



*Swan Watson*

*Photo*

MAJOR GENERAL P. M. CARNEGIE, C.B.

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## Major-General P. M. Carnegy, C.B.

WE have great pleasure in being privileged to present to our readers this portrait of our very distinguished F.P., whom some few of us remember coming, as a boy of nine, with his mother and three sisters to reside in Dollar in the year 1867, and, on his mother and one sister returning to India the following year, being boarded with Miss Vansomern (now Mrs James Anderson), with his two sisters, at Ashfield, and attending the Academy for the following five years. We have no actual knowledge of his School career, but have no doubt that the free, open life in the Devon Valley, ranging over the hills and by Devon's banks on Saturday afternoons, with wider range on whole holidays, which was then the custom with Dollar boys, did much to develop that robust and energetic constitution and mental energy which have carried him through a long and most successful professional career.

In 1873 his parents, the late Major-General Carnegy, Indian Army, and Mrs Carnegy, returned to this country and settled in Cheltenham with their family, and Philip was entered at Cheltenham College, from which he passed into Sandhurst in 1876. He was gazetted Second Lieutenant in the 67th Regiment (now 2nd Battalion Hampshire Regiment) in 1878, with which he went to India. He then joined the army at Bangalore in March 1878, in time to take part in the Afghan Campaign of the next three years, in which he gained distinction, being mentioned in dispatches by Brigadier-General H. M'Pherson, and decorated with a medal and two clasps. In 1884 he was transferred to the Indian Army, joining the 12th Regiment of Madras Infantry, with which he went through the Burmah Campaign of 1885-6, being present at the occupation of Mandalay and subsequent operations of the 3rd Brigade, where he was severely wounded. Here he was mentioned in dispatches, and gained a medal with clasp. In 1886 he was transferred to the 2nd Battalion Goorkah Rifles, raised at Bakloh, Punjab, being especially selected by Lord Roberts for the

expedition on the north-east frontier of India against Chin Lushai in 1889-91, with the Burmah column, for which he obtained a clasp. He was also in the Burmah Campaign of 1891, and obtained a clasp. His next campaign (fifth) was on the north-east frontier of India, Manipur, in 1891, where he was severely wounded at Baparn, and was mentioned in dispatches, G.G.O. 585 of 1891, and obtained a clasp. In 1895 he took part in the Chitral expedition in the action of Malakand Pass and the relief of Chitral, where his services were commended, and he was awarded a medal with clasp.

A notable and happy interlude occurred in 1897, when he was married to Jessie Rawlins, youngest daughter of the late Major-General J. S. Rawlins of the Indian Army; but it caused little interruption to his military service, as in the same year he was in the Tirah action of the Sampagha and Arkangha Passes, reconnaissance of Saran Sar, and actions of the 9th and 11th November 1897, operations against the Kham Khel Chamkannis, operations in the Barar Valley, 25th to 30th December 1897. Mentioned in dispatches, G.G.O. 244 of 1898, obtaining two clasps. He served in China in 1900, and obtained a medal. He obtained many very important appointments, including command of Abortabad Brigade in October 1910, in which capacity, and with the rank of Brigadier-General, he was present at the Coronation at Westminster. In June 1911 he was awarded the Companionship of the Order of the Bath, and invited by H.M. the King to be present at the Coronation Durbar at Delhi in November and December 1911, being also awarded the Coronation medal. He was promoted to the rank of Major-General on 1st September 1912.

While on leave in England in the summer of 1914 Major-General Carnegie was ordered out to India, and was on his way there with his wife, but was followed by an order to disembark at Port Said on 18th August, and remained in Egypt for a month, when the Indian troops arrived, and he proceeded with the Jullundur Brigade to Marseilles on the occasion of the Indian contingent being detailed for service in France. He served in France during the attack on Ypres on 14th October and the recapture of Givenchy in December, when his brigade was specially commended for holding the trenches near Estaires in October 1914. He was mentioned in dispatches in the *London Gazette* of February 1915. Finally, he was invalided home with trench fever on 15th January 1916, and awarded the Good Service pension of £100 per annum from 23rd December of the same year.



## An Earnest Prayer.

O THOU most loving and the kindest  
 Who ever bore a human heart ;  
 Enter my life and what Thou findest  
 Unworthy there, bid it depart.

I do not ask the gift of graces,  
 To win from men a passing praise ;  
 I only beg that what debases  
 A heaven-born soul Thou wilt erase.

I take Thy word that Thou forgivest  
 Our sinful thoughts, and words, and deeds ;  
 I do believe Thou only livest  
 To satisfy a sinner's needs.

And so I come before Thee, kneeling  
 To crave Thy pardon and Thy grace,  
 That one day I may see Thee, feeling  
 Not shamed to stand before Thy face.

## The Taming of the Shrew.

### PART III.

(*Continued.*)

ONE more test, he applies to her, and this time the game is mutual. Kate heartily enjoys the confusion of old Vincentio when she addresses him as "Young, budding virgin," and when rebuked by her wayward husband, she revels in the adroitness of her apology. The field is indeed won, and not the field alone ; her heart is won. She has met the master, not only of her will, but of her being. The black incubus of her angry temper falls from her like a mantle, and it is with relief she realises that, should the demon threaten to return, he will be driven off, no longer with cross-purposes, but by mutual laughter ; not in the *name*, but in the reality of perfect love.

Is this taking too much for granted ? Let us listen to the next little scene between them as they stand outside Lucentio's house. "Husband," it begins. Is it possible that this is Katherine's voice ?

"Husband, let's follow to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Kath.* What ! in the midst of the street ?"

and Petruchio asks with humoursome mimicry :

"What ! art thou ashamed of me ?

*Kath.* No, sir, God forbid ; but ashamed to kiss."

Surely it is with a mischievous smile that Petruchio threatens :

"Why then let's home again. Come, Sirrah, let's away,"

for there is neither petulance nor fear in Kate's soft answer :

"Nay, I will give thee a kiss,"

and in that thrilling kiss in the midst of the street was condensed the real courtship and the true marriage of Katherine and Petruchio. When, smiling and blushing, the young wife is released from her husband's first embrace she whispers, gentle at last :

"Now pray thee, love, stay,"

and Petruchio warmly responds :

"Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate."

The last scene of the play is as full of character as of humour. Lucentio, the bridegroom, supported by Petruchio and Baptista, tries to introduce a note of cheer and harmony in the festal gathering, but a passing reference to Padra's "kindness" elicits the admission that Hortensio's "widow," who "had loved him as long as he had loved this proud, disdainful haggard," Bianca, has not proved a "kind" wife. Hence arises the passage at arms between Kate and the widow, from which we may gather that Kate's spirit is by no means broken, and that Petruchio has no wish that it should be. He indeed adroitly turns the attack from his wife, but Kate will have none of it, and maintains her own, or rather his, cause with quiet, restrained sarcasm, very different from her former uncontrolled temper.

Eventually the bride, Bianca, is roused to join, not in the best taste, in the badinage, and Petruchio calls on her for "a bitter jest or two," but she answers pertly and breaks up the party, thus leaving the way clear for the famous bet in which Petruchio ventures so largely, not on the docility, but the love and loyalty, of his wife. Had she failed him well might he say, "The fouler fortune mine."

If he had any twinge of doubt, it was dispelled with the first glance of camaraderie that passed between them as she entered the room at his bidding.

In that old play, "The Taming of a Shrew," published in 1594, which Professor Sir Walter Raleigh would like to believe was the author's own first draft, and which all who study the plays impersonally believe to be so, the mutual understanding is plainly expressed in honeyed words :

"*Kath.* Sweet husband, did you send for me?

*Ferando [Pet.]* I did, my love, I sent for thee to come."

But Kate's character has improved since that was written both in depth and delicacy. The new-found joy of mutual love is for

themselves alone,—for others only the result of it. He had sent a *command* for her to come to him, and the game demands a suitable answer, so she asks with great ceremony :

“What is your will, sir, that you do send for me ?  
*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?  
*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.  
*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither : if they deny to come,  
 Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.  
 Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.”

And Katherine marches off, confident in her power, whatever form the “womanly persuasion” may take.

The cap episode requires no apology. What loving woman would not gladly discard any ornament thought unbecoming by her lover ?

When in the end she is charged to teach these headstrong women their duty to their husbands, she grasps the opportunity to make a full confession of her own experience, her miserable youth, her torture under the insults she had drawn upon herself, her resistance, and at last her complete surrender to the husband who had patiently held up the mirror to her warped self without once failing in affection or respect.

With what keen reminiscence she avers :

“A woman moved is as a fountain troubled,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;  
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip or taste one drop of it.”

Katherine accepts the conventional idea of a wife's duty and is not afraid of the word “obey,” but, while Petruchio had quoted the arbitrary law which made possible such tales as “The shrewde and curste wyfe lapped in Morelle's skin,” she appeals to Nature in defence of her position. Men are strong to labour, to fight, to meet danger by sea and land, while women are physically weak and soft.

“I am ashamed that women are so simple” to try to fight men with men's weapons, she seems to imply, when by using the woman's weapon of love, and service, and gentleness she might carry all before her and reign supreme over his manhood.

The Kate of the old play also takes her argument from Nature, but from primeval Nature. She begins with chaos, thence she goes on to the creation of man—

“Olde Adam and from his side asleep,  
 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make  
 The woe of man, as termed by Adam then.  
 Woman for that, by her came sinne to us,  
 And for her sin was Adam bound to die.”

Then with an abruptness that suggests some omission in the



text, she quotes Sara as an example of conjugal duty, and concludes by *literally* placing her hand under her husband's foot.

Our Kate's graceful and suggestive movement of the hand, implying this symbolic act of submission, is much more effective, and places the whole relationship on a higher plane. She takes her place beside Portia, the wife of Brutus, Desdemona during her short spell of happiness, and that other Portia who speaks thus—

“ But now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself,  
Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring.”

Petruchio listens with ever increasing delight as his wife's lecture proceeds, and, at its dramatic conclusion, exclaims rapturously :

“ Why, there's a wench ! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.”

By his brave, patient, and chivalrous effort he had won for himself a treasure greater than he had known, and as together they leave the room and the company, we can prophesy of their future in his own words :

“ Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
And, to be short, what's not that's sweet and happy.”

H. H. S.

## Notes from Mesopotamia.

BY MAJOR WALTER LECKIE-EWING.

(Continued.)

BAGDAD, except for some of the houses actually on the river, which look very nice and picturesque, is not much better than Basra or Amara. With one exception the streets are narrow and winding and stuffy, and in wet weather muddy and dirty, and crowded with bazaars. The population was reckoned at about 140,000, of which 55,000 were Jews. The town has no architectural character. What struck me most was the number of mosques and minaretttes scattered about the town. Some of the domes are of intricate and artistic workmanship. There are large date and orange plantations in the vicinity, and in February the date gardens are very pleasant, for below the palms are almond or peach trees in blossom, and below them again is perhaps a bright green crop of young barley or wheat. Above Bagdad the navigation of the Tigris is usually only by rafts, though small steamers and tugs can go to Samarra. The rafts constructed by the Arabs by means of lashing together a

number of inflated goat skins are used for conveying brushwood, &c., to Bagdad. When the business is completed the skins are deflated and taken up stream to be used again. Individual Arabs use two inflated skins as a means of crossing the river. They lie on the skins and propel themselves by a swimming motion of their arms and legs. Arab river craft consist chiefly of mahaylahs. Mahaylahs are sailing boats, and vary in size, carrying anything from 10 to 75 tons. They are constructed of wood, high at the bow and stern, and have large single lug sails. With a favourable breeze they can attain a fair speed. Against the wind they are sometimes towed by four to six Arabs by means of a rope from the top of the mast, while one man manipulates the helm. From the deck of a river steamer one may see several of these boats under full sail apparently sailing on the desert to the right or left, no water being visible. This, of course, is due to the bends in the river, and at first it strikes one as peculiar. Bellums are canoe-like vessels varying in size, and are often propelled by means of poles along the side of the river. Goofas are circular tub-like boats with rounded bottoms, the rim converging slightly inwards. They can carry up to thirty men, and are pulled along, as it were, generally by two men with paddles. To my mind the country above Bagdad is more interesting than that below. To begin with it is undulating, that is to say, there are rises in the ground anything from 4 to 10 feet high. The soil is more sandy and mixed with gravel, quite different to the monotonous flatness of alluvial mud and dust down river. The Tigris, too, forms rapids and pools, and the banks are sometimes 30 to 40 feet high, and composed of gravel rocks resembling closely the material of which breakwaters and such-like works at home are made.

