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Warneke, Glasgow

Photo

MR J. HARLING TURNER

The Dollar Magazine.

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Mr J. Harling Turner.

WE hailed with much pleasure the news of the promotion of Mr Turner to the honourable position he now holds; and it gives us unqualified satisfaction to present our readers with his portrait, which we consider an excellent one. The following sketch of his career will be welcomed by all.

Mr Joseph Harling Turner, Director of the Agricultural Section of the National Service Department, was born at the Deen, Kilmarnock, in 1859, and after some years at the local Academy came in 1872 to Dollar, where he remained until July 1875.

He boarded first in the house of Dr Milne, and after his death with Mrs Ralston in Gladstone Terrace. It is a remarkable fact that no fewer than six out of about twenty boys who lived with Mrs Ralston at that time now occupy prominent positions as land agents. Mr Turner himself, his brother, Mr T. Warner Turner, now agent for the Duke of Portland at Welbeck; Mr William Ralston, Lord Strathmore's agent in Durham; Mr Charles W. Ralston, chamberlain to the Duke of Buccleuch at Thornhill; Mr Agnew Ralston, factor for the Marquess of Linlithgow; and Mr George Russell, factor for the Earl of Home at the Hirsell. Another Dollar boy of the same period, Mr James Middleton, is agent for Lord Howard de Walden.

On leaving School the subject of our sketch entered the office of his father, factor for the Duke of Portland, and about three years later, in 1878, when Mr Turner, senior, left Ayrshire to manage the Portland estates in England, his son remained in charge of the Ayrshire and Caithness properties, becoming factor in 1881 and commissioner in 1900. He is a Fellow of the Surveyors' Institute and a member of various societies connected with his profession.

Mr Harling Turner takes an active part in many spheres of local work. He has been a member of the Ayrshire County Council and chairman of its Kilmarnock District Committee since these bodies

were formed in 1890, and of the Joint Tuberculosis Committee for the county, and until he received his present appointment he presided over the Ayrshire Appeal Tribunal. For many years Mr Turner was chairman of the School Boards of Galston, Dundonald, and Kilmarnock (Landward). Besides, he has taken a keen interest in the work of various agricultural societies, and is a recognised judge of hunters.

Mr Turner married, in 1883, Mary, daughter of the late Mr John Adam, for over thirty-three years factor for the Closeburn estate, and has one son and four daughters. His son, who is factor for Cally in Kirkcudbright, is at present serving with a yeomanry regiment in Egypt.

The Eastern Coast.

THE sea broke black and thundrous where it met the grey-fanged reefs ;
Its waves were churned to milky foam and flung back on its breast ;
The weary wind went sobbing on to wail its heavy griefs
To the sleepy huddled village where the sailors' sweethearts rest.

From their door a golden path, reaching down the bay,
Glittered over hungry rock, and lit the rippled blue ;
Pinioned barques went silver-lit, glancing on their way,
Grey night-moths that glimmered into silver as they flew.

That was in the old time, a year and more ago,
Before the clouds rose thick and black and lay athwart the sun,
When still the wives and maids went down to meet the boats at dawn,
And greet their men with laughter with the night's work done.

It's little laughter's heard to-day along that eastern coast—
Laughter's fled the anxious eyes grown old with lurking dread ;
Eyes that in the dawning light discern a grim grey ghost
Go slipping, sleuthlike, through the mists as silent as their dead.

Their dead that lie a-sleeping where the great waves roll,
With death strewn thick around them ; and above, the silent deeps
Where the secret death that slew them lurks to snatch its grisly toll
From the great grey watching sentinel, the eye that never sleeps.

And still the waves go crashing on to break in gathering wrath,
And start their angry challenge to the shirkers on the shore ;
And the men go down in silence to tread the self-same path,
And the women wait in sorrow ; and the call is yet for more.

ANNIE M. WESTWOOD.

An Incident of the Desert.

DAY after day, week after week, this cruel scorching heat, this monotonous existence in a camp in the desert, truly it was enough to make even stout-hearted men like these British Tommies "fed up" with everything. Each man of them longed intensely for a shower of rain, but having learned by experience that this longing was rather a waste of energy, they now very sensibly devoted their leisure hours to gazing at photographs or pictures with waterfalls, lakes, or sea-side resorts depicted thereon. One of the boys possessed a *chef d'œuvre*. It had been passed from hand to hand and gazed upon by yearning eyes until it had grown disreputable, so that now the owner would produce it on very important occasions only. It was a snapshot of a London street: rain was falling, and everything looked beautifully soaked, while through the mistiness caused by the rain the lights of this corner of London could be seen shining dimly.

A cheerful bustle was now going on all over the Fort for, Allah be praised, it was evening, and the sun had gone down. It almost seemed to have watched for a chance when no one was looking, and then dropped down quickly behind the mosque-like architecture of the Fort. When one has reached the stage of classifying old Father Sol as one of the enemy, there is no beauty in the spectacle of a sunset in the desert, and there is a great deal of sense in what a slightly sunstroke Tommy remarked when he noticed that the sun had slunk into ambush somewhere behind the camp: "I bet you it's a sham; watch 'im bobbing up agin."

The bustle in and around the Fort increased, and two aeroplanes, each carrying an officer and mechanic, were in readiness to go up on reconnoitring work, out towards D——, where the enemy was supposed to be. These aerial scouts now set off, and to the watchers from the Fort soon appeared mere specks on the sky line.

For many a long aerial mile the aeroplanes scouted over the desert, and still nothing had been discovered of the whereabouts of the elusive enemy. Still further into the desert they went, until their stock of petrol had become alarmingly depleted. Accordingly, many miles from camp they had to descend and hold an inspection of their petrol store. It was found that there was just enough to enable one machine to reach the Fort, and so the tanks of the homeward bound aeroplane were filled, and the remaining store transferred from the other ship.

On their arrival at the Fort, the two airmen lost no time in telling of the plight of their two comrades, and the Camel Corps was at once sent off to bring in the stranded airmen and their

machine. When but a score of miles from the place in which the aeroplane was lying, three of the camels collapsed through want of water, and one of the men died from exposure, and thus, as in so many other cases of relief parties which got to within several miles of the men they sought, this expedition had to return unsuccessful to the Fort. When the news of the failure of this first relieving force was brought to the camp, the C.O. moved heaven and earth in an attempt to reach the poor airmen. Aeroplanes, motor cars, cycles, dispatch riders on horses and in armoured cars were sent out in every direction. Herculean efforts were made to reach the stranded airmen, but when on the fourth day of the search the aeroplane was found, both men had disappeared, and not a sign was there to show what had happened to them. The search was persevered in, and on the evening of the fifth day both airmen were found, dead, by the ——'s armoured car section.

The mechanic had kept a diary, the last entry in which had been written just before he died. The gist of these little pages of tragedy is this.

Weary of waiting on the relief party, and no longer able to endure the thought of another day of inactivity, the mechanic and his pilot had wandered away from the machine, possessed of some wild idea of reaching the Fort or falling in with the relief men. They wandered aimlessly on and on, getting further away from the machine and help, until in despair they found that they were quite lost in this trackless waste, and had no idea in which direction to turn to reach their machine again. Perhaps the relief party was already there, at their machine. The thought gave them fresh energy. But after covering mile after mile of sandy waste and coming no nearer their aeroplane, they lost all hope, and knew that unless the relief party reached them within a few hours, then their days on this earth were numbered. Their water supply was diminishing pitifully. There was perhaps enough to keep one of them alive until help came, but when divided by two, would last out merely a few hours.

Why should two men die, when by a sacrifice on the part of one the other should be saved?

That evening, after the sun had gone down, the officer went a little way into the desert. In the cool of the evening life was doubly sweet, but the thought of another parching day, during which he would be drinking the water that spelt life for the other man, brushed aside any hesitation he may have had. A few minutes later a shot rang out—and Britain had lost another hero.

The precious water lasted the mechanic two days, at the end of which there was still no sign of the relief party. And now began

for him that was left the most cruel of all tortures, that of dying of thirst in the desert. In a last despairing endeavour to slake that awful thirst, the mechanic broke his spirit level and drank the fluid. He died shortly afterwards, for this was the last entry in the diary, and when his body was found by the relief men his watch was still ticking away merrily.

They were buried in the desert, these two airmen. I have a photo of their lonely grave before me as I write. Round the base of the mound are white stones like large pebbles, while a row of smaller pebbles defines the summit. A little white cross has been laid on the top of the mound, and a tiny headstone merely tells who is buried here, adding that they died "In honour's cause."

H. W. CHRISTIE.

Nature Notes.

SPARROWS AND SWALLOWS.

BY DR STRACHAN.

WHILE admitting that, among friends, comparisons are odious and distinctions invidious, I think we may say, without disparagement of the special beauty and attractiveness of every bird, that the sparrows and the swallow tribe have, collectively, the strongest claim upon our affection and regard. The blackbird, the thrush, and the skylark as individual songsters, and the robin, not only for his delightful winter song, but also for his exceeding friendly disposition toward his human fellow mortal, must always hold a warm place in our hearts; but none fill so large a place in our domestic environment as do the sparrows, or are so intimately associated with the delights of spring and summer as the first appearance, and the subsequent beautiful flight, of the swallows, which fill our vision skyward as with an exquisite motory scroll-work.

Personally I am very fond of the sparrows, and enjoy their company in the garden or anywhere round about the house, where their friendly and confiding ways, their merry and, to me, not unmusical chirrup, and the fluffety-flutter of their wings enter largely into my conception of home life in the country: others may not so fully realise this, but I am sure that no birds, if lost to us, would leave such a blank in our every-day existence as the sparrows. They are very common, and thus little noticed or thought of; at all seasons and at every hour of the day they are

with us, imparting an atmosphere of life and motion and sound to our domestic surroundings, which we have, unconsciously, imbibed since childhood, and would greatly miss if it were removed.

Although individually the sparrow, especially the cock sparrow, as with the males of most birds, is far from being unadorned in plumage, it is by their numbers that they are most impressed upon our attention and enter into our concept of every-day life. Some may think that they are too much so. Having the presumption to seek to share with us in the fruits of the earth they are branded, as in a letter which appeared recently in the *Scotsman*, and dated from Dollar, as the "sparrow pest"; but this is, even from the utilitarian point of view, a very narrow and short-sighted estimate of our economic relation with the sparrows. No doubt it is very aggravating to see them alight in their dozens or their hundreds on our rows of sprouting peas in the garden or on the ripening grain in the field; but there is a *per contra* to be considered in this connection, and, if fully and fairly reckoned, I believe the balance would be found largely on the debit side of our account with the sparrows. Their so-called depredations in the garden and the cornfield are confined to a few weeks, or at the most to a couple of months in the year. During the remaining ten months their work is altogether in our favour. Unfortunately the damage they do is very evident, and appeals directly to our self-interest; while their good work must be inferred, and becomes apparent only when "the sparrow pest" has been put down, as was done in some continental countries, by the wholesale destruction of the sparrows and other small birds. Then it was found almost impossible to grow corn or any other crop owing to the rank growth of weeds which grew up along with and choked them. The cry then was for the restoration of the sparrows. The damage may be greatly reduced, if not entirely prevented, by netting the peas, &c., and by employing the children and aged persons with means of scaring the birds from the corn during the short time it is in danger. There is, however, no possible means, apart from the sharp eyes, pointed beaks, and voracious appetites of the sparrows and finches, of removing from the land the enormous quantities of small seeds which drop in the process of cutting the grain. It is, no doubt, very annoying to the farmer to see clouds of sparrows settle upon his corn, but a week or two later, and for months to follow, he may see the same clouds settle upon the stubble, where they do him incalculable service which cannot be done otherwise. I have had, through the kindness of a neighbouring farmer, a bag of such small seeds as above referred to,—refuse from the thrashing machine,—from which I have been able to spare during the winter a large

handful daily to our feathered friends in the garden, chiefly sparrows, and it is astonishing how quickly they make it disappear. Such a handful would thickly sow with weeds perhaps thirty square yards of soil. If ten sparrows will clear that amount in, say, two hours, how many acres will a hundred clear in a day of fifteen hours? "A. D. S." refers with approval to a letter which appeared in *The Times*, in which it is suggested that educational authorities in rural districts should instruct the children as to what they may do in the way of destroying the nests. Any educational authority that would thus encourage in the young the low and degrading habit of robbing and destroying the nests of birds would show a very false conception of their duties and responsibilities, and should be speedily removed from a position where they could give effect to such.

