

THE STRATHALLIAN

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Editorial

WE have little to say. A few days after our last issue had burst upon an expectant world, we ventured to ask two Junior forms how many boys had read the Editorial. We suspected the answer would be a little discouraging, but never for one moment dreamed that it would be so overwhelmingly unanimous. One boy hesitatingly confessed he had "looked at the beginning"; the rest was silence. With sinking, but with curious, heart we repeated the experiment in a very Senior form, and there found only five professed supporters of our cause.

Were it not that, on this occasion at least, our conscience compels us publicly to thank our contributors, we feel that discretion, in the shape of a dignified silence, would perhaps be the better part of Editorial valour; but this is a special occasion. We have been under the uncomfortable impression for some time now that, outside the bounds of the School, our voice, begging for contributions, is as a voice crying in the wilderness. The wilderness, however, cannot be as utterly desolate as we imagined, for one F.P. (among so many) has gallantly responded to the call; to him go our most grateful thanks, not only for his article, but for his lighting the way, we hope, unto others.

To our younger contributors, the present pupils, must also go our thanks. It is with pleasure that we record a very gratifying increase in the number of contributions submitted; it is with sorrow that we also record the fact that we have had to reject

more than half of them. May we ask those who have thus cruelly suffered from the Editorial veto to try again? And, although we are fully aware that Pope declares —

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be"

— may we at the same time suggest to all that a contribution to "The Strathallian" is surely not a thing to be dashed off in a carefree moment of light-hearted abandon, but rather merits concentrated thought, careful emendation and close revision, until the writer is completely satisfied that he is giving of his best? We hope that we are not asking too much, or setting too high a standard, but we are firmly convinced that the "labor" of the School motto is the underlying secret of almost all successful writing; or, as Pope again puts it —

"True ease in writing comes by art, not chance."

We have little to say? We have said, indeed, more than we intended.

Addendum.

We have even more to say. As we go to press, there comes another article from another F.P., "in response," as he politely phrases it, "to the Editorial clarion call for contributions from Old Strathallians." Our sincere thanks go likewise to him. We are now feeling much happier; we are, in fact, almost beginning to dream dreams. Is it, after all, possible that the day will come when "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose"?

Presentation to Mr. W. E. Ward

LAST Session saw the completion by Mr. Ward of twenty-five years of service to Strathallan, and the opportunity presented by the large number of F.P.s. at the School on Founder's Day was seized in order to mark the occasion in a fitting manner.

Governors, F.P.s., Staff, and present pupils had all whole-heartedly subscribed to effect the purchase of a radiogram, a silver tea set, and a silver salver, suitably inscribed; and the interesting ceremony of presenting these gifts took place after tea in the Common Room.

Mr. D. J. Bogie, the chairman of the governors, presiding, paid an eloquent tribute to Mr. Ward's loyalty and devotion to the School, and spoke with such deep feeling and such evident sincerity that the recipient of these honours was manifestly moved.

Mr. A. J. Shaw, speaking primarily on behalf of the Staff, then added his tribute, proving, to his own satisfaction and the amusement of the audience, that a life consecrated to unceasing toil and the relentless inculcation of mathematics into recalcitrant students was clearly the secret of perennial youth.

In a happy little speech, leading up to the hope that music "would soothe the savage breast," the School Captain, John P. Allardyce, then made the formal presentation.

In reply, Mr. Ward, deeply stirred, recalled some of the incidents of the past twenty-five years, said how sensible he was of the honour conferred upon him, and declared how little he thought he deserved it.

The ceremony then ended with a vociferous rendering of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

School Notes

AS forecast in the corresponding notes written at the end of the Summer holidays last year, the 1946-47 session has witnessed a return to normal activities. We feel that the boys have profited from the diversity of activities which have been possible and, may it be said, from the greater inspiration and firmer discipline which have resulted, now that the teaching staff again consists entirely of men. The Senior School has been conscious of this, and in a year in which there has been some criticism of the high standard demanded at the Leaving Certificate Examination, Class SVI achieved good results in clearing thirteen passes out of seventeen candidates.

The congratulations of the whole School are heartily extended to the School Dux, John C. Shaw, who, at the age of barely fifteen years, headed the list of Leaving Certificate successes. Shaw, as a boy of ten, joined Strathallan in January, 1943, and was placed at this early age in the first year form, JI. Quickly rising to near the head of this form, he maintained a high position in all his classes and proved a

worthy School Dux in 1947. We expect to hear more about him in the future.

The boys in class SVII, taking additional subjects in the Scottish Highers, also acquitted themselves well, there being only two failures in the twelve papers sat. Successes have also been recorded by J. J. Blanche in the First Part of the Intermediate C.A. Examination, and by the candidates taking the science group of subjects in the Cambridge Higher School Certificate Examination. Standards of work in the lower and middle part of the School are still, however, not satisfactory, and we would again remind those aspiring to university entrance that the standard demanded is not a low one, and that the conditions for a Certificate of Attestation of Fitness for entry are being made more difficult as from March, 1949.

The production of "The Mikado" at the end of the Christmas Term was a great success, and Mr. Mordecai, Mr. Shaw and the cast deserve every congratulation on the magnificent performance given on that occasion. One of the School Governors who came to see the opera mentioned that

normally, at school entertainments, there are bound to be boring moments when matters on the stage are not running too smoothly. He expected to experience such pin-pricks of boredom at the Strathallan performance of "The Mikado", but at the end of the evening confessed that his interest had been sustained throughout and eulogised those taking part. This session the School is staging perhaps an even more ambitious production—"Merrie England", by Edward German. There will be a performance to the boys of the School on Tuesday, 16th December, and then a second one at 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 17th December, to which parents, Old Boys and friends of the School are cordially invited. To enable us to arrange seats we shall be obliged if those intending to be present will let the School Secretary know as soon as possible.

Out-of-door activities have been somewhat hampered by weather conditions. We had our share of the severe weather throughout the Spring Term, and the rugby season perforce was brought to a premature close, just as the team appeared to be getting into its stride. During February and March the boys enjoyed skating and tobogganing, and the institution of basketball in the gymnasium was very popular, especially during the thaw. Unfortunately, it was quite impossible to play the House Sevens.

The Summer Term also opened under inclement weather conditions. During May the School lawn was not fit for cricket, and at the start of the term practice nets were erected in the gymnasium. Later in the season, real enthusiasm was aroused by the visit of L. M. Constantine to undertake a day's coaching at the nets, and by the appearance of Sid Barnes of Australia in H. B. Rowan's XI. Constantine is now a firm favourite at Strathallan and he received a great ovation in the common-room after the delightful and instructive lecture he gave to the whole School. We are looking forward to seeing him again this session. Barnes enjoyed himself by a spectacular display of hitting sixes into the woods; he certainly created a record of "lost balls." Our thanks go again to Mr. Rowan for

allowing us the opportunity of playing against his talented XI, certainly the strongest team which has ever played on the School lawn. The day's coaching by Constantine and the game against H. B. Rowan's XI gave the boys much needed confidence.

Two new cups have been presented to the School for Sports Events, one for the winner of the annual rugby match between the former and present boys on Founder's Day, and the other for the swimming champion. We cordially thank Mr. C. L. Thomson of Wormit, himself an old boy of Strathallan, and Mrs. Hinshaw of Perth for these gifts.

Several of the boys took part in the inter-school sports held in Edinburgh and we congratulate I. R. Birss on obtaining the medal for the under 16 high jump. Strathallan competitors generally performed well, but it is unfortunate that an event of this description always depletes the strength of the cricket elevens on the day of the sports.

This Summer, fortunately, there were not many staff changes, although we have said farewell to Messrs. R. H. Leithead and C. L. Bartram, who have taken posts in England. The new Classics Master is Mr. D. Silver of Dumfries, who is an honours graduate of Aberdeen University and who has had considerable experience of teaching Latin; he will also assist in the French department. The vacancy in the Mathematics department is being filled by Mr. John McDonnell, an honours graduate in Mathematics of Queen's College, Belfast, who also has had considerable teaching experience. Mr. J. McDonnell will be helping in the Music department. We welcome the addition of these gentlemen to the teaching staff and we are looking forward to a successful academic year. Norman Mitchell, who, during last session, proved an excellent School Captain, has left School, but the appointment of John P. Allardyce as School Captain and Cameron R. Whyte as Rugby Captain, should ensure smooth working in the School House and on the Rugby field during the session 1947-48.

Photographic Society

President : Mr. COUTTS.

Secretary : K. FROST.

Treasurer : J. SHAW.

Committee : N. G. BROWN, A. CHISHOLM.

IT was a sad blow to the society when we lost at the end of last term the services of our President, Mr. Leithead, and our Secretary, D. Mackenzie. Both had done much for the society and were, to a great extent, responsible for its being.