About 70 miles above Bagdad is a ruined town of great age called Istabulat. The plan of the town is still quite well defined, and the difference from that of a present-day town is very marked. The streets run at right angles to each other, and are, generally speaking, wide and straight. When my regiment was digging defence positions in the vicinity several interesting relics were unearthed in the shape of earthenware vessels, coins, rings, and numerous bones, 4 to 5 feet below the surface of the ground. On the opposite side of the river is a large octagonal fort called Qadislyah, one mile from side to side. Though a ruin, parts of the high mud wall still stand.

Some 10 miles on we come to Samarra. The present-day town is built amidst pre-historic ruins which extend 8 or 10 miles along the river, and from half to one and a half miles back from it. The chief feature of Samarra to-day is the very fine gold-



domed mosque which one can see for many miles before reaching the town. It is strange to see this massive gold dome in the midst of such utter desolation, for except in the spring, when some grass comes up, a more desolate desert than the country there appears it is hard to imagine. The grass in the desert, of course, is quite scorched and burnt up in the extreme heat of summer, and hardly a sign of even the roots remain at the end of it. By March or April, however, after the rains, one finds grass perhaps a foot long, poppies, anemones, daisies, birdseyes, and other flowers, in places where a few months previously one would have said it was impossible for anything to grow. I am referring at present to the district round Samarra. The Samarra of to-day has only about 2,000 inhabitants, and the houses have a dilapidated and tumble-down appearance. The town is surrounded by a brick wall about 25 feet high, and loopholed, and said to be about eighty years old. About a mile outside and to the north of the town stands a solid brick tower 160 feet high. To reach the top one has to walk up a corkscrew path about 4 feet wide round the *outside* of the tower. There is no hand rail to assist one. It takes five minutes' ordinary walking to reach the top, from where the view is well worth the climb. Not that there is much variety of scenery, but one can follow the windings of the river for a considerable distance, and can see the plan of a certain proportion of the ruins. Amongst these ruins one day I found two finely rounded columns of white marble, about 10 feet long, and one foot diameter. It would be interesting to know how and when they got there. About 4 miles away on the other side of the river stands the ruin of Al Ajik, which at one time, I understand, was a palace. Now only portions of the outer walls are left, which are of solid yellow brick masonry and of stupendous thickness.

Regarding the insect life of Lower Mesopotamia, mosquitoes and sand flies abound in the hot weather. The sand fly, I think, is even more annoying than the mosquito, for it seems to find any weak spot in one's mosquito net, and being so small is hard to see. The presence of two or three in one's mosquito net is anything but conducive to peaceful slumber. Black ants of various sizes are found practically everywhere. Fortunately for everybody, and for the Expeditionary Force in particular (with ration dumps, stores, &c.), we do not find that most destructive insect, the white ant. A variety of beetles is to be found except in the cold weather, and in certain places in the hot weather we came across a very large species of spider, some with bodies nearly 3 inches long, and with legs slightly longer. Of course the common house fly in spring and autumn is here in millions. Luckily they die off in

summer with the extreme heat, otherwise life would be almost unbearable.

As regards sport, there is not what one could term big game shooting in Mesopotamia, though numerous herds of Persian gazelle are found in the desert above Bagdad. This gazelle is a graceful little animal standing about 3 feet high, and light reddish brown in colour. A good head would measure anything over 16 inches. The jackal is seen practically everywhere, and scavenges round towns and camps at night. He is rather a fine specimen compared to the West African species, being larger, and having a fine coat and bushy tail in winter. Sometimes a stray Persian wolf comes down from the hills in Persia, but they are not common. By far the commonest game bird, I think, is the sand grouse, a bird about the size of a small pigeon, and coloured something like the golden plover at home. It has feathered legs, and a head and bill similar in shape to that of the red grouse. They nest about May, and the nest consists of a shallow scraping on the ground in which four eggs, very similar in colouring to those of the water-hen, are laid. Towards the end of summer I have seen sand grouse flying in flocks of tens of thousands. They are excellent eating, and make a pleasant change to bully beef. In October the wild duck and geese begin to arrive from the north. On most of the swamps one can have a good day's shoot provided one is prepared to wade about or kneel down in a foot or so of water, in order to take cover behind some half submerged shrub. One day, on a swamp 7 miles from Sheikh Sa'ad, we had in our bag mallard, common teal, pintail, and widgeon, as well as sand grouse and snipe. On this occasion there were hundreds of teal and pintail on the wing, and comparatively few mallard. On another occasion, on a swamp above Bagdad, a brother officer and I had ten geese, both graylag and brent, as well as several sand grouse. The shores of the swamp were perfectly flat and there was no cover of any kind, so the only thing to be done was to dig pits to sit in and trust to the birds coming over us. Strange to say, there were very few duck on the swamp. Black partridge are fairly common on certain parts of the river where scrub grows. Rooks, wagtails, robins, starlings, and other familiar birds appear in October or November, to disappear in March or April. During the operations round Kut I have seen flocks of thousands of starlings flying round in the evenings before they went to roost in the palm trees. They seemed little disturbed by the guns. A species of lark, similar to our friend at home, stays all the year round, but sings his song on the ground instead of in the air. Why, I do not know. The house sparrow is also a permanent resident, and is found in any town or village. Doves

and pigeons are common in the larger towns, and storks nest on the house-tops in Bagdad and Samarra. Kites and harriers are common, and at Samarra I have seen quite a number of kestrel hawks. There are many other birds one might mention, some semi-tropical, such as the bul-bul and bee eater, but the above are perhaps the commonest.

Before concluding, a few remarks on the climate might not be out of place. From May to September it is uncomfortably hot, the temperature sometimes going up to  $130^{\circ}$  in the shade. That, of course, is exceptional, but  $110^{\circ}$ - $120^{\circ}$  is quite average. It is a dry heat, however, and one thing to be thankful for is that the nights are generally comparatively cool. During the remaining months of the year there is nothing to complain of. There are certainly cold, bleak, wet days, when the ground is turned into a sea of the most slippery mud imaginable. The fine days in winter, however, are *really* fine, with a cloudless blue sky, bracing air, and bright comforting sun. The nights are sometimes extremely cold, and this winter there was as much as  $13^{\circ}$  of frost registered. The contrast between the summer and winter temperatures is therefore very striking.

W. L. E.

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### The Flight of Day.

Day gambolled with the morning,  
Delighting with the sun,  
Uncareful of the warning  
When last her race was run.

Day's like a heedless stranger  
That wandereth astray,  
Unfearful of the danger  
That lurketh in the way.

Day lingereth in the gladness  
Of summer, sun, and shine,  
Aglowing in her madness,  
Like quaffer in his wine.

But one by one Day lost the golden hours,  
From her they fell away like crumbling flowers;  
And Dusk came nigh, a-shrunk and a-wan—  
"Away!" cried Dusk, "for Dusk is not the Dawn!  
Devouring night in wrath comes on apace,  
And Day must haste away upon her race."



Day heeded Dusk's alarming,  
And from the night she fled,  
Escaping from the harming  
Of dismalness and dread.

Dusk stumbled in the rearward,  
And fell a weary prey  
To night, and dread, and darkness,  
A-slinking after Day.

But Day was now a-laughing,  
Embraced by bright-eyed Dawn,  
A-dancing and a-clapping,—  
Glad that the fear had gone.

For night, asleep in the rearward,  
Was weary of chasing the Day,  
And lay 'mid the drear and the darkness,  
And the mist that covered the way.

WALLACE MACKAY.

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## The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

REV. JOHN GRAY (*continued*).

IN continuing my study of the career of the Reverend John Gray, I start with the remark, that, while the prominent part which in the last number of the *Magazine* we have seen him taking in the discussion of doctrinal questions in the General Assembly of the Scottish Church proves him to have been no mean theologian, it at the same time suggests that he was recognised by his contemporaries as a man possessed of more than average business capacity, as well as of conspicuous public spirit. Additional evidence to the same effect is also supplied, I think, by the fact that at this very time Mr Gray was chosen Dean of the Faculty of Glasgow University. An honourable post, which he would assuredly never have held, unless he had been known as a distinguished student of that University, and as a man also who throughout his ministerial life had not only retained his interest in the affairs of the college, but who had even busied himself about them, and that in such a fashion as to command the confidence of the members of the University.

Now, a man of the intelligence and energy which the facts above communicated disclose as possessed by Mr Gray, could not fail to

gather a good congregation anywhere. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that Mr Gray, at least in the first part of his ministry, was very popular in Dollar. This seems conclusively proved by an extract which Mr Paul has given from some old minute book, probably that of the Presbytery, though this is not clear. The minute referred to, which is dated 1716, states categorically that in the year just named, "the seating accommodation in the Church of Dollar had to be enlarged on account of an increased Church attendance by the erection of two additional lofts, seeing that the Church could not containe the people y<sup>t</sup> come hither to attend the ordinances, but y<sup>t</sup> a great many of them were obliged every Sabbath day to sit and stand without doors in the open air, exposed to all the inconveniences of the weather, q<sup>ch</sup> was a great hardship, especially in the winter time."

I suspect the old church of which this complaint was made must have been of very small dimensions, probably no larger than that of Glendevon to-day. Certainly never in living memory, at least at the ordinary diets of public worship, has any church in the parish been crowded out with intending hearers as Dollar Parish Church seems to have been in the opening years of Mr Gray's ministry. This is the more remarkable as, when that ministry began, the population of Dollar parish cannot have been very large. Indeed fifty years later, when the first census of the population of Scotland was taken under the auspices of the General Assembly of the Kirk, the minister of Dollar estimated the inhabitants of the parish as no more than 517 souls all told. But whatever may have been the number of Dollar inhabitants at this time, at all events we have evidence that neither at this nor at any other time in his ministry was Mr Gray oppressed with parish work. Thus we learn that in addition to the discharge of his proper pulpit and pastoral duties, the minister of Dollar actually found time to perform functions that were not then, and are not now, regarded as a normal or suitable part of a minister's work. I refer here to the fact that for many years Mr Gray carried on among his people, with very great success, a kind of banking business, as a money receiver and a money lender. Mr Paul, in reference to this matter, informs us on the authority of Dr Scott's "Fasti" that "Mr Gray began to receive deposits from his parishioners, which he invested, paying a certain interest for the same, and so profitable did he find the practice become, that some years later he purchased the baronies of Fossoway in Perthshire and Teasses in Fife for the sum of £5,000." On this account, Dr Scott tells us, the minister of Dollar was commonly known there as "the Baron."

Now when it is considered that in the year 1750, or five years

after Mr Gray's death, there were only twenty-nine ministers in all Scotland who had as much as £100 a year in stipend, while the highest stipend in the Church was then only £138 annually; and when further it is realised that even a Glasgow professor so distinguished as Adam Smith is reported at the same date to have received as his regular income from his chair no more than £70 a year, the fact that at his death the minister of so small a parish as Dollar is, was the owner of two estates that cost him no less than £5,000, seems to point to the possession of an amazing financial genius on the part of the man who achieved such a result. An anecdote told by Dr Scott, throws, I think, a flood of light on the native shrewdness and foresight that characterised this somewhat worldly wise clergyman. Doubts as to the financial solvency of the minister having begun to prevail in the parish, and a run on his resources being not unlikely, Mr Gray adopted the following plan to avert what would have been a perilous situation. He had his room ranged round with pewter stoups, which were apparently but not really filled with gold and silver coins, the most of them, indeed, containing little more than sand,—his hope, of course, being that the first caller would be duly impressed with the amplitude of the funds that were at his disposal, and that the news would spread over the parish. The plan, it is said, succeeded to admiration. For when the first depositor arrived and demanded his money and was promptly paid from one of the many well-filled pots that he saw all round the room, so ashamed did the abashed parishioner become of his want of confidence in his minister's solvency that he at once returned the whole of the deposit he had just reclaimed and asked the minister to keep it for him as before. And not only so, but on leaving he told every one he met of the proof he had received of the minister's abundant resources, and thus the run which might have led to a financial breakdown was successfully arrested.

In this connection I cannot help thinking that it is significant of the innate financial genius of this Dollar clergyman that the very earliest minute for the period during which Mr Gray presided over the deliberations of his session is one dated 6th April 1702, to the following effect:—"The Session some time befor having found an heritable bond of five hundred merks in the box, q<sup>ch</sup> had been mortified for the use of the schoolmaster for teaching of the poor scholars of the parish, tho' they could not learn when or by whom it was mortified, there not being one vestig of it in ye box or Session Book—q<sup>ch</sup> John Burn of Sheardale, John Drysdale of Linnhead, James Campbell, James Drysdale, and some others, in conjunction with the Session, had lent to William Paton of Pannols upon his s<sup>d</sup> heritable bond upon his lands of Hillfoot in this parish,



and finding the money to be in danger, the Session had advertised the said heritors to meet with them to concert measures with them this day to recover it with the bygone Carents. And now accordingly; they being convened and constitute by prayer, after much reasoning thereanent, one of the heritors informed the meeting that Carnock, who had then some interest in the lands of Hillfoot, had told to him that he would take care that that money should be made good: qupon the whole meeting agreed to stop all further proceedure in y<sup>t</sup> affair untill Carnock was spock to and his answer obtained."

