

Arthur M. Bell

BHEINNMHOR



SRM.

Bheinnmhor

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We would like to acknowledge the kind assistance given to us by Mr and Mrs Watson and Mr M. Milne.

Foreword

In introducing this, the first Benmore School Magazine, the opportunity presents itself for me to extend heartiest greetings to all students past and present. I think of the boy of former years, most of whom are in the forces and the others who have done a grand job of work at home. I think especially of those who have made the supreme sacrifice.

It is grand, this looking back, and it is equally grand looking forward to the present and future students who will pass through the School.

This war, with all its timber felling, has brought Forestry to the forefront, providing undreamt of opportunities to all ex-Benmore trained men. May you all share in the re-afforesting of the million acres of our countryside, which is to form the ten year plan of the future.

Carry on, B.F.S!

H. WATSON

Editorial

When you have ceased to glance through the pages of this Magazine, you may, either by accident or sheer boredom, cast your eyes to this editorial. The midnight oil has been burnt, and much hair removed from our scalps, in attempting to write a suitable collection of words, which would not be branded as pertaining to wheat, or compared with the fragrance of the Dunoon Gas Works.

However, the fact remains that this is the first 'Bheinmhor,' and if it stirs your soul in the slightest degree, even though it be with disgust, then we feel, that we have at least achieved something.

It is our hope that wherever the students of this course go, a copy of this magazine will accompany them. If ever their thoughts wander and their minds dwell on the two years at Benmore, Bheinmhor will serve as a reminder, and recall the more personal aspects of a forestry course. When it has ceased to be of any literary value, it should still be of service, and whilst many suggestions have been made, space does not permit their appendage.

Most editorials are liberally bespattered with references to the habits of the Greeks, and choice quotations from Shakespeare or Burns. The reader is either filled with awe or just feels awful. We have left sober sayings alone, as we feel it would be safer — from our point of view—to quote the worthy shield used by editors of magazines "The opinions expressed in this magazine, are not necessarily those of its Editors." Anyone seeking vengeance will find, at the back, a list of addresses.

During the past year, the "Irish Blarney," the Scotch "Dourness" the English "Confidence," not forgetting the Welsh "Garboism," have mingled, like the winds in Shelley's "Love's Philosophy." We feel that the reason for this somewhat amazing state of affairs, is the remarkable sense of humour, which seems to be traditional and gradually becomes part of every student.

Every junior will remember that dreadful quietness, which followed a "corny" piece of wit. Good wit was demanded of the Juniors or none at all.

This Benmore wit, however, was not the only element in the cement which held together the thirty students. Days of constant rainfall, when one had to change into dry clothes twice in one day, could not dampen that mortar of good humoured comradeship. However, words, and that mighty weapon 'the pen' are of little use in describing the good fellowship that has prevailed during the year, so — Good luck "Seniors"—a successful second year "Pupae"—and a hearty welcome to the new "Juniors."

Forest Psychology.

During recent years it has become the custom to make great use of individual eccentricities, as indicators of the suitability or otherwise, of the person concerned for afforestation. The term eccentricity may be taken to mean an oddity which is devoid of reasoning, or conformity to usual procedure. This trait may just recently have made its appearance; on the other hand it may have been a marked characteristic for many years.

In making use of psychology as an indication of suitability for different grades, a word of warning is necessary. Caution must be exercised from the fact that the exigences of the human race are by no means constant. On the contrary, the reverse is very often the case—Variety is the spice of life. These exigences are markedly affected by the climate, especially where wet, by hallucination as carried out in the Civil Service and other factors.

This fact renders difficult the establishment of a sound classification and accounts in part, for the extreme confusion prevailing at the at the present time.

Another factor which increases the confusion is the attachment of too great significance to the wrong persons, simply because they happen to be conspicuous. Those persons who are very accommodating and can exist under wide ranges of environment are clearly the type for subervile strata. A great percentage of this class can be usefully employed. The more exacting species could not exist in this stratum. Grade 2, foremen and gangers are in this category or accommodating class.

There are two very important factors about which definite information must be known.

1. Brain fertility.
2. Compos Mentis conditions.

These are probably the two most important factors, and the Brain Fertility is the one which should receive the first consideration when making a selection of species.

