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Photo

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN CAMPBELL, C.F.

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Lieut.-Colonel John Campbell, C.F.

OF the many former pupils who have done yeoman service in the Great War none is better known or more generally respected than Lieut.-Colonel John Campbell, whose portrait we have much pleasure in presenting to our readers to-day. He was born in St Andrews in 1870, but he has always looked upon Dollar as his home ; for his father, who was chosen from a long list of candidates for the office of janitor and drill instructor at the Academy, and who is well-remembered by "old boys" as a terror to evil-doers, entered upon his duties in 1872, and faithfully discharged them till the day of his death. As a pupil at the Academy, John's record was a very creditable one. He passed from the Infant School to the most advanced classes, and in every year his name appears in the list of those who were successful in gaining prizes or certificates. In his last session he specialised in some subjects in preparation for a University course, which he had looked forward to from his earliest years, having resolved to train for the Church. To this end he entered the University of St Andrews in 1887, did credit to his School in all his classes, and graduated in 1891. His divinity course he took at Aberdeen, entering the Hall in 1891 and finishing in 1896, in which year he was licensed by the Presbytery of Stirling. Soon thereafter he began his ministerial duties by accepting assistantships, first at Inverurie and then at Ellon in Aberdeenshire, where his pulpit and his pastoral work were much appreciated by a shrewd, capable, kindly people. From there he was called to Bothwell, where for almost two years he acted as assistant to the Right Rev. Dr Pagan. Here he was ordained in 1903. And now it was that his connection with the Army began, for in October of that year he obtained a commission as Fourth-Class Chaplain, entitling him to the rank of Captain.

In 1913 he was promoted to the Third Class as Major, and in July 1918 to the Second Class as Lieut.-Colonel. For five years, from October 1903 to December 1908, he served in South Africa, and on his return from Africa he was on duty at Aldershot from April 1909 to November 1912. From Aldershot he was promoted to the important position of Senior Presbyterian Chaplain in London District—Guards and Household Cavalry—and here he was in service from 1912 to the outbreak of the war.

On the outbreak of war, Lieut.-Colonel Campbell went to France with the 5th Cavalry Brigade on 16th August 1914, and during the next four and a half years he has a record of brilliant service to his credit; his duties were arduous and dangerous, such as only a man with grit and a fine physique could have come through. He was on active service at the battles of Mons, Marne, Aisne, first and second Ypres. The momentous importance of these battlefields and what was accomplished on them cannot be weighed or measured up. "There aren't," says some one, "figures big enough for the reckoning." Many men will look back with legitimate pride on the part they played in them. In this connection Lieut.-Colonel Campbell had the honour of being *mentioned in dispatches*. Afterwards he entered on hospital casualty clearing station work, and did much to brighten the lives of the fighting men there.

At the present time he is Deputy-Assistant Principal Chaplain, and from this vantage ground he has been able to befriend parents and relatives, anxious about missing ones, by instituting inquiries and obtaining reports from chaplains in widely scattered districts. It has not been our purpose to dilate on his personal merits, though his honourable career throughout affords ample material for our doing so; but this at least we may say, that he has shown a fine geniality of disposition, kindly warmth of heart, and overflowing sympathy with all that concerned the highest interests of the men whom he ministered to, and whose attachment, along with that of his brother-officers, he has won and retains. We trust that many years of activity and usefulness are before him, as he is still in the prime and vigour of life. He married, in 1907, Miss Jean Morgan, only daughter of Henry Morgan, Esq., of Brentham, Pollokshields, and four dear children now brighten their home.

War Work in Dollar.

THE outbreak of war in August 1914 came as a trumpet call to the people of Britain. Men flocked to the recruiting stations, and the women's eager thought was, What can we do to take our share in the conflict?

We were not wholly unprepared, for in 1907 a Clackmannan and Kinross-shire branch of the British Red Cross Society (Scottish Branch) had been inaugurated by the Countess of Mar and Kellie. Its Vice-Presidents had selected Commandants and organised Voluntary Aid Detachments of men and women: and during seven years, training in First Aid and Home Nursing, as well as drills, were regularly held. The original scheme was to provide bodies of trained ambulance men and a nursing staff in every centre, in case of an invasion; but although that nightmare hung over us as long as the war lasted, the services of the V.A. members proved more useful in other directions.

Early in August 1914 a public meeting was held in the Castle Campbell Hall, Dollar, at which it was unanimously decided to start a War Work Party at once; it was also announced that Mr Kerr, of Harvieston, had generously offered Sheardale House as a Red Cross Hospital. A guarantee fund was opened to meet the expense of its maintenance, and a number of friends promised to lend the necessary furnishings. The members of the Dollar V.A.D.'s agreed to staff it; and this offer was passed on to the Red Cross Commissioner of the Eastern District, Major Wallace; he, however, never required to mobilise this hospital, and after a year the offer was withdrawn. By this time a County Red Cross Hospital had been opened at Arnsbrae, near Alloa, lent by Mr and Mrs James Younger, and its permanent staff was supplemented by the County V.A. Detachments, which, in rotation, supplied eleven members for four weeks' service in wards and kitchen. This was maintained with slight modifications until the Hospital was demobilised in January 1919.

The War Office issued an appeal in 1915 for women V.A. members to help in staffing military hospitals and a number of Dollar women responded; others, to whom hospital work was distasteful, or who were not strong enough to stand its strain, obtained clerkships in the War Office and in other war organisations. After a time only those V.A. members remained whose circumstances tied them at home: and they devoted themselves to staffing Arnsbrae, as far as they could, with a self-sacrifice which, in many cases, was no less commendable than that of their freer sisters.

The Dollar men's V.A.D. was never so strong in numbers as the women's, and its ranks were much depleted by men volunteering or being called to the Army ; but those who remained turned out conscientiously to drills, to surprise mobilisations, and helped to fit up a temporary dressing station when an air-raid was in progress. The Assistant Commandant, Mr Begg, acted as quartermaster at Arnsbrae for almost four years, all the time it was in use as a Hospital, and his services were highly valued. The School Board generously granted the use of the Public School for holding training classes and as a temporary dressing station. When the warning of the air-raid came in May 1916, the first V.A. member arrived at the School in uniform within half an hour of receiving the summons ; and the dressing station was fitted up, complete with beds and surgical dressings, within an hour and a half.

Raising funds for the Red Cross Society was an important part of the stay-at-home V.A. members' work. The first Flag Day in November 1914 was supplemented by a Cake and Candy Sale, and realised £70, which every one thought a huge success. But as each succeeding year taught the public the ever-widening sphere of Red Cross work, and as they learned how the lads they loved had benefited by its help, their purses opened. In 1917 the Red Cross Society extended from a Flag Day to a "Week," and Dollar, as was to be expected, backed the scheme enthusiastically. The Tennis and Bowling Clubs held tournaments, the Athenæum Club gave a concert, a Jumble Sale and Garden Fête were held, and with donations, £173 odd was realised. In 1918 the Red Cross Headquarters arranged for another "Week," and issued an appeal for increased generosity ; the various clubs responded, Freemasons and Foresters raised subscriptions, and with receipts taken at an open-air fête at Dollarfield, the amazing total of £436 was achieved. The most touching contribution received was from a little girl, completely bedridden, who made dainty articles and sold them to her neighbours in the hospital. Besides these special efforts, the collections from the penny a week fund brought in a regular income of about £70 a year.

The distant readers of this *Magazine* may be interested to learn that the "Wee Counties," in proportion to their size, are second to none so far as Red Cross energy is concerned. Our county President, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, besides taking the keenest personal interest in the local organisation, is Vice-President of the Central V.A.D. committee at Headquarters, Glasgow. Our county director, Mr Walter Graham Montgomery, is always on the outlook for plans to stimulate interest amongst the County Brigade, and keep them efficient. Amongst these have been quarterly conferences for V.A.D.

officers, and a Week-End Training Camp for officers ; the latter was held in Dollar Academy in August 1918, and was the first of its kind in Britain. The Governors generously gave the use of the buildings, and officers from the adjoining counties attended. In May 1917 the D.D.M.S. inspected the County Red Cross Brigade in Alloa, which was a fine sight ; the Dollar V.A.D.'s had to improvise a trench kitchen on the field, and their smart appearance on parade won the commendation of the inspecting officer. In October, Headquarters, Glasgow, issued an urgent call for V.A. members to serve in military hospitals where, owing to the influenza epidemic, the staffs were depleted and terribly overworked. A recruiting campaign was organised in the United Counties which enlisted forty-one women ; this brought the total number of V.A. members serving in military hospitals at home and abroad up to 163, out of a total strength of 469.

The Dollar War Work Party has been splendidly organised and very well supported. Through the kindness of the Governors, it met in the Sewing Classroom of the Academy twice a week, and more ideal premises could not have been imagined. It has issued 13,500 garments, of which 12,500 were actually made by the workers : a large proportion were shirts and pyjamas, costly to furnish, and requiring clever seamstresses. In addition, splints, tables, books, pillows, and old linen were supplied. The funds were raised by subscriptions, by contributions from the Penny a Week Fund, and lastly, but chiefly, by the exertions of the energetic Secretary, Mrs Dougall. Every summer she arranged an entertainment, and they were all outstanding successes. It was closed in the beginning of March, and had a balance of £134. In 1914 it began by collecting blankets for the troops and clothing for refugees, as well as comforts for the soldiers and hospital garments. An effort was made to send a parcel to every Dollar soldier, and no request for garments was ever refused. Officers—old Dollar boys—used to write from home and abroad asking for comforts for their men : and applications were received from endless societies, who provided for sailors, soldiers, and airmen, as well as from hospitals where the matron or perhaps a sister had some connection with Dollar. In 1916 a scheme to co-ordinate the distribution of comforts amongst the fighting forces was arranged by the Director-General of Voluntary Organisation ; local work parties were invited to join it, and thereafter their work went to the County Depot in Alloa. The secretary of each work party received requisitions for certain numbers of specified garments, and Government released knitting wool at a reduced price. Hospital garments, paid for out of Red Cross contributions, could be sent either to Headquarters, Glasgow

or to this county depot, as the two organisations co-operated. This simplified the dispatching of work very greatly. The standard of finished work was excellent; indeed it became quite monotonous to read in the letters of thanks the reiterated praise of the Dollar workers' skill.

One of the discoveries of the war has been the antiseptic and absorbent qualities of sphagnum moss which formerly were known only in the Highlands. Early in 1915 Dr George Cathcart, of Edinburgh, wrote to the papers, telling how a Central Depot was being started there for preparing dressings made of it, and urging that wherever it grew, people would gather it. Miss J. B. Mac-lanerty and a number of friends responded at once, and ever since sacks of moss have been dispatched, some to Edinburgh, dried and picked—*i.e.*, freed from all the grass, sticks, or other dirt which was entwined amongst its fronds; and some to work depots elsewhere to be picked. In 1917 members of the Dollar War Work party began to pick the moss, and have met twice a week for this purpose. At first this moss was only used in Scottish hospitals at home and abroad, but latterly the War Office recognised its value, and last summer parties of Q.M.A.A.C.'s and of volunteers were organised to live in caravans amongst the hills and gather it by the ton.

This article would not be complete if it ignored the admirable work done by the Church work parties. All the men on the Roll of Honour received presents of comforts at Christmas, and at first of cakes, cigarettes, and a variety of other useful things. Rationing put a stop to the latter assortment, but not to the kindly thoughts, and other means were found of expressing them.

I must not omit to tell what the school children of Dollar have done. The pupils of the Public School subscribed to Red Cross Week and gave a successful entertainment, while the Academy boys and girls all through the war subscribed a penny a week. The results, when accumulated, were expended in a variety of ways to help schemes connected with the war, and the profits of their very successful concerts were disposed of in the same way.

