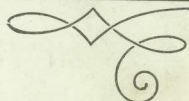


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# THE MORRISONIAN.

*Esse quam videri.*

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NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1908.

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### **Editorial.**

#### THE BOYS WHO DO NOT TAKE PRIZES.

WE received this term from an Old Boy in New Zealand a letter which deserves more than a passing mention, for it raises a point which is too often overlooked by the heads of schools and classes. The important point is as follows:—"I got the *Strathearn Herald* the other day with an account of the Exhibition at the old School. At the end of the address a list was given of those pupils who had distinguished themselves by taking gold

medals and degrees, &c., at the Universities, but it did not mention the 'plain men' who never took degrees,"—the men who work on in the world with no lime-light on their performances. "Take a case in point," he goes on. "I met an old Academy boy in Wellington. He had just come down from the King Country,—no matter his name,—where he had been six months on a timber contract, bush-falling, right away from civilisation. He hadn't a collar on, his throat was bare, his clothes were not the Piccadilly cut, and he would have looked out of place at a church bazaar; but I reckon

he was doing as much for his old school slogging timber out back as any of these fellows whose names were mentioned in the report. All honour to them; only wish the writer had a degree."

We are certain that many an Old Boy will feel a thrill when he reads these words, and half envy those Morrisonians of the outer seas. If civilisation were to go to wreck to-morrow, it is these and such as these who would rebuild it, for those of us who live the sheltered life of the towns and the professions, the offices and the shops have forgotten what living really means. Yet it seems strange to think that while some of us see no more than the narrow walls of a schoolroom, a church, or an office, others,—once boys in the same school,—are living the most ancient life of the world,—hewing, felling, clearing the wilderness, preparing a dwelling-place for the coming generations.

We have before us a photograph of a class of some seven years back, and of two boys sitting side by side with the same boyish look, one is in Glasgow in a law office and the other is up-country in South Africa. Before our mind's eye there comes, too, the face of a boy in another school than this, who saw never a prize-winner. He has been jeweller, journalist, cowboy, editor, writer of Indian yarns; he has just this year blossomed out into a novelist and made a certain reputation. So the wonderful play goes on, year in year out, class after class coming and going, and 90 per cent. in the very nature of things never see a prize except when they are cheering their more fortunate

chums on closing day. But what's the odds? The real prize to bear away from school is that gallantry of temper which can carry its possessor through a lost game smilingly, and leave him undismayed by defeat. They have missed success,—a flower which withers even as it blooms,—but in their hearts shines on unfadingly the bright, blue blossom of hope. And so we take the occasion of the New Year to send to all Old Boys, here and overseas, the cry, "Play up, Academy," and the wish that the workman's pride in his work,—plain or picturesque,—may be their joy throughout the coming year. It is the tercentenary of the birth of John Milton to-day as we write. We can send no nobler utterance across the world than his, himself condemned to endure, where once he had fought and triumphed,—the message to all whose hands are set to unthankful tasks and who do them all the same,—

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

—:o:—

From another O.B. of comparatively recent make we have received a very interesting account of the Glasgow Rectorial election. "My last fortnight,"—it is dated 25/10/08—"has been a most enjoyable nightmare, but I'm thankful it's all over. Plots, counter-plots, mysterious shadowing of other people, canvassing all day in hansoms, up all night to protect a magazine or take a rival production, smokers, dances, receptions, speeches, invitations, resolutions, giving Tory spies the slip, distributing magazines, packing pease-meal in bags, Socialism, Liberalism, Conservatism, pamphlets and arguments, per-

suation and force,—in short, a Rectorial. . . . The main idea in my mind to-day is connected with yesterday's row at the door, and is a regret—a solemn and deep regret—that I have not Menzies' weight. I was a picture yesterday: pease-meal, soot, rotten eggs, and dust were blended together on my manly countenance so as to convey the pleasing impression of a Red Indian, a Hottentot, or the missing link, according to which part of me caught your eye first. As you know, Curzon got in by 12 votes, and I feel the result as a personal insult owing to the hard work I put in. I have spent this forenoon in bed."

Many will, we are sure, recognise the hand of S—we nearly gave it away just now—and will acknowledge how admirably he was cut out for the leading astray of Tory spies; and all will sympathise with him in the momentary longing for the strength of Robert. But we envy the spirit that can carry it all through with the same cheerfulness with which the writer would—or did—tackle an apple pudding.

As we read there came the memory of a crowd round the cannon overlooking the West End Park,—a memory of flaming torches at midnight casting their glare on an exulting crowd of Liberals singing "Good old Jeff." We can see their faces still, unchangeable in the recollection, faces of young fellows now scattered up and down the land—ministers, doctors, teachers, lawyers,—now with not a bond between them. Yet, if fate flung them together, thought would fly back to such nights of romance, talk would kindle with the recollection, years would slip away, and we should again be chums around

the guns shining in the flickering light of the torches, and hear a ghostly singing come out of the dark of time. *Satis est vivisse.*

---

### House Notes.

NOT long ago it was quite the fashion to cut one's finger. Someone cut his finger with a bottle, another with a knife and a bit of string, and many others in similar foolish ways. Little boys should be more careful. Someone has suggested that next term they should ask someone to open their knives for them, since they cannot do so themselves without getting hurt.

\* \* \*

There has only been one big argument in the Big Doss this term, but it was an exceptionally heated one. The Fifth and Sixth Forms took up different attitudes to the question, which arose from a simple way of measuring the length of a river. The Fifth held that the Sixth had not clearly defined the method of procedure, so the leader of that party proceeded to define it "properly." He started brilliantly, but finished up by inscribing a circle in a reflex angle (an intricate geometrical construction), the knowledge of which is confined to the Fifth Form. The result was that he got a figure more like a crooked sausage than a circle. Of course, "the scholars of the Fourth" kept interjecting remarks and complicating the already intricate constructions. A satisfactory result was only obtained with great difficulty.

\* \* \*

On the Saturday evenings of this term we have had several very enjoyable little concerts, which have tended in no small degree to brighten up our weekly routine of work.

The first of this series of concerts was purely a musical one, and several of the boys had an opportunity of displaying their talents. The best of the pianists were Dow, Forbes, and Ferguson, and great thanks are due to Calderwood for his singing, to Mr Turner for his humorous recitations, and to Kirsop i. for his violin solo.

The second entertainment was a lecture on Italy, illustrated by lime-light views, at which many interesting points were indicated by Mr Bain. We all thank Mr Watts for kindness in controlling the lantern.

Mr Mungall very kindly brought down his gramophone and gave us some excellent selections, some of which Mr Turner accompanied on the piano.

Another evening Miss E. Strathairn, assisted by Miss N. Strathairn and some of the boys, acted a charade in excellent style. The company, however, could not guess the hidden meaning, except a certain member of the S—

\* \* \*

We have not felt dull this term, as we have found a "witty man." His jokes are something out of the common, and it is a pity that "Punch" has not heard of him, for he is also an excellent artist. His "cat that killed the mouse" is magnificent. I will not say any more in case he ceases to be a source of wisdom and humorous enlightenment.

\* \* \*

We had an excellent paper-chase on the 14th November, on account of the

Stirling match being scratched. The route was an excellent one, and the scent was for the most part good. The route taken was to the electric powerhouse *via* Culcrieff, from there across country to Monzie *via* Monzie Castle, thence up to a farmhouse called the Ibert and on to the Glenalmond Road. There was an excellent run-in to Crieff, and the hares just got home, being surprised outside Gilmerton. An excellent proposal has been made. It suggests that the hares should give the hounds eight minutes' start, and that every hound which is caught within five miles of home gets ten lashes, well laid on, by a hare.

\* \* \*

#### THE LAST FAREWELL OF BON JULL.

17th December, 1908.

Bon Jull is leaving us to-day;  
And though we wanted him to stay,  
His corpus big he takes away,  
To England.

When we around the turkey sit,  
And each is looking for a bit,  
We think of John and take a fit,  
In England.

Bon Jull who came from far away,  
Is burned as brown as autumn day,  
And wont be back for many a day,  
From England.

Now Bon is sitting having tea,  
With comrades, eating hard's can be,  
And that he can they'll all agree  
In England.

But now has come the awful day  
When Bon did have his last long say,  
With comrades who'll be far away,  
From England.

But when did come the last farewell,  
We all stood waiting for the bell,  
Waiting to catch him if he fell,  
In Scotland.

\* \* \*

Two of ours are off to Switzerland for the Christmas holidays. Rumour says that they are taking alpenstocks and have Mount Blanc in their eye. It will be a blank mountain when they leave it.

**Form Notes.**

## FORM I.—

We have received some very interesting notes in Natural History from a member of the I. We are afraid, however, there is no demand for them among the others. Could he not start a small society, and so create the interest? His notes refer to the Feeding of Newts; the White-Headed Nun—which he tells us is a bird—soft chestnut brown, with creamy white neck; the orange Bishop—likewise a bird—bright reddish orange on the throat, upper part of breast, &c., dusky red, with reddish legs; seems a bit of a fighter. We need only draw attention to the valuable exercise in adjective-making such a study implies, for it goes without saying that any living interest of this kind is an education in itself, both mentally and humanly, and better than many of our book-subjects. Good luck, W. G. J.

## FORM II.

There are two sections of the II. One section thinks there is only one section, and that it is It. But it is not. Puzzle:—Which is the one referred to?

Some brilliant answers have been sprung upon the world this term. Here are some samples:—

Question.—What does the hunter's wife make from the tanned skins of animals?

Answer.—Food, sir.

Q.—Tell me an English word derived from the French malade?

A.—Marmalade. (It evidently made his ma sick.)

Q. 2.—Next?

A. 2.—My laddie!

Q. 3.—Next?

A. 3.—Salade!

Q.—What does it mean to "greet" anyone?

A.—To cry over him!

He should be pretty moist after such a greeting

Q.—How does a mother soothe her baby?

A.—By dangling it to rest!

Q.—What is the difference between il y a, and voila?

A.—One is masculine and the other is feminine!

To what use do they put the Falls in America?

A.—To drive wind-mills! (This is the best).

Who will now deny that this is The Section—a sort of Comic Section?