I have, however, a serious charge to bring against some sparrows, and should be very pleased to see an appropriate punishment meted out to them in the hope of its having a deterrent effect in the future. As a rule the hen sparrow, like other birds, makes her own nest. She is not particular where she places or how she makes it. Indeed, as compared with most birds, there is very little making about it; only a collection of almost any kind of material she finds lying about, as straw, rags, string, paper, &c., gathered anyhow into any hole or corner of suitable dimensions, and at a sufficient height from the ground for safety. This she fills up in a careless, untidy manner, with no attempt at concealment. In the centre of this rubbish heap there is a depression lined with feathers in which the five or six eggs, of a dusky white, speckled all over with brown spots, are laid. All this, however, is matter of concern only for the sparrows; and so long as the nest, such as it is, is honestly built, as it is in most cases, we have no complaint to make. But there are black sheep in every fold; and, just as there are dishonest persons among ourselves, some sparrows are mean enough to save themselves the trouble of building by taking possession of the beautifully clay-built nest of the house martin. This nefarious practice has, of late years, gone to such a length that the house martin has been practically driven from the town. Within a comparatively recent period almost every upper story window had at least one nest in the corner; now it is quite a rarity to see one anywhere. Last summer I was greatly pleased to see one building under the eaves of my house, and I watched the process with much interest and pleasure. Scarcely was the work completed when I saw straws hanging from the opening, showing plainly that a pair of slovenly sparrows had taken possession. Had I been as good a stone thrower as I once was I would have cheated the robbers by bringing

down the nest, which was obviously lost to the rightful owners. Such is the method by which I would suggest that marauding sparrows might be brought to realise that "honesty is the best policy"—not, perhaps, stone throwing, which might be risky for the windows, but by some means knocking down the misappropriated nests. Such nests are easily recognised by the careless way in which straws and other material are left hanging from the opening, as well as by the coming and going of the sparrows. When this is seen, a week or fortnight should pass to allow of the eggs being laid, these being destroyed along with the nest, thus preventing vicious hereditary tendencies being propagated, as well as administering appropriate punishment. Time should not be allowed for the young to be hatched, which would inflict suffering upon the innocent. May I further suggest that Mr James Baillie, as a noted bird lover and observer, as well as a skilled carpenter, might construct a long pole, fishing-rod fashion, which would reach to otherwise inaccessible nests, and let it out for a small sum when required. The work of destroying such nests should be done entirely by adults, no destructive bird-nesting being encouraged or allowed by the boys.

We are now approaching the time when the chief interest in animated nature will be the return of the swallows from their winter sojourn in the south; and, thereafter, the beautiful aspect skyward of their skimming and circling flight in the aerial combat against what, but for their service and that of other insectivorous birds, would inevitably become a fly curse upon the world. Well may we hail their arrival with joy and gratitude, and do what little we can to aid them in the fight, and in their desire to find safe nesting quarters in our neighbourhood. The first appearances of the different members of the swallow tribe, and of our other summer bird residents, is one of much local interest, on which the D.F.N.C. keeps notes and invites information from observers.

A golden eagle was observed for several days recently in the neighbourhood of Harviestoun. This rare bird is said to have occasionally nested in the rocks on Dumyat, near Menstry.

THE ROOKERY

The first Sunday in March has passed without the rooks showing signs of actually commencing to build, although from their appearances in pairs their nuptial agreements have evidently been completed for some time back. It may very well be that they have been so taken aback by the bitterly cold north-east wind and threatening snow as to be in doubt whether they may not be a month out in their calculations, and decided to "wait and see" what the weather



W. Isat

VICAR'S BRIDGE

is to be about. Last year they adhered strictly to tradition, being first seen carrying sticks for nest-building on Sunday, the fifth day of March, but got a scare later when a violent gale blew down many of the nests, including that on the chimney-can at Mount Forbes. Appearances recently seemed pointing to a like punctuality, the old nests having, within the last week or two, been almost completely cleared away, which is generally the immediate preliminary to reconstruction. During this winter they have been a very frequent source of interest by assembling in large numbers on the home trees. Judging from the great variety in tone and vocalism these were evidently for purposes of discussion and decision regarding location and other particulars of nest-building in the coming season; and the result of their caw-fabulations will be noted. As with human gatherings of a similar kind, the strain of serious business was relieved by frequent interludes of a recreative nature, these taking the form of aerial evolutions of great beauty and interest, and affording suggestive object lessons in the science of aviation.

“Shakespeare.”

A PLEA FOR AN IMPERSONAL STUDY OF THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

LAST year we celebrated the tercentenary of the death of William Shakspeare of Stratford-on-Avon. Frankly, I admit, the date did not interest me much, nor does the event it commemorated seem to have had any great interest for his contemporaries. We may read the announcement in the Burial Registers of his native place—

“1616. April 25. Will. Shakspeare. gent.”

But six years passed before any reference was made to the loss in poem, or letter, or diary, or document of any kind that has come down to us.

Three years after he was buried a play was published in London as “newly corrected and enlarged by W. Shakespeare,” and in 1622 a fresh edition of “Richard III.” appeared, bearing on the title-page, “newly augmented by William Shake-speare,” who, according to traditional belief, had been buried six years before.

The same indifference to his existence or non-existence seems to have attended him through life. His personality is completely ignored in the numerous letters and diaries of the period. He himself has left neither letter nor manuscript of any kind save the five well-known signatures; business documents in which he is mentioned

reveal him as a shrewd speculator, dealing in lands and tenements, or as a member of Burbage's company of actors; as a poet we know him only on the title-pages of the plays and, doubtfully, in a few impersonal poems and cryptic paragraphs.

Without attempting in a few pages to confute the arguments of three hundred years, arguments which have laboured to reconcile each anomaly and to explain the obvious want of harmony between the man and the works, I would merely enter a protest against the necessity of restricting the interpretation and appreciation of the immortal works to suit the limitations of the traditional author, and make an appeal that these works should be allowed to stand, tentatively at least, on their own merits.

Seven years after the actor Shakspeare's death a notable event did happen, an event the tercentenary of which may well be celebrated—I mean the publication in one volume, safe and intact for posterity, not only of the sixteen dramas already issued singly, but of the full collection (omitting "Pericles") of the Shakespeare plays, thirty-six in number, England's priceless possession.

This treasure we have possessed for nearly three hundred years and have not yet exhausted its riches. To this all will subscribe. If, however, the question be asked, do we yet appreciate our inheritance at its full value? answers will vary. There are some who think that Shakespeare cannot be over-rated, that no beautiful thought or lofty idea has ever been inspired by his writings that had not an existence still more beautiful in the mind of the poet—that does not hold richer promise for the future student; that there is no apparent error, anachronism, or historical inaccuracy which does not justify itself in its dramatic effect, nor one of the plays which has not behind and within it a deeply moral and even religious meaning and purpose.

Others tell us that this is sheer idolatry, that the meaning of the plays is simply to develop dramatic art along the line of least resistance, and their purpose to please the company, to attract an audience, and to make money; that the beautiful thoughts and marvellous knowledge were the semi-mechanical effects of genius, quite independently of previous study or experience, or of any effect upon the personal character of the author, and that the so-called errors are purely the result of ignorance (more or less complete according to the idiosyncrasy or theorem of the commentator).

We have among us to-day Shakespearean critics of great talent, and they have told us exactly what we ought to think of our immortal poet, what he wrote and what he did not write, what he knew and what he was ignorant of, where he obtained the sources of his plays, and of what books, countries, grades of society he knew

nothing except by intuition. But, when we have read all these criticisms, we do not feel enriched, and we return with a sense of rest and inspiration to the book itself, to lose ourselves in a world of which the critics seem to have caught no glimpse, a world uniform, unlimited, all-embracing, and all-inspiring. For genius can be appreciated only by genius, and, failing that, by truly humble worshippers. Patronising criticism may penetrate beneath the skin; it can never reach the soul of any great work of literature or of art.

It is perhaps fortunate that, for every critic of talent and orthodoxy England has produced, there have been thousands of those humble worshippers possessed of poetic insight and complete indifference to dogmatic assertion, and it may be that they, rather than the critics and commentators, have placed Shakespeare where he now securely rests, on the triple throne of the World of Idealism, between the poet Homer and the philosopher Plato, at once a link and a completion.

Two of the most important utterances on the subject of last year's commemoration were, first, an article by John Palmer in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Present Disrepute of Shakespeare"; and, second, the "Annual Shakespeare Lecture" of the British Academy, by Professor J. W. Mackail. The latter enters upon his subject in orthodox fashion by preparing spectacles from the life and character of Shakspeare, the actor, then, putting them on, he proceeds, of course with the greatest ability, to comment on the evolution and *morale* of the plays. Referring to the enthusiastic tribute paid by the poet Coleridge and his followers to the Shakespeare works, he remarks:—

"This excess provoked its own reaction. Shakespeare, the idol, had swollen to such prodigious proportions that he began to topple over."

He quotes with approval the mandate of a forgotten artist of last century that "Shakespeare was like putty to everybody and everything; the willing slave, pulled out, patted down, squeezed anyhow, clay to every potter. But he knew by the plastic hand what the nature of the moulder was." Again, "Shakespeare is not a moral teacher. He lets morality take care of itself; what he sets before us is life," and we are apparently left to understand that he, who thus places "life" before us, had himself formed no opinion of its meaning and values.

John Palmer, on the other hand, begins his paper with the words: "Our tercentenary plans have withered in the blast of war because they never had any real root. From the first they were intended less to honour Shakespeare than to flatter ourselves." "Garrick," he says, "presents in little the figure of our tercentenary.

His homage was loud. It was his avowed great aim 'to lose no drop of that immortal man.' Yet he expelled Bottom, the weaver, from 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and cut out

" 'And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in,'

putting lines of his own in their place. To-day we cut Shakespeare's verses to make room for carpenters, haberdashers, and their virtuosity. It is a hundred years since Coleridge wrote that 'without reverence a critic was disqualified for the office,' but we have not yet learned humility."

One more paragraph may be quoted :—

"Generations of critics, each of which in turn has become the laughing-stock of its successors, have shown again and again how easy it is for a clever person, from almost any point of view, language, character, dramatic propriety, and so forth, to pull to tatters almost any play that Shakespeare has written. Our intellectual critics of to-day will incur the more contempt in years to come in proportion that their criticism has been the more ambitious. . . . Few critics have ever gone wrong in praise of Shakespeare."

These conflicting views are forced upon our attention whenever we enter into any study, deeper than mere reading involves, of the Shakespeare plays, and yet there rings in our ears the oft-repeated question, "What does it matter who wrote the plays so long as we have them? . . . What, indeed?"

If this idea could be impartially and strictly carried out by all, if every student were to regard the name "William Shakespeare" as though it might be a mask for the author, as "Fiona Macleod" was for William Sharp, if the actor's personality, with that of any other possible claimant, were tentatively, but honestly, excluded from the scheme of study, with the sincere determination to accept the conclusion thus led up to whatever it might be; secondarily, as to authorship, but, primarily, as to the scope and meaning of the plays, how intensely interesting would be the resultant research, and how much more hopeful the probability of arriving at the ultimate truth.

Up till the present time, as has been already suggested, the study of the plays in most of the million books written on the subject within the last three hundred years has resolved itself into an endeavour, sometimes with distaste, sometimes with an intellectual avidity which in the present generation has reached its climax, to reconcile the inimitable plays with the commonplace life and character of the traditional author.

What should we gain by adopting the impersonal process defined above? Let us try to probe this question.

First of all, instead of focussing our attention on the twenty years of what is called "Shakespeare's Output," from 1590 till 1610, we should include in our research the whole Shakespearean period, from the reference to the earliest of the so-called "old plays," "A History of Error," in 1576, till the publication of the collected plays in 1623, a period of forty-seven years, for all this is easily included in a life that reaches the allotted span of threescore years and ten, or even less.

We should investigate the contemporary history and literature of this period, as well as all learning available at the time, taking for granted, wherever there is any suggestion of it, that the author may have been master of it all. The ten "old" plays would take their natural place as possible works of the author's boyhood or early youth, and thus it would be no longer necessary to deprive "Shakespeare" of the credit of having selected and arranged the historical episodes in the play of "King John," and the three Henries, IV., V., and VI., of having invented the character of the Bastard, Falconbridge, and originated, crudely at first, the idea of taming a shrewish woman, not by brutality, but by holding, as in an object lesson, the mirror up to her own warped nature. We should seriously weigh the facts, which some of our earlier studies in this *Magazine* have shown us, that in 1576 France had a dramatic historical series, a tragedy of Julius Cæsar introducing the pierced cloak displayed by Antony, a ghost on the stage who had "roasted in fires that knew no death," a play of "Romeo and Juliet," a king whose ear had been poisoned, and another suspecting the same crime perpetrated upon himself, and much material for "Love's Labour Lost." We should inquire into the suggestive similarities between some of the Shakespeare dramas and those of Prince Henry Julius of Brunswick (brother-in-law of King James, sixth of Scotland and first of England), and of Joseph Ayzer of Nuremberg. It would also be possible to place some of the latest plays in their natural environment between 1616 and 1623, instead of crowding them into the lifetime, or even into the London life, closing in 1610, of the actor.

In studying the plays individually we should take it for granted that the author was in possession of all the information attainable on the special subject dealt with, whether in history (printed or in MSS.) or in literature, with the pleasant expectation, never disappointed when honestly pursued, that the more we delve into the hidden stores, the more will unfold the marvels of the play.

