

# THE STRATHALLIAN

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## Editorial

"LET us face the facts" — so the press, the radio, the politicians constantly enjoin us. Well, here we are, broodingly sucking an empty pipe and staring them in the eye. Is it true, as those facts apparently proclaim, that Strathallians care so very little for their magazine? Or is it that the editorial page, by some schoolboy convention — and the child is father of the man — is universally regarded as "a tale told by an idiot . . . signifying nothing"? From either alternative we shrink, appalled; yet both may be true.

"Full of sound and fury" even our modesty refused to write, humbly conscious as we are of the restrained tone of our appeal for contributions in the last issue. We made that appeal and sat back expectantly, waiting for the flood. "Après nous, le déluge," however, may have been true on one memorable occasion, but not on this. There was not the merest trickle — not even when the thaw came, and thoughts of the next issue were beginning to loom large in our mind.

In our perplexity we unearthed, for the sake of comparison, some of the early issues of "The Strathallian"; and in the late 'twenties wandered disconsolately

through a brilliant succession of short stories, poems, sketches and articles of absorbing interest. With deepening gloom we read editorial phrases such as "the support given by the Former Pupils was as welcome as it was gratifying," and felt all Hamlet's sorrow — "That it should come to this!"

Necessity then compelled us to adopt, with present pupils, a most undignified form of cajolery. To the few who responded, including the one or two whose valiant efforts were regretfully rejected, go our most grateful thanks.

The unfortunate fact remains that all this editorial pleading, written and verbal, should not be necessary. The nervous apathy shown by the great majority of the present pupils we hope partly to dispel by the election of class representatives to an Editorial Board; but the conscious coma of the F.P.s. — "they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

We have, perhaps, one small consolation: we should otherwise have had to write about Snow.

## Founder's Day

A SCHOOL is a historical entity, transcending the immediate present and embracing as part of itself, the lives, ideals and activities of masters and pupils of former days. It should be proud of its associations with the past, a social heritage which helps to endow it with tone, thus making each boy realise that here is more than a collection of individuals, here is a living community with traditions and ideals worth his loyalty. Many of the great public schools of our country have such traditions extending back to the customs of mediæval days. Strathallan is young, still in the process of building its early traditions, these being associated with that little school on the hillside at Bridge of Allan and with the life and work of its founder, Harry Riley. Hence it is a wise

provision of the school constitution which authorises one day each year to be observed as Founder's Day, so as to perpetuate the name of Mr. Riley.

This session Founder's Day ceremonies—the first of their kind—took place on Saturday, October 5th. What a fine attendance of Old Boys there was for this occasion, ranging from pupils of Bridge of Allan days to boys who had left School only the preceding term! The School Chapel was filled to overflowing with the School governors, the staff dressed in academic attire, the Old Boys, and a representative selection of present boys. The short service began with the inspiring "Old Hundredth" hymn — "All people that on earth do dwell." The lesson, from



the second chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, containing the well-known beautiful words, "Christ made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of man," was read by Robert Barr, the president of the Strathallian Club. Then the anthem, "Jesu, joy of man's desiring," was sung, Bach's music being rendered with its appropriate dignity by the school choir and orchestra. The address was given by the Headmaster, who reminded the congregation that we had assembled to honour the memory of the School, and more so to honour the name of its Founder and first Headmaster, Mr. Riley, who had imbued the School with life and vitality. Mr. Ward said, too, that on this first Founder's Day we remembered the names of those Old Strathallians who had sacrificed their lives in the War, and, having "strongly lived, bravely borne and nobly died," had followed the example of Mr. Riley. Then came a reminder of the greatest name of all, that of Jesus, at whose name "every knee shall bow," and a testimony that the School could contrive to bear its honoured name only if its members strove nobly to live and endure, following the example of Christ. After closing the service by singing another hymn, the congregation left the Chapel to reassemble with the remainder of the boys outside the main entrance hall of the School. From here a long procession, led by the Headmaster, the President of the Old Boys' Club, Robert Barr, and the School Captain, Norman Mitchell, made an impressive picture as it wended its way over the bridge spanning the School dell, round the Second Cricket pitch, and through Forgandenny Village street into the graveyard of Forgandenny Parish Church, where the assembly met the minister of Forgandenny, the Rev. Allan Cameron. Prayers were said by the minister at the side of Mr. Riley's grave, and in reverent silence two wreaths were

laid on the grave — one by Robert Barr on behalf of the Old Strathallians and one by Norman Mitchell on behalf of the present boys. After the minister had pronounced the benediction the assembly dismissed.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent informally. The old and present pupils played their annual rugby match, which proved to be one of the most enjoyable contests of the rugby season. The School were without the services of A. R. Pate, their Captain, and D. F. Mackenzie, but despite this handicap settled down to play a sound game under the leadership of N. Mitchell (scrum-half). During the first half, Strath. forwards pressed and had more than their share of the ball in the set scrums. After a quick heel from the scrum, the ball travelled along the School three-quarters to R. W. Walker (winger), who ran hard to score at the corner. Then in a scramble between the forwards E. Yates (F.P.s.) forced his way over the line to score for the Old Boys.

During the second half it was quite evident that many of the Old Boys were feeling the effects of lack of training, and play was confined mainly to their territory. Nevertheless, each side scored once in the second half, so that the game ended in a draw of six points each.

There was now a still larger gathering of Old Strathallians, and many old associations and happy memories were renewed. Tea, served in the Grubroom, saw the day come to its close. The Headmaster trusts that the First Founder's Day will prove to be merely a prelude to many similar days in future, with still larger gatherings of Old Strathallians as their numbers increase.

## The Annual Dinner

**A**FTER a lapse of seven years the Annual Dinner was held in "The Marlborough," Glasgow, on Saturday, December 14th, 1946, at 8 p.m. Owing to the difficulties caused by food rationing, numbers were limited to one hundred, but the Old Strathallians present were representative of well over a score of years in the School's history, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The proceedings opened with a minute's silence as a tribute to those Strathallians who had died in the war.

After an excellent meal the toast of "The King" was proposed by the Chairman (Mr. Robert Barr), and the eagerly anticipated speeches followed. Mr. J. Alaster Dow, proposing the toast of "The School," said that the future of the School must be in everyone's mind now that the Founder had passed away. The rise of Strathallan to its place among Scottish schools he described as the history of one man's personal endeavour, but declared that in Mr. Ward the School was fortunate in possessing a tried and loyal servant as headmaster, a man who was a friend to each one of them. The School, he went on to say, was now under a Board of Governors, and, although the time for detailed criticism had not yet come, as the School was still developing its growth, he felt that, perhaps, one or two points should be mentioned. In the first place he would not like to see the School become a mere copy of any other public school such as Loretto, Fettes or Glenalmond; it must retain its own peculiar individuality. Secondly, Strathallan was the only public school in Scotland which catered for boys of from 10 to 18 years, and with such a young age of entry he felt sure that the School could not be fully efficient. With an age entry of 12-14 he was convinced that Strathallan would be far better placed with regard to the good preparatory schools, and he had been pleased to learn that this question, together with that of the advisability of an entrance examination, was on the Board's agenda. Lastly, the speaker said he felt himself on surer ground in criticising the

rugger and cricket fixture lists: in his opinion those lists should show the names of many more first class schools. He fully realised, he concluded, the difficulties caused by the war, and stressed that his remarks had been made purely in a spirit of helpful co-operation.

In reply, Mr. D. J. Bogie asserted that the Board only too well realised its responsibility, and he was certain it would do its best for the School. He then briefly recapitulated the School's history from the time in 1936 when Mr. Riley first mooted the dissolving of his partnership with his sisters in order to make way for a suitable scheme to ensure the continuity of the School after his death. The Deed of Trust eventually drawn up in 1938 was so well done that everything went smoothly on the Founder's unhappy demise — caused by the worry of the war. Mr. Ward had been Mr. Riley's choice as successor, and the School was fortunate in that Mr. Ward was not only a headmaster, but a business man and a man of initiative. With the help of Mr. Shaw he had carried on during the war in a wonderful way. The School's new Constitution, finally adopted in November, had taken a year to prepare, but that was not too long, as it had to last for ever. The Constitution allowed for a total of sixteen Governors, if desired, but they were starting with ten: Professor Dickie of St. Andrews University; Professor Tindal of Edinburgh University; Professor Fordyce of Glasgow University; and, from Strathallians, Messrs. D. J. Bogie, J. B. Maitland Cowan, G. G. Baker, Alex. Fraser, W. G. Leburn, Geo. B. Smith, and Robert Barr, who had been elected by the Strathallian Club as their nominated Governor. All School assets, including £17,000 of investments and cash, had been taken over, and future accounts would be published annually in the press. The residue of the Founder's personal estate of £20,000 would also eventually accrue to the School; in the meantime the income from it would go, quite properly, to his sisters during their lifetime. Turning to more immediate School affairs, Mr. Bogie stated that the School was booked up until 1948; that it had been

decided to institute an entrance examination; and that the extension to the chapel, the alterations to the gymnasium, and the building of houses for the masters were matters that would be dealt with as soon as possible. Bursaries would be introduced as soon as sufficient funds were available. Mr. Bogie then reverted to the question of the School's sports. It should be every boy's ambition, he said, to be picked to play for his school. The School would gain publicity in the realm of sport only by winning matches, but this was difficult as the average age of the Strathallan teams was lower than that at many other public schools. As regards all matters, constructive criticism would always be welcome. The new Board had youth on its side and had the ability, the assets and the enthusiasm to make Strathallan a leading Scottish public school; but he warned the critics that that would take time, and reminded them that even Napoleon had once to be fed with a spoon.

