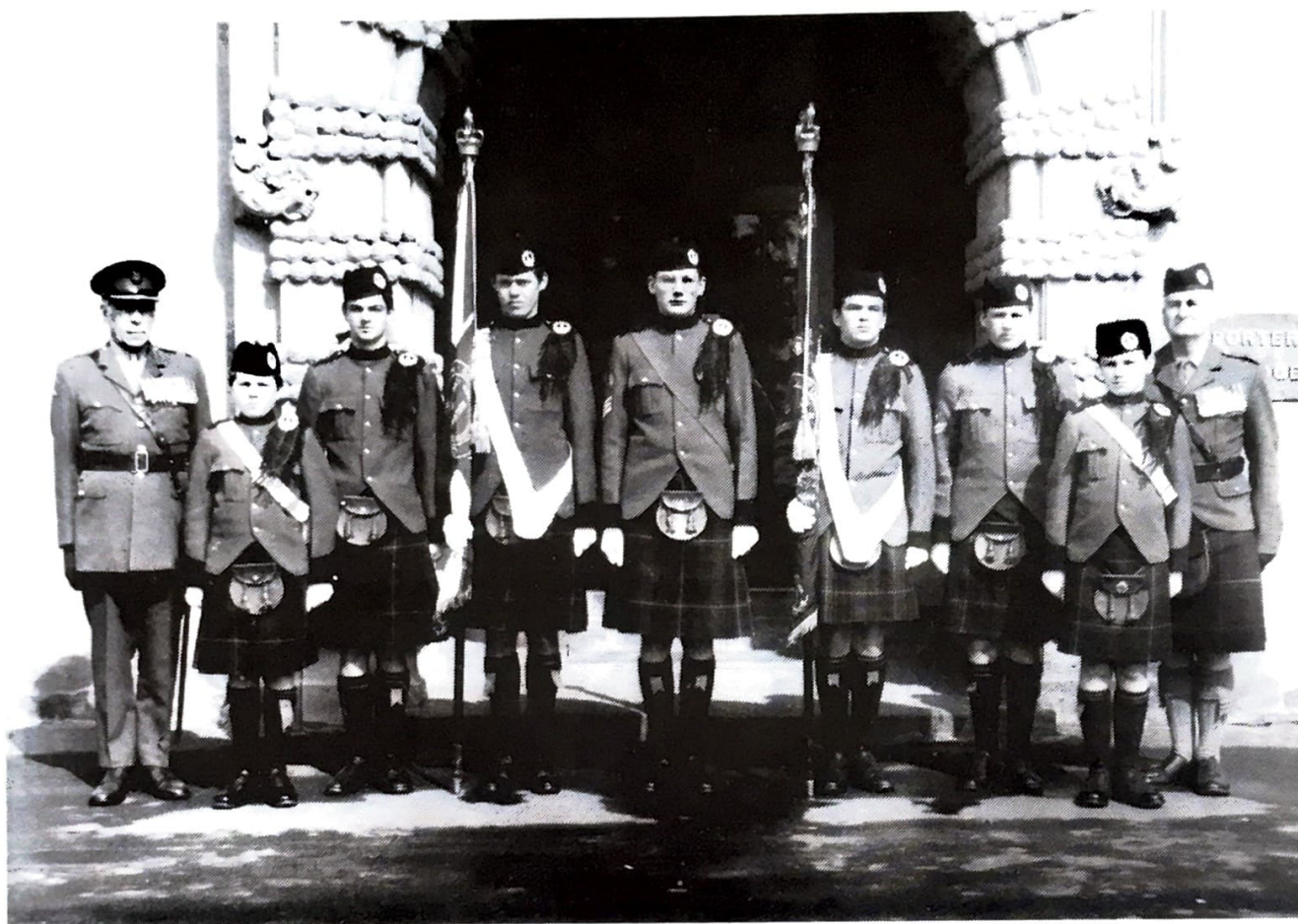
Commandant's Notes

Queen Victoria School is 75 years old this year. On a cold grey day in September 1908 King Edward VII came from Balmoral by train and carriage to perform the Opening Ceremony. The first boys entered the School in 1909. In September 1983 School Number 3964 will be allocated to the newest joined boy. How different is he and how different is the life he will lead at Queen Victoria School compared with those far off days at the beginning of the 20th Century?

Elsewhere in the pages will be found a selection of reminiscences of former Victorians, mostly written in their later years and often from far away places, but always recalling in amazingly vivid detail their lives and experiences here. It is clear that the place made a tremendous impact upon them and in many cases it shaped their lives. This is, first of all, surprising because usually it takes a long time for a new foundation to achieve a charisma of its own and to exert an influence. More than that, this characteristic of Queen Victoria School has endured. Old Boys still return, apparently just to be here again and to relive some of their past. People do not do that unless their emotions are involved. "I hope I never see the place again" is not a sentiment I have often heard expressed here; more usually it is to note in tones of approval that "things don't seem to have changed much".

Of course things have changed, outwardly. Most obviously it is now first and foremost an academic establishment. In the Golden Jubilee number of *The Victorian*, in July 1958, it was observed that "When the School was founded fifty years ago the aim of the

founders was not only educational but social and philanthropic also; the two latter considerations probably carried more weight than the former. In those days, poverty, hardship and misery were too often the lot of the bereaved and the orphan and indeed of many dependants of the serving sailor or soldier". In those days the emphasis was social rather than educational: to provide care and shelter as a prime need. By 1958 grinding poverty had disappeared; sickness, unemployment and old age were not the spectres they had formerly been for the great mass of the population. The concept of the function of the School had changed and there was less emphasis on maintenance and shelter. "The prime function of the School is educational" it was stated. The process continues twenty-five years later. The harshness of existence in the early days, and it was harsh in spite of the gruff kindness of the old soldiers who staffed the place, has been replaced by an ordered, purposeful, well provided but not lavish life, geared to the serious business of gaining an education in a competitive world. But much remains from the past. Work is balanced by play, of many kinds and to high standards. Thought is given to others less fortunate: community service is included in a very full time table. Religion is in the forefront of our lives still with compulsory daily chapel and a full service on Sundays. The Colours, the Pipe Band, Grand Day, are still distinctive features. Members of staff still give dedicated service to the School. Older eyes which chance to read these remarks may doubt it, but the boys are the same. They are the same stock and they show, when pressed, the same enduring qualities, the same guts, to use an unambiguous word, as did their predecessors. Times have changed and the environment, but I don't think the nation has, nor the boys of Queen Victoria School. I have one doubt only. Do we laugh as much as folk here did in years gone by? We must be careful that the earnestness of life does not become an end in itself.



The Commandant and Mr Deeley with the Colour Party

How then to sum up the first 75 years of this School. Long before our opening in 1908 the first Headmaster of another great school wrote, "an old School has pride and dignity: a young School must have energy". This, it seems to me, is the key to success in most endeavours. I am happy to say that Queen Victoria School bristles with energy and long may it continue so.

Having written of the past I must say something about the future. Readers of these Notes will know that in recent years the School has implemented a variety of measures aimed at economy. Staff levels have come down from 94 to 67, happily without any loss of academic subjects or reduction of teaching staff. Contract catering was introduced successfully last September and contract cleaning will begin in 1983/84. Nevertheless QVS remains an expensive establishment, with annual per capita costs on a par with similar boarding schools which, of course, now charge fees often in excess of £4,000 per pupil per annum. On 16th February 1983 the School was visited by Mr Jerry Wiggin TD MP, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for the Armed Forces, and on 21st February by General Sir George Cooper KCB MC, the Adjutant General, who notified us that MOD had decided to commission a

civilian firm of management consultants to examine whether the School could be made less dependent on public funds. Assurances were given that closure was not an option to be considered in this Study and that the School's character and traditions were to be maintained. I told parents of this intention in a letter at the end of March. The conclusions and recommendations of the study are unlikely to be known before early 1984 and HM Commissioners have reserved their right to comment on these before any decisions are taken. Obviously it would be unwise to speculate but I remain confident of the future, essentially because of the excellence of the School's reputation and the support we enjoy. Those who will decide these matters are aware that Queen Victoria School is unique. When the Navy's losses in support of the Army during the Battle of Crete in 1941 became so appalling that it was suggested to Admiral Cunningham that he should withdraw what was left of the Fleet he replied, "It takes three years to build a ship. It would take three hundred to rebuild a tradition." Something similar applies here.

It is my hope that many Old Victorians will gather here on Grand Day to mark the 75th Anniversary and to relive memories of their past. Could I, without seeming

to be mercenary, invite them, and all who read these Notes, when considering how their estate, property, and memorabilia are to be left, to remember their old School. The connection between this and what I have written above will be obvious, although I hasten to add that I am not making an appeal for funds to save the School, or anything like that. Nevertheless we now spend approximately £12,000 per annum of our invested funds to maintain the standards we have come to expect here, and in the past two years expenditure has exceeded income. My appeal, at this stage anyway, has more to do with historical legacy. The exhibition of memorabilia on Grand Day will show the kind of thing I have in mind, relics of the past of all kinds. Recently I was delighted to receive as a gift to the School the second Primus Medal which was awarded to W. L. Crichton in 1911. He was killed in action in 1916. I duly record my sincere appreciation to the donor, his half brother Lieutenant J. M. S. Lenton DSC RN (Retd) (Old Victorian: School number 459). If others would like to do likewise, papers, documents, certificates, scrap books, photographs, as well as medals and honours gained in later life, these will be added to our archives, to become the tangible evidence of, as I say, a unique establishment.

I have written at some length but these are important matters, and we have reached a significant milestone in

our history. I will leave it to the Headmaster and others to Chronicle the events of another busy and successful school year. May I thank everyone for their support, boys, parents, staff, old boys and friends, and we look forward with confidence to our Centenary in 2008.

Chapel Notes

After twenty years in the Parish Ministry, I thought that the years passed with increasing rapidity but the Academic year has a pace about it that can only be described as hectic! Instead of moving from Advent through Christmas to Easter and beyond, now it is Carol Services practices, end of term reports, Confirmation classes, examination setting and marking, Grand Day preparation through to Harvest Festival and Half-Term. Adjustment has been difficult but made much easier to bear by the friendly co-operation of staff and cheery response of the boys.

To be a Chaplain in a school these days is no easy furrow to plough yet it is that very difficulty that makes it such a challenge. My task here is not to cajole boys into the Kingdom but rather to encourage a questing after those truths that are not bounded by their



The School Memorial Chapel

experiences of the material. However the spiritual dimension must nevertheless be related to those experiences otherwise it has little value within their everyday lives. I am always grateful for having had the background of industry and technology because this provides a bridge across which there can be an exchange of ideas. I have learned a great deal in this last year about how the modern young man ticks – it has been quite a revelation!

The Chapel has welcomed a number of eminent and interesting preachers in the last year to its pulpit. The Revd Peter Price, Principal Chaplain, Church of Scotland and Free Churches, Royal Navy, gave us much to think about, especially the matter of our IDENTITY! The Revd Charles Stewart, Chaplain aboard the *Hermes* in the South Atlantic, visited us in the Easter Term and recaptured something of the tension and drama of those days.

The corporate worship of our School, although often under criticism, is laying a foundation upon which many a boy's life will be built. I am proud to be associated with this aspect of the School's life and hope and pray that I can play an effective part in its development.

Eric G. Milton,
Chaplain.

Headmaster's Notes

The School is 75 years old. Long live the School! Both halves of this sentence are important to us, for they are expressions of pride in the past and expectation for the future. As the present members we should celebrate with admiration and interest the 75 years of this School's foundation and progress. Yet also we should see that it is just as important that we look confidently forward to the next twenty-five years.

In looking back over the years to 1908, I can only write as a mere newcomer. Nevertheless, it has been with great interest that I have spent much time these last months reading what is at present the only 'history' of the School: its magazines, its photograph albums, and the accounts and anecdotes that, piece by piece, I have gathered from the many Old Victorians that I have met and spoken with. I have been made conscious on the one hand of the enormous contribution made by generations of staff, School, Uniform, and Administrative, to the establishing and maintaining of this special and unique school with its own personal character and finely performed traditions of ceremony and dress. Upon the other hand, I have also been made aware of the fierce pride and loyalty of those who have been pupils here: it is, for so many of them, their boyhood home, and the Old Victorians quite rightly do not

let us, who are now its custodians, forget our responsibility to maintain the high regard and reputation that this School has for them and for the Scottish people. We should be justly proud of all those past boys and staff who made QVS its name.

Yet we must also look to the present and have thought for the future. Even as I write the week for interviews for next year's new boys is very close, reminding us all to consider the kind and quality of education and boarding life these small ten-year-olds would best benefit from, leaving this School, as many of them will, in 1990. One clear development will benefit present pupils as well as those who join in 1983. I wrote in the magazine in 1981 that the School was too small at the top – there were then 17 boys in Fifth and Sixth Years. In Session 1983/84, the Senior House, Haig, will expand to 70 boys, allowing thirty boys to continue their education beyond school leaving age and SCE 'O' Grade. Having first set up a separate study centre for Fifth Year in September, 1981, this year we have been provided with a spacious new building as a Fourth Year Recreation room, hence releasing the previous room for added dormitory accommodation. The arrival of that new building in six sections, swung over the top of the main building by the largest crane anyone here had ever seen, was a sight causing amazement and much photography.

Certain educational improvements have also been made, others are in sight. An amount of up-to-date and essential audio-visual and scientific equipment has been received, more is expected. Three more Link computers are promised to supplement the large computer: the next step forward must be the provision of a separate computer studies room. A start has been made in refurbishing the Classroom Block; one would hope that by the end of Summer 1984 the last of that process will be completed with the up-dating of the Chemistry and Biology labs, and a completely renovated Theatre.

The year 1984 will be of some moment; it will not have escaped parents' notice that in the summer of that year our 'little charges' will be their 'little charges' for an extra three weeks of summer holiday. This is to allow major works to be carried out; new boilers are to be installed. The second and major phase of improvements to the Teaching Block building will take place, the first being the new mechanical ventilation system to be installed this summer. One hastens to add that the academic year will be made up by adjustments to term dates! Nevertheless, it is not in terms of fabric that we will see the greatest alteration in the teaching side of the School. September 1984 marks the implementation of the Munn & Dunning proposals for the curriculum in S.3 and S.4 of Scottish schools. Put in the simplest terms, this means the introduction of and eight 'made' syllabus within which pupils must study definite names subjects: English, Maths and Science, with additional selected options. These subjects can be studied and examined/assessed at three levels: Foundation, General and Credit. The Teaching Staff are aware that new



Headmaster with Prefects and Monitors

demands will be made of them; for the pupils, it is hoped that the new curriculum will be fulfilling and challenging. Without a doubt it will be the greatest change in Scottish education for decades.

Some time in the near future we anticipate the changes in the boys' dress to be introduced. These have been approved by the time-table for issue may be more protracted than at first hoped. Briefly, the blue corduroys will eventually be phased out to be replaced by barrack dress trousers for older boys. (Think of that, all boys in the Senior School in long trousers!) The Monitors and Prefects will retain the trews, and Wavell will wear short grey trousers. The Navy jerseys will be worn by all. The decision to retain a sense of military uniform was unanimously agreed and illustrated again the degree to which all wish to preserve the Service identity of the School.

In referring to the past School year, there is much to report, but the detail of it is best given in the Headmaster's Report at Prizegiving. But of people first. We are delighted that Mr Scott has returned to full health after his operation last autumn. Mr Kelly relinquished the Housemastership of Trenchard at the end of last summer term: the School thanks him for all that he did. Mr Stewart was Assistant Housemaster in Trenchard

for just over five years; we thank him, too, for his concern and interest in the boys. Mr Boast is now Assistant Housemaster of Trenchard, and Mr Webster took up his post as Trenchard Housemaster at the beginning of this Session: we wish him and his family happy years in the House. It is pleasing to hear of young Old Victorians who write to tell of Degrees gained and Commissions granted. The new Degree and Commissions Boards in the Central Hall will make interesting and encouraging reading for all, this Grand Day.

The 1983 Examination results were of the order of the previous session's: that is a pass rate of about 80%. Perhaps just as interesting are the statistics which show that in the last two years 22% of our leavers have gone to Universities or Polytechnics and 28% have gone into the Services: the latter percentage seems likely to be exceeded this year. There are other comforting aspects: the continued contribution of Wavell House, that firm foundation for adjustment and happiness that is so easily recognised in all the busy and enthusiastic events of those boys' days and terms; half the boys in the School will be away at camps or courses (mostly CCF) in the Summer; a seemingly impossible 45 Hobbies were pursued throughout the winter; we had some excellent Rugby sides, including the 1st year and third

year XVs who were never beaten, and the third year sevens team who lost not a point in winning the Central Region 7s Competition; Haig took part in 9 public debates and speech making contests and made 11 theatre visits; the Highland Dancing Demonstration Team won overwhelming applause and plaudits at the Usher Hall; the CCF Royal Naval Section was seen on parade for the first time in 75 years; and once again the School did its all to raise money for Erskine Hospital and Christian Aid.

It has been a hard working session and one we will all find especially memorable as we join with past pupils, and old friends in celebrating, on this its 75th year, the School's past and future role.

**Colonel J. D. L. BOYLE
OBE, MC, TD, DL**

Colonel David Boyle died suddenly on 6th February 1983. In recent years he was identified with Erskine Hospital as, many years before, his name was a byword amongst prisoners of war in the Far East. He will be much missed by his many friends. He had been a Commissioner of Queen Victoria School since 1962.

Old Victorians

THE OLD VICTORIANS ASSOCIATION

Originally the name of the Association was termed the OLD BOY'S ASSOCIATION, and was officially formed on 1st March 1925. It is believed that Edinburgh, Glasgow and London Branches had some form of club running prior to this date. OVs in these areas had met socially on several occasions at each others homes in turn, as the numbers grew, then it was decided that their Branches should be formed. It would be impossible to list the names of all people involved owing to lack of space, but the few names mentioned will possibly stir memories. Much of the news of Branches has already been published in the *Victorian* magazines over the years, though perhaps a short history of the Branches may appeal to some of the readers.

Glasgow Branch – held their first meeting at the Scout Hall, Great Western Road with the assistance of Captain Young of the Scout Movement. Quite a number attended, Willie Auld was elected Chairman and Eddie Quinn, the Secretary. Later Branch meetings were held at the Argyll Club and then at the Camerons Club in Elmbank Crescent, the secretary then being J. Black. The Branch was the strongest in the Association with a great number of members, their functions and outings were many, and they were ably supported by the wives, friends and relations of members, and on Grand Days as many as five bus loads of people arrive for the annual event. Like other branches during the

1930s, they suffered their ups and downs, some people emigrated, others moved to obtain employment elsewhere. Then with the 1939/45 War further upheavals took place, and gradually this Branch came to a full stop. Efforts were made on about three occasions to revive the fortunes of the Branch by Joe McLeod, R. Stewart, Jackie Quinn, Bob Chessar. The Branch has been a great source of information about personnel and Old Victorians in the area.

Two founder members, Joe McLeod and Bobby Stewart, were stalwarts who had been with the Branch from its initiation until its demise, and to those who had served on the Committees, we owe a debt of gratitude. Is it too late to ask the Younger Victorians to come forward and carry on the good work? Let Glasgow Flourish!

Presentations were made to the School of a Pipe Banner of blue silk with a silver fringe. On one side it has the School Crest with the words Old Victorians, and on the other side the arms of the City of Glasgow. The Banner was handed over by J. McLeod with Baillie McDougall of Glasgow in attendance. Later the Branch presented a silver mounted cane for the RSM and a modern Bible for the Chapel.

Edinburgh Branch – For a long time Jim Kelt, Peter Taylor, G. Munro, Jock Malloy, Alistair Bulloch and S. Garner were the main people in keeping the Branch ticking over. They normally held their meeting at the Trades Hall in Albany Street. The Branch had a fair share of the First Hundred, veterans of the 1914/18 and 1939/45 Wars, and departures of those emigrating to other countries, and their numbers became drastically reduced by others seeking employment elsewhere. Now the Branch consists of all OAPs, awaiting help from the younger OVs residing in the city, and there is quite a large number of them.

London Branch – For a very long time this was a most successful Branch, holding functions which were well attended by distinguished guests and members. It was also a visiting place for those from the North when passing through London, and old acquaintances could meet. Donald McQueen, Jimmy Grassick, J. Archer, Ron and George Taylor were some of the stalwarts of the Branch. During the life of the Branch they had presented a Silver Bugle to Commemorate the Golden Jubilee of the School. The names of the champion drummers who have held it are engraved, which provides a record of the outstanding drummers of the School. Later Bert Harrison (First Hundred) presented a very fine silver cup which is awarded to the best section of the School Cadet Force. Further gifts by members of the Branch were made by Capt. Shaw, two fine silver cups for Athletics and Badminton, and by Frank Hetherington of a shield for Wavell House Football Competitions.

Canada Branch – We are glad to report that they are still going strong, but will be pleased to read of their activities in the *Victorian* magazine.

Australia – Our friends from “Down Under” are negotiating to form a Branch, owing to the size of the country it will be a difficult task, but they are not deterred, and have managed to link up with many OVs in various parts. They are hoping to have representation at the 75th Anniversary.

CONSTITUTION OF THE OLD VICTORIANS ASSOCIATION

During the years from 1925 to 1970, the Old Boys Association, in which the School was closely involved, did most of the work, took most of the responsibility and therefore necessarily had a degree of executive participation and influence. To encourage the Association to think out its own problems, and stand on its own feet, it was suggested that a draft Constitution under which the new organisation could be made effective should be drawn up. The Committee appointed to consult Branches and obtain their views, and any amendments or alterations which was thought necessary, this was done during 1970/71. The Constitution was finally adopted and approved at the AGM in 1972, copies being distributed to Branches and members.

London, Glasgow and Edinburgh continued business under the new Constitution.

Central Branch – came into being under the Constitution, and took over the work previously carried out by the School. This was a struggle for a couple of years, as there were no typewriters, duplicators, stationery or postal facilities; things started to go right eventually.

Newsletters, with news of the School and Branches, were distributed for the information of subscribers.

REGISTER OF OLD VICTORIANS

This started off just as an idea. Many Old Victorians had visited the School over the years, some travelling long distances, others coming from overseas. Unfortunately there was nothing available for them to ascertain how their former school friends had fared in life. To attempt to put matters right, considerable help was given by the Commandant in allowing us the use of the School Register, early editions of the *Victorian* magazine, Visitors Book, Chapel Honours Roll. The compilation of the Register took 5 months, entries have grown over the years, and still coming in. It is to be hoped, that sometime during the 75th Anniversary OVs will endeavour to ensure that details of their careers have been inserted, or provide the information.

The Register does help to provide some history of the pupils who passed through the School; many having obtained commissions in the Services, others University degrees, whilst others in the Services have obtained awards for bravery or conspicuous service.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE OF THE OVA?

Sad to relate, London and Glasgow Branches have now gone out of existence; Edinburgh struggles on, and

Central Branch awaits the joining in of the Younger Victorians to keep the Association going. There are many OVs in the services in high rank, others in civilian life in highly qualified jobs who could help by joining the OVA, so also could many of the fathers and sons who passed through the School, and families of 3, 4 or 5 brothers who at present show no interest.

IT IS YOUR ASSOCIATION –
WHY NOT SUPPORT IT?

CENTRAL BRANCH

We are now in our 75th Anniversary year of the founding of Queen Victoria School and since last year have increased our membership slightly. Our Association members number 220, and when you realise that almost 4,000 boys have passed through the School's portals, we wonder where all the rest of the Old Victorians are and appeal to them to make an effort and join, and support, their old School Association.

Our congratulations to our former Bandmaster, Mr F. Lax, on his 92nd birthday on 22nd March 1983.

We are pleased to announce the formation of a new Branch in Australasia this year, and are looking forward to meeting a lot of our old friends who are hoping to come across from Australia and New Zealand for the 75th Reunion.

The armistice Service in the School Chapel, on 14th November 1982, was quite well attended by Old Victorians, and we would like to thank the following members for laying wreaths on behalf of the various Branches:

J. V. Carroll – Canada; D. McQueen – London; A. Judge – Edinburgh; Major A. R. Williamson – Central.

Our intrepid Secretary, Major Campbell McQueen, was invited by the Headmaster to give a talk to the senior boys on the evening of 25th February, on the subject of “Life in the School in the Roaring Twenties”. This talk was very well received with some astonishment by the boys and barely concealed mirth on the part of Jimmy White, President of the Association, as, for the first time in his long association with Campbell, he saw the “Intrepid Major” with knees knocking and hands shaking, as he faced a room-full of young Victorians.

Our especial thanks to our Headmaster, Julian Hankinson, for all the hard work and help he has given the officers of Central Branch. Our thanks are also extended to Cathie Thomson, the Headmaster's Secretary, who for many years has given us so much help and hard work in dealing with questions and problems that arise. Cathie's stamina and good nature are legendary! especially when she sees the face of Jimmy White poking round her office door.

Among our overseas visitors this year were: 2610 D. Pooke, Tasmania; 1717 D. Mackay, USA; 2865 J. G. McPhail, Australia; and 2225 Major Bill Kerr, Gibraltar.

Before closing with the sincere hopes of seeing a lot of new faces at the re-union on 24th/25th/26th June, we would especially like to thank the 32 members of the Two Hundred Club for their continued support since the inception of the Club in 1975 due to the hard work of Andy Leitch. Members may find it hard to believe but without these 32 members and the funds the Two Hundred Club have raised since, this Association would no longer exist. Between the years 1978 and 1982 it should also be noted that the 200 Club have donated £500 to the School.

ONTARIO BRANCH, CANADA

This association is pleased to report another successful year of activities, and that it has increased its membership from 5 to 16 active members, plus the 7 or so potential members that we are still attempting to locate.

We have established regular monthly meetings and social events, which include wives of old boys. One such event was the celebration of Bill (jenny) Geddes' 25th Anniversary for he and his wife Chris, his brother Len Geddes surprised everyone with an unexpected visit from Australia for the occasion. Len has since returned to Australia and is now deeply involved in forming an Australia/New Zealand Association.

Keith Gavigan has been in contact with his brother Terry and the Greenhorn brothers (of Dunblane) in Sydney to assist the foundation of their association on behalf of the Ontario Branch.

We wish to give a sincere vote of thanks to Alf Loats for his untiring effort in building the foundation of our Branch. In September 1982 Alf handed over the reins to Bland Reid, our new President, and Keith Gavigan, Secretary/Treasurer. Alf's efforts have made our work an easy and pleasurable task.

We are pleased to know that Jimmy White is still at the helm of the Central Branch, and is giving us every assistance in our efforts.

It now appears that the responsibility for our associations at home and overseas has been handed over to the boys who were at the School from 1945-1955. We are proud to carry on the worthwhile traditions of our founding members as VICTORIANS.

This Branch has designed and made a Canadian Old Victorians Badge comprising of the School Badge with a Maple Leaf from the Canadian national flag. We hear that Australia is working on their badge.