This minute is the first of a long series of twenty-one, extending till 7th April 1707, a space of five years, which record the various expedients which were adopted by the Dollar elders and heritors for the recovery of their imperilled investment, and how successive deputations were sent, now to Carnock, now to Alva, now to Edinburgh, now to tenants in Hillfoot, and proprietors in Muckart and elsewhere in fruitless quest of a settlement; but tell also how at last, evidently as the result of the minister's personal intervention, after he had become sick of the futile dilly-dallying of the elders, the lost money was actually recovered. For we read in the minute dated 17th February 1707:—"The minister produced a letter from James Campbell of Carnock to them bearing y<sup>t</sup> if they would quit four years Carent of it, they would either get the money, or a debtor that would satisfie them. Then after much reasoning y<sup>t</sup> anent, it was put to the vote, Grant or Not? when it carried Grant upon the terms offered, and desired the minister to write to James Campbell of Carnock the same." No one can read the minutes to which I have referred without seeing that if the young minister of Dollar had not been a man of initiative and energy, the 500 merks mortified for behoof of the schoolmaster would at this point have been irretrievably lost. Thus a week after the meeting last noted, on the 24th February 1707, we read the following satisfactory record:—"The minister produced a letter from James Campbell of Carnock, bearing that James Marshall in Glendevon would produce the money upon demand, upon q<sup>ch</sup> the Heritors and Session desired that the minister might write a letter to Edinburgh for the papers belonging to the mortified money." While six weeks later the pleasing entry is at last made:—"The Session and Heritors received the mortified money from James Marshall, and lodged it in the hands of the minister untill a right hand should be got for it, and the same day the Session desired the minister to send half a dollar to Edinburgh to John Mudie y<sup>t</sup> had the papers relative to the said mortified money, q<sup>ch</sup> he did accordingly." It is still further suggestive of the business habits of the young clergyman, who was even then only

twenty-seven years of age, that we read six days later, 13th April 1707 :—" *The Half Dollar was given again to the Minister.*" Moreover, that Mr Gray's financial skill was recognised and trusted in the parish may be inferred from the fact that we read in the minute dated 10th November 1709 :—" The Kirk Session gave out in Loan to the Reverend Mr John Gray y<sup>r</sup> minister two hundred merks of their poor's money upon his Bond granted by him to the Session," while two years later, on the 15th November 1711, the following record is also inserted :—" The Reverend Mr John Gray, our minister, received from the Session in loan y<sup>t</sup> one hundred merks q<sup>ch</sup> was payed in tyll the Session by John Kirk in Blairhill " (exactly five days before) "for ye q<sup>ch</sup> ye said Mr John Gray gave his Bond to the Session." And that this was not the last of the loans given by the Dollar Session to their minister is proved by a suggestive, and even startling, statement contained in one of the minutes of the regular meetings of Session which are still extant, dated rather more than two years before Mr Gray's death on the 5th November 1742. For here we read that the kirk box, which had not been looked into since the death of John Blackwood, elder, two years before, having been examined, it was found that among other securities placed there, were "(1) a Bond granted by y<sup>e</sup> Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr John Gray, Min<sup>r</sup>, for a thousand pounds Scots dated 14 May 1731, and no carents paid since its date; and (2) ane accepted bill granted by ye said Mr Gray for ye soume of ane hundred and five merks Scots dated 1 Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1732, and no carents payed since its date." No explanation is given to account for this strange neglect of the minister to pay the legal interest due for the money lent to him, nor, as far as I have seen in the minutes, is there any record of the £1,000 and the 105 merks ever having been repaid. Certainly no reference to the debt appears in any of the existing minutes between this date and that of Mr Gray's death in February 1745. And though I do not doubt that the money was really paid, yet the absence of any note concerning it indicates that the Session, in the later years of Mr Gray's incumbency, had fallen into reprehensibly slack methods of doing their business. I also regard it as a strange thing that the extant minutes do not contain any notice of Mr Gray's death, nor any expression of regret for his loss, or of sympathy with his widow and daughter. Thus in the minute of the meeting held on the 17th March 1745, about a month after Mr Gray's death, the only sign we have that that gentleman was no longer alive, which the minute contains, is the statement that "the Rev<sup>d</sup> James Gordon of Alva presided, by the appointment of Presbytery as Moderator, the Church being now vacant." But no notice whatever is taken of Mr Gray's death, a fact which seems to me all the more puzzling, that only

eight months previously we find the following reference to the death of one of the elders inserted by the Clerk :—" John Hutton, our Treasurer, having departed y<sup>s</sup> life, much lamented, the Session did and thereby does appoint James Smith to succeed him in y<sup>e</sup> said office of Kirk treasurer." Putting two and two together, to use a common and suggestive phrase, I cannot help thinking that before Mr Gray's death the respect and affection of the parishioners for their minister had completely ceased. One fact, that to my mind is significant of much in this connection, is the curious circumstance that the only Session minutes still existing, which relate to Mr Gray's ministry, only begin in 1742, and that the reason for their survival seems to be that at that date, owing to Mr Gray's having permitted the Session which received him at his ordination to lapse entirely, through never having renewed it, as its members were successively carried off by death, the last of them, John Blackwood, Session treasurer, having died in 1740, it became necessary to elect a new Session altogether. This election took place apparently in 1742, so that the congregation must have been two years without a Session at all. But with the new Session, a new order of things having begun to prevail, the new Session-Clerk, Mr John Christie of Craiginnan, seems to have taken up his duties seriously, and so from the date of May 1742 till the death of Mr Gray in 1745, and indeed onward uninterruptedly till the present day, the Session minutes of Dollar parish are practically complete.

It may interest my readers to learn the names of the new Session that in 1742 took up the supervision of the spiritual interests of our parish. Their names were as follows :—Messrs James Burn of Gateside, John Christie, John Hutton in Kirkstyle, William Henderson in Upper Mains, William Harrower, weaver, of Whitemire, and Robert Drysdale, weaver at ye Rackmyln. The ordination of the new elders took place on the 4th of July, and it is a very significant fact that at the first meeting of the Session after their ordination, no fewer than two cases of scandal through fornication, one of which was what was then called a trilapse, had to be dealt with, while the attention of the Session was also called to a sad case of child exposure and desertion in the following terms :—

"Likewise takeing to y<sup>t</sup> serious consideration y<sup>t</sup> ye young child y<sup>t</sup> was barbarously and inhumanly laid down by its unnatural parents about ye beginning of May last by past unto Clerk Burn's malt—kilnlogie, and seeing no way how it can be nursed or brought up, they agree upon, y<sup>t</sup> it be nursed out of ye poor box by giving a woman eight pounds Scots and a furlot of meal each quarter, untill they think proper to alter ye wages."

But suggestive as this minute is regarding the moral condition



of the parish at the close of Mr Gray's ministry, the minute which I have already quoted, dated 5th November 1742, which is the very next minute in Clerk Christie's minute book, is still more significant of the kind of feeling which prevailed in the parish toward their minister about this period. I will allow the minute to speak for itself, and so transcribe it verbatim :—

“MANSE OF DOLLAR, 5th Novr. 1742.

“The Session being convened, the Moderator and all ye elders being present, and being constitute by prayer, they agreed to send ye officer for ye Kirk box which has not been looked into since John Blackwood's death, one of the former elders q<sup>ch</sup> happened Nov<sup>r</sup> 1740. And being brought and inspected, they found in it Twenty-two pounds Scots or y<sup>r</sup> by of bad or uncurrent copper. Whereupon they appointed their Treasurer to sell y<sup>m</sup> of at y<sup>e</sup> best advantage. Also they found in y<sup>e</sup> box a Bond granted bye Rev. Mr John Gray, min<sup>r</sup>, for a thousand pounds Scots dated 14th May 1731, and no carents paid since its date, as also ane accepted Bill, granted by ye s<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Gray for ye Soume of ane Hundred and five merks Scots, dated 3rd Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1732, and no carents paid since its date.”

They found also several papers relative to “y<sup>e</sup> Security y they have on y<sup>e</sup> Westertoun of Muckart for one thousand merks Scots money, as also they found that y<sup>r</sup> was four hundred merks of ye foresaid security, and also forty merks belonging to ye poor box and ye remnant y<sup>r</sup> of mortified of old for ye use of ye Schoolmaster of ye parish : as also ane Bond granted by y<sup>e</sup> deceased Jenat Glass, merchant in Dollar, for ye soume of one hundred merks together with four years carent of it owing against ye eleventh of March instant.”

Also they found “ane accepted Bill granted by John Burn of Sherdale, Elder, for twelve pounds twelve shillings Scots, dated 1st Oct. 1723, and no carent paid of it ; as also ane accepted Bill granted by Mr James Christie for twelve pounds Scots dated 7th January 1739, and no carent paid since its date, which Bill was put into William Henderson's hands, one of ye elders, with Commission to apply to him for payment.” Also they found in “ye minutes of ye old Session book that Simeon Drysdall, portioner, Nether Sheardale, is resting eighteen Pound Scots of ye Price of ye Pew posest by him, in ye sayd loft of ye Kirk.”

Mr Christie, the Session-Clerk, to whose prompt action we may probably trace the discovery of the careless fashion in which the Kirk funds had been handled for possibly twenty years previously, seems to have been, like the minister himself, a man with a shrewd

eye to the main chance, as I find two years after his election the following minute regarding his salary :—" 22 July 1744. The Session takeing to y<sup>r</sup> serious consideration the great application our clerk John Christie is put to about our affairs, did and hereby does appoint him Twelve Pounds Scots yearly for his pains out of money belonging to ye Box. Commencing from ye first of July 1742." While that a keen regard for his own interest was in his case combined with a somewhat rigorous examination of the claims of others as regards the remuneration due to them for their services may perhaps be inferred, from the circumstance that immediately following the minute securing Mr Christie an annual grant of twelve pounds from the Poor funds, there comes a minute reducing the quarterly payment to the woman who had charge of the foundling previously referred to from eight to six pounds, as the ensuing extract shows :—"The session taking to y<sup>r</sup> serious consideration the extravagant rate ye woman exacts for keeping ye foundling child, they did and hereby does appoint her six pounds Scots for each quarter and no more after Lambas next, and upon her refusal ye child to be taken from her and given to another : which they appoint ye officer to intimate to her."

Altogether the view of the condition of the parish which the minutes of Session for the last three years of Mr Gray's pastorate presents to an impartial reader is far from suggesting the presence of much moral or spiritual life either in the minister or the people. There are only ten minutes dealing with parish affairs in the period referred to, and it is a striking fact that in addition to the scandals already mentioned in this paper, the Session dealt with four other similar scandals, one of which was a case of adultery. I can hardly doubt, therefore, that however able and energetic a man of business Mr Gray may have been, his ministry had not succeeded in imparting any great moral or spiritual uplift to the people. There were, however, certain of the Church habits of that time which were of a very kind and brotherly character, and to an exhibition of a few of these I propose to devote a portion of my next paper, in which also I will add one or two other particulars which I have learnt regarding Mr Gray and his family.

*(To be continued.)*

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## Pleasanter Memories.

NO amount of description has ever sufficed, or will ever suffice, to make real the horrors of war to anyone who has had no first-hand experience, because, however vivid, detailed, and uncompromising is a description, art enters into it, and the grim hideous fact is disguised by words variously understood, so that it represents something different to every reader. So really it isn't worth while trying to tell of the beastliness of a modern battle; a few years hence schoolboys will read the most horrific yarns of the Great War—only to wish they had lived to take a hand.

Didn't we—don't we—read tales of Crécy, and think such scrapping must have been the king of sports? Yet it wasn't fun at all, if you come to think of it for yourself, forgetting Shakespeare's fine speeches and putting yourself in the position of some unhandy knight knocked off his horse and unable to move in the mire, while some husky fellow felt for an opening in your armour with a gully; or of one of those savage Welsh footmen, scrambling into the *mêlée* with a dirk to defend yourself against steel-plated horsemen diving at you with a twenty-foot lance. And the rations must have been scandalous, postal arrangements a farce, and leave a wash-out.