Mr. W. E. Ward proposed the toast of "The Club." He said how pleased he was to be at the Dinner and to renew the friendships with Old Boys after such a lapse of years. The Club, he declared, was a great asset, both to the School and to the members of the Club. It formed a close bond of association with the School, and it was fine to see the Old Boys expressing their loyalty by so often returning to Strathallan, where they were always welcome. The School had indeed much to thank the Old Boys for just now — the gift of rugger strip, for example, for the first XV; the offer to present a cup to the winners of the rugger match on Founder's Day; a similar offer to present another cup for some other suitable function; and the kind invitation to the Captain and Vice-Captain of the School to be present at that Dinner. As for the Club itself, membership of it was the best way of cementing the friendships of schooldays, which were, the speaker declared, the real friendships of life, so different from the acquaintance-friendships which one forms as one grows older. Mr. Ward went on to say that he thought that the more functions the Club had, the better. He was pleased that Founder's Day had been instituted, and

put forward two further suggestions—that the informal luncheons held before the war should be resumed, and that the Old Boys should try to form their own rugger club. He knew the difficulties in the way of the latter proposal, but felt that it was worth considering. With an apology, Mr. Ward then turned to matters more intimately connected with the School: it was so dear to him that he felt he must say something about it. First of all, he thanked Mr. Bogie for his kind remarks and for the ready and able assistance that had always been forthcoming. He said he greatly appreciated the honour that had been paid to him in appointing him as Headmaster, and spoke of the great personal loss he himself had sustained through Mr. Riley's death. They had been friends and shared the same enthusiasm for Strathallan; one of the greatest compliments he had ever been paid, indeed, was to hear the Founder and himself described as "the devil and his half-brother." Mr. Ward then remarked that the war years had not been easy. He admitted that the sports of the School had declined, but pointed out that it was inevitable without any expert coaching, and that during the 1942 season, for example, the male teaching staff at Strathallan consisted solely of Messrs. Shaw, Pasfield and himself. He was, however, fully satisfied that the rugger of the School was at that moment in very capable hands, and that the hoped-for improvement would in due course show itself. Mr. Ward then ended his speech by declaring his love for all parts of the School, and his firm resolve to do all in his power to bring everything connected with Strathallan to the utmost state of efficiency.

In reply, Mr. Robert Barr remarked how glad he was to see Mr. Ward there, and congratulated him on having carried out a difficult task in an able manner. Mr. Ward, he said, had been asked to propose the toast of "The Club" because, although criticism was a healthy sign, it had been deemed better not to compel Mr. Ward to speak on controversial matters. It was, he said, easy to criticise, but what was wanted was constructive criticism. He declared that the Old Boys fully realised their responsibility, and, pointing out that the School

would be judged by their conduct, he called to mind a remark of the Founder's, to the effect that the Old Boys were the School's best advertisement. He went on to thank the Club Secretary (Mr. J. B. Maitland Cowan), the Sports Convener (Mr. Leburn) and the Dinner Committee for their efforts in their various spheres, and concluded by reiterating emphatically that it was by the Old Boys' conduct that the School should be judged.

Mr. R. S. Johnston rose to propose the toast of "Absent Friends." He said that on former occasions the toast had had a mixed significance; there had been those who had been unable to attend, and those who had not been present when the toast was given! On that occasion, said the speaker, the significance of the toast was not in doubt — it was to those who had made the supreme sacrifice for their country, and to those who had been excluded from the Dinner by the limitation of numbers. He hoped that all Old Boys would be able to participate in the following year. Forswearing all eloquence, Mr. Johnston then paid a simple and moving tribute to the absent friends caused by the

war. He said he thought it invidious to mention special names, as some would have a common, some an individual appeal, but there was one he must mention — that of "The Boss"; he, as much as any, had been a victim of the war.

The speeches were then followed by the induction of the new President—Mr. Thomas Irvine. The retiring President, Mr. Robert Barr, introducing Mr. Irvine, said that it was noticeable that the younger members of the Club were not nominating themselves for Council, but this unwillingness to shoulder responsibility did not apply to his successor. Mr. Irvine thanked the Club for conferring that honour on him, and said how fortunate they had been in having Mr. Barr as their President for the last seven years. He had performed his duties very well, and Mr. Irvine called for a hearty vote of thanks to him, which was duly accorded.

"Auld Lang Syne" then officially concluded the proceedings, but the room had to be reduced almost to complete darkness before the last diners could be persuaded, reluctantly, to depart.

## The Mikado

"THE MIKADO" was presented on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 10th and 11th. The second performance was, naturally, the better, although the first was extremely good, a very high standard being maintained throughout, apart from a somewhat shaky start, due to nervousness, on the opening night.

Of the principals, Guy was outstanding as Ko-Ko. Handicapped for the part though he was by his size, his acting was superb, and he managed to move about the stage with commendable lightness and vigour, while his singing was tuneful and clearly audible throughout. He has great

confidence and a sense of humour on the stage, which doubtless greatly assisted other members of the cast. Though it is possible that a stronger singer would have been better fitted for the part, Robertson, as Nanki-Pooh, gave a capable performance. J. Allardyce did very well as Pooh-Bah, although one wished that a little more of the pomposity of his figure had pervaded his character; his brother, C. Allardyce, was equally competent as Pish-Tush. Faulkner portrayed the Mikado excellently, having fully mastered the difficult actions required, but, when he was competing with the stronger Ko-Ko, one



felt that his talking voice was a little light and conversational, and that he lacked the sinister quality needed for the part.

Of the female characters Marr made an extremely pleasing Yum-Yum, but was sometimes a little inaudible and weak in song. Frost, as Pitti-Sing, was outstandingly good, being full of humour and entirely at ease from the start, while his voice was tuneful and clearly audible, even in chorus. Brown, in the smaller part of Peep-Bo, was quietly capable as the third of these "three Little Maids." In Natisha, Barclay had probably the most difficult part for a boy, but he gave a splendid performance, and the high quality of his acting more than made amends for any lack of voice.

From start to finish both choruses sang and acted splendidly in support of the principal characters, special praise being

due, perhaps, to the junior choir both for their singing and graceful movements.

The scenery, lighting, dresses and make-up were of an exceptionally high standard, and the producer and stage management are to be congratulated on giving us a performance of considerable artistic merit. A word of praise must also be given to the orchestra, who, under the able direction of Mr. Mordecai, played the delightful melodies of Sullivan with great effect, nothing daunted by their limited number of instruments.

In short, this was a most pleasing and colourful production, and if such high standards are to be maintained, there will be only two regrets — at the acoustic properties of the gymnasium and its seating difficulties.

J. R. B. and R. P. C.

## The Easter Concert

THE impressive array of chorus, soloists and orchestra, assembled in the gym, at 6 o'clock on the last Tuesday of the Easter Term, might easily have given a stranger the impression that a full-scale oratorio or similar work was about to be performed. Instead, however, we were treated to an enjoyable evening of numerous musical items of a very varied nature, from Rameau to Ireland, and from instrumental and vocal solos to full choruses with orchestral accompaniment.

I should have liked in this account to have made a few brief comments on each individual item, but there were so many that it has been found necessary to divide the entertainment into three groups, orchestral, choral and solo, and to make general comments on each of these.

The orchestra, conducted by Mr. McGlynn, opened the programme with two pieces. It was obvious that much work had been done beforehand, since the instrumentalists kept well together in spite of the fact that once they had started playing, very few of them were able to spare "the stick" even an occasional glance. It was pleasing to see younger boys taking part, and it is to be hoped that it will be possible in the future for the orchestra to become less dependent on a piano "lead," by having more frequent practices with a conductor. Later in the evening I particularly enjoyed a group of three contrasting pieces: the first ("Silver Moon") was effectively introduced by an oboe solo from Mr. Taylor; the second showed that an amateur orchestra can manage a prolonged pizzicato without making it sound like rapid machine-gun fire; and finally we held our breath, and were almost swept off our feet by an exhilarating accelerando in the last bars of "Village Dance."