The Canadian Branch wishes to offer the School its hearty and proud congratulations on its 75th Anniversary, and will be represented by several of its members at the celebrations. We will be presenting to the School a Pipe Banner, with our new badge on the School tartan, and the Canadian tartan, mounted to mark this historical occasion.

We wish to offer our congratulations to Angus MacDonald on winning the title of World Champion

Piper, and to Duncan Beat on his appointment as Director of Music, the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, their appointments must make Pipe Major Sanderson and B/M Lax very proud men. We had the pleasure of meeting Angus MacDonald on his recent visit to Canada to judge piping competitions, and to demonstrate the art of piping.

We look forward to the years ahead for our association, and to closer ties with the School, also with Central Branch and the Australian Branch of the Old Victorians.

Yours very truly from across the water.

Bland Reid,
President.

"AS YOU WERE"

Extracts from the first issue of
"As You Were", the journal of the
Queen Victoria School Association
(Australasia)

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held at the home of C. Stewart (2701) on 25th February 1983.

From members present the following Office-bearers were elected: President: C. Stewart; Secretary: E. D. Cameron (formerly Greenhorn) (2433); Treasurer: T. Chaplin (2103). The remaining members present were elected to the Committee, viz: N. W. R. Armstrong (1313), N. Chaplin (2175), F. A. Cameron (formerly Pooke) (2502), T. D. Gavigan ().

Apologies were conveyed from R. A. Cameron (formerly Greenhorn) (2248), J. Curran, D. Peachey, D. A. Pooke, H. Learmonth, P. C. Richmond, J. Curran (New Zealand, along with his best wishes).

It was agreed that membership fees be \$25 annually, \$15 for Pensioners, and that these fees could be altered only at subsequent AGMs. It was also agreed that wives should be Honorary members, the first being the widow of A. B. Stewart (58).

It was agreed that a search should be undertaken for other OV's in Australia and an approach had been made to a Mrs M. Sumpton, Combined Scottish Societies, in New South Wales. She in turn had asked for help in tracing Scottish Societies in Australia and New Zealand.

It is suggested that the Association be a fairly loosely-knit one and that a Central Branch in Sydney could have Sub-Branches in other towns or States. Bob Cameron is organising Melbourne social events for OV's and can be contacted on (03) 857 5554. D. Pooke has undertaken to see what he can do in Tasmania.

Meetings in Sydney will be held on the last Friday of each month, at the home of one of the Committee members. If you can attend contact Eddie Cameron on (02) 476 6548. Contributions for *As You Were* to be in his hands by the second Friday of the month for inclusion in that month's edition.

Glancing Back – Do You Remember?

The Bath Parades In the early years at the School, the Company Bath Parades generally took place immediately after the Church Services, the soul having been cleansed. There were only two slipper baths and two showers for each dormitory, which held about 30 boys. It was the practice for boys to disrobe either in the dormitory or the washrooms, climb into the bath with a couple of others, or go under the shower. A piece of blue mottled soap (generally termed Quartermaster's Erasmic) was used to obtain a lather, meanwhile the boys sang "Time like an ever rolling stream wears all your sons away". Having been cleansed, one gathered one's clothes, and speedily departed to the dormitory, generally being met on the way by a party of visitors having a look round the School. Much to their astonishment, the secret of what was worn under the kilt being revealed, as a bare posterior dashed through the dormitory swing doors. There went the flying Scotsmen!

Football Sweepstakes It may surprise many to know that football sweepstakes were quite common at the School during the 1920s. Money did not figure in the transactions, the actual currency was Ginger Snap Biscuits, five of these being issued to each boy at Sunday tea time. Entrance fee was one biscuit, collected on the spot, as teams were drawn for the following week. At the payout, the winner could collect as many as 20 biscuits; it did not put anyone in the tycoon class, such as Abernethy or Peak Frean, but one could munch away happily for a few days, or barter them for currant duff.

Prior to Cordon Bleu Cooking? The Victorians have always been adventurous types, especially where food was concerned. Each Sunday afternoon, Companies were paraded for a compulsory walk, squads invariably broke away to seek new pastures and pastimes. On these forays birds' eggs would be collected (size and variety did not matter). These would be cooked over the gas-light in the bathroom, together with pieces of toast. Needless to say, some of the omelettes produced would have shattered the palates of many gourmets; despite the primitive efforts, they appeared to have been enjoyed and no one entered hospital as a result. It is not surprising that some Old Victorians became Army Cooks and Chefs in later life.

Wanderlust Many years ago, three boys decided that they would like a change of scenery; they took to the hills on the sports field. The leader directed one to read the sign post on the Perth Road, the other to collect a "tumshie" from the nearest field. A briefing was called, the signpost read "150 miles to Inverness" (their father's last station before departing to the Middle East), meanwhile the tumshie was peeled, and passed around for each to have a bite. Great deliberations took place, various difficulties discussed, thoughts of what

they would see on their adventure brought to light. Meanwhile, a Monitor who was casually knocking a golf ball around, was approached and asked "How far is it from here to Egypt?"

The Monitor gave a look at the sun, then glanced towards Mecca and said, "Oh, about 5,000 miles via the Sahara Desert, but if you're walking, you will get a lot of sand in your shoes."

Beau Geste returned to his companions and, after a bite at the tumshie, gave the latest information; they became quite downcast. Suddenly all their problems were solved, the bugle notes of the "Cookhouse Call" floated through the air; Beau Geste rose to his feet, "Come on, race you back to the Dining Hall." All thoughts of the Sphinx and Pyramids disappeared as the hungry Arabs dashed away for their meal.

Cross Country Runs Many of the OV's of earlier years will remember these runs, though some may wish to forget they ever existed. The Senior boys lined up alongside an antiquated cowshed, since demolished, near the gate to the Sports Field on the Perth Road. The Course was round the sports field, points being controlled by Monitors to avoid any dodging, over the burn near the married quarters (some dirty work took place here, some runners being pushed into the water, others tripped to fall so that some advantage could be made). The run continued up the path to the quarters, down past the hospital to the main gate, along the Perth Road, and turning down to the Cemetery. As runners approached the Cemetery Gates, a feeling of foreboding arose, as if one was to be the victim of a cull (like the seals and deer) and that the final column of the Regimental Book – "How disposed of" was shortly to be completed. At this point the voice of authority woke one up to reality, "Put a move on – you'll never finish before 'Lights Out';" one then followed the dry stane dyke across the field to a stile leading on to the Kinbuck Road (further dirty work took place here also) the finish was along the Perth Road back to the Cowshed. Here one was greeted with loud cheers for obtaining a good place, for completing the course, and by your creditors for making a safe return and enabling you to repay any biscuits owed, for previous favours. Funnily enough, quite a number of boys enjoyed these runs, like Pat McKenna who was the School champion for three or four years, whilst his brother Charlie was also a capable performer.

The following day, at Choir Practice, the organist displayed a sense of humour by playing: "Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?" Many were qualified for all categories.

Discipline – Defaulters A number of ex-service men will recall the bugle call "You can be a defaulter as long as you – as long as you answer your name".

Defaulters Parade was brought into being at the School for minor offences, though the main intention was to stop boys from breaking bounds. The parade was held in the Central Hall, boys attended in Red Jacket, Kilt, etc. Posts were allotted, such as along the

perimeter wall of the sports field and the main walk in front of the School. These were lucrative positions. People passing along the roads stopped to look or ask questions, some even taking photographs, eventually the defaulter was overwhelmed by generosity, receiving sandwiches, cakes, sweets, even a few coins of the realm – it seemed like another birthday.

Alas, one young inexperienced defaulter on duty at the main gate, not used to the source of new found wealth (a bit of a racket really), tucked the coins into his stocking, eventually they went into his shoe, the result being he had to hobble back up the main drive. He was met by a CSM who saw him limping, and took him to the hospital for the nurse to have a look at his foot. Much embarrassed, the boy peeled off his stocking, various coins scattered over the floor, the astonished nurse gave quite a laugh – Christmas Stockings seem to have arrived early this year!

The scheme having been brought to light, the money was added to the School Funds – so ended Defaulters Parades. It was nice while it lasted.

Obituary

We extend sincere condolences to the families and friends of the following:

J. McKEE (2279)

James was at School from 1946 to 1952, and became the Silver Bugler. He and his wife moved to Sydney, Australia, in 1963. He worked as a plumber most of his life, and was later offered a position as Student Activities Co-ordinator at one of Sydney Technical Colleges, and enjoyed the job. He became ill in June 1981 and died on 26th September 1981 at his home in New South Wales.

D. LOW (1588)

Don served with 2nd Bn Seaforth Highlanders during the 1939/45 War. He emigrated to Canada and served with the 48th Highlanders of Canada from 1958 to 1961. He was employed by the De Havilland Aircraft Co. in Ontario. He was one of the founder members of the Canadian Branch of the OVA. He died on 25th November 1982; his funeral was attended by Old Victorians Jim Glover, Alf Loats and Bill Geddes.

A. McK. SMITH (612)

Alistair was one of four brothers who passed through the School. He had been employed by the Post Office until his retirement. He died at his home in Fortrose on 21st January 1983 and was buried on 25th January 1983 at Fortrose and Rosemarkie Cemetery.

A. B. STEWART (58)

On leaving the School emigrated to Australia. Enlisted into 42nd Bn Australian Imperial Forces. Served during the 1914-18 War, wounded whilst in France and evacuated to the UK. Repatriated to Australia and medically discharged in 1917. Employed by the Main Roads Dept as overseer, until he finally retired. In his younger days he had been a bullock wagon driver between farms, and as a musician was always in great demand at the farms. He died at his home in Queensland on 7th August 1981.

JAMES LYON (794)

Jimmy was the eldest of three brothers, all in B Coy, under CSM Fletcher. On leaving the School took up employment with the Engineering Dept of the GPO in Edinburgh, and remained with them until he retired in 1976. He died on 24th June 1982 at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, and was cremated at Norton Hall Crematorium on 28th June 1982.

E. H. FRASER (843)

Teddy was one of three brothers, all in B Coy and all boy tailors. He enlisted into the Cameron Highlanders and served for 17 years. On discharge from the service, took up employment with the Post Office in Inverness. He died at his home in Inverness, in July 1982.

LESLIE W. MONAGHAN, ARIBA

Died on 4th January 1983 after a painful illness. Les was a QVS boy from 1925 to 1926 during which time he was a Piper/Dancer in 'A' Company. On leaving School he went to 'M' Company, Kitchener Barracks, Chatham, to train as an Architectural Draughtsman. After service as a boy he did a further twelve years serving in Aden, Singapore, France, Iceland and Jamaica. He qualified as an architect on Leaving the Corps of Royal Engineers and lived in Ipswich until his death. He was one of three brothers who went to QVS and his father served on the staff from 1927 until retirement in 1939.

C. COLLINS (514)

Died at his home in Kirkcaldy, Fife, on 22nd December 1982.

W. GRINDLAY (994)

Died at his home in Glasgow on 9th November 1982.

ALLAN E. TAYLOR (634)

Allan was one of three brothers who passed through the School (549) and (745). He enlisted into the Cameronians (SR) in 1923 and served in Egypt and India. On completion of his service he took up employment in Glasgow. He was a regular attender on Grand Days over the years. He died, after a very short illness, in the Victoria Infirmary, Glasgow, on 30th March 1983.

Valete

Boy's name: BELL, Paul John. *Father's Regiment/Service:* RAF. *Boy's year of entry to QVS:* 1977. *House:* Haig. *Positions of responsibility:* In charge of Weekend Fishing. *Achievements:* Swimming – Bronze, Silver, Gold, Canoeing, Baths and River Test. Colours in Wavell for Swimming. Senior Bugler, Senior Tenor Drummer. Best Fly-tyer of 1981. Runner-up Inter House Swimming 1981. *Activities in which you have been a prominent member:* Member of Helping the Disable to Swim. Member of Pipe Band. 3rd XV. *Highers:* –. *'O' Grade:* –. *Now sitting:* English, Arithmetic, Woodwork, Biology, Modern Studies, Physics, Technical Drawing, Art. *What are you hoping to do next year?* Army/RAF/or move to Lossiemouth and work on Trawlers. *Home address:* 30 Parkfield Road, Ruskington, Near Sleaford, Lincs, England. Tel. (0526) 832356.

BLACK, Scott – Royal Corp of Transport. 1976. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. Deputy Dorm. Leader (Wavell), House Prefect (Cunningham), PO Navy, CCF WCO Cadre. Personal Survival up to Gold, Wavell Colours 77/78, Athletics, Squash, Haig Squash Champion 82/83, Central Region Badminton Doubles Champions 82/83, First Aid. *'O' Grade* – Maths, English, Physics, Biology, Mechanics, Woodwork, Economics, Economic History, Arithmetic. *Now sitting:* Higher Biology, English, Physics, Economics. Taking Maths next year (1984). Hopes to go to College and sit Maths, then maybe to University. *Home address:* 10 Stuart Road, High Overtoun, Dumbarton.

BORTHWICK, A. S. – Royal Navy. 1976. Haig. Intermediate Junior House Prefect, Intermediate House Prefect, School Prefect, Dep. Sen. Monitor. RYA Elementary Ticket, Promoted to CCF RAF Flt/Sgt, Several Academic Prizes, ASA Bronze, Silver, Gold, Bronze Medallion, Numerous HD Medals, Central Region Cross-country 87th. School Rugby 1st XV, Handicapped Swimming, Wargaming, Electronics, Sailing, Fishing. *Highers:* English (C), Physics (B), Economics (B), Chemistry (C), Economic History (B). *'O' grades:* English (A), Arithmetic (B), Mathematics (C), Technical Drawing (A), Economics (A), Economic History (A), Chemistry (A), Physics (A), Art (A), French (C). *Now sitting:* Chemistry (H), Biology (O), Mathematics (H), Statistics (O), SYS Economics. Hoping to become Royal Naval Officer/University to study Engineering or Naval Architecture. *Home address:* 1 Riverside Place, Cannon Street, Devonport, Plymouth PL1 4PE. Tel. (0752) 51832.

BEAUCHAMP-CAMERON, Angus Clark – Royal Army Educational Corp. 1975. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. Deputy Dormitory Leader Wavell, CCF Corporal, Chief Armourer, Prep Supervisor. 1st XV 1983, Wavell 1st XI, Lead Bugler, Lead Tenor Drummer. Debating Society, ESU Public Speaking Comp., Pipe Band. *'O' Grade:* English, French, Biology, Modern Studies,

Latin, Arithmetic, Physics. *Now sitting:* 'O' Grade Maths, Statistics, and Higher English, French, Biology, Modern Studies. Hopes to do Voluntary work in Far East. *Home address:* 1 Beaumanor Drive, Woodhouse, Loughborough, Leics LE12 8TX. Tel. (0509) 890999.

COLLIE, Philip D. – RAF. 1976. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. Deputy Dormitory Leader Wavell, Cpl CCF, NCO Cadre. ASA Personal Survival to Honours, 1st Quick March 'B' Comp. Piping 1981, 'C' Comp. Champion Piper 1978, Cross-country Champion 3rd Year (1981), Haig Cross-country Champion (1983). Pipe Band (Pier), Shooting Team 1983, CCF Signals Instructor, 1st XV 1982-83. *'O' Grades:* Maths (A), Arithmetic (A), Latin (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (A), French (A), English (A), Modern Studies (A). *Now sitting:* Higher English, Maths, Physics, Latin, Chemistry and 'O' Statistics. Hopes to study Mechanical Engineering at Edinburgh University. *Home address:* 4 Elmfield Road, Elgin, Moray IV30 3MQ, Scotland.

FISHWICK, Douglas Joseph James – Royal Navy. 1976. Haig. Wavell Deputy Dorm-Leader, Cunningham Junior and Deputy House Captain, School Prefect, Chapel Steward 1980-83, CPO (RN CCF Section). Rugby 1st XV in Wavell, 1st Year, 2nd year, 3rd Year and School 1981-83, Central Region Sevens Champions 1978/81, Junior First Aid, Personal Survival Awards, Cross-country Champion 1978/80, Technical Subject Prizes 1980/81/82, School Cross-country Team 1979-80, School Choir 1976-83, Prep. Supervisor. Rugby, Football, canoeing, Volleyball, Basketball, Community Service, Haig Debating Society. *'O' Grades:* English, Economics, Economic History, Chemistry, Physics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Mechanics, Arithmetic. *Now sitting:* Higher English, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork and 'O' Mathematics. Hopes to go to University or Officer in Royal Navy. *Home address:* 1 Woodlands Grove, Townhill, Dunfermline, Fife.

GEDDIE, Nicol – Intelligence Corp. 1978 Wavell, Trenchard, Haig. Junior Dormitory Leader 1979/80. Stage 1 & 2 Bronze, Silver, Gold, Honours, BAGA 4+3, 5,000m Swimming, Pipe Band, 2nd Xv Wavell 1st XI, Competition Band 1982, 1983, Best at French 1980-83, Best Progress in 1978-79. Pipe Band, RN CCF. *Now sitting:* 'O' Grade Physics, Maths, Chemistry, English, French, Latin, Arithmetic, Economics, Economic History. Hopes to become a Freelance Photographer. *Home address:* 68 Carleton Av., Woodside, Glenrothes, Fife KY7 5AJ.

GILLESPIE, William Brian – Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. 1976. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. Sgt Army CCF, i/c Recruit Training. 2nd XV, 1st XV 1982-83. Rugby, Football, Life-Saving, CCF, Community Service. *'O' Grades:* Modern Studies, English, Biology, Technical Drawing, Woodwork. *Now sitting:* 'O' Arithmetic, Maths, Physics and Higher English, Modern Studies, Biology. *Home address:* 55 Sighthill Park, Edinburgh EH11 4PH.

GOLD, James J. B. – King's Own Scottish Borderers. 1977-78. Haig. Signals L/Cpl CCF, Chapel Steward. English Progress Prize 1979-80, Bath Test/River Test Canoeing, Signals Test, 3rd XV Rugby Team, Bronze, Silver, Gold Awards in Swimming. Athletics Squad, Film Club, CCF, Debating Club, School Choir. Now sitting: 'O' Grade Art, Woodwork, English, Arithmetic, Modern Studies, Technical Drawing, Biology. Hopes to go to Sir John Moore Barracks, Folkstone, as a Junior Leader in the King's Own Scottish Borderers. Home address: 27 Park Cres., Newtown St Boswells, Melrose, Roxburghshire.

GRANT, Gary – 1st Bn Black Watch. 1976. Haig. Deputy Dormitory leader in Wavell, House Prefect in Trenchard, Cpl in CCF. First Stage, Second Stage, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Honours, and various Long Distances Swimming, Wavell House Colours Swimming, Merit and Adv. 3 Cups, 5 Shields and 23 Dancing Medals, Best Cadet 1981, Best Dancer 1982, Boxing Comp. in Wavell, NCO Cadre, Basketball Awards, Gymnastic Awards, Central Region Rugby Team, Technical Subjects Prize 3rd Year. Swimming, Dancing Team, Rugby (Wavell 2nd XV, 1st Year 1st XV, 2nd Year 1st XV, 3rd Year 1st XV, School 1st XV), Baseball,

Video Club. Now sitting: 'O' Grade Arithmetic, Engineering Science, English, Maths, Woodwork, Physics, Biology, Technical Drawing, Economics, Economic History. Joining Army Apprentices College at Princess Marina, Arborfield, as an Electronic Technician. Home address: 73 Dalkeith Road, Dundee DD3 7HF. Tel. (0382) 42075.

GRAY, Scott – 1st Bn Black Watch. 1977. Haig. Wavell House Dormitory leader, House Prefect in Trenchard, Cpl in CCF. First Stage, Second Stage, Bronze, Silver, Swimming Awards, House Colours Wavell, Various Dancing Medals, Various Athletics Awards, Boxing Comp. Wavell, Athletic Champion 2nd Year, NCO Cadre, Basketball Awards, Various Gymnastic Awards, Chapel Steward. Rugby (Wavell XV, 1st Year XV, 2nd Year XV, 3rd Year XV, School XV), Athletics, Cross-country, Dancing Team. Now sitting: 'O' Grade Arithmetic, English, Physics, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Modern Studies, Biology. Joining the Parachute Regiment. Home address: 41 Strathmore Street, Barnhill, Dundee.

HAY, Ian C. – RAF. 1976. Wavell, Trenchard, Haig. CCF RAF Cpl, Engines Instructor, School Cinema Pro-



The Pipe Band

jectionist. Joint Time Haig Cross-country Champion, 28th Central Region Cross-country, Non-Rugby to 1st XV in one term, BSA Bronze, Silver, Gold, Personal Survival Awards, BCA One Star Canoeing Award. School 1st XV, Community Service, Photography Club, canoeing, RAF Shooting Team. 'O' Grades: Maths (A), Arithmetic (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (B), English (A), French (A), Latin (A), Modern Studies (B). Now sitting: Higher Maths, Physics, Chemistry, English, Latin. Hoping to go to Edinburgh University to sit Electrical Engineering or join the RAF. Home address: 9 Warrew Road, St Ives, Near Huntingdon, Cambs. Tel. (0480) 67006.

HUTTON, Colin A. – 1st Bn Royal Highland Fusiliers. 1976. Haig, Trenchard, Wavell. CCF Cpl, 2nd XV Vice-Captain. Canoeing Star and Proficiency, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Honours in Swimming, Wavell Swimming Champion and Runner-up twice, Member of 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year 1st XV and Haig 2nd XV Squad, Shooting Team, P6 Progress Prize, Economic History Prize, Medals in Dancing, Addison Smith Prize (Junior). Rugby, CCF, Swimming, Baseball, Cross-country Running, Ski-ing, Mountaineering, .22 Shooting. Now sitting: 'O' Grade Arithmetic, English, Mathematics, Art, Technical Drawing, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork, Physics, Biology. Hoping to go to College to take OND in Engineering, failing this will go to School in Edinburgh to study for exams. Home address:

INGRAM, Linden – Scots Guards. 1975. Haig. Leading Drummer, Cpl in Signals Section CCF, School Prefect. Bronze, Silver, Gold Swimming Awards, Pipe Band (1979-83), Competition Band (1982 and 1983), Wavell Side-Drum Winner (1978), School Side-Drum Winner (1983), S/L 2nd XV, Best Army Recruit (1980), CCF Classification and Instructors Tests (Signals). Pipe Band, 2nd XV Rugby Team, Sailing, CCF. 'O' Grades: Latin, French, English, Chemistry, Arithmetics, Modern Studies. Now sitting: Higher Modern Studies, French, English and 'O' Grade Maths, Physics. Hoping for a Commission in the RA through Sandhurst. Home address: 20 Park Road, Aldershot, Hants.

KENYON, Iain – RAOC. 1977. Haig, Cunningham, Wavell. Deputy House Captain Cunningham, Junior Dormitory leader Cunningham, PO RN CCF. 1st RN in Cadre Course, 1st XV Touch Judge, Addison Smith, Coire Na Ciste Ski Team, Outward-bound Cadre Hike Winners, Stage 1, Stage 2, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Honours, Merit, BAGA 4/3, 5,000m, Bronze Thistle Award, Basketball 1/2 Star, Minor Runner-up Athletics, Chapel Steward, 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year XV, 2nd XV, 3rd XV, 1 Star Canoeing, CCF Cadre, Prep Supervisor, Base Drummer Pipe Band, Duty Bugler, Junior First Aid, 20-mile Sponsor Walk. Rugby, Canoeing, Sailing, Baseball, Video Club, Pipe Band, Haig Football, Golf, Ski Camp. Now sitting: 'O' Grade Maths, Physics, Biology, Engineering Science, Arithmetic, English, French, Technical Drawing, Modern Studies. Home address: 8 The Mead, Filton, Bristol BS12 7AW. Tel. (0272) 695007.

LAIRD, David – Royal Highland Fusiliers. 1977. Haig. Wavell Dormitory Leader, Cunningham Junior Dormitory leader, Deputy House Captain, Captain 2nd Year Rugby, 3rd Year Rugby, 2nd XV Rugby, Central Region Table Tennis, Central Region Rugby Trial, Midland Rugby Trial, 3rd Year Squash Champion, Cpl in CCF Army, Central Region Squash. Bronze and Silver Swimming, Participated in Wavell Boxing, Wavell Colours Football/Rugby, P7 Table Tennis Runner-up, P6 and P7 Football, Various Athletics Awards, 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year Rugby. Wavell Football (both years), Haig Football, Haig Debating Society, Squash, CCF, 2nd XV Rugby Captain, 3rd XV, 2nd XV Year, 1st XV Rugby, Organiser of Senior Squash Ladder, Senior Table Tennis. Now sitting: 'O' Grade English, Maths, French, Physics, Economics, Economic History, Technical Drawing, Art, Arithmetic. I have joined RAOC and am going to Chepstow College in September. Home address: 13 Normandy Road, Scunthorpe, S/Humber-side. Tel. (0724) 859724.

LARSEN, John Grant – King's Own Scottish Borderers. 1977. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. Dormitory Leader Wavell, Captain Wavell 1st XI. Swimming – 1st Stage, 2nd Stage, Bronze, Silver, Football Colours (Wavell), Junior First Aid, Fire Piquet, Various BAGA Awards, NCO Cadre (no rank), 20-mile Sponsored Walk 1981, Bath/River Test Canoeing, Prep Supervisor. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th Year Rugby Teams, Wavell Football, Haig Football, Haig Debating, Canoeing. Now sitting: English, French, Maths, Arithmetic, Physics, Engineering Science, Biology, Economics, Economic History, Technical Drawing. I have joined REME and am going to Army Apprentice College, Arborfield, in September. Home address: 1 Parsons Close, Arborfield, Near Reading, Berks. Tel. (0734) 760528 (after 10 p.m.).

LETFORD, Steven – Royal Engineers. 1977. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. 2nd Year 2nd XV Captain. 1st Stage, 2nd Stage, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Baths/River Tests, School Central Region Table Tennis Team, member of Rugby Team in 1st year 2nd and 3rd, Football Colours, BAGA Awards 3/4. Football, Squash, Badminton, Canoeing, Table Tennis. Now sitting: 'O' Grade Maths, English, Physics, Engineering Science, Technical Drawing, French, Arithmetic, Economics, Economic History. I have joined the Apprentice REME College in Arborfield. Home address: c/o S/Sgt R. Letford, 25 Eng. Regt, 12 FD Sqn RE, BFPO 36.

KENNEDY, Ian J. – Royal Corps of Transport. 1976. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. Bronze, Silver, Gold Swimming, Bronze Athletic Award, CCF RAF Instructor. Competed in Central Region Swimming twice, Competed in Central Region Table Tennis twice, 3rd XV Rugby, Community Service. 'O' Grades: Latin, English, Physics, Maths, Modern Studies, Arithmetic, Biology, French. Now sitting: Higher English, Latin, Biology, Modern Studies. Hoping for Commission in the RCT, via Sandhurst. Home address: 12 Cairnview, Galston, Ayrshire.

