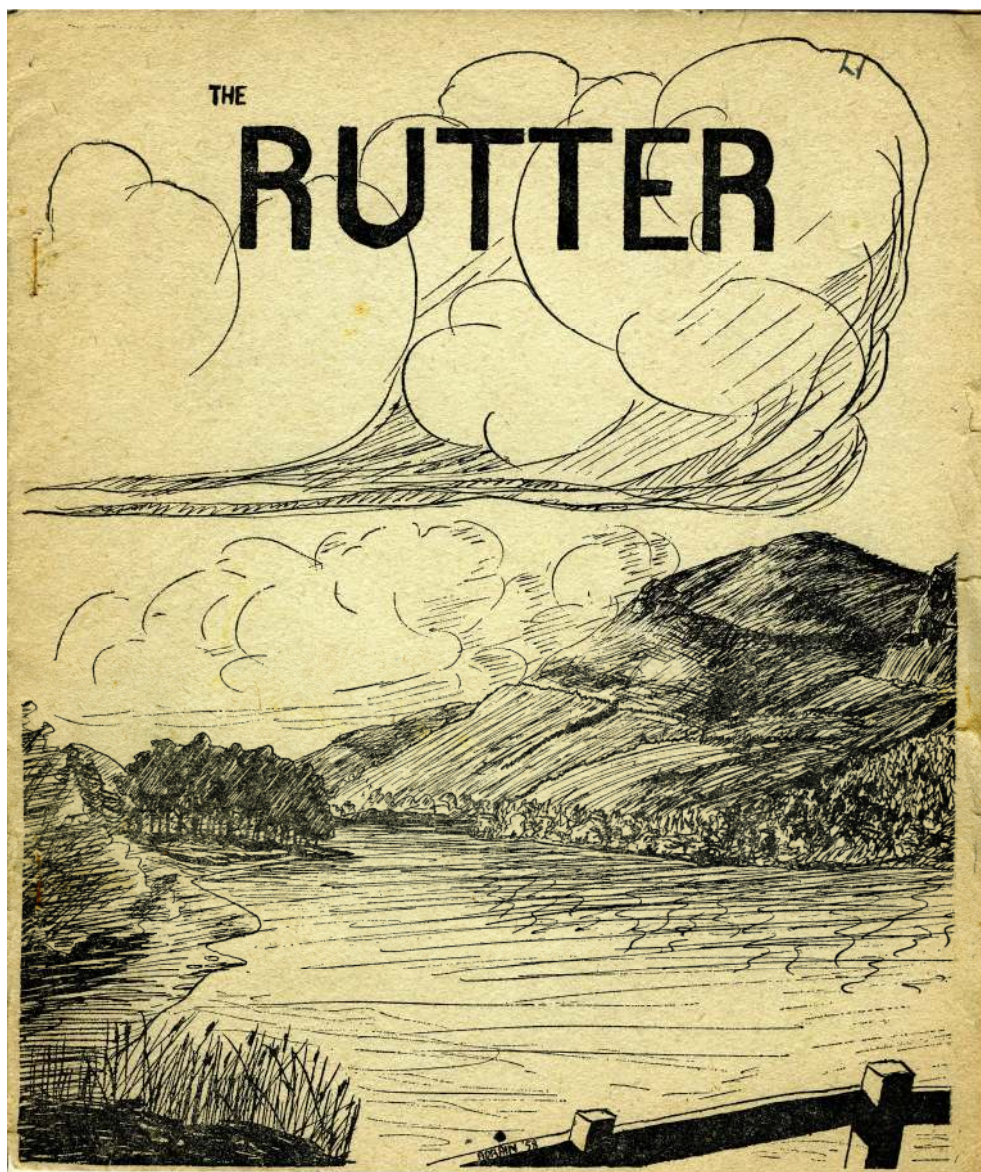




CHRISTMAS 1958

E D I T O R I A L

Despite many difficulties and fears the "Rutter" again makes its appearance in slightly different form. An old friend, Mr. Shields of Sandbank, was unable to print for us this year, but we were lucky in securing the services of a new firm - Cathro and MacGregor of Benmore. Both full-time clerksesses and busy housewives, they gave of their time and talents to bring out this issue. We give them our warmest thanks and hope our "efforts" are worth their labour.

