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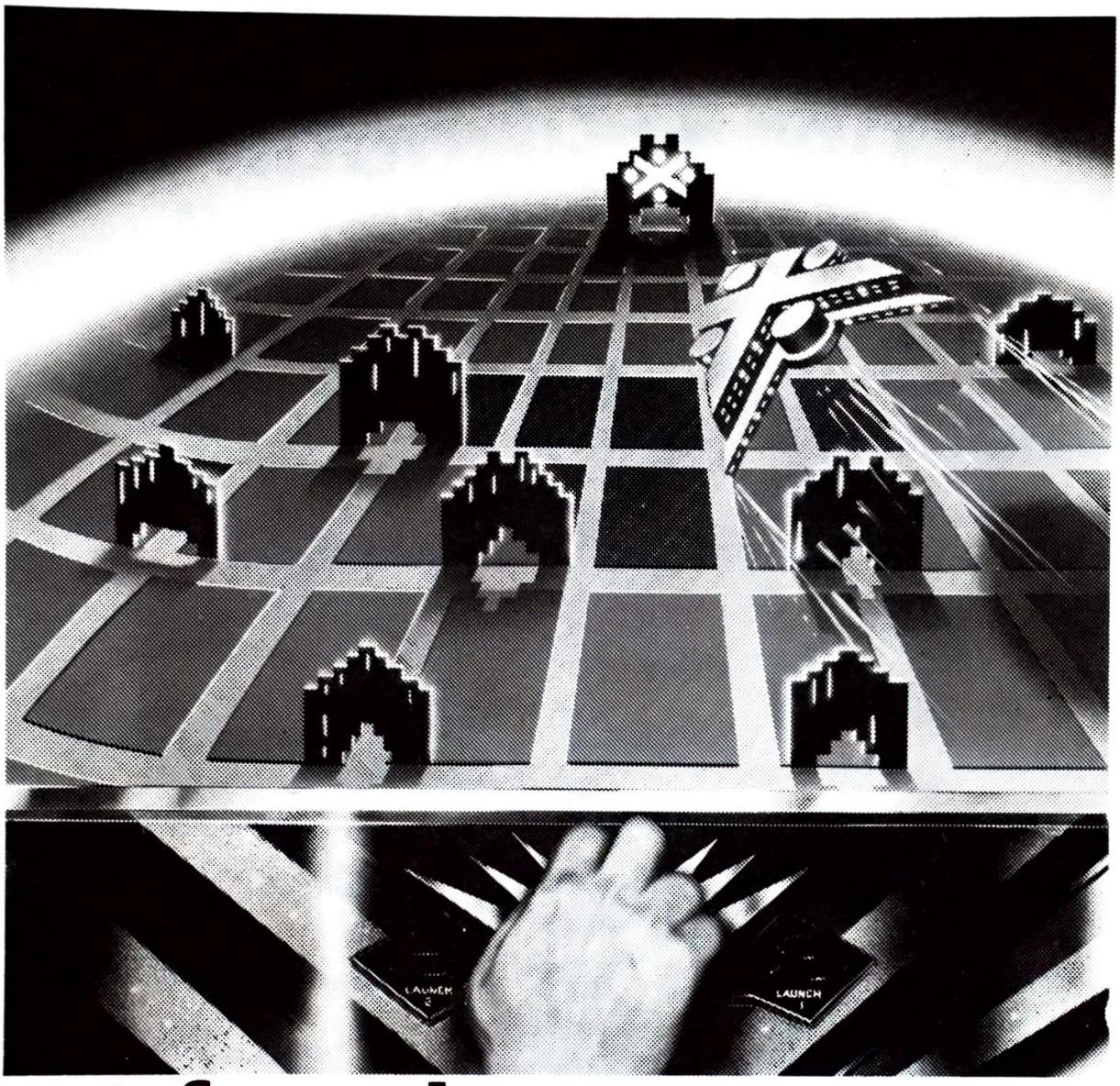


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Acknowledgements

The new cover for the Victorian was designed by two boys, Colin Usher and Stuart McKay. The Editor would like to thank them and Mr Squires, the Art Master, for its conception. A special thanks must go to Mrs H. Muirhead for her valued assistance. The Editor would also like to thank all the Staff, Pupils and Old Victorians, whose contributions have helped produce the 1986 edition of the Victorian.

G.J. Beattie, Editor.



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

It was officially opened by King Edward VII in 1908 and has functioned continuously as a School for the sons of Servicemen since 1909; nearly 4,000 boys have apssed 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 £95 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 povide pocket money at laid down scales, to pay an annual subscription towards the upkeep of the School minibuses, to subscribe to the School magazine, a personal accident insurance scheme and a sports subscription.

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

PATRON

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

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Administrative Officer – Lt.-Colonel (Q.M.) N.E. McLEOD, O.B.E., R.A. (Retd.)

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Haig Housemaster – Mr B.R. PHILIP, D.C.E., Dip.Ed.Tech., A.U.P.E.

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

Wavell Housemaster – Mr H.D. BROWN, D.C.E.

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A.L. BOVILL, B.Sc., C.Biol., M.I.Biol.
C. BRUCE, M.A.(Hons.)
A.M. BUCHANAN, M.A.(Hons.)
D. GARDEN, B.Sc.(Hons.), M.Phil., Dip. Ed.
Mrs J. HOWIE, B.A.(Hons.), Dip.Ed.
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D.J. ROBERTSON, L.T.C.L.(G.M.T.), L.T.C.L.(Sg.T.), D.C.E.(Music) *(Cunningham Assistant Housemaster)*
The Rev. J.R. SILCOX, B.D., Cert.P.S., C.F.
T. SHANNON, Dip.Tech.Edn., H.N.D.Eng.Mec.
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W.G. WEBSTER, B.A.(Hons.), B.D., Dip.Ed.
I.T. WILLIAMS, Teachers' Certificate
C.J.N. WILLMAN, M.A.(Hons.)

Teachers in Primary School

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B.R. PHILIP, D.C.E., Dip.Ed.Tech., A.U.P.E.
Mrs F. ROSS-WATT, D.C.E.
G.D.M. CARROLL, D.C.E. *(Wavell Deputy Housemaster)*
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Mrs L. HOPE, L.T.C.L., L.G.S.M., B.Mus.
Mrs C. MacFARLANE, L.R.A.M., D.C.E.
Mrs L. MITCHELL
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Uniformed Staff

School Sergeant Major – J. DEELEY (late Royal Scots)

Pipe Major – J.M. MacKENZIE, F.S.A.(Scot.) (late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders)

Drum Major – R. BROWN (late Strathclyde Police Force)

Highland Dancing Instructor – Miss M.G. ANDERSON, M.A, M.S.D.T.A., M.B.A.T.D.

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Assistant Nurse – Miss B. McNEILL, S.E.N.

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Housematron of Haig House – Mrs E.S. MacKEICH

Housematron of Trenchard House – Mrs E.M. DEVITO

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Relief Housematron – Mrs M. MITCHELL



THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

No. 100 JUNE 1986

A Message from The Commandant

It is with deep regret that I open this edition of the *Victorian* by recording the sad death of General Sir Gordon MacMillan of MacMillan of Knapp, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. Born in India in 1897, he was commissioned in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in 1915. During the 1914 – 18 War he was awarded the Military Cross on no less than three occasions. In the 1939 – 45 War he commanded an Infantry Brigade and the 15th Scottish, 49th West Riding and 51st Highland Divisions. From 1947 – 48 he was GOC in Palestine and returned to Scotland in 1949 as the GOC-in-C. It was then that his long and intimate association with the School began in his capacity as Vice-President of Her Majesty's Commissioners. In 1952 he became Governor and C-in-C Gibraltar and retired to his home in Renfrewshire in 1955 to become the first Chairman of the Cumbernauld New Town Corporation and at the same time was appointed a Commissioner, an appointment he held until retiring in 1984. His intense interest in the wellbeing of the boys and development of the School was plain for all to see; he rarely missed an opportunity to visit the School and, never afraid to face up to new challenges, his wise counsel was invaluable during the period of change from a purely military School to the School it is today. All of us in the School owe him an immense debt of gratitide and I know that staff, past and present, and generations of Victorians will wish to join me in passing our very sincere sympathy to Lady MacMillan and all the family.

Probably the most significant event during the past year has been the completion of a very successful Inspection by Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. Their report is both complimentary and constructive and the Headmaster covers it in some detail in his Notes. At this stage, I will merely make four points. It is right that we should be formulating ambitious plans for the future but these are inevitably going to be phased over a period of 10 – 15 years. Whilst at times we may be cynical and wonder whether we will ever achieve all we need, we must not lose sight of the fact that we have already achieved a great deal; for example, and to quote only one, all three Houses in the Senior School now have one set of modernised toilet and ablution facilities. As the Headmaster also mentions, we have plans for a new Craft and Design Complex in the coming summer. Sadly, because of lack of funds, we have had to cut back on some of this project but, even so, this and essential routine maintenance is going to cost over £200,000. For next year, the completion of the Covered Way Project, improvements to living accommodation for both boys and staff in Wavell House, and further routine maintenance are already being planned and costs are likely to be of a similar order. I hope these facts may enable us all to see matters in perspective and appreciate the magnitude of the challenges we face.

One of the recommendations of the Inspectorate was that the size of the Senior School should be expanded and this, of course, will not be easy to achieve because of the inevitable cost of building. However, this has drawn attention to the fact that there has been a drop in the number of applications in recent years. This trend is only partly due to the national reduction in the birth rate. Although the School is full and we have no spare beds in 1986/87 and we have no difficulty in filling our limited number of places, it is nevertheless a matter of concern that some units suggest that cost may also be a contributory factor in the drop in applications. As parents are already aware, I have recently had to promulgate an increase in the Clothing and Haircutting Charge for the coming year. However, after allowing for this increase, the average cost of keeping a boy at the School works out at about £10 per week plus pocket money. In my Notes last year, I mentioned the important part that parents play in the life of the School,

especially discipline and general behaviour; I believe they can also help in overcoming any communication gap as well, as I am in no doubt that satisfied parents, and boys, are the best possible advertisement for any School. I do hope, therefore, that parents will help to dispel any rumours they may hear that QVS is 'expensive'; I do not believe it is and, although they are invited to write large cheques three times a year, when seen in perspective, I believe it is very good value for money.

In line with our wish to encourage parents to play as large a part in the life of the School as their Service commitments will allow, we changed the Passing off the Square for the Sep 85 entry to the last day of the Easter Term and invited parents or relatives to witness the occasion. Blessed with almost the only decent day in the term, and assisted by a mini-band, the 39 Rookies on parade marched past in slow time then turned to the right and broke into quick time (also innovations) before reforming line; they did splendidly and were a great credit not only to themselves but also to their instructor, the School Sergeant Major. It was also particularly gratifying that almost 100 parents or relatives were able to support them and I hope that this will continue to be one of the many occasions in the School year when parents are most welcome.

Although covered in detail elsewhere, it would be wrong to close these Notes without reference to Mr Deeley who retires at the end of this term after 18 years as School Sergeant Major; suffice to say at this stage that his firm hand, constant readiness to help and ever present smile will be greatly missed. We wish him and Mrs Deeley a long, happy and rewarding retirement.

Lastly, when I look back over my first year as Commandant, the one thing which really strikes me is the speed at which it has passed. I have learnt a great deal but am ever conscious of the fact that I still have much to learn. Above all, it has been a very happy and rewarding time and both my wife and I are particularly grateful for the friendship and support we have had from all the staff, boys and parents.



The Pipe Band.



Headmaster, Monitors and Prefects.
(Back Row) – N. Anderson, N. Wood, P. McKay, D. Lawrie, P. Robertson, J. Williamson.
(Front Row) – A. Riddel, G. Gillies, P. Doran, Headmaster, J. Hay, A. Millar, C. Stewart.

Headmaster's Notes

Having been six years at the School, it is an appropriate point for me to reflect and consider both upon what has been, is being done, and might be for the future as far as the School is concerned. I have never deliberately weighed comments concerning the School as changing for the better or for the worse – but change it has in many small and larger ways in a comparatively short period, and certainly almost all parent appraisal suggests that they see improvement. Indeed, one cannot have progress without change, and, whilst we should jealously guard those traditions, ceremonials, and attitudes which make this School unique not just in Scotland, it is imperative that there is recognition of the need to ensure that the boarding education provided here is in step with the current and future trends in Scottish education, as well as with society and the technological world of the decades which will close this century and open the next.

To this end, Her Majesty's Commissioners and the School authorities have been provided with two reports over the last two and a half years: first, a Consultancy Study on the School, and, more recently, an H.M.I. Inspection Report. The latter, in particular, was helpful in its findings and wider recommendations. Asked for by the Commissioners with a special regard to the future development of the School, the Inspectorate were able to give positive comment concerning their views on the possible future role, standard of facilities and educational provision of the School. So much so, that the Commissioners have set up their own Working Party to consider how best we might respond to those areas outlined in the Report. It will not, nor cannot, lead to immediate action, yet it is salutory that, at this significant period in national educational development, such close and serious attention is being paid to the future education and environment of pupils at Queen Victoria School.

More immediately, changes and improvements have been and are being made within the School as it is. Certain innovations have been introduced as part of a planned development. The traditional subjects of Woodwork and Metalwork have changed to Craft and Design, and by September 1987 the refurbishment and new lay-out of the Technical Department will be completed and linked with an additional Craft room built under the 'Covered Way'; a very considerable financial

injection will also have taken place in provision of new equipment and machinery. The two Science Laboratories which sorely needed modernising are complete – albeit not entirely draught-proof! In September, the Computer Classroom and its two annexes, fitted with BBC Master Computers, will be ready, and an additional Master joining us to teach Computer Studies. German as a second Modern Language is now established and soon pupils will be taking this subject to Higher Grade. Similarly, the Music Department has been established for two years, which not only redresses what was seen as an educational deprivation in the School, but has led to wider benefits – boys receiving instrumental tuition from visiting teachers, and, a nice point, the opportunity for boys in the Pipe Band to take Piping as part of their 'O' Grade Music exam. Lastly, but by no means least, the H.M.I. report has provided confirmation of the need for a further Science Teacher to provide wider choice and additional teaching in Science subjects.

For Session 1986/87, the curriculum of the Secondary School has been restructured to bring it into line with the major changes occurring and planned for in Scottish Education, most especially at S.3 and S.4 stages of the new two year courses leading to Standard Grade. Simply, this means on the one hand a greater opportunity for pupils to choose their subject options while at the same time ensuring that they all experience each of the seven 'modes of learning' identified by the Munn and Dunning Reports. This re-structuring of the syllabus also has the benefit of providing equable teaching time for all subjects. Without doubt, the next few years will be very demanding for the staff as they adapt to the changing content and methods of a changing curriculum.

Parents will be aware that corporal punishment has been the subject of national and governmental scrutiny. Nationally, the majority of schools and Education Authorities have abolished its use or are phasing it out. It is almost certain that any Government will act further in this matter. This School has adopted its own policy of limited corporal punishment which will succeed with the support of parents and the maintenance of right and responsible relationships within the School. It is always a difficult matter to replace a traditional and established system by one of alternative sanctions and the expectation of sensible pupil response. Yet, to quote from a current educational journal: "The aim is the creation and maintenance of a relatively relaxed, happy and well-ordered working atmosphere both inside and outside the classrooms, through the clear understanding of all parties involved of the need for such an environment." Indeed, it is an aim we do well always to seek for.

