

# THE STRATHALLIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF STRATHALLAN SCHOOL

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VOLUME TWO

NUMBER FOUR

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## Editorial

We believe we owe some of our readers an apology, the more so since these readers are also would-be contributors. As a result of good work by class representatives during the autumn months much material was available for the Christmas number, and practically every form in the School could have been represented therein. Unfortunately, pressure of space necessitated the omission of nearly all of this, since Old Boys' News and an account of the Old Strathallian Dinner of necessity had to be included. We thought to have made this clear to the School via the class representatives, who met together immediately after the publication of number three for what promised to be a most stormy meeting. We have no objection to storms: good healthy criticism is always welcome—anything is better than apathy. Somehow, however, we have the feeling that the class representatives failed to give an explanation that satisfied the erstwhile enthusiasts.

At all events we have received but two contributions this term. And hence we hope the public apology—which, accompanied as it is by redress of apparent injury—will have the desired effect during the Summer Term.

The Summer Term is always a difficult one for present pupils, because their leisure is so fully occupied, and now that Golf is to become a recognised pastime, we suppose it will be even more difficult for a boy to find half an hour in which to write for the magazine. For this reason we make a special appeal to past pupils to rally to our aid. It is long since we received anything from the pens of those who helped to set such a high standard in the initial numbers. Without mentioning names, we can only hope that this will meet their eye, and that even in their exalted positions they will suffer the pricks of conscience until they have tried their hand again. It is a pity for such talent “to rust unburnished, not to shine in use.”

## School Notes and Notices

GOOD for weather and for weather only would adequately summarise this term. That we have already enjoyed this year's Summer is greatly to be feared, though the healthy appearance of the cricket pitches makes one hope the contrary. Work was seriously interfered with during the last month by an outbreak of influenza, which, however mild in form, caused considerable worry and, considerably reducing the numbers present in the various forms, put a stop to any true progress. The examination results clearly indicated this break in the continuity of effort and lack of opportunity to revise; but as no class was taking external examinations, there remains a long summer term during which lost ground may be made up.

It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that many of the social functions of the School have suffered depletion in numbers. Both the Dramatic and Debating Societies have been affected. While a certain amount of apathy has been noticeable among some of the older boys, a pleasing feature in both societies has been the enthusiasm of the younger members, which augurs well for the future when the dark nights return.

The Debating Society already is showing the signs of experience. While the membership has been slightly less, one could always be sure of the debates being kept open, younger members having their say with old stagers, and it is significant that frequently the remarks so made have been most pertinent, while all have been at least eloquent. The Chairman, A. M. Melville, has been a tower of strength, and his speeches have been a pleasure to listen to, for he has the gift of mingling with his truths that touch of humour which goes so far to impress the fact; and the success of the session has been due to his efforts and those of a hard-working committee. Attention

is here called to the secretary's remarks on the Society's activities.

Meanwhile, the Dramatic Society continues to flourish, and is astonishing to observe the stage presence of some of the new members, who, even if they did not find places in the end of term production, were well tried out in rehearsed readings, the experience in which will fit most of them for their first public appearance next session. Despite the ravages of the 'flu, and out of a cast of thirteen there were but two ever-presents at rehearsals, the end of term social was a great success.

No little of this success was due to Mr. Fletcher and his orchestra. No longer is it merely a Jazz Band. In the matter of instruments it may be weaker, but its volume is far greater even than at Christmas, and it now caters for the appreciator of good music as well as the lover of jazz. It does one's heart good, however, to listen to the community singing, for which it provides.

Two tried favourites returned to give us lectures during the term, the Rev. A. R. Runnels-Moss with an illustrated lecture on British Huns and the Maya civilisation; and last, but certainly not least, Mr. F. S. Smythe—fresh from the honour of a Royal Command Performance—with the thrilling account of his expedition up Mount Kamet. Assuredly the School has set a very high standard in the matter of lectures.

The School takes this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Shaw upon his marriage, and wishes him and Mrs. Shaw every happiness in the future.

The School also congratulates Mr. G. F. ("Tubby") Ritchie on gaining his Rugby Cap against England. The fact that he has been acting in a reserve capacity for the past two seasons suggests that the honour was long overdue.

A further innovation this year was the organisation of a Chess Club. For this the School is indebted to Mr. Cole, who provided the youthful "masters" of the game with opposition in the form of a Masters' Team, which, we regret to relate, was ignominiously mastered by four matches to two. Really, the Staff will have to look to its laurels! They will be provided with an opportunity of redeeming themselves during the Summer in other spheres.

Next season will see the opening of the Golf Course on the field down to the Station. If the going will be on the rough side between the holes, the tees and the greens already look in excellent condition, and considerable pleasure will doubtlessly be derived from the game by those who have little interest in cricket or tennis.

The Spring Term has not been a very successful one on the rugger field. The defeats have, with one exception, been on the narrowest margins, and one could not help feeling that the home defeats might well have been turned into victory by encouragement from the touch-line. We do not advocate indiscriminate yelling, much less partiality, but the advantage of playing at home is completely lost if the spectators maintain a mild calm, pregnant with resignation to defeat.

That the School has not lost the art of encouragement was clearly demonstrated during the House matches, when the atmosphere was anything but the stagnant one associated with a School game. Indeed, it would be quite true to say that party feeling has never run so high as this year. Looking back on the games, and even acknowledging the havoc wrought in the various teams by the 'flu, it must be admitted that Simpson sadly disappointed, and Freeland surprised in the preliminary rounds of the seven-a-sides; indeed, the latter might easily have defeated Ruthven had not Dame Fortune turned away her face. In the final, Ruthven were unfortunate in being without their captain, Waterston; but their fine tactics, in keeping the ball among the forwards, where they held

a decided advantage over Nicol, almost succeeded. At the same time Nicol deserve every credit for their solid defence, and are to be congratulated on winning the Dow Cup for the first time in its history.

Nicol Juniors are also to be congratulated on completing the double by defeating Freeland in the final, after a close game. All three junior games tended to degenerate into mauls—there seemed far too many forwards compared with outsiders; very promising material was to be observed, notably in the play of A. G. Gray, R. Johnston, R. Auld, W. Pringle, J. Strang, I. Wood, R. Kirkland, T. Forrest, S. Cleland and G. Shanks.

Our congratulations are also due to W. Macmillan and I. Lawson upon their election to the captaincy of the First and Second Cricket Elevens, respectively. We can only wish them all the success they will be wishing themselves.

We bid good-bye and good luck to R. Hosie, whose meteoric rise to the First XV. is deserving of the highest praise; to B. Carlaw, who has done yeoman service on the rugger field and an old stager in the School Water Polo Team; and to D. Vost, one of the oldest members, and a real tower of strength of the 73rd Perthshires.

The boys in authority this term are :—

Prefects : A. M. Melville, School Captain; J. A. Montgomerie, Vice-Captain and Captain of Simpson House; G. D. Muir, Captain of Nicol House; J. W. Macmillan, Captain of Freeland House; W. Waterston, Captain of Ruthven House; W. Falconer, R. Smith.

House Prefects : G. Aitkenhead, L. Fleming, A. Mackay, W. Watt, W. Roy, G. Watt, J. Shaw.

Sub-Prefects : G. K. Chalmers, N. Gillanders, A. W. Harrington, W. S. Linton, I. K. Lawson, A. Fleming, J. Dawson.

Cricket Captains : J. W. Macmillan, 1st XI.; I. K. Lawson, 2nd XI.

Tennis Captain : W. Falconer.

Golf Captain : A. W. Harrington.

### THE LIBRARY

This term has been as successful as ever in the Library, and at one time we had more books in circulation than ever before. The Reference sections have also enjoyed great popularity, and have been added to recently.

During the term several good books have been received, and we should like to take this opportunity of again thanking all who have assisted us in this way. Particularly we should like to thank the 73rd Perthshire Scout Troop for its generous gifts to the Fiction section.

Unfortunately, many of our more popular books are beginning to show the effect of hard and constant wear, and it has become necessary to dispose of them. We would therefore appeal to all interested in the School Library to send any suitable books for which they have no further use to the Librarians, that we may be able to keep pace with the demands made upon us.

G. D. MUIR,  
*for the Library Committee.*

### THE BRITON

Far up among the mountains  
Through fertile pastures flows  
The sacred river Iris,  
Fed by eternal snows;  
And in a pleasant valley,  
Where graze both goat and kine,  
Nestles the town of Sivas,  
A home of royl line.

Down in the busy market  
Where mingle Turk and Jew,  
Armenian and Moslem,  
And hungry Greekling too,  
An English traveller bustles  
Amongst the jostling crowd,  
A stranger, unattended,  
But with great strength endowed.

The Grecian frowns his hatred,  
The proud Turk stands in awe  
Of this commanding Briton  
Who represents all law:  
World famous for his justice  
The Briton stands unique,  
Renowned for his knowledge  
And skill in all technique.

But over in a corner  
Before a merchant's stall  
A bitter row has started  
And developed to a brawl.  
A little Turk had stolen  
Some Jewish merchandise;  
While the old man wasn't looking  
He had sought to snatch the prize.

But the old Jew seized the varlet  
And beat him with his rod  
In front of all the Moslems  
Until he drew the blood.  
With frenzy they attacked him,  
Resolved to take his life;  
And the father of the rogue  
Drew out his shining knife.