We look forward, however, to the coming session with anticipation and feel that under the presidency of Mr. Coutts the society will thrive.

A great amount of work was done in the darkroom last term, and several people are no longer getting negative results for their efforts.

The main feature of last session was the photographic competition held at the end of the Summer Term. This proved a great success and there were some very good entries. We hope to make this a regular feature of our work in the years to come.

K. F.

Soliloquy of a "Grubroom" on watching two boys preparing to "beat up" a third.

To be, or not to be; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
Those wretches to chastise that harmless
creature,

Or to take arms before the child's in
trouble,

And by opposing, save him? To say,
"Report!"

No more; and by those words to say I end
The heartache and the thousand natural
shocks

His flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
That doubtless he would wish. To say,
"Report!"

To whom? for what? perchance — ay,
there's the rub,

For by that righteous act what punishment
Would fall on those on whom I should have
pounced?

Ha! I must give them time: that is the
fault

So many inexperienced Grubroom make.

For who could e'er escape for such a
crime,

But that he's stopped before the act is
done,

And swears he never meant it? Soft you,
now!

The fun has started. Wretches, in the near
future,

Your sins will be remembered.

A. G. B. B.



The Chapel at Christmas:
an entry in the Photographic Society's Exhibition.

Chapel Notes

THE new bibles and hymnbooks, which had been on order for considerably over twelve months, appeared shortly after the start of the session. They are stored in a cupboard adjoining the Chapel, and the arrangement of distributing and collecting them at each service has worked satisfactorily throughout the session. Appended is the list of visiting speakers on Sundays, and the School is indebted to them for their services.

Nov. 17 — Rev. J. K. Reid, Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh.

Dec. 1 — Mr. Beveridge, Scripture Union.

Dec. 8 — Rev. A. Downing, St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth.

Mar. 23 — Rev. W. Campbell, Radnor Park, Clydebank.

May 18 — Rev. Professor Dickie, St. Andrew's University.

June 29 — Mr. Beveridge, Scripture Union.

Mr. Campbell, who was a boy at Strathallan during the sessions 1923 to 1926, has left Glasgow to take a charge at Lerwick in Shetland. We hope, however, that this

will not prevent his annual visit to Strathallan, although his support at the away fixtures of the Rugby XV at Glasgow will assuredly be missed. The remainder of the Sunday services have been conducted by the Rev. A. Cameron of Forgandenny or by the Headmaster. We wish to thank the Housemasters for their services on Sundays in reading the lesson.

A small committee consisting of the Headmaster, the Music master, the School Captain and two representatives of the Senior School has been formed to discuss informally matters appertaining to the Chapel and the disposal of the Chapel collections. The Chapel now has a separate banking account at the National Bank, Perth, to which fund has been transferred, from the general School account, the collection money obtained during the last few years, when the School was responsible for providing the boys' collection at Chapel services. Under the new arrangements, it is the duty of each boy to provide his own collection, and the boys have, on the whole, responded well to the new regime, although there has been a noticeable decline in the amount obtained during the Summer Term. The 1946-7 Chapel Accounts will appear in the next issue.

The History of Spectacles

SPECTACLES are nowadays regarded as so essential to those who suffer from defective vision that it is surely remarkable that there exists no definite proof as to the name of the inventor of spectacles or even the date at which they were invented.

Not until the end of the 13th century is any definite reference to spectacles found. In England Roger Bacon, the philosopher, refers to "segments of spheres" which magnified small print. Some authors, therefore, state that he was the inventor of spectacles, but it must be borne in mind that not once did he refer to their use as spectacles; he might have meant a plain magnifying glass.

Careful research has narrowed the probable choice to two Italians, Salvino d'Armator degli Armatie and Alessandro della Spina. In the church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Florence is a bust with memorial tablet beneath. On the tablet is inscribed: "Here lies Salvina d'Armato degli Armatie of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God forgive his sins. Died Anno Domini 1317."

Unfortunately, diligent searching has never revealed his tomb nor any record in the burial lists of the church at that time of the date of his burial or, indeed, any reference whatsoever to him. Moreover, competent authorities are of the opinion that the bust was sculptured centuries

before 1317, whilst the tablet is quite modern.

Spina was a monk, and in the archives of the monastery in Pisa is written: "Brother Alessandro della Spina, a modest and good man, learned to make all industrial products of which he saw and heard. Spectacles, which were made first by someone else, who did not want to communicate anything about them, were made by him, and were distributed with a cheerful and benevolent heart."

Whether the "someone else" was Armati we do not know, neither do we know whether Spina re-invented spectacles or was a co-worker with the actual inventor; we can deduce, however, from the dates mentioned that spectacles were probably invented about 1285.

To add to the confusion concerning the origin of spectacles, we read in Marco Polo's writings that in 1270 he found the Chinese using lenses ground from quartz to aid their vision. Early Chinese prints show spectacles which were kept in position by weighted cords running over the ears and down to the breast, and others held on the face by cords tied behind the ears. Here again no concrete evidence is forthcoming, and we are left to wonder whether the Chinese discovered spectacles prior to or independently of the Europeans.

In Europe, after the invention of printing (1430-48), the use of spectacles spread rapidly, but it must be remembered that such were of use to long-sighted people only. That is, only convex lenses were used. Concave lenses to aid short-sighted persons were not used until the beginning of the 16th century, Pope Leo X being one of the first to wear them.

The very early types of spectacles were heavy, nose-pinching specimens, more correctly termed eyeglasses. In these old eyeglasses the lenses were mounted in two heavy circles of copper, lead or wood, which gave them an ugly appearance. Gradually they became lighter, as leather, bone or horn were used, and by the early 17th century light steel frames were in existence. Nevertheless, even these frames were tiresome to hold before the eyes and uncomfortable on the nose; thus we find various methods of securing them to the face were tried.

A manuscript of the year 1600 illustrates spectacles which consist of a leather band, carrying the lenses and tied round the head. Another method used was to insert a strip of metal that came from the centre piece of the eyeglasses under one's cap. The spectacles were thereby suspended in front of the eyes very much like a carrot before a donkey.

It seems remarkable that not until well into the 18th century were spectacles, as we know them, evolved — some 500 years after they were invented. At first the sides were fitted either with loops or a hinged portion, the latter called a turn-pin. The loops were for the ribbons, which tied behind the head, the hinged portions to drop behind the ears, so anchoring the spectacles. Of comparatively recent design is the curl side such as we know it to-day.

Tortoiseshell was first used to make spectacle frames about George III's reign, and because of its lightness soon became very popular. All spectacles of this period are, of course, hand-made, and many exquisite specimens of the spectacle makers' art are fortunately still in existence. These can be seen in the British Optical Association's Museum in London. The excellent soldering and finishing of the joints of some of them cannot be bettered by present-day standards.

After the invention of the curl sides, spectacles remained almost unchanged until after the 1914-18 war. Rolled-gold had largely taken the place of gold, silver had practically disappeared, and the pince-nez was in full swing, but the general design — the small eyepiece, etc. — was very similar to that of the 18th and 19th centuries.

You are all aware of the subsequent changes which have resulted in a multiplicity of shapes, colours, materials, etc. This variety is not just a question of fashion, however, for with a large range at his disposal the optician is able to select a type which harmonises with the appearance of his patient and is therefore unobtrusive.

How well the modern optician succeeds may be judged from the often-heard exclamation: "How funny you look without your glasses!"

C. L. T.

"Last Night our Light Coastal Forces . . ."

B.B.C. NEWS ITEM.

THE July evening was drawing to a close as we four of His Majesty's Motor Torpedo Boats were on our way from our base at Great Yarmouth to carry out an offensive patrol off that long, low, sandbank strewn coast that stretches from the Hook of Holland in the South to the islands of Texel and Borkum in the North. The sea was glassily calm and a most welcome change from previous trips. The four hours since leaving harbour had been spent pleasantly with tea on the bridge and jocular chatter, which served to mask the air of suppressed excitement which pervades ships' companies everywhere at the prospect of action sometime in the next few hours.

We had reduced to ten knots when the first flare was seen away ahead on the horizon; it curved in a beautiful green tail, arching high into the sky, and then fell seawards extinguished, to be followed by another, this time red. "Flares ahead!" sang out the voice of our Vickers gunner on the bridge, and at once our lethargic contemplation of the calm sea and declining sun was rudely shattered.

