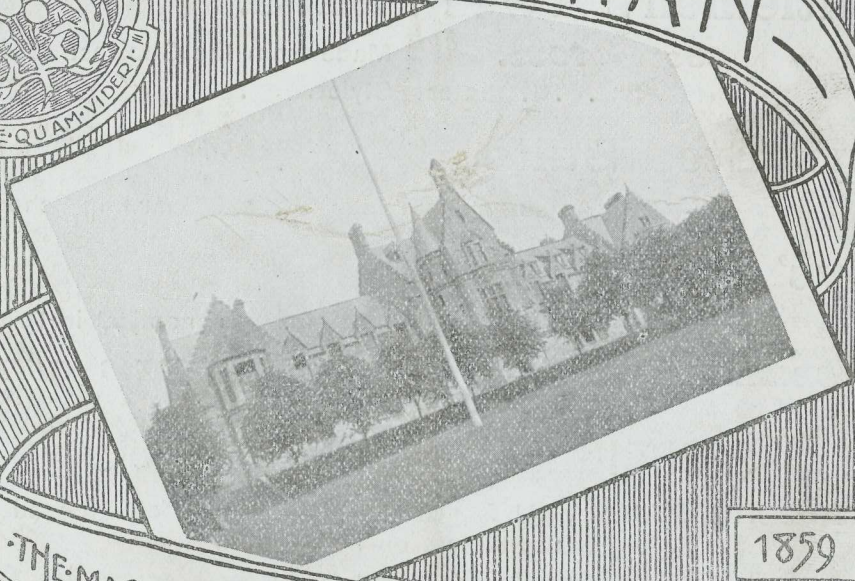


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THE



MORRISONIAN

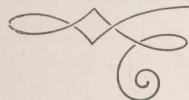


1859

THE MAGAZINE OF MORRISON'S ACADEMY CRIEFF.



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THE MORRISONIAN.

Esse quam videri.

NEW SERIES.

JULY, 1909.

No. 13.

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EDITORIAL.

Rectorial Changes. By this time most of the Old Boys will be aware that the present term sees the formal retirement of the Rector. For most of them that will make but little difference in their memories of the Academy, and the school on the hill will for long be associated with only one figure. No one will ever accuse our Rector of having taken his ease in Zion, for strenuousness, whether at work or at play, was not the least striking of his characteristics, and we cannot forget in a year or a day that intensity of interest

which made him the most enthusiastic of workers and the most loyal of backers-up. And we have little doubt that some recollection of his energy, inexhaustible vitality, and eager pursuit of study or game will be a permanent feature of every mental picture of the Academy.

That is as it should be. But, nevertheless, all the sons of the school far and near will be glad to learn that the Rectorship goes to Mr Wright. To all the readers of this magazine he is one of the three whose names have become inseparably associated with the school during the last sixteen or twenty years, and it will be less strain on the imagination of

Old Boys to think of him as occupying the position of Rector than of some stranger who knew not Morrison's. We wish him a long and happy career as head of the Academy, and hope that he will find in it not merely a place of pleasant living, but a school ever more useful and necessary as the educational centre of Strathearn, and ever more successful as a nursery of earnest teaching and right conception of work and duty in and out of school.

And so Session 1908-9 comes to an end. To those who are leaving we wish a happy, hard-working, and successful future, and kindly memories of school; to those who will return, the best of holidays.

There's the whistle of the train and the hooting of the car,

And you're gone where the whole world calls,
Where the white sails rest on the lochs of the west,

By the purpling mountain walls,
Or east to the links where a man but thinks
All day of the mis-driven balls;
Or south, where life with the seas at strife
To high adventure calls.

There's the whistle of the train and the hooting of the car,

A whirl of wheels and you're gone,
Away from the rule and the grind of school,
To a life that is fair as the dawn,—
But the school looks forth from the heights of the north

Bereft of the eyes that shone;
The school stands still on the slopes of the hill
And dreams of the lads that are gone.

Good luck, and remember!

PROFESSOR CUNNINGHAM.

In last number we had to record the death of Mr Miller, in this we have to chronicle the passing away of Daniel John Cunningham, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, who in his day passed through Morrison's Academy, and

lived to be an honour to his school. Daniel Cunningham was born at Crieff on April 5th, 1850, was at school here, and, after a brief experience of business life, entered the University of Edinburgh; from that moment he never turned his back on success, and when he died he died crowned with honours. He held honorary degrees from the Universities of Dublin, Oxford, St Andrews, and Glasgow. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, and of Edinburgh, and of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh. He ranked among the foremost Professors of Anatomy in Great Britain, the basis of his knowledge having been laid in the Zoological Gardens of Dublin, while Professor there, and it was the reputation won by specialist studies on man and the apes which brought him the call to the Professorship of Anatomy in Edinburgh in 1903. From the recollections of an old school companion of the late Professor, we learn that at school he was rather reserved, and gave no special promise of ever becoming the intellectual giant that he became. He was short and sturdy, and full of grit, and could take his licking in or out of school without a murmur. And in those days punishments were neither slight nor few. There were no regular games for pupils then; the playground was before them; choice determined what the play should be, and life ran past to the accompaniment of shinty, rounders, and, beyond the school, hill-wandering and fishing.

Colleagues in teaching, work, and science alike bear witness to his qualities of heart and brain, and prove, if proof were needed, that even in our commercial age, abiding honour and enduring respect are to be won by those who follow faithfully the star of pure knowledge, and

that they who spend themselves in its service wield an influence that goes on unendingly, and is not to be measured in any terms of the market-place. No higher honour can fall to any school than to produce such men, and the highest praise we can give the dead scholar, the fairest wreath, we can lay upon his grave, is the hope that the Academy may have amongst its boys to-day and hereafter many who will be as brilliant in accomplishment and as loyal in service as Daniel John Cunningham.

HOUSE NOTES.

THE "Wall-Grubber" stood by the Tree and gazed

Like a grasshopper out to the North,
For the saddest of sad little mortals was he
From the Brae of Monzie to the Forth.

"I live in a dream, and I talk in my sleep,
Oh! what can the matter be?
This feeling of emptiness round my poor heart,
This abhorrence of G.R.U.B.?"

"I wander in lonely absorption my path,
Need I dwell on the thoughts in my head,
What a horror these huge batters' gloves are to me,

Who am thinking of others instead?
"I open my diary—poems galore,"

But he can go no further, for, hark,
that horrid voice breaks in once more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before—
"Come back from the wall!" and
straitway he cometh.

* * *

A big run on Arithmetic took place the
other afternoon. Cubes were strewn as
"thick as leaves in Vallombrosa."

That fatal Voice,
That bids the sluggard rejoice,
Has pealed its wrathful tones
Among the drones;
Has soared on high from doss to doss,
And they who failed its summons paid the
loss
In cubes as usual.
Same old game!

Love lays its toil on some, science on others. The taxes demanded by the former affect the inward man in purse and soul; those demanded by the latter ruin the apparel. If you see a Boarder with his jacket seared with red-brown stains—that is the scientist; if you see one with his pockets empty, and renewed, that is the—scientist also. These are the honourable scars gained in the warfare between knowledge and ignorance. When H₂. SO₄., NH₄. OH and Ink combine, it is time for the tailor to make his entry on the scene.

* * *

A great performance by the Mexico Minstrels was in full blast the other night and was greatly appreciated. It seems to have taken place in the open, for our reporter states that the performance was brought to an untimely end by the appearance in the firmament of a white cloud followed by a violent thunderstorm.

* * *

We saw Esau shave Nimrod,
Why? to make the youth look old;
When the smooth, warm fur was off,
Esau—Nimrod did look cold.

Note.—When shaving use Brown Soap and soft sawder, dissolved in Allan water.

* * *

Silence is almost a necessary condition to success in Mixed Doubles. Some of the players are brilliant in this direction, and play with irresistible wordlessness. This, indeed, is the strongest part of their play.

Immortal glory hovers before their eyes,
They hold their tongues like glue, and so
are wise,
For if they spoke their partners sure would faint.
And that would be too distressing!

* * *

The poet of the Tennis Court
Went out one day to play,
But whether he was game or love
Alas! I cannot say;

But this I know that love or game,
To him is pretty much the same,
For to be plain, and cut it short,
His Tennis really spells Court.
JUPITER—Ahoy, Bacchus. Ahem, my good

* * *

We have received a poem entitled "The Drunk Man and the Little Rose," but as the former is evidently a rank outsider, we cannot accept it. One verse is notable:—

The rose she glared an icy glare,
Her cold tones cut the shivering air,
And froze the ruffian relling there.
The fierce fire in her orbits showed
A dream of tapping claret glowed
Within her brain—one stride she strode.
And then apparently the tragedy was averted.

* * *

The Lord of the Emerald Doss hath writ a play,

And put a tragedy in every word,
He broods on its production night and day,
Till even that callous, callow Doss is stirred.
The characters—but this is private still between us,

Are Lucifer, Salome, Jupiter, and Venus.
But what is strange e'en for these verdant regions,

These tragic parts are played by low comedians,

Who when they step upon the midnight stage
Will be the rage—or rather cause of rage.

