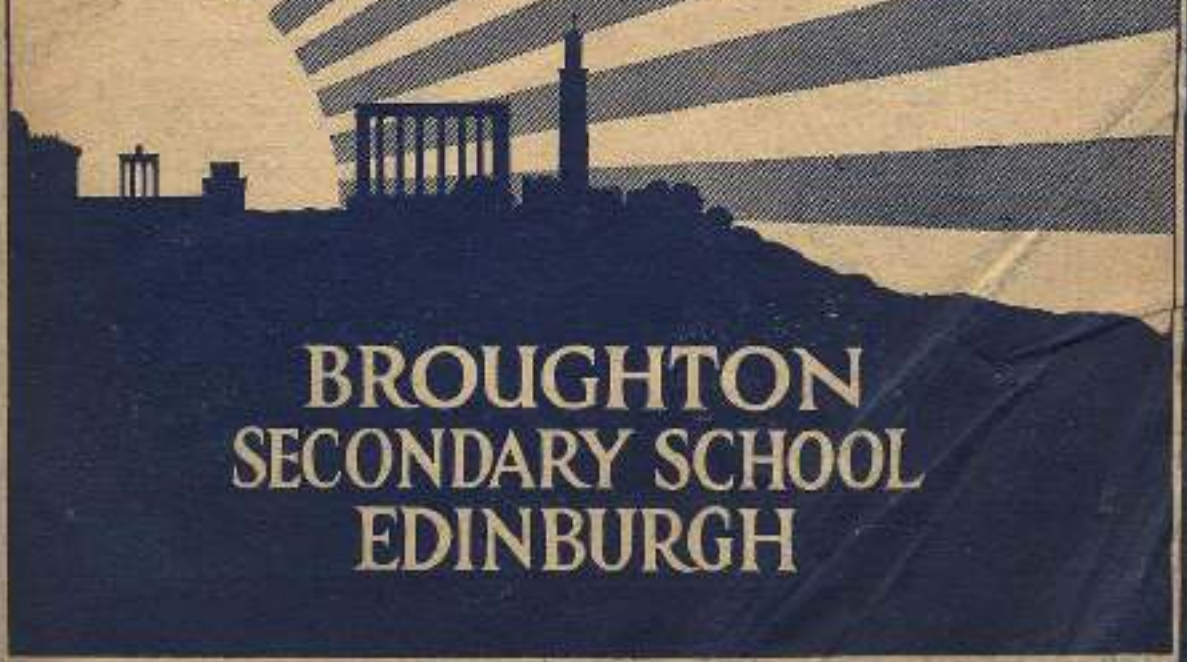
Broughton Magazine



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VOL. XXIX., No. 1 CHRISTMAS 1935

. . The . .
Broughton Magazine

EDITORIAL

ONCE more that old pedlar Time with icy fingers at his blue lips has shuffled into our village and from his satchel proffers you quaint oddments of things past, fore news of Christmas holidays and joys yet to be, garnered by his gnomes and minions to form this almanac of his and yours—the Broughton Magazine.

Beyond the Mill, in a great cave old Time keeps many gnomes, some small, some not so small and it is they who with inky fingers have laboriously compiled this chronicle, of news from beyond the seas, of strange tales from the land between the sun and moon and of divers ditties piped in the valleys of Broughton.

Sometimes the workers would fall asleep and 'twas then that the Editor felt bound grudgingly, be it credited to her, to become a task-mistress but all rallied to her call and for their support she thanks them.

The icy blast of examinations has passed and sent crashing down many a stripling pine on our mountain side but now the weather is calmer again and you can turn over the pages of this almanac with the pleasant anticipation of Christmas and joys to come; for soon Miss Broughton will be tricking herself out in all her party finery—a shy little Miss while French will give place to feasting and Mathematics to Music and pedagogic ogres will discard their grim and villainous looks and trip the fantastic toe as lightly as middle-age will allow.

Already white-bearded, rosy cheeked Santa Claus is wrapping his red cloak about him and hitching his reindeer to the sleigh; the whip cracks and the bells tinkle in the distance, the snow flakes float down and a white mantle begins to cover all—and so to pleasant anticipations and to the delights we hope you will find in our pages we leave you wishing one and all

A Merry Xmas and a Bright New Year.

LOUISA CURRIE, VIA., *Editor.*

Expedition to South Georgia

SS. Kwangchou,
At sea, 8/11/35.

It was a raw, wet day in mid-December. There are few places as cheerless as Glasgow under such conditions, unless it be Rothesay Docks, one of the portals to the grimy metropolis.

For ten days we had lain there, loading coal, provisions, clothing, mail, etc., for the whaling station in South Georgia, a bleak, desolate outpost at the other end of the world.

A red Post Office mail van came rattling along with our final consignments, mails for the *R. R. S. Discovery*; she had been down in the Antarctic ice for nearly two years. At all events our arrival was going to be hailed with a deal more enthusiasm than our departure. It was my duty to see the precious mails safely stowed in No. 3 hold, and covered with a brand new tarpaulin; that done, the pilot stepped aboard.

Simultaneously, the Captain rapped out the order, "Stand by fore and aft," a couple of tugs made themselves fast to us, the telegraph tinkled, our moorings were cast off, and slowly we began to move; many a long day and night was to pass before we again were to make fast to land, however barren. We were off!

When off Land's End we ran into a duster. The barometer had been abnormally low for days, and the reason for it made itself manifest by high, steep seas, coupled with a dangerous cross swell, rolling in from the Atlantic. It was on that same day and in the same gale that the ill-fated *Usworth*, and shortly afterwards the *Blairgowrie*, foundered with all hands. In a comparatively short time, our bunker hatch was stripped, the saloon bulkhead in, while one huge fellow licked along our side, curled up, flicked the starboard lifeboat adrift from its lashings, and smashed it against the engine-room skylight; all in the fraction of a second. The effortless ease with which the damage was done, was rather impressive. I had been in dirtier gales in mid-Atlantic, but never a more dangerous.

It was the peculiar steep formation of sea and swell that sent the walls of green water smashing aboard us. We carried that weather right down and through the Bay of Biscay, the weather moderating by degrees, when we passed Cape Finisterre. We were extremely fortunate in having no one injured, considering the narrow escapes sustained by the crew in securing our lifeboat and hatches.

As daily we drew nearer to the equator, my best flags began to mysteriously disappear. The reason was fairly obvious. We crossed the "Line" at 3 p.m. on a Saturday afternoon and all that morning divers preparations had been under way on the foredeck, which included the rigging of a huge canvas bath, and the strategical placing of wooden forms and a table on the hatch immediately above it.

At 3 p.m. when, by careful consideration, we crossed the line, two fearsome apparitions emerged apparently from the hawsepipes. One, Neptune (a big, fat Irish fireman), magnificently arrayed in a sea-green girdle, sporting a wild-looking beard, on his head a tinfoil crown, and in his right hand a gory trident, liberally splashed with red lead, to which the feeblest imagination meant Blood! With him was his charming? consort, Mrs Neptune (the carpenter), skittishly mincing along beside her spouse. "She" was dis-gracefully draped in my best ensign, and in addition had swiped the Turkish pilot flag, and cut armholes in it to make an evening jacket. Beautiful blonde tresses, rouged cheeks and lips, completed the ensemble while "Chips'" bright blue eyes lent him the necessary feminine charm. Perhaps it is only right to mention that someone had robbed the mate's store of six fathoms of brand new manila rope, and

the second mate, from that day, could never lay his hands on a fine Faber red pencil. This may account for the carpenter's golden hair and vivid colouring.

The pair came aft, and Neptune, in stentorian tones, hailed the bridge, "What ship is this, Captain?"

"The *Albuera*."

"Whither bound?"

"South Georgia."

"Are there any aboard who have not crossed my threshold before?"

"Yes."

"Let them be brought forth."

It really was a magnificent and sonorous piece of dialogue, though a purist might be inclined to jib at his Marine Majesty's strong Irish brogue. Having said his piece, Neptune and his Consort repaired to one of the wooden forms, handy to the bath, where the Clerk of the Court ("Sparks") awaited them. Four of the sailors, having fearsome black beards on their faces (Cherry Blossom), and wearing white sun helmets, bearing the insignia "Sea Police," in huge black letters, scoured the ship for those unfortunates who had not yet crossed the Equator. Getting them along to Court proved strenuous work, but once there the procedure was invariably the same.

The Clerk would read over the charges to him. Abdul Gunnybags, fireman, charged with having created an unholy row in the port bunker. Further charged with being implicated in the alleged disappearance of a roast chicken, which, according to the evidence of the cook, did on Christmas Day, of its own accord, contrive to fly away. He was sentenced to the "works." Brawny arms pinioned him from behind, whilst the barber got busy with a whitewash brush, and a lather, composed of flour, water, French chalk and resin. He was then shaved with a colossal razor; shaving operations over, the victim was upended into the bath and held there until almost asphyxiated—his final release was the signal for the next lamb to be led forth to the slaughter.

The proceedings wound themselves up in a general mêlee, in which all participated, including Neptune himself, who got the severest ducking of all from his irate prisoners.

When I say all, I should perhaps have mentioned that the Chief Engineer had taken the precaution of locking himself in his room when he saw the end approaching, and the Second Mate, having charge of the bridge, was thereby immune. The Old Man's person was held sacred, though perhaps the fact that it was rumoured he would dispense a bottle of rum had something to do with it.