Dollar has given generously in the cause of Freedom; some of her sons have earned the Crown of Glory; many more have lived gloriously, and are returning to their homes in this happy valley; while to those of us who could not leave our homes, the war work outlined above has been an untold solace. We felt we were—however feebly—doing our utmost to play our part in the great struggle, and were giving practical evidence of our ceaseless gratitude to our brave Defenders.

MARY LILIAN HAIG,
Local Vice-President, Red Cross Society.

Acrostics.

"I would give much to see the autumn colours on the Back Road."—Captain JOHN F. C. HASLAM, M.C., in December number of the *Dollar Magazine*.

Did you ever see the beeches on the auld back road
On a bonnie morn in June-time, when the sun's first rays
Lit the mass o' tender green until each fresh leaf showed
Like a jewelled shield a-shining in the morning haze,
And the mellow-throated mavis on a bough above
Raised a song of rarest rapture to the God of love ?

Did you ever see the beeches on the auld back road
On an evening in September ere the day was done,
Lighted all along their line until each great tree glowed
Like a mass o' burnished bronze in the setting sun ;
And the lasses and the laddies at their blithesome play
Raised unconsciously an anthem to the God of day ?

Did I ever see the beeches on the auld back road ?
Oh, I see them in my fancy every night and day ;
Long ago, a careless boy, beneath their shade I strode,
Little dreaming how they'd haunt my heart when far away ;
And I'm wearying to wander, ere the last leaf falls,
Round the road beneath the beeches by the auld school walls.

C. S. D.

Nature Notes.

THE PLEASURES OF BIRDNESTING.

BY JOHN STRACHAN, M.D.

FROM remarks which have been made to me it seems that I am supposed by many to be strongly opposed to birdnesting by boys, and am anxious to have it put a stop to. So far is this from being the case that, probably, very few grown men, let alone men of my age, have such a warm sympathy with the pursuit as I have, or such a high opinion of the pleasures which may be derived from it. I was a keen birdnester myself as a boy, and many of my most pleasant memories of school life are connected with Saturday afternoon excursions—we had only the afternoon free from school in those days—when, with a special friend, I would range for miles round searching for nests, visiting and revisiting those already known, and noting with keen interest the progress made by the birds during the previous week. Even now it is to me a source of much pleasure

to find a nest by the roadside on my country rounds; and I should have the same old interest in watching its progress but that, on my next round, it is almost sure to be empty, and, probably, torn out and flung on the roadway. I may, therefore, claim to know something about birdnesting, and to be able to advise and to reason with boys and their parents or guardians on the subject.

If I found boys collecting marbles with the mere purpose of possessing a number or of arranging them in a drawer or cabinet according to size, colour, &c., I should not wish to prevent them playing with marbles, but should try to increase their pleasure by teaching them the various games in which they may be used. So I have no wish to prevent boys from birdnesting; but would fain persuade them to seek the high, human, intellectual pleasure of watching the wonderful process of bird formation in this district, when each nest found may be an object of deep interest for weeks together; and, it may be, of pleasurable reminiscence throughout life. A few words here on pleasures in general may not be out of place as giving us something to go upon in judging of the relative merits of those to which I shall have to refer as connected with birdnesting.

We must bear in mind that we are animals as well as human beings. Underlying and giving effect to our distinctly human nature is an animal body, endowed, of necessity, with much the same instincts, appetites, passions, and propensities as are other animals. If we draw a distinction between the animal and the human in our nature no one, I think, will hesitate to give very much the higher place to that which appertains to the latter. We cannot, of course, afford to ignore our bodily requirements any more than can a rider neglect those of the horse which carries him. We have great reason for thankfulness that these, instead of being imposed upon us as an irksome duty, are, in themselves, a source of pleasure. Such pleasure we share with the lower, even with the lowest animals. The slug has the same *kind* of pleasure as we enjoy in eating a strawberry, and the cat and dog have as great a zest in hunting as the keenest sportsman. In very primitive or barbarous communities such may be, as in the lower animals, the chief or only pleasure available, and attains its object in securing the means of life. It may be carried, as in hunting and killing, much beyond actual requirements, and tends to cruelty, or at least disregard for the suffering of its victims. While we can enhance such pleasure by purely human means—by adding cream and sugar to our strawberries and by bringing skill and knowledge to bear upon cookery and the art of killing, we must bear in mind that these and other

like pleasures are of purely animal origin, are of very limited extent, and exist only during the action from which they arise. If over-indulged they tend to sink ever deeper into mere animalism and brutality.

Civilisation, with social and domestic arrangements, tends greatly to relieve the individual of the need to personally provide for animal requirements. The animal instincts, however, with resulting pleasure in action, are still with us, for which we have reason to be grateful; but, especially in the young, they are ever ready to assert themselves unduly unless, as the horse with his rider, kept in subjection to the higher interests and nobler pleasures of the mind. Let us now apply all this to birdnesting with a view to helping us to an understanding as to how the greatest amount and best kind of pleasure may be derived from it.

First of all there is, of course, the pleasure of searching for and the triumph of finding the nest. This is common to all forms of birdnesting and gives a preliminary zest to the pursuit. It takes boys away out into the fields and woods, over the hills and rocks, and by the riverside, and promotes a spirit of freedom, adventure, and daring. This is, I think, improving to the character, and is the occasion of many of our most pleasant memories of school life, as so well expressed in A. C. Gibbs' "Rambling Reminiscences." It entails also, to a greater or less extent, knowledge as to the habits of birds, as to the places where and the materials of which they build their nests. All this is to the good if not vitiated by what follows. The nest having been found, what next? There are now a variety of pleasures open to the boy. To begin with the lowest, there is the purely brutish instinctive pleasure, due to our carnivorous nature, in destruction and cruelty. There is a beautiful structure, the result of infinite care, labour, and heaven-taught skill on the part of the bird. There are eggs, or it may be young, the objects of tenderest solicitude and loving devotion to the parents which are fluttering in plaintive distress overhead. What is to be done with them? Why! tear out the nest, make a football of it or set it sailing down the stream; put the eggs in a row and play plunkey at them. If there are young birds "cut their heads off, or cram stones down their throats. What fun! and there are the old birds fluttering quite near; let us bring them down with stones or catapults." This is all very horrible and some may think surely overdrawn; but I can assure the reader from personal knowledge that it is birdnesting as practised by some boys; and it is what any boy may be led into if care be not taken to lead the mind into purer and higher channels. The cat-like cruelty of our carnivorous nature is only too ready to respond to evil influences of this kind if not counteracted by the more human

feelings of love of the beautiful and sympathy with the weak and helpless.

The next pleasure from birdnesting, in the order of merit, is that of getting possession of the pretty eggs. Here the boy is, if not deliberately cruel, hard and callous to the sufferings of the weak. What are the feelings of the poor birds to him? The eggs are pretty and he wants them. What is it to him that they are the property of the parent birds; the centre of their love and hope; the one ambition of their little lives? Blow out the contents—the part possessing the mysterious and deeply interesting principle of life, and the wonderful power of developing, in two or three weeks, from an apparently simple mass of fat and albumin into the elaborate structure, beautiful form, and superabundant life and activity of a happy bird—out with it, what interest has it for this form of bird-nester, who looks only at the pretty shell which contains it, and will be spoiled by corruption following upon removal from the vivifying warmth of the mother's breast.

Still rising in the scale we have now to consider the collecting of birds' eggs. Here the object is not only possession, but to make a collection of all the different kinds of eggs and perhaps to arrange and classify them. It is claimed for this that it is the pursuit of a naturalist and may lead to a knowledge and love of nature. There could not, I believe, be a greater mistake. As well might we say that collecting books and arranging them according to their binding without reference to their contents is the work of a student. The shells of eggs have as little to do with the spirit of a naturalist as the outward appearance of books with that of a student. The pleasure of collecting birds' eggs is of the same nature as that of collecting anything else, as postage stamps, crests, coins, &c. It is a mere love of collecting and leads to no knowledge or interest beyond the objects collected, which, in this case, are only egg shells with all that would interest the naturalist removed from them. The pursuit of the naturalist has to do with phenomena of life and action, and the wonderful working of natural law; not with the mere outward appearance of dead and dry matter. The naturalist may be led to collect dead specimens of the living objects in which he is interested; but collecting has no tendency to cultivate the spirit of the naturalist. Rather it tends to withdraw attention from, and harden the heart against, that life and action which it is its province to disregard and destroy. Collecting, then, if it comes at all, should proceed from a knowledge of and interest in the living objects of which the dead specimens are only, as it were, pictures suggesting ideas of animate nature. Do not, then, let anyone be led into giving encouragement to this hard-hearted and poor amusement by the notion that it is in

any way connected with that love of nature which is the moving spirit of the naturalist. It may be slightly in advance of the mere taking of eggs for their prettiness, as there is some thought and knowledge required for their arrangement and classification ; but the pleasure, I believe, proceeds from the same source, the instinctive love or greed of possession.

Another objection I would urge against this, as well as the other forms of birdnesting I have mentioned, is the destruction, tending to extinction, of especially the rarer forms of bird life of this district. There are few, I am sure, who would not greatly regret any great reduction in this respect. Birds, with their bright plumage, exuberance, and beauty of motion, heard and seen at every turn, in the air, in the trees, bushes, and hedgerows, on the ground, and on the water, everywhere suggesting ideas of life and happiness, are the most striking and attractive feature of country life. It is, of course, a truism to point out that every egg left to the loving care of the parent bird means a bird. Thus every egg destroyed is the loss of a bird, and every nest taken may thus average the loss of four birds. Now to take, what I believe to be, a low estimate : suppose fifty boys go birdnesting round Dollar, and each takes ten nests, we have a direct loss to the district of five hundred birds ; and, in the following season, of two hundred and fifty nests, amounting to a thousand birds. Such a loss going on year after year must have a marked effect upon bird life in the district ; and almost total extinction of the rarer kinds, as the bullfinch, kingfisher, kestrel, &c., which are the more in request on account of their rarity. This is a matter, then, in which all are concerned, and may well take action to stay such wholesale destruction of our bird friends.

There is another consideration which I would wish to impress upon boys and upon those who have the care of boys. It is as regards the *future* of the boy. Men, even lads who have left school, do not go robbing birds' nests and collecting eggs. The boy, then, who chooses this form of birdnesting has the pleasure, such as it is, only during boyhood, and deprives himself of the very much greater and more enduring source of enjoyment to which I hope to refer in our June number.

(To be continued.)

Song of Kitchener's Army.

"FOR OUR KING AND OUR COUNTRY AND K. OF K."

(*Tune*—"The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.")

To the Lords up in London 'twas Kitchener spake—
 "Ere the Kaiser crush France we will fight for her sake.
 There's a million stout lads in this land of the free,
 Who will follow the flag and go over the sea."

Chorus--

Come, give me my kit and hand me my gun ;
 To France I must go, there's brave work to be done.
 So it's up and away with a hip-hip-hooray
 For our King and our country and K. of K.

The bold Kaiser proclaims he's the champion of Peace ;
 So he wants to rule Europe from Scotland to Greece ;
 He has ravaged brave Belgium, he's trampling on France :
 He shall yet pay the piper for this bloody dance.

Chorus.

At the head of a partnership, "Meinself und Gott"—
 His war speeches are rank hypocritical rot,
 If a god be his partner, you'll find without fail
 That his god's cloven-footed and sports a barbed tail.

Chorus.

He was sure our great Empire would crumble and fall,
 And that none overseas would heed Kitchener's call ;
 But Colonials came trooping, staunch Canada, too,
 With the veteran Boer and the trusty Hindoo.

Chorus.

With his helmeted soldiers, his Krupps, and his bombs,
 Dealing death and destruction through Belgium he comes ;
 "I will whip both the French and the British," says he,
 "And I'll hack my way through to the gates of Paree !"