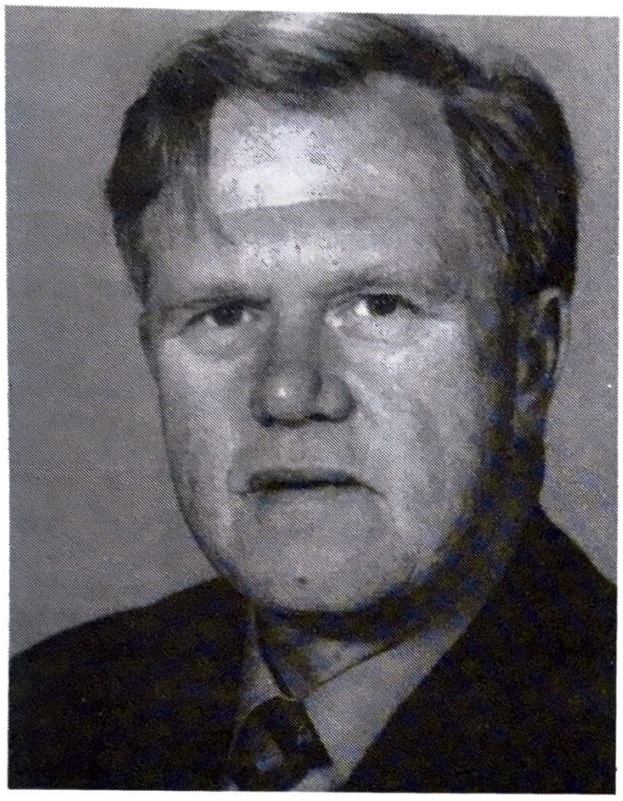
Two teaching staff changes took place at the beginning of the Session. Mr D. Garden joined in September as teacher of Chemistry, coming to us from Dundee High School; Mr Garden is a keen member of the CCF Army Section and has already made a major contribution to the training of the Highland Tactical Team and to Shooting. Mr T. Shannon also joined us at the same time, taking up his first appointment as teacher of Craft and Design; he has a strong interest in outward bound activities and, belonging to the RNR, will make an invaluable contribution to the Naval Section next session. In September 1986, two additional members of staff are to be appointed: Mr D. Kelling to the Maths Department as teacher of Computer Studies, and a further teacher for the Science Department. Each year one is conscious how much the School is dependent upon and fortunate in its Housemasters – to them and their Assistants the School, the pupils, and the parents owe a debt of gratitude for all their undefined hours of commitment and contribution. I am grateful to all staff and adults who contribute that multiplicity of gifts and interests, time and enthusiasm to enrich the life and ethos of the School.

For the boys, it has been a year which will be remembered, amongst much else, for a dreadful winter of weather. So bad has it been that our playing fields have been out of action for weeks on end; a Games and Rugby situation further compounded by the limited number of schools who were in a position to put out teams against us. Nevertheless, the Third Year Rugby XV, whose results appear elsewhere in the magazine, merit special praise for their invicti record, often against schools usually thought much stronger in Rugby. However, despite the weather, throughout the winter the School took part in an impressive number of Cross-Country competitions, and the achievements of the Junior teams prompted national comment and are the basis for a fine future. Another new venture deserving our attention is the boys recent involvement in the Central Region Choir, a prelude perhaps to eventual participation in a Youth Orchestra. Other areas of boy involvement are too many to be mentioned in detail, but during the winter 46 hobbies were pursued with teacher and adult help, (Short Tennis for Wavell being added); the CCF has considerable opportunity for widening its activities now that it will have nine members of staff involved; and our Pipe Band and Highland Dancers have performed throughout the year in public and on television to so high a standard as to merit the innumerable plaudits they receive.

Headmasters should be wary of what they write, yet as we come to the close of this Session, it is pleasing to record how frequently it has been said that this has been a good year for the great majority of active, working, participating and, dare I say it, happy boys. For this, we should recognise the contribution of the Monitors and many, many of the Senior and Junior boys. One cannot but look forward to next Session and the future of the School with pleasure and optimism.

Mr Robin Scott

At the end of the Summer Term of 1985, Mr Robin Scott retired from teaching to his home in Melrose in the Borders. Robin came to Queen Victoria School in 1967 to teach Chemistry, having earlier in life trained and worked as a pharmacist. Over the course of his many years here, he participated in several sports and activities. For a number of years he ran the 1st year Rugby teams, then coached school-boy Badminton to National Standard, enjoyed running tennis for the boys, helped with choirs, was an officer in the RAF Section, organised trips abroad, and joined in with hill-walking



Mr Robin Scott.

parties. In 1972 until he retired in 1985, he was Housemaster of Haig House. To be responsible for, guide and mentor to, and perpetual watchman over sixty to seventy 16 – 18 year old boys through two decades of this changing teenage world was no enviable or easy role. Robin, understandably, gave up and took up smoking as often as Mark Twain! Yet throughout, he was fiercely proud of his post as Housemaster and jealously cared for his boys, showing strength, compassion, patience and a very considerable amount of dry humour. The School is indebted to him for his gifts of time, care and devotion as a Housemaster.

As a member of staff and teacher of Chemistry he was an admirable colleague. As a regular walker of his dog, he was so kent a figure that we relied upon his timely appearance at points of his route more than we did on the School clocks.

We wish him every happiness and peace in his retirement, taking with him as he does, his love of music, country dancing and the countryside.

Headmaster.

Mr Jack Deeley

Mr Deeley was born in Walsall, Staffordshire, on 10th September 1921. He was educated at Edward Shelley Secondary School in Walsall, which he left in 1936. He joined an engineering firm as an apprentice and remained there until enlisting into the Army in March 1945. After initial training he was posted to No. 10 Infantry Training Centre in Edinburgh as an instructor. He served on this staff and that of 25 Primary Training Centre in Berwick-upon-Tweed until 1950. During this time he achieved a Distinguished grading in Small Arms at the School of Infantry in 1948.

In 1950 Mr Deeley joined 1st Bn The Royal Scots in Edinburgh and became the Intelligence Sergeant when they moved to BAOR. He remained with the 1st Battalion until 1961 during which time he served in Munster, Wuppertal, Berlin, Korea and Suez, before returning to Elgin in 1957. Took part in the Suez emergency in 1957 and then on to Cyprus during the EOKA troubles. He was a member of the Colour Party from the Battalion who were in London for the Coronation Parade in 1953 and was CSM of the Royal Guard at Balmoral in 1957.

In 1961 Mr Deeley was posted to 8th Bn The Royal Scots (TA) as a PSI and in 1962 was promoted to WO1 (RSM) to take over the newly formed 8th/9th Bn The Royal Scots (TA) in Edinburgh. He returned to the 1st Bn in Osnabrück in 1966 as Regimental Sergeant Major and was awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

Mr Deeley retired in August 1968 and joined QVS as School Sergeant Major in September and has made his mark on the School ever since. A key part of his numerous and varied duties has been teaching drill to all new entrants; visible proof of his excellent instruction is seen each year on Grand Day. He has served the School CCF both as an SSI and later, on promotion, as Captain in charge of the Army Section and was awarded the Cadet Force Medal in January 1981. He has been a most respected, loyal and devoted member of staff throughout his 18 years at the School; his ready smile and his willingness to assist wherever there was an opportunity has been an enormous asset to the School and has meant a great deal to staff and boys alike.

He retires at the end of this session and our sincere best wishes go to him and his wife for a long and happy retirement.



Mr Jack Deeley.



Headmaster, Commandant and Teaching Staff.

Mr H. Berry

Mr Berry joins the School in mid June 86 and assumes the appointment of School Sergeant Major after Grand Day.

Harry Berry was born in Lanarkshire and educated in Ballingry, Fife. He enlisted in the Black Watch in June 59 and was a specialist in both the Mortar and Anti-tank platoons for much of his service, which took him to Germany, Cyprus, Hong Kong, Malaysia and Gibraltar. He was promoted WOI in 1976 and appointed RSM of the Scottish Infantry Depot at Bridge of Don, Aberdeen. His last serving appointment was as RSM of the School of Infanty at Warminster where he and his wife have been living until recently.

We welcome him to the School and wish him a long and successful tour with us.

OBITUARY

Mr Carlyle Glass, DCM

(former Maintenance Supervisor)

Carlyle Glass' death on the 21st April 1986 came as a shock to all who knew him, particularly as he had apparently recovered from hospital treatment some months previously.

After leaving school, he enlisted in 1937 as an Artificer Apprentice with HMS *Caledonia,* Rosyth. He served in the Royal Navy in the rank of CPO during the Second World War and was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

On 3rd July 1950 he joined QVS as a Maintenance Hand and retired as Maintenance Supervisor in March 1982 after 32 years' service.

Along with his responsibilities as Maintenance Supervisor, he also taught Metalwork to the boys in the evenings and made a considerable contribution to their education in this subject. We are indebted to him for his loyal and unstinting service to the School.

To his wife, Cis, his son, Eric, and daughter-in-law, Julia, we extend our sincere sympathy in their sad loss.



Mr Carlyle Glass, D.C.M.

Mr F.H. Lax, BEM

Generations of Old Victorians will be saddened to learn of the death of Mr F.H. Lax, BEM (late the Kings Own Scottish Borderers) who was the Bandmaster at the School for a period of 25 years from 1931 until 1956. Mr Lax died on 17th March 1986 aged 95 years. He lived alone at his home at 38 Charles Street, Dunblane, for the past twelve years since his wife died in 1974. His son, Freddie, was killed in action whilst flying on operations against the enemy during the 1939/45 War.

Mr Lax (Bandy as he was known to most Old Victorians) will be remembered for his wonderful sense of fair play, his generosity, charm, enthusiasm and his phenomenal power of recall.

He was the son of a noted Church Organist and was an accomplished musician in his own right. His primary instrument was the Violin on which he was a very fine performer. In his role as a Military Bandsman he adopted the Flute as his instrument. He was an excellent teacher of music and was extremely proud of the progress made by many of his former pupils after they left his care. To confirm this, on the sideboard in his home, in a place of honour stood a photograph of an Officer in Full Dress Uniform. It was of Lt-Col. Duncan R. Beat, MVO, Scots Guards, Director of Music, Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Twickenham. Duncan was one of Bandy's former pupils.

At the tender age of fifteen, he enlisted to serve with the Kings Own Scottish Borderers in 1906 and served with distinction for twenty-five years. He was a member of the Orchestra selected to perform at the Ceremonials and Functions during the Great Durbar at Delhi in 1911. This was the occasion of the Proclamation of Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary as Emperor and Empress of India in the presence of Their Majesties. To mark this auspicious occasion His Majesty authorised the striking of the Durbar Medal 1911 to be awarded to all participants. At the time of his demise it is believed that Bandy was probably the last survivor of that Orchestra and the last living bearer of the Durbar Medal 1911.

Mr Lax joined the Staff of Queen Victoria School on his retirement from Military Service in october 1931 and the writer was privileged to be one of the boys who became one of his first pupils. Bandy immediately set about turning a crowd of untutored, unsophisiticated little boys into a first class Military Band which became a very fine advertisement for the School and the Forces in general as indeed the School Pipe Band is today. The boys and the Military Band were of paramount importance to him. He was loved and respected by all who came in contact with him. It could be said that, particularly during the years of depression, that he took over as a substitute father to most of us and helped prepare us



Bandmaster F.H. Lax being presented with the B.E.M.
by Admiral Sir Angus Cunninghame Graham of Ardoch, K.B.E., C.B.
on Grand Day, 25th July 1951.

for life in the Services which was a natural progression for us boys at that time.

In recognition of his services to the School and to Music, His Majesty King George VI conferred the award of the British Empire Medal on Mr Lax in the 1951 Birthday Honours List.

On Saturday 22nd March 1986, the Funeral Service for Mr Lax was conducted in St Mary's Episcopal Church, Dunblane. The very large congregation was made up of Old Victorians, School Staff, past and present, and many friends and neighbours. The School was represented by the Headmaster and his wife, Mr and Mrs Julian D. Hankinson, The Administrative Officer and his wife, Lt-Col. and Mrs Norman MacLeod, The Commander of the CCF contingent at the School, Wing Comd I.T. Williams. The Old Victorians' Association was represented by the President, Mr J.V. Carroll, the Secretary, Mr J. Quinn, the Treasurer, Mr J.W. White, and Life Members, Lt-Col. R. Smith, Mr Alan Tulleth, BSc, MSc, Mr W. Carruthers, Major (Rtd) R. Williamson, MBE, pipe Major J. Mortimer, BEM, Mr R. Anderson.

Pipe Major J. MacKenzie, FSA(Scot.) (late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), piped the lament *Flowers of the Forest* as the coffin was lowered.

Bandy may be gone, but, he will never be forgotten.

J.V.C.

Old Victorians' Association

President – J.V. Carroll
Secretary – J. Quinn
Treasurer – J.W. White

In the past twelve months we, as an organisation, have emerged with a new sense of identity and purpose. This has been achieved by the combined efforts of the School Authorities and the Branch Committee. By holding regular meetings, both at Committee level and with the School Authorities, an extremely close and satisfying relationship has developed. We can now honestly state that we are no longer regarded as a necessary evil to be suffered two or three times a year, but that we are now considered to be an integral part of the life of the School. We must ensure that we never at any time betray the trust which we have earned and that we do all in our power to pay back a little of what we owe, for all that we accepted, and took as our right, whilst sheltering within the walls of our old School.

Since the Annual General Meeting in March 1985, the Committee have met to conduct official business no less than eight times and with the School Authorities four times. A large number of topics have been discussed, from arranging talks to prospective School Leavers to the reworded Articles of Constitution.

1985 will go down in the history of the Association as the year that the Central Branch went back to school. As indeed we did. In September 1985, the President received a letter from the Headmaster, Mr Julian D. Hankinson, MA, informing him that an office had been made available for use by the Branch at No. 2, Nason Avenue; and that it could be occupied at our leisure. This was indeed history in the making. Never before have we as an organisation been privileged to come and go more or less as we please to carry out the business of the Association within the boundaries of the School grounds. Words cannot express the tremendous feeling of gratitude which we are sure you all share for this very fine gesture on the part of the Commandant and the Headmaster.

Once again the President had the privilege of speaking to the prospective school leavers, and, once again he found it a very daunting experience. However, it was well worthwhile, as, all those names on Newsletter No. 26 whose School numbers commenced with the digits 37 were all members of that audience. The number of Life Members continues to increase. As at the Annual General Meeting in March 1985, the Life Membership total was 277. At 30th November 1985 which was the last date of entry at the fee of £5, the strength was 328, an increase of 51 new members. Since then and until going to press, a further 12 new members have been enrolled making the present strength 340. Your Committee is working hard to break 400 before the Annual General Meeting in 1987.

There has been a dearth of correspondence from the Overseas Branches. A few members had letters from individuals, but nothing of an official nature. Jim Oliver wrote from Canada stating that the Canadian Branch had gone into a state of suspended animation. This is very sad news, as, a tremendous amount of work went into establishing the Branch by our immediate past Secretary, Major Campbell McQueen, on this side of the Atlantic and by our old friend Alf Loats in Canada. We sincerely hope that this period of inactivity will not last and that before long we will see the Branch resurrect itself like the legendary Phoenix from the Ashes.

As far as the Australian Branch is concerned, nothing has been heard from that part of the world since Bill Armstrong returned there after his World Tour. Bill spent Grand Day 1985 with us and we entertained him to the best of our ability. We hope that he returned down under with a good impression of our Branch. It is good to report that our old friend Jimmy (Bonzo) Currie continues to correspond regularly. He is still active with the Scottish Society in his home town of Timaru, his Church and the Boy Scout Movement.

Generations of Old Victorians will be sorry to hear that Mr F.H. Lax, BEM, our old Bandmaster, died on Monday 17th March 1986, aged 95 years. The Branch was well represented at his funeral in the persons of – Jimmy White, Jackie Quinn, Roddy Williamson, MBE, Jimmy Mortimer, BEM, Bill Carruthers, Lt-Col. Ron Smith, Alan Tulleth, and Vic Carroll. Fuller details may be found elsewhere in this issue.

It is with regret that we have to inform all members of the deaths of the following Old Victorians:

79 – P. Fennessey

Parky Fennessey died on the 6th January 1986. He was the son of CSM Fennessey who was one of the first CSMs of the School. On leaving the School, Parky joined the Army Ordinance Corps, as it was then called, in 1915 and transferred to REME on its formation in 1942. He remained with REME until he retired in 1955. He was Commissioned during the 1939/45 War.

409 – D.B. Henderson

Died on 17th March 1985.

495 – R.V.L. (Bobby) Stewart

Died after a long illness in the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, on 2nd January 1986. Bobby was a founder member of the Glasgow Branch of the Association and was a staunch supporter. He served in various capacities until the closedown of the Branch in 1974. Although not a Life Member of the Central Branch, Bobby never failed to appear at our Annual General Meeting or the Annual Grand Day Parade, if his health permitted. The Association was represented at his funeral by Jackie Quinn and Vic Carroll.

1672 – J.B. Baxter

Enlisted in RAOC on leaving School and transferred to REME on its formation in 1942. He died in 1981. This information was provided by his sister.

2539 – G.P. McNamee

Died in October 1985.

3476 – J.A.D. Lewis

Lived in Stirling and was killed in a road accident early 1986.

G. Wilson

Died suddenly on 17th December 1985. George was at the School from 1918 to 1925. He was a stalwart member of the Edinburgh Branch and was a regular attender at all meetings and functions. J. Dunn, Winkie McPherson, Jock Malloy and Alister Bulloch attended his funeral.

