

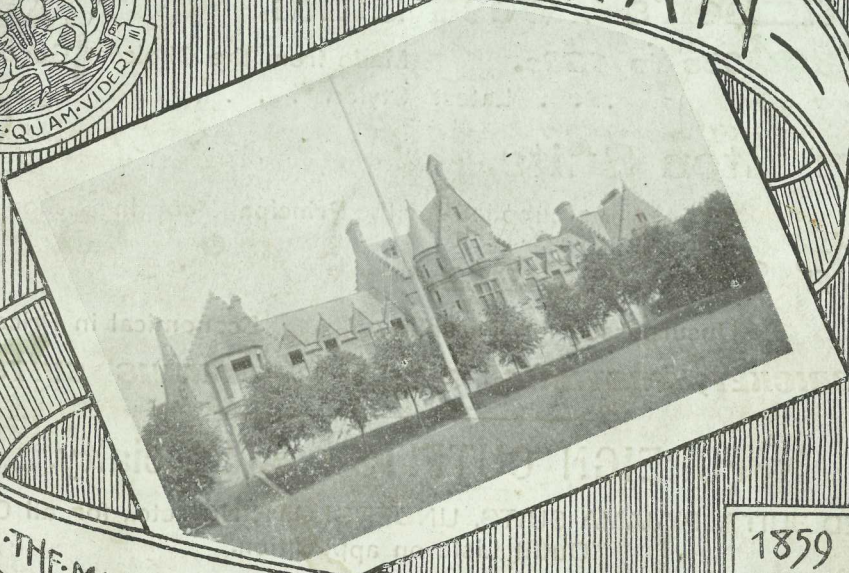
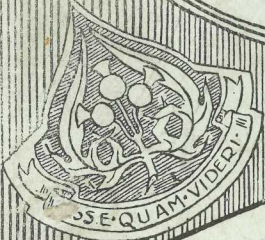
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THE



# MORRISONIAN



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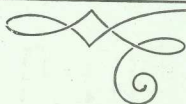
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J. D. M. K.

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# THE MORRISONIAN.

*Esse quam videri.*

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NEW SERIES.

JULY, 1908.

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### Boys as Book-Critics.

ONE advantage of being in a school is that there we hear the candid truth about books. In the polite world, people read for many reasons. Some circles used to read Browning and plumed themselves on the distinction; others followed Ruskin alike in art and politics. The majority follow their bell-wethers, and read the books of the moment. All such are the lost souls of literature, for they bring the author whose work they are interested in, down to the level of the newest popular game, and they fling him aside as they do a last season's tie. These criticise in set phrases, and one conversation in one drawing-room is practically identical with that in every other. But among boys you are safe to get the bald and

disheartening truth, and these remarks are prompted by the desire to instruct grown-ups what books to recommend to boys. Do you love literature? Then, O lover, deal out in very small doses to your little brother. Shelley's 'Skylark' would be lost on a Basuto; possibly you would not care for it yourself if you knew it. But if you do know it, and can thrill to it, you may risk a score of lines or so on Bunnie minor. More you will read at your peril, at the risk of having it lumped as a lot of rot, accompanied by the wish that Bunnie major—your distinguished self—would keep his stuff to himself.

But Bunnie minor is no less severe on the books which pass from school-boy hand to hand; indeed, among all boys at school there is a traditional

array of criticism on every volume in the library, and practically every reader wanders about with ears wide open for the flying opinions which will decide for him the next book to take.

"Beastly stale, I think it," comes from one desk.

"Oh, that's at the beginning; it's rare further on," comes the reply, and the little scrap of dialogue is stored up in the memory.

And this bit of dialogue must sum up my whole advice to elders. It is wasted time and money giving a boy a book over which you could not be profoundly interested yourself. Do you wish to enrol him among the happy brotherhood of book-lovers? Then give him nothing which would not be a delight to yourself; give him no book the very thought of being able to read which again for the first time does not make you look back regretfully on your lost youth, no book which you are not anxious for your boy to love.

Do you watch Bunnie's face as he reads? Do you ask him if he has come to such and such a place; do you follow the rapid eyes and the rapid turning over the pages with kindred excitement; do you sigh with the reader's sigh of satisfaction when the climax has been reached and passed? If so, you have given the right sort of book; more, you are fit to have the honour of giving it. Five years later you will taste a deeper joy in ministering to, perhaps, a more refined taste in books, but in the meantime *jam satis*,—jam satisfies. Give the boy jam. He will tell you honestly if it is good jam; for if his taste be crude it is, at least, unspoil by fashion or pseudo-culture; and this is the greatest thing in all reading.

### Form Notes.

If any one in the Preps. would "blub,"  
One bold bad boy would smile and chaff,  
But one day at his poetry  
Our bold boy failed and began to cry.  
And so the rest did laugh,  
Ha-ha-ha for the bold bad boy.  
His grief became the class's joy.  
Ha! ha! ha!

There are two kinds of verbs—  
*Subject and Object.*

The general ideas of the preps. regarding great world towns is remarkable. Thus "Waterloo was fought in England." That boy should be in the Fifth. But Cape Town was in Australia, and, broadly speaking, every capital in Europe was found to be in Japan or South America. Even Aberdeen was placed upon the Clyde. This is, as the Birdologist would say, "terocious."

The following did not happen in Morrison's Academy:—The teacher asked a boy in the Preps. what bird was sent out of the ark and came back with a green leaf in its mouth. The boy answered, "Please, sir, a dove." The teacher said the smallest boy in the class was the only one that answered correctly. One of the boys put up his hand and said, "Please, sir, but his father keeps a bird shop."

### FORM II.—

A gymnastic member of Class II. is reported to have said that the double bar in a sheet lined for music was "parallel bars."

"Mr Joseph Thomson," said Master Partington, speaking about the great traveller, "was thinking that it was glorious to go back to equilateral Africa."

The Algernon Swinburne Tennyson of the Form is called "Dyke."

Ching Chong Pai Shama has been giving the form lessons in Chinese pronunciation. It all depends on keeping the face fixed and the chin-easy!

FORM III.—

A member of the Third recently lost a pair of white trousers which he wears at a game he calls cricket. Wrathfully he glared at his companions. A trick! A mean trick! Two days he wandered as one in a dream: they were then found under his mattress, where it turned out he had placed them himself. (Was it the same youth who lost his bathing drawers in his jacket pocket?)

The Third has taken to poetry. "An Old Sword" has been their theme of inspiration, but it is doubtful if it ever did more deadly work than in the present instance. Some of the verse is undeniably good, and something like real fire is to be found in two versions, those of J.M.F. and D.H.D. Says J.M.F. in one verse—

Art thou a God that man thou kill'st?  
Thy death-roll is many, in numberless line;  
Who passionate hearts of men hath thrilled;  
Tell unto us thy tale divine.

J.M.F. gets out of his depth a bit, but it's the best way to learn to swim. Good luck.

D.H.D. twangs his harp thus:—

Their guns spat forth like hell on earth,  
But onward charged we,  
Closing the Russian batteries round,  
('Twas an awful sight to see).  
But Nelan fell in that wild ride,  
In that wild tempestuous raid,  
And the world doth say, with one accord,  
"God bless the Light Brigade."  
And here I hang on the study wall,  
All rusty and wearing away;  
But oh! for a fight for life again.  
Oh, for one more field day.

The second last line is very good, and the poem generally very promising. It is living at least.

"Gilmerton" has ideas, but he changes rhyme and rhythm too frequently, with no very evident purpose. His tone is sentimental rather than heroic, and the sentimental is the most difficult note to strike in poetry. Only a genius can weep in verse without being more or less silly.

Another poet with a grim ballad touch cries:—

"How many, many men—  
Or do you ken?  
That you have slain,  
Or cut to the bane."

Then he drops into doggerel with this wonderful stanza,—

"Or perhaps in a duel,  
Oh, so, so cruel,  
You have killed somebody,  
Or, perhaps, nobody.  
And, last of all,  
You are not very small,  
So that you could scatter  
Any of brain matter."

Another tells of the sword of a drowned man picked up by the dead man's father while bathing,—a good tragic idea, but imperfectly done.

A.W.B. writes fairly well and winds up with a good thought:—

"No doubt in the great game, a pawn,  
But one of the very best."

On the whole the third makes a very good show in their new adventure.

Who is reported to have burnt his fingers on a blackie's egg, found in a *deserted* nest?

The absolute density of a body has been defined as "the body compact together." Possibly he gave this reply "under pressure," and so was absolutely dense at the time.

One bright young man has solemnly assured us that "Calais would be found in Mary's stomach when she died."

Here are two examples of a gerund :

By swimming he got drowned ;

By playing he played too long.

The latter is far more funny than it looks, for it states a very obvious and frequently unsuspected truth. If you only think over it, you will find yourself laughing despite yourself.

What would the good people of Chemulpo say if they heard their town called "Shampoo"? They would probably need one to help them to keep their hair on. This is what one might call barbarous pronunciation.

#### FORM IV.—

"It is a fine sight to see the school bathing," writes a satirical Fourth Form boy. "There are about eight chaps that can swim, and the rest play about like a lot of little lassies."

Who was the boy who translated "les dames" by the "wimins"?

George Number Two is Cabby's pet king.

In the Fourth there is a boy with an extraordinary gift. He is a born discoverer. Unfortunately, he never reports what he has found till some one has just mentioned something. In consequence all his finest things have just been mentioned before he opens his mouth. He listens, thinks hard, and then out pop the marvellous things which has already been stated. If you tell him that diamond-cutting is done in Amsterdam, he will draw himself suddenly together and inform you with a certain brainy alacrity that he just read that the other day.

One of the Fourth being asked in an examination to form adjectives in ous, ible, ant, ive, n, y, from certain nouns, replied as follows:—Silverous, silverible, silvery, silvern, silverive, silveraut. Some of them are very good. Thus—

"All night above the castle drive  
The great moon wandered silverive,  
And shone above the streamlets' dribble  
In glances soft and silverible."

"All that a wicked king gave him in return was the loss of his head," inquit. B-t.

'Twas night. Wild wind swept across the moor, dark clouds tore across the sky, and the lightning flashed and the rain poured in torrents. All nature conspired to break the spirit of the indomitable youth. But that spirit was untamable, and the M.A. cap that he wore was as an oriflamme of victory. Unterrified by the elements, undismayed by the doom which seemed to threaten the universe, carefully sheltering his open volume with his jacket, he read by the fitful flashes of the sheet lightning that thrilling story—"Expelled from the Big Doss," price 3d; read as if his life depended on it. Suddenly a vivid flash illuminated the heavens and lit up the features of the gallant boy. It was Arthur!"

#### FORM V.—

On Victoria Day the solitudes of Ben Voirlich were disturbed by the footsteps of three of the Fifth — no slight disturbance as all who know them will admit. (Evidently an allusion to the great feat!) How far they went no one knows, but the height reached grows weekly greater, while the distance from loch to mountain is not workable out on

any district map. It has varied from four to twelve miles, and is still growing.

The following verses give utterance to feelings felt by many on that same day:—

Oh, where and oh where has the little boat gone,  
Oh, where and oh where can it be?  
For first they hauf drooned me,  
An' noo, they've marooned me  
On this desolate isle o' the sea.

Oh, when and oh when will the little boat come,  
To carry me back to the shore,  
Land me there an' nae wee boat  
Or coaster or sea-boat  
Will take me to sea any more?

Ch, what and oh what if the bell now should ring  
With me here marooned on the deep,  
Growing thinner and thinner,  
A mile frae my dinner?  
It's enough to make anyone weep.

But hark and hear from the crest of the wave,  
The sound of a voice that I craved,  
I crawl to the margin,  
And tumble the barge in,  
And faint with the cry, "I'm saved!"

Next year will find a little monument in the Gym. It will mark a small hollow in the flooring. It was once quite level, but one day one of ours took a notion to give a display on the horizontal bar. His voluntary included a "dislocate." It ended on the floor, and the hollow marks where he fell. It is to be put up by his companions, who are, needless to say, the gymnasts of the school.

We're plod, plod, plod, plodding on through history,  
Facts, facts, facts, facts, — will give us shoals of them.  
Literature and geography are nothing but a lot of names,

There's no release from the fact.  
Two and three maks five—a fact, of course, which no one new before;  
When you write an essay, just be sure you stick that new fact in;  
Likewise that two from five is three, a fresher way of putting it,  
For there's no release from the fact.