One scene runs as follows:—

JUPITER—Ahoy, Bacchus. Ahem, my good fellow. Ehem—avast, or by my halidom, an' thou touchest me in such fashion then shalt know the weight of my right puissant fist.

BACCHUS—What ho. Hence with thy, thou, and thee, or by my nose, more bright than Bardolph's ruddy lantern, I will fall upon thee.

JUPITER—Thou art a bore, Bacchus. Hence, or I slay thee.

Then Bacchus "hences."

OUR HANDY MAN, R. L.

This year the cricket has been helped
By a very handy man,
Who digs the weeds
And sows the seeds,
And works the best he can.

He acts as under prof. to us,
And does his level best.
He bowls so fast,
The balls shoot past,
The wickets' strength to test.

He is the "Bobbie" of the school,
And stops all our free-fights,
He strides along
With big boots on,
And gives us all the frights.

He sticks up all our notices,
Of this he is no boaster;
With brush and paste
He comes in haste,
The good old school bill-poster.

He was besides a Sandow born,
And showed this in the Gym.,
When weights to lift
No one could shift,
The trick was done by him.

Oh! sadly will we miss him,
Who does all things so well;
To stick our bills
And roll our hills,
Our handy man, R. L.

G'S. MICE.

THERE was a boy called G—f—y,
All thought him very nice,
For every morning found him,
With a nose-stopped crowd around him,
Attending to his mice.

He watched them, oh, so carefully,
We thought perhaps, they'd grow
As big as lambe, or, if not that,
At least to be a great big rat,
With wool as white as snow.

He worked at them with all his might,
And cleaned their little house;
And unto J—y, fairer far
Than flower or bird, or moon or star,
Was each beloved mouse.

For they were all on earth to him,
Pleasure and work as well,
But unto those beside him,
Who would at times deride him—
They were nothing but a smell.

FORM NOTES.

FORM VI.—

There is a light
That burns bright
Under a cricket cap scoop.
When bowling it shines,
The batsman it blin's,
Under a cricket cap scoop.

Jealous one.

A general meeting of the VI. was held the other day. The policeman,

groundsman, bill-poster, prof. cricketer, and heavy-weight lifter was present. No reporters were present, and only one thing turned up.

The Ettrick is said to have got its name from some Border bowler who bowled against Kelvinside and did the " 'et trick." "Yar—row" was the suggested retort.

The feature of the present VI. has been its enthusiasm for the Mongols. Some of the gentlest boys that ever breathed have had tacked on to them the names of the most bloodthirsty conquerors.

Arthur, who never harmed a fly,
Nor counted e'en a worm among his slain—
No master ever dull or sleeping caught him—
Answers, when questioned, blushing and shy,

"My name is Tamerlane,
Alias Bottom."

And Francis, dowered with lofty seriousness,
Who smiles, as smiles as peak, snow-crowned
but sunny,
Bears the barbaric name of Jenghis Khan,
Or Franklyn the Funny.

So we might deal with the others, but these will suffice.

The "Mechanic's Play" scenes, and the scenes between the lovers in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" have given the VI mickle joy. The scoldings of the lovers and of Titania gave full scope to the private feelings of all, and one and all found a glorious joy in flying his neighbour. But "Giggles" at times needed chaining; the heir of the Brusa dynasty would have done so gladly.

The VI. set their minds the other day to the task of writing an elegy on their own departure. The result was not a great success. Tamerlane sacrificed everything to rhyme. Ah, Piers, Piers, the "funny man" is not your forte. Brusa was matter-of-fact, and his elegy

read like a sale catalogue. The captain's ode is still unopened; and Jenghis of the many names, we forget what he wrote. Mark alone caught the right flavour thus:—

"One writes that other boys remain,
And more will come to take his place,—
But never more will Arthur's face
Rejoice the heart of Mr ——" "
"No more will Goiles to market come,
Ah how to live without the Bruiser!" "
"While hearts are o'er this outlook
breaking,
A flash of comfort shoots across,—
As recompense for all our loss,
We still shall have left to us —"

Ah! well, farewell VI.

One of us appeared recently with a darkness in the neighbourhood of his eye. He explained to an inquirer that he had slept on his fist. I don't think.

FORM V.—

Most popular poem of the year—

How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite,
To gather honey all the day,
And play with Jack at night.

Most popular quotation from Shakespeare:—

To bee or not to bee—that is the question,
a question that proved horribly difficult to answer.

The V. are meditating a play. Here are some of the characters:—

Stinks—A Naturalist.
Stickjaw—A Confectioner.
Willyoube Wright—An Airianaut.
Sleeping John—The Hero.
Dorothy.
John—An extremely good Boy.

We quote from Act 2, Scene 3:—

Stickjaw—You keep your old vermin out of my marzapan.

Stinks—Don't you poison my pets with your — abomination.

John—You have both lost cont-rol.

S.J.—Oh, she is fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars

Dorothy (running to the window)—Oh, there they are all passing just now.

John—You have both lost cont-rol!

(*Enter an insect at the open window.*)

S.J.—Avaunt thee, beast.

Dorothy—She comes, she comes.
S.J.—It's after me. Drive it away. Tell her I fell flying.
 (Exit running with strange garments round his head).

One of us rose recently in rebellion. He rose from his seat. His brow was wreathed in clouds of offended dignity, and his manner was like the frowning majesty of Lochnagar. He was hurt, that he—he—oh, it was too much.

Here is Jeff's swan-song, from his latest essay:—

"Come and look out. I'm sure we're snowed up, just look." I looked and at first saw nothing, for the sun was blazing down on a huge undulating plain of glistening snow, and the glare blinded my sleep-laden eyes. I soon grew accustomed to the intense light, and I saw ridge upon ridge of powdery white, twinkling in the sun's bright rays. Far in the distance like great sugar loaves the hills cast the only shadow on the whole of that unbroken expanse. Right up to the house it stretched, a brilliant white girdle, imprisoning us in its feathery grasp, and above it casting a wavering shadow on the excessive whiteness of the plain, fluttered a lone rook, its rasping voice alone uplifted in the shimmering stillness of that Christmas morn."

There's a triumphant finish for you. Ah, well, we bid good-bye for a time to poetry and roses. Summer is going, and we go to. *Hinc illae lacrymae!*

FORM IV.—

The first Acts which showed the strength of Parliament in James's reign was at the execution of Charles I. Did the bright one mix up Acts and axe?

"The clothes make the man," but it is strange when the lofty contempt of a wearer of brown shoes makes even them turn their toes up.

Reward.—£5 reward will be given to any one who can throw any light on the disappearance of a reaper and binder. Last seen when Nimrod was wandering along the corridor with a whisker-scythe and a hot-water can. Supposed to have been taken by Richardson, the whisker

expert, and so-called humorist (English style.)

The IV. was recently thrilled by a captain's report of the threatened loss of his ship. "Unless help reaches us very soon we shall be a total loss." "The leak is growing larger every minute." "I sounded the signal guns, and a voice was heard to come from the wind, which grew louder as 'the wind increased." "Just as the ship went down"—then the listeners collapsed, and every one wondered what help could come to the vessel then. Or did the captain begin the report on one ship, and finish it on another? The author is silent on these points.

FORM III.—

Charlie has been the subject of much poetry, but none of it is equal to the original. Result—Waste-paper box.

A record was broken in the concluding fortnight of the term—Teddy did the "hat trick" in History.

Most of the Third are gaun to be sojers next term. So says the Glesca chappie.

More poetry about C.—W.P.B.

C. G. also sends in a poem—copied—W.P.B.

For the Third at its best see the Gems from the Exams.

THE HOLIDAYS.

(Written in School as a task. Note the bitterness of the 3rd Verse. All the tragedy of a schoolboy's life is there!)

The happy holidays have come,
 The chorus roars and swells,
 Unmarked by barking of a gun
 Or ringing of the bells.

All are singing loud and long,
 All help to swell the happy song;
 No more learning *les leçons*
 For unwilling *bon garçons*.

All is bustle round about,
 All the slaves do roar and shout,
 Emancipation is to them
 (Only to be slaves again).
 The carriages begin to rumble,
 Through all the streets they roam,
 Singing, "Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home."

FORM II.—

Not much is to be recorded this term, but that some of us are capable of compiling new histories and geographies may be judged from the following. From these we can see that some things printed in our school books must be very far wrong:—

The Spanish Armada was fought between Elizabeth, Queen of England, and Napoleon.

Battle of Crecy was fought with the Black Prince and King of Scotland. In this battle the Black Prince was killed.

Spanish Armada about the time of Drake—in fact it was in his time.

Statute of Labourers was caused by plague called the "Black Death." It did not last long, and everything soon came right.

Karachi is a town in Arabia situated on a river which is famous for its Jewish temples, moslems, and mosques.

Harwich is famous for its fruits, and is situated in Belgium or Holland, oranges.

Fugi-San is a very important town in China, and exports rice.

"The Feudal System."—The King gave land to the nobles if they would fight for him, and the nobles gave some of their land to tarrants. What are tarrants?

Harwich is where the whalers go to Greenland to catch seals, whales, and walruses, in order to get oil from their fat.