Some one in the II. has been accused of writing a poem. We are told that it runs like this:—

A. B. C. D. E. F. G.,  
This is poetry made by me;  
H. I. J. and K. L. M.,  
Don't you think it is a gem;  
N. O. P. Q. R. S. T.,  
This is another line made by me;  
U. V. W. X. Y. Z.,  
All about going up to bed:  
Do you know what the class then said?  
"We could do that on our head  
Take to breaking stones instead."

## FORM III.

The Third this year are brainy,  
Of course they have always been,  
But the lot who are here this year,  
Are the best it's ever seen.  
They beat all other classes,  
Beside them all are gim,  
But they fairly beat the floor-mat  
When flopping in the Gym.

## BARON? ? ?

There is a chap called Kenneth,  
He is an awful dab,  
He found the Andes on the map,  
And we called him Baron Crabb.  
He took a while to find them,  
But at last he did them see,  
With the help of Johnny C—  
And that brainy chap M'—  
Wher he the mountains did espy  
The class they were delighted.  
And it was sworn there and then  
That Kenneth should be knighted.  
So Baron then we did him make,  
As we had sworn to do,  
And after that he took the cake  
And all the biscuits too.

The School generally seems preparing for a marriage just now. Whole crowds of boys are going about supplied with rice—or is it barley?

Sing a song of little boys,  
Pockets full of rice,  
When it's taken from them,  
Oh, how nice it burns—I mean  
Oh—it burns how nice.

The following Language Notes from the Franco-British Exhibition have been sent in:—

One Foreigner to Another:—Ach! Herr Muller, wie geht's denn. Allerschonst, nicht wahr?"

British Workman—More Frenchies!

Anglo-German Gent. (gazing at the glories of the Exhibition):—Ach! Id makes me brout ze be an Engleeschman! Gott safe der King!

Foreigner—"Waiterre! I vant ze afternoon tea. Waiter—"Yessir! Wot will you 'ave with it, sir?" Foreigner—Ah! Ze rosbif, ze potatoes, and ze onions, and somme plum-pudding. I like ze Engleesh five o'clock. It give me ze good appitite for ze dinner.

Waiter to Scotchman—"What will you 'ave sir?" Scot.—Ach! A finnin haddie an' a wheen bannocks" Waiter (calling to other waiter)—I say, Bill, you might come here; here's another of them Deutschers."

#### FORM IV.

He stood up with unsteady eye,  
As the clock was striking three,  
And the clouds were launched in the milky blue,  
And the sun winked knowing a thing or two,  
At the citadels flying free.

Doesn't it, F.?

There once was a little pitcher  
That went often to the well,  
But just when it was feeling safe,  
It limped and tripped and—fell.

The Harte-beest is an animal which is found in the London Zoo. It is a very long headed article, and when in danger of

being overworked, has been known to develop what is known as the H artistic limp.

There was a young boy called Miss B.,  
Whose geography ranked with the best,  
But his wonder was quite frightful to see,  
When he found that the east wasn't the west.

Who is Snipe M'Guile? What is Snipe M'Guile?

Where is he or it or she?  
Whatever really can it be?  
A baatle in the Civil War?  
A beast, a bird, a reptile, or  
Is it but a catchword?

#### FORM V.

Good old V. An excellent new song to an old tune:—

'Tis just some years ago, my boys,  
That I remember well,  
Whene'er it came to writing notes  
The Fifth Form bore the bell.  
But now their pens are frozen up,  
They haven't a word to say.  
They bite their nails and scratch their crowns  
And cumbly walk away;  
O, dearest Jeff, it was not thus,  
With Fifth Forms known to me,  
The one we've got is sound asleep,  
Save Jim and you and G.

(With apologies to Football John, who has temporarily gone into retirement).

A leading Glasgow Football Club is reported to be after a prominent School back. The matter is a profound secret, but we may state that a namesake plays in the front rank of the same team. The player in question has recently attained a prominent position in English. He was told it was a fluke, and he rose in his wrath and smote his accusers. He is at present off South, and his chums are anxiously pouring over the "Referee" to find out if he has turned professional.

Another notable member of the form has offered his services to D—ee. He was told they were anxious to obtain them. D—ee are reported to have replied that they had plenty of boys at present to run after the balls in practice games.

The Lab. has been rivalling the Fife Coal Pits lately. There have been explosions and rumours of explosions, and after one

accident there was, we understand, a diligent hunt for some mangled remains; but in vain.

The lost flesh, where was it?  
Ask of the winds that tossed it far,  
And did not leave a bit.

One gentlemen of the V. was recently as odorous—smelled sounds nasty—as a perfumery shop. He is suspected of being an agent for hair-restorer and developer, and the fierce lip-growths visible of late have been ascribed to its action. He also deals in lip-salve, face powders, scents, and soaps in a fashion quite unique in Morrisonian history.

A curious incident, savouring of the supernatural, occurred in a class one afternoon. Someone's indoor footgear strolled self-consciously from its owner to the middle of the floor, where, with the greatest sang froid, it awaited developments. The advent of one of the powers that be rather disturbed its equanimity. The prodigal was taken in charge; witness averred that he had seen accused stray away from the unsuspecting owner. Owner was identified and his property returned, the loss having caused him many a sorrowful tear.

### Football.

#### MORRISON'S ACADEMY V. STANLEY HOUSE.

Played at Crieff, 13th November, 1908. Biggart won the toss, and Stanley House kicked off. Play for the first quarter of an hour was very even, both 25's being visited in turn. Gradually, however, the superior tactics of the Academy forwards began to assert itself, and in a forward rush Bull scored a try, which Thom converted. Keeping up the pressure, it was not long till the Academy scored again, through Murrie. Thom, however, failed to convert. Before half time Logan got across for Thom to

convert. Half-time—Academy, 13 points; Stanley House, 0. In the second half the Academy forwards completely outplayed the Stanley House forwards. In fact, the Stanley House forwards never got the ball from a close maul during the whole game. In this half Logan scored 3 tries, Twelves, 2; Forbes and Galloway, 1 each. Thom placed 3 goals. The game thus ended—Academy, 40 points; Stanley House, 0.

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

Played at Glenalmond, on Saturday, 21st November.

Team:—Burns; Forbes, Hossack, Thom, Galloway; Twelves and Logan; Bull, Hart, Purdie; Kirsop, Kirsop, Bennett, Gray, and Purdie ii.

The principal cause of our defeat in this match were the changes in the XV., owing to the absence of Biggart, Murrie, and Ainslie from the forward line, and the Antipodean formation adopted by Glenalmond. The ground, too, was very soft after heavy rains, and the ball, after the first few minutes, became unmanageably greasy.

During the first half our side failed to rise to the occasion, and were distinctly inferior to their opponents. The Glenalmond forwards obtained possession of the ball with depressing regularity, while their backs passed quickly and accurately, and were met by a disjointed opposition. Consequently at half-time the score was 18 points to 5 in their favour. Galloway obtained our try by a brilliant dash from a line out, and Thom converted.

The second half saw a great improvement in our play. Purdie i. retired from the scrum to the three-quarter line, which was thus placed on equal terms with the opposition. Our forwards kept the ball tight, and were frequently dangerous. Galloway forced a try near the corner flag, but Thom failed to gauge the angle with



his accustomed Euclidean accuracy. Glenalmond also scored once, and a hard-fought 'half' ended in a win for Glenalmond by 21 points to 8. In the second half all our side acquitted themselves like men, and Twelves received the special commendation of the Glenalmond experts on the touch line.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V. DOLLAR  
2ND XV.

Played at Crieff, on Saturday, December 5, in a torrent of rain, and on a pitch like a quagmire.

Team:—Purdie i.; Forbes, Galloway, Thom and Hossack; Twelves and Logan; Biggart, Bull, Ainslie, Kirsop i., Kirsop ii., Gray, Hart, Purdie ii.

Biggart started the game, and it was early seen that it was going to be more of a mud fight between the forwards than a good game at Rugby. The game was extremely fast, both teams coming very near scoring. We were awarded a penalty, but Galloway's drop went wide. Dollar were soon at it again, and one of them tried a drop, which went wide. From the resultant drop-out, the Academy forwards raised the siege, headed by Ainslie and Biggart, but only a twenty-five resulted, from which Dollar gained a lot of ground, and were making tracks for our line when Hossack saved. Shortly afterwards the whistle blew, and half-time arrived without either side having scored. Dollar restarted and pressed very hard, but our backs managed to keep them out. We then broke away, and were awarded a free kick near line, from which Galloway dropped a good goal. Dollar pressed again, but Biggart burst away, and was not pulled up till about the neutral line. We had very hard luck in not scoring, Dollar getting the touch down, and from the drop out Dollar were at it again, and when within about ten yards of our line Kirsop ii. saved very well. Nothing more of note passed till the whistle blew, and we retired

winners of a very hard game by 3 points to 0. Kirsop i., Kirsop ii., and Hossack got their caps in this match.

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

Played at Crieff in good weather on December 12th.

Team:—Purdie i.; Galloway, Hossack, Forbes, and Thom; Twelves and Logan; Biggart (Captain), Bull, Murrie, Hart, Ainslie, Kirsop i. and ii., and Gray.

The pitch was in good condition. The Academy forwards had the upper hand of their opponents, but very little came of it, for the game was really played and won by the College three-quarters. Even when attacking, which we did for at least two-thirds of the time, our three were practically on defence to prevent the College threes breaking away. When they did do so their passing was excellent, and despite the plucky tackling of our defence, our four could not hold their five, and the odd man generally got in with what looked like annoying ease. The strain of the defence told on the attempts at attack made by our three; they didn't pass and they couldn't do solo runs, though these represented their whole conception of attack. We crossed their lines twice, the first try being scored by Murrie, and the second by the forwards shoving them over the line and then falling on the ball. The score, 21 to 8, is really a tribute to the tackling of the team, and the game might be summed up as a display of courage against speed and skill.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 1ST XV.,  
V. KELVINSIDE ACADEMY 1ST XV.

This match was played at Balgray on a very wet pitch on December 19th.

