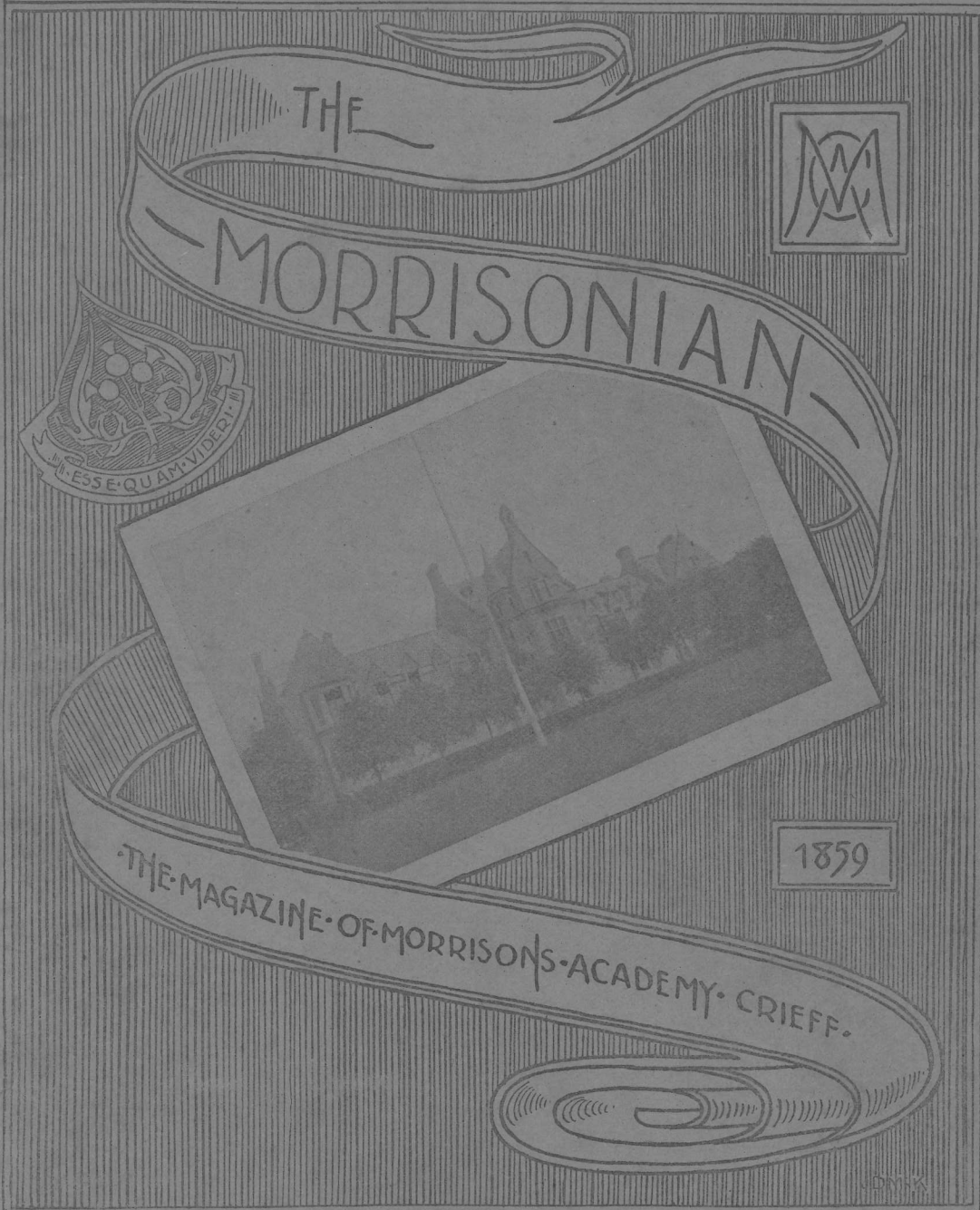


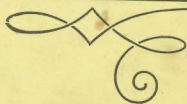
1207 a. a. Garden



Crieff;

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY DAVID PHILIPS, "HERALD OFFICE," COMRIE STREET.

GULLAND & KENNEDY, . . .



(ARCHIBALD KENNEDY),

Tailors, Clothiers, Shirt-Makers, and Hosiery,

Outfitters by Appointment to many Schools and Clubs throughout the World.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Official Tailors to the "Cyclists Touring Club."
School Outfitters to Morrison's Academy.

Gentlemen's Tweed Suits.

65s to 100s. Made from the Choicest Goods.
. . . Latest Styles. . . .

Boys' Eton Suits.

As supplied for the Principal Boarding Schools.

Boys' School Suits.

Unsurpassed for Durability. Economical in Prices.

CRICKET, FOOTBALL, GOLF, AND TENNIS SUITS.

FOREIGN OUTFITS : A Specialty.

TWEED SUITS. PYJAMA SUITS, UNDERCLOTHING, etc., for all Climates.
Outfit Lists on application.

RELIABLE UNDERWEAR FOR ALL SEASONS.

In Grey Llama, Natural Australian Wool, White Merino,
Fine Silk and Wool, Best Grey Cashmere, &c., &c.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY BLAZERS, CAPS, TIES, JERSEYS, BELTS, &c.
SCHOOL OUTFIT LISTS ON APPLICATION.

35 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

Telegrams—"Clothier, Edinburgh."

Telephone—282 x 3.

THE MORRISONIAN.

Esse quam videri.

NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 8.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.

HOUSE NOTES.

FORM NOTES.

THE PICK OF THE FLOCK: A CO-OPERATIVE POEM. By the Fifth.

MY MOST EXCITING RACE. Adolphus Blank.

A RED CHRISTMAS. Ian.

FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

O.B. Section.

THE "MORRISONIAN" AS AN O.B.'S MAGAZINE. M. M. Muir.

FORTY YEARS ON.

C.A.C. DANCE AND CLUB NOTES.

THE DANCING OF THE SONS OF MORRISON. Jan.

HORS D'OEUVRES: AN ELEGIAC FANTASY.

A MORRISONIAN'S CHRISTMAS MEMORY. Fred Macrae.

BACK TO THE LAND, 1ST NOV., 1907.

CRICKET—C.A.C. AND ATHLETIC NOTES.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF C.A.C.

Editorial.

THE one event of the present term has been the departure of Mr Christie. He had been so long connected with the School that he seemed an inseparable part of it, and Morrison's seemed unthinkable without him. Unfortunately his throat had been failing him for some years, and he saw himself

compelled not only to leave the Academy, but to give up teaching altogether. His departure was made the occasion of several presentations, and to the School one a goodly number of his friends beyond our walls gladly contributed. The presentation—a purse of sovereigns—was made by Harvey, who acknowledged, as representing his fellow-scholars, the unremitting toil that Mr Christie had spent on them,

and wished him every success in his new career. Mr Christie replied in a speech full of feeling. Mr Bain, on the part of the masters, wished him bon voyage, and a sorrowful leave-taking ended with a farewell handshake all round.

* * *

The O.B.'s Club moves **O.B.'s Club.** apace. The membership is now touching the hundred; it has successfully carried through its second dance, and its Magazine Committee practically saves your Editor from thinking. But there is one kind of article which we should like to see more frequently—the type represented by Fred Macrae's Australian sketches of two years ago. We have never sufficiently thanked Macrae for these. But we take this opportunity of saying, that to our mind they struck the freshest note in the numbers in which they appeared. It needs no great intelligence to trace his hand in the present number, and we do not doubt that every reader will find in its work the same delight as ourselves. We consider it a model of its kind. The O.B.'s used to complain of the general school matter, but then we had to make bricks without straw. We wish we could only make modest O.B.'s who have gone into the world understand that what is commonplace to them is all romance to us.

"Weed they trample underfoot fills our hearts abrim," and in the interests of the Magazine we should like to see one article in each number drawn from actual experience at home or abroad—the latter by preference. The clever writer of "The Dancing of the Sons of Morrison" will soon be off on the road

to King Solomon's Mines (Good-bye, Jan), and we confidently look forward to HIS contribution at least.

We have to congratulate Russell and Tait on having gained inter-city honours. The fact that neither city won is to our mind a convincing proof that Morrison's is invincible. No doubt Johnny said nasty things to Tait, in passing, about Edinburgh, and so renewed on the football field the ancient dormitory strife. But, joking apart, it is no small thing that our comparatively little school should have contributed 1-15th to the battle of the cities. Nor has our record stopped there. We sent up Borrowman to Edinburgh, and Snodgrass to Glasgow, to the University Bursary Competitions, where they gained 15th and 23rd places respectively.

* * *

The Weather. We say nothing about it. For months we have had merely remnants—frost, snow, rain—oceans of it—frost, rain—rivers of it—snow, frost, fog, snow, rain. What will be to-morrow no man knows. If you go out with a waterproof on, the chances are that you will slip on a slide at the gate. At any rate, it's freezing now, so a "Merry Christmas," and don't drown yourselves.

House Notes.

LET us begin with the usual topic of conversation—the weather. We cannot congratulate ourselves about the behaviour of this very important factor in the course of a term. Two matches

have had to be put off on account of frost. At the beginning of the term conditions of the weather were passable, but when our matches began the rain rendered the ground almost unplayable in two or three cases. The keenest disappointment was felt at the postponement of the O.B.'s match. However, we hope to encounter them before the close of the season.

* * *

Some O.B.'s did come through on the appointed day, evidently with the intention of supporting their XV. They were likewise disappointed at not seeing a match.

* * *

We were all pleased to note the distinction gained in rigger circles by two of our O.B.'s, and take this opportunity of congratulating them, and hope that this is only the first of many honours.

* * *

There can be no doubt that the entertaining talent of the new boys is degenerating every year. This year's "catch of the season" was A-ch-e B-ar, who has also earned a reputation as a storyteller and shipbuilder.

* * *

As will be seen elsewhere, an excellent list of fixtures has been provided for us, as there are seventeen matches for the first fifteen, and six for the second. We desire to thank the Secretary for the very successful efforts he has made.

* * *

Hallowe'en went off with the usual success, and if the water was rather wet for some, we can excuse the new boys, but no others. John Forrest, who was through this term to bid us good-

bye, before going to Salisbury, in Africa, also had a head in the tub with great success.

* * *

We have all, owing to Mrs Strathairn's kindness, had, at one time or another, a very pleasant evening in the house, which we enjoyed thoroughly.

* * *

The following are short extracts from the diary of a "big dossite":—

One member here has a habit of inquiring, "Any one awake? Eh-oh!" This inquiry invariably takes place in the dead of night, and is of frequent occurrence.

Frequently conversations are held between "Mephistophles" and "Beelzebub," aided by a chorus by Binks, Yates, Jones, M'Smitters, and visitors from Littlenowhere-on-Sea.

A new way of getting into bed has been invented, which is calculated to save a great deal of trouble.

On an extra specially cold night all the dressing gowns disappeared. The culprit has yet to be found.

There is also an engineering society. The question to be discussed is, "How much pressure does it take to drive THE engine."

* * *

We do not like Soccer this year. We call it a rough game. Certainly it is by no means safe to play against —. He rushes at you in his own way, knocks you over, tramps you down, and so on till he misses the ball or runs into touch. Even then he is very apt to crash into someone, or brush him aside should he be in the way.

* * *

The battle of the cities is still being fought as before, but without definite result. Bob still backs up Edinburgh; however, he

has gone the length of saying he would not give in to a lot of Glasgow chaps, but that he'd rather say Dundee was better than Edinburgh than admit Glasgow's superiority. We agree with him about Dundee.

* * *

Talking about the battle of cities brings us to poetry. Our own poet has left to us go to Glasgow, and ours is the loss, for nevermore are our "house notes" to be enriched by his works.

Form Notes.

THE SECOND FORM.

The Second Form is composed of thirty-one boys, nine less than last year. One or two of them are fair bunnies of the class, and in that respect we take the cake. Minus twenty is considered as nothing, because the bunny who is minus that merely boasts about it all day and says he has had the record minus. When his name is read out, however, for the study, he tries to laugh and make us think he doesn't care, but that is all in my eye, for as soon as he appears from the study door he completely gives the show away.

During a lesson about "The Story of Prince Charlie," we had got to a part where his army were compelled by the badness of the roads to leave some of their baggage at Ecclefechan, a town which they were passing. "Week-end pyjamas" was asked what Ecclefechan was famous for. "Week-end pyjamas" (who had heard a sound with a word in it very like Ecclefechan) answered that it was famous for Harry Lauder's songs.

