



**DORNOCH
ACADEMY
MAGAZINE**

1948

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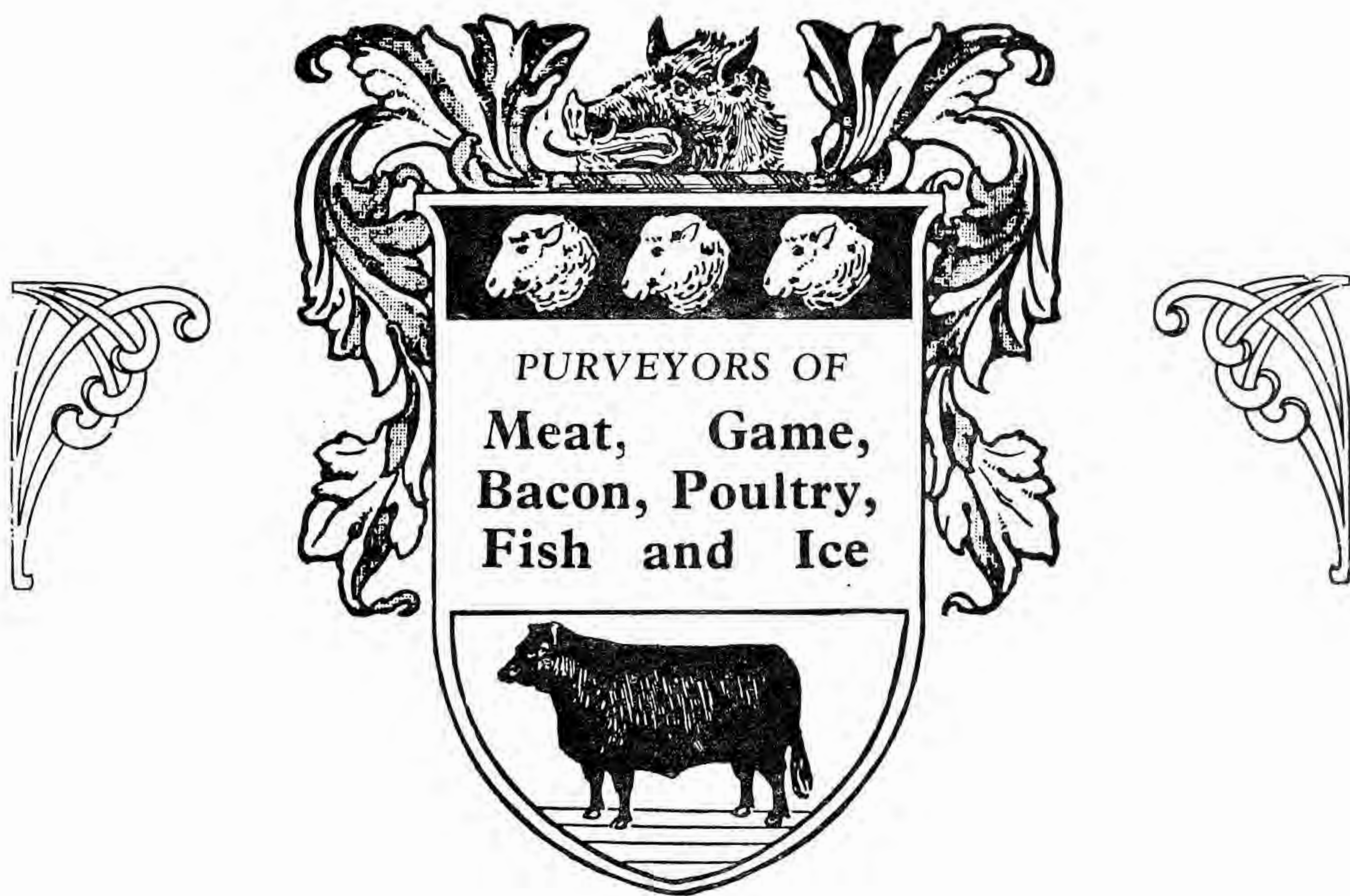
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