Facts, facts, facts, facts, what' the use of having them  
If you leave them all about like broken metal on a road?  
Strew your fancy over them, then crush their edges cut of sight,  
And kindly hide the facts that they are facts.

Lost, on Victoria Day, at St Fillans, three rowlocks, four caps, and a lock of hair. (All since recovered or returned.)

Lost, stolen, strayed, or run away in a passion, a French canary, very valuable on account of its whistle, which resembles that of a corncrake.

Of't in the stilly night,  
When slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memery brings the croak  
Of that lost bird around me.

Coqueter, to flirt; used of animals—  
e.g., our Sour Boar.

SCENE.—A wilderness of broken tumblers and scattered shugar; dead silence, save for the plaintive cry of the peewee—"Pleeshe shur, it's a shwick."

"O, I say," chirped out fat little grubbing Tomtit. But he said nothing. Sensible little Tomtit!

Some of the Fifth are training desperately for the gym. prize. Back numbers of magazines—Fry's, Captain, &c.—are being hunted up for new fancy exercises with which to dazzle the spectators. Feeding is being scientifically done. We saw one lately with two eggs, evidently about to make some special egg-flip. Alas,

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft agley,  
And leave us nought but grief and pain  
For promised joy."

Heard on the field—"R—d, are you fast or slow?" "Very fast," came back in familiar tones. But the subsequent bowling rather nonplussed the batter, for it was fast and slow by turns.

## HOWLERS.

One of the only class translated "porter le uniform" as the porter's uniform.

"How many numbers are there in Latin?"

"As many as you can count."

"How did Paul spend the most of his life?"

"In martyrdom." (V.)

"What was Naaman?"

"A leopard." (IV.)

"A spittoon is never seen now-a-days outside of a swell drawing-room." (From "High Life," by B.P.)

**Ben Voirlich.**

It is very astonishing how little people know about Nature. Just the other day a friend told me without a blush that he did not know what a mountain really was. He immediately added that the Tweeddale Geography said—"Land which is abruptly and greatly raised above the general level is termed a mountain"; and argued from this statement that he did not need to climb a mountain to know what it was—he knew. I broke in by saying I could tell right away what his idea of a mountain was. He looked surprised, but murmured a "go on." "The word 'mountain' calls up to your mind huge masses of rock and lava piled up on one another; eternal snows, which occasionally take a wandering fit; lack of vegetation; the dwelling-place of the "good people," wild beasts and reptiles; torrents rushing all around, which, to make things move lively, sometimes

jump their beds and fly down the path you are treading. Finally, and worst of all, a rarity of atmosphere—this last fact, I may add, you picked up in that book of Science you were reading some time ago, and you have stuck firmly to it."

Here I stopped and ask him how far right I was. He grudgingly told me I was pretty near right for a guess, which was his way of saying I had fathomed his inmost thought. Then, before he could get in another word, I told him I was going to draw upon his imagination to make him "do a mountain," without going further than that seat over there, where, if he had no objections, we might sit. Just in case, however, your imagination should run away with you and land you on a hill, per saltum, with a single leap, I may tell you there is a lot of work to be done before that. However, if you give me a free hand, I'll manage all right. Now, I'll place you; are you ready? Yes, well—

You are at St Fillans, a small village, little known, and cared for by few. Behold some villas and a hotel stretched along the side of Loch Earn. Along the village side of the loch lies the road, a good one—you appreciate the fact, having just driven up on it. Across the loch the road is very second-rate, indeed. You will know that soon when you get going on it; but before starting we had better arrange for a decent tea against our return. First, we cross the old wooden bridge here—that's the Earn below us, that splendid river where so many salmon and colds are caught every year. It is very shallow just now, as you see; when it is in ply you can just cross over there and



no more. Now (fine thing the fancy) the road flies under our feet; it is badly made; dust is blown about by the wind, and is lying so thick that we must keep abreast to prevent the one behind getting his mouth and nostrils just too full; it is by no means a horizontal plane, but up hill, down hill, we plug our way—(surely we have walked three miles—three miles that feel like six.) Up to this, being surrounded on all sides by woods and thick vegetation, we have had no view. The road, however, now becomes more open. There's St Fillans lying down yonder, so you see we have done a good distance. "Never mind! come on," you say; "we have passed no road branching off this one; however, we can't be far off the Ben Voirlich road now." "I looked up a survey map before I left, and I saw a stone standing in the river near the road; we should be able to see that now."

Now we pass a farm: "Shall we go over and get a drink of milk?"

"No."

"All right." And so we plod on, to arrive soon at another group of houses. We must stop here, if only to talk to some one else for the change's sake! In you go, and ask about the way. "Very well! thank you! Quite another two miles," you say, "and not another house till you come to Ardvoirlich farm," is your last remark to the old lady, but your first to me is not nearly so nice. Fine thing mountaineering, isn't it? Well, we must go on; these last two miles won't be very deadly now that we have got into our swing.

At last here is Ardvoirlich farm. "Up past the steading," she said, wasn't it? "Yes; and here is the road and a

bridge. I wonder if we cross it." After some discussion we do so, and start on a fairly decent path. The change of stride gives us quite a rest, and we walk on quite satisfied with ourselves and the world in general. We are in a déshabillé condition just now, and it is just as well we are in this deep little gorge, where rocks and trees, bush and bracken unite to hide us from the outside world. Isn't this a very pretty little river bubbling, roaring, raging at the foot of our miniature gorge? It reminds one of certain conceited little kids who try to swear like men. Here, just before leaving this savage little valley, we come to a bridge which gives one the impression that man rather respected the power of this puny little stream which roars its loudest here, for it is built suspension fashion. It gives you an idea that he who built it thought the stream would become angry and hurl boulders and trees against his work, which it certainly is not capable of doing, for many a young sapling would not find floating depth in its waters.

The path we have followed goes on, but uprooted trees, loose earth, and a look of general disuse make us conclude that the bridge wasn't put up at this point for ornament. We cross, and soon find the country opening up. We begin to look about us. Notice the great number of sheep (they take the place of the wild animals pictured in your imagination) feeding on the rank coarse grass. But the sight of hills bring us back to the present, and we set about looking for the Ben. That done, we make *straight* for it, and in doing so flounder into a marsh. The reeds growing round about ought to have

warned us, but after all, what would the world be if everyone kept his wits about him? We are now apparently near that imposing mountain. Walls of earth surround us, giving the impression of a basin with a broken side, that broken side being the valley of Voirlich Burn. Standing here we feel how small man is, but our thoughts are not long turned that way. We wash our hands and faces in that cool snow-water, and take some light refreshment we have brought with us.

While sitting taking a rest we notice a change in our surroundings. There are no more sheep, for we are above the grass line, and about three-quarters way through the heather belt. There is any number of birds flying about. We see pheasants, curlew, and grouse, besides some others whose names are unknown to us. We start again, and find it troublesome walking through the heather. Now, as it becomes scarcer, we become conscious that we are rising and we feel a sense of exhilaration, for it means we are getting near the end. Suddenly we feel ourselves rising very rapidly. We look up, for we have been walking with our heads between our legs, and see a steep incline about 200 yards long. You let out a muffled "Oh! what a climb!" to which I reply, "Cheer up! Don't you remember pointing out this incline and the flat bit above it when we were seated at the stream, and saying that we should have a rest, after some mighty hard work?" We are up, only to find that what looked like flat ground is really a mass of boulders, round which we have to dodge as best we can. After crossing a very open bit of loose ground, we begin doing the last lap, and,

as is always the case, the last lap is the longest, for this one is a steep rise on rock, which, besides being half loose, is very slippery. Each step we take opens up the view more and more, but unfortunately ignorance of position prevents us from agreeing as to the names of the mountains. While discussing, we very nearly have an accident. We take the shortest route, and while walking over that loose, slippery stuff, I slip and fall down heavily. You thereupon coolly tell me I ought to take better care of where I am going when climbing mountains. While lying on the ground I get a glimpse of the Ben. "Really," I say, "fall, if just to see how the Ben looks to one flattened against its side and peering upwards. It is just like a great perpendicular wall with a slight bulge at the foot, and the back of it seems to be shoved onwards and upwards."

When we are up we stand on a little snow, wash our faces with it, and then sit down with a sigh of pure joy, for the same thought is in both our hearts—we are the first men who ever beheld such a scene, and at present we seem to be nearest solving nature, though as a matter of fact we find that being nearest we are furthest from the solution. As we look around we see range upon range of hills, but naturally what interests us most is the one we have just done. How small they look! Just like bumps on a cricket pitch as compared with the Rector's nugget. As you look round, curiosity gets the better of you, and you ask for names. I can't answer them all, but I know that that black mass you are taking for a mountain is only Glasgow. "What! Glasgow!" you say. "Yes, Glasgow! There

is enough dirt in and about it to make a fair-sized hill; but don't tell anyone of the chaps at school that you mistook their city for a mountain bigger than Ben Voirlich, or else it will be the last straw of pride which will break their camel backs."

And now a long, last look at the world of hills before we go.

We are on our way down now, and the descent proves almost as trying as the ascent, for it means continual running and occasional tumbles, which, however, are no more dangerous. We are down at the road now. The change is delightful, and our thoughts and bodies are so light that we are at table within the hour, having done about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles in 50 minutes. We meet no one save a farm hand, whose greeting is lost in the noise made by his roller. At table, we talk about what we have done, tell each other how we felt at such and such a point, but suddenly this is done away with. It seems both of us are inspired at the same moment, for we say almost together, "What do you say for a walk down the road? we might see someone we know." (An unknown time elapses, during which we pour forth the exact—very exact—story of our adventures into awe-struck ears, and in fact become heroes in somebody's eyes.)

It is time for us to get away; our man is waiting for us. We make our adieux, and—"Thank you, sir! much obliged," says the cabby, as you pass something over to him.

Now, Jim, what do you think of a mountain? Are your ideas changed? Yes, I can see by your face; and now here is your new definition of a mountain: A huge mass of rock and earth,

high above the general level of plain and hill. From the summit you have the noblest view in the world, provided you are willing to toil upwards to it and to the reward that awaits you.

There you are, Jim, have you enjoyed yourself? don't you think we might do the real thing on Saturday? Done! Won't the records go? Vive l' imagination!  
D.A.D.K.

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### The Sports.

ON the Friday night on which we ran the heats the weather forecast was not of the brightest for the Saturday, as it simply poured, but on Saturday, 9th May, the sun shone throughout the day in all his glory. During the afternoon races of all descriptions were got through, and there were several close finishes. Both the senior 100's were very close, as was also the open half-mile. On the whole the prizes were exceedingly well distributed amongst the competitors, no single boy having more than four prizes. We had arranged two races for the Old Boys (1 mile and 100 yards, both handicap), but as only four (all old day-boys) turned out, we changed their two races into one—a half-mile. During the afternoon tea was served in the Gymnasium, and after the sports Mrs. Mungall of Croftweit, wife of the President, kindly presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the Gym. The following are the results:—

High Jump (Junior)—1 Dow, 2 Campbell and Dennis—height, 3 feet 3 inches.

High Jump (Intermediate)—1 Purdie, 2 Ulstrom—height, 4 feet 3 inches.

High Jump (Senior)—1 Galloway, 2 Menzies—height, 4 feet 6 inches.

Throwing Cricket Ball—1 Purdie.

200 Yards Handicap (under 15)—1 Whitton, 2 Purdie ii., 3 Kirsop ii.

Preparatory Race—100 Yards Handicap—1 Purdie iii., 2 Stewart iv., 3 Jackson.

Old Boys' Race—Half-Mile Handicap—1 Craig, 2 Wahab ii., 3 Wahab i.

100 Yards Handicap (under 15)—1 Kirsop ii., 2 M'Donald, 3 Murrie.

Long Jump (Open)—1 Menzies, 2 Biggart i.—distance 18 feet.

Egg-and-Spoon Race—1 Logan, 2 Hossack, 3 Ewing.

100 Yards (scratch)—1 Biggart i., 2 Galloway, 3 Menzies.

Three-Legged Race—1 Twelves and Thom, 2 Logan and Gillies.