Then followed balmy days of fine weather and starry nights. As we slowly forged farther south, however, the Westerly Wind increased in force, the seas to rear themselves higher, the days to lengthen, and the air to grow bitterly cold. We were nearly the latitude of Cape Horn, and had entered the Great Antarctic Drift, a current flowing up from the Pole, and circulating Westwards round the world. Then we encountered our first ice.

At intervals during the day, we would steam past big bergs, and occasional small "growlers," their sides reflecting in the occasional sunshine, beautiful iridescent colours of blue, violet, and even pink, depending on whatever spectrum ray was reflected. A berg in sunshine is one of Nature's beauties. At night, however, we viewed them in a different light, and spent anxious hours on watch, peering ahead for them. There was no moon and their luminous haze could only be picked out with difficulty. However, it's all in the wages and we hit none.

Eventually, one clear afternoon, we sighted the distant snow-clad peaks of South Georgia. And observations showed that it still lay 70 miles away.

Such was the clearness of the atmosphere (rather unusual for these latitudes) that the land was clearly visible. We were all in a state of mild excitement. For forty-one days we had been steaming non-stop from Glasgow and had not sighted land since we passed Cape Finisterre. Consequently, the sight of even these icy slopes, was more than welcome. About midnight we were up to Fortuna Glacier, our landmark, as there are no lights on the island, and steamed along its base till daylight, at slow speed, then shaped course for Leith Harbour, the name in which the whaling station rejoices.

Leith Harbour is a small fjord, topped by snow-capped mountains, gaunt and dreary; at their base a collection of huge oil tanks, the whale factory where the mammals are boiled down, the barracks which house some 200 Norwegians, and a ricketty jetty built on piles to which we finally made fast—forty-two days from home—in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, and this was January—midsummer. What a welcome!

Our mails were landed first and eagerly read, then our part cargo of Ayrshire potatoes, which were more welcome to the station hands, who for some time had been living on whale beef and penguins' eggs, enlivened by tinned foods.

South Georgia is an island of about 100 miles long by 30 miles wide; is entirely barren of vegetation of any kind; is snow-capped in summer and icebound in winter, and at the same time lies far enough north to experience the violent westerly winds which rage in the South Atlantic. Its climate has been described by Arctic explorers as being the most miserable in the world, a statement which I can support.

The climatic conditions were remarkable during our six weeks' sojourn. Morning would dawn, clear and placid. About 10 a.m. we would be drenched by torrential rain. About 4 p.m. the rain would give way to violent wind squalls, sweeping down the glaciers. About 6 the wind would cease as suddenly as it arose and give place to snow, which, in a very short time, would cover everything in a mantle two to three feet deep. The conditions in winter can be better imagined than described.

The station supports some eight whale catchers, in addition to three factory ships which, in turn, have five catchers apiece assigned to them. The *modus operandi* is as follows:—The catchers which are about half the size of the trawlers, on sighting a whale, pursue it for anything from two to twenty miles, and on coming within range (about 40 yards) fire their harpoon from a cannon mounted on the fo'c'sle head. The actual harpoon is a murderous looking weapon, having a huge barbed hollow head. In this head is contained 1½ lbs. of gunpowder, which explodes on striking the animal. It immediately thrashes the water in a fury, then dives. Out flies the line over the bow, until the whale "sounds," that is, reaches the bottom, then up it comes for air, and makes off at a tangent, the catcher following. The chase is soon over, for the harpoon inflicts a mortal wound. It is sheer butchery, but the folks at home must have soap, fried fish and margarine, not to mention high explosives (nitroglycerine), all manufactured from whale oil. Incidentally, experiments in manufacturing from the flesh a synthetic Bovril, have proved highly successful.

The dead brute is hove alongside, blown up with compressed air, marked with a flag, then the catcher sets off and may secure as many as seven whales ere she makes her way back to the station or parent ship, as the case may be, bringing her catches tail first, three on either side and one astern.

When the whales are brought ashore to the slipway, the Norwegians turn out *en masse* and quickly flense them of their blubber; the beef and bones are sawed up and the whole dumped into

huge boilers where they are reduced to oil. The flinsers can handle anything up to eighteen whales a day, and the slipway under such conditions resembles a shambles, running ankle-deep in blood. If one is not careful, he will lose his feet and come down full length in gore, as I did. The smell is revolting, and anyone visiting the slipway for the first time is sure to be violently sick.

During our stay in Georgia, our staple diet was whale steaks and penguins' eggs. Our ship did not have any refrigerator, and keeping cattle down there is out of the question, as no fodder will grow even if the beasts could survive its climate.

The penguins' eggs are not so dusty when made into omelettes, provided they are liberally mixed with rice flour, and one did not go into the galley and see them being broken open. They have a slimy green appearance.

My first initiation to whale steak was about half an hour after I had seen two whales being cut up. At the saloon table I just couldn't take it. I came round in time, and before we left, almost enjoyed the dish, strong-tasted, oily and stringy though it be. It is very nourishing and the oil is 300 times as rich in essential vitamins as cod liver oil.

The Station Butcher had evolved what he called "whale sausages," half pork and half whale.

On one auspicious occasion, the *R.R.S. Discovery* came up from the ice (where she had been exploring) for her mails and stores. We donned our best bibs and tuckers, in honour of that event, and set forth to meet her in Stromness Bay, four miles distant. It being impossible to walk anywhere on this island, there being no roads, only snow-drifts, rocks and treacherous bogs, we launched our boat and pulled round.

All good things must end, however, and the *Discovery* left the following day. Her officers and scientists were unanimous in their opinion that they would be glad to leave the misery of Georgia and get down South amongst the ice, where, if the temperature was low, at least the sun shone out of a blue sky and the sea was calm. It is an actual fact that those of her party who landed ashore at various points to survey, had been picked up a week later, bronzed and sunburned, whereas, in South Georgia the sun was always shining, only, one couldn't see it for clouds.

Sometimes on Sundays we would climb over the spur of the nearest mountain, some 2,000 feet high. The whole island, it should be mentioned, is very mountainous, and reckoned by geologists to be a submarine extension of the Andes. It is the only island in the South Atlantic and in the Antarctic which is not of volcanic origin.

On the other side of the mountain lay two vast rookeries, one of penguins and one of sea elephants. The penguins gave us great fun; they are absolutely tame, perhaps "wild" would be a more suitable term to use, and even allowed us to handle them. They are possessed of an insatiable curiosity, and followed us around everywhere. Having an impromptu football match, they lined the touchline with great precision, and followed the game with the keenest interest. They looked so comical, standing there with their black jackets and white waistcoats, that we had to stop and laugh. Quite near to the ship, we discovered three big Emperor penguins, who had come ashore to moult. They remained day and night on the same spot, and when we left, six weeks later, they were still standing, having neither eaten nor drunk during this period, but subsisting on their blubber, while growing their new feathers.

The sea elephants were not quite so friendly—big seals, if you like, up to 18 feet long in the case of a bull, and sporting a long proboscis, like their shore contemporary. They also were casting

their coats and fasting during the process. They lay in mud and water between low mounds, the hollows formed by the weight of their bodies, as they had been coming ashore at the same spot for thousands of years, that is to say, of course, their progenitors. Being so ungainly ashore, it was possible to get behind some unsuspecting fellow and tweak his tail fin, but we had to be slick on jumping clear for they would wheel round and try to knock one's feet away with their tails, which was, I expect, only what is deserved. On such occasions they would open their great mouths and roar like bulls. Occasionally a stray sea leopard finds its way into the rookery. It is slightly smaller than the sea elephant, has whiskers, and a mouth full of sharp teeth, and is much more agile, being able to launch himself forward four times his own length. Apart from whales, those seals are the only animals to be found in Antarctica. There is no evidence of there even being any animal life there at all, not even bears, as in the Arctic regions, where mammals are plentiful.

At last the time came for us to leave; enough whales had been killed to supply us with a full cargo, some 6,000 tons of guano, which is the residue of the flesh when the oil has been extracted, roasted or ground into a fine powder.

This guano is used as a fertiliser, mainly on tobacco and tea plantations. It is interesting to note that on a conservative estimate over 110,000 whales are killed in Antarctica every year by the various factory ships and three shore stations operating. As the whale has but one, or occasionally two, calves at a birth, this cannot go on, as those in the industry are beginning to realise.

And so we sailed, quietly and unobtrusively, the stolid Norwegians watching us until we reached the end of the bay, then returning to their endless routine. Some did raise a half-hearted cheer, but work, under such soulless surroundings soon drives away exuberance from men. Some had been going there for thirty years, and so accustomed had they become to their environment that I am told that they don't know how to enjoy themselves when they go home to Norway for a brief spell of three months every year.

We headed north and ran into a snorting gale, which did not blow itself out for four days. What with nursing the ship, keeping a sharp look-out for ice, and endeavouring to keep warm, we had plenty to do. I never knew it could be so cold. But before long we had reached more genial latitudes, and were back again in flying-fish weather, discarded our heavy winter gear, donned white uniforms and began to grumble at the heat. "Growling," is the only privilege a sailor possesses. Accordingly he makes the most of it, largely as a matter of principle.

A short run of eight days brought us to the English Channel, bound for London. We picked up our pilot off Dungeness at midnight and we realised that after months of isolation, we had reached civilisation again. In the late afternoon we made fast to our buoys. "All fast sir," hailed the Chief Officer from forward. "Finished with engines," tinkled the telegraph. "All right, mister," said the Captain to me, "Lock up the chartroom, tell the donkey-man, steam on deck for discharging at six to-morrow morning and don't forget to wind the chronometers." We are home!

PRO BONO PLIMLICO.

