

# THE STRATHALLIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF STRATHALLAN SCHOOL

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER FOUR

## Editorial

**P**ITY the poor Editor !  
We hesitate to apply this to ourselves because it has so often been used as the despairing cry of the Editor of a school magazine, who, with a new number of his darling demanded of him, finds innumerable pages unfilled. The Editorial Staff of "The Strathallian" is not, we are pleased to say, reduced as yet to that state when it is bidden "go out into the byways and hedges and compel them to come" with contributions. But there is a graver problem to be faced in the near future: for immunity from recourse to so desperate a measure is only due to the enthusiasm of some few; and what is to happen when these few depart?

Simply put, the problem is this. Our present contributors, successful and otherwise belong almost entirely to the senior school: in most cases they are boys whom we cannot hope to have with us much longer. Normally there should be no loss felt at their going, but the younger members of the School are not doing their share. Even if they are chary of writing because they are conscious that their powers are not yet fully developed, they must remember that they can never hope to soar unless they test their pinions some day. Only by preparing themselves now can they hope to be ready to step into the breach when the time comes for younger blood to carry on the new tradition.

"The Strathallian" is the official organ of the School: the whole School reads it and enjoys it; and as it represents each member of the community, each member should feel it is his duty actively to support it and have a finger in its production. Those boys who were responsible for the first number realise that they began something of which they may be proud, and are still contributors. Is the School to stand by and let the number of F.P. contributors surpass that of the present pupils? That is the tendency: though we would not have F.P.s think for a moment that we are completely satisfied

with their support. The School motto is "Labor Omnia Vicit": but this is not to be interpreted "the few shall labour and the many take the credit." Moreover, the motto is not true. The Editorial Staff is a living contradiction to the rule: it is not overcome by work; it flourishes thereon. And when you shall see the countenances of its members wreathed in smiles, and good-fellowship oozing from every pore, you may rightly conclude it is busy. The bigger the bone to be worried, the better pleased is the dog: and the Editorial Staff is like that. The only objection it has is to starvation. And remember the bigger the bone it worries the sweeter will be the marrow extracted.

Of course the great difficulty is the choice of subject: and admittedly this term has been singularly devoid of incident, beyond an outbreak of 'flu in the first few weeks, which, if in a mild form, was extensive. The weather has been monotonously settled, for rain, with the result that the first three weeks were almost barren of football, and when the first match was played on Feb. 11th, the team had had but two or three practices, with disastrous consequences. But why have none of the 'flu victims written in praise of the sani? or an Ode to Nurse? or even a diatribe on the weather? Members of the staff have held forth on the first and last of these subjects at considerable length, but their remarks are for the most part unprintable.

However, the term is all but over when these words are written, and we hope for better and brighter days next term, days which will bring inspiration to many, and, what is more to the point, contributions in abundance to us.

In conclusion, we would thank all those, past and present pupils, who have assisted with the present number, apologising to such of the latter who have not been thanked personally for their efforts; but most of them will realise that Editors are busy men.

## School Notes and Notices

THE new buildings at Strath. are still growing, but the rate of progress is by no means as fast as could be wished. Heavy rains and snow have repeatedly held up operations altogether; but nevertheless the wing containing the Swimming Bath is up to the roof. Unless an exceptionally fine spell of weather occurs, however, it is very improbable that the bath will be ready for next term. The Common Room above it certainly will not be in use, but that is of little moment in a summer term when much time is spent out of doors.

A new lawn has been laid down on the south side of the School buildings for the net practice of the cricket teams, and a further lawn is in the course of preparation to the east of the House, so that lawn may still surround the buildings.

About the middle of the term the foundations were dug, on the site of the old green-houses on the north side of the garden and to the right of the present buildings, for new Physics and Chemistry Laboratories. The old wall and the buildings backing on to it behind are to be pulled down to make room for the new structure, which, lighted by windows on all sides, will gain full benefit of the sun's heat; and no longer will the Chemistry Lab. be dubbed "an oven" in summer, and the Physics Lab. "an ice-house" in winter. These innovations arise out of the recognition that the Chemistry Laboratory at least is no longer large enough to accommodate the senior classes and enable each member of them to conduct his own experiments: but when completed and equipped with the latest scientific apparatus, the new Labs. will be able to hold their own in spaciousness and efficiency with the rest of the School buildings and will be among the best school laboratories in Scotland.

The outstanding event of the term was the official opening of Simpson House. A frozen pipe during the Christmas holidays, which caused the melting snow to find a way of escape through the ceilings, delayed the event until February 19th, when eight fortunates from various bedrooms spent the evening changing their quarters, and Stuart Ferguson assumed the hitherto non-existent duties as House Captain. As far as possible

the endeavour has been not to rob any house of its athletes, so that the rivalry between the older houses may be unaffected on Sports Day during the summer term. In another twelve months, however, Simpson is expected to be able to take its share in the honours. On March 18th a further five boys were transferred to the new house, and a table allotted to their use in the Dining Room.

On March 10th, I. McEwen and J. H. Black were promoted to House Prefects, and E. Sinclair and G. Sturrock to Sub-prefectship, the latter being in Simpson House.

The Junior Plebs. have come into existence this term and for the time being they have taken up their quarters in the Saloon, where they are becoming quite expert Table Tennis players.

In Mr. Sharman's capable hands, the School Choir is fast coming into its own. By a slight reduction in numbers, the tone of the Juniors has been greatly improved: while the Seniors' enthusiasm has been unbounded, S. Martin being a real stalwart whose services will be missed. On March 11th the joint Choir rendered Blake's "Jerusalem" as their first anthem at the evening service with such success that on the last Sunday of the term the experiment was repeated with "From all that dwell beneath the skies" (Smart).

Mr. Sharman has also been responsible for a new lease of life for the School Jazz Band, which he proposes to turn into a Dance Orchestra, preparatory for any festive occasion next winter. The Orchestra was responsible for music during the intervals at the Dramatic Society's Triple Bill on the last night of term, and was much appreciated.

The Dramatic Society is in a very flourishing state, its membership being closed when it reached the fifty mark, more rendering unwieldy meetings devoted to dramatic readings. A varied programme was arranged by the committee, and the meetings, held on Monday evenings instead of Saturdays as hitherto, to avoid clashing with other activities, were well attended. We are glad to observe the Society has now a publicity

manager, the notices of the various lectures and rehearsed play readings being displayed in a prominent position: while its members gained fresh laurels for themselves in the three one act plays presented to the School on April 4th.

The Rugby teams have enjoyed a rather lean season, but this has not been altogether their fault. There were weaknesses admittedly, but after an inactive three weeks at the beginning of term, they were repeatedly put at a disadvantage by the wet ground, which was quite unsuited to their customary open game; while obviously the 'flu had taken its toll of their strength. Moreover, they seemed singularly unable to make full use of a following wind. The outstanding man in the team has been E. Sinclair, whose full back play, particularly in the early part of the season when the men in front did not show up to the best advantage, has been worthy of the highest praise, and he has repeatedly saved his side from an overwhelming defeat.

An innovation this year was a game against Glasgow University Rugby team, played on the last day of April, which was kind enough to remain fine during the match. It was pleasant to see four F.P.s in the side, even if all were not in the Varsity First XV. Among the "strangers" present were Mr. Amour, on his first visit since he left last July, and G. G. Baker, fresh from Oxford. The School team played like Trojans in a fast "clean" game (the inverted commas are necessary because the ground was little more than a quagmire in places), and the visitors left with a very favourable impression of Strath. Rugby.

It is with sorrow that we report the sudden death of Mr. White, the station master. He has always been keenly interested in the welfare of the School, and has been a frequent spectator at rugby and cricket matches: and a willing helper and friend to all the boys, particularly at the beginning and end of term. His cheery smile and kindly word will be missed by all. Our sympathies go out to those left behind.

At the end of term the following promotions were made:

W. H. McLaughlin and W. H. Reid were promoted to Prefects.

## EXAMINATION SUCCESSES.

### *Cambridge University School Exams.*

D. K. Thomson passed the Cambridge University School Certificate Examination.

W. H. G. Brown and D. M. B. Wilkie passed the Cambridge University Junior Local Examination with Honours.

J. Cairns, T. F. F. Docherty, I. Gilchrist, G. M. Grant, R. L. Macdougall, R. M. Macfarlane, J. G. McCulloch, J. I. McIntyre, W. O. G. Taylor, R. I. Brown, J. A. Diack, R. C. Greenlees, H. E. J. Kirkby and D. J. B. McKinnon passed the Examination.

D. Lindsay Guthrie passed the Piano Playing Intermediate Local Centre R.A.M. and R.C.M. Examination.

There were six failures. Percentage passes, 78%.

### *Pre-Registration Medical Exams.*

George Russell, passed in Chemistry at Edinburgh University.

Edward W. Hart, passed in Chemistry and Physics at Glasgow University.

Stuart Martin, passed in Chemistry and Physics at Cambridge University.

George Russell, passed in Physics at Cambridge University.

There were no failures.

### *Scottish Universities Preliminary Exam.*

W. Walker, passed in Higher Mathematics at St. Andrews University.

There were no failures.

## SPRING.

The blithesome day had scarce begun,  
And soft grey mists of early morn  
Still wrapped the hills; the rising sun  
Shone blood-red through the cloudy dawn.