1 Mile (Handicap)—1 Roberts, 2 M'Clure, 3 Stewart.

Sack Race (Open)—1 Purdie i., 2 Crabb, 3 Ferguson.

100 Yards (Senior, Handicap)—1 Biggart ii., 2 Menzies, 3 Biggart i.

Quarter Mile (Handicap, under 15)—1 Purdie ii., 2 Kirsop ii., 3 MacDonald.

Half Mile (Handicap)—1 Galloway, 2 M'Clure, 3 Bull.

Long Jump (4 feet 1 inch and under)—1 Ewing, 2 J. Campbell—distance 14 feet.

Obstacle Race—1 Hossack, 2 Stewart, 3 Dennis.

Junior Steeplechase (Handicap)—1 Caldwell ii., 2 Kilgour, 3 M'Intyre.

Senior Steeplechase (Scratch)—1 Kennedy, 2 Purdie i., 3 Logan.

Senior Consolation Race—1 Lughton, 2 Forbes, 3 Hart.

Junior Consolation Race—1 Hamilton, 2 Brown, 3 Lang.

### Cricket.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XI. V.

KELVINSIDE ACADEMY 1ST XI.

THIS match was played at Crieff in fine weather on the 23rd of May. Kelvinside won the toss and batted first, and were got rid of for 96 runs, of which Buchanan had 25, until he was well caught by Burns at long leg. We then went in but our batting, was poor, Jamieson and Caldwell being the only two to get double figures, with 17 and 12 respectively, the whole side being out for 50, leaving Kelvinside winners by 46 runs. Scores:—

### KELVINSIDE ACADEMY.

Buchanan, c Burns, b Jamieson, ...	25
A. W. Ross, l.b.w, b Kennedy, ...	9
Ballantyne, b Kennedy, ...	4
H. Metcalfe, c Biggart, b Kennedy, ...	0
K. M. Ross, c Menzies, b Jamieson, ...	8
Stewart, b Scott, ...	16
W. Metcalfe, c Hossack, b Walker, ...	7
Speirs, b Forbes, ...	3
Findlay, b do, ...	0
Glegg, b do, ...	0
Turner, not out, ...	0
Extras, ...	24
Total, ...	96

### MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

R. Jamieson, b Buchanan, ...	17
A. Biggart, b do, ...	3
T. Caldwell, b do, ...	12
W. Scott, b Ross, ...	1
W. M. Biggart, b Buchanan, ...	0
D. Kennedy, l.b.w., b Ross, ...	2
C. Walker, c Glegg, b Buchanan, ...	1
J. Hossack, b Buchanan, ...	5
D. Forbes, c Buchanan, b Ross, ...	6
F. Burns, c Glegg, b Ross, ...	0
R. Menzies, not out, ...	2
Extras, ...	1
Total, ...	50

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XI. V.

STANLEY HOUSE 1ST XI.

THIS match was played at Crieff on Saturday, 30th May. Stanley, winning the toss, put us in, and we made 81 for 9 wickets, Biggart having a careful 18 and Kennedy 17. Stanley House then batted, but could not pass our total, being all out for 65. Scott had six wickets for 37, and Jamieson 3 for 8. Robertson for Stanley House batted very slowly for his 27, which was top score. Scores:—

### MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

W. Scott, b Cullen, ...	2
R. Jamieson, b do, ...	1
T. Caldwell, b do, ...	15
A. S. Biggart, c Darwent, b Robertson, ...	0
D. A. D. Kennedy, b Mailer, ...	17
D. Forbes, c Hogg, b Mailer, ...	0
W. M. Biggart, c Fernie, b Mailer, ...	18
C. Walker, c and b Cullen, ...	4
R. Menzies, b Mailer, ...	5
A. Brand, not out, ...	10
J. Sinclair did not bat.	
Extras, ...	9
Total for 9 wickets, ...	81

STANLEY HOUSE.

W. Robertson, c and b Forbes, ... ..	27
L. Mailer, b Scott, ... ..	8
H. W. Findlay, b do., ... ..	0
C. B. Hogg, b Jamieson i., ... ..	8
A. Cullen, b Scott, ... ..	2
G. E. Darwent, b do., ... ..	3
A. S. Fernie, b do., ... ..	6
G. M'Culloch, b do., ... ..	0
F. C. Gibb, not out, ... ..	2
C. G. Lambie, b Jamieson, ... ..	2
R. Robertson, b do., ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	7
Total, ... ..	65

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

T. Caldwell, l.b.w., b Dumbreck, ... ..	4
R. Jamieson, b do., ... ..	22
W. Biggart, b do., ... ..	0
D. Kennedy, c Andrew, b Grigg, ... ..	25
A. S. Biggart, b M'Gee, ... ..	4
W. Scott, not out, ... ..	26
D. Ferbes, c and b Dumbreck, ... ..	1
R. Menzies, c and b Kelly, ... ..	0
A. Brand, b Kelly, ... ..	0
F. Burns, b Dumbreck, ... ..	6
J. Hossack, c Andrew, b Laird, ... ..	5
Extras, ... ..	11
Total, ... ..	104

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XI. V.  
GLASGOW ACADEMY 1ST XI.

Glasgow Academy travelled here to play us at cricket, for the first time, on the 6th of June, and, winning the toss, began to bat to the bowling of Scott and Forbes. Six wickets were down for 37, but Andrew soon put a different aspect on the game, scoring 66 in a very short time, but he was missed twice, once when about 30, and again when about 40. His score of 66 included 13 4's and one 6. Scott had 5 wickets for 63, and Forbes 4 for 41. We then went in, but could only raise 104, of which Scott had 26 not out, Kennedy 25, and Jamieson 22. Scores:—

GLASGOW ACADEMY.

A. D. Laird, c Kennedy, b Forbes, ... ..	5
A. B. S. Leggat, b Forbes, ... ..	6
W. G. Grigg, c Jamieson, b Scott, ... ..	0
J. M'Gee, c Caldwell, b Forbes, ... ..	0
C. W. Andrew, c Kennedy, b Scott, ... ..	66
G. B. M'Gee, b Forbes, ... ..	0
J. E. Dumbreck, b Scott, ... ..	0
R. J. Sinclair, b Scott, ... ..	6
W. S. Kelly, b Scott, ... ..	17
W. A. Waddell, not out, ... ..	10
W. F. Balderstone, b Jamieson, ... ..	18
Extras, ... ..	4
Total, ... ..	132

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

This match was played at Bridge of Allan on Saturday, 20th June, in grand weather. Stanley House batted first on a good wicket. Scott and Jamieson bowled throughout their innings, which realised 41. Scott had 7 wickets for 24, and Jamieson 3 for 17. Jamieson and Caldwell started for us, and with 5 wickets in hand we passed their total, our score being 59, of which Scott had 13 and Kennedy 10, thus winning by 18 runs. Scores:—

STANLEY HOUSE.

W. Robertson, c and b Jamieson, ... ..	7
L. Mailer, b Scott, ... ..	3
F. C. Gibb, b Jamieson, ... ..	10
C. B. Hogg, c and b Scott, ... ..	3
A. Cullen, c Logan, b Scott, ... ..	5
G. M'Culloch, c Kennedy, b Jamieson, ... ..	1
A. S. Fernie, b Scott, ... ..	6
G. A. Rodger, c Biggart ii., b Scott, ... ..	6
G. E. Darwent, c Bennet, b do., ... ..	0
D. J. Fraser, c Biggart ii., b do., ... ..	0
R. Robertson, not out, ... ..	0
Total, ... ..	41

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

R. Jamieson, c Fernie, b Robertson, ... ..	1
T. Caldwell, c Fernie, b Robertson, ... ..	6
W. Scott, b Coullen, ... ..	13
D. Kennedy, c Mailer, b Robertson, ... ..	10
W. Biggart, b Mailer, ... ..	5
A. Brand, c Mailer, b Robertson, ... ..	0
A. Biggart, b Cullen, ... ..	5
F. Burns, b do., ... ..	0
R. Logan, b Mailer, ... ..	1
J. Hossack, b Cullen, ... ..	4
J. Bennett, not out, ... ..	2
Extras, ... ..	12
Total, ... ..	59

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XI. V.  
ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL 1ST XI.

We travelled to Edinburgh to play this on the 4th of July. Royal High School began to bat on a hard wicket to the bowling of Scott and Jamieson. Runs soon came, and at 27 Jamieson bowled Hume. The 5th wicket fell for 33, but R. Wheatley and M'Laren added 40 runs for the next wicket. The rest did not offer much resistance, the whole side being out for 85, of which Wheatley had 33 and M'Laren 22. Jamieson had 5 wickets for 36 and Forbes 4 for 6. After lunch Jamieson and Caldwell started for us, and the 1st wicket fell for 13; after this runs came slowly, and with 8 wickets down for 52, there did not seem much prospect of us winning until Logan and Menzies got together. Their stand put on 30 runs, until Logan played a ball back to the bowler. Forbes came in next, and Menzies and he soon passed the High School total, and when stumps were drawn neither had lost his wicket, the score being 113 for 9 wickets, of which Logan had 20 and Menzies 34 not out. Scores:—

## ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL.

J. Hume, b Jamieson, ... ..	7
R. Wheatley, b Forbes, ... ..	33
A. W. Gunn, b Jamieson, ... ..	0
A. D. Lang, b Scott, ... ..	3
L. A. Wheatley, b Jamieson, ... ..	0
W. Anderson, c Kennedy, b Jamieson, ... ..	0
S. M'Laren, b Jamieson, ... ..	22
J. Butchart, not out, ... ..	0
F. B. Greig, c Menzies, b Forbes, ... ..	11
F. Catto, b Forbes, ... ..	0
G. Kennedy, b Forbes, ... ..	0
Extras, .. ..	9
Total, ... ..	85

## MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

R. Jamieson, c Anderson, b Greig, ... ..	10
T. Caldwell, c Kennedy, b do., ... ..	9
W. Scott, c Butchart, b do., ... ..	10
D. Kennedy, b Wheatley, ... ..	3
W. M. Biggart, c Wheatley, b Hume, ... ..	4
A. G. Brand, c Catto, b Greig, ... ..	6
A. S. Biggart, b Hume, ... ..	1
R. Logan, c and b Catto, ... ..	20
T. Purdie, b Hume, ... ..	0

R. Menzies, not out, ... ..	34
D. Forbes, not out, ... ..	6
Extras, ... ..	10

Total for 9 wickets, ... .. 113

MORRISON'S ACADEMY (CLUB) V.  
MR R. P. M'GLYNN'S XI.

This match was played on Tuesday, 7th July, in the Academy Park. Mr M'Glynn had a strong side, including Dr Stuart, Joe Anderson, Gardiner, and others of the Perthshire Club. Mr White won the toss, and chose to bat first. Our whole side was disposed of for 73 runs, of which I. Caldwell had 15 and Jamieson 14. Mr M'Glynn's XI. then began to bat to the bowling of M'Donald and Rushworth. Gardiner had only scored one when he was run out, and Rushworth's "leg break" was too much for Dr Stuart, who was bowled first ball. We won in the end by 7 runs, Mr M'Glynn's XI. getting 66, of which Lawson had 19 and Mr M'Glynn 5 not out. Bowling for us, M'Donald had 5 wickets for 28, and Rushworth 3 for 34. H. W. Strathairn and W. Scott commenced our 2nd innings, which yielded 133 for 9 wickets, of which Mr White had 43 and MacDonald had 24. Scores:—

## MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

E. J. White, c Anderson, b Loney, ... ..	0
Rushworth (prof.), b Wragg, ... ..	8
J. C. McCulloch, c Dempster, b Fairweather, ... ..	1
W. Scott, b Loney, ... ..	2
W. Macdonald, b Fairweather, ... ..	8
H. W. Strathairn, l.b.w., b Fairweather, ... ..	0
A. Jamieson, b Bruce, ... ..	14
D. Kennedy, c Anderson, b Bruce, ... ..	0
T. Caldwell, c Lawson, b Anderson, ... ..	15
W. Biggart, b Anderson, ... ..	1
D. Forbes, not out, ... ..	4
Extras, ... ..	20

Total, ... .. 73

MORRISON'S ACADEMY (Second Innings.)