It is reasonable to presume that the surface appearance is a reflex of the nature of the supply in the upper layers. By Brain Fertility is meant the abundance of matter available for the purpose of 'dodging the column.' Chemical analysis may show accurately the exact proportion of elements present, but it cannot give more than the roughest indication of the extent to which these may be put to use. The appearance—types and condition—is a better and certainly a more practical

Indication of the existing conditions. It is now known that the abundance of mineral matter also benefits those whose activity is essential in the afforestation process, which is further justification for laying stress on the importance of Brain Fertility.

In a proposed classification, therefore, five arbitrary degrees of non-fertility are recognised and are lettered from A to E.

A. The Welsh Type. This is a difficult type and it is questionable if successful afforestation can ever be carried out here. While moderate successes have been achieved on hill ground it is totally unsuited for

nurseries or installation rooms. Erratic improvement has been noted at week-ends. This type might with advantage be transferred to the 'Weatherlands Wavy.'

B. Old E.N.S.A. Sites. Also a difficult proposition and non-exacting species such as *P. contorta* might form the first rotation in order to acclimatise the ground and soil conditions. With every careful supervision and tending a timber crop of small dimensions might be obtained the second year.

C. A.M.S.P.B. This is a very difficult type owing to many extremes and variations of conditions. It is very irregular and the ground is patchy. The hard knolls are extremely barren but sheltered hollows have sometimes given surprising results when least expected.

D. Old Architectural Land. This at first hand seems quite unsuitable and those of the Old School are extremely biased against it. However, with patience, results are being obtained. Silvicultural methods tend to improve the soil from an afforestation point of view.

E. The Stratification Layer. Gives poor results. Ground is lethargic, very cold and not receptive to silviculture. Shrubs may succeed here.

"PLATO."

East of Suez.

As the ultimate destination of many of our readers may be Burma, or some similar paradise of the Far East, perhaps a few words about some of the sights, sounds, and smells of that part of the world would not be out of place.

The East can be said to begin at Suez, an attractive place and the terminus of the Suez Canal. It will remain a pleasant memory for the next few days as the troopship makes course for Aden. The Red Sea is hot and windless and hot again. Soon a group of Islands called the Twelve Apostles rise out of the water—a line of barren rocks inhabited by sea-birds who leave plenty of evidence of their occupancy. The last one, lying some distance away from the others, is known as Judas Iscariot.

The barren rocks of Aden, red, bare, and very majestic will be the next land sighted, and in the harbour the ship is moored to the buoys and refuelled. Aden is very hot and possesses plenty of "bum boats" which run alongside selling cigarettes, lighters, fly whisks, etc. sold very cheaply and noisily.

The heat by now, especially about June, will be getting everyone down and heavy meals will be taken at night, or perhaps the "P.B.I." will not be that fortunate. The next seven days or so will just be sea, sea, and yet more sea and maybe a little rough at that, until the channel into Colombo is picked up. Here, the native canoes, with outriggers called Catamarans, will catch the eye, and although they look rather frail and crude, they can sail almost as fast as the wind blows.

The massive breakwater at Colombo has two entrances, and as the ship noses towards them, the sharp dividing line

between deep and shallow water can be clearly seen. As the focal point of all sea routes in the Indian Ocean, the harbour will be jammed tight with ships of all kinds, and a more pleasant place could not be found.

British Colonial Administration has done a great job here, and everything is very clean, white and well ordered. Tropical vegetation comes right down to the waters edge, and encircles the town, giving it a snug appearance. This is the home of Ceylon Tea (which will taste strange at first because it is not blended), and small, sweet bananas which are dirt cheap but very tempting. At night the harbour is a blaze of light from the town and unloading ships, and the water looks very inviting, but its very cold.

Where the 'greenhorn' goes from there is problematical, but if Calcutta he is lucky, especially if it is our winter time. Monsoon time consists of violent rain, close heat and lots of sweat, but maybe you will be hardened by now.

Make the most of the Mai Dan, the Eden Gardens, the two big Picture Houses on the Chowringhee which screen films often before London. Try Fupos' for a meal, the Magnolia for ice cream and ask a Sikh taxi-driver to get you some place quickly and see what happens.

Try a nickshaw and don't kill any of those sacred cows or step on the sleeping coolies on the pavement at night. Send the girl friend something from the New Market and see the Black Hole.

J. D. M.

Week-end Run.

During the Autumn of 1944, it was decided that a cycle tour would be an excellent means of spending a week-end, and so some of the boys went over the map with me, to see which would be the best run to do.

