

VICTORIAN

Adverts missa

1984



Simple Arithmetic.

Date		Initials		Deposited	Withdrawn	Balance
2/9/83.	To Twenty Pounds	BR	all	20	-	20 -
14/10 "	To Five Pounds	BR	M	5	-	25 -
8/11/ "	To Seven Pounds.	ANN	CR	7	-	32 -
5/1/84	To Twenty five pounds	COY.	M	25	-	57 -
16-1-84	To Ten Pounds	COY.	all	10	-	67 -
10/2 "	To Ten Pounds	PAH	Qu	10	-	77 -
21/2 "	To Four pounds	ON	R	4	-	81 -
6/3 "	To Twenty Pounds	AN.	SL	20	-	101 -

When you add it up it's easy to see that regular saving pays off handsomely.

First, your money is safely out of the way in the bank. Safely out of temptation's reach.

Second, the more you manage to put into your Deposit Account, the more interest your savings earn.

Simple arithmetic that pays.

Find out all about opening your Deposit Account at your nearest Bank of Scotland Branch.



BANK OF SCOTLAND

PATRON

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

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

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND – *President*

THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING SCOTLAND – *Vice-President*

Commissioners:

THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL

THE SECRETARY, SCOTTISH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

General Sir PHILIP CHRISTISON, Bart., G.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.L., B.A.

General Sir GORDON MacMILLAN OF MacMILLAN, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., D.L., LL.D.

D. CRICHTON-MILLER, Esq., T.D., M.A.

Major-General F. C. C. GRAHAM, C.B., D.S.O.

Lieutenant-General Sir WILLIAM TURNER, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.

M. J. CULHAM, Esq.

R. G. DUTHIE, Esq., C.B.E., C.A.

Rear Admiral D. A. DUNBAR-NASMITH, C.B., D.S.C.

R. B. FORBES, Esq., M.A., B.ED.

D. B. McMURRAY, Esq., B.A.

Air Marshal Sir RICHARD WAKEFORD, K.C.B., M.V.O., O.B.E., A.F.C.

Vice Admiral Sir THOMAS BAIRD, K.C.B.

Colonel G. R. SIMPSON, D.S.O., M.V.O., T.D., D.L.

A. WALLACE, Esq., M.A.

Treasurer to H.M. Commissioners:

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

OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL

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

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

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

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

Teachers in the Secondary School:

Art

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

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

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

English

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

Mr W. G. WEBSTER, B.A.(Hons.), B.D., Dip.Ed.

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

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

Physical Education

Mr M. J. BOAST, B.A.

Modern Languages

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

Mrs J. HOWIE, B.A.(Hons.)

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.

Latin

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

Technical Subjects

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

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

Mathematics

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

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

Mr I. T. WILLIAMS, Teacher's 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

Modern Studies

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

Mr W. G. WEBSTER, B.A.(Hons.), B.D., Dip.Ed.

Mr BOVILL is Careers Master

Teachers in the Primary School

Housemaster and Head of Primary School – Mr H. D. BROWN, D.C.E.

Deputy Housemaster – Mr B. R. PHILIP, D.C.E., A.U.P.E.

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

Assistant Teacher – Mrs J. B. BARCLAY, D.P.E.

Visiting Music Master – Mr D. J. ROBERTSON, L.T.C.L.(G.M.T.), L.T.C.L.(Sg.T.), D.C.E.

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

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

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 B. McNEIL, E.N.



*By Appointment
To Her Majesty The Queen
Bagpipe Makers*

Bagpipes by

R. G. HARDIE & CO.

Makers of the World's Finest Bagpipes

Highland Dress and Accessories by

PETER HENDERSON LTD

(established 1868)

24 Renfrew Street, Glasgow G2 3BN

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/Standard and Higher Grades of the Scottish Certificate of Education, and SCSYS, 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 £85 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.



THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 98

JUNE 1984

Commandant's Notes

Last year we were much concerned with the past. On Grand Day and during the following weekend we celebrated the 75th Anniversary of the School. These celebrations included the presentation of a representative group of Old Victorians to the Inspecting Officer during the Grand Day Parade, a lunch for Old Victorians in the School Dining Hall, a Supper Dance arranged by the Old Victorian Association in the Victoria Hall in Dunblane, a Service for Old Victorians in the Memorial Chapel and a reception in the Central Hall at noon on Sunday 26th June to say farewell. It was a wonderful weekend marked by spontaneous goodwill and friendship. We at the School will remember all who came, many from far away lands, to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of their old School and to pass a few days in the surroundings in which they grew up. A Commemorative Tree was planted in front of the Main Entrance by Major General F. C. C. Graham, C.B., D.S.O., the Lord Lieutenant and one of Her Majesty's Commissioners, as a tangible reminder of a very happy event in the life of the School.

It is now appropriate in 1984 to consider what the next twenty-five years may bring. I ended my Notes last year in confident anticipation of our Centenary in 2008. Whilst it may be touch and go for some of us, I have no doubt that celebrations will be called for then to mark the Centenary of the School. In other words I stand by the prediction I made last year that the School will carry on. The Consultants have examined us and their Report is now being studied in the Ministry of Defence. Until it has been seen by Ministers and the Army Board has promulgated its decision, which is expected to happen in June or July, comment on the Report is not possible. However, Her Majesty's Commissioners have seen it and their views have been communicated to Whitehall. They have asked for an early resolution of the matter to enable them to brief boys, parents and staff as soon as possible on the way ahead. Our strength remains, as in

the past, in our Constitution, in our reputation, and in the support we enjoy. There the matter must rest for the time being.

The School recently suffered the grievous loss of two key figures in the space of a few weeks; Mr N. C. Bruce, B.A., Housemaster of Wavell House and Head of Primary School, died on 9th February 1984 and Mr A. Mitchell, Maintenance Supervisor, died on 22nd March 1984. Although both had been ill and had undergone operations, both died suddenly and unexpectedly and their passing was a severe shock to us all. The School has lost two members of staff whose service and dedication were total. They will be missed for many a long day. Another Victorian whose death is recorded elsewhere in these pages and who will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends was Pipe Major Laurie Georgeson.

Our visitors have included Lord Trefgarne, the Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for the Armed Forces, Lieutenant General Sir Roland Guy, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., the Adjutant General designate, and the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, The Right Reverend J. Fraser McLuskey, M.C., M.A., B.D., D.D. Readers will wish to congratulate General Sir Philip Christison, Bart., G.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.L., B.A., who celebrated his 90th birthday in November 1983. He has been a Commissioner of QVS for 36 years and the School owes him much for his interest and wise counsel over so many years. Sadly, it is necessary to report the retirement of several long serving members of staff, including two Housematrons, Mrs Martin and Mrs Milne, who will be remembered with affection by many Old Victorians of recent years. We send our thanks and best wishes to them all.

It was decided to hold the Admissions Board in February this year instead of May. This proved successful and will become the normal date in future. Applications for entry in September 1984 from the Scottish Regiments and the Royal Navy were well maintained; there was some reduction in numbers from the Rest of the Army and the Royal Air Force and I hope these will increase in 1985. Whilst on the subject of the structure of the School, it may be of interest to mention that a

careful examination was carried out recently to see if it was practicable to revert to a vertical structure within Houses. It was concluded that, although it could be done and that there would be significant advantages, the layout and lack of space in the Main Building would result in a loss of amenities, especially in Haig House. I feel, therefore, that this desirable change will have to wait until new accommodation is built.

My predecessor, in a contemplative moment, wondered what he would be remembered for at Queen Victoria School. Being a modest man he thought perhaps it might be for the erection of that small functional brick structure sited between the Playhall and the Swimming Bath. In these my last Notes as Commandant I cannot, unfortunately, claim credit for having been responsible for anything so useful. Instead I find myself thinking of some of the things I have not achieved. I failed to buy the wood on the east side of the Playing Fields so the rabbits still take their toll of our trees and turf; I did build a road but plunged the whole community into darkness in doing so; I did not build two

new boarding houses but left plans for them to be built in the future if circumstances allow; I initiated a programme of maintenance and renovation of the buildings and roofs, which will go on until the early 1990s, but regrettably the resulting shower of nails has left an unwelcome mark upon many tyres.

I have derived great pleasure from the 600 or so boys I have known during my time at QVS. I shall long remember their loyalty, enthusiasm, enterprise, cheerfulness and courage. As it was in the beginning so it is today. Through all the changing years QVS boys, sons of their fathers, have not changed. They continue to be the most important element in the unique whole which is QVS. Nothing should weaken or divide that whole. May I conclude with some words of Hilaire Belloc which have always seemed to me a gentle reminder of what is important in life:

*"From quiet homes and first beginning
Out to the undiscovered ends
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends."*



The Pipe Band



Headmaster, Monitors and Prefects, 1983 – 1984

Headmaster's Notes

This Session the School has expanded to 270 boys through the provision of a new Recreation Room for IVth year boys in Haig, allowing another large room to become once again a dormitory for ten senior boys. In terms of classes, the School can now provide for 30 boys in Vth and VIth year, as well as 40 in IVth year. Such an addition in senior numbers was obvious: to keep in line with the increased demand by boys and parents for education to Higher and CSYS levels, and to make some necessary adjustment in keeping with the Government's 16–18 Action Plan. That it has the additional spin-off in stronger games teams and corporate life is beneficial too!

Much more radical a change in education is the phased introduction of the Munn & Dunning curricula in the IIIrd and IVth years of Secondary Education. Starting in August 1984, all pupils, no matter what their level of ability, will have a chance to follow courses leading to the Standard Grade of the Scottish Certificate of Education. Over the next few years these Standard Grade courses will in turn replace the present Scottish 'O' Grades. The Standard Grade courses are at three levels for most subjects – Foundation level,

General level, and Credit level, equated to 7 bands of award. Basically, all pupils in these years must do English, Maths and a Science, and thereafter may choose or be guided to courses within the remaining four 'Modes' of learning. The fundamental principles behind this change is to allow all pupils the opportunity to achieve a grade or award, (whereas 'O' Grade has been slanted rather towards the more able) and at the same time 'place more emphasis on the development of skills and on the understanding of concepts to equip youngsters better for the challenges they will meet later in life'. In Session 1984–85 boys in IIIrd year will embark on the new courses in English and Mathematics. As every boy at QVS already does at least one Science, we are retaining the three 'O' Grade Sciences until such a time as they are converted to Standard courses at national level. Over the next five or six years other subjects will cease as 'O' Grades and similarly change to Standard levels.

In order to provide the kind of options and breadth of subject modes required for Munn & Dunning, two new subjects will be introduced into the full-time curriculum next session. At last, the School will have a full-time Music Teacher, hence providing Music or Music Appreciation for all classes, but, just as importantly, allow some boys to take O/Standard Grade Music, and, perhaps, Piping. Further, German will be taught as an option next year for boys in IIIrd year, and IVth year thereafter.

Elsewhere in this magazine appears an obituary to Mr N. C. Bruce, B.A., an obituary in its special form which will, I hope, be seen by all those who knew him to do justice to and demonstrate affection for a very worthy schoolmaster.

At the end of this summer term, Mr J. P. Urie is retiring. Jimmy Urie came to the School in 1963 and has, for the past twenty-one years, taught Technical subjects, principally Technical Drawing and Metalwork. For many years he was in the CCF RAF Section where he made an invaluable contribution in both School and at camps. For as long, he has been Assistant Housemaster in Cunningham House: his has been an approach of unselfish giving of time and unstinting help to boys and colleagues. What Jimmy always saw as 'No sweat' was in reality part of his belonging to the School and sharing the tasks involved with a characteristic cheerfulness. The boys too, will miss Mr Urie, in particular, his own brand of blunt, yet finely chiselled verbal disciplinary statements in the classroom! To his wife, Alice, and to Jimmy, we wish many happy years of retirement.

The School Chaplain, Rev. Eric Milton, R.N., came to the School in the summer term in 1982. We were very sorry to lose him and his wife, Sheila, on their move to a parish near Aberdeen at the end of the Easter Term. As Chaplain, Eric Milton was a stimulant and tonic. Involved as he was with the teaching and House of Wavell, as well as teaching junior classes in the Secondary School, he appeared so often in so many other areas of School life – debating, sailing, Naval Section, model railway, and always to be seen accompanied by his dog, Bosun, in support of whatever boys were involved in. We thank him above all for his central role in Chapel, where his services always held our attention, and at the right moments he made us laugh with him. The Community as a whole thank him for his pastoral care – to boys, parents, and our own families. We thank his wife, too, for her cheerful participation in several areas, and in particular, for playing the organ in Mr Bruce's absence. To Eric, Sheila and their family, we wish all joy and contentment in their new challenge back in a parish.

We welcomed onto the staff Mr Willie A. Hamilton from Belfast, who taught P6, from October to Christmas. Mr David Robertson, having returned from Canada, came back to us as part-time music teacher and has contributed so much to the School's music within one session. Mrs Howie has come to teach French and next session will be introducing German in Illrd year, while Mrs Barclay rescued us in our sudden need by taking over the P6 class for the Easter and Summer Terms.

Finally, Mr Hugh Brown who has been a Deputy Housemaster of Wavell for the last 12 years, has been appointed Housemaster of Wavell and head of Primary during the Easter Term. We wish him and Barbara a happy, and no doubt, long involvement. Mr Graham Carrol was appointed Assistant Housemaster to Wavell at the same time.

This Session has been an eventful one in many ways, dominated by a large number of visitors, consultants, architects and the many members of PSA. The teaching block is receiving a radical facelift. Internally the classrooms have been re-equipped with new furniture and all blackboards renewed or replaced with white boards and screens. Whether the installation of a mechanical venti-

lation system over the summer will create clearer thinking next session is debateable. However, the first of three phases of major external works on the Teaching Block starts this summer, including double-glazing, and re-roofing, as well as the first stage of updating the two older Science labs. Certainly in terms of educational provision of equipment and books, the School has been relatively fortunate. Indeed the Library benefitted considerably from extra monies. Correspondingly, in the Houses, cramped in some ways as they are, constant improvements in furnishings and facilities are clearly evident, and are genuinely appreciated.

For the first time this year we were delighted to host the Duke of York's Rugby Team at QVS: they won by three points but that the match was played and closely competed was more important to us. It is a fixture we hope will become established. Our Rugby teams did well this season – perhaps the multigym is proving itself. It is pleasing to report that both 1st and 2nd year teams won the Central Region 7s. The 3rd year and 1st XV were denied similar victories owing to postponement of the competition!

There are many areas for comment, but the finer details of it are best given in the Headmaster's Report at Prize Giving on Grand Day. A boarding school must be a busy place if it is to be fulfilling as a way of life for boys and adults. One could boast that we have 46 hobbies, clubs and societies operating in the School, as varied as spending long hours at Loch Ard or longer hours with the CCF or to learn the art of the Kiss of Life in First Aid, or spending time with Old Folk in Dunblane. Whatever the outlet or interest, it is always the same: enthusiasm leading to involvement, and from that derives pleasure and benefit for each individual, staff or boy, in their own particular activity. As a boy once wrote: "A Hobby is doing something in the time you are given to do nothing".

One ends, then, with a feeling of gratitude to many people for their support, cheerfulness and able doing in what has been, in some ways, a difficult yet busy session. I look forward to the next with interest and optimism.

Mr NORMAN C. BRUCE, B.A.

It is with immense sadness and a feeling in our community of irreplaceable loss that we record the death of Mr Norman Bruce, B.A., who died on 9th February 1984. Those boys and colleagues who knew him over the years will never forget his particular impact on each of them; those of us who were here when he died will never forget the shock that was felt when we knew that 'kent' figure was not to be seen again.

Norman joined the staff of the School as a young RAEC Subaltern in 1951 and worked and lived for the School for 33 years, indeed achieving his life dream as Housemaster of Wavell and Head of Primary. He was the consummate school-master, and grew into a Mr Chips whom no-one bettered. He had personality, stamped with quirks of loved eccentricity; he had enthusiasm and laughter for boys and for himself, and he had an untiring devotion to his job, his 'beloved Wavell' and his School. The Rev. Alec Ritchie in his tribute at Norman's funeral service said, "He was one who could tell us how things used to be here, and how things ought to be; he was, in short, the living repository of the best traditions



*Mr N. C. Bruce died 9th February 1984
at Queen Victoria School*

of this School." He concluded his tribute by saying, "So far, I have spoken of what Norman did; and that was much. But, of course, in the end what we are is more important than what we do. That is remembered when our lessons and our music making, and all our other activities are forgotten. I speak for many, as I speak for myself, when I say that we found in Norman Bruce a faithful friend, a friend whose devotion to duty in QVS will long inspire and challenge us."

To define Norman Bruce in words that are adequate is not easy. In brief, we are told that no-one is indispensable, but Norman is in a special sense irreplaceable. The two passages which follow go as near as most of us can wish to read in summation of Norman's life at QVS. All who read their contrasting approaches will recognise the essence of this very special school-master.

Headmaster.

**The Tribute to Mr Norman Bruce
spoken at his Memorial Service
by the Rev. Archie Orrock, M.A., B.D.,
Chaplain at QVS 1971-1982**

All who were friends of Norman Bruce knew that Wavell was his true home (he had a bungalow in Dunblane in which he never spent as much as one night). Wavell was his calling, Wavell was his life-work, Wavell was a hobby along with his piano, Wavell was his one absorbing passion. One might almost be tempted to say nothing mattered except Wavell. But he believed that if his boys received an all round education: physical, mental, moral and spiritual, preparing them for the more exacting life in the Senior School – then that was the best contribution he could make for the good of the School as a whole. In all this, three things stand out –

his integrity of character, sympathy of heart, and humility of spirit.

There was his integrity. He was meticulous in all aspects of preparation, whether for the examination of candidates, for the coming of the new boys, for preparation in classwork, in outings and the holiday arrangements. Everything was planned to the smallest detail – and for a period of some years all this went on while at the same time he was working for an Open University degree – no small exercise when all the time he was in charge of a House of 80 boys aged 9 – 12.

Norman wanted his boys to feel that in Wavell they had a second home and a happy home, and so his first duty was to give them the sense of security they would have in their own home. This began the day the new boys arrived. There was always someone to whom they could turn in trouble, whether they felt unwell, homesick or had received an upsetting letter from home or some quarrel within the house or dormitory. He was not without his idiosyncracies. There were times he could 'take off', making a mountain of what seemed to be a molehill, or rant and rave at some incident in the House, relatively unimportant, but never for one moment would he allow any compromise on honesty and truthfulness. These must be guarded and preserved and any who strayed from the narrow path must be made to realise that thieving and lying were prime enemies not only of boarding school life but all civilised life.

Those who knew Norman, outside as well as inside Wavell, knew his life had that quality of sympathy of heart. It is only those who have known real trouble who can sympathise with someone who finds himself in deep waters. Norman was well equipped to deal with boys worried about a Mum or Dad in hospital or family problems, or a bereavement. He had a rich store of that quality we call 'gumption', an amalgam of sensitivity, common sense, firmness and practical action.

This sympathy of heart was manifest also in all his dealings with his staff. So long as he knew we were doing our duty he would go to all lengths to help in any exigency that might occur. He commanded our respect and our affection. I am reminded of words of Donald Hankey, revered in World War One. In an essay entitled "The Beloved Captain", he wrote, "We were his men, and he was our leader. There was a bond of mutual confidence between us which grew stronger as the months passed." But he had an abhorrence of discussion and polemics which got you nowhere. He always listened to us and if I described him as the 'benevolent dictator' I do not think I would be far off the mark.