According to one of us, California is a large town in British Columbia, which is situated in South America. It was afterwards explained that he was really thinking of another town which exported pampas.

The poet has sent in some very clever verses, but they are too personal. Only a young lady's personal appearance can be dwelt on in verse, and then only in such a way as to cause her pleasure. But such as this:—

A beauty prize his face would take,
 But doubtlessly as you'll surmise,
 He'd be awarded booby prize.

PREPARATORY.—

Who was the unfortunate Prep. whose new "straw-basher" was used as a football?

One of the Preps. had lately some experience of what flying in an air-ship must be like. He was assisting in getting in the cows down at a farm, when one of the animals, in an athletic mood, kicked him—in the air.

Why is black a colour?—Because it dirties things.

Crosbee gets honey out of flowers, says a Prep. Why then be cross?

At Science the other day we were asked where certain birds came from. "From eggs," was the answer.

There is evidently a secret language in use among the Preps., the key to which has not yet been found. From one of their note-books, however, we observe that "commence" is spelt "quance" and that "accident" appears as "andac-canadack."

One of the Preps. has a peacock's egg. So, at least, he says.

FORM I.—

Not one word from the First;
 The first that boasts of heroes such as Nick,
 Who bowled me twice one day at half-past
 three,
 Although I swear the whole thing was a
 swick;

Gray of the bandage, Jack the ultra-cute,
 Purdie, the harum-scarum, Marshall mute,
 Buffles, the sleepv, Tom, that mighty captain,
 Whose soul the fifth net is entirely wrapt in,
 Tertius, the spick-and-span, the Inseck-tist,
 The only natural student on the list,
 Who from his own experience twigs
 That Ireland is made fertile by its pigs.

(Who, by the bye, was it remarked on a
 certain boy from the Cape joining the
 school—"Yes, there's a lot of Americans
 coming to the school now?")

Dunsmore, the deadly foe to gentle Hodgins—
 Buffles can tell their battles and their dodgins
 Since first in Morrison's they took up lodg-
 ings—

Perchance they'll be sworn friends in years
 to come,

And bat the bowlers of Glenalmond dumb.
 Last, from the land of patriots and bogs,
 Phelan, the Giggler, chief of the First-Form slogs.
 With others, Stewarts, M'Intyres, and Boyd,
 To write of whom I should be overjoyed,
 But that I find I've used up all my time
 And all my rhyme,
 So Craig, Macmillan, Marshall, Sharp, and
 Gray,

M'Kerrow, Rowat, and Watt must wait till they
 Find themselves poetised some other day;
 Meanwhile for best or worst,
 That is the First.

FOUND BY A FOURTH FORMER.

ESSEY.

this strange chenise pictur has a meening
 and is not a meare muddle as our grand-
 mothers may have thaught.

On the right is a lordely Mandarins
 country house in the gardin by the side
 of a river the house is two storys high
 and has a tee pavilion in front all of
 which show the rank of the mandarin.

The most wonderful thing about the
 sea is the way the tide turns and another
 wonderful thing about the sea is the lovly
 mermmades caves oin the middle of it

and if any one got down we could see
 them coaming there hare and another
 wonderful thing is the way the water is
 always running into it and still it never
 runs over. And the see cerpants that
 no body but salers see.

BOOKS NOT GIVEN TO
THE LIBRARY THIS YEAR.

"Giggles: A Term's Work." By
 Arthur the Great.

"Dethroned: A Cricket Story." By
 the Author of "The Lost Captain,"
 "Peter the Bowled," "Carrots the
 Hero," &c.

"Chep and Cheep, or The Love Birds."
 By Snug and Snout, Authors of "The
 Midsummer Night's Uproar."

"The Blank Sheet: An Examination
 Detective Story." By Dennis.

"Jenghis Khan: A Chestnut." By the
 Author of "Giggles."

"The Scarred Hand." By Carlton
 Stevenson. Presented to E. J. W.

"The Midnight Niggers of the B.D."
 By 'All Ca(i)ne, Laid on by E. J. W.

"The Amateur Blacksmith: A Sequel
 to Camping-Out in the Big Doss." By
 the Poet, the Lover, and the Lunatic.

"How to Row a Dory." By Thom.

"Three Answers, or the Surprise: A
 Story of a Noble Boy's Effort." By
 Teddy. Price 6d.

"Tears, Idle Tears: An Old Story."
 By Jan.

NOTES FROM THE EXAMS.

The Ironsides were the soldiers who
 fought in India. They were called this
 on account of their bravery. It was

Cromwell and his Ironsides who saved our Indian Empire.

Cromwell's Ironsides got this name from their stoutness.

What was the Diet of Worms?—Cabbage.

Trade Winds blow regularly every year, and to them we owe our summer and winter.

The Trade Winds fall as rain.

The Ironsides were a body of men who went at everything, and always won.

Simon de Montfort started that great thing called Parliament.

Africa is shaped like a pudding-dish, and when all the great rivers of Africa come to the edge of the pudding-dish they make waterfalls.

All the rivers of Africa flow into the centre.

Simon de Montfort was a man who was forced to sign a treaty.

Their name, their year, spelt by the un-
lettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

The meaning of the verse is that the people were practically uneducated. The "she" is probably the minister's wife, who was going about telling them about the Bible.

Why does a degree of latitude vary in size?—Because the moon gets in the way.

Why did Montrose change over?—Because the umpire had called over.

One boy is said to have written, "Please excuse writing and spelling," at the foot of his L.C. paper.

Of what degree is the equation

B plus D equals O?—The B.D. degree.
To heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

This means to make the ghost of Pleasure and Haughtiness larger by easily lighted things, which are set on fire by the muses of the old bard!

Lately the Exam. Paper of a boy in the Fourth Form disappeared. Nothing could be found of it but a single sheet with his signature. It turned out that that this was his paper! But the boy was perfectly happy.

Artist to Shopman—I have brought these trousers to be re-seated. You know I sit a lot.

Shopman—And haven't you brought your bill to be receipted, too? You know I stand a lot, but I can't stand you.

Papers with spider-web marks upon them have been much in evidence of late, especially in the neighbourhood of boys who have said their last word on examination day. Investigation showed that these were studies in the Morse Code. What is wanted is a Remorse Code for the victims of Cubes.

CRICKET.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.

DOLLAR INSTITUTION 2ND XI.

This our first match of the season was played at Dollar in very hot weather. We batted first, but, with the exception of Caldwell and Purdie i., made no resistance to the Dollar bowling. Six wickets fell for eight runs, and our total score was only 44, of which Purdie scored 20, and Caldwell 13. Dollar passed this score with six wickets down, and

finally won by 45 runs. Scores and analysis:—

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

Carmichael, c Thomson, b Munro, ...	0
Logan, c Munro, b Thomson, ...	0
Biggart, b Thomson, ...	0
P. Kirsop, b Thomson, ...	1
Caldwell, b Woodman, ...	13
Bennett, c and b Thomson, ...	0
Walker, run out, ...	1
Purdie, c and b Thomson, ...	20
Murrie, b Woodman, ...	0
Burns, c Bain, b Woodman, ...	5
Gillies, not out, ...	0
Extras, ...	4
Total, ...	44

DOLLAR INSTITUTION.

Woodman, c Carmichael, b Caldwell, ...	4
Whyte, c Bennett, b Caldwell, ...	13
Munro, b Caldwell, ...	3
Scott, b Logan, ...	8
Bain, run out, ...	0
Thomson, c Carmichael, b Caldwell, ...	8
Maxwell, not out, ...	18
Cohen, c Bennett, b Sharp, ...	10
Fox, c Murrie, b Logan, ...	13
M'Leish, b Logan, ...	1
Penman, c Caldwell, b Walker, ...	0
Extras, ...	11
Total, ...	89

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Caldwell, 4 for 34; Gillies, 0 for 11; Logan, 3 for 17; Kirsop, 1 for 9; Walker, 1 for 7.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.

KELVINSIDE ACADEMY.

Played at Crieff on 15th May. We batted first on a good wicket, and some good batting by Carmichael, Logan, and Kirsop put the score up to 166 for 7 wickets, when our innings was closed. Kelvinside, however, could make nothing of the bowling of Forbes and Walker, and were soon out for the small score of 40, leaving us winners by 126 runs. Scores and analysis:—

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

A. S. Biggart, lbw., b Glegg, ...	3
R. Logan, c Spiers, b do., ...	34
I. Carmichael, b Stewart, ...	37
D. Forbes, c Finlay, b do., ...	9

T. Purdie, c Glegg, b do., ...	13
J. Caldwell, c Glegg, b Whitson, ...	3
P. Kirsop, not out, ...	25
C. Walker, c Stewart, b Whitson, ...	4
C. Kirsop, not out, ...	12
A. Murrie and F. Burns did not bat.	
Extras, ...	26

Total (for 7 wickets), 166
(Innings declared closed.)

KELVINSIDE ACADEMY.