The morning mists at last had crept  
From gloomy grey to rosy hue:  
Away the swirling wreaths were swept,  
Lading each blade of grass with dew.

The world was with soft music filled:  
No man-made sound disturbed the calm.  
Just streams that murmured, birds that trilled,  
Made music for that morning psalm.

The streams that through the Winter slept,  
Now free from King Frost's chilly hand,  
Gurgled with joy and gaily leapt  
To find Spring walking o'er the land.

I. C.

## A "U" Boat Adventure

(As related by the Commander of Submarine "U96"  
in the presence of the writer).

IT was late afternoon of a day in May, 1917, and I had just checked my position, 300 miles south-west of Ireland, before setting my course for home *via* the Orkneys. It had been a profitable voyage, for my emptied torpedo tubes had accounted for nineteen English vessels. My greed brought about my downfall, for the look-out sighted a small boat of four hundred tons, and although it was hardly worth sinking, I decided to bring my total up to twenty.

Approaching, I trained my forward gun and fired a shot across her bows. She was a four-masted sailing ship, and immediately her sails came down, two boats were lowered, and the crew came away in them with so much unnecessary haste that I was suspicious, especially as it was off the beaten track for a sailing vessel, and I moved round her, keeping up a continuous fire. At length, convinced that everything was "*comme il faut*," I stopped my engines and lay parallel to her on her port bow.

I gave orders for a shot below the water line to sink her, but even as the gun fired, the fun started. Up went the White Ensign, down came part of her bulwarks, and two large guns appeared and commenced firing at me. At once I signalled "*Hard a-port and full steam ahead*," but this manœuvre naturally put my fore gun out of action, and my sole defence was the small stern gun, the crew of which was under machine gun fire as well as shell fire. I left the conning tower to assist the depleted gun crew, but no sooner had I reached them than a shell burst, dismounting the gun, killing another two men, one of whom fell against me headless.

To my horror, the submarine started to plunge beneath the waves, and before I could regain the safety of the conning tower—you must remember the submarines of the "U" class are over 300 feet long—I was washed overboard and sucked down to a great depth. On coming to the surface, I distinctly remember seeing the submarine disappear completely; and as I had given no order to dive, and I was the only person who could give it, I naturally concluded that she must have been sunk by a shell.

My position was still desperate, because there I was, with heavy clothes and waist-high sea boots, in the Atlantic, and with dusk fast closing in, I guessed my number was up. I decided it was useless to struggle, and as my saturated clothes prevented my floating, I started to swim gently.

Of my thoughts during the next few minutes I remember little, though I know I laughed to myself at the way my greed had proved my undoing and my death. Suddenly, however, I heard a hail, and out of the cloud of cordite fumes from the shells and the smoke from the burning ship, a small boat appeared. I called back, and the next thing I remember was finding myself on the English "Q" boat.

By this time the fire had been extinguished, but my shells had done considerable damage. The rigging was all destroyed, the auxiliary engine was disabled, and, in addition, the boat was making water and had a bad list. For two days we never moved, and only good fortune, in a calm sea, during this period, saved us from going to the bottom—so badly holed was she.

Finally we got the engine started—I say "we" because their engineer was dead and I know a fair amount about auxiliary engines—and it took us the next few days to make port. I must say these fellows could not have been more decent to me. I was treated as an officer, to the extent of messing with the Englishmen; I had an officer's bunk—that of one who had, incidentally, been killed by my shells.

We finally arrived at Milford Haven, and an officer came aboard for breakfast, after which I was taken off the ship under an armed guard and escorted to the London train. Reaching the capital, the armed guard took me to a room reserved for me at Scotland Yard, and, strangely enough, an air raid took place that night.

Next morning saw me brought before the Second Lord of the Admiralty. He was busy writing when I was shown into his room, and a minute or so passed before he looked up, during which time something in his appearance made my heart beat faster.

When he did look up, all he said was

"My God, is it you?" and I answered "Yes, sir!" It was enough. He and I had been aide-de-camps to Prince H— on his visit to England in May, 1914, and an intimacy had sprung up between us.

He wanted information about my activities, and fearing my boat was sunk, I told him I had on board five captains and twelve gun-layers from a ship I had sunk, so that he might notify their next of kin.

I was interned at Donnington Hall and lived a peaceful life there, my only torment being that I was not allowed to communicate with my wife for four weeks. A fortnight later I was informed that the "U96" was safe and back in harbour. I was frankly incredulous until I was told that the English captains had written home to say they were safe.

I did not solve the puzzle until I returned home after the war. The shell that had dismantled the stern gun in some way moved the signalling apparatus, and the order to dive was thus transmitted to the engine controls. So serious had been the damage done to her, however, that she was brought to the surface again almost at once, too late to save me, and she went home without diving once; yet strange to say, during the three weeks it took her to complete the journey, she never once sighted an English vessel of any kind. S. D.

### PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

The other day one of my acquaintances was presented with a car by his dotting father. The fact that it was not a big car, and has often been referred to by critical persons as a small pram, did not prevent Arthur Williams from being immensely proud of his possession and making himself thoroughly objectionable to all and sundry with whom he came into contact. He invited three of us to go for a run with him, and more in the hope that it would keep him quiet in future than anything else, we consented.

We turned up at the appointed time at the garage. Arthur was not ready to receive us, but having donned a crash helmet and large, rabbit gauntlet gloves, he took a hasty glance at the hand-book and started the engine. We crammed ourselves into the car, and with a certain nervousness Arthur engaged the car's gear. Nothing happened.

He stopped the engine twice before he realised the hand brake was on, but even when he had rectified this omission, the car still seemed disinclined to move.

Everything seemed all right, but Arthur got out and consulted his hand-book, but as there did not seem to be any instructions therein to suit the occasion, his nervousness became more and more pronounced. One of us, I forget which, suggested that it might be something wrong with the gearbox or the clutch. Arthur grasped at the suggestion like a drowning man at a straw, and in a few minutes these members had been dismantled and lay in disorder about the floor. In despair one of the party was sent for the mechanic.

That worthy arrived in due season, and after reassembling the gears and clearing up the havoc wrought by Arthur's inexperienced hand, he walked round the car.

"Uhuh!" he said, "have you had a puncture? Your back wheel is jacked up."

Since then we have heard nothing of Arthur's car.

E. W. H.

### THE MUSIC SELLER'S LOVE LETTER.

Somewhere in Naples,  
Night-time in Italy.

Dear Rose Marie,

Flapperette, because I love you, I long to be in Dixie with you under the clover moon. Always remember that little white house at the end of Honeymoon Lane, where we'll live now I'm going to get a girl. That's how I'm blowing the blues away. One alone for me, and that one is Rose Marie.

Charmaine and her girl friend invited me out last night on the back porch, but I said "No, No, Nanette, I aint that kind of baby."

D'ye love me, my Persian rosebud? For half a kiss means more to me than to be underneath a little tree in the park with anyone else in the world.

Good-byeee,

Yours, etc.,

The Sheik of Araby.

P.S.—These are crazy words, but sometimes I'm happy, so happy that I'm wild about you.

## A Cruise in the Norwegian Fiords

**A**MID cheers from the crowd which had assembled on the quay to see us off, the tender chugged noisily out of Leith harbour, and as we rounded the pier-head, we came in sight of the "Araguaya," which was to be our home for the next ten days, lying far out in the Leith Roads. In about twenty minutes we were alongside, with her iron walls towering above us, and rows of English faces (the "Araguaya" sailed from Tilbury), gazing down at us as we mounted the gangway.

We sailed that night at half-past eight, and the first event of importance was the dropping of the pilot. He had to climb down a swaying rope ladder, with a case in one hand, into the waiting pilot cutter, which turned and bore him speedily back to Leith.

Next morning I rose, dressed, and on going on deck, discovered that the North Sea was like a mill-pond, and that we were out of sight of land. Under these circumstances this was rather an uninteresting day, particularly as it was Sunday.

On Monday, however, I began the day with a swim in the swimming pond (about 15 feet by 8), and by this time we were cruising up the Sugnè Fiord, with its green water and almost perpendicular sides rising about three hundred feet. As we neared its end, it became much narrower, and at times there could not have been more than twenty yards on either side of the ship. About half a mile before we reached the end of the fiord, we passed the famous "Seven Sisters"—seven waterfalls which tumble over the sheer rock into the fiord.

Arriving off the little village of Merok, which nestles in a hollow, the "Araguaya," having fired two deafening salvos, cast her anchor, an operation taking three minutes, so deep are the fiords. The ship's launches were then lowered and they plied between the shore and the ship the whole day.

We did not like the idea of going in "stolljarries"—small two-wheeled carts, pulled by small horses and driven from the back, the reins passing between the passengers—to some frozen lakes, and so we hired a car in the afternoon to take us. The road climbed up the mountain-side, turning sharply back on itself every hundred yards or so, with sheer rock on one side and nothing,

not even a fence, on the other. Imagine our chagrin, therefore, when, arriving at the "frozen lake," we found that owing to the very hot summer, the ice had melted.