Lastly, our cover designer and general artistic adviser, Jim Adrian deserves our congratulations on his good work

A.K. Smith (Editor).

The Assistant Forester's Lament

or The Bachelors' Lament

We've lodged with old ladies, the half of our lives
We've sipped from cracked cups and we've used filthy knives
We've swallowed thick gravy all curdled with grease
It's a wonder we haven't succumbed to disease.

Then "cats" were a nuisance that had to be tholed
If you wanted to stay in some landlady's fold
But many a kick they received on the quiet
Ere they choked on the string that was put in their diet.

Now we're back on the streets, on the lookout for digs
For we're tired of being treated like so many pigs.
We're knocking each door as we walk through the town
And this is the 6th door we've nearly knocked down.
"Good Morning, dear lady" says I most polite
Can you give us a room in your house and a bite,
But she opened her mouth and shot forward her head
And the "NO" she let out nearly wakened the dead.

Says I, as I hastily jumped from her step
"You can go to the devil, I wouldn't have slept
In you filthy old room if you'd offered it free
For I never liked sharing a room with a flea."

Well, we're in, but for how long, I couldn't quite say
To the end of the week? - or the end of the day?
To flirt with the daughter when Ma's not about,
Ah, we might as well leave now, before we're chucked out.

J. Spence.



Messing with Cats

When the term "messaging" complaint" is brought up before the student body, its members sit back and await the flow of eloquence which utters forth on the failings of the Benmore catering system. It is a well known fact that even the "moderators" will roar with wrath, if an injury to the stomach is thought to occur, much to the consternation of the messing committee. Such complaints, as the scarcity of sandwich fillings, and the inferior quality of salt provided, one common at nearly every meeting but occasionally something slightly different crops up.

Such a case I have in mind, was when it was stated, that Smoky, the school cat, had been seen desecrating a carcass of venison with its presence. Instantly pandemonium broke out, and cries of "Death to the Cat" rang out from the back benchers, and when order was restored again proposals were invited as to how this brazen beast be dealt with. A variety of the more common forms of liquidation and offers to perform them were put forward including electrocution, hanging, gas chamber and the guillotine, while one mechanically minded inmate suggested the offending carnivore might be crowned and pinioned to the exhaust pipe of an internal combustion engine, it thus becoming a "catarrh - ARRH - ARRH."

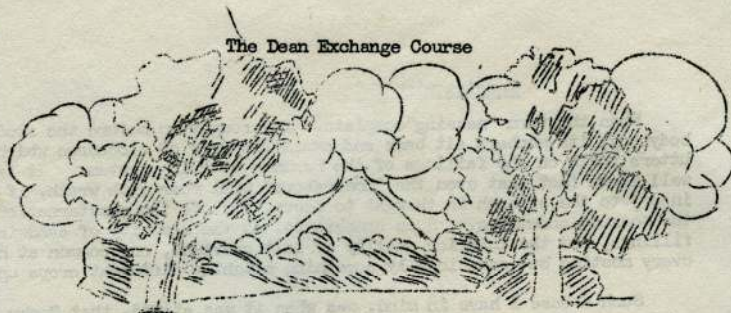
However, some of the more humane elements, fearing their hands be stained by the blood of this fiendish feline, argued the solution would be to drop it blindfold from the back of a moving vehicle in darkest Argyll, there to be banished forever.

At this stage, a representative of the R.S.P.C.A. fortunately stepped in to plead for the life of this pestilent pussy, and it was he who pointed out the fact that this troublesome tabby contributed daily to the school larder, quality class one meat, in the form of rabbits, rats and other form of animal life not yet identified. This last minute appeal saved the "day", and it was unanimously agreed that hence forth Smoky, be awarded the "order of the boot" if found in the vicinity of victuals.