Glencoe was eventually decided. The route taken up was Loch Eck to St. Catherine's Point and across to Inveraray by the ferry. Then on to Loch Awe joining the main Oban road this side of Dalmally; up Glen Orchy and over the Moor of Rannoch to Glencoe. The return route being, back to Bridge of Orchy, taking the main road across the border of Argyll and Perthshire to Crainlarich, down Glen Falloch Loch Lommond side to Helensburgh with the intention of crossing from Craigendoran to Dunoon, by the "Lucy Ashton," and so back home.

It was a cheery and expectant party that set forth after dinner on Saturday. The day was fine, bright with sun, and the prospect of a spell persuaded to dispel all knowledge of the famous "Massacre," which the Sassenach members of the party had pulled asunder with much damage to the "Highland Pride!"

The party must be mentioned as having a pawky mixture and included, (Hugh Conn, not necessarily of Connaught; Taffy of only one possible nationality; Arthur Bell better known as Paddy; John Owen, who insisted that he came from Dorsetshire; Claude Mackintosh, persistent being apparently untirable, of carrying on over Rest-and-Be Thankful; Ben Oland, which being interpreted from the Gaelic means the Great Ben, and myself.

On arrival at St. Catherine we had a bit of a job getting all the cycles aboard the boat, but managed in the end, and on reaching Inveraray "de-boated," and proceeded on up country, stopping just outside Inveraray to look at some huge Silver Firs of tremendous girth and height. On again over the summit and down to Loch Awe, where we were rewarded by a fine view with Ben Cruachan in the background.

It was not long before we were in Dalmally, where, just on the other side, we cut off to the left and up the wild little Glen of Orchy, over a really appalling surface with the river Orchy chorusing on our left.

By the time we were three-quarters the way up the glen it was beginning to get dark, so it was decided that a meal and a night's rest was next on the list. Apparently the Gods thought so too, for they produced as if ordered a small cottage, back from the road, which on inspection was found to contain the necessaries to cooking a quick meal, and for bedding down, that is the utensils were there, the fuel, and a lamp. Some of the bedding is still a sore point.

The next morning was fine and we had an early start, getting to Glencoe over the wild moor off Rannoch, where we were lucky enough to see some big stags, with hinds in attendance.

The Black Crag at the entrance to the famous Glen was really awe-inspiring at that early hour, and the colour surrounding it was truly magnificent, but unfortunately there was not the time to go on through the glen, so we had to be content with going up it only a little way. On our way back the sun shone brightly, increasing the colour and making the shadows on the mountains a deeper blue.

On returning to Kinghouse, we had some breakfast, and while waiting for it Paddy and John took it in turns to enlighten us with the story of the Glen.

The run back was truly grand, with fine mountain scenery, sun and shadow. A good road which roughened up a bit on crossing from Argyll to Perthshire, being followed by a grand run down to Crianlarich; with Benmore rising in front clear and blue, contrasting with the turning Rowans. Then on down Glen Falloch to Loch Lommond where at Lus we "tead-up," being by this time very hungry.

After feeding, we decided over a quiet pipe, to push on to Craigen-doran for the steamer. However on arrival there we learned to our horror that there was no boat until eight the following morning.

We shall well remember how we spent that night — the street lamp under which we cooked our supper, the hardness of the ground under someone's laurel bushes, the depth of the water in the horse trough, the contents of which brewed excellent Oxo, and the glorious smell of the bakery from which Ben and I obtained hot rolls in the morning.

We changed boats at Gourock, and on the Dunoon boat bumped

into one of the boys looking very spruce and contented after a pleasant week-end in Glasgow. What a contrast, but what a week-end!

There is still some doubt as to the weight of the mells used in the nursery that day, but even if they had only weighed two pounds, I doubt whether we could have lifted them.

S.R.C.M.

Fomes Annosus.

Of the Students who dwell at Benmore,
Tales are told of their deeds by the score.
And wherever we find an illustrious mind,
It enhances these stories the more.

To the sound of a tinkling bell,
(Would someone please take it away!)
Many eyes open wide, and when looking outside,
They decide if the body is well.

At that dear little place known as Uig,
There's a foreman who's not very big;
But the boys love him much, for his manners are such,
That his presence inspires them to dig.