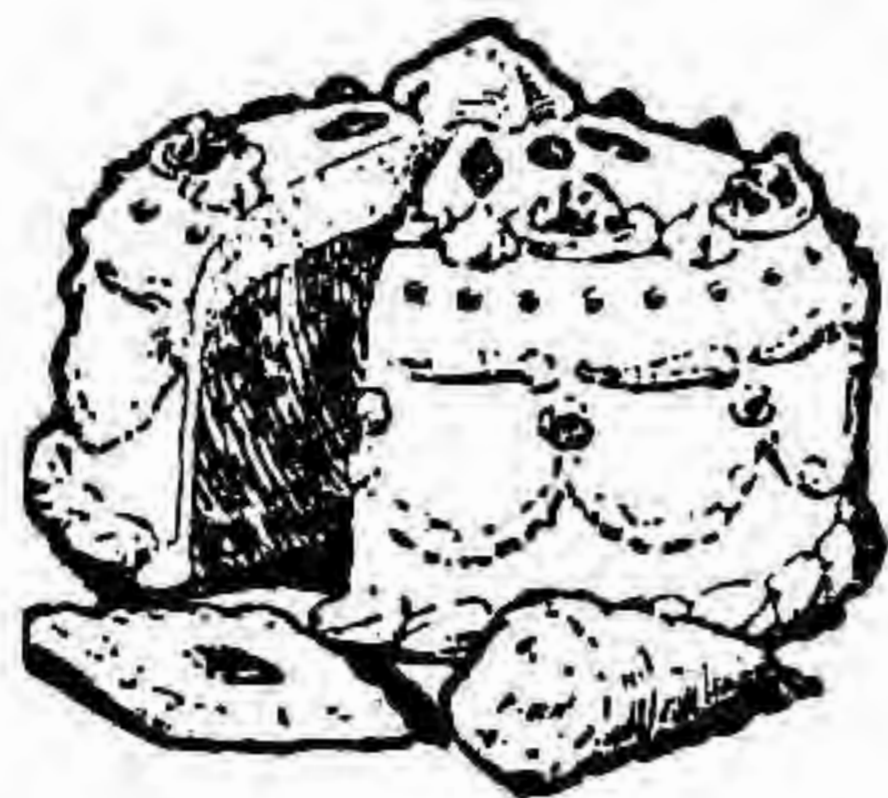
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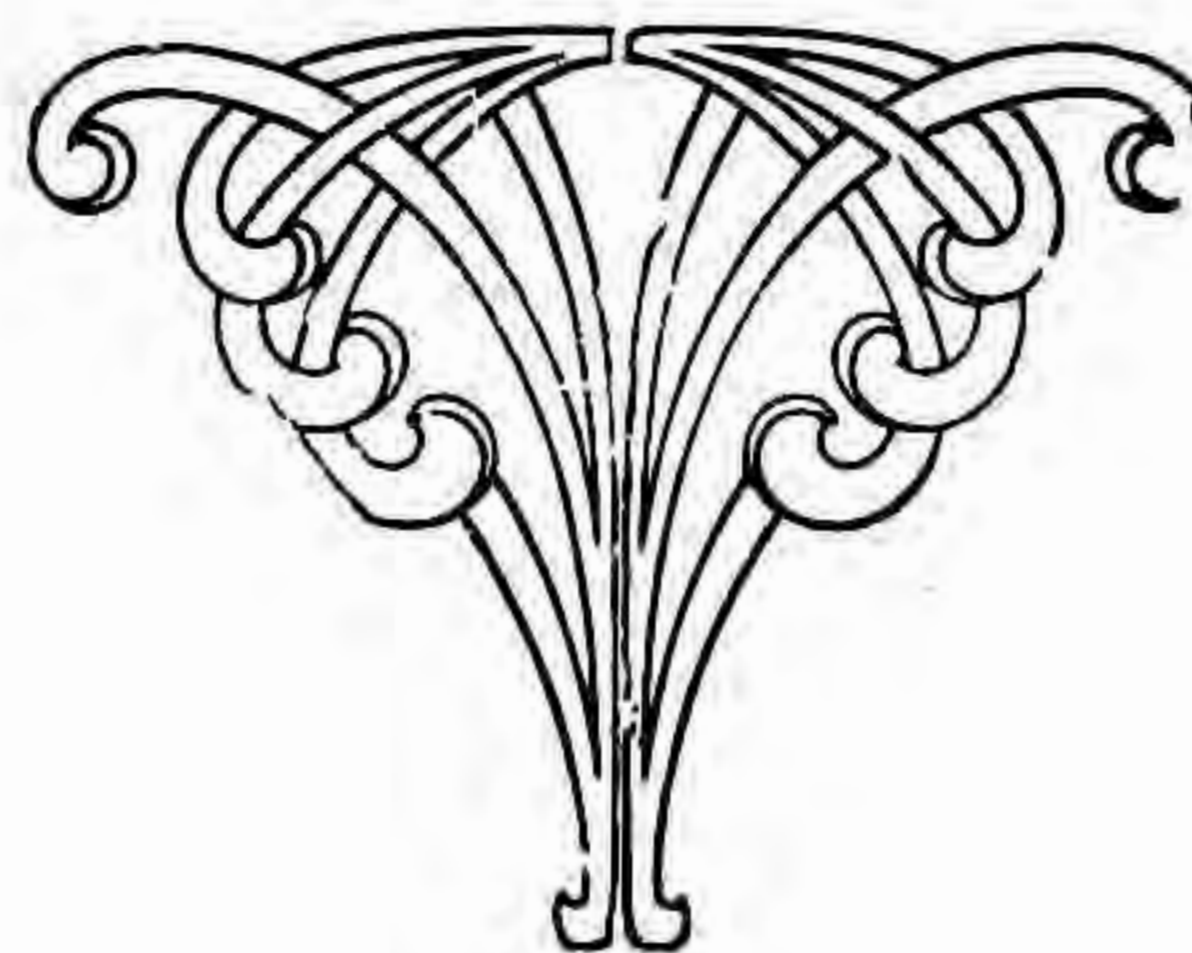
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DORNOCH