What a relief it was to get back to decent messing complaints like the next one that was expounded in the true Benmore style, "Gentlemen, I would like to propose that the authorities be approached and informed that, on Fridays, students are being systematically starved, by the serving of fish totally lacking in vitamins A, B, C, and D, and the said food should be replaced by haggis. Now there's a reasonable complaint for you!

A.R. Powell.





The Dean Exchange Course

Six representatives of Benmore joined those of Faskally and Gwydyr, to study the pursuit of silviculture in the Forest of Dean.

Their introduction, on the practical side, was the felling of oak planted in 1813, replacing those used to bring Napoleon to his knees. The luxuriant vegetation of briars, six foot high bracken and coppice shoots, was attacked, using long handled hooks in an effort to uncover this years plants. (Many a wistful thought went back to the slopes of Coirantee.)

Thursdays and Fridays were spent touring the country at the Commission's expense. The Dean forests were explored first, and we learned to dread epicormic shoots and pipe rot. The native sheep, which wandered at will through the countryside, and the unsightly "tumps" (slag heaps) caught our attention.

Going farther afield, Tinten Woods and Ffrwdgrech were visited. The latter is a Welsh private estate, whose owner uses gelignite to deal with the problem of a hard pan!

Visits to a coal mine and a wood distillation plant, convinced us that there are worse jobs than forestry. Other tours took us to a match factory, a tannery and the "halls of learning" at Oxford. Our last attack was into Wales, to the Black Mountains, Mynydd DDU Forest.

A feature of the tours was the "pub lunches." The local cider was tasted, declared terrible, and drunk with relish.

Our leisure time, also, saw some travelling. Parties sallied forth to Gloucester Cathedral in one direction, and Cardiff football stadium in the other. One lone wolf found his way up the Rhonda Valley to Pontypridd. (Had the natives there discovered his politics, he would not have returned.) The nine miles over the hills to Tinten were cycled, to see the famous Abbey. A son of Ulster hitched - hiked to London and back.

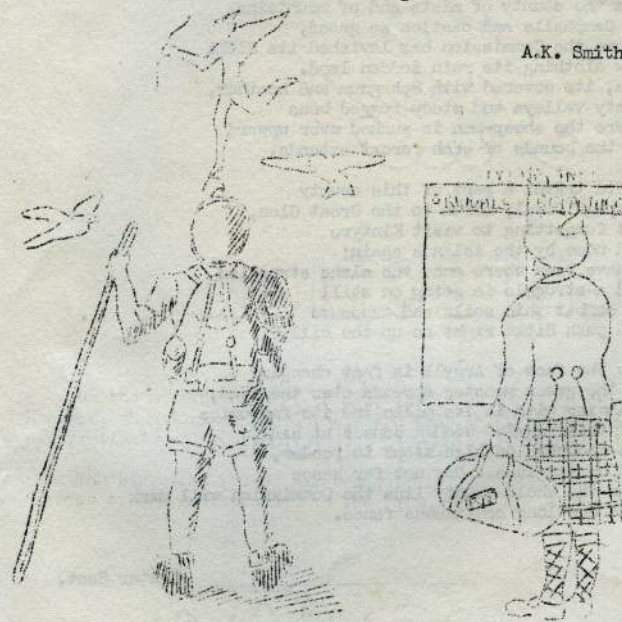
Taken out of their usual setting the Benmories developed some strange habits. Men, who were, before not noted for their literary ability, sent off daily epistles to Dumoon. Staunch teetotalers visited the "local," and the cinema gained a new patron.

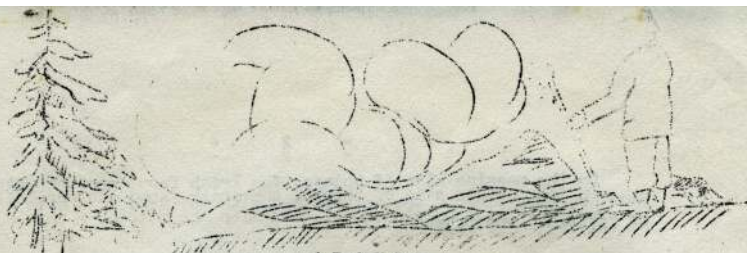
- 2 -

On the messing side of things, the Irish faced another potato famine. However, when liaison was established with the Mairai, a more adequate supply of "praties" was produced.