The senior, junior and mixed choirs gave consistently vigorous performances; their diction was generally quite good, but some of the boys were occasionally unsure of their words and the entries of their parts, which was particularly noticeable in the

otherwise excellent "King Neptune Sat on his Lonely Throne." In this, one of several extracts from "Merrie England" ("coming shortly" to Strathallan), D. B. Guy took the baritone solo. Choir and orchestra also combined effectively for the concluding item of the concert — an exciting performance of the ever-popular "Hallelujah Chorus" from "The Messiah."

So many of the soloists and small groups are worthy of mention that omission is difficult and almost bound to be unfair. I am sure, however, that A. R. Pate deserves a special word for the excellent technique which made Debussy's "Claire de Lune" sound so simple, and mention should be made of the extra enjoyment which we got from the famous "Les Gendarmes" just because I. R. K. Falconer and J. P. Allardyce were so obviously enjoying singing it. On the other hand, some of the other singers — even those praising "Merrie England" — managed to look really doleful! Why?

F. W. Blacklaws gave a good performance of two strongly-contrasted tenor songs, having earlier in the evening brought Debussy's Arabesque No. 2 to a premature conclusion as a result of the poor lighting. Several of the items would probably have been better had it not been for the lighting "effects," which during the first half of the concert went through a series of variations interesting, no doubt, to the audience, but often distressing to, and quite inadequate for, the performers.

Having made various minor criticisms, I should, perhaps, emphasise that the whole evening was both interesting and enjoyable, and the standard of performance generally high. For this our thanks are due to all those taking part, and particularly to Mr. Mordecai, who not only supplied all the accompaniments, but was also responsible for the great majority of the preliminary work, some of it carried out under difficulties of which only those closely concerned with such a production will be aware.

C. L. B.



## The Ghost Train

ONE can approach any stage show in two frames of mind — one that seeks to analyse and criticise or one that merely wishes to relax and be entertained. Criticism centres itself on the theme and purport of the play, and upon the ability of the stage effects and the players to create the necessary atmosphere and interpret the mind of the playwright himself. Relaxation and entertainment are provided when the play takes us out of ourselves and our immediate surroundings into fresh worlds and pastures new; but the ability to be entertained is naturally linked with one's faculty for criticism.

"The Ghost Train" was entertaining, but only in part. The make-up (in the capable hands of Mr. Hughes), the set and the off-stage effects were superb, and really left nothing to be desired. They, more than anything else, helped to create the atmosphere which was needed to take us away from the gym, and set us down in an eerie Cornish railway station. The players themselves opened strongly, and the first act achieved all it had set out to accomplish, largely due to some excellent characterisation by Paton. We sank back in our seats, feeling the worst was over, and that the players were set to belie the prologue addressed by Mr. Shaw (the producer), and thoroughly deserve our applause. Alas, it was not to be! From the entrance of Julia in the second Act, the play lost all pretensions to atmosphere and became a thing of bits and pieces. Julia missed most of her cues and knew few of her lines — and soon all the others followed suit, including those experienced campaigners, Fairlie and Frost, from whom we surely deserved better. There came a series of omissions and pauses, in which the players strained for the prompter's voice. Naturally, the atmosphere which had been created could not be maintained under these circumstances.

The reader will have already perceived that the main criticism, if one is to criticise,

must be directed against the players themselves. I repeat again that the stage effects left nothing to be desired, and lost nothing even when, and after several trial runs, Julia broke the wrong window. Nothing had been left to chance, and from the smoke of the fire to the last mad dash of the train itself, ingenuity and hard work had triumphed over all obstacles. The players, unfortunately, displayed neither of these virtues. There was little ingenuity in covering their lapses, nor had they put in the hard work which would have rendered them unnecessary. The elementary failure to know their lines sadly marred the play. There should be no excuse or reason for such a prologue as heralded this performance, for is there not a saying, "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse"?

If knowing one's lines is an elementary necessity, the secondary consideration is to develop the ability to "speak" them, as the character himself would speak them. It means more than getting "under the skin" — it means getting right into it and losing one's own personality in that of the character. In this respect Paton was the success of the play, with Fairlie running him a close second. Frost was good, as we expect him to be, and Birss and Mackenzie have reason to congratulate themselves on a creditable first performance. Marr was very "wooden" at first, and, although he did warm to his part later, he never kept inside the skin for more than a passing moment. Noble was guilty of failing to draw a sharp distinction between the clown and the serious, purposeful, clever detective. However, no small part of the play's entertainment value was due to the abandon with which Noble threw himself into his part — and covered his omissions with an almost professional ease. Of the remaining speaking parts, Somerville, Simpson and Walker tried in vain to don the skin

The reader may think that the criticism is both too pointed and too strong. Yet I enjoyed the play and was sorry to see it come to an end. A strange statement on top of all this criticism, did you say? Not at all — I'd rather my whisky with water,

even well watered down, than none at all. Besides, who am I to quarrel with the remaining two hundred odd people in the audience? If applause is anything to judge by, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

I. P.

## Lectures

THE season opened with a welcome return visit by Mr. Edward R. Broadhead, whose masterly character studies have for some years past provided a keenly anticipated treat. Opening with the story of a murderer sentenced to death in the tiny state of Monaco, he surprised most of us with the revelation that Tolstoi did write humorous short stories. There followed a long gallery of characters whom Mr. Broadhead paraded before us with the aid of grease paint, simple costume and his very great ability as an actor. His make-up as Shylock was magnificent; so was his portrait of Sarah Gamp. Scrooge, Sam Weller, Uriah Heep and Mr. Micawber all stepped out of Dickens's books and, interpreted as they were with so much understanding and so much talent, into them was breathed the breath of life.

Miss Diana Wong, who visited the School later in the Christmas Term, gave us a very comprehensive description of modern China and an unforgettable picture of Chinese family life. Miss Wong has the gift of revealing the little trait which gives an insight into the mentality and the outlook of a nation so different from our own, and the writer of this account enjoyed the exotic greeting he was often to receive thereafter from certain members of the Junior School: "Good morning, venerable sir. How old and fat you are to-day!"

When Mr. Bernard Newman came to Strathallan on the 6th February, he offered one of his books as a prize for the best account of his talk. Since the prize-winning entry appears elsewhere in this magazine, we have now only to report the visit of Col. Harwood Steele, whose subject was "The Saga of the Mounted." This story of the work of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, from its founding in 1873 to the present day, was accompanied by

photographic slides, which added greatly to the interest which Col. Steele's talk aroused. We must only regret that a "technical hitch" prevented us from seeing the Kodachrome film which the speaker had brought with him.

We like to believe that all our visitors enjoyed their brief stay among us as much as we did ourselves.

A. J. S.

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### We are visited by Mr. Bernard Newman

On the 6th February we were honoured by a visit from that well-known author and broadcaster, Mr. Bernard Newman.

Those of us who are acquainted with Mr. Newman's books, expected, and hoped, that his lecture would be on the subject of espionage, and we were not disappointed.

After a few well-chosen words of introduction by Mr. Shaw, Mr. Newman stepped into the ray of light shed by the lantern.

"Spies," he began, "are just ordinary people, at whom, as a rule, one would not take a second glance."

"Let us," he said, as he stepped into the gloom beyond the lantern light, "have a look at some spies who were caught in a recent American round-up." He tapped his pencil smartly on the table at which he stood and on came the first slide.

The spies portrayed looked indeed very ordinary people, yet, we were told, each one was a dangerous spy.

After showing us a few more lantern slides of spies of various types, the lecturer went on to describe the means by which the information obtained by the spies was

carried to its ultimate destination. The methods employed were many and varied; messages had been hidden inside hollow bars of chocolate or soap, concealed between the canvas and board of a book cover, written in invisible ink on the bare back of a beautiful woman, and even placed inside the glass eye of a man who was unfortunate enough to need one.

Mr. Newman then turned to codes, of which he showed us various types, ranging from the simple sliding alphabet to the Playfair code as used by H.M. Forces during the 1914-18 war.

The lecturer continued by staging a little play to illustrate how spies are trained and how they work. He stressed the importance of little bits and pieces of information, valueless by themselves, but often imparting vital knowledge when collected and pieced together.

He then introduced a new type of spy, which many of us had never considered.

This second type, he explained, did not concern themselves with the collecting of information, but attempted to cause chaos and confusion by spreading rumours.

In answer to the question:—"Will there ever come a time when spies no longer need to exist?", Mr. Newman said that as long as there were wars there would be spies, and that since his visit to the Paris Peace Conference he had come to the conclusion that wars would continue until the nations of the world had ceased from their selfish pursuit of wealth at one another's expense. "Get the man right," he said, "and the world will come right too."