There is not much difference between the second form and the third. Of course, the third are fatter—we admit that. One of the third form bunnies was asked to give a sentence with a compound personal pronoun in it. The sentence given was—"He killed herself." (No doubt she wad pe ferry Hielan'.) Then a certain boy in the second

form was asked what kind of a climate Spain has. This wise boy, who had not been attending, and who had only heard the last two words, answered, "Very mountainous."

One of the most famous of the bunnies is something like this, so says our form poet—

There's "Jan," who shines his light around,
And Frank who eats chalk and charcoal ground.
Also the driver of the hackney carriage,
Who seems often to frequent the motor garage.
And then there's "Jock," by no means slow,
Who never over a line would go.
Yet, though he is so very fast,
Well! he isn't least, but always last.

In the second form there is a boy
Who is an awful bunnye,
He jumps about and makes a row,
In trying to be funny.

His hair is black, his eyes are blue,
He is of smooth complexion;
He spends at half-past three an hour
In "study" and reflection.

He suddenly took cold one day,
So straightway went to bed he;
The real cause we do not know,
But I think they there o'erfed he (poetic
license.)

For five days passed, and five more came,
He didn't know what annoy meant,
But passed without a twinge of pain
His days in pure enjoyment

For when at last he did come down,
He did so rather sadly,
And when the school wot for a run,
He pleaded he was badly.

FORM III.

Owing to having to leave several distinguished members behind in the second, ludicrous answers are somewhat on the decline in Form III.

Tired of twisting themselves into uncouth forms on the bar and trapeze, the brawn, brain, not to mention the beauty, of the third lately passed gym. time in the noble art of wrestling, many doughty deeds of strength being done. The scientific manner with which one in particular approached his adversary, and after sundry professional jumps, at length made a monstrous dive calculated to sweep all before it, only par-

tially to miss his aim and be deposited on his back with a resounding smack, caused bursts of ironical applause.

We are beginning to feel quite experienced in the mysteries of algebra. Perhaps, as some one expressed it, the day may come when we shall go down to Sarah's for x pennies' worth of chocolate.

"The mountain is in the hill" was recently given as an example of place where.

In lighting the French room gas a few days ago, a great display was given by a certain budding hopeful, who, brandishing a piece of lighted paper in his hand, and endeavouring to add a cubit or so to his stature by hopping on a form, tried to light a jet which was not turned on, and thereby caused considerable mirth. And when, after discovering his mistake, he at length succeeded in accomplishing his end, the class showed its approbation in the form of prolonged applause.

FORM IV.

The ever-illustrious Fourth has many shining lights this term, especially the walking radiator, on whose head one may warm one's hands on the payment of anything eatable. He was extremely useful when the boiler burst, and the pipes were not heated.

The disappearance of chalk, string, rubber, and black lead still continues, though not in such abnormal quantities.

It has been enriched by a barometer, whose lively hue manifests the chances of skating or sledging.

It is a treat to hear our Englishman saying Burns' poems. Longitude is a sore point with "Flying Jock." He once fell over the "Line" passing through Comrie when playing "hares and hounds," so it is said.

For a while we held the School diablo

record, as we hold most things—tongues excluded; but that has gone to the Sixth.

Dundonian of ours is approaching the War Office with a scheme for the conquest of Canada in the event of her breaking off. He thinks that an enemy might cross the Lakes in corned-meat tins. At least, if it's not that, it is as feasible.

Jack used to have a fancy for the corner near the pipes. Since they burst he seems to favour a front seat. When Wattie stretches out his legs, however, all approach to the fire is barred.

At the term exam. in English one of us came in ahead of all the Fifth but two. Of course, that isn't much to boast of.

Hachure!!!

Cold in the head?

No; local survey maps!

Oh, I thought you were sneezing.

Ma pup?

Where is it?

Where is what?

Your pup.

I said "Map up."

Oh, my mistake.

FORM V.

They are the men of the school. They lead Morrison's, though they are but fourteen. They are divided into two sections. One set is not considered good enough for good positions in life, and they are being taught carpentry, so that, as one of them said, "Even if my father wont have me in his office, I may have something to fall back upon." Last week he fell back on the slide on the Knoll. The other division, of course, is classical, and, to show this, they quote phrases, modern and ancient. The whole class takes French, and of course do well. The carpenters may be proud of themselves; they are the only ones who are allowed the use of the tools which adorn the benches. They make noble use of them, and, being naturally quick-witted, they can now make

garden pegs and rulers. As a class we also take Practical Geography. There we shine. We can rattle off the position of any place from the Math. room window. Longitude and latitude are every-day words with us. We discuss the shortest line joining two points. Hachure and contour lines we delight in. In fact, we spend most of our spare time hunting the hachures out of their holes in the neighbouring mountains. The Latin class is wonderful; the progress they have made is something astonishing—so they think. Twice a-week they toil over unseen work, with various results and in various manners. Their German, too, has gone a step to the good. You can easily tell that by the way and the frequency you hear them utter, sing, or yell strange guttural sounds which they call Deutsch. English also is a strong point. Our poetic souls simply fly away as we listen to each other telling of daffodils and honour-worshipping lovers. [Glad to hear it.—Ed.] Composition is our strongest point, *vide*, "The Red Christmas." What more can I say about English? It would certainly not be fair to close this article without making mention of the athletics of the Form. Six sport first colours, five belong to 2nd XV., and one is a noted rifle shot, and two have done their best to supply the doctor with work in leg-repairing. They simply swamp all other classes in the Gymn. In fact, as we have been told, we lead the School. [We should say, mislead. The IV. is THE Class. Ask them.]

The Fifth have been greatly troubled lately with want of heat. The fire in Room 2 is not enough; they must even do exams. with gloved hands. One even went the length of wearing snow shoes. Judging by the amount he wrote, we think masters should allow us to wear shoes and gloves too if it had the same effect on us as on him.

FORM VI. have nothing to say for themselves.

The Pick of the Flock,
Or, THE CHOOSING OF THE LAST LINE.
(After Pope).

THE Fifth Form takes to poetry, with deadly result, whereof the following lines, carefully put together, bear witness:—

For weary hours and days, for months I slaved,
From Sunday sermons hints for last lines craved,
But all in vain, to me came no reward,
And poetry became a thing abhorred.
Even as a dream my money fled away
Say, was it horses, bridge, or wild card play,
Mad speculation, or some tinned-meat tricks?
Nay, cries the Muse—'twas merely Limericks.
Alas, what trouble spent, what awful toil!
And now the sad news pains me like a foil.
Nor "Friend" nor "Journal" greets me with success,
And "Tit-Bits" still ignores my very bes'—

(Observe the dexterous avoidance
of a bad rhyme. This is a stroke
of pure genius!)

My heart seems broken and I swallow meekly
The wretched "Record" I've with "Pearson's
Weekly,"

I give up hope, fate frowns upon my luck.
Then after tea-time, I regain my pluck,
The evening shadows now were falling fast,
Outside, unheeded, roared the wintry blast,
And once again I rack my limericked brain,
To see if any slighted thought remain.

(At this point the writer's brain gives
way, and he breaks into the following
six lines of spavined rhythm and lame
rhyme in the manner of the great
Dundee poet):—

And once again I lapse in meditation,
And am at length rewarded by a brilliant inspira-
tion; (7 feet)
But, ah, alas, my ill luck still doth haunt me;
And these horrid little rhymes will be the ruin of
me;

Once more all my splendid hopes are blighted,
And I never hope to be requited.
But yet with rumpled hair, lips thought-compressed,
With hasty tread and eyes that saw at best
Only three lines, below them hastily scrawled
A mass of words intent to rhyme with "cauld,"
From late at night till early morn I sought,
And yet no rhyme my fleeting brain had caught;
The missing line still holds me in disdain,
And where I fain would love, doth give me pain,
I stamped, I raved, my language was not fine,
A frenzy seized this uncombed head of mine
Ten miles I tramped across my bedroom floor,

And coming backward tramped at least ten more.
 Try as I might I could not find the trick.—
 So fare unfortunates at the Limerick.
 My blood was warm, my Muse, alas, was cold.
 Oh, what could bring to me that line of gold?
 Before me were the ink-pot and the pen,
 But no last line would swim into my ken:
 Before my mind a beauteous vision gleams,
 A motor car,—a country house it seems!
 Oh, that another man should snatch the prize
 And bear it off before my envious eyes!
 So still I sit while moonlight fades away,
 And stars go out to herald in the day.
 Then in the bitter hour before the dawn
 When the first blackbird hopped upon the lawn,
 Watching to see where through the soil should
 squirm

The premonitions of the early worm.
 ('Premonitions' is good, but what are they?)
 Lo, in that hour there came an end to toil,
 My brain with fervent heat began to boil.
 I knew at once my Christmas goose was cooked,
 And I for £s uncountable was booked.
 Bright as a flame and glittering like a star
 Forth came THE LIMERICKS,—and here they are.
 LIMERICK No. 1.—

There are fourteen in our fifth,
 Thirteen take gyms and one gives a lift;
 Five have German,
 Nine take Latin,
 But three have a carpenter's wrist.

(The beauty of these rhymes will
 astonish many. These, too, come from
 the land of whalers.)

LIMERICK No. 2.—

There once was a youth who was bald,
 Which made his head terribly cauld;
 When this catches the eyes
 They will vote him a prize
 And its bard, not lard, he'll be called.

(The author apparently sent these off,
 for he continues):—

This was the twentieth 6d I had spent,
 Now can you guess where all these ducats went;
 To far Dundee, where all the poets send
 Their treasured Limericks to some people's friend.
 Three weeks wore on, the popular prin t came out;
 My name was there, was there—without a doubt,
 Success, I shouted to the argent skies!
 Success, success, the silvery heaven replies!
 How much? I glance and wild my arms uptoss.
 No longer of my feelings am I boss,—
 I'd won five shillings at a ten bob loss.

Thus tragically, if slangily, closes the
 poem. Note the final triplet *a la*
 Dryden. Eight authors have contri-
 buted to the above. We wonder if
 outsiders could "lift" the several parts?

My Most Exciting Race.

[The following is contributed by A.
 Blank, Esq., the famous motor racer.]

You have probably never heard of the
 race about which I am going to write,
 as it created neither a time nor a dis-
 tance record, although it unquestionably
 eclipsed my other experiences in regard
 to the amount of excitement provided.
 It came as follows:—

One day I received a note from an
 old friend in the country, asking me
 down to spend a few days with him, in
 which he promised that if I came I
 should find something to amuse me, as a
 race had been arranged to come off on
 Saturday among the various owners of
 cars in the district. He had entered his
 motor—a high-powered, but rather
 heavy German car—and, he thought,
 stood some chance of winning. I was
 only too glad of the chance of getting
 out of town for a little and having a
 quiet time, and accordingly accepted his
 invitation.

Thus it was that a few days later—
 Friday afternoon to be exact—I found
 myself standing in my friend's yard,
 having the various points of the car
 shown me. I had come that morning,
 and since my arrival had heard of ab-
 solutely nothing but the coming race,
 his car and the others' cars, his chances
 and the others' chances.

"Your wife is away from home just
 now, isn't she?" I ventured, interrupt-
 ing a dissertation from underneath the
 car upon the relative merits of his own
 car and "that fellow White's." An
 answering grunt proceeding from under-
 neath gave me hope that I might manage
 a change of subject. "She's keeping

well, I hope," I continued. "Oh! yes, I think so; perhaps a little over-lubricated, but we'll soon settle that." This was merely a repetition of what had been going on all morning, and I had finally to give him up as a bad job.

As the day wore on the excitement, instead of abating, grew more intense. At dinner that night, just as the joint was being served, my host suddenly dropped the carver into the gravy, sending spurts in all directions, and disappeared. He returned in a few minutes with his hair arranged somewhat after the manner adopted by musical prodigies, and a large splash of petrol, varied with grease spots, decorating his shirt front. "I knew the fool of a chaffeur would forget to sort that spring," he muttered, resuming his seat.

Next morning upon descending to breakfast I found my host gazing with an expression of the blankest dismay at a telegram which he held. "What's wrong, old chap?" I enquired. "I've got to go up to town by the 10.0 train, and I can't possibly be back before 4.30, and it's just my luck that I can't on any account put this off," he answered. "Certainly, one of the rules is that I must drive my own car, but, perhaps, if I explain, they will let you drive for me," he said, going to the telephone. He rang up the President of the Committee, who, under the circumstances, agreed to let me drive.