Teams:—D. Thom; J. Twelves, R. Logan; J. Galloway, J. Hossack, D. Forbes, T. Purdie; A. Biggart (captain), L. Bull,

A. Murrie, T. Ainslie, Kirsop i., Kirsop ii., A. Gray, J. Hart.

Kelvinside had much the heavier team, but the wet ball hindered passing. The first half was very evenly contested, and there was very little to choose between the teams. Our forwards were just as good as theirs, Biggart, Murrie, and Ainslie being specially prominent. Most of the play was about mid field, each side having some dangerous forward rushes. Just before half-time, Kelvinside were very lucky in getting a try, but they failed to convert, and at half time they were three points up. The second half commenced in a shower of rain, the pitch being like a mud bath. Weak tackling by our backs let Kelvinside in to score an unconverted try, and shortly afterwards they again scored from a foolish pass by one of our threes. Our forwards continued to pack splendidly, and we were awarded a penalty kick, but it was not converted. First Purdie, and then Hossack were nearly in, and we several times forced them to touch down. We had hard lines, the ball hitting the corner flag. We were still pressing when time was blown, leaving Kelvinside victors by 11 points to 0.

Our forwards played remarkably well, but there was room for improvement amongst the backs. This match finished our fixtures for the term, and next term we continue without Bull in the forwards, a man we shall all miss for his hard and good work.

### **The Second XV.**

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2ND XV. V.  
GLENALMOND COLTS.

Played at Crieff, 21st November, 1908.

Glenalmond kicked off, but Carmichael returned the ball into touch at mid-field. The Academy forwards took the ball into Glenalmond's 25, where play ranged for the first 10 minutes. The Academy forwards were not getting the ball out off the mauls

at all and our three-quarters never got away. Still it was well on before Glenalmond scored. The place failed. Almost immediately Glenalmond scored another un-converted try. Half-time—Glenalmond, 6; Academy 0. In the second half Glenalmond scored a try which they converted. Then the Academy scored through Crabb, and again through Connon. Gillies missed both places. Glenalmond scored again before the end. Final score:—Glenalmond, 14 points; Morrison's Academy, 6.

THE Second XV. were a much better team this year than they have been for some years. Although failing to win a match, still they should have beaten Stanley House, as they were pressing the whole time. Against Glenalmond 3rd XV. they began well, Glenalmond just managing to touch down before us two or three times. However, the College soon resumed the offensive, and won by 14 points to 6. The Glenalmond passing amongst the three-quarters was the feature of the game.

In the match played at Glenalmond we were easily defeated, the forwards exerting themselves very little, so that the three-quarters had to defend during the whole game.

The Second XV., however, have the satisfaction of having scored in every match, and have every hope of being able to beat Stanley House when they play them at Crieff next term.

The team, though suffering a few changes, was—Gillies (Captain), Burns, Purdie ii., Clement, Carmichael, Dennis, Shepherd, Connon, Turnbull, Middlemass, Crabb, Shepherd, Jackson, Ferguson, Kilgour.

### John Milton,

It would be a pity if on this, the three-hundredth anniversary of Milton's birth, and in the very month on which he came into the world, the *Morrisonian* should go forth and be silent about him, a man who has stamped the seal of his heart and brain upon three centuries. We shall not see any memorial day of equal importance for many a year to come, and it is not desirable that the very greatest among our great dead should go unhonoured even in a school.

On the 9th of December, then, in the year 1608, was born in London, John Milton, the second among English poets, and intellectually, the most commanding of them all. Other men are poets, dramatists, anything you will, but Milton is a great personality, domineering, self-assertive, intolerant, but of power unquestioned. He was one of the most rarely compound natures in our history, being on the intellectual side filled with all the culture and literary taste of the renaissance days which preceded him, and on the spiritual a Puritan of the Puritans, though broader than they on many points. The Athenian and the Hebrew were equally combined in him, and it is by virtue of the former that he takes his place as a master of English rhythm, and through the spiritual force derived from the latter that he became in literature the leader of all who have fought in prose and verse for the cause of English freedom. Poetry and Parliament, aristocrat in speech and republican in political thought, cathedral and chapel, each absolutely definite, absolutely simple, join in his two-fold nature,

and scores who detest his principles acknowledge his royalty in song.

Yet these principles are those at the very root of our English Constitution, and, though the men whose voice Milton was during the Commonwealth time went beyond us of to-day in their Jewish uniting of Church and State, in politics their speech was ours. Strip it of its Biblical character, take away its violence, and their words might be those of a passionate Liberal politician of 1908.

"Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from  
their graves."

said Robert Browning, and none who know all these will ask with what voice Milton, Burns, and Shelley wrote. They spoke hotly, but they spoke from the heart, and in Milton's case the speech was arrogant. But men for great periods of crisis are not made of Dresden china, and the man who had to champion a new-born republic in the face of Europe as Milton had, could not speak like a courtier on Coronation Day. Time has swept away the memory of all that sprang from mere violence of temper and has left us only John Milton, our most perfect master of verse, our noblest asserter of the rights of individual liberty, the man who is the type of the great ideal republicanism on which the monarchy of Great Britain is so surely established.

So long as England sways the outmost lands,  
And dreamed-of freedom bids man's heart rejoice,  
So long serene and pure his high fame stands,  
And England's soul speaks forth in Milton's voice.

His is the pride and sternness of our race,  
His the soul's outlook born of inward sight,  
The indomitable heart, the golden grace  
Of words that fall like song, and flame like light.

The noteless kings have gone and left no sign,  
 Save some dark wreckage along the wasted years,  
 But down the past still rings his call divine,  
 The lord of song stands crowned beside his peers  
 "Be free," it calls, "be free and yet be free;  
 Nor priest, nor king, nor mob your trust be-  
 guile;  
 Hold your own hearts unshackled as the sea  
 That makes and guards the freedom of our isle."  
 The years go past, the centuries drift away,  
 The nations fall like smoke, but while the sky  
 Bends blue above free earth, no judgment day  
 Shall see our England or our Milton die.

R.

### ***How the Sewage of Towns is dealt with.***

THAT the average individual knows very little of the manner in which the sewage of towns and communities is dealt with is a self-evident fact. I do not blame anyone for such ignorance—it is a special line—for, after any waste products or liquid refuse of any sort passes out of sight in the homely sink, the "man in the street" has practically no opportunity of finding out where all this waste goes and what happens to it.

When we see some works situated in perhaps a lonely place beside a burn, we naturally assume that the water of the burn is of vital necessity to the works, either as a motive force or as a constituent of the produce of the works. We never think that all the refuse from the works and neighbouring buildings, such as workmen's houses, flows into the burn. In nine cases out of ten, however, this is the case, and we can trace it sometimes by its effect on the stream, and, in cases where the sewage is not purified, there is plenty of fighting over this between the owners of the grounds or stream and those of the works.

Everyone knows that in large towns the refuse must be dealt with in some way or other, else, in our present state of civilisation, we could not put up with the inconvenience caused.

In this article I propose to give a short sketch of how sewage is treated, so that we may live in comfort and, perhaps, ease.

All sewage is more or less liquid, and, as the only means whereby we can accumulate a quantity of liquid is by tapping the water main, it is quite evident that, for all practical purposes, no more water passes out of a house than passes into it.

Of course, we have to take into account the surface water of the streets, &c., which, in time of rainy weather exceeds in a great measure the quantity of house drainage. We shall see presently how it is accounted for.

We are all familiar with reservoirs; they serve to collect and accumulate the water from what is termed a water basin. From the reservoir the water is led in pipes through a series of valves, filters, &c., and eventually it arrives at our front door in the main, from which we lead as much as we want to our cisterns or private reservoirs.

After being used for its various purposes, it disappears down the waste pipe. From now onwards that water is known as sewage. This is led to the main drain which in turn is connected up with larger mains, and, again, with still larger mains. The surface water is also led, by means of the gullies at the side of the street pavements, into these drains, and the whole is carried off by the main sewers of the town. These sewers are often so big that you can quite easily walk down

them,—although I should not care to do so—in fact, quite a host of men is employed to keep these sewers clear. They have to walk up and down inside the sewers, which are usually built of brick, inspecting them all to see that none of the walls are out of repair. You perhaps have seen a man dressed all in rubbers, emerging from a man-hole in the street. He has merely been doing his day's work, and may have walked two or three miles since he went down.

When all the sewage has been led into the last main sewer, it is then led to a suitable place to be purified. The purification works may be on any principle used but must be situated in such a position that their level permits of perfect concentration from the whole district comprised. There are two or three methods in use at present for purifying sewage, and all have their own advantages, but the one I propose to deal with is known as the Septic Tank method. When we come to the end of our pipe-line, we come to what is called a man-hole, from which the sewage is led direct into the septic tank or tanks.

Perhaps, before I go further, I should mention exactly what a man-hole is. When there are two or more pipes joined, which are, most likely, of different sizes and at different grades, we build a brick chamber, varying in size according to the size of the pipes, into which we lead the pipes to be connected. This serves to gather the contents of all the converging pipes and to dispose of them into one pipe at the lower end of the man-hole. We also use man-holes to facilitate the cleaning of drains. If the pipe gets choked we must find

out where the stoppage is. Now, you can very well understand that if we have a network of pipes all connected together it would be almost impossible to locate the exact position of the block if we could not inspect the flow of the various pipes by means of man-holes. We just look into as many man-holes as necessary to find that between a certain two the flow is checked. Then, by means of rods—something after the style of sweeping a chimney—we can tell to a foot the exact position of the block, which, if we cannot clear by these rods, we shall have to dig down from the surface and take out a pipe or two. This is a most important function of a man-hole, so if any of my readers happens to be in some foreign spot, and making works for his own use, don't let him forget to be lavish with man-holes, as they will save him endless expense in the long run. But I must not go into such detail, as time and space will not permit it, for there are a hundred and one interesting things we might look at but we must get to the main subject.

The primary object of all sewage purification works is to render the sewage so pure as not to become a nuisance, and, if this is discharged into a stream, it must have no detrimental effect upon the water. The works are divided into two main parts, the septic tank and the filter-beds. The septic tank is usually made of concrete or brick, and its purpose is to catch all the solids, and also to give those solids which are not caught at first, time to decompose. As the sewage flows in, it is collected in a chamber of the tank which is called the sludge chamber.