The six weeks passed all too quickly, and soon we bade farewell to the "groves of oak and returned to the "glens of sithra."

A.K. Smith.





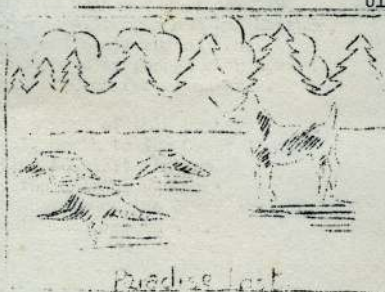
ARGYLL

Its the county of mists and of mountains,
Of Campbells and castles so grand,
Where the Commission has lavished its SITKA
Now clothing its rain sodden land.
Aye, its covered with Sphagnum and heather,
Peaty valleys and steep rugged bens
Where the sheep-man is pushed ever upward
As the bounds of each forest extends.

I did travel a part of this county
Through Cowal, north to the Great Glen,
Not forgetting to visit Kintyre
And home by the islands again;
I have been where once the clans struggled
And a struggle is going on still
To combat thin soils and exposure
And push Sitka right on up the hill.

Now the face of Argyll is fast changing
As the green monster spreads o'er the land,
Bringing with it its mills and its factories
And those quaint wooden houses at hand.
The shepherd on high stops to ponder,
And he imagines a day not far hence
When the whole county line the Commission will mark
With one long continuous fence.

Ulster Scot.



Paradise lost

BENMORE FORESTRY SCHOOL

Winter Term 1958
Start 9.00 a.m.

Senior Course
Time Allowed 3 hours.

Questions 1, 3 and 5 are compulsory. Answer any other four if question 4 and 6 have been attempted, or questions 2, 4 and 8 if number 7 is done, though obviously these cannot be attempted separately if 9 and 10 are done before questions 1, 3 and 5.

QUESTION 1.

As a private forester, you are given an 11 acre plot of moorland to plant containing *Juncus*, *Molinia* and *Nardus* competing with *Aira flexuosa* and Wild Strawberry as the ground vegetation. Odd pools of *Gualdar* Rose exist with Alder Buckthorn in the numerous soggy depressions. Would you:-

- Consider the area too dry for Swamp Cypress?
- Consider it too wet for cactus on a commercial basis?
- Assume the area has been sown as a practical joke by your workers?

QUESTION 2.

A rectangular pocket of devastated woodland, 147 yards long and 67 yards wide is to be fenced against Deer, Sheep and Large Mice. Stiles are to be erected in each of the four corners and a 15' gate in the centre of one side. List weight and dimensions of all material needed, man days required and overall cost per running foot, (correct to the nearest 1/2d.)

Keep your answer as brief as possible.

QUESTION 3.

Large deep teeth marks are found on an Oak branch at 47' in a small plantation on old red sandstone in S. Wales. Has the damage been caused by:-

- A red squirrel since captured.
- A grey squirrel still on the run?
- Neither.
- Both
- Don't know (in relation to question 3)
- Don't care (in relation to all questions).

QUESTION 4.

Find ten mistakes (apart from spelling) in the attached Progress Report. When completed, are the Progress Reports:-

When completed, are the Progress Reports:-

- (a) Submitted in triplicate to Conservancy Office every two weeks by the forester?
- (b) Copied out three times by the forester and sent to the Conservancy Office fortnightly?
- (c) Sent twice a month in duplicate to the Conservancy Office by the forester, one copy being retained?

If the serial number of your form is lost, would you inform the police and D.O. by coded message and burn their reply before reading, for security?

QUESTION 5.

