

# THE STRATHALLIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF STRATHALLAN SCHOOL

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER FIVE

## Editorial

IT is difficult to write an editorial at the best of times; but when more than half the School is already departed for a more or less well-earned holiday, and the shouts of the remainder, enjoying a rest from the labours of Cambridge Local Examinations, comes to one's ears, accompanied by the characteristic sound of ball striking bat, one realises to the full the difficulties of composition.

This perhaps accounts for, even if it does not excuse, the customary difficulty experienced in the summer term in obtaining a vast number of contributions for selection. So much time is spent out of doors, even allowing for all that Jupiter Pluvius can do. Moreover, this has been a term full of outdoor attractions—Sports Day and the preliminary training, tennis, and an exceptionally heavy list of home fixtures for the cricket elevens. The seniors, too, were for the most part devoting their energies to the absorption of sufficient knowledge to enable them to satisfy the powers-that-be at Cambridge and elsewhere: at least that was the excuse they gave for non-contribution.

In such a case the support given by the Former Pupils was as welcome as it was gratifying. The one or two to whom we mentioned personally our plight responded loyally, and we feel that it is to them as much as anyone that our thanks are due for being able to place before our readers the present number. We are ashamed to have to make such a confession, but it is true: not even an

ingenious publicity campaign seemed able to rouse the School from apathy. From this it may rightly be concluded that the appeal in our last number to the younger members of the School met with at least only partial success. There has been a renewal of contributions from boys who have submitted work before but have been unsuccessful; others, in a well-meaning effort, have sent in articles which cannot claim to be original and which have had to be rejected at once: but the fact remains that the response has not been what it should have been. We trust that with the coming of the dark nights once more, we shall have no further cause for complaint. "All for one" must be the slogan of Strathallians, and it must be followed to the last letter, all giving their best to make each separate number of the magazine better than its predecessor.

It is with regret that this year we lose the services of A. M. Moodie and E. W. Hart from the Editorial Board. The former has been an enthusiastic and regular contributor from the commencement of the venture, and the latter has worked indefatigably for recent numbers. They will both be missed, but we hope, for the future of the "Strathallian," their places will not remain long unfilled. To them and to all others who leave this term to make their way in the world, go our good wishes for success in whatever sphere they may find themselves; and we trust that they will not forget the School magazine and the Editor's continual cry for contributors and contributions.

## School Notes and Notices

THE Summer term has passed without any untoward happening, a slight outbreak of German measles being the greatest annoyance; and this, thanks to timely isolation, was never allowed to spread. The forms sitting the Cambridge Examination were not affected, and were able in consequence to put in a sound three months work by way of preparation, even if they were doomed to stay behind a fortnight after the rest of the School to do so. The names of the successful candidates will be found elsewhere.

The School was subject to a visit by His Majesty's Inspectors in the middle of June. The inspector was able to see the new laboratories, now nearing completion, and we understand that he was much impressed by the whole of the school premises; and we are pleased to announce that his report was very favourable.

Sports Day, held on Friday, June 15th, was again unblest by fine weather, the meeting being marred by heavy showers towards the close of the afternoon. Lady Grant, of Monymusk, daughter of a former owner of Freeland, returned to her old home to present the prizes, and quite won the hearts of the boys by her humorous and suggestive speech. Soft going prevented anything like good times being recorded, and while full particulars of the events will be found elsewhere, we would take the opportunity of congratulating the newly founded Simpson House on its gallant effort in this its first sports: with its fourteen members it garnered seventeen points. Our congratulations are also extended to S. Fraser, as *Victor Ludorum*, and to Freeland, who won the House Championship after a dour struggle with Ruthven.

It was pleasing to note how many of the former pupils made it a point of honour to be present on this occasion. Their arduous was rewarded in some cases by having their photographs in the press. From the numbers present they had no difficulty in selecting a tug-of-war team which was easily able to defeat the light school team. The School may congratulate itself on having bred such brawn. It is hoped that

next year something will be done to realise the desire of many F.P.'s for an F.P. race.

A further bedroom was opened in Simpson immediately after Sports Day, thus bringing up the total number of boys under the captaincy of E. W. Hart to eighteen. By next term it is expected that it will have its full complement, as new arrivals considerably outnumber those boys leaving.

Perhaps the event of the term was the opening of the swimming bath on July 5th. The tiling has yet to be done, but it was deemed advantageous to hold the Swimming Championships there on July 9th in preference to the Earn; and those who have tasted of its delights, among whom is to be numbered the writer, vote the idea a particularly happy one. Certainly, when completed, the bath will be an invaluable asset to the School; and there is more than one senior who regrets the fact that he is leaving and so will miss "having a dip" next term.

Swimmers particularly will be interested to hear that it has been arranged for Captain Daintry to give an exhibition of, and a series of lessons in, Life-saving, in the Bath on November 13th.

We congratulate the First Cricket Eleven who have played through the season without experiencing defeat at the hands of a school side, though Glasgow High School gave them a bad fright. The weather has been comparatively kind, and only three games had to be cancelled on this score; but unfortunately, from the boys' point of view, all three were away fixtures. Suffering defeat only at the hands of Clydesdale, Brechin, H. B. Rowan's XI., and Joe Anderson's XI., the School are to be congratulated on their consistent all round work. There has been less "tail" to the team than usual, and though, perhaps, the bowling has been less strong than last year, it has been singularly successful. Sinclair has been the most consistent and deadly bowler, and on the occasion of the return match with Auchterarder he established a school record, and a record for the season, by taking all ten wickets at a cost of only

eleven runs. Auchterarder seem fated to provide the School with records. The best batting performance was made by D. Shanks in the last match of the season against Dunfermline High School, when he knocked up seventy before being out l.b.w.

The last Chapel service of the term was very impressive, and those leaving were considerably moved by the occasion. The Prefects, who were all among those who were bidding farewell to their Alma Mater, selected the hymns, a selection of old favourites as was fitting the time, "From Greenland's icy mountains," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "For ever with the Lord," and "O God, our help in ages past." We wish "God Speed" and Good Luck to all who have gone to take their places in the larger sphere of life.

On Tuesday evening, July 10th, such medals as were not presented on Sports Day were presented by Mr. Riley. D. Shanks received the cricket bat awarded annually for the most improved player of the season, and at the same time Sinclair was presented with the ball with which he performed the feat mentioned in the paragraph above. It is to be suitably mounted and inscribed. Nicol House were presented with the "Dow" Challenge Cup for cricket. Junior and Senior Tennis and Swimming Championship medals were also awarded, and in conclusion, Mr. Riley announced the following promotions for next term:—

**PREFECTS:**—J. H. Black (School Captain and Captain of Freeland House), I. MacEwen (Vice-Captain and Captain of Ruthven House), W. Wills (Captain of Nicol House), E. Sinclair (Captain of Simpson House), P. Constable, S. Fraser.

**HOUSE PREFECTS:**—J. M. Wood, G. Grey, H. Mason, G. Sturrock, W. P. Thomson, D. Walker, G. R. Anderson.

**SUB-PREFECTS:**—J. Diack, R. Dunn, A. G. Rae, A. Birrell, I. Chalmers, T. Docherty.

Two events this term, one at the beginning of term, one at the end, both past history to present pupils, may be of interest to F.P.'s. Mr. Sharman became a father early in the term. Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Sharman on the advent of John Miller. At the end of the term Mr. Norton surrendered

his housemastership, literally and figuratively, on his marriage. That he had been successful in that capacity was apparent from the enthusiasm shown in chapel when the boys presented him with a barometer in wishing him every happiness in the future. His place next term will be taken by Mr. Crawford and Mr. Lee.

## EXAMINATION RESULTS.

*Cambridge University School Certificate.*

*Honours.* R. D. Speir (Gold Medal), D. Walker.

*Pass.* A. J. Barr, J. De M. Beaumont, A. D. Birrell, J. H. Black, I. L. Constable, E. C. Gillanders, J. N. Ledingham, A. G. Rae, H. W. Stewart, I. M. Turner, H. Wilson, J. M. Wood, R. E. Dickson, D. Martin.

23 sat for full certificates.

Strathallan Percentage passes 70% approx.

The Total Examination Percentage passes 60% approx.

*Cambridge University Junior Local.*

*Honours.* D. S. Thomson (Silver Medal), with distinction in Geography and Scripture; C. W. Maclay, with distinction in Geography and Scripture; R. D. Linton, E. B. Mackay, D. Smith, F. P. Murdoch, with distinction in Scripture; T. M. Cleland, W. G. S. Middleton.

*Passes.* J. T. Johnston, with distinction in Geography; R. H. Balfour, D. Bell, J. Bell, H. K. Cowper, J. Holmes, V. F. Lauderdale, W. G. Leburn, R. E. Mackenzie, G. M. Moncur, W. Waterston, W. R. Gerrett, J. M. Morton.

24 sat the examination.

Strathallan Percentage passes 90% approx.

The Total Examination Percentage passes 63% approx.

In every case except one, where a candidate failed, a pass in an additional paper would have given him his certificate. In all cases in the School certificate, exemption from the whole or from parts of University and professional preliminary examinations have been gained. The senior results are rather below our usual standard, lacking the

usual bunch of distinctions, whilst over 80% is the average number of passes during the last five years. The class as a whole did as well as was expected and with a reasonable amount of luck would have done very well. It is very hard lines indeed for a boy to sit twelve papers and to pass well in all except one and then to be ploughed on the whole exam. This is what happened to several candidates and we extend to them our very real sympathy—indeed, it does not seem to be quite fair! With regard to the Juniors, we extend to them the School's heartiest congratulations for they have really done exceedingly well, and when it is realised that less than 5% of the total candidates examined gained honours and that Strathallan gained 33% in honours, it will be seen that this class promises to develop into one of the best senior classes in the history of the School. The record is 7 honours and 7 distinctions in the senior; will they beat this, set up by G. G. Baker, J. F. Dow, T. M. Hart and company in 1926?