In this sludge chamber all the solids which sink are retained, and those which are suspended by the liquid pass into the tank proper. This tank is so designed that whatever flows in has to remain in for twelve to twenty-four hours before it flows out again. In this tank all the solids which are held in suspension and which are more or less organic—the inorganic matter having been left in the sludge chamber—are decomposed, and by a chemical action are changed into certain precipitants and a liquid. These precipitants fall to the floor, which has a slope back to the sludge chamber, and eventually find themselves in amongst the sludge. This sludge is allowed to accumulate until it is necessary, for the efficient working of the tank, for it to be pumped out and then buried—sometimes it is used as a low manure.

When the liquid in the tank has remained there the proper time, it is allowed to overflow into a pipe which leads it to the filter-bed.

The filter-bed is nothing more or less than a pile of clean, small stones, built up loosely and usually in a circle. Its height of course varies in accordance to its functions, but it is generally about 5 or 6 feet. Over this bed the effluent liquid from the tank is sprayed by means of a sprinkler. There are various kinds of sprinklers, but the commonest and simplest is one that is worked by the pressure of water from the tank which is at a higher level than the bed. The liquid passes into an upright pipe in the centre of the bed from which other pipes stretch out over the bed. On these radial arms there is a thing like a long cylindrical water wheel, with a lot of little slots at the

circumference. The liquid passes out in these arms and at intervals overflows into the slots which, on becoming full, fall downwards. Then the next one is filled and falls, and so on; thus a rotating motion is produced in these cylinders, the axis being parallel to the pipes. The outer ends of these pipes run on a rail at the edge of the filter-bed, and, by means of this rotation of the cylinders, the arms themselves are made to rotate about the centre of the bed. Thus there is a constant and even distribution of liquid upon the filter-bed. This liquid then is allowed to percolate right down to the floor of the bed which is on a slope outwards, and is then caught in a channel which goes all round the filter-bed. From this channel it is led into a pipe and then discharged into the burn or wherever the outfall may be.

That comprises the whole system of sewage purification, and at the present time it is recognised as the most efficient. It is a very simple business—the designing of the works is not so simple, however—but has to be explained to be known.

In conclusion, I must apologise for trespassing upon the limited space of this magazine, and also for offering such a subject to its readers. In defence of the latter, however, I feel sure that this subject has its interesting side, and I trust, for the benefit of those who are concerned at all about the way in which we may eat, drink, and be merry in such Oriental ease, betimes, but by no means Oriental sanitation, that I have rendered the subject palatable and in an appreciable manner.

There are many things done around us every day which often have a

most important effect on our lives but which only the observant notice. Life is too short, I know, to study each other's business, but it is most interesting—indeed, we ought to pay attention to these several functions which are performed before our eyes and which we ourselves often perform unknowingly and uninterestedly, which go to make life as it for us, to make life livable, so that we may be better able to realise the picture of our existence and to appreciate the bounties of life. This commences another and a larger chapter of discourse, so I will leave you with one remark to those who are inclined to turn up their noses at such a subject,—let them live in some wretched place where what I have been talking of is unknown—then they may turn their noses up, but they must not complain.

F.T.

### **Letters to the Editor.**

(To the Editor of the "Morrisonian.")

DEAR SIR,—As a member of the Crieff Academical Club, who, I am afraid, is but little taken up with the merits of the Magazine, and whose football and cricket days are now over, I would like to ask our Committee if we could not have more social gatherings of the Club than in the past? The dance I enjoy, as well as the annual smoker; but why annual? Could the Club not manage two or three smokers in the year; and what about something fresh, such as a debate for instance, whist-drive, or a theatre night? To me it seems the Social Convener is resting

on his laurels. That should not be the position of such a prominent official in a club whose motto should be

"PROGRESS."

[There seems to be something in this complaint, and we would direct the attention of the Social Convener thereto.—M.C.]

DEAR SIR,—As a follower of the doings of the Old Boys in the cricket field, I would like to make the following remarks, which I hope will benefit certain members of the Club.

Why is it that out of a membership, which ere long will reach the respectable total of 100, of whom fully 36 reside in or around Glasgow, we cannot get together 11 to uphold the honour of the Club in the few matches played? There seems to be a want of enthusiasm among some of the members. Why that should be I don't know. Some prefer to go week-ending, while others will not come out of their retirement, such thinking, apparently, that cricket is above them. Let me tell those week-enders that if they possessed a spark of enthusiasm they would so arrange their little trips either to the coast or elsewhere, that they would not clash with the dates of the various matches. To those who think that such a game as cricket is above them, let me say that they are letting slip the few opportunities thus afforded for spending a pleasant afternoon with, it may be, some of their old school chums. I see no reason why our cricket section should not get stronger year by year, if only those leaving school, who stay in or near Glasgow, would join the Club, and give their services gladly and willingly when asked to play. I know

how worried and perplexed the Sports Secretary usually looks if you meet him near the end of a week when there is a match to be played on the following Saturday. This should not be if the members would do their level best to give what assistance they can. There are, of course, some who are members of higher class clubs and cannot be expected to play, unless at an odd time, and these we can excuse; but unless something is done sooner or later, I'm very much afraid that the cricket section will soon be a thing of the past. In conclusion, I hope and sincerely trust that this coming season will see a different complexion on things, and that members asked to play will, as far as lies in their power, turn out in larger numbers than before, and do their little part in upholding the cricket side of the Crieff Academical Club.

"A MEMBER WHO DOES TURN OUT."

DEAR SIR,—As a member of the discredited so-called Old Boys team that played the Erskine Eleven at the end of last cricket season, will you allow me a short space in which to point out where the work of the Crieff Academical Club might well be strengthened?

With some difficulty a fairly representative team had been chosen to play against Erskine in the last cricket match of the year, on August 22nd, but when we arrived at the ground we found that 8 men in all had turned up, and only 3 of these were "Old Boys." I shall not draw aside the veil with which we have all covered in our minds the memory of that match; it is sufficient only to say that the match

was a disgrace to our team, and a downright insult to our opponents.

Sir, I hope that this has only to be mentioned for the Old Boys to see that it does not occur again. The common rules of politeness should have suggested apologising for absence, when a promise has been given to be present. I think we owe our support to the sporting events because of the interest the Conveners—M. M. Muir the former, and H. H. Muir, the present Convener—have taken. We owe them, I say, a debt which we should pay; but we also owe our loyal support to any interest the Club sees fit to promote, and particularly in these early days before our dream of Club-Rooms becomes realised. With apologies for using up your valuable space.—I am, Sir, yours, &c

A FORMERLY FREQUENTLY  
"RESTED" PLAYER.

[We publish these last two letters without comment, further than that it is for the cricket enthusiasts to work out their own salvation.—M.C.]

### **By Fair Loch Tay.**

SCENES OF BEAUTY, LEGEND, AND  
ROMANCE.

"What so rare as a day in June:  
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

AND surely none more perfect than these which have smiled upon the grateful visitors to those "haunts of ancient peace" by the mountainous coast of Loch Tay—Kenmore and Fearnan, Ardtalnaig and Lawers, and Ardeonaig. Nowhere in all Scotland could exquisite weather have a fairer reflection than in



those secluded spots, existing, like things apart, far from the hum of cities, where, faced by the restful majesty of the eternal hills and the serenity of the loch, reflecting the limpid blue of a perfect sky, one can live in "thankful blessedness" and serene content.

Here, if anywhere, one feels the influence in nature—"a presence that disturbs with the joy of elevated thoughts," which made of Wordsworth a "dedicated spirit." But whether conscious of it or not, the jaded city dweller, who has had the world too much with him, and who seeks the stimulus of a quickened spirit which completes the joy of physical exercise needed for the exhausted frame, will find his real holiday amid such surroundings as these which have been mine this merry month of June. Not to those, the drab or routine of whose work drives them to the riot of gregarious pleasure will Loch Tay appeal, but to those of quiet, contemplative mould, seeking rest and peaceful happiness, with variation at will, of the physical and mental stimulus of walking, cycling, boating, angling, or botanising.

As I write under the shade of a stately fir, near the tree-clad summit of Drummond Hill, where, on this glorious day at the end of June, I have been driven for shelter and lazy ease, a slumbrous peace broods over the whole landscape. All heaven and earth are still, save for the clear song of a thrush that ruffles the silence with soft waves of sound. Not a leaf stirs; the blue smoke hangs lazily above the chimneys of the few white cottages of Fearnan, which seem to nestle closer to the hillside below that they may sleep the more peacefully. The crystal face of

the loch in the distance flashes back a dazzling blaze of light, and, closer, mirrors the mountain sides with such fidelity that one can hardly distinguish reality from counterfeit presentment so accurately and in such detail of form and hue are rocks, trees, green fields, and swart mountainside traced in that perfect sheet.

Towering over all in silent majesty, a Titan conscious of his powers, Ben Lawers rears his mighty mass (still with his bright helmet of snow), giving to the whole scene a touch of calm sublimity, which is rather increased by the comparative insignificance of the hills that ring the loch on the south. Far to the west, just visible over the dun hills, which like two couchant lions guard the foot of Lawers, are the lofty cone of Ben More and its companion peak, Stobintan, "bluish 'mid the distance," as of the clouds themselves. North of Ben Lawers, the craggy mass of Craig More "glooms" above the dark and narrow defile of Glen Lyon, and behind, in solitary state, Schiehallion raises its mighty shaft of quartz. Dim in the heat haze can be seen the mountains of Atholl, and the two peaks of Ben Vrackie, the speck-faced mountain that overlooks Killiecrankie; to the south, Ben-y-Hone, above Glenalmond and Crieff, still shows patches of snow.

It is a prospect which entrances and fascinates with its variety and singularly restful beauty, for the rugged grandeur of the distant mountains is toned down in the haze and the sunlight. So clear a day of unspeckled blue, such pure air, fragrant with all the scents of a day in June, one usually credits not to Scotland but to Italy or the other favoured lands of the sunny south.