In spite of all, one's retrospect of the war cannot be all tragic. There's no forgetting that the best men have gone, that for thousands of survivors the world is darkened; but there is "a time to weep and a time to laugh."

The very ugliness of war served to call our attention to whatever glimpse of beautiful things illuminated the lurid drama; and the poorest touch of humour was welcome amidst the immense stupidity of hate. So we shall perhaps remember the laughter and good comradeship when we have forgotten the cold hours of anxiety and the imminence of sudden death. . . .

Festubert is not a place of altogether happy memories—but yet for some of us the name has pleasant associations. There was a Girls' School there, turned to warlike service as an Observation Post. Inside the building, where the little pigtailed *fillettes* used to do their English exercises, we had to sit all day in a solid brick tower, keeping an eye on the Boche through a narrow horizontal slit. Sometimes there was never a Hun on view, and when one fired a few rounds of shrapnel on spec, observation was made difficult because the low white bursts in the warm, still air amongst the greenery so much resembled the full-blossomed hawthorn trees that it was hard to distinguish them. And the gardens amongst the shattered houses down the village street were bright with tangled flowers. . . . We found a battered blue enamelled jug outside the



school, and for a day or two kept it filled with pink japonica in the lobby. . . . Now and then the Boche took a dislike to one of the Festubert O.P.'s, and solemnly knocked it into loose heaps of bricks and mortar with eight-inch shells, but our lucky japonica kept his nearest crumps the width of the street away. . . .

Montauban—a village of death-haunted dug-outs and dreadful smells, swept by shell-fire—reminds me, notwithstanding, of a cheerful rosy-faced Staffordshire boy who rose earlier than he needed, to cook eggs and bacon for me and serve my breakfast in a handy shell-hole, there being no room in the mess dug-out while the others were still asleep. That dug-out was a cheery place when we turned in at night, our bodies occupying all the floor space. Everybody discovered a vein of humour, and nobody criticised. . . .

Trônes Wood was a place of desolation, a death-trap, but I remember listening within its ghastly precincts to a most engaging discourse on the proper method of dealing with the politicians who were then (I omit the date) occupying their time in talk. The method recommended included the employment of that type of argument described as a Mill's hand grenade; and the subject of politicians was suggested by a corpse closely resembling a very prominent member of the Government. It was a most enjoyable talk. . . .

There is a locality north of the La Bassée Canal known as the Tuning Fork, after a certain road junction. It was rather a "rest-cure" neighbourhood when we spent a few days there. The woods were really woods, and not mere places "like Railway Wood in the Salient"; and though they were speckled with crump-holes they abounded also with cowslips and violets. It was not an unknown experience to meet there a wandering soldier carrying his shrapnel helmet or "battle-bowler" by the strap, brimming with flowers. Idyllic figures! While strolling through that wood to visit some guns nestling in a thicket I remember hearing how one of our signallers had become a jam-tin casualty. The quality of the plum-and-apple was not in this instance to blame: a tin of jam, unopened, had been used to support one end of a dixie over a fire. By-and-by, when it became sufficiently heated, the jam-tin exploded and the signaller suffered. . . . During the really good old days of the war there were some appalling trenches in front of Maricourt Wood. Beyond these trenches (thigh-deep in mud) were isolated posts, where a few infantry "lived" for several days at a time. They used to make us think of a handful of tin soldiers lost in a wet ploughed field. One of these heroes received his Christmas mail while doing his tour of duty in his appointed mud-hole. It came, he told me, in a sandbag, mixed up with

the rations for his men, carried across or through the clinging mire, and his share included a charming miniature of his wife. Nothing could have been more incongruous than the tiny daintiness of a portrait on ivory in the midst of that perilous sea of mud. . . .

We shall always remember certain meals, unashamedly. On many a day of chill monotony your grub was the only thing to look forward to (bar, of course, the possible mail); and on days of overcrowded incident you realised the valuable effect of grub upon *moral*.

Artillery signallers are wonderful cooks. They cook tea till it is black and syrupy; and in the days of unlimited sugar, it was glorious stuff to quaff as accompaniment to fried bully-beef. There used to be, near Annequin, an O.P. called "The Babe." It possessed a reassuring cellar, in which o' nights, with a blanket down over the door and a pile of old leaves to burn, it was possible to create what is called "a glorious fog." You couldn't stand up without risking suffocation by the wood-smoke, and heat, and greasy fumes of bully and tea which hung dimly along the ceiling; but near the ground, sitting on the wire framework that served as a bed, you could be cosy on the coldest night. Hot bully—particularly with fried onions—is a glorious dish; or was. Nobody serves it nowadays. And in certain circumstances, cold bully excavated from the tin with a penknife and eaten with cake has been found more than welcome.

Talking of fires, it was near Annequin that some fellows found themselves short of fuel, and obtained a supply by ingenious means. They lit a few pieces of damp wood in one of the deserted houses, and left it to burn. Jerry, seeing a column of smoke, thought the place must be in use as an O.P., and knocked it down by a few lucky shells—thereby making available quite a lot of nice dry timber.

That used to be a pleasant piece of the Front. Our guns were in nicely kept pits one side the road, and the cottages where we lived on the other, with civilians still occupying part of the premises. Only now and then the Boche grew unneighbourly, and "shot up" the district generally by way of retaliation for some outburst of British offensiveness. He bombarded the whole hamlet with gas shell for six hours one winter night, but the old lady at our billet never dreamed of "flitting," and the *Daily Mail* continued to be hawked along the row of gunpits every morning. One of our number adjusted the tiles of that cottage so well that Madame was convinced he had done it professionally in civil life. Which reminds me of another misconception on the part of a mill-owner belonging to the pleasant town of Cr cy. Every

day he saw a British Tommy, in jersey and shorts, running steadily past his mill, at the same hour of the afternoon, and nothing would persuade him out of the idea that this was a British military punishment—that the sportsman was, in fact, undergoing a sentence by which he was condemned to run 15 kilometres a day.

But one could retail such idle gossip for ever.

W. K. H.

## Rambling Reminiscences of Schooldays.

BY ARCH. G. GIBB.

(Continued.)

A STORY used to be told about a couple of boys who, in a preserved wood, came across a crow's nest. One of them climbed up to the nest and returned safely with the eggs in his "Balmoral bonnet." Hardly had he reached the ground when a gamekeeper appeared, unfortunately before the boys had time to suck or blow the eggs. Approaching the boy with the eggs in his Balmoral he asked what they were doing in the wood. The boy replied he had only come in to cut a stick. "Are ye shure yi wirna harrying nests?" said the gamekeeper. "Naw," replied the boy, "I wadna touch them." On which the gamekeeper patted him on the head, saying: "That's a guid laddie, rin awa' hame to yer mither, and tell her to wash yir head!" Needless to say, the eggs were all smashed on the boy's head, and he emerged from the wood with the yolks running down on his face.

As I have said, the Devon Valley around Dollar was ideally situated for bird-nesting, and there were a great many different kinds of eggs to be had, by those who knew where to look for them. The commoner kinds we did not bother much about, being always on the lookout for rare ones. My best finds were: A kingfisher's, a corncrake's, a king ouzel's, a golden-crested wren's, a spotted fly-catcher's, and a kestrel hawk's. These were all considered rarities, and were great additions to my own collection and those of my friends.

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Even now, after many years, I can distinctly remember the circumstances attached to each of these events, and I could go straight to the spots where I got the nests. The kingfisher's nest was one of the most difficult to find, and I never knew of another being found in that district. A chum of mine, Dan Reid by name, and I, had started out for a certain sandbank near Vicar's Bridge,



and had taken a trowel with us to dig out the nests of the sand martins (a species of the swallow family). We secured all we wanted of them, and then took a path down by the side of the Devon; as we proceeded, keeping a sharp lookout in the bushes, I noticed a hole away up in a sandbank, and said to my chum, "I'm going to have a try for that sand martin's nest."

Scrambling up a rather steep declivity we got within reach of the hole, and I commenced to scoop out the sand with my trowel, as it wasn't large enough to get my hand in. Hardly had I started when a bird flew out, almost striking me in the face. I was too near, in fact, to see what it was like, but Dan saw it, and when he told me it was all green and blue I knew it was a kingfisher. Greatly excited, I proceeded with my excavations until the hole was large enough to get my hand and arm in. Continuing the process I finally was able to reach the nest with the tips of my fingers and extracted four eggs that were deposited there. This I did very carefully, as I was anxious to obtain the nest too. My reason for this was, that it was a common saying, that if anyone sent a complete kingfisher's nest to the British Museum he would receive one hundred pounds for it. So it was no wonder we tried our best to secure that nest, but alas! it was too far in, and all I could get was a handful of the tiny fishbones with which the nest is built, and these I kept for many a day as a curiosity. One of the eggs we got from that nest, I believe, is still in existence.

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The corncrake is the most tantalising of all birds. We used to think it was almost "uncanny," because invisible. One minute you could hear his coarse "crake! crake!" in one corner of a meadow; you made for it, hoping to find a nest, but as you reached the spot the "crake! crake!" came from the spot you had just left, or from the distant part of the field. Some of the boys, who perhaps had been reading "Valentine Vox," stoutly maintained that the bird was a ventriloquist, and could pitch its "crake! crake!" wherever it had a mind to. The true explanation, however, I believe, is that the corncrake is a swift runner and could dodge about in the long grass without being detected. In any case, although I have heard their peculiar cry scores of times, I never, to my knowledge, saw one.

On one occasion, however, I was fortunate enough to find a nest with nine eggs. There were three of us there at the time: my brother Willie, Geordie Allan, and myself. Just after we had secured and sucked the eggs and I had turned to look in a likely bush, the other shouted to me to "Run"! I knew what that meant and ran, making straight for a gateway. Just as I reached it and was clambering over, the old farmer on whose ground we were trespass-

ing bobbed up from behind a hedge and I was nabbed. The others, who could easily have escaped, then joined me, and we were all marched off to the farmhouse where our names were taken down and we were informed that the police would come for us next day. However, we never heard any more about it, but we avoided the locality for a long time after.

ARCH. G. GIBB.

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### Notes from Near and Far.

ALL hail! benign Peace. The great European War is ended. The mighty giant, Aggression, whose stride appalled the nations for fifteen hundred and sixty days, has been struck down, and the clouds of anxiety and apprehension have been lifted from millions of faces. The deep-throated insatiable guns roared their last at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, and many a heartfelt *Te Deum* was offered. Long and severe and sanguinary the struggle has been, sudden its consummation, and the tale of its existence now belongs to history's page. Britain received the tidings with no ecstatic joy; she was not forgetful that to many thousand homes there will be no joyful return; that in multitudes of instances they whose virtues, private worth, and public usefulness made them the very life-blood of the country—our foremost, our best loved—have fallen. They will never be forgotten. For ever they will have a place in the hearts that loved them.

Much has been written on the colossal conflict already, and it may be deemed by some of our readers a waste of time and space to re-tread the well-beaten track. We, however, may be pardoned for taking a farewell glance at some things which have left a pleasing rather than a painful impression on our minds. And first we note the readiness, the eagerness, with which our Colonies came to the assistance of the Mother Country, a proof of the strength of the bonds that knit the two, and make the oneness an absolute and unshaken reality. In every part of our wide-spread Empire volunteers hastened to drop the pen and draw the sword when the old country was threatened. The moving force of loyalty, and the wisdom of our Colonial administration, are important factors in bringing about this mutual attachment and regard.

Again, in pre-war times we were sometimes tempted to be pessimistic about the future, because a certain class of writers kept telling us of the decadence of the British race; but the lessons we have learned in these past four years lead us to see that there



*A. Dvorsdate*

THE DEAD-WATERS



is but little reason for us to be so. For it will be admitted on all hands that the secret of our success is to be found in the fact that the British soldiers, animated by a common purpose, inspired by a passionate ideal, have displayed a fine heroic spirit, an irresistible courage, and a noble self-sacrifice unsurpassed at any period of our history.

And who has not felt proud of the many brave, devoted nurses of all ranks of society who, putting on the armour of Christian fortitude, have gone forth from quiet homes to minister to the sick and wounded, and so keep wakeful guard by many a bed of agony. We had just finished the last sentence when the morning newspaper brought us the message addressed by Her Majesty the Queen to the women of the Empire, in which she expresses her admiration and gratitude for the work they have done during the war.

We never ceased to admire the magnificent transport service by which the troops, the guns, and the provisions were passed up to the front, so that our men did not go hungry into battle or stay hungry in the trenches.