So I come to the third thing – his reverence of spirit. He was a seeker after truth. He knew there was more to life than just this passing world. What else could account for all the time, the energy, the hard work he put into the preparation for the annual Carol Service and celebration of Christmas? In the eleven years I worked with him he missed only one Sunday Service; and he was always there to play for week-day Chapel, except at the time of his mother's death, in spite of having some bodily ailment like a headache – or a sore throat. He believed in Chapel and its Services. He once said, "Even though I was not organist, I would still attend, not merely as an example to the boys but as one who has not yet found the answer." Yes, in the realm of the spirit he was truly humble.

And so to the last days. Now I borrow a metaphor from cricket. Norman came to this School as a 'night

watchman' but he proceeded to bat for 33 years. Commandants came and went, Headmasters came and went, masters came and went, chaplains came and went, matrons came and went but Norman remained at the crease stonewalling to preserve all that was good in the traditions of the past but he never lost the chance of hitting a six at any loose ball of some ill thought-out innovation.

Some might think his ambition would be to 'carry his bat' but I'm not so sure. In the depths of his soul following his major heart operation, more and more he was coming to believe that he was about to outlive his usefulness to Queen Victoria School. He certainly knew retirement (which he secretly dreaded) was now staring him in the face. But it was not to be and in the early hours of Thursday 9th February death came to him suddenly and peacefully, and when the news came to us, it was with shock and grief. Others will arise and carry on the work but with Norman's passing has gone a mystique that will hardly be replaced.

That the School he served long and faithfully, lined the Drive, as the cortège moved off for the last sad rites, was an accolade he richly deserved. It would have moved him, humbled him and made him proud.

**Reminiscences of a Schoolmaster,
Mr N. C. Bruce, B.A.,
given in a speech to Colleagues at a dinner
to celebrate his thirty years of teaching at
Queen Victoria School**

I still remember very clearly the first day I arrived at QVS, in February 1952. I came off the Glasgow train in my brand new 2/Lt uniform and made the journey to QVS by 'bus. It was snowing and when I reached Dunblane, I remember almost getting off at the Hydro Hotel which in these days proudly flew the Union Jack from its roof. I thought that such an imposing building must be something military. When I eventually arrived at School I was met at the entrance by a very small boy in black shorts, pullover, very short hair and enormous ears. "Hello Sir", he said, "I'm your bat boy". Looking at him standing against the dark entrance with the snow falling against the trees, I had fleeting thoughts of Transylvania, but it turned out that he had been detailed to look after my needs, clean shoes, make beds, etc., for about one shilling a week. "You won't be here long, Sir", he went on to say. "Mr X bashed a boy and then got his leg broke. You're only here until we can get a proper teacher." It was with considerable misgiving and a deflated ego that I followed him into the building.

I remember the School in those early days as a rather stark building, situated by itself on a rise and not mellowed by the flanking buildings which now make up Wavell House and the teaching block. The inside was white tiles, topped by chocolate paint – a sort of inverted black forest gâteau. All lighting was 45 watt bulbs which contributed to a rather austere atmosphere. There were no posters, no coloured bed spreads and, rather sadly, no toys. To take a teddy bear to bed, now a common occurrence in Wavell, was unheard of, and in place of lockers were green kit boxes, accurately aligned at the bottom of each bed.

Many boys came to the School at 8½ and it must have been a traumatic experience for them to be projected into these surroundings. I remember two letters,

both *crie de cours*, which were returned to me by parents. One was from R.M. – I quote "Dear Mum. They have a great big belt and you can get it if you're bad. Please withdraw me." Diagram of Rodney's hand and of Great Big Belt. "Please come and save Rodney." The second was from A.McG. and was more to the point: "Dear Mum. If you don't come and get me by 5 o'clock on Thursday, I shall kill myself. I shall take poison. Goodbye, Alastair." (Crosses like those on grave stones.) Final Threat – "And I've got some." The parents' request, received in a letter marked, 'Urgent' to investigate before 5 p.m. on the Thursday, was quite understandable.

The conclusion one could draw from these letters is misleading. Both boys did stay and both did well. The last time I heard of R.M. he was a Major in the RCT flying helicopters and A.McG. did very well in business.

Although the School was more austere, it did produce many boys with character and determination. When I was Housemaster in the Senior School, I remember having words with J.M. who was in the habit of setting his alarm clock for 4 a.m. so that he could revise for his exams and RAF entry test. Everything was against him when he joined the School. He set his heart on being an RAF Pilot and, after many disappointments, achieved it. Only last term I heard that he had been promoted to Wing Commander commanding a Jaguar squadron.

The fact that the School was run on quasi-military lines did have its amusing moments. When I was O.C. 'B' Company (60 boys from 9½ to 18), boys were placed on Company Orders if they had committed an offence outside the class-room. Company Orders took place after dinner and the offender was marched into my office at the double, stood to attention in front of the desk and had the charge read out on a special QVS Conduct Sheet. If a boy had committed an offence of a serious nature he was remanded for Commandant's Orders. One boy, whose name eludes me, was very young, very small and had a very bad record. He stood before the Commandant flanked by his O.C. and Company Sgt Major. Colonel Nason decided in desperation to give him one last chance and told him that this time he was only to be reprimanded. "You're a real pal, Sir", said the 10-year-old, removing from his pocket a piece of half chewed rock, "Have a hunk." What can one do but politely decline.

Another event was the monthly kit inspection. This was taken by the Commandant, Admin. Officer and R.S.M. Points were awarded and there was great rivalry amongst the Companies. Boys had kit which they never used except for inspection. I remember handkerchiefs which were sewn over cardboard squares and 'kit inspection' shoes which were never worn but carefully stowed away until the appointed hour. Everything was lined up with string until Pythagoras himself would have marvelled at the geometric perfection of it all. The Company Commanders also were not above resorting to some degree of deception in order not to lose points. I remember we had a set of flying 'softers' (these were always being lost) which had a stick-on tab. They could be placed on a bed in a dormitory, whipped away when the inspecting team had passed. A new number added, and placed in another dormitory. The only trouble was size matching. I often wondered why the inspecting team never noticed a nine-year-old displaying shoes which would have fitted Goliath.

During my middle period at the School, change came quickly. There was much thought, upheaval and battles fought in order to achieve it, but the outcome is what we have today with space and facilities which were unknown in my early days. In some ways, too, the boys are different. They have changed as the School has changed and their attitude reflects different social trends and ideals. There are not really any 'hard nuts' now, but I was grateful to discover last term that the spirit of determination and enterprise is not a thing of the past. On asking for volunteers for the House Inter-Dormitory boxing competition, C.S., aged 9½ came to offer his services for his dormitory. "Have you boxed before, S?" I enquired. "No, Sir." "Then you had better come to the gym on Wednesday evening to see how you get on." Pause. "Please, Sir, are boxing gloves issued or is it with bare fists?" It appears that the spirit of Gentleman Jim is still with us.

A piece of pure enterprise revealed itself when one boy in the House received a large birthday cake. After taking one bite out of it, he decided that the taste and flavour was not to his liking, so he promptly carved it up and sold it at 20p a slice. He should go far, in one direction or another.

The School is now staffed by civilian teachers, but, of course, this was not always so. It was as a member of the RAEC that I first came to the School and I still have many friends among RAEC officers who served here with me. When the first civilian masters were invited to apply for posts a document was sent out to candidates which had two typing errors in it which made the School not only quite unique but also irresistible. Firstly, candidates were invited to come and teach the legitimate sins of Scottish soldiers, sailors, and airmen, and, secondly, they were informed that good gold was easily obtainable very close to the School. I believe there was no shortage of candidates from which to compile a short list.

On a more serious note, I have always considered myself to be fortunate to have been able to teach in a school with such facilities and situated in such marvellous surroundings. Where else also could a would-be, amateur musician find at his door step a magnificent organ and a grand piano. I have also been conscious of the fact that I have received much support and encouragement from past and present Headmasters and Commandants who have left me to run the Junior House in line with my own beliefs. I must give special thanks to my friends of past years and to the Wavell House staff who have not only shown me loyalty over many years but also extended a genuine friendship. A bachelor's life can be a lonely one but over the years many people and innumerable boys have seen that I have never been allowed to feel lonely or left out of things.

Thank you all.

Chaplain's Notes

The academic year 1983 to 1984 was dominated by the tragic loss to us all of Mr Norman Bruce, Housemaster of Wavell and Chapel Organist. Mr Bruce and I worked well together and this was reflected in the Chapel worship which was lively under his musicianship. I believe

that at the very heart of the nature of God is a sense of humour and many a time we shared much laughter as we reminisced over "Chapel Gaffs"! He will be sorely missed in Chapel, House and School for many a day.

A school year has a number of peaks and troughs, most of which are predictable and serve as distance marks for the passing terms. Christmas Term, of course, has the heady, breathtaking peak of our Carol Service. Norman Bruce would have been very proud of the whole performance – I certainly was deeply moved by its atmosphere of REAL worship. When I say REAL, I mean that we were all transported to a level of experience which was richly spiritual and prepared us all for the coming of the Christ Child into a world sorely needing Him. My thanks to Messrs Philip and Robertson and also to my wife for their musical talents. At one point in the service it began to look like "musical chairs" as David Robertson and Sheila Milton raced from organ to piano to electronic keyboard with each choir item!

Due to the difficulty of pinning the Bishop of St Andrews, Dunblane and Dunkeld down to fix a date for joint confirmation, this event has been postponed until a suitable time in the next session.

Since writing in last year's *Victorian* I have had the pleasure and privilege of preaching in Rannoch and Loretto Schools. Rannoch Chapel was a beautifully converted barn with lovely slit windows in stained glass. Loretto Chapel was a most interesting blend of "Ancient and Modern" (rather appropriate considering it is of Anglican denomination!). The architect is to be congratulated on fusing the old warm stone building with a reinforced concrete extension and particularly the use of timber in the interior matching. However, I must say that our boys could sing them out of aisle and chancel!

The Moderator of the General Assembly of The Church of Scotland, The Rt Rev. J. Fraser McLuskey, M.C., D.D., made a private visit to the School and was most impressed. During his short tour he met a number of boys from Senior Monitors to Wavell choir and was able, through informal chatting, to glean something of what life is like here at QV.

For my wife and I, this session has been one of agonising decision. I just could not ignore the growing feeling that my Ministry lay in the Parish setting and after much deliberation I let my name go forward for a vacancy. This in no way reflected unhappiness in my chaplaincy at QV but rather was a coming to terms with myself and where I should be serving as a minister. The great bonus for me, and I hope my parish, will be my knowledge of young people and what they are thinking. To every boy may I say thank you – you have enriched me with your humour and your often bubbling vitality.

To Commandant, Headmaster, Staff and my friends in admin. – I am in your debt for your encouragement, assistance, support, but above all for your friendship.

The Parishes of Chapel of Garioch and Blairdaff, near Inverurie, will always have a welcome for present and old Victorians.

Rev. E. G. Milton.

CAROL SERVICE 1983

A capacity congregation were in attendance at the annual Carol Service in December. The Service was



A part of the School Library

conducted by the Rev. E. Milton and led by the Junior and Senior Choirs. The Order of Service proved to be most varied and very much appreciated by the congregation.

The Bible Readings were given by the Headmaster, Peter McEachern, P7, Miss Anderson, Patrick McKay, Form 3, the School Sergeant-Major, Iain Sutherland, Form 6, and the Commandant. The Choirs were joined by the congregation in the singing of the well known traditional carols, as well as presenting their own varied programme of carols, many with instrumental accompaniment. The Choirs were conducted by Mr B. Philip and Mr D. Robertson, and accompanied by Mrs S. Milton and Mr D. Robertson.

The Junior Choir sang *Celebrations*, *The Cowboy Carol*, *Mary, Mary* and *Sweet Chiming Christmas Bells*. An instrumental group from Forms I and II presented *Coventry Carol*, *While Humble Shepherds*, *Child in the Manger*, *O Little Town of Bethlehem* and *Angels from the Realms of Glory*. The Senior Choir sang *Gloria! Gloria!*, *The Nativity Carol*, *The Holly and the Ivy*, and *Good King Wenceslas*. All in all it was most memorably enjoyed by all who attended.

D. Robertson.

THE ADDISON SMITH PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION 1984

The competition was held on the last Friday of term, 30th March, and was attended by the whole school in the Theatre. It was very pleasing this year to have so

many adults in the audience. There were 17 competitors in the three levels of the competition. As the School Chaplain, who was to be the Adjudicator, was unfortunately ill, the Headmaster carried out that role. The format of the competition was slightly altered to introduce some variety into what was asked of competitors and to provide a change for the audience. Each competitor had to deliver a short passage of poetry of his own choice before proceeding to make the stipulated speech. This provided some interesting choices from poetry as divergent as *Sergeant Major Money* to *Gutter Press* to *Binsey Poplars*.

In the Junior Section, the boys in Primary 7 and 1st year of the Secondary School acquitted themselves very well. This is often a very lively and enthusiastic part of the competition, where both the unexpected and excellent bring delight to the young and surprise to the older boys. It is very testing for younger boys to stand up in front of the whole school, and all spoke confidently. They were asked in their speech to choose to be a famous person with five others adrift in a balloon which was falling fast: someone had to go overboard to lessen the weight. Each had three minutes to argue why it should not be he. Owen McQuade, having recited Belloc's *Henry King*, appeared in full Celtic kit as Paul McStay claiming that his prowess in football was so great that his many fans should not be denied further appearances for his Club — his antics and glottal-stopped pleas were droll if a little hesitant and quiet. Robbie Herd of Primary 7 did well to come third. He was consistently good in both parts of the competition. His

poem, *Yelliehowker*, was delivered in a clear voice, keeping well to the Scots dialect, and then, dressed splendidly as Ghandi, he argued his cause in a sustained Anglo-Indian accent. He showed considerable promise for the future in this competition.

Sporting large ears and a chisselled accent, Stewart Dow (having delivered *Sergeant Major Money* in a hoarser voice) gave an elegant and witty speech on his future Kingship being vital to the survival of the country and Princess Diana. The major world leaders of East and West were also, unaccountably, in the same balloon. Edward Boyle, having first delivered his poem, McGough's *Ode to the King* in an exceedingly clear and lively voice, was not quite so able to hold his audience with his portrayal of the Russian leader, Chernenko, by falling into the common trap of reading his speech throughout. His opposite number was Andrew Fraser, as President Reagan. In the poetry section he had impressed with his bright voice, reciting *The Sea* but as President his voice had some difficulty in suiting the "Western" accent, yet he did well enough to come second. Joseph McAuley recited Belloc's poem *Leisure*, very well, and argued adroitly and amusingly why, as Terry Wogan, he should be the last person overboard, yet he too spoke his speech too softly. The winner, most deservedly of the Junior Section, was Torquil Kellie; his poem, a Burns parody, *For a' that*, was rendered with all the confidence of an experienced ear for Scots dialect, and as a nuclear scientist, Donald

Glazer, Kellie held the house with a confident delivery of witty arguments and egotistical certainty.

Having delivered their pieces of poetry, the boys in the Intermediate Section had the opportunity of three minutes of TV time as minority candidates in a Bye-Election. Graham Tennick gave a most excellent speech as candidate for the Party of the Common People, using eye-catching gestures and well-turned vote-catching phrases. His poetry was, however, disappointingly delivered, being quietly and monotonously spoken. Paul Robertson recited *Santa Claus* clearly though perhaps lacking a little vitality of delivery. His candidature was for the Party for the Abolition of the Motor Car; once more it was a well argued speech, promising us a noise free, fume free, accidentless world, but it lacked the kind of electioneering required. Paddy Mackay delivered the most difficult poem of the evening, Cowper's *Binsey Poplars*; he has an excellent voice and his delivery was attuned to an understanding of the poem's rhythms and emotion. As a prospective member for the BAN Party, he again spoke clearly and had good facts to support his cause, but tended to be somewhat too aggressive in his approach, hence losing his audience's sympathy. A past winner of this competition was Tommy Miller, who has a good voice and used it to effect in reciting his poem, *One Furrow*. His choice of Party had mass appeal or at least to Haig Channel 4 supporters: "The Movement to suppress American soap opera on British TV". His references were wide



Haig House

and popularly amusing, but he omitted to speak loudly enough to hold his audience's attention throughout. The runner-up this year was Eliot Smart who is known to treat life as a public speaking contest. His good, clear voice rendered well his poem *The Plough*. His speech was inflammatory in that he stood for "The Male Chauvanists' Party" – indeed the ladies present voiced their disapproval throughout; yet unabashed Eliot proceeded with his witty and bigoted diatribe, confident of the support of Philistines present. Indeed another year might have seen him as the winner. However, that dark horse, Ian Gonoude, had spoken first, and, with what may have been a cool irony, recited Wordsworth's *Daffodils* with dead-pan but sympathetic reverence. Ian's speech was probably the tour de force of the evening. his was the S.S.S.S. Party – the Sweet Smile and Shining Shoes Party; his speech, a calculated piece of nonsense delivered with an actor's timing, and a real sense of how to play your gallery, was racy, topical and vote-winning as the school clapometer indicated.

After the interval, the Senior Competition was between five competitors. Alasdair Manson's poem *Drummer Hodge* was well enough rendered but he required to be louder and clearer. His speech on Social Life at the School (or lack of it!) had instant appeal to an all-boys' school. It was Alasdair's first attempt at this competition and he did well. David McKay was, and presumably still is, a great favourite with his compeers. His poem was *Slough* which was well received, delivered as it was in 'the vernacular of the people', but as in his speech, his delivery was far too fast for those of us who did not know the poem, to follow. His speech was topical and witty – That QVS is Good for You. David employed what might be known as the Fourth Year wit, that is to deliver statements in such a way that the listeners are unsure as to whether they are meant as ironic or sarcastic or indeed heartfelty sincere. Popular as his speech was it failed one test of public speaking: it was largely read though accompanied by stimulating gestures. Robert Ferguson's poem was *The Incident* for which he employed what seemed a broad Yorkshire accent to the delight of the Anglo-Scots present, but regretfully it was spoken so quickly. His speech, that Lichenstein must be oppressed before it makes a bid for World Domination, was not without humour, but suffered from being read. *Hands Together* was the poem chosen by J. Bruce, it was a Toxteth Complaint, and delivered well. His speech on Fashion and Clothes was again within the genre of the 4th year 'manner', but he was consistently amusing, spoke elegantly without reading, and held the audience's attention with his clearly enunciated delivery. Martin Sinclair has probably been in every Addison Smith Competition since being at the School, often as runner-up. Calculating that high poetry and ratiocinative exposition were not likely to produce audience appeal, Martin chose L.C.D. "stuff" this year by rendering the poem *Jabberwocky* and castigating the real threat of the pot noodle. Martin is an accomplished and able public speaker who can give the impression of using no notes and delivering a polished, well put-together speech. M. Sinclair and J. Bruce were adjudged first equal.

So ended an excellent evening's entertainment. Praise is deserved for all those who took part before the School. The lesson is always the same: those who read their speeches, however good, cannot win a public

speaking competition, yet the quality of those who did win was admirable.

Old Victorians

CENTRAL BRANCH

At the AGM held on 3rd March 1984, the following were elected to serve on the Branch Committee:

President: Mr J. V. Carroll

8u Latherton Drive, Glasgow.

Secretary: Major C. McQueen,

25 Laburnum Grove, Stirling FK8 2PR.

Treasurer: Mr J. W. White,

5 Old Doune Road, Dunblane.

The objects of the Association were revised at the Meeting to read as follows:

- (i) To uphold the good name of the School and give support to its continued well-being
- (ii) to keep members informed of events, developments and progress at the School
- (iii) to continue the comradeship formed during School life
- (iv) to make known the School, its aims and objects.