What could the flares be? Was it a trap for us, with destroyers waiting to pounce as we reached the Dutch coast only nine miles away? Anxiously our binoculars swept the horizon, but, as nothing could be seen, we decided to jog on at our reduced speed. In a few minutes an object was noticed ahead in the water, and, as our ships closed it rapidly, it was seen to be a small life raft with one man lying in it and another hanging on to the side. They looked as if they were in poor shape, and immediate speculation started as to who they were, American? Some Mustangs and Fortresses had passed us three hours before, heading home. Our boys? No, that grey life raft looked unfamiliar. Huns? Yes, that's what they were — the fair hair of the one clinging to the side, and the coarse features of his badly cut companion appeared to conform to our ideas of what the Master Race might look like. They were being hauled aboard now to the accompaniment of the crew's bloodthirsty remarks as to what they would like to do

to them if they were allowed the chance, and as the signal pistol which the fair haired one was still clutching in his ice cold hand was removed, the voice of the Senior Officer, who was on board our ship, cut in with: "Take them down to the wardroom and see if you can patch them up." I went below with them, and, as I worked with the Dettol and a bowl of hot water in a very amateurish sort of way, the crew, at complete variance with their previous sentiments, brought out their overalls, blankets and cigarettes to give to those sodden specimens of the Luftwaffe — a fine example of the inherent kindness of seamen everywhere to a beaten enemy. The fair haired one, who had been the pilot, spoke English and said that he and his navigator, an ex-farmer's boy from East Prussia, in a Messerschmitt 210, had tried conclusions with the Mustangs we had seen earlier on, with disastrous results. He himself had been a fourth year medical student from Berlin before joining up. When they heard our engines, they quite confidently expected to find themselves picked up by their own "E" boats and were most surprised when they saw the White Ensign at our mast. They seemed to appreciate my efforts and lay back puffing cigarettes. As they still shivered, I poured them out a stiff whisky each, and as I was about to put water in the pilot's glass he said: "No," — pointing at the water in mock panic — "that ees where the fishes live!"

When I got back on the bridge, it was nearly dusk. I asked Eddy, our cheerful young Navigating Officer, where we were. (Poor Eddy was to lose his life a few weeks later in a fight with six "E" boats.) He jocularly replied: "Too darn close to the beach! Actually we are about three miles off Terschelling Island, but I doubt if there's much to see, it's so low and flat."

"Course South, 50 East," repeated the Coxswain, as he swung the wheel to starboard, and as our four boats wheeled on to the new course a blaze of phosphorescence glowed and flashed from our wakes. "Damn!" I heard the Senior Officer say. "I hope it disappears as we

go southward." Phosphorescence is really beautiful to look at, if one is sitting in a dinghy at night, dipping one's hands into the water and lifting what appears to be molten liquid fire, but not when one is bent on surprising a sharp eyed enemy whose binoculars would easily pick out our glowing wake at a distance of several miles.

"Reduce to six knots," came the Senior Officer's voice. "Six knots it is, Sir," came the reply from the Coxswain and engine-room. I looked around and saw it was a pleasant enough night; no moon, but some stars out, which improved visibility considerably, with a slight breeze which skimmed the surface of the water, turning up tiny white wave caps every now and then. On the bridge the dimmed compass light lit up the face of the coxswain at the wheel; on his right the figure of the Senior Officer in his duffel coat and cap, disdaining the tin hats we had all donned some minutes earlier. The only sound apart from the dull hum of our Packard engines came from the creak of our mast and flapping ensign and the snatches of Morse and odd foreign voices from our little wireless "intercom" receiver. In front of us were the dark shapes of the pom-pom gunner and two 0.5 gunners, with the attendant figures of their loaders. Aft of the mast was the twin Oerlikon, and finally our six-pounder gun with its crew of four, looking for all the world like members of some old monastic order swathed in their hooded duffel coats. I couldn't see the torpedo tubes as they were below the level of the bridge, but I knew the men responsible for seeing that they were "at the ready" were there, for every now and again I could hear whispered snatches of song — "You are my sunshine, you make me happy, you make me blue!"

Astern of us straggled the line of the other three boats. We were keeping close station, about forty yards apart, and I smiled as I thought of the way station keeping improved as we approached the enemy coast, almost as children cluster closer to their mother as they return home in the dusk.

"Soup, Sir." The welcome aroma assailed our nostrils, and as our lips tasted the hot liquid, the cold night air, which by this time was beginning to find its way

through our layers of sweaters, scarves and coats, was once more kept at bay.

I took up my binoculars again and swept the horizon. Visibility was good, much too good, too light for us to surprise easily a watchful enemy; we could see and be seen for miles, it seemed. Over my shoulder to the North-West could be made out the flashes of gun fire and bomb bursts, as the R.A.F. gave that well pounded port of Hamburg yet another pasting; the brilliant flash of an exploding aircraft lit the night sky before plunging earthward in a faint and distant shower of sparks. We did not know what we'd find on our patrol, but Intelligence had told us that there was a chance we might meet a convoy — this usually consisted of about two or three merchant vessels with an escort of "M" class minesweepers, one or two destroyers, trawlers and upwards of a dozen "E" and "R" boats. If we failed to contact this crowd, there were always the "Four Horsemen." The "Four Horsemen" was the nickname we had given to a series of units composed of large armed trawlers which maintained a nightly vigil off Ymuiden or Texel. They were there especially for Coastal Forces and were literally floating gun platforms, each vessel mounting upwards of thirty guns — a most wicked combination to run up against; all the more so as Their Lords of the Admiralty at that time considered they were not worth the expense of a torpedo.

"Five objects ahead, green 10, Sir," came the quiet conversational tone of Hugh, our First Lieutenant. Hugh at twenty-one already wore the blue and white ribbon of the D.S.C., had been wounded twice, and never seemed to show the slightest sign of excitement or agitation at any time. "They look about five miles off; what do you make of them, Sir?" The Senior Officer replied he didn't know, but in this so-and-so light it wouldn't be long before they knew who *we* were. He reached for the microphone of our "Intercom" and quietly said into it: "Stand by, chums. Five of our competitors ahead and they look mighty like the 'Four Horsemen' plus one. Remember, no fish, only guns." He had no sooner finished his conversation than six tremendously loud bangs went off high in the sky over our heads. For a fraction of a second nothing happened;

then six beautiful white flares appeared, suspended in the sky directly behind the four of us, shedding a ghostly radiance on the water with a blinding brilliance which lit up our bridge and ship almost as if we had been flood-lit. "Damn!" came from the S.O. "They've spotted us and the range still looks about three miles. They're trawlers all right. Increase speed to 25 knots. We'll start our run in." The water churned up astern of us as our ship frothed ahead, followed by the others. We were still out of effective range, but the Hun was in a happier position, although, beam on to us, he presented a grand torpedo target.

I had hoped they might mistake us for their own "E" boats and not open fire, but my hopes were rudely shattered by a blast of savage fire which swept high over our heads. We could hear the bullets flying past and see the streams of red, green and white tracer curling lazily towards us. Massive misty columns were appearing in the water where, fortunately for us, their "88" shells were landing. As the distance between us lessened, our own guns opened up, and what an exhilarating feeling it gave us! The flashes and the hot smell of the cordite in our nostrils was most comforting—at last we were doing something. I saw the shells from our pom-pom hitting the bridge of the third vessel in line, while our Oerlikon and six-pounder were hitting the stern of number four. Tony, Ron and Paul had got their guns going too. Smoke—spray—engines thundering—and, above all, the deafening crash and detonation of the guns. The sea and sky around were lit up, it seemed for miles, and as more and more star shells were flung up, the dying ones spiralled seawards, leaving long trails of smoke and meeting the uprising splashes from the shell bursts, green and yellow in the light.

As we reached the end of their line, we turned and headed away from them, to enable our perspiring guns' crews to reload. As we did so, an overwhelming nausea swept over me; I loathed being there; how I wished I were home in bed and not about to start again on this crazy effort to sink these floating fortresses! How I envied the Hun behind his concrete and steel gun shields, his rock-steady platform and his

seemingly endless supply of ammunition! Yet what was wrong with his training or spirit? Not one of the thousands of rounds they had fired so far had hit any of us. My thoughts were rudely interrupted by the breezy voice of the Senior Officer, who was saying: "Right oh!—we'll start run two," and once more our bows lifted, and our bow waves rose in arched torrents, yellow in that brilliantly lit arena. We were doing 30 knots now and once more the nightmare started. The enemy was still pouring forth showers of lead; an "88" burst so close to us that we on the bridge got a mild soaking. Our own gunners were once more pumping out our reply to this, and to our intense satisfaction were scoring hits. Number four in line was definitely on fire aft, rolling clouds of smoke emerging from abaft his funnel; number five appeared to be listing and going down by the stern. Both ships, though, were keeping up an intense fire.