Little girl: "Daddy, I want a tambourine for my Christmas, but of course it must be a Salvation Army one."

"Oh!" exclaimed her surprised father. "And why must it be a Salvation Army tambourine?"

"Well, daddy, so as I can play it on Sundays," replied his daughter.

A Dilemma

THERE are many places in this unkind world which inspire dread in the most fearless of people and surely a railway station ranks nearly first among these abhorred places.

Let us take, for example, a foggy day in December, while you stand shivering at the entrance to the station, waiting for a friend who seems to make a point of being late. There you stand, feeling like a dwarf among so many menacing giants and being bawled at by red-faced porters as you get in the way of their loaded trollies. Oh horrors! Suddenly the thought strikes you that there may be two entrances to the confounded place, and wearily you drag your leaden feet through the station in an endeavour to find another entrance. After a few setbacks you discover that you will have to gain assistance in your quest for the hidden entrance, so you timidly approach a porter, all the while gathering together the remaining shreds of that bulldog spirit, and blurt out your pitiful request. The porter's staccato voice jars on your ears, "First turning to the left, through platform nine, turn to your right, through the entrance hall and you can't miss it!" This is shouted at the speed of something like a hundred words per minute, with the result that it seems to resemble the formula for solving a quadratic. After murmuring the necessary, "thank you," you totter away none the wiser.

After many wrong turnings and minor accidents you eventually arrive at the other entrance, but are dismayed to see no sign of that nuisance, your friend. Suddenly you have another brainwave. Supposing your friend is waiting on the platform for you. Picking up your suitcase—which by this time seems to have swelled to the size of a trunk—you commence your weary journey to the platform where the 1.27½ leaves for Killiebintuchtry, some forsaken hole in the Highlands. At last you reach the platform and stand there, a forlorn figure, and feel like an outcast. Hurrah! here is a train. With a supreme effort you crawl into it and have just taken your place in a corner seat when a huge, burly porter bursts in upon your blissful dreams, yanks you out of the carriage, dumps you on the platform and shouts in your ear, "Wrong train."

This, you feel, is the last straw, and you are contemplating committing suicide when who appears on the horizon but your friend, dressed up in his Sunday best and grinning from ear to ear. Your vision of suicide changes to that of murder, and you wonder what is the most severe form of torture, when he exclaims, "Oh, I say, I hope I'm not late!"

Ah, these men, are they not vile creatures?

C. G., IVa.

A Peep at Africa

Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia,
8th November 1935.

To the Editor,
Broughton Magazine.

Sir,

I was greatly interested, on opening the summer, 1935, issue of your Magazine, to see an article therein from a fellow Broughtonian in Rhodesia. It is said that when two Scots get together in this Colony, they immediately form a Caledonian Society; perhaps before a great deal more of time has passed we shall have a Broughtonian Society of Rhodesia.

It is good to get the old school magazine, away out here. It is amazing how quickly one's mind leaps back over the intervening decade of years and lives again in the realms of "Highers," Literary Society meetings, and the work,

sport, fun, and good companionship that was life at Broughton. Memories crowd quickly back, each bringing others in its train, until time and distance are forgotten and again it is the early summer of 1925 and the youth of the Fifth Year, with the Higher Leaving Certificate gained, are talking eagerly in the classrooms and corridors. "What are *you* going to be?" is heard on all sides, and the reply is given confidently and purposefully, "I am going to be this," and "I am going there and shall become that." I wonder, old school mates of 1925, how many ambitions have been fulfilled, how many unrealised. What a reunion if we could have a complete roll-call of all the troops now, what a tale we could have to tell if we could gather together all those who stood together in the corridors just over ten years ago and said, "I shall be this!"

What vivid memories of teachers can come back over all those years. Clear-cut pictures of each and all. To them, perhaps, we were just another class of more or less noisy and unintelligent youth, to be spoon-fed and nursed so that one day the Education Authority would, out of pity perhaps, make us a present of a Leaving Certificate, and their task would be over.

To us, our teachers were more than that. To our youthful minds they represented knowledge and experience which we did try hard at times to assimilate; and as our years at school went on, the natural dislike of the schoolboy to all that the master represented showly gave way to the realisation that they were human, these teachers, and good fellows too.

One can still see the late Mr Ogilvie (It was with sincere regret that I saw the notice of his death in your last issue) crouching over his desk in the corner of his room, right at the end of the corridor —his eyes shining, body tensed, as he held up for our admiration the pure gem of some great poem. And suddenly the eye would lose its sparkle, and the body go limp, as he realised, for perhaps the hundredth time that term that the class of half-wits before him saw no beauty but only a task to be swotted up for an exam. Poor Cholly! How he must have loathed us all at times.

And Daddy Lawson, too. One can see him again, in the middle of a flight of fancy, his voice going on and on as he leapt from idea to idea, and suddenly, coming back to earth with a bump, his voice would trail on for a little, cease, and the sentence would be completed by a peculiar little circular movement of the arms and hands.

John Sinclair comes next to mind, and here was a teacher after our heart's desire. Big, jovial, interested in our sport as well as our play. Will any of us ever forget the morning when he picked up the biggest fellow in our class and sat him in the wastepaper basket?

And so they all come back to memory, a Cavalcade of Schooldays, some feared a little, but all respected and admired. If ever a big re-union of these youths could take place, we should be honoured to have you as our guests.

The Broughtonians from Bulawayo gave a fairly accurate picture of certain aspects of the life out here, but he must have left an erroneous impression on the minds of many of your readers. It is true that, at the time of the full moon, one can hear the beat of the tom-tom and, if one is fortunate, obtain a glimpse of natives dancing in the wild, mad dances of the days before the coming of the pioneer columns of white men. But it would be wrong to think from this that underneath his apparently friendly nature, the Bantu is resentful of the white man's rule and is smouldering with discontent that will one day make him rise in rebellion. The native knows that, under the British Flag, he obtains justice, and can obtain a peace and the means of satisfying his simple wants in a way unknown to him and his fathers, forty

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years ago. And so the two races, white and black, go their ways, never mixing, but always working out the destinies of this, the youngest member of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Of life for the white man in Rhodesia there is much to be said. One misses, at times, the many amenities of the old country, but the law of compensations, ever in action the world over, has not overlooked this country.

The climate is most perfect and a delightful sun shines from skies of the purest blue for eight months in the year. The appearance of the tiniest cloud during this period is a matter so unusual as to cause comment. During the remaining four months, our summer-time, it would be unpleasantly hot, but then the west winds bring on our rainy season, and tropical downpours drench the thirsty grounds and the dusty roads and leave behind a great coolness that brings refreshment and peace to the body, and fresh grass on the veldt and green leaves on the trees that are a delight to the eye.

Socially, there is a great contrast between Rhodesia and the old country. Here, a man is not ranked according to the amount of his salary cheque, but solely on his ability to play the game. Always there is an open door and a welcome for the stranger, and an outstretched arm and friendly smile at the end of the longest road. In some of the amenities of modern life we may be lacking, but in the things that matter the colonists could give many lessons to the sophisticated peoples of the old country.

Perhaps, on reading this article, you might be inclined to think that here surely is a land without worry, a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey. In many ways it is. But always the law of compensations is at work, and there are problems here that are peculiarly our own. The danger from wild animals is now almost negligible, and one has to travel 20 to 30 miles to catch a glimpse of the lion, panther, or elephant. The only cause of trouble from this source are the snakes which inhabit the kopjes and veldt, and make periodical visits through the streets of the town. On the golf course one enters the rough in search of a lost ball, with niblick at the ready in case a cobra or the deadly black mamba should emerge at one's feet.

The chief causes for worry are the plagues that sweep the country from end to end, periodically, and bring the staple industry, agriculture, to a complete standstill. Foot and mouth disease, rinderpest, east-coast fever—the havoc they cause in the country is incalculable, and many a hard-working farmer is brought to bankruptcy through them. Swarms of locusts, too, make their periodic visits and leave the ground barren behind them. You can imagine the plight of the farmer who sees his crop of young "mealies," or growing tobacco, extending for 3,000 acres or more, eaten completely away in less than half an hour by a swarm of locusts extending for miles, turning the sky dark with their millions. How completely impotent man is against these pests and plagues! Yet the farmer sets in the next day to plough and plant anew, and pray that next time a swarm comes over the wind will prevent it from landing on his area.

"Or see the things you gave your life to, broken—
And stoop, and build them up with worn-out tools."

Kipling might well have written these lines of a Rhodesian farmer.

And what of the future?

Rhodesia has hardly been explored yet, the surface merely scratched. Gold and silver are there and precious stones —chrome and platinum, copper and asbestos—a wealth of natural products scattered by Nature's hand. And the pioneers, the men of courage, the men

who are prepared to "take a chance," the men who are ready

"... to lose,
And start again at their beginnings,
And never breathe one word about
their loss"

—these men are all over the country, exploring, prospecting, finding new mines, selling, and passing on—hard men, reckless men, with no thought of the morrow, but who shall say that they are not the perfect type for the work that must be done, the pioneering and prospecting that will eventually disclose and throw open the immense resources of this new country.

Hard work is needed here, and a stout heart, but these will always find their reward. Whether the Colony will ever attain the great heights that its great Founder dreamed of, *qui vivra, verra?*

With kindest regards to the many members of the staff, who at one time had the doubtful privilege of trying to instil knowledge in rather fruitless soil, and best wishes for the increased success of the Broughton Magazine.

I am, Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN W. FARQUHAR.