I went round to the yard, started the car, and drove my host to the station, in order to get used to the car as soon as possible. After seeing him off I returned and asked for the chaffeur. The butler said that he was in bed, and feeling very unwell. I ordered him to take me to his room, and upon arrival

there found him gazing sleepily at me, "Morning, Jenkins." "Good morning-ish — hic — sirrish," quoth he; "you seemsh to 'ave got a bit—hic—blownish out shince las' night—hic—hic," evidently mistaking me for his master. After a few minutes spent in vain attempts to get some sense out of him, I was compelled to leave him to his slumbers.

As this rebuff only served to increase my determination that the car should run, I made up my mind to drive it unassisted, for all the local chaffeurs and engineers had already been engaged. I put everything in the car in order as well as I could, and after an early luncheon drove to the starting-point of the course.

Here some of the cars had already been started, while the others were waiting in a long line. I took my place at the end of the queue, and moved slowly forward as, from time to time, the front car was started, until at last there was only one car in front of me. With difficulty I restrained the impulse to release the levers and dash into the front car; and it was with a gasp of relief that I heard the sharp crack of the pistol and saw the car in front bound away down the track, giving me, as she went, the benefit of a sharp shower of grit and small gravel torn up from the track by her tyres. I drew up into my place before the starter's little box, wondering why I should feel excited about such a small race, and sat waiting for the signal with one hand on the starting lever, the other tightly grasping the steering wheel.

II.

I seem already to have waited twice

as long as the cars which started before me, but still the starter makes no sign, and I begin to feel that unless I am soon sent off something will require to give way. I begin to think of the number of books in which I have read of "horrible tension" and "unutterable suspense." In these cases it is the hero's imagination that makes him think that, within a few moments, "years, yea, horrible years, have rolled away!" And it is not unnatural that the poor fellow's mental faculties should be a little upset, considering that, within the same paragraph, we are told that "his brain boiled! his eyes burned! his voice broke! his teeth clenched! and his blood froze!" The tension, however, in my case — Bang! Mechanically I give the lever the required jerk, and the car leaps forward under me like a thing of life.

The hedges slide rapidly past on each side as we whizz down the centre of the white track, dotted occasionally on each side with figures waving to us. We are on the high gear now, but I dare not put the lever much further than half way round, as I have no assistant to balance the car round corners.

I have covered about half the distance of the course in this manner, steadily making up on the motor in front, when I suddenly become aware that I am not alone on the car. A very dirty face, with shaggy hair, a wild expression of the eyes, and features working convulsively, is thrust over the back of the seat against my own, and a stream of gibberish directed at me. Mechanically I apply the foot brake to lessen the speed, which I had raised for a straight stretch of track. A horrible shuddering motion of the car, accom-

panied by a scraping, grating noise is the result. Immediately the man leans right over, and I find myself looking into the barrel of an old-fashioned—though on that account none the less serviceable—horse pistol. "Try to stop, and I will blow you off the face of the earth as sure as my name's Napoleon Bonaparte," I hear him shouting in my ear above the screeching of the brakes. "Yes—No—I mean I won't stop, your majesty," I manage to stutter out as I remove my foot from the lever.

Short as was the time when the brakes were on much ground has already been lost, and I can now hear the distant "tooting" of the car behind. Evidently Bonaparte hears it too, and the effect it produces on him is decidedly unpleasant. Knocking my motor cap off he seizes a handful of hair, and shrieks, "Faster! faster! faster!"—emphasizing each word with a tug at my hair, and a prod of the pistol—"or, as I live, I, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the world that I am, will slaughter you! butcher you! mangle your body under the wheels of this car !!!"

Not having the slightest doubt that the unfortunate man means, and may carry out, what he threatens, I strain the car to its utmost, and we bound forward at a terrific speed. At the first corner I think we are lost, but the lunatic instinctively rushes to the side to balance, and although we round the corner on two wheels, we get safely on to a long stretch of straight road, down which we tear with ever-increasing speed.

I can testify to the fact that it is a decidedly unpleasant experience to be seated in a motor, going at anything up

to eighty miles an hour, every moment expecting an accident, either from a pistol at your head or from the car, and with a lunatic of decidedly homicidal tendencies for your companion.

I am not content with the conventional "beads of perspiration upon my brow." I do the thing on a larger scale altogether, and soon begin to feel as if I had stepped into a bath with all my clothes on.

"Toot-toot," goes our horn, and, as the car in front draws to the side, we shoot past, soon leaving it far behind. We pass safely two more corners, and at each Napoleon saves us and no more by rushing to the side and leaning over, all the time muttering his gibberish, and keeping his pistol pointed somewhere in my direction.

Now we are within five or six miles of the end, and I am beginning to hope that I may come out of the ordeal with my life, when, nearly a mile ahead, we sight the next car. Bonaparte becomes, if possible, even more excited than previously, alternately threatening, praying, commanding, and exhorting me to get in before the car in front. "I spare you only if we beat that car," he shrieks at me. His breath is coming in spasmodic gasps, and his pistol is firmly placed against my head, jabbing me at each jerk of the car.

I can do no more, my life is in the hands of fate now. The high gear is on, and the lever at full speed. There are no more turns, but a straight track of two miles to the end. We seem hardly to touch the ground as we bound along, overtaking the other car. Still, however, it is a question as to which car will be first. Within a mile of the end we are 20 yards behind, at half a mile,

10 or 11 yards. Now our lamps are level with their back wheels. Grimly I hold the steering wheel and pray. Now we are up to their front wheels and we whizz past the judges' box level with them.

Sending up a prayer that Bonaparte may be satisfied, and releasing the levers, I fall back among the cushions, exhausted.

Upon coming to myself a few moments later I find that men are pouring buckets upon buckets of water on the tyres, and clouds of steam are rising around the car. A man, evidently a doctor, is bending over me, feeling my pulse. He helps me out of the car into the crowd waiting to congratulate me, for it appears I have won the race, having covered the course in considerably less time than any of the other cars.

III.

I gave them a hurried account of the lunatic and his doings, and asked if he had been seen. "Yes, yes, we saw him, but it's all right now; he's away," said the doctor, and, in a lower tone to the crowd, "Hallucination, produced by severe cerebral excitement. He'll be all right in a few minutes." I began to explain again, but it was no use. Everybody agreed with me in all particulars, and gave the most soft-soapy answers to my angry words. In the end I gave it up, and got someone to take me home, having had enough driving for one day.

My friend had arrived back by the time I reached the house, and, after congratulating me, he told me that his brother-in-law, "an awfully jolly fellow," had just arrived, and was dressing for dinner. At the same time he showed me a telegram from his wife, which ran

as follows:—"Am sending Tim down to help you to win the race. Be sure and keep him overnight."

No power of pen, or word, or deed—no power at all, could possibly describe my feelings when, on descending to the drawing-room a few minutes before dinner I found my friend and--Napoleon, the lunatic, seated together. "Allow me to introduce my brother-in-law," began my friend. "I think we have met before," calmly interrupts Napoleon, holding out his hand. "I was just trying to convince our host that after all I had fulfilled the purpose for which I was sent !!!"

Tim, as I have now learned to call him, left early next morning for town, and I did not see him for some months. But a few days after the events described above, I received from an anonymous donor the present of an antique and beautifully inlaid horse-pistol, which is to-day among the most treasured of my possessions.

ADOLPHUS BLANK.

A Red Christmas.

BY IAN (V. FORM).

THE Isle of Trollsay was lit up from end to end by brilliant moonlight. The wet, black skerries round its shore gleamed wickedly when their heads appeared from beneath the surf, which whirled ceaselessly round them. It shed a straight oily track on the waters of the little Kronvoe. It made heavy black shadows behind the anchored boats, among the houses at Krondyem, and in the hollows of the grass-covered sand-dunes beyond. The Kronvoe is joined to the sea by a deep channel

nearly a hundred and fifty yards across and perhaps twice as long. The town formed a right angled triangle. The sides containing the right angle followed the shore of the Kronvoe and its outlet, and were nearly equal in length. The wall on the shore of the fairway was crowned at its north end by the castle of Jarl Harold Digresson, its other end being guarded by a strong tower and armoury. From here stretched a palisaded earthwork, which was flanked by another bastion. The hypotenuse was of the same type of architecture as the other walls, and was only broken by two gates. Beside the armoury a heavy timber landing-stage had been built into the Kronvoe. On this a little crowd was watching the departure of three gaily-painted war-galleys. On the poop of the largest, Harold was giving his younger brother, Sigurd, some parting advice relating to the government of the island. They then shook hands, and Sigurd dropped into a skiff which was towing astern. Harold gave the order to give way, and the little fleet swept out to sea, each ship propelled by nearly a hundred oars, which kept time to a lustily-sung rowing-song. The commander was still talking to his brother in the skiff when they reached the castle, and the latter asked to be cast off. He beached the boat, and raced to the top of the tower nearest the sea. From there he watched his brother's war galleys as they picked their way between the half-submerged rocks. When these were past they made a course for the south-west, where they faded slowly from sight. To the north-east of Krondyem are low moors, which rise gently to the high country in the centre of the island.

Over these he could see a narrow strip of the North Sea, which was just taking on the appearance of an extensive and highly-burnished sheet of copper. Soon the sun itself came up, the sea mists evaporated, and he saw the fleet under sail about five miles away. They were not making much speed, but by the time they were clear of the island a stiff breeze had sprung up, and they were hull down on the south-western horizon before the sun had been up an hour. Sigurd descended to the castle yard to set the men about their daily work, and generally to enjoy the position of sovereign lord of all he surveyed. He made up his mind that he would hand over the island to his brother, when that worthy returned, in a condition of absolute obedience, and the shield-carls in a degree of proficiency they had never before reached.

That evening the galleys were pulling through huge-crested waves towards the low shore of Lewis. At the bow of the flagship was Harold, sword in hand. On the poop Leofric, the mate, watched every motion of the great sword with which the commander pointed the way. Through the darkness the foam of breakers gleamed white. In the midst of the snowy surf a black opening appeared. Into this shot ship after ship. Four hours after the three were outward bound again. Any one who happened to see the crew would have been struck by the satisfied expression which filled the tanned visages under their winged helmets. Some had rough bandages, but every man had a heap of loot between his feet. Three great fires lit up sea and land. The men on the ships only laughed merrily at the little black figures they

sawrunning about on shore trying to save their goods and pigs. The fires died down, and the ships of the raiders vanished into the mirk to the west, but the men of the ruined villages were filled with a passion for vengeance that would only end when the last man of their enemies perished. Though they were powerless to do anything—for their war ships and boats were burnt to ashes—one could be sure that some day the men of Trollsay would have a terrible foe to meet when their victims came from Lewis for their revenge.

II.

The rumble of many oars broke the sweet slumber of Sheamus as he lay under the hazel bushes on the river bank. He started rubbing his eyes, then peered carefully through the bushes, for his master Cormac might be near. What he saw frightened him more than he had ever been frightened before. Twenty yards from him, across the clear, brown river, was a long scarlet ship bigger and finer than the best he had seen in Galway town, and just behind her came two more nearly as big and quite as well appointed. From behind the shields along each vessel's side grim weather-beaten men were watching the shore. But what gave him the biggest shock of all was to see Cormac on the poop of the leading ship talking excitedly with a tall man whose long locks were worked into two great plaits, and whose rich armour showed him to be a leader of these Lochlinn. As he watched, the ships were brought against the steep bank of the river and made fast to trees. Sheamus trembled, for these ships could only be those of the terrible sea

thieves, the men from the Isles. Sheamus knew they must have come to harry the town from which he had escaped two days before. Still, as Cormac, his late master, was a friend of the Lochlinn, he must certainly be their foe. He slipped back from the river into the more open woodland. He ran westward to warn his people. Deer rose out of the bracken when he appeared, but he kept straight on. He flushed covey after covey of black game, but he did not even look at them. A big grey wolf slunk away to some lair among the bushes. He only threw a rock at it, and continued his dog trot. He was only two miles from the town when he put his foot in a rabbit hole. He felt a wrench, and he found himself on the springy Irish turf grunting with the agony of a compound fracture in the neighbourhood of his ankle. Everything was lost, for now the town would be taken, all the people killed, and Calagh carried off or slain. If Calagh was here he would soon get the warning delivered, for the big grey donkey was the fastest in the district. Calagh must not be lost. What would life be without Calagh? The runaway serf shuddered at the very idea. If he could not walk he must crawl, and he did crawl; in fact, he must have made a record for that kind of locomotion.