Why are trees measured? Can they be measured after they have been felled? (If the answer to the last two questions is in the negative, describe briefly how you would measure them while they are falling).

QUESTION 6

You are asked to arrange an F.C. display at a County Agricultural Show. List, in order of preference, the exhibitions most likely to make this audience forest conscious:-

- (a) Two laps of the show ring by 18 forest workers forming a pyramid on a decorated Allen scythe.
- (b) A life size wax model of a D.O. wearing a fire fighting helmet with an inexhaustible supply of pins.
(The resemblance of the model to any D.O. would be purely intentional).
- (c) A weeding race in a bracken area by forest workers from each Conservancy - the competitors having to complete an acre of the plantations on their bicycles with a minute break at the end of each row for a "sharp up."
- (d) Competition to guess the number of transplants found buried in a burrow.

QUESTION 7.

During an inspection of your forest nursery, you see that a block of J.L. has been lined out at an angle of 45 degrees to the ground. Would you assume:-

- (a) The nursery is on a steep slope and say nothing?
- (b) You have one leg in a rut?
- (c) You have the other in the air?
- (d) Your work has been getting you down?

QUESTION 8.

Write an imaginary letter to your Chinese pen friend describing one of the following subjects. Make your letter as interesting as possible:-

- (a) Completion of the Transfer Invoice Supplement.
- (b) Mass emergence of *Hylobius Abietis*.
- (c) The position of hop waste in the National Forest Policy.
- (d) Revised yield tables for J.L. in G.B.
- (e) The future of Di-nitro-ortho-cresol in Irish heathland nurseries.

QUESTION 9.

Study the exhibits on display, and then answer the following questions in tabular form as possible:-

- (a) Does Saucer A contain more grains of nitro chalk than gravel?
- (b) Is Saucer F (i) containing clay particles of .002-.0002 mm.?
(ii) dusty?
- (c) Is the material in Saucer B (i) acid, (ii) alkaline or (iii) suggestive.
- (d) Where is Saucer C?



With Apologies to Frank Ketcham.



HEY! MOM. REMEMBER THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE SOCIAL YEAR

Since October, 1957 when the reins were handed over from Senior to Junior Students, our social events have met with unqualified success.

Everyone, students and the public alike found much entertainment at all our gatherings, and a comfortable profit was made into the bargain. Some of that profit it should be mentioned was diverted to our local Eventide Home for aged people to enable them to enjoy a few extra comforts at Christmas time.

Our activities the social ones anyway, were of a very ordinary nature, though apparently from the enthusiasm with which they were received were none the worse for that. They included a monthly dance, an annual Xmas party (with a very impressive array of food), and end of year dinner which took in a show in Dunoon, and something not tried before, a trip to visit our counterparts at Faskally School, Pitlochry. This day out for Students and any of their friends, and for instructors and any of theirs, took place on a lovely Saturday in April. A football match had been arranged and this we watched or played as the case may be, and a meal also had been arranged which we consumed, with the same glee. Later in the year Faskally visited us at Benmore, and partook of our hospitality in much the same way. Now both schools agree that this event should become an annual one.

Very shortly the first year students will be taking over the organization of our entertainments and we all of us hope that they will have an equally successful year.



The Exchange Student's Dream

Beside the uncleaned plants he lay,
His grass-hook, an unused tool,
His head was bare, his golden hair,
Lazy tousled o'er a stool.
Again, in the midst of sleep,
He saw, his parent school.

Right through the pattern of his dreams,
The gurgling Masson flowed.
Beneath the spruces on the strath,
Once more a bike he rode.
And saw the old red buses,
Go bumping down the road.

He saw once more his bonnie Jean
Among the heather stand,
She clasped his neck,
She kissed his cheeks,
She held him by the hand.
A smile passed o'er the sleepers face
And all the world seemed grand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Masson's bank,
His handlebars were rusty spars
And with a metallic clank
At each bump he could feel
his buckled wheel,
Catching his mudguard's flank.