From the vote of thanks given to Mr. Newman it may be safely assumed that everyone enjoyed the lecture immensely, and we all heartily echo Mr. Shaw's final words in hoping that this may not be the last time we receive a visit from Mr. Bernard Newman.

G. S. A. CORBISHLEY.

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## The Photographic Society

THE idea of a Photographic Society grew among a few keen enthusiasts early in the Autumn Term. Prominent among them were K. Frost and D. Mackenzie, and they were the first to take a definite step towards forming a Society. They approached Mr. Leithead, who had previous experience in such a venture, and he at once agreed to give all assistance possible.

The first move was to call a meeting of all interested and the attendance was very encouraging, the numbers auguring well for a thriving society. It was unanimously decided to form "Strathallan Photographic Society" and the following officials were elected: President, Mr. Leithead; Secretary and Treasurer, D. Mackenzie; Committee, K. Frost, A. Dawson and N. Brown; and they were entrusted with the planning of the Society's future. It was decided that the Society should aim at providing as soon as possible full facilities for all photographic processing, and at the same time encourage members to improve their ability

by providing talks and demonstrations, etc. Obviously the first part of this programme could not be put into effect immediately, owing to the usual shortages of material and labour. However, the enthusiasm of members was demonstrated by the fact that for the whole of the Autumn Term and well into the Spring Term the various meetings held attracted good attendances, often in the face of counter-attractions. The membership steadily increased, and at the moment is over sixty. Three full meetings have so far been held. Our President, Mr. Leithead, provided a most interesting talk on "War Time Photography in the R.A.F." Some of the actual photographs exhibited aroused great discussion. The principal feature of the second meeting was criticism of members' photographs on technical and composition grounds by the more experienced members. Finally came a talk by Mr. Hughes on the "Fundamental Principles of the Camera." This solved many problems and the interest of his audience was shown by the good number of questions.

Meantime the Committee had been very busy. Mr. Ward gave his blessing and the offer of a room to be fitted out as a dark room. Under the capable direction of Mr. Bain, a section of a book store-room was transformed into a dark room with all the usual facilities. While this work was in progress, much of the apparatus required for a start was being obtained. Owing to financial assistance from the School in buying initial equipment we were able, early in the Spring Term, to announce that members could at last make use of their

dark room. There are still several items which the Society lacks (philanthropists among our members please note!), but the Society is satisfied with the progress made so far.

So much for past achievements. The Summer Term will naturally provide more opportunities for outdoor work, and indoor meetings will not figure so prominently in the programme. We hope to wind up the term with an exhibition of members' work.

D. F. M.

## Aeromodellers' Club

D. N. PATERSON resigned his post as president of the Aeromodellers at the start of the Christmas Term, 1946, and the position has been filled most ably by G. Wolfe. A secretary-treasurer has been appointed in A. Wighton.

The club began the term hopefully, and many recruits were added to the already swelling ranks. Keeness and enthusiasm were marked, especially in the Friday night meetings. If this keeness is to be maintained, an initial requisite is the provision of considerably more cupboard space than is at present available, and it is hoped that this may be found possible of accomplishment.

Some interesting and unorthodox models have been constructed during these past months. Gordon has a model helicopter with rubber-driven rotor blades. The president, G. Wolfe, has a most efficient tailless glider, but complications arise with the towline. An efficient towline system has not yet been devised, but with the better weather next term some device will surely be found. J. Hart is at present working on a petrol-driven hydroplane; we wish him every success in his new venture. D. F. Mackenzie is proceeding well with his radio-controlled "Neptune." The hull of this giant is now near completion.

Field Day will probably take place on the third or fourth Saturday after the beginning of the Summer Term, and it is hoped that a large representation of gliders

will be available for this occasion. The president has shown the way with his superbly finished light-weight model. May they all enjoy "safe landings."

D. N. P.

## The Debating Society

Chairman, Mr. Taylor.

Secretary, W. D. Simpson.

THE Society held seven meetings in the Christmas Term and two in the Easter. It was hampered in the second term by rehearsals for the end of term play and by other reasons.

The subjects discussed ranged from blood-sports to the Labour Government. In general the debates were handicapped by the non-appearance of a large part of the Senior School, and the speakers were often inclined to be irrelevant. The Junior School were admitted to most of the debates, but they contributed little to the discussions.

A "Brains Trust" was held for the first meeting of the Easter term, with the members of committee acting as the "brains." The usual type of questions were put forward and the meeting was a great success, though the audience were disappointed at not being allowed to heckle.

On the whole, the Society had a fruitful session, and it should be in a good position to restart next Christmas term.

W. D. S.

### A.C.F.

**A**N excellent start was made in the new year with a record number of recruits. This initial success was followed up a month later when the complete section of 13 cadets passed Cert. A. Pt. II.

The severe conditions of the Winter put a rein on most outside activities, but steady progress was made with indoor work for Cert. A. Pt. I., and it is hoped that this will prove itself at the Pt. I Exam., which it is hoped to hold early in the Summer Term.

Our thanks are due to the Q.M., who provided us with greatcoats before the cold spell, and boots before the snow. The issue of more rifles and another Bren Gun also filled another need.

Work in the Signal Section has progressed smoothly under the capable instruction of Cpls. Dryden and Corbishley. Four cadets were successful in qualifying as Cadet Signallers early in the Winter Term.

Several cadets have attended Easter vacation courses; some for Signalling and one with the R.A.C. The Summer Camp will be held at Barry, and it is hoped that this year will bring a record attendance.

Reports continue to reach us telling of the value of Cadet Training as a preparation for Military Training. The plan put forward for the small initial advancement of recruits possessing Cert. A. appears to be working satisfactorily. Further news of this plan in operation will always be welcomed from past cadets. J. R. B.

### A.T.C.

**T**HE School Flight, with 35 cadets, is settling down to the new syllabus with commendable enthusiasm. For a short time we had the services of instructors from Scone, but this has now come to an end owing to the closing down of the R.A.F. establishment there.

Under F/Sgt. N. Mitchell, the following N.C.Os. have co-operated in the running of the Flight:—Sgt. D. C. Thomson, Sgt. A. R. Pate, Cpl. J. J. Blanche, Cpl. A. E. Dawson, Cpl. D. Yates.

Six cadets commenced a course of gliding during the Autumn Term, and it is hoped that weather conditions will permit of the completion of these courses at an early date.

At Easter Sgt. A. R. Pate was selected to play for Scotland in the A.T.C. Rugby International against Wales, an account of which is given elsewhere. In addition, three cadets from the Flight attended an N.C.Os. course at R.A.F. Halton in Buckinghamshire during the Easter vacation. In company with eighty other cadets from all parts of Britain, they were instructed in General Service Training. They learned the rudiments of the rifle, Sten gun, and hand grenade, and in addition had the great privilege of watching a first-class air display at which the Cabinet and Chiefs of Staff attended. Many of the latest aircraft were seen in flight, and highlights of the occasion were parachute dropping of supplies, men, tanks, and artillery; an aerobatic display by jet-propelled aircraft; and a high speed flight by record-breaking Meteor aircraft. The three cadets all passed the course successfully, and altogether had a very enjoyable week, which was in no small way helped by a brilliant spell of weather, as testified by the subsequent peeling noses of Sgt. Thomson, Cpl. Dawson, and Cpl. Yates.

At the time of writing it appears that a smaller number of cadets intend to go to Annual Training Camp this year. This is most regrettable, as it is the normal duty of each cadet to attend camp for further training and practical insight into parts of the syllabus which are outwith the scope of any individual flight. J. P. R.

\* \* \*

### A.T.C. INTERNATIONAL: Wales v. Scotland.

A batch of twenty cadets collected at Turnhouse aerodrome on Saturday, 29th March, and took part in a trial match held in the afternoon. After the game a provisional team was picked with two reserves.

The party travelled down to Wales on Sunday night, and did not arrive in Llanelli till 9 o'clock. When we reached the hotel which was being used as headquarters, sleep was the order of the day until lunch. In the afternoon a short practice was held at Stradey Park, and then the party were entertained to a film show by the manager of the local Odeon cinema.

On Tuesday the Scots were the guests of the Mayor for lunch after having been shown round one of the steel works for

which Llanelly is famous. In the afternoon, both teams were taken on a conducted tour through the beautiful Towy Valley, and had tea at Carmarthen. We returned in time to start the game at 6 o'clock.