From a dorm called the Forester's Room,
Much sweet music doth issue at noon.
But one day it went on, when the Clarion had gone,
And it caused the Instructor to swoon.

There is Haggis that's sold in Dunoon,
Which, when boiled, one can eat with a spoon;
And one boy with odd taste (rather slim at the waist),
Ate one dozen from breakfast till noon.

One June evening exceedingly hot,
Found a number of boys with 'Dry Rot.'
Feeling quite ill at ease with this awful disease,
They consulted the 'Doctor' at Cot.

Once one student, who deemed it was right,
Once made his way to Dunoon in the night;
Saw his maiden so fair, placed a rose in her hair;
But got caught coming home without light.

But these Students they never will wed,
As its books that they take up to bed.
So girls, if you please, get up from your knees,
For they'd rather read Hanson instead.

H.C.

... Drama ...

Drama and forestry may appear to be strange bedfellows. On second thoughts, are they? Can greater relaxation be found than the escape to the realms of imagination after the day's work—eight hours of applied science? Even looking at the question with the bias of pure forestry, this form of relaxation is likely to be of great use to the future forester. It is proposed in the near future to set up forestry settlements in districts where forestry is the main industry. If, as is proposed, the forester is to bear much of the responsibility for the settlement, he will find it a great advantage to be able to organise a Dramatic Society. Such a Society would, we are sure, be of great value in welding together the community.

Benmore in the last year has had some success in its efforts. Admittedly, only one play has been produced, but that play has made a start, a start of which we hope advantage will be taken. "Thread o' Scarlet" was chosen because, although an ambitious play, it gave the required scope for the various talents in the school. It also had the advantage of being suitable for a Drama Festival, the original incentive for producing a play. At the last Drama Festival the team achieved the position of third equal, only nine points behind the winning team. For the production and stage presentation the team won the highest marks of the Festival. These facts are not given with the intention of "shooting a line;" they are merely given to prove that something can be done with a little effort.

This year's team must be thanked for the work they put in, despite exams. Much last minute work was done, too, with a zeal that is seldom seen in amateur clubs. The acting was not, of course, faultless. We would be vain to pretend that. But, considering the experience of the actors, much of it was good. With few exceptions rehearsals were taken seriously and there was a notable absence of "horseplay." In all cases the actors were keen and did not, at least outwardly, appear to mind the producer's interruptions and suggestions. Furthermore, no temperamental was shown. Besides the actors themselves, thanks must be given to those who helped with the sound effects and stage properties. Their help was invaluable. Mrs Watson, too, must be thanked for her interest and help.

What future has drama in Benmore? If all that is in the offing bears fruit, there will be a great deal to do for those who are interested. Next year's Festival will require rehearsals if we are to win, a high ambition, but one worth while. Kilmun and District are discussing the possibilities of giving a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," and we have been asked to help, a chance which will not be refused. It is also intended to produce other plays as a Benmore team. However, if these plans are to come to anything, we will have to have more actors and helpers for stage managers and technicians. We hope there will be some new members next year, but even so some of this year's--

students would be welcome so that we can maintain and increase the bridgehead we have already made. All our future plays will be ambitious. As with Brutus this may be a grievous fault. Nevertheless, we look forward to the coming year with high hopes for Benmore's Drama Team and that next year's students will contain a fair proportion of amateur players.

TROUBADOUR.

Sylvan Notes

In the backwoods of Canada, in the jungle, and in the far-reaching sands of the desert, music gives inspiration to lonely and desolate souls. So, in the backwoods of Benmore, sweet music finds its place. Here, however, it originates from numerous and divers sources.

We have our Count Basie, as do the Americans, with his syncopated clatter of 'boogie-woogie' notes like the mystical, rhythmical music of the jungle. We have also our serious pianist, our Paderewski, lifting up our souls to ethereal status. It seems that the musician, in an attempt to accentuate his musical abilities, adds a little Tauber touch (best heard in the showers in the evening). Unfortunately, or fortunately, perhaps, owing to the lust for study among the students, the introduction of that instrument of torture, the piano, is forbidden.

A more portable mode of music is conveyed to us through the hands of a few fellow Pseudo-Mantovanis. Here, however, the music of Scotia prevails and is ably rendered to us by a budding young William Hannah. For the sake of anyone who would care to listen to this bud-schoolboy genius, he may be heard at any time between 6 a.m. and 12 p.m. One exception to this rule is that immortal and stylish rendering of the first three bars of "Jealousy" by one of the seniors.