MACKAY, Graham A. – Royal Navy. 1976. Haig. Chapel Steward 1980-83, Trenchard House Prefect 1980-81, School Prefect 1982-83, PO in Navy CCF Section. Wavell Football Colours, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Honours for Swimming, Advanced Speed Swimming Awards, 1st XV (full-back), First Aid Junior and Advanced, Fowler Art Prize, Technical Subjects' Prize. School Rock Band (Rhythm Guitarist) 1981-82, Community Service. 'O' Grades: Physics, Mathematics, Chemistry, English, Arithmetic, French, Latin, Modern Studies. Now sitting: Higher Physics, Chemistry, English, Latin, Maths and 'O' Biology. Hoping to go to College in Fareham and take 'A' levels or go to University. Home address: 91 Jellicoe Avenue, Alverstoke, Gosport, Hampshire. Tel. Gosport 80275.

MCDONALD, Richard – 1st Bn Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment). 1974. Wavell (Moore), Cunningham, Haig. Monitor, 1st XV Captain, Coxswain Royal Naval Section, No. 1 Guard Commander. ASA – Bronze, Silver, Gold, Junior First Aid Proficiency, First Aid, P1, P2, P3 Examinations with RAF Section, AB's test with Royal Naval Section, Shooting and Safety Test with Army Section, CCF Marksman, Member of British Drill Champion Band, Member of British Band Championship Band. School Rugby Teams from 1979, 1st XV (1980-83), School Cross-country team 1979, School Athletics Team 1983, School pipe band 1979-1983, CCF 1978-83 (RN, Army and RAF), Haig Drama Appreciation Society, School Play, Haig Debating Society. 'O' Grades: Arithmetic (A), Modern Studies (A), Technical Drawing (A), Art and Design (B), Mathematics (B), Economic History (B), English (C), Chemistry (C), Physics (C), Engineering Science (C), Economics (C), Woodwork (C). now sitting: Higher English, Economics, Economic History, Modern Studies, Art and Design, Woodwork. Hoping to join the Armed Services in some way, perhaps as an Officer in the Scottish Division. Home address: 22 Redford Gardens, Colinton, Edinburgh.

O'DONNELL, Alan – Royal Navy. 1977. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. School Prefect 1982-83, Cpl in CCF (RAF Section), Chapel Steward 1980-82, i/c RCs 1982-83. 1st Year 1st XV, 2nd year 1st XV, 3rd Year 1st XV, School 1st XV, Athletics (2nd Hammer Scottish Schools 1980, 3rd Triple Jump Central Region 1981, 2nd Hammer Eastern Districts 1982), School Shooting Team 1981-82, Junior, Proficiency and Adult First Aid Certificates, Swimming Bronze, Silver Awards, member of CCF Cadre, Gained Glider Wings 1983, Member of BGA, Academic Prizes (Attainment and Art Prizes 1977-78, Maths Prize 1979-80-81-82-83, Physics prize 1980-81-82-83). Computers. 'O' Grades: Maths (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (A), Latin (A), English (B), French (A), Arithmetic (A), Modern Studies (B). Now sitting: Higher Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Latin, English and 'O' Statistics. Hoping to go to University. Home address: 17 Garryhorn, Heathfield Gardens, Prestwick, Ayrshire. Tel. Prestwick 77257.

RAE, Gavin John – RAF. 1976. Haig. Trenchard House Prefect (3rd Year), L/Cpl Signals Section (CCF). Bronze, Silver, 3,500m, Stages 1 and 2, all in Swimming, Highland Dancing Awards, Cups, Medals, Progress, 1st 3 Years English, Progress Prize in Geography 2nd year, Flags in Signals 3rd year, L5Cpl 4th Year (Signals). zhsig 3rd XV Rugby Team, Handicap Swimming (Stirling), Printing, Book-binding, Fencing, Sailing Club, Haig Debating, RAF and Army CCF, Army and Signals Camps. Now sitting: English, Arithmetic, Biology, Physics, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork, Technical Drawing. I have joined the Royal Engineers and will start at Dover. Home address: 31 Belvedere Road, Bathgate, Scotland.

SMART, Jonathon Lee – Royal Corps of Signals. 1976. Wavell, Trenchard, Haig. School Prefect (Theatre), Sgt in Army CCF (Signals Section) 1978-83, No. 2 Guard Commander, Prep Supervisor. ASA Bronze, Silver, Gold, Art Prize 1977, 1979, 1980, CCF Army Section, Senior Signals Sgt, Maths Prize 1979, NCO Cadre, 11th U/CLF Cadet leadership Course, Army Camps 1979-80-81-82-83, ESU Public Speaking Competition. School Rugby Team (2nd XV) 1982-83, Haig Debating Society, Haig Drama Society, Sailing, Public Speaking, Community Service, CCF Army Section (1978-83). Highers: English (B), Physics (C), Art and Design (A). 'O' Grades: English (A), French (B), Modern Studies (A), Arithmetic (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (B), Mathematics (A), Statistics (B), Art and Design (A). Now sitting: Higher French, Mathematics, Modern Studies, and Art and Design (Sixth year Studies). Hoping to join Royal Corps of Signals through Sandhurst, or study Architecture at Heriot-Watt University, Edinburgh. Home address: 41 James Hall Gardens, Walmer/Deal, Kent CT14 7TA, or c/o WOII W. B. Smart (FOS), UK Delegation, Live Oak, SHAPE, BFPO 26.

STEWART, Paul J. D. – Royal Signals. 1974. Haig. Sgt Signals Section CCF, Instructor 1981-83. School 3rd XV 1982-83, School Dancing Team 1977-78-79-80, L/Cpl CCF 1980-81, Cpl CCF 1981-82, Sgt CCF 1982-83, Junior First Aid 1980, Numerous Dancing Medals and Swimming Awards, Addison Smith Public Speaking Competition Winner 1976. Electronics 1982-83, Handicapped Swimming 1981-82-83, Community Service 1982-83, Highland Dancing 1979-80, Football. Highers: Biology, Economic History, French, English. 'O' Grades: Biology, Economic History, Economics, French, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Mathematics. Now sitting: Statistics (O), Physics (O), Maths (H), Economics (H), and CSYS History. Hoping to go to Aston University or Sandhurst. Home address: Westburn Cottage, Dollar, Clacks., or c/o WOII SSM Stewart, HQ Sqn, 7 Signals Regt, BFPO 15. Tel. 025 981 358 or 01049 5221 86549.

STRACHAN, Malcolm J. – Royal Navy. 1976. Wavell, Trenchard, Haig. CCF Army Section Sgt, Light Rescue Instructor, Vice-Captain 3rd XV, 2nd XV Player. Assessor Islay Army Camp, ASA Bronze, Silver, Gold,

Personal Survival, Canoeing Baths zteast, Technical Subjects' Prizes (Progress 1978-79). CCF Army Section. 'O' Grades: Biology (C), Technical Drawing (C), Woodwork (B). Now sitting: Mathematics, English, Physics, Engineering Science, Arithmetic, Economics, Economic History. Hoping to join Services (RN). Home address: 167 Sherbrooke Road, Rosyth, Fife KY11 2BA

SUTHERLAND, Douglas - RAF Police. 1976. Abercromby, Trenchard, Haig. Deputy House Captain (Trenchard), Monitor 1981-82, Senior Minitor 1982-83, Flt/Sgt CCF RAF. Boy Pipe Major. Prince Philip Medal, 1st XV Colours, Captain 2nd Year Rugby Team, Central Region Rugby Team, Central Region Sevens Champions, Squash Champion 1st, 2nd, 3rd Yrs, Badminton Champion (Haig), Central Region Swimming Relays Champions, Central Region Swimming Relay Record Holders, School Colours for Athletics 1980-81-82, Represented Scotland Youths (400m Hurdles and Hammer), Trophy for Most Outstanding Thrower at Scottish Schools, Trophy for Most Outstanding Performance at Central Region Athletics Championships, Scottish Pentathlon Champion, Scottish Hammer Champion, Scottish Hammer Record Holder, Central Region Long Jump Champion, Central Region Shot Put Champion, Scottish School Shot Put 2nd, Scottish AAA Shot Put and Long Jump 2nd, Eastern Districts Hammer Champion, Eastern Districts Long Jump runner-up, School Athletics Champion, School Cross-country Champion, Numerous School Records, School Piping Champion, Addison Smith runner-up, French, Modern Studies and Chemistry Prizes. Higher: Maths, Physics, Chemistry, English, Latin, French. 'O' Grades: Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Latin, French, English, Modern Studies, Arithmetic. Now sitting: SYS Calculus and Geometry, SYS Mechanics, Higher Modern Studies. Hopes to do Engineering, Edinburgh: Cadetship from Royal Engineers. Home address: 31 Nora Street, Barrowford, Near Nelson, Lancs BB9 8NS. Tel. (0282) 694159.

SUTHERLAND, Iain Forbes - Royal Marine Commandos. 1976. Wavell, Cunningham, Haig. House Captain Wavell, Junior Dormitory Leader, House Captain Cunningham, School Prefect, Rugby Captain 1st XV, Wavell, 1st Year, 2nd Year, 3rd Year, Sgt CCE (RAF), Vice-Captain School 1st XV, Boy Drum Major. Member of 1st XV 1981-83, Member of Pipe Band, Captain of Central Region's 1979, 1981 Rugby Sevens Champions, Personal Survival (up to Honours), Wavell Swimming Colours, Athletics Champion 1981, Runner-up 1982. Shooting Team, Canoeing. 'O' Grades: Maths, Physics, English, Chemistry, Economics, Economic History, Art and Design, Arithmetic. Now sitting: Higher Maths, Physics, English, Economics, Art and Design. Hopes to study Mechanical Engineering at Heriot-Watt University. Home address: 35 Naughton Road, Newport-on-Tay, Wormit, Fife. Tel. (0462) 56182.

SMAIL, David L. - SASC. 1976-77. Haig. Wavell 1st and 2nd Year Rugby, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Honours

Swimming Awards, Canoeing Bath and River Tests. CCF, Ski Camp. Now sitting: 'O' Grade Arithmetic, English, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Physics. Home address: c/o WOJ Smail, Berling HQ Bde Inf, BFPO 45.

WILSON, Lindsay D. - 1st Bn The Black Watch. 1977-78. Haig, Trenchard, Wavell. Deputy Dormitory Leader in Wavell, Deputy House Captain in Trenchard, Corporal in CCF, Colours Corporal, 3rd Year XV Captain. 3rd and 1st Year Athletics Champion, Holder of School High Jump Record, 3rd Central Region Javelin, First Aid Certificate, Technical Subjects Prize in 1st and 2nd Year, Cadre, Bronze, Silver, Gold Swimming Awards. Member of 1st, 2nd, 3rd Year School XVs, Sailing, Athletics Squad, Basketball, Multi Gym, Germany Army Camp, Wavell 1st XI and 2nd XI Captain, CCF. Now sitting: 'O' Grade Maths, Arithmetic, English, Economics, Economic History, Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Engineering Science, Physics, Biology. Hoping to go to Princess Marina College at Arborfield to be a REME Apprentice. Home address: c/o S/Sgt D. K. Wilson, c/o Families Office, 1st Bn Black Watch, BFPO 106.

Hobbies

ELECTRONICS

A small group of us embarked on a course on Electronics and Micro-electronics following a set of ten cassette tapes and film strips produced by the BBC "to provide a bridge between basic Physics and Micro-electronics and demonstrate the relationship between the science and technology of Electronics".

Although there weren't many members in the Electronics hobby, this was all the better for us! We thoroughly enjoyed it. Each person worked on one kit, learning about different components leading up to the construction of a 4 bit binary counter which did work!

We listened to cassettes and watched film strips instructing us how to build the kits and explaining the operation of the AND, OR, NAND and NOR GATES we had constructed.

I hope that a few more interested members will join us next year. On behalf of us all I thank Mr Paterson.

The members this year were D. Barclay, I. Barclay, G. Hunter, M. C. Shaw, P. Stewart and myself.

Graeme Gillies, IIIA.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Three of the more experienced members, Jeremy Hair, Thomas Brotherstone and Ian Waterston, spent the Christmas term instructing the beginners and novices in the basics of photography including developing and printing black and white film. When the beginners, I. McLeod, D. McLeish and A. Gilchrist, were capable of

working on their own, the others experimented with Strobe Photography, Portraiture using flash and fixed lighting, and even colour processing.

Having developed successfully our own colour negatives the senior boys attempted colour printing which was found to be a much more difficult process. Obtaining colour on the prints was easy, but obtaining a true balance of colours needs much time and more patience than our members were prepared to offer.

The response to the end of term competition was disappointing especially since ample free film and paper had been made available. The prize-winners were: First, Ian McLeod; Second, Alan Liddell.

COMPUTERS

The members of the Computer Club performed again this year with renewed enthusiasm.

Next year we are looking forward to the addition of four 480Z Link computers with colour. These, hopefully, will be stored in a computer room where they will be more accessible to the enthusiasts.



Sailing Club

SAILING

The 1982 sailing season was in general very successful. The weather was kind, with a reasonable breeze on most days which allowed the increasing number of novice helms to gain some experience. We also enjoyed a few days of brisker conditions which afforded more of a challenge for the experienced sailors.

Over the winter months the School bought a Wayfarer dinghy, this should provide some interesting sailing in the 1983 season.

D. Stewart.

HIGHLAND DANCING

To all who appreciate the dignity, the discipline – and the delight – of the national dances of Scotland, it is pleasing to observe that the art of Highland Dancing continues to flourish with Queen Victoria School. Throughout the year, the dancers have consistently worked cheerfully and well towards building up a substantial repertoire of traditional and authentic material.

Complementing the long-established identity of the Senior Demonstration Team, which currently carries 12 members exclusive of 'reserve' dancers, a Junior Demonstration Team, capable of operating independently of the former and composed of 12 boys from the Primary department of the School, has been in existence since November 1980. These younger boys have successfully carried out a number of engagements, and, together with an additional number of Primary School boys, have already achieved their first examination passes, the majority of them being 'Commended' or 'Highly Commended' for their work, by visiting examiner James L. McKenzie, MBE, of Aberdeen. This delightful Junior class contains a very promising element, and it is to be hoped that they will eventually match the excellent achievements of those Senior Dancers who have gained Gold Medal and Gold Bar awards with highest possible grades.

1980 also saw our first sortie into the world of registered competitive dancing. This represents a rather specialised area of Highland Dance training; but those boys who have taken advantage of the necessary additional tuition have achieved consistently excellent results in contests throughout Central Region, Lothian, Strathclyde, Highlands and Borders. To date, the School has to its credit 160 prizes, of which no fewer than 108 have been First placings. These, in turn, have led to the award of several 'Over All' trophies. Everyone enjoys the travel involved on such occasions and, whenever time permits, we include visits to places of interest en route.

Another important (and popular) element of our training lies in preparation for demonstration work, and, in this area also, the Highland Dancers of Queen Victoria School have been eminently successful. An undoubted highlight of the current session has been the dancers' participation in the prestigious Scottish Bands

Spectacular, which is held bi-ennially in the Usher Hall, Edinburgh, in aid of the Scottish National Institute for the War-Blinded. On 8th March this year, the dancers were delighted to repeat the memorable success of their 1981 predecessors, despite being, on average, a considerably younger team. Presenting a lively, colourful programme of dancing characterised by strength and precision, the Highland Dancers of Queen Victoria School earned a tremendous ovation from a packed hall. As this article 'goes to Press', we all look forward to viewing a recording of the concert on Scottish Television in June; and our activities for the session are not by any means over . . .

The annual Junior Highland Ball, organised in May by The Royal Scottish Country Dance Society at Hopetoun House, South Queensferry, has become legendary amongst the dancers, for this is an occasion when we may enjoy Scottish social dancing at its best: meeting with pupils from six Edinburgh schools to dance to inspiring music by well-known bands, in beautiful and historic surroundings.

This time of year also brings the start of the Highland Games circuit, and we anticipate sending a competitor to nearby Blackford which, by tradition, is the first Meeting of the season. How rewarding and delightful it is, to see Victorians, in their distinctive dress, begin now to take their place on the open Games platform.

In-School activities include the annual inter-House competitions, for which we are invariably privileged and grateful to receive the services of distinguished Judges, the hosting of a Summer Dance to which fifth-year Haig leavers are invited; and, of course, as Grand Day approaches, we look forward once again to entertaining our families and friends.

THE ADDISON SMITH PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION 1983

The competition was held on the last Friday of term and was attended by the whole School in the Theatre. There were 16 competitors in the three levels of the competition. The Adjudicator this year was Mr Alexander Baxter, Convener of Debates for Tayside Region of the English Speaking Union.

In the Junior Section, the boys in Primary 7 and 1st year, the speakers were to pretend that they were putting their case before a panel who were to select which famous person should be on a special Eamon Andrews' *This is your Life* show in the year 2000. Darren Guerin decided that he would dress up as Stalin, and very Stalinist he looked with a Soviet Flag in one hand and a Tommy gun in the other. With a certain guile but great fluency he pleaded Stalin's case as the greatest changer of world history, dismissing lightly the co-incidental plight of millions. Callum Lane chose to be William the Conqueror, resting his case chiefly on his achievement as being the sole ruler to successfully invade Britain; his was a jingoistic and egotistical claim for fame with disparaging remarks against the Franks and Germans. A figure yet to materialise in history was

portrayed by Douglas Kellie; in shining robes and space mitre, he urged his importance, as St Galacticus, the first space monk, in suitably sepulchral tones. Edward Boyle, as Code Name 'Earhole', was a mysterious figure whose claim to fame was vested in his super-sleuth activities, a kind of British Pink Panther. The runner-up in this section was William O'Hare who gave a witty and verbally clever performance as Professor Rubic, and the winner was Graham Tennick who portrayed the future Charles III. Dressed as the Colonel in Chief of the Parachute Regiment, complete with Red Beret and laden with medals, he humbly admitted certain protuberances of physiognomy, whilst demonstrating how he as King was the leader of a future recovered Britain.

The Intermediate Section, for boys in second and third years, had been asked to make a speech supporting some cause which they felt strong about. John Harrison, last Year's winner, spoke in favour of doing away with amateurism in sport as an out of date and unreal tradition. Two speakers were concerned with cruelty to animals and conservation. Thomas McKay, in a clear voice, presented a number of arguments why foxhunting should be banned, chiefly so that more foxes could eat more field mice and hence leave farmers with larger harvests. The eventual runner-up, Kevin Crawford, pleaded eloquently and knowledgeably for the protection of whales. Cameron McDonald, speaking disparagingly of nearly everything to do with TV, stated his case for priority TV for Teenagers. The winner this year, very deservedly, was Robert Ferguson who in a spirited, fire raising speech, echoed the sentiments of most of those present in a speech calling for the immediate invasion of France, thereby crushing for ever the intolerable land of 'frogs' whose puppet government would then be administered by unwanted British political leaders. Ferguson could well go on to be a successful professional rabble-rouser.

The Senior Competition was in two parts. First was the short story, followed by a speech on a prepared motion. Lee Smart relied on graphic, urban night life realism in his story, "Two pints of Beer and a Packet of Crisps", whilst his speech eloquently proved the failure of many headed democracy and that human progress lay with enlightened dictatorship. Ian White's story was a strange mixture of allegory and fairy story, but seemed to endorse the fact that most politicians go to the devil. His speech on "Humanity can never be Happy" was unhappily directed towards the idea that they cannot. The third speaker, Martin Sinclair, told us his story, set in a future world after nuclear devastation; his main point seemed that life for those left would be as dull as it is for many still here. Upon the other hand he gave a lively, sincerely held view of the importance of microchipology as a boon, not a curse, to man-kind. The eventual runner-up, and one who might have won the competition, was Douglas Sutherland. His short story was the high point of the evening; chilling, terrifying and gripping, "The Phone Calls" had Wavell and lady adults aghast with suspended horror. His speech on "Humanity can never be Happy" though clear and

sincere, lacked something of the debating vigour expected. It was for this ability that Drew Law won the competition; his story was poorly read, suggesting he could not read his handwriting. However, Drew knows his audience and in opposing dictatorship and advocating democracy in terms of the QVS boy v. staff supposed-syndrome, he was bound to rouse the gallery and, with much humour, gave by far the best speech of the evening.

We thank Mr Baxter for adjudicating and look forward to another competition next year.

BURNS SUPPER

On Wednesday 9th February, the Senior Monitor and members of the Haig Debating and Literary Society held a Burns Supper in the School Theatre. There were 28 invited guests from the Teaching, Administrative and Uniformed Staffs, hosted by 22 senior boys. The Theatre was decorated with plaids and the tables set appropriately with some School silver and menus printed by the School Printing Club. As is proper, the Haggis was piped in by Douglas Sutherland and laid before Mr Hugh Brown who, after several weeks of practice, delivered the Address to the Haggis with vigour and a tongue twisting expertise of the required Ayrshire dialect. Before the Haggis was piped out again, the Chef, Mr Walker and the Piper received their appropriate 'drams'. The School Chaplain then delivered the Selkirk Grace after which took place an enormous consumption (on some people's part) of the haggis, neeps and tatties, followed by apple pie and cream, with coffee to follow.

After the meal, the Senior Monitor proposed the Toast to the Queen, followed by a splendid and warm appraisal by the Rev. E. Milton of Burns' contribution to poetry and Scotland, as he proposed the Toast to the Immortal Memory.

The post-prandial programme continued with two Burns songs by Mr B. Philip, accompanied by Mr Bruce; then to the delight and amusement of all, Richard McDonald gave a dramatic yet sympathetic reading of *To a Mouse*. The Toast to the Lasses was proposed by Drew Law, who spoke wittily and wisely, but very dangerously of women's indebtedness to men, adroitly salvaging himself at the end with some prettily turned compliments and Burns' quotations in recognition of the fair sex. Miss Gillan Anderson sweetly replied to the Toast, hence asserting most charmingly its appropriateness. Two more Burns songs from Mr Philip and Mr Bruce were followed by the Pipe Major's accomplished and prompt free rendition of *Tam o' Shanter*: it was a tour de force, such that members of the Society sat wide-eyed and gaping, and yet laughing too.

The last part of the programme was two duets sung by the Rev. and Mrs Milton, thus proving again that Chaplains are usually masters of all trades.

The Chairman, the Headmaster, concluded the programme with a vote of thanks and invited all to join in

singing *Auld Lang Syne*. Thus ended a first QVS Boys' Burns Supper, a most enjoyable evening and one to be eagerly repeated next year.

OUTWARD BOUND COURSE:

Loch Eil, 1982

In the summer term of 1982, the Headmaster asked the Senior School if any two boys would like to attend an Outward Bound Course at Loch Eil for a fortnight in the summer. The course would be partially paid for by the Commissioners. Two of us volunteered to go. The course we chose to go on was one of many provided at the Centre: it was called "Wilderness Course". The Centre itself was remote and surrounded by hills and water and beautiful countryside. The accommodation was on the very edge of Loch Nevis which is a sea loch, and the living quarters were very comfortable. Our course was split into two groups, living in two separate annexes. The selection of groups was carefully judged so that no one knew each other previously and started from the same point as an individual. In the first annexe there were five bedrooms and a bathroom, and in the other there were five more bedrooms and the main shower area. The kitchen was well equipped and the dining room and common rooms were comfortable.

The price for going on the course was out of this world. Our parents paid £60 each for us and the Commissioners paid one hundred and twenty pounds each for us, for the two weeks. We think it was money well spent: we had a fascinating if exhausting fortnight.

We started the first week by doing basic rock climbing skills on some nearby slabs and then progressed to abseiling. On the second day we started canoeing, learning the capsize drills, after which we canoed up to the neck of the loch and back; despite the cold and rain, it was good fun. The following morning we were taught map and compass craft which we put into practice in the afternoon (still raining) when we had to orienteer our way round a 10 point orienteering course. We might as well admit now that it actually rained for thirteen days but not so as to dampen our enthusiasm. That night we were briefed about the dangers of the mountains and the weather, and got our equipment ready for the first three-day expedition. A number of leaders were appointed and Duncan McLay was the first. Next morning we set off; the weather was terrible as we ascended the ridge of Sgurr na Quiche, the highest mountain around the area. The weather got so bad that we had to make camp at two o'clock in the afternoon, just off the mountain summit. We got our wet clothes off and got into dry ones, then had dinner which was Beef Bourguignon and mashed potatoes and which was cooked by the chef de cuisine, namely Egon Ronay McLay. Next morning our instructor told us to put back on our wet, defrosted clothes and so we set off down through a U-shaped valley with a meandering river. And then a miracle happened, something amazing and never to be forgotten – the sun shone and lighted the sky. Our instructor told us we were going to spend

the night in a house. Little did we know it was a house with half a roof and three walls. The girls cleaned the house up when we arrived at three o'clock. There was an old stove to cook on and we went to bed early at eight o'clock. We were up at six next morning, had a hurried breakfast and set off back to Camousory, conquering two summits en route. We were exhausted on our return.

The following day we were split into two different groups and put onto an island where we had to search for equipment – buoys, barrels, rope and the like. Using our ingenuity we had to make two rafts to get everybody off the island, which we did with difficulty. That afternoon we did a more complicated orienteering course as teams. After tea we went down to the beach to sit and talk. Suddenly a storm broke and the sea was so rough that we were all drenched by the spray even though we were sitting 200 yards back. On day 8 we canoed on the sea which was still quite rough, and in the afternoon we did what was charmingly called 'estate work'.

On the ninth morning we prepared for our second expedition; this was to be a four-day one, of two days canoeing and two days walking. On the first day we walked across two peaks and a ridge till we came to our camp site at Inverie Bay. Next morning, after a late breakfast, we headed for Inverie town and then to Ailor where we had lunch. Now the sun was so hot, it was too hot to walk. After our overnight camp, we started our two days canoeing round the coast to Sandaig Bay and then to an island for lunch. Unfortunately the sea was too rough to canoe to Skye, so instead we moved camp further down the coast. Next day we 'sailed' back to the Centre by joining the canoes into a raft and using the group shelter as a sail on paddles. Our last day at the Centre was spent cleaning, clearing, packing and making pancakes.

So ended a very demanding, interesting and enjoyable fortnight which we would recommend to others. If we had a criticism it was only that in the evenings there was very little for us to do.

Duncan McLay,
David Beveridge.

FIVE DAY ACTIVITIES

Over the last three years, boys in 4th, 5th and 6th years who were to leave that summer were given five or so days to go away from School and live outdoors or pursue some interest. Varied gambits have been carried out: sailing, canoeing, fishing, expeditions and work experience. Here is an account of one such five day activity.

Expedition 'A': The West Highland Way, 1982

When it was announced that there would be a "free week" following the SCE exams last summer, five of us decided to use that time to have a crack at the "West Highland Way". After much preparation and planning

our group set off on a sunny day in late May for our week of 'adventure' and for the next five days we lay in the sun, swam in the rivers and hiked across the hills of Western Scotland.