If, by chance, a scholar was struck by some classical allusion or similarity of thought to a Greek or Latin poet, it would no longer be his duty to assume and try to prove the negative proposition that it was a coincidence, or that it owed its origin to a translation, but he

might range the whole realm of classic literature, as well as Spanish, Italian, French, and German, with open mind and glad anticipation of a fruitful result.

Instead of confining all biographical details and illustrations to the society and environment of professional actors and dramatists, we might suppose our anonymous author to have been a member of the courtly circles he depicts so generally, and with such ease, and in close touch with official and aristocratic life both at home and abroad ; that, when he composed a play, he had a great purpose in his mind, such as he has defined in *Hamlet*, directed against the errors and idiosyncrasies of the class of which he wrote ; that wherever there was beauty, or virtue, or magnanimity, or purity, or courtesy, or gentle graciousness in the brilliant circle that surrounded Queen Elizabeth, he noted and idealised it ; while the insolent scorn, which was such a feature of the time, and under which "patient merit" writhed in hopeless opposition, he held up in all its native ugliness. It might be presumed also that, when he thus held the mirror up to nature, it was not by accident, nor the result merely of accuracy of observation, that the effect of this epitomised reflection was a moral lesson which proclaims itself more and more as the human ideal of morality advances.

It might be possible to explain the absence of direct religious teaching (if, in plays meant for the public stage, any explanation be necessary) when we realise, even in our own day, the dangerous effect of trusting in creeds, in doctrines, in sacraments, in extreme unction, for salvation from the result and punishment of sin, leaving the sin itself unpurged. The great lesson of the plays, the inexorable sequence of cause and effect, of sin and consequent suffering for guilty and innocent alike, whether for individuals or nations, is not incompatible with "infinite and boundless depths of mercy," nor with the Almighty Love that "found out the remedy" for forfeited souls, if perfection, rather than mere happiness, be the end and ideal of life. To our unknown author it would be no secret that only a small percentage of the dying leave the world with appropriate words upon their lips, and of this minority two examples are given in *Queen Katherine* and in *Posthumus* (in "*Cymbeline*") before his reprieve, but that the great majority enter eternity as they have lived on earth, and are not, therefore, the less fit to face the God of love and pity.

Apart from preconceived personality, it is not necessary to look upon the author of the Shakespeare plays as being destitute of religion and morality.

The pen might run on for many pages more in enumerating the benefits that would result from breaking down the barriers that for

three hundred years have "cabined, cribbed, confined" the immortal plays of Shakespeare, but anyone who dares to set out on the voyage can discover fresh lands for himself.

It is possible that after years of such honest research, carried out with willing and unbiased minds by our best intellects, it might still be found necessary to conclude that the author of the Shakespeare plays must have been unlearned and untravelled, of a low class of society, and "by no means moral," and, to endorse the sad verdict of Emerson, that "the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement"; but, personally, I have no fear of this.

The fact that never till the present generation has such a violent effort been made, pioneered by Sir Sydney Lee in 1898, not only to reconcile the traditional author with the works, but to maintain the appropriateness and even desirability of the paradox, seems to suggest the last flare of a dying superstition soon to be quenched in darkness and oblivion.

Let us in the meantime accept and explore our great inheritance, with all its possibilities, unhampered by the limitations of any probable or improbable author, and when, in 1923, we celebrate the tercentenary of the Publication of the Collected Plays in the famous First Folio, we may find ourselves richer than we had ever dared to hope, and be joined by every class and nation upon earth in our enthusiastic burst of appreciation of a "Shakespeare" as great in personality as in genius.

H. H. STEWART.

The Tribute.

THANKS in large measure to the genius of General Lyautey, whose transference to the onerous post of Minister of War at Paris has just taken place, Morocco is not only enjoying a peace and a prosperity unknown in its history, but is proving a most valuable ally in the Great War. Vast quantities of food and fodder, the produce of recent developments in agriculture and still more of the revolution effected in means of transport from the interior, flow into French and Allied ports, and more valuable still, Morocco continues to provide thousands of excellent soldiers and sturdy workmen to aid in the great military and economic struggle.

Hundreds of miles of roads and railways have been already (*i.e.*, since 1912) created and, the war notwithstanding, are still growing with incredible rapidity.

While the most vigorous of reformers and creators, General Lyautey is no less the most reverent of Conservatives, and every custom to which the populations are attached and which enhances their own sovereign in their eyes has been carefully preserved and indeed, sometimes, has even been judiciously developed.

Amongst the most picturesque of those customs is that of the rendering of the Tribute. From far and near the towns and tribes were accustomed, at each of the three annual Moslem festivals, to send deputations to the sultan with good wishes and gifts, more literally the Tribute, and which were received in state in public by him.

The decadence prevalent from top to bottom in the Moorish regime during the twelve years preceding 1912 led to such functions becoming more and more the laughing-stock of all who saw them.

Soldiers, mostly mere hirelings for the day, in tattered clothes and ignorant of the simplest elements of their—supposed—calling. Musicians even more motley in dress and still more ignorant as regards that art, &c., &c., all went to make up a spectacle often more befitting the mock sultan (a sort of lord of misrule annually fêted by the Fez students) than the real Prince of Believers of the West. All that has now, German efforts to the contrary notwithstanding, disappeared, however, and the ceremony which the present writer saw to-day, while still invested with every feature dear to the native and to foreign lovers of the picturesque, might well have made a spectator think himself back in the palmiest days of Moorish power, or amid scenes we associate with some gorgeous Indian state long inured to peace and order.

Fez, for the most part, is built in a steep valley, but at the top, in the west, where the palace is situated, the walls extend along a plateau some forty miles long and twenty broad, surrounded by hills, at this season in every shade of green and brown. The walled parks of the palace, with an occasional battery at their angles, form the outmost part of the city. Between them and the palace is a quadrangle some 400 by 300 yards in extent, at the south-east corner of which is a main gateway to the palace. Into this quadrangle in the afternoon poured crowds of holiday-makers celebrating the present festival,—the Mûlûd,—the birthday of the Prophet. Towards 3.30 the sultan's household troops, headed by their bands and colours, marched in, all in scarlet, the cavalry lancers with bright green pennons, the cavalry band on white horses and themselves on dark ones; the infantry, sturdy negroes whose complexions formed the strangest contrast to their brilliant red tunics and white turbans; the artillery similarly turned out, and lastly a regiment of Algerian tirailleurs, in their well-known

uniform, red fez cap, close-fitting small jacket, and flowing trousers of pale blue with yellow facings, and accompanied by their band of buglers, drums and pipes—these, it may be explained, are the “Nuba,” a thin high-pitched pipe, and whose sound is not unlike the bagpipe,—only two or three octaves higher,—very stirring to hear if one likes it and even more emotional if one does not. These, all facing inwards, formed a square, at the farther part of which, in rows, were drawn up the various deputations, townsmen in their flowing robes of white woollen and silk, tribesmen in robes at least originally white, and the various gifts. These latter sometimes consisted of boxes of merchandise (silk handkerchiefs, muslins, green tea, or what not!), sometimes of live stock—mostly horses or mules. At the extremities of the square were posted the sultan’s own bands of music.

Above was the brilliant blue sky of a cold January day, and low from the West poured a flood of white light upon the procession which presently emerged from the palace, amid a clash of arms and blare of music as the troops and all the bands saluted.

Running footmen in red caps and cloaks of white and dark blue, gaily caparisoned led horses, lance-bearers, the sultan on horseback, in white flowing robes, with footmen on either side waving long handkerchiefs (fly-whisks), and under a huge crimson and gold parasol with green lining, preceded by the chamberlain with a long wand and followed by state coach and four led by grooms, and finally the white-robed high officers of State, viziers and household officers.

The deputations and the procession meet and halt in the middle of the square. The chamberlain waves his wand and calls out—really shouts out at the pitch of his voice—the name of the first deputation, *e.g.*, “The people of Fez.” The deputation shout, “God bless our lord’s life!” and bow. The chamberlain then shouts a series of blessings as from the sultan, at the end of each of which the deputation repeats its shout and its bow. When the last blessing is called the deputation all drop on their knees, bend over till their foreheads touch the ground, while the chamberlain seizes the leader of the deputation by the back of his neck—the symbol of absolute submission. A slight nod from the sultan and this deputation gets up, retires and gives place to the next deputation, whereupon the same ceremonial is repeated. When the last deputation has been dealt with the sultan suddenly wheels his horse round, the adjacent battery thunders out gun by gun in salute, the troops all present arms and, amid another blare of music, the procession moves majestically back to the palace.

Altogether a most quaint and impressive ceremony, was it not?

Ceremony, too, it literally is, for the old extortions which so generally were associated with collecting the gifts have gone, and they are now little more than nominal in value. Better still, the old brutalities which so often were associated with the "Tribute" have gone for ever. No deputation is now smilingly received in public and then seized, manacled and haled to prison on leaving the palace walls, nor flogged; nor does any deputation ever think nowadays of having a big following of its own people at hand for their rescue in case of treachery.

It would be easy to dilate on the greater interest, of a sort, which used to attach to the Court of Morocco in such connections, but, outside of Germany, where will one find anyone who at heart does not rejoice, and thank France, that the old regime has ended,—the regime which used to hold that the only way to govern Morocco was to keep a stream of blood flowing at the sultan's palace.

JAMES M'IVOR M'LEOD, C.M.G. (F.P.),
British Consul at Fez.

The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

I MENTIONED at the close of my last article on this subject, that the Rev. Archibald Moncreiff, A.M., the next minister whose career falls to be sketched in these pages, was a man of rather more consequence than any of his four predecessors. And it is perhaps for that reason that I have been able to recover a few more traces of his character and work in the world, than I have succeeded in doing regarding any of those who preceded him. At the same time it must be confessed, that it is rather because of Mr Moncreiff's interesting and indeed unique family history and associations, than on account of anything specially noteworthy in his personal character and achievements, that I feel warranted in reproducing with some fulness here a number of the particulars which I have been fortunate enough to ascertain regarding him.

First of all, then, let me direct attention to Mr Moncreiff's family history and associations. On this subject I venture to assert that I do not think that there is any other family in Scottish Church history, and probably few or none in the ecclesiastical history of any other land, which can vie with the family of Moncreiff of Moncreiff, to which the Dollar minister belonged, as regards either the



FROM DOLLARBEG BRAE

number of its members who in each successive generation have devoted their lives to the work of the Gospel ministry, or as regards the variety and importance of the services they have rendered to the Christian Church. Readers of that interesting periodical, *Life and Work*, which is the accredited organ of the Church of Scotland, may perhaps recall the fact that in the number of that magazine for January 1916, the first of a series of articles entitled "Clerical Families" appeared. The author of that article, Sir James Balfour Paul, is, as every one knows, Scotland's highest authority on all questions relating to the genealogy and history of our county families. We may, therefore, accept with absolute assurance all the statements which that article contains. When, therefore, we learn there that from the sixteenth century up till the present day, through no fewer than nine generations, the family of Moncreiff of Moncreiff has never been without one or more representatives in the ministry of Scotland, we may well ask if a like claim could be made of any other family whatever. No doubt Scotland can claim many illustrious Levitical families—as for example the families of Carstairs, Robertson, Cook, Hill, and others in the national Church, and of Erskine, Moncreiff, Brown, and MacEwen in the United Presbyterian Church, and doubtless representatives of these families have played as ecclesiastics still more important parts than have been played even by the most distinguished of Mr Moncreiff's. But I question if any other Scottish family can be named that can boast so wide and prolonged an ecclesiastical connection.

Another point on which I must dwell for a moment before entering upon a sketch of the ecclesiastical career of Mr Archibald Moncreiff of Dollar, is the interesting fact that during the earlier generations of that Levitical family, of which the minister of Dollar was the second clerical representative, almost all of its ministerial members were settled either in parishes lying at the foot of the Ochils, or somewhere in their immediate neighbourhood. Thus Archibald, the first clerical member of this honourable line, was settled from about 1586 until 1630 in the parish of Abernethy, in which he was also a landed proprietor, possessing the estate of Balgony. In the year 1630, having resigned the pastoral charge of the parish, he was succeeded there by his son, also an Archibald Moncreiff, who had then been for fully ten years the minister of Dollar. Other members of the same family, belonging both to that and succeeding generations, were settled in Arngask, Aberdalgy, Muckhart, and Moonzie, while no fewer than three of the same family were successively ministers of Blackford, on the other side of the Ochils, and at the same time proprietors of the estate of

Tullibole, in our own immediate neighbourhood. In this connection I cannot forbear mentioning another interesting fact relating to the late Reverend Robert Paul, one of the earliest contributors to this *Magazine*, and long the minister of what is now the United Free Church, Dollar. It is this: that that gentleman, through his great-grandmother, Susan Moncreiff, sister of Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, Bart., the minister of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, and long the leader of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, was a direct lineal descendant of the Dollar minister of the seventeenth century. For Miss Susan Moncreiff married the Reverend William Paul, who was her brother's colleague, and became the mother of Robert Paul, the manager of the Commercial Bank, Edinburgh, who was Mr Paul's grandfather. I do not know whether Mr Paul was aware of the fact that an ancestor of his had preceded him as a minister in this parish well nigh 300 years ago. I hardly think he can have realised this, for I never heard him mention it, and he was usually very ready to speak of any point in the previous history of his family which associated him in any way with the past history of the county, or of any of its leading families. Thus I have often heard him speak of Clackmannanshire as a sort of "calf country" to him, because through his grandmother, an Erskine of Aberdona, he had an ancestral connection with the Erskines of Alva, and through them with the Earls of Mar. But never did I hear him refer to the fact that by the spindle line he had a direct ancestor in the Archibald Moncreiff who had been a Dollar minister in the seventeenth century. I cannot but believe, therefore, that it will afford gratification to Mr Paul's many surviving friends that I should bring to light here this interesting particular, of which I presume most, if not all of them, have hitherto been ignorant.