Chorus.

And he did right good hacking, he did, without doubt,
 Until Joffre and French made him face right about ;
 When in sight of the city he'd sworn he would sack,
 The old Kaiser, dumbfounded, turned tail and ran back.

Chorus.

Like old Bony he'd thought, in his pride and his might,
That our "nation of shopkeepers" never would fight ;
Now he knows how the "shopkeepers" handle the gun,
And with the cold steel make the Kaiserlics run.

Chorus—

Come, give me my kit and hand me my gun ;
To France I must go, there's brave work to be done.
So it's up and away with a hip-hip-hooray
For our King and our country and K. of K. !

W. C. BENET.

GRIMSHAW,
N. CAROLINA, U.S.A.

Note by the author.—This song was written in September 1914.

The Indian Jungles.

BY A. W. STRACHAN.

(Read to Dollar Field Naturalist Club.)

I SEE that the title of this paper is given as "The Indian Jungles" in the syllabus, but as it is not a description of the jungles themselves, and only an account of a few personal experiences with some of the larger animals inhabiting them, I am afraid the title may be a little misleading. However, as the jungles in the districts in which I have been stationed are of three distinct types, viz., grass, bamboo, and timber, a short, but necessarily superficial, description of each may enable those of you who have not visited "the land of the wily Hindoo" to form some idea of the natural surroundings of the animals that inhabit them.

The first mentioned, as its name implies, is composed of grass, but you must not imagine that it bears any resemblance to a glorified hay-field in this country. Often growing to a height of 15 or 20 feet, with solid stems as thick as, or thicker than one's little finger, it is quite impenetrable to any human being not mounted on the back of an elephant, and even then it towers above his head on either side. Here and there a tree has managed to struggle above its choking surroundings, though how any survive the devastating fires that frequently sweep over this country is a mystery.

This grass land is typical of many parts of Assam, and the traveller on the hill section of the Assam-Bengal Railway passes through many miles of it. It forms a haven of refuge during the rains to a great variety of game—tigers, elephants, buffaloes, deer,

and pig particularly—but during the dry season it is a treacherous shelter, as one of the fires before mentioned may at any moment compel its four-footed inhabitants to fly for their lives, and woe be to any one of them that is not fleet of foot. The rapidity with which the flames leap across the ground is almost incredible to those who have not seen it, and undoubtedly many animals perish miserably each year from this cause. After these fires there are always scattered patches left untouched by the flames, and in these deer and other animals hide during the heat of the day, venturing out at dusk to browse on the tender shoots that soon begin to appear on the scorched land. Then only does this type of jungle afford opportunities for the closer acquaintanceship of its inmates.

The bamboo jungle is common to both northern and southern India, but the bamboo of the south is of the thorny variety, as the hunter finds to his cost, both as regards clothes and temper. There is a thorny bush in Africa that goes by the name of "wait-a-bit," but that title is equally applicable to this bamboo. The thorns are very strong, with a backward curve, and consequently need to be treated with respect and consideration. If one gets badly hung up in them one is generally compelled to wait a *considerable* bit before being able to go on again. The bamboo jungles of Sylhet, on the other hand, have no such hindrances, so it is not difficult for you to imagine which is the pleasanter to hunt in. There are always a few trees of different kinds thinly interspersed through this jungle, and here and there a giant cotton tree rears its buttressed stem high above its neighbours, like a Gulliver amongst the Lilliputians. Often rising to a height of 80 or 100 feet before the first branch is reached, these magnificent trees have only one rival for supremacy in the Indian forests, viz., the wild Jack, a species of Durian whose scientific name I do not know. The cotton tree, however, has the advantage of a blazing crown of large crimson flowers at certain seasons of the year, while its rival has no flower worthy of the name. The huge buttresses of the former, too, give it an added dignity which is lacking in the wild Jack. The seed pods of this tree when ripe contain an inferior kind of cotton, not to be compared with the cotton of commerce, but which is often collected and used for stuffing pillows, cushions, &c.

The bamboo seeds only once in about thirty years, then dies, and one sometimes sees a large extent of this dead jungle which has lived its allotted span. The seed is rather like small, unhusked rice in appearance, and is collected and eaten by the jungle tribes when they have the opportunity, but I believe it is a very easy matter to eat too much of it, even for a native, whose internal arrangements are not easily upset in that way as a rule. I haven't

tried it myself, so cannot speak from personal experience. Jungle-fowl, quail, partridges, and a host of other birds congregate when the bamboo makes its one and only effort to propagate its species, and do their best to prevent it doing so by eating up the seed as it falls, but enough to form a new jungle always seems to escape even their sharp eyes. The young plant that springs from the seed, after two or three years' growth begins to send out new shoots from the root, eventually forming a clump, and the rapidity of growth of these shoots after the parent one has reached maturity is remarkable. In a month or so they will have grown to a height that it has taken the original seedling twenty or twenty-five years to attain. They first appear encased in a hard, sharp-pointed sheath, and one can almost see them grow. It is said that in the days when India was split up into innumerable independent states, each ruled, or misruled, by a native Rajah, it used to be a common practice of these potentates to tie any of their wretched subjects who had offended against their barbaric laws above one of these rapidly growing shoots, and allow it to grow through them. You would understand that this is possible if you could feel the sharpness of the protecting sheath, and if you have noticed instances of the tremendous power exercised in the growth of some plants, particularly fungi. If a mushroom can lift a paving-stone, it would certainly be an easy matter for one of these shoots to grow through a human being, and all who have read anything at all about the ancient history of India know that the then rulers were just about as refined in their methods of torture as the most accomplished in that art in China or Africa. Inside the hard, protecting cover these young bamboos are succulent and tender, and are much appreciated by the elephants, bison, or gaur, wild buffaloes, and other vegetarian feeders inhabiting these jungles, and I have no doubt some of you here have eaten it disguised as the "chow-chow" of commerce. Wherever there are extensive tracts of this bamboo land, there almost every variety of Indian game is to be found, from the lordly elephant to the diminutive mouse-deer, and as they are the easiest to negotiate, most of my expeditions were confined to them, so the majority of the incidents I will try to relate to you to-night happened in country of this kind.

I need not tire you with a long description of the timber jungle. It covers the lower slopes of most of the mountain ranges of both northern and southern India, and contains many valuable trees, such as teak, rose-wood, red and white cedar, &c., but it is difficult to hunt in owing to the dense undergrowth. In its sombre depths monkeys of several varieties abound. The weird concerts of the Malabar langurs of the southern, and the "hoolucks" of the

northern forests, are almost the only sounds that break the oppressive stillness, as even the voices of the birds are hushed in the all-pervading gloom. Leeches generally swarm on the leaves of the undergrowth, and the slightest movement of anyone who has occasion to go through it rouses thousands of the bloodthirsty little wretches, who hurry, looping along the leaves and branches in his direction, like so many animated bits of elastic. They will find a way through almost any clothing, and any of them that manage to reach the skin soon expand to the size and colour of a large purple grape. It is a common thing to find a well-fed bunch festooned round the top of each of one's boots after a day's shikar, if the putties have been carelessly put on, and as the wounds keep on bleeding long after the leeches have sucked their fill and dropped off, one has generally rather a sanguinary appearance after an outing in these jungles. Red ants are another irritating pest one has to put up with, and as these pugilistic little warriors swarm over you and bury their pincers in any unprotected part of your anatomy, leaving their heads behind rather than take them out again, you can easily imagine that the timber forest is not an ideal spot for a picnic. It was always a matter for wonder to me that any four-footed beast should choose these inhospitable regions for its abode, as one would suppose that it would either get sucked dry by the leeches, or goaded to madness by the red ants. Strange as it may seem, game of many kinds is always abundant, and generally in good condition in this jungle, so I suppose Dame Nature has provided them with a hide thick enough to resist the attacks of these pests. But if this is so, how do the leeches exist? They don't get a poor, wretched man every day (not even a skinny one). True, they haven't a very well-fed appearance till they have dined at your expense, but they are obviously not "weak from loss of blood," if one can judge from the rapidity with which they advance to the attack. They certainly make up for lost time when they do get an opportunity, but the chances of a good meal must be few and far between.

This is a very meagre description of the jungles, I am afraid, but as this paper is more about their four-footed inhabitants, there isn't time to enter into details about the innumerable species of insects, or to describe any of the orchids and other parasitic plants to be found in them. However, I hope I have said enough to give you at least a slight idea of the general surroundings of the animals I am going to enumerate.

It is right and proper that I should begin with the largest and most powerful animal to be found in the Peninsula—the elephant.

Unlike its African relative, the Indian elephant is not decreasing



A. Drysdale

ON THE DOLLARBANK ROAD

in numbers, and is to be found in herds of varying size wherever the jungle is extensive enough to suit their wandering habits. As long as the individual members of these herds behave themselves they are the most privileged of the jungle folk, being protected by Government, as it is from this wild stock that the State kraals are replenished whenever necessary. No elephant can be shot except in self-defence, and any hunter who infringes this rule incurs the risk of having to pay a very heavy fine. Should, however, one of the older bulls be driven out of the herd by his younger and more vigorous rivals, he almost invariably becomes morose and savage, a menace to human life and property, and a very real danger to the district he inhabits. Such an outcast is proscribed as a "rogue," any distinctive marks of identification advertised in the daily papers, and a price set upon his head. The Government that once befriended him never forgives the murder of a human being, and a "rogue" does not as a rule live long after he has been proscribed. Every native who is the possessor of a fire-arm pumps bullets into him when he thinks he can do so without risk to himself, with the remote hope that he may obtain the Government reward by a lucky shot. If there is no European with a heavy rifle in the district, the poor brute generally dies a lingering death from loss of blood, and while he lives, the many wounds do not tend to improve his temper.

In a district in Malabar, where I was stationed, one of these solitary bulls terrorised the neighbourhood, and killed ten or a dozen natives before he paid the penalty. He used to haunt the main road between two native villages, practically closing it, his first act of violence being to kill the native baker who brought our daily supply of bread, and after that few dared traverse the seven miles that separated us from our post town. I saw the remains of this wretched man, and if ever a human being was literally made into mince meat, he was. He appeared to have been chased for about half a mile, as our bread supply for that day lay scattered at intervals along the road, marking the beginning and end of the tragic race. They had probably been thrown down by the baker himself in the hope of distracting the rogue's attention, but the mad brute was evidently out for blood that day, and not even a supply of tempting new loaves would divert him from his evil purpose. Having caught his wretched victim, he absolutely tore him into little bits ; but I will spare you the gruesome details.

The native "dak-wallah," or letter carrier, nearly shared the same fate, and only saved himself by spending the night in a tree, arriving next morning more dead than alive with fright and cold. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to bring this old reprobate to book, but he was too cunning to be caught napping, and seemed

quite able to discriminate between an unarmed native and an armed European. His career of pillage and murder went on unchecked for about six weeks after the date of his being proscribed. At last three planters, acting on information received as to his whereabouts, went after him armed with large-bore rifles, and after the expenditure of a good deal of ammunition, and a long, stern chase, brought his notorious life to an end. It was strange that this beast never once took the offensive after being wounded, though he had been only too ready to attack without provocation if he thought he could do so with impunity. A rogue is not always so considerate, and the hunter often becomes the hunted. On one occasion a friend spent a very uncomfortable and trying time under a shelving rock, with the elephant down on its knees feeling for him with its trunk, which fortunately wasn't long enough to reach him. His rifle was dropped in his hurry to "get to ground," and he had no means of retaliation ; but, luckily for him, the enraged beast got tired of it and left, though it was a considerable time before he had the courage to venture out again. He left elephants severely alone for a long time after that.

(To be continued.)

From the Prison Camp to the Front Line.

NOT ours the glory of the fight,
No flying Hun we chase ;
Our task, throughout the waiting night,
To keep a smiling face.