May we, the Committee of the Central Branch, extend to all Old Victorians, wherever you may be, our very best wishes for your continuing good health and happiness and cordially invite you to visit our office whenever you are in our neck of the woods.

J. Victor Carroll.

A LITTLE PIECE OF HISTORY

In the year 1922 when the twenty-six counties of The Irish Free State, as it became known, ceded from the United Kingdom, The Royal Hibernian School, which was situated in Phoenix Park, Dublin, closed its doors to any further intakes and all the boys and staff were transferred to Somerset Barracks, Shorncliffe, Kent.

In 1924, when the number of boys had been reduced to 200 through school leavers, etc., they were transferred to the Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover. In July of that year The Royal Hibernian Military School published the final issue of *Hibernia* which was their Quarterly Magazine. The following letter from the boys of Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, was published in that issue:

From the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane.
To the Boys of The Royal Hibernian Militaty School, Dublin.

"When the heart is sad, then the pen becomes almost effortless. One's thoughts, one's wishes and one's sensibilities are dulled and it is with a deep and incalculable feeling of desolateness that we write to you a fond farewell.

You are the elder of our two big brothers. To us you were always 'Pat' and we feel sure that to you we were always 'Jock'. Compared to you we are still an infant, and in all we do it is you we imitate. It is from your honourable past and pre-eminent record that we draw the inspiration and guidance for our future.

You possess noble traditions. Your sons go back generation to generation, while we are only now beginning to reap the benefit and encouragement from Old Boys. Did we say Old Boys? Why by length of years they are young men barely out of their teens.

And so – from all Victorians to all Hibernians, past and present, Farewell, Farewell, Farewell."

Published by kind permission of Mr Eric Dillon, Honorary Life Secretary, The Royal Hibernian Military School Old Boys' Association.

J.V.C.

SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE

From: Midshipman A.S. Borthwick, RN. October 1985.

Dear Headmaster,

I am writing to let you know how I am getting on in the Royal Navy so far and about my current status. I am now serving aboard HMS *Brilliant,* one of the new Type 22 Frigates equipped with the Seawolf system. I left my last ship, HMS *Cattistock,* not long since. It is one of the hi-tech. modern mine-hunters and I was aboard her for six months after leaving Dartmouth College as a Junior Officer of the Watch. Most of those months were spent at sea and we took part in several major exercises, including Exercise Ocean Safari, which you may have read about. The equipment on HMS *Cattistock* was very new and her design was revolutionary in that she was the largest-ever built all fibreglass hulled ship.

My brother Steven is also in the Navy now. He is currently at HMS *Sultan* in Gosport where he is continuing his apprentice Artificer training, having passed out of HMS *Raleigh* several months ago. He met another young Old Victorian, Andrew Reid, who is now serving in the Royal Navy as a WEM R.

When I returned from sea recently, I received my OV membership, so I am now officially one of those unique people. I would very much like to attend the OV weekend and to play in the annual Rugby match if that is possible.

I gain my promotion to A/S/Lt. in January and become confirmed in the rank by March when I become a fully commissioned officer in the Royal Navy. I am still enjoying what I am doing and I couldn't see myself doing anything else now. I am thinking of specialising as a Submariner but I don't have to decide until March.

Incidentally, my brother met another OV, Kenneth Loch, whom I remember but he may have left School before you arrived. He has just finished his long Nuclear Submarine course as an Artificer.

That is about all I've got time for at the moment. I will write again to let you know how things are going and of any OVs I run into.

Yours sincerely,

Sandy Borthwick.

From: Alan G.W. Davis. June 1985.

Dear Commandant,

Please accept my apologies for not being able to attend Grand Day, 1985, but you are all in my thoughts as I write this today.

I am now at the end of my final year at Keele University and with the final exams far behind me, I am very pleased to report that I have attained a Second Class Honours Degree. For the past three years, I have been reading for a Joint Honours Degree in Electronics/-German. In Septembr of this year, I hope to take up employment with the European Patent Office in the Hague in Holland. As you can imagine, I am fairly excited about the prospect of working for the European Civil Service which means using French and German as well as English.

From when I started in Wavell House to where I stand now seems worlds apart, but the memory of my days at QV looms large in my mind, for it was there that I learned certain 'essentials' about life, that have remained with me right to this present day. I am sure I am not the first person to say this.

I shall make every effort to pay a visit to the School before taking up my post in September.

Yours faithfully,

Alan G.W. Davis.

From: Pipe Major T. Cullen, ex – Royal Scots.

Dear Brigadier Tweedy,

I hope you won't mind my dropping you a few lines to say thank you for the hospitality and courtesy shown to my wife and friends from Edinburgh when we visited the School on Sunday 17th November. My party were very impressed though I said that such was par for the course at QVS!

For myself – how can I thank you for the honour you paid me in inviting me to take the Salute at the Parade and March Past of my old School? It is something I will never forget. Indeed, I never thought such a thing could happen to me and I feel very proud. Indeed, Sir, I do appreciate the gesture very much.

Thank you.

Yours sincerely,

T. Cullen (Pipe Major).

From: James Jackson, MBE, ACIS.

Dear Sir,

As an old boy of the School I wish to inform you that on Tuesday 26th November 1985, I was honoured by Her Majesty the Queen at an Investiture at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty decorated me with the MBE for my services to British shipbuilding.

I was at Queen Victoria School from 1930 – 1936 and thereafter joined the Scots Guards, and served with the Regiment on active service during the war.

My School No. was 1442 and I was a member of 'A' Company.

In writing this letter I am acknowledging the great part that the School played in my success in life.

Yours faithfully,

James Jackson.

Chapel Notes

I have the honour to report on another very full year of Sunday and Weekday Chapel Services at the School's Memorial Chapel. I count it a very great privilege to serve the School as its Residential Chaplain and thinking about my own responsibilities I am reminded of the truth penned by a fellow Minister:

"The Gospel is a fact therefore tell it simply.
The Gospel is a joyful fact therefore tell it cheerfully.
The Gospel is an entrusted fact therefore tell it faithfully.
The Gospel is a fact of great importance therefore tell it earnestly.
The Gospel is a fact of infinite love therefore tell it feelingly.
The Gospel is a fact about a person therefore tell people about Christ."

To this end I express my most sincere thanks to my fellow Chaplains, Father Adamson and Dr Tellini for their continuing work and support.

It is also my pleasure, on behalf of the whole School to record our indebtedness to the following guest preachers who have enriched our faith over the past three terms. In chronological order they were: Rev. A. Ritchie, *Chaplain Emeritus, Glasgow University*; Rev. J. Grimson, *Associate Minister, Wellington Church, Glasgow*; Very Rev. Dr R. Selby Wright; Rev. J. Black, *Minister of Hamilton North and Burnbank*; Rev. A. Orrock, *Associate Minister Dunblane Cathedral*; Rt Rev. Michael Hare Duke, *Scottish Episcopal Bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane*; and Rev. S. Hynd, *Senior Chaplain (Army) Scotland.*

There can surely be no other Minister in Scotland with the unpleasant task of refusing admission to one of his services! Yet this is the present position in regard to the School's Carol Service. It is so popular and there are so many members of the boys' families who would like to attend, that regrettably it has become necessary to restrict seating to ticket holders only. I would make special mention here of our Organist, the Head of Music within the School, Mr Robertson, who, with the help of Mr Philip continues to ensure such a very high standard of choral music. I was particularly delighted to see so many of the boys playing such a great variety of instruments, my thanks to them and the Junior and Senior Choirs.

On a personal note, my first communicants Admission Service last year was for me a very special service. What a pleasure it was for me to admit those twenty-five young men to the Lord's Table under the authority of the Minister and kirk Session of Dunblane Cathedral. Here may I especially thank our Chapel Elders, Dr James Herbert, who despite a very busy medical practice attends our Communion Services whenever possible and Mr Ben Philp, Housemaster of Haig, who is always there in support.

Finally, to all the members of staff and families connected to the School who have provided flowers throughout the year; to all the many boys and adults who have 'volunteered' to read on Sundays and at week-days; to my Chapel Prefect and Chapel Stewards; to Mr Robertson; and to the Headmaster, Mr Hankinson, for his weekly conduct of morning Assembly when I am on duty in the Junior Boarding House, and his help at Communion – my most sincere thanks.

J.R.S.

CAROL SERVICE

This session's Carol Service was held on Sunday, 15th December 1985. Again an overwhelming success, the Chapel crowded with parents, friends, OVs, and the School. Impressive was the active involvement of over half the School. The Service took the form of Congregational Carols, some with beautiful crescendoing descants, Christmas Readings, and items by the choirs and instrumentalists.

The Senior Choir began with the traditional and very popular *Good King Wenceslas,* and also included *Mary's Boy Child, Gloria Gloria,* and even Band Aid's *Feed the World,* complete with rhythm and bass guitars, drum kit, keyboard and microphones! The Junior Choir delighted the congregation with their four Carols: *Born To Be King, Christmas Alphabet, While Shepherds Were Watching,* and *Torches.*

A new group this year was the Mixed-Voice Ensemble, a close-harmony group, who sang the traditional *Three Kings of Orient,* with Kevin Brown, Joseph McAuley and Robert McGraw as the Three Kings, and a jazzed-up arrangement of *Ding Dong Merrily On High.* The instrumental group of descant, treble and tenor recorders, glockenspiels, and many other instruments, accompanied the Junior Choir and also played a delightful Carol Medley. Other 'firsts' at the Carol Service were a Brass Group, a Woodwind Group, and side-drum and timpani accompaniment in some of the Congregational Carols – more signs of the ever growing music department.

The Junior and Senior Choirs combined to conclude the evening with a new arrangement of the ever popular *The Holly and the Ivy.* Mr Robertson was indebted to Mr George Wilson, organist of Dunblane Cathedral, for his assistance with accompaniments; to Mr Philip for his stalwart support and assistance; and to the Instrumental Tutors for their help. Finally, we are grateful to the Reverend J.R. Silcox, our Chaplain, for conducting the Service and in leading our worship.

It was, indeed, a well supported and much enjoyed evening.

D.R.

MUSIC

The Music Department continued to flourish this term. There are now six part-time instrumental tutors – Mrs A. Adams (flute), Mr M. Hawkins (brass), Mrs L. Hope (woodwind), Mrs C. McFarlane (piano), Mrs L. Mitchell (piano), and Mr S. Robertson (orchestral percussion) – with around fifty boys having instrumental lessons. The two choirs, mixed-voice ensemble and instrumentalists have been kept busy this session with a number of concerts.

Visits this year have included the Rock Musical *Godspell,* Operas, Orchestral, Choral and Royal Marines Concerts. A number of boys have joined the newly formed Central Region Youth Choir, and enjoyed the two residential rehearsal sessions in preparation for the first concert with the Central Region Youth Orchestra.

For the first time ever, boys have been presented for the 'O' Grade Music examination and also The Associated Board of Royal Schools of Music Piano Examinations. Kevin Brown, Joseph McAuley and Stewart Wilkie all passed Grade 1 with merit.

So we have gone from one busy but enjoyable year to another, giving more performances as the tradition of music builds in the School. Another concert tomorrow?!!

D.R.

BURNS' SUPPER

Although seasonally a little later than the official date of celebration, the Senior Boys of Haig House held their annual Burns' Supper so as to co-incide happily with the end of their Prelim. Exams, on Thursday, 6th January 1986. Hosted by the Headmaster – in his once-a-year-appearance kilt – and the Senior Monitor, Paul Doran, the Supper was attended by fifty-six guests and boys.

The traditional farę of Scots Broth, Haggis, Neeps an' Tatties, Apple Pie and Cream (not quite so traditional!)



Instrumental Group.
(Back Row) – S. Wilkie, S. McKay, T. Kellie, G. Tennick.
(Middle Row) – J. Scott, Mr D. Robertson, I. Campbell, M. Bowman, M. Morgan, C. Usher, R. Coleman, R. Henderson, J. McDougall.
(Front Row) – M. McCabe, G. McLeod, S. Finlay, J. Laws, A. Wilkie, F. Bohm.

was served by Sutcliffes, ably assisted by six servile Fourth Year boys. The Haggis was piped in by Tommy Millar who did all he could to make his ¼ glass of white wine for the Piper's Toast seem like a rare malt. Monitor John Hay, who had established early in the evening a new and quaint custom of ordering raw turnip with his Haggis, pronounced the 'Address to the Haggis', with gusto and a new mixture of Anglo-Ayrshire dialect. His evident enjoyment of his role was shown in his cracking the 'trencher' with his knife whilst dealing with the 'gushing entrails'. The second Monitor, Graeme Gillies, ever a canny, economic Scot, had volunteered for the shortest piece of the evening, *The Selkirk Grace.* After the meal and the 'Loyal Toast', proposed by the Senior Monitor, making clear that there was to be no smoking, Paul Robertson gave a rendering of *To Mouse* with accompanying expressive gestures of a flamboyant nature.

Between items we were suitably beguiled by a number of stirring or sentimental Burns' songs sung by Mr Philip, accompanied by Mr Robertson on the piano. This in itself did much to demonstrate to the boys, not particularly versed in Burns, the extent of the poet's range.

The chief guest was Mr John Anderson, Rector of The High School of Stirling. He it was who proposed *The Immortal Memory.* Mr Anderson chose an unusual approach by confessing at the outset that he had never really liked Burns' poetry, yet then went on to refer to and select from much of his work to illustrate attitudes to life. The Commandant, Brigadier Tweedy, gallantly proposed the 'Toast to the Lassies', guilefully steering clear of all Burns' well-known jibes at the unfair sex; he chose rather to flatter them with wit and male humility. With the charm expected of her, the Haig Matron, Mrs McKeitch, replied to that toast, revelling in quip, at male expense and particularly at that of the 'young' men of the House.

Tommy Millar, having piped for the company, and Mr Philip having sung again, there were two final 'pieces' of the evening. First a parody of a Burns' poem was delivered by John Williamson; it was clearly directed at Haig Housemaster, calling on him to recall the faults of his own youth! The second was a charming and spry Glasgow recitation by the charming and spry President of the Old Victorians' Association, Mr Victor Carroll.

So with *Auld Lang Syne,* ended a most successful Burns' Supper.

CCF Section

Contingent Commander: Wg Cdr I.T. Williams
RN Section: OC – Lieut. Cmdr W.G. Webster, RNR
Army Section: OC – Capt. J. Deeley
Capt. G.M. Watson
Lieut. D. Garden
2nd Lieut. G.D.M. Carroll
Mr R. Brown,(SSI/QM)
RAF Section: OC – Flt/Lt M.J. Boast
Plt/Off. H.D. Brown
Supernumery to Est.: Major J.D. Hankinson
Major J.R. Silcox

With staff recruitment in a healthier condition than for many years we have been able to expand the activities of the CCF. Pilot Officer H.D. Brown and 2nd Lieut. G.D.M. Carroll were commissioned from our own staff, having previously assisted with cadet training and camp activities in 'civies'. They are both involved in Recruit and proficiency Part I training whilst Mr Brown is additionally taking over the responsibilities for Air Experience Flying and Gliding training. Lieut. D. Garden joined the Science Department from Dundee High School in September and came to us as an experienced and enthusiastic CCF officer. His primary responsibilities have been with the training of the teams for the Highland Cadet Tactical Course, infantry training and assisting with the shooting. Mr T. Shannon, in his first year with the Craft and Design Department, has also assisted Mr Garden with the training of the HCTC teams, particularly with the night exercises. He currently holds a commission with the RNR and we look forward to his being made available to assist with the CCF/RN Section next year. We congratulate the Rev. J. Silcox on gaining his Majority with the TA and thank him again for giving so much of his time and his expertise in coaching the cadets of all three services in shooting, both on the open range (full bore) and miniature range (small bore).

May I take this opportunity of thanking all the members of the CCF Staff for so readily giving up so much of their free time in their service to the Cadet Force, and, to the married personnel, may I express my appreciation for the sacrifice made by their families.

A special word of gratitude to Capt. Jack Deeley, who will be retiring at the end of the School year after eighteen years of service to the School and the CCF. Capt. Deeley came to us in September 1968 as School Sergeant Major. His arrival co-incided with the formation of the School's contingent of the CCF on 1st September 1968, and upon his shoulders fell the burden of administering the successful change over from the ACF. His loyalty, attention to detail and unfailing support has been greatly appreciated over the years. We wish him, and Mrs Deeley, a long and well deserved happy retirement.