Suddenly there comes "a floating whisper on the hill," a warning rustle among the pines, and the perfect picture mirrored in the loch is gone, just as if the artist, impatient and dissatisfied with his work, had washed his canvas clean. White horses appear where a moment before there was the illusion of a pastoral scene; while in the distance the loch is coruscating as with laughter at the deception it has practised.

Such is Loch Tay in its placid and playful moods, as it has revealed itself throughout this month of June; but the natives will tell you, with something of the awe and fear of those who hate the elements, that the loch can be angry and terrible in its anger. Woe betide the inexperienced boatman who finds himself far from home, if suddenly a westerly squall sweeps down from the hills above Glen Ogle and lashes the water into fury. Not seldom do rash visitors scorn the advice of the weather wise native, and light heartedly row away on a distant expedition with the wind at their backs, to buy their experience dear when they have to row against it on their return.

Fearnan is an excellent centre for rambling and exploration and mountain-climbing, if Ben Lawers and Schiehallion alone will not satisfy your ambition. By boat one can visit any part of the loch; by road one is only some three miles distant from the beautiful romantic pass of Glen Lyon, the glen of the Flooding River, and from Fortingall.

Could it speak, what a tale Fortingall's venerable yew tree could unfold, if its claim to a life-time of over 2500 years be justified! Then would

the veil of obscurity be torn from the eventful history of the place, and from the mystery of its name—whether it originated in deeds of war or from the founding of a church of peace "on waste land" by St. Adamnan or St. Cuthbert. Then we would know who made the Roman earthwork ("camp," it is called) at the bend of the river Lyon, and the mined towers or fortifications of huge unmortared stones which, tradition affirms, were the homes of Fingal's heroes, and which for a time gave to the pass the name of "the crooked glen of the stones." For the place is rich in Ossianic legend and stories of internecine warfare between the clans, of brave feats and daring scapes, and treachery that perpetuates feud on feud.

The fir-clad bulwark of Drummond Hill, whose bare northern side and wind blown pines attest the nature of the winds in that quarter, gives to Fearnan a climate of exceptional mildness, and often in winter, when the hills on the opposite side of the loch are white with snow, the sheep at Fearnan are feeding on the green grass. Eastward to Kenmore the road runs through woods of fir, larch, oak, beech, and ash, high above the loch, which gleams silver through the screen of trees.

It would be difficult to find a sylvan scene of greater beauty, especially when "the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles, miles on miles" over land and water. Drummond Hill, from Taymouth Gardens to its fretted summit, is a wealth of varied tints of green; opposite, the hill of Acharn, whose headlong tumbling floods" and "hermit's mossy cell" were sung by Burns, is crowned by natural plantations of firs, and between, on a headland that

projects into the loch, where the river Tay, "in full-swollen dignity" takes its rise from its parent lake, lies, embosomed in trees, the picturesque village of Kenmore, the square tower of its church rising above the leafage—like a priest above his kneeling congregation—and imparting to the scene in the mellow light of evening something of the religious calm of a great cathedral.

"The holy time is quiet as a nun,  
Breathless with adoration."

Peace broods over the aged sycamores that screen the ruins of the priory on Sybilla's Isle where slumber the remains of Sybilla, daughter of Henry I. of England, and consort of Alexander I. King of Scots, who founded the priory to the pious memory of his wife. The last residents of the holy building, says Sir Walter Scott, "were three nuns, who, when they did emerge into society, seemed determined to enjoy it in its most complicated and noisy state, for they came out only once a year, and then to market at Kenmore. Hence that fair was called (in Gaelic) the Holy Woman's Market." Even the peace of this secluded spot dedicated to Religion, one might say, by Nature and by royal decree, was disturbed in the troublous times of the seventeenth century. When the Campbells, the "Knights of Lochow," established themselves on Loch Tay-side in the fifteenth century the island was their first residence, ere yet Sir Colin, father of the famous "Black Duncan of the Cowl," had built himself a castle at Balloch on the site of modern Taymouth. The laird of Glenorchy, Sir Robert Campbell, having joined the Covenant and refused to assist him, Montrose descended on

Breadalbane in 1644-5, besieged the island, and laid waste the laird's estates. Some ten years later the tables were turned, and the island being held for the exiled king, General Monk appeared before it and demanded its surrender from Captain Donald Robertson, who first returned answer that he would hold the castle for his Majesty to his last drop of blood, but found discretion the better part of valour when preparations were being made for the attack.

Such is the scene and such are the natural beauties which left unstirred the indifferent eye and heart of worthy Simon Glover, the father of the Fair Maid of Perth, when he went to Kenmore to assist at the obsequies of the Captain of Clan Quhale, whose remains were laid to rest in Sybil's Priory with the pomp and lamentation deemed worthy of a powerful chieftain. Far other effect had the scene upon Scotland's national bard, when in the autumn of 1787 he made his second tour to the Highlands, in the unworthy company of Mr Nicol. His first tour up the West Highlands seemed to make little impression on him, but on this occasion, when—as he wrote to his brother Gilbert after his return, "warm from Ossian's country, where he had seen his very grave"—he "went through the heart of the Highlands by Crieff, Taymouth, the famous seat of Lord Breadalbane, down the Tay, among cascades and Druidical circles of stones, to Dunkeld," he was captivated by the beauty of the Tay and Killiecrankie and Glen Tilt, and the famed waterfalls of Moness and Acharn. The "Birks o' Aberfeldy" and the "Humble Petition of Bruar Water" are

poetical fruits of this tour, but the "Verses written on the mantelpiece of the inn-parlour at Kenmore" have a closer bearing on our subject. Though they seem to lack spontaneity and catalogue natural beauties in the eighteenth century style which Burns was "constrained to use when he wrote out of Scots dialect," yet they give the picture with all the loving and appreciative details discerned by the eye of the truest of Nature's poets:—

"The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,  
The woods wild scatter'd clothe their ample sides;  
Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,

The eye with wonder and amazement fills;  
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,  
The palace rising on his verdant side,  
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste.  
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;  
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,  
The village glittering in the noontide beam."

### Boxing.

PERHAPS of all sports less is known about boxing by the average person than of any other form of athletics, and if I can interest the reader in this, the greatest of all games, and the one which seems to be the most misunderstood, I shall consider myself well paid. Let me say, to begin with, that boxing is not a question of brute force, but is a science which has more fine points than almost any other sport. To the uninitiated in cricket, leg strokes, glances, hooks, on-drives, and the playing for safety against a clever bowler, all pass without appreciation, but to those who understand, how delightful all this is to witness! And yet in boxing you have an infinitely greater variety of strokes—jabs, hooks, rights, lefts, counters, uppercuts, &c., which in

the emergency that they are intended to cope with at once individualise the clever boxer. Apart altogether from the play of hands and arms, every part of the body is brought into service, and footwork, for instance, is just as important to the successful boxer as the knowledge of when and how to hit. There was a time in this country when boxing was the sport of the nobility, and the rules which govern the sport to this day still stand in the name of that great patron of sport of earlier times, the Marquis of Queensberry. Since the days of Sayers, Jem Mace, and a host of others, with whom Sir A. Conan Doyle deals in his story of "Rodney Stone," boxing has had a variety of ups and downs in the public esteem, and at the present time is in what might be termed a period of lethargy in this country. In fact, apart from a few really important contests, boxing is very much a question of "faked" fights and "put up" games, which, although they may deceive the outsider, are quite transparent to one in the know.

I had rather an amusing experience this past summer while spending a week end at St Andrews. After dinner one evening we left our hotel for a short stroll, to have a look at the shows which were then going on in full swing. At a large boxing booth, where a host of champions were billed to perform, a certain coloured gentleman, "the 10-stone champion of the world," was introduced by the booth manager as willing to meet any man for three rounds, and if at the end of that time his opponent had been clever enough to stand up to the champion, he was to be made the recipient of a

£5 note. Nobody seemed willing to win fame or riches, until a young man dressed in the leather coat and leggings of a chaffeur intimated his willingness "to have a try," but expressed regret that he was not suitably attired. No sooner was this announced than the management offered to provide him with the necessary rig-out. After much vocal advertising of the approaching battle, the "chaffeur" appeared in his war dress, and, of course, this was the signal for a general rush into the capacious tent, where several hundreds of people were accommodated at 3d per head. Our party went in to see the fun, although I had previously made the "chaffeur's" acquaintance on various doughty occasions. He was formally introduced to the audience as the chaffeur of a gentleman who was motoring from England, and after the usual preliminaries of receiving instructions from a referee who had miraculously appeared from the "Sporting Telegraph," or some other sporting paper, the fight commenced. "Seconds out," shouted the timekeeper to the two men who were giving the finishing touches to the combatants, and after a momentary pause, "Round one!—Time!" was called, whereupon the principals quickly rose and strode past each other, with a handshake in passing, and adopting their favourite attitude, prepared to give battle. After a little finessing for an opening the champion led straight with his left on the chaffeur's face, who, however, cleverly countered with his right, amid a buzz of applause from the audience, who evidently took this as a sign of his ability to hold his own. After various exchanges in which each

got as much as he gave, "time" was called, and so back to their corners. Round two opened slow and cautiously, the coloured man seeming to be waiting for an opportunity of "knocking out" his opponent if only he could tempt him to lead; but the chaffeur patiently waited for the other. When at last the darkey did go in to hit the blow came as quick as lightning, and was followed up by a right arm jolt that seemed to have found the mark, as the chaffeur staggered and came to his knees. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," was counted by the timekeeper, but the chaffeur was on his feet at eight, and in came the champion to put on the finishing touch. But the chaffeur was not done for by any means, and met the rush with a straight left-hander, which he followed with a hard right to the body, and "time" was called in this round with the men clinching in the middle of the ring. By this time the audience were worked up to concert pitch, and much wholesome but unheeded advice was directed at the chaffeur as he was being sponged and towled in his corner. The third and final round opened fast and furious, the coloured man evidently working on the assumption that his opponent was still a bit dazed with his punishment in the second round, but the chaffeur seemed to be able to keep up his end, and they ding-donged into each other in rare style, and it looked as if the chaffeur was going to give as good as he got. The effect of all this, however, was beginning to tell on him, and slowly but surely he was tiring and giving towards his own corner, where his opponent seemed to have him at his mercy. By this time the crowd in the

booth were simply mad with excitement, and shouts of "Don't give in"; "you're winning yet," were shouted from all quarters, and with the two men thoroughly tired, but still going for all they knew, "time" was called, and the chaffeur had stood up to his three rounds. Of course, the crowd cheered for all they were worth, and when the manager stepped into the ring to announce that the £5 had been fairly won, and that he would now hand it over, the cheering was renewed. He further announced that he would give the spectators a chance to show their appreciation by passing round the hat, and hoped that they would make a liberal response as the lad had made a splendid exhibition. The sum of perhaps from 10s to £1 was collected in this way and duly handed over to the chaffeur.

