



SCHOOL NOTES.

Decr 1901

To the Boys.

I AM sure, boys, you all will be very sorry to hear that Mr. Johnstone is leaving us at the end of the present term. I feel sure also, that you all will agree with me, that we should place on record in our School Magazine our gratitude to Mr. Johnstone not only for the excellent manner in which he has edited and written it, but also for the many services he has rendered the school during the last two years. Mr. Johnstone has always taken a very lively interest in every thing connected with our school. As a master he has been to me a very loyal and helpful colleague; and you all know what excellent service he has done for us in our games. Not only has he taken the duties of Hon. Secretary to our Cricket, Football and Sports Clubs, but he has also contributed largely to many of our successes in matches by his conspicuous ability on the cricket and football fields.

He leaves us with the best of good wishes from boys and masters alike.

T. T. LEE-JONES M.A., HEAD MASTER.

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About half-term we had an unexpected vacation, welcome enough to the majority of us, although the reason for the break was to be deplored. One of our number was unfortunate enough to contract diphtheria, and it was thought likely that the malady would spread. There was a great demand for mufflers in Guisboro' and a few of the more enterprising boys managed to acquire sore throats of the ordinary type. Happily there was never more than one actual case. Acting

on the advice of the medical officer, Mr. Lee-Jones decided to close the school for a fortnight, so that the drains might be tested and the premises thoroughly disinfected. The School broke up on Friday, October 24th, and met again on the morning of November 11th, and since then we have been free from illness of every kind. The enforced holiday meant a serious interruption of work,—and football too. To make up in some measure for the loss of time, we have been spending two hours in school each Saturday morning; and as for football, two matches only have had to be abandoned. It is good to know that Ramsden is almost himself again; he has come to be regarded by his schoolfellows as a martyr and public benefactor, who gave up his own liberty that his comrades might have more. This may or may not be some consolation to him.

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We have news of some old boys who are not unknown to the present generation. Many will remember for instance, the illustrious race of Borradailes. Two of its members are now to be found in distant parts of the Empire. Noel is at work in the Mashonaland agency at Bulawayo; whilst Gavin has gone to Winnipeg to learn farming. Rupert, familiarly known as "Mousie," follows his brother to Canada next March. The united ages of these pioneers scarcely total forty-five, and now only the stalwart Llewelyn (irreverently called "Taffy") is left to fight for hearth and home in the event of an invasion.

True genius has a way of forcing itself to the front even amidst the most unpromising