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### MELITA.

Melita, thou fair jewel,  
Set amidst waters blue,  
Filled with the glamour of history,  
Steeped in old eastern mystery,  
And girt with Romance true!

Thou sturdy fortress island,  
Guarding the raging sea,  
Ancient home of the noble knights,  
Scene of a hundred stirring fights,  
Island of chivalry!

Thou isle of ancient churches,  
Mellowed by sunlight's gold,  
Fragrant with scent of orange trees  
Whose blossome scatter down the breeze  
In shady gardens old!

I yearn for thee, Melita,  
Because of what thou art:  
And more, within thy bosom hold  
And with thy azure seas enfold  
Those dearest to my heart.

I. C.

### THE MOTOR SALESMAN'S LOVE LETTER.

“Oakland,”  
Hampton Row,  
Cleveland.

My dearest old Bean.

Once more I must tell you, my sunbeam, that my love is like the stars, beyond all standards, beyond all measurement: cubits were too small and bushels too light. To win you would be a triumph, but it takes me all my time to dodge your father, who is as swift as an eagle. When HE is about I gnash my teeth and moon about the garden for he seems to dislike me, and all for no other reason than that I own a whippet, have been a rover overland and sea, and in consequence my arm's stronger than his.

Last week I went a drive into Essex with Angus Sanderson and Albert Maxwell, and near Vauxhall Bridge, on the other side of the Hudson, we saw morris-dancing on the Lea—Francis, you would have loved to have been there, though perhaps you could ill afford the time; for if you wish to be a great singer, you must give all your leisure to it.

Yours, till the last instalment is paid,  
Royce.

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### EARNSIDE ECHOES.

Silence now reigns supreme in the staff room at Strathallan. This is not in consequence of the several protest meetings held during the Easter vacation in all the neighbouring parishes: it is merely that the piano has been transferred elsewhere.

We congratulate the well-meaning secretary who sent the following intelligent communication this term: “Dear Sir,—Our 1st XI. will travel by train leaving Glasgow at , arriving Forgardenny at . Hope this is suitable. Yours, etc. —

Most of the local celebrities have been away during the closed social season. The Duke of Pitkeathly is making a sojourn on the south coast of England. Although he is strictly incog. we understand he is staying not a thousand miles from Portland, being the guest of one of His Majesty's most trusted governors.

## A Hot Game

*Being the uncensored and hitherto unnarrated account of certain curious events at Strathallan.*

### CHAPTER ONE.

OH, yes! Life is just a game of cricket, and the Devil is a very cunning bowler. Oh, yes; he's a very cunning bowler, he is!

### CHAPTER TWO.

The Head returned to his study after Chapel. He had just finished a highly complicated and immensely enthralling description of the Devil as a cricketer. As he turned from the main corridor towards his suite, his thoughts still ran with the Devil up to the wicket. Suddenly he returned to earth. A dense cloud of steam and more than an imaginative whiff of brimstone floated down the corridor from his sanctum. Making a mental note that he must dismiss his servant, he rushed forward to save what he could of his evening meal. The room was so full of steam that he had to open the window before giving his attention to his rescue work. Slowly the room cleared, but still he was unable to find any cooked meats, and thoroughly upset, he sat down in the nearest armchair. He rose quickly, however, being subjected to a burning sensation, and turned round.

There sat the Devil!

With remarkable presence of mind, the Boss asked him what he was doing there; whereupon the Devil rose, and, in a voice laden with molten lava and tongues of flame, accused the Head of libel, base insinuation, and strategic hypocrisy. In no way afraid, the Head denied the charges, and, always a diplomat, said he had been for many years under the impression that his Satanic Majesty was the G.O.M. of the H.C.C.

Somewhat mollified, the Devil acknowledged this, and the Head, pursuing this favourable opening, offered him a fixture with the School, to be played at Forgan-denny, owing to the difficulty in the return service from Hades. To this the Devil bowed an acceptance, and, shaking hands, departed.

Rubbing a scorched hand, the Boss sent for the Nurse and the Captain of Cricket.

### CHAPTER THREE.

The great day dawned; a light mist gave the suggestion of future heat, but it was not the heat that concerned the Captain of Cricket, who had spent the night in prayer. As usual, he rose before breakfast in order to prepare the wicket, but was surprised to find the intended pitch strewn with cinders. Unable to account for this phenomenon, he asked Mr. Bain to cut another one at breakfast time, at which time he left to partake of a meal of dry toast and hot water.

On approaching the lawn after his repast, he was astonished to find the ground-staff pouring water on the pitch. Angrily, he demanded the reason for this act of folly, and was informed that the pitch had been steaming furiously.

Unable to cope with this latest development, he went to the Headmaster and related the strange events of the morning. The Head looked grave, and, after a few minutes' careful consideration, sent for the minister.

The minister, on his arrival, attributed the phenomena to satanic causes, and volunteered the suggestion that, as the weather had been wet, they wished a dry wicket—a fiery one if possible. The captain, realising they were going to get one, offered up a short prayer, but prepared the wicket and spent the remainder of the forenoon in class.

At break, word came round that the visitors had arrived, and that the Captain was wanted at the House. Dipping his hand in the nearest "Minimax," he went over to meet the visitors. He conducted them to the changing room and told the 1st eleven to go and change. Several of the team demanded a bathe or a spray in a "Minimax." Meanwhile, the School took their places on the boundary line: the eleven hid in the conservatory.

As the All Hell XI. came through the bushes on to the lawn, a terrible stillness fell upon the School, which remained unbroken until the visitors started to have a practice knock.

As, one by one, the boys regained their courage, they commenced to speculate on the composition of the visiting team. The Devil, of course, was easily recognised, despite the slight haze which surrounded him. Mr. Morris was able to inform enquirers that King John and Henry VIII. were in the team; most could distinguish Napoleon, and even the veriest nincompoop could recognise L1— G—. Mr. Riley was able to distinguish Charles Peace; while Mr. Shaw knew Landru.

Unfortunately, the haziness of the atmosphere round the visitors made it impossible for the onlookers to speculate on the strength of the School's opponents. Into this haze the Captain of Cricket disappeared after a short interval, returning after an even shorter one with a feeble grin on his face. He had won the toss, and beckoned his partner to put on the pads.

A feeble cheer greeted the Hell XI. as they took the field.

With awed amazement, the onlookers watched the Devil place his field. First slip, second slip, third slip, gully, backward point and third man. The School captain was seen to quiver slightly: his partner shut his eyes, lips moving feverishly—he was not facing the bowling. Mr. Riley hid his face in his hands. Meanwhile, the Captain took middle and leg, straightened his legs and faced the bowling. The Devil started his run—thirty paces. On he thundered to the wicket. With a prodigious bound he brought his arm over and delivered the ball. Boom! The ball hit the pitch and flashed on. It was wide, and covering up, the Captain let it pass to the wicket-keeper, standing fifteen yards back. Having thus obtained an idea of the pace of the wicket, he played the next ball to fine leg for a single, leaving his partner, a fine leg player, to glide the Devil for four. No cheers greeted the effort because the onlookers were unable to follow the ball. He played out the over, just managing to stop a scorching yorker which knocked the bat out of his hands.

Napoleon took the next over. He bowled medium paced off-spinners with a swinger interspersed. The Captain was bowled by

an extra slow one; and the first wicket down, a tall and lanky youth faced the bowling. Reaching far down the wicket, he showed no fear of Napoleon and drove him twice for four. With a short single he took the bowling, and with the speed of lightning, tapped the Devil through his army of slip fielders. Even L1— G— was forced to applaud the stroke.

A feature of the Hell fielding was that they seemed to fumble with the ball and then suddenly flash it in with lightning swiftness. Two men were run out in this way; while another was given out l.b.w. by the umpire, who was obviously a Hellite. Still they could not get rid of the tall youth, and the Devil put Henry VIII. on to bowl. He favoured insidious slows, and succeeded in dismissing the tall one with a googly.

Seven down for 65. Bad! The Devil had been mixing them beautifully, sometimes bowling five slows and a super fast one which simply asked to be hit—into fielder's hands. He was the devil! A burly boy, however, was a mighty hitter and put Henry VIII. to the bushes four times in one over; and even the Devil's first two balls were treated in the same manner, but the third beat him and closed the innings at 104.

Tea was then taken, during which the Devil, in no way fatigued by his energetic display, was in sparkling form, entertaining his team and the School umpire with some reminiscences which seemed of a humorous character. The School Captain merely fed the brutes.

Thereafter the School XI. took the field, and were followed by Hell's opening batsmen. The Devil did not open the innings but sent in Charles Peace and Landru. The last named bore a striking resemblance to W. G. Grace—about the beard. He opened confidently and drove the School fast bowler for a four and then for a single. Charles Peace then faced the bowling, but was given out l.b.w. first ball. Only a sharp reproof from the Devil prevented him from attempting to cut the umpire's throat. Even the Devil considered that not quite cricket.

L1— G— then took the last balls of the over, and completely surprised the fielders

by pretending to drive and then merely tapping the ball through his legs for four. The slow bowler soon had him in difficulties, however, and though Landru was severe on the slows, the second wicket fell at 22, and Mr. S—a, the Communist M.P., succeeded L— G—. Most of the Staff had recognised him earlier, but, being shy, were reticent even among themselves. This gentleman was a “downy bird” and made many attempts to gain unfair advantages. Once he hit the wicket-keeper over the head; but having sneaked 5 runs, he was given out for obstruction.