Though exiles in a foreign land,
Of Freedom's gifts bereft,
Though helpless and alone we stand,
Remembrance still is left.

Can we forget what you must bear,
Who stoutly hold the line ?
While you are fighting over there,
Shall we sit down and whine ?

No, comrades, fear not, we can wait,
Our trials we'll endure ;
With us, your pals, whate'er our fate,
Your honour rests secure.

So, good luck ! boys we left behind,
From this unlucky few,
And when you march through here you'll find
We've still a smile for you.

C. R. DOUGALL.

The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

REV. JOHN GRAY (*continues*).

THE annals of Dollar, during the forty-two years of the Rev. John Gray's incumbency of that parish, were marked by little of a stirring or notable sort. Two incidents, indeed, of rather more than local and passing interest, did occur during that period, which perhaps deserve record in a narrative of the kind I am contributing to these pages.

The first of these incidents occurred in the autumn of 1715, while the abortive Jacobite rising under the Earl of Mar was still in progress, and was indeed exhibiting evidence of not inconsiderable vitality. In point of fact, at the moment referred to the Jacobite forces were encamped near Perth and were daily increasing in numbers. Moreover, practically the whole eastern coast of Scotland, from Burntisland to the Moray Firth, was temporarily in the power of the rebels. Accordingly eager to take advantage of his momentary supremacy in this extensive region with the view of raising funds for the support of his army, Mar, the leader of the rebels, on the 4th October issued an order, "commanding and requiring every heritor, feuer, or wadsetter now attending the King's standard, or that may be excused, or their factors or doers in their absence, and likewise all life-renters, immediately to proportion and raise among their tenants and possessors of their respective estates and life-rent lands the sum of twenty shillings sterling on each hundred pounds Scots of valued rent. And such heritors as do not immediately, nor shall betwixt and the twelfth of October instant, attend the King's standard, if not excused by him [the said Earl of Mar] immediately to proportion and raise out of their respective estates the sum of forty shillings sterling for every hundred pounds Scots of valued rent. Which several proportions, according to their respective cases aforesaid, he ordained to be paid in to his collectors by the persons above mentioned by the twelfth of the month."

A very audacious demand, truly, but luckily one which it was not possible to enforce except in those districts in which rebel forces were strongly billeted. Nevertheless there can be no doubt that in many parishes the loyal Hanoverians, and especially the Presbyterian clergy, who to a man were opposed to the Jacobites, were exposed alike to hardship and danger. "Their houses," says one

historian, "were plundered, they were taken into custody as traitors, and one and all were forbidden either to preach or to pray against the pretended King James." Moreover, not a few of the clergy in the counties that were subject to the military misrule of the Earl of Mar were under the necessity of deserting their charges and taking safety in flight, while such of their goods as they could not carry along with them fell a prey to their merciless enemies.

It was at this moment of anxiety and difficulty, before the essential weakness of the rebellion had been fully disclosed, that Dollar was visited by a detachment of horse and foot from the Earl of Mar's army, which had been dispatched by that General, under the command of Major Grahame and the Marquis of Huntly, "to occupy Dunfermline and levy supplies of money out of the taxation contributed by this town to the revenue." The route taken by the Jacobite forces in this sudden raid on Dunfermline led them through our parish, and it is possible a portion of the troops may have been left in charge of Castle Campbell. At all events, Mr Beveridge in his interesting volume, "Between the Ochils and the Forth," informs us that Major Grahame "proceeded by way of Dunning and Castle Campbell, and reaching Dunfermline, quartered his troops partly in the Abbey, and partly in private houses." Of course the raid was resultless, so far as the obtaining of any supplies was concerned. For the headquarters of the loyalist army being at Stirling, a relieving force was at once sent out, who speedily surprised and dispersed the raiders, and drove them in disorder through the Ochils back to the rebel army.

I am inclined to think that, in connection with this retreat of the Jacobite raiders northward, a skirmish or engagement took place in the parish of Dollar or its neighbourhood. I found this conclusion on the language of a ballad belonging to the period, entitled "From Bogieside, or Huntly's Raid." Many years ago I came across a collection of early Scottish ballads, and this one, because it narrated a raid into Fifeshire, a fortnight before Sheriffmuir, I read with peculiar interest. I also copied at the time into one of my notebooks a verse out of the aforesaid ballad, which I have entitled "Engagement or Battle at Dollar," a title I do not think I would have given to the lines referred to unless something in the rest of the ballad had suggested that the routed raiders had passed through our neighbourhood. The lines referred to read as follows :—

"The Marquis' Horse was first set on,
Glenbucket's men to back them,
Who swore that great feats they would do,
If rebels durst attack them.

Wi' great huzzas to Huntly's praise,
They moved Dunfermline green, man ;
But fifty Grants and deil ane mair
Turned a' their beets to sheen, man."

It is possible, of course, that the skirmish alluded to in the above lines occurred nearer Dunfermline than Dollar ; but the probability is that inasmuch as the raiders came through Dollar on their way to Fifeshire, they would return by the same route. And in every case we may be sure that on that day in the middle of October, when the Jacobite cavalry rode into Dollar and occupied Castle Campbell, there would be not a little excitement in the village lying at the foot of the castle road, and among the residents in the lower and upper mains of Dollar, as well as in Blairingone and Melloch, which were then both more or less populous clachans in the parish.

What effect the raid had on Mr Gray and his Session there is no record in the minutes to show. But I have little doubt that on the Sabbath following their exciting experience, Mr Gray would not only give thanks for their happy escape from the rebels' rapacious hands, but would urge on all present to have no connection with their treasonable actions. If Mr Gray did not do this, he would be very unlike the rest of his brethren, who, we are told, as a class, were so far from being intimidated by the Jacobite threats, that they everywhere warned their people both publicly and privately against the sin and danger of giving any countenance to the insurgents. Moreover, it ought not to be overlooked that the Duke of Argyll followed the example of Mar by also publishing an edict, as leader of the loyal army, declaring "that the paying of money to the rebels, or complying with any of their orders or demands, will infer high treason against such as do the same, as being aiders, comforters, and abettors of the rebels, and discharging all his majesty's good subjects within Scotland to give or furnish the rebels with money, provisions, or any other aid or assistance whatsoever, under the highest pains and punishments of the law." This order was enjoined to be intimated at every Parish Church door after divine service, and before the dissolution of the congregation, the first Sabbath after it came to hand. The probability, therefore, is that the edict above quoted must have come to hand immediately after the raiders were expelled from the parish, and so it seems quite certain that on the October Sabbath subsequent to the raid, an interesting and excited throng must have listened to the address of the minister on the subject of supporting the Protestant dynasty then occupying the throne, and refusing all sympathy and support to the Jacobite rebels.

I cannot doubt, however, that there may have been not a few anxious hearts among the congregation that morning. For though it was true that the insurgent plunderers had been forced to return bootless home, yet the rebel army was known to be large, and the army under Argyll, which was their only protection against spoliation and oppression, was far from being as well organised and powerful as it ought to have been. And accordingly, up till the moment when Mar's march south was checked at Sheriffmuir, I would not be surprised if I learned that there were faint hearts in Dollar who looked forward with serious apprehension to what might befall them if the Jacobite host should prevail in the approaching fight.

I recall an interesting story here of how such fears thirty years later, during the 1745 rebellion, were acutely felt by a godly old lady, the mother of the minister of Inverkeithing, and of how beautifully they were dispelled by the words of her grandson, a boy of five. It seems that old Mrs Charteris was so sadly afflicted by the dread that her hearthstone would be invaded by a rude soldiery that, as the saying goes, "she could neither eat nor sleep." But her little grandson, Samuel, seeing how greatly the good old lady was disturbed, approached her to comfort her, and in a moment dispelled the cloud that rested on her spirit by repeating the first verse of the metre version of the 20th Psalm—

"Jehovah, hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send ;
And let the name of Jacob's God
Thee from all ill defend,"

and then cheerfully adding, "Tak' yer meat, grannie, and dinna be feared."

I do not know whether the Dollar manse had an inmate needing similar consolation in 1715. There was certainly then no child to act the part of comforter there, as Mr Gray was still a bachelor, and did not marry till many years later. But I should not be surprised to learn that in the families of some of the elders there was need at this time for some cheerful word of hope and confidence. And if so I trust and believe that among the Session there would be found at least one of its members fitted and ready to speak that cheering word. And I am fain to think that in that case it would probably be John Hutton of Kirkstyle, the Session treasurer, who would prove the needed son of consolation—the man who, as we said in our last chapter, died "much lamented"—a few months before the death of the unlamented minister.

(*To be continued.*)

On the Prospect of Peace.

COME, loyal subjects of our King,
Gird up your loins, and pressure bring
To uproot every baleful thing
That fosters disaffection !
With kith and kin across the sea
Build up a compact, wise and free,
Of concord and of liberty,
With adequate protection.

Not freedom, riotous and mad,
Exemplified in Petrograd,
But sane of purpose, honest, glad,
Avoiding needless faction ;
Pursuing toil, abjuring strife,
Partaking of the sweets of life,
Each son and daughter, man and wife
Unfettered in their action.

True patriots, whose hands are clean,
Who fail not of their best to give,
And justify, by noble mien,
Their right to say, "Live and let live."
These are the peoples who dare throw
Vindictiveness to every wind ;
Who, loving peace, yet fear no foe,
Nor to just punishment are blind.

And now, when devastating war its ghastly force has spent,
Our hopes rise high for peace on earth, which shall be permanent,
Consolidating righteous rule, reducing social ills,
And bringing joy to happier homes as lasting as the hills.
Back to green pastures, the plough, and the harrow,
To the grime and the sweat of the forge, mill, and mine ;
To the docks, wharves, and shipyards of Belfast and Barrow,
On the Clyde, Forth, and Mersey, the Thames, and the Tyne,
Yes—a glad welcome in hamlet, town, city,
For all spared the last and supreme sacrifice ;
Yet, ever, our joy turns to heart-swelling pity—
For how shall we measure security's price ?

J. T. R.

Recollections of School Days.

WHILE rummaging among some old papers a few weeks ago I came across a diary for the year 1880, kept by me while a pupil at Dollar Academy.

The reading of this juvenile attempt at recording the events of school life suggested the idea that it might interest the boy of to-day as to how his predecessors fared forty years ago.

It is with this intention that I have jotted down these notes, which to grown-up readers may appear childish, but to these I reply that what I have to say is not written for them, and that they can skip this article and pass on to the next.

That I am literally an old boy is impressed on me by the fact that of the whole teaching staff when I left school in 1882, not one remains in harness. "Gone, all gone, the old familiar faces."

One of my teachers, who is the editor of the *Dollar Magazine*, is still happily with us, in the enjoyment of his well-earned retirement after half a century's work. May Allah lengthen his shadow, and may he live a thousand years.

A new generation of teachers has arisen that knows not Joseph, but if they be as capable a staff as in my day, the parents of pupils will have no reason to complain on the score of teaching capability.

The methods of teaching have altered very considerably—no doubt for the better—in order to keep pace with modern ideas of education. However that may be, I will maintain that in mental equipment and teaching ability my old masters would be a difficult team to beat.

The Dollar boy of to-day enjoys many advantages denied him of the late seventies and early eighties. On my first visit to the Academy after many years spent abroad, I was agreeably surprised to see the many additions made to it, principally the fine block which houses the chemical and physical laboratories, and the domestic science department. I envy the boy who can now handle his own test tubes and reagents, and conduct experiments for himself, for it is only by doing so that the principles of chemistry can be firmly fixed in the mind. The old boys had to be contented with witnessing a few simple experiments carried out by the Rector, who then taught chemistry as he did every other science. The whole chemical and electrical apparatus were easily housed in a large cupboard.