H. W. Strathairn, b Stuart, ... ..	13
Scott, b Bruce, ... ..	2
Kennedy, c Lawson, b Bruce, ... ..	5
Forbes, b Stuart, ... ..	9
Rushworth (prof.), b Anderson, ... ..	12
E. J. White, run out, ... ..	43
W. Macdonald, b Wragg, ... ..	24
R. Jamieson, c Fairweather, b Martin, ... ..	9
T. Caldwell, run out, ... ..	4
J. C. M'Culloch, not out, ... ..	0
W. M. Biggart did not bat.	
Extras, ... ..	12

Total for 9 wickets, ... 133

MR M'GLYNN'S XI.

D. Dempster, c Forbes, b Macdonald, ... ..	11
J. Fairweather, c M'Culloch, b do., ... ..	3
A. Lawson, run out, ... ..	19
R. Gardiner, run out, ... ..	1
J. Martin, c M'Culloch, b Rushworth, ... ..	1
D. Bruce, b Macdonald, ... ..	8
Dr C. C. Stuart, b Rushworth, ... ..	0
Joe Anderson, c Forbes, b Macdonald, ... ..	6
W. Wragg, c Macdonald, b Rushworth, ... ..	3
W. Loney, b Macdonald, ... ..	5
R. P. M'Glynn, not out, ... ..	5
Extras, ... ..	4

Total ... .. 66

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V. MR GRAHAM'S XI.

Played on Saturday, 11th July. In this new fixture we were favoured with dry weather, following a heavy day's rain; the pitch played well at first, but cut up afterwards, while the bowlers had considerable trouble with a wet ball. We began, as so frequently this season, with disaster, but Rushworth coming in, and being shortly afterwards partnered by Jamieson, the two put us in a fairly comfortable position. Rushworth's play was full of power, while Jamieson played the cleanest cricket of the season, and made the first boy's 50. Logan played a lively innings for last man, and the scoring closed at 202. With the exception of Mr Lyal, our opponents made no stand. He played all through the innings, gave no chance, and carried his bat for 30. Mr M'Kenzie played a decent 12, but the rest retired as smilingly as was possible under the circumstances. All out 55. They

followed on, and a better stand was made, five reaching double figures. Scott bowled throughout the first innings with great success, and shared with Strathairn the honours of the second. Scores:—

MR GRAHAM'S XI.

J. Hay, c Rushworth, b Scott, ... ..	1
A. J. Lyal, not out, ... ..	30
R. M. M'Kenzie, b Scott, ... ..	12
H. J. Ironside, c Menzies, b do., ... ..	1
Chas. Ainslie, b do., ... ..	5
B. M. Graham, c and b do., ... ..	0
R. W. Cockburn, c Biggart i., b do., ... ..	0
Dr Carruthers, b do., ... ..	4
D. Stewart c Caldwell, b do., ... ..	0
J. MacLennan, c Forbes, b Caldwell, ... ..	0
A. Chalmers, c Logan, b do., ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	2

Total, ... .. 55

BOWLING.

Scott, ... ..	8 wickets for 23 runs.
Caldwell, ... ..	2 wickets for 10 runs.
Forbes, ... ..	0 wickets for 20 runs.

MR GRAHAM'S XI. (Second Innings.)

A. J. Lyal, b Strathairn, ... ..	18
R. M. M'Kenzie, c Jamieson, b do., ... ..	12
A. Chalmers, c Strathairn, b Caldwell, ... ..	0
Dr Carruthers, b Scott, ... ..	17
J. Hay, c Kennedy, b Scott, ... ..	12
R. W. Cockburn, c Kennedy, b Strathairn, ... ..	4
C. Ainslie, c White, b do., ... ..	4
B. M. Graham, b Forbes, ... ..	1
H. J. Ironside, b Forbes, ... ..	0
J. MacLennan, not out, ... ..	16
D. Stewart, b Scott, ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	9

Total, ... .. 93

Strathairn, ... ..	4 wickets for 32 runs.
Caldwell, ... ..	1 wicket for 24 runs.
Jamieson, ... ..	0 wickets for 3 runs.
Scott, ... ..	3 wickets for 16 runs.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

E. J. White, c Graham, b Ainslie, ... ..	2
H. W. Strathairn, c Lyal, b do., ... ..	14
R. Menzies, b Hay, ... ..	0
T. Caldwell, b Ainslie, ... ..	1
Rushworth, b do., ... ..	77
W. Scott, b Hay, ... ..	8
R. Jamieson, not out, ... ..	52
D. Kennedy, b Ainslie, ... ..	9
D. Forbes, b do., ... ..	0
W. Biggart, hit wicket, b Hay, ... ..	9
R. Logan, b Ainslie, ... ..	13
Extras, ... ..	17
Total, ... ..	202

MORRISON'S ACADEMY (CLUB) V.  
MR LAUDER'S XI.

Played at Crieff on Wednesday, 15th July, in dull weather and before a good crowd. Mr Lauder's XI. included six Carlton men and other representatives of good clubs. We batted first, but the bowling of Jupp, George, and Cairns was too much for us, and we were all out for 55. A. S. Cairns and P. Jones started for them, and at first it looked as if the two would pass our total, but it was not until the 4th wicket that they passed. Currie hit vigorously, and any loose ball was sure to be punished for 4. He had 20 4's out of his total of 100. Their whole side was out for 225, thus winning by 170 runs. Scores:—

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

Rushworth (prof.), c Hawker, b George, ... ..	0
H. W. Strathairn, b Jupp, ... ..	4
W. M'Donald, b do., ... ..	3
A. Lawson, c Currie, b do., ... ..	4
Rex Jamieson, b do., ... ..	6
E. J. White, c Currie, b George, ... ..	6
J. Loney, c Hawker, b Cairns ... ..	3
W. Scott, b Cairns ... ..	9
T. Caldwell, b do., ... ..	1
J. C. M'Culloch, not out, ... ..	4
D. Kennedy, b Cairns, ... ..	10
Extras, ... ..	5
Total, ... ..	55

MR LAUDER'S XI.

A. S. Cairns, b M'Donald, ... ..	15
P. Jones, b Rushworth, ... ..	21
G. W. Jupp, c and b Rushworth, ...	0
D. Currie, l.b.w., b Scott, ... ..	100
T. O. Dewar, b Loney, ... ..	13
N. L. George, c Caldwell, b M'Donald,	4
R. B. Hawker, b M'Donald, ... ..	8
G. T. Thornton, not out ... ..	33
B. Jones, l.b.w., b M'Donald, ... ..	8
A. S. Lauder, b Loney, ... ..	1
R. D. Lauder, b do., ... ..	15
Extras, ... ..	7
Total, ... ..	225

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V. MR J.  
RUSSELL'S XI.

Played on Saturday, 18th July, in the Academy Park. Russell was rather un-

fortunate with his team, having had many withdrawals at the last minute. We were again favoured in the weather, warm sunshine following on a day's rain. We won the toss, and sent in H. W. Strathairn and Rushworth, who for a while did pretty much as they liked with the bowling, putting on 81 for the first wicket. Jamieson followed with a well-made 31, but the rest of the team, barring Logan, did practically nothing, D. B. Strathairn, who turned up after the interval, being mainly responsible for the change. Going in, D. B. Strathairn and W. Caw made a good stand for the first wicket, while W. Walker played an effective 12. Nothing special, however, was done by the others. The game was one of the most enjoyable of the season. Each team had a second innings. Scores:—

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

H. W. Strathairn, c Walker, b Caw, ...	32
Rushworth, b Parker, ... ..	47
R. Jamieson, b Strathairn, ... ..	31
T. Caldwell, b Russell, ... ..	4
W. Scott, l.b.w., b Strathairn, ... ..	2
E. J. White, c Strathairn, b Aitken, ...	6
D. Kennedy, b Strathairn, ... ..	2
R. Logan, c Hill, b Strathairn, ... ..	16
W. M. Biggart, b Strathairn, ... ..	3
D. Forbes, c Parker, b Russell, ... ..	4
R. Menzies, not out, ... ..	2
Extras, ... ..	5
Total, ... ..	159

MR RUSSELL'S XI.

D. B. Strathairn, b Jamieson, ... ..	15
W. Caw, c Rushworth, b Jamieson, ...	24
W. Walker, c Scott, b Rushworth, ...	12
O. M. Parker, stpd. Kennedy, b do., ...	7
R. M. Pattison, b Rushworth, ... ..	4
T. L. Aitken, c Biggart, b Rushworth,	2
J. Russell, b Jamieson, ... ..	5
J. Rodger, c Caldwell, b Rushworth, ...	0
J. D. Hill, c Rushworth, b Jamieson,	8
J. E. Henderson, b Jamieson, ... ..	0
H. H. Muir, not out, ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	9
Total, ... ..	86



MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2ND XI. V.  
GLENALMOND 3RD XI.

This match, the first of the season, was played at Crieff on Saturday, the 16th of May. Glenalmond batted first on a sticky wicket, and made 57, to which Findlay contributed a clever 36 not out. Bowling for us, Jamieson had 3 wickets for 24, Sinclair 3 for 16, and Brand 3 for 17. We then went in, but our display was very poor, all being out for 33, thus leaving Glenalmond winners by 24 runs. Scores:—

GLENALMOND.	
Innes, run out, ... ..	0
Murray, b Jamieson, ... ..	3
Clarke, b Sinclair, ... ..	2
Todd, c Bennett, b Sinclair, ... ..	5
Findlay, not out, ... ..	36
Colquhoun, iii., c Menzies, b Sinclair, ...	1
Wright, b Brand, ... ..	2
Hutcheson, b Jamieson, ... ..	6
Ferbes, b Jamieson, ... ..	0
Whitton, c Galloway, b Brand, ... ..	1
Nairn, b Brand, ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	0
<b>Total, ... ..</b>	<b>57</b>

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.	
Caldwell ii., c Clarke, b Todd, ... ..	4
Jamieson, i., c Colquhoun, b Clarke, ...	0
Menzies, b Clarke, ... ..	0
Bennett, c Murray, b Clarke, ... ..	0
Sinclair, c Innes, b Todd, ... ..	2
Galloway, l.b.w., b Todd, ... ..	12
Brand, c and b Todd, ... ..	1
Kirsop ii., not out, ... ..	7
Gillies, b Findlay, ... ..	0
Thom, b Clarke, ... ..	0
Carmichael, c Murray, b Findlay, ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	7
<b>Total, ... ..</b>	<b>33</b>

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2ND XI. V.  
STANLEY HOUSE 2ND XI.

Played at Bridge of Allan on May 30, in beautiful weather. Stanley batted first on an excellent wicket. The first 5 batsmen

put on about 70 runs, but the remainder only raised about 15 between them. Caldwell ii. and Logan went in first for us, but with the total at 9, Logan was bowled; 4 runs later Galloway was bowled. The next three wickets fell at the same total. Burns was next, and the score was taken to 28, when Caldwell was caught behind the wickets. Thom and Burns then took the score to 49, and the 3 remaining wickets put on other 13, of which Gillies had 9 not out. Scores:—

STANLEY HOUSE.

G. W. Roger, c Bennett, b Thom, ...	1
D. M. Campbell, c Ewing, b Hossack, ...	19
H. W. Rennie, run out, ... ..	14
H. W. Roger, b Ewing, ... ..	14
D. J. Fraser, run out, ... ..	9
R. P. Wallace, b Ewing, ... ..	3
T. Stevenson, b Thom, ... ..	6
H. Bryce, b do., ... ..	0
L. Wishart, b do., ... ..	0
A. Robertson, b Ewing, ... ..	0
W. Aikman, not out, ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	11
<b>Total, ... ..</b>	<b>87</b>

Thom, 4 wickets for 24.  
Ewing, 3 wickets for 5.  
Hossack, 1 wicket for 10.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

J. Caldwell, c Roger, b Campbell, ...	13
R. Logan, b Wallace, ... ..	2
J. Galloway, b do., ... ..	1
J. Hossack, b do., ... ..	0
J. Bennett, c Rennie, b Wallace, ...	0
T. Purdie, stpd. Roger, b do., ...	0
F. Burns, c Roger, b do., ... ..	17
D. Thom b do., ... ..	12
P. Kirsop, c Wallace, b Bryce, ...	1
F. Gillies, not out, ... ..	9
D. Ewing, l.b.w., b Wallace, ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	7
<b>Total, ... ..</b>	<b>62</b>

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2ND XI. V.  
KELVINGROVE HOUSE 1ST XI.