I had just thought that we'd be lucky to get out of this all in one piece, as at 400 yards range they couldn't possibly go on missing us forever, when a vivid flash lit up our side, followed immediately by a tremendous bang; the woodwork splintered and flames and smoke shot upwards; in the same breath all our engines cut, and there we lay like the proverbial sitting duck—a perfectly illuminated target for the enemy, who were not slow to seize the opportunity of concentrating their fire in our direction. We were only dimly conscious of Tony, Ron and Paul surging past us in a welter of gun-fire and engine noise; we were all busily engaged in the perspiring efforts connected with fighting the fire which was blazing in our shattered side and outer petrol tank, and which threatened to engulf our four neighbouring tanks. Our own guns were silent, with the exception of the six-pounder aft, which kept up an encouraging fire at the nearest trawler. After about twenty minutes' work, during which we had to bring three of the engine-room staff up unconscious from below, where they had been overcome with the fumes from the fire extinguishers, we at last beat out the flames.

To our great relief, during these strenuous efforts our other three boats under Tony's leadership had torn into the enemy

again in a most gallant fashion, drawing their fire away from us and undoubtedly saving us from more serious damage and casualties.

"Have a look at our Hun guests and see they aren't getting into mischief," said the Senior Officer. "Aye, aye, Sir," I said, and nipped swiftly below to the warm atmosphere of the wardroom. They were still there, lying back and smoking unconcernedly. Involuntarily I said: "My hat, it's hot down here," to which the pilot coolly replied: "Eet seems eef is hotter up-stairs." A brief glance was sufficient to see they at least were fairly happy and I returned on deck to watch the final stages of the battle. The first flush of dawn appeared away to the East, and as the sky lightened perceptibly the ragged line of trawlers evidently decided they had had enough and started to limp slowly in the general direction of the shore, which at this time was fairly clear. One was well down by the stern and appeared to be sinking; from another a column of smoke arose and occasional bursts of flame; but to our chagrin all appeared to be able to get under way, if only in a somewhat bedraggled fashion.

A loud cheer from aft signalled that our engines were about to start. As the coughing, spluttering roar broke the silence, an immense feeling of relief came over us all. Broad grins broke out all round, and although only two of the four engines were functioning it was sufficient to make us feel tremendously exhilarated. We were off homewards now, Tony, Ron and Paul in line astern of us, all seemingly quite happy and intact from their appearance, all no doubt just as eager to reach Yarmouth with its hot baths and a nice long warm sleep.

"Aircraft on our starboard bow, Sir!" The urgent voice of the look-out warned us that home was still four hours away. "It's a Junkers SS, too"—this from Hugh. I could imagine the message being tapped out to the nearest aerodrome, getting the Focke Wulfe fighter boys out of their warm beds to give us a final beating up.

We were all so completely exhausted from lack of sleep and our fire-fighting efforts that the thought of yet more battle

somehow overwhelmed us. "Get on to the Base, Sparks, and request fighter protection." I called down the voice pipe, and to our relief twenty minutes later, out of a clear blue sky with an early morning sun up, came one of the pleasantest sights any M.T.B. could wish for—two Mosquitoes, who carefully circled us, firing recognition signals, until we were out of the danger zone.

So ended another patrol. There had been no casualties apart from four or five slightly wounded, our gassed stokers (who by this time were recovering), and the hole in our side, which would certainly mean a week's leave for everyone on board. With our two prizes below and the damage we had inflicted on the "Horsemen," the trip had not been an uneventful one.

V59.

IN YOUR GARDEN.

The sparrows chirp beneath the eaves,
The fresh green buds throw out their leaves,
Wake up, gardeners! Roll up sleeves!
Spring's in your garden.

Spring fever one and all is gripping,
Once more the sturdy hedge needs clipping,
Again that school-boy son wants tipping
For messing up your garden.

Unearth your fork, bring out your spade,
Spurn any mercenary aid;
The will is there, your plans are made—
Dig up that garden!

Lay down that lime, kill off those weeds;
Where are those so-called perfect seeds?
Plan also for your kitchen's needs—
Fresh produce from your garden!

And oh! what pleasure when 'tis done
And plants wax mighty 'neath the sun!
Watching them grow is half the fun—
Prize narrows in your garden!

The Autumn months draw to a close,
Soft petals scatter from the rose,
But the produce from your garden shows
How worth-while is your garden!

S. M.

My Favourite Month

I AM a soldier. I have been one for forty years, and many are the wars I have served in. I hated war at one time—when I was first forced to join the army as a drummer boy. I had been brought up well in my little cottage in Moscow. As I stood on the threshold of my home, I used to watch the soldiers marching smartly past. My father was a soldier, but I had never seen him. I stayed with my grandmother—I had no mother. Then one day she died and I was left all alone. What could I do but accept, when a rough soldier came up to me and told me that if I went with him, he would lead me to my father? Since then I have seen the heartless slaughter of war and felt the bitter bite of the sword.

That is why December is my favourite month. I have seen so much bloodshed and cruelty that I have become used to it. Not only did I become used to it, but I began to worship it—to enjoy causing it. I used to laugh with joy when a poor young enemy recruit would scream for mercy on his knees. I would give him one mighty slash with my sabre and he would be forever dead.

December is so like war. It has strength and character; it can destroy. The only difference between it and war is that its power is unseen and quiet. December is more considerate than war because it lays a white shroud over its victims, and it leaves no blood. December is just. It punishes the stupid—and all civilians are stupid; they do not seem to realise that Winter is going to sweep down on them and destroy them. Naturally, in the Red Army we are never stupid. When Winter comes, we take the food and the clothes away from the women and children to keep ourselves fat and warm. Anyone with any sense would do likewise. But the women and children—they perish, and the strange fact is that they never make any noise, as the cowards do in war; they just wither away.

In December one has to be careful what one touches out of doors. I have seen many people touch the handles of their own front door, and their thin claws have stuck with the cold. They should not go

out of doors without wearing gloves—but these civilians are so stupid! Many times in December I have sat looking out of the window of my room, watching the ill-clothed men, women and children in the streets. They are like ghosts and they know that in a few weeks, days or even hours they will be ghosts. They have no hope written in their eyes; they do not expect to be given food, because they know that everyone needs all the food he can scrounge. It annoys me to see them so resigned, so apathetic. Why do they not shout and scream and beg for mercy? Why do they just walk up and down at the same slow pace, as if they were going to their own funerals? Perhaps they know that December has no mercy. Their faces, gaunt, grey and immovable, are like stone and they never open their white lips.

Yes, December and I are brothers. We both are strong, ruthless and hungry for killing. But one does not offend one's brother, and I am always careful not to offend December. I believe December is even greater than I.

I. K.

LOCH LOMOND.

O mighty loch, upon whose shores I stand,
Encompassed round by many a sombre peak.

Thou teachest me a truth my heart doth seek—

I see a vision of the Promised Land.

O'er thy vast waters God doth stretch His hand,

And strange sensations fill my errant heart;

In life, in death, His truth must play its part—

My faith must not be founded on the sand.

The sun, declining o'er the mountains' rim,
Casts timeless shadows on the glassy face
Of thy eternal waters, black and deep.

In life, in death, I shall remember Him,
Who veils the mystic night in one embrace,
And clasps the living, and the dead, in sleep.
J. P. A.

In France

DURING the Summer holidays I had the great luck to be able to spend four weeks in France. During my stay there I was able to see quite a few aspects of the country. Some days spent in Paris, about a week on the coast of the Atlantic, a few days in the country, and the remainder of my stay in a provincial town of the "Centre Ouest" made up my all too short visit.

I was struck by many things, but possibly most of all by the obvious fact that there are two sides to present-day life in France. There is the poverty-stricken section of the community, and there is the comfortably-off section. For the poor life is miserable—the official rations are meagre, and black market prices prohibitive. Generally speaking, the North-West of France is the worst off. It was here that much bitter hand-to-hand fighting took place, with the result that many villages have been almost completely wiped out. Here conditions are appalling, and it was in Amiens that I actually witnessed the disgusting sight of the poor rummaging in waste-bins in the hope of finding a few odd scraps of food.

For the other section of the community matters are easier, probably because they have sufficient means to deal in the "Marché Noir." Thus it is that the tables of upper middle-class families are graced with much more appetising fare than has been seen in our country for many a long year. To illustrate this fact I could do no better than briefly outline a dinner I enjoyed one Sunday evening. I had been staying with some friends for a few days, and on the Sunday (it was the birthday of one of the family) eighteen of us sat down to table. To start with we had soup, followed by snails, shrimps, shell fish and oysters, then melon. Roast duck and lamb with plenty of vegetables came next, and as sweets we had ice-cream, fresh fruit and cake. There were, of course, the usual wines served with the meal, and liqueurs after.

Paris is still gay; her theatre-land is still a riot of light and colour, and both on the stage and along the boulevards one finds no scarcity of beautiful dress

materials; but, though the shops may be full of goods and the restaurants still provide excellent meals, such catering is purely for the rich—primarily the tourist. In the attitude of the common citizens one can sense a slight anxiety, a watchful nervousness. It is a grim gaiety.