From now on the School bowlers met with fair success, and when the Devil came in as last man, The Hell XI. still wanted 20 runs. The Devil took the bowling and appeared to be very unsettled, playing two overs as a mere novice, and having thus taken the bowlers off their guard, he put next two balls for six and four.

At this stage it began to rain, and though he added a further six, the Devil became fast enveloped in a cloud of steam. On the boundary, too, was an ominous hissing and sizzling. Down came the rain heavier and heavier: the hissing became louder and louder. Then silence.

Half an hour later the rain lifted, but the Devil and the All Hell XI. were nowhere to be seen: an English Summer had beaten even the Devil.

T. M. H.

### SUPERSTITION.

Superstition is a kind of wild religion, vain yet ever commanding disciples. I have stood upon the pavement in a busy thoroughfare and watched with what religious fervour people have observed that foolish rite which dictates that “Whatsoever else thou doest, thou shalt not walk under a ladder.” The observance of this ceremony is held as inviolable as the keeping of the Ten Commandments; possible even more so: and do but mark how the carefree youngster who dares to break the convention is eyed askance by the observers of the rite; he is a heretic, doomed; the gallows are too good for him!

Superstition is the darling of the old woman. If one spills the salt, her distress is so touching that one feels the least one can do is to pander to her weakness and soothe her consternation by tossing a pinch of the spilt salt over the shoulder — and it must be the left shoulder or the counter-charm is ineffective. How foolish it all is! How twisted must be the brain that can so deify a madness! Yet the spray of Styx itself might have fallen on the white face of the weeping girl kneeling beside the fragments of a broken mirror.

Sometimes Superstition seems justified: it seems too easy a way out of the difficulty to explain every case of fulfilled omens as mere coincidence. Was not the original thirteenth person unlucky? Judas, the thirteenth at the Last Supper, the betrayer of Christ, was the most unhappy and ill-fated of mankind. Yet Superstition belongs to the past; it is a relic of days when witches and bogeys had a real existence in the minds of the uncivilised and uneducated. To-day, we have relegated fairies, good and bad, into Elysium: when comes there a time when the bogey of Superstition shall at last be exploded? When, but when Man shall cast out Fear?

W. T.

### THE BUSINESS CLUB.

Reduced to four members this term, it has been well nigh impossible for the Business Club to hold debates. Two papers have been read by each member, however, and criticisms offered by the others, though here again in the majority of cases the subjects chosen have been rather descriptive than such as invited discussion.

The Club has taken modern prose writers as its subject of literary study this term, and Thomas Hardy was read, “Under the Greenwood Tree” and some of his short stories being taken as typical. Towards the end of term, John Galsworthy was studied as a dramatist, “Loyalties” and “The Pidgeon” being under survey. Both of these authors proved popular.

Next term, with an influx of new blood from the present senior form, debates will be resumed.

## Niagara

WE were spending three nights at Toronto in August: two days had been spent sight-seeing, and the third, prior to our departure, we set apart for a visit to the Niagara Falls. As we left Toronto Bay by an early boat, we thought Fate had been kind to us in the matter of weather, but it was not long before the sunny peacefulness of Lake Ontario was transformed into a miniature storm-swept Atlantic, to the accompaniment of a driving rain.

By noon, however, when we disembarked at Lakeside Pier, the weather changed slightly for the better, though showers still fell at intervals. Here we boarded a picturesque toy railway, resembling more a tramway than a railway, at a pretty station, typically Canadian, paying our fifty cent fare. This railway runs perilously near to the Rapids at times, and until one gets used to the sensation of overlooking water that seethes and boils, one holds on tight, fearing the worst. All the way the surrounding country is deeply forested with a wild beauty all its own, and emerging from one of these forest belts, the train rounds a bend, and the cries of the passengers ahead are heard, "The Falls!"

There they were indeed, ten times more gigantic than I had ever conceived in my wildest stretches of imagination. One and all, we gazed about us speechless with wonder for some time. It was raining, but nevertheless here was the most amazing sight I had ever seen; and when I had gazed my fill, I took out my camera in an endeavour to bring back material evidence of the vision. The result was surprisingly good, for I understand there is something in the clear Canadian atmosphere which makes photography easy even in dull weather.

Beneath the Falls lay the swirling pool which men have sought to cross in barrels with fatal results. In their memory little souvenirs in the shape of tiny barrels are sold to tourists. The guide told a more romantic tale than of this fool-hardiness, of how the most beautiful Redskin maiden was chosen each year from a neighbouring tribe and for the honour of her race was commanded to sail over the Falls in the Chief's canoe. Not

that the command was necessary, for the maid would rejoice, as Eve does all the world over, that hers was considered the fairest beauty, and would meet death without a tremor.

Now came the most wonderful part of the excursion. We donned heavy waterproofs and Wellingtons, and, members of a large party, were conducted beneath the Falls. There are really two falls at Niagara, but it was under the largest, the Horse Shoe, so called for obvious reasons, that we were now led. On the production of one dollar, one may enter a tunnel which has been excavated by the British Government for the purpose, and so pass right under the Fall. The passage was well illuminated, and we travelled on some three or four minutes while the roar of the falling water grew louder and louder in our ears, till at length it was impossible to hear oneself speak, even when shouting as loud as possible. At length we came to a standstill, where there was an opening in the wall, and before us we could distinguish through the spray and dazzling gleams of light a wall of water pouring past us. One has really to see to believe: that such a thing is possible seems well nigh miraculous!

We returned to the upper air for lunch at a small Canadian restaurant overlooking the Falls and on the other side of the river. It was from here that I had my first sight of the United States, the country round Buffalo being now clearly visible. As I sat watching, a little boat came into view. She was "The Maid of the Mist," and justified her name by the way in which she steered so close to the tempestuous whirlpool under the spray of the Fall: so close, in fact, that I found myself pitying the passengers upon her, especially on such a day.

One last look at that amazing volume of water, providing the electrical power to light the whole of Toronto at so low a cost, and then we turned back to the steamer, and as we boarded her, Dame Nature mocked us again, the sun blazing forth as brightly as could be, seemingly pleased that I had been cheated of an even finer sight than I had seen.

W. P. T.



## An Election Episode

**I**T was election time in Ashleyville, the centre of a small constituency: and if you know Ashleyville you will know what that means. It was my misfortune to be staying there at the time, and as is so often the case, it was raining in torrents. Tired of reading, I inquired of my host where I might find entertainment. There was, he told me, a political meeting at the Town Hall: alternatively, there was the local museum to visit, and I chose the lesser of the two evils. Accordingly I hied me to the Town Hall, where I found a large and assorted crowd awaiting admission.

In due course I found myself inside, seated as comfortably as possible on a tip-up seat with a broken spring. The place was packed; the noise infernal. Cat-calls, yells and shrieks rent the air on all sides: I felt sorry for the speakers.

I felt sorer for the mob. The numbing effect of mechanical toil on their intelligence made them unfit to reason for themselves. A clever orator could confuse them or sway them with ease; and this the speaker that evening knew full well. He was a tall, thin, dark man, a master of passion and rhetoric. His eyes flashed, his words were wild, and his gestures wilder: he is the only man I have ever seen gnash his teeth.

He painted a glorious picture of what would happen when the Red Flag floated over the Clock Tower at Westminster instead of the Union Jack, forgetting to point out, however, that the factory whistle would still blow in the early hours of the morning to rouse the worker for his work. He grew bitter over the condition of the slums; he waxed eloquent on the immorality of the rich.

Hitherto the meeting had been surprisingly quiet, but a certain restlessness was now becoming apparent. Just as the speaker paused eloquently to allow some profound

statement sink into the minds of the audience, a chant arose from the back of the hall: "We want free beer."

"Hoi!" cried the constable who had come to keep the peace, "Stop that noise!" A scuffle followed as he attempted, without much success apparently, to remove the offender.

"What I want to know," said a festive-looking gentleman in front me, "is what is 'prolet-et -'." His voice was drowned by a stamping of feet in the gallery overhead, which seemed to dismay also the speaker on the platform, for his flow of words dried up. The constable, having failed to restore order at the back of the hall, sought a better hearing by mounting the platform and blowing a shrill blast on his whistle. His design was successful, for a momentary silence fell upon the packed hall.

My festive gentleman took advantage of the silence by completing his question "— Prolet-aareat sholidity," and gazed round for applause at his achievement.

"Up labour!" came a voice from the back.

Another voice relegated it as far as possible from the celestial regions: and then pandemonium broke loose. An orange hit the wall at the back of the platform. The speaker suddenly remembered a pressing appointment and left hurriedly by the side door. The constable drew his baton and charged. He was submerged in a sea of bodies.

A bottle whizzed unpleasantly near my head, and I came to the conclusion it was time I went too. As I slipped out through the emergency exit, a hand touched my arm, and a thick voice asked plaintively, "What IS proletariat sol-solidity, guv'nor?" But I shook off his detaining arm and fled into the night. Better rain than oranges and bottles.

I. S. C.

## MARABELLA.

I have trod the burning desert  
 With its billowed dunes of sand;  
 And I've trampled through the jungle  
 With its green savannah land:  
 I have climbed the Himalayas  
 Far above eternal snows;  
 And I've ventured up Death Valley  
 Where the Colorado flows:  
 But of all the vile places,  
 That I'd hate to see again,  
 Is the port of Marabella  
 On the southern coast of Spain.

We had sailed from Famagusta  
 With its fragrant orange groves,  
 In a sort of hellish weather  
 Not fit for human coves:  
 But we'd all the yellow fever,  
 And we couldn't go ashore  
 Till we sighted Marabella,  
 Feeling mighty sick and sore.