The Waif of the Storm

IT was a wild night. A bitter wind raged over the land like some angry demon let loose, causing the trees to creak and groan, and shrieking and moaning eerily through the bare branches. It whistled through the chimneys of Thornton Manor and dashed the rain in sudden furious gusts against the windows of that old, ivy-covered building.

Inside the house, however, everything was bright and cheerful. In the cosy, gaily-decorated dining-room a gay party of young people were disporting themselves in a rather hilarious fashion. Mr and Mrs Desmond, the owners of Thornton Manor, had invited their niece, Nancy, and some of her friends, to stay with them during the Christmas Holidays, and they were certainly being kept cheery. As she sat watching the merry antics of Nancy and the others, Mrs Desmond heaved a sigh, and a mist seemed to swim before her eyes. Her mind had travelled back over the years to the tragic event which had happened some twelve years ago, and she was thinking of what might have been.

Suddenly there came a startling interruption. There came a great banging and thumping on the front door. Mrs Desmond was the first to hear it and jumped to her feet, reaching the hall before any of the servants. From behind the door came a faint cry, "Let me in! Please let me in." It was a girl's voice, and without any more hesitation, Mrs Desmond opened the door. A gust of wind and rain swirled into the hall and a girl stumbled over the doorstep. She was soaked through and shivering in the thin, tawdry clothes she wore. A brightly coloured kerchief was tied in gipsy fashion round her head, and indeed she looked every inch a gipsy.

"I couldn't go any further," she gasped. "I was running away and I—" Her voice trailed away to a moan and she collapsed in a dead faint in Mrs Desmond's arms.

The guests were now all collected in the hall and stood watching in an awed silence, while Mr Desmond carried the limp figure into the dining-room. Here the warmth soon revived the gipsy girl and she looked in bewilderment at the strange, enquiring faces all round her. Mr Desmond would have questioned her, but his wife intervened, saying that the girl would catch cold in her wet garments and that she ought to be sent to bed immediately. Whereupon the girl was given into the charge of Susan, the housekeeper, who soon had her tucked cosily in bed.

Before retiring for the night, Mrs

Desmond slipped into the bedroom where the gipsy girl lay. She was asleep, but awoke when Mrs Desmond entered. In answer to the later's enquiry she replied that she felt much better. Then her face became worried and she said slowly,

"You will want to know who I am and I come to be here. I had better tell you the whole story. I am a gipsy, at least I thought I was till to-night. My name is supposed to be Zora Dale and I have lived with the gipsies for as long as I can remember. They were very cruel to me and I was very unhappy. Then to-night I overheard Joe, the man who's supposed to be my father, talking to another man and I found out that I am not really a gipsy at all, but was stolen when I was little. It seems that my real father had got one of the gipsies into trouble for poaching, and to avenge this deed they kidnapped me. When I learned they had thus no claim on me at all, I decided to run away. I thought to reach the town and obtain work of some kind, but the storm became so terrible I felt I could go no farther." Zora paused a moment, then added, "I have a few little trinkets which may help to prove my identity. I suppose Joe would have sold them long ago if he hadn't been afraid they would give the game away. He was telling the other man to-night how he had kept them hidden from sight for all these years, and he mentioned where they were hidden, so I got hold of them and brought them with me. I think my name is really Sylvia," the girl went on, "There is a little handkerchief with that name on it, and a locket containing a photograph of a baby which I think is myself, and the initial 'S' is engraved on the outside of it."

Mrs Desmond had been listening intently, her face pale and startled.

"May I see these things you speak of?" she asked eagerly, when Zora had finished speaking.

"Certainly," the girl replied. "They are in that little bag on the table."

Mrs Desmond crossed the room and her fingers trembled as she emptied the contents of the bag on to the table. There were several other articles besides those Zora had mentioned, and for some reason tears glistened in Mrs Desmond's eyes as she examined them all. She opened the locket and returned to the bedside with it in her hand.

"That," she said slowly, "is a photograph of my baby daughter, whom we believed to have been drowned twelve years ago." Zora gazed in amazement at her, but Mrs Desmond went on, "You see, one day, our little girl Sylvia was playing in the garden when she suddenly disappeared. We searched everywhere, but all we found was her little coat on the river bank. There was only one conclusion to be drawn. It was rather suspicious, however, that the tribe of gipsies, who had a grudge against my husband, left the district immediately afterwards. I recognise all these little odds and ends, and they prove beyond doubt that you are my daughter. Oh, how pleased your father will be!" and Mrs Desmond bent and kissed the bewildered but very happy girl, before hastening to spread the wonderful news.

Mr Desmond could hardly believe it at first, then became wild with delight. Nancy, too, was overjoyed when she learned that she had a cousin, and as for Sylvia herself, she could scarcely believe her good fortune. Fate had indeed been kind to her when it had directed her steps up to the door of Thornton Manor.

G. R., IVc.

"That was That."

There had been a collision and the truck driver and taxi-man were airing their feelings.

"You ought to be driving a pram," snorted the truck driver.

"And you ought to be in it," retorted the taxi-driver.

Our Poets' Corner.

The Birth of Jazz

All day long in the cotton fields
They toiled 'neath the brazen sun,
Feeling the lash of the driver's whip
When enough work was not done.

Shuffling through the stinging dust
To the clank of the heavy chains,
With a heart like lead and no time to soothe
A fellow sufferer's pains.

One day an empty place was filled
By a young slave just from home,
Whose bursting heart for comfort turned
To the songs they all had known.

She sang each day as the work went on,
And their poor, crushed spirits rose,
Till the whole gang joined in the well-loved songs
That a true-born negro knows.

They sang their songs as they padded on
With rhythmical measured beat;
And the jazz we know was first begun
To the tread of fettered feet.

M. Reid, IVa.

Hysterical History

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

"The world is round" Columbus cried,
"I'll show you I'm a trier.
I'll sail the seas to prove my point,
In my good ship Black Maria."

The boat was ready that very day
But the crew said "We no can go"
So a jazz band stood on the quarterdeck,
Playing a Spanish tango.

That made the varlets waken up
They sprang aboard with gusto,
They smelt the spuds in the galley below,
And gave a cry "Ah Bisto!"

They sailed and sailed, and sailed and sailed,
Until the crew got ratty;
You see, they couldn't buy hair-cream
To keep their bald heads natty.

But Christopher was a brainy lad,
He had a tube of glue
He mixed it with hot water and,
Gave it to the crew.

"Stick to it, my lads," cried Christopher,
"We'll sight land one fine day",
"And when we get to Hollywood,
I'll see you get your pay".

"Land ahead" the look-out cried,
As he stood on his spindle shanks,
"The natives are all dentists,
So let us call them Yanks!"

But Columbus was not impressed
By the land of "Yeah and how!"
He told his crew when they got on board,
"I t'ank we now go home".

A. W. R. IVc.

Viva la Cookery Scout

A Tenderfoot Scout to his cooking test went,
On dishes delicious his mind was bent,
In uniform trim and hat so neat,
The figure he cut was very petite,
But the stuff he concocted even goats could'nt eat,
Viva la cookery scout.

He started with dampers which didn't bake through,
He toyed with the soup and they used it for glue,
His plum pudding they took to poison the rats,
And his girdle cakes could have been used for doormats,
With his biscuits his brother disabled three cats,
Viva la cookery scout.

At last he made something, a pie, so he said,
'Twas tough as shoe leather and heavy as lead,
In the mess tent he hid it and then went to bed,
A Scoutmaster found it and on it he fed;
They found, in the morning the Scoutmaster dead,
Viva la cookery scout.

Wee Jimmie IVb.

Edinburgh Castle

Over the city towering so high
Stands this great sentinel in the blue sky,
Guarding the town like a bird in her nest,
An emblem of pride and the picture of rest.

Yet e'en though so peaceful at word of alarm,
She'll up in defence lest her charge come to harm.
From her loopholes she gazes across the Forth's flow
Alert eyes commanding the plains spread below.

On the high battlements, flying open to view,
Blows the flag of the empire; the red, white and blue,
While the true hearts that serve it keep watch day and night
Having ever before them its ensign of right.

So the castle has stood through the passing of years,
Knowing times of great vict'ry and sad times of tears.
And the castle shall stand till the last of her sons
Has died striving for mast'ry of enemy guns.

M. Reid, IVa.

A Peep into the Future

Aeroplanes, aeroplanes everywhere,
People are flying in the air.
Some to London, some to France,
Oh dear me, what a merry dance,
Some fall out, and some fall in,
But do they pout? no, sit and grin.
Old folk in their Sunday bonnet,
Jump right in, and sing a sonnet.
No one says, "What will one do?
How I wish we never flew."
In the dim and misty future.

A 2 of 2 A.

Countryside Memories

A view of the village, in the deep dark hollow,
A view of the hills, and a view of the land,
A view of the gardens, lubelias, and dahlias,
A view of the seaside, with its stretch of sand.

For the countryside memories are dear to Me.
For the song of the birds, and the smell of the sea,
For the narrow roads and the cobbled stones,
For the playful breeze and the bee when it drones.

The little white cottage with its little back-green,
The waving of clothes is plain to be seen,
The call of the children, the cries of the gulls,
All add to the countryside memories.

D. C. (First Year) Age 12.

Night's Passing Pageant

The curlew calls out weirdly on the ben;
The setting sun pours redly down the glen;
The bleating sheep surge homewards to the pen;
A dog barks.

The night-mists floating wraith-like on the peaks;
The noisy burn the parent river seeks;
The timid rabbit 'cross the heather streaks;
A grouse whirs.