Despite this, however, the French are in some respects better off than ourselves. Although caramels may cost as much as twopence each, wine is cheap, and I believe fairly good; there is also plenty of fairly cheap tobacco. Although fuel is very scarce, there is no shortage of paper; there are plenty of books, magazines, periodicals and newspapers. Bread may be rationed, but grapes cost as little as 4½d. per pound, and peaches, melons, pears and apples are plentiful.

France is truly a paradoxical country, "dropping pearls and vermin." A Frenchman's meditations on his brittle future may well recall to him those famous lines of Corneille:

"Toute notre félicité,
Sujette à l'instabilité,
En moins de rien tombe par terre;
Et comme elle a l'éclat du verre,
Elle en a la fragilité."

J. S.

THE OLD TOWER.

Alas! I see it gone to wreck and ruin:
Its massive walls are falling down; the
side
Is swept with splashing spray and tearing
tide;
Thus stands the tower on rocky isle
Strathduin.
The topmost stones look lofty yet, but soon,
It seems, they too will fall, no more to
guide
The passing ships, or envious waves deride,
But round their rocky base be sadly
strewn.
Long years ago it was a wondrous sight
To see the sun upon its vast grey walls;
It cast a long, dark shadow o'er the bare
Blue sea; it stood serene, upright
Amidst the flights of birds, whose mocking
calls
Now taunt their former rival of the air.

D. M.

In Switzerland

THIRTY-ONE very excited, very weary boys piled out on to the platform of Montreux station. After the chaotic tumble of France, the cool blue of Lake Lemman was welcome to our eyes. It was the beginning of a glorious holiday.

Montreux seemed, from the very first, to be drenched with colour. This lovely town, with its pastel-shaded houses and bright red geraniums, stretches up from the clear waters of the lake to its crown of snow-capped mountains. The cafés, with their little round tables on the pavé, shaded from the sun by gaudily-striped canopies, have an enchantment all of their own.

Used as we are to drab austerity, the shops were a veritable Paradise, and somehow everybody seemed to get what they wanted, even though they may have failed the last French exam, dismally. The pâtisserie confiserie—in other words, the “wee sweetie shop over the way”—did a roaring trade.

Most welcome was the refreshing coolness of the lake. To bathe at Montreux is indeed a delight, the crystal clear waters a continual invitation to throw off irksome clothes and dive in.

Though perhaps reluctant to exert ourselves in the heat, we all enjoyed immensely the walks among the towering mountains and quaint little pine-clad valleys. The sight that met our eyes, as we stood on the top of a mountain, was so full of grandeur and magnificence that it more than rewarded our efforts.

The high-light of the tour was undoubtedly the trip to the St. Bernard Pass. Packed like pilchards in a gay red charabanc, we set off up the Rhone Valley just as the sun began to dispel the morning mists. Up the valley, past orchards of golden apricots, through quaint towns, surrounded by range upon range of mountains, we went, till we came to that waterfall, which drops over tall precipices to a seething cauldron beneath, known as the Pisse Vache. After Martigny, with its fairy-like castle perched on the crags above the road, we started to climb. The road was like a scenic railway, with hairpin

bends and deep gorges at the sides, over which a certain irrepressible said he thought we were going to plunge into oblivion any moment. After viewing the “hospice” and flinging the remains of our sandwiches to the dogs, the more adventurous spirits climbed to the tops of the surrounding mountains, whence could be seen a magnificent panorama of snow-clad mountains. That day will live long in our memories.

Many other things will be remembered, too—the visit to age-old Chateau Chillon; the trip up the lake to Lausanne and Geneva by paddle-steamer; the journey up the so-precarious-looking railway to Rochers de Naye and Les Avant; and, lastly, the many kindnesses of the staff of our hotel. At the end of our holiday we were all extremely sorry to bid farewell to Madame (who took such a pride in her “Ecossees”), Monsieur, Josy, Hedy, and all the others.

This glorious holiday has implanted in us the desire to visit many more times this beautiful land and its hospitable people. To Switzerland we say not good-bye, but “Au-revoir.”

I. A. M. and L. B.

HUNTING.

Oh, to go a-hunting
When the dew is on the grass,
And to hear the hounds a-yelping
As the fox's scent they pass!

It is early in the morning,
When most men are still asleep,
And shapes in every corner
As the field-mice start to creep.

Just when the dawn is breaking,
And the bats do homeward fly,
My hunter's horn is sounding—
Can't you hear my merry cry?

A. G. (J2).

In Germany

Friday, 29th August.

THERE were twenty-two cadets in the A.T.C. party which set out at the end of August on a visit to B.A.F.O., under the command of a regular R.A.F. officer, who was assisted by an A.T.C. officer from the London group. On arriving at Northolt airport we were given a talk by a Group Captain and then went over to the York aircraft that was to transport us to Germany. Press photographers were much in evidence, and it was 10.00 hours before we boarded the aircraft. The pilot instructed us in what to do in an emergency, and we took off in fine weather at 10.10 hours. I was lucky enough to get a single seat by a window in the rear compartment.

We crossed the Dutch coast at 5,500 ft. near the Hook of Holland, and later passed over Rotterdam and Arnhem. The damage here was very severe and the fields uncultivated, being full of bomb and shell craters. Over Holland and Germany one is immediately struck by the straight roads, lined on either side by rows of poplar trees. The roads in Germany were deserted, and we had travelled many miles before seeing a vehicle. We landed at Bückeburg, about fifty kilometres due east of the large town of Hanover. B.A.F.O. Headquarters are situated at this station and Bückeburg is the principal airport for the British Zone. In the airport offices we met the other party of cadets, who were returning that day in the aircraft that had brought us.

We were transported to our billets at Bad Eilsen, a village about five kilometres from Bückeburg. While in this village we were fed extremely well. We had pure white bread, and the food generally was much better than on stations in Britain. The civilians seemed quite well fed and life fairly normal. The position is vastly different in the large towns and the people correspondingly much thinner.

Saturday, 30th August.

At 09.00 hours we left our billets by motor coach and proceeded on a round tour of three hundred kilometres. We were able to make speed once we were on the autobahn that ran near the camp. We passed a dump of wrecked German tanks and vehicles, and soon found ourselves in

the medium-sized town of Bielefeld. Here we were allowed to walk around for a few minutes, but were glad to return to the coach. The German people are quite naturally hostile and do not welcome with open arms anyone who is in R.A.F. blue. This is only to be expected, when they know that it was the R.A.F. who levelled their town. The damage was very severe, but some soldiers told us that it was nothing compared with Berlin.

A few kilometres out of Bielefeld we visited a railway viaduct that had been bombed by the R.A.F. From there we travelled for two hours to visit the Mohne dam, bombed by Lancasters during the war, when Wing-Commander Guy Gibson won his V.C.

On the return journey, at a place called Lippstadt, we saw a train so crowded that people were sitting on the couplings between carriages. This was a safer place than one might imagine, as we saw no trains moving faster than 20 m.p.h., and this one was moving at about half that speed.

Sunday, 31st August.

We again left our billets at 09.00 hours and headed southward for the B.A.F.O. Gliding Club and Rest Centre at a place named Scharfoldendorf, sixty kilometres due south of Hanover. The rest centre is situated in beautiful hill country, and is run for the benefit of any army or R.A.F. personnel who wish to spend a week-end there. The officer in charge of the gliding explained that the Club was run by members who had to subscribe to it, and that, under the circumstances, none of us would be able to get flights. However, some cadets were lucky and had a flight in a double-seater.

Monday, 1st September.

We visited the city of Hanover and saw the vast destruction there. The only undamaged buildings were on the outskirts of the town, and we saw no new buildings at all in the centre. The people seemed very hostile and very under-nourished; one cannot imagine what conditions will be like in the depths of Winter.

From Hanover we went North to a former Luftwaffe station at Wunstorf. 123 Fighter Wing is in residence there, and we were shown round the three squadrons—two of Tempests and one of Spitfires. The radar apparatus there is so accurate that the controllers are able to tell a pilot if he is twenty feet too high or too low.

Tuesday, 2nd September.

After a late start from the billets, we arrived at Bückeburg airport in good time. Just before we took off, Field-Marshal

Montgomery's private Dakota came in and was parked next to our York. However, the illustrious man was not in it.

At Northolt, we had our baggage inspected. My customs officer apparently thought I had a guilty look because he rummaged right through my case, but found nothing, which was not surprising, as I did not have anything. From the airport we were transported to White Waltham, had our money changed back into sterling, and left for home on the following morning.

D. C. T.

Jamboree Mondial De La Paix

FRANCE, 1947.