Having partaken of Norwegian cakes, we returned to Merok. I had always imagined that in the fiords it was rather cold, and that one would be breathing cool, fresh air. In reality, though it had been cold up at the lake, the fiord was like an oven, with a horrible "fuggy" heat, with never a breath of wind stirring as we chugged back to the ship that night. Nevertheless, we danced on the promenade deck after dinner, made friends with some of the English passengers, and I arranged for a bathe in the fiord with one of them next morning.

We decided it was too cold to do so before breakfast, but about an hour before we sailed we duly appeared on deck in bathing suits. My companion dived in, about twenty-five feet down; I, not being quite mad, jumped—oooooh! That was first and last bathe in the fiord.

We sailed down the fiord for the greater part of the day and so out into the open sea, and when I woke next morning, we were in another, calling at a little place called Oie, to pick up passengers who had travelled overland from Merok. Next night we reached a small village, Balholm by name, where we went on shore to dance at the hotel. The hotel was quite good, but there happened to be a Dutch ship in the same day, and we were not impressed with the guests. When people reach the state when they pour wine down one another's shirts, they cease to be desirable companions.

From Balholm we sailed up several other fiords, seeing many interesting sights en route. One of these was the Brigsdal Glacier, which moves at the rate of three feet per year. We landed at Brigsdal, and my sister and I (yes, I said "sister") mounted a stolljarrie, by means of which we reached a lake of opaque, light green colour from the melted snow. This we crossed in a small launch to where we might see the glacier slipping down a narrow valley towards the lake. Pale green in colour, it was unbroken at the top but split and jagged at the foot. At the lake-side we were met by more stolljarries, which conveyed us to an hotel near

the glacier, passing on the way the quaint Norwegian haystacks—poles stuck in the ground, with the hay tied to the top, leaving about two feet clearance above the ground. Here, too, as almost everywhere we went, we saw men sliding bundles of wood down the mountain sides on wires fully a quarter of a mile long.

Leaving our coats at the hotel, we set out for the glacier, running the gauntlet over a bridge in front of a high waterfall, the spray from which swept over it in clouds. Eventually we reached the glacier, which towered above us like a cliff of ice; while a small river issued from beneath it and large boulders lay scattered everywhere.

Our last port of call before we sailed for Leith once more was Bergen, where it is reputed to rain 350 days out of every 365. It was evidently one of the 350 when we tied up alongside the quay, and donning our waterproofs we sallied forth to see the fish market, where all the fish are alive, and are strung together on a wire through their heads when bought. There was little to do here in the wet, the exorbitant price of everything in Norway robbing the shops of much of their attractiveness.

Our last day on board was occupied by the "Sunshine Races." A course was laid out, and wooden horses were moved along it by the throw of the dice. There were certain hazards, and each race took about five minutes. Six horses ran in each of the five races, and each horse had a "bookie," some of whom were exceedingly amusing, ranging as they did from clerical gentlemen with very red noses, to demure (?) young damsels. After much shouting by the bookies, the races began. I put a shilling on each race and—yes, you are right: I lost five shillings.

That night we danced, despite the rolling of the ship. Several times I almost landed up in the band, but I used so much energy that bed was extremely welcome, and I awoke next morning to find we were at anchor in Leith Roads, enveloped in a thick fog, and rain coming down in a manner which made us feel quite at home. Good-byes were said, and at eleven o'clock we were chugging noisily back to Leith Harbour, bearing with us very pleasant memories of our tour.

A. M. M.

### THE BUSINESS CLUB.

THROUGHOUT the term the Club has been the scene of considerable enthusiasm, despite its depleted numbers. Two series of papers were read, and five debates, two of them impromptu, were held, in addition to a Parliamentary debate.

Of the formal debates the first was "That Capital Punishment should be Abolished," and after a lively discussion the motion was lost. It was the second, "That Spiritualism is a Justifiable Belief," that aroused most interest, the participators seeking information from members of the Staff, and bringing a fund of information and suggestion to the meeting. Mr. Ferguson made some excellent points in supporting the motion, but after a stubborn contest the motion was ultimately defeated by a small majority. The third debate was hardly up to the same standard, lack of knowledge being the chief cause, and the motion "That the Superiority of the White Race over the Coloured Races is to be Deplored" was left with each side registering equal votes.

The Parliamentary debate suffered through lack of members, but was an undoubted success. A Bill was introduced by Mr. Walker for the "Extension of the Franchise," and though most of the members professed to be Conservatives, it had a stormy reception: and if the arguments lacked the biological knowledge displayed when the Bill was introduced into Parliament a week later, they were none the less in many cases witty and pointed. An amendment to the Bill, restricting the woman's suffrage to women over twenty-five, failed, and the motion itself when put to the vote found an equal number of supporters and opponents.

The last meeting of term was occupied with a mock trial, and considering no time was allowed for preparation, it was remarkably successful, great keenness being shown by the opposing counsels, Messrs. Walker and Ferguson: but, amid considerable laughter, the witnesses for the defence contradicted their own and other people's statements, and the jury had no option but to find the prisoner guilty.

The readings in literature this term have been drawn for the most part from the living poets, Mr. Masefield proving very popular.

P. M. CONSTABLE,  
Secretary.

# The Mystery of the London-Glasgow Express

THERE were four people in the compartment. A well-known professor of Chemistry sat in one corner, and opposite him was a burly navy returning home from his work. The other two corners were occupied by a retired colonel, who had seen service in the Boer War and had a liver, and an ultra-modern flapper. Everywhere else was in darkness and a heavy silence reigned.

It was the navy who opened the conversation.

"Does anyone here believe in the theory of capillarity as applied to the growth of trees and plants?" he queried.

"Give the bloke a drink," said the flapper, heavily. "He's feeling ill."

"How too perfectly sweet!" gurgled the Colonel. "Where did you pick up all those cute long words?"

"Dammit, sir! Can't a man sleep?" growled the professor.

"I am in a position to prove that the theory is applicable," continued the navy, ignoring the interruption.

"What the De'il's the man havirin about?" growled the flapper to the world in general; while the Colonel only gasped "Oh, how perfectly sweet. It's just too lovely."

"Confound it," roared the professor. "I'll have the law on you all. I'm a Justice of the Peace, I am."

The navy, quite unmoved, pursued his topic: "This can be done with very simple apparatus and without any risk."

"Talking of risks reminds me of my mate Bill the day," said the flapper. "'E was standin' on a girder a hunner' feet up, when 'e slipped and found hisself 'angin on wi' 'is pick."

"Ooooh!" gasped the Colonel in a voice hushed with excitement. "What happened next."

"!?!?!?!?!!" shouted the professor, while the Colonel danced about the carriage.

"A small piece of capillary tubing is taken. . . ." the navy went on mildly.

"Tom 'o was wi' im' at the time laughed

so much that 'e fell off too, an' 'ung on to Bill's foot," the flapper observed.

"Oh!" screamed the Colonel. "How did they escape."

"Again I say confound it, sir," roared the professor.

". . . and a tiny niche is filled at one end. . . ."

But the flapper's voice cut him short. "And Bill yelled 'If ye don't leggo this minute, Tom, Ah'll 'it ye wi' this 'ere pick'."

"Oooooo!" cooed the Colonel, "how lovely."

Just then the train slowed down at a station, and as it drew to a standstill the door of the compartment was thrown violently open and a ticket inspector sprang in.

"Confound it," he roared.

"Tickets please," said the professor crisply.

We forgot to add at the beginning, that the scene was in a cinema where the new phono-films were being shown, and the operator had started the vocal record ten seconds after the film.

J. L. G.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

The following books have been received during the course of the term, but as our reviewers have reason to suspect that they are not intended for public circulation, we have returned them to their respective publishers, with a polite note intimating that we have neither the time or the inclination to review such works.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? by Ida Knowe.

THE MODERN POLITICIAN, by Eliza Lott.

THE CRIMINAL CODE, by Mr. Justice Swigem-Easie.

SUB-PREFECTS, by Weir Qute.

MODERN COOKING, by Ivor Payne.

SUNDAY WALKS, by Hyam Layme.

BETTING, by Tisa S. Windle.

MIRRORS, by O. I. C.

MY BELIEF IN FAIRIES, by U. R. Green.

MY FRIENDS, by Bigger Quaintance.



## A Run to the Battle Front

WE set out one Sunday morning from our hotel on the Champs-Elysee, Paris, for Ostend—a run of roughly one hundred and seventy miles. We had some difficulty in finding the correct “Porte” by which to leave the city for Lille, and had to run some miles round the Grande Boulevard before we could make our exit. At the city boundary, after a cursory examination of our cars by the Municipal Customs Authorities, we were confronted with a scene resembling a Glasgow fair-ground.

There were booths of various descriptions, selling all manner of goods, and here and there were amusement stalls and roundabouts, all doing good business—this at 9 a.m., and on a Sunday, too.

We had travelled but some thirty miles when we came upon the first signs of the war—shattered tree stumps and newly built houses amid ruins not yet entirely demolished. It was just about here that we had our first reminder of home: we found ourselves in a police trap. It was fortunate for us that the roads were such that high speeds were out of the question, careful driving being necessary to proceed even at twenty miles per hour. There was an imperious demand for various driving licences, permits and laissez-passers, some of which were packed at the bottom of suit-cases stowed beneath a pile of other luggage in the dickey.