With these preliminary remarks I proceed now to sketch the career of the Reverend Archibald Moncreiff, as far as I have ascertained it. As I have already stated, he was himself a minister's son, though belonging to an excellent county family. In the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, it was no uncommon thing for younger sons in Scottish county families to enter the ministry of the Scottish Church. But none of these families, I believe, has a record to compare with the Moncreiffs in this particular. Mr A. Moncreiff's father was a scion of the family of Moncreiff of that ilk, and had been educated in England and St Andrews, where he graduated in 1580. The exact date of the first Archibald Moncreiff's ordination is not known, but he was certainly not one of the ultra-Presbyterians, whose leader was Andrew Melville. For Mr Seton in his learned work on "The House of Moncreiff" states that it was

alleged that he had the ambition to aspire to a bishopric, and was on the king's list, although he never attained the office; and all through the struggle between the Church and Court, he was on the Court side. He was, moreover, nominated by the Archbishop of St Andrews a member of the Assembly held in Glasgow in 1610, which overturned the Presbyterian polity of the Church, and stipulated that no minister in the pulpit or in the public exercise should argue against or disobey the Acts of this Assembly under the pain of deprivation. He was also named by the Court party as a member of the Assembly held at Perth in 1618, and supported it in the passing of the celebrated *Five Articles of Perth*. These articles were meant to assimilate the practice of the Church of Scotland more nearly to that of the neighbour Church of England, and for that reason they naturally met with the resolute opposition of the sterner and more puritan section of the Scottish clergy. The points objected to in the case of those who resisted the obnoxious articles were certainly not all of equal importance, and none of them may now seem worthy of the intense antipathy which they awakened in the breasts of many good Christians. Some of them, indeed, by the lapse of time and its innovating influence, are now part of the practice of almost, if not, indeed, of all the Presbyterian Churches in the land, as will be manifest when I specify what it was which the five articles required. Thus the first enjoined that the sacrament should be received kneeling. The second permitted the private observance of the sacrament in cases of sickness. The third allowed baptism at home when the infant could not conveniently be brought to the church. The fourth enjoined that all children of eight years old and upward should be brought to the bishop at his visitation to be examined, and to receive his blessing, while the fifth required that the five great Church festivals of Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension, and Whitsunday should be devoutly observed. But whether of vital consequence or not, certain it is that antipathy to the new Anglican rites was very widespread among the Scottish people, and the fact that Mr Archibald Moncreiff supported the change implies that he belonged to that section of the Church which was amenable to royal influence, and which was more or less enamoured of conformity in religion to the English standard. We may safely conclude, therefore, that his family would be brought up in sympathy with Anglican and Episcopal views in regard to doctrine and ritual, and that when his son Archibald was ordained to the pastoral charge of Dollar parish, he would duly observe each of the five articles which his father had helped to impose on the Church by his vote in the Perth Assembly. And accordingly, whatever may

have been the habit of the ministers who preceded him, we may warrantably infer that for the whole period of Mr Moncreiff's incumbency of the Dollar cure, that is to say, from 1619 to 1634, the Communion service as conducted by the parish minister would necessitate kneeling on the part of all who participated in the rite; while Christmas and Easter and all the other Church festivals would be carefully and reverently observed by the minister and his people. I mention this fact both because it casts a flood of light on the many wonderful changes which, to quote "Minstrel Burn's" quaint words, "fleeting time procureth," and also because, when taken in connection with some features in the subsequent career of Mr Moncreiff, it suggests that that gentleman, like the proverbial Vicar of Bray, was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made. For when the Glasgow Assembly of 1638 overturned Episcopacy in Scotland, we find him, then his father's successor in Abernethy, conforming quietly, and swearing the Solemn League and Covenant like the most hot-blooded zealot among his more puritanic co-presbyters. Probably the compromising spirit which enabled Mr Moncreiff to pass safely through the stormy times in which he lived, and which allowed him in his declining years once again to conform to the Episcopal government with which he had been familiar in his early ministry, may have been easier to him because of his possessing a natural temperament disposing him to moderation, a family peculiarity which Mr Seton seems to regard as hereditary in the Moncreiffs. For that author, referring to this matter, observes significantly, "Speaking generally, they (*i.e.*, the Moncreiff's) have been characterised by the consistent display of Whig principles."

(*To be continuea.*)

Letters to the Editors.

TRANSY,
DUNFERMLINE, 1st January 1917.

MY DEAR MR MALCOLM,—I desire to address my first letter of the New Year to you for two reasons.

Firstly, . . . Secondly, because you are one of the Editors of the *Dollar Magazine*, which is an important link in the chain holding many memories and thoughts to the old School.

Under "Notes from Near and Far," I regret to learn that the Editors have not realised their ideal, either in work or in circulation. It is a bold reader who will complain either of the

quality or quantity of the work, and if the circulation is not just what is desired, it is from another cause; doubtless the Great War will have a considerable share of the blame to bear.

I notice a very modest appeal to the "Wealthy Readers" to "double or treble" their annual subscription. All would be extremely sorry to see the weakening, far less the snapping, of such an important link. It must not be thought of, it must not be permitted; it would be a calamity, bad for the old School, the past, present, and future pupils.

Although I do not come under the category appealed to, I have great pleasure to enclose a cheque for £2 towards the funds of the *Dollar Magazine*, and wish it a very happy and prosperous New Year.

With our united kindest regards and best wishes for 1917 to the Provost and yourself.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM MUNGALL.

66 SAN MARTIN (1st floor),
BUENOS AIRES, 1st July 1916.

R. MALCOLM, ESQ., DOLLAR, SCOTLAND.

DEAR DON RICARDO,—As I much enjoy to keep in touch with my dear old "Alma Mater," I do not lose time in scanning rapidly through the *Dollar Magazine* as soon as it arrives. By to-day's mail I have received June's number, and on page 100 I find my name, and on the same page I see that Norman M. Geddes from Bahia Blanca, south of this city, say 300 kilos, writes to Mr Muckersie, whom I do not remember. Geddes I have met out here at Bahia Blanca; he and his brothers lived at Rutherford's, if I am not mistaken, and we were at school about the same time. He and his brothers are all jolly good fellows.

This is an excuse to say something, and Charlie Manifold has got my back up—I am somewhat disgusted with my namesake for saying I have got very fat; he might have said, "Charlie Davie is the same cheerful fellow as ever, and has grown stout" (the pigs are *fat*). I now and then see Charlie running round the business part of the city, and we hail out to each other, "Maul up, Dollar," "Offside, Dollar," &c., &c. He has not changed and has not grown fat—he is lean and as nervous as ever, does not stand much chaff, and while I am writing this it strikes me that when he (C. M.) sees this he will go for me; but I will hold my own as I did at poor Mrs Ralston's, No. 4 Gladstone Terrace.

To prove to you and my many good old friends who take the *Magazine* that I have not got so awfully *fat* as my old friend says,

here goes my photograph,¹ taken only a few Sundays ago. While walking along to church, my better half hustled me into a photographic establishment, and hence the result, and which please have published, as it will no doubt please more than one to see me again after so many years, such as the two Huskies (James and David), and also Lizzie, and the ever-up-to-mischief Barnett-Gow, R. R. R. Turnbull, Jingo, and I dare not mention any more, for they may not be in the land of the living.

On one occasion I had at Montevideo the call of an old F.P. who had been to Europe on a holiday, and was returning to his job in Chile. He told me all about Dollar; he had seen Dicky. My first managership was of a tramway company in Montevideo; I took up the concern in a most run-down state, shares at \$60, dividends at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. After four years' hard work I left the company to manage another business, leaving the shares at \$145, and my last dividend paid was $9\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. I may also add that during a tram strike I was shot through my right lung from *behind*, the bullet going right through my body. I was taken, at my request, to the British Hospital, and in little more than two months I was back at my job, sacking right and left, full of energy, managing to put my company in first line—turning out the best of the five tramway companies of Montevideo.

So you see, "Don Ricardo," that my financial ability did not fail me.

I have had a long innings (as we say at cricket) of hard work, but have always kept straight, as all Dollar boys should do. I have managed several important concerns and have never been on my beam ends, have not taken to drink, and have enjoyed life A1. As I said before, the object of this is to go against Charlie Manifold's statement, and to let old companions know that I have not gone to the dogs, and to try and provoke some one to write something to the *Magazine* that may interest *old F.P.'s*.

The birds of the forest, by Dr John Strachan, I much appreciate; it takes me back to the wicked times when we pursued them with our catapults—innocent creatures. I never forget his dark grey cob, on which I never managed to get a seat.

My brother Willie is Liebig's agent and superintendent of 16 estancias (cattle-runs) at Mercedes, Corrientes, Argentina.

David Johnston, who lived with you, I think, is the manager of Liebig's factory at Colon, Entre Rios, Argentina.

If I were to sit down and think for a few minutes, I might send

¹ The portrait is an excellent one, reminds us of our old pupil, his looks not greatly changed, and says he is "the same cheerful fellow as ever." Our Art Editor has many portraits with a prior claim meantime.—ED.

you a long and interesting budget—this as a start appears to me somewhat long-winded and uninteresting, so must come to a close, with much love to all old friends. My heart is always with dear old Dollar.

I enclose you a few views of this city (Buenos Aires) which will no doubt stagger more than one, if put into the *Magazine*. I will never forget an old and very prim Glasgow aunt, who had the failing of considering herself very clever, who said to me one day, "Charlie, I suppose the houses in South America are all mud huts, and, of course, you have no carriages." Only fancy! this being the land of the horses—her geography was rusty.

I will be obliged if you can give me the addresses of James and David Huskie, also that of R. R. R. Turnbull in South Africa.

Trusting that you and the "Señora" are keeping strong.—Yours most sincerely,

C. J. F. D.

Extracts from Henry Lechler's letter written 25th to 29th January 1916 from Port Said after the evacuation of Gallipoli.

"PORT SAID, 29th January 1916.

"BEFORE giving you an account of the evacuations of the Peninsula, in both of which I was lucky enough to take part, I must tell you that there is scarcely a word of truth in the German and Turkish reports. Early in December defensive works were started on Lala Baba (where one of the most important beaches is situated). Then Chocolate Hill and the neck of land between Salt Lake and the sea to the south were entrenched. I was made responsible for the erection of wire entanglements round a five-sided redoubt on Chocolate Hill defences (marked —— X in plan). Being a redoubt it had to be very well wired. When this was finished, a lot more wire was wanted in front of our trenches. So when B Coy. was sent down to Lala Baba about 14th Dec. to finish the trenches (during which they discovered an ancient Greek burial ground) I was kept with my company wiremen, to carry on with the wiring in front of the trenches. Meanwhile stores, tools, &c., were being evacuated every night. As this meant extra work for the adjutant, I was made temporary assistant adjutant, and was made responsible for this sort of thing also. Luckily by this time most of the things had been evacuated. About this time another officer, K——, joined us from the 10th Batt. S. Lincs. He was left with me while the company was at Lala Baba to learn something of trench warfare; so I took him out wiring at night. He was very venturesome till he approached a group of men, whom he thought belonged to our

covering party. Something made him come back and ask if it was one of our parties. It is lucky he did so, because the group into which he nearly walked was a very advanced Turkish covering party, who didn't fire on us because they also were working in front of their trenches, and so didn't want a fusillade started. This escape made K. more cautious. Another night a Maxim gun started firing single shots right along our wire from a flank, so I stopped work not to risk having any casualties.