Music, both vocal and instrumental, is now taught, and in this connection I may mention that, having occasion to visit the Academy

shortly after settling in Dollar, I was astonished to hear the thumping of pianos and scraping of fiddles. In my simplicity I inquired if a concert was being held, when I was told that the noise—I beg pardon, the harmonious sounds—proceeded from the music class-room. What an old “washout” my informant must have thought me!

To one who has had, like myself, a deal to do with machinery, the most interesting and useful addition is the workshop. Here, under the skilled tuition and guidance of Mr MacGrouther, the boys are taught how to handle and use the saw, plane, and chisel in a practical manner, and obtain a good grounding in practical mechanics.

I only wish I had had this chance, for it would have been a hundredfold more useful to me in after life than knowing that “Balbus was building a wall,” as we were gravely informed in Dr Arnold’s “Latin prose composition.”

My humble advice to all the boys, even those who intend to enter the learned professions, is to take a course of instruction in the workshop, for what they will learn there will prove of great use in after life, saving, amongst other things, the necessity of getting a carpenter to execute every small repair.

On my first view of the pavilion in the sports field I literally gasped with astonishment. Few schools, I fancy, have a finer one. What a contrast to the wooden shanty that did duty in bygone days. Taking one thing with another, it strikes me the present-day schoolboy leads the life of a Sybarite.

Turning over the leaves of my diary I find it begins with an account of the Tay Bridge disaster, which took place on Sunday, the 28th December 1879. On this day one of the most terrible storms within living memory swept over the whole country, and it was at its height when a train that was crossing the bridge was swept off by the wind and precipitated into the Firth of Tay, leaving a huge gap in the bridge.

Every one of the sixty-seven persons in the train perished. Needless to mention, the catastrophe created a great sensation throughout the kingdom, and I distinctly remember the crowd that collected the following evening round Miller’s, the bookseller, and which extended right across the street, all eager to procure a paper with the latest news of the disaster.

What a night of storm it was in Dollar! Sleep was practically out of the question, with the wind howling like a hundred demons and blowing with hurricane force. Every moment I expected the roof to be blown off as I lay in my bed in fear and trembling. Considerable damage was done, for on the following morning the

streets presented a spectacle of broken slates, tiles, and chimney cans. Nearly all wooden fences were levelled to the ground, and one of the walls of St James's Episcopal Church, then in course of erection, was blown down.

Thus ended 1879, a cold, wet, and sunless year, and a disastrous one for agriculturists, many of whom were practically ruined.

Last December we had the excitement of a general election, and my diary faithfully records the one of 1880 so far as it related to Dollar. It was then that Gladstone swept the country—himself being elected for Midlothian—and routed the Conservatives, who had been in power for the previous six years.

Under date 6th April 1880 I have written—"A great day in Dollar. Mr W. P. Adam elected for Kinross and Clackmannan by a majority of 692. Result announced from the Academy steps, from which Mr Adam addressed the crowd, and afterwards from the roof of the portico at Castle Campbell Hotel. In the evening there was a torchlight procession."

The Right Hon. W. P. Adam was an able statesman, and was shortly afterwards appointed Governor of Madras.

It was about this time that the *Dollar Institution Magazine* made its first appearance, and it is a noteworthy fact that its editor, and the editor of the present *Dollar Magazine*, is one and the same person. As regards school doings, it always had full and copious reports of all cricket and football matches, as well as concerts, &c., got up by the schoolboys. The successes of F.P.'s at the University were also faithfully recorded.

The first number of the *Magazine* leads off with a contribution by the late Mr James Taylor, M.A., mathematical master, entitled "The Coming Transit of Venus." For the enlightenment of my youthful readers I may explain that the transit of Venus means the passing of the planet directly between the earth and the sun, thus causing an eclipse of the latter. This particular eclipse is a very rare event, for the next one will not occur till 2004. To astronomers it is one of the most important of astronomical events, for of all methods of determining the distance of the sun from us, the transit of Venus is admittedly the best. The eclipse took place on 6th December 1883, and as far as Dollar was concerned the weather, which was cloudy and threatening snow in the forenoon, fortunately cleared up by 2 P.M., at which time the eclipse began. There was afforded the sublime spectacle of Venus, in the words of Mr Taylor, "gradually encroaching on the sun, until in the course of twenty minutes from the moment of contact she had entirely slid on to his surface and appeared as a sharply defined, well-rounded ball."

The *Dollar Institution Magazine* records that the pupils of the Academy were collected in scores in the grounds, each armed with smoked or coloured glasses to view the eclipse. In several numbers of the *Magazine* Mr Taylor gives in the clear, simple, and terse language that he used in elucidating mathematical problems in the class-room, a fascinating account of this chapter in astronomy.

On reading over these articles one cannot help admitting that "the style is the man himself," for he ever showed the greatest pains to make every problem clear to the meanest understanding.

How interested Mr Taylor was in the successes of his pupils is instanced by the fact that he privately coached several boys, myself among the number, for the University examinations in Mathematics, Mechanics, Natural Philosophy, and Logic, and for this he would take neither fee nor reward.

I take this opportunity of tendering my humble tribute of respect and affection for "Jimmy" Taylor, as he was affectionately called. A more lovable man never taught at the Academy. Peace to his memory!

The *Boy's Own Paper*, which was started towards the end of 1878, was a favourite periodical with us, and its arrival on Wednesday evenings was looked forward to, and great interest taken in the first continued story, "From Powder Monkey to Admiral," by Kingston. This paper, I believe, still flourishes, though not as a weekly. Other boys' papers started in opposition about this time, but the *Boy's Own Paper* alone survives.

A very questionable form of literature appeared in 1880, in the form of penny dreadfuls, in yellow* paper covers. My diary gives the titles of some that I read—"Sleeping Wolf," "Dog Face the Desperado," and "Scout's Prize." As far as I remember, most of the novelettes dealt with the hunting and slaying of Red Indians—very exciting reading, no doubt, but certainly not elevating.

Such a hold had this trash on many boys, that the Rector forbade us reading it, and threatened punishment to any who had these penny hair-raisers in their possession.

Another forbidden fruit was smoking, a severe caning following detection. Some of the bigger boys did occasionally indulge in a cigarette in the privacy of the back road, a sharp look out being kept that no teacher appeared on the scene to "queer the pitch."

I have still a vivid recollection of buying a penny cigar one day and getting away to a secluded road to be alone with nature, and also from prying eyes. I had barely half smoked the cigar when the scenery by some extraordinary means seemed to revolve round me. Alarmed by these terrifying symptoms I crawled through the hedge into a grass field, where for the better part of

an hour I had ample time to ponder over and admit the truth of the adage—the way of the transgressor is hard.

On my return home my pallor was commented on, but needless to say I did not enlighten my elders as to the cause. Now to point the moral to my tale. From that date to the time I left school I left tobacco severely alone.

Botany was taught by the Rector during the summer months, and we were encouraged to make a collection of the wild flowers of the district, press, and label them with their names and natural orders. One Saturday a great chum of mine, now a well-known specialist in Edinburgh, accompanied me on a botanical excursion, and on reaching Vicar's Bridge we seated ourselves on its western parapet with our feet dangling over the water. We started larking, and whether by accident or design I now forget, but I pushed my companion over, and down he went plump into the Devon, a fall of a good many feet. Fortunately the river is very deep here, and fortunately my friend could swim, for the banks on either side of the bridge are very steep and rocky, and a landing cannot be made till you get some yards down.

We have had many a laugh over the incident since, but I can assure you it was no laughing matter for either of us at the time.

The Spring fast day—now abolished—was the Thursday before Communion Sunday, and of course was a holiday. On this day we generally had a paper chase. I remember one in which I was one of the "hares," and after starting with my companion "hare" from the Academy grounds we made for the banks of the Devon, along which we ran till the pursuing "hounds" appeared in view. As, of course, we had no wish to be caught, there was nothing for it but to select a deep part of the river, plunge in, and make for the other side with all speed. This manœuvre on our part disconcerted the greater number of the "hounds," and those who did follow were unable to catch us before we regained the starting-point.

I wonder if paper chases still survive, and if the boy of to-day would relish a plunge into the Devon on a cold spring morning?

The tawse was more in evidence in the old days than I believe it is now. Whether the present-day pupil is less deserving of punishment, or that other means of correction are adopted, is not for me to say. While at the Academy I escaped, more by good luck, I fear, than good scholarship, punishment in every class except one, and from it there was no escape for anybody. This was the first French class taught by Mr Peter Snowdone. For three or four days on end everything went smoothly between master and pupil, with the tawse reposing in a drawer.

Then perhaps on the fifth day Mr Snowdone would casually

remark that he hadn't had the tawse out for some days. We knew then what was going to happen from previous experience.

I may explain that the class-room had no desks, but simply forms placed against the four walls of the room, so that we all sat in a single and continuous line. The *modus operandi* was somewhat as follows. Mr Snowdone would ask us some question which not one of us could answer, and which he knew we couldn't. Then he would ask us to stand up and hold out our hands, looking along to see that they were all in line. Being satisfied on this point he would begin at the top of the class, and going right down to the foot give us *one* "palmie" each. Of course we looked on the whole performance as a huge joke, and judging from the smile on the face and the twinkle in the eye of the teacher, he enjoyed the joke too. This used to be one of the standing dishes of the first French class.

Ah! these were happy times—the happiest in our lives—as we afterwards found, with no care nor thought for to-morrow.

The recollections which the penning of these rambling notes have called up make me almost wish I were a schoolboy again. As I view the old School and the Devon Valley from Dollarhill those appropriate lines by an old Etonian on seeing his college again come to my mind:—

“Ah! happy hills! Ah! pleasing shades!
Ah! fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain.”

H. LAURIE BLACKLAW.

Sonnets.

WE have received, by courtesy of the author (Mr John Ferguson, National Bank House, Stirling), a copy of his little book of sonnets, which we strongly recommend to the notice of our readers. Its merits are, perhaps, sufficiently indicated by the fact that it is now, in the course of four years, in its fourth edition. It is in two parts. The first part is entitled “Thyria: A Sonnet Sequence from a Sanatorium,” and may be described as almost tragic in its tone of deep pathos and intense personal sympathy with suffering humanity.

The following may be taken as a sample of the seven sonnets of this series :—

SONNET NO. III.

HE caught a chill in Leicester, he came here—
 He came here with his little store of gold,
 To his grim dwelling, bare, and clean, and cold,
 Where life joins hands with death, and hope with fear :
 He told us how in Leicester's city drear,
 On coughing slightly, down his garments rolled
 The warm and scarlet flood ; and oft he told
 How softly he would tread from year to year.

His wife came for him, and he left to-day
 Because his little store of gold was done.
 My God ! I knew not gold and life were one
 Till he shook hands with us and went away :
 His limbs all fever-thinned, and hope all gone—
 O Christ in heaven, how he longed to stay !

The second part, which consists of eighteen sonnets, is in lighter vein, but still imbued with the same strong human sympathy. We give here the sixth, which has a special local interest as referring to a well-known and much respected resident for many years in Dollar, where he died seven years ago. John Smith showed his appreciation of the beauty and salubrity of the Ochil foots by travelling daily for many years to and from his work in the National Bank in Stirling.

SMITH—BANK ACCOUNTANT,

R.I.P.

POOR Smith ! He taught me how to write the "State,"
 And post the ledger, and with sedulous care
 He led me step by step, and eke would share
 My clerkly sorrows at each change of rate ;
 His kindly censure when I came in late,
 His lucid answer to each " Please explain,"
 I seem to hear and read ; and once again
 I stand beside him at the office gate.

So farewell Smith. The cash is put away,
 The ledger balanced, and the "State" surveyed,
 And all the wrong endorsements guaranteed,
 From dusty desk-work is his spirit freed,
 And in Head Office he appears to-day
 Before the Chief Inspector undismayed.