To come to the Armistice. Great was the joy throughout the country when it became known that the liberation of the prisoners was to be insisted on. We should have regarded the victory as incomplete, had there not been set free the brave men who had endured for so many months the pains and perils of captivity under brutal jailers. And what of the prospect? How are we to build up a peace worthy of the sacrifices which we have made? A real League of Nations is promised, when the boom of the cannon will be lost in the more powerful whisper of "the still small voice"; and the weapon of the soldier will be proved to have been the forerunner of "the sword of the Spirit."

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THE NEWS IN DOLLAR.—The news that the Armistice had been signed reached Dollar shortly before noon, and soon there were signs of rejoicing on all hands. The ringing of the church bell, in response to the request of the Provost, announced to the inhabitants that the tidings, which had already passed from mouth to mouth, was official; and forthwith flags were displayed not only from public buildings, but also from the windows and walls of houses all along the streets. In the evening the Provost, in her opening remarks to the Town Council, struck the very chord which was vibrating in every heart, the thankful recognition of the goodness of Almighty God in giving us victory over a foe who had criminally initiated and barbarously conducted the great war. She was able to intimate that the Rev. Mr Gray, Parish minister *pro tem.*, had arranged with the ministers of the other churches, Anglican and

Presbyterian, to hold a united thanksgiving service in the Parish Church at noon on the following day. In deference to the vast importance of the occasion the Council deemed it proper to attend the service in their public capacity. With hearty unanimity the other public bodies—the Parish Council, the School Board, the V.A.D.'s, the pupils of the Board School and the pupils of the Academy, including the Officers' Training Corps—agreed to join the Council in a procession from the Council Chambers to the church. Perfect order prevailed. The church was crowded, every available seat being occupied. The service was impressive by its simplicity and fervour. The fact that all the churches were represented in the memorable gathering showed that the days of exclusion and separation are inevitably giving place to the days of wider brotherhood. The law of our existence as a community, and of every community, is the law of kindness and sympathy with one another.

The service was fittingly brought to a close by Miss M'Gruther, who with fine taste and expression played *The Marsellaise*, *The Brabaconne*, and *Rule Britannia*. Hearty thanks are due to the Rev. Mr Gray for his tactful preparations for and guidance of the proceedings in church.

"Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell!"—*OTHELLO, Act III., Scene iii.*

"In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours."—

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EVERY period of a year, like every season of life, appears to have linked with it peculiar duties as well as privileges. The closing weeks of one year and the opening days of another have been regarded as most appropriate for the work of retrospection and preparation. The old Romans expressed this idea in their mythology by placing at the threshold of the New Year a two-faced god, Janus, who thus at one time was made to look back on the past and forward towards the future. The wisdom of the ancient sages is not decried by the men of the present time, for the duty which they thus indicated is practically acknowledged by us, both in our individual relationships and in our public functions, whether

they be performed in the "sphere of business" or in the "world of letters."

With us the closing year ushers in the so-called preface or prologue, which might with more propriety be denominated *affix* or *epilogue*, being written last, and designed to tell of what has been accomplished, rather than of what is contemplated. We cannot bring the *seventeenth* year of our labours to a close without a word of congratulation to our contributors, our readers, and ourselves. Seventeen years! Yes, even so; our serial has stood the test of time—may we not say well?

Our leading papers have been eminently readable, and have amply sustained their place among contemporary productions of their class and purpose, while subjects which take a higher range and are of a more recondite character have also been ably treated. "Notes from Near and Far" keep up the local colouring. Still, in our opinion, this department falls short of what it might be—a means of laying before our readers the ebb and flow of life and work in our midst. If the suggestive minds among us would jot down and send to the Editors any hints that they could give as to matters, records of which they would wish to be made, they would find themselves repaid for all the trouble such efforts would cost by the betterment of the *Magazine* and the consciousness that they were aiding "the good time coming." Nothing is considered foreign to the scope or purpose of the *Magazine* which is likely to advance the best interests of the people of Dollar. In particular, we welcome from former pupils, before they become too much absorbed in extra-academic life, reminiscences such as those given by Messrs Gibb and Hamish M'Dollar, which recall the surroundings and rambles of their golden prime and put on record—for the gratification of their contemporaries and the enlightenment of their successors—some memories of the unforgotten and unforgettable days and the bonds of fellowship formed in their time. The praise of the portraits on our "Pro Patria" page is in every one's mouth. They reflect great credit on Mr Drysdale who, prompted by love of his Alma Mater, has been most painstaking in their production. They are thrice blessed—augmenting the artist's enjoyment of his hobby, adding to the interest of the *Magazine*, and providing bereaved, mourning friends with a memento of their dear brave ones and the comrades who have fallen along with them, which will enable us all to cherish and keep green their memory and pass it on to future generations.

To conclude, we have no hesitation in believing that in the coming year—a year so full of excitement and importance—we, secure in the evidence of a seventeen years' usefulness and suitability, shall receive the countenance and support of those earnest friends



whom we have already gathered round us, and that our readers will use such efforts as may lie in their power and inclination to increase our usefulness, encourage our endeavours, aid us in our work, and invigorate the enthusiasm which has as yet unhaltingly stirred the spirit of the Editors and given to literature seventeen volumes of valuable, interesting, and trustworthy matter, most of which is free from the ephemeral character which many periodicals display.

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MUNICIPAL.—The ordinary monthly meeting of the Town Council fell, in due course, on the evening of the 11th November, the day on which, out of all the reek and turmoil of the dreadful battle-plain, came the welcome message of peace. At the outset the Provost said: "Gentlemen, we cannot begin the business of our meeting to-night without reference to the happily changed circumstances in which we come together. The glad tidings give us cause for rejoicing, and I am sure all our hearts are swelling with gratitude to Almighty God who has in answer to our prayers brought about this marvellous victory in our favour. Gentlemen, let us never forget the debt we owe to our Heavenly Father for delivering us from the power of a nation which shows no righteousness, mercy, or kindness in any of its actions. We hope soon to welcome home our brave fellows—alas! not all—who, in the Providence of God, have gained for us 'Peace with Honour.'"

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ELECTION.—Councillor M'Diarmid said he had great pleasure in moving the re-election of Mrs Malcolm as Provost of the Burgh. She had been for six years a Councillor, and for five years had filled the honourable office of Provost. She had given every one fair play, and every consideration in discussions on all questions coming before the Council. She had made a model Provost, and not only so, for she took an active part in the work of the School Board and of the Parish Council. Bailie Mitchell seconded, and the election was unanimous. The Provost feelingly acknowledged the encouraging kindness of the Council than which she could wish no better.

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ERRATUM.—In our last number we, in introducing Mr Pitt to our readers, made a mistake in giving his father's name as John instead of Samuel. With a little heedfulness on our part the error should have been avoided, for it is well within the recollection of many of our readers and ourselves that Mr Pitt, senior, was, under the old constitution of the governing body, one of the trustees of the Academy.

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HONOURABLE MENTION.—We note with much pleasure that Lieutenant (acting Captain) J. D. Jackson, I.A.R.O. (F.P.), was mentioned in Dispatch dated 15th April 1918 by Lieutenant-General Sir W. R. Marshall, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Commanding-in-Chief, Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force.

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INTERESTING LETTER.—A young lady F.P. has favoured us with the following letter which she had received from her brother, Captain ———.

"JERUSALEM HOTEL,  
JERUSALEM, 13th September 1918.

"MY DEAR——,—I have had my two days here and I am leaving to-morrow morning, so I'll take the chance of writing at a decent table, on decent paper, and before a decent dinner in a decent hotel. A fellow-officer who came out on the same boat as I did last time and who came up to the 17th Squadron has been with me—not a very exciting companion and rather given to doing 'just whatever you like,' eating 'just whatever you are having,'—indeed, clinging rather close to your coat-tails to suit a man who prefers to have things arranged *for* him and not vice versa. However, he has been a cheery enough soul, and we have 'done' Jerusalem very thoroughly. It is certainly most interesting and is in many ways most impressive. But, taking it all in all, I think the old monk would have said the same about it as he wrote of a pilgrimage to Rome: 'To go to Rome is much of trouble, little of profit. Him whom thou seekest here—except thou bring him with thee—thou shalt not find.' The chief places are all grouped together under the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in various chapels, of which there are the place of crucifixion, the place where Mary beheld Jesus and embraced Him, the tomb of Christ and the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea, of the Latin soldier who pierced Christ's side, and of the repentant thief. But instead of a quiet, dignified atmosphere, the whole place is so bedecked with trinkets, tapestries, pictures, statuettes, ornaments, candles, and what-not, and is so split up by the different altars and enclosures of the Roman Catholics, Greeks, Syriacs, Armenians, and Copts, that all the holiness—the reverent calm that is, after all, essential to our religious outlook—goes by the board. To give you just one example—the tomb of Christ is in the centre of what has once been a very dignified domed building, but which is now so bespattered by inscriptions and pulpits and partitions that it is difficult to realise the ancient lines of the building. The tomb itself is enclosed in a small interior building, with a low doorway and the dimmest of lights. The original rock is covered by a marble slab which has a long crack across it, about

a finger's breadth, and running right through to the rock below. Through this crack on Easter Day the holy fire is said to come which lights the Greek High Priests' taper, from which, through two holes in the wall, the tapers of the pilgrims are lighted in turn. Three religious sects only are entitled to any part of the tomb—the Roman Catholics, the Greeks, and the Armenians ; but a fourth sect, the Copts, are entitled to hang lamps in the tomb. And so on you go through an improbable story about miraculous fire, and a complicated tale of petty squabbles over the rights of the Churches, until the whole thing takes on a petty, undignified colour. The curious thing about it all is, too, that when one visits the Mohammedan Mosque of Omar, which is erected on part of the site of Solomon's Temple, one finds a very beautiful building with an elegance and simplicity which contrasts strongly with the tawdriness of its Christian neighbour. Of course, while that is the *religious* impression one gets, or *I* got, the tremendous interest of all remains—the Via Dolorosa from Pilate's House to Calvary, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives—they all interest you very deeply, but you have, in almost every case, to dig in below a superficial veneer of the kind I have described.

"Bethlehem is different. The Church of the Nativity, with its traditional manger and birthplace, has a simplicity and reality that the Jerusalem places lack. The Church itself is older—some of it dating to 320 A.D., and Bethlehem is a rather quaint Palestine village with narrow streets, cobbled and arched. Altogether one comes away with a feeling of having seen something akin to the simplicity and grace of Christ's life.

"I posted some photographs to mamma yesterday, and I will try to send you a bit of olive wood of some kind as a small memento of the visit.

"I sent off some Jordan water the other day to you. Let me know whose child is baptized in it ; it is a very fashionable amusement sending some home for that purpose.—I am,

"\_\_\_\_\_"

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OUR "MAGAZINE."—Captain John F. C. Haslam, M.C., writes :—  
 "The *Magazine* has come regularly, and it is delightful to read of and see pictures of friends and places so familiar long ago. Recently the pursuit of the Hun has left me no opportunity for writing ; but I will certainly send you some account of Palestine and Salonica for the *Magazine*. . . . Ramsay's death was a great blow to me. Though we scarcely met after leaving School, I always looked forward to renewing our old comradeship. Probably I knew him more intimately than any other at Dollar. He was, I think, the



most gifted of the boys of my time, and certainly my own best friend. . . . My brother, Alic, has added the D.F.C. to his M.C. . . . I would give much to see the autumn colours on the Back Road."

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MAJOR TOM M'LAREN, R.G.A., writes:—"Herewith subscription for *Dollar Magazine* for current year. The *Magazine*, I can assure you, is looked for by me, and has done much to brighten up the dull moments during the past four years especially. With all good wishes for continued success."

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MR JAMES LEITCH, F.P. (of Gauna & Leitch, Buenos Aires), writes:—"I have beside me three copies of the *Dollar Magazine*. It is a great advance on the one that came out in my time, away back about 1880 I believe. I read what you said about the financial part of the *Magazine*, and I have pleasure in enclosing a draft for £10 to be applied to the general funds for same.

"I suppose the only question at home at the present moment is the war; nothing else matters until we win this. I went home last year and volunteered for the Ambulance Motor Service with the French Army. I served about eight months, from beginning of October until end of April this year. I had plenty of hard work; I joined as a private at 2½d. per day, and I think I earned it. I went first to a place called Gerardinere, just over the border from Alsace, remained there until end of December, when I removed to Verdun, where I saw a lot of fighting. In April our division was sent to Belgium; we motored all the way and got to Ypres. There I saw as much as I wanted, and was at Mont Kemmel when the Germans took it. Business now called me home, to be gladly welcomed by my wife and son, a boy of twelve years. Now I am thirsting to go back, have got my wife's consent, and may go at any moment. However, I do not relish being in France during the winter. I spent all last winter there, and the cold was intense.