THE word "Jamboree" means a gathering of Scouts, and was invented by Lord Baden Powell when, after his venture had proved successful, he decided to hold a rally of as many Scouts of the world as possible. This idea was put into practice at Olympia, London, in 1920, and the first Jamboree was attended by eight thousand Scouts from twenty nations of the world. Since then there have been four such gatherings, and in 1937, the last one before the war, thirty-seven thousand Scouts met in Holland to hear what was unfortunately to prove Baden Powell's last message to his brother Scouts.

In March of this year the French authorities began preparations in Moisson Forest, about ten square miles of flat, wooded land, and were ready by August to hold the first post-war Jamboree, which I had the honour to attend.

On the evening of Saturday, the ninth of August, all the thirty thousand Scouts who had met at Moisson heard the voice of General Lafont, the Chief Scout of France and the Camp General, followed by a record of Baden Powell's last address; the Jamboree had begun.

On both Sundays church services were held, one of which was broadcast, and during the week Scouts of different nations performed displays characteristic of their different countries. The Scottish boys did, of course, a display of Scottish country

dancing, followed by an ingenious combination of Scouts wearing coloured shirts arranged to form two blocks, one representing the flag of St. Andrew and the other the French tricolour, joined by a gold chain. The Scottish display was so successful that M. Vincent Auriol, the President of France, asked that it might be performed for his special benefit when he visited the Jamboree.

One afternoon the Scouts of Brittany invited, from the Perthshire contingent, ten Scouts, including myself, to dance at their camp and to compare their dancing with ours. As they also have the pipes as their national instrument, there was something in common between us, but their dancing was vastly different, and I prefer the Scottish. However, it was a very enjoyable afternoon.

On Monday, the eighteenth of August, the Jamboree came to a close. After General Lafont had presented the leader of each contingent with a souvenir of the gathering, a huge balloon, made to represent the world, passed over the heads of everyone, the idea being to seal world friendship.

It was a very enjoyable trip and will remain, for ever, in the minds of those who had the good fortune to be there; but, owing to the heat of France and the dust, I was not too sorry to return to my native land.

L. R. B.

A "Barberous" Tale

IT was a bleak evening. The sky was black as doom, and sleet was falling, which the all-pervading wind whipped into every corner. It was bitterly cold, and all who could had long since retired to shelter. The fitful gleams of the old oil street-lamps did little to illuminate the dingy, dirty, little road, but seemed if anything to accentuate its squalor. A stray cur crouched against a drinking-fount, shivering and whimpering pitifully.

A man came striding down the road, huge and massive, his bulk accentuated by the poor light. The collar of his coat was turned up and his hat pulled well down against the storm. Bedraggled wisps of hair hung down across his face, and there was a thick stubble on his chin. His nose was hooked, his jaw square, and his eyes were twin pools of unfathomable blackness.

Eventually he stopped outside one of the disreputable-looking little shops from which a glimmer of light still came. The loud protestations of the door as he applied his shoulder to it were all but lost in the shrieking of the gale, and then it slammed behind him.

The room into which he had entered was quite in keeping with the neighbourhood. The linoleum on the floor was cracked, torn and filthy, and in some places worn away, exposing old, mouldering timber. Dirty papers and rags were strewn everywhere. Furniture was sparse, consisting of two large and very much the worse for wear swivel-chairs and a broken ordinary one. A filthy basin, apparently clogged for the time being, was affixed to the far wall in a central position, and in addition there were a few shabby wall-cabinets. Walls and ceiling were peeling, and the room was lit after a fashion by flickering gas-jets. Two small men in dirty overalls were standing whispering in one corner.

He took stock of all this, and then, removing hat and coat with something like a sigh and depositing them on the one rickety peg, he lowered his great bulk into the nearest chair, loosened his collar, smoothed back his untidy hair, and waited.

Ten minutes later the barber said: "Okay, sir? One and six, please."

J. R. M. P.

THE WEDDING OF PSYCHE.

The wedding train winds sloth-like up the crag,

And Psyche fain would wipe her fearful tears

Away with her bejewelled veil, which strives

For wings upon the fitful mountain breeze.

What awful bridegroom waits upon the peak,

As Psyche drags soft sandal'd feet at gods'

Command? The joyous songs of hand-maidens

Are lapsed in mournful dirges, as the dread Mount bends his head as if to claim his prey.

The wedding train winds sloth-like down the crag,

And fear of solitude and darkness grips

Fair Psyche, left alone to meet her groom.

Her apprehension cries: "I dare not stay!

The darkness chills my heart. Ah wait! Pray wait!"

But then an unknown power bears her up And carries her into a sheltered grove,

Wherein is strewn a bed of scented flowers, Which drugs her weary brain with poppied fumes.

Fatigued with fear, she shuts her eyes and sleeps.

The secret bridegroom comes at last, when all

Is still. He takes the maiden in his arms, And Psyche straightway burns with love for him

She'd never seen (for darkness mantles all).

Conspiring clouds then part and let the moon

Gleam through and light the place—and Psyche gasps,

For she is clasped in Cupid's arms. The god

Had aimed his arrow at her heart when, charmed

By her sweet grace, he let the arrow fall Upon his foot. Psyche had won Love's love.

L. B.

Scouting Notes

OF the Troop's activities during the Summer Term there are two that deserve special mention: the Inter-Patrol competition and the annual Field Day.

The competition for the best patrol corner was revived, with the result that there was a considerable amount of hard, enthusiastic work in the taking of plaster casts, in map-making and in interior decoration. The Beavers (P.L. K. Brown) won the trophy, beating the Bulldogs (P.L. Spink) by a very narrow margin indeed; but all the patrols are to be congratulated on the zeal displayed and the results obtained. The spirit shown in this competition promises well for the future.

Field Day was held towards the end of June at Binzain, about three miles from Strathallan, and, though the first part of the day—the walk there and the cooking of lunch—passed very successfully in a morning that seemed to promise a glorious afternoon, a near-cloudburst cut short our activities, compelling a reluctant, though very sodden, retreat.

From the 19th–29th July the Summer camp was held at West Tullybanocher, between Conrie and St. Fillans. Though the numbers were small (eleven Scouts attended), it was a good camp and will be remembered for several reasons: for the evening hike to Loch Earn; for the second day's flooding; for the trail that almost baffled the trackers; for the sharp protests

of the wild animal that objected to our midnight wide game; for the agility shown at the Tullybanocher sports championship; for the dixie lid that floated unobserved away . . . and for the storm, so sudden and so fierce, that broke less than twenty-four hours before camp ended.

Whilst at camp, I. Stevens passed his first class mapping, D. Milne his first class signalling and D. Smith his firelighting. For his twenty mile solo hike across hilly country, as part of his Venturer Badge, D. Henderson had the bad luck to choose a night that turned to such heavy mist that he had to abandon his attempt.

At the end of last term R. A. M. Kennedy, who had served as an able P.L. and T.L. during the past two years, left Strathallan. The Troop wishes to record how grateful it is to him for the enthusiasm he showed and the encouragement he gave to others.

This term the Troop has almost forty Scouts, in six Patrols. Of these, fifteen are working for their First Class Badge, and it is hoped that it will not be long before several of them hold this distinction. I. A. R. Birss has become Troop Leader and has already shown much ability in his new position; while D. Law, who is to be congratulated on becoming first class last term, is the P.L. of a newly-formed Seagull Patrol.

F. S. L.

A.C.F. Notes

THE past year has been noteworthy mainly on account of two important events.

The first was the attendance of a small Strathallan contingent at the annual Summer camp, which was held at Barry during the week following the end of term. It is some years since the individual cadets who have represented the School at the camp could be called a contingent, and hence this year's event must mark an important point in the history of the Platoon.

Although the strength of the Platoon was much reduced owing to examinations, the Swiss trip, sickness, and individual excuses, the contingent gained great credit at the camp and took another step forward in making its name. The bearing, discipline and general conduct of the Platoon earned praise from many instructors, while in athletics its fame spread as the contingent led the field until the end, when the fact of competing against contingents three and four times as strong proved too great a handicap.

Yet as well as the credit gained, an excellent holiday was enjoyed by all. The weather was extremely favourable and the camp was well run, but we hope that the idea of looking on the camp as an imposition has at last been dispelled. The camp must be considered as one of the most important functions of the unit, and attendance at the camp is the duty of all who voluntarily join the Platoon. It is on such occasions that the Platoon can measure itself beside other Platoons and determine its true worth to the School, to itself, and to its individual members.

Before leaving the subject of the camp, we must acknowledge with our thanks the assistance given by an F.P., Cadet Shannon. Shannon, who is completing his military service, came with us to camp under a new scheme whereby ex-cadets who are doing military service may be attached to their old units for the period of the camp. His energy was unbounded and his help makes us yet further indebted to our F.P.s. We sincerely hope that there will be others who will follow his example and join us on future occasions.