The Mystery of Pitgober.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD PROBLEM.

FOR many years the problem of the origin of the name Pitgober has fascinated and baffled the minds of those who believe that names are in reality the footprints of the past. Dry-as-dust etymologists may, for all I know, have settled this problem, but if so, it is to their own satisfaction only. To those of us who are familiar with Pitgober—that suburb of Dollar poised between road and river, guarding the steep descent to Vicar's Bridge—in all its moods, and under all conditions of weather and atmosphere, it is obvious that no one explanation is sufficient. However likely a suggested derivation of the name may be, I for one will for ever refuse to accept it as final. Truth has many sides.

Let me, to prove this, summarise a few of the opinions put forward by the intelligent and imaginative thinkers who have devoted years of study and research to this one disputed point. Most of these students and speculators are members of the well-known Pitgober Society which, during the winter, meets weekly to discuss the problem which is their *raison d'être* as well as *pièce de résistance*. The conclusions, or suggestions, summarised in this brief essay, may be studied *in extenso* in the *Quarterly Journal* of the Pitgober Society.

Unfortunately partisanship has been raised by scientific rivalry to such a temperature that I feel it the wisest, kindest, and safest course to refrain from quoting the names of the originators of the views to which I refer.

First of all, then, I will mention the opinion of a distinguished etymologist—an opinion which I myself consider the least reasonable of any that are taken at all seriously by the majority of the Pitgober Society. This pundit, then, considers that it is romantic folly to study the legends of the past in the endeavour to pierce the veil of mystery surrounding the title of the suburb; and boldly states that Pitgober was no doubt the name of a man, probably the pioneer who first went out from Dollar, with the dazzle of morning sunlight in his eyes, and built for himself a habitation in the wilderness. Imagination—in spite of the professor—pictures him a morose and reckless philistine, who preferred the risk of molestation by the aborigines of Blairingone and Muckart to the subtly transforming power of the culture that with the founding of the Academy made of Dollar a new Athens. But even were we to accept this explanation, we are faced by a new problem. Whence did this

pioneer obtain his cognomen? One would hardly invent the name Pitgober, unless possibly as a term of reproach. It may have been onomatopoeitic, suggested by the peculiar rhythm of the original wearer's gait: but this is too vague, and can be supported by no evidence.

Another and more reasonable view is that the word is really two words, and that a *gober* was a technical term used by the early coal prospectors of the Devon Valley. Those who saw the list of employments issued by the War Office to assist officers in classifying the men of their units, are only too well aware that countless trades and occupations exist of which no ordinary man ever hears. Possibly there was never more than one *Gober* for all the local pits: his importance would therefore be so considerable that the hamlet where he dwelt would come to be known after him. There may have been a sign erected for the guidance of new miners whose pits needed gobbing, and who might, without some indication, have searched in vain for the Gober. Would not Grimm's Law teach the view that the "b" was originally a "v," thus making the word *gover*? The pit-gober may therefore have been simply the "pit-gover," *i.e.*, the one whose duty it was to "go over" the pits, in other words, what we know as a mining inspector.

A rather extraordinary, in fact revolutionary, suggestion was brought forward at a recent meeting by a gentleman who asserted that in the early Reformation times "pitgobery" was a well-known slang word employed contemptuously by the antagonists of ritualism in the Established Church. He says that it was a natural corruption of "put-cope-ery"—and that any clerk in Holy Orders who persisted in wearing vestments contrary to the popular preference, was referred to by the adherents of the new school of thought as a "pitcoper," *i.e.*, he "pit," or put, a cope on. It is undoubtedly a point in favour of this extraordinary theory that the local dialect would naturally tend to corrupt "put" into "pit"; and "coper" into "gober," in a compound word.

It would be interesting to know if at any time there was a clerical residence in or near the little village. If this should prove to have been the case, I think the supporters of the "Pit Copery" theory may flatter themselves that the evidence in their favour is overwhelming.

The excellent Vicar, whose life and death are commemorated by the old Bridge, had no doubt partisans on the lookout to sneer at any custom dear to the Vicar's antagonists in ecclesiastical matters.

It is worth mentioning that many members of the Society spend their summer holidays trying to find the site of another hamlet near the existing one. Without introducing the troublesome question of



A. Drysdale

CASTLE CAMPBELL FROM THE NORTH

Photo

derivation, this section is content to accept the name, but they ask, "If this is Pitgober, where is Pitgobe? Obviously the name of the remaining village is comparative. You would not," they say, "name one place Little Hampton unless there already existed a Hampton." And so they devote their leisure to the search for the site of a hamlet that was not quite so pitgobe as the one with which we are familiar.

Such energy and persistence deserve reward, "but," say yet another group, "what if the village was named after a bird or animal?" They suggest that in very early times, the plain, small, harmless pitgobe may have been common, and therefore have left no memorial or tradition; but that suddenly the countryside was excited and alarmed by the appearance of an enormous and savage monster of the same genus, naturally enough referred to as the pitgober. They even suggest that some great champion slew the awful creature somewhere amongst the sloping meadows that sweep towards Vicar's Bridge, and that the conflict and victory were commemorated in the name of the group of dwellings nearest to which it took place.

The pitgobe, they enthusiastically aver—basing their theory upon the method of another famous literary work associated with the name of Grimm—was probably a burrowing relative of a climbing animal, the gobe, or treegobe. The creature, whose name is a household word with us in the Devon Valley, made his habitation in some natural fissure of the local rocks, enlarged by the aid of tooth and claws to suit his enormous bulk. There is certainly a large cave close to Vicar's Bridge—in which several Dollar boys were lost for the best part of a day some years ago—which seems a highly suitable residence for a creature impressive enough to leave his name upon the map for ever.

These ardent naturalists believe that, ultimately, their theory will be backed by the discovery of a legend describing the "Pursuit of the Pitgober." In such a setting, they say, the battle between a valiant human champion and the great gober challenged at the very mouth of his pit must have been so tremendous a spectacle that the contemporary bards cannot conceivably have neglected to place it on record. (Probably the MS. of this legend is secreted in the School Library, and may ultimately come to light.) They suggest the combat as an inspiring subject for some rising local artist, tired of conventional themes.

It is not difficult to picture to our imagination what the haunt of the Pitgober was like in the early days. Doubtless, the river then ran muffled in woods wherein roamed not only the aurochs, the wolf, and the bear, but their ancestors, more terrible by reason of their enormous size. Fierce and powerful as were these creatures,

the spot where now nestles, in picturesque seclusion, the little hamlet, was scrupulously avoided by them, for there amidst a wild tangle of great trees, close undergrowth, and shattered rocks, was the gloomy pit wherein lurked, watchful, hungry, and active, the hideous and ruthless gober.

How thankful we should be that we can now ramble amongst the fields without having to face the fear that at any moment the Pitgober might charge out upon us ! And one cannot help reflecting that however he charged in those days, he would charge treble now, and blame the war.

W. K. H.

Notes from Near and Far.

WE might justly be charged with apparent ingratitude if we did not seize the present opportunity—the beginning of a new volume—of acknowledging the numerous and encouraging communications which have come to us from many readers. Among the mass of letters, we have not received one that is censorious ; for all have expressed, more or less strongly, feelings of approval, and not a few have recorded sentiments of gratitude. This state of things is sure to have a beneficial influence on our circulation ; and we are still in a position to adopt the words of the poet and declare,

“ Thus far our fortune keeps an onward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.”

* * * * *

HONOUR.—We note with much pleasure that the King has approved the appointment of Mr William Strachan Coutts, C.I.E. (F.P.), Indian Civil Service, to be a Puisne Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Patna in succession to Mr Edmund Pelly Chapman, I.C.S., who retired last October. Mr Coutts finished his curriculum at the Academy in session 1888-89, and succeeded in gaining a good place in the Indian Civil Service Examination.

* * * * *

PROMOTION.—At intervals we have noted the steady rise of Mr John C. Christie (F.P.) in the service of the North British Railway Company, and we have much pleasure in stating that he has now been promoted from assistant goods manager to be chief of this

department. Prior to taking up the position of assistant goods manager, Mr Christie was, for over ten years, district superintendent of the western division of the North British Railway. Mr Christie, we may remind our readers, is the second son of the late Mr James Christie, who was for many years a successful, much esteemed teacher of the Academy, and, thereafter, headmaster of the board school.

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HONOUR.—Another F.P. who, from time to time, has received marks of distinction is Mr Herbert G. Beresford. We learn that, at the thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Association of Land Surveyors, which was recently held at Winnipeg, he was elected President for the ensuing year, the highest honour in the gift of the profession. Only about a year ago Herbert was elected a member of the Canadian Mining Institute; and for over three years he has been engaged almost exclusively on surveys in the Lake Mining District, which is a new gold field, and a very promising one. It is situated to the east of Lake Winnipeg, about 140 miles from the city.

From Mr Beresford we have a very good suggestion regarding the celebration of the Centenary of the Academy. He writes: "I see from the *Dollar Magazine* that it is intended to celebrate the Centenary of our dear old School this fall. Doubtless there are a great many Dollar boys in Western Canada, who, like myself, will not be able to be present. I wonder whether or not we might be able to have a local celebration of the occasion. It is an event worthy of cognizance by all former pupils in every part of the world."

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PROPAGANDA.—Our ever-loyal F.P., Mr Charles J. F. Davie, has been kindly reminding his class-fellows who are located in South America of the Centenary of the "old School," and of the pleasure to be derived by subscribers to the *Dollar Magazine*, and he has favoured us with replies which he has received. Mr Edward Richards, Manager of the Loudres y Rio de la Plata Bank, Monte Video, writes: "DEAR DAVIE,—Yours of the 7th came duly to hand, and has till now escaped my attention, as I have been unusually busy. I enclose a draft for a small contribution towards the purchase of the cricket field at Dollar, and I shall be very pleased to receive the *Magazine* if you will kindly ask that it should be sent to me along with the bill for a year's subscription."

Mr Charles Manifold says: "I shall be glad to contribute in a small way towards the purchase of the cricket field. Please let me

know in whose name the draft should be made out, and I will send you one for five pounds."

Mr R. Fraser says: "I herewith return the several *Dollar Magazines*, all of which I have devoured from cover to cover. The photos especially recall many happy memories. It will be a pleasure for me to subscribe to the Cricket Field Fund, also to the *Magazine*. Thanking you for bringing the matter to my attention."

Mr G. H. Hunter writes: "I always look forward with keen interest to receiving your *Magazine*, and usually devour its contents from front page to back at the first opportunity I get. Kindly note my new address, and have it inserted in your next issue."

Captain J. B. Andrews, A.S.C., writes: "I always read about the doings of the old School with great pleasure, and hope soon to have the opportunity of revisiting the scenes of many happy escapades of my schooldays."

* * * * *

INQUIRY.—The following advertisement which appeared in the *Scotsman* escaped our notice; but Mr George Lawson (F.P.), historian of Dollar, now resident in Selkirk, wrote to Mr Catton, giving him some account of the Academy of to-day, together with some interesting reminiscences: "I notice," says the advertiser, "in a news column of the *Weekly Scotsman* of 6th July, that Dollar Academy has been celebrating its Centenary. I wonder if this will be read by any old Dollar boy, old enough to have been there between the years 1858 and 1862, more especially if he boarded with Dr Lindsay.—ROBERT CATTON, 2730 Belrose Avenue, Berkeley, California, U.S.A." In his letter of thanks Mr Catton says: "DEAR MR LAWSON,—I am very much obliged to you for your long, interesting letter, and correspondingly disappointed in not having received the 'little booklet' you sent me. Wasn't the mailing of books and magazines interdicted, during the war, to the 'man in the street' who didn't have a licence to send printed matter abroad? Try again—now the awful war is over, thank God!