"My two brothers, Tom (F.P.) and Andrew, also joined up, their ages 47 and 51 when the war broke out. They joined as privates with the Canadians. Tom—you will remember him well—was gassed at Loos and was sent back to Canada. His end was sad. He was out in a boat fishing in the Fraser River with four others; the boat was upset, and all went into the water. Tom and another swam ashore, but, when they looked back, they saw two of the men still struggling in the water. Tom, in spite of being played out, returned, and was dragged under by the men he tried to save, and was drowned. His body was never recovered. This country has proved a good one for me, and I have done well. I don't think I ever

gave evidence at School that I would make good.—With kindest regards, ever yours.”

[The Committee return very hearty thanks to Mr Leitch for his handsome donation.]

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### BOYHOOD.

WE cannot bid the summer flowers  
Through winter's storms remain,  
We cannot bid the golden hours  
Of boyhood come again.  
They will not come again ; but still,  
Where'er our lot may lie,  
The thoughts of old our bosoms thrill,  
Our boyhood cannot die.

The days of old were happy days,  
The world of old was fair,  
We wandered aye by sunny ways,  
Through scenes of beauty fair.  
There's still a magic on the earth,  
A glory in the sky ;  
The fresh, pure joy which took its birth  
In boyhood cannot die.

For ever dear is boyhood's home,  
And dear are boyhood's friends ;  
Howe'er we change, where'er we roam,  
With life their memory blends.  
The home and friends we've found since then  
With those of youth may vie ;  
But though we're bearded, careworn men,  
Our boyhood cannot die.—E.

In these lines there rings the true poetry of life. Blessed is the spirit which can so keep alive the gleesomeness of boyhood, and consecrate it in music which the heart may chirm over at any time, and find a charm in it. All true poetry is sacred poetry in a peculiar sense. It is a poetry of out-gushing love, of genuine tenderness, of thankfulness and joy, of worship and delight. The born poet regards all nature as a temple, and the whole cycle of thought as a “book of praise.”

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REVIEWS.—We are favoured by Thomas Nelson & Sons with a new volume of their “Highroads of History Series,” entitled “Allies, Foes, and Neutrals,—A First Sketch of European History from the Age of Pericles to the Eve of the Great War.” It is from the pen of Sir Edward Parrot, M.A., LL.D., M.P., is written in the

author's best style, and though dealing with a vast and complicated story, presents clear and distinct ideas of the great movements which have swept over Europe during three thousand years. Throughout the volume the author displays much genial freshness and candour, and gives one the impression that he loves as well as understands his subject. It is the fruit, as every page testifies, of wide reading, independent thought, and precise investigation. We cull as specimens a few sentences which have some bearing on present-day topics. Speaking of the "Legacy of Rome to the Modern World," Sir Edward says: "What we call Imperialism, or the spirit of empire rule, is, perhaps, the most evil of all the legacies of Rome to the modern world. It was this lust for universal power which drove the Kaiser William to launch his legions against France and Russia. . . . German Imperialism is simply that absolute rule which was exercised by Roman emperors, but British Imperialism is a very different thing. In large part our Empire is a league of free peoples who have full rights of self-government. The British Empire contains many subject peoples, it is true, but we do not regard them as slaves forced to labour for our enrichment. We rule them now as a wise father rules those of his children who are not yet able to govern themselves. . . . Our aim is to build up our foreign possessions in the interests of their own people, and we look forward to the day when they will enter into full partnership with us."

In the chapter on "Goth, Hun, and Vandal," we have: "Now let me interrupt my story for a moment to tell you that in 1900, when the Kaiser William of Germany sent troops to China, he bade them farewell in the following words:— 'When you meet the foe, you will defeat him. No quarter will be given; no prisoners taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Gain a reputation like the Huns under Attila.' Before I leave the subject," the narrative runs, "let me point out a remarkable historical parallel. It was on the Marne that the forward sweep of Attila and his Huns was checked in 451; it was on the Marne that the Kaiser's legions, advancing from Belgium, were defeated in 1914, and forced to retreat to the Aisne." (And again, may we add, in 1918). It may, we think, be confidently predicted that generations of Germans yet unborn will curse the name of him who brought upon them, with manifold other evils, the sinister appellation of "Huns."

We cannot resist giving one more quotation from the concluding chapter entitled "The Dawn of 'The Day.'"

"During the Great War, the hideousness and unspeakable madness of aggressive strife bred loathing in the hearts and minds



of all men, save those who were frenzied by the lust of dominion. Before the third year of war was out, one of the declared aims of the Western Allies was to eradicate this greatest of all tragedies from the civilised life of mankind by forming a League of Nations to keep the peace of the world. Should the Almighty so will it the greatest curse of the ages will thus give birth to its greatest blessing. The longest and saddest chapter of human history will close, and the white pages of a new age will be inscribed with those long-delayed and far more glorious victories which peace alone can win."

Most heartily do we recommend the volume to our readers.

Two other recently published books by former pupils claim our attention, which we hope to be able to give in our next number. We refer to Professor Hetherington's "Social Purpose," in the Library of Philosophy Series, and to "Rhyme and Revolution in Germany," by Mr J. G. Legge, Director of Education in Liverpool.

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DOLLAR WAR WORK PARTY.—The Annual General Meeting was held in the Academy Sewing Room, on 21st November, at 3.30 P.M. The Rev. A. Easton Spence presided over a good attendance of members and friends. In his opening remarks he emphasised the need at the front for comforts sent from home work parties, and also drew attention to the clamant need for keeping up the supply for some time to come.

Mrs Dougall, Convener, submitted the Annual Report, and in Mr J. B. Haig's absence, read the financial statement. Cash received from subscriptions and entertainments amounted to £262, 15s. 5d., while the amount expended on material amounted to £188, 5s. 11d.

Mrs Dougall stated that the output of work for the year ending 30th September 1918 was very creditable. A total of 2,607 articles—all actually made by the members—had been despatched:—

1,866	to the County Depot.
586	„ Red Cross, Glasgow.
74	„ A. and S. Highlanders' Depot.
6	„ Navy League.
73	„ Men of the Parish.

Quantities of old linen, books and magazines had also been sent to the Red Cross.

Early in the year a moss-picking branch was started, and quantities of excellent moss had been cleaned and forwarded to Edinburgh.

The Committee desire to tender grateful thanks to all friends

who so kindly helped throughout the year to carry on, by contributions in money or kind, the work of the War Work Party. They are deeply indebted to the Governors of Dollar Academy for continuing to them the use of the Sewing Rooms.

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INTERESTING LECTURE.—The Rev. Easton Spence, who had spent five months with the Scottish Churches' Huts at Trouville, in France, gave an interesting account of his services and his experiences in the United Free Church Hall on the evening of 6th November. The Rev. Mr Gray, of the Parish Church, presided over a very large audience. The lecture, able and instructive, was appropriately illustrated by a series of beautiful lime-light views. Mr Spence made it perfectly clear that his work had been much appreciated by the men, not a few of whom gave him their confidence and an opportunity of quiet talk with them. The spiritual results of these conversations and the gratitude of these brave men he would never forget.

Special reference was made to a Sauchie lad, who, on learning that Mr Spence was from Dollar, was by him as often as he possibly could, with his frank offers of service. Mr Spence's excellent address left the impression that he had rendered services of high value to those of the army with whom he had come into contact.

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BOUNTY.—It gives us much pleasure to record that our old friend, Mr Stewart, Millera, Australia, known in Dollar as the poor man's friend, has again sent his handsome gift of £25 to provide Christmas cheer for families of the humbler class of our inhabitants. We feel sure that the fortunate recipients heartily join us in tendering thanks to the generous donor. Long life to him. (See Vol. XII.)

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PROMOTION.—We are pleased to learn that George Grant Dudgeon, who, before the war, was a prominent member of the Young Men's Guild of the Parish Church, has been appointed Signaller R.N.V.R.

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### Birth.

SCOTT.—At Hilden, Tillicoultry, on 20th October, to Captain and Mrs Alex. Scott (Mona MacGregor), a daughter.

## Marriages.

MICHAEL—HOWDEN.—At 2 Eglinton Place, Dollar, on 14th September, by the Rev. J. E. Cairns, M.A., James Watt Michael, Q.-M.-S. R.A.M.C. (T.), third son of Mr and Mrs James Michael, 3 Highbury Mansions, Dowanhill, to Margaret Knight Allan (F.P.), elder daughter of Mr and Mrs R. Howden, Dollar.

JARDINE—LAUDER.—At Institution Place, Dollar, on the 19th October, by the Rev. J. Fawns Cameron, Blairingone, assisted by the Rev. A. Dalrymple Gray, Sergt. Jardine, M.A., B.Sc., R.A.M.C., eldest son of Mr and Mrs J. P. Jardine, Loanhead, to Ethel Ferguson, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs P. D. Lauder, Dollar.

BERESFORD—MORRIS.—At the Church of the Holy Trinity, St Andrews, on 15th November, by the Rev. Dr. Patrick M. Playfair, M.A., Henry Edward Maskew Beresford (F.P.), Lieut. R.E., Dominion Land Surveyor, youngest son of Herbert J. Beresford, Dollar, to Janet, third daughter of Mr and Mrs James Morris, 156 South Street, St Andrews.

WHYTE—HUTCHISON.—At the Manse, Stepps, on 21st November, by the Rev. Malcolm Shannon, Captain Andrew Whyte, R.S.F. (F.P.), second son of the late Captain Andrew Whyte and Mrs Whyte, Highfield, Dollar, to Mary MacPherson, second daughter of James Hutchison, Stepps.

TAYLOR—DUDGEON.—At Melvich Cottage, Dollar, on 30th November, by the Rev. Alexander Gray, Dollar Parish Church, *pro tem.*, Archibald Taylor, eldest son of Mr and Mrs Taylor, Ardnadam Hotel, Argyllshire, to Helen Millar (Nellie) (F.P.), youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs James Dudgeon.

WHYTE—MUIL.—At Ravensdowne, Dollar, on 7th December, by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, Lieutenant Keith Ogilvie Whyte, M.M., Canadians, son of the late Mr F. D. Whyte and of Mrs Whyte, Calcutta, to Marjorie, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs H. J. Muil.

## Obituary.

GIBSON.—At St Leonard's, Tillicoultry, on the 29th September, Mary Wilson, elder surviving daughter of the late William Gibson, manufacturer.

M'INTYRE.—At Wilson Place, Dollar, on 29th November, Jane Turner (F.P.), widow of Lewis M'Intyre, for many years an employee at the Bleachfield, Dollar.



## Pro Patria.

1. HENRY PATERSON CROW, M.B., Ch.B., R.A.M.C.—Son of Mr and Mrs Crow, Benvue, Biggar; boarded with the Headmaster; left School, 1909; died at Jhansi, Central India, on 19th November 1918.

2. J. WILSON NOBLE.—2nd Lieutenant, 10th Northumberland Fusiliers; boarded with the late Mr Levack; left School in 1905; killed in action at Martinpuich on 26th September 1916.

3. ROBERT L. PETTY.—Lieutenant, 3rd West Yorks, attached North Staffords; son of Mr and Mrs W. W. Petty, Bradford, Yorks.; boarded with Mrs Heyworth; left School 1913; killed in action at Baku on 1st August 1918.

4. JOHN M. CRAM.—Lieutenant, Canadian Air Force; son of Mr and Mrs Cram, Dowanhill, Glendevon; left School, 1909; killed in aeroplane accident at Toronto on 24th August 1918.

5. VICTOR T. COWLEY.—Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers; son of Mrs Cowley, Bagdad; husband of Marie C. Scandrett, Charlemont, Cathcart; boarded with Mrs Gibson; left School in 1911; killed in action, 23rd July 1918.

6. JAMES R. GRANT MUIR.—Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry; only son of Mr and Mrs Williams Muir, 16 Seyton Avenue, Langside; boarded with Mr Cruickshank and Mr Allsopp; left School in 1916; died of wounds on 17th September 1918.

7. HORACE HEPBURN.—Private, 43rd Cameron Highlanders of Canada; son of Mrs Hepburn, 66 Forest Road, Aberdeen, formerly of Dollar; left School, 1906; killed in action at Cambrai on 1st October 1918.

8. W. A. CARRUTHERS, M.C.—Lieutenant, Royal Scots, son of Mrs Carruthers, Demerara; husband of Bruce Carruthers (née Mackay), The Gables, Surbiton, Surrey; boarded with Dr Cownie; left School, 1903; died of wounds on 3rd September 1918.

9. THOMAS FLEMING.—2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery; third son of Mr Fleming, Craigton, Kinross; left School in 1911; died of wounds on 20th October 1918.