The poor Jew squealed with terror  
This raging crowd to see;  
His brethren, though in danger,  
Were too amazed to flee.  
The Moslems gave no mercy:  
The Jewish tribe must pay,  
Since one of their religion  
Should treat a Turk that way.

Old Tubal's eyes were staring,  
His face was white with fear,  
He saw no way to safety—  
The father's knife shone clear.  
Then suddenly from nowhere  
A strong hand gripped the arm;  
The Briton stood before him  
Protecting him from harm.

“Avaunt! ye scum of Islam,  
And leave this Jew alone.”  
With sternness, and yet calmly,  
He faced the crowd alone.  
Dumbfounded by his courage,  
They drew back from his side;  
Three hundred held by one man,  
Unarmed save with his pride.

Then slowly they disperséd,  
The market place grew still;  
The Briton turned to go then  
From the Jew they dare not kill.  
“Oh, master, must you leave me?  
Thanks be to you and God.  
You have the British spirit!”  
And he stooped to lift his rod.

G. D. M. (Form B).

## This Term's Lectures

THE Rev. A. R. Runnels-Moss returned in February to lecture on "British Honduras." His lecture began with an account of the Buccaneers, who were originally responsible for the colonization of the country, the gently shelving beach and numerous islands affording adequate protection against revengeful Spanish Dons. Those of us who anticipated historical accounts of Morgan and his fellow-pirates were possibly somewhat disappointed when the lecturer abandoned the subject for the more prosaic one of the geography of Honduras.

This is perhaps more commonplace than that of his earlier subjects. The West Indies: here is no pitch lake, no volcanic eruption to excite wonder; but one felt by the time the lecturer had run through his excellent slides that one did know something of the vegetation and life in the little colony.

Most interesting of all, however, was that part of the lecture which dealt with the Maya civilization, which, with its magnificent and elaborate architecture, flourished in pre-Christian times and disappeared without any apparent cause, leaving the temples and cities to be discovered but recently in the midst of dense and almost impenetrable forests. One felt it was a pity that this part of the lecture came so quickly to an end.

The second lecture was the welcome return of Mr. F. S. Smythe, fresh from his own Himalayan expedition. Again he told us a story of British grit in the face of hardships—this time in "The Conquest of Mt. Kamet," 25,447 feet high. He made us realise something of the difficulties of organising such an expedition, and he paid glowing tribute to Captain Birnie, an Indian resident, who had arranged for supplies and porters on receipt of instructions from England.

Mr. Smythe went on to describe the hazardous journey over the foothills, at first in a decrepit and terribly overloaded motor lorry—the most dangerous part of the

journey, he maintained — and later on foot. He then took us into the region of glacier and mountain peak to the source of the sacred Ganges. Here the party were making Geography, for much of the ground they traversed was hitherto uncharted country.

Then began the ascent of Kamet. The necessity for slow progress with rests to allow for acclimatisation to high altitudes was emphasised, as the party pushed up the pass and pitched base camps and advance base camps. Fortunately, the weather was kind to them, a three days' blizzard alone delaying their advance, and this before they had reached the more exposed slopes. At the same time this rendered greater the possibilities of avalanches, and further made the ascent of the last five thousand feet the more arduous since it had to be made in soft snow. Finally the party established itself just over a thousand feet below the summit, but little more than half a mile away as the crow flies.

Eventually half the party set out through the yielding snow on the final stage; but so difficult was the going, steps having to be cut in places, that it was eight hours later before the chief porter of the party was hoisted by his two comrades on to the summit, as a fitting tribute to his pluck. Next day the remainder of the party who were fit made the ascent.

Naturally, the lecture was of primary interest, but a word must be said for the magnificent photographs, notably those looking over the billowing clouds with the mountain peaks standing out gaunt above them, the moonlight photo of the snow-clad mountain peak seen in the early stage of the journey, and, perhaps most wonderful of all, the cheery picture of the camp fire with which the lecturer left us. We certainly look forward to further visits from Mr. Smythe. Indeed, he will always be welcome when he has further mountaineering adventures to relate.

## The Dramatic Society Social

ON the evening of March 29th the Dramatic Society gave further evidence of its flourishing condition by the production of a four-act melodrama, "Under Cover," by Roi Cooper Megrue. Despite the fact that rehearsals had been seriously handicapped by the ravages of the influenza germ, which, heedless of the impending end-of-term performance, took toll of the elite as well as of the common herd, the acting showed no sign of lack of preparation, and the tribute of the audience to the untiring efforts of the actors, producer and stage managers was in every way fully deserved. Perhaps few of those who applaud so vigorously entirely realise the enormous amount of work entailed in the Society's biennial performances — the self-sacrificing spirit of the actors slaving over their parts until they become word perfect, the study of the correct gesture and the correct emphasis, the grouping on the stage, the collection of the necessary wardrobe from the ladies' frocks to the boiled shirts, the removal of chairs, tables, book-cases and other household furniture from their accustomed haunts to new surroundings. And these are only a few of the things which have to be done before the actors are ready to take their places before the footlights.

During the four years of its existence the efficiency of the Society has increased by leaps and bounds, and the only adverse criticism we feel called upon to make is concerning the plays selected for production. We know how difficult it is to choose something which will satisfy everyone and at the same time be within the scope of the Society; but we have had too many thrillers by mediocre dramatists. The standard of acting is now of a quality to guarantee that the Society will not "murder" a better class of play. We do not suggest that it should devote itself to Shakespeare, Sheridan or Goldsmith — there are many difficulties in the way of such a project — but we do suggest that there are modern plays by well-established authors — plays of literary value — which would be more beneficial to both actors and audience than some of the plays recently produced.

"Under Cover" centres round the attempt by Steve Denby, a supposed crook, to pass a

necklace through the New York Customs House. He succeeds by reason of his friendship with the influential Harrington family. Daniel Taylor, the not incorruptible Customs' chief, employs as his sleuth-hound Ethel Cartwright, who has put herself in his power by her gallant attempt to save her sister from the penalties of the law, to which she has rendered herself subject by obtaining insurance money as a result of a manufactured burglary. Ethel is an old friend of Denby's and so is most unwilling to play the spy. He is equally reluctant to believe that she is in league with his enemies. After many misunderstandings, Denby is at last arrested, only to buy his freedom and the necklace from the grafting Taylor. He then reveals himself as the mysterious R. J. who has been appointed by the Government to investigate bribery abuses at the Customs. The swaggering Taylor is arrested, and all ends happily, as it should be, with marriage bells in the offing.

And now to the actors and actresses: Mr. Norton is, of course, an accomplished actor, and in his capacity of alternate villain and hero played the part of Steve Denby with unimpeachable verisimilitude. His acting embraced the whole gamut of emotions, from the autocratic bearing of the man of action to the tenderness associated with love's young dream.

No actor has improved so greatly as A. Montgomerie, who took the part of Daniel Taylor, the blustering and dishonest Customs chief. He breathed life into the first act which otherwise might have fallen flat, and throughout the play exhibited a superb self-confidence in his abilities, accompanied by the brutal, overbearing behaviour attributed to Yankee officialdom. His crisp, incisive intonation might serve as a model to other less audible brethren.

W. C. Roy, as Monty Vaughn, the aristocratic but somewhat weak-kneed friend of Denby, was a great success. Here again a great improvement has taken place; his nervousness appears to have vanished, and he spoke more audibly than formerly. As the debonair, rather gay dog, he acted the part to the life and made the most of the humorous opportunities presented.

The rôle of the multi-millionaire, Michael Harrington, served to enhance G. D. Muir's reputation as a capable actor. A solid, substantial characterisation was needed for this somewhat bibulous plutocrat, and this Muir supplied. The majestic aloofness of the part could hardly have been bettered.

Gillanders, as Taylor's assistant, left little to be desired. He spoke and acted with expression, though at times his manner was a little wooden. Simpson, in the part of his fellow-officer at the Customs, made the most of a limited part. His special talent lies in his ability to extract humour from his characterisation, and in this respect his audience was not disappointed. He promises well as a low comedian, but he must be careful not to slur his words.

The small part of Lambert, the Harringtons' butler, was ably played by A. Mackay, who introduced the proper measure of impressiveness for the well-trained family retainer. McKenna acted as the Customs House doorkeeper. He was nervous — but this was his first appearance and no doubt he will improve with experience.

And now let us join the ladies. What a bevy of feminine beauty the Society now possesses, and what a pity that breaking voices and lengthening limbs render it necessary for such frequent changes among those capable of female impersonation! Still we have no doubt that there is plenty of prospective material in the lower school.

The principal girl, Ethel Cartwright, was portrayed by S. K. White. He had a very long and tiring part; nevertheless he acquitted himself extremely well. In one particular he was pre-eminent, and that was in his portrayal of feminine charm and a sort of clinging gracefulness which must have been difficult to acquire. At first, it must be admitted, he was inclined to be rather flat and colourless; worse still, he was frequently inaudible; but these defects passed away and by the end of the evening he was acting with a vigorous spirit and a sense of dramatic values which made him delightful.