DORNOCH ACADEMY MAGAZINE

1948.

EDITORIAL.

With mixed feelings of pleasure and trepidation we venture forth on the publication of our second Magazine from Dornoch Academy.

As soon as the bustle and strain of the "Highers" were over, we found time to divert our energies to the compiling of this Magazine. In the Junior School we truly discovered "a nest of singing birds." A certain bashfulness, however, was revealed by the pupils of the Secondary Department in showing their capabilities, but after a little gentle coaxing or rather prodding with an invisible goad, contributions began to flow in with ever increas-

ing volume. We had to wade through every conceivable kind of literature, and the task of selection, although interesting, was indeed difficult. The articles, which we have selected, represent the efforts of pupils from the Infant Department to H.G. VI., with the addition of some interesting contributions from our Former Pupils.

We should like to thank all those who have helped to make another number possible, and we hope it will prove of interest to all who read it, and a worthy successor to our first attempt.

School Chronicles.

The School has almost completed another year of quiet activity. Throughout the year, owing to the increased number of pupils attending the Academy, visible changes have been taking place. The School is now extending in two directions. On one side a block of new classrooms is quickly springing up, and on the other a spacious dining hall. Last September Ross House—named after our Director of Education—was opened, accommodating twenty-five girls from different parts of

the County. This is a beautiful mansion, situated in its own grounds, and the girls are indeed fortunate to live in such lovely surroundings.

It was too late to include in last year's Magazine several interesting events which took place in June. A successful School Concert was held on two successive nights in the Territorial Hall. It consisted of a musical playlet by the Junior School, choral singing and two plays by the Secondary pupils, the amount realised being over £70. After the lapse of the war years, the Gaelic Mod was revived in Lairg, and we are happy to say that some honours were brought to our school by

the choir and by solo singers. This year we are repeating our efforts with, we hope, even greater success.

The Academy continues to show its keenness in sports' activities. Last year's School Sports were held on a glorious day of June; and after two hours of keenly contested events, the School saw that they had two future champions of whom they might boast. We trust that this year these two champions along with other enthusiastic competitors may uphold the noble traditions of the Academy in the Inter-School Sports to be held in Dornoch in June! The Llewellyn Hacon Golf Cup, competed for annually, was won last June by William Skinner, who had Alan Thom as a close runner-up. The handicaps were arranged by Mr Mackay, our former Rector, a keen golf enthusiast, who still retains a lively interest in the pursuits of the Academy. And finally our School Football Team reached the final of the Paynter Cup, but were defeated by Brora. In this year's venture we wish them all success.

As is customary before the Christmas vacation, the various sections of the School held their annual parties. The Junior School had two jolly parties complete with cinema shows. The pupils of the Secondary Department had to split into two parts, for the pupils in H.G. I. had so increased in numbers that a special party was arranged for them, which they declared was a splendid success, while the rest of the Higher Grade pupils enjoyed an evening of games and dancing. Special thanks are due to their Graces, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, for their generous donation which made those parties so successful and enjoyable.