This match was played at Bridge of Allan on 6th June, and resulted in a draw.

Kelvingrove, who batted first, made 92 for 9 wickets, and declared. Caldwell and Logan opened for us, but with the total at 7 Caldwell was taken at the wickets. We did very badly in this game, as when time was up we wanted 64 to win with only two wickets to fall. Scores :—

KELVINGROVE HOUSE.

J. Reid, c Kirsop ii., b Thom, ... ..	6
Mr Twells, b Thom, ... ..	30
Mr Phral, c and b Logan, ... ..	6
A. Wylie, b Thom, ... ..	21
C. Johnston, c Thom, b Kirsop ii., ... ..	7
G. Steven, b Kirsop ii., ... ..	1
D. Lowe, b Thom, ... ..	11
J. Watt, not out, ... ..	4
J. Prentice, l.b.w., b Thom, ... ..	0
W. Snyder, b Thom, ... ..	0
B. Allan, not out, ... ..	4
Extras, ... ..	2
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Total for 9 wickets, ... ..	92

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

J. Caldwell, c Reid, b Twells, ... ..	2
R. Logan, c Twells, b Johnston, ... ..	4
J. Galloway, b Twells, ... ..	4
T. Purdie, c and b Johnston, ... ..	1
P. Kirsop, c Snyder, b Twells, ... ..	5
J. Bennett, c Reid, b Twells, ... ..	0
D. Thom, c Reid, b Johnston, ... ..	6
F. Gillies, not out, ... ..	1
C. Kirsop, b Johnston, ... ..	2
G. Twelves, not out, ... ..	2
A. Murrie, did not bat.	
Extra, ... ..	1
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Total, for 8 wickets, ... ..	28

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2ND XI. V.  
STANLEY HOUSE 2ND XI.

This match was played at Crieff on the 20th of June on a hard wicket. Stanley House batted, and were disposed of for the small total of 25 before lunch. For us Forbes had 4 wickets for 13, Thom 4 for 4, and Ewing 2 for 1. After lunch we went in and totalled 89, of which Purdie had 23 and

Galloway 24, thus gaining a lead of 64 in the 1st innings. Stanley House then went in again, and lost 8 wickets for 46 when stumps were drawn, thus requiring 18 runs with two wickets in hand to avert an innings defeat. Scores :—

STANLEY HOUSE.

1st Innings.	
D. Campbell, b Thom, ... ..	1
H. Rennie, c Caldwell, b Forbes, ... ..	2
H. Findlay, b Thom, ... ..	0
H. Roger, b Forbes ... ..	4
S. Mailer, c Purdie, b Thom, ... ..	3
R. Wallace, b Forbes, ... ..	0
T. Stevenson, c Caldwell, b Thom, ... ..	3
H. Bryce, c Caldwell, b Forbes, ... ..	1
T. Fernie, c and b Ewing, ... ..	1
W. Aikman, c Menzies, b Ewing, ... ..	2
L. Wishart, not out, ... ..	1
Extras, ... ..	7
<hr/>	
Total, ... ..	25

2nd Innings.

D. Campbell, not out, ... ..	6
H. Rennie, b Forbes, ... ..	0
H. Findlay, run out, ... ..	9
H. Roger, b Ewing, ... ..	15
S. Mailer, c Menzies, b Forbes, ... ..	0
T. Stevenson, c Menzies, b Thom, ... ..	7
T. Fernie, b Thom, ... ..	3
W. Aikman, c Caldwell, b Forbes, ... ..	0
L. Wishart, b Caldwell ii., ... ..	0
R. Wallace and H. Bryce did not bat.	
Extras, ... ..	6
<hr/>	
Total (for 8 wickets), ... ..	46

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

J. Caldwell, l.b.w., b Campbell, ... ..	9
D. Forbes, c Fernie, b Wallace, ... ..	0
F. Gillies, c Campbell, b Wallace, ... ..	12
T. Purdie, c Campbell, b Mailer, ... ..	23
A. Galloway, b Aikman, ... ..	24
R. Menzies, l.b.w., b Campbell, ... ..	4
D. Thom, l.b.w., b Mailer, ... ..	3
J. Carmichael, not out, ... ..	8
D. Ewing, c Wishart, b Aikman, ... ..	2
G. Twelves, b Aikman, ... ..	0
L. R. Bull, b Wallace, ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	4
<hr/>	
Total, ... ..	89

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2ND XI. V.  
STIRLING HIGH SCHOOL.

Played at Crieff on the 27th of June in grand weather. Stirling batted first to the

bowling of Forbes and Thom. We got rid of them all for 93, of which M'Laren had 44. Bowling for us, Forbes had 6 wickets for 23. Logan and Walker started for us, but our prospects did not look very well, 7 wickets being down for 37, but the 8th wicket put on 40 runs, and with the 9th wicket we passed their total. We totalled 107, of which Hossack had 36, and Purdie 32 not out. Scores:—

STIRLING ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL.

A. J. M'Laren, c Galloway, b Forbes, ...	9
W. H. Brodie, b Forbes, ...	5
D. F. M'Laren, b Hossack, ...	44
A. Chalmers, c Menzies, b Walker, ...	3
G. D. Sempill, l.b.w., b Walker, ...	6
A. M'Dermont, c Carmichael, b Forbes, ...	1
R. W. Brown, b do., ...	3
R. W. Walker, b do., ...	8
J. E. Adam, b do., ...	3
W. Somers, b Hossack, ...	5
A. Adam, not out, ...	2
Extras, ...	4
<b>Total, ...</b>	<b>93</b>

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

R. Logan, b Chalmers, ...	1
C. Walker, b do., ...	5
D. Forbes, l.b.w., b M'Laren, ...	1
F. Gillies, b Chalmers, ...	0
J. Hossack, c and b do., ...	36
R. Menzies, b M'Laren, ...	6
A. Galloway, b Chalmers, ...	3
J. Bennett, c Adam, b M'Laren, ...	3
T. Purdie, not out, ...	32
D. Thom, l.b.w., b Brodie, ...	7
J. Carmichael, run out, ...	4
Extras, ...	9
<b>Total, ...</b>	<b>107</b>

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 3RD XI. V.  
STANLEY HOUSE 3RD XI.

Played at Bridge of Allan on the 30th of May, in glorious weather. Stanley batted first, and made 94. Bowling for us, Murrie had 4 wickets for 11, and Hamilton 2 for 3. We then went in, but could only raise 39, of which Kirsop i. had 18 not out, and Twelves 9. Bowling for Stanley

House, Kiddie had 9 wickets for 12 runs, performing the "hat trick." Scores:—

STANLEY HOUSE.

Reid ii., l.b.w., b Calderwood, ...	0
Torrance, b Hamilton, ...	2
M'Culloch ii., run out, ...	6
Adamson, run out, ...	27
Kiddie, c Twelves, b Hamilton, ...	6
Ferrie ii., c Campbell, b Murrie, ...	23
Dewar, l.b.w., b Carmichael, ...	1
M'Donald, c Shepherd, b Murrie, ...	3
Kliene i., not out, ...	2
Forbes ii., c and b Murrie, ...	0
Roger iii., b Murrie, ...	2
Extras, ...	19
<b>Total, ...</b>	<b>94</b>

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

J. Carmichael, b Kiddie, ...	2
Kilgour ii., b Adamson, ...	0
J. Campbell, b Kiddie, ...	1
G. Twelves, l.b.w., b Kiddie, ...	9
Kirsop i., not out, ...	18
A. Murrie, c Fernie, b Kiddie, ...	2
J. Calderwood, b Kiddie, ...	2
N. Laughton, b do., ...	0
K. Jamieson, b do., ...	0
J. Shepherd, b do., ...	0
P. Hamilton, b do., ...	0
Extras, ...	5
<b>Total, ...</b>	<b>39</b>

BOWLING.

Thom, ... 6 wickets for 20.  
Logan, ... 1 wicket for 23.  
Kirsop ii., ... 2 wickets for 13.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 3RD XI. V.  
STANLEY HOUSE 3RD XI.

This match was played at Crieff on July 4th in good weather, and on a very good wicket. Stanley House brought some second XI. men, so we included Carmichael and Caldwell ii. The visitors batted first, but gave little resistance, and were all out before lunch for 33. Caldwell and Carmichael opened for us, but after 7 runs had been scored Carmichael was run out; 20 runs later Kirsop ii. was bowled. Soon after lunch the winning hit came. Walker was bowled, and then Campbell ii. joined Caldwell, the two putting on 47 runs

before Caldwell played one back to the bowler, after having made 30. Soon after, Campbell was out for 28, and the rest were dismissed for about 15 runs. Scores:—

#### STANLEY HOUSE.

Campbell, b Walker, ... ..	4
Torrance, c Kilgour, b Walker, ... ..	3
Bryce, c Carmichael, b Walker, ... ..	0
Wishart, b Walker, ... ..	2
Stevenson, c and b Caldwell, ... ..	3
Fernie, b Walker, ... ..	0
Aikman, b Walker, ... ..	1
Adamson, not out, ... ..	7
Robertson, b Caldwell, ... ..	0
M'Culloch, c and b Walker, ... ..	3
Kiddie, run out, ... ..	6
Extras, ... ..	4
Total, ... ..	33

Walker had 7 wickets for 12 runs.

Caldwell had 2 wickets for 17 runs.

#### MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

J. Caldwell, c and b Campbell, ... ..	30
I. Carmichael, run out, ... ..	0
P. Kirsop, b Bryce, ... ..	9
A. Murrie, b Aikman, ... ..	0
C. Walker, b Kiddie, ... ..	0
J. Campbell, c and b Bryce, ... ..	28
H. Campbell, c Adamson, b Campbell, ... ..	0
A. Brown, b Fernie, ... ..	4
L. Kilgour, c Aikman, b Stevenson, ... ..	7
C. Kirsop, c Fernie, b Stevenson, ... ..	0
R. Middlemas, not out, ... ..	2
Extras, ... ..	11
Total, ... ..	91

### **Character of the XI.**

**Scott (Captain).**—Has been very unfortunate in batting. Hits splendidly, but should show more judgment in picking out balls to have a go at. A capital field, and bowls very well.

**Kennedy.**—Has not shown the form expected of him. Much too reckless in batting, and plays as if every ball were a half-volley. Has kept wickets very well considering our queer bowling. Bowls a bit.

**Jamieson i.**—A very good little cricketer. Bats very nicely on the off, but a bit weak on the leg side. Bowls too fast for his years, and thereby loses his length. Good field, but slow.

**Caldwell i.**—A careful player, but with very few strokes. Inclined to play back too much. A very good field and sure catch. They say he can bowl.

**Biggart i.**—Very stiff in batting, and does not make the most of his reach. Very weak on the leg side. A fair field, but poor throw.

**Menzies.**—Has tried very hard to utilise the coaching, and only just beginning to show an improvement. Plays back to half-volleys with the usual result. A bit of a wicket-keeper and a plucky field.

**Biggart ii.**—A very disappointing player. His luck has been dead out the whole season. Bats well at nets, but seems too nervous in matches. A poor field and a wretched catch.

**Forbes.**—As a bowler he began the season very well, but fell away very miserably. Bats in nice style; but runs win matches, not style. Has improved immensely in fielding.

**Logan.**—The most improved player in the team. Begins very nervously, but makes amends. Weak on the leg side. As a fielder he is one of the best in the team.

**Brand.**—A fair bat, but inclined to sky the ball. A good field, but slow. Cannot cut a little bit.

**Purdie i.**—Managed to get into the eleven through careful practice. Inclined to hit too recklessly, but will improve. A good field and excellent catch.

### ***En Passant.***

WE observe that Snodgrass came out first prizeman in the Natural Philosophy Class at Glasgow.

James Rodger has received a good appointment in Vale of Leven Higher Grade School.

That the Club has sustained a severe loss in the departure of N. Macrae to his own homeland.

That Pattison promises well to fill the shoes of his illustrious predecessor.

That, with the exception of Macrae, there have been few departures of late; even those from the happy state of bachelorhood seem to have been lacking, since there are no matrimonial ventures to detail in this number.