The game itself was a hard and fast one. The Welsh forwards were bigger and heavier than the Scots, but our forwards were much more lively, and the game was fairly even for the first half, during which the Welsh side scored an unconverted try and a penalty goal, to which Scotland replied with an unconverted try. In the second half the Welsh weight began to tell, although Scotland managed to gain the lead with a dropped goal. For the last fifteen minutes the Welsh team pressed

hard, and during a retaliation by the Scots a penalty kick was awarded against them just inside their own half. A magnificent kick secured three points, and shortly afterwards the game ended with the result 9 points—7 points in Wales's favour.

After the game, the teams were entertained to dinner, during which the customary speeches were made. The Scots team left on Wednesday morning and had a twenty-hour journey back to their native land, arriving in the middle of Thursday morning.

So finished the A.T.C. International; but there is not one member of either team — the Scots particularly — who would not willingly do it all again — even the journeys!

A. R. P.

## Scouting Notes

LAST Christmas Term the Troop started its activities without two P.Ls. (R. C. Frost and R. L. Fraser) and others who had served it well for some time. It gained, however, a useful number of keen and experienced new members.

Work for First and Second Class badges continued, and some pioneering work for the Bushman's Thong was done. R. B. Blanche and A. A. Carlaw qualified for the Messenger badge, R. M. Kennedy for his Philatelist badge, and Spink for his Hobbies, Fisherman and Oarsman badges; while M. Carsford, K. Brown, D. Brown, and I. Stevens almost completed work for the First Aid badge.

Towards the end of the term there was some reorganisation, felt to be necessary on account both of recent changes in the conditions governing the award of the King's Scout badge and of the splitting of Proficiency badges into two classes — for those over, and those under, fifteen. R. M. Kennedy, with R. Birss as his Second, became P.L. of a Senior patrol consisting of most of the old P.Ls., new P.Ls. and Seconds being made for the other Patrols.

Unfortunately, the extremely bad weather of the Spring Term prevented the outdoor scouting which had been anticipated for this Senior Patrol, and though activities were continued, for the most part indoors, attendances suffered from the rival attractions of skating and sledging.

Two important happenings, however, must be recorded. A Local Association covering the Bridge of Earn, Forgandenny and Forteviot district, has been formed. It is pleasing to note that Mr. W. E. Ward has been elected vice-chairman of this Association, and Mr. A. J. Shaw and the S.M. are members of the executive committee. The Troop will undoubtedly benefit by the formation of this Association, as it will mean that opportunities of participating in outside Scouting events, training programmes and special competitions will come its way.

The other important fact is that the Troop has been honoured by the selection of A. R. Birss as one of the Scottish contingent to attend the World Jamboree this August at Moisson, not far from Paris. Congratulations to him! May he have a most enjoyable fortnight there.

F. S. L.

## Sports Notes

### RUGBY, 1946-47.

#### 1st XV.

Played 13; Won 2; Drawn 4; Lost 7; Points for, 83; Points against, 190.

				For	Against
Sept. 21	Morgan Academy	- - Home	Drawn	14	14
Sept. 28	Robert Gordon's Coll.	- Home	Lost	8	11
Oct. 5	Old Boys	- - Home	Drawn	6	6
Oct. 12	Dunfermline High School	Away	Lost	9	26
Oct. 19	R.N.T.E., Arbroath	- Home	Lost	6	26
Oct. 26	Morrison's Academy	- Home	Won	16	6
Nov. 2	Allan Glen's School	- Away	Lost	3	20
Nov. 9	Morrison's Academy	- Away	Lost	0	46
Nov. 13	George Watson's Coll.	- Away	Drawn	0	0
Nov. 16	Perth Academy	- - Away	Lost	0	6
Dec. 7	Aberdeen Grammar Sch.	- - Away	Won	21	0
Jan. 18	Glasgow High School	- - Away	Lost	0	29
Jan. 28	Glenalmond	- - Home	Drawn	0	0

AS one sits here towards the end of the Easter Term, the Rugby season feels so remote that all which remains is a series of memories — of days of disappointment, even of humiliation, relieved only too rarely, but none the less brilliantly, by one or two moments of glory. Perhaps the odd day of glory served only to cast the rest of the season into a deeper shade — certainly it was infinitely disappointing to feel that we had a team which was capable of great things, but which, mainly through lack of spirit and determination, seemed unable to make the required effort and at times played Rugby of a standard unbelievably low.

What then of these memories? That dreadful first Saturday of the Christmas Term, when lack of fitness and of practice produced a type of rugby-cum-football-cum-scrimmage-ball; the first match — a draw against Morgan Academy after a half-time lead of 13-3 (was this a warning of things to come?); a rattling tearaway game with the Old Boys and things seemed set for a good season; the disappointment of the return from Dunfermline with a defeat by 9-26; the two Morrison's matches, so dissimilar — a victory albeit somewhat fortunate, and the greatest humiliation for many years, perhaps in the history of the School; the Watson's game — what a pity the School did not see it, but a good blow struck for Strathallan prestige!—Cameron Whyte's penalty kick hitting the post far up — those agonising moments of defence

in the second half with Mackenzie hobbling on the wing almost out of the game — Mitchell emerging from the ruck to gain a priceless twenty yards — the rapture of the final whistle; down in the dumps again to be beaten by Perth Academy; home for Christmas cheered by 21-0 against Aberdeen Grammar; the bitterness of annihilation by Glasgow High School; the Glenalmond match — hard, but cleanly fought — Walker away twice, but stopped by clever covering — Pate down inches from the line — play mainly in the Glenalmond half, but a sound defence; final defeat by frost and snow.

This was at least an interesting season and we were left wondering what would have happened had the rest of the matches been played. The team finished on the crest of the wave, but then it had been there before, only to slip again into the trough. Over the season quite a large number of players appeared in the side, due partly to the stupid misdemeanours of the 2nd XV on one ill-fated occasion, which resulted in a number of them being ineligible for some weeks. In consequence, it may be said that the team never settled, but that at the end we were still hopeful that a reasonable side would emerge.

In his personal performance, A. R. Pate, the captain, set a fine example, always playing well and at times brilliantly — he should go far. N. Mitchell was, perhaps, the most consistent member of the side, and never played a poor game. Among the

forwards, the main lack was an inspiring leader, and this often made the pack appear worse than they individually were. R. White was always to the fore and is an outstanding forward. J. D. Stevenson always played very hard himself, and should develop the ability to lead the remainder along with him.

What, now, can we learn from the season's play? First, I think, we can see the importance in any team, however good individually, of leadership, and, just as important, response from the team to leadership. Too often this season have we seen the 1st XV. play quite well until a try was scored against them, which resulted in a landslide. This was particularly the case against Morrison's Academy at Crieff. This failing can only be remedied by conscious effort on the part of each individual member of the side to get even again without delay. Sad to relate, we suffered mainly from lack of spirit! Our next lesson is that we must try to look upon every match as important and a match that must be won. In the George Watson's and Glenalmond games there was a very obvious incentive, and so on those occasions our best displays were seen. Every match must be treated as these were. Finally, rather in connection with the previous point, the team are greatly encouraged by support from spectators, and this support at home matches

was not as great as it should have been. On one occasion, for instance, while a handful of boys watched the 1st XV. battling grimly in a close game to win eventually by 16-6 against Morrison's, a large and very noisy crowd were encouraging the 3rd XV., who were beating Morrison's 3rd XV very easily, and eventually won by 39-0. Is this sportsmanship? It savours very much of supporting the winning team and deserting an apparently sinking ship. Let us hope that next season support for the School team — that is, the 1st XV. — will be wholehearted. I am sure that boys going out on Saturdays can persuade their parents to stay long enough to watch the match.

### 2nd XV.

For much the same reasons as with the 1st XV., this was rather an up-and-down season. However, under the enthusiastic captaincy of Dawson, the team settled down well towards the end, and, when at full strength, proved thoroughly adequate for the tasks with which it was confronted. A strong and well-led pack was ably supported by an energetic three-quarter line, who received an efficient service from the scrum by Duncan, and whose main thrust came from Wilson, who must, however, tighten up his defence considerably.

J. A. S. T.

### 2nd XV.

Played 11; Won 5; Drawn 1; Lost 5; Points for, 89; Points against, 102.

					For	Against
Sept. 21	Morgan Academy	- -	Away	Lost	6	10
Sept. 28	Robert Gordon's Coll.	-	Away	Lost	3	6
Oct. 12	Dunfermline High Sch.	-	Home	Won	26	6
Oct. 19	Glenalmond	- -	Away	Won	16	14
Oct. 26	Morrison's Academy	-	Away	Drawn	9	9
Nov. 2	Royal High School	- -	Home	Lost	0	29
Nov. 9	Morrison's Academy	-	Home	Lost	0	11
Nov. 16	Allan Glen's School	-	Away	Lost	0	9
Nov. 30	Perth Academy	- -	Away	Won	20	5
Jan. 11	Robert Gordon's Coll.	-	Home	Won	3	0
Jan. 18	Harris Academy 1st XV.	-	Home	Won	6	3



**3rd XV.**

Played 4; Won 3; Lost 1; Points for, 90;  
Points against, 9.