The School is never forgotten by her Former Pupils and friends, for during the past year, Mr Donald Grant from London, and Mr Ian Chisholm, on holiday from the United States, visited their old school on different occasions, and both gave delightful and illuminating talks on life in the United States,

while another Former Pupil, Mr Angus Murray, has presented a Dux Medal for the Academy this year. At this point we must thank not only Mr Murray for his kind gesture, but also all those Former Pupils and friends, who, with their contributions, made possible the revival of a Prize Giving Day. It is strange, too, how even those who have nothing to do with the school have surprised us by their generosity, for just a few weeks ago, the tradesmen employed in the renovation of Dornoch Hotel, handed over to our Rector, before their departure, a sum of over £5 to be used for school purposes. To these very kind anonymous friends we give our sincerest thanks.

The School Canteen flourishes as much as ever under the able supervision of Miss Alice Macrae, and last year she and her assistants served well over 30,000 lunches. Truly a noble effort! Nor must we forget another sphere of school activities—the collecting of money, week by week, for National Savings Certificates. In this sphere Miss Grant continues to do yeoman service as our Saving Certificate Treasurer, last year the total amount received being over £400.

Finally we must mention our School Magazine—an innovation of last year. It was a bold venture, but an extremely successful one, for four hundred copies were sold within a few hours! The School, in this connection, are very grateful to all those business people in the burgh who supplied us with advertisements and so helped to make the Magazine such a financial success.

Meanwhile school work proceeds with its attendant pleasures. "Highers" have been sat, inspectors have paid their yearly visits, term exams are nearly over and exercises done—almost. And soon the curtain will ring down on yet another successful school year.

FLORENCE GRANT } H.G. VI.
ELIZABETH LUMSDEN }

SECONDARY DEPARTMENT.

The Village Smithy.

As I entered the village, all was quiet and motionless, for all the cottagers were away in their fields, but suddenly a clanging noise rang out from the smithy which stood in the centre of the village. Its stone walls were coated round the door and windows with a crust of soot and dust. Below one of the broken windows lay a pyramid-like heap of coke surrounded with mud. Here and there in the blackened mud twisted pieces of rusted iron lay in confusion. From the wide chimney beside which some of the slates had been removed, poured a thick black smoke into the blue sky. In contrast to the blackness of the smithy at the north end of the building an elder bush spread its snow around.

On entering the smithy I could see through the smoky atmosphere the huge form of a Clydesdale waiting impatiently to be shod, a farmer at his head, the sweating Cyclops round the anvil and the sooty spectre of the assistant. The glowing coals, under the influence of the labouring bellows, roared with the fierceness of a jungle lion. Above the creaking of stiff leather and the roar of the furnace could be heard the ringing of iron on the anvil, as the blacksmith hammered the hot iron into shape. Then, when the hot shoe touched the horse's hoof as it lay on the blacksmith's aproned lap, the smithy was filled with a sizzling noise, a burnt smell pervaded the air and a white column of smoke rose swiftly from the hoof to mingle with the black smoke of the smithy.

As the blacksmith worked, I marvelled at his strength and skill. He was a great broad-shouldered man whose muscles, tough as steel, rippled under his dark gypsy-like skin. He was like Hercules himself, as he stood to take a more distant survey of his work. His huge head was so well poised that he had the air of a Royal Guard standing at ease. Over his dark eyes a big stray clump of hair occasionally fell, rendering him blind, when, with a curse, he swept it away again with a vicious stroke of his great black hands. His long trousers were held up by pieces of stout rope, while covering

his huge chest was a shirt which had once been white, but now it had the colour of dark clay. When in repose to me he looked like an ancient statue of a wrestler carved by some Greek sculptor.

To complete his work the smith grabbed the hammer and nails which were by his side, and with the ease of an expert, he drove the nails into the solid hoof. One by one the nails disappeared, until the smith made sure that the shoe was secure. Then he looked at his work from all angles, and finally turning to the farmer, he nodded his head, as if to say, "a good job, well done."

I walked out into the sunlight, and looking back into the smoky atmosphere of the smithy, I could see the shadowy forms of the smith and the massive Clydesdale and the red glow of the furnace.

HAMISH MACKAY, H.G. III.