The second noteworthy event was the examination for Certificate A. Pt. I., held during the Summer term, at which 14 out of 23 candidates were successful. This was the first real intimation we have had of the rising standards which are to be expected. While congratulating the successful and sympathising with those who so narrowly failed, we most gladly accept these new standards and resolve to meet them with renewed vigour and effort.

Finally, as this is the end of another School year, we must bid farewell to many of our members. It is impossible to mention all by name, but we should particularly commend Sjt. Stevenson, Cpl. Dryden and Cpl. Corbishley, who have given meritorious service in their different spheres. To all must go our thanks. We welcome those who will come to take their place, yet we warn them that the past high standards have been gained by the energy and devotion to duty of members of the Platoon, and that if these standards are to be maintained and improved, energy must be matched with greater energy, and duty by a deeper sense of responsibility.

J. R. B.

A.T.C. Notes

THE School Flight has had considerable changes in personnel with the departure of 19 cadets in July and the enrolment of 13 cadets at the opening of the new session. The Flight now has a strength of 31 cadets and is temporarily led by a group of acting N.C.Os.

In June several cadets attempted tests under Advanced Training and Proficiency standards. With one exception, all advanced cadets were successful in their respective subjects, and W. D. Simpson's excellent marks (98% in Aircraft Recognition, 93% in Principles of Flight) deserve special mention. In the Proficiency Tests, six of the ten entrants reached the required standard.

Sgt. D. C. Thomson has brought further credit to the School Flight by his meritorious service and excellent bearing during

his trip to British-occupied Germany. He has been awarded a Certificate of Special Merit, which will be presented to him by Air Marshal Sir Alan Lees, Commander-in-Chief Reserve Command, at a special parade at Strathallan on 18th October.

A small party of cadets spent an enjoyable week in Summer camp at Leuchars. Each cadet had at least three hours' flying and spent much time in practical manipulation on the Link Trainer. The cadets also took part in the General Station parade, in dinghy drill and parachutes, and all the other usual activities.

Information has just been received that the erection of an indoor rifle range has been approved by the Air Ministry, and it is hoped that this further facility will soon be available for the cadets in the School.

J. P. R.

Sports Notes

ATHLETICS.

THE first event of the season, the Cross Country Run, which normally is held at the end of the Spring Term, was held over until the beginning of the Summer Term this year because of the extremely bad weather conditions. This change left little or no time for serious training before the event and probably accounts for the fact that the times achieved were, generally speaking, only moderate. An innovation this year was the introduction of a Junior Run, and the enthusiasm shown at the lower end of the school augurs well for the future.

The Senior Event, run over a slightly different and longer course than in previous years, was won comfortably by the Allardyce brothers, who dead-heated. J. Chalmers proved to be a good winner in the Junior race, Gibson being second.

The heats provided the next excitement. Here the lack of time does not completely excuse the obvious lack of training shown in many cases. Another criticism that might be made is that the system of house captains entering every available boy for every event in his age group militates against good performances and overtaxes the strength of many competitors. A limitation of the number of events per competitor should be seriously considered.

No real surprises were recorded in the heats, but one or two new boys revealed that they would be challenging for honours on Sports Day. Particularly outstanding in this respect were Birss (Jumps) and Naylor (Sprints). After the heats Freeland and Simpson were left struggling for the lead in the race for the flag.

Sports Day itself, in most cases, found the various events being decided without any upsets in form. McKenzie was never seriously challenged in any of his sprints and carried off the Senior Championship again. Other performances worthy of note were Wyllie's High Jump and the Allardycs' running in the medium distance events.

In the absence of Principal Irvine, of St. Andrew's University, who was unexpectedly called away to America on the day before the Sports, Professor E. Dickie kindly presented the prizes, and the following is the complete list of winners and runners-up:

Open Events.

- One Mile —
1, J. Allardyce (S); 2, C. Allardyce (S).
- 880 Yards —
1, J. Allardyce (S); 2, C. Allardyce (S).
- 440 Yards —
1, D. Mackenzie (F); 2, C. Allardyce (S).
- 220 Yards —
1, D. Mackenzie (F); 2, E. Fairlie (R).
- 100 Yards —
1, D. Mackenzie (F); 2, E. Fairlie (R).
- High Jump —
1, S. Wyllie (F); 2, D. Thomson (S).
- Long Jump —
1, D. Thomson (S); 2, A. Pate (F).
- Hurdles —
1, D. Thomson (S); 2, A. Pate (F).
- Throwing Cricket Ball —
1, C. Allardyce (S); 2, D. Mackenzie (F).
- Putting the Shot —
1, A. Pate (F); 2, D. Mellarg (S).

Under 16 Events.

- 880 Yards —
1, D. McIlveen (S); 2, G. Rome (S).
- 440 Yards —
1, W. Naylor (R); 2, N. Brown (S).
- 220 Yards —
1, W. Naylor (R); 2, G. Rome (S).
- 100 Yards —
1, W. Naylor (R); 2, G. Rome (S).
- High Jump —
N. Brown (S) and D. McIlveen (S), tie.
- Long Jump —
1, G. Rome (S); 2, I. Birss (R).
- Hurdles —
1, N. Brown (S); 2, A. Climie (N).
- Throwing Cricket Ball —
1, I. Simpson (S); 2, A. Lawson (R).

Under 14 Events.

- 220 Yards —
1, D. Horner (R); 2, K. Gray (F).
- 100 Yards —
1, D. Horner (R); 2, A. Bruce (R).
- High Jump —
1, K. Gray (F); 2, C. Wallace (N).
- Long Jump —
1, C. Wallace (N); 2, D. Horner (R).
- Obstacle Race —
1, H. Stewart; 2, B. Braid.
- Three-legged Race —
1, H. Stewart and K. Gray; 2, D. Murison and C. Wallace.
- Tug-of-War — 1, Simpson House; 2, Freeland House.
- Tilting the Bucket — 1, G. Rome and D. McIlveen; 2, A. Stuart and I. Johnston.
- Senior Sports Champion — D. Mackenzie (18 points).
- Runner-up — C. E. Allardyce (14 points).
- Junior Sports Champion — W. Naylor (12 points).
- Runner-up — G. Rome (10 points).
- House Championship —
1, Simpson. 2, Freeland.
3, Ruthven. 4, Nicol.

R. H. L.

CRICKET.

A period of very wet weather caused practically complete stoppage of cricket for the first three weeks of the term. An attempt was made to erect nets in the gymnasium, but sufficient length was not available and the lighting proved inadequate.

The first match to be completed was against Glasgow High School, and it was not surprising under the circumstances that

School, Royal High School, Dunfermline High School, the Old Boys, and Cupar for totals of under 100. C. E. Allardyce bowled well on several occasions, but the most improvement was made by E. Somerville, who learnt to bowl a length and keep off the leg-side.

The weakest department was fielding. Little attempt was made to anticipate the batsman's stroke. Practically everybody in



Mr. H. B. Rowan's Empire XI.

Strathallan was dismissed for 47. The batting improved during the season—apart from a poor 77 against Perth Academy. A good score was made against H. B. Rowan's XI and Dunfermline High School's total of 70 was attacked very confidently, being passed for the loss of only two wickets. N. G. Brown was the most consistent batsman and he should develop well when he learns to play more shots in front of the wicket.

With a limited number of bowlers, Strathallan did well to dismiss Hillhead High

the team waited until the ball had been hit before starting to move. The good fielder is already moving before the ball has been struck. However, some excellent catches were made, particularly by N. G. Brown at extra cover and square leg.

Rumour has it that certain reorganisation is to take place in coaching next season, and a match has already been arranged with Trinity College, Glenalmond. It is possible, then, with reason, to be optimistic about the future of the School's cricket.



The School Team.

1st XI BATTING AVERAGES.

		Innings.	No. times not out	Highest Score.	Total Runs.	Average.	Outs.
Brown	- - -	11	1	53*	210	21.0	5
Pate	- - -	12	2	31*	141	14.1	4
Allardyce, J.	- - -	10	1	24*	114	12.6	4
Mitchell	- - -	12	0	37	165	13.7	5
Climie	- - -	6	1	40	56	11.2	3
Allardyce, C.	- - -	11	1	23	88	8.8	3
Duncan	- - -	12	1	27*	83	7.5	2
Somerville	- - -	11	0	41	80	7.2	1
Thomson	- - -	8	3	15*	26	5.2	0
Whyte	- - -	5	1	8	15	3.7	2
Corbishley	- - -	4	0	0	0	.0	0

*Signifies not out.

1st XI BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.	Avg. runs per wkt.
Allardyce, C.	- - 102	27	242	27	8.9
Climie	- - - 21	4	80	7	11.4
Corbishley	- - - 23	2	94	8	11.75
Somerville	- - - 88	21	219	17	12.9

SWIMMING.