A little after sunset he was in some bushes a quarter of a mile from the town. He heard a faint clink, and the padding of bare feet on the path he had just left. He crawled back and watched. Before him was an endless procession of men armoured in chain halberd, greaves and plumed casque. Many had their beards and

moustaches in double pigtails, and all carried a stout hide shield. The last man passed, and Sheamus was just going to make a short cut for the town when he saw coming up the road another Viking who led a big, grey donkey. An oak overhung the road close by. On to this Sheamus dragged himself. He drew his skein; his man was just under him when he dropped off the tree on the back of the astonished raider. There was a flash, a sickening gurgle, and the latter collapsed with a trickle of blood oozing through the fingers of the hand with which he grasped his throat. Sheamus wiped his dirk and fingers on the dead man's hair, and then proceeded to don his clothes and armour. He hoisted himself painfully on to Calagh's back, and rode on towards the town. The sun had been down some time now, and enemies might be watching the road, so he entered the woods, and kept his ears well open.

A hundred yards from the palisaded walls of the town the wood stopped, and everything that might give cover to an attacking force had been cleared away, leaving an open glacis between the wood and the defences. Sheamus could see figure after figure appear on the top of the wall and drop over to the inside. Shouts began to break the stillness, and the din of fighting filled the otherwise still air. Flames shot up from several parts of the town, and by their light he saw people streaming over the walls and making for the woods. That they were Irish he saw by their yellow coats, and the wounds that many bore told plainly what was going on within. Soon the whole town was ablaze, and the Vikings

began to muster before the gate with their loot and prisoners. Some captured horses were loaded up with a portion of the plunder, and the captives carried the rest. Their commander went along the line to count his loss, and found he had only lost Cormac, the traitor, who had told him of the wealth of the town, and guided him thither. Who would lose a tide for the sake of an Irish traitor? Certainly not Harold Digresson. So the order was given to march, and Cormac was left to his fate.

When the last of the raiders had vanished among the trees, Sheamus rode up to the gate and found he could safely venture inside. That part of the town had been lit first, so the fire there had almost died out. As he approached the ruins of what had been once a large house he saw a leg waving frantically in the air. On closer inspection he discovered the leg to belong to a body partly buried in smouldering thatch, and pinned down by a half-charred beam. He raised the beam, and dragged the injured man into the open. It was Cormac. A smile which arch-angels would have envied lit up the face of the serf. Here was a chance for revenge for the floggings he had received from him and countless other things, but most of all the murder of his father. Sheamus swung the war axe taken from the Viking he had killed early in the night. It descended fair upon Cormac's eyes and cut back to his ears. With another blow he split the head to the mouth. Then he remounted and rode away into the gloom a free man.

III.

The three galleys were homeward

bound. The crews were chanting songs of victory. The night was as black as if all light had been removed from the universe. There was not enough wind to make a candle flicker. The men on the ships could just make out the black shape of the shores, and avoided the rocks by their phosphorescent gleam. Harold was worried, for the lights of Krondyem should have been shining on his starboard bow, but no light was there. Soon they came to the channel of the Kronvoe; still no lights. They got past the rocks somehow and into the harbour. The singing stopped now, for the men could see the glow of red hot cinders where their homes had once stood. The smell of burnt flesh came to their nostrils, and told them what had happened. The town had been captured and set on fire, and all their kin roasted to death in their own houses. Black anger seized hold of the men. Who was the treacherous enemy who had taken advantage of their absence? The deed must have been committed within the past four hours, for the fumes from the gutted town were still warm. The tide was rising, so they lay on their oars thunder-struck with wrath and amazement. They soon found themselves floating on the Kronvoe. As they watched the shore a great light flared up from the wharf. It came from a huge pyre formed mainly of what had once been household furniture, several entire boats, and two of the town gates. Along the top of this structure were tied more than a score of human figures. One of these they recognised to be Siward, the others were the principal men of Krondyem. Gaunt shapes in battered and blood-stained

armour danced round the fire, pouring on whale oil and lumps of resin to make it burn better. Harold's men saw that they could have their revenge and rescue the men on the burning pile at the same time. They slipped on their mail and made ready for a fight. The flames had meanwhile reached Siward's bonds. He was beginning to squirm with agony when the ropes fell off him in red-hot ashes and he was free. His one thought now was to cool himself, to get into the water, anywhere away from that ghastly fire. He leapt down the burning heap, and through the six-foot flames at its foot. Arrows whizzed about his ears; a javelin stuck in the ground six inches from his toes. He picked it up without stopping and raced on. A man tried to tackle him by the knees, and was rewarded by a stab on the back of the neck. At the edge of the quay another tried to stop him, this time with a sword. Siward flung the javelin into his enemy's open mouth, and charged him over into the water. They landed in the water together, but only one rose; the other was weighted down by his armour and never again seen. The cold, salt sea water stung Siward's burns and whipped him on to greater exertions. He came to the surface, dived, and came to the top fifty yards further out. A black shape loomed over his head, and he was just going to dive again when a boat-hook took hold of his belt and he was lifted up on to the deck of a ship. All round were men he had known for years. There was Harold, holding out his hand, and there up in the bow was the wonderful figure-head his father carved the year before he was killed by Black Ronald.

"It's Ronald again: he came from Lewis yesterday with three long ships; he seems absolutely crazy about something. Last time he was certainly not a missionary from Iona. But this time I thought myself lucky to be only burned alive. Go and wipe him out with his band of wolves. They drove the women and children into the banquet hall and burned it over them." Siward stopped for lack of breath.

A howl came from the shore. The men of Black Ronald had seen the ships, and once more the blood lust was on them. They tumbled into their own galleys and pulled frantically to battle. Harold watched their charge, and when the first of the attackers were almost on him he shouted to the starboard oarsmen to pull. They pulled, with the result that their ship was now bow on to the enemy, who rushed towards them as fiercely as ever. The men on Harold's ships gave two immense pulls, stopped their oars, and drew their swords. They had the advantage now, for their oars were safe. The crews from Lewis were mad for blood, and all they thought of was to get at their enemies, while the latter, though quite as keen for slaughter, were under the command of a man whose wrath burnt like liquid air. The two fleets met. The Lewis men were swept off the thwarts, spitting out a highly coloured mixture of blood, teeth, and invective. All three had lost oars from from one side at least, and one had lost them all. The other two were beginning to charge over their remaining ones when arrows began to drop among the crews, and several men fell on the deck neatly spitted. Again Harold went for the enemy. This time he drove his iron

shod prow diagonally into the port quarter of the nearest of Black Ronald's galleys. A huge rent was torn in her side, but before she could sink grappling-irons were flung on board, and these caught the thwarts and held her firm. The shock seemed to re-animate the Hebrideans, and they stood up to their foes like men. The latter swept down on them with a yell as full of fury as that with which the Parisian mob greeted the condemned aristocrats. All the galleys were now grappled together, and by the light of the battle lanterns one could see that neither side had much advantage over the other. Snow began to fall, and made the decks, which were already slippery with gore, more difficult to stand on. The men of Trollsay began to retreat, and were driven back to their own ships. Someone cut a cable, and two of the combatants drifted apart. The Lewis vessel's stern seemed to be sinking; so it was, but the crew did not intend to go to the bottom without another go at the enemy, to let their kinsmen know they died game. With their remaining oars they laid aboard the nearest enemy. Again they grappled with the foe, and this time they did not let go. Arms and heads were lopped off, but nobody thought of stopping. If a wounded man fell into the waist of the Lewis galley he was drowned in clear sea water; in the other a mixture of 25 per cent. bilgewater, and the remainder—blood—would put an end to his sufferings. There was a crash, and the fighters found themselves up to the waists in water. A man was descending from the yard-arm of the Lewis ship, when a bow twanged on the poop of her

opponent. He fell with the feather buried in his body, carrying the battle lantern with him. He hit his head on a thwart and collapsed into thirty inches of water, with a little fire from the lantern singeing his beard. Both ships were settling rapidly, and disappeared with their crews still fighting. Some planks and blood on the water were all that showed where two ships had been a minute before. Two more drifted down the fairway with flames spouting from all parts of them. One caught on the rocks and burnt itself out there. The other got out to sea and was driven ashore just east of Cape Wrath. The remaining two tried to ram each other. Harold caught the Lewis galley fair in the middle. Again the boarders tried to sweep away their foes before them. Ronald had disarmed Harold, and was just about to cut him down when Siward's teeth dug into the back of his knee. Harold sprang on him, and all three went to the bottom together. Ronald's galley followed her master, and Harold's began to fill through her sprung seams.

Still the snow fell on the quiet, black waters and the corpse-covered deck—fell persistently, silently, weaving a white winding-sheet for the stark fighters who would fight no more. In the grey dawn it ceased, and Christmas morning showed only white moorland and black water, in which the last snow-flakes melted, even as the proud war galleys that had fought so bravely. And over the white island world of Trollsay and the dark sea lay the peace of the new faith. But on isle or on water there was no man to know of the joy of it.

Football.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XV. *V.*
GLASGOW ACADEMY. 2ND XV.

WE had to travel to Glasgow to play this match, which was our first of the season. Biggart lost the toss, and Menzies kicked off against a slight wind. We soon asserted ourselves, and play raged for a long time in the Glasgow 25. Nothing but bad luck kept us from scoring, and at last we thought we had, for Galloway got over the line, but for some infringement or other the score was disallowed. Our forwards were getting the best of the scrums, the ball coming out to our halves nine times out of ten, but good tackling on the part of the Glasgow Academy backs stopped many a dangerous movement. Still keeping at it, we went several times near scoring, until Biggart i. dashed across and scored our first try of the season. Biggart also landed the first goal. Immediately afterwards the whistle blew for half-time, with us leading by 5 points to 0. Glasgow re-started, and we had some hard scrumming near the centre, but soon they forced us back into our 25, and not long after the start they scored an unconverted try. We got some relief from the drop out, and were beginning to work our way down field, but we could not get past centre. At this stage their captain got hurt, and had to be carried off the field. Glasgow still continued to press, and about eight minutes from time scored a very soft try. This score should easily have been stopped, but bad tackling let them in. This try was also unconverted. After this we did our very best to get the lead again, but we could not, and the whistle blew, leaving Glasgow Academy winners by 2 tries (6 points) to 1 goal (5 points). We had uncommonly bad luck in this match, and ought to have won, because on the whole we were the better team.

Team :—A. Murrie ; W. M. Biggart, A.

Galloway, T. C. Caldwell, W. Harvey ; R. Jamieson, and G. F. Twelves ; R. Menzies, J. Craig, D. A. D. Kennedy, A. S. Biggart, N. B. Laughton, J. Hart, J. T. Bennett, and C. R. J. Kirsop.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XV.
V. GLENALMOND 2ND XV.

THIS match was played on the Academy Park on November 9th. The pitch was in an extremely muddy condition, owing to heavy rain on the previous night. Glenalmond lost the toss, and kicked off towards the pavilion end. Hard scrumming followed, which was evenly contested, until Galloway relieved with a huge punt which found touch near the centre. Shortly after this Biggart got the ball from a scrum near centre and ran with it into their 25, and, when tackled, passed to Menzies, who forced his way across their line far out. Galloway took the kick with a wet ball and from a difficult position, but failed. From the drop out, the Glenalmond threes showed some fine passing, but were soon forced back. From a line out Galloway got the ball passed back to him, and, after a dodgy run, scored near the posts. He succeeded in landing a goal this time. After this play was of a give-and-take nature, and the Glenalmond threes showed some fine passing, but they were often forced back by Biggart, who was playing a grand defensive game. From one of these passing bouts one of their three-quarters reached our line, and, although well tackled by Harvey, he managed to fall over. The kick at goal failed. Shortly after the whistle blew for half-time. We re-started, and play settled for a long time in the visitors' half. Hard scrumming followed, mostly on their side of the centre. The Glenalmond forwards were using their feet better than ours, and given a dry ball and less slippery ground, they might have been seen to more advantage. It was also

hard work for both sets of threes, for running and picking up were very difficult. Biggart and Harvey were playing a good game in the back division, and although the forwards were a pretty scraggy lot, they did their work well, and held their own with the Glenalmond pack. There was no more scoring on either side, and the whistle blew for full time, leaving us victors by 1 goal and 1 try (8 points) to 1 try (3 points).