"Yours is the only reply I have had to my query in the *Weekly Scotsman*, and I value it all the more that though you were not a contemporary of mine at School, you took the trouble to write and tell me about some of those who were. And I may say that I cannot recollect meeting any one of my schoolmates since I left Dollar in 1862. I went to serve my time as an engineer (mechanical) in '63 and 'worked at my trade' till '73, when I went to the West Indies to look after the machinery on some of the sugar estates there; in '75 I went to Peru in the same line, returning to Glasgow



J. M. Whitehead

THE DEVON AT MENSTRIE

in '78 to the place I started from, the Mirrlees Watson Co.'s works. That same year I went, for them, to Honolulu, and that's where I have been the most of my time, having made several trips home, the last only three years ago; and now that the war is over I hope to make one more soon and *stay*.

"My! but that's a clever dochter¹ o' yours, a teacher of mathematics, no less! I got acquainted with several Selkirkers—I mean Soutars—in the Hawaiian Islands, John and Bob Anderson, and Jamie McGill, maybe ye ken some of their fowk?

"Let's see whom you mention as being, probably, contemporaries of mine: Sir James Dewar I have often read of and tried, unsuccessfully, to place; Sir David Gill, with whom I got acquainted when I was home in 1910, had two brothers at Dr Lindsay's in my time, Pat and Andrew: he himself had left before I went. Andrew Nimmo, Alex. Izat, Bill Rennie, and Charlie Blair I remember quite well, also Alex. and Frank Swettenham. The Pitts, Moirs, and Leishmans have familiar names, but I don't seem to distinguish t'other from which very clearly. Davie Gentle, yes, he beat me at Latin and Greek, under Mr Kirk, taking first prize, while I had to be content with second.

"I don't know how long I may have to stay on this side of the Atlantic yet, but hoping to see you next summer, I am."

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BEATING THE RECORD—PEDIGREE CATTLE.—Last year, when Mr Ernest Kerr's champion Aberdeen-Angus bull calf from Harvieston Castle realised 1,400 guineas, a record for the breed was established which it was thought at the time would be hard to beat. But beaten it was this year, and handsomely, too, for his "Emblem of Harvieston" was sold for exportation at £2,940. This calf was not the champion for the year, being placed second by the judges; but we notice that in the sale ring it brought £700 more than the calf that stood first. For February calves Mr Kerr gained the third prize, for March calves the second and the fourth prizes, for April calves the second place. The group prize also fell to Mr Kerr, who has had this honour for several years.

¹ Miss Ella Lawson who is here referred to is a distinguished former pupil of the Academy. She was dux of the School in 1895, gained the University bursary of £30 a year for three years. She attended Edinburgh University, and graduated M.A. with distinction.

At the Shorthorn sale, too, Mr Kerr gained high prices, realising for three calves the handsome sum of £1,365. These successes and prices will, we hope, encourage Mr Kerr to persevere in his laudable efforts to keep in the forefront his far-famed "Harvieston Herd."

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M.P.—We heartily congratulate Sir William H. Raeburn (F.P.) on his election as Member of Parliament for Dumbartonshire. His knowledge of shipping which his experience as Deputy-Chairman of the Clyde Navigation Trust and member of the Board of Trade Merchant Shipping Advisory Committee enabled him to acquire, should make him a most useful member of the House, when questions connected with commerce come up. (See Vol. XI., page 171.)

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THE Rev. A. Easton Spence, U.F. Church, Dollar, left home on 27th February for Germany, where he is to be on duty for four months in connection with the Church Huts. Some days before his departure the members of his congregation presented him with a money gift, and Mrs Spence with a handsome wrist-watch.

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LIEUT.-COLONEL P. B. HAIG, C.B., I.M.S., was appointed Administrative Medical Officer of Rajputana in June 1918. His duties include that of Civil Surgeon to the town of Ajmere, which is an important railway and educational centre.

We congratulate Lieut.-Colonel Haig on his appointment to this responsible position.

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WE are permitted to quote the following from a letter by Colonel John Izat from Palestine:—

"We are fairly into our cold weather here once more, and all last week it was bitterly cold. The thermometer was down below freezing point on several occasions, and out in the open the puddles were coated with ice. We have just had a period of gaiety to celebrate the cessation of hostilities. Two days' horse-racing, open to all members of the force, gave two most enjoyable days' outing in most perfect weather. On the railways I have been running a series of special trains every Sunday to take officers, sisters, and men down to Babylon to see the ruins. These trips have been

most popular, the train being packed full on each occasion." The following notice will be interesting in this connection :—

NOTICE.

SPECIAL TRAIN TO BABYLON.

THE train arrives at Babylon at 11.30 A.M. It will remain there for an hour to enable passengers to have their tiffin in comfort. Passengers will then detrain, and the train will go on to Hillach. It will return to Babylon at 2.45 P.M. and passengers must all be entrained by 3.15 P.M. The train will leave Babylon at 3.15 and will arrive at Baghdad South at 5.25 P.M.

Passengers getting out at Baghdad South are requested to detrain quickly. The train will then go on to Baghdad West Station where all British and other Ranks for Baghdad West will detrain. The coaches containing Sisters and Officers will go on to Baghdad Wharf, arriving there at 5.45 P.M.

Hot water may be obtained from the orderlies in the kitchen car at the end of the train.

IT IS PARTICULARLY REQUESTED THAT EVERYBODY WILL REFRAIN FROM REMOVING BRICKS OR OTHER CURIOS FROM THE RUINS, AND FROM DAMAGING THE RUINS IN ANY WAY. IT IS POINTED OUT THAT IF THIS REQUEST IS NOT OBSERVED, THE PRIVILEGE OF THESE VISITS BY SPECIAL TRAIN TO BABYLON WILL BE WITHDRAWN.

Signed,

J. IZAT, *Lieut.-Colonel,*
Assistant Director of Railways,
Baghdad West Division.

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WE are informed that Captain Rennie Izat has been appointed to the Persian Railway Survey, with headquarters at Kermanshali, under Colonel Sutherland, a brother-in-law of Aggie Jackson's, now Mrs Sutherland.

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"SOCIAL PURPOSE." By H. J. W. Hetherington, M.A. (F.P.), and J. H. Muirhead, LL.D.

We were promised a review of this book by one well able to judge of its worth, but we have been disappointed. It is a very stimulating book. The authors' central thesis is "the transforming power of the mind of man," and they hold that "the course of all civic greatness is the kindling of the individual's care for the common achievement." It is in this spirit that they keenly analyse the problems connected with citizenship and personality, social institutions, the family, the industrial system, education and the State, and show how the ideals of democracy bear upon them.

Births.

GRAHAM.—At Dollar, on 20th December 1918, the wife of A. M. J. Graham, solicitor, a daughter.

THOM.—At Nairobi, on 25th January, the wife of Maurice St Clair Thom, B.E.A. Police, of a son.

Marriages.

WOODSIDE—MORRISON.—At Kelvinside U.F. Church, Glasgow, on 21st December 1918, by the Rev. Professor Moffat, D.D., assisted by the Rev. David Smith, St Ninian's, Stirling (uncle of the bride), Peter Woodside, Germiston, Transvaal, to Mary Drew (Mollie, F.P.), elder daughter of the late Alexander Morrison and Mrs Morrison, 35 Annfield Road, Partickhill, Glasgow, late of Sobraon Villa, Dollar.

MELVIN—HOLLAND.—At 9 Crosbie Street, Maryhill Park, on 21st December 1918, by the Rev. W. Newman, Lieutenant James G. Melvin (F.P.), Assistant Roads' Officer, Northern Command, son of the late Captain Melvin, Dollar, and Mrs Melvin, Wakefield, to Martha Wood, youngest daughter of the late David Holland, of Woolstanton, Staffordshire, and of Mrs Holland, 9 Crosbie Street, Maryhill Park, Glasgow.

DAWSON—CORBETT.—At St Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, on 15th January, by the Rev. A. G. Sykes, M.A., vicar of St John's Over, assisted by the Hon. H. E. S. Lambart, Ven. Archdeacon of Salop, George Cecil (F.P.), youngest son of the late Dr R. S. Dawson, I.M.S., and Mrs Dawson, Ashton-in-Makerfield, to Edith Evelyn, third daughter of the late Thomas Corbett, J.P., C.C., and Mrs Corbett, Cotonhurst, Shrewsbury.

SLOAN—FULTON.—At Pollokshields Parish Church, on 26th February, by the Rev. S. J. Ramsay Sibbald, M.V.O., B.D., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King, assisted by the Rev. George H. Morrison, D.D., Wellington Church, Glasgow, Herbert Cochrane Sloan, C.A. (F.P.), Glasgow, youngest son of the late William Charles Tennant Sloan, C.E., Glasgow, to Jessie Graham Elmslie, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs William Elmslie Fulton, 14 Regent Park Square, Glasgow, and granddaughter of the late Mr William Weir, J.P., Springfield House, Belfast.

Obituary.

SPENCE.—At Fresno, California, on 20th December, of influenza, William Young Spence, aged 40 years, second son of the late Alexander Spence, formerly a teacher in the Academy. William was editor of the *Sunmaid Herald*. He is survived by his brothers, David Spence and Lieutenant John Spence, and his sister, Mrs Warren Brown, all of Fresno County.

GRAHAM.—At Dollar, on 22nd December 1918, Susan Riach, aged 26, wife of A. M. J. Graham, solicitor, and daughter of the late Robert Steel, M.B., C.M., and of Mrs Steel, Helen Place, Dollar.

SPENCE.—At Woodcot, Dollar, on 22nd December 1918, William Ian Spence, aged 18 years, son of the late Dr William Spence and of Mrs Spence.

DUDGEON.—At Melvich Cottage, Dollar, on 28th December 1918, James Dudgeon (F.P.), for many years connected with the North British Railway's goods delivery department, Dollar. A man much respected, ever ready to oblige.

JACK.—At Dean Cottage, Dollar, on 30th December 1918, Matthew Jack, builder. A very highly respected townsman and trustworthy tradesman, who will be greatly missed. Our sympathy is with his bereaved widow and family.

WILSON.—At 20th General Hospital, Dannes Camiers, on the 16th January, of pneumonia (after four and a half years' service), Lieut.-Colonel Gavin Laurie Wilson, D.S.O., M.C. (F.P.), 8th A. & S. Highlanders, dearly beloved husband of Mary A. Wilson, 78 Copland Road, Govan, Glasgow, and third son of Mr and Mrs Wilson, Schoolhouse, Tillicoultry.

COUSINS.—At a nursing home, Dundee, on 1st February, Christina Dingwall, beloved wife of John Cousins, butcher, Glenview, Dollar.

BEATTIE.—At Station Road, Dollar, on 16th February, Marion Gillies (F.P.), second daughter of Charles Beattie, fishmonger.

School Notes.

FOOTBALL.

FROM the table of matches played it will be seen that the School XV. is passing through a lean year. On paper they look a likely lot, and from a study of Mr Drysdale's statistics of the team and his comparisons with previous XV.'s we would expect good things of the combination.

It is well, however, to remember that the team statistics miss out what is a very important factor in the total effectiveness of a team, namely, the experience of the players, and it is this factor which has proved the weak part in this year's XV. Not for several years has the total football experience of the XV. been so small, and thus though the pack is heavy it lacks the knowledge of years to make use of its powers. The threes are all young at the game, and the halves have had to be changed through losses, and at back no real sure defence has yet been found. Though Johnson may be a very smart and plucky little fellow, he is far from the standard of 1st XV. backs we have known of old.

In the pack there is a want of cohesion, in a few cases a desire to wing which is disastrous to the good working of the whole. The threes, thanks to the kind offices of Mr Colin Macmaster, maintain the keenness and methods so well known in our XV., and given another year we feel confident they will be superior to any other line that may oppose them.