J. D. Glegg, b Walker, ...	2
C. E. Finlay, b Forbes, ...	2
M. S. Dick, b Walker, ...	0
L. H. Watson, b do., ...	0
J. H. Stewart, c Burns, b Forbes, ...	0
P. A. Stewart, b Forbes, ...	10
G. C. T. Spiers, c Logan, b do., ...	6
R. M'Kinlay, c Purdie, b Walker, ...	0
H. Whitson, c Caldwell, b Walker, ...	0
A. L. Turner, c Murrie, b do., ...	4
D. Turner, not out, ...	0
Extras, ...	15
Total, ...	40

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Forbes, 4 for 7; Walker, 6 for 18.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.

STANLEY HOUSE.

This match was played at Crieff on May 22d, in fine weather. Logan and Carmichael started the game, but a most disastrous start it was, 2 wickets falling with only 7 on the board. After this, however, our batting was good, and we reached the respectable total of 131. Time alone saved Stanley House from defeat, for with 9 wickets down, they were still 62 runs behind. Scores and analysis:—

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

Logan, b Wallace, ...	4
Carmichael, b Tregueros, ...	0
Caldwell, b Jenkins, ...	25
Biggart, b M'Laren, ...	29
Forbes, b do., ...	8
Purdie, b Tregueros, ...	20
Murrie, c Tregueros, b Jenkins, ...	7
P. Kirsop, c Dewar, b do., ...	0
F. Burns, b M'Laren, ...	2
C. Walker, c Fernie, b Tregueros, ...	18
C. Kirsop, not out, ...	5
Extras, ...	13
Total, ...	131

STANLEY HOUSE.

Finlay, c Kirsop, b Walker,	5
Campbell, b Walker,	1
Jenkins, b do.,	47
Wallace c Kirsop, b Forbes,	6
Tregueros i., c and b Caldwell,	3
Tregueros ii., c Kirsop, b Logan,	2
Dewar, b Forbes,	2
Steverson, c and b Forbes,	0
Tregueros iii., b do.,	0
M'Laren, not out,	0
Fernie, not out,	2
Extras,	1
<hr/>	
Total (for nine wickets),	69

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.
DOLLAR INSTITUTION 2ND XI.

This return match was played at Crieff on 29th May, and by the batting of Burns, and the bowling of Forbes, we managed to win. We batted first, and made a score of 65, which did not seem enough to beat Dollar, but Forbes and Walker got them out very cheaply, and in the end we won, though our fielding was very poor, indeed. Scores and analysis:—

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

R. Logan, b Thomson,	2
C. Kirsop, run out,	0
J. Caldwell, c Cohen, b Thomson,	0
A. S. Biggart, c M'Leish, b Woodman,	8
C. Walker, c Whyte, b Bonthronne,	11
T. Purdie, b Woodman,	0
D. Forbes, b Woodman,	0
F. Burns c Bonthronne, b Munro,	21
P. Kirsop, c Bain, b Thomson	5
A. Murrice, c Bain, b Bonthronne,	5
I. Carmichael, not out,	7
Extras,	6
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Total,	65

DOLLAR INSTITUTION.

Whyte, b Forbes,	13
Maxwell, c Walker, b Forbes,	0
Woodman, b Forbes,	1
Thomson, b Walker,	9
Fox, c Biggart, b Walker,	8
Cohen, run out,	1
Scott, b Forbes,	3
M'Leish, b Walker,	2
Munro, not out,	2
Bonthronne, b Walker,	1
Bain, b Walker,	6
Extras,	1
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Total,	47

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.
MR M'GLYNN'S XI.

Played at Crieff on 7th July. This match was marked by some brilliant hitting, and, later, by some good bowling by R. Gardiner. Going in first he scored a very quick 66, in which were included thirteen 4's. The innings of Mr M'Glynn's XI. ended for 122. When we went in some good batting was shown by Rushworth, Forbes, and M'Donald, who scored 41, 32, and 26 respectively. Eventually we won by 47 runs. Scores and analysis:—

M'GLYNN'S XI.

R. G. Gardiner, lbw., b Walker,	66
— Fairweather, b Forbes,	0
J. Graine, c and b Rushworth,	0
W. Murdoch, b Forbes,	0
G. Burnfield, b Macdonald,	23
J. Paton, b do.,	0
D. Dempster, b Forbes,	9
A. Lawson, b Walker,	0
R. Paton, c Logan, b Forbes,	3
Joe Anderson, c Macdonald, b Rushworth,	10
J. Bruce, b Rushworth,	0
R. P. M'Glynn, not out,	0
Extras,	12
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Total,	122

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

C. Kirsop, b Murdoch,	5
W. Macdonald, c Paton, b Gardiner,	26
Rushworth (prof.), b do.,	41
R. Logan, c Bruce, b do.,	2
Dr G. C. Strathairn, c sub., b do.,	17
E. J. White, run out,	0
A. S. Biggart, b Gardiner,	4
J. M'Nee, b do.,	16
C. Walker, b do.,	1
D. Forbes, c sub., b Dempster,	32
F. Burns, b do.	0
P. Kirsop, not out.	1
Extras,	24
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Total,	169

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Rushworth, 3 for 46; Forbes, 4 for 16. Walker, 2 for 36; M'Donald, 2 for 12.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.
GLENALMOND 2ND XI.

Played at Glenalmond on July 10th on a perfect wicket. Glenalmond batted

first, and ran up the good total of 194. Biggart and Purdie opened for us, but with only 2 runs scored Purdie returned one to the bowler. Except for the first three or four batsmen, we gave little opposition, and were all dismissed for 70 runs. Scores and analysis:—

GLENALMOND.

W. Colquhoun, b Forbes,	0
J. Hutcheson, c Burns, b do., ..	15
D. Wright, c Caldwell, b Logan, ..	32
W. Todd, c Burns, b Forbes,	65
G. Miller, c Bennett, b Forbes, ...	15
H. Drummond, run out,	28
J. Scott, b Logan,	0
A. Innes, b Logan,	19
T. Smith, c and b Logan,	3
A. Wilson, c Caldwell, b Logan, ...	0
D. Nairn, not out,	4
Extras,	12

Total, 194

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

A. S. Biggart c Drummond, b Wright, 12
T. Purdie, c and b Wright, 1
J. Caldwell, st. Innes, b Drummond, 14
D. Forbes, b Wright, 10
C. Kirsop, c and b Drummond, ... 12
R. Logan, c Scott, b Drummond, ... 2
J. Bennett, b do., 4
C. Walker, c Todd, b do., 5
I. Carmichael, c and b do., 0
P. Kirsop c and b Colquhoun, 5
F. Burns, not out, 0
Extras, 5

Total, 70

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Forbes, 4 for 45; Walker, 0 for 61; Logan, 5 for 55; Caldwell, 0 for 21.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V. SCOTTISH HOCKEY XI.

Played at Crieff on 14th July. We had a specially strong team for this match, which included F. Tait and E. J. Ballantyne (Edinburgh Institution) and J. Ferguson (Perth). We batted first, and Rushworth, J. Ferguson, and Dr Strathairn all batted splendidly, Rushworth and Mr Ferguson adding 70 runs for the second wicket. Our innings closed for 168. The Hockey XI. answered with 130 for 7 wickets, of which

D. Currie made 44 not out. Scores and analysis:—

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

Rushworth (prof.), b Stevenson, ...	51
E. J. White, c Lauder b do.,	1
W. M'Donald, c Scott, b Currie, ...	0
J. Ferguson, c Scott, b Stevenson, ...	34
Dr G. C. Strathairn, c Walker, b do.,	55
F. Tait, c Alcock, b do.	4
E. J. Ballantyne, lbw., b do	0
R. Logan c Cairns, b do.,	1
C. Walker, b do.,	0
A. S. Biggart, b Currie,	7
C. Kirsop, not out,	0
Extras,	15
Total,	168

SCOTTISH HOCKEY XI.

B. Alcock, c Logan, b M'Donald, ...	13
R. H. Lyle, b Tait,	10
A. S. Cairns, b do.,	10
D. Currie, not out,	44
H. S. Walker, c M'Donald, b Tait, ...	28
S. Forsyth, b M'Donald,	11
N. L. Stevenson, lbw., b Walker, ...	5
E. R. Scott, b Tait,	0
C. M'Culloch, not out,	0
J. Henderson and R. Lauder to bat.	
Extras,	9

Total (for seven wickets), 130

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Tait, 4 for 37; Rushworth, 0 for 35; M'Donald, 2 for 22; Walker, 1 for 27.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V. WANDERERS.

This match was played in the Academy Park on Saturday, July 24th. Mr White won the toss and batted first. We were then treated to a fine display of hitting by Rushworth and Mr Thomson, who scored 49 and 59 respectively. Murrie afterwards batted well for 23 not out. When we were in, we made absolutely no display against Rushworth and W. Scott, except Logan, who batted really well for 37, which comprised about half our score. The innings closing for 76,

Mr White's XI. thus won by 130 runs.
Scores:—

WANDERERS.	
Dr G. C. Strathairn, run out, ...	14
Rushworth (prof.), b Forbes, ..	49
D. Thomson, c Caldwell, b Logan, ...	59
D. Keith Murray, c Walker, b Caldwell	9
W. Scott, c Kirsop, b Walker, ...	13
A. Scott, b Walker, ...	8
A. Handyside, c Thom, b Forbes, ...	0
G. Twelves, c Thom, b Logan, ...	14
F. A. Gillies, b Walker, ...	4
A. Murrie, not out, ...	23
E. J. White, b Caldwell, ...	4
Extras, ...	4
Total, ...	206

ACADEMY.	
P. Kirsop, run out ...	4
I. Carmichael, c Strathairn, b Rushworth, ...	1
J. Caldwell, run out, ...	6
R. Logan, c and b Scott, ...	37
A. S. Biggart, b Rushworth, ...	1
D. Forbes, b Rushworth, ...	11
D. Thom, b Rushworth, ...	4
J. Bennett, c Twelves, b Scott, ...	4
C. Walker, c Scott, b Rushworth, ...	0
T. Purdie, c Twelves, b Scott, ...	2
Kirsop, not out, ...	0
Extras, ...	6
Total, ...	76

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.
GLASGOW ACADEMY.