Now, to those who did not know the whole affair seemed perfectly genuine, and I grant you they got full value for their money, as the exhibition was really clever boxing, but the "knock out" punches are carefully planned beforehand, and the chaffeur turns up regularly at quite a number of towns visited by the show, and as the chaffeur evening means a benefit night for the particular boxer who tackles the coloured champion, the honour of staying the three rounds goes round like the hat to the different men in the show by rotation. Naturally the £5 in due course is handed to the management, but as the champion is not to be made too cheap he does not always lose, in which case the manager hands a pound-note to the chaffeur of the particular evening for his plucky fight, and the hat is passed

round for a consolation subscription. I would just like to say, however, in closing, that if any of my readers want to see a really genuine contest, conducted on the fairest and straightest lines, I can advise them to see the championships at the various weights from the 8 stone 4 lb. class up to the heavy weights, which take place every year in Hengler's Cirque, Glasgow. Here you will see clever, clean boxing by the best amateurs connected with the various Boxing Clubs, and here you will be able to see for yourselves what boxing really is—"the king of manly sports."

[NOTE BY ED.—Rather curiously, I was in St Andrews on the day referred to and saw the fight in question—this time about midday. It was my first "match," but to my uninitiated eye it was quite evidently fake, not from a knowledge of jabs, etc., but from the get-up of the challenger. His leggings, etc., smacked of the 6d stage. But I must say it was very enjoyable, and the dodging with the head seemed miraculous. But to think that — was in St Andrews on that very day and that we did not meet!]

### **An Impression of the Crieff Accies' Dance.**

(BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.)

AT 8.20 or thereabout on the clock of Saint Vincent Street U.F. Church, directly opposite, the motor draws up at the Windsor Hotel, the place of rendezvous, and, having deposited your coat at the counter, you wait along with many others in the hall for a certain young lady to appear on the stairs.

Looking round you greet with a nod or a handshake many of the fellows you knew at school or as O.B's, and hear many remarks passed to the effect that this dance is certain to be a success.

At last you secure your partner and make your way to the ballroom. Leaving the lady in some prominent position you collar half-a-dozen fellows with "I say, let me introduce you to a girl." "Very pleased." "Well, come over here." Having got enough to keep your partner occupied for five minutes you in turn become one of those collared; you hear the siren voice of some friend saying, "May I introduce Mr—, Miss—," then your eyes ascending encounter the laughing gaze of some fair vision in silk or chiffon, and, if you are troubled with nervousness, as I am, in the presence of the eternal woman, the conversation runs as follows:—"Er—charmed to meet you; may I have the pleasure of a dance?" "Thank you." "Two?" "Thanks so much; that's number four and number eight, both waltzes, and I've put my name down for one of the extras as well." Handing back the lady's programme you make your neatest bow, and stepping backwards to retire, you will probably put your heel down on someone's ankle. If your victim be a lady, covered with confusion you murmur profuse apologies, and, in endeavouring to move away, place your clumsy pedal extremities on a train as its owner sweeps by you. Soon, however, you regain your partner, see to her welfare, book some more dances yourself, and, as the sweet strains of the first waltz, splendidly rendered by an excellent orchestra, are heard, annoyance and displeasures are all submerged in the pure joy of dancing. At last number four comes round, and then—"My dance, I think? Hadn't we better start?" Silence of a short duration. "Very warm now. What?

Beautiful floor—Splendid music—This your first year?" This, for a nervous man, constitutes the total conversation of a single waltz. As the music dies away—"Thanks so much; I've enjoyed this dance immensely. Er—would you care er—to have—er—to have a drink?" This last comes with a rush, you being unable at the moment to think of any better way to put it.

Upon returning to the ballroom, and having guided the lady to her chaperone, you return to the door to await your next partner. Two men are standing behind you, and you hear—"I say, old man, who is that tall dark fine-looking girl coming in with that small fair-haired beggar?" You imagine a chest thrown out, and a tug at the baby-fur of the average fifteen a-sider. "Don't know? What's that? Who does? Where is he? By George! I must have a dance with that girl." The evening wears on, each and everyone taking his or her share of the enjoyment in their own peculiar way.

But all good things come to an end, and you find to your dismay that it is "last dance," and then quarter of an hour later, as you stand sipping your cup of consomme, with your eyes wandering over the flushed and tired faces, you realize that once more the Crieff Accies' dance is over, and once again it has been a huge success. Then it's good-night, and home; and next morning when you waken, still in your evening clothes and with a wretched cold, you have a dim recollection of getting in somehow, chucking your slipper at the gas and muttering softly, dropping on the bed, a danced-out rag.

### **Forty Years On.**

ONCE more we have to record the passing of a year in the Club's history, and once more we find it in a strong and healthy position. The membership, perhaps, has gained little, but after the great whip-up made last year, it is gratifying to find this year that with comparatively little effort it has not only not fallen off, but has actually increased. We give later on a statement that the Treasurer has kindly supplied us with, showing an increase of 4 in this year's membership. Members, of course, here and there, are losing touch with the Club, many leaving the country without leaving a note of their change of address, consequently every year there are a few names that have to be dropped. It is to the boys leaving school we look to fill up these places, and not only Glasgow boys, but Crieff, Edinburgh, and, in fact, from all quarters. It has been complained that the Club is a Glasgow institution, and, of course, as long as the great majority of the members are resident in Glasgow, then naturally the A.G.M. and most other important gatherings must take place there. But we in Glasgow would welcome the formation of sections of the Club elsewhere. A year or two ago such, we believe, was tried in Edinburgh, but was not a very big success at the time. Surely there are enough members resident in Edinburgh to hold one or two meetings a year, and so keep together among themselves the memory of "the old school." And if in Edinburgh, why not in Crieff (where the local interest must be strongest), in Dundee, and elsewhere? Then, again,

can the O.B.'s in the Colonies, in Australia, for instance, not bind themselves more intimately in some way? We offer this idea to our old friend Norman Macrae. It is surely in this way that the bond of union can be tied closest; and while, of course, those local branches would serve their purpose, there would always be the central institution at the head to look after the interests of all.

In the Club life itself there is not very much to report on this term. There is, of course, the change in the Junior Secretary, and while we are sorry to lose the services of Stewart Kennedy, who has done good work for us, we welcome as his successor in office Wm. Biggart, who already has shown that the confidence of his fellows, when they elected him to that post, was not misplaced. The great event for us, of course, in the December term is the annual dance, which this year, as before, was, we can confidently say, a huge success. In fact, as regards numbers, it was a record, and we had, in the phraseology of the theatrical manager, "a full house and money turned away," several having to be refused as the time drew near. We welcomed again in our midst the Rector and Mrs Strathairn. It is impossible for us to put in words how much we appreciate their kindness in coming from Crieff year after year to honour us with their presence, or how much of the success of each successive dance is due to that presence. A short skit on the dance appears in another column from the pen of a new contributor, who in his modesty simply describes himself as "One who was there." Alas, that the genial contributor of that so appreciated article which dealt with our last dance is amongst us



no more. [Perhaps Jan will forward from Africa an imaginary account of the dance, or a fight with lions, or—something.—ED.]

As far as our knowledge goes there are few this term who have left our hospitable shores to take up quarters abroad. In fact, the only case that has come before our knowledge is that of Bertie Bow, now resident in New York, whose absence, however, is only a temporary one.

We note with pleasure, however, that one of our most popular members has decided to leave the state of bachelorhood for that of matrimonial bliss. The following extract will perhaps explain :

"Locke—Ferguson—At the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, on 31st October, by the Rev. Arch. Ferguson (father of the bride), assisted by the Rev. Robert Barr, M.A., Neilston, and the Rev. Andrew Laidlaw, D.D., Glasgow, Hugh Kerr Locke, son of Matthew Locke, Nether Kirkton, Neilston, to Agnes Fullarton, daughter of the Rev. Archibald Ferguson, U.F. Church, Neilston."

Rumour has it, too, that there are others anxious to follow in his footsteps. What say J. C. W. and R. L. M'C.?

The doings of the Old Boys in the athletic world will be dealt with elsewhere.

A few words we would like to add as regards a subject closest to the editorial heart—the Magazine. Members will, we think, admit, that while there may have been inequality in merit, there has been no falling off, taken on the whole, this year in the pages devoted to our interests in the "Morrisonian." This number, for instance, we give an article from a pen that has done work for many of the principal newspapers in Scotland and England, and a descriptive sketch of a boxing bout from one who knows as much of the inner working of these "showmen" as any one in

Scotland. In addition, too, we publish one or two letters which have reached us during the term, tending, we think, to show that members are now wakening up to their responsibilities. The Committee, of course, is by no means yet satisfied. We want contributions of all kinds, and from all sources, and we want these, if possible, spontaneously. We want also Club notes, especially from those and of those whose doings, however desirous we may be, we cannot trace in the Colonies and elsewhere. In the meantime we must just go on as we are doing, pressing members into service here and there, often worrying them till for very shame they are only too glad to give us something, and get rid of us. The Committee would particularly like to thank those who have so kindly given of their labour to us this year, and trust that those who have recognised their work in print will take this as sufficient thanks and acknowledgment.

In closing this rather too long editorial, we would say that we have been asked by several to adopt again the old heading, "Forty Years On." Seeing that some, perhaps, may be unacquainted with the particular reference of this heading, and in view, too, of the remarks by Jimmie Strang when at Macrae's farewell supper in answering to the toast of "The Academy," he likened it in its position to that famous school across the Border, it would not, perhaps, be out of place to quote the lines, which, we believe, have appeared in a former issue, but which are well worthy repeating, of the school song of "Harrow-on-the-Hill."

