

BENMORE FORESTER TRAINING SCHOOL,



THE
“RUTTER”



SPRING 1957

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Editorial

GREETINGS to all our readers as the second "RUTTER" appears. There are many new faces in Benmore now but contributions have been as hard to come by as honest men in Egypt.

However, some have trickled through and here they are for your perusal. It is hoped this edition is even better than the first one, which was so well received everywhere.

The sudden death, in August last, of Dr. Chrystal, M.A. D.Sc., the noted entomologist, caused sadness among those of us who were privileged to have spent a week in his company. For his instructive genius and the understanding he displayed, we shall remember him. Our sympathy goes out to his relatives.

It is hoped that any ex-Benmore men who come across this magazine will send us an article for the next edition, so that a high standard may be maintained and that Benmore may be successful in the literary field, if not on the football field.

J. Speers. (Editor)

THE EXCHANGE COURSE 1956 *Lyndford Hall.*

Drinking there was
 Of various foaming ales
Aud afterwards, the stirring songs of Wales
 Roused flagging spirits.
Friendship there was
 With Irish, Welsh and Scots
Together tied with strong intangible knots
 All different, all British.
Pleasure there was
 In trips across the Fen,
Visiting great estates and then
 Ravenous, home to dinner.
Music there was,
 Welsh singers led the field,
The Scotsmen's merry fiddle "jigged" and "reeled"
 And many feet were tapping.
Working there was
 In nursery and in lines
Weilding heavy axes in the resinous pines
 Or using the slasher.
Argument there was
 Around the dining table
And the hall became a "Babel"
 Of many tongues.
Sport there was,
 Great interest in the "Test"
Or whether 'Spurs or Arsenal were best,
 While some said Cardiff.
Parting there was
 The six week course was o'er,
Back to Dean and Gwdyr, Faskally and Benmore,
 Good luck to all. *Ulsterman.*

THE WHISKY CACHE.

THE south side of Elibank Forest is bounded partly by the old Minch Moor Road which runs over the hills from Selkirk to Traquair and over which Montrose is reputed to have fled in 1645 from the battle of Philiphaugh. Such was his rush that he was forced to hide all his whisky somewhere along that road. The following poem was written in 1953 when the ground near the road was being prepared for planting. Of the characters in the poem, Jimmy was the D4 tractor driver, Bob, Bill and Jock were three of the squad. Dod was the Commission herd and Johnny the ganger of the Tweed Valley Rabbit Extermination Board. The "George" was the local pub.

THE MINCH MOOR SECRET

As Jimmy grinds his weary way
 Through stanes and heather bare
 He has yin eye upon the share
 The ither's skinned for whisky.
 Bob, Bill and Jock are up the noo
 wi' tools the bogs tae drain
 But a' they find are muckle stanes
 And ne'er a sign o' whisky.
 Johnny's boys are aft-times there
 Their weel-kent cry aft heard
 "Good dawg, Good dawg, We're undeterred
 Good dawg, where is that whisky"?

THE MINCH MOOR SECRET

(Continued)

The herd he tramps the moor a' day
 And often gets damn thirsty,
 The burn runs by, Dod gives a sigh,
 I'd raither hae the whisky.
 Auld year's nicht is coming fast
 The rates are mighty high,
 Wi' cupboard bare and siller nigh
 We've got tae find the whisky.
 Nae mair up tae "The George" we'll gang
 The hoose will dae us grand,
 We'll drink till we're nae fit tae stand
 We'll bless Montrose's whisky.

J. Lawson.

God laughed when He made Benmore
 Standing by Glen Massan,
 A jewel in a jewelled plain
 The seasons work their pattern.
 Showering a hundred inches of rain
 And every soft breeze lapping,
 Plays music for the students of Benmore
 Among stately avenues.

D.B. O'Kane.

FORESTRY IN NORTHERN IRELAND

The Ministry of Agriculture of the Northern Ireland government is the forest authority and since its inception in 1921, forestry has played an increasingly prominent part in the country's economy.

From 1919-21 the Forestry Commission administered the country and during that time 3000 acres at Baronscourt, Co. Tyrone were acquired. This forest is now in full production, a monument to the Commission's work in Northern Ireland. From small beginnings the forest estate has now developed until the total planted area is over 40,000 acres and the acquired area is over 70,000 acres, giving employment to about 1500 men. 2000 acres are being planted per year, so that in 50 years there will be 150,000 acres of forest making the country practically self-sufficient in timber and its products.