Team:—W. Harvey; T. C. Caldwell, W. M. Biggart, J. A. Galloway, A. G. Brand; R. Jamieson, G. F. Twelves; R. Menzies, J. Craig, A. S. Biggart, A. Murrie, J. Hart, N. B. Laughton, C. R. J. Kirsop, and J. T. Bennett.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XV. V. PERTH ACADEMY 1ST XV.

This match was played at Crieff on Nov. 16th. We lost the toss, and led off towards the pavilion end. Play settled down in the Perth 25, and shortly after the start Galloway scored, Biggart i. failed with the kick. After the drop-out the game again settled down in the visitors' 25, and Menzies getting the ball in a line out scored far out. Galloway failed with the kick. We still continued to press, and although some free kicks were given against us for "feet up," Perth did not improve much, and our threes got started, and Hossack scored far out. Biggart i. failed with the kick from a difficult position; still pressing, Biggart ii. added another try, which was not converted. Perth bucked up a bit after, but could not keep us out, and Galloway scored between the posts, and this time he converted. Still keeping up the pressure Biggart i. scored, and Galloway kicked another goal. The whistle blew for half-time immediately after this, and we were leading by 2 goals 4 tries (22 points) to nothing. On re-starting we again pressed, but Perth had improved, and kept us back for a good time, until Biggart i. broke through their defence.

Galloway took the kick, but it went wide. After this Perth made a great rally, which took them over the centre line, but they were soon sent back by Harvey. The game was now very loose, and there was no combination on either side. From a line out near the 25 Menzies got the ball and ran right through, but failed with the kick. There was not long to go now, but we added three more tries before the end. The first by Biggart i. who failed with the kick; the second by Biggart ii., Galloway this time failing with the kick; and the last by Biggart i., Galloway striking the upright with his kick. The game ended in an easy win for us, the score being 2 goals 9 tries (37 points) to 0. One notable thing in the game was the lack of combination and the poor place-kicking, but of course the ball was wet, and that was against accurate kicking.

Team:—W. Harvey; T. C. Caldwell, A. Galloway, W. M. Biggart, J. D. Hossack; R. Jamieson and G. F. Twelves; R. Menzies, J. Craig, A. S. Biggart, A. Murrie, N. B. Laughton, J. T. Bennett, J. Hart, and C. R. J. Kirsop.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XV. V. STANLEY HOUSE 1ST XV.

We played this match on November 23rd at Crieff. The ground was in a rather wet state. Stanley House won the toss, and Menzies kicked off towards the west gate. Stanley House were a very much heavier team than we were, and it was soon apparent that they would have the upper hand. Their three-quarters were good passers, but were a slow combination, which was perhaps rather lucky for us. Our defence was, however, stubborn, and we drove them back time after time, until about 20 minutes after the start they scored an unconverted try, and still pressing they scored another unconverted try, and crossed

over with a lead of six points. On resuming there was not much between the two teams. The two packs were having a great battle, and while Stanley House three-quarters went in for passing, our threes went in for kicking. Although their threes were good passers they were frequently crowded into touch. About half way through the second half there was very hard scrumming on our line, in which neither side could claim any advantage. Stanley House again scored two unconverted tries in this half. Their place kicking was poor, for they missed four comparatively easy places, the game ending in a win for Stanley House by 4 tries (12 points) to 0. Throughout the Stanley boys displayed a tendency to be off-side, and had a good many free kicks given against them for that infringement. The scorers for Stanley House were Mailer ii., Mitchell, Fernie, and Darwent. On our side Biggart i. and Harvey were the pick of the back division; Menzies, Kennedy, and Biggart ii. were the best of the forwards.

Team:—W. D. Thom; W. Harvey, A. Galloway, W. M. Biggart, J. D. Hossack; R. Jamieson and G. F. Twelves; R. Menzies, D. A. D. Kennedy, A. S. Biggart, A. Murrie, P. Watson, N. B. Laughton, J. Hart, and J. T. Bennet.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XV.

V. GLENALMOND 2ND XV.

This match, which ought to have been played at Glenalmond on November 30th, had to be put off on account of frost.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XV.

V. "OLD BOYS."

This match, which ought to have been played at Crieff on December 7th, had unfortunately to be put off on account of frost.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XV. V.
PERTH ACADEMY 1ST XV.

We went to Perth to play this match, on December 14th, instead of playing Dollar Institution here, as the latter had some cadetting to do. We found on arriving at Perth that they had out an extra strong team, while we had out a weak one, with only 14 men at that, as one of our players did not appear at the train. Biggart won the toss, and Perth kicked off on a soft pitch. Play was about the centre for a long time, and neither side could claim any advantage. Our three quarters were playing very well, and were getting a lot of the ball, as our forwards were also doing their work well. They were getting the ball out nearly every time. Our kicking was also good, and very few kicks for touch did not reach their destination. About half way through this half, however, Cesari, one of the opposing threes, kicking the ball past Thom, followed up, and, kicking it over the goal line, got the touch down. The kick at goal failed. After this reverse we bucked up, and after some passing the ball came out to Galloway, who got over. Biggart i. failed with the kick. There was no more scoring until half-time, both sides having three points to their credit. Menzies re-started, and we were soon down upon them, and pressed for a long time; but luck was not with us, for time and again we seemed to have a clear course, but something or other came in the way. However, after some loose scrumming, Biggart ii., with the ball at his feet, got over their line. The kick again failed. After this there was some even play near centre, but at last one of their men was struck by the ball from a kick by Thom, and the ball rebounded past Thom, and they got the touch down. Their kick also failed. There was no more scoring on either side, and the game ended in a draw—2 tries (6 points) each.

Team :—W. D. Thom ; J. D. Hossack, W. Harvey, W. M. Biggart, J. A. Galloway ; T. C. Caldwell and G. F. Twelves ; R. Menzies, D. A. D. Kennedy, A. S. Biggart, A. Murrie, N. B. Laughton, J. Hart, and A. G. Brand.

THE SECOND FIFTEEN.

"How can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?"

These were pretty much the feelings of the Second at the end of their matches for this term. The odds against them indeed were heavy, and perhaps we were rather severe upon them, considering the size of their opponents. The best show they made was against Stanley House at Crieff. Their play then was certainly above their usual standard, since they managed to score twice. This was the only time they managed to cross their opponents' lines, but as they had only other two matches this is not to be wondered at. The defeats as a rule read like cricket scores, but, as one of their gallant but hopeless band has said, mere brains cannot compete against speed and weight. Out of kindness, we spare them the printing of the results. Next term they will be older and, after Christmas, *heavier*, so there is no saying what may happen.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XV.

FIXTURES—SEASON 1907-8

CAPTAIN—W. M. BIGGART.

Date.	Opponents.	Where Played.
1907.		
Nov. 2.	Glasgow Academy 2d xv.	Glasgow.
" 9.	Glenalmond 2d xv.	Crieff.
" 16.	Perth Academy.	Crieff.
" 23.	Stanley House.	Crieff.
" 30.	Glenalmond 2d xv.	Glenalmond
Dec. 7.	"Old Boys."	Crieff.
" 14.	Perth Academy.	Perth.

Date.	Opponents.	Where Played.
1908.		
Jan. 18.	Stanley House.	B'ge of Allan
" 25.	Dollar 2d xv.	Dollar.
Feb. 1.	Dundee High School.	Crieff.
" 8.	Panmure 2d xv.	Crieff.
" 15.	Perthshire 2d xv.	Crieff.
" 22.	Panmure 2d xv.	Dundee.
" 29.	Dollar 2d xv.	Crieff.
Mar. 7.	Dundee High School.	Dundee.
" 14.	Perthshire 2d xv.	Perth.
" 21.	Daniel Stewart's College.	Edinburgh.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2ND XV. FIXTURES—SEASON 1907-8.

Date.	Opponents.	Where Played.
1907.		
Nov. 2.	Stanley House 2d xv.	Crieff.
" 9.	Glenalmond 3d xv.	Glenalmond
" 23.	Stanley House 2d xv.	B'ge of Allan
" 30.	Glenalmond 3d xv.	Crieff.
" 14.	Stirling High School 1st xv.	Stirling.
1908.		
Jan. 25.	Stirling High School 1st xv.	Crieff.

"The Morrisonian" as an O.B.'s Magazine.

To those who follow the fortunes of these pages there may have been noticeable, it is hoped, a slight improvement in the quality and quantity of the O.B. contribution. That this has been so in any degree is due to the attitude taken up at the last annual general meeting of the Club, when it was decided to take an official interest in the magazine, and for this purpose to appoint a special Committee, apart altogether from the General Committee, and composed of members who would be likely to take an active interest in the magazine. It was felt that the magazine is to many the only link with the Club and the old School. And now that it has been

determined that the subscription for the Club should cover also the sending out of the *Morrisonian* to each member, it was considered but right that the Club's contribution to the magazine should be kept up to as high a level as possible. The members of Committee, then, for the year are—J. C. Weir, J. Forrest, N. Macrae, and M. Muir.

Before going further, it would perhaps be interesting to take a retrospective glance over the part the O.B.'s have taken in the magazine's history. When the writer was at school—some seven or eight years ago—it was very seldom that anything ever appeared in the magazine from the pen of an Old Boy. The South African War gave an opportunity for one or two articles—notably, perhaps, one from Selby; but, barring that, the *Morrisonian* was to all intents and purposes purely a school magazine. After the C.A.C. was constituted an idea was mooted for some time, to run a magazine of their own. This, however, was given up for obvious reasons—principally the expense and the trouble of getting anyone to take up the editorship of it. Thereafter it was decided in an informal sort of way to join hands with the forces at work at Crieff, and an early opportunity was seized in what has now come to be called "the Rector's Semi-Jubilee number." The work of looking after the Club's contribution to this number was left to our Secretary, N. Macrae. Assisted right loyally by those at Crieff, their united efforts turned out a number which no doubt had never been surpassed before, and has never been approached since. After that number, matters were left very much in the hands of the Editor at Crieff, who, naturally, had neither the

time nor the opportunity of getting together much for the O.B. section of the *Morrisonian*. Nevertheless, some very good numbers were turned out, notably that of July, 1906, which is simply full of "good stuff." The number following, however (December, 1906), was extremely dull, and it was this, perhaps, more than anything else, that moved Macrae to make the motion which culminated in the formation of the before-mentioned Committee.

During the year just ending it has been the practice of the Committee each term to write to two or three prominent members of the Club who they think would be likely to contribute to the magazine, and in very few instances, indeed, have their requests been refused. Contributions so collected, together with any casual articles which may come in, and the Athletic and O.B. Notes, go to make up each number of the magazine. The Committee have to express their deep indebtedness to Messrs F. Tait, J. C. Weir, H. Heys, G. Clark, Dr and H. W. Strathairn, R. H. Napier, and to all others who so loyally contributed some very interesting matter to the magazine; also to the Honorary Secretary and Athletic Secretary, whose reports, respectively, have always been accurate and up-to-date.

As regards the future, the Committee are of opinion that this year they have only been, so to speak, feeling their way. Next year they hope that many more articles will come in without the asking. Especially would they appreciate Colonial articles, as such are bound to be of the greatest interest to the "stay-at-homes"—such, for instance, as the two very interesting articles from a contributor in

Australia, that appeared in 1905 or 1906—where, alas! are the further contributions we expected from his facile pen? No less welcome, of course, are contributions from those at home—on all sorts of subjects and in all sorts of styles. Our Poet-Laureate—R.H.N.—seems, from his latest contribution, to have departed from his old strains, or is he resting on his laurels for the present? We hope, however, to hear more of his sweet music later on.

But what we would impress on all is—Don't wait till you are asked. The Committee may not know of the hidden talent; you yourself never know what you can do till you try. Whenever you feel time heavy on your hands, sit down and give your faculties of thought, imagination, or memory, full play, and the result will be an added pleasure to yourself and a better number of the magazine both as regards quantity and quality, with the resultant greater interest taken in it.

The undersigned will always be pleased to receive, and will gratefully acknowledge, all contributions sent in to him.

MORTON M. MUIR,

Convener Magazine Committee.

29 Aytoun Road,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Forty Years On.

D. Y. ROBERTSON has lately had several articles accepted by *The Scottish Review*.

In *The Reader* periodical is appearing, in serial form, what purports to be J.J.B.'s best story. However, we still

consider "Wee Macgregor" Bell's masterpiece. His first novel, "Thou Fool," has met with a very favourable reception at the hands of the critics.