As we proceeded to unpack, a string of cars gradually gathered behind us, and the general temper of all concerned was becoming strained when the Agent de Police, after many uncomplimentary remarks about “Les Anglais” in general and ourselves in particular, at last told us to drive on, which was exactly what we most desired to do. We were left wondering what would happen if one were really caught by these fellows with twirled-up moustaches, thick batons and very suggestive bulges in their hip pockets.

We soon found ourselves on the battle front, and the roads were beyond description—we had to steer the cars carefully down the large holes in the road and then accelerate to get up the other side. And this went on for six miles, which took us forty minutes to cover. On all sides was desolation; ruined churches and houses,

stumps of trees, tangles of rusty barbed wire and grass-covered trenches. One of the most curious things about the district through which we passed in the Bapaume and Peronne area was the fact that new churches had been built more magnificently than ever in places where the villages were still in ruins, and without the slightest sign of any inhabitants.

About four miles beyond the front we were favoured with really first class roads, newly completed, and were able to move along quite rapidly, but we stopped many times to see the memorials to the Allied troops, very simple yet really imposing. One's thoughts were constantly stirred by the many large cemeteries along the roadside, Allied and German, and if any politician ever thinks of having another war, he should be taken over the main Paris—Lille road at dusk; the potholes would shake his nerves, and the cemeteries should easily do the rest.

A rather instructive incident occurred at the Franco-Belgian frontier on the road to Ypres, which showed how these foreign peasants watch their bawbees. An old woman entered the French Customs house to declare three kilos of bacon, which she had purchased at 2 francs a pound cheaper than it could be bought in her native land, and as the duty was only 1 fr. 50, she was left with a gain of 4 fr. 50, about sevenpence, on the transaction, for which she had walked at least four miles. All this was explained to us in excellent English by a Belgian officer, who had served with the Belgian Army in England. Another great war secret disclosed!

The signs of warfare were less in evidence as we approached Ypres, and the Cloth Hall has been rebuilt to a very great extent, and despite its newness, which gives it an air of tawdriness as compared with the venerable dignity of the original structure, of which it is a copy, it looks what it really is—a magnificent building. We stopped at the Menin Gate and paid a silent tribute to our dead, but we were filled with indignation to find it polluted with booths and stalls of all kinds, actually within the memorial itself. “This is a House of Prayer, and ye have made it a den of

thieves." How true were Christ's words when they were uttered, and how applicable they were to the desecration here. When will these Belgians develop a sense of fitness of things?

As we were leaving Ypres, an old Tommy, who had established himself in the town, came up and chatted for a few minutes and directed us to Ostend: but the two parties took different roads, and one of the cars eventually found itself in a cornfield with dykes and ditches all around. To make matters more unpleasant, the natives spoke only Flemish; not a word of French did they understand, and in this wilderness, when we did at last strike a road, we had to blunder on and hope for the best. Probably, if ever there were any signposts in this region, they had long been used as firewood. They are nothing if not economical in this land!

On our way we passed two famous places, Shrapnel Corner and Hell's Corner, marked by delapidated wooden boards fixed to the wall, apparently exactly as they had been in the days of 1916-18. We thought the matter over very carefully, and came to the conclusion that they would not burn.

It was getting dusk now. We had foregone tea and dinner in an endeavour to sleep that night in Ostend, and one member of the party, fully realising how hopelessly we were lost, "innocently" enquired of our leader where we were to sleep. His reply was no less "innocent," but somewhat vague, having reference to barns and haystacks—very comforting, especially as it was threatening to rain. Luckily at this juncture we found a road, and yet another, and we eventually entered the outskirts of Ostend, to be met with a "Where have you been" from our friends. "Doing the battle fields," we answered with a full hundred per cent. truth, and with the most cheerful expression we could assume. "Looks as though there's been another war on," was the crushing retort as they glanced at our "bus," tarred with Flanders mud and clay, to say nothing of the "feathers" in the form of a plentiful supply of wisps of corn.

Then we owned up. We managed to find a hotel with vacant rooms, and persuaded them to prepare us a meal. We discussed the many sights we had seen on the way;

we marvelled at the insignificance of Vimy Ridge; we wondered how war's scars could be so quickly removed from the countryside; but I think we all felt a "something" we could not express, and which we did not even attempt to express, as we stood by little white crosses and those little stone tablets, each one of which must have meant a world of sorrow to someone. And I like to believe that it was a silent resolve on the part of each one of us to be worthy of those who had made the supreme sacrifice, and to see that that sacrifice had not been made in vain. Q.

### STRATH.

Upon a wooded hill which gently sloped  
To where the Earn flowed slowly on its way,  
Meandering through its fertile valley  
To join its sister river, silv'ry Tay.

Surrounded by a belt of waving trees,  
Nestling amidst a sea of greenery  
Stood an old house, grey as the mountain  
rocks,  
Befitting well the rugged scenery.

This house of twisted chimneys, rambling  
roofs,  
Was made by an artistic mind and hand,  
By one who wished his dwelling place a  
thing  
Of beauty, not a blemish on the land.

Each stone was sculptured in the march of  
time,  
Each cranny carved by frost, and wind and  
rain;  
Nature with moss and ivies covered o'er  
Where Time had been too harsh or too pro-  
fane.

Flanking one side a lawn of verdant green,  
Bordered by trees—I named them each by  
each—  
The stately pine, the drooping silver fir,  
The light green larch, and ruddy copper-  
beech.

The trees were haloed with a hazy light,  
As the warm, breathless summer noon went  
by;  
The smoke from chimneys spiralled in the  
air,  
Rising and fading in the azure sky.

I. C.

## Dairying Life in New Zealand

THOSE at home who have not been closely connected with New Zealand and its peoples can little realise the ways and conditions of the country. The new chum on arriving here finds everything so strange, but soon awakens to the fact that Colonials are not only of their own people, but also good friends, and always willing to help the stranger in any way that lies within their power. My life led me towards dairy farming, and, although I had a pretty good idea of the life in the old country, yet I found I was a crude beginner and had everything to learn.

Firstly, one must not imagine that farms here are of the same old substantial type as those at home, for they are comparatively new and, although the homesteads are not so soundly built, they are none the less neat and comfortable.

The beginning, as is always the case, is the worst. The apprentice spends his first few days looking round the farm, while his boss shows and explains to him the many different things which are to play quite a large part in his life for the next few years, and with those few days gone, he has a more or less general knowledge of his whereabouts.

In the morning, his first job is to muster the herd and bring them to the shed where the milkers are busy preparing the machines for use. The installing of machines is a great boon to dairymen, especially those milking large herds, as they not only save labour in a country where labour is dear, but do away with many long tedious hours of work.

To the beginner, the machines appear most complicated, tubes and pipes in all directions, but it is not long before one learns how to manipulate them. Yet, important as these are, many will be surprised to know that they do not milk the cows completely; there is "stripping" to be done and this is the time when most apprentices learn to milk by hand. "Stripping" is a vital process for it makes all the difference between a profit and a loss, as far as dairy farming is concerned. After the milking is finished, the cream is then separated and stored for conveyance to the butter factory, and in some cases the apprentice himself

has to deliver the cream, but this is not the usual practice.

Cleanliness is of prime importance and it is a point that the apprentice is apt to overlook, and he has to learn to pay considerable attention to the scalding and cleaning of all milking utensils, otherwise he may find himself in serious trouble, especially as the cream is graded at the factory and any slackness in this direction will lead at the least to his product being assigned to a low grade, with the resulting loss of some, perhaps all, of the profit. Time between milkings is spent in many different ways, according to the season. On summer days, he usually helps his employer to crop and at the same time is gaining valuable knowledge and experience which is so necessary for the successful farmer, especially as the methods practised are of an intensive nature. Of course, there is the usual routine of the farm, which is practically the same the world over, but it all has to be thoroughly learnt and it is only by practical experience that one can become expert enough to perform those tasks with ease and speed.

Comparatively speaking, one has little riding to do, except on an occasional day, such as the mustering and drafting of cattle, but pleasure riding, of course, is indulged in by all, and it is in this way that many pass their leisure hours.

Sundays here, unlike those at home, are looked upon as days of pleasure, for this day is really the only free one of the week and one and all take full toll of the opportunity for enjoyment. Motor runs, picnics, games of all descriptions are the favourite methods of spending this "day of rest," and it does cause me to think, and think furiously, for the contrast with Sunday at home is so marked. Somebody is wrong somewhere.

During winter months, when work slackens off, one generally has holidays now and again, as the evenings are considerably lengthened. Indoor games are pursued and my experience has been that Public School boys are welcomed into the social life of the country with open arms, and really have only themselves to blame if they do not have a very happy time in their leisure moments.

For anyone who can contend with dairying and its long hours, with the hard and constant work, success is practically assured, for one has no financial difficulties after the initial one has been overcome, since payments are made regularly from the butter factory each month, which not only ensures a steady supply of cash, but helps one to keep up a steady production of butter.

For those who are interested in football (never called rugby here), Saturdays can always be set aside for the game. Indeed, though we are handicapped greatly by our scattered population, the enthusiasm shown by both young and old Colonials exceeds that of the average player at home. Maoris play a predominant part in this game, especially those who have been to college, for they are very determined and fast and excel in defensive play. This is due, perhaps, to their national character and their fine open-air life.