The merry lark soars up to sing on high;
The sleeping world awakes and wonders why;
The golden glow spread western o'er the sky;
A cock crows.

Katherine Dunnett, 3c.

Believe It or Not

It was a cold, frosty evening. The moon shone down out of a clear sky. The Plough, the Seven Sisters, and the Pole star could be plainly seen as we set out from our cottage in the little village of Aston, to climb the local hill.

It was said that the old woman who used to live in the house at the foot of the hill was disappointed in love, as her husband disappeared on the wedding eve. It had such a great effect on her that she became a recluse, and her friends never saw her again. After she died it was said that her spirit, dressed in her wedding gown, appeared each night on the hill.

The villagers swore that they had seen it, but, being a little sceptical of the phenomenon, we decided to investigate for ourselves. There were three of us, my girl friend, her brother and myself. On our way we had to pass this sinister house. It was dark and eerie, with the moon making the queerest shadows among the trees, and I must confess my heart did give an extra beat when one of my friends stepped on a twig. However we got past that, and began the ascent of the hill. It had been about eleven when we set out, to give us plenty of time. When we reached the top and had taken up our "stand," the illuminated dial on my friend's watch registered 11.45 p.m.

We could hardly be blamed if our hearts did beat a little faster as slowly the minutes ticked by—11.50, 11.55—these last few minutes seemed an eternity, but five more minutes and what would we see? That question was in all our minds, but no one dared utter it. The illuminated dial now indicated four minutes to go . . . three minutes . . . two minutes . . . only one more minute. We were now at fever pitch. It is impossible to record what our feelings were and how intolerably long that last minute seemed. We all watched, fascinated by some strange force, as the little hand ticked away the seconds. One second more. We all strained our eyes, not knowing what we expected to see. The watch ticked on, while we endeavoured to pierce the darkness. Except for the breeze rustling the bushes nothing could be heard.

Suddenly my friend gripped my arm with such force that I almost cried out. "Look," she said in a voice lower than a whisper. We turned and looked in the direction she indicated.

Out of the darkness there came walking towards us, slowly and gracefully, the figure of a woman. She seemed tall, and was dressed in a beautiful wedding gown. In her hand she carried a lamp, the beams from which cast a strange light about her and gave her an ethereal beauty. We gazed spellbound as she advanced, incapable even of wondering what would happen when she reached us. Then suddenly, as the figure was about ten yards in front of us, there came an extra gust of wind. The lamp flickered and went out. The apparition disappeared as quickly as it had come.

We seemed unable to move for a space. Then, with one accord, we started the descent. According to the watch, only a minute had elapsed since midnight, and yet it seemed as if hours had passed since we laughingly started our vigil. On reaching home we all crept into bed, and over breakfast, next morning, we told our story. Our parents received it with the same scepticism as we had listened to the villagers, and in the cold light of morning I admit it all seemed a bit fantastic and like something which had happened a long, long time ago.

Sometimes I wonder!

E. P., IVa.

Hiking in Lakeland

SALLYING forth, complete with rucsacs and hob-nailed shoes, we entrained for Penrith, intending to walk from there to the head of Ullswater. We discovered however, that it was impossible to catch the boat sailing down Ullswater, from Pooley Bridge to Patterdale, so, in true hikers' style, we took the 'bus. When the great heat of the day had passed, we walked along the side of the lake, and the sight of the moon, sailing up from beyond the hills which surround the little village, shining down on to the glass-smooth surface of the water and reflecting in it the motionless trees separating the road from the lake edge, was such as is very rarely seen. Away in the distance we could see Helvellyn, towering above the neighbouring hills, the peculiar shape of its summit distinguishing it from the other hills. Next morning we were up bright and early, but, early as we were, it was already clear that the sun was determined to return to the fray with reinforced vigour. Undaunted, however, we stepped out briskly, glad to be free of our rucsacs again. We had decided to climb Helvellyn, as it was only a climb of six and a half miles to the summit. Not until we reached the exposed part of the slope did the sun show its full strength. We soon found that it was more uncomfortable to lie down than to keep on walking, for the hillside became burning to the touch, at the same time the patches of white stones with which the hill was generously sprinkled, evidently river beds, becoming so dried and glaring as to be painful to the sight as well as to the touch. After trudging uphill for what seemed about twenty miles, we at last came to the hill-top before Helvellyn. Separating us from Helvellyn was a formidable looking ridge—Striding Edge. This is almost a knife edge of ragged, uneven rocks, stretching for about half a mile, with a drop of hundreds of feet on both sides, down which it was impossible to climb, as they were nearly vertical. Even in the calmest weather the exposed position of the ridge and its great height caused a wind to be continually blowing, and it was by no means a calm day when we crossed it. About half-way across, one of the party sat down and seriously considered climbing down the side. The fact that she was temporarily very bad-sighted accounted for this nervousness, but by practising a sort of relay race, using this member as the article passed on, the other two of us managed to get her across. We were then faced with the steepest slope of all, consisting of "screes," or stones which slid away as soon as you stepped on them. Little by little, we climbed this, and, reaching the top, only had sufficient energy to add our stones to the cairn before dropping to the ground, nearly exhausted. We thought our troubles were over, now, but alas, it was not to be. All three of us were dying of thirst and we found we had amongst us two oranges. Add to this the sight of a tarn, Red Tarn, hundreds of feet below, deep, blue and sheltered by the hills enclosing it, and you have a vague inkling of the agony we suffered. We returned by a different route, longer, but far less steep, going round Grisedale Tarn. On the way we came across a tiny, fresh spring, trickling from a hole in the hillside, and losing itself a few yards farther on. When we were nearing the end of our return journey, we were struck by the awful grandeur of one scene. At the juncture of two hills there gushed out a stream, which, after falling a great height, divided into seven different streams which cascaded down the hillside. In some places they were crystal clear, a few yards on they were a mass of white foam.

We had scarcely regained the hostel when a terrific thunderstorm came on, the rain came down in torrents, rolls of

thunder re-echoed along the valley, the whole countryside was lit up for miles around, distant peaks being momentarily silhouetted, an electric blue against the leaden black sky, by each flash of vivid sheet lightning.

The following morning we left Patterdale, choosing the path along the slopes of the hills rather than the main road. The stream, whose course we followed, led us through some of the most wonderful ever-changing scenery, with hills towering up, close on the one hand and in the distance on the other, and the raging torrent between them. In its course the river formed a natural reservoir or tarn, Hayes Water, at whose head we sat and had our lunch. After walking a little farther, we found ourselves faced with an insurmountable hill, which closed the end of the valley and which we had hoped to be able to cross. We were therefore forced to turn back, until we came to Hartsop, a little village of a few houses, which we had already passed. Here we had to take the main road. Walking along, we overtook an elderly woman of gipsy appearance, who asked us the time in a slightly foreign accent. Falling into talk, we soon discovered that she was bound for the same place as we were, was an ardent hiker, was a Hungarian from Budapest, and was waiting for the 'bus to take her to Troutbeck. As the road seemed to rise very steeply a little farther on, we decided to take the 'bus too. We therefore boarded the 'bus when at last it appeared. It was full of quite elderly people, all of whom were complaining of the heat, and who looked with compassion at our packs, which we, with great relief, dropped with three successive thuds on the floor of the 'bus. Like the true Scots we were, we had by this time calculated the scale of charges on the English 'buses, and having decided what the fare would be, we argued indignantly with the conductor when he proposed to charge us double the fare we had expected. We learned, however, that it was owing to the steepness of the road, known as the Kirkstone Pass, that the charge had to be increased. Our argument naturally caused much merriment to the other occupants. Subsequently, we sat considering silently how we should have felt walking the whole way, thankful we had decided to "take the 'bus, it's more convenient." It could only crawl up the hill, so how would we have tackled the climb? Arrived at the village of Troutbeck, we went into the village school, and found the schoolmistress, who proceeded to draw a diagram on the board to show us which road to take, lecturing us like a troop of wayward children. After going about two miles past the right turning, we were put right by a country yokel who told us to "take t'second turning to t'right, drop 'ee down t'lane, turn to t'right and 'ee can't miss it," we finally arrived at the hostel, High Cross Castle. This hostel is one of the most modern we came across, being a miniature castle, in shape a perfect square, with miniature battlements all along the roof, and a turret at each corner, great, broad steps leading up to the front door. It stands in very extensive grounds, with little lily-pools at every turning, a little wood, a huge plantation of rhododendron bushes, and a fair-sized bathing pool, all in its grounds. The house is approached by a long gravel drive, which sweeps majestically round the skirts of the wood. Inside, it is furnished in the latest style. After entering by the massive oak-studded doors, you find yourself in a spacious vestibule, with long, carved oak settees ranged round the walls, and a polished table in the middle of the floor, which is of black and white tiles. Immediately facing is the door into the dining-room or rather hall, a very light, airy place, three of its walls being entirely taken up with french windows. In a little opening, off the vestibule, is the staircase. Going upstairs, on both sides are several niches which were kept full

of freshly-gathered flowers. (To gather these flowers and decorate the stairs with them was, by the way, one of the various duties which users of the hostels are expected to do). At the top of the stairs is the organ gallery. This is one of the most beautiful places in the house. The floor is of polished oak, with a pattern inset, of an eight-sided figure, in the middle of which is a cross, in accordance with the name of the castle, High Cross. The windows are of stained glass, and the smaller ones have a deep red cross in the middle of them. At night, when the moon shone in, the various colours of the panes were reflected on the floor, giving it a mosaic effect. The only article of furniture was a huge organ, taking up nearly the whole of one side of the room, and a carved stool. The various bedrooms opened off the gallery. The castle was built by a very eccentric old gentleman who apparently had a mania for mirrors. In all the bedrooms the walls were formed entirely of mirrors. Cupboards built into the walls had mirrors for doors, and all around you saw yourself reflected from wall to wall. The mirrors reached high above anyone's head, not, of course, quite reaching the roof. There had been a shortage of water in this district, so I was disappointed in my hope for a swim in the pool, which at its deepest point was only about three feet. In this hostel, there was quite a collection of nationalities. There were two Dutch boys, one Swiss, our Hungarian friend, ourselves, and a number of English people.