A BRAW DECESSION.

Oh mony's the lass that I hae lo'ed,
In this short life o' mine;
An' there's mony mair that's in this warl'
That's bonny and douce an' kin'.

Oh some are dark an' some are fair,
An' some are in between;
An' the een o' some are blue or grey
Or brown or black or green.

Oh mony's the lass that hae lo'ed me,
Oh mony's the hert I brak';
But this I ken, and ken it weel,
There's nane ma wife wad mak'.

Times I sit an' ponder on't,
O' ane or twa or three;
Whiles I think, an' noo I ken,
A bachelor—that's me.

RUSSELL ANDERSON, H.G. IV.

A Guest of the "L.M.S."

(September 1947.)

It all began one day in School, when two lectures sent by the L.M.S. Company, were read to us by one of the teachers, on the development and organisation of the L.M.S. Railway. There seemed so much information in these lectures that, by the end of the reading, in my brain there seemed to be a confused noise of wagons and trains, marshalling yards and still more trains, and wagons jolting each other and clattering along rails. The information seemed endless. How could I marshal it all together? Yet one blazing hot afternoon in School I managed to sit down and write an essay, and then I promptly forgot all about it.

Imagine my surprise when I was informed that I, along with another Academy youth, had won the prize for Sutherland from the "L.M.S."—a free trip to Inverness, first-class railway passes, a night amid the spacious surroundings of the Station Hotel and a visit to the marshalling yards of the "L.M.S." at Inverness: and to add to the pleasure of our trip the "L.M.S." had unwittingly selected two school days!

And what do I remember of the trip? First I think of a very early start by car to the Mound Station; then of ourselves as two awkward youths lounging back rather guiltily and uneasily on our first-class well-cushioned seats, conscious that we were mere commoners intruding into another world for a short time; then our arrival at Inverness where a Railway Official quickly spotted us, no doubt because we were somewhat spruced up for the occasion, and looked rather bashful and awkward.

It was a day of great interests and what had been a mere dry lecture suddenly seemed to be transmuted into reality amid the stir and industry which we found in the great marshalling yards of a station. We saw engines being stoked and cleaned, wagons being examined and passed as fit either for the road or rather rail or being sent to the repair shop; then we were guided into sheds where nuts and bolts of every kind and size were being made by electrically driven machines; into works where tinsmiths and leather workers were making knickknacks designed for the passengers' com-

forts; indeed all that was necessary for the smooth running of goods' and passenger trains.

But there was a lighter side to our day: a tour by car along the silvery waters of Loch Ness; a visit to a cinema; the spacious rooms of the Station Hotel; the soft tread of waiters at our back; the feeling of having plenty money in our empty pockets!

And then for home. But somehow we seemed to shrink back into our normal selves, when the Guard of the little train waiting for us at the Mound, seemed somewhat sceptical, as we lightly stepped into a first class carriage, for he knew us well as two schoolboys. But this time we were playing no pranks, for we were able to produce to his amazed sight our first class passes. Then the little toy engine went puffing liesurely along the waters of the Firth—it, too, a willing servant of the "L.M.S." and murmuring as it went: "Better late than never." The trip was over and next day I was again "creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

The moral of this little account is: "one never knows what lies round the corner in life." May some youthful student, like myself, achieve the same unexpected success by the writing of a mere essay!

NEIL MURRAY, H.G. IV.

A MIGHTY KING.

The scarecrow rules the cornfield,
He is a mighty king.
His subjects are the pheasants,
And the birds upon the wing.

The wheatstalks are his courtiers,
They bow, a million slaves,
As little winds come rustling
Over the golden waves.

The moonshine falls upon him,
Bathing him with light,
The ragged King of Cornland,
Alone in all his might.

PATRICIA McDONALD, H.G. I.

Personal Column.

Vth and VIth.

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample
page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
unroll."

—Gray.

D-V-D M-RR-Y.

"How sweet it were, hearing the stream,
With half shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream."

—Tennyson.

B-TH L-MSD-N.

"Pardon the girl; such strange desires
beset her."

—Alice Meynell.

-L-N TH-M.

"Since Chaucer was alive and hale
No man hath walked our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse.

—Landor.

B-RB-R- M-C--L-Y.

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep."

—Byron.

J-HN M-CL--D.

To him "Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

—Gay.