The cost of Life Membership is £5, which entitles the members to receive the Association newsletters, providing members notify any changes of address.

We shall now attempt to give some of the highlights of the past year, starting with the 75th Anniversary of the Founding of the School, which took place in June 1983. Much hard work had been undertaken by the School Staff to ensure that everything went off well, Honours Boards had been brought up to date as far as possible; Grandads and Dads were toting their offspring around to show their moment of glory. Some had returned after a lapse of many years, and the Overseas Visitors were delighted to find themselves included.

The Exhibition of Memorabilia dating from 1908 to the present day was greatly admired. Many were perusing the photograph albums and surprised to find themselves in some of the groups taken during their School years, perhaps we may have it again for future visitors. To many attending, it may have seemed like an instalment of *This Is Your Life*.

We must thank the Overseas Branches and delegates for their attendance; much hard work must have been carried out to contact members scattered far and wide, but feel sure they enjoyed themselves and made many new acquaintances.

Leading down to the parade ground, the road was lined by visitors, cameras whirring away, to ensure sufficient films were available on their return home to show to their friends. During the parade, Association members were introduced to the Inspecting Officer, who seemed amazed to find some had travelled half way round the world to put in an appearance at the School – WELL – THEY ARE VICTORIANS AT HEART AND PROUD OF IT.

Jim Oliver, Canadian Branch, casually mentioned that the first branch meeting was held in his police station, accommodation had been offered should the meeting become unruly – there were no takers. Jim

presented a Pipe Banner to the School on behalf of his Branch. During the day arrived a real old COBBER, Patrick Muir, who left in 1918 and served with the Australian Forces, he has now taken up permanent residence in Woolwich.

The Ceilidh and Dinner Dance in The Victoria Hall was an occasion to be remembered and was enjoyed by all those attending, some found energy and muscles they never knew they had, some slow waltzes were appreciated.

The Chapel Service was well attended, we would like to thank the Colour Party who gave up part of their leave to March In the Colours.

The Cocktail Party was an enjoyable affair with everyone mixing and talking. Central Branch presented a cheque for any projects the boys had in mind. Later BONZO Currie made a presentation of a book and tomahawk on behalf of the OV's in New Zealand. BONZO distinguished himself by giving a rendering of the *Maori Farewell*; looking round one found many Old Victorians, their wives and friends and members of the Staff, had tears in their eyes – it was not due to hay fever – it was the climax to the happiest Reunion for many years.

Before closing this article, I would like to express to Mrs White and her friends, my sincere thanks for the hospitality she accorded the Overseas Visitors and Old Victorians who visited her home during the Anniversary, and feel sure her kindness will be remembered by many.

Major C. McQueen, *Secretary*.

EDINBURGH BRANCH

Our last Social Evening was held on 8th April 1982, attended by some twenty members and friends. Old Victorians present being Stan Gardner, George Mooney, Bill McPherson, Jock Malloy, George Wilson and Alastair Bulloch. Since then there has been a complete halt in our activities, although we keep in contact by 'phone. Our age group is most vulnerable to inclement weather and prone to any ailments around. Stan Gardner, our Chairman, after a bad six months is in much better health and getting about again. Bill Bradley (851) is still in East Fortune Hospital, near North Berwick. He finished the war in the Commandos and was with Marshal Tito's forces in Yugoslavia. He wishes to be remembered to his friends. Anyone visiting East Lothian will be most welcome.

Ted Mullen, late of Glasgow Branch, has taken over the Corps of Commissioners in Shandwick Place, Edinburgh. He has been in contact with the Cameronians' Club and they have invited Victorians (once the Club's alterations are completed) to visit them.

Looking back on the 75th Anniversary last year (1983) we remember it as a most happy occasion, blessed with beautiful weather, and all had a wonderful day; after the colourful ceremony, the veterans lined up and were presented to Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Boswell, K.C.B., C.B.E. Nice to see "Zep" Taylor, Ron Taylor, Jock Malloy, Campbell and Donald McQueen, Vic Carroll, Charlie McKenna and, lastly, Ernie McLeay. He was a Monitor when I joined the School in 1919, sixty-four years ago. Tea followed then more nattering to old friends and new ones from Canada, Australia, New

Zealand and "a' the airts". Next day's lunch in the School Dining Hall with plenty of wine and again good companions, was magnificent. The Ceilidh in The Victoria Hall was the climax of a wonderful weekend. My *Dashing White Sergeant* with Mrs N. McLeod plus three encores, really tested us to the limit, after that returning sanity took over and a quiet waltz was the order of the day.

That's all for now, Old Victorians everywhere. Rally round ye Victorians of Auld Reekie.

Alastair Bulloch,
50 Northfield Broadway,
Edinburgh EH8 7PH.
Tel. 031-661-3620.

AUSTRALASIAN BRANCH

I reflect on our first meeting held in my home at 3/14-16 Minter Street, Canterbury, N.S.W. 2193, almost twelve months ago, when at that inaugural meeting Bill Armstrong, Tom and Neil Chaplin, Eddie Cameron, Fred Cameron, Terry Gavigan and myself were present; it was then decided to form the QVSA, and from that little gathering, we now have one Honorary Life Member: Mr Fe Lax, in Scotland, one Honorary Member: Mrs D. Stewart, in Queensland, and twenty-three paid subscription Members.

Throughout the year, we have met on a monthly basis and there has been a tremendous amount of work done in getting the Association off the ground.

During the year, in connection with the School's 75th Anniversary, three of the members: Neil Chaplin, Bonzo Currie and Sandy Milne, returned to Scotland to be there, and on their return to our shores they brought back *Victorian* magazines, firms programmes of the event, and other memorabilia.

Ralph Masterson, whilst on holiday in the UK, visited Mr Fe Lax and asked him to become our first Honorary Life Member, which he accepted. Ralph also visited the School and presented a beautiful book to the Library from the Association. On Ralph's return we viewed a movie film of Band Practice, along with slides, films and photographs taken by Bonzo Currie and Sandy Milne and had fellowship with Bob Cameron from Victoria and Derek Peachy from Canberra.

The past year saw the sad death of Pipie Sanderson, B.E.M., who will be missed by all who knew him.

The End of Year BBQ saw a good turn out of Sydney members and their families at Lane Cove River Park, and we look forward to having many more social events in the future.

I would like to close this report by thanking all who have helped to make this inaugural year the success that it has been, particularly Secretary Eddie Cameron, Treasurer Tom Chaplin, Editor of the *As You Were* magazine Terry Gavigan, Printer Ken Davies, and all fellow members of the Committee.

I am sure that the years ahead will be just as successful if not more so.

Colin Stewart, *Interim President*,
29th January, 1984.

OVA UNIVERSITY NOTES

For those of you who were not at the last AGM (tut! tut!) there were a number of 'young blood' appoint-

ments to the Committee, including myself as Universities Liaison Officer. This means that I (and my successors) will be responsible for the interests of those members of the Association in Further or Higher Education.

As a first step, I would like to launch a collection of University and College Wall Plaques, similar to the collection of regimental plaques that used to adorn the Pipe Hut (now hanging in the Dining Hall), from the institutions at which OVs have studied. I have spoken to the Headmaster on this point and he has agreed that such a collection could also be displayed in the Dining Hall. Thus all we need now are the plaques. I will start the ball rolling with a Stirling and a Peterhouse, Cambridge, plaque and Ian MacGregor has agreed to donate a Brunel University (Ashton) plaque. To avoid unnecessary, and wasteful, duplication, could I ask all those who would like to donate a plaque from their institution *to contact me first*, so that I can act as a clearing house, and put people offering the same plaque in touch with each other. Anyone wishing to contact me on any matter connected with Higher or Further Education can do so: David Grey, Graduate Common Room, Peterhouse College, Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

David Grey.

Obituary

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

J. D. McILROY (5)

Died at his home in New Zealand in 1981.

A. E. McLEAY (237)

Ernie was one of the first 250 boys at the School, later he took up a Studentship to become an Army Schoolmaster and was transferred to the DYRMS, Dover. During the early 1920s he returned to the School as a Sergeant Instructor RAEC. He had a long career in the Army, retiring as a Lieutenant Colonel. He died during July 1983, the funeral took place at Farnham.

J. M. McLEOD (373)

On leaving School he enlisted into the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders at Stirling Castle; he served as a Piper for 12 years and took part in many Piping competitions at home and overseas. Joe was one of the founder members of the Glasgow Branch of the Association in 1925, and served in various capacities until the Branch finally closed in 1974. He was recalled for service in the 1939/45 War and served as Sergeant in the Royal Artillery. His son passed through the School and now resides in Australia. Joe died at his home in Glasgow on 1st June 1983 and was cremated on 3rd June 1983.

GEORGE THOMSON (863)

Born in Dunblane on 13th October 1911 he was awarded the Primus Medal in 1926, and gained a Scholarship for entry to Sandhurst, being commissioned in 1931 to the Corps of Signals, promoted to Lt-Colonel in March 1948. He retired in 1958 and died at his home on 1st March 1983.

L. GEORGESON, B.E.M. (1188)

Died at Stirling Royal Infirmary on 19th February 1984. Laurie had been ill for a long time. He had recently been awarded the B.E.M. in the New Year's Honours List. Funeral took place at Falkirk Crematorium on 23rd February 1984.

A. JUDGE (2086)

Died in Stirling on 27th October 1983. He was the younger of two brothers at the School. Served in the RASC in BAOR. On demob was employed by Allied Breweries, Alloa; later went into business as a Coal Merchant. Unfortunately, due to a long and painful illness he had to retire early in 1983.

R. A. WISHART (2695)

Died during February 1984, as a result of a traffic accident.

PIPE-MAJOR JAMES McL. SANDERSON, B.E.M.

It is with regret that we record the death of Pipe-Major Sanderson who died at his home in Dunblane on the 2nd July 1983, at the age of 82. Many Old Victorians and members of staff attended the funeral.

Pipe-Major Sanderson was with the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) for many years before he came to the School. He joined QVS in 1940 and in his first years here was C.S.M. of 'D' Company as well as Pipe-Major and being responsible for teaching dancing. A highlight of his time at the School was in taking the Pipers to the Royal Tournament in 1951, when he was presented to the Queen Mother – that she commented on his being 'a fine figure of a man' can be borne out when one sees that Pipe-Major Sanderson was the model for part of the Cameronians War memorial in the Kelvingrove Park in Glasgow.

On his retirement from the School in 1963, after twenty-three years, the *Victorian* records:

"Our retiring Pipe-Major is a celebrated character, not only among Victorians, not only in the School, but in Scotland generally. We could almost let his photograph speak for itself. Let us say that no man ever better looked the part, whereof, as Shakespeare said 'shall witness live', in sculpture and in many photographs. He served in the Cameronians for 21 years, but Queen Victoria School has had him for longer than that, and we wonder if he is not more a Victorian than a Cameronian. Generations of boy pipers, in particular, will never forget him."

PIPE-MAJOR LAWRENCE GEORGESON, B.E.M.

Pipe-Major Georgeson died in Stirling Royal Infirmary on 19th February 1984. He was educated at QVS from 1926 – 1931, School number 1188. His two brothers, Philip and James, also attended QVS. After leaving QVS he enlisted in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and joined the 1st Battalion, then stationed in Edinburgh. He was an excellent piper and highland dancer and a first class athlete. After attending the Army School of Piping in 1939 he was promoted to Sergeant and Acting Pipe-Major of the Depot A&SH at Stirling Castle in 1940. In 1942 he was appointed Pipe-Major of the 93rd Anti Tank Regiment and served with this unit during the invasion of North Africa. When the Pipe-Major of the 8th Battalion was killed in action in the Western Desert, Pipe-Major Georgeson succeeded

him and served throughout the Campaign in North Africa, Sicily and Italy. Laurie Georgeson, as he was known to all his friends, left the Army after the war and settled in the Stirling area. He was extremely well known in TA circles, and was Pipe-Major of the 7th Argylls until the TA was disbanded. He formed the Stirling Castle Piping, Drumming and Dancing School with the late Colour Sergeant Jack Oliver, also ex-QVS. Latterly he taught piping and dancing to the boys of Beaconsgrange School. For many years he was honorary piper to the National Trust for Scotland and his services as a piper and teacher were in constant demand throughout the Central Region and by his old Regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He was part time instructor of Highland Dancing at QVS in 1977 and 1978. He was awarded the BEM in the New Year's Honours List 1984.

Laurie Georgeson was a most charming man, modest, quiet, gentle and utterly loyal. He expected little of life and gave a very great deal. He will be most sadly missed by a very wide circle of friends, young and old alike.

OLD VICTORIAN MEMORIES

Put and Take A further tale regarding the ginger biscuits issued at Sunday tea time. Around 1920 there was a small gambling device known as 'put and take'. It spun like a top, was 8-sided, and when it ceased spinning lay on its side and showed how many biscuits to put in or take out of the pool. Often I had as many as 40 of these grimy little things, man-handled for weeks, but still to us very edible. These could be traded for someone's sausage or pudding; it is hard to believe that we did not come down with all sorts of diseases. I did spend some time in the School hospital during the 'flu epidemic, but recovered under the care of the Matron, Nurse Kelt.

W. C. Patterson (A Coy.),
(No. 688),
California, USA.

The Chapel Service I will always remember the last evening service in the School chapel before we broke up for the holidays, and the departure of the School leavers. The service was taken by Bandmaster McLurg, with his wife at the organ. The final hymn was sung with great gusto by the boys; it was *God be with you 'til we meet again*. How we used to enjoy it, with everyone bellowing at the finish with *'till we meet again*. I lapped up every minute of it; how many recall this type of Chapel Service?

Faith and Football The School soccer team were playing a scratch match with a team got together by the Chaplain from Dunblane boys; with just a few minutes to go before full time, the School was winning about 17-nil. All interest in the game had ended, but the Chaplain was seeing it out to the bitter end. Suddenly he gave vent to his feelings and shouted at the top of his voice "Come on the Church Lads - you're not beaten yet".

The Bedtime Story I wonder if the custom of story-telling still continues in the School? In bed at night, when the lights had been put out, each boy, in turn, had to tell a story or recite a poem, do something or tell

something. I used to love it. I remember a boy called Hesketh who came from London recited that beautiful poem by Rudyard Kipling called *The River's Tale*. It has been one of my favourite poems ever since. I used to tell the story of Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby. It seemed to go down well because the other boys liked to hear my Border accent with which they were not familiar. It was the same with Alistair Smith who came from Rosemarkie in Inverness - we all loved his remarkable accent.

Major D. Watson, RAEC Ret.,
(No. 584),
known as "Pundy".

Heard on Grand Day After visiting the Exhibition of Memorabilia and seeing the figure of the boy in his blue shorts and jersey, together with the contents of his pocket on display, one OV remarked to another of similar vintage, "You never left the School then. Could you not get a School Leaving Certificate - or did they give you a rent book and leave you to play your mouth organ in the classroom. You always seem to be here when I arrive."

On Approaching Dunblane from the South Armistice Day 1980

Snow-tipped Stuc a'Chroin, sun-shaded Vorlich,
Side by side stillness on the Highland line;
Facing the stillness of the sculpted valley
In silence
everlasting.

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
SSI/QM: Mr R. Brown
Supernumery to Estab.: Major J. D. Hankinson

Whilst 1983-84 has been a quieter year on the home front - a "Reporting Year" with no "A.I." - over a hundred cadets have travelled from the School to attend camps and courses in various establishments and remote places ranging from Rothiemurchus and the ski slopes of the Grampians, across Offa's Dyke and the Clwydian Hills to Capel Curig and Glyder Fawr in Snowdonia, and to HMS *Raleigh* based at Plymouth in the far south-west. Members of all three service sections also crossed the English Channel to be hosted by the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards in West Germany.

We again have to say farewells to masters on the staff of our contingent. At the CCF Dinner in March presentations were made to Mr J. P. Urie, formerly Flt Lieut. VR(T) commanding the RAF Section (acknowledged in an earlier edition of *The Victorian*); to the Rev. E. G. Milton, RNR, who during his two years chaplaincy at

the School assisted with the RN Section and whose expertise will be greatly missed; and to Capt. J. G. Finlay who will be leaving the CCF on completion of the summer camp at Lochgilphead. Capt. Finlay has commanded the Army Section since its inception in September 1968 but his association with the cadet movement goes back to October 1961 when the School ran an ACF detachment. He has been a most loyal and dependable servant to the Cadet Forces and the School over these many years. To the words and tokens of appreciation which were made and given to our three colleagues at the CCF Dinner we add our thank you in print and wish them every happiness in their future.

In the absence of the Biennial Inspection Lt. Col. A. Rose, S02 G3 Cadets – our man at HQ Scotland – visited and inspected the contingent in February. The help and encouragement so readily given throughout the year is appreciated.

Congratulations are due to Cadets Stewart Boyle, Gary Clark and Jamie Duff who, respectively, won the 1983 RN, Army and RAF Recruits' Cups.

I would also like to thank the remaining members of the CCF staff for their continued interest and support.

I.T.W.

NCO CADRE

There has been one NCO Cadre this session so far, from September to Easter, the next being formed in the Summer Term for training until Christmas, 1984. There were sixteen members, eight from the Army Section and four from each of the Navy and RAF Sections. The chief objects of the Cadre are to improve the standard of future NCOs in instruction in the class-room, in drill, and in the field. The question of what constitutes a good lesson plan became the subject of some gentle controversy between the Headmaster and the 23 CTT. The Cadre have been fortunate to receive regular visits and training from 23 CTT who are also going to provide some assistance at annual camp. A day's training was carried out on Field Day at Glencorse where the Cadets fired SMG and SLR, hurtled round the Assault Course, visited the Museum, disastrously failed two of the pre-RCB initiative tests, and completed the third with breath-taking acumen, and completed the day with some tentative Battle Drills. In their Cadre Assessment Tests, all passed, most well, and I. Lawrie was marked as outstanding. The Cadre course ended with the traditional expedition from Glendevon to Whitestone, but as it was March, much of it was done through snow hip-deep. The camp-site was shared with a TA Signals Unit who provided good humour and a constant supply of hot water. So ended a fairly successful Cadre.

J.D.H.

RN SECTION

This year the Section has increased in size and now numbers 40. Summer camps were well attended: apart from the joint camp at RAF Sealand, another eighteen boys attended twelve different courses. This year a planned joint camp is not possible – a result of our early closure for rebuilding – but we are sending three cadets to three separate camps at Easter and another eighteen to courses and camps in the summer.

Field Day in the Michaelmas Term was held at Aberdeen Harbour; another day for ten cadets only – was

organised by CACTO in November and included a trip out on HMS *Brocklesbury*.

A determination to involve our senior cadets in beaching has had some success. In the same breath we unfortunately have to say farewell to Rev. Milton whose engineering experience and enthusiasm has been a vital help. We wish him well for the future.

W.G.W.

ARMY SECTION

NCOs as at 31st March 1984:

Cadet CSM D. Law; C/Sgt S. W. Murdoch; Sgts A. Davidson, J. Hair, I. Waterston; Cpls C. Claydon, P. Marr, R. J. Proctor, P. Johnston, S. Gordon; L/Cpls K. Hindle, M. Buchanan, N. Gillan, R. Mowbray, D. McLay, D. Rafter, M. Wilson.

SUMMER CAMP

For the first time we attended a Central camp at Cultybraggan – just sixteen miles up the road. We only had twelve cadets with us and the whole camp was opened up for us. It worked over seven staff to each cadet, so you can imagine we were well looked after.