The winner of the CCF Recruits' Cups for 1984 – 85 were Cdts Edward Boyle, Alex Veitch and Grant Macintosh of the RN, Army and RAF Sections, respectively

An encouraging feature of the CCF has been the involvement of the three Service Sections in common ventures: both the HCTC and Shooting teams consist of RN, Army and RAF cadets, as also did the Ski-ing party based at Rothiemurchus in the Cairngorms at Easter. The 'Army' Section Attachment Camp with the 1st Bn The Royal Highland Fusiliers in Berlin was also tri-service.

The venue of the Army Camp this year is 'round the corner and up the glen' in nearby Cultybraggan Camp, Comrie, whilst the RAF Section Camp is also more local than it has been in recent years as they travel north to RAF Buchan, near Peterhead.

We are again grateful for the support and encouragement we receive from the three Services as well as from our own Commandant and Headmaster.

I.T.W.

CCF TRI-SERVICE CAMP, 1985

On Friday 28th June, thirty-seven cadets and three officers of the CCF set off from School for an Attachment Camp with the 1st Bn The Royal Highland Fusiliers in Berlin.

The party left by coach from School at nine o'clock on that Friday morning to start the long journey by road to Dover, from where we sailed at midnight for Zeebrugger. After the end of term rigours, we found those of the journey minimal, until the lack of sleep and heat of the Continent took their toll on the second long 'bus journey to Braunschweig. We were particularly fortunate to be so well looked after both going out and returning at the York Restaurant in Rheindahlen. One of the major highlights of both journeys was to travel on the British Military Train to and from Berlin. It is an experience still today to relish for the sight of the Berlin corridor and East Germany, as well as the sumptuous meals served on the train. At last, one sensed from the boys, we are all eating First Class.

On the Saturday evening, we arrived in Berlin and were 'bussed to Montgomery Barracks to settle in and shower and sleep at last.

Soon after we arrived, we found a schoolboy party from The High School of Glasgow were to be in camp with us. Part of our training was done with them, most of it by ourselves. The programme was varied and interesting. It included on the military side, a strong diet of early morning PT, weapon firing, map and compass work in the Grunewald, including night exercises and bivvying out, practical aspects of an Infantry Battalion's weapons and roles, as well as signals work. The highlight of the military training was to be invited by the Colonel of the Battalion to take part in a Berlin Call-out, whereby sections of our boys were attached to an Infantry Company, without warning at 1 a.m. in the morning, to move out of camp, take part in a water crossing, and move up to APCs to bring us back to camp.

Apart from direct training, we did much else. A visit to East Berlin to sightsee and shop, a visit to the Escape Museum, a number of 'leisure' trips into the centre of West Berlin, and enjoying leisure activities such as the BLUB.

Perhaps most memorable of all was to receive the kind invitation to take part in the BAOR Youth Sports in the massive Berlin Olympic Stadium, including a half-marathon, which nearly half our boys took part in. CSM Andrew Davidson will not forget his and our pleasure to see him winning two races in such a stadium.

Twelve days later we started that other marathon, the journey home by train, 'bus, boat and 'bus. Queen Victoria School CCF wish to repeat their thanks to the Royal Highland Fusiliers for hosting them for their Summer Camp.

RN SECTION

Fifteen cadets attended RN Camps over the summer and all returned to School with enthusiastic reports and certificates of competence. The popularity of these camps is considerable: perhaps that is why the Section was over-subscribed in September. Whatever the reason there had to be some unlucky ones but the Section began the year 42 strong.

On the teaching side the determination to use cadet instructors is foremost. Not all good cadets make good instructors or organisers. This is an area where we are still learning or, bluntly stated, where there is room for improvement. WO Curle has been as helpful as ever and the support from our parent establishment, HMS *Camperdown* – and CPO Harrison in particular – first rate. Mr Shannon hopes to join the Section next term which should help the administration and organisation considerably.

Sea days are still hard to come by but we did manage to get some cadets on board *Brican* and we had a very successful visit to the Danish flagship *Herlof Trolle*. Field Day in the autumn term was held at RM *Condor* – our first visit and one which we hope to repeat. Just as this goes to press we are hoping to arrange a visit to 1st German Submarine Squadron at Dundee and a Field Day at HMS *Neptune*.

W.G.W.

SIGNALS SECTION

This year the Section has been out on an exercise during the CCF field day. Despite being lost the boys used great initiative to return to School in time for tea.

The Section is in the process of changing from 242 Signals as sponsoring unit to 32 Signals Regiment with which Rev. J. Silcox is closely associated.

G.M.W.

SKI-ING AT ROTHIEMURCHUS

Ski-ing in 1986 on the Caringorm slopes was successful once again. Although the weather was wild, there was only one day on which we could not do a full day's ski-ing. The snow was perfect and the boys received their usual expert tuition from SSI T. Thompson and Flt/Lt T. Boast.

At the end of the camp the boys were tested on their ski-ing abilities and the following medals presented:

Gold – G. Black.

Silver – S. Boyle, R. Coleman, S. Dow, P. Gower, R. Herd, P. McEachern, S. MacGillivray.

Bronze – A. Fraser, I. Holland, J. McAuley, I. McDougall, J. McGerty, I. Menmuir, R. Moultrie, C. Scott, M. Stepney.

Lt Garden received his baptism of fire on the slopes and came through it well and is raring to go again next year while, as usual, I demonstrated various methods of falling.

This year the culinary delights were produced by Mr R. Milne from our Caterers, Sutcliffe.

G.M.W.

EXERCISE "HIGHLAND SPRING"

Barry Buddon Ranges – 8/9th March 1986

Cadets from the Highland Team group were split into two teams lead by CSM Duncan Weir and Sgt Tommy Millar as 2i/c and L/Cpl Stewart Dempsey and J/Cpl Jason Ormiston as 2i/c. On arrival at the training area the teams built their patrol bases which were both well concealed and waterproof.

Before the night's activities, cadets cooked a hearty meal of steakburgers, sausages, potatoes, beans and tea on their 'hexy' stoves. When this had been polished off the teams practised their night patrolling and, I believe, carried out a raid on nearby 'enemy'. However the main exercise was a night reconnaissance patrol involving most of the area of Barry Buddon. The cadet teams managed to navigate their way by map and compass after dark and found all the RVs and accomplished the mission.

On returning to patrol bases, sentries were posted while the rest of the cadets cooked supper and brewed up. During the night cadets took turns to set up standing patrols and carried out aggressive patrolling within the wood to deter the 'enemy'. During the night rain tested the waterproofing of the bashas.

Breakfast was at 0700 on Sunday morning after which the camps were cleaned up so no trace of occupation remained. The rest of Sunday morning was spent on a pursuit and evasion exercise and then the teams went twice over the assault course, managing faster times on the second run.

After lunch we returned to QVS where rifles had to be cleaned and stores put away. The exercise was very successful: cadets worked hard at the tactical aspects and clearly enjoyed the infantry training. It is hoped to repeat this type of exercise in future with blank rounds and pyro-technics to add a little more realism. Thanks must also go to Dunblane RCT(V) for supplying the transport and driver.

D.G.

RAF SECTION

Cadet NCOs as at 30th April 1986:

F/Sgt G.J. Gillies; Sgt C.F. Stewart; Cpls D.J. Lawrie, R.B. Farmer, J.F. Lanigan; J/Cpls M. O'Donnell, P.J.T. Gower, P.J. Smith, D.J. Watson.

In the Proficiency Part 2 Examinations five cadets were successful, three attained partial passes and three failed. The Part 3 Examinations produced better results with 10 passes, three partial passes and Simon Thomson, Hamish McKee and Scott Cherry gaining credit passes.

The first part of the Summer Term field day was spent at the Air Training School at Scone near Perth. This proved to be a very interesting look at the running of a Private Air School. We saw Pilots, Navigators and Engineers from all parts of the world undertaking training which lasts from 18 months to four years. After lunching at RAF Turnhouse the afternoon was spent looking at the splendid collection of old aircraft and flying machines at the Museum of Flight, East Fortune.

The '85 Summer Camp was held under canvas at RAF Finningley. As this was a very active station the cadets were kept busy with a very full programme of events. The weather was kind to us and the orienteering in Clumber Park, part of Sherwood Forest, was enjoyed by all. Highlight of the week was the night exercise held at the disused airfield of RAF Lindholme. The exercise had been carefully planned and helped by low flying Hercules and sound and lighting effects from the Bird Control Unit, cadets had a very enjoyable, although somewhat tiring, time. The only casualties were the hay-fever sufferers!

The usual Section visits were planned plus Air Experience Flying. Some cadets were able to fly with Navigation Students in a Dominie aircraft.

Air Experience Flying has continued throughout the year at No. 12 AEF RAF Turnhouse. Our thanks go to Pilot Officer Brown for giving up his half-day accompanying the Cadets to Edinburgh.

During the year we have had visits from our Air Cadet Liaison Officer, Flight Lieutenant Burn and Flight Sergeant Clarkson, our Cadet Liaison NCO, based at RAF Newton and RAF Turnhouse, respectively. Cadets were also able to meet Flight Lieutenant Hay and Warrant Officer Cook to discuss careers in the RAF.

M.J.B.

SCHOOL SHOOTING

116th National Rifle Association Meeting Bisley 1985

Queen Victoria School Shooting Squad of twelve firers and three markers must receive great credit for their sportsmanship and eager participation in their first Bisley meeting. Despite youth and inexperience they took part in a very full shooting programme, participating over the four days in: the Wellington; the Marborough Cup; the Iveagh Cup; the Public Schools Snapshooting; the Marling; the Cadet Pairs; the Cadet Fours; the Spencer Mellish; and the Ashburton. Our score in the Ashburton was 406 points.

Many of the boys improved their personal best scores at this most prodigious event which was most encouraging. Special mention must be made of SSM Andrew Davidson, our shooting captain in '85, against the very best shots from every shooting school in the country, at 600 yards and in a fishtail wind on century range he only dropped two points, just missing a medal position. A remarkable personal achievement since he had only been shooting target rifle for less than a calendar year.

The '85 shooting team had to use borrowed target rifles in our first year of competition but now, thanks to the continuing helpfulness of Col. Rose, RO2, G3 Cadet Trg we have our own full allocation of 13 L81A1s and will have the benefit of an individual weapon for each of the Shooting Squads this year. There is already very keen and healthy competition for the squad places.

District Cadet Rifle Meetings

The School also participated fully in the major Scottish shooting calendar events, the Pre-Bisley Ashburton; the Brock Shield; the Rankin; and the Mullen.

Small Bore Rifle Shooting

Perhaps the greatest overall improvement has taken place in the area of Small Bore Rifle Shooting where the whole spectrum of scores has steadily increased. The indoor miniature range continues to be in use every weekday evening and often at weekends also. This can readily be appreciated from the fact that our School allocation of ·22 rounds is 5,000 per year but last year we fired nearly 17,000 rounds! Competition experience was gained from our participation in the Strathcona Shield and the County Life Competitions.

Cadet Shooting

On CCF days when the Full Bore Shooters are not firing, 51 cadets were classified and have successfully passed the APC Test – the new version of the old empire test. Twelve achieved the very formidable scores of 76% or above to earn themselves the highest award of 'Marksman'.

New Cadet Rifle

No shooting report of 1986 would be complete without a passing comment on the much needed new cadet rifle based on the Enfield SA80 (Small Arms for the 80s). This is to be a 5·56 mm calibre weapon styled on the new military rifle but without the capacity to self load. It will have a manual hand cocking handle.

The new 5·56 mm round also holds much promise. It is surely significant that the existing US M193 cartridge, a 55 gr bullet designed for the American Armalite rifle with its 1 in 12" barrel twist, was rejected in favour of the new Belgian Fabrique National design, the 62 gr SS109. Despite its much reduced size and weight tests so far indicate that with the new rifles 1 in 7" twist it is at least comparable in its resistance to wind deflection as the present 7·62 mm ball ammunition.

Lest any misguided cadet thinks that this new smaller bullet is in any way less dangerous than our present ammunition may I point out that test statistics reveal the new 5·56 mm round can comfortably punch a hole in the best steel helmet available at 1200 metres. That is 100% better than the M193 Armalight round and 50% better than our existing 7·62 mm round. So, as always, SAFETY FIRST.

Personnel

As Coaches Mr Deeley, Mr Bovill and myself have been delighted to welcome Mr David Garden – a very fine personal shot – to the School. Over the winter he has already made his own significant personal contribution to the shooting standard of the School and I look forward to his help at Bisley in 1986.

On behalf of all the boys may I express our sincere thanks and appreciation to the Commandant, Headmaster, Cadet Contingent Commander, Wing Commander I.T. Williams and the Commissioners of the School for their practical encouragement and support of target shooting within the School.

J.R.S.

Sport

RUGBY

Results 1985/86

	P	W	D	L	Points For	Points Agst
1st XV	5	2	0	3	56	78
2nd XV	5	1	0	4	76	244
3rd Year XV	8	8	0	0	220	8
2nd Year XV	5	3	0	2	89	61
1st Year XV	5	5	0	0	180	4

1st XV

This year in comparison to last year was in reality a disaster due mainly to the atrocious weather conditions. From September right through to March the 1st XV only managed to play a total of five games which to a few was five too many.

We started the season in good spirits and after two matches had 100% record with a close but well deserved win over our close rivals Strathallan. We ended the season, after a lay-off of nearly three months with a match against Perth Academy who narrowly beat us. So we ended our season with two wins and three defeats.

I cannot finish this without saying 'thank you' to Mr Boast for all his help and advice during the season, and to Mr Philip and Mr Laing for their contribution. I would also like to thank members of the team but due to an ever changing side cannot mention all of them (sorry, lads). Thanks to Paul Robertson (he's not a bad hooker really), Dave Watson, Paul Smith, Scott Paton, Jim McAllister, Duncan 'Sweaty' Weir (who was so tall and didn't need to jump, and didn't!), Tommy Millar (whose place was always in jeopardy), Mark O'Donnell, John



Rugby 1st XV.

(Back Row) – P. Robertson, S. Dempsey, M. O'Donnell, S. Paton, D. Weir, P. Doran, D. Watson, P. Smith, D. Lawrie.
(Front Row) – J. Orniston, J. McAllister, J. Scott, J. Hay (Captain), J. Williamson, T. Millar, G. Gillies.



3rd Year XV – (Back Row) – S. Cherry, D. Johnstone, I. Baird, S. Malloy.
(Middle Row) – Mr M. Squires, K. Low, K. Brown, E. Boyle, S. Milne, J. Fox, M. McFarlane, Mr D. Stewart.
(Front Row) – K. McAvoy, J. Leslie, K. Sayers, G. Campbell (Captain), A. Macintosh (Vice-Captain), R. McGraw, G. Black.

Williamson, and finally, Paul Doran who was never happy with his position.

J.H.

3rd Year – 1st XV

This year was a magnificent one for us. Initially we concentrated hard on our fitness developing the team spirit as we did so. With help we soon became a fit and fast side whose support work took us to a perfect season in which we won all our matches.

The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the beating of an otherwise undefeated Merchiston side by 7 points to 4, after having lost to them in the second year by 82 points to nil.

Also worth mentioning were the defeats of Glenalmond and Morrisons, and the win against Dunblane was one that the whole team enjoyed due to the fact that it was a local derby.

A fitting end to the season was the 30 – 0 defeat of Stirling County – a game in which all the players enjoyed playing our style of fast, open 15-man rugby.

We ended the season with 220 points whilst conceding only 8 points.

Thanks to: Kevin Brown, Grant Black, Keith Low, Iain Baird, Kevin Sayers, Jason Leslie, Eddie Boyle, Grant Macintosh, the work-horses, and Kevin McAulay, Bobby McGraw, Donald Johnstone, Jason Fox, Sean Milne and Mark McFarlane, the speed merchants; thanks also to our travelling support from Steven Malloy, Scott Cherry and Douglas Balloch. We cannot thank enough our coaches, Mr Squires and Mr Stewart, for their time and patience in transforming our team into a winning side.

G.C.

2nd Year XV

This year we only played a third of our games due to bad weather. In certain games our team was not up to its full strength due to injuries. Our most successful game was against Dunblane High whom we beat 40 – 8. We had many talented players in our team and under difficult circumstances they played to their exceptional standard.

S.B.