Stringed instruments, however, are not lacking in a certain dorm. Here "When I'm Cleaning Windows" and other more or less immoral are served up to us in a manner which would "shake" even the great George Formby himself. "Yes Sir, what strumming!"

To the sons of the Gaels, music comes from a more reliable source. For them no great volumes of music books, for them no stylish and graceful airs or restless jitterbugging on the piano stools, instead only the breath, sweat and toil (common to the Scot) are involved. Perhaps through respect for a nation, however, one of our Sassenach allies from over the border diligently "gies the bags a squeeze" to give Scottish music a venerable place among classics of other countries.

From one windward instrument to another we will end this musical study, by including that pocket instrument the 'mouthie' or harmonica. What could commemorate the loss of a girl friend more than a certain member of the "Strat" rendering "I'm a little on the lonely side tonight."

Signed "Yin wha suffers but daurna say onything."

Postscriptum — The purchase of a cat in the tower must gain a leading place in the development of classical music in the school.

The Students Dream

In company with his greatest source of joy the student strolled leisurely up the beautiful Glen of the Massan. The sun was sinking tranquilly behind the range of hills on the Western side of the glen and casting exquisite shadow and colour over the birches on the other side. Strange! he thought, never has the old place looked so heavenly; and as he thought thus he placed his arm around the waist of his beloved.

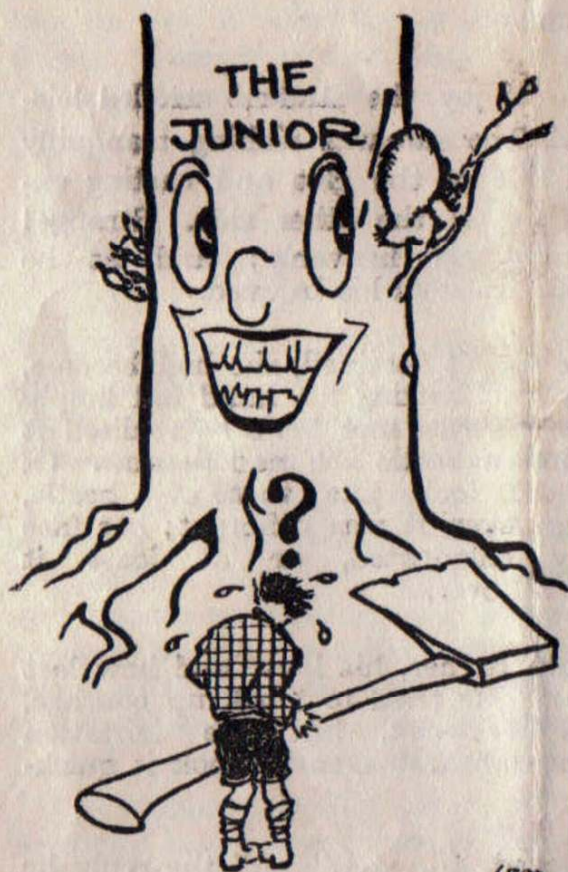
Dismay swept through him. No! he wasn't deceived, she had become, not fat but hard and covered with bristles. Letting his hand fall limply to his side, he turned enquiringly, but as his eyes met her's he realised it was Miss— without doubt; but how like a beetle she had become. Of course he had always thought her eyes did look like those of a beetle, especially when she smiled. To-night, however, it was different; her face had become hard and her nose frightfully elongated, or at least it appeared so and she looked like a beetle all over.

Quickly he recalled how he had sworn to her, his love, and how last night he had Oh, dreadful thought! He tried to pluck up courage, and proceeded to replace his arm around her waist, but the irritation caused by the bristles on her back was unbearable, so he took it quickly away.

"Darling," he said, "What has happened to you?" All the reply he received was a small grating sound, and, as she uttered it, she turned away and proceeded to enter the birch woods. As she entered the wood she got down on 'all fours' and he noticed that as she moved, her back glistened in the sunlight.