We were rather restricted to the routes available to us and our first one day walk was from Ardeonaig on Loch Tayside back to Cultybraggan. This of course is a route which we use repeatedly for our weekend expeditions and every one knew every stone on the track. There was little adventure but at least it got their feet and shoulders broken in for the days to follow.

The following day after breakfast they set out for Auch on the edge of Rannoch Moor and walked through Glen Choilean to Loch Lyon. The weather was ideal for walking for the first two hours or so and then it started to rain as only it can do in that part of the world. I had to walk in from the opposite end and contact them en route and it was then I realised how much I appreciated what Capt. Watson had done in previous years, walking through with the cadets. They had found a convenient bothy and sensibly brewed up and stayed there till the worst of the rain squall had passed. This did nothing for me, and as I had no shelter and nothing to do but plod on and had nearly reached the end of the Loch before I met up with a very bedraggled group to be greeted with the usual "Dr Livingstone, I presume." It is not very far along the lochside – perhaps about eight miles, but a permanent disability i.e. one leg a foot shorter than the other would have been an advantage. We decided that we had overstretched them a bit and set up camp a few miles off our target. Fortunately by this time the rain had stopped and in a near gale everyone got dried out.

The next day was relatively easy apart from a long gradual haul out and our bivvy site was another which we used on weekend expeditions and the following day was just our usual walk in reverse.

We decided that the Cadet training teams were slightly underworked – they took possession of our cadets for a morning's canoeing and abseiling. The abseiling was thoroughly enjoyed by all. But as the army insist in checking that all could swim and get out of a capsized canoe, Loch Earn is not one of the warmest lochs to find out. They were more like little purple people from Mars.

The last afternoon was free and three or four hundred cadets from all over descended on the camp and lots of

these were girls. Our cadets very graciously offered to carry bags from the debussing point to the billets – needless to say the male cadets were left to carry their own. I think we packed up at the right time.

None of us had particularly looked forward to Cultybraggan, but it was a change and a very pleasant one at that. As the army insisted that someone must stay out with the boys and I am most grateful that Capt. Deeley and Sgt Major Brown very kindly volunteered to do this and left me to find a more comfortable place to spend the night i.e. QVS.

J.G.F.

SIGNALS

This year several boys were down with the 'flu during the signals tests and only ten boys sat the exam. All ten, however, passed and are as follows: M. Rae, T. McLuskey, S. Rutherford, S. Small, M. Reid, T. Millar, J. Williamson, S. Wilson, K. Crawford and N. Anderson.

Unfortunately this year, due to the early start of the summer holidays, there will be no signals weekend at Kinloch Rannoch.

SKI CAMP

1984 proved to be an almost perfect skiing week at Rothiemurchus lodge. A fitting last ski camp for Capt. J. Finlay who is retiring from CCF this year.

Capt. Finlay has been going to Rothiemurchus for more years than he cares to remember (since the Union Jack hut was a tin shed). His know how and enthusiasm has kept the ski camps running smoothly despite the odd bumps and potholes throughout the years. He shall be greatly missed both by the boys and his associates.

This year Capt. J. Deeley added the job of the chef to his many other roles. This was appreciated by all. SSI R. Brown did very well as his assistant and is learning the ropes from a Master.

Meanwhile up on the slopes Capt. G. Watson was doing his spectacular falls (to build up the boys' confidence!!!) assisted by Flt/Lt T. Boast and SSI T. Thompson who did a power of ski instruction. The beginners were brought up to a very good standard in the time allotted, while the more experienced were given a final polish.

The first two days of skiing were done in brilliant sunshine and one or two boys who hadn't heeded the warnings given, suffered as a result. The rest of the week the skiing was done in thick cloud but on really first class spring snow. The cloud meant that the slopes were quiet and every one got in far more runs than would normally be expected at this time of year.

All in all a memorable camp.

G.M.W.

RAF SECTION

Cadet NCOs as at 30th April 1984:

F/Sgts M. G. C. Sinclair, I. F. Sutherland; Sgts I. C. Hay, G. W. M. Gronbach, S. Mackenzie, D. A. Revie; Cpls S. B. Buchanan, T. Brotherstone, M. Day, J. A. Easson, S. I. Scott; J/Cpls G. J. Gillies, I. Barclay, I. Lawrie.

All cadets training for the Proficiency Part 2 and 3 Examinations were successful, including two resits for Part 3.

The Field Day was spent orienteering in the Achray Forest near Aberfoyle. Courses have been set up by the Forestry Commission with the help of the Forth Valley Orienteers. In the mornings an easy course was tried and after lunch in Aberfoyle a more difficult course was completed by most cadets.

The Summer Camp for '83 was held at RAF Sealand near Chester. We were fortunate that Lieut. Cmdr Webster and Douglas Paterson very kindly offered to come and help. Accommodation was in tents, recently flown back from the Falklands, and the cadets were glad that the weather was kind.

Visits were organised to the British Aerospace factory at Howarden and the RAF Museum at Cosford. The Night-Ex. on Moel Famau and Offa's Dyke was most enjoyable. Sandy Borthwick took his group on the scenic route and finished an hour after everyone else. The day's expedition to Snowdonia was threatened by poor visibility but after climbing above the cloud cover Wg Cdr Williams, Douglas Paterson and half the cadets enjoyed a very warm day's trekking.

Air Experience Flying took place at RAF Woodvale and there was gliding available in the evenings at the local gliding school. The usual Section visits were organised as well as familiarisation exercises of the Station. The food and facilities were good and helped towards a most enjoyable camp.

Only one place was offered for a continuous gliding course at No. 662 Gliding School, Arbroath, and because of bad weather Cpl Mark Day was unable to get in the required number of launches to gain his wings. He hopes to be able to go to Kirknewton later this year to complete the course.

Sqn Ldr Primrose at No. 12 AEF RAF Turnhouse has reorganised the programme to enable more flying time for schools. Throughout the year on Thursday afternoons many cadets have flown and thanks must go to Wg Cdr Williams, the Contingent Commander, for taking the cadets.

M.J.B.

ATTACHMENT CAMP – BAOR – 1983

The Contingent were fortunate to be invited by the Colonel of the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards to spend their summer camp with them in Athlone Barracks, Sennelager in Germany. Thirty-four Cadets from QVS accompanied by Captain Watson and the Headmaster left Scotland on Monday 27th June and returned on Friday 8th July 1983. Having travelled by 'bus to Dover, a long stint, we travelled overnight by ferry to Ostend and thence by 'bus again to Sennelager, arriving in time for breakfast, having been met by Mr Crease, a parent and RSM of the Regiment and Captain James Good who had the supposed pleasure of looking after us.

The boys were accommodated in pleasant blocks and well looked after, striking up cheerful accord with the regulars. The programme was varied and interesting. On the military side in training we did much: apart from firing the SLR, we visited the 15th/19th Hussars and were allowed to drive vehicles, followed by a visit to 79 Battery, the 39 Heavy Regiment; we did considerable signals training, the ever popular battle PT, orienteering, initiative tests, visited RAF Gutersloh, but did not get flights as we had hoped, and carried out a night exercise entitled "Last Gasp", which it certainly was. On the more social side, the Cadets visited the

Officers and Sgts' Messes, shopped in Paderborn, had a glorious day at Stuchenbrock Safari park with its free amusement park, enjoyed a performance by the RSDG's Pipes and Drums, visited the Dutch War Museum at Overloon, and the Philips Evoluon Exhibition at Eindhoven.

We are most grateful to Mr Crease and the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards for a splendid and worthwhile camp. They were kind hosts and, I believe, we were good and appreciative guests.



Army Section Cadets at Camp with the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards

Hobbies

SAILING

This year's sailing was marked by the introduction of the recently acquired Wayfarer. This dinghy is larger than the Mirror and, with a cruising suit of sails, proved ideal for training purposes.

The Rev. E. Milton joined us on several Thursdays and boys had an opportunity to crew and helm his Flying 15.

Loch Ard provided a wide range of sailing conditions and although there was not much racing as in recent seasons many boys were introduced to this enjoyable activity.

D. Stewart.

LIBRARY

462 books have been added to the shelves between 1/9/83 and 31/5/84, most of these to junior and intermediate fiction following an extra allowance from HQ Army. 1984-5 will need to be the "Year of the Sciences", as it is high time that their needs were

attended to. Pupils have played a large part in helping to run the Library and in Mr R. Brown the School is lucky to have an excellent administrator.

B.W.

COMPUTERS

A great deal of activity has taken place this year again with the computers. Apart from the School computers which are well used several personal computers have appeared in various corners of the dorms. While a lot of games are being played on them a significant amount of programming is taking place, which is very pleasing.

G. Watson.

PHOTOGRAPHY

This session the usual plan was followed whereby the beginners were given instruction in developing film and producing prints using an enlarger.

However only a few of the club members showed the necessary enthusiasm and interest to pursue the hobby in their own time. Consequently the quality and quantity of work produced has been very disappointing.

It is to be hoped that next year boys will appear who are genuinely interested in photography and who are prepared, not only to equip themselves with cameras, but also to use them and make full use of the excellent dark room facilities available.

ELECTRONICS

A small but enthusiastic group of boys have this year sought some deeper understanding of microchips, operational amplifiers and microprocessors.

One group followed the BBC Radiovision course on Electronics and Microelectronics and had the satisfaction of successfully completing the project, a binary counter – which worked! In so doing they learned a great deal about the uses of individual circuit components and saw how this provides a basis for the understanding of the principles of the operation of a microprocessor.

A few of the older boys investigated the behaviour and properties of a device called an "Op. Amp." or "operational amplifier" and saw its wide range of applications such as in light sensitive switches, delayed action circuits suitable for alarm systems and temperature control.

There was just time at the end of the session to examine some recently purchased Microprocessor Demonstration equipment which all agreed would provide next year's hobby group with an interesting and rewarding course.

SENIORS FIVE-DAY ACTIVITIES, 1983

With partial financial support from the Commissioners, Senior boys were encouraged again to organise what might be termed a 'mini-break' after their SCE Exams. These were as varied as fishing in Benbecula for 9 days, an expedition to and all round the golf courses on Arran, a Sailing Camp at Loch Ard, walking part of the West Highland Way, establishing social accord all round Loch Lomond, and residential work with the handicapped.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

This session about 35 boys have embarked on the Bronze Award in this scheme. During the winter they have concentrated on those sections outwith the Expedition – Service, Skill, and Physical Recreation. The Service qualification has involved either visiting elderly people in Dunblane or following the Red Cross Junior Certificate. Skills and Physical Recreation have tended to operate within the Hobbies structure, ranging through subjects as diverse as ornithology, music, computing, fly-tying, printing, volleyball and sailing. Despite the very short Summer Term this year, it is hoped that the boys taking part will be able to complete their two expeditions and hold the Bronze Award by the end of the session. Their ambition to achieve the Silver Award next year will be both challenging and rewarding.



*Rothiemurchus Camp –
Ski Camp, Easter 1984*

COMMUNITY SERVICE

The School is fortunate to have a relatively wide involvement with the local community, in particular with the elderly and with handicapped. For four years now boys from Haig House have maintained close links with four of the Old Peoples' Homes in Dunblane, whilst other older boys have helped with swimming for the handicapped young in Stirling throughout the winter.

The School is grateful for the way in which the staff of the Old Peoples' Homes have opened their doors to three or four boys each week. On Monday evenings, Mr Scott, Haig Housemaster, takes boys to St John's Mount, Abbotsford, Ardnablane and Aultwharrie. The chief principle underlying these visits is one of non-supervision, non-organisation from the staff and School viewpoint. Consequently, it is for the boys themselves, with the residents, to establish a relationship and contact. In some cases the myth of the ill-spent youth is perpetuated, in that a considerable amount of time is spent at snooker, cards and dominoes. At the same time, boys have the opportunity to talk, read to, laugh with, and be 'educated' by their substitute 'grand-parents'. One highlight we do provide is the QVS fast-moving, mobile Carol-Concert Party at Christmas, when in full Ceremonial Uniform we scoot from Home to Home singing carols, dancing, piping and solo-ing around Dunblane. Much to our delight last Christmas, two residents outsang us!

A further extension of this 'community' connection with Dunblane has been provided by the boys taking part in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. As part of their Service qualification nine pairs of boys set up a regular weekly visit to the homes of old people, some of whom happily were those who had once worked in the School. Once again, Mr McIntyre has kindly organised other older boys, each Thursday evening, in that most rewarding involvement with swimming for handicapped children. Each year the School receives a letter of thanks for what these boys contribute, but it is only by seeing what the boys do and how they do it that one can really appreciate this contribution.

Community Service is something of a misnomer: in reality the community is there and serves to help boys extend themselves.

HAIG DEBATING AND LITERARY SOCIETY

As the boys well know there is a questionable oddity about this no frills, culture club – it is compulsory. As a society which meets every Friday after tea, matters have been further exacerbated by the increase in Senior members; to have seventy boys gather, ostensibly to develop the art of the dialectic, smacks of the worst aspects of mass meetings. However, one satisfactory innovation this session has been the setting up of a private, voluntary debating club, exclusive to boys, meeting on Tuesday afternoons, under the benevolent eye of Drew Law. Curiously this year, the debating strength has been largely with the Sixth and Fourth years, as if the Fifth Year consider that debating by its nature speaks of non-conformity.

The School entered both the ESU Debating and Speechmaking Competitions. Drew Law, Gordon Gronbach, Martin Sinclair, Graham Cooper and Malcolm Buchanan represented us well and we survived the rounds to what seems to be our constant slot, the

quarter-finals. Once we produce a balanced team, who can speak and not stray into reading speeches, it is more likely that we may reach our potential to go further. Debating highlights were obviously with other schools – Dunblane High School, Dollar, Kilgraston, St George's and Morrison's – though the ensuing discoing may have held some interest, too!

Theatre going has become the accepted thing in Haig, to the extent of a waiting list for the 34 seats available each time. The following plays have been seen during the two winter terms: Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, *The Last Days of Mankind* by Karl Kraus, *The Dutch Puppeteers*, O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, *Willy Rough*, Coward's *Private Lives*, *The Machine Wreckers* by Toller and *Altona* by Sartre.

The Society also heard two lectures: one on Nuclear Power, and one on the Joint British/Royal Nepalese Army Mount Everest Expedition given by Colonel J. W. A. Fleming, O.B.E., PARA, from Sandhurst whose spell-binding lecture and slides lasted from before six o'clock until quarter to eight at a rate of what seemed 400 words a minute.

The Society gracefully moves into recess during the summer. It has been a lively year and demonstrates again the benefits of occasional compulsion!

PRINTING

The printing hobby started with, and has maintained, its initial enthusiasm. There are four members: the ideal number for this hobby. Three of them, Philip Gower, Jamie Duff and Robert Farmer, are doing printing as part of their Duke Of Edinburgh's Award activities. They have completed several tasks of printing in various type-settings. We have been provided with, thanks to Mr Hankinson, a new, larger printing machine which is capable of producing longer items such as menus and invitations.

We had a visit to Erskine Hospital to see their printing shop, and Scott Pearson and Hughie were of great help with ideas. Above all, we wish to thank Mrs Hankinson for running this hobby throughout the session.

SCOTS' NIGHT

On Saturday 24th March, at the end of the Easter Term, an innovation of a Scots' Night took place in the School. Over 200 parents, staff and friends attended this meticulously organised occasion set in the Central Hall, Dining Hall and Day Rooms. The evening's programme was varied and ambitious, comprising performances through the evening by the Senior Dancing Team, and by two soloists from the School staff. Between each 'section' of performances, the audience were invited to go through to the Dining Hall to dance Scottish dances to the music of Jack Delaney and his Band. Supper was served during the course of the evening.

The musical items included two selections played by the mini-band of the Pipes and Drums, an ingenious solo performance by the Boy Pipe Major, Martin Sinclair, and a selection of modern and traditional songs performed by the choir, including some repeats from their so successful Carol Concert. The audience were delighted with the varied songs of the two soloists, Mr Philip and Mr Robertson.

Adding their own characteristic brand of vitality to an already energetic evening, the Dancers performed their

traditional dances with admirable skill. An undoubted highlight among the dances was a crisp and fluent interpretation of the Strathspey and Reel of Tulloch, in which Stuart Gordon of Haig House and Graham Dargie of Cunningham were joined by guest girl dancers, Marianne Campbell and Jacqueline Fallon, who amply demonstrated why they have achieved international Championship standard. An appreciative response from the audience brought the quartet back to present the classical *Seann Triubhais*. Throughout the Highland Dancing display the inspiring playing of Pipe Major John McKenzie provided an excellent accompaniment.

One is indebted to Miss Anderson, Mr Philip and Mr Robertson for all their work and organisation. Such was the enjoyment of all at this Scots' Night, it is hoped it will be an innovation that becomes a tradition, not just for the pleasure of the music and dancing but because it is another occasion when we could welcome so many parents to the School.



RUGBY RESULTS 1983-1984

	P	W	D	L	Points	
					For	Agst
1st XV	15	8	2	5	190	139
2nd XV	9	4	0	5	132	88
3rd XV	8	2	1	5	28	208
3rd Year 'A' XV	11	5	0	6	165	160
3rd Year 'B' XV	4	0	0	4	14	85
2nd Year 'A' XV	12	4	1	7	126	166
2nd Year 'B' XV	4	0	0	4	20	120
1st Year 'A' XV	10	6	1	3	190	154
1st Year 'B' XV	4	1	0	3	14	60

Central Region Schools 7-a-Side Rugby

1st Year

Quarter-final	QVS 12	6 Dunblane High School
Semi-final	QVS 12	0 Falkirk High School
Final	QVS 18	4 Wallace High School

2nd Year

Quarter-final	QVS 18	4 Alloa Academy
Semi-final	QVS 20	0 Larbert High School
Final	QVS 10	0 Lornhill Academy

1st XV

After the daunting experience of last season, with its two wins and countless defeats, this season's results of eight wins, five losses and two draws was pleasing. The first match proved we had the potential to do better; we just needed the confidence and skill that eventually came from our Monday and Thursday 'work-outs'.

Every year there comes a game or games that make the sheer pain and monotony of circuit-training seem to have a purpose. This year there were two. The first came when a touring team from the Duke of York's arrived brimming with confidence and laughing at our stature – their first unforgiveable mistake – on the day (although the score suggests otherwise) we came out firmly on top, playing impressive Rugby. Forgetting the score (for we lost by 3 points) the moral victory was ours. The second was our 4-0 win over Rannoch. After being just beaten last year by some 60 points, this win over a very good team brought great satisfaction.

S. Mackenzie, P. McGrath, V. Lucas, of the front row were very successful in the scrum, one especially adding great weight to the pack. They were followed up in second row by Mark Day and Scott McCurdy, whose height was indispensable in the line-out. A fast back row of David Mortimer, John Hay and Charlie Claydon, our young and angry scrum-leader, completed an impressive scrum. Steven Borthwick upset many an opposing scrum-half in his attempts to get the ball out to the – sometimes – safe hands of Graeme Cooper. I. Sutherland, Captain, and Kenneth Hindle at the wing and Paul Doran at full-back terrified most opposition, and often ourselves, with moves only expected to come off in practices.

Our great thanks go to Mr Boast, upon whom our whole standard depends.

It was a great season.

Iain Sutherland.

2nd XV

This season has been, in many respects, very successful with four wins out of nine games, and I am sure had all of our games been on we could've won more than we lost. Our results were far better than last season – we have actually managed to gain a plus on our points difference. There was great enthusiasm all the way through the season with players competing for all positions helped by the fact that the 1st XV, who were a bunch of cripples, were forever "borrowing" our players because of the tiniest of injuries. So I'd just like to say thanks to all the players, that is "Bonecrusher" Waty, "Chinaman" Jim, Barcs, Clive, Quasi, Joey, "Fragrant" Matthew, Little Bucket, Les, Fat Dave, Duncs, Harry Ashman, Slippery Paul, Butterfingers Anges, and Rob. Also, thank you to the regular stand-ins Davie and Duncan Weir, also Ian Hay, who, risking life and limb, played so well for us against Fettes.