That, unfortunately, the Club has to record with deep regret the tragic death of one of its members, Douglas Wylie, who was one of that ill-fated band drowned in Loch Lomond side. Wylie was not a prominent member of the Club, joining with his brother only last year, but our sincere sympathies go out to his brother and other sorrowing relatives.

### ***Good-bye, Norman!***

AND so we have now dropped the pilot, and the good ship C.A.C. has been guided safely through the shallows, and has at length emerged on the open seas! But still we miss the hand of the steersman, and often we long for the voice that is still!

The sound of mirth and revelry issued from the Beaconsfield room in the

Grosvenor on the night of 7th June, where a large and representative company of the Crieff Academical Club were met to do honour to an old school-mate and a never-tiring official in Norman Macrae. Caldwell had charge of the catering department, so that no fault could be found on that score. During the evening several speakers voiced their sentiments, leading off with the toast of "The King," by our Chairman, Mr Clark, which was drunk with the usual acclamation. Then, after a few preliminary remarks by the Chairman, John Russell proposed the toast of the evening—"Success to our Departing Guest," and in doing so he took the occasion to present to Macrae a camera and a pipe-case, which had been subscribed for by members of the Club. Macrae replied in a few eloquent words; apparently he had been dipping deep into the classics for his illustrations. The toast of "The Scottish School on the Hill," coupled with the name of the Rector, who has done so much for it, followed, and was ably replied to by James Strang. Shortly afterwards the gathering broke up, most of the members finding their way to the smoke-room, there to talk over old times.

Merry laughter was changed into sadness, however, next evening, when a small band saw the last of our late Secretary as the 11 o'clock south train from St Enoch's steamed out of the station. To be more correct, there were two bands, one composed of C.A.C. members, the other of his old pals at Hyde Park Works, all brethren in misfortune, though the latter band did show it perhaps in a more exuberant fashion. The last view we got of him

was at the turn of the platform with outstretched arm to bid us farewell. Good-bye, Norman! When you come back to Glasgow to help to put up that Club-house you spoke of, wont you get a right royal welcome!

It is difficult to speak with full appreciation of Macrae's services to the Club, but as one who has worked alongside him from the start, I would express the opinion that practically the whole success of the Club—such as it is—has been due to his energy and level-headedness. Taking up the reins of office at a most critical time in the Club's existence, when it looked like falling to pieces for lack of a strong guiding hand, by sheer grit Macrae has seen it through all its preliminary troubles. Of course, there have been others associated with him, notably Russell, Wallace, and Caldwell, but the master-mind, the man behind all, was certainly Macrae, and though personally I differed from him on many occasions—for Norman certainly held his own ideas on things—I came to see that his way of thinking was generally the right one after all.

Macrae took an active interest in all the departments of the Club's work, but where I came into touch most with him was in our latest venture, our share in the Magazine. He was an active member of that Committee till practically the time of his departure, and our readers will be glad to hear he has promised to be a regular contributor from Australia, or wherever fate chooses to send him.

That was Macrae as a club official; as an individual no fellow was more liked. I had not the good fortune to be at school with him, but when he

came to Glasgow I learned to appreciate him at his true worth.

As an athlete again, Macrae was one of our outstanding personalities. In the cricket world he could doubtless have gone far as a wicket-keeper—he played several matches for first Clydesdale C.C.—but he preferred to remain by his old School Club. As an example of his enthusiasm, it may be pointed out that last season he was the only member to partake in every match for us—a record for others to emulate! In the football world, too, he distinguished himself, playing for a long time along with Johnnie Russell in Clydesdale first fifteen.

With Macrae's departure the Club has lost, for a time at any rate, the services of one of its ablest officials, and all its members in Glasgow lose a personal friend; for to us all Norman Macrae was one of the best of good fellows.

### **A Rescue at Sea.**

ON the 3rd of June, 1907, the huge Cunard Liner, *Carmania*, slowly steamed away from the landing-stage at Liverpool, on one of her trips across the Atlantic (or the herring pond, as the Yankees are fond of calling this three thousand miles' stretch of water). She was bound for New York with a large number of passengers on board, a very common occurrence with this popular boat. I had the good fortune to be one of them, and, as I had made this trip before, I was looking forward to the week we would spend on the ocean, a week which is such a complete and

pleasant change from the rush and bustle of city life. We had an uneventful run to Queenstown, where the mails were taken on board, and, after remaining there for three or four hours, we started once more on our journey in the midst of a snowstorm and a heavy head sea. This state of matters continued for three days, which, needless to say, somewhat damped the ardour of the majority of our passengers, particularly the fair sex. It is wonderful, however, how quickly time passes on board ship, games and meals taking up most of the time, but, I understand, the unfortunate ones who suffer from *mal de mer* are inclined to think the contrary, and land does not come into sight quick enough for them. About five o'clock on the morning of the 8th June I was awakened by my steward telling me to hurry up on deck if I wanted to see a rescue. I was not long in getting into a few clothes, and, on arriving on deck, found many of my fellow-passengers excitedly rushing about trying to obtain a good view of a small fishing dory, in which we could distinguish a man, clothed in oilskins, endeavouring to scull towards us with only one oar. To judge from his feeble strokes he seemed to be very much exhausted. There was a very heavy swell as a result of the storm, and at times he was completely lost to view. As he seemed to make very little headway, we began to approach him very cautiously. When we got near enough for the officers to shout instructions, he appeared not to understand what was being said, and still kept paddling towards us in a mechanical fashion. At this point the captain called for volunteers to effect the rescue,

and one of the sailors who was usually on duty on the promenade deck, and a great favourite with the passengers on account of his obliging manner, at once accepted. The excitement amongst the passengers was by this time intense. A rope was skilfully flung to the man and fell right across his shoulders, but he appeared not to have sufficient strength to retain hold of it. Several further attempts were made, but without success. One of the doors for discharging freight and baggage was next opened. This door would be about twelve feet from the water, and as the small boat by this time was fairly close, our sailor took a leap and landed beside the man, but in doing so nearly broke his leg; however, being a plucky fellow, he wasted no time, and on a rope being flung to him he fixed it firmly round the fisherman, who had by this time fainted owing to the terrible exposure and excitement he had come through. He was quickly pulled on board by many willing hands, and immediately taken charge of by the ship's doctor. We then got our sailor back amidst great cheering, and, after sinking the small boat, proceeded on our way, having witnessed a most exciting incident. The man, on recovering consciousness, at first wandered in his talk, but eventually it was ascertained that he was a French fisherman from St Malo, on the coast of France, and that he had been fifteen days on the Atlantic Ocean. A few biscuits had sustained him for a week, but during the last eight days he had subsisted on a tarry rope and some snow that had fallen. We could scarcely credit this statement, but on arrival at New York it was confirmed. It appeared he had

been with a fishing fleet, bound for Newfoundland Banks, and that he and a mate had gone off together in a dory from their boat to fish. A severe snow-storm came on suddenly, and their little craft was capsized. He managed to right the boat, but his mate was drowned, and all that was left in the boat was an old fishing-basket, one oar, a tarry rope, and a few wet biscuits. When the storm had abated his fleet was nowhere to be seen, and after being tossed about for fifteen days he was fortunately sighted by us in the early morning. The look-out at first had mistaken the small boat for a log, but on closer examination he noticed what it really was. The fisherman's terrible experience and timely rescue awakened much sympathy amongst the passengers. A subscription-list was opened, and the poor fellow was presented with a substantial sum of money. I learned later that the captain and the plucky sailor were presented with useful presents by the French Government for their gallant rescue. A friend of mine was fortunate enough to secure a snapshot of the boat with the man in it just before he was taken on board, which is here produced.

I have read many times of rescue at sea, but after having witnessed the above incident, Lady Nairne's words were brought home to me of the fearful hardships deep sea fishermen have to undergo to make a living and, incidentally, to supply us with our daily food—

"When ye were sleeping on your pillows,  
Dreaned ye aught o' our puir fellows,  
Darkling as they faced the billows,  
A' to fill the woven willows?"

JACK C. WEIR.

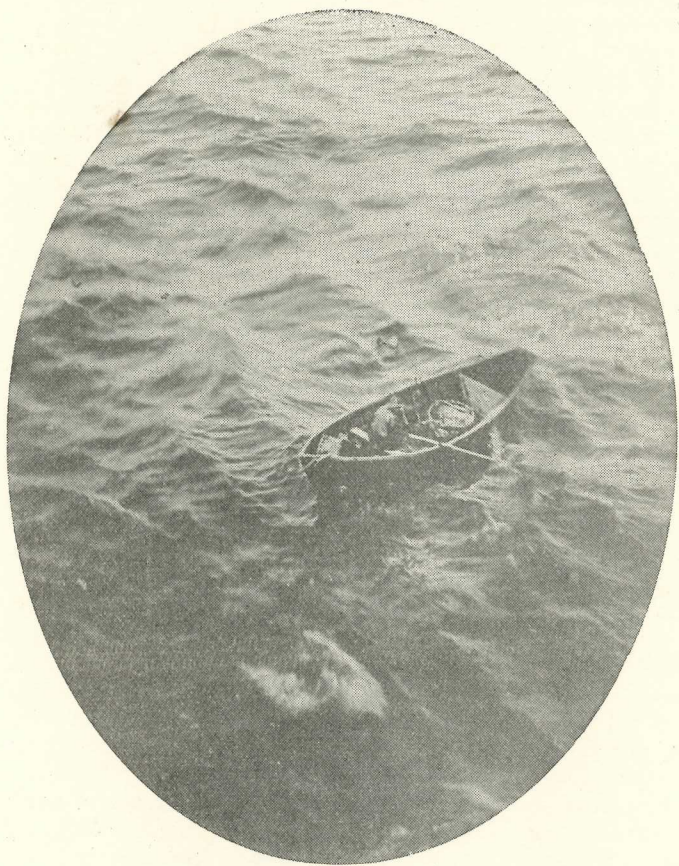
### **A Day's Outing on the Clyde.**

"EAST is east and west is west, and ne'er the twain shall meet." So wrote Kipling, and so believed in my time the worthy protagonists of the two spheres. What rivalry there used to be, not only in the football field, but even extended to the dormitory, when Fifie and Faerie, for example, used to thrash out the question of the respective beauties of the East and West Coasts. My object in sketching this description of an all too brief day's sailing is that if should it reach the eyes of Fifie or any of his friends it may illustrate to them the argument, carried on so long in the big dormitory at Crieff, as to how far the west transcends the east. And to those to whom, like the writer, the fates have been kind in locating them in the incomparable south-west, the tour I am about to speak of will, perhaps, be familiar enough, but may recall to them old times—how they treated, for instance—fill in the name, dear reader—in the days gone by, to "a day's outing on the Clyde."

Starting from that Mecca to all travellers on the West Coast, sweet Rothesay Bay, immortalised in song, we had of necessity to tumble out of bed most disgustingly early, for the steamer had many calls to make on its day's journey, and, like time and tide, waited for no man—it might perhaps for the first half-dozen stragglers, but after that the captain's Highland blood would get up and he would indignantly signal "Full steam head."

The morning I speak of broke in mist, so that little could be seen of the Hydro. I had just left behind, nor beyond that again the outline of the





Cowal Hills. Fortunately, it wasn't what somehow or other has been made a characteristic of our country—a Scotch mist with all its damp memories—but only a heat haze, which soon disappeared before the glorious sunshine. One had time, therefore, to look around the boat—the turbine steamer, *Queen Alexandra*, and the last word on river steamers, and make a brief study of the specimens of humanity on board. So far there were only tourists like myself; the Glasgow day tripper had yet to make his appearance. This he began to do at our first port of call—Wemyss Bay, the palatial pier the Caledonian Railway have installed to replace the one burnt down a year or so ago. My chief memory of Wemyss Bay is the long passage to the trains and the wild scramble up on the Monday mornings, with probably a bag in one hand and a walking-stick and umbrella in the other, eager to get a corner seat. It was a warm July day that I am speaking of, and the prospect of a day's outing had brought many down, so that the boat filled up very quickly. Wemyss Bay itself is almost entirely taken up by the mansions of the ultra rich, and has not been invaded to any extent by the vulgar throng.