A moment of rapid calculation followed, and he decided to go in pursuit of the one who meant everything to him. Into the woods he raced, overtaking his 'entomophilous sweetheart' as she began climbing up one of the trees. This gave him quite a shock, but when she commenced eating the bark, he was horrified. Timidly lest she should bite him, he grasped her by the thorax, though, when he looked into her eyes and realised it was really Miss—, his fear left him. She struggled for freedom and soon found it, for a minute later she was crawling away. Plucking up courage, he made a bold rush for her and heedless of the spines, sticking out from her body he encircled her with his arms.

When trying to turn her around, so that he might look into her eyes and thus regain confidence, she laid hold of a bluebell and by doing so defied him. He made another desperate, and by what he thought would be the decisive attempt, when to his amazement, the bluebell she had been clinging to began to tinkle. Louder and louder grew the noise; he became nervous. He reached out for the source of the noise, hoping to crush it and put it out of existence and as he did so she turned, put out her little tongue and began to lick his face. He pressed his face in towards her, but the irritation caused by the noise and the bristles was almost overpowering; he could stand it no longer But he was awake now; the rising bell had just sounded. The cat leaped down from his bed and he got up and dressed hastily.



Possible qualifications for a Forester's Wife to be—A good cook, not to mind the sight of muddy boots on her best carpet; and the ability to fill up Progress Reports neatly.

Advice to new students — "Dinna shuv' yur neck oot;" "Ye mouna tramp on a Scots thistle, laddie;" "Be your age;" and "If you have seen better trees on your area, keep it to yourself."

Bedlam — Baronscourt Billy "discussing" Baronscourt, Angus "extolling" Dunkeld, Baron "on" Yorkshire" Monty "debating" Newbury.

Forestry Student—"How about a date to-night?"

Bewitching Nursery Maiden — "I never associate with anyone lower than a Forester."

Forestry Student — "Is there anything lower?"

(S.R.)

NEWS ITEMS

On the 17th July a Supper and Dance was held in place of the traditional "Farewell Party." It was held at the Younger Hall, Kilmun.

Thanks to the work of a "Junior" Committee, an enjoyable time was had by all. In particular much sleep was lost by one member in his attempt to secure a band. This Tynesider was eventually successful in obtaining the "Silver Fox" Dance Band, who provided excellent music and owing to their versatility, the many novelty items went off with the proverbial "bang."

During the interval, dance music was provided by the "Forestairs." To quote an Americanism their effort was "sweet and hot."

We were indeed honoured by the presence of so many beautiful girls, and, strictly off the record, we quote an unnamed student who said "The cream of the district's beauty is here to-night."

We would like to acknowledge in these columns the assistance of several local ladies, who provided us with the supper, and in doing so put the finishing touch to a very entertaining evening. This was yet another example of the kindness shown to the students by the district. During the course of the evening, a small token of our appreciation was given to Mrs Philp, who, not only on this occasion, has demonstrated the true meaning of "Scotch Hospitality."

At the Rashfield Highland Sports on Saturday, 23rd June, Benmore won the two team events.

The Tug-of-War Team, by beating in the final the Cot Hotel Team, maintained the unbeaten record of the School. The team was as follows —A. M. Bell, H. Conn, J. M'Cormack, G. Stewart, W. G. Anderson, J. Holmes, S. R. C. Miller and C. O. Mackintosh.

FOOTBALL

Since the early days of Benmore, football has played an important part in the life of the School. Before the war the team built up a reputation that was second to none in the district.

Owing to the war the local league became disbanded and we played only occasional matches against local and naval teams. However this year saw the commencement of a Cowal League, comprising of two Youth Clubs, Benmore, and several Naval teams.

Whilst the Naval captains had several hundred to pick a side from, Benmore, with its thirty students, of which only half professed an interest on football, and of these, six who had played match football before, experienced great difficulty in fielding a team to give our Naval opponents a decent game. Needless to say we had no difficulty in beating the Youth Clubs.

In the ranks of the Naval Teams, were several professional footballers. Playing against them gave the School valuable experience. This should stand in good stead the nucleus of next season's team.

Saturday afternoon football, not only provided an enjoyable if strenuous sport, it also gave us a topic to "discuss" especially on Sunday morning. The Tuesday evening practice, when hill boots and gaudy strips, were stimulants to a game which, though lacking a referee, was devoid of bad sportsmanship. Nevertheless, much skin and blood was left on the field of battle.