Our first day of hiking was by far the hardest and since we had greatly underestimated the distance and the weather, it was with some considerable relief we finally collapsed at Inversnaid on the banks of Loch Lomond. Our 'chef de cuisine' for the hike was Richard McDonald, and apart from trying to fry sausages in cheese he was an excellent cook. After a quick dip in the loch, and one of "Mac's" dinners we were feeling much better and were looking forward to the next day.

The weather was unbelievable all through our hike and when we arrived at our destination for the second day at half past three in the afternoon there was time for a long period of sunbathing and swimming. It was so warm that Douglas Sutherland and Ewen McLay (who had chased a slow worm and been beaten!) were still in the river at half past ten that evening, while Bernard Nelson and myself preferred to watch, amused from the bank. Spirits were high and our bodies weren't too sore; so far so good!

The third day was a very important one, for we were to "rendezvous" with the Headmaster to pick up new supplies of food. We were given fresh water, a fresh loaf of bread and countless heavy tins which were very welcome. At this stage of the hike we were ready to break off from the West Highland Way, which continues on to Fort William, and make our own way to the east and Dunblane.

Finally the blisters began to make their presence felt as we hobbled towards *Bonnie Strathgryre*. We had covered a substantial distance on our travels and it was a unanimous decision to award ourselves a completely free day for relaxing so we 'phoned the Headmaster with our plan and cut the walk short fractionally and so our adventure had finished.

A great time was had by all and the memory of it will stay with us for a long time.

R. Bruce.

ATHLETICS 1982

School Sports

Records

<i>Haig</i>		
Discus	D. Sutherland	35.95m
Shot	D. Sutherland	14.32m
Javelin	D. Sutherland	44.88m
Hammer	D. Sutherland	57.46m
400m Hurdles	I. Sutherland	65.0
<i>3rd Year</i>		
80m Hurdles	S. Gray	12.7
High Jump	L. Wilson	1.69m
400m Hurdles	S. Gray	66.0
1500m	A. Davidson	5:00.5
Triple Jump	L. Wilson	10.81

2nd Year

80m Hurdles	G. Cooper	13.1
High Jump	P. Doran	1.50m
400m	G. Cooper	60.0
100m	G. Cooper	13.0
400m Hurdles	G. Cooper	65.7
1500m	G. Cooper	5:00.8
Triple Jump	K. Hindle	10.45m
Hammer	J. Hay	40.22m
Javelin	J. Hay	32.46m
Discus	J. Hay	27.88m

1st Year

400m Hurdles	S. Glenn	74.7
Javelin	M. Reid	22.24
Discus	M. O'Donnell	22.96

Wavell

Minor High Jump	S. Milne	1.26m
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**CENTRAL REGION
CHAMPIONSHIPS****Over 15**

1st, D. Sutherland	Shot Putt	16.56m (Record)
1st, G. Harrison	100m Hurdles	15.2
1st, B. Nelson	Discus	34.04m

Under 15

2nd, M. Buchanan	Discus	28.96m
4th, S. Gray	80m Hurdles	13.2
3rd, L. Wilson	Javelin	35.31m

Under 14

1st, K. Hindle	Long Jump	5.14m
2nd, G. Cooper	80m Hurdles	13.7
2nd, C. Claydon	800m	2:16.4

Douglas Sutherland in breaking the Shot record by 3 metres was awarded the Convener's Trophy for the best performance of the combined championships.

**SCOTTISH SCHOOLS
CHAMPIONSHIPS****Over 17 Years**

1st, D. Sutherland	Hammer	51.90m
(New Championship Best Performance)		

1st, R. Bruce	1600m Racewalk	8:05.8
2nd, D. Sutherland	Shot Putt	13.29
3rd, A. Ingram	1600m Racewalk	

15-17 Years

2nd, J. Hay	Hammer	39.94m
3rd, I. Sutherland	400m Hurdles	59.3

13-15 Years

1st, P. McGrath	Hammer	42.40
(New Championship Best Performance)		
2nd, D. Watson	Hammer	26.50m

John Hay was selected to represent Scotland at the Schools International, Colwyn Bay, Wales.

INTER-HOUSE PENTATHLON RESULTS**Under 13**

1st	G. Day (C)	63 points
House	Trenchard	121 points

Under 14

1st	K. Hindle (T)	103 points
House	Cunningham	181 points

Under 15

1st	S. Gray (T)	111 points
House	Trenchard	203 points

Under 16

1st	L. Wilson (T)	118 points
House	Trenchard	209 points

**SAAA EASTERN DISTRICTS
CHAMPIONSHIPS****Youths**

2nd	A. O'Donnell	41.16m
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Hammer

3rd	J. Hay	33.68m
4th	M. Feighan	31.92m

Senior Boys**800m**

5th	C. Claydon	2:14.7
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Long Jump

4th	K. Hindle	4.89m
6th	I. Kenyon	4.42m

RUGBY RESULTS 1982-83

	P	W	D	L	For	Agst
1st XV	13	2	1	10	45	264
2nd XV	9	3	0	6	43	237
3rd XV	3	1	0	2	40	67
3rd Year XV	14	14	0	0	558	23
2nd Year XV	12	4	0	8	173	180
1st Year XV	10	9	0	1	260	18

1st XV

This season for the 1st XV will no doubt be remembered by those who played an active role in it, especially by myself since it was the first season I have had the privilege to Captain a School Rugby team.

We came back from the summer holidays still very much under the shadow of the previous season's 1st XV and with a team consisting of three ex-1st XV, 4 ex-2nd XV, 2 ex-3rd Year XV and 6 "NRWs" (boys who haven't played Rugby for the School). With that in mind, we achieved a good level of Rugby Football.

With the introduction of the multi-gym in late January, bodies began to fill out the rugby jerseys, and soon the fights were not for the smallest jerseys but for the largest ones; the team got physically stronger and soon we began to hurt the opposition, fairly, with hard open rugby, our greatest moment coming against an unbeaten Wallace High School XV when we won 4-0.

The team this year had an average age of 16 years, the youngest player being 15 year old Patrick McGrath, our loose head prop, who stood ground against many an 18 year old; along with Stuart MacKenzie and myself



1st XV

we formed a solid front row platform. In the power house Alan O'Donnell, Angus Cameron and earlier Drew Law turned into hard working, 100%, 2nd row forwards. But possibly the strength of this year's pack lay in a hard-working back row of whom Douglas Fishwick shone the most. Sandy Borthwick was No. 8 and Scott Gray was the other flanker until he had his appendix taken out, then Ian Hay took over and soon proved an invaluable player to have.

Our backs underwent many changes but soon came out with a good combination. Iain Sutherland was the most outstanding player of the season and, along with Steven Borthwick, formed an excellent half back partnership. We had small but effective wingers in Philip Collie and Brian Gillespie; our mid-field was held solidly by Lindsey Wilson and Dugald Revie and at full-back we had the very safe hands of Graeme MacKay. Other players this year were: G. Grant, J. Geddie, L. Ingram and S. Buchanan.

Finally I would like to offer my thanks to Mr Boast our trainer/manager/fixture fixer/bus driver/chief supporter/chief critic, without whom our season would never have been complete.

Richard McDonald,
Captain.

2nd Year 1st XV

The team has improved vastly from game to game, we are also getting more confidence and guts, willpower to play harder and not to give up. We've also had a big help from the rest of second year in making the team better. Even though we have had many changes in the team, the main one being the change of Captain, it has not affected our morale and we look forward to seeing a stronger and better team next year.

N. Fox (*Captain*),
G. Dargie (*Vice-Captain*).

2nd XV

I feel the 2nd XV never really got into its stride this season. Our confidence never wavered even after long, long periods of large defeats. The weight ratio between ourselves and the opposition was, to say the least, to our disadvantage. All through the season we tried our hardest against superior opposition, but still came off the field smiling and mostly happy. Our lack of skill and ability was made up by the efforts of everybody concerned. I hope that any returners next year, will return to a more fruitful season of results.

D. Laird.

3rd XV

At the beginning of the new rugby season 1982-83 the first ever 3rd XV was formed from the non-rugby players and a couple of 2nd XV players of Haig House. In this past season the 3rd XV had to play only 3 matches. The first match was won comfortably by the 3rd XV against Glenalmond and was captained by S. F. H. Buchanan with me as his scrum leader. He was then withdrawn on medical grounds. I took over the position of captain and nominated Malcolm Strachan to be my vice-captain. He was also a major try scorer along with me and one or two from the team. The last two games were lost against a better Glenalmond side, the score was 12-8, and against Rannoch who beat us 36-8. The team had, however, improved a great deal and was only outclassed by the better playing of Rannoch. The second match against Glenalmond was a fairly even sided match.

S. F. H. Buchanan and D. Mortimer.

1st Year

This season was quite a successful one for the 1st Year rugby team as we won all but one of our ten games.

Lack of space prevents me from describing individually the contribution of each team member and it would be unfair to try to pick out a few star players. The important thing was that everyone tried his very hardest.

I should, however, like to give a special thank you to Ian Gonude who watched every home game, however bad the weather and brought on our oranges at half-time.

Thanks are also due to Mr Willman and Mr Paterson for taking us as well as to Mr Boast.

We are all looking forward to next season when we will once more do our best.

Gary Smith (*Captain*).

3rd Year XV

This has been a very successful season for the 3rd Year XV, having won all our matches whilst scoring 588 points and conceding only 23 – our line being crossed on only three occasions. In addition, we won the Central Region 'Sevens' without losing a point. Our success has been due to the hard work put in at training, and our determination to play well on the field. The high



Third Year XV

standard of play was a team effort. The backs with their strong running, excellent handling and staunch defence; and the forwards, who though often outweighed, held their own in the scrums and line-outs and played superbly in the loose, combined to produce exciting open rugby. The highlight of the season was at Fettes where we played the best rugby of our three years as a team, and our hardest game was at Loretto where our team spirit and determination plus a determined defence brought eventual victory.

I should like to thank all the players for their efforts and sportsmanship throughout the season (not forgetting our touch judge, Graeme Gillies). Those who played regularly were: Graeme Cooper, Ian Barclay, Malcolm Buchanan, Les Burnett, Charlie Claydon, Paul Doran, Robert Ferguson, John Hay, Ken Hindle, Scott McCurdy, Angus Ryme, Steve Spence, Duncan Weir and Jim Wood. David Beveridge, John Bruce, Jamie Forman, Duncan McLay and Ross Mowbray also represented the team. Our thanks to Mr William and Mr McAndrew, for refereeing; to Mt Boast, for all his help; to Mr Claydon, for his generosity and support; and especially to Mr Squires, for his coaching, without which our success would not have been possible.

Lee Lucas.

THE FRUIT BOWL

The clear cut crystal bowl was covered with entwining vine and frosted glass patterns for the leaves. The bowl glowed in the bright sunlight reflecting the sun's rays off the rim, making the bowl look like it had a halo. A smooth shiny deep red skin enveloped the round fullness of the apples' flesh and cores. The firm round light green blobs, mixed with black-red one, and connected to each other via a long stalk hung over the edge. These grapes gave an air of life as they swayed slightly to and fro in the draught. The dull pale yellow bananas decorated with black streaks sat upright like soldiers on parade. They leaned against the crater pitted oranges, which radiated a pale light from their surface.

Graeme Gillies, IIIA.

PRESSURE

She had laid the table for two. The tea was gently simmering in the pot on the stove. The toaster burst into life distributing its finished product onto the work top. With an air of calmness, she picked these up, put them in the toast rack and placed it gently on the table. She poured milk and sugar into his favourite mug and placed this near to his plate, then turned her attention to the eggs gently frying in the pan. She heard the creak of the bathroom door followed by the slow, soft thuds of his feet on the stair carpet, slowly getting louder until they stopped at the door. The handle creaked as it turned when the door opened. He strode in casually wearing his usual working clothes. He walked to the crockery cupboard and searched for his mug, it wasn't there. He turned and peered at the regularly set table.

"She," he thought, "had the cheek to put my mug on the table, my mug. Huh! Stupid bitch, I'll show her." Angrily he strode to the table and picked up his mug, he walked to the sink and threw the milk and sugar down the drain. Having washed his cup he put some coffee and sugar gently into it. This he then flooded with fresh milk and hot water. He stirred it with a spoon and walked out of the kitchen with his back straight in defiance, picking up the newspaper on his way out.

When he had gone, she put another cup with milk and sugar on the table, and laid the sizzling bacon, sausages and egg onto his plate. She put the frying pan in the sink and hung her apron on the hook behind the door. She walked out of the kitchen and up the stairs into her bedroom, he was further down the hall. She sat on the edge of her bed and hauled out a service revolver from his kitbag. It was loaded.

Sitting in his chair drinking his coffee and reading his paper, he heard the report of his revolver, followed very closely by the thud of her body crashing onto the floor.

"And good riddance, you old hag," he shouted, and turned back to reading his paper.

Graeme Gillies, IIIA.

THE SHADOW OF 'DEATH'

The dense mist which filled the atmosphere lifted slowly, twisting and turning as if it were reeling in pain.

A thick black cloud, like death itself, rolled against the powerful wind. Then it dispersed in an array of lightning bolts which made an unearthly crack similar to that of a mighty whip. I stood my ground, mesmerised as a tall bulky shadow formed. A freezing wet mist engulfed me and small beads of dew covered my body making me shiver.

The mighty polymorphic shadows metamorphosis was complete. It was as solid as a rock. It bellowed in a growling bark with such force that I took two steps back. Its shadowy face came into focus and I caught a glimpse of its eye sockets which were bottomless voids with minute sparkling stars lingering as if in space.

An acrid stench of rotting flesh filled my nostrils and I nearly vomited. Its mystical power and presence as it towered over me fixed me to the spot as rigid as a telephone pole on a summer's day. It raised a hazy limb almost mechanically and everything went blurred and started rotating with great velocity.

M. Buchanan, IIIA.

SUNDAY MORNING

The cornflakes had turned slightly soggy, I noticed as I slowly swallowed them. It was Sunday morning and I had forced myself to listen to Tony Blackburn. I pulled two bits of bread out of the bread bin and shoved them in the toaster.

My sister walked briskly in, like some princess might with her head in the air and turned the radio off. "I was listening to that," I said, but she paid no attention and

strolled through to the living room and picked up the *Sunday Post*.

The toast popped up giving me a fright as it always did. The toast was a lovely golden brown colour. I quickly spread both the bits, the butter melted like a cellophane bag on a fire.

"Good party last night," I shouted through to Fiona. No reply came. "Oh well, be like that," I said. Still no reply came.

She put on the kettle. We had now changed places, I was in the living room, she was in the kitchen. "Make us a cup of coffee please Fiona?" She gave no reply. A few minutes later she strolled in with her coffee. "where's mine?" I asked in a hopeful tone, no answer came. I went through to the kitchen, she hadn't made any more. I quickly got dressed and went out.

Norman Gillan, 3A.

THE MATCH

The boy thrust his hand into his pocket. "See look what I've got." The little boy gasped "A match." The little boy grabbed it and held it at an arm's distance.

The cream coloured wood and violet head looked pretty to him. Suddenly the big boy snatched it back. "Here, get me a stone." The little boy ran to obey his command, then stood in front of the boy his mouth dry with anticipation.

The boy twiddled the match in his hand. "I had to steal this, you know." The little boy hung his head. "But I think it will be worth it." The little boy grinned with delight.

The boy struck the match on the stone. Nothing happened. He struck it again. Suddenly the violet head spluttered then disappeared in a yellow flame. The two boys watched as the flame ate its way down the wood. Suddenly the big boy yelled with pain and the match fell to the ground.

The flame slowly died out with a puff of grey smoke, and just a red glow was left.

The smell filled the boys' nostrils. The little boy looked down and saw the black charred wood lying in the soft wet grass. He turned away and followed the big boy.

John Harrison, 3A.

THE OPINION OF A PHYSICS SCHOLAR

The Motorhead fans were like a standing wave, each one stored energy for either constructive interference like dancing or destructive interference like bottle throwing or the occasional whack over the head with a bullet belt. The wave entered the narrow door and then diffracted round the sides and filled up the hall. They then took their seats, and threw them into the crowd. As the band came on stage, the crowd volume doubled as if a crest had hit a crest. The music started and the crowd was mesmerised by Lemmy Kilminster jumping

to the music like a line on an oscilloscope. It was a good night out.

J. Bruce, 3A.

THE SILENT TREATMENT

I sat in the kitchen feeling depressed and thinking of a suitable apology. I made myself a cup of coffee but I couldn't be bothered to drink it. I gazed at it, it was a most revolting yellow colour like the corners of an old newspaper. The door opened and my wife sailed past me without saying a word or shutting the door, which she knew would annoy me, then she started preparing herself something to eat without asking me if I wanted anything. The whole affair was portentous. She sat down opposite me and started to read the paper, she seemed to be enjoying it. She was not a very amiable person at the best of time but I had never felt so much animosity towards her as then. You could have cut the tension with a knife, not a word passed between us.

J. Bruce, 3A.

FIRST DAY

I felt nervous as I was shown into the big classroom. I stopped for a second in the doorway, as I looked at all their faces. They studied me carefully with gleaming eyes. The teacher placed his big hand on my back and gently patted me. He motioned for me to sit down on his desk. I can't actually remember what he said, but he told the children everything he knew about me.

I sat down next to a girl of about the same age. We started to talk. To begin with I was too shy to talk with her, but after a while we were talking away quietly. She told me that she had only arrived a few days ago and it was a good school. I looked up and I saw that some children were not wearing school uniform, and the ones that were, had uniforms which were all mucky or ripped in some place or other. I looked down at myself and I saw my nice clean shoes and clean trousers. I brought my foot onto the other and started to rub my shoes together to get them dirty.

At the end of the day I was quite glad to leave. I walked home with my new found friend.

John A. Hay, 3A.

INCIDENT

The girl caught sight of the wooden building and you could see joy well up in her face. She started to run and picked up speed as she drew nearer to this sacred place. This place attracted her like a magnet does a pin. She reached the door and then hesitated for a short time.

Eventually she plucked up enough courage to enter the shack and pushed the old door open. Next she stepped inside carefully like someone testing an old rickety bridge. She carried on through into the house and walked through the rooms calling.

There was a deathly silence and it suddenly hit her that the place was empty. Once again she walked through all the rooms but this time more slowly. She

came upon a chest of drawers and raked through the drawers like a security officer checking you before boarding an aircraft. She found an old box with pictures inside it of others.

She picked up these photographs one by one studying them intently and handling them gingerly like sticks of dynamite. They were a jaded yellow colour with their corners curling up. She stared at them with awe.

Suddenly the dam broke and her eyes filled up with tears that fell onto the withered pictures. She carefully placed them back like a peace offering and then moved into the vast jungle which once had been a garden, but by now was more like an overgrown botanic garden.

She discovered a clearing in this place that had a few crosses which were spread askew over mounds of earth.

She then realised that no-one was there or was ever likely to be again.

Charles Claydon, 3A.

THE BOWL OF FRUIT

The light shone brightly intensifying the dull green and sharp red of the apple, which mingled with the bright array of green, purple, red and orange creating a beautiful conglomeration of colours.

My hand moved tentatively towards one of the bright purple succulent looking grapes. My fingers manipulated its moist body then I plucked it sharply from its stem. I put it near my nose which took in the perfume which was like a garden festooned with plants.

I hurled it into the air, it caught light, rotating like a space capsule. It entered my gaping hole filling it with the tangy taste, keeping my tastebuds alert.

I pierced the soft skin with my teeth and its juices flowed into every cavity of my mouth, satisfying all my desires. Then I slowly destroyed and ate the grape until only the seed was left. It shot about in my mouth and came out onto my hand.

My fingers slipped across the lubricated substances which covered the seed, then, without warning, it slipped out of my hand and was gone.

M. Buchanan, IIIA.

SILENT ANGER

The door opened and I said, "Hi Kev!", but he did not reply. His cold eyes looked right through me as if I was invisible like the air in the room. I started to become aware that he was angry. He went to the hifi and switched on the radio. The music drummed through my ears like the thunder at night.

The atmosphere was tense and my palms started to sweat. Had he found the catapult that I had hidden in my bedroom? Or had he noticed my bed leg was broken? Well, he knew something. He moved slowly and sat on the bean bag, the beans rattled like leaves in

the wind. It sent an ice cube up my spine.

Then he just turned and walked out shaking his head.

James Forman, IIIA.

SILENCE

He walked along the corridor with haste. People walked past pushing and barging each other. The noise was immense until suddenly a soft voice asked, "Where is form 3B?"

There was total silence. Eyes turned in his direction and fixed upon him like laser beams, whispers could be heard in the background. The tribe had found a stranger amongst them.

They began to move in his direction. They encircled him.

"Name?"

"Robson!" he answered.

"Torquil Robson!"

They laughed. The total silence returned as they walked away.

He eventually made his way to his form. He opened the old door and walked in. The classroom went silent as he made his way to an empty desk and scraped his chair along the floor.

He sat down and looked around. Normal children turned into snakes in front of his eyes and a quiet hissing noise terrified him.

Suddenly the door opened and the teacher walked in.

"Ah! You must be the new boy!"

"Yes!"

She scurried to her desk and asked a question. He put his hand up to answer, the only one who did so but he was ignored. Then the class fell silent.

Paul Doran, 3A.

CHRISTMAS DAY SWIM

As I stepped onto the abandoned sandy beach the feeling inside me was overwhelming. As I undressed the sun immediately got to work transforming my pale skin to a dark tan with its powerful rays. Within ten minutes I was being roasted like a coffee bean.

I had to refresh myself so I began my take-off down to the beach. Suddenly I was airborne, then before I knew it, I had penetrated the calm surface of the sea.

The water was cool and relaxing as I lazily swam out to the raft. The sun had mysteriously drained my energy when I was on the beach and it was a great relief to me when I found the rocky bottom with my feet.

Graeme Cooper, 3A.

BOREDOM FOR A MORNING

I switched on the television hoping to find a film on, but instead it was just the Wombles followed by an even more boring programme, *Why Don't You?* I turned it off

and walked over to one of my books which I had got for Christmas. I had read it twice before, but I was so bored that I decided to read it again. At the end of that I just didn't know what to do. At first I thought of calling on my friends until I saw the bad weather. I thought of doing some more taping on my new tape-recorder, but I had taped all the music I liked, so I decided to sit and watch the weather and some birds in my garden. The rain was pouring down and so I watched every tiny dry spot on the patio floor get wet. The rain trickled down the glass like the sand in an egg-timer until it had left most of itself behind like a snail leaving its almost star coloured slithery path. There were a few fluffy small grey birds sitting in our pear tree, motionless as if they were stuffed. They flew over to the big dead elm tree and disappeared behind a wall of ivy. I looked at my watch. It was 1:28 p.m. I ran over to the television and waited for the usual 1:30 p.m. film. It started. It was called, *You Can Never Be Bored*.

Sean S. Glenn, 2A.

THE MATCH

I slowly slid the tray out of its housing and picked out a long slender, roughly square cut match. It was a yellowish, bleached, sand colour, and had an elegantly rounded brown top. I quickly struck it against the sand paper striking board and watched it ignite into a glowing yellow flame. The base of the flame was blue like gas burning. The flame flickered in the dim light and was warm even to look at.

Slowly the match went through a metamorphosis, turning into a black bent crippled piece of charcoal. The flame burned on and quickly engulfed the last centimetre of wood, the wood did not fight back against the flame but just lay down and died.

There was just a red glowing left, that just let out a last puff of smoke and went like the last piece of wood. There was a thin layer of smoke about the room, that gave off an acrid smell and slowly drifted away. All that was left was a bent corrupted body, that was no more an elegant match.

• T. McCluskey.

THE BALLOONIST

The jagged mountain peaks tear at you, almost as if they hope that some freak wind will pummel you against the razor sharp, black fins that stick out of the milky ocean.

Passing through the cotton wool clouds, with the wind battering against your face is no discomfort when you see the breathtaking view from your flimsy wicker basket.

The soft, white snow lies perfectly disguising the "black death" which hides away waiting for an unwary victim to carelessly drop out of the sky, into the region where man does not rule but is the merest spot on the landscape.

G. Clark, IIA.

THE CHANGING FACE

The clean shaven face grinned at itself in the mirror, the cheery blue eyes crinkling slightly at the outermost corners. A hand appeared at the edge of the mirror holding a small golden tin, into which another hand dabbed a small cotton wool ball. Then the hand rubbed the ball onto the face, leaving a trail of white powder which clung to the skin, soon enveloping the whole face, leaving it an unhealthy looking white pallor. The other hand re-appeared holding a tube of lipstick as the lips drooped at the corners, giving it a childish "don't-disturb-me-I'm-in-a-huff" look. The hand smeared lipstick all over the mouth which reverted to its usual position, but maintained the silky look made by the lipstick. The hand moved away then came back up clutching a thin brush which it used to make a black cross on each eye. Then the other hand showed itself holding a fiery red wig which both hands rammed onto the top of the head, finally completing the clown image.

Duncan J. Lawrie, IIA.

JOURNEY TO THE SEA

The rocks were sharply pointed and scratched my feet, so I stepped off them and on to the dark coloured, hard packed sand in between. Overhead, a gull called out its usual cry and I looked up to watch it without stopping.

"Ow!" I cried as my foot hit a rock with an audible 'crunch', sending a startled crab scurrying to find new shelter. I sat down heavily, but after a moment, I felt compelled to go on.

After a minute or two, I came to a small stream and, stepped into it without hesitation. It was icy cold, but the sight of the sparkling blue sea on the other side, and the taste of salt in my mouth urged me on. Every time I lifted my feet, they made a peculiar squelching sound as they tore themselves free from the muddy bottom of the stream, leaving a perfect copy of my foot which was quickly filled up again by the swirling motion of the water.

Ahead was a short stretch of mud. I tested it warily with my foot, then hared across it onto the lovely golden sand. It was warm on my feet, and there were patterns whirled into it by the sea breeze.

I walked further on and stepped on something cold and slightly damp that made a slight 'pop'. I picked up the bit of glistening green seaweed and threw it away carelessly, then stepped onto the damper, dark brown sand and let the first of the breakers creep over my feet.

Duncan J. Lawrie, IIA.

*Wavell House*

Wavell House

When old boys come back to visit Wavell House a standard remark is, "But it's much smaller than I remember it to be". The size of the rooms and the height of the stairs has certainly not changed. What has changed is the boys' size in relation to everything around.

I think that this gives a good indication of how large everything must loom to a new boy when he first arrives. When you are ten the dormitories must appear to be like football pitches, the stairs stretch upwards forever and the lockers tower like cliffs above your head. Coupled with this a multiplicity of rules is suddenly injected into a boy's life. He must remember to be at a given place at a given time, look after his property, make his bed, do his 'dorm' duty and learn the intricate art of tying his own tie and doing up his shoe laces.

Small boys, however, are very adaptable. They soon fall in with a routine and what is expected of them in the way of behaviour. Home life is replaced by a communal spirit which grows stronger as the first few weeks pass.