Our next beat was a short one, down the coast to Fairlie, the terminus of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company. Here, however, there were not so many coming on board, as the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company has never obtained such a big hold on the public as the "Caley." Travel by the former, therefore, if you're wise. Fairlie village, itself, lies a mile or so along the road, and is a quiet little place, where "Bauldie" can

be seen any day knocking in rivets, or going round with the paint pot at that world-known yard, Fyfe's of Fairlie.

On our way to Fairlie we passed Largs, a great rendezvous of the Glasgow Fair trippers, a place always conspicuous by a big red church—Coats' Memorial—which can be seen miles away, and the bells of which, on a Sunday evening, sound very pleasantly across the lake-like waters to Balloch in the Cumbrae.

After leaving Fairlie we cross the intervening passage to the Cumbraes, passing the Lion Rock, the curiously-shaped trap-dyke which juts out on the hillside opposite Fairlie. Legend, we believe, credits the Prince of Darkness with the intention of building a bridge to Fairlie thereabouts, and adds that he kicked it bodily into the Firth, leaving only the present bold-shaped promontory. And now we see on our right Millport, the scene of the great dispute over the pier dues, happily now at an end, but refrain from making a call. Millport, itself, looks a perfect picture, standing as it does in a little bay, with a long row of houses along the sea front, with the green fields beyond serving as a background. It is famed for its minstrels, and always seems to get the pick of that branch of the dramatic art. It has also a fine sandy shore, where sandcastle competitions take place every other week during the season.

But, hark, the bell for lunch! and like a wise man I descend to get a good seat. No need to dwell on the Epicurean banquet provided for us; suffice it to say, that it was worthy of the rest of the day's programme.

On coming on deck again we found the boat quite close to the Arran shore.

Who has not heard of Arran, that island supposed to be a blessed retreat from the dust and routine of city life, but where, in all probability, you find all Pollokshields waiting to greet you—the writer is from Pollokshields, and only wishes there weren't quite so many well-known faces when he elects to take a holiday there. But that is in Whiting Bay, of boarding-house fame, or Lamdash, where the Fleet puts in, or in even more select Brodick. To-day we are visiting the other side of the island, a little place called Lochranza. Arran, as is well known, is, to put it mildly, a damp place, and Lochranza is perhaps the dampest place in all Arran. To-day, however, it is bathed in golden sunlight. Like the rest of Arran—bar, perhaps, the populous resorts already mentioned—it is built pretty much in the haphazard fashion of a house here and a house there, with, for connecting link, what looks like a sheep path. Away up on the hill we see a "hanky" fluttering in the breeze, and wonder how on earth the owner got up there. However, as we also see a gleam of feminine apparel, we gallantly wave back.

The boat for a time continues its course along the Arran shore, giving the traveller a chance to see more of its varied scenery, with its deep glens and wild ravines, and its white farm-houses dotted over all. Then it strikes off to Kintyre, to Campbeltown, our destination, that home of fishermen and distilleries. (By the bye, how did the distilleries get a footing so far from civilization and Glasgow?) At the pier we find again the 'pointing porter,' a peculiar sort of animal found, we had thought, only at Rothesay. The town

itself is of fair size, and stretches away into a region of back streets; but, if you're wise, you take the opportunity of running across to what the guide-book calls "the shores of the Atlantic," and pay a visit to Machrihanish. Besides being a test name for English visitors, this has now become a great resort of golfers, as you will perceive from the bags your fellow-passengers in the train cherish so fondly. It also possesses a tea-room, built, I fancy, as an ornamentation, as I have never, all the times I have visited the place, seen a person enter its portals. If it is your first visit, you take a stroll down to the shore, so that you may boast of having really heard "the breaking of the Atlantic rollers." While you are waiting—and you may wait a while sometimes—you suddenly see a huge mob gathered together, and go over to see what is wrong. You discover it is only the local post office, where they sell picture post cards—the real reason of the rush. You buy a post card to send off to your best girl—if you haven't got her with you—and depart with the feeling of a duty nobly done. As you continue your walk along the shore what strikes your vision next is a huge telephone pole arrangement, and you wonder what it is. Suddenly, you remember to have seen it on a post card, labelled "the wireless telegraphy station, the only one in Scotland." If you're a photographer, you take a snap-shot: no use to let such a unique chance go a-begging.

Now, however, it is time to board again the funny little train, which takes twenty minutes to cover the two-mile run. On your way down you pass another of Campbeltown's industries

—the coal mine for which the railway was first built—the tourist is only a secondary consideration—and soon are jolting along the streets of Campbeltown, and in a few minutes thereafter re-embarking on the steamer. The steamer leaves, as before, sharp to time, and the captain's temper doesn't seem a bit improved, so that there are not a few left behind bewailing.

We go back over the same route, so that it is unnecessary to touch on the places of interest again. Only, as the afternoon is now drawing on, we can see the effect of light and shade on the Arran hills, where before it had all been bright sunshine. We are able now, too, to pay more attention to the sweet strains of the band, who are probably engaged in murdering *The Merry Widow*, but that estimable female seems to have more lives than the proverbial cat, and always comes up smiling. After leaving Arran it is time to get an afternoon cup of tea, and, incidentally to interview the stewardess in the tea-room—a very nice girl she was too. You send off most of your fellow-passengers at Fairlie and Wemyss Bay, and then enjoy the quiet sail over to Rothesay. What I did then was to make a wild rush home for tea, and I daresay you, kind reader, would have followed suit.

In this short sketch I have tried to depict, as briefly but as graphically as I can, a day's outing, familiar to many, but one to be taken by all lovers of the beautiful; for it is only then that one can fully appreciate what a day's sail on the Clyde means. Many of our west country folk have invaded other parts of the country, have even crossed over to the Continent for their holidays,

but all come back to say there is nothing to beat the Clyde.

Here from the start we have been travelling on a route full of varied scenery—from the beauties of Rothesay Bay over to the haughty, aristocratic Wemyss Bay, past the quiet village of Fairlie, and the busy whirl of Millport, with the beach of sand where thousands can disport themselves, and on to the rugged island of Arran, standing now almost as it did in primeval times, thence to the industrial town of Campbeltown, seemingly estranged from all the rest of the world, and yet a centre in itself, and in a few minutes right across to where land and water meet on the shores of the Atlantic. And all in one short day's sailing, too! Where in the East, where in all the world, can you crowd in such a glorious day? Answer, Fife, or be for ever silent.—  
Yours as of old,

FAERIE.

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### **C.A.C. Athletic Notes.**

WITH the first half of our cricket programme over, one can look back on it with rather mixed feelings. To begin with, our first win has yet to appear, though we trust by the time these lines are in print it will have done so at the expense of the Academy. So far our record reads—three losses and a draw, the latter very much in our favour. The season has perhaps been marked by two records—the one an encouraging one, and the other perhaps one more to be emulated. The first is that the record score for us was put up in the Meadowpark XI. match, though, unfortunately, not by a member of the Club, so that Strang's 58

against Bute County still stands as our own best. The highest total score for us was also made in the same match. On the other hand, the record score against us was put up by James Lang, of the Glasgow Accies, and the record total score against us was also made in the same match. The most hopeful sign in the season has perhaps been the turn out again of old members in Locke, M'Haffie, and Aitken. The Neilston contingent has certainly added to the batting strength of the team (if only we could get a few bowlers!), and Aitken, though not bowling so well as of yore, is welcome, if only for his genial personality. On the other hand, we have had practically no support from the younger members of the Club. The team as constituted just now, with one or two exceptions, have been members from the beginning. Is it that the class of players turned out from M.A.C. is deteriorating, or is it putting too great a test on their loyalty to ask them to keep up their cricket, if even they don't intend to go in seriously for the game—as Strang and Bill Jamieson have done, for instance—and give us their active support?

Speaking of Strang and Jamieson reminds us that both of these players have distinguished themselves in being chosen for their respective counties—Renfrewshire and Ayrshire—Strang's batting has strangely gone off, but he has come to be recognised as one of the best wicket-keepers in the west of Scotland—the best, a rabid Seestu supporter declared, that had represented Kelburne for a generation. Bill Jamieson, on the other hand, has been showing good all round cricket; our only regret is that his success has deprived us of his services.

In Edinburgh we notice Strathairn and Tait still playing away merrily for the 'Stuion. Strathairn's 79 not out a week or two ago was a notable performance, and we hope to come across them at the Old Boys' match. Others there may be unknown to

us knocking up their centuries or duly capturing the hat trick, as John Russell did for Irvine this season; but in any case we can be assured that in the world of cricket the O.B.'s are worthily keeping up the reputation of their school.

We notice that that versatile sportsman, W. H. Birrell, has now turned his attention to golf, and has been assisting Glasgow North-Western to some notable victories. At tennis, too, the Club is keeping to the fore. Caldwell and Hugh M'Haffie were seen disporting themselves at Titwood in the Western Championship.

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### **C.A.C. Cricket.**

#### C.A.C. V. BUTE COUNTY.

Played at Rothesay, 16th May, 1908. Fortune did not smile on us at this the first match of our programme. The weather, to begin with, was decidedly unpropitious, delaying the match till quarter to four. Even then Thomson, having won the toss, sent out his first pair in a slight drizzle. The wicket was by no means easy, and so scoring ruled low. John Croll, for one so long out of harness, batted for a time very carefully, but the best show certainly came from H. M'Haffie, who hit out freely while his innings lasted. N. Macrae, whose last game this was, unfortunately did not come off, nor did Gillies, our latest importation. In his case, though, it was only confidence that was required, as he showed the necessary powers lying latent. Our score only reached the low total of 51, a total which should easily have been improved on.

By the time our opponents' knock came round the weather conditions had improved, the rain having made its departure. With only an hour to go and fifty odd runs to get it looked as if the game was a pretty

safe draw, but from the start the Bute County batsmen seemed to get the upper hand, and, assisted by what must be described as wretched fielding, pulled off the game in the last over.

Perhaps the best use was not taken of our bowling, as M'Haffie, only put on late in the day, ultimately finished with the good analysis of three wickets for six runs. But it was our fielding that lost the day, several easy catches being missed, and our opponents being granted two or even three runs when a single could have met the case. The only consolation we had was in the reappearance of Croll, and the *debut* for the Club of Gillies and Aitken. If these men would only turn out regularly it would add greatly to the strength of the team. Apart from the disappointment at losing the game, we had a very fine day's outing, the sail up being magnificent. Caldwell must again be warmly thanked for his generosity, which was greatly appreciated by us all. Appended are the individual scores:—

CRIEFF ACADEMICALS.	
R. C. Walker, b Martin, ... ..	5
W. G. Walker, c Mitchell, b Martin, ...	9
J. Croll, b Martin, ... ..	7
N. Macrae, b Galbraith, ... ..	2
H. M. Caldwell, b Martin, ... ..	0
D. Gillies, b do., ... ..	1
M. Thomson, b Galbraith, ... ..	0
H. M'Haffie, b Adam, ... ..	12
R. Pattison, b Martin, ... ..	0
T. Aitken, b do., ... ..	3
R. Leggatt, not out, ... ..	1
Extras, ... ..	11
Total, ... ..	51
BUTE COUNTY.	
D. Brodie, run out, ... ..	16
A. M. Black, c M'Haffie, b Thomson, ...	0
W. Adams, b M'Haffie, ... ..	15
G. Martin, b do., ... ..	2
R. Galbraith, b do., ... ..	0
J. Pinkerton, not out, ... ..	11
C. Mackay, run out, ... ..	1
A. Mitchell, not out, ... ..	1
Extras, ... ..	9
Total (for 6 wickets), ...	55
M. Thomson, 1 wicket for 17 runs.	
T. Aitken, 0 wickets for 15 runs.	
H. M'Haffie, 3 wickets for 6 runs.	
R. Walker, 0 wickets for 8 runs.	