10. ALFRED T. ENGLAND.—Private, Black Watch; eldest son of Drum-Major England, Dollar Academy; left School in 1914; killed in action on 19th July 1918.

11. ERIC T. DALGARNO.—Private, Gordon Highlanders; son of Mr George G. Dalgarno, solicitor, Arbroath; boarded with Mr Wilson; left School in 1915; killed in action on 21st July 1918.

12. GEORGE BLACKWOOD.—Formerly Private, 1/7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; youngest son of the late Andrew Blackwood, 59 High Street, Kinross; left School in 1915; died of pneumonia on 11th November 1918.

## Roll of Honour.

THE news that the armistice had been signed reached the Academy in the forenoon of 11th November, and at the midday interval the teachers and pupils encircled the front of the School while the Union Jack was hoisted. After duly saluting the flag, they assembled in the Hall, where the Headmaster said a few words, and the Marseillaise and the National Anthem were sung. In the evening the boys paraded the town, and finished up by assembling in front of the pillars and giving rousing cheers for the King, his Generals, and all the brave soldiers, sailors, and airmen who had brought about so glorious a victory. On the following day the teachers and pupils attended a Thanksgiving Service in Dollar Parish Church.

Now that peace is in sight, and the great victory achieved, it is time that active steps were taken to celebrate the very distinguished part that Dollar has taken in the stupendous struggle. The bald statement that nearly 150 former pupils have been enrolled in that noble band whose name "endureth for ever," is more eloquent than words to describe what Dollar has done. The fact that peace has been declared in the Centenary year of the School is an additional inducement to raise a memorial worthy of this great occasion, and of our triumphant issue from the grave danger to which our country was exposed. We have to celebrate the Centenary; we have to raise a Memorial to those who have fallen; and we have to render a thank-offering for those who will come home. What form or forms the fulfilment of this triple object may take has not yet been decided. Many are in favour of the purchase of the Cricket Field; all desire some visible symbol of our pride and gratitude; and others will favour the endowment of scholarships for the children of those who have fallen or have been disabled. If money is forthcoming, there is no reason why all three purposes should not be accomplished. It is impossible to reach all who would subscribe unless all who read this note constitute themselves collecting agents, and forward subscriptions either to the Chairman of the Governors, the Editors of the *Magazine*, or the Headmaster of the Academy. The end of the year 1919 will be as nearly as possible one hundred years from the actual opening of the School, and all concerned will be neglectful of their duty if, before the end of that year, it is not possible to hold a great reunion, and to have announced at that reunion that the Field has been bought, the Memorial chosen, and the Scholarships established.

It is proposed to issue a book containing the names of all former pupils of Dollar Academy who have served their country during the war now so happily concluded.

Under the direction of the Headmaster, a good deal of work has been done in collecting information concerning former pupils who have served in the Army, Navy, or Air Force, and the results of that work have appeared in successive numbers of the *Magazine*. There must, however, be many mistakes and omissions, and therefore an earnest appeal is made to all readers of this note to send to the Headmaster additions to the Roll, corrections, distinctions, and casualties, so that when the proposed list is published it may be as complete and correct as possible.

The book will contain the "Pro Patria" plates which have already appeared in the *Magazine*, and any others which may yet be issued. If possible, it will also contain photos of all former pupils who have gained "distinctions" during the course of the war. The Headmaster begs the loan of the necessary photos for reproduction, and guarantees to return them undamaged to the lenders. If everyone waits to be asked individually, some are sure to be overlooked, to say nothing of the fact that the work involved is vastly increased. Let any one who hesitates to send in his photo, because of modesty, reflect that he is not asked to boast of himself, but to bring credit to his School.

Again, and we sincerely hope for the last time, we have to record the deaths of several of our former pupils who have been engaged in fighting the battle for freedom and honour.

Second-Lieutenant THOMAS FLEMING, R.G.A., third son of Mr Thomas Fleming, Craigton, Kinross, died on 20th October from wounds received on 16th October. At the outbreak of war Lieutenant Fleming was an apprenticed civil and mining engineer in Glasgow. He enlisted as a private in the R.F.A., and went to the front in August 1915; two years later he received a commission in the R.G.A., and in November 1917 he was again in France. On the night of 16th October he was engaged in observation work. Firing commenced, and he went out to prospect in the intense darkness, when he was wounded in four places; four days later he died at a Casualty Clearing Station. One who knew him well described him as a fine example of young manhood at its best—strong and vigorous, sane and healthy-minded, capable and painstaking to a degree. He leaves behind him a record of courage and devotion, of sincerity of purpose, and kindness of heart, such as those who knew will not soon forget.

Captain HENRY PATERSON CROW, M.B., Ch.B., R.A.M.C., died on 9th November at Jhansi, Central India, of influenza, after three and a half years of service. He was the son of Mr and Mrs John Crow, Benvue, Biggar. During his stay in Dollar he boarded



with the Headmaster, and was one of a team of distinguished golfers at that time resident with Mr Dougall. Many will remember his kindly ways and modest disposition, for he was one of those who made many friends and no enemies. After leaving School in 1909 he had a successful career as a medical student in Glasgow University, and duly graduated M.B., Ch.B. He went eagerly into his life's work, but duty called him to the Army, and no doubt the hardships which he had to undergo were the cause of the fatal termination of his illness.

Lieutenant ROBERT L. PETTY, 13th West Yorks., attached 7th North Staffords, was killed in action on 31st August at Baku. After leaving School, where he boarded with Mrs Heyworth, he began what promised to be a successful business career in Bradford. On the outbreak of war he at once volunteered, and after being rejected five times on account of deficient eyesight, got into the 19th Fusiliers Public Schools' Battalion. From November 1915 to June 1916 he was in France; after receiving his commission he went to Mesopotamia on Christmas Day 1916, and was sent with General Dunsterville's Force to Baku. His fellow-pupils will remember him as a boy of gentle, lovable disposition; but as has so very often proved the case, his gallant conduct during the war showed that there was a deep stratum of manly grit beneath his mild appearance.

Lieutenant W. A. CARRUTHERS, Royal Scots, was severely wounded in an engagement at Salonika on 2nd September, and died on the following day. He left School fifteen years ago, and returned to Demerara to enter the Colonial Service. In January 1915 he received his commission in the Royal Scots, and was sent to Suvla Bay, where he was at the time of the evacuation. In 1917 he gained the M.C. and was mentioned in dispatches. In April 1918 he came home on a short leave and was married. A brother-officer wrote to his wife:—"Your husband was an ideal officer and a thorough sportsman, always fearless without being reckless, also considerate, never asking his men to do what he would not risk himself." At School, Lieutenant Carruthers, who boarded with Dr Cownie, was a prominent member of the Athletic Club, and played in the 1st XV. of season 1902-3.

HORACE HEPBURN, 43rd Cameron Highlanders of Canada, was killed in action at Cambrai on 1st October. His Commanding Officer wrote:—"When facing the enemy in a very heavy encounter he died, doing his duty bravely and gallantly rather than give himself up to the enemy as a prisoner." Many will remember Hepburn as one of the best athletes of his time at School. He



*A. Drysdale*

GLENSHERUP RESERVOIR

played in the 1st XV. of 1904-5 and 1905-6, and also in the 1st XI. of 1905 and 1906. After leaving School he was trained as a civil engineer, and went to Canada, where he was engaged on the Hudson Bay Railway. When war broke out he joined the 11th Reserve Canadians, and was afterwards transferred to the 43rd Canadian Camerons.

GEORGE BLACKWOOD died of pneumonia on 11th November 1918. He was the son of the late Mr Andrew Blackwood, saddler, Kinross, and on leaving School in 1915 he joined the A. & S. H. After being severely wounded he was discharged from the army and found employment as a chemist. In the beginning of November, while at home to attend the funeral of his brother, he took influenza. Pneumonia followed, and he died within a few days. Much sympathy is felt for his mother, who has been bereaved of her husband and two sons during the past year.

Lieutenant J. R. GRANT MUIR, H.L.I., died of wounds on 17th September 1918. He left School only in 1916, and the memory of his bright, cheerful personality is still fresh among us. He was in the 1st XI. during his last two years at School, and also in the 1st XV. of 1914-15. In the work of the O.T.C. he took a very prominent part, and was promoted to the rank of Cadet Officer. Soon after he left School he received a commission in the H.L.I., and after a course of training he went to France. On the night of 17th September the Germans shelled the lines where he was, and he went down to see that his men were all right, when a shell burst near him. He was wounded in the ear and neck, and died before regaining consciousness. On 19th September he was buried in the Military Cemetery at Queant. His Commanding Officer was killed in the same engagement, but Major Watson, second in command, wrote:—"Your son was not with us very long, but long enough for us to find in him a true comrade, and I know that Colonel Gibbons had a very high opinion of his soldierly qualities. The loss to this battalion is a very great one . . . the knowledge that he gave his life gallantly fighting for a great cause may, when in course of years your sense of loss becomes less acute, be a matter of great pride to you."

Writing of Lieutenant VICTOR T. COWLEY, K.O.S.B., whose death was reported in last number, his Commanding Officer says that "he died leading his men in the forefront of a desperate battle, which resulted in our recapture of the Rheims salient. . . . I was struck by his keen sense of duty, and the brave way in which he insisted in remaining in the fighting line when he might have had a rest."



The following distinctions have been gained by former pupils :—

#### MILITARY CROSS.

Captain GEORGE W. S. SUTHERLAND, Seaforth Highlanders,  
5th October 1918.

Lieutenant IAN C. FALCONER, Royal Scots, 18th October 1918.

Lieutenant W. A. CARRUTHERS, Royal Scots, 1917.

Lieutenant T. L. GILLESPIE, 4th Worcester Regiment, 1st  
September 1918.

The Rev. WM. CRAWFORD (C.F.).

Lieutenant A. D. M'LEISH, Royal Engineers.

#### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

The Rev. J. L. FINLAY (C.F.)

#### DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS.

Lieutenant DOUGLAS DARBY, 23rd September 1918.

Second-Lieutenant ERIC WALKER, 6th November 1918.

Colonel GAVIN L. WILSON, D.S.O., M.C., A. & S.H., has been  
awarded : Legion d'Honneur, Croix de Chevalier, Croix de Guerre.

#### MILITARY MEDAL.

Sergeant WM. G. RITCHIE, A. & S.H.

Private DAVID BEVERIDGE, M.G.C.

Private G. S. GULLEN, A. & S.H., M.M. and bar.

The following former pupils have been reported prisoners of  
war :—

Lieutenant ALFRED PATERSON, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Second-Lieutenant W. T. STANLEY CAIRNS, Royal Air Force.

Private W. R. GRANT, 5th Scottish Rifles.

Captain WALTER ELLIOT, 3rd Camerons.

Among those reported wounded are :—

Lieutenant IAN CRUIKSHANK, Seaforth Highlanders, attached  
Black Watch.

Second-Lieutenant HUGH B. H. HUNTER, Royal Engineers.

Lieutenant N. J. O. TAYLOR, Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Private WILLIAM MUCKERSIE, Seaforth Highlanders.

Lieutenant CHARLES KINLOCH, Yeomanry.

Lieutenant W. L. HOPE.

In view of the publication of a full list, additions to the Roll  
of Honour and promotions are not published in this number of the  
*Magazine*, and will not be published in future numbers.



DECORATIONS

## Decorations.

1. J. L. FINDLAY, Colonel (C.F.); mentioned in dispatches; Distinguished Service Order, September 1918.
2. K. S. PAULL (Mrs), Commandant, Willesden District Auxiliary Military Hospital; Member British Empire, February 1918.
3. M. KYNOCH (Miss), Dundee; Member British Empire, June 1918.
4. D'AUVERGNE FINDLAY, Colonel, O.C., 1st Canadian Divisional Train; Distinguished Service Order.
5. D. LAWRENCE SHAW, Lieutenant-Colonel, R.A.M.C.; mentioned in dispatches; Distinguished Service Order, May 1917.
6. JOHN OLIVER, Lieutenant, Royal Air Force; Air Force Medal, June 1918.
7. A. R. BAIN, Captain, 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; mentioned in dispatches, May 1917; Military Cross, January 1918.
8. IAN C. FALCONER, Lieutenant, Royal Scots; Military Cross, August 1918.
9. G. KEITH MAUGHAN, Captain, Sherwood Foresters; Croix de Guerre, 1917.
10. J. LAURENCE HEYWORTH, Regimental Sergeant-Major, King's (Liverpool) Regiment; Meritorious Service Medal, June 1918.
11. JOHN F. C. HASLAM, Captain, R.A.M.C.; mentioned in dispatches, November 1917; Military Cross, January 1918.
12. ERIC T. BURR, Major, D.A.A.G., Headquarters, 4th Army; mentioned in dispatches, December 1917; Military Cross.
13. KEITH O. WHYTE, Lance-Corporal, 21st Canadians; Military Medal, June 1918.
14. PERCY WALTON, Captain, 5th Gordon Highlanders; mentioned in dispatches, May 1917; Military Cross, January 1918.
15. CHARLES ROBERTSON, Captain, 5th Gordon Highlanders; twice mentioned in dispatches; Military Cross, February 1918.
16. ARTHUR G. M. MIDDLETON, Captain, R.A.M.C.; Military Cross, May 1917.
17. G. S. GULLEN, Private, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Military Medal, July 1918; Bar to Military Medal, October 1918.
18. W. RITCHIE, Sergeant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Military Medal, September 1918.
19. JACK DUNCAN, Sergeant, Gordon Highlanders; Distinguished Conduct Medal, May 1917.
20. DAVID ANDERSON, Sergeant, Royal Scots; Military Medal, April 1917.