One is never bored as there is always something to do or someone to play with. There are challenges to face in the classroom, on the games' field and in everyday life in the House and when difficulties are surmounted and overcome there is the feeling of achievement and satisfaction to enjoy.

The Rev. Eric Milton, the School Chaplain, joined the House Staff to replace the Rev. A. A. Orrock on his retirement last year. Mr Milton is a reserve Naval Chaplain and a distinctly salty tang was noticeable within the House after a few days. Such phrases as, "belay that order", "square that kit away", "muster on the ground floor" and "to heel Bosun", Bosun being his West Highland terrier, rang through the corridors. He has also brought with him his skill as a Naval Architect. This he puts to good use in his work with the younger boys with his fascinating blackboard drawings and his precision design of kites which are made and flown in the Model Making hobby. We thank him for his help and interest and hope that he will have a long and happy stay with us.

After a lapse of one year we are once again going to Camp in the Cairngorm Mountains during the first week of the Summer holiday. This affords the boys a unique

Inspection and Prize-Giving

Inspecting Officer: Lieutenant General Sir Alexander Boswell, K.C.B., C.B.E.
General Officer Commanding, The Army in Scotland

Prize Giver: Lieutenant Colonel A. F. P. Petrie, M.A.
Headmaster, Duke of York's Royal Military School

PRIZE-GIVING

Prize-Giving takes place in the School Memorial Chapel at 11.30 a.m. in the presence of Her Majesty's Commissioners, distinguished guests, parents, staff and boys.

Due to limited accommodation it is regretted that attendance at Prize-Giving is restricted to those holding personal invitations.

INSPECTION

On Parade

Senior monitor, Commanding Parade	Douglas Sutherland
Guard Commanders, No. 1 Guard	Richard McDonald
No. 2 Guard	Lee Smart
No. 3 Guard	Drew Law
No. 4 Guard	Douglas Fishwick
No. 5 Guard	Alexander Borthwick
No. 6 Guard	Alan O'Donnell
Orderlies	Jason Ormiston
	Stewart Wilkie
In Charge of Colour Party	Jeremy Hair
Colour Party	Stewart Murdoch, Charles Claydon
	Kenneth Hindle, Victor Lucas
Boy Pipe Major	Martin Sinclair
Boy Drum Major	Iain Sutherland
School Sergeant Major	Mr J. Deeley (late Royal Scots)

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 p.m. precisely. (*Spectators rise for the Salute.*)

The Senior Monitor commanding the parade, reports the Parade "Ready for Inspection" to the Inspecting Officer. The Inspecting Officer preceded by the two boy Orderlies and accompanied by the Commandant and the Headmaster, inspects the Parade, 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 Atholl Highlanders*.

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

The Parade reforms line to the tune *The Pibroch of Donald Dhu* 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 fall in.

Trophies and Medals are presented by Lady Boswell.

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

PRESENTATION OF PIPE BANNER

The Pipe Banner presented by the Canadian Branch of the Old Victorians' Association will be handed over by a representative of the Branch.

It will be carried on the pipes of the Boy Pipe Major during the Beating of Retreat.

PRESENTATION OF OLD VICTORIANS

Old Victorians have come from all over the world to celebrate the 75th Anniversary. Representatives from Branches of the Old Victorians' Association at home and abroad will be presented to the Inspecting Officer.

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.*)

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 MARCHES

The Green Hills of Tyrol

The Battle's O'er

DANCERS

Victorians' Broadsword

SLOW MARCH

Loch Duich

MARCH

Major Moir

STRATHSPEY

The Keel Row

REEL

Captain Lachlan Macphail

MARCHES

The Crag of Tumbledown

Highland Laddie

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.).

EXHIBITIONS

An exhibition of Memorabilia, arranged by Miss Diana M. Henderson, LL.B., N.P., is on display in the Trenchard Day Room off the Central Hall.

A display of arts, crafts and hobbies done by the boys during the year is arranged in the Playhall on the South edge of the Parade Ground. There is a display in the Model Railway Room, to which any QVS boy will direct guests. The Pipe Room and Drum Room, behind the main row of seats, contains pictures and badges which have been presented to the School by the three Fighting Services, including every Regiment and Corps normally represented by sons at the School.

All guests are cordially invited to visit these displays.

Souvenirs of the 75th Anniversary are on sale in the tent on the Playing Field.

opportunity of walking into the heart of these great mountains and seeing for themselves some of the rare plant and animal life which is to be found there. There will also be opportunities for having canoeing lessons on Loch Inch, taking a trip on a steam train, visiting a trout farm and watching ospreys. Next Easter we hope to venture further afield in the form of a ski-ing holiday in the French Alps.

At the end of the Easter Term Primary 6 had a trip to Edinburgh where they visited the Empire Pool, the Castle, and the Museum, while Primary 7 went to the Container Depot at Greenock where they saw at first hand the up-to-date method of loading ships plus the departure of a Dutch container ship heading for the Gulf of Aden.

The general philosophy of running the House is to provide boys with a wide spectrum of challenges, experiences and opportunities and to create a well established routine with emphasis on a discipline required to live together successfully as a close community.

To achieve this takes much hard work on the part of the House staff and I am much indebted to everyone concerned for the interest which they have shown and the time which they have always been ready to give.

N.C.B.

RUGBY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Diff
Primary 7 XV	18	10	0	8	236	218	+ 18
Primary 6 XV	10	2	0	8	50	209	- 159

As may be seen from the above results, the Primary Seven Team have done well this season. Highlights were our defeat of George Watson's in Edinburgh by 12 points to 4 and our victory at home, 16-4, over St Mary's Melrose.

Captain, George Campbell, deserves his House Colours as do team members: Keith Low, Mark McFarlane, Kevin McAvoy, Graham Bowden, John Ross and Kevin Sayers.

Primary Six did not fare so well as the Senior team, but they were novices while all their opponents had past experience in the game; they will improve greatly next season.

In an internal competition Morre was champion dormitory, Primary 7B defeated Primary 7A by 10 points to 8, Primary 6A defeated Primary 6B by 18 points to 0.

Thanks are due once more to all those who assist in any way towards Wavell House's increasingly satisfactory Rugby record.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

The Inter Class Race

This was held as an introduction to the Cross-Country events scheduled for later in the term. Snow, sleet and winds were the order of the day but the intrepid competitors battled on through swollen burns and muddy

paths to complete the course. The winners were P6A and P7A.

The Inter-Dormitory Race

The afternoon of the dormitory race was damp and misty. A fine rain was falling and the ground underfoot was wet and muddy. The only consolation was that no one fell out with heat exhaustion and there was no wind blowing to chill the bones and impede progress.

The course is entirely within the School grounds but quite taxing as it incorporates uphill gradients, water jumps and negotiating the rough terrain in Wavell Wood.

In the junior race Steven Wallace started with a strong lead which was never really challenged. Second came Philip Kilcullen and the winning dormitory was Lynedoch by a narrow margin from Abercromby.

In the senior race the order was reversed with Moore Dormitory being an easy winner. This was achieved by some spirited running by Nigel Murdoch who won the race with Donald Johnstone coming second. It was, however, the positioning of Michael Black and Graham Bowden near the front of the competitors which clinched the race for Moore Dormitory.

Results (determined by combining the scores for both races): 1st, Lynedoch; 2nd, Abercromby; 3rd, Moore.

The Schools Challenge Race

Seven schools took part in this event which was held on Friday 11th March. Again it turned out to be a wet and misty day but some good times were recorded although the burn was running high and the ground hard going. The House did not enter an under 13 team but came second in the under 11 and under 12 events. Steven Wallace came second in the under 11 event and Nigel Murdoch won the under 12.

Results:

Under 13 race Kelvinside Academy.

Under 12 race Daniel Stewart's and Melville College.

Under 11 race Daniel Stewart's and Melville College.

THE BOXING COMPETITION

It comes with some surprise that there is always a large number of boys who wish to enter for the competition. There is no element of compulsion and those who cannot be included for reasons of age, height, weight or dormitory are always disappointed that they lose the chance of entering the ring.

It is not always easy to stand up in front of an opponent and battle it out before an audience. It takes courage, determination and confidence and it is gratifying to see that a large number of boys in the House can readily face such a challenge.

Results

Winner

Kevin McAvoy
Steven Wallace

Runner-up

Paul Geddes
*Gordon McBain

Philip Kilcullen	Darren Guerin
Sean Milne	Alex Veitch
John Ross	Graham Bowden
Grant Black	Kevin Brown
Stuart Fitzpatrick	Andrew Fraser
Michael Christie	Stuart MacGillivray
Peter McEachern	Christopher McIvor
Craig Scott	*Colin Smith
Donald Johnstone	Nigel Murdoch
Scott Cherry	Graeme Kidd

Boys marked * receive a good loser's point

Referee: Mr G. Martin

Judges:

Commandant, Mr I. T. Williams, Lt Col. N. McLeod

Winning Dormitory: Lynedoch
2nd, Moore; 3rd, Abercromby

SWIMMING

At the time of going to press last summer, we had only just started working on Distance Swimming for Awards standardised by the Amateur Swimming Association. I am pleased to say that, in a matter of only seven weeks, the eighty boys of Wavell swam 650,000 metres (337

miles) and in doing so gained 315 awards. Considering the boys are ten to twelve years old, this is quite an achievement and a big challenge to this year's swimmers.

Primary 7 worked at Survival Swimming during the winter and, though not as strong a group as some have been, they achieved a great deal in relation to their potential. Over one hundred awards have been made, including twenty gold awards, and some boys have yet to sit tests at Honours level with a good chance of passing them.

Three galas were held during the second term. In the inter-dorm gala Lynedoch were first, followed by Abercromby then Moore. Darren Guerin and Scott Menzies were respectively Major and Minor Champions and their runners-up were Donald Johnstone and Iain Campbell. In the other two galas, firstly against Beaconsburst Grange School, and secondly involving four schools – Beaconsburst, Glasgow High School, George Heriot's School and ourselves – we were fairly and squarely beaten but not disgraced. All three galas were marked by a healthy mixture of competition and fun.

Congratulations are due to all those who swam. Perhaps special mention should be made of the poorer



Wavell 1st XV

swimmers, and those with specific difficulties, who strove valiantly in the face of their fears and problems, and, with encouragement and coaching, overcame them to make major strides forward. Apart from the progress in swimming which I see each year, it is the character-building aspect of the challenge set by the Survival Swimming Awards which convinces me that our time in the pool is well spent. Finally my thanks to my colleagues for their support and also to those men of DOE who day by day make our pool a pleasant, warm, safe and hygienic place to be.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Each year the return from the Half Term holiday heralds the onset of Winter. The long summer days have come to an end and darkness, frost and snow are in the offering. This, however, is also the time to let the imagination run wild in the form of spirits, witches and goblins, and what better opportunity to do so than at a Hallowe'en Party.

Wavell boys love a party so long as there are three ingredients: food, noise and competition coupled with the chance to dress up and perform.

The Party took place this year on the 29th October in the Play Hall where there is plenty of space. It began with a variety of novelty races including the Friar Tuck Race in which competitors finished with faces smothered in flour, chocolate and syrup. The bun-eating race in which boys with the largest mouths and most voracious appetites competed to see who could demolish a bun in the shortest time was followed by apple dooking where more water was hurled onto the floor than apples produced. Groups of Witches then appeared, weird sounds echoed through the hall and glowing lanterns floated in the dark, all helping to complete the atmosphere of the Witches' last night on the rampage.

Each class then produced a play. Primary 7A entertained us with "The Witchie Bears' Picnic", Primary 6B created a revolving monster which ate small boys on the Rugby field, Primary 7B gave us a selection of ghostly encounters and Primary 6B told us in verse all about a Witch who could not spell.

Everyone then ate sausages, buns, apples, biscuits, sandwiches, crisps and cakes round a bonfire and then returned to bed to sleep it off and hope that the witches had remembered to beat a hasty retreat before midnight.

INDOOR ACTIVITIES

The Winter Term is the time for indoor games to come into their own. Chess, draughts and table-tennis competitions are organised, and this year Beaconsfield School pitted their skill against us in an indoor games tournament in which we were the victors.

An elimination system of games of table-tennis produced Major and Minor champions who then played each other in a final tournament before the rest of the House.

Results

<i>Senior Competition</i>		<i>Junior Competition</i>	
1st	Stephen Penrice	1st	Bryan Stubberfield
2nd	Colin Smith	2nd	Craig Scott
3rd	Nigel Murdoch	3rd	Stuart Cook

Winning Dormitory: Abercromby

A CLOSE SHAVE

I tramped my way miserably over the sodden leaves from a day's hard potato picking, after all it would be my holiday tomorrow. I could maybe get a lie in, instead of getting up at 5 o'clock and breaking my back working. As I walked home darkness closed in and a full moon appeared, soaring high in the sky, and lighting up the sky around it majestically, like a flaming torch. I eventually came to the edge of the wood and, having no second thoughts walked merrily into the wood, squelching through the half decayed autumn leaves. As I got deeper into the wood I had a strange awareness that I was being followed. I said to myself, "Forget it", but it rang in my mind like a loud bell. In a flash I had wheeled round on my heel, and was ready for any appropriate action, but there was nothing there. I felt a surge of terror through me, I was completely helpless against the night forest. My eyes started to play tricks on me, I saw a savage beast silhouetted behind every tree and bush. It was as though they would rip me apart if I went any further. I could not run to save myself, I was frozen in complete terror. A cold menacing autumn wind whistled and howled through the trees, chilling my spine and adding more paralysing fear to my confused mind.

A great sense of loneliness came about me, what it is like to be completely cut off from any civilisation. I heard a crackling in the distance, and almost as a reflex, scanned the dark horizon for any creatures lurking behind the trees. I could not make anything out. Just the bare outlines of dead trees. A rabbit ran out of its hole, as if it was suffering the same fate as I was. At this I panicked and ran headlong back in my tracks, stumbling through the thorny tangle of trees and bushes, until at last I saw the bright yellow light of the moon on the edge of the wood. I stumbled on faster and faster, until at last, utterly exhausted, I staggered out of the forest, and slumped to the cold damp ground, panting and puffing until I caught my breath.

Simon Thomson, P7A.

THE CAT

The cat, stealthily prowling
Hunting silently
Claws extended
Like gleaming daggers
Eyes like floating illuminous torches
Scanning the undergrowth
Its double life
An affectionate pet
Yet a born killer.

J. A. Leslie, P7A.

A SNAKE

A coiled mass of colours asleep and immobile
 Venture too near as if approaching a deer
 But meet only death and destruction
 A jab and a strike as fast as light
 It uncoils and slithers away
 Beautiful, fascinating but all the more deadly.

S. Milne, P7A.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE

The king of the air
 Silent but deadly
 Soaring around his territory
 With gold for feathers.
 Black deadly eyes
 Alert to see any life form
 Sharp knife-life beak
 All vicious
 Yet magnificent.

Fraser McLeod, P7A.

THE WHALE

King of the sea,
 Its home the vast ocean
 Bigger than an elephant
 As blue as the sea
 Spraying jets of silver water.
 Then away to the depths of the ocean.
 A tail for feet
 Fins for hands,
 Friend to all
 Yet hunted by all.

D. Johnstone, P7A.

A DRAGON

The monstrous machine came thundering from its
 mountain lair
 Flapping its wings with metallic crash
 All thunder and lightning
 Clashing teeth and gleaming claws.
 Nose spurting smoke and flame
 Its belly a waistcoat of diamond-hard scales
 The savage fire-breather.
 I am glad it's extinct
 If it was not, what then?

S. Braby, P7A.

THE MOUSE

The mouse is a fastidious little creature
 With small nibbling razor blade teeth
 Eyes all polished shiny like glass marbles
 Always on the look out
 Whiskers twitching like a nervous hand
 Scurries along like the wind
 Prehensile tail swaying on the cornstalk.

G. Black, P7A.

HIPPO

Snorting on the river bed,
 Bathing in the mud,
 Basking in the summer sun,
 All this the Hippo does;
 Giant tipper mouth,
 Short stubby legs,
 A huge hunk of flabby flesh,
 And teeth like wooden pegs.

Simon Thomson, P7A.

THE BOASTFUL BULL

I'm the strongest you're the weakest,
 All day long he sang this song.

I'm the greatest, you're the latest
 All day long he sang this song.

He sang this song all day long
 Until the butcher came along.

Scott Burns, P6B.

THE END

A spider was spinning from top of a door,
 And what he was saying was a terrible bore;
 He boasted of this and he boasted of that,
 He even said he had fought with a cat!

He claimed to have the best looking legs,
 When they really were the spindliest pegs,
 Then along came a man with a size ten shoe,
 And squashed him into a small blob of goo.

Stuart Cook, P6B.

THE ROBIN

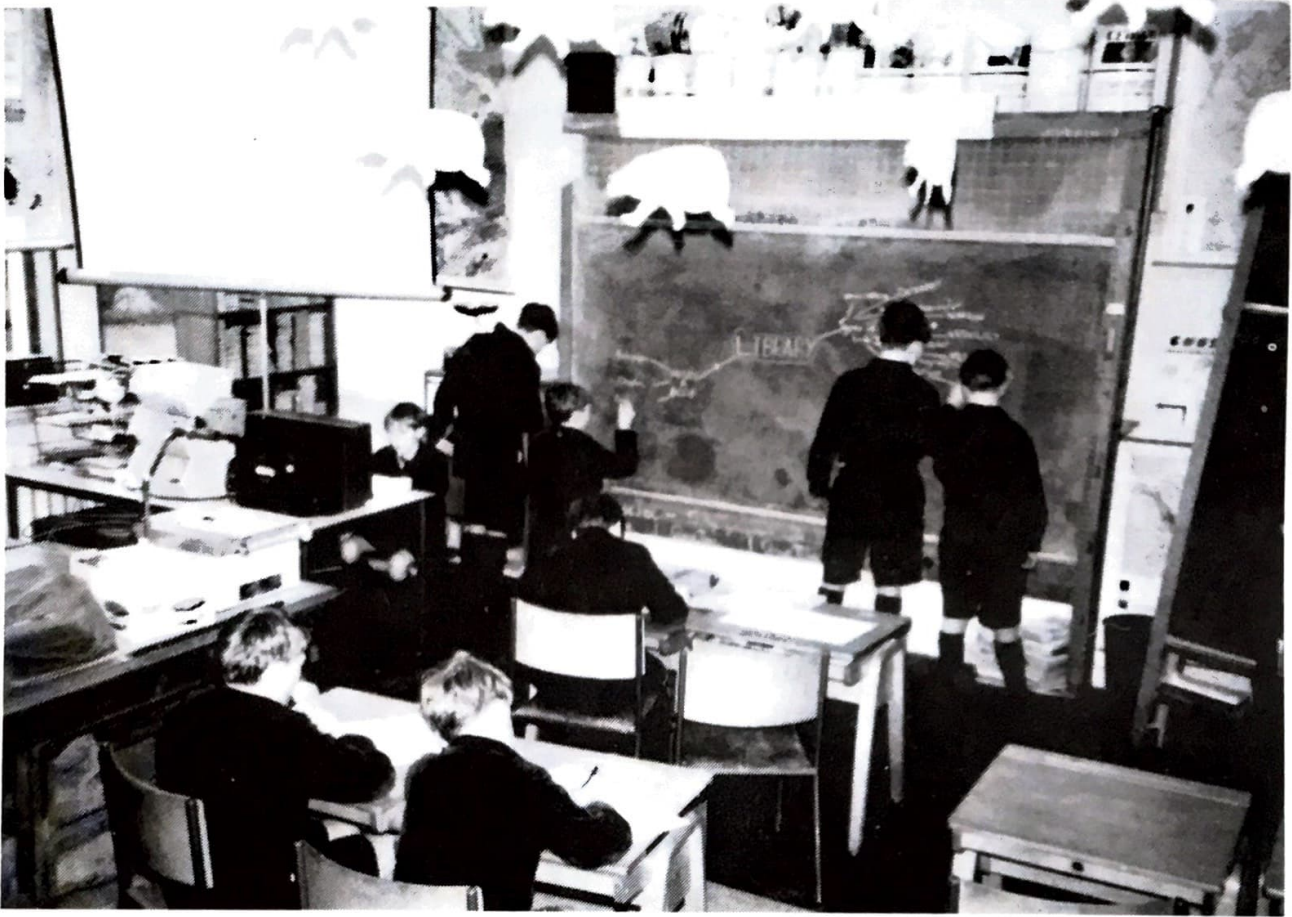
Little Robin hops about
 We indoors, and he without
 He stabs the snow in search of food
 And always seems in a good mood.
 At last he tires the search for prey
 And seeks a warm perch 'til break of day.

Gordon Stewart, P6B.

MARBLES

C'mon – we'll have a game of 'cracks',
 Don't worry about these other hacks,
 Or, we could have a game of 'pots'
 But mind you don't rob me of lots.
 I hope you don't mind mucky knees.
 I might be generous . . . and play you threes.

Robbie Herd, P6B.

*P7 at work***VOLCANO**

Volcano, Volcano erupt in the sky
 Volcano, Volcano your ashes fly high.
 Volcano, Volcano your lava's so hot
 You'd kill anything live, that in front of you got.
 Volcano, Volcano you roar and you rumble
 Volcano, Volcano your rocks roll and tumble.
 Volcano, Volcano your gases are choking,
 And there seems no end to the fumes you are smoking.
 Volcano, Volcano now you're asleep
 Volcano, Volcano not a sound not a cheep
 Volcano, Volcano your end seems near.
 But no one knows when from sleep you will rear.

Paul Geddes, P6B.

SPACE

Working alone in the vast open sea
 In complete solitude from civilisation,
 The infinite black ocean,
 With its deadly hush.

You are completely isolated from everything,
 Sailing about in the high heavens,

The vast open plains
 Uninhabited.

G. Usher, P6A.

A NIGHT AT PREP

The rush of the boys
 As the bell rings out
 The silence slowly wins the battle against noise.
 The hum of lights
 The scraping of the pencils
 Doesn't distract the boys' attention.

Stewart Dow, P6A.

THE COAL MONSTER

The backs of the miners scrape on the ground
 As they hack away at the coal,
 The monster spits anthracite in their faces,
 Their lungs clog up with malevolent coal-dust.
 The spawn of the mine,
 They toil on as the voracious pit sucks in their energy.
 Threadbare they work on in the dark and the gloom.

C. Scott, P6A.

BLINDNESS

I smell the flowers in this place
I feel the shadows creeping up my face
The birds chirp and sing so merrily
As I think of the things I cannot see.

Gordon McBain, P6A.

THE CHEERFUL SCARECROW

I'm the Scarecrow that every bird likes
They nest in my breast when they come down from
flight.
The broomhackle struts hold the straw where they stay
And they sleep in my hat until down the next day.
I'm cheerful, I'm happy, I'm the one for all
My head is made from an old rubber ball.
My hands are twigs, my monoleg bare
My clothes are rags but I do not care.

S. A. MacGillivray, P6A.

THE HOUSE MATCH

It was a mild, sunny day. The prospect of an exciting match filled the clear air. The bright colours of Abercromby and Lynedoch dorms come onto the muddy field. The referee's shrill sharp whistle went and the game was under way. Fierce, angry tackling and unsuccessful runs brought the spectators' screaming support to the favoured side. The first scrum was in operation and grunts and groans filled the air while each side battled fiercely for possession of the ball.

The mud-soaked players fought on regardless of the tries scored against them. A crunching tackle made on an unsuspecting player ended up in a line out in which both sides leapt up in vain to stop the spinning oval ball. A run was made and the skilful player was tackled, but close support was at hand and the well deserved try was scored to bring the score to 6-4. Abercromby walked off relieved, victorious, and joyful, while the down-hearted Lyndonians walked off bitter and dejected, licking their wounds with woe and sorrow as they pledged to try harder for next time.

J. S. Scott, P6A.

**A PROTEST BY A ROWAN TREE NEAR
A SWIMMING POOL**

Why are they killing the harmless tree
That makes your heart feel strong and free?
Why do people have their say?
Will we ever get our way?

We are wrenched right out of the ground
Then by crane are swung around
To be harshly thrown onto a lorry
When will people ever feel sorry?

I will not know what they'll think next,
But pray for me it is the best
So, come on now, all you tree lovers,
And form a protest with all others.

Kevin Sayers, P7B.

SILENT

It pulls, it strains,
It burrows, it gains,
It drags leaves into the earth;
It crawls, it eats,
It tires, it sleeps,
It pulls seeds down to have birth.

It squiggles, it squirms,
It moves, it turns,
It digs down into the ground;
It slips, it swerves,
It pushes, it curves,
But it doesn't make a sound.

Colin Smith, P7B.

THE SALMON

The salmon is a beautiful fish,
It can be big or small,
But it has tremendous strength,
To jump a waterfall.
If you catch a salmon,
With your rod and reel,
Be sure to take it home with you,
As it makes a tasty meal.

A. Veitch, P7B.

GAMBLING

John Betman was already an alcoholic through worrying about his betting, and he inhaled at least six cigars a day. Nervously he opened his door. He paused in the door-way to finish the last of his lager. He slammed his glass down on a coffee-table nearby and walked out. In his pocket he had the ace of spades. This way would bring in the money for him, as he was going to his friend's house to gamble in the biggest game he'd ever gambled in before. Just around the corner was the house he was heading for. He rang the bell. The door opened. A fat man was there to greet him, "Hello, John. Look at my new pack of cards!" John looked down. They were not the same brand as his ace of spades. John turned round and did the first thing that came into mind. He ran into the garage and got into his friend's car. Recklessly he drove the car out of the garage on to the High Street. He turned the car round and started to drive, first at twenty miles per hour, then at forty miles per hour, and finally at the speed of sixty miles per hour. Meanwhile he was driving through red lights, bumping cars and even had knocked down a sign post. The noise was ear-piercing as the car swung round a corner to head out of town. About five miles out of town he started to pick up speed yet again, but this time he was driving towards a cliff. Back at home his worried wife and heartbroken child were sitting beside the telephone waiting for a call from John, as he usually did after each game to say if he'd won or not. Little did they know that they would not receive a call.

So think about John, because life does matter.

N. A. Murdoch, P7B.

THE WORLD

Is it day when it's night?
Is it dark when it's light?

Is it bed-time when it's morning?
Is there snoring when there's yawning?

Is it sunny when it's snowing?
Are plants dying when they're growing?

Yes — On the other side of the world!!

G. Bowden, P7B.

THE COMPLAINT

I feel there should be a complaint box so people can put in their complaints. Also there should be a typewriter so no-one will know who wrote the complaint. Then the School can employ someone to explore the possibilities of the complaint. Also this would give someone else a job. But I suppose this is a stupid thing to complain about anyway, as there is no complaint box to put my complaint in!

G. Bowden, P7B.

DREAMWORLD

You can go to places in a dream,
Where no one else has ever been.
You can go to places once forgot,
Some may be cold, others hot.