McGill, as Mrs. Harrington, deserves the highest praise. Probably he gave the best rendering of the matron type of character yet seen in the Society's productions. The

gracious ease, the fluency of speech, and a sort of halo of indefinable womanliness which clung around him made his performance conspicuously successful, and his smile was joy to behold.

Paterson, who took the part of Nora Rutledge, also showed a great improvement. As the giddy young lady with a spice of devilry in her composition, he was eminently successful. He acted with confidence and ability.

The part of Amy Cartwright, Ethel's erring sister, was played by Edward, who was nervous, and, consequently, rather artificial. He did his best, but the character could have been played more expressively and more audibly.

C. Roy, in the part of a lady who has been unfortunate enough to be caught "*flagrante in delicto*" by the Customs officials, preserved a suitable dumbness until the appropriate occasion, when she developed an amazing "gift of the gab." Here is promising material.

In conclusion, we must give our accustomed tribute to A. M. Melville, W. Rowan, J. Bannister and E. Sinclair, the stage managers, to whose skill we owe so much; to Mr. Norton for his indefatigable zeal in the production of the play; and to Mr. Fletcher and his orchestra, to whom we extend our congratulations on the quality of their performance.

P. W. S.

### BY THEIR WORDS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

No prize is offered for allocating to the correct speaker the following profound words of wisdom:—

"You're late!"

"Definitely Wednesday's program."

"Question one! . . ."

"Come and see me after tea!"

"Let me see your eyes!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to pay a penny to the Library."

"Tum-par-tum."

"Life is like that."

"Pass it about."

"Carry on now."

## The Debating Society

THE second half of the session has been highly successful, and the speeches made by members have been very creditable, particularly as several were by way of maiden efforts. The only complaint one might find with the Society's activities was the reluctance of the members to offer suggestions for debate, or to offer themselves as speakers for the subjects selected by the committee, whose task has been no light one.

"That Britain should *Rule India*" was the subject of the opening meeting. A. Fleming, proposing the motion, spoke well to a company almost unanimously in favour. But so good were the arguments put forward by the opposition, particularly by D. Muir, that when the vote was taken, the motion was only carried by the narrow margin of four.

The second debate, "That town life is preferable to country life," suffered from irrelevances, not to say personalities. Montgomerie was the principal speaker for the motion, while C. Balfour and G. Dobson opposed it with such success as to defeat it by 14 votes to 9.

"That Art has done more for Civilisation than Science" proved the most interesting and successful debate. Mr. Norton, for the proposition, was careful to define his terms at the commencement and to emphasise that Art was superior if only for its moral effect on humanity. He left A. Montgomerie to depreciate the services rendered by Science, which was done most effectively. A. Mackay and D. Vost showed a detailed knowledge of things scientific, and the former's purposeful speaking made a good impression, but the motion was ultimately carried by 15 votes to 8.

The last debate was upon the proposition, "That a Dress Reform is necessary," which, despite the fact that at first sight the subject seemed devoid of argumentative material, proved most amusing and enjoyable. A. M. Melville was in fine fettle in the opening speech, and though his suggested standardisation of dress came in for considerable criticism later, it was plain he carried his hearers with him. He was admirably supported by A. Montgomerie. Both the speakers for the opposition were making their first speech, and the efforts of W.

Rowan and W. Smith to counteract the personal influence of Melville's eloquence were exceptionally creditable, their argument being based upon the belief that dress reform has already done all that is necessary to make for perfection. They were perhaps a little slow in spotting the flaws and contradictions in the proposers' speeches, and Melville's admirable summing up effectively carried the motion by 14 votes to 8.

In conclusion, one can safely prophesy success for the Society next session, as the keenness among the younger members is particularly conspicuous, and further, these junior members are not frightened to speak their mind—always a healthy sign.

A. MONTGOMERIE, *Hon. Secy.*

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## THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Owing to the vacancies made on the Committee by the departure of Messrs. Paton, Rich and Jack, the first business of the Society was to appoint new members. These were A. Fleming, S. K. White, and I. K. Lawson.

In addition to the two lectures given under the Society's auspices, by the Rev. A. R. Runnells-Moss, on "British Honduras and the Buccaneers," and Mr. F. S. Smythe, with an illustrated account of his successful attack on Mount Kamet, seven meetings were held during the term. This was made possible by several members of the committee, not engaged in rehearsals in the end of term play, making themselves responsible for the presentation of a rehearsed reading at the last three meetings. These were "The Master of the House," "Rory Aforesaid," "Wurze-Flummery" and "Shivering Shocks," all of which were very successful, though the fact that they were all old favourites led to a lack of interest in them among the older members of the Society.

The end of term play was "Under Cover," which, if not so ambitious as the Christmas venture, was certainly as great a success. A full criticism is to be found elsewhere; but we wish to acknowledge the receipt of £2 5/6 from the usual collection taken for stage equipment.

G. D. MUIR, *Hon. Secy.*



## Some Adventures in the Forests of Brazil

THE battered and weather-beaten little tramp steamer chugged its way up the sluggish river, and after a few convulsive jerks, stationed itself by the wooden jetty. As we walked down the gangway we were accosted by a crowd of natives and half-castes, each of whom seemed possessed of a great desire to carry our luggage to the little bungalow on the hill. There were six of us, and each was greatly excited at our new holiday-expedition. I was struck by the luxuriant vegetation and the highly coloured plumage of the innumerable birds.

As we ascended the hill we realised that we must hurry if we were to get our baggage stowed before dark; already the light had begun to fail, and half an hour later we found ourselves in the bungalow in the dark. Therefore, any means of illumination being forgotten, we retired to rest.

I was awakened next morning by the screaming of the many hued parrots which sat perched on the tall gum trees outside my window. I woke my companions, somewhat more rudely perhaps than I had been myself, and after some discussion we elected to take our guns, and, with a young native as a guide, to take a canoe down stream to the next landing stage. The day was a perfect one, not a cloud marring the blue of the heavens. Enormous trees stood up, tall and majestic, against the background of purple-blue hills. But what impressed us most was the birds — thousands of them and of every colour, green, gold, scarlet, yellow and blue being the most conspicuous. The great toucan, with a beak almost as large as his body, flew clumsily from stem to stem.

The first part of our journey was through a valley, bounded on both sides by tall wooded hills, whose lower grassy slopes abounded with herds of small animals. At

last, however, we left the valley and found ourselves on a stretch of pampas, though the banks of the river became increasingly steep. Ultimately we came to a pool, calm if muddy, and here we stopped. As we sat thus, we felt a sudden jar on the bottom of the boat, which rocked unsteadily for a few minutes. We seized our guns instinctively, but it was some minutes before we realised what was the matter. At last a log rose to the surface and was seen to move, although the pool was so still. I motioned to my friend to shoot, but the native laid a restraining hand on his arm and said, "Do not shoot, animal no hurt, him called iguana." With this, we left the reptile untouched, and decided to return to the bungalow, though we found paddling upstream a very different matter from going down, and we were all tired when we once more pulled in at the jetty.

Some days later, setting out very early to avoid the heat of the mid-day sun, we set out for the true Brazilian forests. It was not long till we were buried in its leafy fastness, the cool shadiness being very welcome after the glare of the sun. Most of us had heard something of the fierce cat that inhabits the woods and we were constantly on the alert for an attack. Suddenly and without any warning we heard a terrific roar and the crashing of bushes, then with paws uplifted a huge jaguar landed a few yards from us. With another spring it would certainly have been on top of one of my friends had he not ducked, and the brute went flying over his head. The remaining four of us took our chance and fired. The jaguar, poised for another spring, rolled over dead. We sighed with relief as we examined the dead animal, and though we were pleased with our kill, we were long forgetting how close a shave one of us had had.

R. G. C. (Form 2.)

## Self-Confidence and Good Conceit

ON the night of the Old Strathallan Dinner I was cornered by the worthy editor of the magazine.

"Are you going to write an article for the Mag.?", he asked. I enquired after his wife's health. "The F.P.'s are not backing me up at all, you know," he complained.

"And how is your little daughter?", I asked solicitously. But he was not to be deterred. "Will you write something?", he demanded. I gave in. After all, it was a sentimental occasion, and I was infused with a feeling of bonhomie and goodwill-to-all-men. So I promised to send him an article within one month—and have suffered mental anguish ever since. This anxiety led me to indulge in a little introspection. Why should I not feel capable of writing a printable article? Did I lack confidence in my literary ability? Had I, indeed, ever tested this ability? This led me to a general consideration of self-confidence and the assertion of one's capabilities.

An aggressive and dominant desire for their own superiority is characteristic of all animals, and it seems that only in man, the social animal, has this desire been suppressed. Civilization has crushed individuality; convention has supplanted egoism. Mankind is a standard product; men are afraid to differ from their fellows. It is only those who have dared to throw off the shackles of convention and ruthlessly assert the original impulse of self domination whose names stand out in world affairs. Their weaker brothers call it impudence—but what is impudence but individuality, vitality and success, the inherent desire for superiority, bursting the bonds of convention. It is the realisation that as man is born alone and dies alone, so must he live alone—and for himself. This self assertion may mean selfishness and shamelessness, keenness and cunning, but the world will pour its wealth at the feet of the man who treats it with contempt—at the feet of the man who believes in himself—

and not of an honest fool tied to the apron strings of convention.