"Forty years on, when far and asunder,  
Parted are those who are singing to-day,

When you look back and forgetfully wonder  
What you were like in your work and your  
play—

Then it may be there will often come o'er you  
Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song:  
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,  
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

Follow up! Follow up!  
Till the field ring again and again  
With the tramp of the twenty-two men—  
Follow up! Follow up!

Routs and discomfures, rushes and rallies,  
Bases attempted and rescued and won.  
Strife without anger, and art without malice—  
How will it seem to you, forty years on?  
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute  
Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,  
Never the battle raged hottest, but in it  
Neither the last nor the faintest were we!  
Follow up! etc.

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,  
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,  
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted,  
Hardly believable, forty years on!  
How we discoursed of them, one with another,  
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,  
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,  
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!  
Follow up! etc.

Forty years on, growing older and older,  
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,  
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,  
What will it help you that once you were strong?  
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,  
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;  
Fights for the fearless and goals for the eager  
Twenty and thirty and forty years on!  
Follow up! etc.

MAGAZINE CONVENER.

### Athletic Notes.

THIS is the season of football, and both in the Rugby and Soccer world our Old Boys are holding their own. In the carrying code we have quite a galaxy of talent. In Clydesdale F.C., for instance, to deal with a team I know most about, while W. Macrae has of course departed, and M. M. Muir given up the game, we have two new comers, Schlanders and Biggart, to fill their places, so that we are still represented there by seven members—

Russell, Small, Lang, Biggart, Pattison, F. Macrae, and Schlanders. Rumour, too, has it that Hugh M'Haffie may make a start again one of these days, and so bring up the number to eight. In the east, Edinburgh Institution are still the vogue, and we have playing with them F. Tait, D. B., and H. W. Strathairn, Summers, Macnaughtan, and Forbes. Tait, we hear, looks after the secretarial work for the 'Stution, while Johnnie Russell and Carl Small captain respectively the first and second teams of the Clydesdale. Another skipper, we observe, is N. Jamieson down Kilmarnock way, and we hear on the best authority he is regularly supported on the touch line by "Billy" and "Ching." What a loss to Kilmarnock it is that for health reasons these two cannot turn out! "Nick," we note, has been playing for the Western Junior League against the north, while of course Tait is again included in the Edinburgh team to meet Glasgow. For some reason or other, which the selectors best know themselves, Johnnie Russell is this year left out in the cold, thus breaking up the finest club wing in Glasgow. For Watsonians, that hot-bed of football, a favourite of later days, Menzies is kicking the ball, while rumour has it that Tom Caldwell intends to strip for one of the Glasgow 'Varsity teams at an early date. All this tends to show that the training obtained at Morrison's is now bearing good fruit, and, of course, there may be many others whose prowess has not come to the editorial ear. The Club by the way are playing "Muirhead" at Chryston on Christmas day. Further particulars can be obtained from Captain John Russell.

In the Soccer game we claim, of course, the one and only "Harry" Paul, who, now that Bob Mc'Coll is off, has become the idol of the Hampden following. Magazines could be filled with extracts from the papers on his play; suffice it to say, he is one of the four outstanding players in his position in the country. Indeed, a well-known city player (a professional), who has served his country with distinction in several international games, has declared "that there's not a left-winger playing football at the present day in the same street as Paul."

Hockey, we are sorry to say, is now unrepresented by any of the members, with the brothers Weir on the retired list, while in the world of golf we hear of no great Crieff Academical success. In water-polo, however, we see that Willie Burrell is still to the fore as a prominent member of the champion team in the west, if not in all Scotland.

Though it may seem out of place to remark on cricket we would just make a short reference to our two last matches, of which we won one and lost one. Our record for the year is somewhat poor, but we hope for better luck in the future, H. M'Haffie among our regular players headed the batting average, followed by Pattison and Russell; while the best bowlers were Russell and Thomson respectively. The writer unfortunately was unable to be present at either of the games, but has obtained a brief description from one who followed the team most religiously throughout the season, and who has added at his own risk, be it understood, a "character of the team."

## MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

R. Jamieson, c W. Jamieson, b D. B. Strathairn, ... ..	13
T. Caldwell, c Pattison, b Tait, ... ..	0
W. Biggart, b G. V. Thomson ... ..	2
W. Scott, c and b D. Strathairn, ... ..	6
D. Kennedy, c Pattison, b H. W. Strathairn, ... ..	17
R. Menzies, c Thomson, b H. Strathairn, ... ..	11
W. Logan, b H. Strathairn, ... ..	2
A. Biggart, not out, ... ..	5
Forbes, c Aitken, b H. Strathairn, ... ..	0
Brand, c Pattison, b Tait, ... ..	1
Purdie, b Tait, ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	16
Total, ... ..	73

F. Tait had 3 wickets for 18 runs  
 G. V. Thomson had 1 wicket for 10 runs.  
 D. B. Strathairn had 2 wickets for 17 runs.  
 H. W. Strathairn had 4 wickets for 11 runs.

## CRIEFF ACADEMICALS.

H. W. Strathairn, c Logan, b Scott, 14	14
C. McCulloch, b Scott, ... ..	18
W. P. Jamieson, b do., ... ..	4
D. B. Strathairn, c Logan, b Scott, ... ..	50
F. Tait, lbw., b Jamieson, ... ..	1
W. Caw, c Kennedy, b Scott, ... ..	0
R. M. Pattison, c Scott, b Forbes, ... ..	12
J. Henderson, c A. Biggart, b Scott, ... ..	0
G. V. Thomson, b Jamieson, ... ..	0
T. L. Aitken, b do., ... ..	0
J. K. McDonald, not out, ... ..	7
Extras, ... ..	12
Total, ... ..	118

## C.A.C. V. CROOKSTON.

This match took place on 15th August at Crookston. Our team had been got together by Johnny Russell, as it was discovered that the Sports Convener, although he knew early in the year the dates of the various fixtures, had departed the previous day for the holidays. The previous match (leaving the one against the school out of account), had taken place on 27th June, so that although he had the whole of July and the first two weeks of August to pick from he seemed to prefer the last two weeks in August in fact, the very two weeks in which he knew his services would mostly be required. What mattered C.A.C. cricket even although he were Sports Convener of

the Club? The match was left to take its chance. Thanks to Johnny Russell, it was not allowed to fall through. The above is only a remark by the way to cite another instance of the enthusiasm (?) of---alas, I am afraid, of most---the O.B.'s towards the Club whenever their own personal convenience is at stake.

Having won the toss, Russell decided to bat first. A terribly bad start was made, Robinson being bowled first ball, while Murray followed three balls later, and Aitken was caught when the score had only reached four. Rex Jamieson, who was playing that day for the first time as an O.B., had been keeping up his end all that time, and on being joined by Macrae began to put a different complexion on the game. The score was taken to 40 before Macrae's valuable but somewhat lucky innings was terminated. By that time Rex was set, and astonished the natives of Crookston by lifting a ball clean out of the ground. After he had made 33 he was judged to be run out. It was, to say the least, a very questionable decision, but we had to submit. The only other innings of note was that by Graham. He played all the bowling alike and also seemed set for a score when Muir, who was the last man in, and who had been poking and scraping at the other end for some time, thought he would emulate his partner's efforts, and, of course, paid the inevitable penalty---i.e., caught first ball he hit out at, leaving Graham with 26 not out. Our total score amounted to 92, which we did not think would be sufficient to win with. Crookston also made a bad start, their first wicket falling for 3, and with their three best men out for 25 we began to congratulate ourselves. We had, however, reckoned without W. Travis, who, aided by some terrible "rot" thrown up by Aitken, soon changed the aspect. Try as we liked we could not get him out. It looked as if he would pull off the game himself, when he unfortunately mistimed a ball from Jamie-

son, and was caught with his score at 27. This left Crookston with 16 runs to get and three wickets to go. The excitement spread, and Crookston cheered every run to the echo. Our chaps, who seemed to have given up hope, took heart again, and bucked up by some fatherly words of comfort from Russell, fielded like demons. With the score at 79 the eighth wicket fell, and the ninth man was dismissed by a brilliant left-handed catch in the slips by Woolward, with 10 runs still wanted. Next over, however, saw the end, Jamieson bringing off another splendid running catch, thus leaving us winners, after a most exciting finish, by 8 runs. Our fielding was, for the most part, above the ordinary, and although Macrae let 15 extras go he kept wickets very well. The game was practically won by Jamieson, for besides making 33, he took 4 wickets for 18 runs, and saved several more by his smart fielding. The following are the individual scores :---

## CRIEFF ACADEMICALS.

J. D. Robinson, b C. Travis, ... ..	0
Rex. Jamieson, run out, ... ..	33
S. Murray, b Clark, ... ..	0
J. Woolward, c Pemberton, b C. Travis, ... ..	2
R. Graham, not out, ... ..	26
J. Russell (captain), stpd. E. Travis, b C. Travis, ... ..	8
T. L. Aitken, c Niven, b C. Travis, ... ..	3
F. Macrae, b C. Travis, ... ..	9
J. D. Hill, b W. Travis, ... ..	8
R. Leggatt, c Miller, b W. Travis, ... ..	8
R. Leggatt, c Miller, b W. Travis, ... ..	0
H. H. Muir, c Hardy, b W. Travis, ... ..	0
Extras, ... ..	3
Total, ... ..	92

## CROOKSTON.

G. Pemberton, c Hill, b Aitken, ... ..	7
G. V. Travis, b Jamieson, ... ..	0
R. Yeats, c Robinson, b Russell, ... ..	9
C. Waite, b Jamieson, ... ..	10
W. Travis, c Leggatt, b Jamieson, ... ..	27
A. Niven, run out, ... ..	1
C. G. Travis, c Muir, b Russell, ... ..	1
A. Hardieff c Russell, b Aitken, ... ..	8
A. Clark, c Woolward, b Aitken, ... ..	5
J. White, not out, ... ..	0
J. Fillen, c and b Jamieson, ... ..	1
Extras, ... ..	15
Total ... ..	84

## C.A.C. V. ERSKINE C.C.

This match took place at Bishopton on 22nd August. Our worthy convener being still on holiday the getting up of a team was left to H. Muir this time. On arriving at Bishopton we found only seven had turned up. Afterwards it was discovered that Aitken, who was bringing two friends to play, had slept in. In case readers may imagine this was a customary habit with him, I hasten to explain that he had been working all night on the Friday, and on coming home on Saturday he had been overcome, and did not waken until too late. His friends not knowing the way had waited for him, and of course also got left. Russell, who had been a sail to Stornoway that week, through his boat being late, missed his train connection. The gallant seven, who shall be nameless, however determined to see the game through, for, as Macaulay says, "How can man die better than facing fearful odds?" We certainly did die bravely, but wild horses will not drag the score from me. The reader can imagine it for himself, bearing in mind that not one of the seven could bowl in the slightest. We got wickets nevertheless, and incidentally gave Bishopton and ourselves as farcical an afternoon's cricket as they ever had. On going to press I have discovered they have renewed their fixture for the coming season, so they must have enjoyed the game and at the same time have forgiven us the insult.