Things that happen in a dream,
Are things that you may not have seen.
You'll travel to places you'll never see,
Places which will make you very happy.

You may go to space in a rocket ship,
Or draw a six-shot from your hip,
You may do some things that you would never do,
Shoot somebody! I don't know who.

But I hope you have not got the wrong idea,
So listen to me loud and clear.
Things that happen in a dream
Are things that are not quite what they seem.

Graeme Kidd, P7B.

CCF Section

Contingent Commander: Wg Cdr I. T. Williams

OC RN Section: Lieut. Cmdr W. G. Webster, RNR

OC Army Section: Capt. J. G. Finlay

OC RAF Section: Flt/Lt M. J. Boast

Adjutant: Capt. J. Deeley

OC Signals Section: Capt. G. M. Watson

2 i/c RN Section: Rev. E. G. Milton, RNR

SSI/QM: Mr R. Brown

Supernumery to Estab.: Major J. D. Hankinson

We welcome the Rev. Eric Milton, the School Chaplain, to the Staff of the CCF. Mr Milton's wide experience with the Royal Navy is already proving an asset to the RN Section and has enabled it to increase its establishment strength of cadets after only one year following its formation in September 1981. Mr M. J. Boast, who assumed command of the RAF Section in 1981, is to be congratulated on his promotion to Flight Lieutenant. Congratulations also to Mr G. M. Watson who, after nine years service, qualified for promotion to Captain.

The Army and RAF Recruits' Cups for 1981-82 were awarded to Cadets David Beveridge and Colin Stewart respectively. With the introduction of the RN Section the new RN Cup was appropriately awarded to its first Coxswain, Colin Geddie.

The Biennial Inspection of the Contingent was held in October 1982 with Vice-Admiral R. R. Squires, Flag Officer Scotland and N. Ireland, as the Inspecting Officer.

The valuable assistance given to us by the three services as well as by our own School Staff is much appreciated. A particular word of thanks, however, to Sqn Ldr David Conran-Smith, Area Commander, RAF Careers Information Service, who has visited us regularly, kept us well informed and written innumerable letters of encouragement to our prospective "airmen" — he leaves us and the RAF at the end of the session and we wish him every success and good fortune as he pursues his academic studies in preparation for his chosen new career.

I.T.W.

RN SECTION

The arrival of Rev. E. Milton at the School has given the Section a chance to enlarge its intake. Currently there are 35 cadets in two watches. In September 1982 Leading Seamen Geddie and Kenyon represented our Section in the RN (CCF) Regatta at Chatham and did very well. The October Field Day was held at HMS *Cochrane*, and spent sailing and pulling. In the Spring Term a ship visit to Rosyth was followed by a day at sea on minesweepers under MCM 10. Also during the Spring Term, the Submarine Old Comrades' Association presented a magnificent trophy to the Section to be awarded annually to the cadet making most progress.

The Summer Term Field Day was held at HMS *Nep-tune*. Applications for summer camps and courses remain high: like last year we shall be sending boys on a variety of activities – canoeing, communications, engineering, gunnery, submarine acquaintance and medical. This enthusiastic participation augurs well for our future.

W.G.W.

ARMY SECTION

NCOs as at 4th May 1983:

Cadet CSM A. L. Law; Cadet Sgts J. L. Smart, P. J. Stewart, M. J. Strachan, W.B. Gillespie; Cadet Cpls A. J. Davidson, S. J. Gray, J. C. Hair, D. R. Laird, L. D. Wilson, G. Grant, C. Hutton, P. D. Collie, L. M. Ingram, A. C. B. Cameron, S. W. Murdoch; Cadet L/Cpls J. J. Gold, S. J. Gordon, P. J. Johnston, P. J. Marr, R. J. Proctor, G. J. Rae.

CCF Adventure Training, Islay

Last Summer's Camp was a pleasant change from the usual. Brigadier Marston has contacts on the island of Islay and made arrangements to spend our camp at Ballygrant – an old lead mining village in the middle of

the island. We had a very pleasant two and a half hour sail from Kennacraig to Port Ellen thence by 'bus to an old drill hall – currently used as a Youth Centre. The accommodation was slightly less palatial than that which we have been accustomed to, but none the less adequate – the local population producing bits and pieces from far and wide to make our stay as comfortable as possible. As we had a good meal on board, nothing much was required before bed-time.

Due to previous Pipe Band engagements in Germany, we were, for the first time in eighteen years, without Jimmy Shaw to look after our culinary needs, and with the advent of contract catering it is rather sad that we shall no longer have Jimmy's services at camp. I think it was Jimmy's home cooking that kept everyone happy after a few days on compo and biscuits AB. For the first time in my life I discovered what AB meant. I should like to thank him for all his help to us in two camps a year over that long period of time.

Twenty-one cadets set off in ideal conditions from Ballygrant to Ballygrant via a few odd hills and bogs, and true to form it was head down and bash on who needs a compass! As one might expect they followed the wrong fork in a burn, putting an extra hour and a



Vice Admiral R. R. Squires, Flag Officer Scotland & N. Ireland, inspecting the CCF

half on their journey. The camp site was ideal – by a derelict farm – running water laid on and a deep pool for swimming. Unfortunately when the wind dropped, out came the midges. Islay has its own special breed of midges. I am sure they are specially bred to boost the sale of anti-midge cream which is on sale in almost every shop on the island. The following day the heavens opened and the rest of the exercise, including a soggy lunch, was completed in torrential rain. In twenty-four hours we had seen Islay at its best and its worst: the Gods were kind. The wind got up, the sun came out and we got dried up ready for our three-day exercise.

The aches and pains were forgotten and in the evening we had a football match against the local team, which consisted of all the local teenagers in the village including two girls who were having a hard time being tackled in the most unorthodox manner whether or not in possession of the ball. As there was no referee our team made the most of it.

The following day it was back to business and off to see the rest of the island the hard way. The map reading improved and everyone arrived on target on time.

What looked on the map to be a good site turned out to be a bit of a disaster. The river, I'm sure, had been the local rubbish dump for the last century or so. We had to go down to the capital city – Bowmore – to buy some plastic water containers and move the camp site a mile further along the sand dunes.

We were joined the following morning by Brigadier Tweedie who walked out part of the way with the cadets. The next part of the hike was a bit more difficult and the overnight stop was at the favourite picnic spot of the local land-owner. It was an idyllic spot overlooking the Sound of Jura. The only drawback from our point of view was its inaccessibility and we had to carry all the essential supplies on our backs. The majority of the milk cartons became casualties but at least the first aid box arrived in good shape. I think Drum Major Brown's back needed more treatment than the Cadet's feet.

Once again we became the best paid rubbish collectors in the business as the "Gash" had to be carried two and a half miles to the Land Rovers. The cadets on the other hand, had a lot further to go on a track which had long since disappeared. It was definitely map and compass work and even if it was a game of follow the leader everyone survived safely. It was really rugged territory and fortunately all the time we had a good stiff breeze which kept us cool and kept the midges away.

We discovered afterwards it was a training area for Commandos, who spend a month there every October. I did hear someone say "The Commandos and the deer", which are abundant on the island, "can have it".

But blisters or no blisters, a return football match was played in torrential rain. The game went on for over two hours. I don't remember what the score was but I rather think we lost.

I am most grateful to everyone on the island from Brigadier Wilson, who helped a lot with the arrangements, down to the local play group who provided accommodation for "the elders and betters", and my grateful thanks to Captain Deeley and Drum Major Brown who, amongst other things, turned out to be excellent cooks – obviously better house trained than me.

J.G.F.

SIGNALS SECTION

NCOs as at 30th April 1983:

Sgt L. Smart, Sgt P. Stewart, Cpl P. Collie, Cpl L. Ingram, L/Cpl J. Gold (89.5 Comsec), L/Cpl S. Gordon (94 Pract. L.), L/Cpl P. Johnston (89.5 Voice), L/Cpl P. Marr (85.5 Voice), L/Cpl R. Proctor (87 Comsec).

This year, with the classification exams being later, no results are at hand at time of writing. The instructors applied themselves this year with great gusto and are looking forward to good results.

The Signals Camp will take place again at the Dill Mill and the senior boys will again have an enjoyable weekend.

ARMY SECTION CAMP: GERMANY

On the evening of Grand Day, 1982, 2 Officers and 32 Cadets set off by 'bus from the School to Dover, travelling overnight. The Army Section had been fortunate enough to be invited to spend a ten-day camp with the 1st Bn The Black Watch in Werle. The School is most grateful to Lieut. Col. G. C. Barnett and the Regiment for the absolutely marvellous camp that they provided for us. It must also be said that to have a parent of two boys in the School as RSM of one's host Unit provides a certain edge of advantage. Mr Proctor was kindness itself and ironed out even the slightest of wrinkles.

Having been deposited at Dover by courtesy of King's of Dunblane, we sea-linked ourselves as foot passengers to Ostende, where we promptly lost all our luggage. Unflappably, Mr Watson found both our luggage and our German 'bus. The latter proved some kind of Teutonic mobile torture chamber, in that the driver seemed to wish to punish us for being British by not turning on the air conditioning in a 'bus with windows that would not open. Nevertheless, we arrived safely at Werle to be met by several parents of the Regiment, and Sgt Dixon, and his most cheerful duo of Black Watch corporals who were to be our guides and mentors for the camp.

The boys' accommodation was ample and pleasant, even to a TV and Video in the evenings. The training was tough and one must comment on the ability and fitness of the younger boys in particular to carry out all that was asked of them. From first to last they were treated as young soldiers, from Battle PT to overnight exercises. By courtesy of the organising efficiency of Mr

Maitland Makgill Crichton, who had the dubious pleasure of looking after us, the boys' programme was varied and excellent. In short probably the best CCF training that we could have had anywhere: Cadets will always respond to the challenge of professional expertise coupled with being able to get their hands on the range of infantry weapons and kit a regular battalion has. We did two full scale overnight patrol exercises, initiative exercises, signals training, work with the vehicles of a motorised infantry regiment, all platoon weapons and finally, watermanship, and visits. One visit was to the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, and to find a QVS boy driving a Chieftain tank was an awe-inspiring sight.

On the social side life was very good. The boys enjoyed their trips into Werle, and twice visited the Sergeant's Mess, once on a conducted tour from the RSM and again on our last evening when we entertained all those in the Regiment who had helped us. Another aspect much enjoyed was a practice lunch in the Officers' Mess in preparation for a visit by the Queen Mother the following week: Mr Watson is reported as having eaten well. The boys attended a dress rehearsal for the parade for the Queen Mother and enjoyed being led by the Black Watch Bands and drilled by the RSM.

So, finally after 10 splendid days, we set off back by 'bus, stopping at the Phillip's "Evelon" Exhibition at Eindhoven, enjoying an evening in Ostende and, despite the rail strike, bussed our way back up Britain to Dunblane. This year we are going back to Germany, hosted by the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards.

J.A.H.

SKI CAMP AT ROTHIE MURCHUS

The weekend before we set off for Rothiemurchus it was doubtful if there would be any snow for ski-ing. But just before we left there was a good heavy fall which made conditions ideal. Unfortunately the weather was far from ideal with visibility down to three metres. It is nothing short of a miracle that no one got lost. I did hear of one of our instructors coming down hill when someone came out of the mist and ran over the back of his skis; needless to say he did a perfect snow plough, with his nose making the furrow.

We had seventeen cadets with us, all of whom, with two exceptions, had skied several times before and of course made for more adventurous and interesting ski-ing, most of the time being spent up on top. During the Headmaster's visit, although the mist cleared, it was downright windy and cold, and on the Saturday it was even worse. For the first time we had taken a chance and purchased weekly tickets, so we had to get our money's worth irrespective of the weather, and on Saturday it was almost a white out. If they could stick that, they could stick anything.

Sunday cleared up considerably, but as it was Easter Sunday the crowds turned out and a bit of time was spent queueing up for tows and lifts and, I suppose,

coffee which I'm told took about an hour to reach the counter, and when someone said "Drink" everyone drank.

The weather continued to improve and with a good fall of snow every night, so did the conditions. You may have heard the expression "fresh snow on a firm base" – that is what we got and that is how it stayed till the end. On the Monday it took thirty-five minutes to bring the novices down Corrie na Ciste. So much had they improved that this was accomplished in ten minutes on the last day – which is saying something as it looks absolutely frightening to me.

I should like to thank Captain Watson, Flight Lieut. Boast and Tommy Thompson for their patience and expertise in instructing and also Captain Deeley for looking after the housekeeping and helping out with the driving. We were most fortunate this year having Mr Fleming – our School chef who very kindly offered to come and cook for us. No camp would be complete without good food and I must say that Alex really excelled himself, and last but not least to Len and Hazel Holmes, the warden and his wife who keep the place in tip top condition and always look after us well.

J.G.F.

RAF SECTION

Cadet NCOs as at 30th April 1983:

F/Sgts A. S. Borthwick, D. I. Sutherland; Sgts I. F. Sutherland, M. G. Sinclair, I. C. Hay, A. O'Donnell; Cpls G. W. M. Gronbach, I. Kennedy, S. Mackenzie, D. A. Revie; J/Cpls S. B. Buchanan, T. Brotherstone, M. Day, J. A. Easson, S. I. Scott.

All 9 cadets training for the Proficiency Part 2 Examination were successful with Graeme Gillies gaining a Distinction and Roy Leslie a Pass with Credit. In the Proficiency Part 3 Examination 6 cadets passed with Graeme Gillies collecting full marks in the Engines Section and another Distinction.

The morning of the Field Day visit to RAF Turnhouse was spent underground looking around the Scottish Headquarters of the Royal Observer Corps. In the afternoon we went to the East Fortune Museum of Flight. After an interesting slide show on the history of the airfield and museum, the cadets were able to look at and inside a variety of aircraft.

The Summer Camp for '82 was held at RAF Church Fenton, near York. A full programme of events had been planned and the week started off with a Station familiarisation exercise in the rain. The weather did improve and other exercises including a hike round the local countryside trying to solve clues took place. The Sports Hanger proved to be very popular and was used most evenings for five-a-side soccer, basketball, badminton, cricket, multi-gym and a fitness coordination exercise.

As well as the usual interesting Section visits and shooting, a day was spent in York: the mornings at the Swimming Pool doing Dinghy Drill and Swimming Pro-

ficiency and the afternoon going round the Railway Museum. The night exercise had to be cancelled because of a sighting of a dangerous criminal in the area! This also resulted in the loss of over a day's Air Experience Flying when the Police used the Chipmunk for an aerial search.

The food and accommodation were good and our thanks must go to Mr Buchanan for his help at Camp. We hope he was amply rewarded with a night flight in a Jet Provost. Sandy Borthwick, our Senior Cadet NCO, was similarly rewarded with a flight in a "J-P".

We were given two places for a continuous Gliding Course at No. 662 Gliding School, Arbroath. Congratulations go to Sgt Alan O'Donnell and J/Cpl Stewart Buchanan on going solo and gaining their 'wings'.

Weather, pilots and aircraft permitting the Air Experience Flying has continued at No. 12 AEF RAF Turnhouse throughout the year on Thursday afternoons and thanks must go to the AEF Commanding Officer, Sqn Ldr Ritchie, and Wg Cdr Williams for taking the Cadets.

Flt/Lt C. Gash has taken over from Flt/Lt M. Hayter as the RAF Air Cadet Liaison Officer from HQ Air Cadets RAF Newton, and also continues the Aircraft Recognition Tests. Sgt Martin Sinclair must be congratulated not only on his consistent high results in these tests but also for his work in helping other cadets prepare for these tests.

M.J.B.

Queen Victoria School 1908 – 1983

As part of the 75th Anniversary of the School's opening, it was decided to publish a larger edition of the *Victorian* this year, so as to include within it articles and photographs from the past. The chief source has been the *Victorian* magazines of the last 60 years. To read them through twice was as fascinating as it was time-consuming. What emerged from such a reading was two kinds of material which it is hoped boys, parents, staff and all those who have to do with the School will find of interest: first, accounts of how the School came into being and, second, personal memories of those who were at the School, either as boys or staff, from its earliest days. If a little of what is written is repetitive, we should acknowledge it as being what was most remarkable or memorable. Indeed when a history of the School is written, it is from sources such as these that the writer will describe the foundation, traditions, growth and very special and unique character and place of Queen Victoria School in the nation and Scotland, as well as in the hearts of Old Victorians.

Headmaster.

THE HISTORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL, DUNBLANE

The idea of building a school in Scotland to commemorate the services of Scottish soldiers and sailors who fell in the South African War, was first mooted in the year 1901.

It was not, however, until the autumn of 1902 that the idea took definite shape, and then, as the Empire was mourning the loss of Queen Victoria, it was decided that the School should serve the dual purpose of commemorating Scotland's fallen sailors and soldiers and also of being a memorial to our illustrious Sovereign. The money that was collected for the purpose by public subscription eventually amounted to £65,000.

The raising of these funds, the formation of an Executive Council, the selecting of plans, the choosing of a suitable site, the intricate negotiations as to the constitution of the School between the War Office and the Commissioners, and sundry other matters, entailed the lapse of many years before the actual building came into existence. As a matter of fact the building was not commenced until the year 1906, and it was not until 28th September 1908 that the School was officially opened by His Majesty King Edward VII.

On this occasion Mr R. Addison Smith, the Hon. Treasurer and Secretary to the Council, read to the King the address of the subscribers.

His Majesty graciously replied, and the text of his reply now hangs framed in the Commandant's office, while the following extract from it: "As their fathers served the State, so, also, I pray that the children may grow up under the shelter of this building to be useful in their station and calling" – is engraved upon the brass to the left-hand side of the front entrance. His Majesty engaged in the further ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Memorial Chapel.

The first batch of boys entered the School in the summer of 1909, fifty being selected from those who were nominated, and another thirty being chosen in priority by the Commandant. Four other boys joined the School at this time, two being transferred from the Duke of York's Royal Military School and two from the Royal Hibernian School.

To T. W. Gibbon belongs the distinction of being No. 1 on the School register, his date of entry being June 6th 1909.

On October 4th 1909, a detachment from the School journeyed to Balmoral, where King Edward VII pre-

sented the King's and School Colours to the Senior Boy. His Majesty on this occasion decorated the Commandant with the Victorian Order (Fourth Class), and presented the King's Badge to Sergeant-Major J. Lindsay, and briefly addressed the boys.

On June 18th 1910, Waterloo Day, the memorial Chapel was formally opened and dedicated by the Right Reverend the Moderator of the Church of Scotland. The Honorary Treasurer and Secretary telegraphed to the Private Secretary of His Majesty King George V announcing that the ceremony had taken place that afternoon, and received a suitable reply from Windsor.

The Swimming Bath, the gift of Mr Edmund Pullar, was also completed in the year 1910.

In the year 1913 the Hospital and Gymnasium were added. The Army Council authorised the General Officer Commanding in Chief, Scottish Command, formally to take over the buildings from the Committee for the use of the School. The opening ceremony was performed by Major-General Sir Nevil Macready, KCB, on July 21st 1913.

The Play Hall, Library and Science Room were added during the year 1914.

On July 11th 1914, King George V and Queen Mary, accompanied by Princess Mary, visited the School. Their Majesties inspected the boys and the School premises.

From the foregoing remarks it will be seen that the School as it stands today took, from the time of its inception, some thirteen years to complete.

(From an article in *The Victorian*, December 1923.)

THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOL

was a great day, King Edward VII had travelled from Balmoral to Dunblane by train, the station was decorated with flags and red and blue bunting, a large crowd had assembled, many from various parts of Scotland and England. Amongst the crowd were Lords, Ladies, Generals, and notables from the aristocratic families of Scotland, and also I think, five holders of the Victoria Cross. The Provost of Dunblane, the Town Clerk, Magistrates and members of the Town Council were in attendance.

The Guard of Honour was provided by 2nd Bn King's Own Scottish Borderers, with the regimental band, in front of the station and had the honour of being inspected by HM The King, before entering his carriage for the journey to the School; the carriage was escorted by members of the Scottish Horse. The route to the School was lined by detachments of the Scottish Regiments right round to the North Gate. On arrival at the School, a further Guard of Honour from 2nd Bn Seaforth Highlanders was inspected by HM The King. After speeches, the King was given the key to open the building, after a short inspection he signed the Visitor's Book.

At the end of the School, leading to where the Chapel was to be built, was a covered canopy through which

the King walked to lay the Foundation Stone of the chapel. The King gave the stone 3 sharp taps with a gavel, then declared the stone to be well and truly laid, amid loud applause from those watching the ceremony. The short walk from the School to the chapel was afterwards known as King Edward's Walk. After a further short speech he then left in his carriage to continue his journey back to Balmoral.

(An extract from an article written by George Dowling (No. 269) who was at the School from 1912-1917.)

THE CARVING OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE SCHOOL

Although 18 years have passed since the School was opened, the freestone blocks on the front of the building have become badly weathered. In some places the inscriptions are now illegible, and it is possible that in another generation the figures themselves will become unrecognisable. We are, therefore, putting on record the details of this work. Above the door are two versions of the Royal Arms of Scotland. The lower one with the Lion Rampart on the escutcheon was the Royal Arms of the Kings of Scotland up to the time of the Union with England in 1603, after which date it could not, of course, legally be used. As there was, however a distinct need for a Coat-of-Arms for the Great Seal of Scotland, a special design was approved in 1903 by King Edward for use in Scotland. This version is seen in the upper coat-of-arms over the main door. Both these Royal Coat-of-Arms have the mottoes "Nemo me impune lacessit" below and "In defens" above.

Flanking these two coat-of-arms on both sides are to be seen four smaller ones. On the left (facing the School), appear the Coat-of-Arms of Edinburgh, above, and Perth, below. On the right those of Glasgow, above, and Stirling, below.

A very brief account of each of these Coats-of-Arms is given below:

Edinburgh – A triple-towered castle standing upon a rock, with the motto, "Nisi dominus frustra". This is a contracted form of the passage occurring in Psalm cxxvii, "Except the Lord (keep the city, the watchman waketh but) in vain". The castle is an obvious reference to Edinburgh Castle.

Glasgow – An oak tree, surmounted by a salmon on its back, with a signet ring in its mouth. On the top of the tree is a robin, and beside the tree an ancient hand-bell. These refer to incidents in the life of St Kentigern, the patron saint of the city. The motto is, "Let Glasgow flourish (by the preaching of the word)".

Perth – On the escutcheon of Perth appears the Holy Lamb carrying a staff and cross on which appears the banner of St Andrew, the whole surrounded by a tressure with fleur-de-lys. This is in honour of St John the Baptist, the Patron of the City. The motto is "Pro rege, lege, et grege".

Stirling – A triple-towered castle on a mound, surrounded by four oak trees, and six-rayed stars. The whole is surrounded by the inscription: "Continet hoc in se Nemus et Castrum Strivelinse".

(From *The Victorian*, July 1927.)

THE EARLY SCHOOL GARDENERS

Before and during World War I there were two gardeners responsible for the School grounds, and for preparing and marking the grounds for all games and parades.

Both were Irish, Bill Dougan stood over 6 ft, whereas Pat Monaghan, his assistant, was dwarfed by Bill and seemed about half his height. They were real characters. Bill Dougan was a very cheery person who had clearly kissed the Blarney Stone. He always did the talking for the team when business was discussed and on any other occasion he could find an excuse, whereas Pat never uttered a word unless it was to agree with Bill. The impression left on my mind was one of Bill talking and Pat working hard, of course Bill did lend a hand from time to time, but nevertheless it was an efficient combination.

They were responsible for most of the trees and shrubs in the School grounds. When I left in 1920 most of these shrubs and trees were between 6 ft and 9 ft in height, but on my first visit since 1930 on Grand Day 1978 I was surprised to see these trees and shrubs had trebled in height in many cases and the view on the approach up the main drive had entirely changed.

Bill and Pat had a small wooden hut covered with felting, sited on the left of the old bridge over the burn, before one entered the playing fields. There was a vegetable garden behind the hut and inside there was a stove for brewing tea and cooking, and it was always snug and warm inside. Bill and Pat slept on bunks in a small room behind.

(From one of several articles written by Colonel J. D. Palmer (No. 364) who was at the School 1913-1920.)

OUR NEW FLAG POLE

During last winter it was an ever-recurring worry to find that the Union Jack on the flag pole in the roof of the main building was jammed and refused to come down.

It was a dangerous job for one of the engineers to get it down.

Moreover the day Watchmen, whose duty it was to hoist and lower the flag in the morning and evening, were finding that with increasing years and increasing rotundity it was no easy job for them to get through the trap door on to the roof.

The pole itself was showing signs of wear, and eventually was condemned by the DORE, and he gave us a new one, which was placed in the ground in front of the main door.

On Sunday 18th March, immediately after the service in the School Chapel, there was a short and impressive

ceremony when Lady Thomson, the wife of Major-General Sir William Thomson, KCMG, CB, MC, hoisted the Union Jack on the new pole.

After a short prayer of Dedication by the Rev. J. Hutchison Cockburn, BD, and as soon as the flag was hoisted, the School saluted, and the Band played the *National Anthem*.

In token of her grateful act, Lady Thomson was presented with a bound and inscribed copy of the School Descriptive Book.

Since then the duty of raising and lowering the flag has been carried out by one of the Colour Corporals.

(From *The Victorian*, March 1923.)

A 'VICTORIAN' CHRONICLE

Items of interest in the history of the School, taken from past issues of 'The Victorian'

1923 – "Our pipers were engaged by the Scottish Football Union to play at Inverleith at both of the Rugby international matches – Scotland v. France and Scotland v. England. At the latter match HRH The Duke of York was present. During the interval HRH inspected the band and honoured Pipe-Major Taylor, Drum-Major Hetherington, Boy Drum-Major E. Collins, and Boy Pipe-Major J. Cosgrove with a handshake."

(Boy Pipe-Major J. Cosgrove is now Major J. Cosgrove, RAEC, Admin. Officer of Queen Victoria School.)

1923 – "The Commandant started a rugby side last autumn, and although only a limited number of boys played there was considerable enthusiasm amongst those who did so. Captain Usher, Gordon Highlanders, the ex-captain of the Scottish International XV, gave us a good start by showing the boys the principle of the game, and of the difference between it and Association football."

(During the 1957-58 season the School regularly turned out six XV's.)

1923 – "Cricket – Staff XI v. Boys – Staff XI 139 runs; Boys' XI 73 runs."

(The present Editor of *The Victorian*, on looking through past issues of *The Victorian*, has not been able to find any occasion on which the Boys beat the Staff at cricket! There is always a first time, however, and in 1958, as a Jubilee celebration, the Boys may beat the Staff!)

1925 – "We regret to announce the death on the 3rd of April, 1925, of R. Addison Smith, Esq., CVO, of Edinburgh."

(Mr Addison Smith was practically the originator of the scheme for founding the Queen Victoria School as a

memorial to the Scottish soldiers and sailors who fell in the South African War.)