Played at Glasgow on June 5th. There was a slight shower just before starting, but it soon cleared, and Glasgow Academy opened their innings to the bowling of Forbes and Walker. They made the big total of 195 for 9 wickets, of which Andrew, their captain, made 143. We started badly, 3 wickets falling for 4 runs. Later, however, Logan, Walker, and Twelves batted well. We were all out for 63. Scores and analysis:—

GLASGOW ACADEMY.	
G. B. M'Gee c and b Walker, ...	4
C. W. Andrew, c Kirsop, b Burns, ...	143
J. E. Dumbreck, b Walker, ...	2
W. T. Kelly, c Biggart, b Walker, ...	1
D. A. H. Graham, c Carmichael, b Caldwell, ...	5

C. L. Wood, b Logan, ...	8
G. M'Culloch, b do., ...	6
R. Sinclair, c Forbes, b Logan, ...	3
J. Johanson, c Biggart, b Forbes, ...	9
F. Rolland, not out, ...	11
T. Maskew, not out, ...	1
Extras, ...	11
Total (for 9 wickets),	195

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.	
C. Kirsop, b Dumbreck, ...	0
I. Carmichael, c Johanson, b M'Gee, ...	0
J. Caldwell, c Sinclair, b M'Gee, ...	3
R. Logan, b M'Gee, ...	23
A. S. Biggart, c Graham, b M'Gee, ...	4
D. Forbes, c Rolland, b M'Gee, ...	5
F. Burns, c Andrew, b Kelly, ...	1
G. F. Twelves, b Maskew, ...	10
C. Walker, not out, ...	13
T. Purdie, run out, ...	0
P. Kirsop, b Dumbreck, ...	0
Extras, ...	4
Total, ...	63

BOWLING ANALYSIS
Forbes, 1 for 34; Walker, 3 for 87; Caldwell, 1 for 11; Logan, 3 for 43; Burns, 1 for 9.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.
GLENALMOND 2ND XI.

Played at Crieff on June 12. Carmichael and Walker opened on a good pitch, and a very good start was made, the first wicket falling for 28. After this, however, our batting collapsed, and we were all out for 67. Walker bowled well, but we were beaten by 8 runs. Scores and analysis:—

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.	
I. Carmichael, c Burton, b Gibson, ...	12
C. Walker, b do., ...	13
G. Twelves, b do., ...	4
R. Logan, b Wright, ...	1
A. S. Biggart, c Colquhoun, b do., ...	2
D. Forbes, b Gibson, ...	5
J. Bennet, b do., ...	12
J. Caldwell, not out, ...	8
F. Burns, c Colquhoun, b Drummond, ...	0
T. Purdie, c do., b Gibson, ...	1
F. Gillies, b do., ...	2
Extras, ...	7
Total, ...	67

2d GLENALMOND.

J. C. Colquhoun, b Logan,	26
D. C. Burton, b Walker,	2
J. C. Gibson, b do.,	0
J. Muirhead, b Walker,	0
D. G. M. Wright, b Forbes,	0
A. Innes, b Walker,	4
H. M. Drummond, c Burns, b do., ...	0
T. L. Smith, b Logan,	12
R. M. Murray, b Forbes,	12
J. H. Hutcheson, c Purdie, b do., ...	11
A. A. Wilson, not out,	3
Extras,	5

Total, 75

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Forbes, 3 for 24; Walker, 5 for 36; Logan 2 for 10.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.
STANLEY HOUSE.

Played at Bridge of Allan on 19th June. Stanley House batted first, and had 9 wickets down for 22 runs, but a stubborn resistance by Trigueros ii. and Fernie put on 32 runs for the last wicket, the innings closing at 54. When we went in some good batting by Kirsop i. and Burns enabled us to win by 5 wickets and 21 runs. Scores and analysis:—

STANLEY HOUSE.

H. Findlay, c Burns, b Walker,	2
D. Campbell, b Forbes,	1
A. Cullen, c Logan, b Walker,	14
R. Walker, c Twelves b Walker,	2
Trigueros i., b Forbes,	0
J. Jenkins, b Walker,	0
McLaren, b Walker,	0
Trigueros iii., b Walker,	0
Stevenson, c Bennett, b Logan,	1
Trigueros ii., not out,	22
Fernie, b Forbes,	8
Extras,	4

Total, 54

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

I. Carmichael, run out,	5
C. Kirsop, st Findlay, b Wallace,	19
J. Caldwell, c Findlay, b Jenkins,	0
F. Burns, c Findlay, b Trigueros,	18
R. Logan, not out,	13
A. S. Biggart, b Trigueros,	2
Walker, not out,	1
D. Forbes, J. Bennett, T. Purdie, and G. F. Twelves to bat,	17
Extras,	17

Total (for five wickets), 75

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Forbes, 3 for 15. Walker, 6 for 28.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V.
ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL.

Played at Crieff on 3d July. The morning was fine, but rain came on before the match, and caused considerable delay. At last, however, it cleared, and we were enabled to make a start. Royal High School batted first, and aided by miserable fielding ran up a score of 101. We then went in to bat, and 5 wickets fell for no runs! Caldwell and Walker managed to steady the batting somewhat, but it was no use; we were all out for 28, leaving the Royal High School winners by 73 runs. Scores and analysis:—

ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL.

L. A. Wheatly, c Biggart b Logan,	17
T. Catto, b Walker,	7
H. Forster, b Forbes,	10
J. Hume, c Burns, b Walker,	24
R. B. Kyle, lbw., b Forbes,	24
G. Kennedy, c Caldwell, b Forbes,	1
G. A. Marsden, c Logan, b Walker,	7
E. T. Rogers lbw., b Walker,	0
G. Matthewson, c Carmichael, b do. ...	0
G. P. Watson, not out,	2
J. Frazer, c Purdie, b Walker,	3
Extras,	6

Total, 101

MORRISON'S ACADEMY.

C. Kirsop, c Frazer, b Rogers,	0
I. Carmichael, b Rogers,	0
F. Burns, c and b Matthewson,	0
R. Logan, b Rogers,	0
A. S. Biggart, b Matthewson,	0
D. Forbes, c Watson, b Rogers,	1
J. Bennett, b Matthewson,	2
J. Caldwell, b do.,	7
C. Walker, c Catto, b do.,	10
P. Kirsop, b Rogers,	3
T. Purdie, not out,	0
Extras,	5

Total, 28

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Forbes, 3 for 41; Walker, 6 for 43; Logan, 1 for 11.

"FORTY YEARS ON."

It is holiday time and to one just back from a few weeks' rest it is difficult to sit down and get at once into harness. I will therefore leave till the end of the year the usual resume of the doings of our members and limit my say at this time to a few words.

It will be noticed that we have been fortunate enough to obtain at this time two very interesting articles for the Magazine, and to the writers of these we tender our heartiest thanks. The Rev. Mr Henderson has spared us a little of his valuable time to tell of his younger days showing that school life did not differ much then from now—witness the snow-ball fight which could almost be paralleled by the historic fight of which Nick Jamieson was the hero not so many years ago. The other is from the pen of one whose initials will easily be recognised by all, and not for a long time has so interesting an article to us "old boys" of more recent date appeared in our columns. Besides recalling memories of earlier days it brings back many hours spent later in Mr White's room after such an event as an "old boys" cricket or football match. We do look forward to these friendly chats in your room, Mr White, where all may chip in with some little remembrances; and how the time does pass spent in that fashion! We hope that at some later date you will favour us with some stories of days gone by.

The "Athletic Secretary" will no doubt let you know what has been happening in his department, both in the cricket and proposed golf sections.

On the social side of the Club's life preparations are being made for the annual dance to which we all look forward. It will likely take place early in

November and will no doubt prove as big a success as of yore.

Turning now to personalities we find little to report. Last year at this time we had to report that three of our members had entered into the matrimonial state, but this year, so far as we know, there is only one bold individual who has taken the plunge, as the following copy of a notice which appeared in the "Glasgow Herald" will show:—

"Muir—Lang—At the Balmoral Hotel, Princes Street, Edinburgh, on the 15th inst. [June], by the Rev. W. B. Steyenson, M.A., St Columba's, Blackhall, Morton Mungo Muir, Writer, Glasgow, to Isobel Stirling, youngest daughter of Ebenezer Lang, 3 Queen's Avenue, Blackhall, Midlothian."