"The evacuation took place in three stages: (1) stores; (2) guns, ammunition, and horses; (3) men. As the troops in the trenches were the last to leave, I only know about the third stage, though I've been told since that only a few days' rations and about 500,000 rounds of small arms ammunition were destroyed. The troops in the firing line left during the night, 19th-20th December, in parties, each party embarking before the next arrived at the 'forming-up place' near the pier, which was at Lala Baba—South Pier it was called. Before the firing line was much weakened (the reserves and supports had gone the night before), the Salt Lake and Lala Baba defences were occupied, so that in case of attack John Turk would have been stopped long before he could get to the places of embarkation. (A beach near Suvla Point was the other.) As it happened, troops equal in number to the reserves and supports were moved, and the reserves and supports of the S. Lancs. took over their trenches—during the 19th the brigade front was held by 1,000 men. The whole front was heavily wired and mined, so that any attack would have fared very badly indeed—although what was really a bombardment concentrated on the roads and piers (the whole peninsula being under artillery fire). The last party was on board the transport before 4 A.M., and only the embarkation staff and a few engineers were on shore to blow up stores, &c. Before daylight every man was off, and the Turks did not know what exactly was happening. There were no abnormal casualties; the few that occurred were caused by stray bullets, &c., and occurred every day. In the Turkish account mention is made of 'unburied bodies'—yes, there were a few—left over from August. All abandoned stores, &c., were destroyed. Never before have I seen such barefaced lying as in that Turkish report of the Suvla evacuation. Before 5 A.M. the transport left the Bay, and soon after 6 landed us at Imbros. Having had practically no sleep for two nights, we were quite done, and struggled some two miles up into the island, to a rest area, where we had some food, and rested for a few hours. At midday we marched down to the quay, and re-embarked on a transport, which took us to Mudros; we were left on board in the Bay for two days. The transport was the

'Hunt's Queen'—late 'Derfflinger' of the Norddeutscher Lloyd Co.—quite a nice boat, but rather cramped for saloon and smoking-room space. The camp of the 13th Division was some three miles N.W. of the Bay. The whole division was there for a few days, when the 39th and 40th Brigades were sent off to reinforce a very weak division at the Helles front, but our brigade stayed there for just on a month.

"27th Jan.—Six weeks' Indian mails arrived in a batch. . . . On the 30th Dec. the C.O. summoned B. and me to H.Q., then he told us that we had been selected as the two officers from the battalion who were required for duty at the Helles front. He thought that we should be required to reconnoitre the trenches, which the battalion was to take over. We reported at 8 A.M. at Brig. H.Q., and then rushed off to the N. pier at Turk's Head (Mudros W.) where we had to wait about two and a half hours before a boat of any sort arrived to take us to the transport. There were three other subs from the brigade, as well as the C.O. of the King's Own Royal Lancs., one of the four battalions in this brigade, and the Brigadier—Brig.-Gen. O'Dowda. When we did get into the transport we found there a lot of R.E.'s and labour corps men—the so-called Navy's Batt.—they don't fight, but dig trenches, build dug-outs, and that sort of work for which fighting men cannot well be spared, and the work after all is of rather a technical nature, as they make roads, and in fact do the heavier work of the engineers.

"We arrived at W. beach (or Lancs. Landing) at 11 P.M. on the 31st Dec., and slept the rest of that night in a marquee (which we discovered later had been vacated because that corner of the ordnance depôt was in the direct line of fire from Asiatic Annie). About every half hour one heard a distant pop, followed in a few seconds by a rapidly rising shrill metallic whistle, which became a shriek as the shell passed by. A quarter of a second after the shriek has ended comes the shattering crash of the shell exploding. Then absolute silence for half a second (every one stretched out on the ground or crouching under a bank or some splinter-proof object) followed by the patter, patter, thump, thump of falling débris and splinters, with sometimes a curse or a yell when some poor fellow has been hit. After this has happened five or six times one's nerves begin to go, and you start shivering with excitement, fear, and expectation. This latter is the worst; the constant listening for the expected shell soon wears out the strongest man. I've seen them rush into dirty abandoned dug-outs when a sudden gust of wind whistled through the telephone wires. As it happened, almost exactly at midnight one of the 6-inch shells landed on the beach—as a New Year's present. During that morning, 1st Jan. 1916, a

next door marquee was blown literally to rags, and though the nearest points of the two marquees were not more than eight yards apart, there was not even a hole in ours. At daylight we shifted our abode! A sub from the 'King's Own,' B. and I went off to X beach, where we were to help on the final night of the evacuation of the Helles front. So we were wanted for beach duty and not to reconnoitre trenches. As soon as we knew this we debated between ourselves (in a snug iron-roofed dug-out) as to whether the Turks would again allow themselves to be fooled. We thought the evacuation could not be such a great success, as here every beach was much more easily shelled than at Suvla. Well, we stayed in this dug-out at the top of the cliffs of X beach for a week, and had made all our arrangements. The C.O. of the King's Own was to be in charge of the beach, which was only to be used for the embarkation of men on the final night."

(To be continued.)

Notes from Near and Far.

The wind is bitter ;
 The wood is bare :
 And dead leaves litter
 The pathway there ;
 And small birds chitter,
 So chill is the air ;
 And nought seems fitter
 Than dumb despair.

NOT for many years have we had a winter so prolonged and so severe as the one we are passing through. Well on for two months now the Ochils have been snow-clad, the White Wisp presenting a picture of stainless purity, and sending "o'er Craiginnan tap" a wintry wind from whose "icy fang and churlish chiding" we shrink. Were we to obey our first thoughts and feelings, we would bid gloomy winter altogether away if we could. We would call up the sun from below the horizon, and place him high in the celestial fields ; we would bring June into December. And yet, when the merits of the various seasons are looked into with the calm eye of reflection, it turns out to be quite a question which of the two is better, summer or winter. A perpetual summer, not less than a perpetual winter, tends to sink man to the grade of a savage, and to keep him there. Summer and winter are equally necessary for the full development of human nature. It is in the temperate zones that the highest forms of civilisation have always been found

in the past ; and there is no reason to doubt that there also they will always be found in the future. The banished duke in the forest was in the right, no doubt, when he assigned "the season's difference as the penalty of Adam"; but, as he has shown so beautifully, that penalty was not altogether for punishment, but for discipline, now rendered needful to raise again the creatures who had fallen.

To-day the frost is crisp and keen, and on the "Dead Waters" the groups of skaters, all eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness, are happy in the season's difference, as they enjoy the varied "graceful, elegant, swanlike" movements. Ostentatious youths, Bob-Sawyer-like, describe circles with the left leg, cut figures of eight, inscribe on the ice a great many pleasant and astonishing devices, with flourishes of unparalleled beauty, and perform, in a very masterly and brilliant manner, mystic evolutions which they call a reel. Timid beginners in all ranks are kindly coached. Jim smiles at the unaided struggles of his own sister, but passes by to devote his attentions and help to another fellow's sister! The dog! How many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does the name "Dead Waters" awaken?

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THE WAR LOAN.—Among the many large contributions to the War Loan appears that of the governors of Dollar Institution, who have placed the endowment funds, £57,500, in this national security, and have thus gained a considerable addition to their annual income. By a wise foresight on the part of the trustees and governors, together with the more liberal grants from Government, the five talents left by Captain John M'Nabb have gained five talents more for the yearly revenue.

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HONOUR TO A DOLLAR NATIVE.—Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Balfour Haig, M.B., of the Indian Medical Service, who has just been made a C.B., is the second son of the late Mr W. J. Haig, of Dollarfield, and a nephew of the late Lord Kinross. He was educated at Dollar Academy, Loretto, and Edinburgh University, where he graduated in medicine in 1889. He passed first in the usual competitive examination into the Indian Medical Service, and proceeded to India in 1892, where he has seen considerable service. He took part in the Waziristan Expedition, 1894-5, for which he was awarded the medal and clasp; also in other parts of the Indian frontier, including Tangi Pass, for which he likewise got the medal and clasp. He was in the Uganda Protectorate for a

number of years, and was mentioned in dispatches in 1900, and again 1901, and was awarded medals and clasps. He was at one time Medical Adviser to the Maharajah of Jodhpur, and subsequently held other appointments in the Foreign Department, being successively P.M.O. of the native states of Alwar and Bhopal. At the Delhi Durbar he was in medical charge of the Imperial Service Troops' Camp, and received the Durbar medal. In 1913 he was awarded the Kaiser-i-hind medal for services rendered during the serious outbreak of plague. Colonel Haig was in this country at the outbreak of war, but immediately returned to India, and after a few weeks he was sent home and appointed P.M.O. of H.M. Hospital Ship "Goorkha," which post he held for eighteen months, and during which time he made many voyages between France and Egypt, and he is presently in command of a field hospital on active service on the Afghan frontier.

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"NAIROBI.

"I sent you some time ago an account of one of the civil prisoners who was interned in Tabora, but released when the Belgians captured that town. A paper was found containing the orders and rules of treatment meted out to our people who were prisoners there. These rules were not only harsh, unjust, and brutal, but altogether opposed to any sense of decency. The Belgians applied these rules *in toto* to the Germans when they, the Belgians, occupied Tabora. The Germans naturally kicked, but were told that they—the Belgians—did not make the rules, but they themselves—the Germans—and they had to obey them. I think you will admit that that is one of the few things in this war which might be called deliciously funny, and one of the few chances the Belgians have had of getting a little of 'their own back.' The Germans tried very hard at Tabora to surrender to a British force, but the Belgians determined to be there first. I am probably being sent off very shortly to German East Africa, so my next may be 'Jottings from a late German Town.'—Sincerely yours,

"MAURICE ST CLAIR THOM."

"ARDSHIEL, SOUTH PROMENADE,
ST ANNE'S-ON-THE-SEA.

" —I regret to tell you that my husband, Alexander Rodger Greig, one of the former pupils of Dollar Academy, passed away at the above address on 19th November 1916. He died of acute heart trouble brought on by voluntarily doing munition work

to help his country, being rejected for active service, although by profession he was a coco-nut planter in the West Indies. He was looking forward and hoping to be present at the centenary of the School in 1918, and often spoke of his school life with all its happy memories. He was only thirty-five years of age at his death.—Sincerely yours,

"LINDA M. GREIG."

"WESTHOLME, BEVERLEY.

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose subscription to *Dollar Magazine*. It is always an enjoyable reminiscence of the good old days.—Yours faithfully,

"I. MITCHELL WILSON, M.D."

"R.N.V.R., MILFORD HAVEN.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will note my promotion to Lieutenant in the above service. May I say how interesting it is to all of us on Service to learn of our old schoolfellows in your excellent *Magazine*—even to read of those who have laid down their lives gives us a proud, happy feeling.—Sincerely yours,

"A. F. KINGHORN."

"PLU 'NON PAREIL,' DEMERARA.

"MY DEAR DR STRACHAN,—You will, no wonder, be surprised to get this letter from me, as it is only twenty-nine years ago since I left Dollar, and it was in 1898 that I again visited the dear old place. I only ran through from Glasgow on a flying visit. . . . The other day my manager, Mr Humphreys (who is an old Dollar boy, 1873), lent me a copy of the *Dollar Magazine*, and after I saw a copy I at once subscribed to it, and am looking forward to the December number, which as yet I have not received. I think it a splendid publication, and I can congratulate both you and Mr Malcolm as Editors on a *Magazine second to none*. I also sent to Mr Muckersie for sixteen photo views of the old place, and I have had them framed, and I would not take £10 for them now. I am sugar planting, and (although forty-seven years of age) I am doing my little bit for England. How I wish I could do more! . . . If there is anything I can do for the 'old School' and place, you shall have it from me.—Believe me to be, dear Dr Strachan, yours sincerely,

"HUGH A. TAYLOR."

"BIRKENHEAD.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I know you are glad to get tidings—especially if of the creditable sort—of the doings of old Dollar boys and girls. The enclosed cuttings are from a local weekly—the *Birkenhead News*. I need not add anything with the view of bringing Captain

Kydd's family to mind : you know them as well as I do, and will doubtless remember Annie.

"How sad about young Captain Izat, and indeed many another such Dollar boy.

"The *Magazine* has a sad, sad page in every issue. I go straight to it first, whenever the wrappers burst open. What a wistful interest it must have for the scattered sons of the dear wee place ! But no page of the *Magazine* is without interest to *me*—and, I'm sure, to many more of Dollar's loyal sons. When it arrives, all else that the post brings has to wait. . . . I am sorry I have not had time to try my hand again for the pages of the *Magazine* in compliance with your wish. Some day I hope to. But for the present the labour difficulty imposes a complete veto in that direction.—
Yours faithfully,
"JAMES DUDGEON."

[Here we must record our hearty thanks to Mr Dudgeon for generously—in response to our modest request—adding a guinea to his cheque when sending his annual subscription—a fine example for others to follow.]

Cuttings referred to in the foregoing letter.—"In Sir D. Haig's Somme dispatch appears the name of Miss A. V. R. Kydd (F.P.), daughter of Captain and Mrs W. Kydd, of 649 Borough Road.

"Miss Kydd has been a V.A.D. worker for about five years, she being a member of Dr Wyse's class, which she left when war broke out to take up national work. Whilst in the class she was successful in gaining a medallion to which two bars were subsequently added. Some eighteen months ago Miss Kydd was sent out to France, doing excellent work at the Isolation Hospital, Havre, for thirteen months, afterwards being transferred to the Base Hospital at Rouen, where she is working now.

"It may be of interest to readers to know that Miss Kydd is a valued worker at Stuart Road Mission Sunday School, connected with St Paul's Presbyterian Church, where she has been a teacher of a class of young women for some years.

"Those who know Miss Kydd's worth as a fellow-worker in religious circles were not surprised at the distinction now conferred upon her, for every duty undertaken is pursued with great earnestness, and her amiable and genial disposition wins for her the friendship of all those with whom she comes in contact."