Most of the planted stocks are Spruces, chiefly Sitka, but Pines, Larches and Douglas Fir are also used and the plants are produced in local nurseries which can turn out 5,000,000 plants per year. There are now more than 50 State forests, many of them in full production and the sale of thinnings last year yielded over £200,000. In 1954, about 18,000 tons of pit props were sent to British coalfields.

As timber output increases, it is hoped that industrial plants, sawmills and pulp mills, will be set up in the afforested areas, thus giving more employment in outlying parts of the country and arresting the drift of population from the country to the towns. There is close co-operation with the Forestry Commission and in fact, experiments in Poplar development are being carried out at the moment on behalf of that body.

FORESTRY IN N. IRELAND *Cont'd.*

Many Northern Ireland beauty spots have been further enhanced by re-afforestation, and on regarding the timber-clad slopes of the Antrim, Mourne and Sperrin mountains, one must applaud mentally the results of a great undertaking.

Ulsterman.

BONNIE STRATHYRE (Benmore Version)

There are forests in lowlands and forests on high
The poor farmer cries out in despair to the sky,
For the half of Argyllshire is fenced in with wire
And the same can be said around Bonnie Strathyre.

So it's up in the morn and away in a bus
With a great deal of bother and plenty of fuss,
Till there by Ben Vorlich now girdled with wire
We saw the fine forest of Bonnie Strathyre.

We entered a gateway and went through the trees
We scrambled and wore out our pants at the knees
With the chaps in the lead climbing higher & higher
We were gey short of breath up at Bonnie Strathyre.

We examined fine "Sitka" and "Norway" as well
Then we wished to adjourn to the nearby hotel,
But an argument started on the gauge of some wire
And ere it was finished twas dusk in Strathyre.

Set Willie by Ernie and Tommy by me
And we'll sing of Loch Lomond & Bonnie Dundee
Till the sound of our song rising higher and higher
Stampedes the fine cattle in Bonnie Strathyre.

Now some in the pubs of the lowlands drink beer
And some for fine whisky would seek far and near,
But the best beverage in the whole of Perthshire
Was the ale in the pub up in Bonnie Strathyre.

J. Speers

VALENCIA GROTTO

THE most fascinating thing about Eire is the unusual sights one can see without any previous warning from people or guide books.

It was on Valencia Island, just off the rugged County Kerry coast, that I saw this grotto which struck me as one of the most outstanding sights I have seen, but before describing it, a few remarks about the people and the atmosphere of the place will be helpful.

The island is still primitive and modern conveniences are almost unknown. Horses, donkeys and ponies with panniers and buggy carts are much in evidence and from the thatched two-roomed hovels there is a perpetual reek of peat smoke. The people are very poor and badly clad children run around in bare feet but they seem quite happy and hardy.

The people are friendly and hospitable but lazy and while they are garrulous on most topics, they like to talk to strangers (I suspect it to be their main interest in life). However, they are very reticent on things they feel to be sacred, hence the location of certain shrines are jealously guarded secrets.

It was while walking on a winding cliff path that I suddenly stumbled on this grotto. The path ended abruptly and I passed through a narrow defile opening out into a vast arena surrounded by high cliffs. On the far side, cascading over a sheer drop, was a magnificent waterfall at the foot of which was an altar, hewn from stone. Fountains gushed out on

VALENCIA GROTTO (*continued*)

either side and surrounding the altar base and the fountains was a marble balustrade with a series of short broad steps leading up to it. Showing the light grey altar to great advantage, was the gaping black opening of a cave in the background and the atmosphere of the place was most eerie. I have no pretensions to strong religious feelings but I could not help feeling that the place was as much consecrated as any cathedral or ornate church and thus I felt that my behaviour must be in keeping with the atmosphere.

The cave beyond attracted my notice by its hugeness. For about 150 yards it formed a broad corridor widening at the end and there I could view a large underground lough, partly lit up by a narrow shaft of light coming from the entrance.

After reading "Prester John" and "King Solomon's Mines" I think most people will associate caves with dramatic events and are fascinated by them. Usually one's imagination is satisfied by visiting well known caves throughout the country, but to find a cave whose location is a guarded secret is very stimulating to the imagination.

In Britain, such a sight would have been opened up and spoilt long ago in the lust for tourism and business. The Waterfall, the shrine and the cave could all claim exploitation in their own right. To find the combination of all three, known only to locals, is unique and could only happen in Eire.

G. Richardson.



THE EMERALD ISLE

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland
 Though why you'd want to do so heaven knows,
 Have a care to take no poteen with your breakfast
 For pubs in that dear island never close.