Consider, as a light digression, the story of George Washington who cut down his father's cherry tree. He was taken to task by his father. An ordinary child would have said, "Father, I did it," and received his dues. But even at a young age George believed in self assertion. "Father, I cannot tell a lie," he said—such impudence, such artistic impudence! and it certainly paid George.

In every sphere of life self confidence and assertion are vitally necessary to success. Knowledge is worthless without them.

Let me refer to the legal profession. No body of men is more in the public eye than lawyers. It has been held by no mean authority that it is part of the Pleader's duty to have no scruples about misleading a judge by specious sophistry or discrediting the evidence of an honest witness, or doing any other act which may benefit his client. It is his highest and most unquestionable duty to protect his client at all hazards and costs to others. Surely to succeed in this profession a man must have unshakable faith in his own powers and be indifferent to the opinions of others.

In accountancy also, the foundation stone of successful business, mere knowledge of principles is useless unless the accountant has undoubted faith in his own powers to apply these principles, and moreover to convince those with whom he works that he is infallible.

There is an old saying that you can catch a minnow with a worm and a bass will take your minnow. A good fat bass will attract an otter and there you have something worth catching. Thus it is that your knowledge will win for you a position in business, and the position will bring with it responsibility, but unless your self confidence, faith in self, is waiting to seize that responsibility, worldly success will pass you by.

I. S. C.

## A TRIP TO MONTSERRAT

We set sail at three o'clock in the morning, for then the tide was in and the wind favourable. Our captain was a big, burly nigger, an expert in handling his boat but partial to the bottle. When we started out he was perfectly sober, and indeed, had we known he had had any liquor at all, our trip would certainly have been postponed.

When we came on deck we were out of sight of land and the sun was rising. We none of us felt too well and therefore lay on deck, wrapped in our blankets. Listening to the creak of the ship as she heaved on the waves and watching the boom swing overhead did not improve the sensations I for one felt in the pit of my stomach. When we were nearing St. Kitts Nevis our troubles increased for a storm broke out, and the crew were called on to reef the sails as quickly as possible.

When the storm was at its height, down came the captain to the cabin and emptied a full bottle of rum. As may be imagined, in half an hour he was dead drunk and we were without a captain. His nephew, we were told, was to take command. This was all right except that the nephew was quite incapable of taking command for he did not seem to know the first thing about sailing the boat. The rest of the day was thoroughly unpleasant with us fearing every moment was to be our last.

On the following morning we found ourselves half way back to our starting place, but, what was a greater discovery, the captain was again sober and, summarily deposing his nephew from his command, he ordered the ship to be put about once more.

By this time the sea was becoming less violent, though still running high, so that we were glad of waterproofs which the steward had some difficulty in procuring from below. Four days after our departure we reached Montserrat where we stayed four days.

The return journey was more pleasant if less eventful; for fine weather prevailed the whole time. In the neighbourhood of St. Thomas we ran into flying fish, which caused endless amusement by landing on the deck. But with a following wind the voyage was quickly made and we reached home in a single day.

C. L. R. (Form J1).

## NOVEMBER 11th

## Thoughts on the Unknown Soldier's Grave at Paris

Here lies a genius or, perhaps, a fool;  
Here sleeps a brave man or, perhaps, a coward;

Here lies a man who answered Life with Death;

Here sleeps a man who gave, or grudged himself.

And now an ever-living, leaping flame  
Rises from earth and flickers in the wind  
While traffic thunders round the whole day through,

And people pass, and stop, and look, and think,

Or stop and look, and then pass on their way.

A lover with his loved one paused awhile:  
"He died!" he murmurs, looking gently down

Into her eyes that brim with tears. "Poor thing!"

She answers softer than a fallen leaf  
That touches ground, and they, too, passed away

To gayer things. And then within myself  
I laughed, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed,

And I believe those Silent Ones laughed too  
At our weak sentimental, human hearts  
That always yearn for peace and grasp at war.

In war we gaze on sun-tinged cannon smoke,

Admire its grandeur, and so blissfully forget  
The blood-mash and brutality it hides.

And when the yelping guns have sullenly  
Been put to silence, then . . . we take a clod,  
Encase it in a shrine and weep our tears,  
And spend one millionth of the teeming years

In silent contemplation of the wrong  
That we have done ourselves. And still that flame

Is mutely flickering there, trying to burn  
The warning on our souls. And yet, we still  
Think, moan and think, and moan and never DO.

IAN CHALMERS.

## The Tragedy of Adam—Gardener

I WONDER if it has ever occurred to you what a tragedy is the life of the average amateur gardener. It is all very well to say that "God first planted a garden"; I do not wish to be irreverent, but judging by the profanity caused by the modern garden, I can only assume that there has been a change in ownership since the days of Eden.

My friend Adam (I call him that since he followed our first father's profession) is a case in point. He is a clerk with a modest salary and recently, like Adam again, he took unto himself a wife. I say recently, actually nearly two years ago. When he first conceived the idea, he selected a plot of land about a mile out of the town, and instructed a house to be built. I don't know where he first conceived the idea of becoming a gardener: I think upon one of his trips about the country with his innamorato he must have visited one of these show gardens now open to the public in the cause of charity. Anyway he was badly bitten with the disease. "You know, old man," he told me once, "the turf on my bit of land is really excellent; I'll be able to lay a fine lawn with it." I was non-committal.

The next time I saw him he was in a bad temper. He had been to admire his turf and had found it in a sorry mess. The builders had run their lorries over part of it, and the remainder had been dug up with the foundations or buried under the building material. Again I was non-committal. You see I had been through it all once myself. I did not see him again till after his marriage. When I did, after general enquiries as to his health and happiness, I mentioned the word "garden." Adam is not a profane man as a rule, but his flow of language on this occasion only goes to prove the unsuspected learning of some people.

"Do you know I have already three spades, two forks, a pickaxe and a crowbar decorating the landscape, in pieces? What those builders did I don't know, but what with pieces of wood, mortar, cement and so on, it's absolutely impossible to find the soil in my garden. Why, I've enough bricks,

whole and in pieces, to build myself a garage whenever I need one. And I should think my neighbour must have used my ground as a rubbish pit. My other neighbour isn't in yet," he added darkly.

"How much have you done?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I had to get a man to rough dig it. I found my time too full to finish it myself. He should complete the job by the end of the week. But you must come round and see it. I have a good stock of seeds to sow as soon as he is done."

I took him at his word, and about a week later I went to see him. The garden had been dug, and Adam spent the best part of an hour showing me where he had set sweet peas, lobelia, cabbages, beans and so on, where the lawn was to be and where the flower border would end and the vegetable garden begin. I grunted agreement occasionally, continued to be non-committal when asked advice, and left him in an enthusiastic frame of mind. I thought it rather a pity that he should not taste experience to the full and so I suggested he should purchase a lawn mower and a garden roller. His next door neighbour at any rate needed one, and I felt that Adam would miss one of the thrills of his life if he did not hear his lawn mower trying conclusions with a few stones his neighbour had inadvertently left on his lawn. I knew the next part of the story.

Considering the arduousness of making and maintaining a garden, it is surprising that gardening retains its popularity. I believe that it is possibly the element of surprise connected with it that is part of its attraction. This element is fostered by seed merchants who delight in illustrating their packets of seeds with gorgeous, brilliant-hued flowers, and vegetables of a size fit for the consumption of Gargantua himself. The unsuspecting amateur is led to spend all his spare capital upon these packets, which he duly plants in the finest and richest soil available. This effectively keeps the birds from eating the crumbs and the cocoanut thoughtfully provided for them for the next week or two. The English

Spring having now arrived, either a sharp spell of frost puts an untimely end to germination or torrential rains wash the seeds to any place except where they were planted. Adam experienced all this and more. His neighbour kept fowl, and he saved money on corn for weeks. Further, his wife had a little puppy (though Adam did not call it that), and what the fowl hadn't eaten the pup had scratched up. Adam showed me, with tears in his eyes, a few isolated spikes breaking the earth. One patch of such seedlings he proudly proclaimed as sweet peas: I had scarcely the heart to tell him they were cabbage of some sort. I did eventually break the news to him by pointing out that seeds seldom materialised as illustrated. Even grass seed, advertised by a velvet-smooth, green sward, always seemed to grow into docks and dandelions, buttercups and daisies.

Adam's crowning tragedy was on the occasion he met me in town and raved about the wonderful flowers he had. "Not many, you know, but really magnificent blooms." He must needs carry me home with him to see the heads of sweet peas. He led me straight way to the garden, and I was truly sorry for the man when I beheld his face on perceiving the garden absolutely bare of bloom. When he entered the house and found his prized flowers decorating the mantelpiece, it was plain that only my presence prevented a domestic upheaval. His lesson at least was complete. I understand he now plays golf.

### SONNET—Coventry

I stood amid the hum of streets where rode  
In far-off, rude and barbarous days,  
Clad in such weeds as her long hair bestowed,  
A lady fair 'neath eyeless windows' gaze,  
To save her loved burghers from the ire  
Of Leofric, her harsh, unbending lord:  
The legend runs so, and I could desire  
Nought but that it with history accord.