## BRIEF CRITICISM OF THE C.A.C. CRICKET TEAM.

*J. Russell*—Has been captain this year again and has "bossed" the team well. Is one of the most enthusiastic members of the team, but still has that unfortunate habit of being l.b.w. Can bowl a bit, and very little escapes his paws in the way of catches.

*M. Thomson*—Another enthusiast. Can still bat a bit, as witness his score v.

Crookston. As regards bowling, when he is on he is on, but when he has an off-day—as unfortunately he had once or twice last season—then the batsman and wicket-keeper would be better in armour.

*R. M. Pattison*—Our genial Secretary can hit to some tune as Golfhill can testify. Is still as good as ever at the wickets.

*J. D. Robinson*—The most stylish bat in the team. If he survives the first over he is pretty sure to make a score. The first over, however, must be becoming a nightmare to him now. Is a splendid fielder and sure catch.

*T. L. Aitken*—Has come back to the fold once again. His bowling which at Crieff was his strong point has been decidedly off while his fielding was also rather slack. Has the unfortunate habit of trying to bring off everything with his one hand. Should remember Jessops are born not made. His batting has been good—Golfhill can also vouch for that, while his cheery laugh is worth a guinea a spasm.

*F. Macrae*—Took his brother's place on the latter's return to Australia, and has played his part well. Is a steady batter, and is ever ready and willing to don the gloves. Surprised a few by going on the bowling. The wicket he obtained at Bishopton won't be forgotten in a hurry either by the batsman or by the fielders.

*H. M. Haffie*—Hasn't played much this year. Is under the delusion he is getting too old. However, when he did play, showed all his old cunning with both ball and bat.

*H. K. Locke*—His appearances were like those of angels "few and far between." If we had only a few more "hefty" hitters like him we would make a few teams sit up. It is to be hoped that although he is now a married man he won't desert us altogether.

*R. C. Walker*—Although not a member of the Club he has played in most of the matches. Has been somewhat unfortunate as regards batting this year but can bowl a bit.

*W. G. Walker.*—Like his brother W. G. has played in most of the matches. Is a very pretty bat and a safe field. The best thanks of the Club are due to the Walkers for their unceasing loyalty to the C.A.C. Besides being cricketers they are both prominent members of the best Rugby Club in Glasgow at the present moment—i.e., the Clydesdale F.C., a Club which by the way was deeply insulted this year by the selectors as far as Inter-City honours went. That, however, hardly comes under the category of C.A.C. cricket.

*H. H. Muir.*—Had generally to be brought in at the last moment to complete the team. Is not much of a cricketer but can stone-wall to some tune. Very keen on the game, and will learn it sometime.

### Treasurer's Abstract of Membership for 1908.

Members at 1st January, 1908—	
Ordinary, 63; Life, 28, ... ..	91
Add New Ordinary Members ... ..	12
Add New Life Members, ... ..	8—20
	111
Deduct Ordinary Subscriptions not renewed, ... ..	10
Deduct Transfer Ordinary to Life, ... ..	6—16
	95

NOTE.—In addition there are those leaving School in July last who have asked to be put on the Roll, but whose Subscription according to the bye-law of the Club does not begin to run till January next.

#### NEW ORDINARY MEMBERS.

T. L. Aitken, J. C. Brown, John Campbell, jun., D. Gillies, J. Gilfillan, J. W. Kennedy, F. Macrae, H. R. Paul, W. S. Kennedy, J. P. Thomson, C. Small, and W. Snodgrass.

#### RESIGNATIONS.

W. Campbell, D. Ferguson, S. Murray, R. L. McCulloch, Rev. Mark Rice, B. Sinclair, J. D. Stewart, J. C. Smith, Jas. Wyllie, R. Wyllie.

NOTE.—It would be gratifying to the Committee if any members personally acquainted with any of

those who have resigned—or at least not renewed their Subscription—could induce them to rejoin.

#### NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

William Harvey, Tom Caldwell.

#### TRANSFER OF ORDINARY TO LIFE MEMBERS.

R. W. Bow, John Forrest, N. Jamieson, W. Jamieson, R. H. Napier, G. A. Wallace.

#### LIFE MEMBERS.

G. W. Barbour, Bonskeid, Pitlochry.  
W. T. Bottomley, 15 University Gardens, Glasgow.  
R. W. Bow, Westhouse, Uddingston.

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

Swanston Drysdale, solicitor, Crief

John Forrest, Arden, London Road, Kilmarnock.  
John Foster, 31 La Crosse Terrace, Glasgow.  
Malcolm Finlayson, solicitor, Crief.

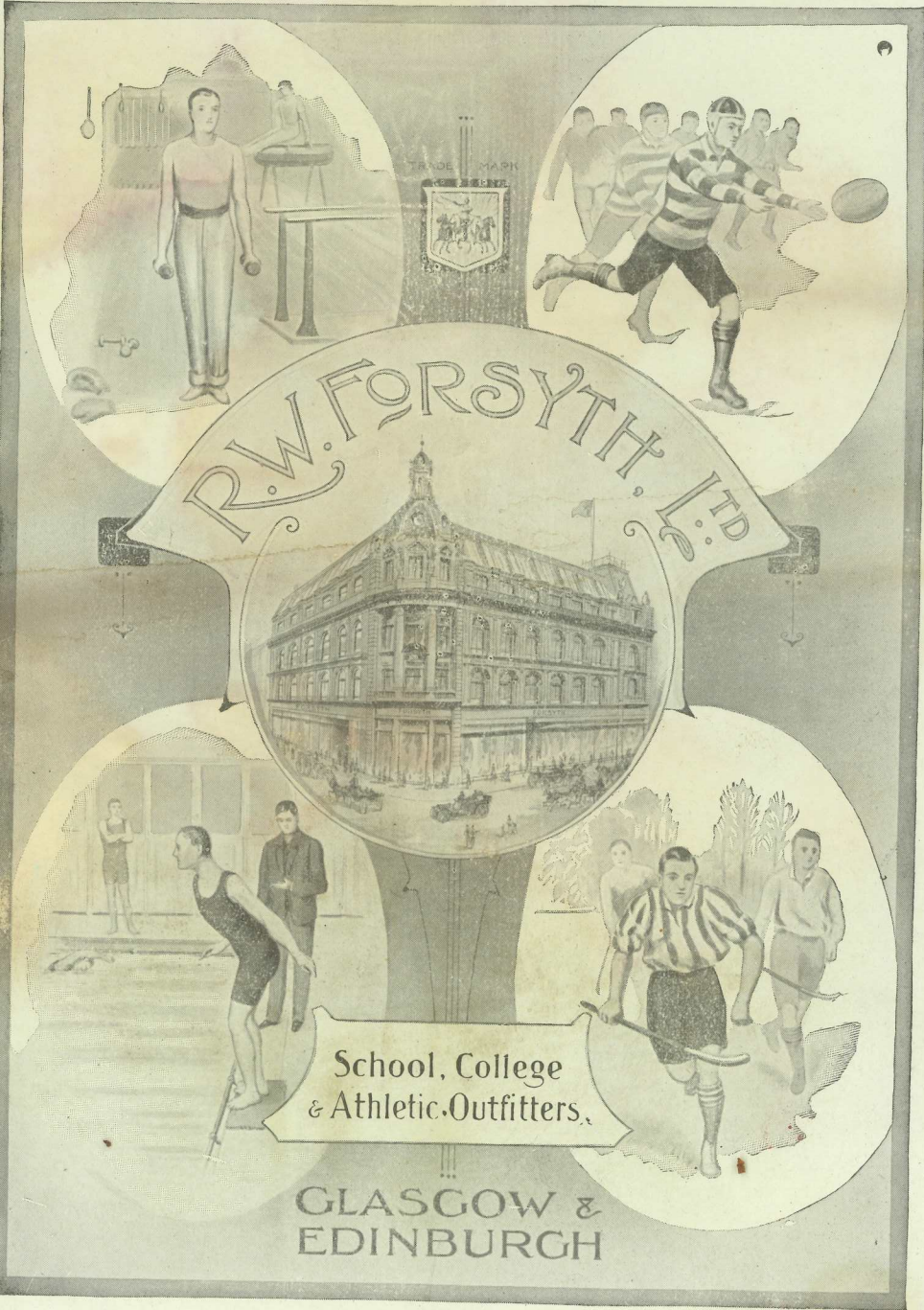
C. J. Glen, P.O. Box 3, Durban, Natal.  
Alex. Graham, Annfield, Uddingston.

Wm. Harvey, Blinkbonny, Woodside Road, Cape Town, South Africa.  
J. A. Hope, 19 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

Nicol Jamieson, The Braes, Darvel.  
W. Jamieson, The Braes, Darvel.  
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- John Russell, Silverwells, Newark Drive, Glasgow.
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- John Smith, 29 Newark Drive, Glasgow.
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- J. C. Weir, Bellard, Kilmalcolm.
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- Hugh M'Haffie, Kirktonfield House, Neilston.
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