FL-R-NC- GR-NT.

"A little child, a limber elf,
Singing and dancing to itself."

—Coleridge.

W-LL--M P-RK-R.

"Pleased with a work where nothing's just
or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit."

—Pope.

-SHB-L M-CL--N.

"Dear! you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens."

C. Rossetti.

G-FFR-Y P-RR-R.

"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird."

—Wordsworth.

IVth.

"Their heads sometimes so little that there is
no room for wit; sometimes so long that there
is no wit for so much room."

—Fuller.

-L-C- TH-MS-N.

"And oft, as if her head she bow'd
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

—Milton.

D-N-LD M-C--L-Y.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."

—Shakespeare.

-S-B-I, M-CK-Y.

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale.

—Milton.

K-NN-TH R-SS.

"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin' timorous beastie."

—Burns.

R-SS-L -ND-RS-N.

"He tramples on earth or tosses on high
The foremost who rush on his strength but
to die."

C-TH-R-NE M-CL--D.

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure."

—Milton.

C-L-N M-CK-NZ--.

"I am out of humanity's reach."

—Cowper.

SH--NA M-CL--D.

"Loose were her tresses seen, her zone
unbound."

—Collins.

N--I, M-RR-Y.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world like a Colossus.

—Shakespeare.

TH- T--CH-RS.

"Delightful task! To rear the tender
thought,

To teach the young idea how to shoot."

—Thomson.

My Strange Pets.

When I was a small child I was very curious in my ways, and perhaps the most curious thing about me was my love of strange pets. I have tamed the most extraordinary creatures in my time; I have kept field and white mice, a squirrel, an albino cat, salt and fresh water fish, leeches, sundry dogs of all shapes, colours and sizes, and even I was able to tame spiders.

A pet to whom I became very attached was a spider called William whom I found in a shed. He was a fine fellow about the size of a sixpenny bit, and of a glossy black and white colour. I caught him at the side of a rafter, and installed him in the porch at the front of the house. Each day I used to catch flies for him to eat. This practice made me exert myself very much and, though I tried to entice him to eat oatmeal and crumbs, I was never successful. He had a huge glittering web to which the Lady of the House objected very much. For several months I saved him from her wrath, but one day her rage boiled over, and with a sweep of a feather duster she put an end to William's sojourn in our house. Angry at being disturbed, William must have scuttled out of the door, because I never saw him again.

Other strange pets were horse-leeches which I found in a pool. I had about eight of them which I kept in a large glass jar of water, and each day I used to take worms to them. They had a strange method of eating. They had a sort of sucker at each end of their body by which they caught hold of the worm. Sometimes they ate two or three worms at one meal, and so became swelled to enormous proportions. For days after a meal they would lie bloated and torpid at the bottom of the jar. Frequently I found that a smaller leech had gone, and at last I discovered what had happened. A large and a small leech would attack each end of the same worm. Gradually they would eat the worm until they met. Sometimes the worm would break, but often the large leech would go on eating, until it eventually swallowed the smaller one. But apart from these untoward accidents the leeches were very tenacious to life. One day I left the cover of the jar off by mistake. Returning next day I found the leeches had vanished. Searching on the garage floor I retrieved three of them,

dry and hard and with no visible signs of life. I put them back in the jar and left them. Next day when I visited them, to my amazement they had completely recovered and were quite ready to be fed. I managed to keep the remaining leeches exactly a month, but one day, careless as usual, I left the cover off the jar. When I returned home, the leeches were gone, and, though I searched all over the floor, I could not find them.

Another strange pet was a squirrel whom my father found lying half dead in the wood. He brought him into the house and laid him before the fire. Gradually he recovered under the influence of the heat and of warm milk. When he was able to sit up, my elder sister lifted him, but was promptly bitten. For several days we kept him in a box, and gradually he recovered his spirits. One day I carried him into the garden and placed him on the branch of a tree, but he was not yet able to climb and so I took him back into the house. But alas! Next day, when I came home from school, I was informed that the squirrel, who had been running gaily about the house, had been seized upon and killed by a long quadruped. The dog was in disgrace, and was so for many days after. In silence we buried the squirrel in a shoe-box coffin in my pets' cemetery, which contains the remains of animals enough to fill a small ark.

RODERICK ROSS, H.G. III.

SONG SPARROW.