Stuart Gordon,
Captain.

Third XV

We played eight games, winning three of them, and we enjoyed our encounters.

Inspection and Prize-Giving

Inspecting Officer:

General Sir Frank Kitson, K.C.B., C.B.E., M.C., A.D.C. Gen.
Commander in Chief, United Kingdom Land Forces

Prize Giver:

Mr A. Wallace, M.A.
Member of Board of Her Majesty's Commissioners for
Queen Victoria 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 Iain Sutherland
Guard Commanders, No. 1 Guard Drew Law
No. 2 Guard Dougal Revie
No. 3 Guard Ian Hay
No. 4 Guard Stuart Mackenzie
No. 5 Guard Gordon Gronbach
No. 6 Guard Stuart Gordon
Orderlies Edward Boyle
In Charge of Colour Party George Campbell
Colour Party Kenneth Hindle
Roland Proctor, Stephen Spence
John Hay, John Bruce
Boy Pipe Major Martin Sinclair
Boy Drum Major John Lanigan
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 Victors* 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 Bugle Horn*.

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

The Parade reforms line to the tune *Major Moir* 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.

Presentation of Trophies and Medals.

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

MARCH OFF

The Senior Monitor requests permission to march off from the Inspecting Officer.

The Parade reforms line and marches off, preceded by the Pipes and Drums playing *Highland Laddie*. (*Spectators stand during the March Off until Colours have left the Parade Ground.*)

TEA

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

PIPES AND DRUMS AND HIGHLAND DANCERS

PROGRAMME

RETREAT CALL (*During the Retreat Call the Union Flag will be lowered. Guests are requested to rise and gentlemen to take off their hats.*)
DRUMMERS SALUTE
RETREAT MARCH Brigadier Miles Marston
DANCERS Victorians' Broadsword
SLOW MARCH The Skye Boat Song
MARCH The Inverness Gathering
STRAATHESPEY Captain Colin Campbell
REE Captain Lachlan Macphail
MARCHES The Battle of the Somme
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.).



1st XV Rugby Team



Second Year – Winners of The Central Region Rugby Sevens

3rd Year

The Third Year 'A' team had a successful season winning five and losing six of its matches, three by only one score. The biggest disappointment of the season was being unable to enter the Central Region "sevens" competition.

The Third Year 'B' team lost all of its games but enjoyed the experience of taking part in competitive matches.

We would like to thank Mr Squires and Mr Boast for their help.

2nd Year

The Second Year had a mixed season. On several occasions they were matched against sides which were physically superior to them, but to their credit they continued to play with a good spirit. The season ended on a high note for them when they won the Central Region "sevens".

The Second Year 'B' lost all of its matches and with our present numbers this was not entirely unexpected.

1st Year

We started this year's rugby season with an almost unchanged team, with gradual changes as the season progressed. The team played in good spirit, and performed together well playing as a team. Highlights of

the season included the away defeat of Queen Anne (6-22) and the home defeat of Lenzie (18-14) who averaged 5' 6" in height.

Illness forced us to use our replacements, but still we won our two games in the absence of our hospitalised players. We finished off the season with an away win, Lomond School (4-40). The games we lost (just) we took well. Looking back we can say that it has been a successful season for the 1st year rugby team.

G. Campbell.

ATHLETICS 1983 Sports Day Results

1st Year

Champion - S. McInnes

Runner-up - S. Paton

2nd Year

Champion - G. Gay

Runner-up - N. Fox

3rd Year

Champion - K. Hindle

Runner-up - J. Hay

Haig

Champion - D. Sutherland

Runner-up - I. Sutherland

Wavell

Major Champion - S. Penrice

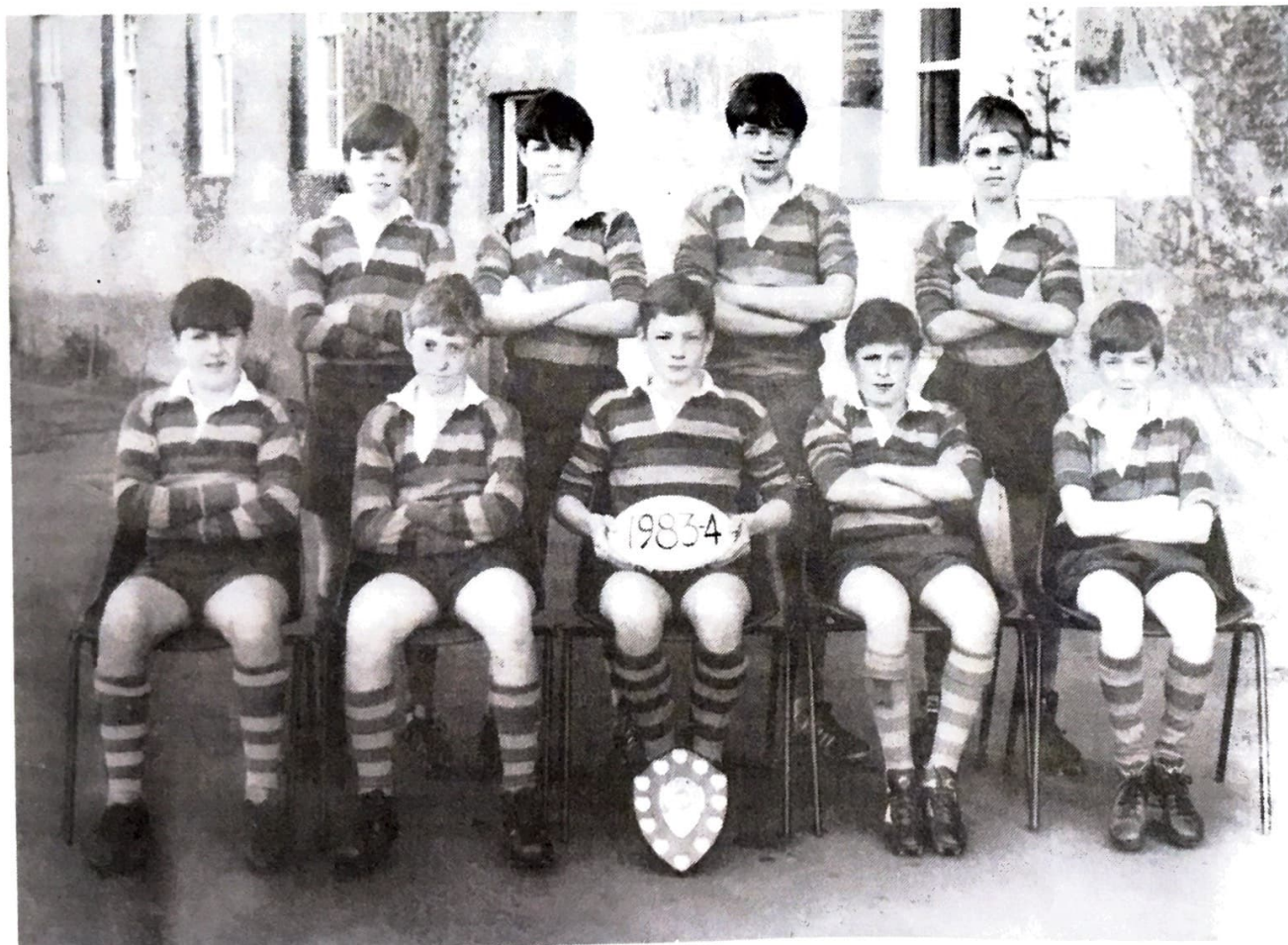
Joint Runners-up - N. Murdoch and K. Sayers

Minor Champion - S. Wallace

Runner-up - P. Geddes

Champion House - Cunningham

Wavell Champion Dormitory - Abercromby



First Year - Winners of The Central Region Rugby Sevens

New Records

Minor Long Jump	P. Geddes	3.94m
2nd Year High Jump	N. Fox	1.51m
3rd Year Javelin	J. Hay	40.24m
Haig 1500m	D. Sutherland	4:33.3
Haig Shot	D. Sutherland	14.78m

SCOTTISH SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Scotstoun Stadium, Glasgow

Over 17

1600m Racewalk	1st	A. Borthwick
Hammer	1st	D. Sutherland
1600m Racewalk	2nd	A. O'Donnell
400m Hurdles	3rd	D. Sutherland
Shot	3rd	D. Sutherland
Hammer	4th	A. O'Donnell

15 – 17

Hammer	2nd	P. McGrath
Hammer	3rd	J. Hay

13 – 15

Hammer	1st	D. Watson
Hammer	2nd	G. Dargie

P. McGrath was selected to represent Scotland in the hammer throw at the Home International Schools Championship at Pitreavie.

CROSS-COUNTRY 1984

1st Year

Champion – G. Black
Runner-up – S. Milne

2nd Year

Champion – J. Scott
Runner-up – S. McInnes

3rd Year

Champion – N. Fox
Runner-up – P. Robertson

Haig

Champion – P. Collie
Runner-up – G. Cooper

Champion House – Trenchard

SWIMMING 1984

1st Year

Champion – K. Sayers
Runner-up – K. McAvoy

2nd Year

Champion – J. McAllister
Runner-up – S. Paton

3rd Year

Champion – N. Fox
Runner-up – P. Smith

Champion House – Cunningham

the week. But how was I to know that she would mind; even if I had told her as I had come in she still wouldn't have believed me, anyway. I placed my schoolbag on top of the kitchen table and all I got was a dirty look. Not even a "hello", or "how was school today then, son?" With this I grabbed my bag and on the way out I reached out my hand for a biscuit from the china biscuit tin and received a hefty slap to the back of my hand and was then urged roughly in the direction of my bedroom.

"I get the idea," I said to myself solemnly making sure I was climbing the stairs first, before I said it.

"I have to do my homework," I said again, but this time on a happier note as I thought that while up there she wouldn't bother me.

When I had finished I was contemplating whether or not to go back down to watch TV and be on the receiving end of my mum again or stay up until my dad came back from work. I decided not to be a chicken and face up to my mum and the TV at the same time. I didn't know whether this was a good idea or not but all the same I went down. Bang! There was a loud thud as I had just pressed my foot onto the fluffy flowery patterns of the carpet on the bottom step. I looked warily through the half open kitchen door to find my mum banging the bottom of the cooking pots onto the dual rings of the cooker. I could see that I wasn't going to be able to survive the wrath of my mum at that moment, so I ran back up the stairs and lay on my bed reading the library book which I had previously got only minutes ago. "Hi, Dad," I shouted as I heard him come in through the door.

"Hi!" he replied. "And how was school today then?"

"Oh, fine," I replied sarcastically looking at my mum with anticipation.

D. J. Watson, IIB.

THE BALLROOM

The great ballroom was a shade of its former glory. The great chandelier hung lopsided, like a proud animal in its death throes. The walls were bespattered with myriads of cobwebs, clinging to the dark walls like some form of fungus.

The huge table stretched away into the dark void at the end of the room. Tapestries and morbid pictures covered the cracked and dismal walls. They showed scenes of a bygone age and the proud faces of long dead men and women, the only traces of the room's history. The faces stared down from the canvas, unmoved by the scene of destruction. Some displayed beautiful landscapes, sadly lost in the mists of time.

A musty odour filled the air, the smell of decaying wood. Great pillars thrust upwards to the ceiling far above their whole length entangled by creeping vines. The room was dead, all its life having been strangled out of it by the awesome forces of nature.

A noble beast had lived and now had laid its head down and died. A link with our past had gone forever.

P. McKay, IIB.

Creative Writing

ON THE RECEIVING END

Today, as usual I was on the receiving end of my mother. I'm always getting it from her when I do anything wrong. This time I was late getting back from school, as I was in the library getting my sixth book of

DEATH OF A MOTOR CAR

The old car was perched precariously on the edge of the stagnant pond. I pulled forcibly at the rusty door. There was a crack like breaking bones and it fell to the floor. I picked up a stick and battered the boot to a metal pulp. I ripped the aerial from its socket and snapped it in two.

I kicked wildly at the the side with my shoes. Paint flaked off like chronic dandruff. I flew into a frenzy and smashed each window in. They caved in one after the other like ducks shot at a fair. The shell still had intact areas I noted as I stood back for a rest. I was like a general surveying a battlefield. Petrol dripped from the wreckage like blood and soaked into the muddy ground. Each blow sent it further down the slope to the stinking expanse of water.

I threw a large boulder at the neat windscreen. It flew through the air and destroyed the windscreen in a blinding explosion of glass fragments. With finality it rolled down the slope and disappeared into the pond with a hiss of steam and a few bubbles.

P. McKay, IIIB.

A STORM OF ANGER

The blow of his fist sent myriads of stars dancing before my face. The animal-like groan of pain had hardly left my lips before a stream of profanities hit me like a tidal wave.

He stood before me, a terrible monster convulsed with anger. The purple veins stood out on his clenched fists like a latticework, while his eyes bored into me like dentists' drills. My whole field of vision was taken up by his blossoming red face. The dark eyes looked ready to burst from their restraining sockets. My indifference to him was like a red flag to a bull. With a terrible roar he prepared his final assault.

His stinking breath assailed my nose like a flame-thrower, as he screamed like a madman. His fists banged down on the desktop like steamhammers, sending tremors through the wood. With a final yell the bubble of anger burst and he deflated like a balloon. His breathing slowed to the normal rate and his face returned to the usual pale colour. His body was racked with spasms of anguish. He was like a runner, recovering from winning the race of his life. The storm had passed.

P. McKay, IIIB.

TV TEDIUM

As I delved into the darkest recesses of the chocolate box with my right hand, my left hand stopped trying to open the can of pop. It climbed its way slowly but surely down the deep red mahogany-finish armchair.

"Where's the flicker gone to?" I wondered. After a minute and a half of groping around I gave up and looked over the arm of the chair. I peered over the arm of the chair and spotted something among the coke cans. "Ah," I said, "up you come you little black piece of plastic, you."

After releasing it from the group of the empties, I pressed a button with two dots above it, one black, one white. Nothing happened. I waited, still nothing happened. "Why me?" I screamed. "Why does it always have to happen to me?"

I staggered the five yards to the 26 inch Manual/Remote control television. As I stooped to switch it on I noticed that the plug was not in. I went over, gently placed the plug in and kicked it hard to make sure it was in. I pressed the on button.

A small dot of white appeared on the screen as a woman's voice was saying "... is just ... and this is so ... Oh and look at this ..."

"Oh no!" I shouted. By now a woman was walking around a bedroom pointing at things. "Why is there never anything decent on on a Friday? I'd be better off back at work."

I kicked the switch in despair as a new voice said "Yes, Felicity, I think we . . ." And as the dot got smaller I went back to my chocolates.

R. Robertson.

THE CARRIAGE

I entered the carriage to be met by several piercing eyes, gleaming through the smoke. I sat in the corner next to the old woman and surveyed the compartment. There were four people including myself. The old woman was knitting continuously which was clearly annoying the small, sweating unshaven man opposite me. He wiped his forehead and attempted to make a "rolly" but the tobacco kept falling out due to his shaking hands and he became more frustrated. I fumbled in my pocket, pulled out a real packet and offered him one of mine. The man stared at my hand with a defeated look and with clenched fists began to shake. I guessed this meant he didn't want one so I pulled the packet away and looked out of the window. Thanks to the smelly old man sitting next to me smoking loads of fags continuously the carriage was beginning to smell vile so I got up and opened the window. The little man begun to vibrate violently, the smoker nearly swallowed a whole packet and the women started knitting at an incredible speed. I closed the window and left the carriage to escape the insanity within.

S. Rutherford, IIIB.

ALIEN

Its eyes glowed purple in the dark. I clicked on my laser light. It stood there framed in the light. Its eyes now were ice blue. Its head was round with a long greasy, green tentacle poking out of the top and a circular mouth with razor sharp teeth around it. It slithered a couple of paces forward. Its arm with a hand with twelve fingers with an eye on each, reached up and remained about two inches from my face. Its eyes peered into me. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up on end. Its body was long, green, slimy and covered in warts. I had seen a lot of weird creatures in the Universe but this beat them all. It made my stomach turn. I pulled out my blaster. It withdrew a bit. There was a slight hiss as I pulled the trigger. The alien's head blew up. Bits of blue blood hit me. As I looked to see if it was dead the bits of gore started to wriggle and grow. New creatures started to develop. The original creature's head had regenerated. I felt nippings at my skin. The bits of gore which had hit me had regenerated and needed fed. My life flashed before my eyes. A light flashed in my eyes. It was my wife telling me I had better get up as I had to go to the planet my friends nicknamed "Skither" because of the creatures.

S. Smaill, IIIB.

A BIT OF FUN

When I woke up they were pulling my gleaming ivory teeth out and throwing them viciously at a pile of solid cement breaking them into small fragments. Then they pulled my ebony teeth out and started to pretend they were moustaches, cheeky devils. Then they pulled my

hair. I would have kicked them but they had taken my three muscular well formed legs. Then they started to pick up large lumps of cement, and throw them at my fragile frame. My side skirting splintered and buckled, and the varnish seemed to bleed as it scratched and cracked. These barbarians were screaming with pleasure every time a piece of me was ripped off, as if it was a game, the murderers.

Carl Vasey, IIB.

BLIND AND DUMB

He sat against the old, faded white wall. His was old and crumpled, with holes that showed his old, grey unwashed hair.

He had the remnants of what looked like a potato sack around his shoulders and waist. His right forearm protruded from under the sack showing a grubby, soiled hand with nails that were covered in soil and mud. His trousers were short and their colour was a faded white. They had holes in the knees. His feet were blistered and scarred from walking. He had no boots or shoes. His trousers were torn and frayed at the bottoms.

He sat there fiddling with the ends of his sack-like cardigan.

As I walked by his head moved slowly upwards revealing dark, searching eyes. His mouth opened to speak, but only a moan escaped the cracked weather-beaten lips.

He was blind and dumb.

David R. McLeish, IIA.

AGE!

Mr Black was seventy-three. He was tall and his back was bent. He was slim with long legs. As he walked his feet hardly lifted off the ground.

His face was wrinkled and under his chin the skin hung floppily. On his hands the skin was tight and showed the bones of his long fingers. There were large brown patches on his hands and his nails were short and yellow. His eyes were large and slightly bloodshot at the edges. There were bluish bags under his eyes. His nose was large with a round, red tip. When he smiled you could see that he had no teeth. He refused to wear false teeth. He had a long black walking stick which he always carried with him.

Although he was old he had a fine head of silvery grey hair. His lips were blue and thin and cracked. His ears were long and red. His face was thin and his cheekbones were prominent.

D. R. McLeish, IIA.

A BRIEF ENCOUNTER

The brook weaves and twists sending little wavelets lapping against the bank, and the water plants which fill the brook sway gently.

A small brown head pops up sending a circle of waves across the brook. Its small brown piercing eyes dart from here to there and its rumpled nose twitches in an agitated manner.

It clambers up from the water its sleek brown coat heavy with water. It shakes itself briskly sending a shower of droplets arcing gracefully through the air.

Its nose twitches and the water vole ambles purposefully towards the dense green foliage growing on either side of the brook. The vole is rewarded, the car-



N. Crease .

case of a long dead frog lies directly in front of it, the water vole then becomes a picture of frenzied activity tugging at the carcase from every conceivable angle.