John Stewart, who lately left Crieff for Jamaica, for health reasons, and whose earthquake experiences appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, has been appointed Editor of one of the two Jamaica daily papers. He bids fair to become soon an authority on West Indian affairs. Heartily congratulations.

Still another "literary" par. Harry Heys nobly upholds the Academy's name in the world of "Limericks." He carried off a prize lately in the *News of the World* competition.

Latest advices from Canada state that R. L. McCulloch has finally settled in Winnipeg, where he has a large command with an electrical engineering firm.

J. G. Forrest is on his way out to Salisbury, Rhodesia. We understand that he intends to take up the cultivation of tobacco. It is years since we shared in one of his first experiments with the weed; but the recollection is still a painful one.

Against these two cases of emigration we can set the return of two old boys to this country. T. L. Aitken has just arrived from Jamaica, and is getting engineering experience on the Clyde; while T. F. L. Macrae, from Australia, has entered the U.F. Church College in Glasgow.

A. F. Forrest is now a man that matters in the motor trade.

We have such a pile of congratulations

to offer that we print them in tabular form—

Frank Heys,	...	a son.
J. M'Haffie,	...	marriage.
M. M. Muir,	...	engagement.
H. K. Locke,	...	engagement.
J. MacRosty,	...	engagement.

W. R. Snodgrass, who won the Club medal this year, obtained a high place in the Bursary list of Glasgow University. Borrowman did even better at Edinburgh. The design of the medal has been altered, and a new and exclusive design instituted. The obverse of the new bears an engraving of the Academy.

Harry Paul has just passed his First Professional in the Glasgow Veterinary College. Congratulations.

Crieff Academical Club.

THE Club held their second dance on Friday, Nov. 1st, in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, and it was voted even a greater success than the first, in spite of the fact that the numbers were considerably less. However, there is just a possibility that there may have been too many present last year.

One gratifying feature was the increased number of "Old Boys" present. We wish to see as many of these as possible, as we do not intend to run this dance for the amusement of outsiders.

We were glad to have the Rector and Mrs Strathairn again with us, and hope they will continue to pay us this annual visit as long as there is the same reason, and we expect that to be for a long time, as it is quite evident

that the C.A.C. dance has come to stay, and we expect to make it one of the leading social functions of the season; indeed, it is already shaping that way.

The annual general meeting of the Club will be held in Glasgow in the last week of January (probably on the Wednesday).

Notices of motion affecting the constitution should reach the Secretary, 6 Smith Street, Hillhead, Glasgow, early in the New Year.

A meeting of boys leaving school was held in the Academy on Friday, the 26th July. S. Kennedy was elected Junior Secretary of the Club for the ensuing session.

His address is Princes Square, Strathbungo, Glasgow, and all Old Boys of recent date should communicate with him.

"The Dancing of the Sons of Morrison,"

Being a Translation of a Portion of the recently discovered

TABLETS OF SILVA, THE SCRIBE.

Now it came to pass that the sons of Morrison, when the days of their affliction were ended, were scattered afar from the land of Caning. But not a few of them came into Kludopolis, the great city, and there of a day they would gather together in the house of one Kranston, in an upper room. And they communed one with another and said: Lo, were it not a good thing, yea, and a becoming thing in the sight of the Beadle, that we should bind us together in one fellowship, to meet one

with another when the seasons appointed are come, and to renew the friendships of the land of Caning? And the thing seemed good unto them, and they did so; and they appointed certain wise men from among them to be rulers, and to guide all matters pertaining to their welfare. But certain fellows of the baser sort spake and said: Lo, now, in this thing there is peril to our shekels of gold and shekels of silver; for if we are of the number of the fellowship, we will have to pay such and such monies. And wherefore shall we lose that which we earned in the sweat of our brow? And they wagged the head, and put out the lip in scorn.

Now the elders that were appointed named a day, and caused it to be proclaimed through all the land that on that day the children of Morrison should hie them to a certain inn of the city of Kludopolis. And the children of Morrison did as the elders commanded. The clerk left his books, and the money-lender his bags; yea, they forsook each man his trade, and came together to the inn, and they brought each man a maid, save for some few whose offering sufficed not to gain entrance but for themselves. Which thing was bruited abroad, so that the men came sooner than is their wont; for they said: Lest the maidens be engaged ere we arrive.

The men were clad all in like garb of dusky black, resembling not a little the dress of the thralls that hand round the victuals at the feast; yet some that were of the hill-folk laid not aside the dress of their people, being clad somewhat after the manner of women, save that their dress is worn higher at neck

and knee alike. Nor of the hill-folk only; for some few of the south-land, zealous, mayhap, to let see limbs to which swimming and like exercise had given grace, doffed for the nonce their wonted garniture, and donned barbarian garb.

Who shall declare the beauty of the maidens, and the glory of their apparel, who shall show it forth? As is the beauty of the bride that is arrayed to meet her bridegroom; fair she is and clad in fine raiment, and her garments are wrought with embroideries of gold; even so was the beauty of the damsels that night. Fair were they as the flowers that they wore; for scarce one but had a posy, nay, some had wreathed chaplets of flowers in their locks, and all so sweet that it was wonder to behold.

Now it boots not here to tell the tale of them that were present; suffice it that they came from far and near, and none was absent that might be present, not even the Bishop, he of Runtifoo, which the barbarians call Australia. Yet it were shame, methinks, to take no count of one, than whom there is none held in higher esteem in all the land of Caning—the Beadle, him and his gracious spouse, whom all men joyed to see. Him might all men behold greeting with warm welcome his erstwhile wards; to each he spake some word of goodwill; but to them that were favoured he would give a comfit cunningly compounded of divers spices.

But there was absent one whom many fain had seen,—Albo, the tanner, much loved even of those whose hides he had dressed while they sojourned in the land of Caning.

Now the dancing that night was as

the dancing at all such times; merry and blithe it was, and graceful withal; yet ever and anon it waxed right boisterous, that coifs were undone, which with much toil and patience the craftsman's cunning had wrought to my lady's will. Then would the maids hie them to their tiring room, whence they returned almost as fair as before. But in the midst of a dance, which is called a reel an untoward thing befel, for an evil spirit entered into one of the youths, that he fell to the ground, and pulled down her that danced with him. And they that were next could not stay themselves, but stumbled and fell above, and great was the confusion, that pity was to see.

Yet was not all the night given to dancing. A room there was that mine host had set apart, lofty and spacious, full of bosky nooks and secret corners. Now the arrangement wherewith this room was arranged at the beginning, history tells not, but as touching the manner in which it was left, authors are thus agreed: To one entering nought was visible save plants and screens; yet, searching, one might find behind each palm two chairs, and behind each screen two chairs, and in each corner two chairs, and ever wondrous close in so large a space. And one that was present tells how ere the night was far spent the lights herein waxed exceeding dim, and the sound in the room was as the whisper of the zephyr, or the cooing of doves when the sun is set; yet was no person to be seen; albeit at a time a double shadow would cross athwart the light of the doorway, whence arose the saying: Walk circumspectly betwixt the light and the darkness; for palm trees have eyes and screens may tell tales withal.

Now, because that the maids were fewer in number, and for that some of them, relying on the number of their partners, scorned not to hide from them with whom they had trysted to dance, the longer to remain with one more favoured, there were ever some of the youths that had lack of partners. Such betook themselves to the shrine of the goddess Nicotina, than whom no god is help in higher worship of all the sons of Morrison, and offered to her burnt-offerings of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Some, too, poured out libations before the goddess; and they were imbued with the spirit, and spake with tongues.

But when it was about the fourth watch the guests departed each to his place, for they were faint with dancing and their eyes were heavy with sleep. But some of the youths still gathered in twos and threes, to burn incense to their guardian goddess and to hold converse concerning the festival, concerning the maidens, and the dancing, and the land of Caning, but most of all concerning the maidens. But others retired with all speed to rest, whom their arts and crafts would call to work when the sun would be scarce risen.

And there was none but deemed the night well spent; but they that had formerly stood aloof, when they saw that all was well with the fellowship, fain had joined themselves to it. But they hardened their hearts, for they are a stiff-necked people.

Hors D'Oeuvres.

THE other day while airing a sartorial masterpiece of Mr Macleod, I had perforce to seek shelter from the

admiring gaze of feminine connoisseurs in one of these pleasant oases of this desert of brick and mortar, where light and liquor are dispensed to weary souls. Carefully picking my way among the bases of the human flying buttresses which support every self-respecting bar counter—provided the prisoner at the bar is one of these parent-dreaded, but seductive subtleties in silk—I took my place in my favourite corner, and gave an order which would have made a camel blush. The contract having come to hand and to its destined position, I was in a condition to view with sympathy the frailties of weak humanity.

Glancing round with a frenzied eye, I received a sobering shock when I noted in the corner amongst the motley, maudlin mob a gentleman dissolved in tears. I approached him; sob after sob shook his well-knit frame. "Ah, my masters, 'tis a sorry sight to see a strong man weep." (Sincere apologies to Miss M— C—). Self-possessed as I usually am, you will sympathise with me, gentle reader, when I confess that this sight quite unmanned me. Without a blush, I, too, buried my face in my hands, and pearly tear-drops coursing down our respective cheeks mingled in sympathetic flood amongst the spit-toons and cigar butts on the floor.

This affecting process continued till the fast approaching hour of ten, and the consequent drying up of our founts of tears recalled us to what we were pleased to call our senses. And it was not till then that I took the liberty of inquiring the cause of our emotion. With one quivering finger my companion in distress pointed to a part

of the counter, where, in a sarcophagus of glass, on a bier of toast, reposed the corpses of two silvery fishes, embalmed in oil. The pathos of these little lost lives almost encouraged me to fresh efforts of emotion—to think that these inoffensive souls should have been wafted to the unknown, should have been made to cross the Styx, should have been slaughtered to make a Briton thirst.

It takes little imagination to fancy that this denizen of the ocean with the largely-developed fin was Corydon, and this with obvious embonpoint was Phylis, and that these twin souls used to wander with interlaced fins in the unfathomable gloaming of an ocean seaweed glade. One can imagine her piscine shriek as the voracious herring on supper bent appeared to disturb their amorous musings.

But we need not harrow the feelings of the reader further with the tragic life-history of our finny friends. Suffice it to say, that there is nothing so tragic to ruminate upon, so redolent of emotion, as a

SARDINE TIN.

A Morrisonian's Christmas Memory.

WHILE dreaming peacefully one day, I was rudely awakened by the command, "You'd better write some stuff for the *Morrisonian*," and the way in which it was said clearly showed that what I would write would be "stuff," and not the usual thing found in the magazine. And so here am I with a blank mind, a blank bit of paper in my hand and a

pen in it—in my hand, I mean, for the paper is on the table in front of me. In writing for the *Morrisonian* one first needs a subject, and I am faced with the difficulty of evolving one. Shall I write about work?—but I don't know anything about it. That shouldn't prevent me from writing about it; but you will learn more by listening to one of the Old Boys speaking of what he "used to do." If you want to learn about cricket or football, see an Old Boys' team taking it out of the School team, and you will learn more about playing forward or packing and shoving than I can teach. It's no use writing about summer, because from what I can see, as a season of the year, it has gone out of fashion, and as for winter, see all the Christmas numbers of the magazines. But I've an idea. Many generations ago, when I was at school, I had to write essays on "What I did in the holidays," and I might as well follow the time-honoured custom and tell what happened last Christmas. The only fly in the ointment is that what I am going to tell didn't happen on Christmas, but two days later; however, it might have happened, and nearly did so.

I was camping with several others in a belt of thick ti-tree scrub by an ocean beach, 13,000 miles away. The heat was tremendous, and the mosquitoes were so plentiful and fierce that one needed an axe to protect oneself. Having spent a week in camp, the "Boss," H., and myself determined to move to pastures new, away from the monotony, and so planned a visit to a small island some distance off. We made arrangements about a boat, and next day having packed our "swags" with tinned meats, jam, sugar, tea, and the hundred and

one indispensable things, including a compass, knives, and matches, we walked to the nearest township on the coast, where we found the skip had got his boat ready, and a bag of wood and a keg of water on board. And so, about eleven in the morning, we glided out from the little harbour under a gentle breeze. We had hardly been sailing an hour when the breeze freshened to what seemed in our cockle-shell of a boat to be about a quarter-gale; and then for the next four hours we took in the sail, reef after reef, until there was nothing left to take in, and alternately bailed out the water that came in most enthusiastically every time a wave appeared. We were so flat-bottomed, in spite of the centre-board, we could not keep head-on properly. I say "we bailed"—that was the "Boss" and I; skip was at the helm, and H. had developed a strange desire to study the ocean depths overside, and the study in the words of the poem "gave him ill-content." However, we arrived at last off Mud Island, which we found to be a low bank of sand, the highest part about 10 feet above the sea level, covered thickly with native currant and the lower parts by the coarse sandfire and sea grasses. In the centre was a muddy sea lagoon, teeming with all sorts of bird life, very strange and wild.