1st Year XV

Our first year 1st XV did very well this season losing only 4 points and scoring 180 points in five matches. Our best game was against Stirling County where we won

Inspection and Prize-Giving

Inspecting Officer: Air Vice Marshal D.C.G. BROOK, C.B.E., R.A.F.
Air Officer Scotland and Northern Ireland

Prize-Giver: C.D. PIGHILLS, Esq., M.A.
Headmaster, Strathallan School

PRIZE-GIVING

Prize-Giving takes place in the School Memorial Chapel at 1130 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 tickets.

INSPECTION

On Parade

Senior Monitor, Commanding Parade ..... Paul Doran
Guard Commanders, No. 1 Guard ..... Paul Robertson
No. 2 Guard ..... John Williamson
No. 3 Guard ..... Duncan Lawrie
No. 4 Guard ..... Alan Riddel
No. 5 Guard ..... Colin Stewart
No. 6 Guard ..... Neil Wood
Orderlies ..... Fionn McKee, Iain McNeil
In Charge of Colour Party ..... John Hay
Colour Party ..... Duncan Weir, Andrew Millar, Robert Farmer, Stewart Boyle
Boy Pipe Major ..... Graeme Gillies
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 Victorians* and are Saluted by the Parade. *(Spectators rise for the 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 1515 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 Heights of Cassino.*

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

The Parade reforms line to the tune *Captain Craig Brown* 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 by Mrs D.C.G. Brook.
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 CALL
RETREAT MARCHES ..... *The Battle of the Somme*
The Festival March
DANCERS ..... *Terebus*
Stumpie
Circassian Circle
Barren Rocks of Aden
SLOW MARCH ..... *The Road to the Isles*
MARCH ..... *The Iron Division*
STRATHSPEY ..... *Dornie Ferry*
REEL ..... *Captain Lachlan MacPhail*
MARCHES ..... *The Nut Brown Maiden*
Highland Laddie

Queen Victoria School Pipes and Drums (Pipe Major Instructor Mr J. McKenzie (late Argyll & 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.).

24 – 4; they put up a tough battle right to the finish. Our forwards were very light compared with other teams but they won most scrums and fed it to the backs.

Our main team was: A. McInnes, C. McKay, C. Docherty, C. Redpath, I. MacNeil, W. Hamilton, P. Porter, C. McGrath, J. Stephens, M. Smith, C. McKenzie, J. Jardine, G. Wood, A. Millar, A. McAllister, J. Bain.

J.B.

CROSS-COUNTRY

In last year's report we said that QVS had great potential to be tapped in this sport and it certainly manifested itself this season in prize-winning performances, both individual and team. All credit must go to the boys who turned out in all weathers for training and to fulfil a very busy fixture list.

We took part in 17 competitions including 4 Championships, 9 open races, 2 league races, and 2 school matches against Glenalmond and Strathallan, and in doing so travelled all over Scotland.

Our first success came at Aberdeen where Stuart Cook, Tony McAllister and Steven Wallace won the Junior Boys age group, beating some of Scotland's best club teams. The Junior Boys also won at Penicuik and Kirkcaldy and had eight other top five finishes. Stuart Cook was selected to run for the East of Scotland against the West and the North at St Andrews. He fully deserved this honour for his dedication and commitment to the sport in only a year of serious running. Unfortunately Stuart broke his arm at the end of December and was unable to compete again. Others who were prominent in his age-group were John Jardine, Billy Hughes, John Stephens, Jason Wood, Nigel O'Connor, Sandy Williamson, Mark Kane, Scott Harkin, and Calum Mckenzie.

Apart from providing the music for the mini-bus, our Senior Boys worked very hard to get amongst the team prizes. They came very close a couple of times, and the team was made up from: Scott Cherry, Jason Leslie, Simon Thomson, Paul McShannon, Nigel Murdoch, and Gary Wood.

This winter we introduced some of the Wavell boys to the Colts races (under 11 years) just for the experience, and ironically they proved to be our most successful team, winning four team prizes at Livingston, Maybole, Edinburgh and Annan. They also had six other top four finishes. In the East District Championships at Denny, QVS picked up its first ever championship medal when the Colts finished third. Andrew Casey was outstanding in this age group and became our first individual success, winning at Maybole. He was very ably supported by David Fisher, Stephen Boyne, Christopher Johnstone, Stewart Gardner, Neil Wallace, Stuart Davidson



Cross-Country Teams 1985/86.
(Back Row) – J. Jardine, S. Thomson, S. Harkin, C. McKenzie, P. McShannon, S. Cherry, N. Murdoch, J. Leslie, J. McAllister.
(Middle Row) – A. Williamson, R. MacKinnon, N. O'Connor, G. Wood, B. Hughes, S. Wallace, S. Cook, J. Stephens, S. Gardner, J. Wood, M. Kane.
(Front Row) – S. Boyne, D. Fisher, A. Cook, N. Wallace, Mr Laing, S. Johnstone, S. Davidson, S. McLean, A. Casey.

and Stephen McLean. Let's hope that these youngsters preserve their enthusiasm for the sport when they move into the upper School.

We took part in the East District League for the first time and competed with distinction. Unfortunately the School could not be counted in the overall result (although we had wins with the Colts and Junior Boys teams) as we missed one of the league meetings through being on holiday.

Our main aim for the season was to get a team place at the Scottish Schools Championships at Irvine. Due to injuries and other School commitments we had weakened teams but still managed to finish 6th (U – 13), 5th (13 – 15), and 14th (15 – 17). Tonny McAllister, 16th, and Gary Wood, 24th, were our best finishers in the U – 13 and 13 – 15 age groups, respectively.

The Inter House races with revised age-groups and course in the School grounds was keenly contested as follows:

Haig

1. S. Murray	17·56
2. P. Smith	17·56
3. S. Boyle	18·17

Over 15

1. J. Leslie (T)	16·29
2. S. Cherry (C)	16·32
3. P. McShannon (C)	18·10

Under 15

1. S. Thomson (T)	12·11
2. N. Murdoch (C)	12·19
3. G. Wood (C)	12·35

Under 14

1. S. Wallace (C)	9·27
2. S. Cook (T)	9·31
3. A. McAllister (T)	9·31

S.L.

ATHLETICS 1985

The wet summer did not dampen the enthusiasm and spirit of many athletes. In fact more boys wanted to go to athletic competitions than we had places.

At the East District Championships at Meadowbank, David Watson won the Hammer, followed by Graeme Dargie, Stuart McKay and Torquil Kellie, all gained SAAA Standard badges. Callum McKenzie came third in the 100m final and fourth in the Shot. There was some good running in the 800m and 1500m races with many boys recording personal bests.

David Watson won the Youth's Hammer at the City of Edinburgh Open Graded Meeting and Stuart Mckay won the Senior Boys Hammer followed by Torquil Kellie and David Oliver. Some of our distance runners attempted the 3000m for the first time and produced creditable performances.

Five boys competed in the SAAA Junior, Youths and Boys' Championships. In their first attempt at the Steeplechase, Stuart Rae, Jason Leslie and Simon Thomson did well, Andrew Davidson ran a pb in the 800m and David Watson came third in the Hammer.

At the Scottish Schools Cahmpionships at Crown Point Road, Glasgow, Andrew Davidson came third in the Over 17 Steeplechase; David Watson, second in 15 – 17 Hammer; George Campbell, third in the 80m Hurdles; David Oliver, second, and Torquil Kellie, third, in the 15 – 15 Hammer; and Callum Mckenzie, second, in the Under-13 Shot.

We had two inter-school matches towards the end of term. Away at Rannoch we won both age-groups against Rannoch and Keil, with the highlight of the afternoon being the excellent performances in the Relays. At Dunblane we won both Under-12 and Over-12 competitions against New Park School, St Andrews.

I would like to thank Mr and Mrs Laing and Mr Andrew Sobbik for all their help, support and encouragement throughout the term. Mrs Laing has helped to raise the standard of hurdling and relay-running. Mr Sobbik, although only here for one term, has given the School a new dimension in sprinting. Mr Laing has had success in 800m, 1500m, 3000m and the steeplechase, all of which are demanding events and also against good opposition.

M.J.B.

School Sports Results

Wavell

Under 12 Champion:	A. McAllister	
Runner-up:	M.J. Smith	
Under 13 Champion:	C. McKenzie	
Runner-up:	J. Jardine	
Dormitory Points:	1st Lynedoch	63 pts
	2nd Abercromby	49 pts
	3rd Moore	29 pts

Intermediate Houses

Under 14 Champion:	S. Burns	
Runner-up:	S. Wallace	
Under 15 Champion:	S. Cherry	
Runner-up:	G. Campbell	
Under 16 Champion:	S. McKay	
Runner-up:	S. McInnes	
House Points: Under 14	Trenchard	60 pts
	Cunningham	42 pts
Under 15	Cunningham	61 pts
	Trenchard	41 pts
Under 16	Trenchard	55pts
	Cunningham	47 pts

Haig House

Under 17 Champion:	M. O'Donnell
Runner-up:	C. Vasey
Over 17 Champion:	K. Hindle
Runner-up:	J. Hay

INTER-HOUSE PENTATHLON

Over 15 – Individual

1st	S. McKay	1724 points
2nd	S. McInnes	1692 points
3rd	S. Paton	1629 points

House

1st	Trenchard	4812 points
2nd	Cunningham	4428 points

Under 15 – Individual

1st	R. McGraw	1405 points
2nd	G. Campbell	1396 points
3rd	D. Stubbs	1190 points

House

1st	Trenchard	3762 points
2nd	Cunningham	3605 points

Under 14 – Individual

1st	S. Wallace	1188 points
2nd	S. Burns	1159 points
3rd	P. Geddes	872 points

House

1st	Trenchard	2712 points
2nd	Cunningham	2644 points

Hobbies

FIRST AID

Once again the School has been very fortunate to receive encouragement and instruction in this subject from the Dunblane Branch of the Red Cross. Our sincere thanks go to Mrs McIntosh and her assistants for running the Junior First Aid class on Wednesday evenings throughout the winter for 25 boys in First to Third years. The real tribute to her contribution lies in the fact that all the boys in Junior First Aid passed at either Junior or Proficiency levels. Our thanks to Mrs H. Brown for conducting the examinations.

This year three senior boys have attended the Adult First Aid classes in Dunblane on Monday evenings; we hope that they too will have qualified by the end of the Session.

ART

Art Hobbies were held on two evenings each week during the Autumn and Spring Terms. The Tuesday hobby was mainly for boys from Primary 7, especially those who required extra time to complete their basic Art and Design Course because time-tablelling had meant their missing some Art periods which co-incided with their Chaplain's visits.

The Thursday hobby was for Senior boys and it will be good to see this Senior hobby regaining its popularity in the light of the new Standard Grade Art Course and the choice of Art and Design within the curricula framework of options for the Creative and Artistic modes.

COMPUTER CLUB

This year the club was confined to those third year boys who were interested in taking the 'O' grade computing exam in the fourth year. The building of a new computer room and the equipping of it with the latest BBC Master series should give them a flying start.

ELECTRONICS

This year got off to a very good start with the Harris Microprocessor Demonstrator. The boys immediately got to grips with this and started using it to make electronic keyboards, automatic motorised lift systems and a complex system of traffic lights.

Later on in the session the boys were introduced to a new and more flexible electronic board kit called the Microelectronics For All (MFA) kit. We hope, next year, to have more of these excellent kits which can be used by a wide age range of boys as the accent is on learning about electronics by solving pratical problems rather than through complex theory.

F.McL.

JUDO CLUB

This year the Judo Club has been extended to the Senior School. This has meant that we have been able to hold judo training sessions for Wavell on Wednesday evening and Seniors the same night after supper from 8.30 to 9.30. With great assistance from the Headmaster and the Commandant the Club has flourished with Olympic standard Judo mats (which were borrowed by the Scottish Judo Federation for Judo Championships) and Rucanor Judo suits. Wavell Judo has continued with its usual enthusiasm. This year's team winners were Andrew Steele's team, and second, Colin Henderson's. Both have shown good skill and motivation. I hope this was reflected on the Grand Day display.

G.J.B.

JUNIOR VIDEO

This hobby is for boys in the first and second year of the Secondary School, with the idea of giving them the opportunity to see a television programme which they would otherwise miss because of Prep or the lateness of its original showing. We had our ups and downs this year according to the functioning or non-functioning of the video-recorders!

The popular favourite programme was inevitably *Top of the Pops,* whilst at other times we watched *Tomorrow's World, Star Trek,* and a splendid film on life with the Aborigines. Next session, we hope to extend our scope by hiring a film now and again. We thank Mrs Hankinson for organising this hobby for us.



Mr Webster and School Librarians.

LIBRARY

This year has seemed busier than ever. A team of regular librarians, C. Lane, G. Bouden, E. Boyle, D. Johnstone, H. McKee, D. Kay and S. McKelveen had to co-opt irregulars to help with the processing duties. However, one benefit of the work load was that the resident team gained useful experience. They also enjoyed themselves.

The selection of books available extends over an ever increasing range: modern playwrights and modern poets are well represented – and so is Halley's Comet. Many of the books have been acquired as bargains through ingenious purchasing or through contacts. In this and in other respects the hard work of Mr Webster and Mr Brown should not go unsung.

E.B. and G.B.

PHOTOGRAPHY

We got off to a slow start this year, with many beginners joining the hobby. Experienced photographers A. Smith and C. Stewart were required to teach the novices the rudiments of photography, before any serious picture-taking could be done. This meant a lack of results for a while but a lot was learnt. Mr Paterson supplied a camera for us initially, but soon everyone had their own camera and were developing their own pictures.

A new branch of photography was undertaken by E. Boyle and S. Scott during the year – astrophotography. Successful pictures were taken of the moon and several constellations and planets using an SLR and tripod-mounted telephoto lens.

We look forward to a more productive year next session.

E. Boyle.

PRINTING

We had a keen, enthusiastic group of boys this session, who with varying degrees of success have printed all sorts of things – from tickets and letterheads to personal cards. The Hobby is still trying to finish some printing tasks for the Commandant and the Secretary of the Old Victorians' Association, but as ever one hour

per week is not sufficient time to set up, test, and print any one item. Next year we aim to achieve two particular things: get replacements for much of our worn print, and perhaps actually print one or two things for the Club's 'patron' – Mrs Hankinson.

WAVELL COOKING

To describe this hobby as 'cooking' is somewhat pretentious as it really consists of the boys preparing under my supervision, simple recipes that they may consume.

Due to the cramped facilities (my own kitchen) I can only deal with a group of eight pupils per term but so far demand for places has far outstripped supply. The kind of things we prepare are sugar 'tablets', pancakes, sausage rolls, chocolate 'crispies' and the like.

After the second year of running this, it is evident to me that the preparation takes second place to the consumption! Surely this is as it should be at this age?

B.B.

WAVELL PLAY READING

We read stories of Scottish heroes and heroines of long ago which the boys all enjoyed and learned a lot from.

I asked questions on the story we had just read then the boys drew a picture depicting the story.

Some very good drawings were handed in and are now on display in Wavell House.

M.C.