We are very proud to be able to record the conspicuous success of our former pupil, and we feel sure that her old School joins us in heartiest congratulations.

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MARK OF RESPECT.—We notice with much pleasure that at the thirty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Association of Manitoba Land Surveyors held recently, H. G. Beresford (F.P.) was elected vice-president for the year 1917.

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ST JAMES'S CHURCH.—National War Intercession Services were held on the first Sunday of the year at 8.30 A.M., 11.15 A.M., and 6 P.M. A number of the R.A.M.C. from Tillicoultry were present. At the close of the forenoon service the Russian Hymn was sung. The collections at all the services were in aid of the local Red Cross Work Party, and the sum of £3. 9s. was handed over to them.

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SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.—It gives us much pleasure, which is every year renewed, to state that Mr Stewart, of Millera, Australia has again remembered the poor of his native parish by sending his annual donation of £25 to provide seasonable fare for them at Christmas and New Year. The local committee—Dr Strachan, Mr J. T. Munro, and Mr John A. Gibson—have seen to the distribution of a well-filled basket of groceries, &c., to over thirty recipients. We join the fortunate ones in hearty thanks to the generous donor. Long may he be spared to continue his good deeds!

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CASTLE CAMPBELL HALL.—Castle Campbell Hall, in early times a wool mill, has undergone a marvellous transformation, and is now fully equipped for public meetings. It was opened on the 17th January, when a matinee under the direction of Miss Clara Armitage, the lessee, was given in the afternoon, and a concert in the evening. Mr Malcolm, in an introductory send-off, said they were all aware it was now intended that the hall from that time forward would be dedicated as an arena for innocent, healthy, elevating, enlightening enjoyment, and he felt sure that the entertainments which were to be given from time to time would be of the kind he had referred to. He believed there was room for such a recreation hall. In too many instances, he feared, the beautiful was being banished from human life. Utility was driving its ploughshare over all the fields of effort. Virtue and pleasure were no longer to be recognised as sisters, but as rivals, whose love and friendship we could not enjoy together; but between whom we must choose. Yet, surely, utility was not supreme over the earth! The wild rose blooms in the hedgerows, the heathbell lifts its modest beauty by many a roadway, and God's forget-me-nots peep out on one from many a nook in the hillside and from many a tree root in the forest path.

The love of laughter animates the heart, the power of imitation exists in almost every spirit, and the capacity for joy tingles in every nerve and throbs in every vein. Let us admit these diversions as recreations from care, as instruments for promoting friendships, and of enlivening social intercourse.

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THE PARISH MINISTER.—Early in the war the Rev. Mr Armstrong, B.D., volunteered for military service, and he has now been appointed one of the chaplains to the forces stationed at Norwich. We wish him vigorous health for the performance of his duties. We feel sure that he will be a favourite with the troops, as he is with his parishioners at home.

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A HANDSOME GIFT.—We have pleasure in recording that an ornate and beautiful shrine, the gift of Mrs Robertson, a member of the congregation, has just been erected on the wall of St James's Episcopal Church, Dollar. It is of stained oak, and contains marble slabs on which the Roll of Honour of the congregation will be inscribed. Near the top is the motto, "For God, King, and Country," in gilt letters, while at the base is a gilt wreath.

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BEATING THE RECORD.—Congratulations have been showered on Mr J. Ernest Kerr, of Harvieston Castle, in recognition of his obtaining the record price of £950 for his polled Angus bull calf, at the recent stock sale at Perth. The record for an animal of this class and age stood at £480, so that Mr Kerr has nearly doubled it. In several other classes Mr Kerr is doing much to improve the breed of farm stock.

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DISTINGUISHED BLIND PIANIST.—It gives us more than ordinary pleasure to learn and to announce that the College Board of Trinity College of Music, London, has awarded a Local Exhibition of £6. 6s. to Master William Murray Henderson for the year 1917. These Exhibitions are open to competition among candidates of the whole of the United Kingdom, and it is highly satisfactory to know that, in the Intermediate Division, our Dollar boy gained the highest marks in Great Britain. We heartily congratulate him.

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Transactions of the Institute of Marine Engineers.—We thank Mr James Adamson (F.P.) for the gift of this interesting volume which has been handed over to the Academy Library.

Marriage.

ANDERSON—GARDINER.—At 2 Fingal Place, Edinburgh, on 3rd March, by the Very Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, D.D., St Giles' Cathedral, and the Rev. Norman M'Lean, D.D., St Cuthbert's, John Cameron, son of George Anderson, Guthrie Lodge, Newburgh, to Harrie Cochrane (F.P.), daughter of the late Patrick Gardiner, Newbigging, Auchterarder, and Mrs Gardiner, Ashfield, Dollar.

Obituary.

GULLEN.—At Chapel Place, Dollar, on 15th December 1916, William K. Gullen, aged 65.

DONALDSON.—At Broomieknowe, Dollar, on 17th December 1916, George Donaldson, aged 77 years, eldest son of the late Colour-Sergeant George Donaldson, 92nd Highlanders.

THOM.—At 128 King's Gate, Aberdeen, on 20th December 1916, George Thom, LL.D.

IZAT.—Killed in action in France, on 2nd January, Captain Alan Izat, M.C., Royal Engineers, fifth son of Alexander Izat, C.I.E., of Balliliesk, Dollar, and dearly loved husband of Jessie Izat.

WARDLAW.—At 7 West Castle Road, Edinburgh, on 18th January, the result of a chill, Alexander Wardlaw, late assistant-manager, Clydesdale Bank, Glasgow, aged 59.

DRYSDALE.—At Stonehaven, on January 30th, James Drysdale, formerly woollen manufacturer, Tillicoultry, and of Dollar, aged 77.

HALLEY.—At Laurel Bank, Dollar, on February 2nd, Margaret Glennie, widow of Peter Halley, aged 86.

M'ARTHUR MOIR.—At Hillfoot House, Dollar, on the 15th February, James M'Arthur Moir, Esq., of Hillfoot, Dollar, and Milton, Dunoon, in his 73rd year.

SMEATON.—At Larbert Hospital, on the 22nd February, Andrew Dunlop Smeaton (F.P.), late Rector of Scottish High School, Bombay and Calcutta.

BROWN.—In Kilmarnock Infirmary, on 28th February, the Rev. Harry Brown, M.A. (F.P.), Portland Road United Free Church, Kilmarnock, in his 51st year.

MACLULLICH.—At 22 Blackford Road, Edinburgh, on 3rd March, Eliza Susanna (Minnie), wife of the late John Campbell MacLulich, S.S.C., Procurator-Fiscal for Argyllshire, and eldest daughter of Alexander T. Niven, C.A. (formerly of Westwoodville, Dollar).

MACFARLANE.—At Station Road, Dollar, on 5th March, Isabella Pearson M'Farlane (F.P.).

FRASER.—At Oriel Cottage, Dollar (the residence of Miss Low, her sister), Sarah Low, widow of Robert M. Fraser, Inspector of Poor.

Pro Patria.

1. ALAN IZAT.—Captain, R.E., son of Mr and Mrs Alexander Izat, Balliliesk; left School 1902; awarded Military Cross, 3rd June 1916; killed in action, 2nd January 1917.

2. JOHN M'MASTER HUTCHISON.—2nd Lieutenant, Gordon Highlanders, second son of Mr and Mrs Robert Hutchison, Alderston, Ayr; boarded with Dr Thom; left School 1906; enlisted in Lovat's Scouts when war broke out; obtained commission in the Seaforths in June 1915; was transferred to the Gordons, on going to the front, in February 1916; killed in action, 22nd October 1916.

3. WALTER N. RUSSELL.—2nd Lieutenant, 9th R.S.F., youngest son of Mr and Mrs W. N. Russell, Schoolhouse, Glendevon; left School 1909; graduated B.D. at St Andrews University, 1915; died of wounds received in action, 26th August 1916.

4. GEORGE S. M'CLELLAND.—2nd Lieutenant, 8th K.O.S.B., fourth son of Mr and Mrs Alexander M'Clelland, 51 Fotheringay Road, Pollokshields, and Buenos Aires; boarded with Mrs Maughan, Parkfield, and afterwards with Dr Butchart; First Fifteen Cap 1912-13; left School 1913; reported wounded and missing on 25th September 1915; subsequently assumed killed on that date.

5. GERALD WALKER.—Lieutenant, Bombing Officer, 3rd K.O.V.L.I., son of Mr J. H. Walker, Mirfield, Yorks.; boarded with Mrs Heyworth, Parkfield; left School 1906; killed in action, 1st July 1916.

6. HENRY NICHOLSON LECHLER.—2nd Lieutenant, attached South Lancashire Regiment, only son of Mr and Mrs C. G. Lechler, Brooklyn, Yercand, Madras; left School 1910; mentioned in dispatches for "distinguished and gallant services" at the Dardanelles; killed in action in Mesopotamia, 4th April 1916.

7. GEORGE LATTI.—Lance-Corporal, 1st H.L.I., youngest son of Mrs Latta and the late Mr David Latta, Dollar; left School 1902; died, from effects of heat, at Basra, Persian Gulf, 3rd July 1916.

8. CHARLES M. STUART.—Private, H.L.I., son of the late Mr David Stuart, Pitlochry; boarded with Mrs Heyworth, Parkfield; left School 1910; wounded on 1st July 1916; died of his wounds in Manchester, and was buried with military honours in Pitlochry.

9. ARTHUR BOUCHER FINLINSON.—Private, H.L.I., son of Mr and Mrs Boucher Finlinson, Lorton, Giffnock; boarded with Dr Butchart; left School 1913; killed in action, 13th November 1916.

10. J. NAPIER MACANDREW.—Sergeant, 54th (Kootney) Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, son of Mr and Mrs Macandrew, Mount Forbes, Dollar; left School 1903; killed in action, 18th November 1916.

11. ROBERT BAILLIE.—Private, 3rd R.S.F., son of Mr James Baillie, Organist in the U.F. Church; left School 1908; was reported missing on 16th June 1915; a year later assumed killed on that date.

12. IAN CAMPBELL.—Private, 7th A. and S. H., son of Mr James Campbell, Dollarfield; left School 1912; wounded on 15th, and died of his wounds on 16th November 1916.



School Notes.

ADDITIONS TO ROLL OF HONOUR.

OFFICERS.		
Name.	Rank.	Unit.
ALLAN, ROBERT B.	2nd Lieutenant	13th Leicester Regiment.
BENNETT, CLAUDE J. H.	Lieutenant	R.N.V.R.
BENNETT, THOMAS N.	Midshipman	R.N.R.
BLACKIE, A.	Lieutenant	R.E.
BREINGAN, A. J.	Captain	Transport No. 57, M.F.A.
CRAM, JOHN	Lieutenant	229th O.B., C.E.F.
FINDLAY, HARRY	Captain	R.A.M.C.
GRIEVE, G. A. F.	Lieutenant	Recruiting Depot, Forfar.
HETHERINGTON, GEORGE M.	"	R.A.M.C., attd. 10th Hampshire Regiment.
MARSHALL, JAMES	2nd Lieutenant	R.G.A.
MIDDLETON, ARTHUR G.	Captain	R.A.M.C.
MIDDLETON, A. STANLEY	Chaplain	B.E.F.
M'INTOSH, T. S.	Lieutenant	R.A.M.C.
NEILSON, W.	Captain	7th Scottish Rifles.
NAKES, MALCOLM	Lieutenant	R.F.C.
ROSS, DONALD	"	R.A.M.C.
SIBOLD, SIDNEY	2nd Lieutenant	R.F.A.
MEN.		
ANDERSON, JOHN	Sergeant	22nd Remount Squadron.
ANTHONY, A. STEPHEN	Private	Penang Volunteers.
ARMISHAW, CHARLES S.	"	4th A. and S. Highlanders.
BLACKWOOD, W.	Lance-Corporal	5th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders.
BREINGAN, DUNCAN	Private	3rd Black Watch.
CARMICHAEL, HENRY	"	3rd Royal Scots.
CONDIE, G.	"	5th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders.
COUSINS, P.	"	R.E.
CRAWFORD, MAURICE	"	A.S.C.
CRAWFORD, MURDOCH	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
DAVIDSON, EDWARD W.	Cadet	18th O.C.B., Bath.
FERGUSON, JOHN	Private	4th A. and S. Highlanders.
FORGIE, PETER	"	2/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
FORGIE, WILLIAM	Driver	A.S.C.
FLEMING, R. G.	Gunner	R.F.A.
FRASER, DAVID	Private	16th A. and S. Highlanders.
FRASER, JAMES	"	10th A. and S. Highlanders.
FRASER, JAMES L.	Lance-Corporal	New Zealand Rifle Brigade.
FYFE, ALEXANDER J.	2nd A./M.	R.F.C.
GREENFIELD, JAMES	Private	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
GULLEN, ANDREW	2nd A./M.	R.F.C.
HANNAY, HENRY	Private	28th Australian Infantry.
HARKNESS, JAMES	Corporal	5th (R.) Brigade, R.F.A.
HIGGINS, HUGH	Cadet	10th O.C.B., Gales.
HUNTER, JOHN M.	Private	2/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
HUNTER, M.	Sapper	R.E.
HOGG, T. W.	Driver	New Zealand A.S.C.
INGLIS, ANDREW	Private	R.A.M.C.
INGLIS, DAVID	"	9th Black Watch.
JACK, JOHN	Sapper	R.E.
LEISHMAN, JAMES	Trooper	Lothians and Border Horse.
LEITCH, WALTER	Sergeant	R.F.A.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
LOW, WILLIAM C.	Cadet	O.T.C., Glasgow University.
MUNRO, ROBERT M.	Private	R.D.C.
M'GREGOR, ROBERT	Driver	M.G.C.
M'KENZIE, CLARENCE W.	Private	102nd Canadians.
M'NEE, ROBERT	"	4th A. and S. Highlanders.
OLIVER, JAMES	"	2nd A. and S. Highlanders.
PENMAN, ALEXANDER	Cadet	10th O.C.B., Gales.
RAMSEY, THOMAS	Private	8th A. and S. Highlanders.
RITCHIE, ANGUS	"	2nd K.O.S.B.
RITCHIE, DAVID M.	"	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
ROBERTSON, WILLIAM M.	"	4th A. and S. Highlanders.
SCOTT, T.	Sapper	R.E.
SNOWDOWNE, PETER	Private	2/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
THOMSON, WILLIAM	"	A.S.C.
TUCKWELL, J. H. G.	Cadet	18th O.C.B., Bath.
WATERSTON, J. KNOX	Private	4th Camerons.
WESTWATER, ANDREW	Gunner	R.F.A.
WHYTE, K. O.	Private	39th Battalion, C.E.F.