We dropped anchor and waded ashore with our things, and had a much desired meal. It was well we were hungry, because on opening our provisions we found that all were soaked in sea water, and we had to squeeze out the bread and let it dry in the wind and fire before we could eat it; but what is salt water to a hungry man? Having satisfied our immediate cravings, we decided

to use the hour of daylight remaining in exploring the island. The island we found to be about a square mile in extent, and, by reason of the central lagoon, if it is not an Irishism, it is mostly water. It had been formed on some shelving banks of sand, on which successive centuries had deposited shells, until the island had become a mass of lime, very crumbly, but bound together by the strong hardy roots of the sea grasses. Here and there were the ribs of ships and a stove-in boat, that told of some long ago tragedy, perhaps. But we had not come to see the island, but what it contained. On the levels between the sea-shore and the higher bank there was a thick carpet of a succulent plant called "pig face"; and many a one could walk over the ground there without guessing what was beneath, but the "Boss," who is also one of the leading men in natural history of the Colony, soon showed H. and myself what to look for. We found that the ground was honeycombed with little burrows, which went down, and then along about a yard, ending in a round hole, which was warmly lined with moss, feathers, and down. At the end of the hundreds—literally hundreds—of burrows we examined that afternoon we found a stormy petrel and one smooth white egg. The stormy petrels, or Mother Cary's chickens, as they are best known in all books of sea adventurers, are beautiful, slim, gentle, little birds, about 12 inches from tip to tip of the wings, and covered with oily, warm, white feathers, and on the back with an extra coating of deep black feathers. They are wonderfully light and strong, and fly swiftly with long sweeping motions of the wings. We held very

many in our hands, and they lay quite quietly, only one or two pecking gently, and that was all.

But darkness soon came on, and we went back to our boat and spread our blankets on the soft sand under some bushes, and prepared our camp. At 10 o'clock we decided to go out again into the rookeries, and watch the male birds come home, for we supposed that the female birds were on the nests. However, as we found out later, the birds are left alone for three days, and the male takes his turn on the nest. If I could, I would describe to you the charm of that summer night, with its soft gentleness, and yet its strange weirdness. Far away was heard the boom of the great ocean breakers on a rocky shore; but on the beach of the island the water ran up with a long, low hiss; the stars and the Southern Cross shone brightly in the deep black sky, and the few white, fleecy clouds passed over the face of the tiny slit of a moon. In the warm darkness below there was the queer small chuckle of the stormy petrels, and the half-human, high-pitched cry of the other sea birds. We lay full length near a large rookery, in the deep black shadow of a small bush, and for an hour did not stir or say a word until the poetry and sentiment of it all vanished in a sudden under a loud and very insistent snore of H., who had dropped into the sleep, if not of the just, at least of the tired man. It soon, however, stopped, and we waited again, when an inky black object fell suddenly from above into the ground, and disappeared as if by magic; and in the next hour about 100 must have arrived, swooping down with a swish on to the ground. These were the tired

petrels coming back. They had been three or four hundred miles out to sea, so as to be out of the region of the fierce gulls that attacked them. We were filled with wonder that they could come straight home from such a distance, and drop each at his own hole among the 200,000 holes, which we reckoned were on the island. For there were at least three to the square yard, and the number of birds on the island was between 300,000 and 400,000. We very reluctantly left at about 12.30 or 1 A.M., and were fast asleep before we were properly rolled in our blankets. At 2.30 the "Boss," who can sleep for an indefinite period, or do without sleep, was awake again, and woke me. We left H., looking peaceful and even innocent (the skip had been sleeping in the boat since about 7 in the evening). We lay out on the rookery listening to all the strange sounds until 4.30, when we turned in, only to start the day again at 5.30 with a bathe in the sea and a roam round the island. The petrels had long before left, of course, for the open sea, leaving their silent mates sitting in the burrows below the sand, and instead of the gentle, pretty birds were the tom-boy gulls, rolling and shrieking in the air and land and water. At breakfast we devoured the remains of the soaked bread, and nothing was left but a tin of jam, which we were forced to eat, and in the early afternoon we reluctantly left the island, lonely as it had been before and undisturbed, for we had only taken two birds (two small young ones) and two eggs to preserve as a record of our visit, and for the use of the Science Club of the Colony.

Sailing across again, we met a strong

head wind, which made things unpleasant and filled the boat up with water. But what did it matter, when we at last dropped anchor towards evening, and were soon sitting round the camp fire comparing notes, having finished a tea that was not only good, but more than enough. And, doubtless, you have had more than enough of this, so I close.

**"Back to the Land—1st
November, 1907."**

"By jove, is that you? I heard you were coming across."

"Yes, it's me, and you haven't changed a scrap. It's great to see all you fellows again. But where's all the rest of the chaps, Johnny, Snipe, Jan, and Jock?"

"Oh, they'll be coming to-night, or most of them. The Twin won't be able to, and we will miss others. By-the-bye, aren't we proud of Johnny and the Twin?"

"Yes, sir! they come from Morrison's Academy, sir, same as I do, sir."

"But so many are to be there that we can hardly speak to them all, and they're all the same. Some are bigger, and some even have omitted to shave their upper lips, but they can't disguise themselves. It doesn't take much to imagine ourselves back in the French Room with Snipe and Jake and the Bird—Ikey and the rest of them along one back row, and the great J.R. in his own especial corner, when on Friday nights some of us were told that we were to jolly well rest next day."

"And then, don't you remember how —? but you all know, so I needn't say! But you remember the Saturday

morning's golf and the long drives we always did in those days; the tobogganing and the "coups," and how we always got the wall in those days; and the football up the Knock Road, the long walks at St Fillans, and all the fellows. There were giants in the land in those days."

"Who will forget the 'Rat's' fright at the hymn-book coming down, and—well, how *does* the School get on without us? It does all the same, and that is why we like it. We grow up and change, but the School goes on for ever, and if you want to feel happy at home, go away from the country for four or five years, and then come back and arrive at the O.B.'s dance, and you will know what it's like."

Cricket—C.A.C.

CRIEFF ACADEMICALS V.

CARTHA.

This match took place at Pollok Park, and resulted in our worst defeat of the year. Winning the toss, we batted first, but could make nothing of the bowling of Walker and Ramsay, who bowled unchanged throughout, and we were all disposed of for the small total of 31. The Cartha passed our score with only four men out, and, aided by some wretched fielding, they knocked our bowling all over the place. They were ultimately disposed of for 98. Our bowling, which has been our weak point all through, was decidedly poor; as for our fielding, it was something awful. Appended are the full scores:—

CRIEFF.

J. Russell, c Rodger, b Walker, ...	7
A. Jamieson, b Walker, ...	2
N. Macrae, b do., ...	1
M. Thomson, c Leitch, b Ramsay, ...	3
R. M. Pattison, b Walker, ...	0
J. C. Smith, b do., ...	1
David Lang, b do., ...	4
Douglas Lang, b Ramsay, ...	0
W. Crawford, b Walker, ...	6
C. Allison, b Ramsay, ...	3
H. H. Muir, not out, ...	0
Extras, ...	4
Total, ...	31

CARTHA.

W. Liddell, b Russell, ...	8
J. Thomson, c Macrae, b Thomson, ...	1
A. Ramsay, c Allison, b Russell, ...	8
A. Walker, c Russell, b Thomson, ...	31
J. Craig, b Thomson, ...	6
P. Buchanan, not out, ...	23
M. Christie, c Crawford, b Macrae, ...	1
J. Campbell, b Thomson, ...	2
W. Rodger, c Russell, b do., ...	2
C. Brown, c Pattison, b Russell, ...	1
T. Leitch, run out, ...	0
Extras, ...	15
Total, ...	98

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

M. Thomson, 5 wickets for 31 runs.
J. Russell, 3 wickets for 23 runs.
N. Macrae, 1 wicket for 13 runs.

CRIEFF ACADEMICAL CLUB V. CROOKSTON.

This match was played at Crookston in delightful weather and on a good wicket. Winning the toss, we put Crookston in, and for a time this worked all right. On Keddie and Crowther getting together, however, the score quickly mounted up, but once they were disposed of the rest gave no trouble, and were all out for 66. This was not a very formidable score, as the boundaries were short, and were certainly not worth 4's. As events turned out, it was too much for us, and we

were all disposed of for 38. Robinson was the only one who played the bowling at all; the rest were afraid to hit. If the match had gone by the number of hits made, we would have won easily. Crookston in their total of 66 included 10 boundaries, which accounted for 40 of their runs, whereas in our score of 38 there was only one boundary. As already mentioned, the boundaries were not worth nearly 4, but we had only ourselves to blame in not hitting out, as any respectable hit was a sure boundary. The bowling and fielding were above our ordinary. Appended are the scores:—

CROOKSTON.

W. Spriggs, b Thomson,	8
G. Travis, b do.,	0
J. Henderson, b do.,	9
E. Travis, c Pattison, b M'Haffie, ...	2
C. Travis, b Thomson,	11
G. Keddie, c and b Thomson,	11
G. Crowther, b M'Haffie,	20
A. Clark, c Macrae, b M'Haffie,	0
G. Beveridge, b M'Haffie,	0
E. Keddigan, not out,	2
Extras,	3

Total, ... 66

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

M. Thomson, 5 wickets for 38 runs.
H. M'Haffie, 4 wickets for 21 runs.

CRIEFF.

A. Jamieson, b Crowther,	1
W. McNaughtan, c G. Travis, b E. Travis, ...	5
J. Robinson, b E. Travis,	11
H. M'Haffie, c and b do.,	7
R. Pattison, c G. Travis, b E. Travis, ...	3
N. Macrae, b Keddie,	3
M. Thomson, b do.,	2
H. Muir, b do.,	0
D. Lang, not out,	4
M. Muir, b Crowther,	0
Extras,	2

Total, ... 38

CRIEFF ACADEMICAL CLUB
V. ERSKINE.

This match was played at Bishopton in good weather. For this match we

had the assistance of Farquhar Tait, who had quite a field day, having top score and taking nearly all the wickets. Losing the toss for once, we had to field, but this was not a trying ordeal, for after Scott had been unfortunately run out just when he seemed to be getting set, the rest collapsed, and were all out for 14. This was mainly due to Tait, who took 6 wickets for 5 runs. In this match last year he had 6 wickets for 1 run, so he seems to have taken a liking to the Erskine ground. After the usual tea interval we commenced our batting, and quickly knocked off the runs. Tait had a brief, merry innings, his score of 24 including only four singles. The only other score worth mentioning is Macrae's, who made 12 by very careful cricket. There is no need to mention our fielding, for the reason that we had none to do; but mention must be made of R. C. Walker's bowling, who ably backed up Tait, and had the good analysis of 3 wickets for 8 runs. Appended are the scores:—

ERSKINE.

C. Scott, run out,	5
W. McKie, b Tait,	0
A. Hendry, b do.,	3
D. Campbell, b do.,	2
J. White, b do.,	0
W. Houston, b do.,	0
T. McKie, c Cartland, b Walker, ...	1
H. Haynes, b Tait,	1
J. Brown, b Walker,	0
M. Boyd, b do.,	0
H. Buchanan, not out,	1
Extras,	1

Total ... 14

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

F. Tait, ... 6 wickets for 5 runs.
R. Walker, ... 3 wickets for 8 runs.

CRIEFF.

F. Tait, b Hendry,	24
J. Corder, b do.,	3
R. Douglas, c M'Kie, b Hendry,	4
W. Walker, b Houston	2
A. Milroy, b do.,	1
R. Walker, b do.,	0
J. Russell, b Hendry,	1
R. Cartland, b do.,	2
N. Macrae, c M'Kie, b Hendry,	12
J. Haydock, c White, b Houston,	3
H. H. Muir, not out,	4
Extras,	5
Total,	61

BATTING AERAGES.