Then with a sharp shrill challenge another water vole launches itself against the intruder. Then begins a dance macabre. Both water voles rear up on their hind legs and hurl themselves at one another while crying shrill taunts.

Suddenly the first vole decides to call it a day and scurries hurriedly away to the comparative safety of its burrow.

The other vole, honour and dominion upheld, returns to its burrow.

Callum Lane, IIA.

CHRISTMAS ENCOUNTER

We were shopping in "Marks and Sparks" when the sleigh drew up and they rang the bells. We nipped outside to have a look. A group of brightly dressed people were standing on a platform singing. Some were dressed as crackers, a seemingly appropriate outfit, while others were gnomes and presents. We had heard the Salvation Army band, St Marks choir and various other entertainers but these were different. The hymns seemed funny and no-one recognised the words, but the tunes were easy to follow and soon quite a crowd had gathered. This was of course what the group had wanted since they came down from the platform, still singing and began mingling with the crowd.

The hymns stopped abruptly when a reindeer got up to speak. "Do you, any of you, know the true meaning of Christmas?" she demanded, "Do you realise that . . ." She broke off as three-quarters of the crowd tried to slip away unnoticed. It was then that the people in fancy dress began to distribute leaflets among the crowd. My sister Nikki was stopped by a Christmas pudding who asked her what Christmas meant to her. Nikki politely told the pudding where to go and we made our way to "Woollies" where the Salvation Army made a welcome change.

Iain Gonoude, IIA.

A DEAD ROOM FOR A DEAD MAN

The door knob was cold to touch. Its metallic surface making contact with my palm made me shiver. It squeaked as I opened it. As soon as I walked in I could smell the dampness on the walls. The wallpaper was peeling off revealing several more layers behind it. Dirty green clumps of fungus hung from them. The curtains were faded and books lay over the floor along with an assortment of whisky bottles, dog ends and an old Jack Buchanan Band record. The old man lay on the floor. His face was chalky white. He had been strangled by a toilet chain. I covered him with an old raincoat which smelt of cheap booze. The couch was surprisingly new but burn marks and stains showed he had used it like an ashtray. After making my assessment of this homicide I strode out, closing the door quietly.

P. P. Williamson, IIIB.

THE OLD HAG

She sat down in front of the mirror and looked longingly for the face of her youth, but all she saw was a fat prune with beady eyes. Bags lay under them and her cheeks looked like the surface of the moon. She had four chins each more grotesque than the other.

Her eyes meandered through rows of make-up on the table and she picked up a tub of what looked like poly-filla and began to fill in the wrinkles on her face as a DIY man would do to a wall. Lipstick went on to her fat bulging lips but her hand was not steady and she smeared a line of red over her cheek. As she proceeded with eye mascara she reminded me of a great Indian warrior putting on war paint. For the finishing touch she put on a blonde wig that looked like a snail's shell and put in her false teeth. She smiled and got up adjusting her girdle and walked away, feeling like a new woman.

P. P. Williamson, IIIB.

THE FULL MOON

It was about midnight as I got into my room. The shadows seemed to dance and flicker in front of my eyes. Then the room was illuminated by a strange light. I spun round and was faced by a pure white moon which danced over the clouds. I went to shut the curtains but I felt a tingling in my limbs and face and an awesome unease. All of a sudden I felt I was being turned inside out with pain. Matted hair was sprouting all over my body and my legs were being distorted into a canine form and the rest of me was being metamorphosed into a vicious blood curdling monster. My bones were cracking and my sinews were stretching to snapping point. The agony was excruciating as my face elongated into the muzzle of a fanged being. My back arched as I lay squirming in spasms of agony. The pain began to ease off and I stood upright not a man but a flesh craving beast and a whole city of prey lay before me.

P. P. Williamson, IIIB.

MARRIED BLISS

His eyes pierced his wife's back. He wished she would stop nagging him, but he couldn't bring himself to tell her straight out. He would just have to lead his hen-pecked life.

"Go and get some milk from the shop," she said without even saying please.

"Yes, mein Fuhrer!" he muttered under his breath.

"What was that?" demanded his wife.

"Nothing, dearest," he said as sarcastically as possible. With that he slouched off.

"And don't slouch!" shouted his wife behind him. He wished she would die so he could have some freedom. As he walked back and looked at the house which caused him so much misery, he wondered why he ever



*Skiing on the Rugby pitches –
QVS winter 1984*

—SURFERS

P. Gowen

married her. He gritted his teeth as he entered, slammed the milk on the table and walked to his room before his wife could start her infernal nagging. As he entered his room he pulled out a photo of her and cursed the day he set eyes on her. Then he wondered who she would nag if he walked out on her.

S. Smail, IIIB.

THE SEA

They carefully picked their way through the grey, sharp, slippery rocks with only an occasional oath as someone stubbed his toe. Their eyes looked with longing at the expanse of sea. They passed the rocks. Their feet trudged into the wet mud-like sand. It crept between their toes tickling as it went. They trudged along as in a semi-trance. All that was heard was the squelching of their feet in the sand, the soft, gentle moan of breeze and the distant lapping of the sea on the shore. They trudged on. They reached a stream which was shimmering in the light. The first four plunged in with only a sharp intake of breath as the cold water reached the top of their thighs, then a sigh of relief that it was not deep. The rest followed. As they neared the sea the lapping became louder like a giant dog drinking. The wind moaned more and it was starting to get cold, but still they trudged on. The sand was getting wetter and each foot sank deeper into the mud-like sand. An occasional gull let out a cry of warning, but they did not take heed. They strode on even more determined to reach their destination. As they reached the sea the skies darkened, the wind howled across the sands, the rain poured down and the sea raged. Suddenly they were afraid.

S. Smail, IIIB.

HOGMANAY

It had finished – the party was over. The room was still, no music, no talking, no sound. The lights were dimmed, and the fire was burning strongly. The curtains were half closed and a window was open. The door was locked firmly.

Shelves were piled up with beer cans, emptied or half-emptied. The radio was hidden behind them. They were also littered along the floor like a second carpet. Bottles hid in little corners, like frightened animals not wanting to come out. They hid under chains and behind them. Glasses were scattered on the top of the television, also they were broken into little bits on the floor. Drinks had spilled on the floor staining the carpet.

The smell was like that of a very busy pub. The fumes of cigarettes mixed with the stench of beer.

A wooden chair was broken up at the side of the room as if waiting to be put in a log fire. The stuffing was coming out from the settee. Cigarette ash was strewn over the chairs. Ashtrays had been tipped over the floor, and the ash amalgamated with the beer and gin stains.

Some people had left watches, jackets and other items.

I looked behind me to where the food was supposed to be but it had been well and truly devoured.

I walked out of the room.

Andrew J. Millar, IIIB.

BAD MEMORIES

I stood bitterly at the side of this brown heap of wood and other materials which had been constructed in such a way as to enable it to make a terrifying sound. This thing reminded me of my deceased father, a father so brutally cruel and wicked that it was a pleasant relief to see him in my mind as this old piano which lay abused and damaged in a rotting junk yard.

I struggled as I picked up the odd damp dull coloured boulder. I towered above the piano and hurled the rock thundering down on the instrument. There was an ear shattering sound as the boulder splintered through the top face of it also snapping viciously the wooden beams running along the inside of this beastly mechanism. The whole piano vibrated and the strings all hummed in a low tone. I lifted yet another boulder and sent it crashing down onto a section of broken tangled strings. The impact dislodged even more strings from their sockets which in turn tangled and rocked to and fro gradually grinding to a halt. The piano smelt moist where it had been smashed and a strong feeling of cleanliness overwhelmed me. I smashed a larger brick down on the keys crashing through the cover and dislodging the keys from their set positions and in some cases totally shattering the ebony and ivory gadgets.

I smiled with satisfaction as the last rock detached the lid from its hinges. The two distinct letters J.D. which were now very clearly visible brought back the worst of my bad memories.

Paul Robertson, IIIB.

AN INTRODUCTION TO GAZZA GRAY

The peace and tranquility of the small, shabby bedroom was shattered suddenly by the loud, monotonous ringing of the alarm clock which lay on the dresser. A long, bare arm snaked out from between the sheets and sent the clock flying under the wardrobe. It stopped ringing, which was hardly surprising, and the room became quiet again. A mass of brown, tangled hair poked out from the centre of the bed and was shortly followed by a single, tightly clamped eye. It opened and was instantly hit by a ray of sunlight. Not a bad aim for 93 million miles. He put a hand under the wardrobe, groped around for a while and managed to clamp his hand over a clock.

It said 8.15.

He'd be late for school.

No, it was the holidays.

No, it was Sunday.

No wait, it was Monday.

He'd be late for school.

He jumped out of bed then hit the roof as he landed on a drawing pin. Slowly and cautiously he dressed then ran from his room emitting loud, Indian war-whoops. Twelve steps lay between him and the hall but he'd clear them this time. He leaped off, curved gracefully through the air and landed half-way down on his back-side. Slightly more subdued, he hobbled his way into the kitchen and made ready for the day ahead by ramming three sausage sandwiches down his gullet.

Iain Gonoude, IIA.

FIREWORKS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

The fuse was lit and fizzed brightly in the light of the front porch. "RUN!" he shouted as he opened the letterbox flap and shoved it in. We all ran. A tremendous bang and clatter of metal followed. We all turned, fell to the ground and watched. "It's blown the bloomin' lid off," I said quietly. We all laughed. There was a whistle from further along and we all silently watched the door as a young man appeared, an alsatian on a lead by his side. He bent down and unhooked the lead clasp and the dog wandered off. He then turned back into the house leaving the door open, but soon appeared again carrying a black roll of tape. Picking up the flap and placing it just inside the door he proceeded to tear off big strips and cover the hole where the flap had been. Meanwhile the dog was now wandering towards us. Two got up and began to run. We soon followed, pursued by a volley of barks and sharp German words of abuse. As we ran, fireworks broke the sky above us, and looking at my watch. I realised that the new year was in.

Malcolm Crease, IIA.

FOX IN THE HENHOUSE

As the church bells struck four, all was silent in the henhouse. The hens all sat crooning quietly on a long perch. A clatter came from outside. The rooster woke. The noise came again and a furry ear passed the wire mesh door. The hens woke one after another. Each head bobbed up and was now fully alert to danger. With a small leap the fox was inside. Its first advance scattered the hens who kicked up dust and feathers and made an awful noise. The fox lunged again and again, each time getting close to a hen but not knowing what to do next. The atmosphere was heavy with dust and feathers. The fox was getting hungrier and its mouth drooled at the thought of a good meal. It licked its lips and advanced on the nearest hens of the few remaining. The hens were now clucking hysterically. The henhouse was in a complete flurry.

A dog barked. A light flicked on. The fox stopped and stood rigid. Its ears twitched, listening. The barking grew nearer. The fox realised its chance had gone. As quietly as he had came, he retreated to the darkness of the woods.

Malcolm Crease, IIA.

THE TRAMP

He sits there in tattered white trousers. On his left leg there is a gaping hole just under his knee. His shirt is made out of the same material as the trousers and wrapped round his thin shoulders. The material is a worn potato sack.

I'm cold. My feet are tingling, my hands are suffering from pins and needles. I have cramp all over. My potato sack overcoat is old and decrepit and my hat is plastic and crumpled in at the top, but at least it keeps the sun off my dark head.

His skin is flaking and his hands are covered in boils and warts. His legs are hairy. He is slumped up against a chalk wall. This could well be his home. The sun pounds down on him mercilessly but he does not seem to mind.

I have no medicine. I have no soap. I only get washed when it rains. I have no home so anywhere does me. I live on insects and only get money when I find it. I stole

my clothes off a washing line. Even the police do not take me. The local doctors say I'm a health hazard. Mothers pull their children inside when they see me coming. Even dogs slink away from the dustbins when I'm there.

Scott Darling, IIA.

MY PERSONAS

To suggest that I was creating a persona for myself is quite untrue; in fact I would say that I affect different personas to suit different circumstances, such as the company I am in, and the mood of the occasion. I think this chameleon-like ability to change my character to suit the situation is necessary for survival in the dog-eat-dog society in which I find myself. This ability leads to high ratings in the popularity stakes and to people chanting at home rugby matches: "There's only one Philip Collie!" I would have liked to reply to my supporters (if that point of the game had not demanded my total concentration), that there are eight or nine or even ninety, Philip Collies, but, of course, they only know one or maybe two of the personas that I affect.

Those among us who cannot adapt to the situation are invariably crushed by the workings of society. They are excluded entry to social cliques, and in fact sometimes are persecuted by them. Those who have the ability to reach apprentice-level are usually granted (unspoken and unwritten of course) associate membership. However much one detests the cliques, they exist, and so I think it is better to throw your lot in with the stronger side.

Let me introduce you now to some of these personas: first, there is Philip "Montgomery Clift" Collie who usually surfaces in unfamiliar female company. The desired effect of this persona is arousal of interest in this brooding character who seems to be aloof, and who only utters the odd intellectually cynical comment, which has in reality been carefully thought out and used before. The aura of mystery and cynicism usually scares off all but the most curious of the company but those it does attract enough to actually speak to me, want to know everything about me and then I can weave all sorts of lies about myself which the person who has been attracted to me will believe, due to their initial impression of me.

The second persona is one of intelligence, harmless wit, politeness with still enough youthful effervescence to keep this character from becoming boring. This persona is particularly useful when facing parents, teachers, policemen and judges (if things become as desperate as that). A dash of affected innocence and naïveté is particularly disarming and presents this character as harmless but intelligent.

The persona presented to the members of my clique is however, totally different; to these I become a cynical, hardened character, with frequent flashes of biting wit, usually directed at non-members of the group but sometimes at members of the clique who step outside the unwritten laws of the group. In this situation I tend to speak a lot about bands as are on obscure record labels as this ensures that my hard-earned street credibility stays intact. Those who are found to possess records of more conventional 'pop' groups are bombarded with howls of derision, and hoots of laughter, usually led by me. However while being a member of the clique, it is essential that I am



looked upon as an individual, hence I will often go against group opinion for this purpose.

The only time I can be me without any facades is in the company of known and trusted friends. I think here I should make the distinction between clique-members and friends. Clique-members are people who can be used when you need a certain amount of group pressure applied to achieve your own selfish ends. Friends are those with whom you can relax and be yourself without fear of derision for your faults or peculiarities, and are those whom you can trust with the knowledge that you have a secret crush on some girl that everyone else thinks is completely undesirable.

It would seem my philosophy on life is completely selfish: get what you can by any means possible, no matter who you hurt, because they would do the same, with you as the victim, given half a chance. In this society where the laws of the jungle apply, the most chameleon-like character will come out on top and my aim is to be the most chameleon-like – and on the way to the top.

Philip Collie, VIth Year.

A STORY OF SEETHING REVENGE

John strode as he'd never strode before – he had a job to do and he was going to – well . . . , he'd sort them out – and that's for sure.

"Johnny, you're *not* coming to *my* party."

"Why not? I haven't hit you in ages . . . well, that last time wasn't my fault, I just . . ."

"No way! I'm not letting my Mummy see you! Not in my house! Anyway its mostly girls coming, and you hate them, so why don't you just –"

"Just what, eh? Try it – and I'll have you. Don't want to go to a crummy party anyway – we're going to Sandra's party! We're going to Sandra's party!"

John mimicked the girls' voices and skipped along the pavement, his caricature becoming so exaggerated that he closed his eyes and waved his arms about for the few seconds of his act.

Sandra cupped her hands over her mouth in mute surprise, as she had seen her mother do, her face still flushed with argument, as she saw the imminent collision. Her open mouth of surprise widened to a smile, then erupted in fits of laughter; the hands came down, one to hold the aching sides of her stomach, as she rocked forwards and backwards on her heels, the other pointed at John, finger extended in utter ridicule. She bent forward, almost in pains of laughter, then she straightened up, and the cupped hands clamped over her mouth, trying to suppress uncontrollable giggles. Tears had wet her eyes, and were rolling down her cheeks to her hands pressing her face, trying to control her emotions – not really seemly for a young lady of eight.

John was furious. Miss MacCaig was livid.

And as they both sat together in the puddle, John looked very deflated, crimson with embarrassment, and becoming gradually more aware of his wet bottom. His usually ever-open mouth was shut tight, his eyes were wild with fear: the suddenness of the situation leaving him mute; and the inevitable was shortly to come.

Miss MacCaig was as surprised as John at the suddenness of things. She sat in the puddle, firmly on her bottom, legs spread, torso stiffly erect, one of her hands firmly pressing down on her floral hat, the other still gripping tightly her almost masculine brief-case and

black umbrella. Her eyes were wider than Sandra had ever seen them before – more even than the time she was given a severe telling off to in the playground by her; and she'd found that both distressing and humiliating, as everyone hadn't stopped teasing her until at least maths at fourth period!

But the open eyes were nothing compared to her mouth. The corners pointed straight down, the lower lip up, in a frown with a stiff upper lip, and looking the picture of sheer mute horror. Miss MacCaig's bottom lip started to tremble, and seeing that sobered Sandra up very quickly, the consequences of the worsening situation becoming more and more dreadful in a little girl's imagination.

Sandra wiped her eyes with her coat sleeve, and instinctively bit her lip, then putting an anxious finger knuckle between her teeth, squeezed hard to control any residue of humour, yet undrained. She gulped and watched, her breathing got slower, and she cooled down; her satchel slipped slowly to the ground, one hand was in her mouth, the other still gripped the satchel strap.

Miss MacCaig erupted.

"Hm!" muttered Johnny as he strode up the unfamiliar road, angrily squashing a snail on the path in

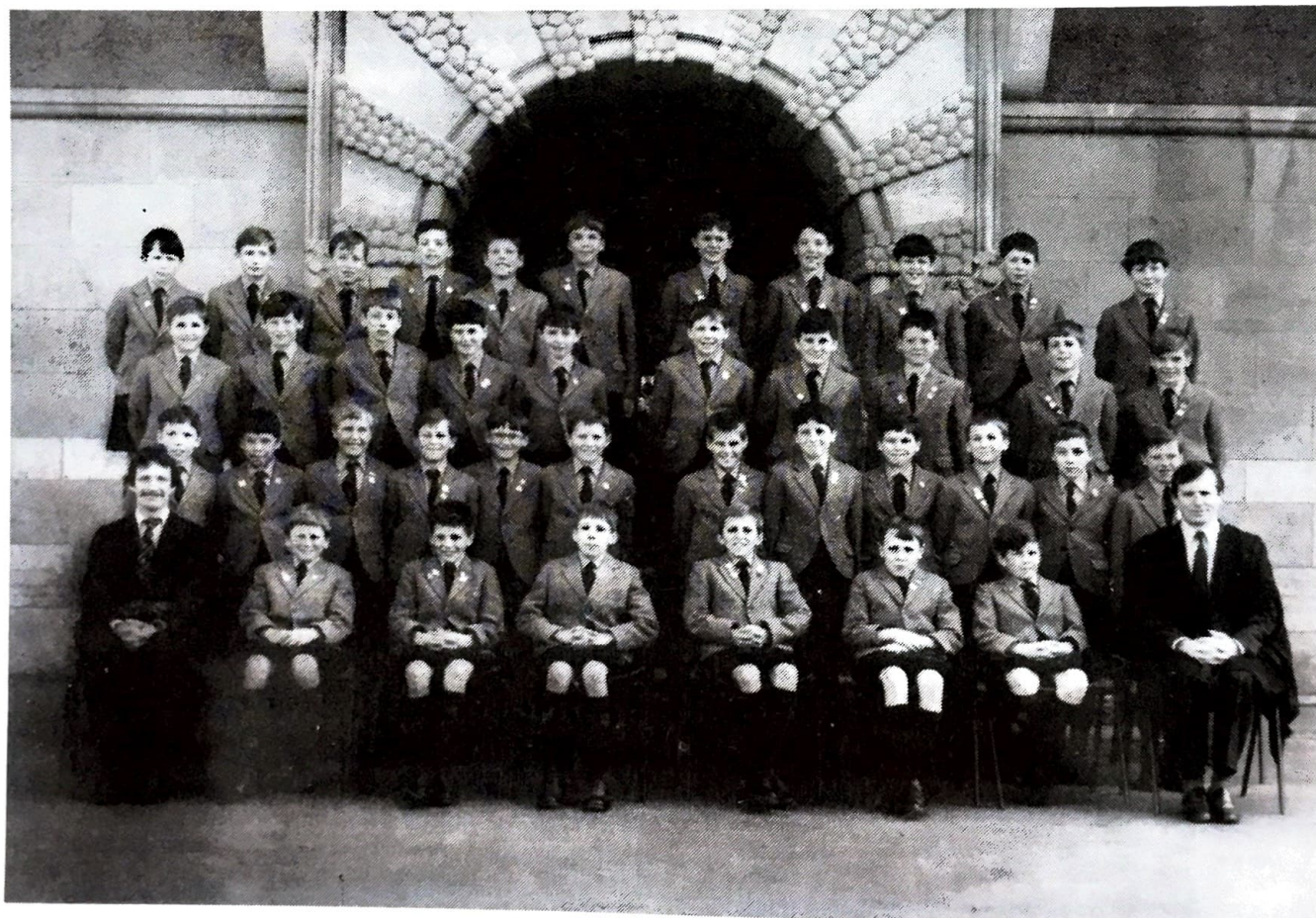
front of him with his sandal – he enjoyed that. But the burst of speed prompted by his angry memory began to subside; he was not so determined now – and the sure, marching-like arms that swung determinedly by his side dropped, as the pace did; one was shoved into a pocket, the other wiped his runny nose in a last snort of defiant disgust; then he stopped at the lamp-post and paused in decision. He looked at his feet, then at the big house, and snorted again, "Hm!"