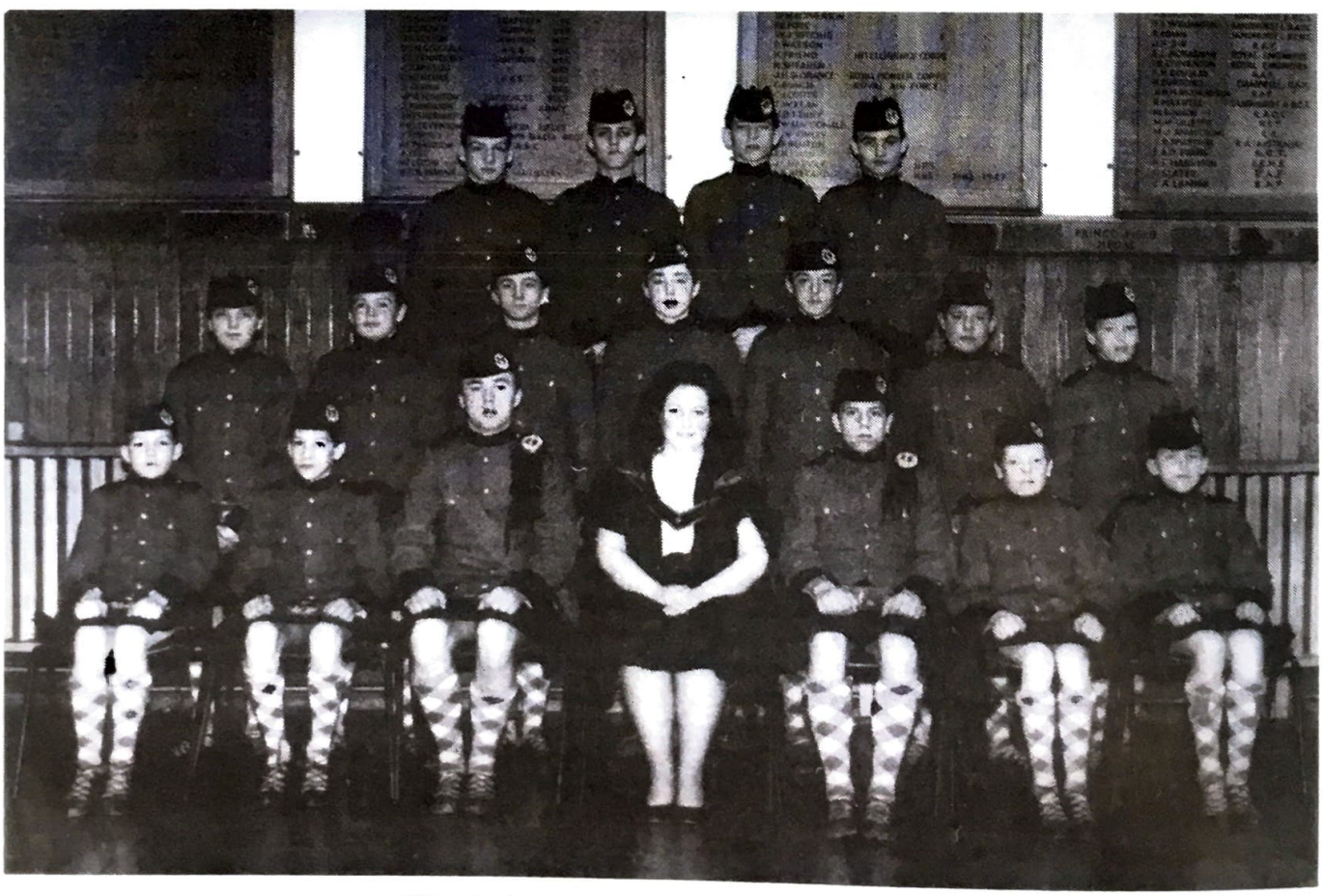
WAVELL SHOOTING

During the period 28th October 1985 to 10th March 1986, every Monday evening from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m., the Indoor Range saw the potential Bisley Marksmen from Wavell's newest boys try their hand at small bore shooting. Of course they only use the ·177" BSA Air Rifle, but I'm sure that to them this was the beginning of a great adventure. The enthusiasm shown is remarkable, and among the potentially good shots are Douglas Hunter, Craig Wood, Iain Mckay, Matthew McCabe and Stewart Gardner. I congratulate them on their achievements, and hope that they do even better when they graduate to the ·22" Rifle, and possibly to Target Rifles at Bisley.

J.D.

WAVELL SHORT TENNIS

Short Tennis, which is played indoors on a Badminton court with a plastic racquet and soft ball, was introduced this year to Wavell under the guidance of Mrs Tweedy. It is generally regarded as an ideal method of



Miss Anderson and School Highland Dancers.



Trenchard House.

teaching basic skills and some 20 members of Wavell seemed to enjoy it. The season ended with a knock-out competition which was won by Jamie Baird.

WAVELL SWIMMING

Forty boys in the House pursued swimming as a main hobby during the session and between them gained many awards, ranging from basic water skills up to personal survival grade four. My thanks to Mr Shannon for his support and co-operation in the running of the swimming hobby.

The inter-house gala was held in January and Abercromby achieved a good victory. The results are shown below.

We also held another successful inter-schools gala at the end of January with George Heriot's School, Beaconhurst Grange and Glasgow High School proving to be worthy opponents. Everyone appeared to enjoy themselves that is if noise level is a good indicator. The results of the meeting are given below.

Inter-house results

1st	Abercromby	82 points
2nd	Hopetoun	60 points
3rd	Moore	57 points
4th	Lynedoch	49 points

Inter-school results

1st	Glasgow High	76 points
2nd	George Heriots	59 points
3rd	QVS	58 points
4th	Beaconhurst Grange	27 points

G.C.

LIST OF HOBBIES AVAILABLE DURING 1985/86

Fitness and Mobility
Badminton
Photography
Printing
Community Service
Squash
Piping, Drumming and Highland Dancing
Indoor Games
Basketball
Modelling
Swimming
Electronics
Computing
Aircraft Models
Judo
Shooting Team
Film and TV
Board Games
Art and Craft
Table Tennis
Librarianship
Junior Shooting
Indoor and Range Golf
Pottery
Woodwork
Expedition Expertise
Cooking
Play Reading
Gym Games
Short Tennis
Volleyball
Senior and Junior Choirs
Canoeing
Junior Video
Community Swimming for the Handicapped
Fly Tying
Cross-Country
Video Film (Wavell)
Duke of Edinburgh
Canoeing for Beginners
Aircraft Recognition
Public Speaking

Wavell House

Although a large, new recreation room and entrance porch, together with other general improvements, are planned for the House, it is unlikely that work will commence for some time yet. Accordingly, some internal re-organisation has taken place, and by adopting bunk-beds we have been able to free two of our six main dormitories for use as Library and General Purpose room. The use of bunk-beds has proved to be acceptable but the dormitories do not have their former spaciousness.

Another innovation was the adoption of duvets by over ninety per cent of the House which results in a generally brighter and more cheerful aspect in the dormitories. This change has been very popular with the boys and also with Matron and Mrs Walker as we have now much less dust and fluff about through dispensing with our old faithful grey blankets. My thanks to both ladies for the efforts they put in to make Wavell House such a pleasant place for us all to live in.

Our new associate master, Mr Shannon of the Craft and Design Department, has settled easily with his role and has already been successfully prevailed upon by Mr Beattie, himself now Assistant Housemaster, to provide various bits and pieces of fabric improvement to the House. My thanks to both of them and also for the able way that they supervised the ski-party to France. I must further comment on Mr Beattie's sound organisation of the trip which was blessed with ideal weather. Lastly I would record my own (and I am sure the boys') great appreciation of the excellent organisation of our fixture list by Mr Carroll and his keen and untiring enthusiasm in coaching, refereeing and generally promoting rugby football. Thank you.

Thanks are due to Mrs Tweedy for commencing a tennis hobby. It is a very welcome addition to our hobbies, and, thoroughly enjoyed by the participants.

In a day and age when many youngsters are the subject of a great deal of criticism it is always a pleasure to encounter the reverse. Recently, on a day trip by the House to the Kelvingrove Museum and Art Gallery in Glasgow, our boys so impressed the Museum Staff that the Director in person approached the Masters as we were about to leave and complimented the boys on their behaviour throughout the visit. As another result of this trip, the School received a letter from a lady who was also very impressed especially by the boys' good manners. For the boys and the Staff to receive such comment is a delight, partly made possible by the enthusiasm and loyalty of the Staff and the boys themselves, and especially perhaps through the 'kind but firm' philosophy upon which we have always depended.



Primary 7 – 1985/86

(Back Row) – D. Hunter, R. Carr, D. Orr, M.J. Smith, S. Harkin, J. Laws, P. Stubbs, J. Harper, M.G. Smith, H. Sharp. (Third Row) – D. Whyte, J. Baird, J. Moreland, C. Henderson, J. McAuley, C. Wood, J. Boyd, A. Scott, C. Blackhurst, D. Hood. (Second Row) – Mr G.D.M. Carroll, P. Munro, D. McGuire, G. Macdonald, S. Dow, F. McGerty, S. Finlay, B. Gallagher, C. Wilson, C. Macintosh, J. McGowan, Mr H.D. Brown. (Front Row) – C. Johnstone, S. Davidson, H. Dunn, G. McLeod, M. Kane, M. McCabe, S. Brogan, D. Fisher, I. Smith.



Wavell 1st XV.
(Back Row) – Mr G.D.M. Carroll, H. Sharp, P. Stubbs, M.J. Smith, S. Harkin, J. Laws, J. Harper, C. Henderson, Mr H.D. Brown.
(Seated) – C. Macintosh, C. Blackhurst, J. McAuley, M. Kane, J. Baird, S. Dow, M. McCabe.
(Front) – P. Munro, C. Johnstone.

RETURN VISIT TO SERRE CHEVALIER

This year's Wavell Ski-Trip was a return visit to Serre Chevalier, France, where last year we had glorious sunshine. Fortunately, the sun tan and sun glasses were required once again.

The snow on the Alps was more plentiful than last year; which allowed us to ski from the top piste down through forest track to our hotel. This took a great deal of effort (especially for the masters' tired limbs), but, by the end of the week all the boys were able to achieve this. Every boy passed either a one-star or two-star badge from the 'École Ski de Francais'.

The conditions for ski-ing were perfect and the boys quickly mastered skills such as parallel turns which enabled them to ski from more difficult and higher pistes. The 'intermediate' skiers were taken by the ski instructor from one mountain to another where the scenery and ski-ing were breath-taking.

Thanks must go to Mr Brown and Mr Shannon for their enthusiastic assistance; without it the trip would have been impossible. It was an extremely pleasurable ski-trip and this was in no small way due to the boys themselves – many thanks!

G.J.B.

RUGBY

This season proved to be one of the best for Wavell for a number of years. The 1st XV proved to be a side that was very hard to beat and the Primary 6 XV show that they have some potential.

Notable victories were recorded against George Watsons College, Croftinloan Prep. School and a Stewarts/Melville XV. All the results are tabulated below:

					Points	
Team	*P*	*W*	*D*	*L*	*For*	*Agst*
JA1	10	7	0	3	166	82
JA2	6	2	0	4	102	101
JB1	9	0	2	7	46	212
JB2	1	0	0	1	0	60

The House matches were played with the usual gusto and determination. Moore eventually came out top of the league to win the handsome new trophy.

Colours were also awarded to the following boys who displayed a high level of skill, courage and determination on the field of play: Mark Kane, Scott Harkin, John McAuley, Matthew McCabe.

G.C.

CROSS-COUNTRY

This activity has grown in popularity during this session and this has been reflected in the standard achieved by our runners. The inter-dormitory competition was run on 7th March. Lynedoch emerged as winners, but only narrowly, as Moore were very close in second place. The full results were as follows:

1st	Lynedoch	85 points
2nd	Moore	97 points
3rd	Hopetoun	125 points
4th	Abercromby	132 points

Individual Championship

Primary 6 Champion:	Andrew Casey
Runner-up:	Stewart Gardner
Primary 7 Champion:	David Fisher
Runner-up:	Craig Wood

The following week our annual inter-schools competition was run with no fewer than 45 participants in each age category. Once again the level of competition was high and the atmosphere was most enjoyable. QVS were able to field teams of a high standard due to their considerable experience which they gained from competing in several meets throughout the season against tough opposition. As a result we gained two firsts and a third in the team competition and two firsts and a second in the individual championship.

Invitation Cross-Country Results

	U-11	*Points*
1st	Queen Victoria School	22
2nd	Dollar	38
3rd	Strathallan	44
4th	Stewarts/Melville	49
5th	Kelvinside	85
6th	Beaconhurst	88
7th	Glasgow High	99
8th	Heriots	124

	U-12	*Points*
1st	Queen Victoria School	25
2nd	Stewarts/Melville	26
3rd	Dollar	37
4th	Glasgow High	52
5th	Strathallan	73
6th	Kelvinside	106
7th	Heriots	126

	U-13	*Points*
1st	Heriots	28
2nd	Strathallan	39
3rd	Queen Victoria School	46
4th	Glasgow High	52
5th	Dollar	83
6th	Stewarts/Melville	112

Individual Championship

U-11 Champion:	Stewart Gardner	(QVS)
U-12 Champion:	Andrew Casey	(QVS)
U-13 Champion:	David Fowler	(Heriots)

Colours for Cross-Country were awarded to Andrew Casey and David Fisher.

G.C.

TABLE TENNIS

This year's inter-dormitory championship was played during the Christmas term. Each dormitory had produced a challenger for the title of House Champion by conducting a series of knock-out matches. Therefore on the night Abercromby, Hopetoun, Lynedoch and Moore were represented respectively by Jamie Baird, Matthew McCabe, Paul Munro and David Hood. James Baird and Matthew McCabe succeeded in reaching the final and provided us with an enthralling match. Jamie Baird emerged as the House Champion and gained valuable points for Abercromby dormitory in the overall House competition.

G.C.

Creative Writing

THE MARTIANS HAVE LANDED

On an August evening, a bright green glow
Fell from the sky and landed down below.
Hundreds of spectators came to see that night
But, when the cylinder opened they got a horrific fright.

Gushes of fire came from towering tripods,
And crushed houses with their leg like rods.
They caused devastation, chaos, and destruction,
Their noise was like a volcano eruption.

In the end they all died
But I'm not saying why!

Andrew Swan, P6A.

THE ZOMBIE

I was sound asleep
When I heard the creak of my old bedroom door.
I thought it was my Mum.
At last, she has come to see if I was asleep.
But horror struck my eyes like hot water hitting ice
As I saw the horror that stood,
I couldn't move a limb
As it came advancing towards me.
It lifted me out my bed and I hit my head.
In the morning I woke up;
I wonder if it was a dream, instead.

Andrew Swan, P6A.

THE STORM

The storm raged on all night,
My mother got quite a fright.
The dog howled,
The cat prowled,
My father scowled,
My mother cried, because the budgie died.
There was lots of lightening,

And it was very frightening.
Then, the storm moved off,
And I caught a cough.

Scott Alexander, P6A.

THE TRAMP

There once was a tramp,
Who lived in a gypsy camp
And suffered from cramp.
All the people used to shout.
I hate. I hate. I hate that tramp!!

His feet were bare.
He had dark black hair.
He had so many spots,
Everybody thought he was a lump of dots!

The tramp went to a chemist
And stole some cream.
And that was the tramp in jail.
Until he was clean.

Steven Cooke, P6A.

GUY FAWKES

Guy Fawkes is a funny night,
When everybody comes running out
To have fun and play about.
We watch the fireworks going up
Into the air, like a bullet shot from a gun.
When the fire is piping hot,
The fireworks shoot into the air, like
Crystal rocks falling from the sky,
Then the fire is colder as if ice had been thrown on.

Neil Wallace, P6A.

HAVE YOU EVER?

Have you ever seen a ghost,
Wearing hat, coat, scarve and gloves?
Have you seen a bogie man,
Running helter skelter down the street?
Have you seen a headless coachman,
Staring in your face?
Have you seen an invisible man
Lying in your bed?
Have you ever?
— — — No I've not!!

Stewart Harris, P6A.

THE EAGLE

The eagle is flying on this hot day.
Hunting down his unsuspecting prey.
The field-mouse turns about,
As he sticks his talons out.
Now he dives with wings back,
The field-mouse runs without looking back.
Then, his talons closed on the prey;
As he flies away the golden king of birds of prey.

G. Christie, P6A.

THE FIRE DRAGONS

The fire Dragons
Hurtled their huge gigantic heads,
Every time they breathed and out came sparks.

Fierce was that group!
I saw them plunder through the woods,
Ragging, ranting every where,
Every where, every where!

Doctor came to see it too,
Ragging, ranting every where,
Aggravating all our village,
Guns banging, pots clanging,
Over there! Over there!
Nought to fifty in 10 seconds flat were that group running there anywhere.
Slaughtered was the village, that poor, little village.

Stephen McLean, P6A.

P6B – HAIKU

(Traditional form of Japanese poetry)

ROBIN REDBREAST

Robin quite content
Flies from a hedge so neat
Then it has gone . . . !

CHRISTMAS TREE

The Christmas tree
Towers high in the sky
But not for long . . . !

CHRISTMAS TIME

My mum explained
It's not getting that counts
But giving matters.

Andrew Steele, P6B.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

When Christmas comes
We remember about
Christ, the Lord God.

Christmas is a
Time for joy, when we all
Sing some long songs.

Alan Cargill, P6B.

On Christmas Day,
A sleigh comes jingling round,
On crispy snow.

Jesus was born
On Christmas Day, he is
Christ our Saviour.

Christmas is good.
When we come to Father,
It's sad for us.

Keith Slater, P6B.

When Santa comes
We get a present each.
But when it's done . . .

When Christmas comes
The children have some fun.
But when it's done . . .

When snow is deep
And children are asleep.
That's when it's done . . .