Then we left our floating prison  
 In a long boat for the land,  
 And we beached her where the seaweed  
 Lay a-rotting in the sand.  
 There the squalid little hovels  
 Lay a-sweltering in the heat,  
 And dust swirled up in choking clouds  
 From the filthy cobbled street:  
 But we all tramped up a-singing  
 A snatch of a jovial song,  
 For we thought that our burning throats  
 Would be slaked with wine ere long.  
 But the windows all were shuttered,  
 And the people that we saw  
 Slunk by like furtive shadows  
 In the gloom, from door to door.  
 Every drinking den was empty,  
 Bottles broken on the shelves;  
 Every bloomin' place deserted;  
 No one living but ourselves.  
 Then an old crone came up hobbling,  
 Leaning heavy on her stick,  
 A leer upon her toothless mouth  
 That well nigh turned me sick.  
 "Oh, ho!" she croaked, a-peerin' up  
 With her head cocked on one side,  
 "We've got plague at Marabella,  
 And my son's just been and died."

\* \* \* \*

Then we hastened from that plague spot  
 And ran down to the sands,

Where the hulks of boats lay mould'ring  
 Unattended by men's hands.  
 So we clambered in the long boat,  
 And each taking up an oar,  
 Rowed away from that ghastly beach  
 And the seaweed's stench on shore:  
 And we all cursed Marabella,  
 And I'll curse it yet again,  
 That damned plague spot, Marabella,  
 On the southern coast of Spain!

I. C.

## "WRITE ABOUT THAT."

Being inspired by certain passages in "Alton Locke"

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made  
 Me loathsome in the sight of men;  
 Else with poverty I had not stayed  
 Thus pure within a sin-girt den.

Yet was I fair long years ago  
 As any of my sisters here;  
 As fair as any one might show  
 That dwelt in squalor year on year,

And scarcely knew the light of sun,  
 And never saw how fair the world  
 Outside these filthy bars might run:  
 And saw no beauty save where curled

Above the myriad roofs the smoke  
 In airy whisps; roofs, chimney pots,  
 And row on row of houses broke  
 On my infant sight: filth that rots.

In gutters was my toy; and ere  
 I was a child I learnt to sew,  
 Stitch upon stitch, and year on year,  
 Profiting nothing save in woe.

Then Hunger drove into despair  
 My sisters, when my Mother ailed,  
 So that they sold their bodies fair  
 For food when other means had failed.

But smallpox worked on me its task,  
 And searing flame has done its worst,  
 Leaving my face a livid mask  
 That men shrink from as from accursed

Thus does Temptation lose its stings  
 For me, and I may thus be sure  
 That when the welcome death knell rings  
 I shall face my Maker—foul but pure.

## Desert Dottiness.

### ACT ONE.

SCENE 1 : *The bunk house at Fort Goma-dandyoff, outpost of the French Foreign Legion in the Sahara. A Legionnaire is discovered writing a letter home, reading as he writes.*

1st LEG. Dear mother, the sun is so hot that my neck is all burned, and I think it could do with a good application of—

(*A Legionnaire bursts in covered with sand.*)

2nd LEG. Water!

1st LEG. You insult me, sir. I was about to say "Vaseline."

2nd LEG. Give me something to drink. What can you give me?

1st LEG. Tea, coffee, cocoa, water, London, Rugby, Stafford, Crewe, and the raspberry.

2nd LEG. Well, bring me some, and, oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you the whole of the Arabs in Africa are advancing on us. Better tell the Corporal. (*The 1st Leg. carefully tidies up his writing materials, puts them away and exits.*)

SCENE 2 : *The Corporal's Room.*

(*The 1st Leg. enters.*)

CORPORAL. Well?

1st LEG. Yes thanks, sir; I've come to tell you that the Arabs are advancing.

CORPORAL (*after ten minutes' concentrated thought*). Tell the Sergeant. (*Exit 1st Leg.*)

SCENE 3 : *The Sergeant's Room.*

(*Enter 1st Leg.*)

1st LEG. The Arabs are advancing, sir!

SERGEANT (*after fifteen minutes' thought*). Tell the General. (*Exit 1st Leg.*)

SCENE 4 : *The General's Room.*

(*Enter 1st Leg.*)

1st LEG. The Arabs are advancing, sir!!

GENERAL (*crossing to the window*). We are surrounded. . . volunteers to spike their guns! . . . Only one man? Cowards the rest! . . . Step forward, my man! (*1st Leg. steps forward—on to the General's toe*). Tut, tut! Volunteers, by the right, number!

1st LEG. One!

GENERAL. You will go to-night and spike their guns.

1st LEG. Y-e-s, ssir. And if they capture m-m-me, sir?

GENERAL. Come and tell me—or, better still, wave something white.

## A Potted Play in Three Acts.

1st LEG. (*with a sob between each word and tears running down his cheeks*). And, sir, if they kill me, tell my folks I died fighting).

GENERAL (*touched and sobbing also*). Very well.

1st LEG. And if I die, please carry me feet first—all through my life I hated going with my back to the engine (*Exit*).

### ACT TWO.

SCENE 1 : *The Arab lines, complete with guns (Enter 1st Leg. with a hammer, followed by a crowd of Arabs).*

1st LEG (*singing lustily*). Is she my girl friend? How-de-ow-dow. Hey! Hey! I'm proud to say she is my girl friend now-w-w-w-w! (*He lifts the hammer and proceeds to spike a gun, whereupon the Arabs jump on him and tie him*).

1st ARAB. Doodlecumcooshum (Let us spike HIM).

ARABS (*in chorus*). Yalawalawah! (Hear, hear!).

(*They bend him over the gun, and the 1st Arab takes the hammer and proceeds to hammer a nail into 1st Leg.*)

1st LEG. Yooooooooooooo!!!!????!!

(*He leaps convulsively, the Arab's hand slips, the nail tears 1st Leg.'s trousers and his white shirt flutters in the breeze. Immediately 106 Legionnaires appear, kill all the Arabs and carry off their comrade back to Fort Goma-dandyoff.*)

### ACT THREE.

SCENE 1 : *The General's room.*

(*Enter 1st Leg.*)

GENERAL. Well done! (*Exit 1st Leg.*)

SCENE 2 : *The bunk house.*

2nd LEG. Three cheers for the spiker of the guns:—Hip, hip, hurray!

3rd LEG. Hurray! 8th LEG. Hurray!

4th LEG. Hurray! 9th LEG. Hurray!

5th LEG. Hurray! 10th LEG. Hurray!

6th LEG. Hurray! 11th LEG. Hurray!

7th LEG. Hurray! 12th LEG. Hurray!

(*and so on till the 106th Leg. says "Hurray!"*)

A FRENCH LEG. (*proudly*). If it hadn't been for the Foreign Legion of MY France, you'd be dead by now!

1st LEG. If it hadn't been for the worn region of my pants, I'd be dead now!

QUICK CURTAIN.

## “From Oporto to Gib.”

THE train journey from Oporto to Jerez had caused me some concern because it was a question of travelling in three trains, two charabancs and two motor boats. In addition, a night had to be spent “en route” at a village renowned for its filth. Therefore, it was with pleasure that I met a chum two days before leaving Oporto who was going the same journey, but by car—a Sports Salmson—affectionately named “Sammie” (so named before the writer made its acquaintance).

Full of hope, petrol and oil, we joyfully set out from Oporto on a glorious November afternoon with a temperature of about 85°. However, darkness fell quickly, and we were pleased to stop at Vizen after covering sixty odd miles. A good dinner neutralised the sad knowledge that the bed was hard and the pillows were filled with sawdust.

We set off the next morning—a Saturday—hoping for a good day’s run. We were, unfortunately, badly disappointed. The car ran badly and we began to get the wind up horribly. The road led over the Sierra d’Estrella, and according to the map we had to climb to over 4000 feet—a cheery outlook with a faulty magneto causing a heated engine. The road twisted and turned, giving us some terrible corners to negotiate. Several times we were obliged to stop in order to refill the engine with water by means of a small cigarette tin—the only weapon for the purpose.

Having reached the summit, we were able to admire the view. In every direction we could see for miles! Not a human being or living creature in sight. Nothing but rugged rocks and deep gorges. It was superb!

As time was passing, we had to push on, and did so to such an extent that we almost ran out of petrol. If it had not been for a stray Ford which came to our rescue, we might have been stranded.

It was quite interesting to see the little villages through which we passed—narrow cobbled streets filled with a howling mass of men, women, children and dogs, each looking dirtier than the other. One quaint

village we saw boasted in the name of Covilhã. Situated on the face of a cliff, its red-roofed houses were a picture for any artist, but a chemist might have spent a lifetime analysing its odours. We soon left it!

Darkness again overtook us, and we almost missed our road. I enquired at a little inn the road to Castillo de Vide, and to my surprise a voice shouted out, “Do you speak English, Señor?” It turned out to be a Portuguese engineer who had visited England. He offered to lead us to our destination and he dashed off in his Minerva while we tried to follow him. But “Sammie” was too tired. A badly running car, coupled with a terrible surface, and we were soon far behind.

We finally did arrive at Castillo de Vide and found this gentleman waiting for us. The proprietor of the local picture house, the only mechanic in the village, managed after an effort to repair the “mag.” and next morning we left before eight for Sevilla.

The ominous rumours regarding the condition of the roads were now proving only too true, and having bumped, sideslipped and skidded along a mountain track for several miles, we found to our dismay we were on the wrong road and were forced to rebump its length before we arrived at the Portuguese Frontier.

Four “aduanas” rushed out to greet us, and a long argument ensued. Our “trip-tyke,” or motor passport, was written in French, and they insisted on it being written in Portuguese. After a lengthy discussion, in which they did all the talking, each in turn, they agreed to accept our views on the matter. Having duly photographed them—to their intense delight—we set off across what is theoretically “No Man’s Land” for the Spanish Control. Here they had not wakened up and delayed us for almost an hour. They discovered golf clubs in the car and never having seen such things before (perhaps they believed they were something to do with revolutions—which they take great pride in creating) they insisted upon a practical demonstration and then wanted to play themselves! We thought this an

appropriate moment to dispatch a couple of picture postcards of Blackpool found in the car!