The greater percentage of players in this district are Maoris, and they certainly uphold their old traditions of grim determination and never-to-be-beaten spirit, especially in away matches. The old custom of giving a "haka" (war cry) previous to the game is seldom indulged in here, and off the field the white man has to fall in line with his fellow players. All congregate in the Maori "meeting" house, which is built of native design in the "pah" or, as we say, in the village. Here the players sit on forms and the front tables are beautifully laden with food, the chief of that being the Kumera. This is similar to the potato, but much sweeter. Without those, the natives could not live, as it is their principal food throughout the year. On special occasions, the food is cooked in the open over hot stones. The scene in one of those houses is one seldom forgotten and, although the native tongue is spoken by all, and not often fully understood by the whites, the expressions on their copper faces are indeed most amusing.

When tea is finished, speeches are made by any, who must stand up on the table in front, and there is no lack of speakers for Maoris are born orators. It is the custom after speeches are made for the speaker to burst into song and the audience joins in

the chorus. For anyone who does not understand the native tongue, it is most tantalising, for one does wish to understand what is going on. I was fortunate in getting a kind old Maori parson who was present to translate it all to me. This particular gentleman was the uncle of G. Nepia, the famous 1924 All-Black, who is located in this district. I have had the pleasure of playing against him on several occasions. Highly respected by all, both Maori and Pakhea, he is, without doubt, the master player in the Dominion to-day, and one of the most brilliant full backs New Zealand has ever seen.

In conclusion, I would say that no boy should come out here unless he is prepared for real hard work, and if he is not afraid of that he will have a glorious opportunity of making good.

M. C.

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

We have great pleasure in providing the following for wet evenings. No prizes are offered, and we recommend a glance at page 84 just before the straight jacket is necessary.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
2							
3							
4							

#### Clues.

- Horizontal.
1. What many have sighed for.
  2. What many have prayed for.
  3. What many have died for.
  4. What many have played for.
- Vertical.
1. What schoolboys do not like.
  2. The world has seven.
  3. The debtor always.
  4. Ceylon's staple.
  5. Measures.
  6. Irishman's ease.
  7. A Londoner's poultry.
  8. Rivers of Britain.

## A Parable

A Simply "Heavenly" Story with a Very Earthly  
Meaning.

IT was on this wise. There was in the land of Stra-Thal-lan, in the country beyond the Earn, a house devoted unto learning; and among those that gathered there was a Prefect, whose custom it was to slumber long past the hour of getting up. Neither did he care when the Subs cried in a loud voice, "Get up! Get up!" for was he not their lord and master, and was he not able to dress within the space of five minutes? Yea, even did he pretend also to wash in this time, but there were many in the land that doubted.

One morning shortly before the hour of prayer did he turn him over on his couch and straightway fell back into a deep sleep: and his younger brethren did take counsel together, and did conspire against him; yea, a wicked idea came unto one of them, that they should allow him to slumber on and so to find the doors of the Tabernacle shut over against him when he should try to enter therein.

And they did assemble around his bed; yea, even around the foot thereof, and did sing and chant unto him a song, a song of a little child asleep, "Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

And he did even as was commanded him until nigh unto the fourth hour of the day, which, being interpreted, is 10 a.m.

Now there chanced to be journeying in that way a ruler having great authority in that place, who in the speech of his own country is called "Theebos." And as he journeyed, he came nigh unto the place

wherein the sleeper had fallen into a deep sleep, and found him not, and was sore amazed, and wondered greatly at what might have befallen him.

And as he went his way, behold, he saw him from afar, and did cry out to him to come nigh unto him so that he might know wherefore he had been slothful. "Thou wicked and slothful servant, dost thou not know that the hour of prayer has passed, and thou wast not? and that the hour of feeding has passed, and neither wast thou present. What is this that thou hast done unto me, and why hast thou dealt with me in this fashion?" And he was speechless.

Now there passed by the space of two hours, when the slothful one did meet his younger brethren, and he did straightway threaten them, even unto screwing their necks. But they did laugh at him, not openly, but behind his back, and did giggle and dance and thoroughly enjoy his discomfiture.

MOSES.

P.S.—He has not slept in since.

(Moses, you'll be safer in the land of Midian—Editor).

A member of the Staff had a regrettable mishap when closing the Staff Room door the other day; with a result a new ventilating shaft and spy-hole was introduced to the room. The rumour that Mr. Riley told them they would all have to lose a half in consequence of the broken pane is entirely without foundation.

## The Dramatic Society's Triple Bill

ON April 4th, the Dramatic Society enhanced its reputation by the production of three modern one act plays, emphasising respectively the comic, the tragic and the farcical aspects of the Muse. Undoubtedly, we may claim to have joined the ranks of the prophets, for the predicted brilliant success has been more than fulfilled. In every phase of the histrionic art an enormous improvement has taken place, while considerable praise must be allowed both to the general production and the stage management.

The *hors d'oeuvres* consisted of a comedy, *Money Makes a Difference*, by Morton Howard. Here the School was regaled with an exceedingly fine performance by G. Sturrock, who, as Peter Barton, was forced by his spinster sister to assume the mantle of gentility, a role which he adopted with unfeigned reluctance. His self-assurance, forcefulness and dramatic power proclaim him to be an actor who is born rather than made. He was indeed the life and soul of the play. W. Walker gave a very meritorious performance as the designing spinster, his sister, but was inclined to be gawky and rather too masculine for such a part. J. N. Ledingham, who took the part of the effeminate grocer's assistant, on whom she had designs, left nothing to be desired in his acting, but it must be confessed that he was painfully nervous, and at times was completely inaudible. W. H. McLaughlin aptly played up to his crony, Sturrock, and R. Grant as a clerk was on the whole successful, although in his efforts to be natural he tended to be rather wooden and artificial.

The second part of the programme was occupied by *A Night in an Inn*, a thriller by Lord Dunsany. Here the acting reached an extremely high level, but the laurels must go to Mr. Norton, who, as a gentleman crook, leader of a desperate gang of jewel thieves, played with distinction. The stage "Knut" is so often overacted that it is pleasing to note the restraint exhibited by Mr. Norton. J. F. Dow, W. H. Reid and I. M'Ewen, as the three desperadoes, were perhaps not sufficiently alarming, and in their dependence on "the Toff" showed themselves almost

to helpless for bold, bad men. Dow, however may justly be praised for his exhibition of incoherent terror. Indeed, his uncontrollable frenzy communicated itself in no small measure to the audience. The stealthy priests of Klesh, played by H. Mason, J. Waldie and M. Wood lent an added thrill. Mason especially emulated the serpent with an almost incredible silence. The removal of the dead bodies was accompanied by no premature resurrection of the dead. D. S. Thomson was sufficiently weird as the desecrated idol, and his voice supplied the full measure of Oriental mysticism.

The final course took the form of a roaring farce by A. A. Milne, *The Man in the Bowler Hat*. In this witty extravaganza it is impossible to criticise adversely, for everyone played with superlative merit. J. R. Laidlaw, as the bored but wholly charming Mary, by her freshness and charm completely won the hearts of the audience. A. Moodie, as her somewhat staid and phlegmatic spouse, played with commendable self-possession and refused to be ruffled even by a series of events which would have put the Arabian Nights to shame. E. Sinclair suffered the pin-pricks of outrageous fortune with fortitude and displayed a nimbleness which would not have disgraced Douglas Fairbanks. F. Grant, as the damsel in the case, clung like the ivy round her admirer, who seemed nothing loth to suffer her embraces, a fact which was not surprising when one considers her maidenly beauty. It must be admitted, however, that her skirts occasionally became unmanageable. Mr. Norton, as her designing father, gave an entirely satisfactory rendering at very short notice and manipulated his hat with extreme skill. G. Anderson loafed realistically and was obviously eager to assume the role of chief inquisitor. He looked as he was meant to look, as if he had just ceased to prop up a lamp-post.

The Jazz Band, under Mr. Sharman's direction, played selections during the interval and was greatly appreciated, and played no small part in making the evening a complete success.

In conclusion, we may compare the growth of this new born Society to the growth of a

luxuriant plant. Last term the seedling sprouted; this term it has put forth leaves, and if the leaves are so fresh and green, what will the flowers and the fruit be like? Truly gorgeous in hue and of a glorious abundance.

P. W. S.

### THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

At the General Meeting at the beginning of term after the Secretary's and Treasurer's Report had been submitted to the members, vacancies on the Council were elected. W. H. Reid was elected Secretary, and S. S. Ferguson and I. M'Ewen to the vacant places on the Committee, while G. M. Sturrock was co-opted on to the Council as Advertising Manager, an office he has filled with success.

Meetings were held on Monday evenings, and included three lectures by the President on "The Humour of J. M. Barrie," with illustrative readings from *The Professor's Love Story* and *What Every Woman Knows*, "The Humour of G. B. S.," and "A Disciple of Barrie," Mr. A. A. Milne.

In addition to the usual reading of plays for the discovery of talent, the Council has presented three previously rehearsed readings of one act plays, *The Boy Comes Home*, by A. A. Milne, being so successful that it was followed at intervals by *Rory Aforesaid*, by John Brand, and *A Traveller Returns*, by Clemence Dane.

The Society presented a triple bill to the School on April 4th, twenty members sharing the honours in *Money Makes a Difference*, by F. Morton Howard, *A Night in an Inn*, by Lord Dunsany, and *The Man in the Bowler Hat*, by A. A. Milne. A detailed criticism of the production will be found elsewhere.