They don't walk much across the hills in Ireland
 For everywhere is bog as is well kent,
 To keep the pigs in safety 'neath the table
 Around the legs some rabbit wire is bent.

There's no future for the textile trade in Ireland
 For sacks are found around the humble "spud"
 And after you have eaten the potatoes
 You wear the sack, first scraping off the mud.

If you would dodge the flying silver bullets
 Be careful not to buy up any land,
 For the lot is hard for landowners in Ireland
 With poteen-drunk savages at hand.

So if you want to cross the sea to Ireland
 Don't say you were not warned, you lucky lad,
 You'll be laughing if you get back home uninjured
 Even if, like half the Irish, you are mad.

Hugh Gledhill.

THE TEDDY BOY'S PICNIC

To the dining hall of Benmore, to the lads
 of some renown,
 Just fresh from a spell with the "Teddy Boys"
 came Tony Curtis Brown.
 With never a rent in in his trousers and never a
 beard on his face
 He threw his bag from his shoulder and dived
 for an empty place.

The Senior men of Benmore looked up from
 their Irish stew,
 At the hairless state of his features and the gleam-
 ing shine of his shoe
 His jacket was wide at the shoulder, his drain pipe
 pants were blue
 They looked at this fine newcomer and shouted
 "Who Are You?"

"Who are you, and where do you come from?"
 a squint-eyed Scotsman spoke
 And the Messing Committee nodded their heads
 through the rings of cigarette smoke,
 Who comes for the "Mars" and "Capstan" of
 the Secretary's box
 With silver rings on his fingers and red and
 yellow socks.?

Then "Fancy Features" answered as he took a
 slice of bread
 "You're going to see a lot of me" the bright
 young fellow said,
 "How right you are" the boys replied and seized
 him by the throat,
 While some removed his shirt and pants, the
 others took his coat.

J. Speers,

A drowsy young maid from Strathspey
Lay down for a sleep on some hay,
T'was her funeral pyre for the rick went on fire
And help came too late in the day.

A nervous young lady from Rheims
Was tormented by terrible dreams,
She was chased in her sleep by a Yank in a jeep
And he wasn't deterred by her screams.



There are Sons of Erin, Sons of Scots
And Sons of Sassenachs
And while we're toiling at Benmore
Our emblem is the axe.
But when darkness comes we down our tools
And we sing some Gaelic tune,
Then on with suits and blazers
To the bright lights of Dunoon.

And the time will come, the day will dawn
When we must leave Benmore
And the mountain glens will know that peace
They did in days of yore,
But we've trees to grow and books to learn,
So we'll tarry here awhile
Until that sorry day arrives
When we must leave Argyll.

T. D. Devine.

THE BUTE TOUR

ON July 22nd, a Benmore deputation under Rothesay man, John Boyes, visited the island of Bute. Travelling by steamer from Dunoon, the party was thrilled by the fine vistas which revealed themselves along the Clyde and in famous Rothesay Bay. In Rothesay they found themselves mingling with holiday crowds of "Teddy Boys" and another species of humans (formerly known as girls) dressed in jeans and sweaters in whom some interest was shown.

After refreshments in a waterfront cafe, the party repaired to a bus, to undertake a tour of the island, which tour was held up until Mr Boyes could recover a parcel of old socks which he had inadvertantly left in the cafe and which he intended to wash, although they looked as if they ought to be burnt, if only for reasons of hygiene.

Rolling along through the Bute farm-lands, with grand views of Arran and Kintyre proved a delightful pastime but the south side of the island was more rugged and wild. At one stage, when several natives were sighted, the party waited with bated breath, fearing for their own safety.

However they were friendly and even spoke English with much rolling of R's.

Great interest was shown in the scattered woodlands owned by the Marquis of Bute, much of which were in a state of devastation, but one interesting Scots Pine plantation was seen, about

THE BUTE TOUR (cont'd.)

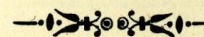
10 years old, growing at a rate of 18 inches per annum, with all sorts of weed species through it, showing that no attempt at "cleaning" had been made. so it appears that "Bulletin 14" has not reached Bute. Refreshments were again in order at Kilchattan Bay, where all ate their fill but no one rushed to foot the bill and for a time the situation was tense.

Near Rothesay was seen a roadside cafe, owned by the local forester of the Bute estate, where he dispenses ice-cream and lemonade to the boiling public. At this stage it was the party's opinion that the selfish public should summarily cease boiling, thus giving the forester some spare time in which to "clean" the Scots Pine.