Behind him like an Irish flag,
His green scarf ever flew;
From mile to mile it followed his flight
Through land where the Sitka grew,
Until he saw the roofs of Inverreck,
And the Holy Loch rose to view.

He did not hear the ganger's shout,
Nor the blazing heat of the day,
For love had conquered in the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
In peaceful rest, though his heart,
Was broken and far away.



A.K. Smith (with apologies to H.N. Longfellow).

On Leaving the School.

As an outsider who has been living amongst you I feel I would like to give you some idea of what might happen when you take a post in the Commission.

On leaving the School you will have in your possession details of your posting and you will probably have been in touch with the Forester in charge. He will arrange to meet you at the nearest station and will also fix you up with digs.

The position of finance is probably the most difficult. You are given a fortnights holiday on School Pay. You then have to pay your own way to your posting. When you start work as an Assistant Forester you won't get any pay until the end of the month 2 or 3 weeks.

The wages come by cheque on the last day of the month unless this falls on a Sunday.

Lodging allowance for a single man is now £1 a week.

It is usually in most conservancies to work as Ganger with a squad during much of the first 12 months but much depends on the forester, the type of forest and the amount of supervisory staff engaged there.

Often found on forests is a lack of tool maintenance and people who know anything about it. A certain amount of interest and skill in this topic helps to gain early respect of men and bosses.

During Wet time (much in the West) an interest in office routine will prove invaluable.

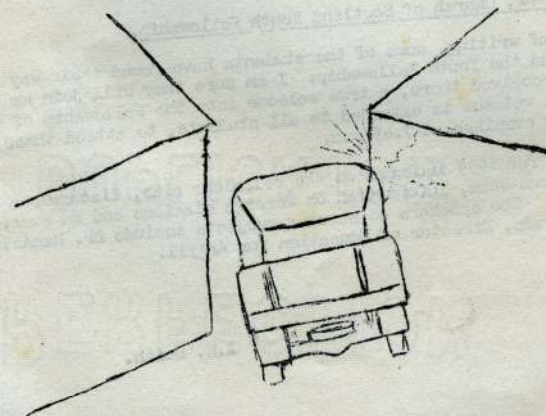
Never be too lenient with men on first contact. I don't mean horsewhip them but regards time if ever you are with a squad keep time because they will gain that extra when you are absent. If they get a little when you are with them it will be a lot when you are not with them. Stick strictly to the book until you find your feet and job will become easy.

Well by now you will be bored to tears so I'll finish and let you find the rest out yourselves but the mystery won't be so deep as "The Case of the Missing Dough."

R. Harvey.

SEVEN HINTS TO STUDENT DRIVERS

1. Opening Gates - alighting unnecessary - a little persuasion from bumper sufficient.
2. Oncoming Vehicle. - a shake of the fist, a tap of the bumper and a few well chosen words from the crew, is usually sufficient to force the offending motorist to retreat to the nearest lay-by with all possible speed.
3. Speeds. - variable - outward journey MAXIMUM 15 M.P.H. (with stops) - homeward journey MINIMUM 45 M.P.H. (NO STOPS).
4. Pilots attire - large peaked cap for bright Argyll sunshine, hip length leather jacket - "MILLETT BRAND" and heavy boots designed to hold accelerator in proper place, i.e. on the floor boards.
5. Turning Places. - widest and safest ones are really found adjacent to working site - Play safe - try further on.
6. Fuel. - Jameson's High Octane for maximum performance. Your winter oil - "Guinesol 30."
7. Awkward entrances. - Take cab through first, if judgement is correct remainder of vehicle will follow, if not call it a "HANG UP" (see diagram).



BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS - We have great pleasure in congratulating one of our Senior students, Mr. Peter Townson, on becoming a father. Our best wishes go to Mrs Townson and her daughter.

MARRIAGES. - We are pleased to announce the forthcoming marriage of:-

Bill Mason, one of our new lads, on the 26th of December, to a bonnie lassie from Arran.

Our Sassenach friend, Mr. Roy Harvey, from the Dean, has captured, (or been captured by,) a young lady from Ardtnaig, Porthshire.