Modesty forbids us to say more.

We have to congratulate Macdonald and M'Naughtan on their continued success at Edinburgh University. We omitted to record in our spring number that Macdonald was among the medallists. The following tells its own tale:—

"Honours at Edinburgh University.—The following are amongst the awards at the close of the summer session of Edinburgh University:—Faculty of Medicine Intermediate Practical Anatomy—First Honours—William Macdonald, Crieff. Practical Pathology—First-Class Honours—W. Macdonald. Forensic Medicine—W. M'Naughtan. Diseases of the Eye—W. M'Naughtan. Experimental Pharmacology—First-Class Honours—R. S. Lawson, Blackford.

On the other hand, as if to illustrate that while we are in life we are in death, we have to report the great loss the Club has sustained in the death of Jack Croll, one of our most prominent members, who

passed away on the 19th of May, while on a visit to Forres. Jack had not been in good health for some time, and, though elected Social Convener in place of Caldwell, had attended few Committee meetings this year. Little did the writer think that as he talked over with Croll the arrangements for the Smoking Concert held in the spring, that that would be the last event of the sort Jack would assist in; and the announcement of his death therefore came as the greatest of shocks. Croll attended the Academy during sessions 1897-8 and 1898-9. His work in school was always of the highest character, especially in modern languages, in which, on account of some time spent on the Continent, he was easily facile princeps. And to show that it was possible to combine brilliancy in school with ability in the playing field, Croll, during his two years at the Academy, played in both in cricket and football first teams. In '98-99 he was one of the members of the team which on 19th November, 1898, beat Dundee High School by 53 points to nil, a record which we think still stands. "Croll," as the report puts it, "in the first five minutes of the game made a good run, and scored under the posts." After leaving school Croll played both football and cricket for the Clydesdale Club, Glasgow, and assisted our own Club in several games. In the council chamber Croll was always a prominent figure, acting as Club Auditor for some time, and latterly, as we have said, filling the important post of Social Convener. By his early death at the age of 27, the Club has lost one of its most enthusiastic and devoted officials, and the writer personally, along with many others, mourns the loss of a dear friend. To his sorrowing relations our deepest sympathy goes out.

ATHLETIC COLUMN.

As will be noticed, our cricket this year so far has been of the most meagre description, being limited, in fact, to the game against Crookston. Those who were at the A.G.M. in January will remember that we decided to cut down our list of games this season, owing to the poor support given to this section in the season that had passed. It is for the next A.G.M. to say if this list is to be supplemented or not.

In our game versus Crookston, Johnnie Russell had got together a very fair team, despite the fact that owing to last minute withdrawals one or two outsiders had to be brought in. Our score must have been about the highest we ever put together on the Crookston ground. To Rex Jamieson, A. Hendry, Hugh Locke, and Russell himself, the batting honours go. Our opponents ran us hard, and at one time seemed about to have the game in hand, but latterly wickets fell rapidly, and we won with ten minutes to spare. Mike Thomson and Rex Jamieson bowled exceedingly well, and were backed up by good all-round fielding—something unusual, alas, for a Crieff "Accie" team. Subjoined are the scores:—

C.A.C.	
Rex Jamieson, c Wark, b Travis,	29
M. Thomson, b Travis,	14
Wm. Biggart, b Waite,	12
A. Hendry, b Waite,	25
R. C. Walker, b Waite,	0
K. Aitken, b Waite,	0
H. M'Haffie, c and b Waite,	0
J. Russell, not out,	21
H. K. Locke, b Waite,	21
J. D. Hill, b Travis,	12
N. Lamberton, b Travis,	0
Extras,	8
Total,	142

CROOKSTON.

R. Hastings, c Aitken, b M'Haffie,	14
G. Pemberton, b M'Haffie,	12

E. Travis, c and b Jamieson, ...	14
C. Travis, run out, ...	20
C. J. White, hit wkt, b Thomson, ...	42
W. G. Travis, c Thomson, b Jamieson, ...	0
N. Niven, b Thomson, ...	2
W. Parlane, c Thomson, b Jamieson, ...	3
J. Blair, c Hendry, b Thomson, ...	10
A. Hardie, not out, ...	1
A. Clark, c Thomson, b M'Haffie, ...	1
Extras, ...	7
Total, ...	126

M'Haffie had 3 wickets for 47 runs; R. Jamieson, 3 for 29 runs; Aitken, 0 for 23; Thomson, 3 for 19; Russell, 0 for 1.

Our further games this season are with the Academy on 28th July, and with Erskine and Crookston (return), both in August.

Our new department, the golf section, has at last got agoing in a tentative fashion, at least, this season. There seemed so many difficulties in the way that the Committee delayed till perhaps too late in the season. This year it has been determined to make the competition a scratch one, and to limit it to a Glasgow and Edinburgh section, the winner of each playing off for the championship. If the competition turns out a success, it is proposed next season to start much earlier, and possibly to add a Crieff, and even a Dundee, section, if enough entrants can be got. We give the list of the draw, which, however, is not complete, as late entrants, after the time of going to press, may be allowed in.

A.—GLASGOW SECTION.

W. Scott v. T. Caldwell; A. Russell v. H. H. Caldwell; W. Biggart v. G. Caldwell; J. Russell v. D. R. Smith; H. J. Weir v. H. R. Heys; G. A. Clark v. W. M'Kechnie; O. M. Parker v. A. Graham; H. M'Haffie v. D. P. Legat; J. A. Smith v. W. Snodgrass.

B.—EDINBURGH SECTION.

W. M'Naughton v. J. C. Smith; J. F. Robertson v. R. Menzies; Byes—H. W. Strathairn, and D. B. Strathairn.

IMPRESSIONS OF
EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.

By the

Rev. GEORGE HENDERSON, B.D., Monzie

At the Academy Exhibition some years ago we used to hear from lusty young voices the song—

“Forty years on—growing older and older,
Shall we look back and regretfully wonder
What we were like in our work and our
play?”

School days after forty years form an interesting retrospect. Like travellers climbing a hill, the summit of which is above the mist, we are able to survey a long tract of distant country. We understand life best when we are some distance from the circumstances of the present, the engrossing interest of the moment, and are able to look back upon the past with the clear sight of impartiality and experience.

The memory of school days is not merely sentimental—the tender regret that dwells upon the years of early youth. “Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume, Labuntur, anni.”

The past has a bearing upon the present in its lessons and results. The remembrance of school days raises a question of practical interest and importance. How much did the years of school life contribute to the education, the discipline, the training of mind and character for after life? There is a special preparation, an equipment which school is fitted to give at a time when mind and heart are open to new ideas and readily susceptible to its teaching and influence. The impressions of school days are never effaced. They are as fresh as when they were first received. Our school, our teacher, the incidents of school life, our lessons, our class-fellows come up before

as if we were living over again the history of those early years. School leaves its mark—a deep imprint it is—upon us, and we carry its influence on with us into after life. From the point of view of “forty years on” school takes on a new meaning and importance.

A few reminiscences and impressions of my schools and schoolmasters may illustrate this.

I was sent to school when I was four years old. I was not kept the full time in school, but was allowed to leave before the rest of the scholars, by being dropped from a window into the play-ground so as not to disturb the class in the adjoining room. I remember my teacher, a lady, urging me to try to gain the prize for Geography. It was settled by the place in the class, which was registered every day. One day I had to call out “3” as my place in the class. “Yes, 3,” said my teacher—a rebuke that left its mark.

Our school was a “Town’s Public School”—that is, it was under the Town Council—but our only visible connection with them was an annual visit on the day of the Examination from the town’s officers in red coats, who distributed to each scholar a bag of confections and a small copy of the New Testament.

In the Upper Form—which I reached about the age of ten—we were, boys and girls, under the Head Master. He was a man about 60 years old, rather short and burly, with the voice and eye of a pedagogue. He was much given to snuff, which fell in large quantities upon his vest. The senior boy was often sent out for a fresh supply. His discipline was severe and the tawse was much in evidence. Our text-books were Dick’s “Christian Philosopher,” and Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” for reading, parsing, and dictation; Collier’s “British History”

for history. We were taught besides geography, arithmetic, and writing—the head-line in our copy-book being written by the master’s own hand. A book specially dreaded by the stupid boys was a thin volume of “Roots,” from which words in the English language are derived, and to which the teacher attached an undue importance, as the book had been prepared by himself. Spelling of difficult words was carefully taught, and I have not forgotten the passages of Scripture we had to write out, and learn in proof of certain truths.

We must have had a certain respect for this master, for on one occasion he was presented with a silver salver, an event that procured for us a half-holiday. But my impression of this school is not a happy one. The teaching was thorough enough, driven into us by the fear of punishment—utterly mistaken in subject and method—having no hold of the interest of the boy—no power to beget a taste for what was taught, but creating a profound dislike to it. The impression of the master remaining even at this distance of time is that of a hard, cold, stern pedagogue—not very clean in appearance—with little interest in his pupils, or, having it, seldom showing it. No doubt he succeeded in cramming a certain amount of knowledge into the unwilling heads of boys and girls at an age when their wondering and susceptible minds were looking for something suited to their intelligence and capacity. There was no education in the true sense of the word, no love of the work through the interest of the teacher in what he taught and sympathy with those whom he taught. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela!* I have seen the boys of a class in one of the Gymnasien in Leipzig, after the hour of tuition, clustering round the teacher

both hearing him and asking him questions. The late Matthew Arnold, the poet, used to say, when he was an Inspector of Schools, he could not have borne the routine and drudgery of his work had it not been for the bright and ever-changing and eager faces into which he was always looking.