Morgan Academy, Away, Won 24—0.

Morrison's Academy, Home, Won 30—0.

Morrison's Academy, Away, Lost 0—3.

Morgan Academy, Home, Won 36—6.

A very promising young side and, as far as one can judge, far superior to any other side they met — the Morrison away game belongs to the period when the majority of the 3rd XV. were playing their part worthily as the 2nd XV. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the weather held up so many games and ruined our chances to gain more scalps.

As a side they possessed abundant enthusiasm and keenness and, what is more important, they learned to play as a team. As such, it would be invidious to mention any one particular individual. Instead, let us say, we are expecting great things when the time is ripe for them to don the 1st XV. jersey. I. P.

### HILLHEAD RUGBY SEVENS TOURNAMENT.

The Hillhead Sevens tournament was held under atrocious weather conditions. In the first round Strathallan played Glasgow High School. The High School forwards had the advantage in height and weight, although our forwards worked hard to offset this advantage. The backs were not, on the whole, as fast as the High School backs, and consequently suffered in both defence and attack. Shortly before half-time High School scored on the wing, but failed to convert in the high wind and heavy rain. Strathallan suffered a further reverse immediately afterwards, when the High School captain and centre broke through and scored between the posts. This time the kick did not fail.

Half-time found Strathallan eight points down, and in spite of further efforts by both sides there was no further scoring.

Our opponents won their way to the final, but were eventually beaten by George Heriot's. D. C. T.

McLelland (F) beat Walker (R) on points.  
Whamond (S) beat A. Stuart (R) on points.  
A. L. Hamilton (N) beat Cullen (F) on points.  
F. Hamilton (N) beat Innes-Smith (F) on points.  
Thomas (R) beat Reid (F) on points.

**BOXING.****Inter-House Competition.**

**T**HIS competition was organised mainly to afford entertainment while normal activities were impossible owing to snow. A subsidiary aim, however, was to promote interest in boxing in the School, with the hope that it will take its place in time alongside the other sports which are considered worthy of counting for House points. Both these aims were achieved, although the interest was more apparent in the Junior part of the School, and it is to be hoped that this enthusiasm will not wane.

No set weights were arranged, but after all entries had been received matches were made so that there was not a difference of more than 5 lbs. in any fight. About sixty entries were received and twenty-six matches were made, although, for medical and other reasons, only twenty-two bouts actually took place.

The competition took place on Saturdays, March 15th and 22nd, and some very interesting boxing was seen. Very few bad matches were made and only four bouts had to be stopped because one competitor was markedly superior. Perhaps the most even and hardest-fought contest was that between K. Brown and Axton and the issue was in doubt to the end. Some of the best and most cultured boxing was seen when D. Boyd defeated McIlveen after three very interesting rounds.

**House Results.**

FREELAND and NICOL equal first with 19 points each.

SIMPSON and RUTHIVEN equal third with 16th points each.

**Individual Results** (lower weights first).

Kerr (S) beat L. Leask (F) on points.

Murison (S) beat S. J. Smith (R) on points.

M. Leask (F) beat Shepherd (R) on points.

Frost (R) beat K. Campbell (S) on points.

H. T. Stewart (F) beat Gay (R) on points.

Brackeuridge (N) beat K. Gray (F) on points.

Dagg (N) beat Baird (R) — bout stopped in 3rd round.

J. Chalmers (N) beat R. Law (R) on disqualification in 1st round.

K. Brown (S) beat Axton (N) on points.

Marr (F) beat I. W. Smith (R) — bout stopped in 3rd round.

Climie (N) beat R. G. Brown (S) on points.

D. Law (F) beat Turnbull (N) on points.

Lawson (R) beat Jamieson (N) — bout stopped in 2nd round.

Cessford (R) beat Genasi (N) on points.

D. Boyd (F) beat McIlveen (S) on points.

Noble (F) beat Wightman (N) on points.

Paterson (N) beat Somerville (R) — bout stopped in 1st round.

[Continued on previous column].

## CRICKET FIXTURES — Season 1947.

## 1st XI.

Sat., 3rd May—Robert Gordon's College ...	Away
Sat., 10th May—Morrison's Academy ...	Home
Sat., 17th May—Glasgow High School ...	Away
Sat., 24th May—Hillhead High School ...	Home
Sat., 31st May—Allan Glen's School ...	Away
Thurs., 12th June—Perth Academy (evening match) ...	Home
Sat., 14th June—George Heriot's School ...	Away
Tues., 17th June—Royal High School ...	Away
Sat., 21st June—Dunfermline High School ...	Home
Thurs., 26th June—Mr. H. B. Rowan's XI.	Home

Sat., 28th June—The Old Boys' XI. ...	Home
Thurs., 3rd July—Cupar C.C. ...	Home
Sat., 5th July—Daniel Stewart's College ...	Away
Mon., 7th July—Meikle C.C. ...	Home

## 2nd XI.

Sat., 10th May—Morrison's Academy ...	Away
Sat., 17th May—Perth Academy ...	Home
Sat., 31st May—Glasgow High School ...	Home
Sat., 14th June—George Heriot's School ...	Home
Sat., 21st June—Robert Gordon's College ...	Home
Sat., 5th July—Morrison's Academy ...	Home

## Old Boys' News

## Strathallian Club.

Hon. President—WILLIAM E. WARD, Esq.  
 President—THOMAS IRVINE, Esq.  
 Vice-President—WILLIAM G. LEBURN, Esq.  
 Hon. Secretary and Treasurer—J. B. MAITLAND  
 COWAN, Esq., 180 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.  
 (Central 1212.)

## Notes.

Dates to note—

1. Old Boys' Day—28th June.
2. Golf Meeting—29th June.
3. Founder's Day—A Saturday early in October.
4. Annual Dance—Beginning of November.
5. Annual Meeting and Dinner—20th December.

**O**LD Boys' Day will be held this year on Saturday, 28th June. The usual sports events will take place, commencing at 2 p.m.

A Commemorative Service followed by the Rugby Match against the School will take place on Founder's Day.

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

It is proposed to hold an Old Boys' Dance in Glasgow in the beginning of November. Details are not yet fully fixed, but it will probably take place in the Burlington House, the rendezvous for the annual dances prior to the war.

A Golf Meeting has been arranged at Gleneagles on Sunday, 29th June. Play will commence about 10 a.m.

Particulars regarding all the above functions will be sent to members in due course.

Members will recollect that at the Annual General Meeting held last December a motion was approved that the Council consider what form the Club War Memorial should take. The Council have given this their active consideration and have decided that the following motion be put to an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Club to be held on Old Boys' Day. Formal intimation of this meeting will be sent to all members. The motion is:—

“That the Club War Memorial take the form of a Bursary for award to pupils of Strathallan School tenable at or outwith the School, and that the Council be authorised to approach Strathallians for subscriptions for the required Capital Fund and report the result to the Annual General Meeting of the Club in December, 1947, for decision regarding the future administration.”

The Governors of the School have given their unanimous approval for the creation of such a bursary.

Members will also recollect that a motion was also approved at the last Annual General Meeting that it be recommended to the School Governors that a free education be offered to sons of Strathallians who were killed in the war. This recommendation is at the time of going to print having the sympathetic consideration of the Governors.

At the time of going to press the number of members of the Club is 423 Life and 49 Ordinary Members. The Council are of the opinion that there are still many Strathallians who, if personally approached, would join. Members are therefore asked to make every effort to obtain new members. If members will forward the names and addresses of any possible new members to the Honorary Secretary, he will take action.

The weekly luncheons held in the Georgic, Union St., Glasgow, each Friday from 12.30 to 2 are being well attended. Mr. Ward endeavours to be present on the first Friday of each month.

Mr. David Scott Anderson of Kingswood, Surrey, who was at Strathallan from September, 1940, to July, 1942, had the honour of being chosen as Kate Kennedy in the St. Andrews University celebrations this year.

Mr. Harry Tod is back in Perth and is now Technical Adviser with the Tarran Industries, Perth, who are making pre-fabricated permanent houses.

It is interesting to read that Mr. Donald L. Mason of Thorntonhall, Glasgow, who left School in July, 1946, is the youngest candidate this year in the Chartered Accountants' Examination, Part Two, Intermediate. Another Old Strathallian who is sitting the same examination is Mr. James C. Dawson of Glasgow, who, after demobilisation in September, resumed his apprenticeship with Messrs. McLelland & Kerr, C.A., St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. Mr. Dawson played Rugby for Oxford University against Cambridge while he was at an O.C.T.U. His brother, Mr. E. S. Dawson, obtained his B.Sc. (Civil Engineering) at Glasgow University in March, 1946, but on account of his age he was not allowed to graduate until April of this year. He is now working at the new hydro-electric scheme near Inveraray.