### CRIEFF ACADEMICALS V. CROOKSTON.

Played at Crookston, 30th May, 1908. This, one of our most enjoyable games, was played under lovely weather conditions. Our team for this match was materially strengthened by the addition of Robinson, Locke, and Russell, and although Croll disappointed us at the last moment, we had what on paper seemed a powerful side. Winning the toss, we started with Robinson and Willie Walker (who, with his brother, likewise of Clydesdale F.C. fame, has come to be a constituent element of our team). Unfortunately, off the second ball of the match Robinson, perhaps our best bat, was cleaned bowled, and the prospects did not look too bright when Walker left with the score at 6. However, when Mike Thomson came in there was a change. Thoroughly mastering the bowling, he played with great freedom and style, and with the aid of H. M'Haffie and "Clem" Walker the score quickly ran up. With only four wickets down for 88 our prospects looked bright, but then in one unfortunate over both Thomson and Walker were dismissed, and a complete breakdown took place. Only Locke of the subsequent batsmen could do anything, Russell, Pattison, Aitken, Shaw, and M. M. Muir having the despised duck, the last player being very foolishly run out. What had looked so promising ended most disastrously, and we were all out for the total of 96, by no means a good score on such a good wicket.

Our opponents, too, made a disastrous beginning, Keddie, who had been making some good scores for them, being out to a good catch at square leg for 3. However, Waite altered the complexion of things, and with the aid chiefly of G. Travis our score was soon passed. As usual, we played out the game with Crookston, though the last half hour's play was not taken seriously, and their score ultimately came to 139.

There was a vast improvement in the

fielding of our team, but of the batting the least said the better, only Thomson, "Clem" Walker, and M'Haffie getting into double figures. What accounted for the breakdown at the end it would be difficult to say. We were pleased to have Locke back amongst us after an interval of two seasons, and J. Shaw made his *debut* in this game.

## ORIEFF ACADEMICALS.

W. Walker, c Parlane, b Travis, ...	1
J. Robinson, b Travis, ... ..	0
M. Thomson, b Clark, ... ..	47
H. M'Haffie, b Travis, ... ..	11
C. Walker, b Clark, ... ..	24
H. Locke, not out, ... ..	8
J. Russell, b Parlane, ... ..	0
R. Pattison, b do., ... ..	0
T. Aitken, b do., ... ..	0
J. Shaw, b do., ... ..	0
M. M. Muir, run out ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	5
Total. ... ..	96

## CROOKSTON.

Keddie, c Muir, b Aitken, ... ..	3
Waite, b Aitken, ... ..	59
Martin, c Locke, b Aitken, ... ..	2
E. Travis, run out, ... ..	7
Parlane, b Aitken, ... ..	0
G. Travis, c sub., b Aitken, ... ..	43
A. Niven, run out, ... ..	2
Blair, b Russell, ... ..	0
C. Travis, b Aitken, ... ..	11
Blair, b Walker, ... ..	1
Clark, not out, ... ..	3
Extras, ... ..	8
Total, .. ..	139

C.A.C., V. MEADOWPARK XI.  
(GOLFHILL).

Played at Dennistoun, 20th June, 1908. This being a new fixture for us we were anxious to do well, but unfortunately

were again disappointed at the last moment by several players. Russell and Aitken, however, had brought out friends, and with the scorer pressed into service and a sub. picked up on the field, we were able to complete our eleven. Winning the toss for the third time in succession, Russell sent in his friend Mr Steele along with Willie Walker to face the music. Walker, unfortunately, did not stay long, but Steele continued in for the greater part of two hours, being unlucky to be bowled when wanting only five off his century. Never in difficulties, he gave only one possible chance, and throughout played lovely cricket. He had able assistance from Thomson and M'Haffie, but the sensation of the day came with Pattison's innings, our genial Secretary sending the spectators into ecstasies by putting three balls running to the boundary. The spectators, by the way, formed the biggest crowd we had ever played before, and were, we must say, quite impartial. Aitken, too, enlivened matters a bit, having a hit clean out of the ground for 6, and Locke did not forget to trouble the bowlers. On the fall of Steele's wicket Russell applied the closure, the score of 194 for seven wickets being easily our record.

Our opponents had an hour and a half to bat, and after losing the first man in the opening over seemed like having a sporting chance of a win, as at quarter-past six they had four wickets down for 83 runs. However, in the next three quarters of an hour they only added 22, and though at one time we seemed to have the game in our hands, the eighth wicket played out time, and we were left with only the consolation of a moral victory. For a scratch side our team did splendidly, and though the honours in batting went to a stranger (the captain of Irvine C.C.), our men showed much more confidence than previously.

Unfortunately, we had only the three bowlers to fall back on—Aitken, Thomson, and M'Haffie, otherwise we would almost certainly have pulled off the game, as the

fielding was quite good. Pattison at wickets, though, missed several chances of stumping, and has fallen off a bit from last season. Scores :—

CRIEFF ACADEMICALS.

W. Walker, b Robertson, ... ..	3
J. Steele, b do., ... ..	95
M. Thomson, b Gavin, ... ..	5
H. M'Haffie, c Black, b Robertson, ...	18
J. Russell, c Ferguson, b Gray, ... ..	6
R. Pattison, b Gavin, ... ..	31
T. Aitken, b Robertson, ... ..	19
H. Locke, not out, ... ..	10
M. Muir, P. Hastings, and H. Brock to bat.	
Extras, ... ..	7
Total (for 7 wickets), ... ..	194

MEADOWPARK XI.

Halsey, b M'Haffie, ... ..	0
Richards, c Thomson, b Aitken, ... ..	49
Black, b Aitken, ... ..	24
Bone, c Pattison, b M'Haffie, ... ..	3
Gray, c and b M'Haffie, ... ..	15
Gavin, run out, ... ..	4
Cumming, not out, ... ..	7
Robertson, b M'Haffie, ... ..	0
Henderson, run out, ... ..	0
Carslaw, not out, ... ..	1
Ferguson, to bat.	
Extras, ... ..	2
Total (for 8 wickets), ... ..	105

CRIEFF ACADEMICALS V. GLASGOW ACADEMICALS.

Played at Annesland on 27th June, 1908. For this, one of the most important matches of the season, we were unable to call in the assistance we had hoped for, and had to play our regular eleven, which, as usual, was woefully weak in bowling. Russell again won the toss, and opened the innings himself with W. Walker. Runs came at a fair pace throughout our innings, though no individual did anything special. The best stand made, perhaps, was that by Robinson and Aitken, the former having a careful

25, and the latter a lusty 15. Our total score reached 112, not very much on such a good wicket. After the tea interval our opponents started with J. Lang and A. Laird, the former being a master at the Academy, and a former captain of the Fettes College cricket team, and the latter this year's school captain. Barring M'Haffie, who bowled extremely well, but had no luck, none of our bowlers gave any trouble, and from the outset our opponents went in for hitting tactics. Russell got Laird caught in the first over he sent down, but no further wickets fell till our score had been passed. Shortly thereafter Brand sent a ball back to the bowler and was caught, but the next wicket played out time. Lang, who had given a magnificent display of hitting (having no less than sixteen boundaries), was left not out at the finish with a score of 117, a record we were told for Glasgow Academicals.

Our bowling was weak, but it was not assisted by the fielding, which to say the least, was miserable. Lang was missed three times in his score—the first time before he had made twenty, and many runs were thrown away by bad ground fielding. Russell alone seemed to realise the importance of this department of the game, and his brilliant exhibition might well have been followed by the others.

F. Macrae made his *debut* for us in this match, and was left not out with a useful score of six. Scores :—

CRIEFF ACADEMICALS.

J. Russell, b Lang, ... ..	13
W. Walker, b Simpson, ... ..	6
R. Walker, b do., ... ..	8
H. M'Haffie, b Lang, ... ..	13
H. Locke, c Brand, b Lang, ... ..	2
R. Pattison, b Simpson, ... ..	4
T. L. Aitken, c Hardy, b Laird, ... ..	15
J. Robinson, c Lang, b Mackinlay, ...	25
R. Graham, b Laird, ... ..	10
R. Leggatt, c Lang, b Mackinlay, ...	1
F. Macrae, not out, ... ..	6
Extras, ... ..	9
Total, ... ..	112



## GLASGOW ACADEMICALS.

A. D. Laird, c Graham, b Russell, ...	21
D. Brand, c and b Aitken, ...	28
J. Lang, not out, ...	117
A. Lawrie, not out, ...	33
H. M. Hardy, W. Laird, J. Mackinlay, R. Simpson, T. Gentles, G. Warren, and W. Rodgers did not bat.	
Extras, ...	11

Total (for 2 wickets), ... 210

**C.A.C. Members.**

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Duncan S. M'Nair, Bruvue, Dowanhill, Glasgow.

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H. Heys, South Arthurie House, Barrhead.  
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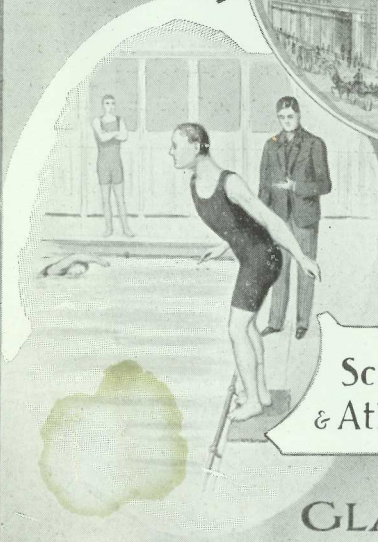
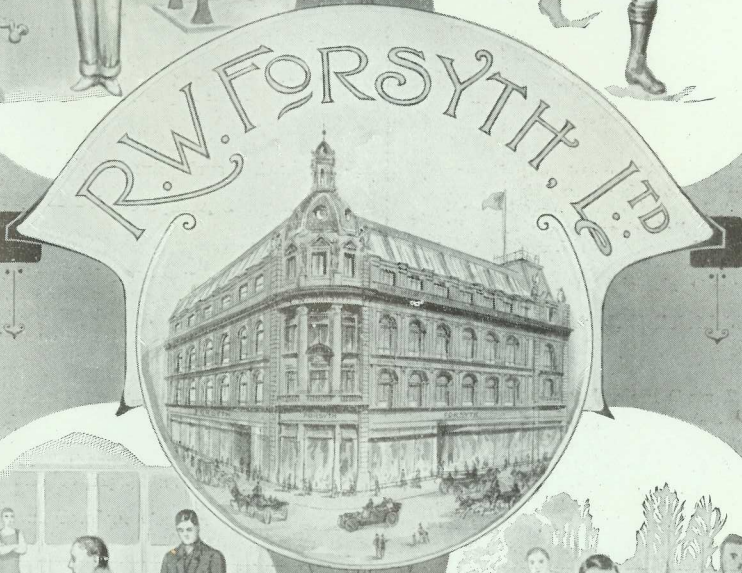
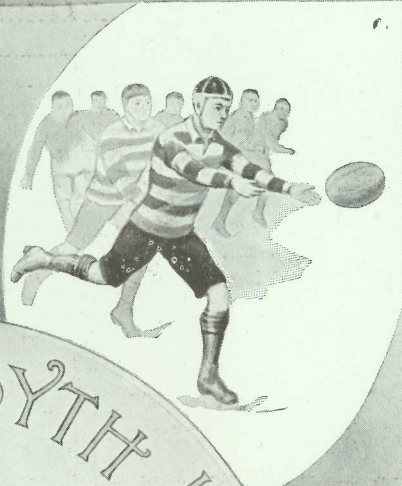
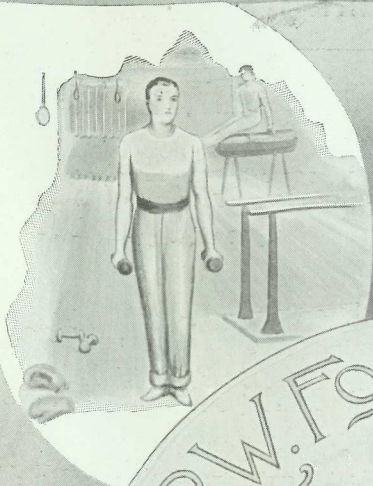
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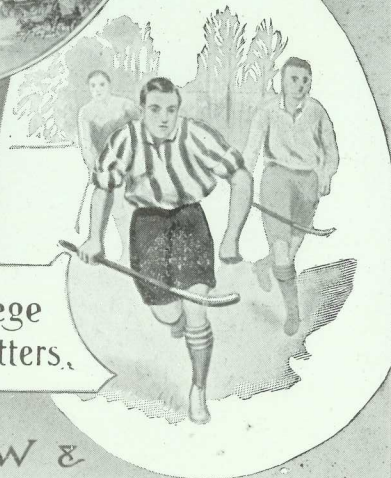
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