But in the hurried rush for mundane gold  
Which wrapped that city in a death-like pall  
I could find nought to feed Romance's fires:  
Even her antiquity remained untold,  
Forgotten and abused, though over all  
Still hung the shadow of her triple spires.

M. N.

### EARNSIDE ECHOES

There was considerable sensation in the County when it was rumoured that the Duke of Pitkeathly held the winning ticket in the recent Irish Sweep. The barn, whither his lordship had retired while the ancestral hall was in the hands of the brokers, was the scene of much merrymaking when this sporting peer's numerous friends came to offer their congratulations. On the strength of his expectant fortune, the Duke laughingly borrowed his friends' spare cash, saying that by lending it him, they became sharers in his good fortune. The police also visited him next morning; but his lordship had left hurriedly in the early hours to visit a sick relative in America, taking with him the family plate (genuine Woolworthian) and the many loans and watches of his friends. The police recovered the sweep ticket, a piece of engraving in his lordship's best manner.

The Forgandenny Golf Course was formally opened by Lady Forgandenny, who played a four ball match with Mr. Roy Blackhand, the popular mayor. After spending half an hour driving on the first tee, her ladyship, with a merry laugh, kicked her ball with all her might, declaring, as she surveyed the havoc she had wrought, that she considered the course sufficiently opened. It was *jeu-d'esprit* of this kind that so endeared her to the public when, prior to her marriage, she cut her fantastic capers behind the footlights of the Forgandenny Theatre. Her mother, of course, was a Mudleigh.

We hear that the rumour that the Staff of Strathallan were to form a Motor Club and enter for all the principal races is without foundation. No, they were not contemplating competing in the Old Crocks' Race.

The Forgandenny Palais de Dance has been closed most of the winter. The roof was in danger of collapse. However, the addition of an additional pillar to support the roof and any inebriated gentlemen solved the problem, and the Night Life of the city has been resumed with all its pristine abandon.

### THE PITCH LAKE

WE set out from Port of Spain, in the north end of the island, at eight o'clock in the morning to drive south to the Pitch Lake, one of the seven wonders of the world. Our route took us down the western side of the island, through the sugar cane plantation area, across the alligator-infested River Caroni, on through cocoa plantations to San Fernando, the capital of the south.

By now it was eleven o'clock, and the blazing sun had already made the air uncomfortably warm. Moreover, our car was almost boiling, so that a stop was rendered nearly a necessity. While the car cooled as far as the temperature would allow, we cooled ourselves with vast quantities of liquid refreshment.

Half an hour later we set off on the final stage. We soon noticed that the earth grew dark in colour and that the roads were made of pure pitch. The darkness of the earth soon proved to be on account of its oil-bearing quality, for oil derricks soon reared their towering heights on all sides to the blazing heavens.

Soon we reached the Pitch Lake itself. A square mile in area, it is a black mass of rising pitch, and yet it is possible to walk upon it without danger. Negroes dig the pitch with pickaxes and place it in the trucks of a light railway which runs across the lake. In these it is taken to refineries on the shores of the lake.

Here the lumps are melted and poured into barrels; though sometimes the crude pitch is taken on a proper railway to ships which moor to the long pier not a quarter of a mile from the lake.

The remarkable thing about the lake is that as a workman digs out the pitch, it is only a matter of minutes before the hole he has dug is filled up again by the rising pitch. Providing a man does not stand in the same spot for a considerable period the pitch bears him easily.

When we returned to the car, we found that the heat had been so great, over ninety degrees in the shade, that it had melted the road surface, and our car was quite firmly imbedded. This is, however, an everyday

occurrence, so much so that a squad of men is kept there, whose sole occupation is the pulling out of cars in this predicament. Therefore it was not long before ours was once more on the top of the road, and we were speeding back to Port of Spain, only too glad to be away from the intense heat.

I. McB.

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

(A revised version—with apologies to Thomas Hood and others.)

I went to school unwillingly,  
My father made me go :  
I learnt the work but grudgingly,  
The masters made me do.  
I didn't like the drudgery  
Of Maths., nor Science too ;  
The master shouted " Fudgery !"  
When one times one made two.  
I never had my English done  
Although I didn't dream ;  
The master entered, " Question One !"  
It was his usual theme ;  
And when I couldn't think of things  
I wrote down what was wrong,  
Wherefore my mark sheet showed but rings—  
My father's hand was strong !  
The History was stupid rot  
'Bout kings and queens and laws  
And all the stupid fights they fought  
And all the Tories' flaws.  
The master spoke like Mr. Burke,  
He peddled motor cars,  
His lungs would sometimes cease to work  
When choked with cheap cigars.  
And French was very hard to learn—  
It daily roused my fears ;  
The master — well, was very stern  
And sometimes stripped his gears.  
And as for Latin, yes, and Greek,  
The languages long dead,  
They're hard to learn and worse to speak,  
And will get interwed.  
The master wasn't very wee,  
Especially in shoe,  
And though he did his best for me,  
He couldn't get me through.  
We had some other masters. How  
Their actions can I tell ?  
There was the Head, but — now, now, now !  
I've named this song quite well.

## THE PLEASURES OF PLAYING WITH A RULER

O ye who live to laugh, deign not to read this script! For this is a sad affair, though its title be fraught with promise.

What a number of things can be played at with a ruler! It can be a catapult, the wings of an aeroplane, a bridge, a sword, to mention but a few of its metamorphoses. Fix it into the clip of a fountain pen and you have an aeroplane. With apologies to your nib, drop it nose down and there is the latest thing in air disasters.

To make it into a buzzer is simple; all you need to do is to tie a piece of string through a hole in the end. If you throw it up with a whirling motion, it glides down humming merrily.

In class it can easily be made into a balance, a see-saw, a swing bridge, a boat, or even, if carved carefully — and what pleasure and ingenuity can there be in the carving — a dirk or a spear. During long periods, or after one's work has been completed, a ruler is a gift from above! "Satan finds work for idle hands to do" is very apt. It is fine, so it is said, to taste even vermin in time of famine; it can be no better than to play with a ruler when there is nothing else to be done. Boys are ingenious animals, and it is wonderful what a ruler can become in their hands.

Teachers, exasperated beyond all measure, curse mildly the annoying youngster who, in utter bliss, is diving his latest rulerplane, or congratulating himself on a catapult shot as straight as a die to the bull. Punishments for being so caught are varied; but learned men, well up in the history of the ages, impose essays upon such subjects as this upon which I have written.

O. T. B.

*We make no apology for publishing the above. Its truth alone is sufficient justification, while its obvious moral should appeal to all.*—EDITOR.

## GIBRALTAR

A gloomy shape from out the mist arose  
And crouching, lion-like, waiting for his foes,  
In silence sat; while all the time we lay  
At anchor, drifting in the silent Bay.  
And slowly through the haze the shape  
appeared,  
Its name, its strength, its very presence  
feared;  
So as it cleared and dimness passed away  
We did all with awe and wondering say,  
"It is Gibraltar."

And on its ragged steepness we discerned  
The little holes within which are interned  
The guns of Gib.; while down below there lay  
In brilliance, dazzling in the new-found day,  
The blasé-coloured dwellings of mankind,  
The stores, the hovels and the homes refined;  
While scattered over all a verdancy  
Of trees and bushes in their infancy—  
This was Gibraltar.

A motley crowd of beings flock its streets;  
The tars ashore from Britain's powerful  
fleets;  
The Spaniard walking with a Señorita,  
A blushing girl, dragged off to Alameda;  
The haughty Moor wrapped up in woollen  
coats;  
The native milkman milking at his goats;  
The tourists in the brightest, lightest  
clothes;  
The Indian seamen of the P. and O's—  
All in Gibraltar.

Thus in the Main Street, thronged then  
every day  
By tourists, travellers passing on their way  
Out to the East; and thus we joined them  
there,  
And felt for once the warm Morocco air  
From out the South, where Atlas rears his  
head  
Beyond Tariffa, Spartel and the dead.

\* \* \*

And low at even, out beyond our wake,  
A crouching lion in solemn stillness sate—  
It was Gibraltar.

D. G. M.

**THE SONG OF THE BIRDS**

"Hear me do it," sang the thrush  
 From his choir stall in the tree;  
 And the linnet in the bush  
 Cheeped in harmony;

While the skylark, soaring high,  
 Poured out his melody,  
 Full-throated from the sky,  
 Beyond where eye could see.

And the blackbirds piped and whistled  
 To the distant burning ball,  
 While the rooks, loud cawing, nestled  
 In the tree tops over all.

They welcomed in the Summer  
 And a world new born again  
 By Nature, master mummer,  
 Through stress of snow and rain.

They gaily sang of youth and mirth,  
 And carefree, happy love,  
 Praising the Hand that gave them birth  
 And the clear blue sky above.

They sang of bygone ages,  
 Of ages yet to be,  
 In which things they were sages,  
 Ever flying free;

And they from dawn to ev'ning hush  
 Praise God and His Glory—  
 "Hear me do it," sang the thrush  
 From his choir stall in the tree.