He sings across the wakening lawn
From pencil shadows of the hedge,
Under clouds of April blue
Softly ragged at the edge.
He sings from boughs newly in bud.
Where last year's leaves still crisp and cling.
As though this morning he awoke
And by himself invented Spring.
And when we hear, we, too, believe
He sings, this speck of spicy brown,
As though spring grew upon a tree
And only he could shake it down.

KATHLEEN SHAW, H.G. I.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

At dawn he flies to the forest
 Where gloomy ways do meet,
 Where the birds' orchestral chorus
 Is music rich and sweet.
 But at evening forth he gallops
 Clad in his velvet coat,
 With gleaming pistols at his side,
 A ruffle of lace at his throat.
 He robs the coaches and mail cars,
 As they jog through the country lanes,
 And carries away the silver and gold
 From proud lords and stately dames.
 He laughs, as the jewels glitter
 In the darkness of the night,
 Snatched from his luckless victims,
 For none dare resist his might.
 In moonlight you see his swift horse
 Flash through the country lanes,
 Bearing his master in triumph
 With his booty and ill-gotten gains.
 And back to the forest he gallops,
 And hides for another day:
 And hears the sweet song of the brook
 And the wind as it passes his way.

VIOLET MUNRO, H.G. II.

The Countryside in May.

When I awoke in the morning, the sun was streaming so brightly into my room and the birds sang so sweetly that I walked into my garden with happiness in my heart. There the plum and pear trees scattered their blossom on the dew covered grass. I opened the gate, and, crossing the road, I went down a lane, avenued with trees.

As the sun filtered through the branches which were tinged with green, it cast chequered shadows on the carpet of dead leaves which covered my path. I peeped into a rhododendron bush, which grew near the path, and there to my delight I saw a thrush's nest made of twigs and grass and smoothly lined with mud, containing four blue eggs spotted with black. On

a branch nearby sang the mother thrush with "a fine, careless rapture". Further along I found a blackbird's nest and in it were five green eggs speckled with brown.

Behind the trees stretched broad, rolling fields, some filled with gay lambs, others with dark green blades of corn moving gently in the breeze, and here and there I could see a peewit carefully guarding its nest in the ground from intruders.

I wandered along feeling very happy, for it seemed that the loveliness of Nature had filled my heart with joy. Suddenly I stood still, for, borne on the breeze, I heard the two-fold call of the cuckoo. I walked on again and through the trees I saw a small lake, and on its banks grew a long belt of daffodils, so gay, ever glancing, ever changing, a beautiful picture, just as Dorothy Wordsworth must have seen by Ullswater.

As I walked past the lake, two graceful swans floated over the water and I heard in the distance the tap, tap, tap of the woodpecker as he searched for insects. The path now dipped into a gully, and, as I entered it, a roe-deer crashed over the dry twigs and stopped suddenly to look at me. I stopped, too, and after sniffing the air the deer bounded away and was soon lost to view.

When I emerged from the gully I found myself on the edge of a heather moor which stretched down to the sea. I walked across the moor towards the sea and I soon came to sand-dunes. Above my head seagulls whirled around, screaming, so I knew that their nests must be among these sand-dunes. I searched among the tufts of heather which grew out of the sand and there, in the middle of a large tuft, surrounded by grass interwoven with heather, lay three olive coloured eggs spotted with brown. I looked round for more nests, but they were too well camouflaged, for I could not find any. Still the seagulls swooped and circled round me, as I walked down to the shore where the waves lapped gently on the stones. The blue Firth reflected the sky as it shimmered in the sunshine, and away to my right rose the giants of the west, silhouetted against the blue sky.

Far up in the heavens the skylark gaily sang its sweet song and, as I retraced my steps, I felt that all my cares had been carried away on the wings of the gentle spring breeze.

HELEN FORSYTH, H.G. III.

When I was Very Young.

I often love to sit back and day dream, letting my mind wander to the childish things I did when I was three or four years old.

I distinctly remember, even to-day, a picture of an old knight which hung opposite the dining-room doorway at home. Such piercing angry eyes had this knight that I was always afraid to look up at him, and, when I did something wrong in this room, I was forever conscious of his angry gaze, as if he strongly disapproved of me. I hated him, until one day my hatred made me act in anger. Seizing a book I threw it straight at the picture, and to my delight it came crashing to the floor. Then I stood on it and broke the glass in a hundred bits. Now I had won a victory over this horrible figure who had made my life a terror; now I could do as I wished in this room. Even the severe reprimand I received from my mother was nothing to the triumph I felt over having conquered this scowling image, who had terrified me from day to day.