The high rainfall of the district aptly suits the all weather football, in which Benmore specializes — at times it was definitely amphibious sport! Besides "David" the ground had another resident in Ferdinand, a Bull, who on several occasions tried to join in the game, much to the dismay of the players, several of whom showed remarkable turns of speed — sprinting to safety. In the end, we had to more or less remove him by force. No doubt the sight—the team advancing in line towards a bellowing but retreating bull—provided some amusement to the more sluggish members of the School!

To close I would like to mention, that even when the opposition was very heavy, the team never lost heart and always "stuck in" until the final whistle. Acknowledgment is gratefully given to the local players who assisted when members of the team were unable to play owing to injuries or illness.

P.R.C. (Captain)

The Relay Race was won by the following Benmore Team—R. G. Braine, D. B. Crawford, C. J. McPhee and P. C. Richmond.

The Seniors and Juniors, 1944-45

- R. G. (Monty) Braine, Oak Dene, Wash Water, Nr. Newbury, Berks.
 J. E. (Bucky) Buchanan, Drumciamp, Castlederg, C. Tyrone.
 H. (Hugh) Conn, Bourneside, Corckea, Keady, C. Armagh.
 D. B. (The Baron) Crawford, 88, Victoria Avenue, Hull, Yorks.
 W. E. (Bill) Dye, 36, Vicarage Road, Thetford, Norfolk.
 V. (Taffy) Gedrych, 54, Fairwater Grove, East Llandaff, Cardiff, South Wales.
 J. C. (Gilly) Gilchrist, Eshiels Cottage, Peebles, Perthshire.
 J. (Lofty) Holmes, 238, Berkeley Street, Glasgow, C.3.
 J. T. (Jimmy) Jardine, Weens, North Lodge, Bonchester, Bridge, Hawick.
 J. N. R. (Jeff) Jeffers, 18, Leigham Vale Road, West Southbourne, Bournemouth.
 W. G. (Baronscourt Billy) Anderson, St. John's, 12 Holland Park, Knock, Belfast.
 A. M. (Paddy) Bell, Main Street, Dungiven, C. Derry.
 Park, Knock, Belfast.
 D. (Shorty) Jowett, 13 North Parade, Allerton, Bradford, Yorks.
 J. (Tinga) Ling, 75 Cemetery Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.
 C. O. (Claude) Mackintosh, Knockloun, Cawdor, Nairn.
 Moses Mattdye, The Strat Cat, No fixed abode.
 C. J. (Mac) McPhee, Fearnoch, Taynuilt, Argyll.
 J. D. (Haggis) Matthews, 5, The Aubynes, Grove Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.
 S. R. C. (The Man) Miller, 30, Howe Street, Edinburgh.
 W. (Ginger) Murray, Bennan, Mossdale, Castle Douglas.
 D. (Yorkie) Nelson, Home Farm, Newby Bridge, Ulverston, Nt. Lancs.
 B. F. (Olaf) Oland, St. Elms, Duncan Road, Park Gate, Southampton.
 J. (Bubbles) Owen, Fairholme, Avon Road, Westmoors, Dorset.
 R. W. (The Duke) Reeve, 44 Cotton Hill, Bromley, Kent.
 P. C. (Pete) Richmond, The Hollybush, Holmbury, St. Mary, New Dorling, Surrey.
 J. A. (Angus) Seaton, "Caly Lodge," Dunkeld, Perthshire.
 G. (George) Stewart, Inverurie Street, Auchenblae, Fordoun, Kincardineshire.
 D. R. (Bobby) Smith, High Street, Auchenblae, Fordoun, Kincardineshire.
 P. (Boots) Stuart, Campbusdhu, Lock Eck, by Dunoon, Argyll.
 J. A. (Albert) Taylor, "Grasmere," Bath Road, Cippenham, Slough, Bucks.
 A. L. C. (Geordie) Wilkinson, 23 Bainford Ave., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ZOMBONINI

Fish Teas

and

THE BENMORE SPECIAL

"Double Pie and Chips."

32 CHURCH ST., DUNOON

MAPS

OF

DUNOON and DISTRICT

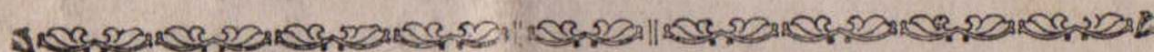
— ALL SCALES IN STOCK —

1 mile, 2 miles, and 4 miles to inch

ALSO $\frac{1}{2}$ in. AND $\frac{1}{4}$ in. OF ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND

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