We were finally told that the chief Customs Office was in a little village called Valencia d'Alcantara, five miles distant and that we should have to go to his house for examination. I perched myself on the top of the luggage at the back while a smiling "aduanero," clad in his Sunday best and grasping a rifle with fixed bayonet, occupied my seat, saluting in majestic style to all and sundry whom we passed.

As was our wont we decided to have our usual picnic lunch and armed with a small book: "What you want to say in Spanish and How to," I boldly marched into the stores at Valencia. I knew exactly what I wanted to say, but the book did not tell me how to, but I soon emerged with the necessities of life. We opened the parcel at a spot some miles on. The bread was almost too hard to eat, the butter in a tin was several weeks old, jam (ordered as tinned fruit) resembled red ink. However, some sardines and biscuits brought from Oporto, assisted by "dos botellas de cerveza," turned the lunch into a success.

Late that afternoon we arrived at Badajoz. We seemed to attract great attention as we neared the centre of the town, and as we parked our car a crowd of boys ranging in age from six to twenty years, leapt at us from every side and all of them speaking at us. Imagine yourself, tired and thirsty in a foreign country, unable to leave your car because of a mob of urchins barring the way. I am afraid we did the wrong thing! We sat and laughed. This displeased the on-lookers greatly, for by their actions and animated language we then saw that they meant business. It was obvious that half of them would have liked to clean our boots while the other half shouted names of hotels and garages. As our popularity seemed to be decreasing in direct proportions to the size of the crowd we deemed it advisable to depart, and with a shout of "adios senores" we left them.

Our troubles were not at an end, because we needed petrol and while entering a garage at the village we cut the corner too fine with the result that the two inside

wheels fell into a rain gutter about six inches deep. Things looked bad, because we could not see how the car was to be extricated without a crane. The usual crowd gathered round and by means of signs and shouts we made it fairly clear that we had not meant to park there. The crowd discussed the matter and then several slalivar "coballeros" without any apparent effort seized sundry parts of the machine and we were again on the road.

Late that night we arrived at Sevilla—dead tired, dusty, hungry and thirsty. We were even too tired to visit the celebrated Music Hall and see the "Fandango" danced.

Next day we had a turn round Sevilla—the pearl of Andalucia.

A better description of Sevilla than this is difficult to find:—

"To me, who am just an ordinary traveller, the essential flavour of your beautiful Andalucia lies in the floods and floods of shining light that bathes everything—the scent of the orange blossoms in the streets—the little roof gardens of Sevilla and Jerez—the tantalising peeps into Patios through grills of iron tracery—the strips of gentian-blue sky enclosed by white-washed houses—the narrow streets where oranges and pami-entes, red and green, tumble out of dark little shops—the eternal black of the women's dress."

The city possesses some wonderful buildings, such as the Cathedral or Girolda, as it is called, from the top of which there is a marvellous view in all directions. The town itself with its two bull rings lies at one's feet, while the lazy waters of the river act as a foreground to the distant hills.

Off again but a short run to Jerez, where my chum and I were spending a month or so.

One day we motored to that famous place, Gibraltar. As one approaches it, the Rock can be seen from a great distance, and a thrill ran through me as I first saw it.

What pleasure to go through the barrier and be greeted by a London policeman with a cheery "Good morning, Sir," instead of the habitual "Buena dia, Señor!" How we felt we had left the wilds of Europe and were back in England!

S. D.

## The Scouts

AT the beginning of the term the patrols were re-organised (three new patrol-leaders being appointed) as follows:—

- Eagles. P.T.—F. W. Grant.
- Hawks. P.T.—G. Anderson.
- Swifts. P.T.—R. C. Scott.
- Cuckoos. P.T.—J. R. Wright.
- Owls. P.T.—R. L. Macdougall.

We were not able to take through the Morse Code with the troop as we had hoped, but we persevered with Semaphore, and can claim to have improved therein both in style and speed.

Altogether eight meetings have been held during the term, all of which were attended with keenness and interest. We hope that certain of the scouts will make an effort next term to be less conspicuous by their absence from the meetings and their presence in the detention class.

The last meeting but one was taken up with the building of a suspension bridge—a task which had not yet been accomplished by the troop. Eight staves, three lariats and a stout cord were used for the purpose, and although the crossing of the completed bridge was a somewhat dangerous business, the structure was remarkable good for a first attempt.

Field day was, of course, the event of greatest importance and was looked forward to with expectations and hopes which, we venture to say, were amply fulfilled. The day was fine, and considering the usual climate of Scotland, we think we were here-in extraordinarily fortunate. All scouts were in a good humour, happy and pleased with the world. Songs and laughter were heard all day, but never a word of complaint, not even from those who had to toil up the hill loaded with the baskets of provender.

Every patrol made its own fire, and cooking followed as a matter of course. It was unanimously agreed that sausages tasted much better when cooked and eaten in the open air, and when dinner was over, and cans had been cleaned and everything made tidy, permission was given to those that had bathing costumes to go and cool themselves in the stream. So passed a glorious day of sunshine and contentment, and we only wished that time would halt a while and not bring it to an end.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Pitkeathly for permission to use his grounds as the site of our camp; and Miss Riley for her part in making the day a complete success by her admirable preparation for feeding the hungry. Our thanks are also due P. M. Constable, our Assistant Scoutmaster, for very valuable services, and we wish every success to F. W. Grant who has been appointed as his successor.

BE PREPARED.

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### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society suspended operations during the summer term, and it is regrettable that during this time all office-bearers have passed out on to the greater stage. With the coming of the winter session, however, activities will be resumed, and early in the new term a Business Meeting will be held for the election of officers, and with new blood, young but enthusiastic, it is hoped that the Society, now on a sound financial footing, will enjoy as successful a year as that in which it came into being.

## Sports Notes

### CRICKET.

**A** GAIN the School has enjoyed a successful season, more perhaps in the winning of matches than in the matter of weather, though, in what has been a comparatively wet season, three cancelled matches is nothing to complain about. Throughout the term interest has been maintained in every group, and in consequence the standard of cricket has been much improved in every respect. The high quality of junior cricket was proved by the competition for places in the second eleven, and even more so by the very decisive victory won by an Under Twelve Eleven over Bernard Holt's School. This match was a great stimulant to both sides.

The batting strength has been fairly consistent, and we have been fortunate in the possession of a "tail" that can wag, and repeatedly has done so, to considerable purpose. The fielding, with one or two matches excepted, has been exceptionally good: it has been in bowling that the weakest link was found; and yet by such a statement is not to imply that the bowling was by any means negligible, as school sides found to their cost. The brunt of the attack has been borne by Sinclair and W. H. Reid, the former repeatedly keeping first-class batsmen strictly on the defensive.

First eleven: Played 16; won 9; drawn 3; lost 4.

#### Strathallan v. Heriot's School.

The School opened the season with an away fixture in Edinburgh. The wicket was hard but for some reason the scoring was very slow; indeed, with the limited time at disposal a draw was all that could be hoped for. Winning the toss, W. H. Reid and J. A. Diack opened for Strath. and batted confidently, making several scoring strokes in the first overs, but thereafter run-getting slowed down and the first wicket fell for 24. Dunn batted well and was top scorer with 23 runs to his credit, three more than Reid. The innings was declared closed after lunch, with the score at 88 for eight wickets.

Heriot's opening batsmen found the bowling of the School difficult, more than half Sinclair's overs, for instance, being maidens. Two wickets were down for 12, and but for two missed chances in the field, further men should have quickly been dismissed. As it was, a stand for the sixth wicket took the score from 31 to 53 before stumps were drawn. The fielding on both sides was good, which in some measure accounted for the smallness of the scores.

#### Strathallan v. Dollar Academy.

This game was one of the most exciting witnessed this season, the poor pitch at Dollar having some share in this. Strath., batting first, opened badly, Diack being out to a shooting ball before a run had been scored; and three wickets were down for 28. Dunn and Dow, however, made a good stand, and the good work was carried on by MacEwan, so that the hundred went up in seventy minutes with only four wickets down. Sinclair and Moodie made a further stand for the seventh wicket, but as the Academy continually changed their bowling, six men being tried, our batsmen had little chance to settle down, and as a result the batting was inclined to be patchy. Dow with 41 and Dunn with 34 were the top scorers in Strath.'s innings of 145.

Dollar lost two wickets for 5, but then Selkirk, assisted by Davidson, Gemmell and Stewart, put a different complexion on the game, the sixth wicket falling at 102. Strath. then got the upper hand again, and the score was only 110 when the eighth wicket fell. Turnbull offered a vigorous resistance, and 133 went up before Strath. had further success. With defeat in sight, Reid, who in his last five overs had taken 4 wickets for 6 runs, got Oliver out l.b.w., closing the innings for 140. Strath.'s victory was due to keen running between the wickets when batting, and smart fielding.

Result; Dollar Academy, 140; Strathallan, 145.

**Strathallan v. George Watson's College.**

In spite of the fact that play was continually interrupted by showers, this was an interesting game. Watson's batted first, and their opening bat, Gemmel, was run out for 14. The opening bats offered some resistance, the third wicket falling for 36. Thereafter, however, disaster came upon the visitors, owing to excellent fielding by the School, who, despite a slippery ball, ran three men out and caught three; and to the particularly deadly bowling of Reid, who claimed five of the last six wickets for 6 runs, his full analysis running: O. 6.1, M. 3, R. 6, W. 5.