PROMOTIONS AND TRANSFERS.

ANDERSON, JOHN	Major	I.M.S.
BAXTER, ALEX. C.	2nd Lieutenant	M.G.C.
BAIN, HUGH J. B.	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders, attd. R.F.C.
BENNETT, JAMES A. G.	Lieutenant	R.N.V.R.
BWYE, A. ROLFE	Cadet	17th O.C.B., Rhyt.
COLLYER, ARTHUR H.	2nd Lieutenant	6th Gordons.
COLLYER, JOHN A. M.	"	M.G.C.
CROSS, EVAN C.	Captain	2nd K.O. Liverpools.
DOUGALL, CHARLES R.	2nd Lieutenant (Flying Officer)	5th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders, attd. 8th Squadron R.F.C.
ELLIOT, T.	2nd Lieutenant	3rd Northumberland Fusiliers.
FERGUSON, JAMES A.	A.P.M.	Salonika Force.
FERGUSON, WM. D.	Lieutenant	7th Norfolks.
FIDLER, CARREL W.	2nd Lieutenant	5th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders, attd. R.F.C.
GARDINER, HARRY, D.S.O.	Major	2nd West Riding Regiment.
GORDON, DOUGLAS	2nd Lieutenant (Flying Officer)	5th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders, attd. 10th Squadron R.F.C.
HARRIS, JOHN H.	2nd Lieutenant	
HENDRY, EVAN D.	"	A. and S. Highlanders.
HEYWORTH, GEOFFREY	Lieutenant	134th Canadians.
HOGGEN, JOHN W.	2nd Lieutenant (Flying Officer)	5th Royal Scots, attd. 10th Squadron R.F.C.
HUTTON, GORDON C.	Lieutenant	2nd K.O.S.B., attd. 10th O.C.B., Gales.
IZAT, JOHN	Major	R.E.
IZAT, JAMES RENNIE	2nd Lieutenant	3rd Labour Corps, I.E.F.
LEACH, R. ERNEST	Lieutenant	3rd Batt. Special Brigade, R.E.
LECKIE, R. W.	2nd Lieutenant	2/2nd Scottish Horse, attd. M.G.C.
MATSON, HARRY S.	Cadet	10th O.C.B., Gales.
MILLER, JAMES	"	10th O.C.B., Gales.
MILLINGEN, RALPH E. C. VAN	"	16th O.C.B., Rhyt.
MORGAN, HERBERT B.	Adjutant	9th H.L.I.
MUIR, R. J.	Lieutenant	11th Res. Batt., Canadians.
MUIR, J. R. G.	2nd Lieutenant	5th H.L.I.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
MUNRO, FRED. J.	2nd Lieutenant	R.G.A.
M'DONALD, JOHN	Captain	15th Royal Scots.
NEIL, JOHN	2nd Lieutenant	7th A. and S. Highlanders, attd. 61st M.G.C.
PENDER, IAN M.	Lieutenant	4th Seaforth Highlanders.
QUARTON, FRANK	"	6th Black Watch.
ROBERTSON, GAVIN F.	2nd Lieutenant	10th A. and S. Highlanders.
ROBERTSON, T. W. GRAY	Lieutenant	10th A. and S. Highlanders.
ROBERTSON, CHARLES	"	5th Gordons.
SCOTT, A.	Staff-Captain	154th Infantry Brigade.
SCOTT, J. M., D.S.O.	Major	1/5th Seaforth Highlanders.
STEELE, W. F. B.	Cadet	No. 18 O.C.B., Bath.
WALKER, A. I.	Lieutenant	R.E.
WEIR, J. G.	Major	Dep. Asst. Dir., Air Board.
WHITTAKER, ROSLYN	Captain	Central Training Staff, B.E.F.
WILSON, G. HOPE	Cadet	R.F.A.
WINGFIELD, S. G.	Flight Officer	R.N.

CORRECTIONS AND ALTERATIONS IN UNITS.

ABBEY, F. A.	2nd Lieutenant	27th Northumberland Fusiliers.
BERESFORD, H.	"	10th Scottish Rifles.
BROWN, J. M.	"	9th Black Watch.
BRUCE, JOHN	Captain	1/4th R.S.F.
CAMERON, D. R.	2nd Lieutenant	A.S.C.
GARLICK, JOHN C.	"	2nd A. and S. Highlanders.
GEARING, H. G.	Lieutenant	43rd Erinpura Regiment.
MACNAUGHT, ERIC N., M.C.	2nd Lieutenant	20th Northumberland Fusiliers.
WHYTE, ANDREW	"	1/4th R.S.F.

We have to add to our already long list of losses the names of six more Dollar boys.

CAPTAIN ALAN IZAT, R.E., was killed in action on 2nd January 1917. His death robbed Dollar of one of her most distinguished and best loved Former Pupils. While he was at School, he distinguished himself both in the class-room and on the playing field, and his bright, sunny nature won for him the deepest affection both of his teachers and class-mates. He left School in 1902, and entered the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, where he held the first place throughout his course. He was given his commission in the Royal Engineers in 1906, and passed out first from his course at Chatham, gaining the Fowke Memorial Medal for Engineering. He sailed for India in 1909, and commanded the 26th Company Railway Sappers and Miners until April 1911, when he was appointed to the Indian Railways. In July 1913 his services were lent by the Government to the Bhavnagar State, where he managed the railways. He was recalled to military service in October 1914, and was promoted Captain in December 1914. In August 1915 he was appointed to command the 103rd

Company R.E., and left with it for France. He was wounded on 19th March 1916, and mentioned in General Haig's dispatch of the following month. He was awarded the Military Cross for distinguished services in the field on 3rd June 1916, and at the end of that month was appointed to command the 277th Railway Company. He was made Adjutant of the Railway Construction Engineers, 4th Army, in September 1916.

IAN CAMPBELL was severely wounded while acting as stretcher-bearer in an action on the 15th November, and succumbed to his wounds on the following day. He enlisted in the local battalion, the 7th A. and S.H., and went through many hardships with his battalion in France before he met his end. His platoon commander wrote of him: "He was a true soldier, and what was equally, if not more noticeable still, always cheerful. His work was magnificent, and perhaps it may be some consolation for you to know that his name was one of those sent in by his Company Commander, when asked if he had any recommendations to make. I am sure his cheery, smiling face must have been a help to many a man in the 7th A. and S.H. at different times. And so it was to the end."

ARTHUR B. FINLINSON, who left School just three and a half years ago, joined the H.L.I. shortly after the outbreak of war. On 13th November 1916 he took part in a hot engagement, and shared the fate of the Captain and senior Lieutenant of his company, by being killed outright by a German shell which burst amongst them when they were between the first and second German lines. Concerning him his C.S.M. wrote: "He was a good soldier in every way, always willing, especially when in the trenches, to do what he was told, and more in fact. He would have risen a great deal higher in the ranks."

SERGEANT J. NAPIER MACANDREW, elder son of the much respected Dollar postman, fell in action on 18th November 1916. Sergeant Macandrew left School in 1903, and was in Canada when war broke out. He came over with the 54th (Kootney) Battalion, and proved himself to be so excellent a soldier that he speedily attained the rank of sergeant. His death occurred after an advance and the capture of some German trenches, in the taking of which Sergeant Macandrew conducted himself in a most gallant way. His Chaplain wrote of him that he was "quite an inspiration to his men, a fine young manly fellow, keen to do his duty, always doing the best he could, absolutely fearless, and finally giving his life for the foundation of God's kingdom on earth. Officers and men speak most highly of him, and deservedly so."

PRIVATE WILLIAM EWING, son of Mr and Mrs Ewing, Woodlands, Tullibody, joined the Household Cavalry shortly after war broke out. Some time ago he was reported wounded and missing, and his parents have now been informed that he is officially reckoned among the killed.

SECOND-LIEUT. JAMES MELVIN MORGAN, Royal Engineers, killed in action on 4th March 1917, was a civil engineer by profession. He left School in 1904, and served his apprenticeship in the office of Major R. M. Christie, Dunblane. He was subsequently on the engineering staff of Messrs Casey & Darragh, Stirling. Before joining the army he was employed at an electricity work in Cardiff. His father was a farmer at Dunblane before going to Canada some years ago.

The following additional distinctions have been gained by Former Pupils of Dollar Academy :—

CAPTAIN R. G. ARCHIBALD, R.A.M.C., who was mentioned in General Wingate's dispatch of October 1916, was awarded the Distinguished Service Order in January 1917.

SECOND-LIEUT. ERIC N. MACNAUGHT, 20th Northumberland Fusiliers, who boarded with the headmaster and was Cricket Captain 1911-1912, has been awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in action in January 1917. Mr MacNaught has been wounded, but we understand not seriously.

CAPTAIN W. G. PENDER, Special Reserve, R.F.C., was awarded the Military Cross in the New Year Honours, 1917, "for conspicuous gallantry in action. On three occasions he flew over the enemy's trenches for long periods at a height of 500 feet, enabling his observer to gain valuable information."

SECOND-LIEUT. J. FORBES SUTHERLAND, 7th A. and S. H., has been awarded the Military Cross "for conspicuous gallantry in action. He assumed command and led his company with great courage and initiative. He set a splendid example throughout."

MAJOR GAVIN LAURIE WILSON has also been awarded the Military Cross. He was severely wounded in the shoulder, and was on sick leave for some months, but we are glad to know that his health has so far improved that he has returned to duty.

MISS M. EVELYN THOMSON, who has already been twice mentioned in dispatches, has been awarded the Royal Red Cross decoration, First Class.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PATRICK BALFOUR HAIG, I.M.S., was admitted a Companion of the Order of the Bath (C.B.) on 6th February 1917, in recognition of his valuable military services.

There have also been mentioned in dispatches: Major John Campbell, Chaplain to the Forces; Captain A. R. Lovelock, Cameron Highlanders; Captain A. Scott, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached Seaforth Highlanders; Captain William Burton Forster, 27th Canadians.

The Dollar Academy War Fund Association continues to do good work. At the February meeting the following sums, the fruits of the Monday morning collections and of donations, were voted: £10 each to the Princess Louise Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers, and the Scottish Hospital for Blind Sailors and Soldiers; £5 to the Scottish Red Cross Society; and £2 each to the Scottish Women's Hospital, Arnsbrae Red Cross Hospital, and the Dollar War Work Party.

OPERETTA AT DOLLAR.

Under the auspices of the Dollar Institution Athletic Club two very successful reproductions of the Japanese operetta, "Princess Chrysanthemum," were given in the Institution Hall, Dollar, on Friday and Saturday, 15th and 16th December, by pupils and staff of the Institution. The performances were in aid of the funds of the Athletic Club. Both houses were large, representative, and enthusiastic, and the efforts of the performers were greatly appreciated.

"Princess Chrysanthemum" is a sparkling little operetta in three acts. It abounds with situations of a whimsically humorous nature, and the music is bright and catchy.