**SONNET to Shakespeare**

Within the passage of a few short hours  
 Is life portrayed in all its phases,  
 Not in those hues mere mortal eye endow'rs  
 It, but with a vision where the hazes  
 Are swept aside to show primeval passion,  
 Working beneath the hollow shams and show  
 That cloak the world in freaks of fashion,  
 Changing with the moon, but without its  
 glow:

O, Star without a peer, when shall there  
 come,  
 But God Himself create a second world  
 Another, who is his brief hour, may sum  
 The pageant of existence, unfurled  
 For all, with great and petty hopes and fears,  
 Whole-hearted laughter, griefs too deep for  
 tears.

M. N.

**MALVERN**

Malvern is of all quiet places  
 Quietest, lazy, sleeping town,  
 Clinging to the soft green faces  
 Of the two peaks gazing down.

All unchanging and unchanged,  
 Malvern basked her in the sun,  
 While through her gardens Ceres ranged,  
 Wondering when her work were done.

Still She decks the briar with roses,  
 White and yellow, pink and red,  
 And in the woods, She, shy, discloses  
 Colour in the primrose head.

O, Malvern is a peaceful place,  
 A lazy, quiet and dreaming town  
 Slipping from the soft green base  
 Of the twin peaks gazing down.

And it sleeps beneath their shadows  
 Long before the gold rays fade,  
 Till the Priory's red tile roof glows  
 In the bath reflections made.

M. N.

**ROSETTE**

(From an Old French Song)

Rosette, we had loved each other  
 All the summer through;  
 You ne'er looked upon another,  
 I saw no one else save you.

But, Rosette, an absent hour  
 Meant a change of heart with you,  
 For well I knew you had no pow'r,  
 Being woman, to stay true.

So for my part I have wandered  
 Into other realms of fair;  
 Though at dawn I oft have pondered  
 Why so light a spell lay there.

What, Rosette, shall I confess  
 I from you with sorrow went?  
 We shall see, thief-shepherdess,  
 Which of us shall first repent.

M. N.



## Sports Notes

### RUGBY

THE season 1931-32, judged solely from results, has only been a fair one. We have been very fortunate in the matter of weather, so that all the matches, with the exception of that against Dollar Academy, were possible; but with regard to injuries we have been distinctly unfortunate. With such stalwarts as Cuthbert, Macmillan, Dobson, Shaw, Miller and Shanks off for the whole or half the season—indeed in all ten players in the 1st and 2nd XV's have been on the injured list—it is scarcely surprising that the changes thus necessitated should effect the play of the team as a whole. Fortunately players of promise were available, otherwise this might well have been a disastrous season.

The forwards were always the strong part of the team, and after the first few matches played well individually and as a whole. They were usually at a disadvantage with regard to weight, but scrummaged well in three, four, one formation and obtained a fair share of the ball, particularly as their heeling improved as the season progressed. They often secured the ball in the loose scrums, but were not so fortunate in the line-out play where lack of inches told its tale. They played with any amount of determination, and their rushes were a feature of the play. The winging play was excellent, the back row men pushing well and then breaking quickly to good purpose. The only faults to be found were a slight lack of speed generally and a failure of one or two of the members to go down on the ball when opposed to club teams.

The outsiders had plenty of chances, but in very few matches did they justify themselves. Rugby brains were lacking in the whole three line. With one man of ability and a good knowledge of tactics and leadership to play at stand-off, the threes would have greatly improved. A number of players were tried in the key position but failed despite the good service given them from the scrum. No one playing in the centre was capable of making openings, and though we had good wing men, they nearly always found themselves with two or three

men to beat when they received the ball. All the threes were tremendous triers, however, and must be given credit for some good defensive work.

The Second Fifteen had a fairly good season, winning six of their eleven matches, and having a good balance of points in their favour at the end of the year. This was all the more creditable when it is remembered that the side was being changed constantly through injuries. In the second half of the season nearly all the forwards were 3rd team players in the first half, while nearly all the outsiders had played an occasional game in the senior fifteen.

The Third Team is to be congratulated on keeping its unbeaten record, all four of the games being won, though they were hard pressed by Gordon's College. As this team is composed for the most part of juniors, their success promises well for the next few seasons.

Enthusiasm ran high this term during the House matches. Both Senior Sevens and Junior Twelves were won by Nicol House after exceedingly close games in the finals. In the Sevens they gained an unexpectedly comfortable victory over Simpson by virtue of their superior speed behind the scrum, which at least held its own against a heavier three. One could not help feeling that Ruthven were a trifle fortunate to enter the final, at all events without playing extra time. As it was they established a five point lead just before half time, and held on to it despite the fact that they were pinned in their own twenty-five practically the whole of the second half. In the final, their policy obviously was to keep the ball away from the Nicol backs, and in this they almost succeeded, one break-through by Breckenridge enabling Roy to touch down under the posts for the only score of the game. In the second half magnificent work by Dobson and the Ruthven forwards came near forcing extra time, when their superior stamina must have prevailed. As it was defences prevailed.

In the junior game Nicol beat Ruthven by 13 pts. to nil and were all round the better team. The same applies to Freeland, who defeated Simpson by two tries to one; but

the pluck of the Simpson forwards against bigger and heavier forwards was noteworthy. In the final Nicol were just about value for their 8 pts. to 3 victory. Freeland forwards played splendidly, but the outsiders, Cleland excepted, were poor. On the other hand Nicol threes seldom got moving, in part because Forrest failed to get the ball out to them sufficiently, but attempted too much on his own.

**Strathallan v. George Heriot's School,**  
played at Forgardenny on Jan. 23rd.

The School played very badly in this game and, finding their opponents on the top of their form, were completely outplayed. With Cuthbert and Montgomerie unable to play, a rearrangement of the forwards was necessary, and the new pack failed to blend. It was beaten in every phase of play, and particularly in the line-out. As a result, the threes were on the defensive the whole of the game, the wings never receiving a pass. The defence, moreover, was far from good, low tackling being the exception rather than the rule.

Lawrie, the visiting fly half, dominated the game, the School wing forwards failing badly to cope with either of the opposing halves. Mainly thanks to Lawrie's ingenuity, but not a little to bad marking and tackling which frequently left the visitors' threes with one or even two men over, Heriot's scored six times, once from a line-out; and but for bad handling and overdoing the cross kick, might have run up a much larger score. The School's solitary score was a try by K. G. M'Kenzie, who scrambled over during some loose play on one of the few occasions we neared the visitors' line.

Result: Strathallan, 3 pts.; Heriot's, 23 pts.

**Strathallan v. Panmure,** played at Forgardenny on Jan. 30th.

For this match Buchanan came into the stand-off position, Roy moving out to the wing and McLachlan coming inside. The change proved beneficial, for the back division was much more dangerous in attack. Unfortunately they saw little of the ball for, as in previous matches against club sides, the School was at a tremendous

disadvantage forward, particularly in weight. Nevertheless, the forwards played pluckily and did well to hold their opponents in check. Dobson played a clever game, and his passes were quick and clean, while Buchanan took his passes well and speeded up the attack, even if his defensive kicking was at fault. Roy was a distinct success on the wing for he ran with great determination and tackled his fast opposite repeatedly.

The visitors were held for the greater part of the game, half-time coming with eight points all, the School tries coming from Roy, who intercepted and ran nearly the length of the field, and from Buchanan from a line-out. In the second half Panmure again scored twice, one of the tries being converted.

Result: Strathallan, 8 pts.; Panmure, 16 pts.

**Strathallan v. Daniel Stewart's College,**  
played at Edinburgh on Feb. 6th.

Losing the toss, Strath. kicked off against a slight wind. The home side attacked first, but from a scrum for a knock-on, they lost the ball and Waterston cut through to score half way out after two minutes play, only to fail with the kick. Strath. continued to have most of the play, but mistakes by the backs were frequent. Buchanan cut through under the posts and flung a hard pass to McLachlan who knocked-on right on the line. On another occasion a promising three movement was held up over the line; and the sides crossed over without further score.

In the second half Stewart's pressed, taking full advantage of their superior height in the line-out. When Strath. resorted to scrumming, Dobson lacked length and certainty in his kicking. From a loose maul on the School line, Stewart's scored an unconverted try. Strath. returned to the attack, and Dobson went round the blind side to give the ball to Roy who ran strongly to score a good try too far out for Waterston to convert. Further attacks by Strath. only just failed, Buchanan and Roy being brought down on the line. Further pressure by Stewart's took play into Strath. territory, and McLachlan brought down his man three yards from the line, but allowed him enough freedom to enable him to crawl over for a

try, which, though far out, was converted. Stewart's thus took the lead for the first time and held it for the remaining two minutes of the game.

Result: Stewart's College, 8 pts.; Strathallan, 6 pts.

**Strathallan v. Robert Gordon's College,** played at Forgandenny on Feb. 27th.

The School pressed from the start and opened the score after a few minutes. Dobson, receiving the ball from a line-out, sold a dummy on the open side, doubled round the blind side and passed to Breckenridge who forced his way over at the corner. Continuing to press, the School should have gone further ahead for Dobson, with numerous dummies, provided plenty of openings, but forward passes and knockson brought the movements to naught. Eventually, however, Hosie dashed through a crowd of players to score in the corner. The forwards provided the threes with plenty of the ball, and from two excellent three-quarter movements Roy and M'Lachlan scored. Gordon's opened their account with a penalty goal for offside.