NAME.	No. of Innings.	Highest Score.	Times Not Out.	Total Runs.	Average.
H. W. Strathairn,	2	40*	1	43	43
F. Tait,	3	46	—	76	25.3
J. Cameron,	1	22	—	22	22
J. D. Robinson,	3	23	—	41	13.6
N. Macrae,	8	12	2	47	7.8
W. Jamieson,	3	10	—	22	7.3
J. Russell,	3	13	—	21	7
H. M'Haffie,	1	7	—	7	7
R. M. Pattison,	5	12	1	27	6.7
W. M'Donald,	2	12	—	13	6.5
W. M'Naughtan,	1	5	—	5	5
W. T. Bottomley,	1	3	—	3	3
O. M. Parker,	1	3	—	3	3
J. F. Robertson,	1	3	—	10	3
M. Thomson,	4	3	—	10	2.5
H. Muir,	5	4*	2	5	1.6
R. Jamieson,	2	2	—	3	1.5
W. Caw,	3	4	—	4	1.3

The following—H. M. Caldwell, G. Wallace, J. C. Smith, and G. Caldwell—played in one match, and have an average of 1; while the following—J. Henderson, J. Rodger, M. Muir, R. Tait, W. Muir, and D. Lang—also played, but have no average.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
F. Tait,	12	41	3.41
M. Thomson,	22	106	4.81
H. M'Haffie,	4	21	5.25
J. F. Robertson,	4	23	5.75
W. Jamieson,	6	41	6.83
H. W. Strathairn,	7	49	7
J. Russell,	5	35	7
N. Macrae,	3	21	7

The past cricket season has been none too successful. Starting the season with high hopes and expectations, these were soon shattered by the indifference of the majority of the members to sacrifice the slightest thing for the sake of the Club. Any excuse to get off a match was brought up—*i.e.*, going away for the week-end, or that if he played he would have to wait quarter of an hour for his train, or friends were coming for the day, or that his forty-fifth cousin was going abroad in about a month, or, to vary the popular song slightly, "My father won't let me." In spite of these drawbacks, the matches were duly carried out, though it is really hard to recognise the C.A.C. element in the team v. Erskine, and resulted as follows:— Played 7, won 3, lost 2, drawn 2.

All honour is due to Norman Macrae, who took part in every match, and who helped me considerably to get up a team v. Erskine, bringing down no fewer than six friends with him. Pattison comes next, missing only one match. To these add Thomson and Russell, and you have the only men I could rely on to play if at all possible.

It will be seen from the averages that Bertie Strathairn is top with an average of 43, which is rather good, especially if you do not look at the number of innings he had. Tait comes next with 25.33, and J. Cameron third with 22. Tait heads the bowling averages with the fine average of 3.41, while M. Thomson (who, it will be noticed, has taken nearly double the number of wickets of Tait) comes second with 4.81. A curious coincidence arises in the fact that we have scored exactly the same number of runs as we lost—

viz., 493; but in doing so we lost only 70 wickets to our opponents' 78, so we have a slight advantage here. In closing this cricket report, I think—while doing so with great regret—it is only right to remark that unless the Club is better supported next year than it was this past year it will be impossible to run a cricket section. However, this is a question for the A.G.M., at which I hope it will be fully thrashed out.

With regard to the doings of the individual members of the Club in the football playing fields, we find, as of yore, the majority in the ranks of the Clydesdale F.C. In it we find Russell, F. J. L., and N. Macrae, R. Pattison, C. J. Small, M. M. Muir, D. Lang, and H. M'Haffie. In the Edinburgh Institution we find D. B. Stathairn, F. Tait, A. B. Forbes, and W. M'Naughtan; while R. Walker and J. C. Smith are also playing in Edinburgh. In Dundee we find J. P. Thomson, Nicol, and W. P. Jamieson. Forrest, and Dempster are our representatives in Kilmarnock; while Balderston is Vice-Captain in Craigielea. Murray, I believe, is playing for Muirhead, while there are probably others of whom I have not heard. Harry Paul is still our only outstanding man in the Association game, though, by playing him at half-back, the Q.P. are not getting so much good out of him as they would at outside left.

J. C. and H. J. Weir are rapidly making a name for themselves in the hockey world in the ranks of the Rutherglen H.C. W. H. Birrell is breaking out in new ground, or rather, I should say, water, being a member of the Champion Water Polo team in

Scotland—namely, the Western Baths. He assisted them to win the cup on the night of the C.A.C. dance, and afterwards turned up at the dance as lively as a squirrel. He is also going strong at golf, having won 3 large challenge cups in the North-Western Club. Heartiest congratulations fall to F. Tait and J. Russell on obtaining their Inter-City caps—one for Edinburgh and one for Glasgow. Tait has come rapidly to the front, and if he only keeps up his present form he should get further honours yet. Russell's cap is overdue, however, by a year or so, but the selectors for all their blindness could hardly pass him by this year, so well was he playing. However, it is better late than never.

In concluding the year, and at the same time my period of Sports Secretaryship, I beg to thank all the members of the Club for the courteous way in which they have treated me, and though I had a good deal of worry and trouble, and at the same time a good deal of disappointment to put up with, still I will always look back with pleasure on the period in which I had the honour to be

SPORTS SECRETARY.



List of Members of Grieff Academical Club.

LIFE MEMBERS.

G. F. Barbour, Bonskeid, Pitlochry
W. T. Bottomley, 15 University Gardens, Glasgow.

H. M. Caldwell, 9 Crown Terrace, Glasgow.
L. T. Carmichael, c/o. Duncan Bros., & Co., 21
Canning Street, Calcutta.
George Caldwell, jun., 9 Crown Terrace, Glasgow.
G. A. Clark, 35 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.
Alex. Crawford, Caledonian Estate, Province Wel-
lesley, Penang.

Swanston Drysdale, solicitor, Crieff

Malcolm Finlayson, solicitor, Crieff.
John Foster, 31 La Crosse Terrace, Glasgow.

C. J. Glen, P.O. Box 3, Durban, Natal.
Alex. Graham, Annfield, Uddingston.

J. A. Hope, 19 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

H. K. Locke, Nether Kirkton, Neilston.

M. M. Muir, 29 Aytoun Road, Glasgow.
W. McKechnie, Ferntower, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
Duncan S. McNair, Bruvue, Dowanhill, Glasgow.

Alex. Russell, Silverwells, Newark Drive, Glasgow.
John Russell, Silverwells, Newark Drive, Glasgow.
J. F. Robertson, Saughton Vale Terrace, Murray-
field, Edinburgh.
A. K. Richards, Bank of Bengal, Agra.
W. Ralph Reynold's.

Dr Strathairn, Academy House, Crieff.
D. B. Strathairn, Academy House, Crieff.
John Smith, 29 Newark Drive, Glasgow.

F. Tait, 7 Fettes Row, Edinburgh.

H. J. Weir, Bellard, Kilmaecolm.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

W. H. Birrell, 24 Glasgow Street, Hillhead, Glas-
gow.
R. W. Bow, Westhouse, Uddingston.
W. Bow, jun., Westhouse, Uddingston.
R. Balderston, Gateside, Paisley.
J. J. Bell, Woodbine, Blairmore.
James A. Brand, Cairnhill, Busby.

J. Croll, jun., 29 Moray Place, Strathbungo, Glas-
gow.

W. Campbell, 6 Newlands Park, Newlands, Glas-
gow.

J. Crosby, 42 Glencairn Drive, Pollokshields.

Rev. J. H. Cappel, The Oaks, Walton, Stafford-
shire.

A. G. Cairns, St George Preserve Works, Paisley.
William Caw, Whinmount, Crieff.

M. T. Dodds, Emmanuel College, Cambridge

Arch. Fairlie, 2 Merrilees Drive, Kelvinside, Glas-
gow.

John Forrest, Arden, London Road, Kilmarnock.

Alex. Forrest, Arden, London Road, Kilmarnock.

A. B. Forbes, Old Blair, Blair Atholl.

David Ferguson, Dunrowan, Falkirk.

D. Gillies, Thorniepark, Paisley.

A. M. Gourlay, Thornlea, Partickhill Road, Partick-
hill.

Frank Heys, St Ronans, Meikleriggs, Paisley.
Henry Heys, South Arthurlie House, Barrhead.
Harry Heys, Woodneuk, Barrhead.
J. E. Henderson, U.F. Church Manse, Monzie.
S. Hoey, Tighmonadh, Balgrayhill, Springburn.

Nicol Jamieson, The Braes, Darvel.

W. Jamieson, The Braes, Darvel.

W. S. Kennedy, 31 Princes Square, Glasgow.

D. J. Ligat, 10 Nelson Terrace, Hillhead.

W. D. Lang, Holnhurst, Thorniepark, Paisley.

R. S. Lawson, Bank House, Blackford.

Rev. D. Liddle, Tamnadice, Forfar.

H. Heys Muir, 29 Aytoun Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

William Muir, 29 Aytoun Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

James M'Haffie, Kirktonfield House, Neilston.

Hugh M'Haffie, Kirktonfield House, Neilston.

J. K. M'Donald, 94 Hyndland Road, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

Norman Macrae, 6 Smith Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

W. M'Naughtan, Cowden, Comrie.

Kenneth M'Farlane, 58 Robertson Street, Glasgow.

R. L. McCulloch, Aytoun Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

W. M'Donald, Kiniris, Victoria Terrace, Crieff.

S. Murray, Rockfort, Milngavie.

R. H. Napier, Schiehallion, Dumblane.

Orme M. Parker, 6 St Mary's Place, Glasgow, W.

Harold M'D. Paul, 36 Overdale Street, Langside, Glasgow.

Robert M. Pattison, Drimmamona, Kilmalcolm.

Rev. Mark Rice, The Parsonage, Cupar-Fife.

J. D. Robertson, 2 Saltoun Gardens, Hillhead, Glasgow.

Thomas S. Strathairn, Academy House, Crieff.

H. W. Strathairn, Academy House, Crieff.

W. Scott, 58 Cadder Street, Pollokshields.

Dr Stuart, Ivy Lodge, Crieff.

Bruce Sinclair, 1 Clive Row, Calcutta.

J. D. Stewart, Army Stores Department, Perth.

Ranken Smith, 3 Westbourne Terrace, Glasgow.

James Smith, 8 Braid Avenue, Edinburgh.

Wm. Snodgrass, 11 Victoria Crescent, Dowanhill, Glasgow.

James Strang, 3 Greenlaw Terrace, Paisley.

Malcolm Thomson, Roslyn, Craw Road, Paisley.

G. Thomson, Royal Bank House, Cupar-Fife.

George A. Wallace, 22 Maxwell Drive, Glasgow.

R. G. Walker, Dental Hospital, Chambers Street, Edinburgh.

J. C. Weir, Bellard, Kilmalcolm.

Geo. S. Whyte, 3 Chalmers Street, Edinburgh.

James A. Wyllie, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

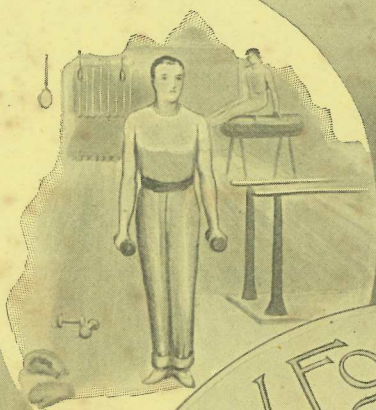
R. Wyllie, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

The Treasurer (G. A. Wallace) would be pleased if the members would keep him posted up of any change of address.

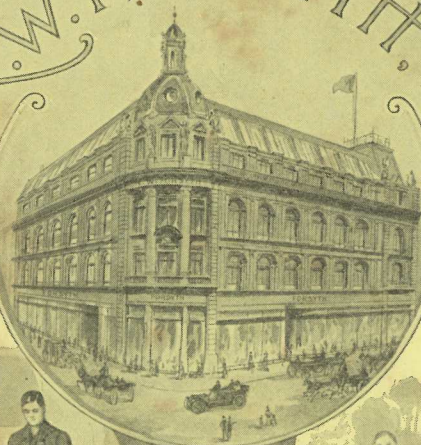
Particulars are desired of the address of W. Ralph Reynolds.

If the Magazine should fall into the hands of any O.B.'s not yet members of the Club, they are earnestly requested to communicate with the Treasurer. Ordinary Subscription, 2s 6d; Life Membership, £1 is.





R. W. FORSYTH, LTD



School, College
& Athletic Outfitters.

GLASGOW &
EDINBURGH