Strath. followed on on a wet wicket, and our batsmen played cautiously, the wicket and the bowling being such as was not conducive to hard hitting. After an hour and a half's steady batting, Strath. retired with the score at 65 for five wickets. The chief scorers were Hart, 19; Reid, 16; and Dunn, 13.

Result: Strathallan, 65 for five wickets; George Watson's, 61.

**Strathallan v. Clydesdale.**

Clydesdale proved far too strong for the School side, who, apart from their fielding, which was excellent, played much below form. The School met with success early in the game, three wickets falling for 19. Macfarlane and D. Mackay became associated, and the score mounted rapidly, Sinclair being the only bowler who kept the batsmen subdued. D. Mackay hit thirteen fours and five sixes before, in attempting a further six, he was finely caught on the boundary by Diack, having scored 107. His more cautious partner had scored 42 when he was taken by Frew at mid-on.

The School were early in difficulties with the slow bowling of A. E. Smith, and Reid and Sinclair alone showed any ability of getting runs, with a result that the whole side were dismissed for 54. A follow-on was even more depressing. Ackroyd now bowled and claimed four victims for 7 runs, Strath.'s second venture only realising 39,

of which Reid and Sinclair contributed 11 and 14 respectively.

Result: Strathallan, 54 and 39; Clydesdale, 202 for seven wickets.

**Strathallan v. Stewart's College.**

Strath. won the toss, but sent in the visitors on a sticky wicket. The batsmen were far from comfortable with the School bowling, and as a result runs came very slowly. By their cautious methods, however, Stewart's looked like building up a good score, but the later batsmen failed to emulate the example set them, and the side were out for 76. Some idea of the slowness of the game can be obtained when it is realised that of twenty overs bowled by Sinclair, twelve were maidens, seven of which were in succession. His bowling analysis was three wkts. for 15, while Reid took seven for 50.

On a drying wicket Strath. batted confidently, the first three men seeing the half century passed. Something of a collapse followed, the score still being under 60 for five wickets; Morrison and MacEwen carried the School to victory, however, with three wickets to spare. Hart with 17, Reid 16, Diack 14 and Dow 11 were the chief contributors to the School's total of 81 for seven wickets.

Result: Strathallan, 81 for seven wickets; Stewart's, 76.

**Strathallan v. Auchterarder.**

Reid again won the toss and put in the visitors, but in this case the policy did not seem justified by results; for Auchterarder played cautiously against good bowling, and when their innings was concluded, Strath. had but an hour and a half to play in a light which was rapidly failing. The start of the match was sensational, Sinclair claiming a wicket with his first ball, and with only a single added took a second with the last ball of the over. Cautious play followed, but half the side was out for 28. The tail wagged to some purpose, however, and the innings closed at 83, Sinclair claiming seven wickets for 31.



The School lost Reid in the first over, but Hart and Diack took the score up to 32 for the second wicket. With 61 runs on the board, with only four wickets down, they seemed to have the game well in hand, but a series of disasters overtook them, and with eight wickets down they were still two behind. The ninth man was run out with the scores even, and D. Shanks, playing for the first time in the senior eleven, stayed at the wicket long enough to see two more runs added before he, too, was run out.

Result: Strathallan, 85; Auchterarder, 83.

### **Strathallan v. Former Pupils.**

The F.P.s brought up a strong team, under the captaincy of G. B. Smith, and batted first. J. Morrison and S. Dow made a stubborn stand for the first wicket, till the latter was caught by MacEwen with the score at 47. Sinclair and Hart captured the next three wickets cheaply, but a further stand was made by A. Lambie and McFadzen. Thanks to a further stand for the last wicket, the innings was not ended till the score stood at 132.

The School began confidently, Diack finding the boundary three times, and though, when he left, Hart did not stay long, Dunn and Reid saw the visitors' score passed, before the latter was caught and bowled by Smith for 59. The innings was close at 155 for three wickets, Dunn being then 54 not out.

Result: Strathallan, 155 for three wickets; Former Pupils, 132.

### **Strathallan v. Morrison's Academy.**

Batting first, Morrison's gave a mediocre display, and, but for missed catches in the field and more than a share of luck, would never have obtained the total of 80 they did.

When Strath. batted, a shock was in store for them. Five wickets went down for 13 runs, of which Reid had scored 10. MacEwen and Sinclair pulled the game round, the latter hitting all round the wicket for an invaluable 41. When he left the score stood at 67 for seven wickets. Morrison and Shanks took the score up to 80 by cautious play, and with one run to make, Black

joined Moodie. A misunderstanding between these two resulted in the former being run out before the coveted run was made.

Result: Strathallan, 80; Morrison's Academy, 80.

### **Strathallan v. Pitlochry.**

The visitors began badly: their batting was erratic, and there seemed so little understanding between the batsmen that the first two batsmen were smartly run out, and only five runs had been scored when half the side were out. At this stage Dame Nature decided that this was too easy a victory, and interrupted the game with a shower of hail, that gave the pitch a very wintry aspect. When play was resumed the School bowlers found it impossible to grip the wet ball, and the score was carried to 45 for the next wicket. T. M. Russell, a former Strath. boy, was of considerable assistance in raising the total to 81.

The School batting was steady, though there was a tendency to knock up catches, Diack and Hart being dismissed in this way. Reid (45), Frew (32) and Dunn (45), however, put the matter beyond a doubt, and later Sinclair hit well for a merry 28.

Result: Strathallan, 165 for eight wickets; Pitlochry, 81.

### **Strathallan v. Glasgow High School.**

It was the day after Sports Day that the School played the High School, and possibly that accounted for the lifelessness of the display. Winning the toss, the visitors went out to bat and after losing the first wicket for 5, there ensued a prolific partnership between Miller, a former Strath. boy, and Wilson, which realised 103 runs, for which bad fielding was as much responsible as good batting. At 200 for eight wickets the High School declared, leaving the School just under two hours to play.

There was a delay in the interval owing to a heavy shower, which transformed an hitherto fast outfield into a dead slow one; with a result that Strath. only reached the boundary on five occasions. With Diack out with only one run on the board, defence became the policy of the side. Dunn and Reid, by cautious play, added 48 runs for

the third wicket, and Dow showed admirable restraint, being at the wicket nearly half an hour without scoring. He and Reid carried out their bats when time was up for 5 and 49 respectively.

Result: Strathallan, 73 for four wickets; Glasgow H.S., 200 for eight wickets.

### **Strathallan v. Brechin.**

Brechin brought up an unexpectedly strong team, and the School, batting first, were soon in difficulties with the bowling of Eddie and Laing, the Forfarshire player. Six wickets were down for a mere 20 runs, Reid alone reaching double figures, when Sinclair came in to make a gallant effort to redeem matters. In this he was supported by Barr and Frew, but despite this, the innings was closed for 63, of which Sinclair had made 20 and Frew 8 not out. Eddie claimed five victims for 16.

The visitors played stolidly and scored 18 for the first wicket. Thereafter, Sinclair met with success and four wickets were down for a mere 21. A timely stand then put Brechin in a winning position, and Strath.'s score was passed with four wickets in hand. Eddie and Laing were again to the fore with 34 and 18 respectively, and the innings was terminated just as the century went up. Sinclair claimed six wickets for 47 runs, and his analysis would have been far higher had the fielders accepted all the chances offered.

Result: Strathallan, 63; Brechin, 100.

### **Strathallan v. Auchterarder.**

In the return match with Auchterarder the School gained an easy victory. Reid won the toss, and mindful of his earlier experience, elected to bat. The early batsmen were inclined to pull to leg, and as the ball was shooting, were either bowled or caught. Reid batted forcibly, hitting three sixes in his 56. He received little support from his partners however, and was fifth out with the score at 62. Sinclair and Shanks scored freely for 24 and 17 respectively before being run out in the same manner, a quick throw-in from mid-on scattering the stumps; but when the innings closed, the total, 126, was much higher than might have been expected considering the wet wicket.

The home side, despite the caution exercised, were all out for 47. They caught Strath. fielders on a good day, and Sinclair, bowling admirably, created a record by taking all ten wickets, four clean bowled, for eleven runs.

Result: Auchterarder, 47; Strathallan, 126.

### **Strathallan v. H. B. Rowan's XI.**

On a good wicket, Strath. batted first, but were very cautious in playing the bowling of Macinlay and Kirk. Nevertheless, they had lost four good men for a mere 24 runs. Dow made a valiant effort to pull the game round but received little support apart from Sinclair who was the only other man in the side to reach double figures. Dow was last man out with the total at 79, being caught off T. M. Hart's bowling. The latter claimed four wickets for nine runs.

At no time did the School look like retrieving themselves with success in the field. Though Reid beat A. C. Tennant with the score at 14, and though it cannot be said that at any time the visitors scored freely, the score mounted steadily, and the School's total was passed with four wickets still to fall.

Result: Strathallan, 79; H. B. Rowan's XI., 96 for six wickets.

### **Strathallan v. Joe Anderson's XI.**

The visitors batted first and very quickly got a measure of the School bowling. R. A. Wood was smartly caught by Hart when 19 and the score 29, but with T. MacPherson in scoring was rapid and 85 went up before the second wicket fell. A merry partnership followed between T. and C. MacPherson, and the innings was closed at 203 for six wickets. The former of this pair scored 84 in about an hour, hitting seven sixes and six fours, while the latter had two sixes and seven fours in his 41.

Faced with a big task, the School opened badly, and three wickets were down for nine runs. A stand was made by Shanks and Dow, however, and the fourth wicket fell at 41. MacEwen and Sinclair continued the good work, and with Grant hitting lustily the score mounted rapidly, and a last wicket

stand looked for a time like forcing a draw, but the innings was terminated just on time for 126, of which Grant, 37, Shanks, 27, and MacEwen, 17, were the chief contributors. It has been a long time since Strath. has been treated to such an exhibition of hitting as in this match.