Another year has seen activities seriously curtailed, this time by fuel shortages which caused swimming to be suspended for a considerable period. As a result there was great activity in the Summer Term, when many boys were anxious to complete the tests for the Swimming Badge. The shortness of the time available was recognised by relaxing the conditions slightly. It was made clear that this was a temporary measure for one term only.

The following gained Swimming Badges during the Summer Term: J. D. Stevenson, R. T. S. Stewart, G. Bryson, G. Murdoch, M. Cessford, I. Walker, J. Chalmers, J. McCarroll and D. Law.

The inter-house events resulted as follows:

Junior Relay — 1. Ruthven; 2. Simpson.
 Senior Relay — 1. Freeland; 2. Nicol.
 Junior Plunge — 1. Ruthven; 2. Simpson.
 Senior Plunge — 1. Freeland; 2. Ruthven.

Old Boys' News

OLD Boys' Day was held on 28th June, and a gratifying number of F.Ps. attended. The cricket match resulted in a tie, each side scoring 74 runs. J. S. Lowden carried his bat for the F.Ps., and W. M. Duncan gave a good display for the School, also being not out at the close. In the relay race the School scored an easy victory, chief credit going to D. F. Mackenzie, who in the first leg (440 yards) gained a lead of some 40 yards over R. A. Peacock. The F.Ps. won the swimming relay, however. It was a close race all the way, but J. A. Smith gained a valuable couple of yards on A. E. Dawson to win the final lap. The water polo match was an exciting affair, ending in a draw of two goals each. In the tug o' war a very heavy F.Ps. team gained the victory in two pulls, in spite of certain assistance received by the School in the second pull by W. G. Leburn, the referee. The tennis produced a very even struggle, the F.Ps. finally winning by two matches to one.

Founder's Day this year was observed on Saturday, 11th October. The service in the Chapel, which started at 2.45 p.m., was conducted by the Reverend Professor W. S. Tindal of Edinburgh University, the lesson being read by the president of the Strathallian Club, Mr. Thomas Irvine. Following the service there was a procession to the Founder's grave in the village churchyard, where wreaths were laid by the School captain and the Club president. Prayers were said by the Reverend Professor E. P. Dickie of St. Andrew's University.

In the rugger match which followed, between the School and the F.Ps., the latter eventually ran out worthy winners by 16 points to 13, although the School put up a very good fight and actually led at one stage by 10 points to 5. After tea, the Thomson Cup was kindly presented to the F.Ps. by the donor himself.

Mr. Donald K. Common of Stirling has passed his Tripos with First Class Honours, and has been elected a Scholar to St. John's College, Cambridge.

Mr. Frank W. Roger of St. Andrews has gained First Class Honours in Electrical Engineering at University College, Dundee.

Mr. Kenneth Anderson of Aberdeen has been demobilised from the forces and has resumed his studies at St. Andrews University, having passed his first year examination in chemistry.

Mr. J. B. Milne of Aberdeen has been awarded Second Class Honours in civil engineering at Aberdeen University.

Among Old Strathallians at Edinburgh University, we notice that Mr. Donald MacLeod of Stornoway, who is in his third year dentistry, has been appointed managing editor of the British Dental Students Association Journal. Last season, Mr. MacLeod played for the Dental Hospital First Rugby Fifteen. Other Old Strathallians studying at Edinburgh University are Messrs. D. M. Hastings of Ayr and J. C. Paterson of Perth, who are third year medical students, Mr. M. M. Milne of Walsall, who is in his fourth year, and his brother Mr. V. G. Milne, who is in his final year medicine. Messrs. J. M. Burnett of Newtyle and R. G. Roger of Cupar are second year N.D.A. students, and Mr. Edgar Yates of Dumfries is in his third year agriculture.

At Glasgow University, Mr. Alan Boyd of Bearsden has gained his M.B., Ch.B. degrees. Mr. G. W. Marshall of Glasgow, who was recently demobilised from the Army, has commenced his first year medicine. Mr. J. A. S. Crawford of Ayr has been invalided out of the R.N.V.R. and has commenced his first year studies in arts. Mr. I. W. W. Fingland of Glasgow, who is in his third year medicine, has completely recovered from the jaw injury which he sustained early in the 1946-47 Rugby season and is

again playing forward in the University First Fifteen. Mr. A. R. Pate of Glasgow has entered the University as a first year medical student and has gained his place as centre-three-quarter in the First Fifteen and is showing good promise. Mr. A. S. Headrick of Glasgow is in his third year as a law student, and Mr. T. R. L. Fraser of Carlisle is in his second year arts course.

Dr. I. M. Scott has received a staff appointment in University College Hospital, Gower Street, London; he specialises in dermatology.

Old Strathallians of 1939-45 will be deeply grieved to read that Mr. W. Douglas Kidd of Wormit was accidentally drowned at Ryde, Isle of Wight. At the inquest it was stated that Mr. Kidd had been bathing with a companion when the young lady got into difficulties. Her feet left the bottom and the water went over her head. When she came up, she told the coroner, she shouted to Mr. Kidd, who held her up until assistance came. After a rescuer brought the girl ashore he went back, along with another man, to Mr. Kidd's aid. They brought him ashore and, although artificial respiration was continued after his arrival in hospital, it was unavailing. Our deep sympathy is extended to his parents in their loss.

Mr. W. K. Batchelor of Arbroath has left Scotland for Palestine and Transjordan, where he expects to be stationed for the next three years.

Mr. Roy Fernie, who left school just prior to the outbreak of war, served in the Merchant Navy, the R.C.A.F., and also in the

R.A.F. On being invalided out of the latter he went to America and volunteered for the U.S. Army Air Force and had just completed training as a pilot in a fighter squadron and was ready for transfer to the Pacific when the war ended. He is now an American citizen and is settled in St. Louis where he has a job with the Telephone Company.

Mr. J. S. Dawson, the eldest of the three brothers Dawson of Glasgow, played for the Cities when they were beaten by the Australians at Glasgow, on 15th October.

Mr. A. J. G. Brown of Cupar has received an appointment with the Colonial Administrative Service and expects—after a period of training—to be allocated to Tanganyika Territory early in 1949.

Another O.S. who has just been demobbed is Mr. Ian Stubbs. He has seen service with the R.N.V.R. and was engaged on the Palestine Patrol which took part in the arrest of the "Guardian." It is his intention to emigrate to New Zealand in the immediate future.

Annual General Meeting and Dinner will be held in the Marlborough House, Glasgow, on 20th December, 1947.

Weekly Luncheon. The luncheons are held each Friday from 12.30 p.m. to 2 p.m. in the Georgie Restaurant, Union Street, Glasgow. The Headmaster attends the luncheon on the first Friday of each month.

"Merrie England"

The School are giving a performance of "Merrie England," by Edward German, commencing at 2.15 p.m., on Wednesday, 17th December, 1947, in the Gym. Parents, Old Boys and friends of the School are cordially invited.

Births

BOGIE. — At 20 Chester Street, Edinburgh, on 21st June, 1947, to Eirene, wife of David J. Bogie, Newfield, Barnton, Midlothian, a daughter.

CARRUTHERS. — At Viewforth Nursing Home, Bridge of Allan, on 23rd June, 1947, to Bunty, wife of J. H. H. Carruthers, 25 Dunster Road, Causewayhead, Stirling, a son.

MACFARLANE. — On 5th July, 1947, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas MacFarlane (née Isobel Crosby), a son — George Rutherford.

MELVILLE. — On 23rd September, 1947, to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Melville, 41 Lady Helen Street, Kirkealdy, a son.

ROBERTSON. — At South Lodge Nursing Home, Ayr, on 21st June, 1947, to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Robertson, Milton Road, Ayr, a daughter.

ROWAN. — At Parkgrove Nursing Home, Glasgow, on 1st June, 1947, to Mary (née Paton), wife of William G. Rowan, 24 Lochbroom Drive, Newton Mearns, a son.

Marriages

CHAPELLE—YOUNG. — On 25th March, 1947, at the Church of the Holy Rood, Stirling, Victor Chapelle, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Chapelle, Hilden, Tillicoultry, to Sheila, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Young, 24 Victoria Place, Stirling.

METHVEN—ROBERTSON. — On 19th February, 1947, at Paisley Abbey, Peter Methven, Bracklinn, Bridge of Weir, to Sheila Robertson, Paisley.

ROGER—HOWIE. — At Carnbee Parish Church, on 18th June, 1947, by Rev. J. A. Inglis, assisted by Rev. D. T. H. McLellan, M.A., John Millar, eldest son of Mr. F. W. Roger, and the late Mrs. Roger, Kenly Green, St. Andrews, to Alice Kinnear, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howie, Balcormo, Pittenweem.

SMITH—BECKER. — At St. John's Church, Edinburgh, on 4th October, 1947, Dr. Leslie S. Smith, Stewart Lodge, Chapel Park, Ayr, to Miss Pat Becker.