## School Notes.

OWING to the closing of the School for three weeks on account of the epidemic of influenza, the football was interrupted, and the much looked forward to match with Watson's College had to be cancelled.

It is hoped that this fixture may be rearranged for a later date in the season.

The 9th O.C.B. were to have visited us on the 23rd November, but the hard snap of frost rendered the ground unfit for play, and so caused the game to be called off.

Thus the XV. have never had their mettle tested so far, but in the sides against the XV. of the 53rd Y.S. Battalion of the Gordons, the School XV. showed exceedingly fine form. Watt has improved greatly, and promises to give his opponents all they desire to hold him in; he is well supported by Stokes, Watson, and Macdonald. The former has shown up with some real brilliant touches in the sides, and the remaining pair have all along played that real sound game which has been the characteristic of the School threes for many years.

The pack led by Stewart are a strong, hefty, and hard working lot—good footwork has been conspicuous in their play, and an excellent understanding with the threes shows itself whenever the opportunity offers.

Macluskie at the scrum should do much to pilot the XV. to victory, and Young at full back, though light, shows a dash and determination worthy of the best traditions of the XV.

The team are eagerly looking forward to measuring themselves against Glasgow High School, and a real tough fight ought to ensue between the two teams which have always met on the most friendly terms.

The 2nd XV. are a sturdy lot, and ought to give Morrison's Academy a good game when they visit Dollar.

So far only one round of the Place-Kicking Competition has been gone through, so that it is too early as yet to make any predictions. We are pleased to see such a good number in this competition, as it is very important that each team should have several players who can be depended upon to bring out full points whenever required.

After several years as Match Secretary, Mr Dickson leaves to take up an important post in Wishaw. Although his period in office was during the war, when travelling difficulties cut down the fixture list greatly, his duties were even more onerous than they

would have been during peace time, for he was entirely responsible for arranging extra games and special sides that the keenness might not flag.

That his efforts were successful all heartily agree, and it is with regret that we part with him as Match Secretary, but at the same time the whole club offer him their heartiest congratulations on his advancement, and wish him every success in his new sphere of life.

Mr Congalton has taken over the duties of Treasurer, owing to the resignation of Mr Frew, who well and worthily carried out the duties since Mr Masterton's death.

To Mr Frew the club extend their thanks for all his work and time expended on their behalf.

Mr Wilson takes over Mr Dickson's duties temporarily, and as he had a long experience of the work before Mr Dickson took it over, things ought to keep up to the scratch as heretofore.

The Boys' Club continues to flourish, and a small committee of masters has been formed to supervise the general conduct of affairs. The Club offers excellent opportunities for social intercourse and the elevation of the mind.

Every boy ought to be a member, and do his best to make the Club a success in every direction.

#### OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The usual squad, platoon, and company drills have been carried out during the term. Cadet-Officer Macluskie and Sergeants Stewart, Heyworth, and Mallis have been kept busy getting their respective commands into first-class order.

In musketry, visual training and judging distances have been thoroughly gone into, and excellent demonstrations have been given.

Owing to the closing of the School the work has been interrupted, but it is hoped that the time lost will soon be made up.

In connection with the Contingent, Sergeant-Instructor Fisher of the 53rd Y.S. Bn. Gordon Highlanders carries out an excellent course in Physical Training, and also a Boxing Class for the senior cadets.

In the former work the cadets are making excellent progress, whilst in the latter class many of the cadets are giving promise of good work in future.

It is intended to institute competitions in the latter class, and have a shield or other trophy for the winner.

We are all delighted to note that our old O.C., Dr Butchart,

who is now with us in School once more, has been given the honorary rank of Captain for his services rendered during the Great War.

Now that the armistice has been signed, we feel proud that the Contingent sent such a large number of cadets as officers to our invincible army, but our pride is mingled with deep regret that so many excellent young lives should have been sacrificed to attain the noble ending.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to the parents and relatives of that noble band of old boys, who not only played the game at School, but played the greatest game of all and gave all for us.

Their names will ever be enshrined in the records of the Contingent, and will encourage all who follow to live up to their high ideals, their noble examples, and their utter disregard of self for the advancement of the safety and honour of the motherland.

Three of our late cadets, Cadet officers Shaw, Bennie, and Macintyre, have been granted commissions after very successful work in the 4th O.C.B. at Oxford.

Captain Wilson, our O.C., attended the summer course of musketry for officers under the Scottish Command at the Command School of Musketry at St Andrews, and brought honour to the Contingent by obtaining a "Distinguished" certificate.

Since the commencement of the Hockey season several matches have had to be postponed owing to the prevalence of influenza in our own team and those of our opponents.

On Saturday, 16th November, a match was played between the 1st XI. and F.P.'s. This resulted in a win for the F.P.'s (4—3), the three goals for the 1st XI being shot by Meta Napier, Annie M'Pherson, and Deirdre Brereton.

#### GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The opening lecture for this session was delivered on 11th October, when Dr Butchart read a paper on the need for a continued study of German. In an able and most suggestive way Dr Butchart surveyed the whole field, and amply justified the attitude he had taken up with regard to this matter.

Owing to the "flu" vacation, there was no meeting till 15th November, when the Junior members read their papers to a very large audience as follows:—

Miss Alexander	-	-	-	"Pets."
Miss Beattie	-	-	-	"The Western Highlands."
Miss Bonnar	-	-	-	"Helen Keller."
Miss Page	-	-	-	"War-time Housekeeping."
Miss Terris	-	-	-	"Two Great Cities."



The papers were of excellent quality and were highly appreciated. On November 22 the Society discussed the question: "Does this country need a king?" Miss Steel led for the affirmative, and was seconded by Miss A. M'Pherson, while the negative was moved by Miss Williamson, and seconded by Miss M. Wilson. After an animated discussion the negative was carried by a majority of eleven votes (19 to 8).

Former members of the Society are eligible as Honorary Members, and are invited to forward their names and subscriptions to the Secretary and Treasurer, Miss E. Robertson.

The accompanying photograph of the first three fifteens lacks two of the regular 3rd XV., but shows three extra men in that team. In each team the forwards are standing and the backs sitting, with the few exceptions noted on the margin.

An effect of the war is seen in the unusually small proportion of Overseas-born—our so-called "Foreigners." These number only sixteen out of the forty-eight players named, instead of the usual twenty or more; and only two of them are in the 3rd XV.—precisely where one would expect the arrested influx of "Foreigners" to be felt first. The two older teams each contain seven pre-war immigrants. Of the thirty-two "British" twenty-two were born in Scotland, eight in England, one in Ireland, and one in Wales. Dollar has not even its usual one native.

Of last year's group twenty-six reappear this year. This is practically the same number of survivors as last year, and somewhat more than the average number. Of these, only four were 1st XV. men last November, but several others played in the team after Christmas to replace called-up men. This winter the captain, Macluskie, is the only member who may be called up, the others being well under military age: consequently the team should undergo little alteration during the season.

The following table gives the usual statistics as calculated from the age and measurements of the players in September.

## 1ST XV.

	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yrs. Mths.	Ft. In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average *	16 8	5 7 $\frac{2}{3}$	9 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 7	10 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Last November team	17 0	5 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 7	9 7	9 7
This November team	16 5	5 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 0	9 7	10 6 $\frac{1}{2}$

\* Age, average of twenty years. Height and Weight, average of fifteen years.

## 2ND XV.

	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yrs. Mths.	Ft. In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average (12 years)	15 10	5 5 $\frac{3}{4}$	8 9	8 2	9 0
Last November team	15 10	5 5 $\frac{1}{8}$	8 5	8 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 8
This November team	15 8	5 4	8 3	7 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 9

## 3RD XV.

	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yrs. Mths.	Ft. In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average (9 years)	15 2	5 3 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 10	7 2	8 3
Last November team	14 8	5 2 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 4	6 9	7 11
This November team	15 9	5 6	8 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 9	9 0

Although the 1st XV. averages a whole year less than that of two years ago, and is indeed one of the youngest in twenty years, it has been exceeded in height only twice and in weight only four times in fifteen years. In weight the backs indeed are only equal to the forwards' average; but the forwards have been equalled or exceeded only thrice in the period mentioned.

In each column the second team is considerably below average, and the third team much above average; so much so that the latter team exceeds the former in every column except weight of backs!

Shackleton, 6 ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. and 11 st. 2 lbs., is, as last year, the tallest in the group and in the record. He has gained 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in the intervening twelve months. In the 1st XV. Spence, 6 ft., and Wrighton, 5 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., are the tallest. Wrighton, 12 st., is the heaviest. During the last fifteen years he has been equalled only by A. Hanbury, D. Gordon, D. Smith, and G. Driver, and exceeded only by D. Ferguson, 12 st. 13 lbs.

After Wrighton in the first comes J. M. Stewart, 11 st. 2 lbs.; then come Driver, nearly 11 st.; Heyworth and D. Watt, about 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  st.; two of about 10 st.; 7 of about 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  st.; and lightest is A. Young, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$  st. Our records show a yearly average of about one member of that weight or less, including such brilliant bantams as Chuan, MacNaught, J. Anthony, Ojeda, &c., in their first year in the team.

A. D.

### The Greater Dollar Directory.

DAISY LAUDER, Ingram House, Stockwell Road, London, S.W. 9.

Mrs ALEX. FREW (Agnata Lauder), 61 Clifford Street, Ibrox, Glasgow.

DAN. M'TAGGART, M'Taggart Brothers, Adelaide Street, Brisbane, Australia.

**T**HE Committee at their last meeting resolved to raise the price of the Magazine from 1s. to 1s. 3d. This addition they found necessary to meet the increase in the cost of paper and printing. The accompanying Balance-Sheet will make this clear.

#### WHAT IT COSTS TO PRINT THE MAGAZINE.

1917.	Printed.	Unsold.	Printers' Account.
March - - -	800	73	£31 18 10
June - - -	753	74	33 6 6
September - - -	750	63	35 8 6
December - - -	850	76	39 5 9
	3,153	286	£139 19 7
Unsold - - -	286		
	2,867		

2,867 copies at £139. 19s. 7d. = almost 11½d. per copy.



# THE "DOLLAR MAGAZINE."

## BALANCE-SHEET, 24th January 1918.

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>	
Jan. 25, 1917—To Cash in hand -	£16 5 9½	By Payment to Printers—	
Jan. 24, 1918—Sales and Subscriptions -	118 7 1½	No. 61, 800 copies -	£31 18 10
Advertisements -	8 5 11	62, 753 " -	33 6 6
Donations -	13 7 0	63, 750 " -	35 8 6
		64, 850 " -	39 5 9
	£156 5 10		
Balance due Agent -	7 4 0½	Stamps and Railway Charges -	£139 19 7
		Petties -	9 14 11½
		Agent's Fee -	1 15 4
			12 0 0
	£163 9 10½		£139 19 7
			9 14 11½
			1 15 4
			12 0 0
			£163 9 10½

### ASSETS OF "MAGAZINE."

Outstanding Subscriptions*	£41 3 2½
Advertising	4 8 7
	£45 11 9½

### LIABILITIES OF "MAGAZINE."

To Subscribers	£9 6 3
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\* The fact that Overdue Subscriptions amount to £41. 3s. 2½d. partly accounts for our present financial difficulties, and the Committee urgently request that payment of same be made now. The repeated rendering of accounts for small sums entails both time and expense, and this would be entirely avoided if all subscribers would kindly observe our rule to prepay their Subscriptions in February. All Remittances must include both charges; we ought not to be expected to pay 3d. commission on a cheque for 5s. 8d.