Mr. J. M. Scott of Busby, who served with Mr. J. C. Dawson during the war in H.M.S. Ulysses, has also resumed his civilian work as a C.A.

Quite a few Old Strathallians have been playing for Bruntstfield (Edinburgh) Rugby Club and amongst others we have noticed the names of Messrs. J. M. Burnett, J. A. Montgomery, R. L. Peters, R. G. Roger and E. Yates.

Lieut. James McIntyre of Stranraer is serving with the 12th Royal Lancers in the Middle East. Recently he met the following Old Boys during his travels in Palestine:—Mr. Iain W. M. Hendry of Glasgow, who is in the Paratroops; Mr. Peter Lawrence of Glasgow (Sixth Airborne); and Mr. G. B. Esslemont of Aberdeen (Signal Corps). While in Haifa he met Major T. M. Nicol of Glasgow, who is Assistant Provost Marshal.

Old Strathallians of the early 1930's will remember the contingent who came from Trinidad, and will be interested to know that Mr. Peter McGlade is now a director of the Caribbean Auto and Transport Agencies Ltd., Port of Spain. Mr. George S. Wilson is working in the oilfields, and Mr. Sandy Gray is in the south of the islands at Apex Trinidad Oilfields. Mr. Ian McBride was married recently, and we offer him our congratulations. Mr. Nelson Smith is, at the time of going to press, on his way out to Trinidad.

Mr. David C. Fulton of Edinburgh completed his B.L. degree in June, 1946, and in December of the same year was admitted to the Society of Writers to H.M. Signet.

A cup presented to the best batsman of Cupar Cricket Club 2nd XI. has been won by Mr. William W. Law, Lebanon Sawmills, Cupar.

Many Strathallians will remember Mr. H. A. C. Davidson. He is still in Bermuda and has started a new business, H. Davidson & Co. In a recent letter he said that, if any members were interested in exporting to Bermuda, he would be pleased if they would write to him. His firm's address is Hamilton, Bermuda. He hopes to be over here next year and attend the weekly luncheons.

The following is an extract from a recent issue of the "Dundee Courier":—

"Mr. James K. Simpson was presented with the Medal of Freedom by the U.S. Military Attaché at an investiture at the American Embassy in London.

"The award was made for exceptionally meritorious achievement which aided the United States in the prosecution of the war while Mr. Simpson was Officer-in-charge of Works, Deptford, in 1943-44. He displayed initiative, imagination and boundless energy in pushing the construction of the U.S. maintenance base for landing ships (tanks) at Deptford.

"An old Strathallan School boy, he received his civil engineering training under the late Mr. J. Hannay Thompson at Dundee Harbour, obtaining his A.M.I.C.E. In 1937 he was appointed to the permanent staff of the Admiralty as a civil engineer, serving in several dock-yards in the south of England and going to Deptford in 1943.

"In 1944 he was selected for service in the special branch, R.N.V.R., and served as a commander in the South-West Pacific area until September, 1946, when he returned to the Admiralty in London.

"He is 38. His wife and family, two daughters and a son, live at Weymouth, Dorset."

#### DEATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

Across the ice a freezing gale  
Howls and screams through the Arctic  
night;  
It rises and falls with a banshee's wail;  
The earth is a shrieking hell of white.

Inside this cabin I scrawl my will,  
Far, far removed from the world of men;  
I hear no sound save the sickening, shrill  
Sough of the wind; I am lost to the ken

And love of my friends; my lust for gold  
Has lured me to this fate—to lie  
Alone, unmourned in the northland cold,  
Beneath a shroud of furs—and die.

W. D. S.

#### MARCH 30th, 1947.

The everlasting wind blew on that day;  
It shook the leafless trees, and made them  
cast

Reluctant rain-drops on the snow-patched  
road.

The crows made circle o'er the gloomy  
wood,  
And as they flew they called for warmer  
times.

A lonely pigeon scanned the barren earth  
In search of food to keep it from starvation.  
Dejected-looking sheep were drifting round  
The straw-bespattered, winter-sodden fields.  
The sky was dark, the rain blew through  
the wind,

And no bird's song proclaimed the Spring to  
come,

D. R. N.

#### AFTER THE SNOW.

THE vast carpet of white had dis-  
appeared from the earth with a  
monotonous slowness. Here and there in  
the woods still lay a patch of snow, like a  
lady's glove, forgotten.

Spring was at last revealed in all its  
beauty and freshness: it covered the earth  
with the joy of new life. Lambs frolicked,  
glistening streamlets gurgled over their  
pebbled beds, shy flowers peeped in the  
hedgerows. Occasional splashes of yellow  
revealed swaying groups of daffodils in all  
their golden glory. On the sky-line budding  
poplars stood at attention, while sprawling  
willow trees caressed the cool river  
waters. The blue sky above was dappled  
with white, frothy clouds. The green fields  
bore fresh shoots, and the rich brown soil  
showed promise of good crops.

The day had come like a breath of  
purest air, and the fresh wonder of Spring  
still enraptured the earth when the light  
faded. The sun sank in the saddle of  
neighbouring hills, casting a fiery copper  
glow on the horizon. The copper merged  
into the pink above, creating a golden  
amber, which turned slowly into a pale  
yellow, and then a cold silver, the light of  
which shrouded the hills in a cool, misty  
blanket.

Gradually all grew dark and still. The  
Spring night reigned.

C. E. A.

## Fantasia

RESTING gratefully on a cloud, the four companions sat in silence, until at length Handel said: "Bach, my old friend, I am weary. Observe that pianist in Manchester. See how he watches his fingers fly over the keys, rippling a chord, and how proud he is of his modulations! How vain he is! You know, friend Burns, to play like that was everyday work to us down there."

"Why worry yourself so, Handel?" asked Bach, with a tired shrug. "You cannot influence him. Besides, you waste nearly all your centuries watching and worrying over worthless people."

"That's what I say," broke in Solomon eagerly. "You should take a look at some of those women in Los Angeles. By the Saints, I wish I were down there to-day!"

"You had better be somewhere other than here," advised Bach. "I see Cleopatra coming this way."

"Dammit, that woman never gives me any peace!" cried the King vexedly, jumping up from the cloud. "Farewell, friends. Doubtless we shall meet at Pythagoras' party in June." So saying, he disappeared swiftly in the direction of the Pole Star.

The three friends, Bach, Handel, and Burns, watched anxiously as Cleopatra approached, and each sighed deeply with relief when she passed by, only waving her hand in salute to them. They lay back on their cloud, striving to regain their composure, which had fled with her approach.

Just then there appeared a London girl, who had come to Heaven during the blitz a few years previously, at the pleasant age of nineteen.

"'Allo, gents!" she greeted them. "Coo, you don't 'arf 'ave enough room up 'ere, don't you? Say!" she exclaimed, turning upon Bach, "I've seen you before somewhere. Wot's your name?"

"My name," said Bach, having risen from his cloud and having bowed, as far as he was able, to the pretty creature before him, "is Johann Sebastian Bach. I am a musician," he added, anticipating her next question, "and, unless my memory plays me

false, I saw you looking at my picture—which was, if I may say so, not exactly flattering—at the front of a book of 'Preludes and Fugues' your good Aunt Celia gave you for Christmas about eight years ago. By the way, your Aunt Celia came to Heaven a few years ago. I saw her making eyes at Hannibal on Friday night."

"Sure, I've seen you, Mr. Bach," cried Miss London. "You were at Shakespeare's Song Session on Saturday. And that's Mr. Handel, isn't it? But I haven't met this 'ere gent before," she said, turning to Burns.

"They also serve who only stand and wait," quoted the poet.

"This is Burns, the Scottish poet," said Handel with a smile.

"No' Rabbie Burns? Man, ah'm gled tae meet ye," mimicked the girl, sitting on the cloud beside him. "Tell me one of your poems."

"You would like it?" asked Burns.

"Of course I should," said the sweet wee thing.

Bach, famed for his improvisation in music, tried the same with a line of poetry he vaguely remembered:

"'Lovely London sits beside thee;

Take the goods the gods provide thee.'"

"'None but the brave deserve the fair,'" confirmed Handel.

"'As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,'" completed Burns, from one of his own poems.

"But when do we get down to business, Burns?" Miss London was not yet accustomed to their leisurely mode of life.

"Plenty of time, my dear, plenty of time. There are many centuries before us yet." Handel's weary voice was most provoking.

"Well, if you boys could—" began Burns.