It is gratifying to observe the enthusiasm among certain of the latest recruits, and to know many boys are only waiting to qualify as members before joining. It is a healthy sign when the list of members has to be closed, but it was felt that more than fifty was unmanageable at trial readings. With the Society funds showing a healthy credit balance, monetary considerations will not stand in the way of an even more ambitious programme when the Society re-assembles after the summer vacation.

W. H. REID,  
Secretary.

### CRICKET PROSPECTS.

An extremely fine fixture list has been prepared for our cricket teams. The first eleven have a heavy programme to fulfil, and their standard of cricket will need to be very high indeed if they are to be successful in some of the matches arranged. This summer again, the Rowan's and Clydesdale Clubs will visit us, and knowing full well the spirit in which the teams will take the field, all we pray for is fine weather.

W. H. Reid, as captain, has an onerous position to fill, but he should benefit by the admirable example set him in captaincy by T. M. Hart, last year's skipper. There will be only two of last season's first team available, but some promising players from the second XI. will doubtlessly develop to the required standard to make up the eleven.

The batting strength promises to be stronger than the bowling, since all last year's bowlers have left; but in the face of the glorious uncertainty of cricket, we would not care to predict that the bowling will be much weaker than usual.

A. Barr will captain the second eleven, and, with the extra facilities for practice afforded this season, they should give good account of themselves.

### EARNSIDE ECHOES.

The Duke of Pitkeathly had hoped to race his car in the Grand Prix this year. Unfortunately the local baker has written to say that he cannot be without his van so long, and so the Duke has had to scratch. He is most upset about the whole business, and will not be seen for some time. The police are seeing to that.

Further wild rumours are afloat again with regards the Staff Choir. So many duets, trios and quartettes have been heard of late that it was suggested that a contract had been arrived at between a certain large theatrical magnate and certain members of the Staff Room to tour all the principal cities during the Easter vacation, beginning with Mudcombe-on-the-Whiff. An emphatic denial greeted our representative.

## The Scouts

AT a preliminary meeting, held at the beginning of the term, it was decided to appoint G. Anderson patrol leader of the Kangaroos, a post previously held by J. Fleming. Three new seconds were required, and the vacancies were filled by G. Moncur, H. Cowper and R. C. Scott. The term's work was discussed, and it was decided to concentrate on signalling.

This plan has been carried out, and it can be said that very satisfactory progress has been made. Although the standard of sending is not as high as that of receiving and far greater speed is required, yet there has been a steady improvement throughout the term, and there only remains now to prove the old saying that "practice makes perfect." This practice we hope to have this term, when, it is suggested, we expect also to take through the Morse code.

It should be the ambition of every scout to be a handy fellow and to learn how to make good use of his fingers. There were a number of ropes and lengths of cord whose ends were fraying, so the scouts went to work with a will, and with pleasing results, for after a short time all those ends were whipped, thus giving the rope a better chance of existence and old age.

Now, fancy that scouts were out camping and they found an enchanting spot to pitch their tents—a sunny, sheltered place on the bank of a river; the river some twelve feet wide or so. On the other side of it is the nearest village, only attainable by a long way round, over some distant bridge. Obviously our company would want to have a quicker means of communication with the village, and so would set to work to build their own bridge—if only they were able to. It is some such possibility in view that all boys were taught how to make good, strong lashing (square and diagonal). Then the work was divided among the different patrols, and with ropes and staves (a useful addition to our equipment this term) a bridge was made—and a jolly good bridge it was too. The scouts had learnt something and felt the pleasure which one experiences in watching a thing grow by one's efforts.

After all, there is no pleasure like that of producing.

At the beginning of the term five recruits passed the "Tenderfoot." These are R. McMath, R. Pepper, A. Fleming, N. Caie and G. Smellie. We hope that these new scouts will do honour to the Troop.

At the last meeting some time was devoted to Kim's game—a part of the second class test. The necessary number of points (18 out of 24) were obtained by R. C. Scott, B. Carlow and N. Caie.

During the term several patrol competitions were held (for whipping, lashing, and an obstacle race). Points were awarded as follows:

Eagles	-	-	123
Cuckoos	-	-	104
Kangaroos	-	-	93
Stags	-	-	85
Swifts	-	-	85

This is the second term in succession that the Eagles have led on patrol points.

Reviewing the term's work as a whole, it can be said that there was a marked improvement in the keenness of the scouts. The meetings were usually interesting, and this is partly due to the fact that the Troop is better equipped. Every scout has now a staff: the Troop possesses, also, two pairs of signalling flags and two lariots. By the way, some of our members would be able to give a very fine performance of spinning and lassoing. Grant originated the devotion to that art, and has proved to be a very able instructor.

We have just received the scout neckerchiefs which had been ordered some time ago. It is well! Next term we shall be able to get our boys into uniform and do the thing in proper style. In the meantime, we bid goodbye, and wish every success to our leaving friends, and all those who remain are looking forward to that summer term—the hope of good weather and longer days, the meetings in the open, tracking, running, and the thousand and one possibilities which are impossible in the Gym.: so BE PREPARED!



## Rugby Notes

WHEN comparison is made between this season's results and those of the successful season just passed, we are forced to the conclusion that this has been but a very moderate one for Strath. However, when all the determining factors of the game are considered, we realise that the teams had to contend with unusual difficulties, from which they emerged with credit. Not for a long time have we relied on such young players, and it is an undeniable fact that in all the games this season Strath. has been up against teams whose players held the advantage of age. During the term an epidemic of influenza caused havoc among the players; indeed, at one time it was impossible to muster a representative team, whilst the after-effects lingered long enough to affect play in the succeeding matches. Nevertheless, in all the games the contending sides were well matched, and very little luck would have been needed to turn the scales in our favour in most cases where defeat was our lot.

Poor weather conditions have prevailed, rain causing the going to be heavy in most of the games, whilst three matches had to be cancelled outright owing to the unplayable state of the ground.

Junior rugby thrives as never before, and everything augurs well for the future. Enthusiasm and greater appreciation of the fine points of the game have led to a very high standard of play; whilst probably, considerable impetus to ambitions was imparted by the success of certain juniors in ousting seniors from the School teams. In this respect, Lacey, T. Cleland, G. Moncur, Lang and Wright are to be congratulated, and especially the first named for his unique distinction of being the first junior to play in the Strath. 1st XV. But there are several others whose development will be watched with keen interest, and among these are some, we

feel sure, destined to rise to great heights in the rugby world.

### **Strathallan v. Dundee High School F.P.'s.—**

At Forgandenny, on January 21st.

Owing to heavy rain, this match was cancelled.

### **Strathallan v. Heriot's.—**At Forgandenny, on January 28th.

Again, owing to heavy rains, what would have been a most interesting match, had to be cancelled.

### **Stewart's College v. Strathallan.—**At Inverleith, on February 4th.

Keen disappointment was felt when, owing to the epidemic of 'flu at Strath., this game had to be cancelled, particularly as the team had been looking forward to witnessing the International match against Wales in the afternoon. Hard lines!

### **Strathallan v. Dollar Academy.—**At Forgandenny, on February 11th.

Strath. was still in the throes of 'flue, but the majority of the players were sufficiently recovered to be able to turn out. However, as the game progressed, it became obvious that most of the School players were badly out of condition, and were playing far below their usual standard. Play was even in the early stages, the forwards being equally matched, while the backs attacked in turn without breaking through the defence. With the gradual collapse of the Strath. forwards, however, the Dollar backs were given innumerable opportunities, and by straight-forward, orthodox movements they crossed the Strath. line on four occasions. During this period, it was realised that playing for the first time without Stevenson, our three-quarter line lacked confidence and were shaky in defence. The half-time score was 12 pts. to nil.

Play during the second half became more lively, the Strath. forwards evidently

awakening to their responsibilities. A forward rush by Dollar yielded another try, which was converted, but from then onwards more forceful forward play and useful touch kicking by Dow kept Dollar on the defensive. Eventually, after a sustained pressure, Ferguson barged over from a scramble to score Strath.'s only points, the kick failing.

Result—Strathallan, 3 pts.; Dollar Academy, 17 pts.

**Strathallan v. Glasgow High School.**—At Forgandenny, on February 18th.

The High School won the toss, and elected to play with the wind. Immediately from the kick-off, Strath. forced the pace, and, notwithstanding a strong wind against them, the forwards carried play right up to the High School line. Here, after a fierce struggle between the packs, Ferguson, picking up from the loose, just managed to scramble over. Frew took the kick, but the strong wind steered the ball wide of its mark. After this set-back, the visiting backs on every occasion took full advantage of the following wind and kicked for touch within the Strath. 25. This was good policy, and Strath. were forced to use defensive measures for a while, though on occasions the forwards, who were playing with rare abandon, swept up the field in concentrated rushes to relieve pressure. Eventually, Miller broke through for the High School and made an opening for a try to be scored far out. The visiting backs continued to kick, but were not successful in finding touch, the ball frequently going out of bounds. From one of the resulting drop kicks from the 25, however, Dow was short with his kick, and Lambie marked and kicked an easy goal. At half-time the score stood at 6 pts. to 3 against.