A word in season to every member at this point seems advisable. "Pay attention to hints given and don't think you are perfect." Against Watson's the XV. made a very poor show, and were kept on the defensive practically all the time—the scrum seemed to be the strong part of the XV., but other reports give it that the scrum was at fault, and thus the back line had no opportunity.

In the Kenmore match the forwards played an excellent game—one such as we like to see—the threes had many chances, but the ground was bad for travelling quickly, and the score was certainly low considering the amount of the game the XV. had.

Possibly the best game played was against Allan Glen's. The School XV. were in tip-top form and monopolised the play, but a stiff defence kept every attempt from succeeding, and after a bombardment of the defence for more than half the game the XV. had to be content with a draw.

Just as the above game was a spirited attack, so the game against Heriot's was a dour defence. Only through sheer dogged tenacity

did the XV. keep down the score to 6 points, for Heriot's were in great form.

The 2nd XV. have only had two matches, but expect to play return games before the close of the season. In the game against Morrison's Academy bad marking of one man in the opposing side brought about the loss. The 2nd XV. were much better all round, and had the better part throughout the game, only they were lax and suffered.

Against Strathallan House the team made no mistake, and were out for a win, which was duly registered by the aid of Shackelton, Chisholm, and Johnson.

Date.	Team.	Points.	
		For.	Against.
Dec. 7.	Royal Scots Fusiliers - - -	21	6
Jan. 11.	George Watson's College - - -	0	44
" 18.	Kenmore - - -	11	3
" 25.	Allan Glen's - - -	0	0
" 30.	Mr Falconer's XV. - - -	17	5
Feb. 1.	George Heriot's College - - -	0	6
" 22.	Royal High School - - -	4	19
Mar. 1.	George Heriot's College - - -	0	18

In last number of the *Magazine*, page 192, line 4, read, "In weight the backs indeed are only equal to the forwards' average"; the reading should be, "In weight the backs indeed are only equal to the average."

HOCKEY.

WE have received the following report on the Hockey XI's work :—

During this term the Hockey had fallen off a great deal. Though the XI. are keen and combine well they lack that go and energy in tackling and hitting which goes so far in upsetting the opposing side. Not only this, but the running is poor.

An excellent performance, however, was the game against Dunfermline Physical Training College, when the XI. carried off the honours by the extra goal.

So far 6 matches have been played, 3 won and 3 lost. Points for the XI. 13 against 14.

The backs have played consistently well during the season, and have been a source of confidence to the others.

Of the halves, E. Bradley alone can be singled out for mention. She plays a steady game, and uses her head in all her work.

Among the forwards the play could be greatly improved both as regards hitting and running. From the touch one feels that the forwards are afraid to hit hard. M. Napier is easily the best, and does some very fine work indeed.

Under the careful guidance of Miss Miller the younger girls are being trained in the mysteries of the game, and some of them are shaping in a very promising manner.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Copy of letter from the War Office re Machine Gun.

"SIR,

"I am directed to inform you that in consequence of the work of the Officers' Training Corps at Dollar Institution during the war, representations were submitted to the War Trophies Committee that a distribution should be made in order to recall to future generations the part played by both officers and cadets of the contingent in preparing candidates for commissions during the Great War.

"I am to inform you that the War Trophies Committee, under the Chairmanship of Mr Macpherson, M.P., P.C., Under-Secretary of State for War, has allotted a German Machine Gun to your Institution, and I am to request you to inform me whether the trophy is acceptable.

"I am, SIR,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) M. E. COLFS,
Director of Staff Duties."

Extract from letter from the War Office.

.... "The Council wish me to take this opportunity of thanking you personally for the help you have rendered during the war. They realise that all the schools have been depleted as regards staffs, but in spite of all difficulties the same spirit has continued, and the Public Schools have supplied the army with material such as no other country could hope for. I am to request you to convey the appreciation of the Council to your assistant masters who have given their services in the Officers' Training Corps to training the boys to fit themselves to lead their fellow-citizens in the face of the enemy. The Council feel that the Officers' Training Corps, which was designed for such a war as the present one, has more than justified its formation, and the credit that it has won in the war is

due to the labours, on its behalf, of the masters and assistant masters of the schools of the United Kingdom."

BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY.—The above society has been revived and put in working order with H. Bodeker, *President*; I. Sime, *Vice-President*; R. Heyworth, *Secretary*, and a representative committee from the Senior and Intermediate classes. It is not proposed to have a full programme this session, but a magazine night and a debate are being arranged.

Mr John James Turnbull to be a Junior Inspector of Mines in India, to fill the vacancy notified in June last.

We are sure that our readers will share our sorrow caused by the following notice—"At the Hospital, Penang, Straits Settlements, on 27th October, from influenza, J. E. Scott Brown."

Roll of Honour.

IN last number of the *Magazine* reference was made to the celebration of the Centenary of the opening of the School, and also to the proposed memorial in honour of former pupils who have fallen. The three schemes suggested were—(1) The purchase of the cricket field; (2) the erection of a suitable memorial in the School itself or in the Academy grounds; (3) the foundation of scholarships for the children of Dollar men who have been killed or disabled. An encouraging response has been made to the appeal for funds to carry out these objects; but we are sure that many more F.P.'s than have yet subscribed will wish to do their part, and the Headmaster will be glad to hear from them. All subscribers will have an opportunity of expressing their views on the subject of the nature of the memorial, and the wishes of the majority will be observed. Subscriptions for the purchase of the field may be ear-marked for that purpose.

Among the recent decorations awarded to former pupils of Dollar we have noticed the following:—

Mrs JAMES WALKER, Gorakhpur—M.B.E.

Major A. VICTOR MONK, 2nd King Edward's Horse, attached 3rd (Light) Tank Battalion—Military Cross.

Lieutenant WALTER BARTHOLOMEW, 100th Canadian Grenadier Guards—Military Cross.

Lieutenant (Acting-Captain) KIVAS BURTON FORSTER, Manitoba Regiment—Distinguished Flying Cross.

Lieutenant STEPHEN FLEMING, R.A.F., has been mentioned in dispatches.

Captain W. B. MORGAN, 9th Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who has been awarded the M.C. and bar, is the eldest son of the late Captain Morgan, St Dogmaills, Dollar, and of Mrs Morgan, Tayvallah, Bailieston. He was educated at Dollar Academy and Glasgow University, where he played Rugby for the 1st XV., and took his blue in 1911. He was mentioned in dispatches last year. He joined the army in 1914. His younger brother, Captain H. B. MORGAN, Glasgow Highlanders, has also been awarded the M.C. and bar for gallant and able leadership. He was educated at Dollar Academy. He is now twenty-three years of age.

The following prisoners of war have now returned safely home :—

Lieutenant IAN A. LAUDER, Machine Gun Corps.

Lieutenant W. M. SNADDEN, A. and S. Highlanders.

Lieutenant STANLEY CAIRNS, Royal Air Force.

Lieutenant DAVID MILLER, Royal Air Force.

Private JOHN HALLEY, Seaforths.

Private W. K. GULLEN, Machine Gun Corps.

Lance-Corporal C. M'CALL, Royal Scots.

Private A. B. SAUNDERS, Cameron Highlanders.

Lieutenant DAVID R. CAMERON, Royal Air Force.

Lieutenant R. W. B. MATTHEWSON, Royal Air Force.

Captain W. ELLIOT, Cameron Highlanders.

Lieutenant ALFRED PATERSON, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lieutenant JOHN BROWN, Black Watch.

Lieutenant W. FERGUSON, Norfolks.

Lieutenant C. R. DOUGALL, Royal Air Force.

Captain R. WHITTAKER, Berkshire Regiment.

Lieutenant J. D. M'LAREN, A. and S. Highlanders.

Captain RALPH DARBY, Scottish Rifles, attached Machine Gun Corps.

Private WM. BENNIE, North Staffordshire Regiment.

Captain W. MELVILLE CHRISTIE, Royal Army Medical Corps.

Private P. C. MILLAR, South African Artillery.

DOUGLAS WALKER, Civilian Prisoner.

Lance-Sergeant JAMES ANDERSON, 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was a Territorial when war broke out, and immediately offered for foreign service. He went to France in the middle of December 1914, and served continuously with his battalion, except for a few months which he spent in Egypt. He had suffered from trench fever, and was home on leave in September 1918. Ten days after he returned, his battalion was marching on the village of St Almand, north-east of Cambrai, and he was killed. Lance-Sergeant Anderson was a son of Mr Robert Anderson, formerly of Dollar, now residing at Alva House Steading.

Private WILLIAM MURRAY SLOAN, Canadian Infantry, killed, was the youngest son of the late Bailie Sloan, Kinning Park, and of Mrs Sloan, 1 Sherbrooke Avenue, Pollokshields. He was educated at Bellahouston Academy and Dollar Academy. He was three and a half years in the army, and was twice wounded and once gassed.

We deeply regret to announce the death of one of the most brilliant Territorial officers who have been trained in Dollar Academy. GAVIN LAURIE WILSON was the son of Mr and Mrs John Wilson, Schoolhouse, Tillicoultry. Colonel Wilson enlisted as a private in August 1914, and received his commission in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in the following month. He speedily proved that he was a born soldier, and received rapid promotion, being made a Lieutenant in January 1915, Captain in September 1915, and Major in June 1916. In September 1916 Colonel Wilson was severely wounded. His military honours include the M.C., the D.S.O., the Legion D'Honneur, Croix de Chevalier, and Croix de Guerre. Colonel Wilson was recently married, and much sympathy is felt for his young widow and for his father and mother, upon whom the stroke of bereavement has fallen very heavily since war broke out.

With great regret we record the death of Private THOMAS M'KENZIE, Royal Engineers, who died in hospital in Italy on his way home. He was a son of Mr and Mrs James M'Kenzie, Keeper's Lodge, Dollarbeg, and our sympathy goes out all the more to them because they have to mourn the loss of another son, Private Allan M'Kenzie, 9th Black Watch, who died of wounds received in France on 11th September 1916.

We have received the following particulars about BRYAN WRIGHT, whose death was reported in the last number of the *Magazine*. He left Dollar in 1896, and completed his education in Aberdeen. After training in the Bank of Scotland he went to Canada in 1901,

and was in a good position in the United States when he joined the American Army to be sent to France. He was killed by shell-fire in the fighting near Fillers les Cagincourt.

The death is announced at Weston-super-Mare of Major-General WILLIAM STENHOUSE of the Indian Army, at the age of seventy-five. General Stenhouse was a son of the late Mr Robert Stenhouse, of Comely Park, Dunfermline, and was educated at Dollar Academy and Edinburgh University. He entered the army in 1858, and for the long period of thirty years served in India, chiefly in the Indian Forest Department.

Private ROBERT SYME, Scots Guards (gassed), is in hospital in France. The other day a soldier was brought in so badly wounded that he was dying from loss of blood, and Private Syme at once volunteered to give some of his, and a pint and a half was taken from him. The Colonel of the hospital has recommended Private Syme for three weeks' home leave for his courageous and timely action. It is perhaps worthy of mention that Private Syme's father (Mr Syme, Old Town, Dollar), after repeatedly offering his services, has at last, at the age of fifty-six, been accepted for service abroad with the Royal Engineers.

We regret that there is no further news of Private A. W. G. BLACK, Scottish Rifles; Lieutenant JAMES MORRISON, Gordon Highlanders; Private J. S. NEILSON, Scottish Rifles; Lieutenant J. H. G. TUCKWELL, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders attached Royal Engineers.

Greater Dollar Directory.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

THOM, WILLIAM S., Deputy Commissioner, Paletwa, Arakan Hill Tracts, Lower Burma.

HUNTER, H. G., Khaligat Tea Estate, Khaligat P.O., South Sylhet.

HOSACK, W. R., stockbroker, National Bank Building, Comet P.O., Box 115, East Rand.