After the interval Gordon's had more of the game, and the School were kept on the defensive, only good tackling keeping the line intact. The visitors were carrying the line out with monotonous regularity so that the School backs could not get moving. Eventually, however, a forward rush took play to near the Gordon's line, and Dobson wriggled over for a try. This fresh reverse seemed to take the heart out of our opponents, and until "no side" Strath. held the upper hand. Buchanan sold an obvious dummy to score under the posts, but this try was not improved upon. Indeed the only fault to be found with the School side was its inability to kick goals.

Result: Strathallan, 18 pts.; Gordon's College, 3 pts.

**Strathallan v. Glasgow High School,** played at Glasgow on March 5th.

The School lost the toss and were set to face a stiff gale. As was anticipated the High School attacked constantly and were rarely in their own half. The outsiders repeatedly found touch near the corner flag and attempted scoring movements from the

line-out, but the Strath. forwards played a fine game and held up their big opponents, and by quick breaking smothered the open attacking movements. The threes tackled well, and good defensive kicking by Dobson and Buchanan kept the line intact till close on half-time when the opposing stand-off broke through to jump McMath and score an excellent try which was converted.

With the wind in their favour, Strath. had high hopes of pulling the game round, but the threes failed to profit by the High School play in the first half and neglected to play on to the touch line to gain position for the final thrust. Though they did most of the attacking, Strath. failed to penetrate the High School defence, and with the forwards obviously tired from the gruelling first half, the home forwards began to take the ball more often in the scrums, and from a forward rush a further try materialised. The team put up a good show, however, Fleming and Motion doing yeoman service for their side.

Result: Glasgow High School, 8 pts.; Strathallan, nil.

**Strathallan v. Bridge of Allan,** played at Forgandenny on March 26th.

This was an evenly contested game, with defences proving always slightly superior to attack. The School played with the wind in the first half and were distinctly unfortunate to be three points down at half-time, the result of a try scored after a scramble on the School line. Waterston, playing at stand-off, was conspicuous in bursting through to set his threes in motion, and Gillanders made a brave effort to burst through only to be pulled into touch.

In the second half close marking on the part of the visitors prevented passing movements from developing, and Dobson and Waterston sought to attack by punting ahead, but the opposing full back was very safe and returned many of the kicks into touch with interest. Buchanan and Roy on the wings had little to do, but ran strongly on the few occasions the ball came to them and were always dangerous. Gillanders had a great chance of dropping a goal but failed miserably. A draw would have been a more fitting result.

Result: Strathallan, nil; Bridge of Allan, 3 pts.

### Team Criticism

N. CUTHBERT has made a fine and stirring captain and leader of the forwards. During the early part of the season his magnificent play kept the whole team together before they had settled down. He worked tremendously hard always and was a constant source of danger in the loose. His services were greatly missed during the second half of the season. First Fifteen Cap 1930-31.

A. M. MELVILLE captained the team during the second half of the season. Although not so conspicuous as Cuthbert, he has done more than his share in the tight, and his hooking has enabled his side to get at least a share of the ball even against much heavier sides. First Fifteen Cap 1930-31.

J. L. FLEMING has played magnificently all the season. No more need be said except that we look forward to seeing him in first-class rugby soon. First Fifteen Cap 1930-31.

W. WATERSTON has never really produced the brilliance of his last year's form, although he has played some good games. He has tackled and kicked well, but never showed real thrust in attack, possibly due to loss of confidence in himself. First Fifteen Cap 1931-32.

A. W. MOTION is one of the most improved players of the season, and with Fleming has formed a great winging combination. A hard worker, always pushing his weight, a clever tackler, a brilliant dribbler, he was well up with the threes and ready to carry on any movement. First Fifteen Cap 1931-32.

R. McMATH at first suffered from lack of confidence, but as the season progressed improved tremendously. His positional play, tackling, fielding and kicking are excellent, and as he is still young, should further improve next season. His only fault is lack of speed.

R. BUCHANAN, playing on the right wing, proved very difficult to stop. In the second half of the season he was brought to stand-off, but hardly with the same success. He must

learn to pass and tackle more effectively yet, but should score many tries next season.

W. McLACHLAN has been one of the School's chief scorers. He has plenty of pluck in defence and his kicking is good. In attack he failed to make openings for his wing and was too often tackled with the ball. With experience and confidence he should do well next season.

K. G. MCKENZIE has a sound knowledge of scrummaging tactics and has always shown untiring energy, though some of this might have been saved in line-out play. He is always well up with the ball and has led many dangerous rushes. He should try to improve his speed in the open.

I. MCKENZIE is a greatly improved forward. Big and hefty, he has used his weight to good effect. He scrummages well, is good in the line-out play, and breaks across the field quickly. He has received many knocks through dropping on the ball which other forwards have failed to go down upon. A forward of distinct possibilities.

B. CARLAW is hardly brilliant, but is a very steady player, full of pluck. He tackles well, is always in the thick of the fray, and renders his side useful service.

A. MONTGOMERIE played a number of games as wing forward and always "pulled his weight." He frequently broke away in the loose, but was inclined to pass rather erratically. He must remember a penalty kick is given for picking up in loose scrums.

W. C. ROY has been one of the successes of the season. At first he played a useful game at stand-off half, but on being moved to the left wing position played brilliantly. He is a fast, elusive runner and knows the shortest way to the line. His tackling is good and he takes his passes well, though at times his displays were marred by nerves.

G. DOBSON, a very clever scrum-half, occasionally tries to be too clever with his dummies and reverse passes. He has a deep knowledge of the game and is a fine tactician. His play could be improved with extra speed,

more accurate kicking and greater willingness to go down to forward rushes.

R. HOSIE came up from the Third XV. as a front line forward in Cuthbert's absence and proved to be a good all-round player, being particularly clever in line-out play. A little more "dash" would improve his game.

T. CHAPMAN has played some useful games in the first team, for he is a sound scrummager and good in the line-out. He is not conspicuous in open play and must learn to tackle more effectively.

H. SHANKS played at scrum-half during Dobson's absence, and although new to the position, played many good games. He tackled and stopped rushes well and threw out excellent passes to his partner. He was just a little slow and lacking in initiative for a good scrum-half.

J. BRECKENRIDGE played on the right wing when Buchanan moved to stand-off. For a first season at rugby he has made remarkable progress, but still has much to learn. He should improve in speed and tackling next season.

N. GILLANDERS played rather patchily. On form he is a strong, determined runner with a pretty dummy. In defence he went hard for his man, but sometimes let him through by mistiming his tackles. His kicking was always good.

G. AITKENHEAD played a few matches for the first team at full back. He has a very fine kick but was never cool and confident enough for his position. Tackling was his weakness.

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### CRICKET PROSPECTS

With fine, open and sunny weather throughout the term, it has been possible to do much by way of preparing pitches for the cricket season, and a little bowling practice was indulged in during the last week. W. Macmillan has been placed in charge of the First Eleven, which, it is anticipated, should enjoy considerable success. Of last season's

team, Macmillan will have the assistance of Dobson, Shaw, W. Watt and Aitkenhead, while W. Roy and H. Shanks, both good batsmen who found a place in the early days of last season, will also be available. In addition, R. Smith will perhaps still be available for his bowling, in which department the side at present seems weakest, for Aitkenhead and Roy are the only tried bowlers of a season ago. At the same time, I. Lawson (captain of the Second Eleven), N. Gillanders and G. K. Chalmers remain of the last season's second bowlers, and twelve months' development and good coaching should place them well in the running for the senior side. Macmillan would do well to see that his men get plenty of fielding practice early in the term, for a run saved is worth two hit, since a small score has a demoralising effect on an opposing eleven, particularly if they are batting first.

The fixtures have been revised this season, most of the matches against Club sides having been dropped. There is a new fixture, against Kilmacolm, and the first team will be engaged every Saturday; while the second team has a good fixture list. An innovation of running a Third Eleven is being tried this season, so that interest among the juniors for places in the teams should be very keen.

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### SWIMMING

The activities in the swimming pond were again seriously interfered with by illness. But in the early weeks of the term Waterston was busy most days with swimming tuition. The good results of his past work in this direction was revealed in the test for School Badges, held the first week of the term, when it was obvious that many boys had profited by instruction in breast stroke swimming. Six boys qualified for their badges on this occasion.

Only two practices at Water Polo were possible, and colds prevented anything like representative sides turning out. Nevertheless it enabled several promising and keen newcomers to take a part, and this is all to the good with the Summer Term approaching.

## SCOUT NOTES

THE Troop's warmest congratulations are due to Sandy Mackay on his becoming a King's Scout early in the term. This is an achievement especially noteworthy as he is the first King's Scout that the 73rd Perthshire has ever had.

Congratulations are due also to the following :

P. L. Rowan on becoming a First Class Scout and gaining his All Round Cord;

J. M. Wilson on becoming a First Class Scout and gaining his All Round Cord;

G. M. Smellie on gaining his All Round Cord;

J. McBride on becoming a First Class Scout; and

I. McDonald on becoming the Patrol Leader of the Wolves.

Mr. Ward very kindly continued his lectures on "The Stars," the last of which proved particularly interesting. We greatly appreciate the interest Mr. Ward takes in the Scouts, and the trouble to which he puts himself in examining boys for the various badges of the Electrician type. Mr. Norton, also, has been good enough to examine boys for the Swimmer's and Rescuer's badge, and we take this opportunity of thanking him.