I am sure, by the 24th of July next, this column will have a few additions from our ranks.

DEATHS. - Despite the tales of, extraction on steep slopes at Gwydyr, felling huge oak at the Dean, and cone collecting on Britain's highest tsuga at Benmore, we have all escaped unscathed.

"The Deil is guid to his own."

Sandbank, Church of Scotland Youth Fellowship.

At the time of writing, some of the students have found their way to Sandbank Church and the Youth Fellowship: I am sure they will join me in saying that they received there, a true welcome into the Fellowship of the Church. Acordial welcome is extended to all students, to attend those meetings on Sunday evenings at 7.45 p.m.

The programme for 1959 includes on the religious side, discussions on all aspects of Church work, information on Foreign Missions and an evening of record-playing! The speakers on secular subjects include Dr. MacAslan and Mr. T.G. Henderson, Director of Education for Argyll.

A.K. Smith.

"S O C C E R" ates Says.

1957/58 was indeed a season of mixed fortunes for a team which promised well in the early stages. As in the previous year, the team made a short two match tour of Northern Ireland during the Easter break. Our opponents were Springwell and Carr, two forest teams in the Colrairie area. In the first match Springwell (captained by a former Benmore) came out on top by 3 goals to 2 after a hard fought game, and a much improved showing against Carr brought us a 4-1 win. Both games although by no means classics, were played at speed and with vigour and obvious enjoyment was had by all, and the hospitality after the matches did much to make the tour a success.

The beginning of May saw another soccer highlight when a team with a large body of the School in support, travelled to Faskally to play the School there. Benmore won 4-1 and in the return game a fortnight later, we again won, this time 9-1, our opponents perhaps having the excuse that they were slightly under the influence.....of the Argyllshire countryside in a rainstorm. Again the games were a success and when we renewed acquaintances on exchange courses at Gwydyr and Dean the idea was sounded with much support that these matches became an annual event, and well they may.

Although we did well in friendly games winning 4 out of 5, the Dumoon Summer League was found to be much tougher with vigour and keenness, our inexperienced team being no match for the skill of the Scottish Junior Players, such as the Dumoon teams possessed. Consequently although opening the League programme well with a 4-0 win over Ardenslate, and a 3 all draw against T.A., heavy defeats were experienced from Dumoon Dynamos and Strachur in later games.

A large crop of injuries also hit us hard, and we soon found ourselves struggling at the bottom of the league table, but a flame of hope was briefly kindled in the Cup matches by an 11-1 win over Strachur Rangers in the First Round. In the Semi-Final we were just pipped at the post by Strachur whose goal in the dying minutes of the game gave them a 4-3 victory. Taking all in all, even the most ardent Irish fans could not have been too enthusiastic about our League and Cup performances.

Of the future as with all our predecessors, we hope that next season Benmore will be competing for honours, but there is just one cloud on the horizon, and that is, with smaller courses coming in each year, it is becoming increasingly difficult to find adequate replacements for leaving members. However theres a saying that goes "Every cloud has a silver lining" and we feel sure that "Apoetism" is not a Benmore quality these difficulties will be overcome.

A brief glance of the seasons statistics reveals

P	W	P	L	F	A
15	6	1	8	52	49

A.R. Powell.

The President's Select

12 points

Tiger Cubs

6 points

BENMORE, a name long steeped in the tradition of that delicate and noble art called "SOCCER," forsook that tradition for a day, to become the scene of a fierce and barbaric struggle, given the title of "Rugby" last

Interest reached fever pitch, thousands travelling by land and sea, Green line buses from the Highlands and British Railways specials running overnight brought large crowds from as far away as Farber, Angell. The dignified company, in which our cultured friends not long departed would have revelled, chattered excitedly in haughty accents as zero hour approached. A mighty roar went up shaking the Strath Echaig hills, and the gladiators made their entry headed by Sozzelers Hall Accordion Band.