It was a big house – he never knew Sandra had such a big house, with a garden at the front as well as at the back. The big bow-windows seemed to outstare him, and he looked down again at his feet.

Making its slow way along a crack in the pavement was a big black slug, leaving a trail of white mucous-like slime behind it. It was on course for Johnny's foot. His first reaction was to squash it, quickly like the snail, but he stopped. He stooped to watch it more closely. While one finger prodded the creature his other hand slipped into his pocket – yes, it was still there, just as he'd hoped – the matchbox.

Sandra Merchiston was going to get it tomorrow at school – instead.

Gordon Gronbach, VIth Year.



Primary VII – 1983 – 1984

*M. Bowman, I. Holland, F. McAuley, P. Kilcullen,
S. Dow, R. Moultrie;
S. McGillivray, J. McGerty, R. McGrath, A. Fraser,
R. Coleman;
G. McBain, A. Duff, C. Scott, S. Woods,
K. McIntosh, G. Usher;
Mr Carroll, P. McEachern, D. Hamilton, J. Scott;
(M. Mailey – absent)*

*S. Poole, M. Kerr, D. Oliver, C. Henderson, S. Scott;
I. Menmuir, M. Stepney, S. Fitzpatrick, S. Cook,
S. Menzies;
R. Herd, G. Smith, I. Campbell, S. Burns, W. Hughes,
S. Wallace;
P. Geddes, G. Stewart, I. McDougall, Mr Brown;
(I. Livingstone – absent)*

Wavell House

The year 1984 will always have special significance for Wavell House because of the sudden death of its founder, and guide, Norman Charles Bruce.

To those of us who worked with, and for him, over the last decade or so, the event of 9th February was a traumatic experience. In that very special sense, that only those who are well acquainted with the School will know, until then, Wavell House and N. C. Bruce were almost synonymous.

Norman and the House Staff developed an uncommon rapport over the years, not that that implied continual and perfect meeting of minds, simply that when all was said and done, there remained a foundation of mutual respect based on the man and his work. It was perhaps an inaccuracy to state as one member of the teaching staff on hearing the sad news, "It's the end of an era," but to be accurate, the Junior Department and Wavell House can never be quite the same again.

After Grand Day 1983, a party of boys were taken by Mr Bruce to Rothiemurchus Lodge for what was to be his last of many such occasions.

The 'Camp' as it was always called, turned out to be untypical of the many, in that Mr Bruce on medical advice was unable to lead us on most of the magnificent and well trodden routes which had become almost a ritual over the years. It was typical in all other respects, ending as we always did with a special last night, when Mr Bruce in his inimitable way once more recounted to us such epics as "The Headless Man of Glen Einich" or his own moving version of the tragedy that befell Baird and Barrie, two young men who lost their lives in 1928 on the forbidding slopes of Braeriach. It will always be a piquant source of pleasure that we were shown, with such a depth of appreciation, some of the most beautiful and inspiring parts of our native land by a native of Warwickshire!

Returning to School in August last year, we all knew that in October, Norman was to undergo cardiac surgery. Despite this, he welcomed the 'rookies' with all his usual bustle and enthusiasm. However, it was clear that 'Camp' would best be missed this year, and instead an Easter Ski Tour in the Haute-Savoie of France was organised.

Without the pervasiveness of N.C.B., the Hallowe'en Party, the Big Walk, the Choir, the Chapel, the House and the School itself, cannot be quite the same. By the crudest of arithmetic (highly disapproved of by Mr Bruce) some eight hundred former pupils must owe a debt to him of which many are perhaps unaware. A debt for the dedication, total commitment and boundless energy which he brought unstintingly to bear on his chosen vocation. A friend, mentor and oft times father-figure to them when they first began their years at this School.

The following verses from a poem written by A. Barrie (mentioned above) were the man's own epitaph. Mr Bruce greatly admired it and often quoted these very lines to the boys at Aviemore as part of its lore. He would have liked them being linked with his own passing and so they are included.

Find me a windswept boulder for a bier

And I shall see the sunset,

*and man shall know the velvet kindness of the night,
And see the stars.*

Alexander Barrie.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

This year we have seen an excellent standard of running set by many boys, but perhaps outstandingly by Steven Wallace of Primary 7 and John Jardine of Primary 6. In a competition at Croftinloan School, Pitlochry, our team came second, and in our own inter-school competition held at QV in March our under 13 and under 11 teams came a narrow second, in the latter by only one point, and our under 12 team won their section handsomely. As yet, the inter-dormitory competition has still to be run but I am sure it is going to be a hard fought race at a fierce pace. House colours have been awarded to the two boys mentioned above and congratulations are due to all others who competed.

B.P.

RUGBY

Rugby fortunes in Wavell during the past season were rather mixed with the JAI XV having a hard season against some very good opposition. However they have had their moments, for example a fine 14-8 win over Stewarts/Melville College. They have also developed a good rucking style of play which, along with their enthusiasm, should allow them to improve as time goes on.

The JBI XV has shown some potential which, if harnessed properly, should provide Wavell with an exciting and good 1st XV for next season. They were victorious in all their matches except one and among the games they played were wins over Edinburgh Academy and George Watson's College.

Colours were also awarded to a number of boys who served the House XV well and who showed courage, determination and skill on the field of play. These were: Robbie Herd, Craig Scott, Paul Geddes and Stuart MacGillivray.

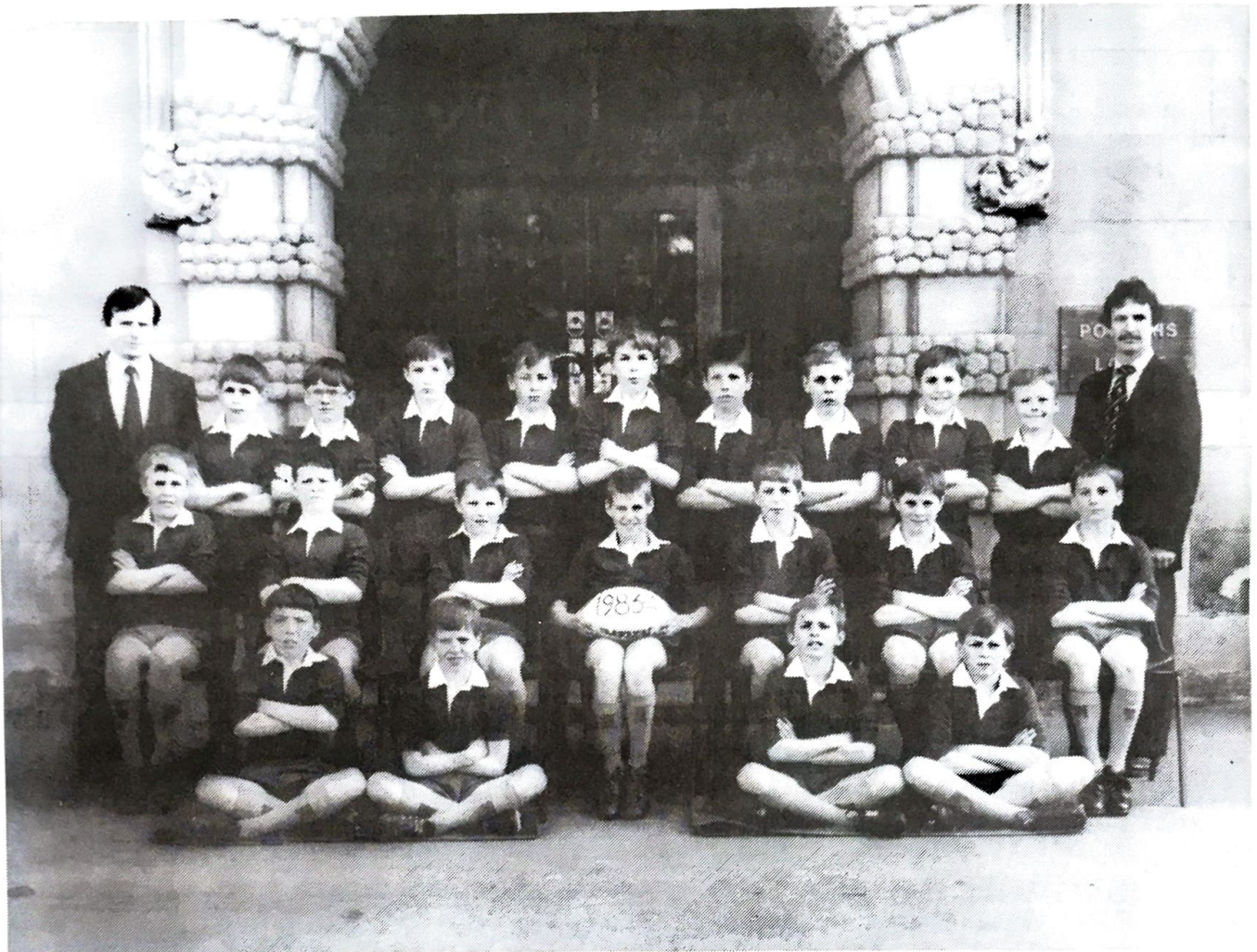
Results

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A
JAI (P7)	13	4	1	8	162	194
JBI (P6)	9	8	0	1	126	34

G.C.

WAVELL'S FRENCH SKI HOLIDAY

This expedition, a first in the history of Wavell, was an outstanding success. Exhausting but exhilarating, it provided twenty-seven boys and two staff with a kaleidoscope of memories which will last a lifetime; the excitement of starting out in a B.R. 125 sleeper compartment even though sleep was out of the question; the unexpected tour of London's sights at 7 a.m. on a Saturday morning; the extortionate prices of a Gatwick breakfast; the juxtaposition of fear and thrill for some boys on their first flight; the ethereal splendour of the sun-splashed snowy peaks of the Alps, far below yet towering over a sparkling Lake Geneva; the feather-light landing followed by a confusion of activity, signs, languages, armed police, passport checks, baggage claim, and then . . . Penny, our reliable, fun-loving courier bringing order and relaxation into our holiday; the bus ride through ancient Geneva and past the tallest fountain in Europe; the hair-raising hair-pin bends as our



Wavell House 1st XV Rugby Team

bus climbed the narrow road of the near vertical side of a V-shaped valley to the shelf on which sat the picturesque village of Les Carroz, our destination at the Clubhotel Le Front de Meige lying at the foot of Le Grande Massif, in sight of Mont Blanc.

One sparkling clear day caught the breath with views of incredible beauty — — — sheer icy cliffs, knife-sharp ridges, towering peaks, white dappled forests, snow-covered Alpine meadows swarming with multi coloured skiers revelling and in their element. One bitter cold day, dense icy mists caught the breath to the point of exposure, testing our metal to the limit but being beaten by even the youngest into submitting to us at least four hours of skiing. Four other days, part misty, part clear, all with ideal skiing conditions and ample, crisp snow, provided many memorable hours of that unique skiing sensation. What is it that leads us to put on skis, point ourselves downhill and deliberately let gravity take over control? The answer is indescribable. You have to try it, then you know, as we do now.

I could tell more, of — — — the dazzling, dizzy discos; the popular hotel staff; the less popular food; the interesting village; the mile-long telecabine; the bucking-bronco button-tours; the twenty-one one-star and six two-star British Alpine Ski Awards gained by the boys; the interesting journey home, including the high-speed bus-dash through London to King's Cross to catch the Talisman with three minutes to spare; — — — but all are overshadowed by two outstanding

memories. Firstly the individual personal delight of whistling down a sea of white, the wind whipping the face, roaring in the ears and tearing at the clothes, skis stotting over bumps, muscles tensed yet responsive as, weaving and dipping, skimming and biting, a thousand feet was descended at breakneck speed to leave one standing at the bottom in bemused but delighted awe at the joys life can offer. Secondly, the sight of that shared joy, effervescent in the eyes of each of the boys. No one could be in any doubt about what they thought of it, and their behaviour, complimented on by strangers wherever we went capped a splendid holiday. I'm looking forward to April '85 in Serre Chevalier!

B.P.

LION

O lion, o lion why do you growl?
O lion, o lion why do you snarl?
O lion, o lion do you like it in there?
I would much prefer it out there out there.
Out in the wilderness all free,
Maybe I do like it in here, in here,
I would not get killed in here, in here.
I would not have to hunt for meat in here, in here,
I would have to hunt out here, out here.

John Stephens, P6A.

A LIMERICK

There was a boy from QV
Who liked playing rugby
One day he was picked
Found his shorts were nicked
And he no longer liked to play rugby.

John Stephens, P6A.

THE KOALA

Climbing up my tree all day
Hunting good and catching prey,
I had to do it every day
But now I'm locked in here all day.
Can't hunt my food
Or catch my prey,
What are those creatures doing out there?
If only one was in range.

M. Smith, P6A.

THE COWBOY

I ride in the western with my ten gallon hat
And I've got to where these baggy old chaps,
I round up my doggies and take them away
And the rustlers are waiting to take them away.
Where shall they take them
To a market or fair,
How should I know
Where they've got to go.

M. Smith, P6A.

LIMERICKS

There once was a boy from Dunblane,
Who took a trip on a plane,
The plane had a crash,
He was covered in ash,
And he never went on one again!

There was a lady from Perth,
Who to a baby daughter gave birth,
She was called Mary-Anne,
She got stuck in a pan,
And floated away down the Forth!

David Kay, P6A.

IN THE TRENCHES

There's the whistle! Up and over.
Time for the suicide runs.
Comrades are shot by the Germans.
Rifles, mortars and machine guns.
Hit the deck! Here's the grenades.
Up comes some mustard gas.
Quick! Grab your gasmasks.
Screams of death and misery.
I shoot my best friend.
It's over.

Craig J. A. McGuire, P6A.

QV

There is a boy from QV
Who loved to play rugby
He played in the scrum
And hurt his thumb
And now he plays hockey.

Christopher McKay, P6A.

THE NEW BEAMER TOOTHPASTE

Yes it's new beamer toothpaste.
It really has got some strong taste
Invented by Mr D. K. Dentist.
It's the best selling toothpaste out.
You squeeze and it slithers out the tube's spout.
If you buy it you won't need a filling.
Buy and I'm positive your teeth won't be killing.
So if you want your teeth to shine
Get Beamer's toothpaste and they'll be fine.

Fionn McKee, P6A.

RAIN

Splish splash the rain is falling
Drip drop in the lane
Little children jump in puddles
Again, again and again.

All the trees are dripping
With dew all the day long.
In the morning it is sunny
So the rain won't sing its song.

Christopher McKay, P6A.



RAIN, RAIN

Raining – not again
Why today? Maybe tomorrow
What about the parched lands
When it rains it pours – here
And people grumble
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter.
Does it matter?
Raining – not again
Why today? Maybe tomorrow.

Calum Jon Redpath, P6A.

THE LOTUS TURBO ESPRIT

This smart large car has some speed.
Cool for macho-men indeed.
To pick up fancy girls smart and neat
Is a macho-man's delight and treat.
To take the girls for a long ride
Down by the peaceful countryside.
So if you want speed you know what to do.
Just look for a Lotus Esprit Turbo.

Cameron Hunter, P6A.

THE RAIN POEM

Splishing and splashing
The rain comes down lashing
Knocking leaves flying
Boys and girls start crying.

Pelting and belting
Then comes dancing
Boys and girls play in puddles
While mums and dads get into muddles.

Hitting and spitting on the window pane
Little rivers form again and again
Outside the rain is lashing down
Wetting rooftops throughout the town.

Antony McAllister, P6A.

LIMERICKS

There was a young lady called Julie
Who said "I am a big bully"
She bullied her brother
And got hit by her mother
Who hung her up on the pulley.

There was a young boy from Wales
Who liked going to jumble sales
He bought a brown coat
And went off in a boat
And got followed by lots of snails.

Antony McAllister, P6A.

SLOWLY

Slowly the clouds move through the sky,
Slowly our mums start to buy,
Slowly we stride through the snow,
Slowly we realise we hurt our toe,
Slowly the cripple learns to walk,
Slowly the baby learns to talk,
Slow is the slug – but slowest of all,
A flower grows up by a wall.

Paul Stubbs, P6B.

BLACK IS

Black is the colour of my jumper.
Black is my best colour.
Black is the colour of the bad heart.
Black is dust that blows in my eye.
Black and blue makes a bruise.
Black is the colour of my shoes.
Black is night, but stars are made to shine.

Christopher Docherty, P6B.

QUICKLY

Quickly runs the tiger up on the sands,
Quickly he runs across the lands,
Quickly he chases his prey a mile,
Quickly he sprints to run a mile,
Quickly his legs move in an hour,
Quickly he runs through a rain shower,
Quick is the tiger – but quickest of all,
The cheetah that moves as fast as a fireball.

Jason Wood, P6B.

STRANGELY

Strangely walks the drunk as he staggers up the sand,
Strangely creeps the spider walking on a strand,
Strangely looks the scorpion hunting for its prey,
Strangely walks the milkman giving milk each day,
Strangely stalks the fox being careful not to be killed,
Strangely looks the man being gentle and mild,
Strange is the slug – but strangest of all
The little tadpole, ugly and small.

Anthony Millar, P6B.

THE FORM OF P6B

A noisy form,
A talkative form,
A quiet form,
A silent form,
A speechless form,
A noiseless form,
And ours is peaceful.

Mark Forsyth, P6B.

SLOWLY

Slowly the baby begins to walk,
Slowly the parrot learns to talk,
Slowly the fruit begins to go vile,
Slowly the boat goes down the Nile,
Slowly the mud gets coated with grass,
Slowly the man blows the glass,
Slow is the tortoise – but slowest of all
The ivy spreads on the school wall.