At the age of eleven I was sent to another school. It was a large Boarding and Day School for boys, just outside of the Old Town of Aberdeen, on a sequestered site among trees and fields, within a few hundred yards of Old Machar Cathedral, and Kings College of which Dr Walter Smith sings:—

“There’s an old University town,
Between the Don and the Dee,
Looking over the grey sand dunes
Looking out on the cold North Sea.”

We had a walk of two miles to school. Classes for the day opened with prayers at 8.45, when the whole school was present, and a census of attendance was taken. The school was a curious irregular building which had been added to as the number of scholars increased. Each room had its own name—“The Wooden,” “The Engineering,” “The Large,” and so on. In front of the school, and to the back, were the play-grounds—the latter a large grass field skirted by trees. There was a five minutes’ interval at the end of each hour, during which the rooms were aired, and a fifteen minutes’ interval in the middle of the forenoon, when bread was served out to the Boarders and Day Boarders, and practice took place in Cricket and “Shinty,” a game somewhat like Hockey, but much more open to hard knocks. At 12.30 classes ceased till 2. In the interval Boarders and Day Boarders played cricket till dinner-time, which was at 1.15. I was a Day Boarder, and, as I had to carve for half the boys at our table, I got a lesson

on Wednesdays and Thursdays in rapid carving which I have not forgotten.

Classes now resumed at 2 o’clock, and continued, with five minutes’ intervals at the end of each hour, till 4.15, when we dismissed, to walk over two miles home again. For a time in winter a ’bus ran picking us up for school en route, and as we arrived late for prayers I had to keep a census for the Headmaster, and mark the attendances every day, not very easy sometimes. I have often thought that the walk of two miles to and from school (there were no bicycles in those days) was a fine daily physical exercise before and after; while a good plain dinner in the middle of the day supplied the necessary nourishment for a young and growing boy.

In a school of about one hundred and thirty scholars, of whom about the half were Boarders, the classes were not large and we had many masters, some resident tutors, and others coming from outside. In general they were men of high character, who had taken a good place at the University, and they taught with some enthusiasm, sympathy, and interest. The Classes were Preparatory, First, Second, Junior Third, Senior Third, Junior Fourth, Senior Fourth, and Fifth Sections. Latin was commenced in the First Section, French in the Second, and Greek in the Fourth. Besides these subjects, we had in the lower classes, Reading, History, Geography, Composition, Writing, and Arithmetic; and in the Upper Forms, Euclid, Algebra, and Arithmetic, a feature of which was the reasons given for the processes of work, the text-book being, if I remember aright, Barnard Smith’s.

There was a modern side in the school, including German, Mechanical Drawing

&c., for those fitting themselves for commercial life. We had to prepare and hand in every Monday a written exercise on some Scripture subject, even on to the highest class, when Bible problems were set for us by the Headmaster on the relationship of the Herods, the historical references in Scripture, and such themes, the plan of dealing with which he laid out for us on the Friday afternoon.

A large amount of work was secured by a system of written examinations, weekly on minor subjects, fortnightly covering all the ground traversed. The place in the class was settled by the value obtained for these written papers, 80 per cent. being 1st rank, 70 per cent. 2nd rank, and 60 per cent. 3rd rank. No prizes were given, but Certificates of Merit, giving the place gained in each subject were awarded. In the two highest Forms a Certificate of Honour was given to those who attained to first rank in eight subjects. There was keen competition for first place in these examinations, and great excitement on hearing the results—without the stimulus of prizes, though one would be glad to have in one's shelves some books as a memorial of those early contests at school.

The outstanding figures in this period of my school history are those of the Headmaster and the Principal of the school. The Headmaster, who was a son-in-law of the Principal, resided at a short distance from the school. He had a large family, and kept about half-a-dozen boarders. His tall, slim figure, thin limbs, and flat feet in rather heavy boots, gave him a somewhat ungainly gait, forgotten in his alertness of movement, cleanness of appearance, and keenness of eye. The Principal took a small active part in the daily routine, and the superintendence of the school rested on

the Headmaster. Besides this he taught several classes. His industry, zeal, and punctuality were worthy of all praise. We could invariably count on having the results of our examination the day after, and the papers returned to us with marks of the most careful and painstaking correction. He was an admirable teacher, clear, exact, and enthusiastic, and in consequence an excellent disciplinarian, for discipline depends more on good teaching than on anything else. He taught the Greek grammar with admirable thoroughness, and his translations of Thucydides were most exact. He used to gather us as a voluntary class after school hours to translate to us Homer, his voice sobbing with feeling in the finer passages. He was rather given to emotion, which sometimes to the school boy is rather ridiculous. When one of his large family who had gone amissing was found he could hardly speak, and again when announcing that the school had won the first bursary at the great competition for entrants to the University, he could hardly utter the words, "Three cheers for ——" He could enjoy a joke, and from his fondness for punning he was generally called "Pun." One day he was told with much gravity that a boy had broken his leg. Much moved he sought out the boy, and found that in an over demonstrative moment he had broken his wooden leg! He was in full sympathy with play, and had been known to join with his boarders after lessons in a game of leap frog. I remember his kindly congratulations one Monday when I had the good fortune to turn a cricket match on the Saturday, with a rival school in our favour by a protracted innings and a good score.

One wintry day, when the snow had spread its white robe deep over every-

thing, we charged down at the mid-day interval upon a neighbouring school for a snow-fight. It was a fool-hardy venture, for the pupils of this school were older and bigger than we—country-bred lads many of them, receiving the final touch of preparation as entrants for the bursary competition. Many of them had gone home, and those remaining at school, though much heavier, were not so numerous as the raiders. For a time the white conflict wavered until one of the biggest of our boarders broke through our ranks from behind and rallied us to a great charge in which we drove the enemy right into their school.

Next day they came in full force, blocking the road, and directing such a fusillade of white missiles upon our school gate that we durst not venture out. Our Headmaster had to make his way home, and so soon as he opened the gate his long hat—the target for a score of snow-balls—was knocked off his head, and in a moment he was a study in black and white. He took it all in good humour, and only protested that they were too heavy for a fair fight with our school, which led our rivals to disperse, fully conscious of the honour of victory.

He had a weakness for an English Grammar which he had composed, and dictated to us from manuscript. I remember very little of it save lists of prepositions and exceptions to rules—of no use whatever save as an exercise of memory. A hidden feeling of rebellion ran through the class about this Grammar, which came to the surface one day in a question by a very clever scholar, afterwards First Bursar and Gold Medallist at the University. "Is it to be your way or Bain's way in the examination?" "It is to be my way." "But your way will not do in

the bursary competition," was the bold reply. Professor Bain, who set the English paper at the bursary competition, had also written a grammar upon which the questions were set.

The Headmaster had many admirable qualities and virtues as a teacher and worker, for which I shall always have him in grateful remembrance. But for all that he was not a *persona grata* among the boys. They respected him for his work, but they did not like himself.

How different was their regard for the personality of the Principal. To this day his influence is with me an abiding possession. Originally a parish minister, he gave up his living for conscience' sake, and founded the school that became famous, and which, though it no longer exists, is still well known through its pupils who have attained distinction in many professions and many lands. He was the Arnold of the North. By my time he had reached the climacteric of life, and his tall, slightly-stooping figure showed signs of failure of strength, so that he took little part in the active work of the school. But he lived at the school, appeared at prayers and at dinner, was daily in touch with his boarders, and from time to time with day scholars who crossed his path. His influence was present through the whole school imparting to it an indescribable tone of honour, truth, and good breeding. He was a Christian gentleman, in every sense of the word, true, sympathetic, and unselfish, with a personal interest in all his boys, a knowledge of their character, and a high sense of what they should be and do and say. When he put his hand on your shoulder and showed by his words that he knew you, and was following your course, his gentle, kindly face was

an influence, an abiding memory. When "Govie," as we affectionately called him, retired and left the school, it fell off in attendance, and was ultimately closed. How much of the success and prosperity of a school depend upon the personality and influence of the Head!

I do not in these reminiscences and impressions attempt to say anything upon education. Since the days of Goldsmith, who remarked long ago that "few subjects have been more frequently written upon than the education of youth," ideas and methods have greatly changed. It is a question whether the problem has yet been solved. But I have thought that the memory and experience of one "forty years on" will show those still at school how important to them in their future life is the formative, susceptible period of school days, and how deep and ineffable are its impressions in after years.

They will be grateful, when they come to know something of the battle and the burden of life, if their experience of school, like mine, has contributed a large share to the memory of a happy youth. The poet Wordsworth says the days he spent at the Grammar School at Hawkshead were amongst the happiest of his life, and when leaving it at the age of fourteen, in one of his first attempts at verse-making, he wrote:—

"Dear native regions, I foretell
From what I feel at this farewell,

My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.
Thus, when the sun, prepared for rest,
Hath gained the precincts of the west
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow vale,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose."