Robert McKinnon, P6B.

Santa is great
Brings fun to everyone,
But Africa . . .

Food will come to
Everyone this Christmas . . .
But Africa . . .

Gordon Pritchard, P6B.

The Robin jumps,
The others are starving
And are dying.

We feed the birds.
Bread crumbs and seeds are thrown
In the winter.

The holiday.
Christmas is with my friends,
Then back to school.

Andrew Casey, P6B.

THE PHANTOM PENCIL MUNCHER

At midnight in the classroom,
The pencil munchers run,
Munching all the pencils,
Having lots of fun.

You can never see them,
For they are far too small,
And in the bright shone daylight,
They sleep upon the wall.

They all have long blue beards,
And eight black hairy feet,
They like to chew your pencils,
For to them it is their meat.

Douglas Hunter, P7A.

THE SPOT-BEAST

The spot-beast's a terror to all young faces.
He carries his quickspot in his cases.
Out into the night they scuttle about
A little ball of; a dangerous lout
He digs up a hole upon a nose
And a quickspot rapidly grows
It hides in your clothes
It hides in your hair
But when every day closes
The spot-beasts will be there.

John McAuley, P7A.

THE CHARGE

Like a pack of howling wolves
The smart proud troopers charge.
Drawing forth their steel blades
Lunging and driving, slashing and cutting.
Like a metallic hedgehog
They smash through the enemy
Spewing them right and left.
A few smart troopers fall
Gurgling as they die
Like a basin full of water draining away.
The dust rises like evaporating waters
And drifts away over the men.
The bugles no longer call
As clearly as they did before.
Now they lie in the mud
Like rejected toys with a dull shine.

R. Carr, P7A.

THE HEADACHE GROUCH

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Your head rings with doom.
The headache Grouch is about.
He bangs on your head
With iron and lead
And makes a horrific sound.

He bangs on your head.
Then counts to ten.
Then does it again and again and again.
But what can kill him.
To this there is a simple prescription.
A very small Junior Disprin.

Darren Orr, P7A.

THE FIRELIGHTER

The Fire of London! What a mess!
Who started it off?
I'll give you one guess,
He carries a match in his left hand,
And will light anything from houses to lands.
He looks so innocent but you're mistaken,
The Firelighter is quite a pagan.

Grant Mcleod, P7A.

THE VICIOUS VIKING

He's as dangerous as a tiger,
He's as strong as an ox,
He's as swift as a hawk,
He's as violent as a volcano about to erupt.

His face looks like a devilish monster,
His eyes look like raging fireballs,
His teeth look like yellow stones,
His moustache looks like a dragon breathing fire.

David Whyte, P7A.

THE WIND

The wind is like a man
He thunders around
And kicks tin cans
He charges around
Clashing and creaking
Shouting and shrieking.

The wind is a warrior
Brave and bold
Blowing about
And spreading colds
Like a battering ram
He runs around.

Darren Orr, P7A.

THE CHARGE

The atmosphere was both alarming and exciting
The cavalry mounted their steeds and entering an echelon formation cantered forward.
The foe was in sight.
There was a sudden urge to gallop at an exceedingly high speed.
The canter and formation changed dramatically.
We were clashing with death itself.
Screams, bullets, machine guns, the clamour was so overpowering.
The united rider and ridden were soon separated by a spray of lead.
In seconds many lay dying if not dead.
The odour of flesh was dense in the dusty stale air.

John McAuley, P7A.

VICIOUS IS NOT THE WORD

The scraggy bewildered silhouette sat wailing
Unloved crying for freedom.
Midnight approaching, nightfall is nigh.
The full transformation takes place with a squeal.
Now that once an ordinary cat is now a barbarous beast.
Blood stained claws gleaming with pride.
Satan in this form cries to the stars.
The mouth is a cave with great stalactites dropping low.
Red waters dripping into the floor.
Dawn approaches, time to change back.
To change back to a normal black cat.

John McAuley, P7A.

SKI-ING

It is great coming down the slopes almost like a dream, the wind whipping past me, and not really thinking where I am going.

Suddenly – bump! Smack! I've collided with my instructor. Skis, poles and bodies are everywhere.

I pick myself up half-dazed and thinking, "I'm bound to fail my test now". Then my instructor shouts at me, "Come here, you clot, you were dreaming". Somehow, I passed my test.

M.G. Smith, P7B.

ROCKY IV

Six-foot-six, he's a towering height,
Blonde hair, great muscles, an inspiring sight.
This is "Ivan Drago, a Russian tough,
By looking at him, you'll see he's no bluff!
Wearing bright red shorts with yellow bands,
And large leather boxing gloves upon his strong hands.

This other man with shorts blue, white and red,
Looks quite diminutive under this Russian's head,
With droopy eyes and a bit of a frown,
And brown hair draped upon his crown.
He's fighting for his country – and for his life,
In the audience – nervous – is his true loving wife.

The fight begins, the audience goes wild,
To the Russian, this Rocky is like a small child.
He tenses his muscles, and blocks a great punch,
"You're a wimp", says Drago, "I'll eat you for lunch!"
He pulls back, his fist, and quickly lets fly,
A powerful "CRACK!" hits Rocky's eye.

As the fight goes on, Drago starts to weaken,
With a face glowing red, he resembles a beacon.
Into one last strike, Rocky throws all his might,
The Russian falls – that's finished the fight!
Rocky's content 'cause he's "champ" of the ring –
Rocky Balboa – the "Boxing King!"

James Boyd, P7B.

MUSIC IN THE WOOD

The cricket played his wings like a violin,
And the frogs were so happy they joined in.
The stream gurgled noises like chords from a harp,
And a strange lonely song was made by a lark.
A thrush joined in with her lovely song,
But the vigilant deer,
Sensed that something was wrong.

Just then a man with a weapon leaped out.
The animals ran when he uttered a shout,
But the unwary rabbit was caught in a snare,
And sadness remained where before there was cheer.

Matthew McCabe, P7B.

GREEDY GRIZZLY

The grizzly bear goes sniffing round
Seeking eatables over the ground
He tries to be funny
And steals some honey
But the bees gave a warning
Then started a swarming.
He took some more
But went over the score
So the queen gae a sting
And he jumped like a spring
Into a pool
That was soothing and cool.

John McGowan, P7B.

SEA DISASTER

The wind blows strong and the waves are high, and the lighthouse guides the ships safely by.

But one big ship gets into trouble, caught near the rocks where the waters bubble.

The light-keeper sees the ship in distress, and disturbs the life-boat men from their rest.

The men man the boat and cast off to sea.

Their little boat tossed and swayed by the sea.

It reaches the tanker in the nick of time, to rescue the crew with a safety line.

For just as the last sailor is hoisted aboard, the big ship goes down with a sickening roar.

David Fisher, P7B.

OLD EDINBURGH

Edinburgh is a dismal place
It has no laughter on its face
The chimney tops are damp and smokey
The water-ways are dark and dirty
The houses seem all grey and gloomy
Even though they are large and roomy.
If I had my way – I wouldn't stay!

Craig Blackhurst, P7B.

SKI-ING

Ski-ing down the slopes hooray!
Let's follow our instructor's route-way.
Next down the red slope and then down the green,
Oh what a wonderful day it has been.

James Laws, P7B.

RUGBY

I called for the ball as the whistle went – Pheep!
When it landed in my arms I went white as a sheet.
I tore up the field like a goose feathered shaft
Just before I was tackled by a low flying half.

Others bore down on me, I thought I was dead.
And began to wish to be back home in bed.
I dodge clear of their legs as quick as lightning
Just to be caught by a 'Monster' – frightening.

No soon had 'it' got me when he began to topple
Then my mates and I went out at full throttle.
But just when we looked all set for a win
I collected a knock-out right on the chin.

James Harper, P7B.

THE WOODS

His name was Crow, the woodsman. He was the last of the woodelves. His tribe had been senselessly slaughtered by the evil Orcs from the north. He had an odd nature for a woodelf, more philosophical and sophisticated than the others and in a way this saved his life.

Crow was short and lithe and a better archer than most of his kin.

In features he looked just like any other elf, cat-like eyes that can pierce the darkest night, pointed ears that could hear a leaf rustle two hundred yards away and the same sharp looks that some call handsome.

In dress, he wore the same green and brown tunic and leggings, common to all his race.

In nature he was a very quiet and thoughtful.

On the night of the Feast of Orion, an elfish god, Crow left the village to visit his friend, a high elf that lived in Grungath by the shores of Lake Illayth.

On his return he found the village in ruins and slaughtered to every man. He discovered the tracks of the war machines, chariots and war wyverns (a type of two-legged dragon) common to the foul, loathsome Orcs. He swore vengeance.

It was daybreak as he set out through the golden woods. The light shone through the trees and cast dancing shadows on the forest floor which was strewn with bracken and foliage which gave the impression of some fine glittering carpet.

Then he heard it! He ducked just in time as a cross-bow bolt, tipped with a vile poison, thudded into the tree with a sickening crunch.

Emerging from the morning mist like spectors, wights and wraiths they came. They were the legions of chaos. Some were Skeletons with putrid, rotting flesh clinging to their sickly off-yellow bones. Others, the Ghouls, humans caught in some half life for eternity, the flesh grey and riddled with maggot holes and flesh grubs. Some just misty forms, held together by some necro-mantic power.

One stood out from the rest. He was the general of the chaos legion – Rangor his name, death his game. He wore jet black armour, but through his visor you could see two glowing holes where his eyes were meant to be. His sword, brain devourer, could suck your intellect with one blow.

Crow's arrows shot out like the wind through the trees, or the sun through the clouds. Ten fell immedi-ately and another five and fifty fell before Crow was brought down. Rangor prepared to suck his intellect with his death blade. It came closer and closer, then! Rangor was blown away by a fireball.

Crow's high elf friend was a wizard and when he sensed Crow was in danger he teleported to the spot. But the Orcs still remained.

F. Bohm, IA.

TORMENT CHANGES

A looming mist hung over the dark woods making it look formidable and feel damp. The mist was odd though it was a bluish colour. There was something about these woods which were not quite normal.

Humans being human would be somewhat frightened, but something pushed them to take a look just from the boggy, squelchy edge of the woods. And then once they were at the edge, it pushed them more, and so it was a little further and then a little further still.

The rustling of the leaves made him jump. The owl screeched.

A bat flew past him making him stop dead. He turned around, accidentally kicking and crushing the rotten leaves whilst turning.

Noise . . . more noise.

The owl, the rustle, the bat, the owl, the rustle, the bat, the owl. Something brushed past his legs. He couldn't take it any more.

"No, no, no", he screamed. Screaming and crying he ran: he just ran deeper and deeper into this strange, never ending, forbidding wood which now seemed like a deep forest. He just ran, cutting himself on thorns, tripping up, bumping into trees and pushing himself off them, his hands sliding on the damp, rotten, moss covered bark. Then he stopped.

Everything stopped.

A profound, inhuman silence fell throughout the wood. Not a sound; only his crying and what sounded like whimpering. He was pushing himself up against the same tree again and again. The leaves were just like a muddy, sopping piece of cloth. He was confused, frustrated and shivering with fright.

His face was smudged by his tears and running down his dirt-covered face. His T-shirt wet with a cold sweat and the slime and dirt off the tree bark, and the soggly-like leaves. Ripped and bloody because of branches and thorns whipping against his chest and legs. He was a sorry sight to look at, crying and whimpering like a baby. He had been changed. It looked like he was mentally ill now, scared of the slightest rustle. He had been tormented by "them".

Fionn McKee, IA.

THE STAIR CASE

It was a cool, dark night. Bert was doing his rounds. He was a security officer and worked for IBM.

Bert walked down the corridor and as he approached the stairs for no apparent reason he stopped. He heard a noise coming from the stair case, so he went to the stair door. As he looked inside he smelt something like rotten food. Suddenly a hand shot out and grabbed him.

Paul woke to a crisp, clear morning. His mum was downstairs, delicately cooking bacon and eggs. Paul went into the bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror.

"Paul. Are you up yet?" screamed his mum.

"Yeh, I'm up."

As he climbed down the sloping stair case he heard a muffled cry from under the stairs. He paid no attention to it and went and had his breakfast.

That night his mum and dad went out.

Paul was alone.

He had been alone in the house before but this time something made him uneasy about the place. He went into the livingroom and turned on the stereo. All at once the sound burst out of the quadrophonic speakers. Quite unexpectedly everything went dark and the stereo stopped.

Paul felt a cold, wet, slimy hand touch his shoulder. He spun round and saw a group of mud-covered, decaying humans. One had only one arm and another only had part of his neck.

Paul fainted.

He woke up and his stereo was on again. The doorbell rang so he got up and answered it. With a gasp or horror he recognised the two decaying bodies as his parents.

He turned about with his back to them. He saw his reflection in the mirror but nobody else.

He looked behind him.

His parents had gone.

He heard a strange muffled cry from under the stairs. He went over to the door and opened it. A body came out of the door and it was wearing a security officer's uniform. It had a substantial amount of rotted bones and flesh. Its hand grabbed Paul and he tried to get free but the grip was too tight. It pulled him under the stairs and Paul saw the door shut.

Everything was dark. Paul heard a gargling voice say, "It's OK, darling, mummy is here now."

M. Forsyth, IA.

THE MERCILESS WAR

The snowy waste of Siberia seemed to ramble on endlessly. It rose into high snowy peaks and fell into icy lakes. It seemed as though the whole world was covered by one huge blanket.

I scanned the forthcoming peaks with my ever vigilant eyes. My breath froze in the cold air. I felt I was being watched and cocked my rifle. The sound echoed like radio waves around me.

A Spandau spattered death like a dragon with its fiery breath. I threw myself into the snow. Here I was in the middle of nowhere, no-one to help me. Only my rifle to protect my life. I saw the muzzle flash and fired a quick burst. Screams lingered and hung in the air. He was dead. I began to think, the cold and bitterness of war tried to go through me, but I fought back and walked to the corpse. A boy of just nineteen lay in the snow which turned crimson red with the slow trickle of his blood. His young eyes were gazing upwards with a frozen questioning glare.

I clumped to the ground crying, thinking of the tragedies and spoils of war. Why? I thought of the loved ones I had left behind. It was too much. I pointed the gun muzzle to my head and . . .

Christopher Berry, IA.

AIR SEA RESCUE

It was a cold Monday morning, even the flames from the fire were shivering. When the shrill of the siren sounded over the speaker. "Scramble".

I put my battleship-grey coloured jumpsuit and my butter-yellow helmet on and made my way to the frozen Sea King helicopter.

The fuel was already in the beast and slowly the engines coughed and came to life. I checked the controls and everything was A.O.K. Slowly, as the rotors sped up, we lifted softly off the ground and into the dark morning sky.

My navigator told me there was a small child trapped on a ledge in the Rocky Rocks.

As we came to the Rocky Rocks the tide was whipping at the rocks. We searched over the sea-swept rocks when the winchman spotted a grey torn trainer on one of the sharp rocks, but the chance of finding him now was like finding a needle in a thousand haystacks!

As we made for home after only finding failure, I heard a sharp cough from the engine. I tapped the fuel gauge and it dropped form fifty-five litres to one litre, and I realised that soon the rotors would stop dead and the Sea King would plunge into the cold, deep, blue sea with us on board.

J. Boyle, IA.

THE SCARRED FACE

The almost black, heavy sky,
Drains itself on to the face,
Making holes in it, ruining it,
Burying it for life!

The north cold-wind blows sand
Around the debris,
Which once could survive,
Without the pass to hell!

Bottles and driftwood,
Scarring the beach,
Which could have been helped
With the help of mankind.

S. MacGillivray, 2B.

A MUGGING

I stood in the bus stop,
Watching smoke from a fag,
When I spotted a granny
Clutching her bag.

Then from the corner
Of my eye,
I spotted a lout,
Watching the sky.

The lout was wearing
Jeans and a jumper,
Doc Marten boots,
Ready to thump her.

The granny stopped
And looked at the lout;
Just when you need them –
No coppers about.

I thought of the Granny
Knocked to the ground,
By the six foot lout
Stealing her pounds.

He looked at her hard
And gave a sneer;
The granny froze,
I sensed her fear.

I tried to think
Of something nice;
A day without crime –
Sheer paradise.

But then that lout
Wanted more than fun;
He knocked her down
And started to run.

He had nicked her bag,
And run for his life;
She never got up –
I hadn't seen the knife.