Lake Windermere is only about two miles from this hostel, so the next morning we set off for the Lake where at last I got my long awaited bathe, though nothing would induce the other two to go in. This lake is one of the loveliest in Lakeland, and that day we saw it to great advantage. The sun was shining from a cloudless blue sky, on to the ruffled surface, giving the water a very deep blue tint. Tree-clad slopes rose steeply from the water's edge, the cool green and refreshing blue making a combination very contradictory to the burning heat of the day. Walking along the main road from Windermere to Ambleside, we were glad of the slightest bit of shelter afforded us from the broiling sun. When at last we reached Ambleside, about one-third of the distance we were to walk that day, we all had the air of people who had lost something. Suddenly there came one of these moments on which P. G. Wodehouse enlarges so much—when words are not needed—a perfect understanding linked our three souls. We looked at each other, then silently filed into the cottage, the sight of which was so like balm on our weary souls. There we had the most refreshing fruit tea we could have wished for, for the modest sum of one-and-six each. We were also very grateful for the greately-needed rest of nearly half-an-hour while the tea was being prepared. The sitting-room was cool and very well shaded and it was all we could do to keep from sleeping, the more so when a monotonous droning snore proceeded from an arm-chair, which we then discovered contained the lady's husband, having a snooze under cover of his newspaper. After getting a lotion to treat insect bites, we left Ambleside behind, and kept a better pace, on the strength of the tea and also as the road was comparatively sheltered, being a long avenue of trees, through which on one side we saw the waters of Windermere in the distance. That day, I think, was the longest walk we had. Reaching the village of Coniston, we discovered that the end was not yet. Before reaching the hostel we had to climb a very stony path, made worse by little streams of water, and seemingly endless to our weary feet. Judge of the steepness of the ascent, when the road ran alongside a stream which ran down, almost a torrent, in a series of thundering waterfalls. After what seemed hours, we came in sight of the hostel, one of a

group of miners' cottages. After a wash and brush up, we were greatly refreshed and sat outside until dinner was ready at 7.30 p.m. Afterwards we assembled in the common room for a sing-song. Scotch songs were in great demand, a Highland Fling even being asked for, but as our ideas on this subject were all three different, and we were all tired, the suggestion came to nothing. Next morning, we woke to find that the good weather was apparently over. The rain poured down and there was a biting, cold wind, so altogether the outlook was perfectly miserable. We passed the morning playing cards with some English cyclists. In the afternoon it cleared up considerably, though it was still very cold, so we had a sail on Coniston Water in the gondola, "Lady of the Lake." This lake is one of the smaller ones, and, though seen in very dismal circumstances, it was also very lovely, one bank being comparatively flat, and in parts cultivated, while the other bank consists of hill slopes covered with trees, a few house-tops of red brick projecting in a very picturesque fashion from the forest of greenery. Returning to the village of Coniston, we visited the Ruskin Museum and Ruskin's grave. The Museum contains several busts of Ruskin, manuscripts and various other souvenirs. By dinner time the rain had started again, but in spite of the awful condition of the path up to the hostel, and the pouring rain, we again went down to the village at about 9.30, for a little celebration. We returned, soaked through, but warm after the brisk climb, and again went into the common room for a sing-song. We settled down on the floor, and I was lucky enough to have a pail of coal to support me. Next day, it was still raining, but in the afternoon it changed to a thick mist. We decided to climb Coniston Old Man, a hill rising behind the hostel, so we set off about 2.30, accompanied by a Glasgow boy. It was not easy going, for the heavy rain had made streams in places where otherwise there would have been stony paths. After a while we got on to the hill proper, making for a tarn which we had been told lay at the top. We had to pull ourselves up by means of a waterpipe to keep our feet, and even then we were floundering about, ankle-deep in mud. Then the pipe disappeared underground and left us to our own resources. After wandering round for a bit we found a fair-sized stream coming down, so we judged we were near the tarn. Looking down into the valley of Coniston we suddenly saw the mist lifting, showing us Coniston Water very clearly and the sun shining on the hills on the other side of it. Then the mist rolled down again, as suddenly as it had lifted, exactly like a huge cloud of smoke. Once more we could only see a few yards in front of us. We saw the tarn, but as everything was dreary and dismal, it had no attractions for us. Coming down, we took a path going round by a slate quarry. Crossing a stream, one of our party stumbled over a stone, but was none the worse, as it was impossible to be wetter than she already was. By the time we came in sight of the hostel, we were beautifully splashed with mud and clay, and had become quite indifferent to what kind of ground we walked on. Instead of looking for stepping-stones, we gaily splashed through a river, and climbed the heaps of black refuse from a disused copper mine, thus adding to our griminess. After that there only remained a few walls to be scrambled over, before we regained the hostel. We had to change all our clothes, while our Glasgow friend appeared later in a pair of disreputable shorts, borrowed from somewhere. Next day we had to leave Coniston and go back to Ambleside. We took a longer road this time, as we had only to go to Ambleside for the 'bus. The path went through far more beautiful countryside and was very little used by traffic. Although the day had started with a little rain, it cleared away quite

early, leaving everything smelling and looking much fresher. We went through the village of Hawkeshead, passing the cottage where Wordsworth was born. Hawkeshead is a quaint old-fashioned village, with the streets cobbled and very narrow. To let an ordinary-sized motor pass us at a corner, we had to go right inside the garden of the house next to Wordsworth's. The whole of our walk that day was through the loveliest scenery, and we had plenty of time to enjoy the sights. At Ambleside we got the 'bus for Keswick, where we stayed the last two days. The town of Keswick is very pretty, built on a slope, right on the edge of Derwentwater, the loveliest of all the lakes. The hostel was formerly a hotel, built right on a river, above which a balcony has been constructed, leading from the door of the hostel right along the river on to the street. The day we arrived, we took a short walk to Friars' Crag, at the end of Derwentwater, from where we could see on one hand the Cat Bells and on the other, Skiddaw. Next day, we took a boat trip right down to the other end of the lake, where we got off and climbed to Lodore Falls, a stream coming down in an endless succession of waterfalls, right through the heart of a wood. We then walked along to the Bowder Stone, which we climbed. Coming back in the boat, on the hillside at the edge of the lake, we saw John Masefield's house, situated so that it commands a view of the country all around the lake. There was a little island in the middle of the lake, covered with trees, which is said to have some historical significance. At the end of the sail, we had a bathe in the lake, then returned to the hostel for dinner. In the evening, we went a little way up Skiddaw, until we could see all the surrounding country, in the still, cool beauty of a June evening. That night I was dared to go for a swim in the river the next morning before breakfast. The morning dawned with pouring rain again, but I won the wager, although the water was about three feet deep and it was the dirtiest bathe I ever had, for mud was sticking all over me when I came out. The weather was quite fitting for the last day, as it slightly dulled the sorrow we felt at our holiday coming to an end so quickly. We took the 'bus from Keswick to Penrith, and then, heigh-ho for home again. VIA.

Our Fellow-Travellers

It was Christmas Eve and a drenching wet night. I had been out shopping and the raindrops had found the thin spot in my umbrella and were now dripping down my neck. By the time I had gone a few yards my feet were covered with mud, and I was getting wetter and wetter every minute. So I decided to take the 'bus which had come to a standstill a short distance away.

Of course it was crowded, and I had perforce to stand. The conductor shouted to us to move up, and soon I found myself at the front of the 'bus, wedged into the corner at the door. As I stood there surveying the miscellaneous collection of faces before me, I started to ponder on the different kinds of people one meets in a 'bus.

Right in front of me was a stout lady with a little boy on her knee. She had a handbag, a number of parcels and an umbrella in one hand, and with the other she was tightly clutching the boy, who was amusing himself by bouncing up and down in her lap. The poor woman looked very uncomfortable, and in her confusion she dropped her umbrella into the passage.

"Ma," piped her son in a thin little voice, "You've dropped your umbarella." The woman bent to pick it up, but only succeeded in knocking her hat awry.

"Oh, ma," gurgled her son, in his rather unpleasant squeak, "You *do* look funny, your hat's a' squint." His mother reddened and sorted her hat. There was

silence for a time. Then, "Ma, whit aboot your umbarella, you've no picked it up yet."

"Och, be quiet, Johnny, and stop jumping aboot!"

Johnny was quiet for another minute or two, and then, as the gentleman behind bent to pick up the umbrella he shouted, "Oh, ma, there's a man awa' wi' your umbarella, quick ma, catch 'im."

The harassed mother secured her umbrella with a word of thanks, and then, turning to her son, she said, "The gentleman was only picking it up for me."

"Whit for?" asked Johnny, but by this time they had arrived at their destination, and Johnny was hustled, protesting, off the 'bus.