Happy are they for whom the light
lingers on the dear hills where first it
rose.

"WE NE'ER FORGET, THOUGH OFT FORGOT."

I FEEL greatly honoured by the Old Boys' request to jot down a few of the little incidents which happened during their school days, days—happy days, I hope—spent at "the school on the hill" in Perthshire.

I have acceded to their request with great diffidence, for I know it is very difficult to put in black and white, events of one's school days; that is, to make the same readable. Frequently it happens that fellows who have left their school days behind do not like to have their little mistakes recalled, and the rewards given for such failings. If I do offend in this little review, of course it will be unintentionally, and to those whose feelings I in any way hurt I apologise, though it is good to remember the salad days.

Most boys do not look upon their school days as happy. They consider it all nonsense when their people say that in their opinion the school days were the happiest of their lives. They want to leave school and its restraints behind, and get out into the world, into some profession, some business, and sometimes not with the best of motives, but rather to have what they call "a good time." But this same "good time" how frequently it turns out a fraud, a snare, and it is then that one's thoughts turn to the old school, the old familiar faces, the old peculiarities of those with whom one was in daily contact. It is excellent that such should be, for this, in my mind, is the true evidence that a master's work has not been all in vain. This is why I feel greatly honoured at the Old Boys' remembrance, though I deal only with one aspect of their school career.

In recalling old times, one generally begins with "Do you remember?"

Of course I remember—some things. Sometimes it is not good to remember; we should be thankful for the power of forgetfulness. By this I do not mean the little troubles which all school boys get into, but other things—things you remember, but try to forget.

But to return to my narrative! Who can forget Hamie Caldwell and his mandoline tingling out in the German room the sweet strains of "Alice, where art thou?" or Jimmie Strang as the ambassador in the farce "A Fish Out of Water?" I wonder if Strang remembers the lickings we got at football from Dollar and Glenalmond during his captivity.

"Come away from that wall." Remember the shout? It still goes on, we still suffer from palpitation of the heart, and boys still sneak to the wall to see—the Hydro 'bus go by.

Jackie Weir, Nick Jamieson, don't you remember the wall near "the big tree" on a certain Sunday evening? It was funny, very!

Nick Jamieson, Bob Higgins, photographers to the Girls' School; remember that? "What are you doing on the tennis courts." "Please, sir, we want to take the girls' photos." "Oh! come to my room; you are out of bounds." The old reward—promoted to the rank of sergeant, extra one for luck!

Who can forget Snipe Parker's visit to the only Jan., Hughie, and Gussie—the grubbers—at 11.30 p.m., to partake of light refreshments, such as German sausages, polonies, sardines and cake? "What are you doing here, Parker?" "Please sir, I have only come to borrow M'Haffie's Homocea." "What! Homocea! Go to my room." Another pro-

motion—Sergeant-Major! Norman Macrae was prefect at the time when this occurred, and was naturally asked next morning why better order was not kept, and told to see that this wandering did not happen again. He agreed in his dignified way, and promised it should not occur again, and then about two months after I find that Norman was sharing in the banquet as well as poor Snipe. He had slipped under the bed, which I foolishly forgot to look under. A lucky escape for him!

Boys are not always lucky, however. Jock Scott, Freddie Macrae, Jan. Forrest, you had no luck in Edinburgh. Remember the walk down Princes Street after the International? What a time you were having that evening with your cigarettes—until caught—and, oh! what a difference in the morning!

The School Plays! They are never to be forgotten,

The Trial Scene from the "Merchant of Venice," Norman Macrae as the "Duke," James Henderson, of Monzie, as "Portia," and Jock Scott and Monkey Kinloch dressed up in scarlet costumes! It will always live in the remembrance of some of us. Ikey Gray as "Shylock"! who could be better? The diabolical grin of Ikey as he sharpened the knife for "the pound of flesh." Great, great, was Ikey!

Then the farce, "If this should meet the eye," with Harry Heys as "Lambkin Louder," and Bimbo Napier as the stern parent, Johnnie Russell as the Irish waiter, Donnie Strathairn and Hugh Locke as police officers, and Dolly Maule as the sweet girl of seventeen! Was not a photo taken of this group by Dr Wigner, so good were they!

Who can forget Tait and Robinson Crusoe, and Bobbie Pattison, not forg-

ting the injured husband, Donnie Strathairn, in "Turn him out"; what a capital actress Geordie Thomson made in the same!

Pierrots! Who can forget the Pierrots? The fame of them is still with us. Pat Phelan's song, "Dear little Shamrock," and Tait with his "Let go, Eliza," haunt us still; Jim Graham's song, "I've brought the coals," is still warbled.

Some of us, too, in those days had rather poor appetities, and we used to tempt it by using a small bottle of "Lea & Perrin." Remember, Hugh Locke?

Then Freddie Macrae and Jock Scott were very keen on walks, especially on Saturday evenings, round by the Hosh and Knock. What were they up to I wonder?

How about the Squirrel? Why the Squirrel—William Henry Birrell—was one of our most delightful friends. He was so active, so nimble in getting out of scrapes. Remember the banquet given to the frolicsome one?

William Henry was to leave us—as he gave out—at the Easter term, so a few of the other animals in the menagerie decided to banquet him before he left. My room was borrowed for the evening, a grub committee appointed, and even waiters hired—Billie and Chingie Jamieson. The feast passed off in great style; many toasts were honoured, and it is said that when the large cake was put on the table some of guests were overcome—not with eating, oh, no!; though the waiters still maintain they were the most grubby lot they ever saw, and that they themselves—the waiters—were nearly starved—but with the thought that the Squirrel was to frolic no more. The cake was beautifully decorated with the motto, "I must be a good boy," and of

course cake and motto very soon disappeared.

The following morning the Squirrel departed with many a "be sure and write," but when the school re-opened, to the astonishment of all, one of the first to put in an appearance was William Henry. The parting banquet had proved too much for him; he had come back, and like Oliver Twist, he wanted more. How delighted we were though to see him.

Then the Anarchists, Wallace and Ferguson, a dangerous pair, who dealt in explosives and bad smells! It was risky even to walk down the corridor in these days, for one never knew what he would step on. I wonder if Baldoozer remembers soap bubbles in the big dormitory.

Bathing in the river! Well, I never was enraptured with the river bathing, though Bimbo Napier, Mush Crosby, and Bertie Weir, with a few others, were very keen on early morning bathing; they suffered for it. I think the shock we got through Bottomley really put all desire for river bathing out of our minds. How near it was to a fatal accident only a few of us know, but to Faquhar Tait and Mush Crosby I shall always give grateful thanks.

But you chaps have had enough of this. I miss your interjections, your prompting, your laughter, your "don't you remember." I could go on for hours about the trip to the Sma' Glen with Mike Thomson; to Amulree to tea with the Free Church minister, by the gallant three—Morton Muir, Bertie Bow, and Johnnie Russell; the tennis tournaments, with Freddie a winner; our cricket matches versus the ladies; the walks to the Blue Crags, and to Loch Turret where some of us got lost; our football matches, with the heavy scores for and

against us. But surely enough has been written. I have not mentioned one fourth of the events I remember, and you also remember, for after giving fatherly advice for fourteen years—and fatherly correction—it is not surprising that one's store of remembrances is almost inexhaustible. The Editor though will call "enough," but at any rate he has a pencil and a waste-paper basket, so he knows what to do.

As at all schools boys come and go; some make a long stay, some short; but all have their little peculiarities; no two are alike. For nine months of the year, in some cases for years, we have lived together as one family, at perhaps the most important time of our life. Our family is not what one would call large, that is as school families go, so opportunity is always at hand to encourage the weak-hearted and despondent.

Boys you were then; now you are men, with a man's responsibility for your actions. You account for them not to the schoolmaster, but to your fellow-men and to God.

May I say "play the game of life honourably, so that you can look the whole world in the face without shame, and be able to say as of old, 'I have fought a good fight.'"

E. J. W.



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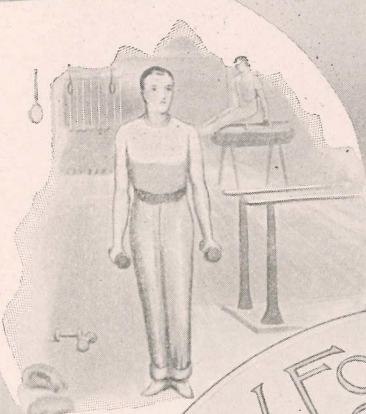
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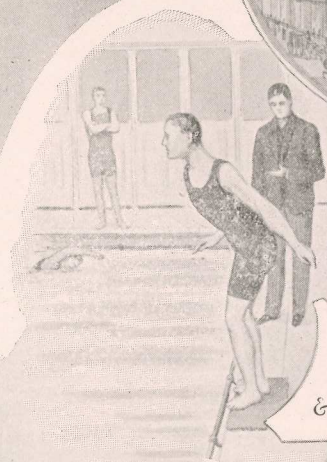
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