By now, various rumblings indicated that food was necessary and the usual diet of fish and chips was consumed in Rothesay, where it was noted that on an average there were four more chips per plate than in Dunoon.

As the sun sank over the western hills, the party left Bute to the strains of "Rothesay Bay" rendered on the harmonica with pathos, by the President and soon the familiar Dunoon pier came into sight.

By "Puffer."



Samson was a strong man of the Charlie Atlas school
He slew 10,000 Philistines with the jawbone of a mule,
But fair **Delilah** captured him and filled him full of gin
Then she shaved his curly head and the coppers ran him in.

Salome was a chorus girl who had a winning way,
She was the star attraction in King Herod's cabaret,
Although you could hardly say discretion was her rule
She's a favourite Bible figure in Benmore Forest School.

by Rubber Burns.

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD.

(From the "East Kilbride Impartial Reporter.")

WE are pleased to report the appointment of Commander I. Carr, late of the Mothball fleet, to the captaincy of the S.S. Sea Cow, the well known Loch Eck pleasure craft. Commander Carr was born just south-west of East Kilbride and was a well-known "ball boy" for the local soccer team for some years, before running off to sea with the gate receipts after a big game.

His fine career in the forces entitles the Commander to such a post and his radiant personality will do much to foster the tourist trade in Cowal. He succeeds that well-known Empire-builder Rear-Admiral Gledhill, late of the Burma Rifles and the Royal Marines (Gorbals Division), whose exploits in gunboats on the Irrawaddy caused Kipling to write "They rowed to Mandalay." Both men are noted in the field of sport, Commander Carr as the former domino champion of the Home Fleet, and Gledhill as a devotee of squash, chiefly the orange variety.



A bulky young man from Benmore
Got stuck in the dining-room door,
This chap was so stout, no one else could get out
So they tunnelled a hole in the floor.

WHAT A TAIL!

FOR many years the wood-man and his wife had eked out a precarious existence on the edge of the forest, undisturbed and caring little for anything but their own affairs. One day their rustic paradise was rudely disturbed when a great elephant, which had escaped from a circus, appeared in the cottage garden and proceeded to pull up cabbages with its long, grey trunk and toss them into its mouth in quick succession.

The good wife not knowing what the great beast was, watched it for a time and then in a state of agitation ran off to tell her husband. She entered the wood amid hostile glances from the piebald squirrels, who were fighting a losing battle against her endeavours to keep the family pot boiling. She found her husband resting on a stump from his deforestation labours and studying with some intensity F. C. Leaflet 99. — a recipe for spruce beer.

"There be a great animal in the garden pulling up cabbages with its big, long tail"! she cried, making a natural but rather serious anatomical error. "And what is it doing with them?" said the husband cautiously, for he knew his spouse was subject to fits of imaginative speculation. "Ah you'd never believe me" said she "Come on and see for yourself"

Douglas Firbags.



“SOCCER”ates Says,—

ALTHOUGH the fortunes of our football club fluctuated greatly, the flag of football was never struck nor shall it be. In friendly games over the season we had a grand record and Sandbank, the Forest Squad and Ardenslate were all defeated, while there was a drawn game with Kilblair. We found the going heavy in the league and this is not surprising as several of the team had never before played competitive soccer, thus the wiles of Scottish Junior players, such as those in the Dunoon Rangers team proved too much and even fitness and keenness could not overcome this lack of experience. We lost 2-1 to Sandbank Hearts at the Stadium, but tasted victory by beating them 3-1 at Benmore, on an evening when the Benmore team struck form.

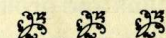
The high-light of our season was our 4-0 defeat of Strachur at Benmore when our team rose to great heights and surprised the critics. Then followed a heavy defeat by Dunoon Rangers and further defeats by Kilblair and Strachur, before we again won, when we beat Kilblair by 4-1 at Benmore. Our position in the league was joint 3rd and it is hoped to improve that position this season. Keeness, fitness and team spirit must be developed if Benmore is to return to its former glory on the football field.

Having lost four useful players, we are glad to see new men stepping out to fill their places and it would seem that we have an improved X1

“SOCCER”ates Says,—(cont'd)

this season which has already soundly defeated Ardenslate and Sandbank by 6-2 and 5-2 respectively and in addition to this the team gave a good display at Lochgilphead, although beaten 3-1 by the local Junior Cup X1. So 1957 prospects are bright and already plans are afoot for a short football tour in N. Ireland at Easter.