My attention was next attracted to a tall man with a top-hat, pince-nez, and a pink carnation in his button-hole. According to his dress it looked as if he had come from a wedding, but judging by the melancholy expression of his face, it might have been a funeral. He was sitting bolt upright with his lips drawn together in a thin, disapproving line as he surveyed the varous passengers seated near him. A young woman was seated next to him, with a little child, who, after gazing at the carnation for a few minutes in silence, suddenly made a grab and returned to her former position with a handful of pink petals clutched tightly in her hand. The Ramrod, as I had nicknamed him in my thoughts, twisted in his seat and, like the Ancient Mariner, fixed the young woman with his "glittering eye."

"Madam," he snapped, "can't you restrain your child from demolishing my floral decoration?" The young mother apologised nervously, and the Ramrod, with a contemptuous sniff, returned to his gloomy contemplation of the other passengers.

I was now attracted by two young women in fur coats, whose complexions came out of a box and whose flaxen locks were certainly not the colour with which Nature had endowed them. They appeared to be discussing a recent film, for this is what I heard.

"Oh, my deah, don't you think her gowns were marvellous. I really thought they were just too, too divine—and as for her singing, why, it was simply superb."

"Yes, my deah, it was really a wonderful performance, but don't you think there could have been a little more singing. You know how I love singers, especially opera stars. Besides—"

However, as I had arrived back home again, I had to alight and thus missed the rest of the conversation, but as I walked along I just thought of the different characters which had been revealed on that short journey.

Of course these were only a few of the passengers in the 'bus, but even in that short space of time and that limited area, they had shown widely different outlooks on life.

I have heard that there should be a moral in every story. So perhaps the moral in this one is that we should be careful of our conversation everywhere, lest someone should form a wrong impression of us.

MEG, IVc.

A Visit to London

I ARRIVED in London about 7 o'clock, just in time to see the great city rub its eyes and sleepily arouse itself. Only a few people were about, hurrying to work. I looked around me for a few minutes with that "so this is London!" feeling. In front of me stood St. Pancras Hotel. It is a marvellous piece of architecture, quite unlike anything we have here.

After satisfying the pangs of hunger I proceeded to King's Cross Underground where I purchased a ticket for Green Park. This is the station for Buckingham Palace. The bustle in

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these Underground stations is a sight worth seeing. It was 9 a.m. by this time and 9 a.m. certainly is not the time for visitors going to the Underground. I was in no great hurry and stood watching the commotion. This is what happens. A train comes rushing in through the darkness, the doors open automatically, and then begins the battle of elbows and strength. There is no time whatever for apologies or politeness. Those alighting are often pushed back, those coming in pushed farther back, that just depends on sharpness of elbows. Somehow or other they manage to disentangle themselves and very good-naturedly too. This scene will be reacted every morning, I suppose, but I certainly can't see the actors living to a ripe old age.

I finally succeeded in boarding a train, came off at Green Park, walked through St. James' Park and arrived at Buckingham Palace. I think this must be the fairest part of the great city. The Royal Palace stands majestically surveying the continual stream of traffic and people, and looking, also, at its companion, the Victoria Monument, which seems to be trying to entertain the old sentinel by the gushing forth of its silvery waters.

I was just in time to see the changing of the Guard. This is a very fine sight. The band plays, the Guards march across to Buckingham and there the ceremony takes place. I was surprised to see so many people watching this scene, but I suppose it is one even the Londoners can never tire of.

I next made my way to Westminster through Whitehall and past the Cenotaph. At Whitehall there was mounted a horse guard—the "Blues." They have an exceedingly picturesque uniform and are mounted on splendid black steeds. They stand almost motionless, even the horses seem to understand what is required of them. I was sorry I had not more time to spend in Westminster Abbey. I was filled with awe as soon as I set foot in the magnificent building. The stained glass windows are unlike any I have ever seen before, the colours are marvellous. I had not time to study every tablet and memorial, but I saw enough to realise how many great people lay here.

My next step was to St. James' Palace where the wedding presents of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were on view. After waiting in a long queue I finally entered the first great apartment where a number of the gifts were displayed. There were all kinds of splendid antiques —tables, chairs, writing-desks, etc. The queue passed slowly along until we came to the most important part. The apartment contained the various jewels which Lady Alice had received from Her Majesty the Queen and other friends. I cannot describe them; they were magnificent, all sparkling and twinkling like so many stars. I took notice of the apartments themselves. The first one was hung with swords and all kinds of old instruments of war. The oil paintings of the monarchs of England cover the walls of another room—very fine works they are. It was dark when I came out of the Palace and I made my way to Trafalgar Square. What a sight it was—every building covered with flashing electric signs, 'buses rattling past in a continuous stream and people hurrying home from work, and I thought I stayed in a really busy city! I then came into the famous Strand where the whole atmosphere radiates hurry and bustle. Everyone hurries in London I think. In London, of all places, time and tide wait for no man, and I had just time to reach King's Cross and catch the north-bound train once more. The Underground was comparatively quiet by this time.

It had been a glorious day of new experiences, and, although I was sorry the time had passed so quickly, I think I was really glad to feel I had returned to that "city of mist and rain and blown grey spaces."

CERP, VIA.

Black Magic

From the dark walls the portraits of ancestors gazed down upon the spare figure bent industriously upon its task. In the flickering twilight their faces gleamed evilly, as if approving of this member of the family, who pursued the path of black magic.

This count, René de Mésalange, had been renowned for his research work, but now he had penetrated mysteries not designed for human hand. A joyful exclamation echoed shrilly through the deepening gloom. "The secret of centuries is mine. I now hold the means of travelling back into bygone times."

A chance glance brought his attention to the portrait of his ancestor of revolutionary France, who had been guillotined. He uttered the magic formula and the centuries rolled by. It was the summer of 1793 and René, Comte de Mésalange, had stepped into his illustrious forebear's shoes, and, surprisingly enough, he was taken by everybody for his ancestor. For a few weeks he enjoyed the gay whirl of 18th century France, following their complicated social customs. Never before had he seen such a galaxy of beauty and grace, and with what avidity did he partake of this new life.

One night, when the old dining-hall echoed to the tinkle of glass and the pleasant murmur of voices, the conversation drifted to the all-important topic of the day—the Fall of the Bastille, and the ensuing massacres. There was a moan of anguish from the end of the table where sat René. "Mon Dieu, what date is this?" The old Duke answered "The 29th, my son, in the year 1793.

Fear written over his countenance, the count burst out, "The revolution is upon us. Flee while there is yet time." Fate decreed otherwise. The family, thinking his brain affected, and these the ravings of a madman, refused to give ear to his supplications.

Suddenly, like a thunderbolt out of the blue, came the unexpected clamour of the mob at the castle gate. No time now for futile lamentations and reproaches. The ladies sheltered behind their lords' rapiers, but the odds were too great. Ere long the castle was in flames and they themselves were herded like cattle ignominiously along the road to Paris.

What suffering endured, what anguish of mind on that nightmare of a journey, only to be huddled together into that dreaded prison, the Conciergie, the step before "Madame La Veuve." During the long weary days of confinement, hope flickered bravely in the Aristos' hearts, but there was one of their company who knew the utter emptiness of this hope. René, Comte de Mésalange, of the 20th century, knew the fate of those of the 18th.

During that unjust trial before the tribunal, during the wait in "La Salle des Morts," during the clipping of the hair in preparation for the sweep of the knife which ended existence for ever, he strove to remember the formula which would carry him back to his own age. All in vain—.

At last the tumbrils arrived and rumbled through the cobbled streets of Paris, with their ghastly human burden, including the Mésalange family. The mob, bereft of the slightest vestige of civilisation, became like beasts, uncontrolled and unmerciful, mocking and jeering at the human cargo.

Upright, gazing with unseeing eyes on the rabble, the false comte strove yet again to remember the formula. His brain whirled under the strain and pent up emotions surged deep within him.

As suddenly as he had found the accursed contraption which had led him into such dire straits, so the formula burst upon him with great significance, as it would carry him back to the 20th century and his contemporaries.

Swiftly the precious words were uttered and again the centuries had run

through their course. René found himself in his study and, his frame shaken with rage, he swept the books into the flames, which consumed them hungrily. Bereft of his evil accomplices, the comte was again an ordinary human, resolved never again to depart from the path of virtue.

L. C., VIa. J. B., VIa.

Berlin—The Picturesque

While holidaying in Berlin, one usually likes to go sightseeing. There are many things of interest, but let us consider the most important street—Unter den Linden.

It is indeed a street of grandeur. One sees a beautiful avenue of trees down the centre of the street. On either side, there are traffic-ways and shops. Traversing Unter den Linden, one comes to the Brandenburger Tor, a large gateway of stone, built in the Greek style. Crowning it, stands the symbol of Berlin, a four-horsed Chariot of Victory.

Entering a small building, one is struck by the sombre, almost sad, atmosphere. This is the War Shrine. It is very simple and consists of few things. They are extremely modest and impress upon one the sadness and feeling of the people. A marble block, about three feet, is surrounded by wreaths from other nations as a tribute to those who fell in the Great War. Above the Memorial, there is a hole in the roof through which the rain may fall, and so give the impression of the heavens weeping. On either side is a candle, always burning.

Entering the Old Museum, one sees many interesting things. In one room there is an original street from Babylon. One can walk through this wonderful street and admire the stones on which are painted animals. Passing into other chambers, one can see a Peruvian temple which has been brought to the Museum. This is the only temple which has yet been excavated and preserved.

Darkness is now falling, so let us leave the Museum and hurry home, after seeing some of the interesting things of Berlin.

Irene Campbell, Ia.