The various parts were well taken up. Miss Dougall made a very charming "Princess Chrysanthemum," acting her part with dainty *naïveté*. Her cultured voice was heard to rare advantage in her songs, "Which shall it be?" and "Home of my Childhood," also in her duet, "The Dawn of Love," with "Prince So-Tru" (Alan Watson), who was as dutiful and devoted a lover as any princess could wish for. His singing of "Love's Kingdom" was a very meritorious effort. As "Prince So-Sli," James R. C. Leach acted the rôle of the baffled suitor to perfection, and for his sprightly rendering of the ditty, "A jolly little Japanese Sailor Man," he was loudly applauded. In his personification of the "Emperor What-for-Whi," George de Birrell employed all due dignity, and hit off the foibles of the impecunious potentate admirably. His songs, "I am

the Emperor What-for-Whi" and "Whether you like it or not," were well sung. As "Top-not," the Court Chamberlain, A. Ruthven Black, made a decided hit, being by turns obsequious to his imperial master and haughty to his subordinates. Miss J. Robb acted the part of "Fairy Moonbeam" with grace and dignity, and sang very sweetly the song, "The Path of Love." The difficult part of "Saucer-Eyes," the Wizard Cat, was very ably taken by J. C. Wilson, who ruled over his sombre kingdom of sprites with malignant gusto, and carried out his incantations with all the weird solemnity of a past master of the black art. His well-sung song, "The Kitten's Tale," conveyed a dire warning to all whom it might concern. To-to, Yum-Yum, Du-Du, Tu-lip, and Dum-Dum, the maidens attendant on the Princess, were well impersonated by Misses M. Walker, M. Gray, K. Ferguson, D. Thomson, and J. Waddell, and Miss Waddell's rendering of the song, "The Golden Butterfly," and Miss Thomson's song, "Lullaby Land," were well received. In addition to the principal characters there was a tuneful chorus, comprising Japanese ladies, courtiers, attendants, fairies, sprites, &c., who acted their respective parts with whatever appropriate simulation was expected of them, not forgetting the tiny sprite who acted as tale-bearer to his Saucer-eyed Majesty the Cat. The chorus singing was of a very high standard, possibly the best numbers being, "Wave the flags and banners gay," "Long live the Emperor," "Sad and Mournful," and the final chorus. At appropriate intervals dances were rendered, including the Fan Dance by a number of girls; the "Dance Ke-sa-Ko," artistically done by Miss P. Wallace; and the Umbrella Dance. The latter was arranged by Miss Scott, and the others by Miss P. Wallace.

The accompaniments and incidental music were played by the members of the Dollar Academy Orchestral Society, and it goes without saying that this was admirably done, the orchestra having a reputation to sustain of which they are justifiably proud. They had the assistance of a few players of the R.A.M.C. orchestra. The stage was erected under the direction of Mr John M'Gruther, manual instruction master, and stood the test well. The stage decorations were designed and executed by Miss Paterson, art mistress, and formed a striking tribute to that lady's taste and ability, as well as a charming and appropriate setting for the play. To Mr C. E. Allsopp, director of musical studies, the public of Dollar are indebted for the production of such a delightful entertainment; and the performances gave ample evidence of the genius and enthusiasm which he had infused into the long preparations.

The operetta was repeated at the beginning of February for the benefit of the Dollar Work Party and realised £20, clear of expenses.

DOLLAR INSTITUTION *v.* GEORGE HERIOT'S, 25th November.—It had been recognised all along that this would be one of the supreme tests of the season, and a great deal depended on the weather. But Dollar was unlucky, and the ground was very soft at Goldenacre. From the start the Heriot's forwards got their grip on the game and never let go, although the Dollar pack fought grimly. A bad blunder on the parts of Annand, Shaw, and Bennie led to the first Heriot's score. The Heriot's right centre tried a drop which barely missed, and while every one was gaping, the left wing followed up cleverly and scored. The try was converted. This was all the scoring in the first half, although the Dollar boys were kept well to their own half.

Twice in the second half the Dollar halves were able to give their threes a chance, and their running and smart handling showed the chance they might have had if the ground had been dry. But the Heriot's pack always prevailed. Late in the second half one of the Heriot's "threes" dropped a clever goal. Dollar was defeated, but by no means disgraced.

The following Saturday should have provided a further test for Dollar, but the match against Glasgow High School was postponed on account of Mr Masterton's funeral.

On 9th December a second visit to Edinburgh yielded a handsome victory at the expense of Daniel Stewart's College. There was little fine football, as the School XV. had the upper hand all along, and only the plucky defence of Stewart's against a faster and heavier XV. kept the score down. As it was, 55 points to 0 tells its own tale, and Shaw, Bennie & Co. had little trouble in piling on the points. The XV. forwards, however, played well, and several scores came to them through Tuckwell, Macintyre, and de Birrell.

This was the last game before Christmas, when Tuckwell, the popular Captain, left to join a cadet battalion. At the same time the team lost Davidson, who had done good work as inside three-quarter. J. R. C. Leach was Tuckwell's successor as Captain, while R. R. Soga took his place as leader of the forwards.

The New Year opened with a drastic curtailment of the train service and a simultaneous increase in fares. As far as Dollar was concerned this killed football, as all schools agreed to cut out travelling except in very exceptional cases. The result was that up to the end of February only one match was played, against the

R.A.M.C. For the fourth time Dollar was victorious, on this occasion by 35 points to 3. The play was surprisingly good, as the ground had been frozen hard all year and no practice had been possible.

The only source of enthusiasm is now the Seven-a-Side School Tournament in Edinburgh on the 10th March. The Dollar seven ought to go into the final, on paper, but in the meantime we can only wish them the best of luck, and wait and see.

On the Monday preceding the closing day of the great War Loan, the Headmaster made an appeal to the Academy pupils to put their savings into the Loan, and proposed a scheme by which investments could be made at once, to be paid in instalments up to the end of June. The result exceeded expectations, for on Friday there was handed over to the local War Savings Association a sum just 6s. 6d. short of £300. The saving scheme still goes on, and each of the succeeding weeks has seen some £30 pass through the hands of Mr Frew, who acts as treasurer.

The Boys' Literary and Debating Society has finished a most successful session. This year the Chess Club amalgamated with the Literary Society, and this added greatly to the enthusiasm of the members.

The Masonic Hall was used as the headquarters of the Social Club, and under the genial guidance of Mr Donald and a strenuous committee, proved a most enjoyable rendezvous on the Saturday evenings.

We understand that the boys did not play their best on the evening of the chess match against the masters, and that the next meeting will be a surprise to the winners in the last competition.

Under the auspices of the social side of the Club a most enjoyable dance was given in the Castle Campbell Hall, and it is extremely gratifying to learn that the School War Fund benefited by over £6 as the result of the evening's entertainment.

We are asked by the boys' committee to express their gratitude to all those who aided in making this, their first venture, such a great success.

At the closing meeting a fine programme was submitted to an appreciative audience. One had but to peep in through the half open door to realise what a benefit the Club is. We looked in for a time and were well entertained, and came away with the feeling that much was being done to establish an *esprit de corps* among the boys.

To those masters who give their support so ungrudgingly the School owes a deep debt indeed.

The long spell of frost gave the pupils fine opportunities for indulging in all the varied pastimes of winter, though the XV. no doubt would rather have had open weather to let them continue their successful season's football.

Thanks to the foresight of the late Mr Masterton, the pond at the Dead Waters was well filled, and skating was eagerly indulged in.

Sledging, ski-ing, and the more humble sliding, all had their fair share, and, whisper it not abroad, but some one told us that several of the more energetic and enthusiastic younger masters were seldom away from the curling pond after School closed in the afternoon. Our informer also told us that a rink skipped by the Headmaster was at Tillicoultry on the afternoon of the skating half holiday, and brought back the scalps of the Tilly rink dangling at the end of their "cows."

We feel sure that the pupils share in the glory of the victory, as it brings back memories of the prowess of the staff in the roarin' game in days gone past.

THE HOCKEY GROUP.

"Fair and Forty," fleet of foot,
And firm of wrist swift goals to shoot :
—Of hockey practice see the fruit
In Dollar's Fair and Forty !

Forty maids from every strand
(Or fairies lent from Fairyland ?)
Who, wielding each her long curved wand,
Wax fit and fair—these Forty.

Forwards, not *forward* save to score,
And backs—none *backward* in school lore—
Gain health and wit and beauty's store
'Mid Dollar's Fair and Forty.

Smiling now you see them sit ;
Anon adown the field they flit :
Posing or playing they are IT
—So fit and fair these Forty.

A. D.

HOCKEY.

Since the last *Magazine* appeared, nine matches have been played.

The first this term, on 13th January, was at Dollar, v.

A HOCKEY GROUP
THE FIRST ELEVEN ARE NAMED IN *Italics*



A. Drysdale

Back Row—M. Hayter; J. Beath; M. Robertson; A. M'Pherson; M. Napier; *L. Beattie*; E. Gellatly; H. Clayton.

Second Row—M. Gray; E. Robertson; J. Waddell; M. Mitchell; *J. Small*; E. Calder; N. M'Pherson; D. Brereton; D. Thomson; E. Small; M. Bradley.

Sitting—*J. Davidson*; K. Muckersie; A. Hardie; *K. Kaye*; A. Scott; *T. Flett*; *K. Ferguson (Captain)*; *A. Macdonald*; *M. Gibson*; M. Walker; *Sh. Locker*; *E. Bradley*.

Front—E. Wright; E. Young; Sh. Currie; G. Radford; J. Kaye; E. Stein; *E. Soga*; M. Cousins; B. Johnson.

Dunfermline Physical Training College, and ended in a win for Dunfermline of 6-0.

The Saturday after, a very exciting game was played against St Hilda's School, Alva, resulting in a draw, 3 all. This, as far as the play of the Dollar team is concerned, was perhaps the best game of the season.

On February 17th, at Dollar, v. Stirling High School, the home team won after a hard game by 3 goals to 1.

Against Falkirk High School on 3rd March, Dollar was again successful by 2 goals to 1.

There are still three matches to be played this term.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Since our last issue the corps has lost several of its valued N.C.O.'s, who have gone forth to serve their King and country. It must be gratifying to Former Pupils to know that since the beginning of the session twelve of the cadets have either passed for Quetta or have entered Officer Cadet Battalions to train for commissions.

The latest departures are Sergt. R. Flett and Lance-Corpl. C. Cairns, who passed well up in the list in the entrance examinations for the Indian army; and Sergt. I. Tuckwell and Corpl. E. Davidson, who have been appointed to the 18th Officers' Cadet Battalion.

All of the above cadets were excellent members of the corps, and reflect great credit on the officers who had the responsibility of training them.

The routine work has gone on steadily, and we must admit that our corps would be hard to match anywhere. Since the Volunteer Force was inaugurated the officers have given their services in training the units in Dollar and at Crook of Devon, and the Dollar Platoon have had the advantage of having their N.C.O.'s trained along with the corps on Monday and Friday afternoons.

The headmaster, who is nominal head of the contingent, has been honoured by having the command of the local platoon of volunteers, and the corps feel that they have been honoured through him.

An interesting field exercise was carried out over the farm of Westerton before the Christmas vacation.

An excellent defence was put up by a skeleton force under C.-S.-Major Leach, and a well-developed attack was conducted by Lieuts. Frew and Allsopp. All ranks showed a fine appreciation of the problem set, and showed that they had taken to heart the lectures given by the officers during the preceding month.

It is intended to have a field day with the local volunteers, when a most interesting exercise on the attack will be worked out on the ground.

The O.C. again wishes to express his sincere thanks to all who kindly give the privilege of using fields for those exercises.

Recent promotions are Lance-Corporal Macluskie to be Corporal, and Cadets Mitchell Stewart and Annand to be Lance-Corporals. Mr Frew will go to the Scottish School of Musketry at Easter to qualify as a musketry instructor, and we know that he will carry on the high traditions of the contingent there.

Elsewhere it will be noted that C. R. Dougall, D. Gordon, and J. W. Hogben, all late N.C.O.'s, have been transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, and the best wishes of the whole corps go with them in their new sphere of action.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—This energetic and enterprising society continues to prosper. The first meeting after the New Year was the Magazine Night, when a large and varied contribution of articles was read to a large gathering of members. These articles have now been bound up, and are being circulated as usual. Miss Sands, the President, took as the subject of her lecture, "Kitchener," and earned the cordial thanks of the society for her able treatment of so engrossing a subject. The meeting of 9th February was devoted to a debate on the subject, "That Lady Macbeth is a Greater Dramatic Character than Macbeth." After a lively discussion the vote resulted in a draw, when the chairwoman gave her casting vote in favour of the negative. The last ordinary meeting of the session was something of a novelty. On this occasion Mr Allsopp addressed the society, and took for his subject, "The Life and Work of Edward MacDowell." Mr Allsopp's interesting and instructive remarks were illustrated by examples taken from MacDowell's works, Miss Critchley giving a spirited rendering of selected examples from the pianoforte compositions, while Miss Dougall supplied an artistic interpretation of some of his best known songs.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

REYNOLDS, Miss, Pembroke Villa, New Road, Barnet, Herts.

LEISHMAN, JAS., Trooper, No. 2117, D Squadron, 1st Troop, 3/1st Lothians and Border Horse, Salonika Force.

NEW ADDRESS.

BANKIER, W. A. (J.P.), Dunlossit, Port Askaig, Islay.