"Come, Handel," broke in Bach, "this is no place for me. Queen Victoria is more in my line."

The two musicians arose, bowed graciously, if a trifle stiffly, to the slightly amused Miss London, and departed in search of the Queen. After floating along for a

few minutes, Handel began softly to recite:—

“No beauty she doth miss,  
When all her robes are on;  
But beauty's self she is,  
When all her robes—”

“Enough!” chided Bach. “You're a bad lad.” Then thoughtfully, remembering another quotation, he murmured:

“If women could be fair, and yet not fond,  
I would not marvel that they make men bond.  
But when I see how frail these creatures are,  
I muse that men forget themselves so far.”

Is that not so?” he asked, with a sad smile.

Handel, with solemn air, assured his friend, “How small a part of time they share, that are so wondrous sweet and fair.’ Oh, dear,” he exclaimed, his brows furrowed with annoyance, “must you always be quoting? You'll have me doing it next.”

“Oh, Handel, my boy, have you seen my new harpsichord?” interposed Bach with sudden enthusiasm. “Let's go home. You must try it.”

A little later, Burns, still entertaining his new friend, heard the distant strains of Bach's harpsichord, and, with a little sadness, murmured: “Music, physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.”

F. W. B.

## “Shades of the Prison-House”

LAYING aside my “Golden Treasury” with a sigh, I leaned back comfortably, while glorious visions chased one another in a sparkling medley through my mind. Could not I find for myself such treasures in Nature? To think was but to act, and so, hastily picking up pencil and pad wherewith to record any poetic inspirations, and assuming an expression which I fondly believed worthy of any poet, I boarded the next 'bus to the country.

Soon the pleasant hills and meadows sweet were all around me. Alighting, I slowly wended my way far from the busy road. But what was that? The song of a bird? I couldn't be sure. The forest lay before me, green and inviting. Perhaps a nightingale? My heart beat faster. Or a skylark? My dreams were coming true!

I hastened onwards, oblivious of all, intent only upon discovery. As I passed into the cool shade, I began to hear more clearly, but still I hoped. As I advanced, however, my spirits drooped, for already I could see some distance ahead—a busy rookery.

I veered to the right, noticing some merry little urchins playing in the grass nearby—

“Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the  
call  
Ye to each other make.”

Then I heard, faintly at first, the joyful bubbling of a little stream. My exuberance mounted once more, but I had scarce gone two steps when I heard a solitary and plaintive “miaow” from a thick bush. Forcing my way in, almost at the expense of an eye, I was amazed and delighted to find a little nest containing three of the prettiest, fluffiest, little striped kittens I had ever seen. Nature in the raw! How sweet and innocent they looked! I stretched forth my hand to pick one up. Immediately three spitting, snarling little balls of fury attacked it, sinking razor-sharp claws and teeth in all accessible areas. With a howl I withdrew, leaving a considerable amount of skin behind. I bound up my throbbing, lacerated hand as best I could with my handkerchief, and sat down despondently some distance away.

All at once everything seemed brighter, and I realised the sun had come out. Immediately I felt refreshed, and once more

I heard the faint music of the stream and the laughing of the gambolling children. Throwing off my despondency, I headed for the stream, which, however, was more inaccessible than I had thought. Still,

“The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion.”

Struggling with might and main through the undergrowth, I felt that surely I should reap fit reward. I burst through the remaining entanglements into a small clearing, at one end of which a runlet about a foot wide tumbled over a six-inch waterfall before losing itself a yard further on in a miniature swamp.

Vainly I tried to infuse a spirit of “Sylvan Wye” into the scene, to extract some morsel of comfort. The children were now silent, and I had already been bitten

all over by midges bred in the swamp. Something whistled past my left ear and fell with a “plop” on the soggy ground, but in my reverie of misery I hardly noticed. I was just realising that the mud had crept up to my ankles.

Another divot hit me fair and square on the back of my neck, and there was a scurrying in the bushes.

“Ye blessed creatures . . .  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel  
it all.”

I took out my pencil and pad and tossed them carefully into the middle of the mud; and then, turning, quickly made for home—and “The Wizard!”

J. R. M. P.

## “The Landing in Algiers”

I HAD gone to bed rather early one cold, windy and tempestuous night in November, 1942, as on the following morning, which was a Sunday, I was to go to the service which was to be held in the Anglican Church of the “Rue Michelet.”

I had four blankets on my bed, plus a quilt, and still I was shivering with cold. I fell asleep, however, for I was extremely tired. At about two o'clock in the morning I woke up, for I had heard guns firing near the town. I went to my mother's room, which was next door to mine, and I woke her up.

“Och! It must be another of those naval battles,” she said. “Get back to bed or else you'll catch cold.”

But now that I had opened the window I could distinctly hear the noise of machine-gunning.

“It isn't a naval battle, Mummy?” I replied. “I can hear machine-guns firing, and as far as I know, they don't use such things in naval battles.”

Still, as the firing soon died down, I thought that I'd made a mistake and went back to bed.

Next morning, having had our breakfast and made ourselves all spick and span, we

left the house with the intention of going to church. We hadn't gone very far when a good friend of ours, a Canadian called Mr. Roberts, stopped us and asked us where we were going.

“We're going to church,” we replied in unison.

“Going to church!” he said, and there was a sort of a grin on his face. “Haven't you heard?”

“Heard what?”

“The Allies have landed near this town and are fighting their way into it.”

I can assure you that that news was the best we had heard for years!

“You'll never meet the English to-day,” he continued, “for all the roads leading to the town are blocked.”

“That suits me fine,” I said. “I'm going to tell all our friends about this.”

No sooner had I spoken than I turned and ran back along our street to tell our De Gaullist friends the wonderful news. First of all I went to the Winclairs, who were Alsatian people, and who had been chased out of their homes by the Germans. Mrs. Winclair fainted when I told her.

Then I went to the Lapierras, the Tourniers and many other houses. Everywhere I was kissed and treated like a hero. Everyone went completely mad!

In the afternoon the fighting still went on, but round about six o'clock it died down appreciably. This was the chance we had been waiting for. With my two sisters, my mother and some friends, I took the bus, for the outlying bus services had been restored by now, and rode towards the town.

We hadn't gone very far when a whole company of Tommies, tommy-guns in hand, stopped us and asked us for our identity cards. You should have seen the surprise on their faces when we told them we were British! Question after question was fired at anyone and everyone.

I asked a corporal: "Have you had any difficulty in capturing this place?"

"No," he said, "it hasn't been very difficult up to now, but we've come up against a hornet's nest at the place you call 'Fort L'Empereur' and the naval barracks. I believe it's pretty rough going there."

"And how many of you have been killed?" I asked him.

"Oh, I should say about a hundred."

"Well, that's not too bad, considering that there were about a thousand Jerries in the town."

They were then ordered by their Sergeant-Major to proceed with their round; and, with promises that they would "drop in for a cup of tea some time," they left us. So we went through the town, and every time we saw a Tommy or a Yank we cried: "Hallo, soldier!"

We were free once more!

D. B. G.

## Roll of Honour

*"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old,*

*Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn.*

*At the going down of the sun and in the morning*

*We will remember them."*

AITKEN, Ian, R.A.S.C.

CONSTABLE, Patrick Millar, Navigator, R.A.F.

RITCHIE, William, L.A.C., R.A.F.

SCOTT, D. N., Major, R.I.A.S.C.

## Births

REA.—At Fernbrae Nursing Home, Dundee, on January 30th, 1947, to Dr. and Mrs. Gordon H. Rea, a son.

THOMSON.—On October 1st, 1946, to Dr. and Mrs. Horace N. Thomson, Moldavie, Institution Road, Elgin, a daughter.

TOD.—At Perth Royal Infirmary, on 2nd March, 1947, to Margaret (nee Otway), wife of Harry Tod, Bankhead, Bowerswell Road, Perth, a son (Peter Arnold).

## Marriages

BIRRELL—ALEXANDER.—At West Viewbank, Forfar, on January 22nd, 1947, by Rev. John M. Skinner, B.D. (brother-in-law of the bride), Arnold Dewar Birrell, only son of Mr. James Birrell and Mrs. Birrell, Bendarat, Lammerton Terrace, Dundee, to Effie McPherson Alexander, L.D.S., youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, West Viewbank, Forfar.

FULTON—ORCHARD.—At North Morningside Church, Edinburgh, on February 19th, 1947, by the Rev. Professor James S. Stewart, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Principal William Fulton, D.D., LL.D., Glasgow (uncle of the bridegroom), David Cairns Fulton, M.C., W.S., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fulton, Napier House, Colinton, Edinburgh, to Anna Christian (Kirsty), eldest daughter of Mr. G. L. Orchard, F.S.I., and Mrs. Orchard, Linwood, Mid Calder.