The usual pre-match formalities gone through, the two courses faced each other across the famous ground, the oddly shaped object was placed in the middle, and J. McC. Crawford-Orr kicked off for the Tiger Cubs. The President's Select fielded and rallied round, and the two teams became locked in mortal combat.

So it went on with the struggle ranging from end to end and from time to time spectators caught a fleeting glimpse of the ball as it sped across the back line, only to disappear once more under heaps of human flesh. Bad handling was blamed on the greasy state of the ball which had become drenched in sweat and blood.

The Selects' winger, although playing something akin to the Geordie way of life, was to prove the match winner with two "Milburn" type bursts over the Tiger Cubs line. At the end the scoreboard measured the Selects' superiority as 6 points, but no one can measure the amount of prestige and honour gained on this memorable afternoon.

Like the true sportsmen both teams later sat down side by side to enjoy a delightful tea (Bravo! Les Girls), hen and Beatties' treat in abundance providing a pleasant change from the taste of mud and leather. The dining-hall, by the time, had become a colourful scene with much flaunting of badges and old school ties.

The end came, however when an ardent member of the turf-cutting brotherhood, sampling good old "rigger" for the first time was heard to utter - "Isay old chaps, whose for polo to-morrow?."

"JACK SEEALL" - BENMORE NIGHTLY MAIL
(Sports Edition).



THIS SPECIES IS STILL UNIDENTIFIED



The Fate of Honest Stanley.

An honest lad was Stanley,
And he came from humble stock,
His home was on yon hillside
Just below the Glen-Car rock;
T'was here he'd spent his boyhood days
But happy though they were
He now approached his manhood years
With reason for despair.

He needed work that he might live
But it wasn't to be found,
The bureau tis true did ease the sting
Though anything but sound,
Till suddenly one autumn day
Like a fairy waves her wand
The news broke out, they're going to plant
A forest near at hand.

Old Cormac's lands once large and rich
But now so desolate
Did come to life again with men
Whose boss now was the state,
Among these men was Stanley
And as he worked he blessed his luck
Though the graft was hard yet he was happy
Digging mid stones and muck.

Working with his one time playmates
Joking all their cares aside
One could hear this happy laughter
As they tamed the steep hillside,
They admired his humour
His spirit, drive and skill
There was no doubt that he stood out
O'er the others on that hill.

His boss in time did see his worth
So he'd push this youth ahead
Not to spend his life a labourer
But a forester instead.
At last one day the call did come
That he must cross the foam
There to be trained for his new task
Far from his backward home.

As he passed his time in training
He felt the world was at his feet
There was much to see and do
So many new friends to meet
And as time passed he dreaded more
The day he must depart,
And leave his friends and this new land
That he'd taken to his heart.

But back he went a forester
As he was bound to do
Back to a strange big forest
Where not a man he knew
But gone was all his spirit now
And he felt a man alone
The men below did harass him
And the men above did moan.

Seasoned and crafty workers these
Making sure that much went wrong
Not honest plain hardworking chaps
Like he'd known back at home
It wore him down, prayed on his mind
New conflicts every day
He could no longer suffer now
So Stanley went his way.

Cycling down the lonely Glen-car road,
On his journey to the bureau
Reflecting sadly on past years
And the ups and downs he knew,
He sees men up there planting
They're happy if poor and plain
Though once ambition mocked him
Just like them he'll now remain.

Giuseppe Garibaldi.

ODDS and SODS

Forester - Take Jo over to the office.
Ganger - But Jo isn't going.
Forester - Oh is he not? The send him back home where he comes from.
Ganger - Oh I can't do that, machinery is indispensable.
Forester - What are you talking about.
Ganger - Jo-Bu.

Some people say a man is made out of mud. It makes you think,
doesn't it?

Tread softly stranger, you are now in tiger country.

"They were making mad passionate love".
The idiots.....!!!!

For sale three dozen loaves - interested persons should apply to:
The Bad Yins - Benmore Student Association.

NOT DATE

1 SPADE, owners consider it TOO BIG for the drains made by the
Students.

Harry Price
May 30 '4