Mark Forsyth, P6B.

QUICKLY

Quickly the boy runs home,
Quickly the girl uses her comb,
Quickly the man lends a hand,
Quickly the conductor talks to his band,
Quickly the racehorse jumps the hedge,
Quickly the man falls off a ledge,
Quick is the athlete – but quickest of all
Is the greyhound shooting out of the stall.

Ralph Bowman, P6B.

BROTHERS

A horrible brother,
A bad brother,
A mean brother,
A good brother,
A fabulous brother,
An exciting brother,
And mine is excellent.

Jason Wood, P6B.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

A sad day
A boring day
An enjoyable day
A joyful day
A happy day
A exciting day
And today is a brilliant day.

Richard Henderson, P6B.

BLUE

Blue is the skies that float in the air,
Blue are the eyes that look at the fair,
Blue are the seas that like to spread,
Blue is the pencil that writes with lead,
Blue is the map that is on the door,
Blue are the chairs that sit on the floor,
The skies are as blue as the seas
That lead to the end of the world.

Anthony Millar, P6B.

GUY FAWKES OF FIFTH OF NOVEMBER

Guy Fawkes of 5th of November,
A time of year to remember,
Bonfires here, bonfires there,
Fireworks going up in a glare,
People stand to look and gaze,
As if they are in some kind of daze,
The rockets soar up to their height,
Then explode with all their colourful might.
There is a crackle and spark,
As the bonfire illuminates the dark,
The flames reach up – up so high,
But after a while they will soon die,
And the cinders will coldly lie.

Andrew Fraser, P7A.

THE FURIOUS WARRIOR

He jumps, he leaps,
He sparkles, he creeps,
He jumps like lightening to catch his prey
His prey the wood that we brought today
One moment it's the crackling flames,
The next, naught but ashen remains.

Craig Scott, P7A.

FIREWORKS AT NIGHT

As the whizzing bangers fly
You can hear the screamers cry.
These exotic creatures roar.
The roman candles soar.
Flashing silver lightning streaks
As exploding thunder shrieks
As a myriad of shooting stars draw near
Screaming rockets you can hear
Like stars in the sky
The time seems to fly.

Richard McGrath, P7A.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE YOUNG MEN GONE?

We trudged slowly through the mud,
Baring our heavy backpacks.
We carried our shells near our chest,
And the gas mask for the best.

The weary line staggered and fell
As it marched along.
We trampled over the corpses.
Of dead men like rats over seeds.

These are men like wild flowers
Scattered over a field,
Cut down remorselessly,
Never to grow again.

Peter McEachern, P7A.

COMRADES

He stood there with a weary face
Standing under a sodden tunic
He and his comrade smiling side by side
I lifted my gun and pulled the trigger.

He fell to the ground with one last cry
Did he really have to die?
I look down on his face all red
I realised the German was dead.

Gordon McBain, P7A.

THE TRENCH

Sitting on the fire-step with my legs in the sump,
In the middle of a shell barrage reducing trees to
stumps,
With corpses scattered about us like seeds on a field,
With gunfire shells and shrapnel its difficult not to yield,
Men with faces blown away,
A picture of hell, death and decay,
Wire and sandbags are piled up so high,
With shells and explosions destroying the sky,
Men are falling and dying all around,
While generals and commanders stay safe and sound.

James Scott, P7A.

THE END OF THE BONFIRE

The flames, the flames they blaze so high,
They blaze and blaze, they burn the sky.
They crackle, they wrestle until they win,
The battle against the firemen.

The water sprays, the fire drowns,
The ashes weep onto the ground.
The giant inferno shrinks and shrinks.
The massive old master reaches its end,
The firemen have succeeded in their duty again.

George Edward Usher, P7A.

MONDAY MORNING

When the bell starts to bellow,
Up we get that's us little fellows,
Mr Philip comes round to peep,
So out of our beds we start to leap.

Over to breakfast we must dash,
To arrive in the hall in a flash,
Cereal is first to be served,
Most of us think it's well deserved.

To the dorms we start to run,
Through the morning air and sun,
As we clean our lockers out,
We hear the roar of Mr Philip's shout,
Most of us are still yawning,
That's the problem with Monday morning.

Alexander Keir Macintosh, P7A.

THE PIPE BAND

Swaying sporrans, gleaming buckles.
The pipe band fills the parade,
Bass drum beating, pipes are skirling,
Feather, badge and plaid.

Glinting buttons, swishing kilts,
Drummers' bonnets tag along.
Wailing pipes buzzing drones,
A stirring, Scottish, piping song.

Stuart MacGillivray, P7A.

THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS

The Shamutanti Hills so quiet and mild
The piercing scream of a lonesome child.
I sigh like the breeze that's so peaceful and soothing.
Crack! In the woods there's something moving.
Then out of the trees there comes a bent figure
Saying "You're chosen for youth, strength and vigour."
The voice booms and swells like a thunder storm;
The air turns icy and as sharp as a thorn.
Then out of the darkness there comes the like of a
maiden,
I shudder because I know she comes from Satan.
As she comes closer, step by step,
The thought of death tightens my neck.
I turn and run till she loses my trail,
I have to rest I'm so weak and frail.
When I awake it is with a cry,
Blood's gushing from a wound in my thigh.
I walk and walk without any rest
I have to keep going to fulfil my quest.
Then toward a strange road a dark messenger wings,
And points me to a place where the lorelei sings.
This land is a land that is full of pleasure
With sweetmeats and drink and hours of leisure.
There I enter a room of magical things
I've fulfilled my quest to be Lord of the Rings.

Paul Geddes, P7B.

MY PET DOG

I've got a dog called Shane,
My little brother picked the name.
I take him on walks around the park,
And always he begins to bark.

He lies down by the fire all day,
Then goes out the back to play.
He always knows when dinner is out.
So I never have to shout.

He knows when strangers are coming,
And follows you when you are running.
He prances round the flower bed,
And snaps at insects overhead.

G. A. Smith, P7B.

FANTASTIC JUNGLE

As the monkey swings
The parrot sings.
As the sloth dangles
The snake tangles.
Jungle.

As the panther prowls
The leopard growls.
As the hippo bathes
The elephant slaves.
Jungle.

As the frog bounces
The cheetah pounces.
As the squirrel flies
The rhino lies.
Jungle.

Iain Campbell, P7B.

VIP

Golden helmet of hair,
As well as a glare.
Lady leader.
Money needer.
She makes the decisions.
You get no remissions.

She sometimes visits streets and towns.
Sometimes she even buys new gowns.
She's given flowers.
Goes up towers.
Gets new votes,
But not from the moats.
Guess who?

— A clue?

Well . . . She likes blue!

Scott Douglas Poole, P7B.

THE GUN FIGHT

Big Jake came to town with his fancy gun,
Another man too his name was Dunn.
Dunn's gun was old and dusty,
It even appeared to be far from trusty.

The odds of the fight were on Big Jake,
On him there was a very high stake.
It would take a very brave man to do this deed,
And lots of luck you'd surely need.

A shot rang out clear and bold,
It came from Dunn's gun I was told.
Jake fell to the ground with blood on his shirt,
"Oh no" Lil cried, "Jake's bit the dirt!"

(With apologies to Robert Service
and Dan McGrew)

Stuart Cook, P7B.

THE MATCH

In the first half we scored a try,
With the effort and work of our pack.
Our conversions were perfect in height,
And passed between post and upright.

The second half was a bore,
Before we went on to score,
We won the game alright
With effort, hard work, and good fight.

Craig Henderson, P7B.

THE MAGICAL CONTEST

A warlock stands in front of you,
The question is just what to do,
A Sorcerer too stands there beside him,
Then you realise you'll have to fight them.

You draw your sword ready to fight,
The Warlock throws a fire ball bright.
You squint your eyes so you can see,
The Warlock dances as if with glee.

You make some magic, cast a spell,
Then you see the Wizards yell,
Now the cry with fear and pain,
And act as though they were insane.

You use your sword and kill them dead,
Best way to do; is severe the head,
Now people come to view the scene,
And it all appears to have been a dream.

But no they reward you with jewels and gold
For doing something terribly bold
You slump then to a hero's rest
Glad that now you have finished your quest.

Gordon Stewart, P7B.

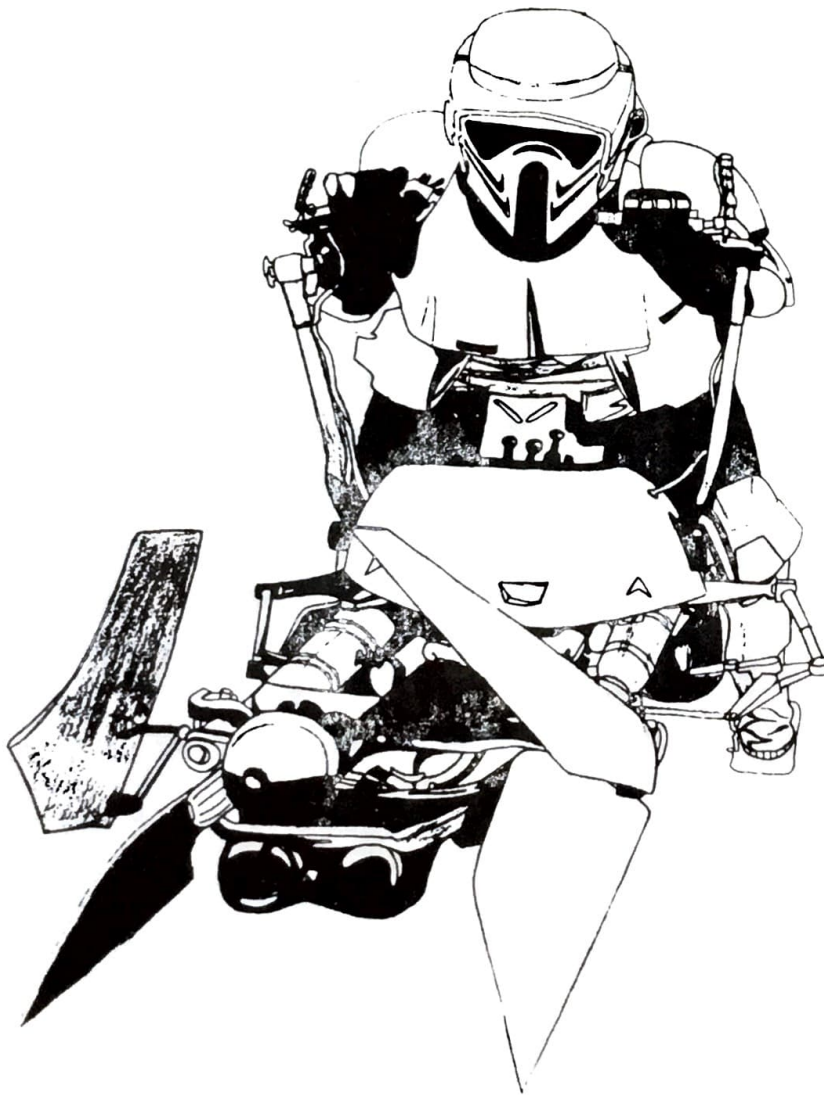
JUMPING OUT

The green light's on we are ready to jump,
Listen to our heart's beat, thump, thump, thump.
The adrenalin's flowing, our temperature's high,
Looking outside it's a cloudless sky.

1, 2, 3. Check canopy,
You have a clear view of your enemy.
The main chute opens you heave a great sigh,
Your swinging quite gently, not all that high.

The green grass rushes up to your feet,
Your company commander yells where to meet.
Your container's dangling and spinning like mad
THUMP! You hit the ground like a doll made of rag.

Robbie Herd, P7B.



G. Clark

Cards for all occasions

Stockist for Parker and
Papermate Pens

G. S. MELDRUM

BOOKSELLER STATIONER NEWSAGENT

High Street - Dunblane

Telephone 822175

Book Tokens

Large Selection of Maps and View Post Cards

NU-KRAFTS **HIGH STREET - DUNBLANE**

COME AND BROWSE

SEE A WIDE SELECTION OF UNUSUAL GIFTS
AT REASONABLE PRICES

CURRENT SPECIALITIES

GIFT ITEMS IN FINE BONE CHINA—
MADE IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS
AVIEMORE POTTERY

"OLD HALL" ST./STEEL DISHES ETC.

"OLD HALL" BRIDGE CRYSTAL — STILL GOOD VALUE!

"BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY" COSMETICS—
FREE OF ANIMAL PRODUCTS

MASSES OF OTHER GIFTS

Proprietor: Mrs B. M. GORDON

Telephone: 822634

ONE
LOOK
TELLS
YOU
IT'S
DAKS



Pure new wool

DAKS®

SIMPSON LONDON TAILORED

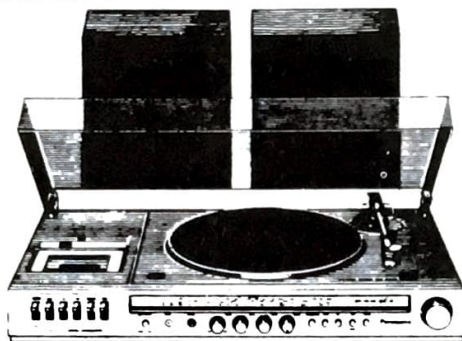
VALENTINES OF CRIEFF LTD

Ladies & Gents Outfitters

39 James Square & 2-10 West High Street
CRIEFF

Dunblane's Home Entertainment Centre for

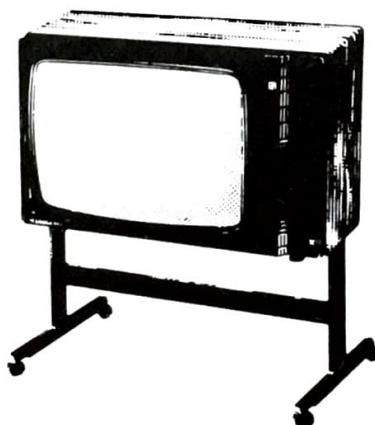
Audio



Panasonic
Just slightly ahead of our time

WE OFFER A WIDE RANGE OF
BLANK AND PRE-RECORDED
AUDIO AND VIDEO CASSETTES

CHOOSE FROM SEVEN
LEADING MAKES - ALL OUR
COLOUR TELEVISIONS HAVE
A FOUR-YEAR PARTS AND
LABOUR GUARANTEE.



TV

Video

plus Free Video Club Membership



OUR VIDEO RECORDERS ARE
MAINTAINED BY COLLEGE
TRAINED ENGINEERS - ASK
ABOUT OUR FOUR-YEAR
GUARANTEE OPTION

Our after sales service is second to none. Any repairs are carried out by our own engineers with the backing of a fully equipped service department
Call in for a chat and we shall be delighted to discuss the technical attributes of our products

BURGESS & GIBSON LTD

45 HIGH STREET, DUNBLANE Tel. 823176

Intervision Video Film Library Stockist

Why not join our Video Club? - over 850 titles - VHS - BETA

R. R. Henderson Ltd

For Quality and Service

OFFICIALLY APPOINTED OUTFITTERS

*For many years, we have supplied school outfits for
Queen Victoria School, secure in the knowledge, that our
outfitting represents the best value obtainable,
a fact well known in the area*

Satisfied customers are our best advertisement

6/8 FRIARS STREET, STIRLING (Tel. 3681)

THE MONUMENT PRESS

Offset Litho Printing

ABBAY ROAD, STIRLING FK8 1LP

Telephone: (0786) 74763



Simple Arithmetic.

Date		Initials		Deposited	Withdrawn	Balance
2/9/83.	To Twenty Pounds	BR	all	20	-	20 -
11/10 "	To Five Pounds	BR	M	5	-	25 -
8/11 "	To Seven Pounds.	AMW	CR	7	-	32 -
5/1/84	To Twenty five pounds	COY.	M	25	-	57 -
16-1-84.	To Ten Pounds	SM	all	10	-	67 -
10/2 "	To Ten Pounds	PAH	all	10	-	77 -
2/12 "	To Four pounds	AN	R	4	-	81 -
6/3 "	To Twenty Pounds	AN.	SL	20	-	101 -

When you add it up it's easy to see that regular saving pays off handsomely.

First, your money is safely out of the way in the bank. Safely out of temptation's reach.

Second, the more you manage to put into your Deposit Account, the more interest your savings earn.

Simple arithmetic that pays.

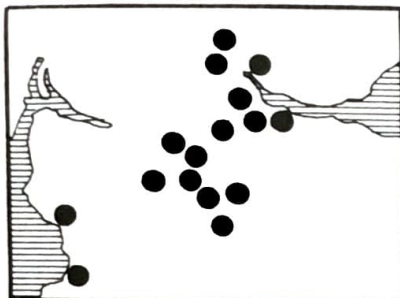
Find out all about opening your Deposit Account at your nearest Bank of Scotland Branch.



BANK OF SCOTLAND

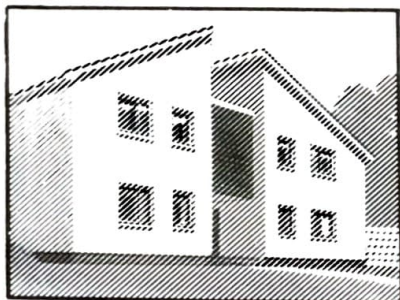
YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD HOUSEBUYING

 Good housebuying more than ever means Barratt. Choice locations, from the big city, through suburbs and towns to picturesque countryside developments.



 And prices to suit your pocket. Styles from Studio apartments to luxurious country villas.

All fabulously finished —



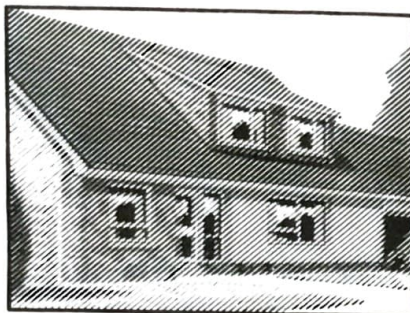
with modern kitchen and deluxe coloured bathroom.

Fitted and decorated to Barratt's high standards throughout.

£ SPECIAL BARRATT SAVINGS

And of course Barratt are

famous for giving the house-buyer a very welcome helping hand.



Easy ways to buy include:— Deposit Saving Scheme, House Exchange, Mortgage facilities, Low Reservation Fee. And

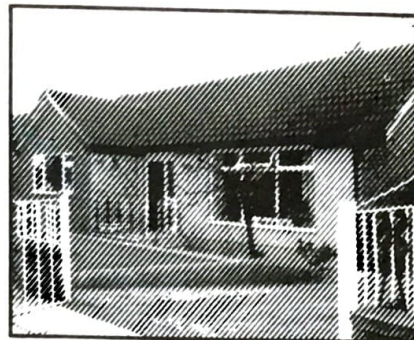


massive savings on appliances and purchase charges.

●● And for the Bargain-conscious!

A wide range of Established Properties — acquired through our House Exchange Plan. Locations region-wide — stone properties, modern homes, flats, many with

extras. And all at incredibly low Fixed Prices!



 All Barratt Sites and Showhouses are Open 7 Days — 11am-5.30pm. Be guided by Barratt. Take a tour of them now!

 For details on any location, styles, Barratt deals and general information.

Phone FALKIRK 20011.

Or post this coupon (no stamp required).



Barratt

Barratt Falkirk Ltd.,
FREEPOST, Falkirk FK1 1BR.

Please send me information on (Please tick)

☐ Developments in my area ☐ Housestyles & Purchase Schemes ☐ Established Properties

Name _____

Address _____

Tel: _____