Result: Strathallan, 126; Joe Anderson's XI., 203 for six wickets.

**Strathallan v. Glasgow 'Varsity.**

The 'Varsity were strongly represented, but T. M. Hart and J. R. Peebles alone reached double figures, the former playing excellently for 67, which included two sixes and eight fours. The School showed excellent form in the field, Frew at mid-off making three catches, and Shanks holding a fast low drive to dismiss Peebles.

The School found they had to play carefully at first against good bowling and fielding, and the batting, while by no means brilliant, was steady and consistent. Five wickets were down for 58, but Dow and Frew played well and took the score up to 113 for the next wicket, Frew being then clean bowled for 38, which included five fours and a six. Dow and MacEwen soon knocked off the required runs, the former carrying out his bat for 17.

Result: Strathallan, 126 for six wickets; Glasgow 'Varsity, 116.

**Strathallan v. Dunfermline High School.**

Reid and Shanks opened Strath.'s innings and against mediocre bowling found little difficulty in making the season's best first wicket stand, the former being caught with 57 on the board. Shanks batted admirably and went on to make the highest score of the season, 70, before being given out for obstruction. Sinclair gave a characteristic display, hitting six fours in an innings of 31 scored in six minutes, before the closure was applied at 178 for six wickets.

In the half hour before lunch the High School fared disastrously, five wickets falling for 7 runs, Reid claiming four victims in three overs for 3 runs. Afterwards a stand was made by Couper and Watson and the score mounted to 31 for the next wicket.

The remaining batsmen failed materially to improve matters, and the whole side were out for 42.

Result—Strathallan, 178 for 6 wks. Dunfermline H. S., 42.

TOTAL RUNS.—For : 1689 for 127 wks. Average per wicket, 13.3. Against : 1712 for 142 wks. Average per wicket, 12.05.

**BATTING AVERAGES.**

	Innings.	No. of runs not out.	Runs.	Highest in an innings.	Averages.	Catches.
W. H. Reid	- 16	1	341	59	22.7	7
E. Sinclair	- 12	3	913	41	21.4	2
D. Shanks	- 8	0	139	70	17.3	5
R. Dunn	- 16	1	228	54*	15.2	3
J. F. Dow	- 16	4	182	41	15.17	6
R. M. Grant	- 7	2	50	33	10	1
W. M. Frew	- 12	1	108	38	9.8	6
E. W. Hart	- 16	0	121	23	7.56	5
I. MacEwen	- 13	3	72	17	7.2	8
J. Diack	- 12	0	85	23	7.08	1
A. M. Moodie	- 8	3	31	9*	6.2	5
A. Morrison	- 6	2	13	7	3.2	1

\*Signifies not out.

**BOWLING AVERAGES.**

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.	Avr.
E. Sinclair	- 231	76	527	57	9.2
A. M. Moodie	55	7	196	16	12.2
W. H. Reid	- 173	37	586	41	14.3
R. M. Grant	- 62	8	210	13	16.1

First Eleven blazers and caps were awarded to J. F. Dow, E. Sinclair and D. Shanks.

**Criticism of the Team.**

W. H. REID has proved quite a capable captain and showed during the season that he had a thorough understanding of the game. He is our most polished batsman and has accomplished fine deeds with the bat. A good bowler, he is also one of the finest fielders we have had.

J. F. Dow, the only left-handed batsman in the team, is a steady player, capable of making a stand when there is need. His batting has considerably improved, especially on the off; whilst as a wicket-keeper, without being spectacular, he has put in consistently good work. 1st XI. Colours awarded for season 1928.

E. SINCLAIR has proved one of the most successful and improved players. He fields above the average, bats with enterprise and confidence, and bowls a slow spin ball with great success. Colours awarded for season 1928.

D. SHANKS gained the bat awarded annually for the most improved player. Very alert and safe at mid-on, he has rapidly developed into a sound batsman with a good variety of strokes. Colours awarded for season 1928.

R. DUNN has a style of his own in batting, at which he has been very successful. He hits hard with a suspicion of a cross bat, but nevertheless has a sound defence. He fields very smartly, but as a cover-point he should improve his throw-in.

A. M. MOODIE has a free style as a batsman, a natural hitter with some amount of defence. A very good fielder with a fast throw-in, he is also a much improved bowler, keeping a good length without losing pace.

I. MACEWEN shines to advantage at point, where, at times, he fields really brilliantly. Greatly improved with the bat, he has good quick foot-work and plenty of polished strokes which, with experience, should make him into an excellent batsman.

W. M. FREW is an admirable fielder at mid-off, where he has saved innumerable runs. He rapidly improved as a batsman and has some good performances to his credit. His best scoring stroke is the drive, but he should acquire a better balanced stance at the wicket.

E. W. HART has had bad luck with the bat this season. He is greatly improved, and has some excellent strokes to both leg and off, whilst his defence is now quite sound. A keen, all round cricketer who should keep on improving.

J. DIACK, a cautious batsman with a very sound defence. He scores mostly on the leg side, but, with experience, should develop into a free scoring batsman. He is a safe catch on the boundary, but is rather slow on the field.

R. M. GRANT is a fast, left-handed bowler of distinct possibilities in the future, especially if he introduces more variety and guile. He has a fine delivery but should shorten his stride over the crease. Quite smart in the field, he is also developing as a batsman.

The **Second Eleven** has enjoyed a fair share of success, winning three of its six matches, drawing one and losing two, one of which, against Perth Academy 1st, was a virtual victory, a declared total of 65 for 5 wickets being beaten only by the full Perth side. The draw was a very creditable one, for, faced by Dundee High School 1st XI.'s total of 140 for 7 wickets, after losing four wickets cheaply, the School played out time for 41 for 5 wickets. A decisive victory over Glasgow High School enabled the team, however, to show a considerably better average runs per wicket than their opponents, 8.97 against 7.

A. Barr heads the batting average in the Second with 16.5, with I. Brown and A. Morrison with 15 and 13.6 respectively as runners-up. Morrison heads the bowling averages with ten wickets at a cost of 4.9 runs per wicket, with D. S. Thomson second with 24 at 6.2 runs per wicket.

Second Eleven caps were awarded at the end of the season to R. Dunn, A. M. Moodie, I. McEwen, E. W. Hart, A. Morrison, J. H. Black, D. S. Thomson, H. Kirkby and G. Sturroch.

### SPORTS DAY.

Sports Day was held on June 15, and there was a large, though by no means a record gathering. The number of F.P.s who made a point of being present was very gratifying, however. As last year, the going was heavy, and on one side of the track at least the surface was treacherous; fortunately, the heavy showers which marred the proceedings held off till most of the flat racing was over.

This year saw a keen struggle between Freeland and Ruthven for the House Championship Cup, the latter finally triumphing by 117 pts. to 106, with Nicol third and Simpson last. The struggle for the Victor Ludorum Cup was no less keen,

S. Fraser carrying off the trophy with 11 pts. from A. Moodie and H. Mason with one point less. J. Scott followed up his success in the under 16 event last year by winning the senior half-mile from R. Grant in 2 min. 31 sec., quite a creditable performance under the circumstances.

Lady Grant, of Monymusk, presented the prizes, which, in addition to those for the day's events, included a silver cup, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Dow for the champion house at Rugby and Cricket, won this year by Freeland (J. F. Dow, captain), and the School Dux Medals, senior to E. W. Hart and junior to I. Henderson.

The results were as follows:—

#### OPEN EVENTS.

- 100 yds.—1, I. Chalmers; 2, S. Fraser.  
 220 yds.—1, H. Mason; 2, S. Fraser.  
 440 yds.—1, H. Mason; 2, R. Grant.  
 880 yds.—1, J. W. Scott; 2, R. Grant.  
 120 yds. Hurdles—1, I. MacEwen; 2, W. M. Frew.  
 Long Jump—1, S. Fraser; 2, T. Docherty (18 ft. 8 in.).  
 High Jump—1, A. M. Moodie; 2, W. H. Reid (4 ft. 11 in.).  
 Throwing the Cricket Ball—1, A. M. Moodie; 2, T. Docherty (88 yds.).  
 House Relay—1, Ruthven; 2, Freeland; 3, Nicol; 4, Simpson.

#### OTHER EVENTS.

- 75 yds., under 12—1, R. McMath; 2, D. Beveridge.  
 90 yds., under 14—1, F. Thomson; 2, W. Gray.  
 100 yds., under 16—1, E. McKenzie; 2, G. Young.  
 220 yds., under 14—1, F. Thomson; 2, H. Shanks.  
 220 yds., under 16—1, G. Young; 2, E. McKenzie.  
 440 yds., under 14—1, F. Thomson; 2, R. Buchanan.  
 440 yds., under 16—1, G. Young; 2, S. Brook.  
 880 yds., under 16—1, I. Constable; 2, G. Young.  
 120 yds. Hurdles, under 16—1, C. Lacey; 2, J. Wright.

High Jump, under 12—1, D. Beveridge; 2, R. McMath.

High Jump, under 14—1, F. Thomson; 2, H. Shanks.

High Jump, under 16, 1, C. Lacey; 2, J. Wright.

Long Jump, under 14—1, F. Thomson; 2, W. Gray.

Long Jump, under 16—1, W. Buchanan; 2, C. Lacey.

Three-legged Race—1, W. M. Frew and A. M. Moodie; 2, D. Bell and A. Shanks.

Obstacle Race—1, R. Macfarlane; 2, J. Ross.

Past Pupils beat Present Pupils in a Tug-of-War by two pulls to one.