There has been very keen interest in all branches of the badge work during the term, and the majority of the Scouts have been successful in their efforts in this direction. This term the standard has gradually been raised somewhat, and we are glad to see that this fact has in no way discouraged any one in the Troop.

The judging of the patrol competition work took place on the last Saturday of the term. The patrols competed with great keenness, and the general work of the Troop covering the whole of the term has been carried out with greater efficiency than last term. Particularly has this been noticeable amongst those "middle" members of the Troop who are neither absolute juniors nor seniors; and the credit for this is due to the good leadership of the P.L.'s. The results of the competition, at which Mr. Atkin and Mr. Cole very kindly acted as judges, were as follows :

Best individual exhibit : W. M. Edward.  
Best Patrol Corner : Eagle Patrol.

Winners of the Trophy : Eagle Patrol.

The Swifts were second, for the second time running. While this must have been

something of a disappointment to them, it in no way reflects discredit to them; rather it is a compliment to their steadiness. The Swifts, too—and the whole of the Troop—will feel the loss of their Patrol Leader, David Vost, who, in the latter part of his time in the Troop, has proved himself capable, painstaking, and, what is more important, a real leader. We all wish him every success, and good luck.

## THE GOLF COURSE

## Rules and Regulations

1. The Course will be open between the hours of 9.15 a.m. and 4 p.m.
2. No Juniors will be allowed to play with escorts as many have lately been lost in the grass.
3. Seniors are requested not to make mud-pies in the bunkers as many have been already mistaken for patties.
4. No person must damage the tee-boxes as these are to be used as coal scuttles in the close season.
5. All golfers must have driving licences.
6. No person must use a spoon to a high tee.
7. No person must use a mashie to remove the teeing grounds.
8. Any person cutting up rough will be severely punished.
9. Teas will be supplied in the pavilion at 144 for 1/-.
10. Caddies may be found at the prefects' room.
11. Artificial respiration will be applied after each game.
12. No person must pick up lost balls before they stop rolling.
13. The committee intends to allow masters' vehicles to travel over the course as it intends to fit up a complete motor mower in the near future from the spare parts which must necessarily be shaken loose and dropped.
14. Miss Every Shott, the lady professional, will be in attendance each day. The committee advises booking.
15. The Championship will be played annually on the first of each month. Entries must be handed in on the 30th of February to our absconding secretary. Professionals, 2/-; Players, 1/-; Prefects Free.

2.B3 (Form S3).

## "O.S." Notes

SPORTS DAY this year has been fixed for Wednesday, the 8th of June, and the events will commence at the usual time, namely, 2 o'clock. We shall be delighted to see any Old Boys who are able to be present, but we hope that, if only one visit to the School is possible, it will be reserved for Commemoration Day on Saturday, 25th June.

I do not think it is necessary to remind O.S. that last year the School gained a signal victory in the various athletic contests, and Mr. Guthrie Reid, of Lochside, Bearsden, will be glad to hear from all Old Boys who are able to offer their services at Cricket, Tennis, Running, Tug-of-War and Swimming. It is also hoped to arrange a Golf Match on one of the local courses, the teams to be four-a-side and played over nine holes (ten holes if played at Glenfarg).

There is no doubt that we can turn the tables on the School if members will place their services at Mr. Reid's disposal.

On Commemoration Day the usual short service will be held at 2.15, and the Cricket Match is timed to start at 2.45. Any O.S. who wish to have lunch at School will oblige if they will kindly drop a note to the Secretary, stating their intention.

It would probably be a great convenience to members in various centres if parties could be organised. Those who would like to place transport facilities at the disposal of parties, and those who would like to take advantage of such facilities, are asked to get in touch with Mr. Guthrie Reid (Lochside, Bearsden), Mr. Jardine Stuart (2a Hermitage Drive, Edinburgh), or with Mr. G. B. Smith (Dunearn, East Newport, Fife).

Mr. H. A. Nimmo is at present back in Perth on a year's leave of absence from Messrs. Bulmer, Lawrie & Co., Calcutta. He paid us a call and gave us many interesting items of news about Old Strathallians in Calcutta and district.

On going into one of the Calcutta restaurants, Mr. Nimmo noticed a face

which seemed familiar, and discovered it to be that of Mr. Jim Hyatt, who was travelling from Calcutta to Rangoon. The writer described this incident to an O.S. who knew both of them well at School, and his remark was, "Well, where else would you expect to find Jim Hyatt?" Now then, Jim, this was one of your old cronies from Ayr! If you guess rightly and send me an application form for membership of the O.S. Club, I will give you a chance to get even — and promise to publish it!

Mr. Nimmo was once invited to a house in Calcutta where he was interested in a photograph on the mantelpiece. Interest turned to surprise when he discovered it was a photograph of the sister of Mr. Billy Miller.

We have had a long letter from Mr. Matthew Cameron, in which he gives us all the news of the Bay of Plenty region, and tells us of the expansion of the butter industry, which seems to be fairly considerable, and further promises us a sample, which will be very welcome. It is in the last two lines that he sends us an item of prime importance — the birth of a son and heir. We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron.

We hear of the possibility of two marriages taking place in the Ayr district within the next year, and will be glad to have official particulars when they become available.

Congratulations to Mr. "Tubby" Ritchie on gaining his international cap against England. This honour has long been overdue, for Mr. Ritchie has been on the verge of the team for a long time. We read with pleasure the comments of several English rugger experts on the standard of his play.

Another O.S. who should reach international standard is Mr. Ronnie Dunn, who gave an amazing display in the Midland "sevens." One paper tells of how he kicked nine goals out of nine attempts and scored seven tries. He was chosen last year for the North against the South, but an injury prevented him from taking his place. We



have heard several remarks to the effect that it is a pity that he does not play in Glasgow or Edinburgh rigger. We believe this disadvantage will be overcome shortly, since he is about to continue his C.A. studies in one or other of these places.

Mr. Denis Hays, who is at present in Newcastle-on-Tyne with the Dunlop Rubber Company, sends us an instance of a curious coincidence. On arriving in Newcastle and obtaining suitable rooms, he proceeded to unpack his bag, but received a shock when, in the first opened drawer of his wardrobe, he discovered a photograph of Strathallan! Mr. Hays is evidently doing well in Newcastle and has our very best wishes for success.

Mr. John Reid, of Edinburgh, sends us a very interesting letter from Lima, Peru, where he is second in command of the Accounts Department of Messrs. Milne & Co., S.A. He gives us a glimpse of everyday life in Peru, and seems to be making good progress with his work. In recalling former days and lessons at "Strath." he voices sentiments which must be shared by most Old Strathallians. His brother, Peter, resides with his parents at 9 Upper Coltonbridge Terrace, Edinburgh.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Fergus McKenna has been invalided out of the Australian Air Force. He now intends to settle down in civil life and, fortunately for him, his School Certificate examination exempts him from University and professional preliminaries. Like many others, he will now feel very happy in the possession of it.

To the enquirer asking for Dr. John Cruickshank's address, we beg to say that a letter addressed to Hall House, Leigh, Lancs., will find him.

We congratulate Mr. Bruce Mackay on his successes at the Royal Technical College, Glasgow, where he has obtained several first-classes in the science allied to baking. We know this to be deserved, for we have sampled some of his practical work. The proof of the pudding . . .

During the Whitsuntide holidays two London Strathallians, Mr. W. Mount and

Mr. J. McCulloch, set out in a small sports Singer to journey to School and back over the week-end. Many of their office friends were very sceptical as to whether they would ever arrive, but the writer has pleasure in hereby testifying that the car — minus a front spring — duly arrived at School at about mid-day on the Saturday. They had the same tale of woe to tell us of stagnant trade, with the resultant cutting down of salaries and staff, and the only consolation we could offer (perhaps rather a large one in these days) was that they should be thankful to have a job at all. They stayed at School overnight and renewed acquaintance with one or two old friends amongst the prefects, as well as making a pilgrimage to Mr. Ward's. Forgardenny may be a very small village, and it is very unlikely that there would be two Mr. Wards in such a small place, but alas! the unexpected did happen and, after making enquiries, they found themselves confronted by a very different "Mr. Ward" — one lacking in every way anything in the nature of mathematical precision — a local agricultural worthy! We, like our friends in London, are very sceptical as to their safe journey back, and would appreciate some evidence of their arrival on Whit-Monday.

Old Strathallians who are "on the road" must know how difficult it is to obtain a full order-book these days, but our Sports Secretary, Mr. Guthrie Reid, paid us a visit at a quarter to eleven one night on his way back to Glasgow after a successful trip to Aberdeen! Only those who know "Gussy" personally can imagine how he managed it.

We have had very little news from O.S.'s at the universities this time, except occasional short notes telling us of hours of swotting and of forthcoming examinations. We do not expect letters full of news this term, but we would very much appreciate a line or two letting us know the results of the examinations. We have great difficulty in getting O.S.'s to admit they have passed an examination, and often have to rely upon second-hand information, which, of course, we take every precaution of verifying, whereas a simple postcard with the bare result, couched in the most modest terms, would save us a lot of trouble and would be greatly appreciated.