C. Smith, 3B.

With apologies to any 'TALES OF THE UNEXPECTED'

It was a hot summer's evening as Marie Louise Smith walked through the woods behind her house. She was thinking of the preparations for the banquet that she was holding at her house the following evening. She was trying to think up an unusual dish to serve that no-one had ever heard of before. She gazed at the undergrowth and spotted a clump of small mushrooms which were situated at the base of a large oak tree.

"That's it," she thought, "I'll get some wild mushrooms, incorporate them in one of the dishes and call it a name that no-one has heard of."

She walked across the muddy undergrowth towards the tree, picked the mushrooms and proceeded to go home.

When she got home she was struck by a puzzling thought.

"How do I know that the mushrooms aren't poisonous?"

She had a brainwave. She called for her dog, Rover; a small pekinese scurried through and sat at her feet.

"Here you go, boy," she said as she held out a handful of small brown mushrooms. "If the dog dies, the mushrooms are poisonous, if it doesn't die the mushrooms are perfectly safe," she thought.

The next day the preparations for the banquet went ahead as planned. The cook, Miss Simmons, prepared a meal of steak with orders not to put the mushrooms on to the meal until the last minute.

Later on in the afternoon, the dog was still alive so Miss Simmons was given the order to put the mushrooms with the steak.

The guests arrived at about six o'clock. By seven o'clock the conversation was beginning to get boring.

"Say, Marie-Lou, that sure is a divine dress."

"Hey, I like the latest painting that you've acquired."

"Oh! You really must come round sometime and see our new house."

At last it was time for the meal. Marie-Louise stood up and announced that dinner was about to be served.

"The main dish is steak with special mushrooms that I had imported from France," she lied. "This will get me higher in society," she said to herself. The meal went according to plan until Miss Simmons ran in and whispered to Marie-Louise:

"Ma'am, I gotta speak to you," she said in a fluster.

"Can't it wait?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

Marie-Louise excused herself and left to speak to Miss Simmonds.

"Now what do you want?" she asked.

"Ma'am, the dog is dead?"

"Oh my God! Quick! Call an ambulance," she ordered.

"But . . ."

"No buts – just do it. No, even better, 'phone the Hospital and tell them that we've eaten poisonous mushrooms."

Marie-Louise ran into the dining room.

"I'm sorry to say that the mushrooms may have been poisonous and we're going to have to go to the Hospital."

"How's that?" replied one of the guests.

She blushed and then realised she had got to tell the truth.

"I picked the mushrooms in the park yesterday," she said as she blushed.

The guests tripped out of the house, jumped into their cars and sped off to the Hospital.

Two hours and a stomach pump later, Marie-Louise returned to her empty house. She was socially ruined. How would she ever be able to show her face at the society gatherings again?

Miss Simmons entered from the back room.

"Ma'am, here's the man . . ."

"What man?" replied Marie-Louise.

"The man that ran the dog over."

Noel Anderson, S5.

JOURNEY UNTO DEATH

The year is AD 2200.

A crew of three astronauts are aboard the space cruiser Afgan Wolf.

The Afgan Wolf is the most sophisticated space cruiser ever to be tested. It is now ready for its first mission in the dim shadow of space.

The Afgan Wolf's booster rockets flared into action as if it exploded. Soon it was speeding up to pass through the earth's atmosphere. it was soaring upwards like a bullet fired from a gun. It left a smoky trail before it left the earth and began its adventure in space.

Captain Christie was controlling the ship from the cockpit. A row of computers made a series of beeps and clicks but every noise meant something to him. Jackie was his co-pilot, she was medium height with black hair, brown eyes and a delicate face. She was skilled in weapons and she also had ESP. By the way my name is Sly and I'm in charge of this little group of bodies.

I woke suddenly. I could hear someone screaming. I went into Jackie's room. She was still asleep. I decided to check on Captain Christie but when I got there he was gone. I ran to the computer room and asked Amgan, the ship's computer, for any data on Captain Christie. Soon a printout came and it said that he left the Wolf at 0300 hours. I ran into Niki's room and woke her up. She got dressed and then handed me Lazar rifle and she took one herself. We then went to the shuttle bay and set the co-ordinates for Alpha 3. The shuttle took off with such a force that we were riveted to our seats like nails in wood. The G-force was too strong and soon a sheet of sweat poured over me and then everything went black.

I woke up on the shuttle floor. I went over to Niki who was looking out of the window. The computer was burning like wood on fire so we got out of the shuttle. The air around us was breathable so we took off our suits and looked for another shuttle. We came to a large cave and walked inside it. There was no light so it looked as if it was night-time, but then I noticed a faint glow. We went towards the glow and soon we saw a revolting sight. Something was eating Captain Christie. Blood and flesh was dripping from its mouth and a stench of regurgitated blood hung over the cave. Blood was squirting all over the place and the creature suddenly spat out some bones.

As I watched I froze to the spot and the creature had seen me. I tried to move but I couldn't. The creature was behind me and I could feel its foul breath on the back of my neck. I looked over to Niki and she had fainted. The thing grabbed me. Its face was a mass of decaying flesh. It had only one eye, it was at least seven feet and its body was like that of a snake except it had legs and arms which were covered with a thick, slimy gunge. Its teeth were razor sharp and looked as if they could crush rock like a hot knife through butter. Then its teeth sank into my collar bone. A savage whip of pain engulfed me, blood was ouzing out of my shoulder. I started to shake with fear. I fell to the ground; I knew that life was leaving my body and death was taking its place. The sweat was clinging to me like glue and a dark shadow passed over me. Once again the creature bit me but this time it yelled, Niki was shouting at it. Blood and guts poured from its stomach and it fell. Blood oured over my face and then I passed out.

I woke up back on Afgan Wolf and Niki was at my side. She was sobbing because of the death of Captain Christie. She had been very brave and had escaped the journey of death.

M. Forsyth, IA.

FROM COWARD TO MAN

A sleek and agile craft sped through space, like a bullet slicing through the air. A woman sat at the controls. She had long, flowing, golden hair and her blue eyes were mystic and piercing. At this moment something emerged from the craft and plummeted into the vast vacuum and darkness of space.

It was a young, keen space recruit, who felt he had to do something for what he believed in, this was law and order. He was swarthy and robust, but also intelligent. The test had begun to find his fitness, cunning, and stamina, he was eager but yet scared, could he withstand the pressure and endure it for long enough?

With these thoughts on his mind, he abruptly hit earth and with a groan he managed to stagger to his feet. He surveyed and scanned the land with his vigilant eyes. He saw nature and its beauty, flowers of all kinds and small rock pools. He heard the tranquillity and peace but he still felt uneasy. There was some lurking danger somewhere.

He walked forwards when suddenly a laser cracked and just missed him, panic set in and he ran, his heart pounding faster and faster like a steam engine. He only stopped when he came to a pool where quiet seemed to reign and a swan with her chicks swam unperturbed. This calmed and soothed him and he began to relax. Then he remembered he had runaway, he was a born coward. He needed to be looked after just as the chicks did under their mothers wing, he had cracked, now he had to try vigorously to regain his courage. The chicks would one day be independant, so must he. He rose to his feet and summoned all his courage to continue the test.

He was placed under strain, emotionally hurt and physically hurt but he endured it and became a fully fledged member of the space federation, but most of all he had proved himself a man. He also learned self obedience and the true qualities of a leader.

Christopher Berry, IA.

WAR FORBODING

One fine morning just when the first rays of sunshine began to break through the morning mist a lonely figure jogged through Central Park. The city at that time was very quiet and only the occasional blast of a blast siren broke the morning air.

Jogging out of the park he stopped at a newsagent. The morning's news was plastered all over the billboards and he stopped to look at them. They said, "Japanese Bomb Pearl Harbour", "Nips Break Peace Treaty". He sighed and walked in. "Morning, Jack," said a voice and from behind a display of chocolates came the owner of the shop. He was quite fat, unshaven and spoke in a gutteral, down-town New York slang. "*New York Herald,* please," said Jack. "Nice morning," said the shop keeper. "Yeah, it sure is," said Jack. "That will be fifteen cents." He gave him the money and jogged out. A breeze blew down the street and stung his face. It smelt of burnt tyres, oil, food, and car exhaust fumes – the smells of home.

He made his way to get some breakfast and stopped off at "Hatch Harry's Fry Up". He paused for a moment and walked in. The smell of frying food hung in the air and hit him full in the face as he walked in. "Morning, Harry," said Jack. "Ohh! Hi there," replied Harry, "Are you wanting your usual?" "Yeah," said Jack, "but where are you?" "Ohh, sorry," said Harry, "I'm fixing the boiler but I'll be out in a minute." While Harry fixed the boiler Jack sat down and started reading the paper. In limped Harry. He was a well-built negro of about thirty. He had fought with the Americans earlier on and had been made lame by a mortar blast. He had settled down here and had a reputation for the best breakfast in town. The sizzling of bacon soon filled the café. Jack was served with a breakfast of bacon, eggs, tomato, sausage and mushrooms, and to wash it down a big cup of black coffee. He ate heartily and settled back after finishing. "Back to sea, Jack?" said Harry. "Yip, straight into action," said Jack, "I'll be joining the ship USS *Mississippi.* So there will be plenty of action." Harry sighed, he hated it when people talked about action. He was still very bitter about his disability even if he didn't show it. Jack stood up, paid for his breakfast, said goodbye and walked out. Jack thought to himself, "Could that be the last time I have breakfast there?". He laughed it off and jogged up the stairs that led to his flat. He got out his key and opened the door. Before entering he picked up the milk bottles that sat on his doorstep, he paused and walked in. Switching on the TV as he passed. He went into his bedroom. His bedroom was relatively tidy – his bed was unmade and a pool-cue stood in the corner. He opened the windows and let the fresh air in. On the left-hand side of the room stood a cupboard to which he walked over. He opened the door and took out a uniform. Picking up a brush he brushed it down. On the epaulets it said "US Navy" and beside that it said "Mississippi". He also brought out a sailor's cap, a track-suit which was grey and had "USA" written on the front, a kit bag, a few shirts, trousers, shoes and socks, and finally, kneeling down to the bottom drawer of the cupboard, brought out a holster and belt with a colt automatic tucked snuggly inside. Striding out of the bedroom he proceeded to the bathroom, took off his shoes and had a shower. The shower was a simple gas ring type to which a curtain came round the occupant in a circle. A sink was at the other side of the room to which dozens of bottles of cologne and aftershave lay. He washed his hair, got out, dried himself and started to get dressed. When dressed in the deep blue uniform. He slung the belt and holster around his waist, and packed his kit bag. He switched off everything in the house, he closed every window and finally switched off the TV. He picked up his keys and walked out, closed and locked the door and ran down the stairs. Once on street level he ran down the street. He turned off down an avenue and walked up to a car. Inside was a man with the same uniform on as his. He got in and drove away to the docks. He would be gone for a long time; maybe forever.

W. Hamilton, IA.

IRONY IN DEATH

Sunny California. A warm day. Reclining in his seat, Edward Cascarino knew everything was going right for him and would continue to do so. He had enough wealth to buy the city and more. An oil tycoon, who'd slogged hard in the ranks from a peasant, who now had the kingdom of a god. He was now to organise a massive pipeline deal, in which he also had the added problems of environmental groups and rich senators to cope with. Enthused over such an important affair, he once again phoned his incompatible wife.

"Hi. Julie? Hi. Yes. I'm in the office. I can't make it tonight." He was flattened by the pitch of her anger.

"Listen, don't shout at me, eh. I might die of a heart attack. See you tomorrow, dear." He had an inclination to shout back up the wire, enraged by her temper, but he took the prudent way out.

As the phone clicked he heard a timorous voice address him.

"Excuse me, sir?"

"Oh, sorry, didn't hear you knocking. Must be going senile, eh? Come right in and take a seat. What can I do you for?"

"Well, sir, I'm a doctor. Dr Stockmann."

"And what a pleasure to meet you, son." He reclined in his seat further, and wondered what uninteresting information he had for him.

"I've some very distressing news for you, sir." Dr Stockmann handed Cascarino an official looking paper, with a sombre look on his face.

He felt nauseated. Slowly, quietly, and with a touch of fear, he asked, "Is this true? Three more months?"

"I'm afraid it's completely authentic, sir."

He looked again at the paper, stunned. Three months to live.

"Leave me alone, please!"

Slowly the doctor made his exit, not uttering a word. Three months. Only three short months and so much to do.

He spent all night and the next day sweating over his fortune, his family and himself. Who was to get what and benefit the most, or least? He had now worked it out, and hoped it would make his family love him for it. He started writing and gave away, in documents, two thirds of his wealth and empire. He went to the most expensive jewellers he could find and bought the most elegant and ostentatious necklace he could find. He decided not to tell his family the news, when he returned; they'd only panic.

"Hi there! Presents for all. Here's yours, Julie."

Eagerly she opened it and stood speechless at the diamond-ridden necklace.

"Why it's . . . it's so beautiful. Why did you get it?"

"Because it's a special day and we're going to remember it. Now, I'm organising a grand party for next week. I want every single living relative here. I've a couple of important announcements to make, including everyone's future."

The next six days went by in much the same fashion, but everyone began to notice something peculiar about him.

"Daddy, why have you been really nice to us lately."

"Why, sweetie, because I'm a really nice guy," was the only reply he could come up with.

The next day the party came and there was a buzz of expectancy, waiting for the announcements. The whole mansion was overflowing with guests and relatives.

"Sir, there's a Dr Stockmann to see you in the study. Quite important, he says."

"OK, Matthew, be right there." He left his guests and went into the study to join the doctor. Closing the door behind him he smiled and said, "Hi there! Got to be cheerful, haven't I? Can't let a thing like this get to me, I mean . . ."

"Sir, there's been a mistake."

"I don't quite follow, son. Speak up."

"A Mr Edward Cascarinus is going to die in three months."

"You can give him my condolences, but I don't see what this has to do with me."

"He's going to die, sir, not you."

"Explain yourself, boy."

"A computer mix-up, sir, entirely accidental."

"What! Oh, what have I done? Imbecile."

He slumped to a chair, his head in his hands. Dr Stockmann watched him, then said slowly, "I get the impression you'd rather die, sir. It can be arranged."

"Get out! Out! I'll see you tomorrow! Out!"

Meanwhile Julie was in the bedroom, picking up Cascarino's working jacket from a chair. A single folded piece of paper fell onto the ground. Being nosy, she picked it up and read it quickly. Astounded, she read it again, more slowly now. Holding back the tears, she ran out of the bedroom, and running down the stairs. She tripped, tumbling down the massive staircase. Alarmed by the noise Cascarino ran from the study.

"Julie, are you alright?"

Still clutching the letter, she replied unsteadily, "Are you alright, Edward?"

"It's all a mistake. Computer fault. I'm fine. Don't talk now, an ambulance is on its way, everything will be alright for all of us now."

Two hours later in the Memorial Hospital, the doctor proceeded to Cascarino.

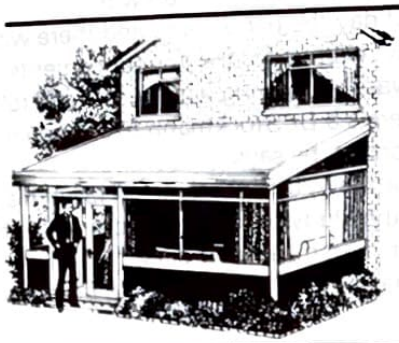
"I'm very sorry, Mr Cascarino, your wife isn't going to make it."

Andrew J. Millar, S5.

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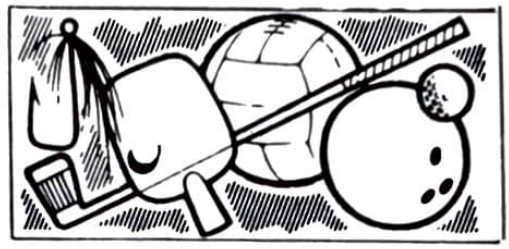
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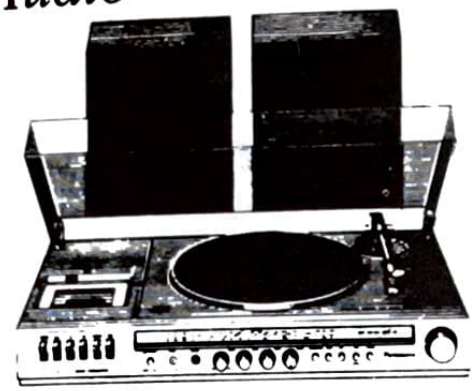


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