#### TENNIS.

The Tennis tournament evoked considerable interest this year, sixty-eight entrants participating in the junior championship, and forty-eight in the senior. The preliminary rounds were played off on July 5th, and the semi-finals and finals on the following evening. In the junior event there were few surprises in the early rounds, the first being the defeat of last year's semi-finalist, I. Constable, in the third round by A. Morrison, who passed on after a stiff game to meet G. Leburn in the semi-final. C. Lacey and I. Henderson, the finalists last year, met in the other semi-final, the former winning 6-2 after a stiffer tussle than the score suggests. Morrison, by dint of great steadiness, beat Leburn 6-1 to face Lacey in the final. The game was notable for long rallies, though, owing to both players studiously avoiding "placing" the ball, it could not by any means be called a thrilling one. Morrison's steadiness told in these circumstances, and he took the first set 6-3. In the second set, when his opponent was visibly tiring, Lacey forfeited his chance of forcing a third set by erratic play, and lost 4-6.

The senior games were more unexpected in their results. A. Moodie, one of the favourites, was beaten in the first round by G. Rae, while clever play by L. Macdougall carried him into the semi-final against such opposition as F. Grant and H. Kirkby. W. H. Reid, the other favourite, fell a victim to J. H. Black after a desperate struggle, and the

latter reached the semi-final, to be defeated by P. Constable, whose height and superior reach gave him considerable advantage. Meanwhile, I. Brown had decisively beaten Macdougall in the other semi-final in a love set.

The final between Brown and Constable provided some excellent tennis. Both were exponents of the "placing" game, and any slight superiority Brown possessed in this direction was nullified by Constable's longer reach, so that again and again the former's schemes to lure the latter out of position went astray. He kept pegging away, however, and took the first set 6-4. The second set produced some good rallies and was a repetition of the first except that Constable was driven more and more on to the defensive, but he again captured four games before set and match was called.

### SWIMMING.

The swimming championships were held on Monday evening, July 9th, in the Swimming Bath, the senior event being over a course of 100 yards, the junior over one of 50 yards, and in each case there was keen competition and a gratifying number of entries.

Thirty-two juniors competed, and though one or two found the pace and distance too much for them, the majority completed the course. The heats were quickly disposed of, there being an indisputable winner in each, and C. Maclay, R. Balfour, C. Lacey, I. Henderson, J. T. Johnston, D. Moncur, N. Gillanders and B. Carlaw qualifying for the semi-finals. Here the competition was keener, and in the one Lacey won, with Balfour a close second, while Maclay won the other using the back stroke, with Moncur second. Lacey scratched from the final, however, and what promised to be a keen struggle resolved itself into a tussle between

Maclay and Balfour, in which the former triumphed.

There were four heats in the senior event, I. Lang, A. Moodie, F. Grant and J. Black qualifying for the final. The latter was an exciting affair. It was soon apparent that it was between Moodie and Grant, the former going well ahead at the start; but the latter could not be denied, and was close behind when the last length began. He crept up slowly and forced a dead heat by his touch. In the consequent re-swim over two lengths, Moodie led over the first half, but a good turn by Grant took him ahead, and he retained his lead to the end, winning by just over a yard.

### RUGBY PROSPECTS.

The first XV. have a heavy programme for the coming season, but there seems no reason to doubt their capabilities to acquit themselves well. The team will be captained by E. Sinclair, last year's full back, and he will have the services of five others of last season's regular members of the first in addition to nine others who have played for the senior side on occasion. Possibly, too, J. F. Dow will be able to play in the early games. However, there should be no difficulty in getting together a strong side, particularly forward, and when once individuals mould into a team, a successful season should follow.

No fears are entertained with regards the second and third XV's. Junior Rugby is perhaps stronger in the Schools at the present time than ever before, and competition for places in both teams will be keen, particularly for the second, which will be under the captaincy of D. Walker.

### F.P. MATCH.

The date of the F.P. Match is December 1st. All enquiries should be addressed N. G. REID, Lochside, Bearsden.

## Old Boys' News

UP to the time of going to Press, we have received very gratifying news from the various Universities, showing that Strathallians are upholding the School reputation for success in examinations, and we offer the School's congratulations to all who have passed so well.

Mr. J. J. Cruickshank has passed his Final for a doctor, in Edinburgh.

Norman Smith has passed his Final for a dentist, in Edinburgh, and succeeded in gaining three medals during the last year of his course, including the highest awards of his college.

Mr. Walter Hird has passed his B.Sc. examination in Civil Engineering at the University of London, with honours.

Many others have succeeded in passing their intermediate examinations at the various Universities.

Strathallians of Bridge of Allan days will be interested to know that Mr. Robert Morrison is sitting his Final for a Law Agent in Scotland. He had very hard luck at the last examination, when he was carried from a bed of sickness to the examination room and missed qualifying by the very narrowest margin. It was really cruel luck.

Mr. Fergus McKenna, who is an officer in the Australian Air Force, is at present at home at Stronvar, Ayr, and no doubt many Old Boys from the Glasgow district have come in contact with him during his period of furlough.

During the cricket season, Strathallians have been following with great interest the doings of T. M. Hart, W. J. Walker and W. H. Reid, who have been playing first-class Scottish cricket and have worthily upheld the tradition of Strathallan as a cricketing school.

We have read, with great regret, in the "Glasgow Herald" that Mr. N. G. Reid

has been compelled by his doctor to give up Rugby football, and we can assure him that his many friends amongst Strathallians share with him his great disappointment. Some of the best judges of Rugby Football had openly predicted for him International honours in the near future and most of us were expecting to see him one day figuring in the Scottish side at Murrayfield. It is really hard luck indeed.

We note with pleasure that Mr. W. A. C. Lambie has now won his place as a forward in the Glasgow Academicals' team and we are all sure that this is only one step upwards towards higher things.

Mr. Stuart Ferguson, who was our Rugby captain last year, is now playing for the West of Scotland who will no doubt appreciate real honest scrummaging together with speed and tactics of a no mean order.

Mr. Ferguson, along with Mr. Willie Frew and Mr. Arthur Moodie, are now employed in the offices of Messrs. Finlay & Co., West Nile Street, Glasgow.

Messrs. W. Mount, I. Campbell, and N. Douglas have joined the firm of Messrs. Balfour, Williamson, 7 Gracechurch Street, London, and all seem to be doing well.

There are now about twenty Strathallians within striking distance of Buenos Ayres and we have had one or two suggestions that an annual dinner should be held in that city. We think that, in the first instance, it would be better for Strathallians in that region to communicate with the School, when, should there be a sufficient response, steps will be taken to bring about the formation of a club.

Old Strathallians will join in congratulations to Mr. A. C. Davidson on his remarkable escape from death in a motor accident at Rawal Pindi. Two or three of the other occupants of the car were killed, but "A.C." escaped with superficial scratches. We have not had an account from him himself, but

other members of the firm have written home and we have seen their letters.

Such distressing accidents are sometimes painful to recall, but the Editor wonders if "A.C." would care to describe his experience, which must have been very thrilling. Besides we have heard several accounts from Strathallians and no doubt the correct version would be of interest.

Mr. Ian Huie has brought before our notice a very interesting suggestion and one which seems to be worthy of every consideration. He points out that many Old Boys who are not members of the club are wearing blazers purporting to be those of the Old Boys' Club, and that in other ways are getting advantages without incurring the responsibilities and obligations of joining the Club. He suggests that the blazer be a Club blazer bearing the letters "O.S." along with the crest, and that only club members be allowed to obtain one. This matter will be down on the Agenda for discussion at the Annual Meeting in December.

At a meeting of the Committee, held during the Summer Term, it was decided that the Old Boys' Dinner should be held in the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, the 21st December. The number of tickets that will be issued will be strictly limited, and early application is advised in order to avoid a disappointment. It is expected that the cost of the ticket will be about 15/-. There will be a business meeting at which the accounts will be presented and a list of proposed new members will be exposed.

Last year we had an attendance of about fifty Old Boys and it is hoped that we will be able to count upon between sixty and seventy on this occasion.

The Committee fixed the date mentioned with a view to accommodating those who were attending the 'Varsities outwith Glasgow, and no doubt it will be possible for any who propose to attend, to arrange with some of their old school friends in Glasgow to put them up for

a night. Several Old Boys have notified their desire to assist in this direction, and any Old Boy who finds any difficulty in this matter will receive assistance if he communicates with headquarters at the School.

During this last summer, we have had a record number of Old Boys visiting the School, and present pupils, wearing School blazers, caps and ties, have been greeted in most out-of-the-way places, both at home and abroad, by Strathallians of former days. This is most gratifying, as it shows not only an increasing bond of fellowship coming into being, but the growing interest of Strathallians, generally, in the doings of the School.

### BUCCANEERING.

I have done with buccaneering  
 And I'll never sail again  
 Across the blue Pacific  
 Or the heaving Spanish Main,  
 Dotted o'er with coral islands  
 With their waving fringe of palm,  
 Surrounding crystal clear lagoons  
 Where the water's always calm.  
 There's some gain in buccaneering,  
 In the plunder and the loot,  
 But this sort of occupation  
 Makes a man a callous brute.  
 We lean men with wolfish faces,  
 Watch the merchant clipper yaw,  
 The bloodlust gleaming in our eyes,  
 A long knife clenched in paw.  
 The grinding sound as hull rasps hull  
 And the topmasts closer lean;  
 The cry of some poor helpless wretch  
 Who's been crushed to death between:  
 The clang of the grappling iron  
 As it bites into the deck;  
 And the scrambling rush of pirates  
 As they quit our rat-run wreck:  
 The fearful cries of butchered men,  
 And hiss of a bloody blade;  
 The horrid squelching of men's feet  
 As over the deck they wade:-----  
 Yes! I've done with buccaneering,  
 And I'll never feel again  
 The ship a-heaving under me  
 As she sails across the main.

I. C.