An interesting game took place at Mondford, in East Anglia, when a team containing representatives of Gwdyr, Dean and including four Benmore players, was defeated 4 - 1 by Mundford, the South Norfolk League Champions.



VICTORY TO IRELAND !

Honours to Scotland in closely fought contest.

WHILST Ian Burns of N. Ireland deservedly carried off First prize at the Summer Archery Contest, both competitors and spectators were amazed at the splendid effort of Scot, Ian Carr.

Competing with a Canadian rock elm bow made by Assistant-Forester Hugh Gledhill, Carr took the short flight shoot record for Benmore, a step further than other competitors with professionally made composite dagame and Greenheart bows. Hughie Cummings (Junior) competing at scratch maintained his own high standard and took third prize. Hugh Gledhill, Esq. the retiring President of the Society, donated the prizes which were graciously handed to the winners by Miss Christine Macnaughton.

Bulls Eye

VIA HELL, AND THEN !

Below an oozy, dripping sky
 At Benmore Manor sat I, sat I
 With many fellow forest lads
 Some of whom were happy dads.
 But who is this ? 'tis Wilson there
 Our lorry driver—a Mad March Hare.
 I hear the engine roar and splutter
 Oh, steady there, she's in the gutter.
 But does he worry ? he's no fear!
 Life to him is quite undear.
 Then soon we race o'er rough road dips
 The lorry moans and groans and spits,
 The loch shoots by its waters white
 So are the boys, they hang on tight.
 Over the burn the timbers rattle
 Farmer and frenzied cows skedaddle.
 Next morning will be milk-shake day
 For cows aren't meant to run that way.
 Our wedded members pray awhile
 Even the single ones don't smile,
 Some teeth are gritted, some lips are bitten,
 There's not a fellow who has sitten
 That showeth not from plain exterior
 The tenderest spot is his posterior.
 He rubs it here and soothes it there
 About all else he doesn't care.
 With aching backs now bent and eased
 And battered thighs now gently squeezed.
 Minds gradually turn to thoughts as bitter
 A sloshy climb up steep Gairletter.

VIA HELL, AND THEN ! (Cont'd)

As bearded Cooper leads the fray
 The following lads reprint his way,
 But at the top the failing stride
 Puts one in front and two behind.
 And glad we are when half-thinned Spruce
 Marks the spot to hold a truce,
 For work is better far, we say;
 If such is the start of a student's day.
M. Allen.

MAGGIE THE MOTH

Ilka nicht, when cooried doon
 Atween the sheets, ma buik tae read,
 Auld Maggie comes and flichters roon',
 Een fair gapin' in her heid.
 Noo, Meg gangs ferritin' aboot,
 A habit maist o' weemin hae,
 Roon' the bed, in an' oot,
 Tae see what mischief she can dae,
 In ma lug she'll sometimes skir!
 Scandals frae her mothy nicht,
 I let breenge and off she'll birl
 Tae dunt her heid ablow the licht.
 In ma beard she whiles gets raivelled,
 Towsin' a' her jaiket broon,
 When she's feelin' unco traivelled,
 On ma neb she'll settle doon.
 Sic contrips keep me frae ma read,
 But howt, she doesna' care a jot,
 I ken some nicht I'll dae the deed,
 And fell auld Meg wi' Wattie Scott !
Blue Bonnet.

BULB CULTURE. (November)

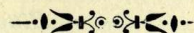
THIS is the time of year when all outdoor flowers have faded and it is a good idea to plant bulbs in bowls and have flowers in the house in the winter months.

For table decoration, the hyacinth is a beautiful flower which grows on a tall stem and another favourite is the Narcissus. Different varieties of bulbs can be bought at D. Roberts, John Street, Dunoon, or from Bannatyne and Jackson, Nurserymen and Seedsmen, Hamilton.

Select well-known varieties of bulbs of good quality. Fibre for feeding the bulbs can also be obtained at the above addresses. The fibre should be steeped in warm water for 24 hours and after steeping, all the surplus water should be squeezed out. Then select a fairly deep bowl, large in diameter and set the bulbs in it spacing them evenly. Put the fibre over the bulbs, but do not completely cover, so that the bulb necks show above the fibre. Then put the bowl in a dark cupboard or any place which keeps out light and leave for from 8—10 weeks bringing the bulbs out gradually into the light after six weeks. When they have been brought out constantly into the light, the bowl should be turned every day, remembering to keep the fibre moist with rain water.

It is a good plan to plant spring tulip bulbs now, so as to have flowers in your garden in early spring.

D. MacCallum.



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