At the Niagara Falls

We arrived in Niagara, the town on the Canadian side of the falls, at about nine o'clock, and after we had had our supper, we drove up to look at the famous cataracts by night. As we drew nearer, the sound of the falling water grew to a deafening roar till it was absolutely impossible to be heard unless by shouting.

At last we came out upon a broad road running along the rim of the basin, and, parking our car, we got our first glimpse of the falls from a high eminence bounded by a strong iron rail. They were wonderful.

Huge cascades of foaming water poured down into the boiling lake below, dashing onto the half-hidden, black rocks and sending forth sheets of spray. To make the scene even more beautiful, long beams of coloured light, pink, blue, green and yellow, were focussed from each side and gave a magnificent effect. It is the most lovely and the most awe-inspiring of nature's works that I have yet seen.

The falls had captivated us so much that it was nearly eleven when we came back to our night's lodging, and even though we were tired with motoring all day, it was long ere the distant roaring of the water faded away in dreamland.

There are two small steamers which take passengers for a sail on the smoothest water at the foot of the falls, and in the morning, at breakfast, we were introduced to the Captain of one of them, the "Maid of the Mist," who invited us to come for a trip. We went down in a kind of elevator to a little quay and were made to put on oilskins to protect

ourselves from the drenching spray. It was a great experience. All around us were the thundering falls, showers of spray continually fell, and now and then we caught glimpses of wicked-looking, glistening rocks. But at last we were up at the top again and, I must say, I wasn't really sorry.

Next we again descended through the earth, to come out in a huge cave, the mouth of which was completely covered by a blanket of water about twenty feet thick. The cave felt safer, somehow, than the boat, and I thoroughly enjoyed being down in it.

Everything must come to an end sometime, however, and the morning after, found us ready to begin our homeward journey. We safely passed the customs on either side of the big bridge across the river below the falls, and after leaving Buffalo, drove along beside the river for part of the way. At one point we saw a derelict submarine, which had been run aground by some rum-runners, trying to escape from the police. Both the smugglers were drowned.

It is quite a long time now since I saw the Niagara Falls, but even yet I can visualise that wonderful sight on my first night in Niagara. M. R., IVA.

"O"

"WHAT time is it, Molly?" "About one o'clock I think," replied the head girl, her thoughts intent on the pastry she was making. "Why?" "I've got to ice nine little cakes before lunch. I'd no idea that bread took so long. Thank goodness it's done." Muriel threaded her way between the long lines of hot, flustered girls and made her way to the oven. Muriel thought she had never seen the Kitchen of Lansdale Girls' School quite in such a muddle. She made her way to the cool larder where nine small cakes stood. "They do look nice," said Muriel. "If only the icing goes right. Come along, little cakes." She picked up the tray and bore it back to the Kitchen, where she and Molly were working. "Nine little cakes," said Molly, with a smile, "What are they for?" "For? Why, the party, of course," said Muriel. "I'd almost forgotten all about it. Who's coming?" "The whole form. That's Milly, Margaret, Elsie, Sara, Cora, Joan, horrid, fat Olga, and you and I." "Why are you up against poor Olga," said the head girl, laughing. "Oh, Molly, she's perfectly hateful," said Muriel, but Molly was already gone with her pastry to the oven. Muriel stirred the icing mixture mechanically, when an astonishing thought leaped into her mind as her eyes rested on the baking-powder tin. "Why not—? Besides Olga is so fat it would serve her right." When Molly came back, Muriel had finished her cakes, and was thinking Olga's cake passed very well. "I think that was a good idea to put an initial on each cake," said Molly.

The table was being set on Saturday night and Sara, as Birthday Queen, presided. The party was at its height when there came a gentle knock at the door, and Molly, opening it, cried out, "Oh, girls, it's Miss Blake. The girls conducted their Headmistress to a chair, while Molly handed her the little cakes. "Thank you, girls, and Molly, I do believe I've got my initial on one of the cakes. How glad I am my name is Olwen." "Do take mine, Miss Blake," said Olga. Muriel sat frozen with horror, as lost cookery marks, and Miss Blake's scorn flashed across her mind. "Delicious," said Miss Blake. The girls assisted her to the door, and after she had gone Muriel told Molly about the baking-powder. "Oh excellent cook, you are disgraced indeed. That baking-powder tin was filled with sugar, not baking-powder, and," laughing, "don't you know baking-powder would have *fizzed*." A. THRUSSELL, Ib.

Athletic Notes

The Rugby Club

THE Rugby Club gained a good number of recruits this year, especially from the older boys, but there are not sufficient members to support five teams with a comfortable margin for reserves. New members will be welcomed and boys who do not play Rugby are urged to start with the New Year.

We are glad to report that there has been less cause to complain of boys failing to turn up, which was a bad feature of the lower fifteens last season. There are still a few, nevertheless, who do not realise that, in allowing their names to stand on the lists, they give a promise which must not be broken.

One boy has been expelled from the club for conduct of this kind. Having agreed to play for one of our teams, he played football, instead, for another school. Such behaviour will not be tolerated.

The 1st XV has had mixed fortunes. We were very unlucky in our first few games, when Rollo, Watson, Turner, and Scott were "crocked" in turn, but we are glad to know that the most seriously injured, Watson, is to resume playing after the holidays.

The XV has played nine games and won three, but in the others put up a good fight against heavier sides, and need not feel depressed at the scarcity of wins. As was the case last season, lack of weight is our chief trouble and, in the pack especially, this has handicapped us. In spite of this, the forwards have given good account of themselves. Turner, Watson and Tait might be mentioned particularly, but all have done well.

Behind the seven, the halves Muir and Strang, are playing well together, while Rollo and Storey form the chief strength of the team at centre three quarters. More determined running and tackling on the wings would be an improvement, but, there, too, lack of weight has told to a certain extent. Scott has played well at full back, dispite his injury, and his keen tackling only needs another stone or two behind it.

Caps for the season 1935-36 have been awarded to the following: John Rollo (Captain), William Storey (Vice-Capt.), Alex. Turner, Sidney Tait, John F. Watson, Thomas Towe, who are all to be congratulated on this well deserved honour.

The other teams have also had mixed fortunes, and, again, have mainly had heavier sides to play. A number of their games, unfortunately, have been cancelled.

The 2nd XV has played five games, with three victories, and this team is doing quite well, though more combined play and less attempt to do it "all on your own" would lead to better results. The 3rd XV has had a lean time, but has mainly had to face older and more experienced teams. The 4th XV has won two, drawn one, and lost two, while the 5th XV has won only one out of four. These teams have suffered a good deal from the cancelling of games.

It was unfortunate that bad weather limited practices very considerably, and this has had its effect on the standard of play. We hope to make a new start when the days begin to lengthen again.

The club suffered a considerable loss by the departure of Mr. Meek, who acted as Treasurer, and did good service in refereeing and coaching. However we welcome, in his place, Mr. Williams, who should prove a useful member of the Staff Committee. Thanks are due also, to the other members of the Staff who have given their services.

Hockey Club

It is very gratifying to note that this year, there has been quite an increase in membership, bringing our members to nearly one hundred enabling us to run six XI's this season.

The 1st XI, shows a decided improvement on last season, but there is still a great deal to be accomplished before we can call ourselves a very efficient team. On the whole the defence is stronger than the forwards who don't seem to have enough rush. This is the case, I think in all of our teams. The 2nd XI, has also done very well up till now, and I only hope that they continue to do so. The 3rd, 4th and 5th XI's although not successful in every game are very keen, and there are some very promising players in those teams.

All are enthusiastic this year, and are valiantly striving to uphold Broughton's name on the hockey pitch. We can safely say, however, that any ineffiency in the teams is not due to lack of coaching. It is unfortunate that our ground lies so far away from the school as it is almost dark by the time we get down to Wardie, and so practices are impossible.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Borthwick, Miss Todd, Dr. Robertson and other members of the staff who made practices a pleasure, and especially to Miss Stevenson for coaching the teams so successfully, and for Umpiring our matches.

Eva Scott, (Captain).

Swimming

James Taylor, has reached the high standard of gaining the Award of Merit of the Life Saving Society. Here is a list of the tests through which he had to pass.

Dressed in long trousers, shirt with separate collar and tie, waistcoat and stockings.

(a) Swim to a person 20 yds. away, and save that person back by the second method of rescue.

(b) Swim 600 yds.
- 200 yds. breast stroke.
- 200 yds. back without use of arms.
- 200 yds. free style.

(c) To undress in about 12 ft. circle on surface.

(d) To dive neatly and correctly from the surface of the water, recover and land a 5 lb. object.

(e) To dive neatly from two heights 5 ft. and 10 ft.

(f) To perform the following three movements,

Scull, using hands only 30 ft.
Back sommersaults, full length.
Submarine, sinking and rising, twice.

A maximum of 10 marks is allowed for each test. J. Taylor captured 88 points. The examiner said that he was an excellent all-round swimmer.

BROUGHTON SECONDARY SCHOOL

Headmaster—Dr A. L. Pearson.

House Masters—

Bonnington—Mr P. Campbell, M.A.
Claremont—Mr G. Young, M.A.
Ficardy—Mr A. S. Lawson, M.A.
Warriston—Mr W. D. Warden, M.A.

House Sports Captains—Boys—

Bonnington	... ...	T. Towe.	
Claremont	... ...	W. Storey.	
Ficardy	... ...	J. Rollo.	
Warriston	... ...	A. Turner.	
Captain of Rugby Club	...	J. Rollo.	
Captain of Hockey Club	....	Eva Scott.	
Editor of Magazine	....	Louisa Currie.	
Sub-Editor	... ...	A. C. Fasson.	
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