During the second half, the Strath. forwards fell off considerably, and seemed to rely too much on the wind, now in their favour. The High School now controlled the scrums and gave their three-quarters the ball on almost every occasion. Miller, who was very elusive, again broke through to pave the way for another try, the goal kick failing. Then Strath. took up the attack, and the visitors had an anxious time for the re-

mainder of the game. In the last minute, however, play waged back to the Strath. end, and a determined run by Tindal culminated in a try right in the corner.

Result—Strathallan, 3 pts.; Glasgow High School, 12 pts.

**Watson's College v. Strathallan.**—At Myreside, on February 25th.

The conditions at Myreside were ideal for rugby and, despite the score, a hard struggle for supremacy was witnessed. The Strath. forwards played a more solid game than usual and held their heavier opponents well in the scrummages. Play was of a ding-dong nature, when McLaughlin penalised for picking out of the scrum, and Watson's scored a penalty goal from an easy position. There was no outstanding play, the ball being confined to the forwards, where J. H. Black put in some very effective work in the scrummages. Towards half-time the Watson's threes got going, and McEwen missing his man, an opening was made for the right wing to score a try too far out to be converted. The score at half time was thus 6 pts. to nil against.

Play in the second half was a repetition of the first half. When put in possession, the Strath. backs were always dangerous, Dow and Russell in turn cutting through. However, the home backs got possession far oftener, and mainly because of McEwen's weak tackling, three tries were scored during this half. A feature of the game was the fine winging work of Ferguson and Frew, which resulted in Oliver being frequently collared before he could set his backs in motion.

Result — Watson's College, 17 pts.; Strathallan, nil.

**Strathallan v. Morrison's Academy.**—At Forgandenny, on March 3rd.

A rain soaked pitch and a high wind prevented the game from being spectacular. The visitors, hitherto undefeated, had heavy forwards who immediately settled down to the bad conditions, and for some time in the first half Strath. were forced to defend their line. Later on, Fraser snatched up a loose pass and after a great solo effort ran under

the posts to score a try which Ferguson converted. Strath. were forcing matters when half-time arrived, but found a greasy ball and the muddy pitch a handicap to further scoring.

Conditions in the second half became worse, and play was largely confined to the forwards, where Morrison's were on more equal terms. A breakaway by I. Constable led to a concerted rush by the Strath. forwards towards the visitors' line, where Frew, controlling the ball with his feet, steered his way over for a typical forward try. Ferguson, who took the kick, found the ball too heavy and missed the convert. Late in the game Morrison's rallied, and failing to pierce the defence, Robertson very smartly dropped a goal for his side. Full time came with no further scoring.

Result—Strathallan, 8 pts.; Morrison's Academy, 4 pts.

**Hillhead High School v. Strathallan.**—At Hughenden, on March 10th.

When Strath. arrived, they found the ground under a heavy layer of snow. Doubts were raised as to the game being played, but eventually an agreement was arrived at to play a short game of twenty minutes a side. Spectators were busy snowballing each other when the players took the field. Strath. were over confident and began to play in a lackadaisical manner. The homesters, on the other hand, settled down to play strenuous rugby and immediately forced Strath. to defend. A breakaway by one of their backs resulted in an unconverted try, whilst a number of free kicks awarded to Hillhead kept Strath. mainly in their own half. The half time soon arrived with the score 3 pts. to nil.

Snow continued to fall heavily, and with the rising wind, developed at times into a blizzard. The second half saw Strath. attacking continuously within their opponents' half, but our three quarters, when given the ball, were well marked and failed to vary their attacks sufficiently. Against a back line that kept close up, the short punt ahead might have been exploited more frequently. As time went on, Strath. grew desperate and played feverishly to pull the game round,

Fraser especially making valiant efforts. On numerous occasions they came very near to succeeding, but when a Hillhead three quarter broke away, punted ahead, and followed up to score a try, all against the run of play, Strath.'s discomfiture was complete. They left the field a very dejected side, but we hope a wiser one.

Result—Hillhead High School, 6 pts.; Strathallan, nil.

**Perthshire v. Strathallan.**—At Perth, on March 17th.

Heavy rain during the week had caused the School pitch to become unplayable, and the venue was changed to Perth, where the match took place in pouring rain. Conditions from the outset were all against good rugby. Strath. kicked off against the wind and almost immediately afterwards S. Fraser, securing possession in the loose, ran hard for the line to score a fine try, which Frew failed to convert. Perthshire then got away with some good forward rushes and from a melee secured a try which was converted. Shortly afterwards another effective rush by their forwards brought play to the Strath. line where they were lucky to score a try, which, however, was not converted. At half-time, Perthshire led by 8 pts. to 3.

Rain was still falling at the restart, when by some judicious punting by Dow, Strath. gained a footing within the home "25." Some vigorous play took place here, culminating in the ball being worked across to Fraser, who side-stepped his way over for Strath's second try, Frew failing with the kick from far out. Once again the Perthshire forwards dribbled their way back to attack, and some weak tackling on the Strath. right let in the home three-quarter to score a well-deserved try. From this point onwards, Strath. played desperately, and bombarded the home line, but their impetuosity lost them possible tries. On one occasion a Strath. forward, with the line at his mercy, foolishly tried to pick up the greasy ball instead of using his feet! No side was called, however, without further scoring.

Result—Perthshire, 11 pts.; Strathallan, 6 pts.

**Strathallan v. Glasgow University.**—At For-gandenny, on March 31st.

The 'Varsity brought up a strong side, including many of the first XV. Their backs early showed a perfect understanding, but they were most affected by the greasy ball when it came to handling. After settling down, Strath. were much superior in the scrums, and this accounted to a large extent for the very small score in comparison with what was expected. Strath. repeatedly exploited this superiority by taking scrums instead of touches. After about ten minutes' play, T. W. R. Murray got over for a converted try; and a few minutes later Aitken also scored, though the goal kick failed. The visiting backs were very fast, but no further score was made before half-time.

In the second half, further tries were scored for the 'Varsity by Aitken, too far out to be converted; T. Murray, a converted one between the posts, and Barr. Strath. for a considerable time held distinct territorial advantage, and Dow had bad luck to be pulled up on the line after a clever cut through under the posts. With a little fortune, Strath. might easily have registered at least two tries before a prolonged attack in the visitors' "25" ended by Russell going over at the corner. Frew failed with the kick. The team played by far the best game this season and if defeated, they were by no means disgraced.

Result—Strathallan, 3 pts.; Glasgow 'Varsity, 19 pts.

### House Seven-a-side Contests.

Freeland beat Simpson by 9 pts. to nil.  
Ruthven beat Nicol by 8 pts. to nil.  
Freeland beat Ruthven by 15 pts. to nil.

### Junior House Matches.

Freeland beat Ruthven by 6 pts. to 5.  
Freeland beat Nicol by 27 pts. to 3.

### FIRST FIFTEEN CRITICISM.

During the first half of the season the strongest section of the team was the three-quarter line, the majority of the forwards being too young and inexperienced to make the pack a formidable one. R. N. Stevenson left at the end of last term, however, and in his absence the rest of the threes deteriorated and their defence became weak. The ill effects of the 'flue probably were responsible for some of their lapses, but the main reason was lack of leadership. The right wing was a source of weakness throughout the season, though this was not so apparent earlier owing to Stevenson's fine covering work. Fraser, on the left wing, was undoubtedly one of the successes of the team, whilst Russell was generally our most reliable three. I. McEwen, originally the 2nd XV. scrum half, stepped into the gap at right centre, but though alert and thrustful in attack, he made a weak link in the defence.

Strath. was well served at both half and full back. We fully expected to be strong at scrum half, but the doubts entertained on the stand off position were gradually dispelled by Dow's continued improvement. A full back, Sinclair was a big success, and he deserves the praises showered on him from all quarters.

The forwards, because of their youthfulness, could not be expected to be equal to last year's pack, but there were present in Ferguson and Frew, two outstanding players who did their utmost to make up for deficiencies. The two most improved players were Black and I. Constable, both of whom should make reputations for themselves next season. The pack proved clever enough in the scrummages and line-outs, but on several occasions there was lacking that vital "pep" which goes such a long way to achieve success.

S. S. FERGUSON is an enthusiastic captain, who, by his all round hard work, vigorous

tackling and determined running has often inspired his team to greater efforts. He has a penchant for roving, where his speed makes him dangerous, but should nevertheless concentrate more on scrummaging, at which he can be very formidable.

W. M. FREW, the vice-captain, has been excellent, an example for the younger forwards to follow. Strong in all phases of forward play, he probably excels in the line-outs. He is also capable of playing a solid game as a three-quarter, and has gained many points by fine kicking.

J. H. BLACK, a fine all round forward, who shows much cleverness in the scrummages. He should develop to first-class standard. 1st XV. cap awarded for 1927-28.

A. M. MOODIE is an intelligent forward who, without being spectacular, puts in a good deal of hard work. He dribbles well and was generally to the fore in rushes. 1st XV. cap awarded for 1927-28.

I. CONSTABLE, promoted to the 1st team this term, introduced more life into the pack. Imbued with plenty of energy, he is fast and is splendid with the ball at his feet.

W. J. WALKER, a light-weight but clever forward who has developed into a successful hooker. He is not robust or heavy enough for strenuous scrummages.