1926 – "In January last, Lieutenant-General Sir Walter Braithwaite, before relinquishing the appointment of General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command, published and circulated a letter appealing for a sum of £4,000 with which to found and endow a Scholarship to enable promising boys to go direct from this School to the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, or the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover, already has two such scholarships, one given by the 28th Division, the other founded as a School War Memorial."

1933-34 – "Boys of the School helped to level and drain the Playing Fields, using 600 tons of cinders in the process."

1934 – "The Presentation of the New School Colour. On Monday, 16th of July, a representative party from the School consisting of the Commandant, the Regimental Sergeant-Major, Senior Monitor W. Ramsay, Pipe-Major W. J. MacDonald and Colour Corporal P. Ewen went to the Palace of Holyrood House to receive the new School Colour at the hands of His Majesty the King."

1936 – "Annual Inspection, 23rd July. Held indoors on account of weather."

(It is so unusual for this function to be marred by the weather that this exception is worth noting.)

1946 – "Presentation of the King's Colour. Presentation of the King's Colour by Lieut.-General Sir Neil M. Ritchie, KBE, CB, DSO, MC, Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command. 31st July, 1946, at 3 p.m."

(The first Colours were presented to a detachment from the School by HM King Edward VII at Balmoral on 4th October, 1909, and a new School Colour was presented to a detachment from the School by HM King George V at Holyrood Palace on 16th January, 1934. The old School Colour is laid up in the School Chapel.)

1947 – "The highlight of the Summer Term has been the visit to the School of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, on 20th May, during his tour of Scottish Command. His signatures on the Big Drum are much treasured and his request, on his departure, for the rest of the day to be observed as a holiday sealed his popularity."

1951 – "Royal Tournament – Item No. 8 – Massed Pipes and Drums Display by Scottish Regiments, with Highland Dancing by boys of the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane."

1951 – "Carol Service. The Carol Service at the end of the Autumn Term was an innovation, but it started what should be an important tradition."

1952 – "First Camp at Aviemore."

1954 – "Two events will cause this term (Christmas Term, 1954) to remain long in our memories. First of all, we have just recently been informed that His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, has graciously consented to become our Patron. The last Royal patron of the School was the Duke of Connaught, who died in 1924. It is to be hoped that this signal mark of royal favour, coming so close before the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the School, will spur us on to achieve far greater things in the future than ever in the past.

"The second event of note was the unveiling of the memorial Window in the School Chapel on Friday, 28th October. The window commemorates the Old Boys of the School who gave their lives in the two World Wars, and the ceremony was performed by the Secretary of State for Scotland.

"The Memorial Window is the work of Mr A. L. Russell, head of the School of Design at Dundee College of Art.

"Beneath the School crest and the ciphers of the three Services, surmounting the arms of Stirling, Perth, Edinburgh and Glasgow, are portrayed four Scottish Saints – Blane, Columba, Mungo, and Ninian.

"At the time of unveiling a Roll of Honour inscribed and illuminated by Miss D. Cake, of Cove-on-Clyde, was handed over. A cover for the Roll of Honour has been designed and executed by Mr V. H. Le Maistre, art master of Queen Victoria School.

"On the wall beneath the memorial Window and behind the Altar is draped azure cloth figures with imperial designs in thread of gold, which is part of the actual fabric hung in Westminster Abbey for the Coronation of our Queen."

1956 – "History was writ on Wednesday when Senior Monitor Wilson became the first boy of the School to present the parade of his fellow-Victorians to their inspecting officer on this annual occasion."

1966 – "The pre-1939 khaki, high collared walking out jacket worn with kilt and glengarry was replaced by the lovat green jacket, shirt and School tie."

1967 – “The Presentation of the new School Colours by Her Majesty the Queen took place at Queen Victoria School on 12th October, 1967.”

1973 – “In this year the School said goodbye to the RAEC, formerly AEC, whose teachers had provided the academic staff since the School opened. The last RAEC Headmaster, Lieut-Colonel A. K. Evans, BA, left in 1973.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

Although I did not serve long in the School I have many pleasant memories, and I hope that my reminiscences will not be amiss.

When Colonel M. G. Wilkinson, MVO, was appointed Commandant of the School, he invited my father to take over Institution Clerk at the School. So in August 1908 we moved from the hurly and bustle of London to the deadly quiet of Dunblane. It was a great contrast for us. At that time the main building was nearing completion and only the first two houses of the Married Quarters block were ready for occupation. When the workmen left, about five o'clock, the whole School area was silent and lonely until next morning, and so it can be realised why I say the “deadly quiet” of Dunblane. I had just left school in July and at that time had no idea of being eligible for the School, so I became apprenticed to Mr C. Hunter, chemist, of High Street. The people of Dunblane had very vague ideas of the School, and I had many an argument trying to convince them that it was not to be a reformatory or such like. In fact, I was generally known as the “Home” laddie. I had many a good hour roaming about the building at weekends, watching the final touches being added and seeing the School really take form. I often conducted parties of visitors over the building, proudly explaining the various rooms and offices, before and after the official opening.

There was great excitement when the preparations were being made for the opening. A covered way was erected from the main building to the Chapel for the laying of the foundation stone by HM King Edward VII. At last the great day arrived, 28th September 1908. Contingents of every Scottish regiment were present and the whole town was thronged with visitors. The 2nd Battalion KOSB and Black Watch sent 250 officers and men, bands, pipes, and drums, who supplied Guards of Honour at the Station and the School and also lined the north and south approaches to the School. At that time I was a Lance-Corporal in the Boys' Brigade and we had the honour of providing a Guard of Honour at the Station, and afterwards we marched to Cromlix House, where we lined the avenue. The King lunched there after the ceremony. Unfortunately, it was a dull day, in fact, it rained heavily for a time – this did not affect the enthusiasm of the thousands who had come to welcome the King and who were being treated to a military spectacle such as had

never before been seen in the district. In these days of drab khaki it will be hard for people to imagine the blaze of colourful uniforms of the many Scottish regiments, Guardsmen, Highland and Lowland regiments, and the Scottish Yeomanry, apart from the distinguished staff who accompanied the Royal Party.

I was a very proud boy when my father told me I could join the School. The first boys to come were Colour-Corporals Swan and Gibbon from the Duke of York's School, followed by Corporals Crichton and Stevenson from The Royal Hibernian Military School. They were allotted School numbers 1 to 4 respectively, and I as the first boy from civilian life became A.5. I was slightly older than my comrades, and although they were “Older soldiers” I was promoted the first monitor. The School full dress uniform had not been finally approved, and so I adopted a compromise between the three schools – red tunic of the Dukies, blue trousers of the Hibs, and a KOSB glengarry, and a silk sash given me by the Adjutant, Captain Mathers. In this resplendent uniform I conducted parties of “recruits” from the Station to the School when the first batch of fifty boys joined.

We had great times in the early days. Our first contingent numbered fifty and they were divided into two companies, “A” and “B”. In a few months we formed “C” Company. The Colour-Sergeants were Col.-Sergt Fennessey (KOSB), Col.-Sergt Martin (Gordons), and Col.-Sergt Currie (Gordons). The first monitors were M'Iroy, Macdonald, Prentice, Brett and Stewart.

There was a lot to be done to lick the boys into shape as a military body, but everyone was so keen to learn that we were soon able to put up a very creditable parade on Sundays. The Bands made wonderful progress under Bandmaster M'Clurg, Drum-Major Hetherington and Pipe-Major Wilson. Our first band was drums and fifes and we gave displays at the Victoria Hall, Dunblane, and at the Hydro. Nearly everyone was co-opted into this and so shared the inevitable good spreads that followed our entertainments. Another side to our musical attainments was the choir which was composed of nearly all the School under the tuition of first Mr E. C. Boon and afterwards Mr A. E. Bairstow. Every time I hear the song *On the banks of Allan Water* my memory harkens back to the old days in the Art Room where we used to rehearse this and other part songs. Then of course our programmes always included a demonstration of Physical Training under Sergt Instructor P. Scotland, who will be remembered by all old boys for his thrilling sword swinging. The Gymnasium was then in the top dormitory on the front face of the School. The Pipers and Dancers also were soon able to perform in public and so commenced the great name that the School has won all over the country for the excellent standard of the Pipes and Drums. We Old Boys are always very proud when we see and read of their displays at the various important soccer and rugger matches.

Mr Scotland's name recalls to me an amusing incident. We were all supposed to don the boxing gloves, and in some impromptu competition I was drawn to meet another boy who I was sure would give me a good trouncing. He must have had the same opinion of me for we came to an agreement "not to differ" and so ensure that no harm came to either. However, when we were in the ring my nervousness left me and I promptly forgot our pact, to the great surprise and disgust of my opponent (and defeat). I got 3d for winning the bout!

The full dress uniform was not long in being supplied, and on several occasions I had to parade in the Commandant's Office to try on the various models of tunics and kilts, of which I was very proud.

One of the outstanding events of the early days was the presentation of the Colours at Balmoral by HM King Edward VII. I have always regretted that I was left behind to "hold the Fort", for at the time I was the only Monitor. Another occasion was when we were invited to act as Guard of Honour to the Duke of Buccleuch (?) at the review of the 5th, 6th and 7th Battalions of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Stirling. I remember that in order to make the senior boys look a bit stylish we were decked out in drummer's dress cords. We had not yet received our kilts, so Swan, Gibbon, Crichton, Stevenson and myself were in red tunics, blue trousers and glengarries, and the boys wore khaki jackets and blue shorts. Thoughts of Stirling bring to mind the fact that we gave several concerts in Stirling which were very successful, a great feature of one particular concert being the turn given by our Commandant, Colonel M. G. Wilkinson, MVO, when he sang the song *For months and months and months* complete in dressing gown and smoking cap. Another popular turn was that of Drum-Major Hetherington, assisted by his diminutive son, whose songs I cannot remember now.

I wonder how many boys remember the Marquess and Marchioness of Tullibardine (now the Duke and Duchess of Atholl) visiting us on Hallowe'en, 1909, when they presented us with a barrel of apples. Now that I have embarked on the sea of memory thousands of things come to mind. In the old days the Orderly Monitor was responsible for finding four or five boys to sing the *Grace*, and many a boy I have caught hiding under the table to avoid being picked out – needless to say they were always made to undergo the ordeal, and we suffered the results in having to listen. How many readers of the Magazine ever did "Lanrick House" duty when they had to carry the milk from the School to the Commandant's house? Who remembers the snow fights we used to have at Ashfield and the picnic on Sheriffmuir when we took out camp kettles and made our tea? Pipe-Major Wilson played us nearly all the way home (or so it seemed to us).

(From *The Victorian*, July 1932:
written by J. D. M. McIlroy (No. 5),
the first QV boy after two Duke of York boys
and two boys from the Royal Hibernian School.)

EARLY DAYS

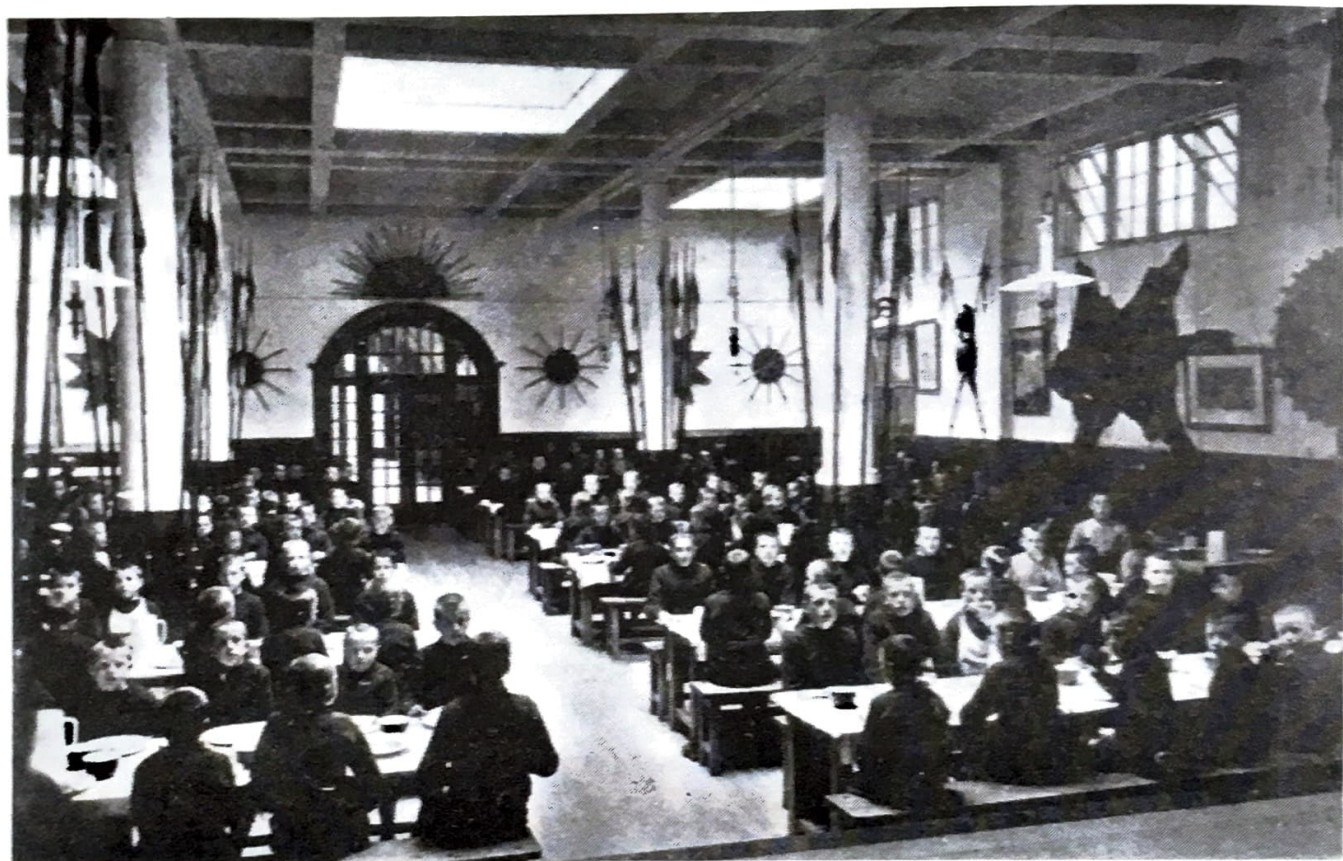
It was 9th July 1909 when my Dad took me to Dunblane. It's little I can remember now of that far-off day. Having tea together at a little café round the corner from the Stirling Arms. George Stirrat, I seem to remember, was the boy gloomily dealing with his tea at another table. Then being escorted – with no Dad, but with seven or eight other boys – to the School under Drummie Hetherington. All over the road we were, in most unmilitary fashion, for there was no need to bother about traffic in those days, even though it was then a main through route. I suppose there had been a picking-up point for new arrivals in the town somewhere, and I wonder now if my Dad – as casual in such matters as his son now is – ever saw the school he was handing over his son to.

I was put into A Company – A11 – and lodged in the dorm on the first floor of the south side. (I am taking it that the School faces the west.) Only one other dorm – on the other side and a floor higher – was then in use. This held B Company, with their "C attached", as we had ours. My School number being 46 I was just in the First Fifty, though some few dozen boys must have been in during the next couple of weeks or so.

The buildings then consisted of the main block (without the later extension on the north-west corner), a row of married quarters, and a house each for the adjutant and the headmaster, situated on the road leading to the north gate. Also, I believe the uncompleted chapel, subsequently opened by King Edward VII.

I had my medical in the top dormitory above that my bed was in. On the same floor, the small, ten or twelve bed dorm at the head of the stairs was a surgical ward – I was a patient when I tore the top of my index finger off. When I had tonsillitis I was isolated in one of the bunks between the main stairway and the steps up to the cross dorms that ran across the front of the School. Sick parade was held in one of the box rooms at the end of the passage on the top floor, and the dispensary was either in the same place or near by. I haven't been upstairs in the School since 1917, when I spewnt a night there on my way from Dublin to attest at Perth, and I believe there have been extensive alterations on these top floors, so my locations may not be too easy to follow, but they will have to do.

The top long dorm on the other side was the band practice room. Here, my mother having written to the School to ask if I could keep up my music (piano), I shortly found myself sitting on top of a pile of boxes, learning the flute! I couldn't have been too good at it, for I next found myself in the bugles. Failing to get beyond the third note on the bugle, and long roll not being above reproach, I was shortly demoted again – to the tailor's shop. This was on the floor below, corresponding to my isolation ward on the south side. Here I did a marvellous "sampler" of a splendid save by a button-headed goalie in a goal framed by drummer's braid; but early in 1911 found rest at last in the Study Class.



The School Dining Hall, 1914

The library was either my isolation ward in a later incarnation or the room above or below. Tommy the Snob's lair was on the first floor, south side, west front, half way along to the lavs. The top floor cross dorm was the gymnasium, possibly also a playroom on wet days, for it was during a wrestling match on the horse – with, I think, George Stirrat – that I force-landed on the bridge of my nose gaining a spectacular bruise. The boxing ring, when erected, was at the other (north) end of this room. Here it was that some humorist fixed up a match between Jimmy Mair, thirty-odd inches of whipcord and energy, and dreamy "Tom" Hayes. My seconds, to my disgust and against my furious protests, threw in the towel in the second round. I've never been in the ring since. It would have been much kinder to let me take my punishment, but they meant well, I suppose. Quartermaster's Stores were in one or two of the classrooms on the north side beyond the doors leading to the kitchen. I should add here that some of these arrangements may have been very temporary, and perhaps not all contemporaneous. These are my recollections, but I am not upon oath.

I was put, I believe, but I can't be sure, directly into "Daddy" Birkett's class, second door on the right as you come into the Central Hall from the South end. "Daddy", a great rugger player, and a real he-man, had no time for pampered little boys who cried if you spoke

roughly to them. "Come out, Hayes. Bend over." Six on the seat was the maximum legal punishment in class. Entered in the Punishment Book as "Cause – childishness". On one occasion I hadn't got back to my seat before: "Hayes! You're still crying. Come out." Another six. "You'll thank me for this when you grow up." He was right, too. I did and I do. I have a healthy contempt for self-pity (and Lord knows there's enough of it about nowadays). All thanks to "Daddy" Birkett, may Allah be merciful to him!

From "Daddy" Birkett's I graduated to the Study Class beyond the swing door. The room after that, by the way, was the science lab. The Study Class consisted of boys who intended to become Army School masters. In those days it was taken for granted that every boy, excluding blind and maimed (poor Jimmy Mair, for instance, who lost a foot from a poisoned wound not long after his scrap with me), would join the army in some form or another on leaving. So if you were brainy and wanted to stay on, there was nothing for it but to have a shot at the Corps of Army Schoolmasters. Later on, mind, we had a kind of second class citizenship for boys who couldn't quite make the grade, but were good enough fodder for armourer-sergeants' jobs. Our master, Mr Bairstow (affectionately known, strictly behind his back, as Baregut) was the finest teacher I have ever known, yet full of

mannerisms, which the pundits deplore as tending to distract the attention of the class. He would literally tear his hair at a stupid answer, walk along the dais to his desk, lean heavily on it, and stare fixedly across the parade ground for an endless minute. We loved the performance, and waited for it. He was also quite a gifted entertainer: musical monologues and the like – and once got up a concert in which every performer was a member of the Study Class. My own contribution ran only to being one of the jury in a sketch. Another keen rugger player, he started and trained the School rugger team, got us a playtime different from the other classes so that we could practise passing on the square, and usually dived into a discussion on tactics, illustrated by a diagram on the board, as soon as we got in. If he heard the door open behind the easel, the duster in his left hand would sweep away the diagram as he changed, in mid-sentence, to something like “. . . now Edward III had based his claim to the French throne on . . .” Usually it was the Head who was coming in, and I doubt if he was deceived.

Talking of the Head, for some reason, I, who remember all things more visually than otherwise, have no visual memory of the Head at all. Yet I know he was an exceedingly downy bird and much of his wisdom has helped me more than once in my teaching and in other ways. But he should not have stopped me from getting an Omar Khayyam. It was in 1916, when, as I already had the primus medal, and the rest of the prize was being given in War Savings Certificates, the Commandant thought I should have some permanent reminder of doing the double. I was to have a clasp (I’m still waiting for it), but in the meantime he’d give a book. Choose it myself. But the Head thought I was not yet ripe for old Omar, so I had to make do with a Scott, and leave coping with hedonism until later. Sad waste of time.

Mr Boon was music master. We rehearsed *Pinafore* in the small dorm corresponding to the surgical ward on the other wing, but never got to a performance. Mr Steel took over from Bairstow when the latter, by much pulling of strings, was released to take a commission in the war. Other schoolies had to desert and re-enlist under a false name if they wanted to take amore active part in the war.

The non-teaching staff. The Commandant – awe-inspiring, even after a performance in a concert, wearing a false nose and singing *Hey-go-lucky, I’ll wed my ducky, the belle of the Rose and Crown*. How annoyed he was over the porridge mutiny! All the plates that had been marched out into the serving-room were saved up for the mutineers to clear before they were allowed any dinner. Cold porridge as an entrée! Ugh! The Adjutant, Danny Mather, who was so fairminded when asking me to coach a boy whose mother was worried about his lack of progress, that I thought he was actually encouraging me to refuse. Then: “I’m disappointed in you, Hayes.” It still rankles. The QM I just can’t remember. Then there were the pioneers.

There was one who talked in Irish bulls: “Who tied that dog up loose?”, and another who was so anti-Campbell, that on Sunday morning when the band played in front of the School, someone only had to shout up to him “They’re going to play *The Campbells Are Coming*, Duncan!” for his head to disappear and the window to slam down. The Drum-Major, the Master Tailor, the Shoemaker, the Master-Cook, I remember them all clearly, and their little ways, but there isn’t time for all. Just this – one day, when we were at dinner, Mr Strathdee, the master-cook, put his head round the door from the kitchen, and, referring to some old exercise books he was boiling down as papier mâché for the use of the Students’ Master, said: “Tell Mr Ward his stew’s b----ered”, in his best sepulchral, Man-in-Black voice.

And the colour-sergeants. In the earliest times A company had Mr Lindsay, the RSM. Then came Mr Fennessey, Victor Fennessey’s father, who didn’t much care for me, possibly for the same reason that made “Cully” Martin, B Coy, call me Clarence and give me “beardie”, but possibly also because, as was said of an Indian officer of my acquaintance, “He has certain non-military habits which appear to be ineradicable.” Currie, of C company, I remember as an immaculate, gentleman-ranker type, while D company CS (Taylor, I think) I hardly knew.

When I think back to those early days some of my memories seem difficult to believe. perhaps it was because the School opened just before classes stopped for the summer holiday, and something had to be done to keep the troops quiet, perhaps because, as I have heard, the War Office hadn’t taken over yet, perhaps because, as I have also heard, there were unexpected funds left over from the Queen Victoria Memorial Fund. So there were competitions with prizes, a picnic with sticky sugar buns on Sheriffmuir, and pillow fights not only permitted, but organised by the Colour Sergeant. One night we actually raided B company, aided, abetted, and even accompanied by the RSM-designate. Incredible. I must have dreamed it. I think it was rather later that I won a football medal in a five-a-side competition where my name came out of the hat with four of the School First Eleven. Even with my presence the team couldn’t be prevented from winning the runners-up medal.

The first boys in the School arrived about a month before me. Gibbons and Swan for A company from the Dukies, and Crichton and Stevenson from the Hibs (Royal Hibernian Military School, Dublin, where I later did my teacher training). Gibbons it was who taught me how to swing a kilt. It took me years to *unlearn* and keep my greatcoat tail from swinging. Andy Swan proved a born defier of authority, lost his stripes, and even qualified for the “Chair”. Stevenson I remember as a gentle soul and a wonderful hand at map-drawing. Crichton, of course, was in a class by himself, and a School hero.

Talking of the "Chair". I was quite surprised recently to read a report of the Commandant's speech in which he spoke of the strict discipline of the early days. Well, of course it was harsh, but it had never occurred to me to think so. I had my share, what with "Daddy" Birkett's cane and "Cully" Fenessey's tawse, but I never graduated to the "Chair". This was a barracks chair, Windsor, with a block of wood across the top of the curved back, over which delinquents were folded for the greater tension and the easier accessibility of their bases. Punishments other than corporal I cannot recollect.

Bounds were strict. Only on Sunday afternoons – "You may go out by the Perth road, the Ash road, or the Kinbuck road, but you may NOT go out by the Dunblane road." Only as "duty mon" was I ever in Dunblane except as one of a party. "Duty mons" were responsible for collecting the mail at the Post Office, on Sundays when there was no delivery and, in the evening, taking it up to the Commandant's house at Landrick. The first part was fine – you could have an ice-cream in town, rare luxury, or, in the winter (for then no sensible person ate ices in winter); a plate of hot peas and vinegar, but in the evening it was a different matter. Walking up by that wood on the top of the slope

behind the married quarters on a winter evening, with the wind making eerie sounds in the trees, was no fun, even if you could persuade someone to "chum" you up.

I went into the Study Class in 1911, with three others, Crichton, Pollock (I think) and "Jim" Pirie. I was younger than the others who all passed out a couple of years before me. Jim Pirie I last saw in Lahore less than a year before his battalion (he was RSM and in the unit they called him "Jock") went to Hong Kong and a Jap POW camp. He was scandalised to learn that I did not possess an "Old Victorian" tie, and on the instant tore the one he was wearing from his neck, and thrust it on me. It was, however, New Year's Eve, the impulse had evaporated the next morning, and he called to get it back. However, I still wear it occasionally.

Crichton was a great lad, popular with all the boys. He and one of the pioneers made a cross-talk pair for our concerts. He worked hard to pass at the exam for "Student-studying-for-Army-School-master" (which was the only way I could explain to orderly sergeants what my "civil occupation" was), and I believe he made it on second attempt, but went as instructor to the new armies, then out to France, and was killed, I believe at Loos, and, I believe, before he was 21. Mr Bairstow used to say, "I wish you were all like Crichton. He may



A School Dormitory, 1914

not know as much as you do, but he puts all his goods in the window." — because Crichton knew how to conceal his ignorance of part of what was asked for in an examination question, and bring out every fraction of what he did know on the point.

I remember how, when we were assembling for evening study (two hours, and Mr B. gave us plenty to keep us busy), he would come in at the head of a "Conga" chain — though this was before the "Conga" was danced — playing *Here Comes The Chocolate Soldier* on the mouth organ. But once the clock had struck he'd see there was no skylarking.

One must stop somewhere, so why not here? Other echoes come surging up, protesting — "Who ate the policeman's pie?"; "Thanking you for your kind cake."; "No, he EXtinguished himself."; "Joshua to Elizabeth, Sir." But no, enough is enough.

(From *The Victorian*, June 1970,
and written by E. V. C. Hayes (No. 46).)

QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL IN THE 1920s
Extracts from a talk given to the Haig Debating and
Literary Society by Major C. McQueen
February 1983

I was accepted into the School in 1920, joining my elder brother in 'B' Company. In those days, as from the start of the School, there were four companies, each with its own CSM who had served with a Scottish Regiment. There were no House Matrons and we were looked after by the stern-looking but kindly Sergeant Majors with the help of the Monitors. When the School was opened in 1908, the main building was modern and convenient in its design for the type of military school intended. The lighting throughout the School was gas light, which was replaced in 1924 by electricity. Before that the Hall porter or watchman, as he was called, used to walk round with a pole, which had a hook and a taper fixed on the end with which he lit the gas mantles. Like the main building, the outside of the Chapel is very much the same as the day I first saw it. Inside is a little different. That area now occupied by the Remembrance Chapel was occupied on Sundays by the Military Band which played during the Service. The organ, when it was played, had to be pumped by hand by one of the boys. Facing the pulpit on the left hand side of the aisle, the seats were occupied by the Commandant, Adjutant, the Headmaster and their families, and those seats in the gallery that are now so coveted by the boys, were occupied by the Pipe Band so that they could get out more quickly at the end of the Service, ready for the Parade. The services at that time were conducted by the Rev. J. Hutchison Cockburn from Dunblane, a giant of a man with a voice to match his size for it rumbled around the Chapel.

What I remember most about the Hospital was the Dentist's Surgery. I was always frightened when it came to going there. The dentist would pedal away at a wheel as if he were in a race, and that was how he drilled our teeth.



Kit Inspection

In the 20s the two houses at the North Gate were occupied by Major J. N. Macrae, who was the Adjutant and known as Roaring Mac for his voice seemed to penetrate the whole School. The other was occupied by Captain Barnes, RAEC, the Headmaster. The two houses behind the square were occupied by the Bandmaster, Mr McClurg, who also took the Sunday evening services, and RSM Scotland, DCM; the remainder of the staff living "up the hill". The Commandant lived outside the School at Landrick House on the way to Sheriffmuir. He was Lt—Colonel Mitford. How many of us boys for so many hours in winter had to go wood-gathering to heat that house? He was later succeeded by Major Smith and then Colonel White, VC, MC.

Our School uniform was blue woollen jerseys, blue serge shorts and dark stockings. Walking out dress was a khaki jacket with choker collar and the kilt and Inverness cape. The red jacket was worn on Sundays and ceremonial occasions. We had good conduct stripes on our left sleeves for each year of service and good conduct and boy NCOs wore their chevrons on the right sleeve of their jackets. In the 1920s we received 1d per month for each completed year of good conduct. L/Cpls received 2d per week, Cpls 3d, C/Cpls 4d and Sgts 6d per week; Monitors received 1/- a week and Trades Pay was 1d per week. On pay day most of the



The Tailor's Shop, 1930's

money went to the Tuck Shop which though offering little variety, was the chief assembly point of the School. We could buy Gob stoppers, chocolate, biscuits, imperials in numerous colours (8 for 1d) and which were so small you could suck them in class and not be caught. There was a small slab of liquorice called Honey Dew which was about $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and looked like the tongue of a boot – and often tasted like it.

So many years have passed that I am not quite sure of the timing of the School day but I remember Reveille was at 6.30 a.m. then boys washed, dressed, made up their beds, tidied up and paraded for inspection at 7 p.m. After breakfast the junior boys paraded for drill with the CSMs, while the senior boys went to Trades Classes. At 8.45 a.m. we all assembled in the Central Hall for prayers and then went to classes. At 11 a.m. we had a break and were issued with a slice of bread and margarine. More classes and then at 12.15 p.m. the bugle sounded for cookhouse. From the Central Hall we marched into the Dining Room, Grace was said, and mail distributed. The Dining Room in the 1920s was decorated with lances, swords and other weapons, as well as animal heads and the picture of the "Victorian Boy", No. 19 A. J. Archer. After lunch we usually played inter-Company football and had lessons from 2

until 5 p.m., I think. After tea the Senior boys went to Preparation and the Junior boys to their Trade Classes. At 8 p.m. we had supper and sang the Evening Hymn, went back to our dormitories, cleaned our boots, washed and stood by for inspection. At 9 p.m. the lights were put out. We had kit inspections once a month and route marches for all pupils were carried out once a month, too; accompanied by the Military Band and Pipe Band, we marched through the Ramoyle to the Cathedral, back along the Perth Road to the School, though other routes were chosen.

Everyone attended Trades Classes. But first all new boys went to the Darning Class (there was still a Darning Competition with prizes in the 1940s). There they were taught to darn holes in jerseys and socks from the laundry by a lady called Miss Mum and her two assistants. Some boys shed tears at the thought of the task; to others tears came naturally when they pricked their fingers with the needles. There were several trades. In the Tailor's Shop run by the Master Tailor, Mr Wright, we squatted cross-legged on a long wooden bench, and, with our "short back and sides" haircuts we looked like little monks practising Yoga. Our main job was to repair torn shorts, sew on buttons and braid to jackets, make garter flashes and press kilts. The

Showmakers learned to repair the boots and shoes of the boys, but could also mend footballs, stud football boots and repair sporrans and belts. Shoemakers were known as SNOBS and worked under the Master Shoemaker, Mr Thomas. Then of course there were the Trade Classes for the Military Band and Pipe Band. The Pipe Major was Pipe Major Taylor and the drummers were taught by Drum Major Hetherington. So many boys from the QVS Military and Pipe Bands went on to contribute much to Bands and Piping in the Services.

Our education was in the hands of the Corps of Army Schoolmasters and their successors, the RAEC, and, of course, we had some of the Queen's Army Schoolmistresses who looked after the beginners classes. At this time the Education Warrant Officers and Sergeants were dealing with classes of about 40 pupils and discipline had to be strict, so, it was very much a case of "learn or else". Some of the older boys went to McLaren High School, leaving School early every morning and returning after 5 p.m. Some special classes were set up for boys likely to join the Services so that they would obtain their 2nd and 1st class Special Certificates of Army Education, and during my time at School changes took place; the classes were divided into Lower, Middle and Upper School and new subjects were introduced. The QVS Leaving Certificate came into being for boys of 14 to 15 years of age, and the giving of class prizes started, in about 1924. Masters also saw that we wrote "the monthly letter home". They would ask us questions about what had happened at School during the month, placing the answers on the blackboard, then we boys had to write letters including all that was on the board.

For recreation we were given a great deal of PT and Sport, though the younger boys had to clear the fields of the cattle grazing there before matches could be played. There was football, cricket, boxing and cross-country and rugby started in about 1922. The pool was very popular. New boys were taught to swim by a CSM holding out a long pole with a leather belt on it; the boy scrambled into this and was instructed to use his legs and arms. Later boys took the swimming certificate: this comprised 4 lengths of the baths, 1 length under water, a plunge from the High Diving Board, and picking up 6 plates from the bottom of the baths. In the winter we had film shows and a Hallowe'en party. But for everyone the highlight of the year was Grand Day. It was often said that one had to be on the Dangerously Ill list to be excused taking part. The whole School paraded by Companies, the Military Band and Pipe Band at the side of the Parade Ground. The parade moved off in front of the School, down to the North Gate with the Bands leading, then down the Perth Road to the gate leading to the Sports Fields. The Parade was drawn up in two lines and the Colours paraded through the ranks, then while the Bands played the inspection took place. The March Past was made in quick time and then in slow time past the Visiting Officer. Later a further march past took place, this time by Regiments. After prizes had been distributed, the PT Squad gave a

demonstration of vaulting, PT exercises, club swinging and mat work, while the Pipe Band played *Over the Sea to Skye*. After the Parade was over the boys were free to meet their parents and relations. The School did not break up until a week later. Some boys who had no home to go to or whose families were overseas, remained at the School and later went to camp at Barry Budden for a month.

Whatever future schoolmasters and schoolboys may think of the toughness of those days, it cannot be denied that the product was a fine breed of men, as their Academic Honours and history of Old Victorians' achievements in two World Wars can testify. It is not surprising that so many elderly Old Victorians, despite their age and infirmities, some travelling long distances, come back to visit their School. Though bewildered by the many changes which have occurred over the years, they have a great pride, loyalty and affection at having belonged to Queen Victoria School and, though scattered over twenty different countries in the world, their letters and visits are always welcome.

RECOLLECTION

Sentiment is a strange thing. It belies logic, reason and reality. It both magnifies and reduces. It alters perspective. It makes us see what we wish to see. It masks foibles and frailties. We see only kindness and affection with passing years it enhances over memory.

It was sentiment that diverted us at Perth, through the "lang toon" and down the incline to the School.

The field was deserted; the buildings seemed empty; we had come to see no one; we had no appointment. We had come to look and relive memories.

Almost thirty years ago we had first set eyes on Dunblane. Circumstances were different. It was June 1940; "Dunkirk" was over, war was getting closer. Dover was no longer safe for schoolchildren.

We arrived with 90 boys from the Duke of York's.

National disasters were forgotten for more immediate needs. In spite of different uniforms, different speech and customs integration became a necessity. It was realised our stay would be a long one — in fact we were to spend over four years in the School.

Ration cards, black-out restrictions, clothing shortage and travel difficulties were with us; but schooling continued.

Routine was alleviated by inter-house competitions, dancing, piping, tailoring and darning. Saturday evenings brought film-shows and impromptu lectures.

Twice a week, whenever the fields were unfit for football we ran round Kinbuck and Ashfield and along the river bank.

In the autumn squads of boys returned cold and hungry after working on local farms, helping the war effort by gathering potatoes; or in more pleasant surroundings, gathering raspberries at the Summer Camp near Blairgowrie.

We recall the School song with its tune made famous on Television – and the rendering of *In the Mood* by the School Jazz Band, vigorously led by McKay or Simpson – or was it Fisher?

We remember the friendliness of all; our colleagues on the teaching staff. RSM Watson, CSMs Gutteridge and Maxwell and Plummer, Mr Fox, the Bandmaster and Piper Sanderson (how we would have enjoyed seeing him run up the gang-plank of Naples). Is that really him on the HLI Memorial in Kelvin Gardens? We were reminded of him when one of his protégé – Stewart – piped us through the Mediterranean on his way from Korea.

Buildings are not everything. We were suitably impressed by the new wings and remembered hours spent in the "Orb Room", now no more. Only new plaster outlining the doorway where it stood on the parade ground facing the familiar church with its "lemon-squeezer" tower.

We stood in the Assembly Hall and read the inscriptions. Names became faces – the Naylor, the Montells, Asploud-Monaghan, Plummer, McVicar, Blake – only recently we had spoken to Col. White and Jimmy Cosgrove, and again C. McKenna – a former Primus.

We saw the Dining Hall, with its attractive frieze and remembered Mr Morrison the cook. We recalled the maids scrubbing the Assembly Hall floor, always on Fridays.

We stood in the vestibule to say farewell to Mr Sinton and thanked him for his kindness and helpfulness in answering our many questions.

His father and Andy Duncan the carpenter will long be remembered.

At this very spot I first met my wife-to-be one cold January morning at 8.15 before Assembly. Our son took his first steps in the School grounds. We then met the Headmaster – our imposition – write something for *The Victorian*. What can one write? As we took our leave we glanced into the Commandant's Office with its trophies and medals and thought of the sleepless nights at the end of the telephone awaiting imminent air-raid warnings.

One night the sky was brilliant with explosives and incendiaries. Glasgow was ablaze. We gathered below the flagpole to watch. Do the Azaleas still make a show?

Do the boys still shout "Cookhouse is went"?

(From *The Victorian*, July 1969,
written by one who had been a 'Dukie' evacuee
in 1939-1940.)



The Sunday Afternoon Walk, 1930's

CHANGES I HAVE SEEN DURING THE PAST EIGHT YEARS

I started my first year at Queen Victoria School on the 3rd September 1953. The changes in life here during this period have been so many that I shall be able to mention comparatively few.

In 1953 there were four Companies, 'A', 'B' and 'D' being the senior ones and 'C' the junior. All boys coming into the School went to 'C' Company, and left for one of the others after a period of anything from one term to a year. A few stayed a little longer to help the next year's new boys settle in. Each Company had a Company Commander, who was a Captain, and a CSM. Housemasters have now replaced the Company Commanders and House Matrons do more or less the same jobs as the CSMs, if in a somewhat more motherly fashion.

Turning to dress, I find that the appearance of the Queen Victoria School boy has not changed greatly. There are, however, a few details which separate the dress of eight years ago from that of today. Blue woollen jerseys have been replaced by corduroy jerkins of the same colour, and the blue serge shorts have given way to corduroy ones. One interesting minor point is that each Company had its own particular colour: 'A' blue, 'B' yellow, 'C' red, and 'D' green, and all boys wore flashes of one of these colours according to their Companies. Until 1955 khaki jacket and kilt constituted No. 1 Dress, and as such was worn on all important parades including Grand Day. Scarlet tunics were reintroduced in 1955. Before 1957 Good Conduct Stripes were given to those deserving them and were sewn on the left sleeve. Boys were paid 2d per month for each stripe, and, though this does not sound much, after six years, a shilling a month extra pocket money for not being caught was not to be grumbled at. There were no raincoats then, and when necessary everyone wore an Inverness Cape.

The appearance of the School itself has also changed. Externally the main building has altered little, but inside there is a difference. In the dormitories the wooden planked floors have, for the past six or seven years, been covered with linoleum. Since that time the floors have been much cleaner, but the "bed-irons" are not kept as straight as before, without the straight cracks between the boards to serve as guides. The dining-hall, also, is far from the same as before. Heavy faded pictures used to adorn the dusty walls, and the animal heads that were also there might put a boy off his stew. In one respect the small boys of today would much prefer the swimming pool of the old days – the newts and tadpoles that then swam with us are no longer there. The year after I came the whole School was repainted. Unfortunately hardly any of the effects of this work remain, and the painterwork is not one of the best features of the School.

There have been a few new creations altogether. The four prefabricated class-rooms, including the Art Room and New Laboratory, were only being started in 1953.

Other new buildings that have sprung up are the ACF Hut, the Technical Drawing Room, the Miniature Shooting Range and the Squash Courts. Where the latter is now, there used to be numerous raspberry canes.

School routine and organisation have changed a great deal since I first came. Reveille was blown by the Duty Bugler at 6.45 a.m. The Buglers, by the way, were not dressed in ordinary School clothes but in khaki jacket and glengarry. The dormitories were tidied and swept before and not after breakfast, and the blankets on the beds were folded every day except Saturdays and Sundays. At meals most of the food was served by the people in charge of the tables. There were no side-plates, cups and saucers, or glasses; one's sole utensils were a knife, fork, and spoon, and a tin mug with most of the enamel chipped off. School times have not changed much at all. At the 11 o'clock break, however, there was a parade every day, when the four Companies marched round the square giving the "eyes right as they passed the Commandant, who always attended. In my first year there was a 1st XI football team, chosen from the Senior School, as well as a Rugby Team. As there was no ACF contingent, the boys had more time to devote to both games. The time after tea, which is now put aside for hobbies, was not usually filled in 1953, and the boys were free until Prep. Of the latter there was only one hour per night, four nights per week. Primary 5, of the last of which I was a member, were not made to work during Prep, but were allowed to go to the Swimming Pool. After supper the Duty Bugler used to remain as such until 9 o'clock when, after blowing "quarter dress" and "five minutes", he would sound "lights out".

Until 1956 the boys in authority were Monitors, Sergeants, and numerous Corporals and lance-Corporals. There was one Monitor in charge of each Company and under him were two Sergeants and a few one- and two-strippers. Monitors and Sergeants were easily recognisable, for they wore khaki jackets, to the sleeves of which were attached the badges or stripes of rank.

Since 1953, methods of punishment have changed perhaps more than anything else. Today Monitors and Prefects give 25 lines which must be done within 48 hours. This imposition is indeed very small compared to some of the tedious and sometimes brutal penalties of "the Good Old Days". Every boy used to have a "name-plate". This was a thick wooden plate that hung above each bed and which bore the name of the donor engraved on a plaque of brass. Boys were often made to clean all such articles in the dormitory, or to hold one in each hand for certain periods of time. Another punishment was "defaulters": the culprit was made to stand still in the Central Hall facing the clock for anything up to three hours. Besides these formal fatigues there were a number even more cruel, administered with straps, hard shoes, sticks, and brushes.

For all these changes, and I have mentioned only a few, many aspects of the School life remain the same: the windows still rattle; the pipes still bang; the big chimney still belches smoke; the second step on the fifth flight on the north wing is still loose; the new boys are still told to find "the key to the big square"; the Senior Monitor still marches the School into meals; boys still wipe the tables in the same peculiar manner; the tea still tastes the same; and it still rains every games day.

Had I waited until next year to write this article, I should have found it very difficult, for greater changes, I am sure, are to occur in the near future. Most of the changes I have seen have been for the better. I hope that someone writing a similar article to this, eight years hence, will be able to make the same assertion.

(From *The Victorian*, December 1961,
and written by N. Burrows.)

EXTRACTS FROM
"THE CHRONICLES OF SIMPLICITAS"
("The Victorian", 1934)

(*Simplicitas* – any new boy)

CHAPTER I

1. Now it came to pass, when five score seven and ten moons had passed over his head, that they did place him, being Simplicitas, surnamed Mac – which being interpreted meaneth son of – Sporrán, in a chariot of iron on the road that is called Bee Arr.

2. And in the fullness of time did he come to the City of Dun, in the land of Cal; being the place where the road doth divide itself in twain, unto the uttermost ends of the land.

3. Then did he descend from the chariot, and it did depart, going exceeding swift; and Simplicitas did cast his eyes about him for to see where he was.

4. And lo! one in raiment of azure, a man of substance and portly, did approach unto him, and said: "Art thou he for whom I seek, even Simplicitas, the son of Sporrán?"

5. Whereupon Simplicitas, being filled with wonder that one, a stranger, should speak his name, did answer "Aye"; and he did gaze upon him affrightened, for upon his garment did gleam two crowns of gold, being the emblems of the servants of the Kings of En.

6. And the knees of Simplicitas did knock one against the other, for, he thought, of a surety this is the mighty chief who doth govern the place of learning where I go; and at his feet shall I sit all the days of my youth, and wax wise by the words which shall fall from his mouth.

7. Then spake him of the azure garment: "Ye'll juist cam wi' me"; and Simplicitas did gird up his loins, and did follow after him, and they departed and did pass through the streets of the city unto the north.

8. Thenn when the sun was high, came they to a mighty house, standing foursquare on a hill, and girded about with a wall, and all around did swarm a multitude of children whose nether garments were of a strange shape, being like unto the kirtles of women, but pleated wondrously, short, and exceeding full.

9. These were the sons of the warriors of Cal, those who had fallen in battle, and others, whom Simplicitas came to join, and he gazed upon them, and was sore amazed at the number of them, and the mighty noise which they did make.

26. Moreover he did bring him, even Simplicitas, where lay those stricken with divers' diseases, and lo! one clothed in white raiment, upon his head a mighty crown, exceeding white and dazzling.

28. So he knew her to be a chieftainess, and he was sore amazed, and did get him the wind up; his feet did lose their heat, and he would fain have cast himself upon his face and have bowed his head in the dust before her.

29. But lo! there was no dust where she was, and she commanded him saying: "Cast off thy raiment that I may see what manner of boy thou art."

30. And she bade him to jump and to cough, to hop both upon the left foot and upon the right, and to say ninety and nine, and divers other things; for the rest is it not written in the Book of the Laws of the Aray Emess?

31. Around her were many phials and philtres, so that Simplicitas did know her to be a magician, mighty in the arts of physick, and his bowel did turn to water within him.

32. And when she commanded him that he should don his raiment, his going out from that place was quicker than his coming in.

43. Now there arose the sound of a mighty trumpet, yea, a hefty blast; and upon the instant the sound of running feet, for the multitude of the children of the north did rush suddenly with one accord unto a place.

44. And Simplicitas was also there, whether he would or no, for they did sweep him along with them, neither did his feet touch the ground; the chatter of many tongues did fill the place where they were, nor could they hear each other, but each and all did cry out with a loud voice.

45. Then came one bearing chevrons on his arm, a beardless youth, and the hair of his head it did gleam with the shine that cometh from the fat of the bear; the scent thereof did rise like incense.

46. And behold; he spake in a mighty voice like unto thunder, saying unto them: "Shurrup!" and lo! they did shurrup; all of them that were within that place, and there was a great calm.

50. Then did he lead him (Simplicitas) in the path which the multitudes had trod, and they came unto a place where the soup did steam upon the platters, and the smell thereof did rise up, so that Simplicitas would fain have filled his wame.

CHAPTER II

1. Now when the sun had gone down did Simplicitas awake him from slumber, and his waking was of a sudden.

2. For of the children of the North, even the Victor Yans, some did lay their heads on pillows of straw, hard and weighty.

3. And there came one, a sprightly youth, full of mischief, and carrying such a pillow, who did smite Simplicitas as he slumbered.

4. Wherefore did he sit him up and did shout mightily, wondering what it was that had happened to him.

5. And the other did bid him cast off his raiment in haste; for the lights they were not for long, and darkness would fall with the blast of the trumpet.

6. Him did Simplicitas gaze upon, and lo! he was a hefty one and muscular, and moreover in his eyes did gleam a gleam; so that Simplicitas did say nought of the

manner of his wakening, but did get him off his raiment, and to bed.

7. Thus, when the lights grew dim did he slumber yet again on his couch; and the others did sleep also, so that there was peace in that place, and quiet did reign in Wauk Up.

8. And when the night was gone, and the sun risen, did Simplicitas wake him once more; no buffet of pillow did wake him up, but a mighty trumpet did resound and he arose.

9. And Simplicitas did do even as they did who slept also in Wauk Up, and did get him a move on, and did busy himself with things.

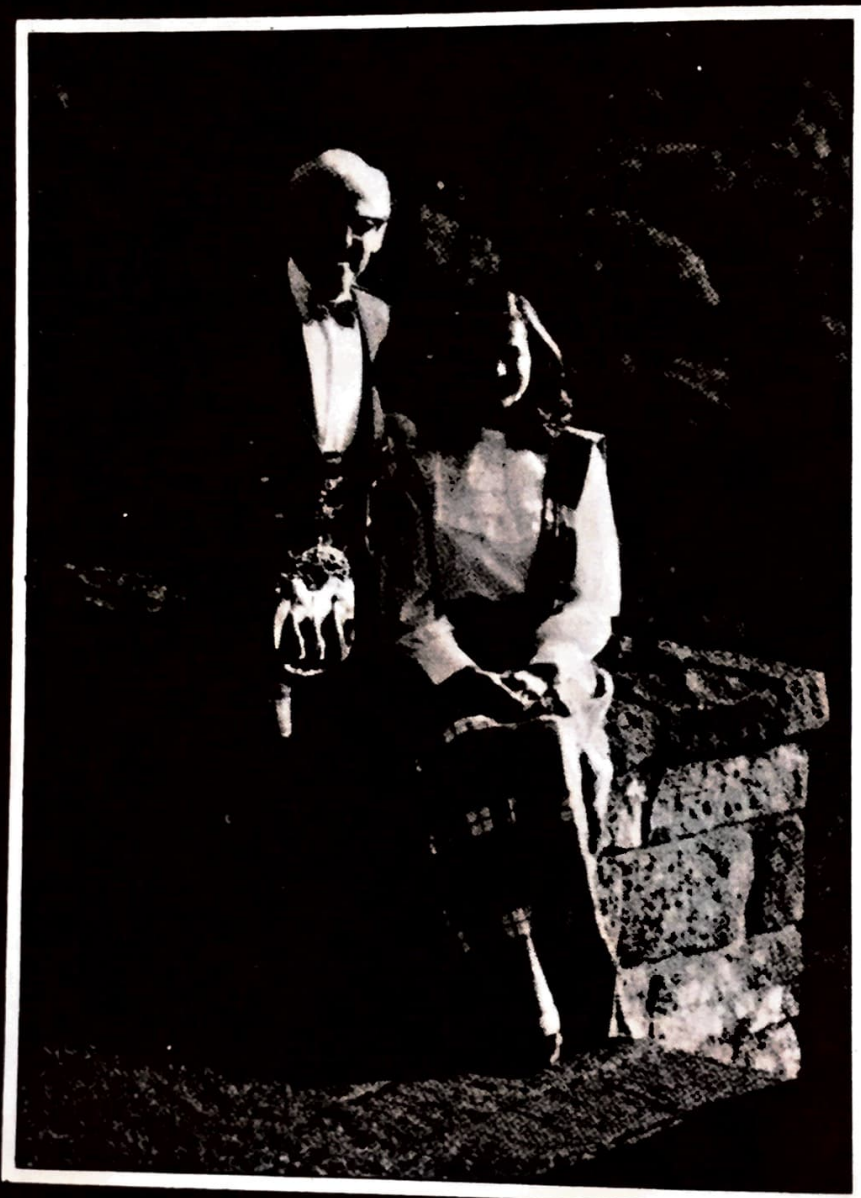
10. For they did show him the manner of arranging his couch; and the other things meet, these did they show him also.

11. His shoon did he clean in a chamber, round and with many shelves; and he did lave his body in the place of washings.

12. Then when the trumpet did sound anew, he did come with the multitude unto a place that he did know and, giving thanks, they did break their fast.

(These Chronicles were written by
WOI W. F. Hawkins, AEC, who as
Major W. F. Hawkins, MBE, became
Commandant in 1943-1944.)

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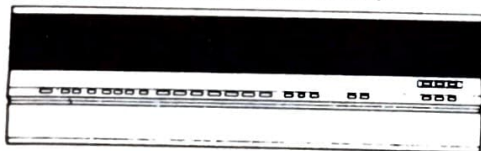
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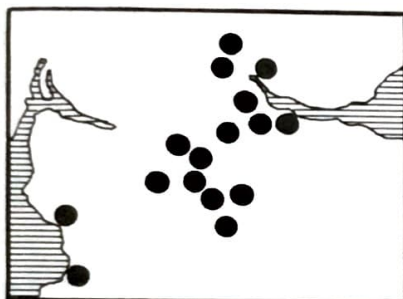
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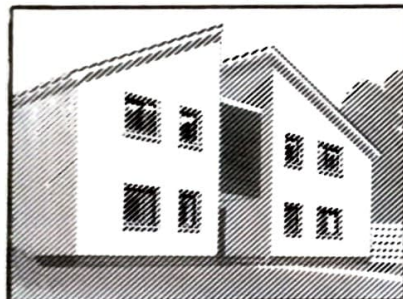
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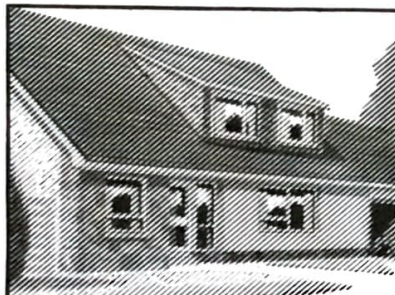
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