G. GRAY, a skirmishing type of forward who revels in the hurly-burly of loose scrummages. He will improve with experience.

R. A. ANDERSON has well deserved his promotion to the 1st, for his perseverance and whole-hearted efforts in the loose.

W. H. McLAUGHLAN, at scrum half, plays practically the same game as last season.

His quick, accurate passing, sound defence and experience have stood the team in good stead.

J. F. DOW, originally a scrum half, has developed into quite a good stand off, whose strong kicking has been most useful. He takes his passes well and has greatly improved in attack. 1st XV. cap 1927-28.

G. RUSSELL is clever and thrustful in attack and makes plenty of openings for his wing, whilst in defence he is the only reliable member of the three-quarter line. He has cultivated a really good side step which makes him most elusive.

S. FRASER, the team's most dangerous attacking player, has speed, swerve and determination. When in possession of the ball, he is always a potential scorer. His defence, however, is not of the same high standard, though with experience this is rapidly improving. 1st XV. cap awarded for 1927-28.

I. McEWEN, promoted to right centre this term, has plenty of skill and craft in attack, but must concentrate on harder tackling. He should be outstanding next season.

E. SINCLAIR is a polished full back, whose tackling, kicking and going down to rushes have been most impressive. He should continue to improve the length of his kicking.

At the end of the Christmas term the team lost R. N. Stevenson from the backs, whilst the forwards who left were E. R. Smith, A. Wilson, H. Fraser, and A. Bryce.

Others who have played for the 1st XV. are H. J. Mason, E. W. Hart, C. W. Lacey, R. D. Dunn and A. G. Rae, whilst forwards who have played are P. M. Constable and E. G. Gillander, W. P. Thomson, J. M. Wood and W. Wills.

## O.S. Notes

WE received a letter from Hamish Macpherson. He is stationed at Berwyn, Alberta, in the Canadian Bank of Commerce. His spirit is stirred by the picture in the "Bulletin" of the Old Boys' Dinner, and he recollected that it was a long time since he had written. He tells us that the greatest trouble in his district is the removal of a bumper crop of wheat, sometimes reaching 70 bushels to the acre. Apparently the railway facilities are poor, and perhaps budding engineers will take note of this. Hamish will be glad to hear from any Strathallians of his time, or from any who happen to be stationed near him in Canada.

Many Strathallians of Bridge of Allan days will be interested to learn that Sandy Cruickshank is flourishing out in Panama. We have heard from him pretty regularly since he left Scotland for Chile in 1920, after serving in the R.G.A. In Chile he worked with a large British Nitrate Company, upland in Iquique, till his health broke down. He then went to Valparaiso, where he successfully edited the English paper, "The South Pacific Mail." It was sold in 1925 to an American, who sold it again in the same year to go to Panama, where, with Mr. Cruickshank, he started "The Panama Times Weekly" and "The Panama American Daily." In 1928, owing to a difference in editorial policy, Mr. Cruickshank resigned to take on the assistant management of the second oldest paper in Latin America, and one of the most accredited—"The Star and Herald," Panama City. The paper is published daily, including Sunday, in two languages, Spanish

and English. Mr. Cruickshank married an English lady in Chile, a cousin of the present Lord Blyth and Sir Walter Gilbey, and has two baby boys. Mr. and Mrs. Cruickshank visited England last year for the first time since leaving for Chile, but expect to be home again next year.

Mr. H. A. C. Davidson sends a chatty letter from Rawal Pindi, where he is with the Attock Oil Co., and where he seems to be kept on the move with dances, dinners and parties. Our Editor was delighted to receive congratulations from him on the last magazine, and assures him that he will do his utmost even to improve the standard. If this should reach the eye of Hamish Hannah, he will be pleased to know that A. C. lunched with an old "friend" of his at Farnham before he left England. The yarn will bear telling. Hamish had been writing all round for motor car catalogues, and the enterprising Rolls Royce Company sent up to the School for his inspection a magnificent £2000 car, with demonstrator complete. Of course, Hamish explained that he wanted a catalogue, not a car, but the demonstrator's face on that occasion was hardly so pleasant as when A. C. was confronted by him at Farnham.

Mr. Willie Thomson, of James Finlay & Co., Colombo, writes with a request for the School magazine and membership of the Old Boys' Club, and we are pleased to hand over both. Judging by his cheery letters, he seems to be enjoying life in Ceylon, and, although he does not know it, he has been the cause of at least two other Strathallan

boys joining the firm. There are between 20 and 30 Strathallians in the triangle Peshawar—Colombo—Penang.

Mr. Hugh Beeton, B.Sc. (Econ.), London, is now Assistant District Commissioner at Koforidua, *via* Accra, Gold Coast, and he has let himself in for trouble, since the Editor, reading his sentence, "The work is most varied and interesting imaginable," is very anxious for at least two printed pages for our next number. We have all read of Edgar Wallace's "Sanders," and a few of us know that Hugh can tell a story in a racy style, and are already looking forward to the time when he will oblige us. He is to be home in June, and will be in the Edinburgh district till about November. We shall be happy to pass on to him any communications from Strathallians when he calls here.

We received a letter from Mr. Graham Pennycook, who is serving on board the R.M.M.S. "Aorangi" with the Union Steam Ship Co., N.Z., as an apprentice. At the moment he is on the Sydney—Vancouver route and seeing pretty well of the world. He seems to have taken very kindly to sea-life and to be somewhat scornful of the landlubber. Old Strathallians may care to get into touch with him, particularly if in that part of the globe, and we give his address: c/o Mrs. Jagger, 28 Arney Road, Remuera, Auckland.

Mr. Ross Mitchell, who was at Carran-grove paper works under Mr. Wallace, has been appointed assistant manager of Rawcliffe Bridge paper mills, and all Strathallians will congratulate him on his appointment and will wish him the greatest of success. These mills are situated near

Goole, in Yorkshire, and the firm, we understand, is a member of the Harrison combine.

Dr. Jim Burgess, of Stanley, has been appointed Resident Physician at the Perth Infirmary, after having been with Professor Price, of Dundee, for awhile. He had one of the present pupils as a patient for a short time, and more than likely compared notes. We hope his curiosity will have been aroused and that he will pay us a visit at an early date.

Mr. Clive Montgomerie has passed the fellowship of the Institute of Shipbrokers Examination, and has been appointed to the staff of Dodd, Thomson & Co., London Wall, London. He is to take up residence with his parents at Tadworth, Surrey.

Mr. Norman Affleck, whose address is 5989 Elm Street, Kerrisdale, Vancouver, is to join the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and will be glad to hear from any Strathallians in the vicinity.

Mr. Jim Rowan, who has been serving an apprenticeship with Harrods, is to join his father at their New Street, Birmingham, premises. He will probably receive visits from any Strathallians whose business takes them to Birmingham.

#### MEETING OF THE OLD BOYS' COMMITTEE,

At Strathallan, 11th March, 1928.

*It was resolved:*

- 1.—That the non-members present be co-opted.
- 2.—That the following design be submitted to Committee for approval as

the Strathallan School Old Boys' blazer, viz. : dark blue ground having at 2" intervals a  $\frac{1}{4}$ " gold stripe, flanked each side by a  $\frac{1}{4}$ " Royal Blue stripe.

3.—Proposed, Mr. Scott; seconded, Mr. Robertson :

That the Life Subscription of the Old Boys' Club be fixed at £5.

4.—Proposed, Mr. Hays; seconded, Mr. A. Fraser :

That the last Saturday in June each year be fixed as an Old Boys' Commemoration Day.

5.—Proposed, Mr. Robertson; seconded, Mr. Thomson :

That the Annual Dinner be held on the 21st December, 1928.

6.—Proposed, Mr. Robertson; seconded, Mr. Hays :

That the Annual Dinner be held at the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow.

7.—It was decided that it was too late for Strathallians to make arrangements for a foreign tour in 1928, but that concrete proposals be put at the Annual Meeting in December for a 1929 tour.

### THE OLD BOYS' BLAZER.

Sample designs were obtained from Rowans' and circulated to several members of the Committee, but as each had a different criticism to make, it was decided to take as large a number of opinions as possible. Over 40 Strathallians were consulted and opinions were so conflicting that the President decided that it would be better to submit the Committee's decision to a full

meeting of the members at the Annual Dinner, together with the report submitted by the Convener of the Special Sub-Committee appointed to consider the question of blazers. In the meantime, Messrs. Rowans are making the old blazer, Royal Blue with a tinsel badge and coat-of-arms buttons, which was the recommendation of the Sub-Committee and which has been in vogue since the Club started.

### DINNER IN LONDON.

An informal dinner was held at the Kenilworth Hotel, London, in the middle of April and although very short notice was given to Strathallians resident in London there was an attendance of fourteen and it is proposed to form a branch of the Club with a Local Secretary with its headquarters in the City. The President is at present negotiating with an old Strathallian to take on the office of secretary which appointment will be subject to confirmation at the general meeting and full notice of any steps taken will be reported in the July number of the magazine.

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

#### Solution.

All horizontal solutions are "Scotland."

- Vertical.
1. Essays (Ss).
  2. Seas (Cs).
  3. Owes (Os).
  4. Teas (Ts).
  5. Ells (Ls).
  6. Aise (As).
  7. 'Ens (Ns).
  8. Dees (Ds).