My chief delight in those days was an old tattered doll which I treasured more than anything on earth. It bore no trace of a face, one arm was missing, and often I ran to hide it, if I heard rumours of its threatened destruction. But one day I discovered that my beloved doll had been replaced by a lovely new one with a china face, blue eyes and flaxen curls. At the first sight of it I hated it. Indeed I must have possessed a mania for destroying things I disliked in those days, because I caught the doll by both legs and smashed its head against the doorstep. How I enjoyed seeing its lovely face in pieces! Then after this cruel deed I ran away in search of my real doll, which I found thrown away in the dust bin, from which I carefully withdrew it. That night my mother found the new doll, now headless, thrown carelessly under my bed and in beside me was the old one as usual.

Once when I was about four years of age I espied a box sitting on the kitchen table. I was sure there must be something good in it; so after a struggle I managed to climb on a chair and peered excitedly into the box. In it there was a pile of eggs, and I, being very curious to know what was inside those white objects, lifted one up and let it drop into the

box again. It broke and in my delight I proceeded to lift the eggs one by one and let them plop into the box, until it became one glutinous mess of white and yellow yolks and broken egg shells. My mother on hearing a peculiar sound ran into the kitchen. In my excitement I shouted "Mummy, look at this!" But to my horror I found myself receiving a good thrashing. I went away crying, thinking how strange those big people were, for I had been so happy breaking those white objects which splashed out their insides so easily.

Now when I look back, I realise how different my small world was then. Every day I seemed to see something new and strange, and my world was full of wonders. Now I am growing out of that world into one of greater interests and sterner realities.

BELLA MACKENZIE, H.G. II.

MEMORIES AND HOPES.

Old Royal Dornoch,
Dornoch, my home by the sea.
How I love your links and sands,
Moulded by Nature's unseen hands.
Often I wander
And gaze o'er your beautiful firth,
Longing for summer to come again,
Till I bathe in its glorious surf.

Royal Dornoch Golf Club,
Home of the ancient game.
On your course I would like to aim
To be a golfer of prowess and fame.
But I am only—
A caddie playing a very lone hand,
But anxious to learn the Royal game
On a course so naturally planned.

Dornoch Academy,
"Royal" you are not yet.
From your floors and desks have gone
Pupils of merit and no little fame.
Perhaps I may ponder—
If I the future could see—
That in the years to come there may still be a
hope
Of my turning out "Royal" to thee.

HUGH MUNRO, H.G. III.

My Impressions of Ross House.

When I arrived in Dornoch, as a new pupil for the Academy, I felt rather strange and lonely, because for the first time in my life I was to live away from my home in Scourie. For me Hostel life was to be an entirely new experience.

My first impressions of Ross House on that lovely September day augured well for me. As I entered the large gate, I saw before me a short drive leading to a stately house with freshly painted windows which glinted in the sunlight. It stood amid a spacious garden and round its lawns were sycamore and beech trees in all their autumnal glory.

The interior of the house equally impressed me: large, airy rooms freshly painted and beautifully furnished; vases of flowers here and there; a wide staircase leading up to long corridors and airy bedrooms; and to my delight I was allotted a bedroom looking out over the shimmering waters of the Firth and beyond to the whiteness of Tarbet Ness Lighthouse.

I had never expected to live in such delightful surroundings. That day twenty-five rather homesick girls were individually welcomed by our Matron. But very soon that feeling of loneliness disappeared, and we soon became one big happy family. I began to enjoy this communal life.

The hostel is situated some little way from the school. Off we start every morning in merry groups down the hill and through the little town up to the Academy; then back to the hostel again after our day's hard work to our evening meals; then homework for school and also some innocent fun with each other! We are indeed fortunate in having a wireless set, and sometimes, in a spare moment, Mr Jim Duff, our gardener, will entertain us with lilt-ing tunes on his bagpipes. I remember how, after all our term's work was over, we enjoyed our Christmas Party dancing to his music!

Hostel life has taught me much. It has taught me to become a tidier and more punctual person than that other "me" away back in Scourie! It has taught me the value of sharing life with others; to be more thoughtful and considerate of others; and, above all, it has given me new friendships, which I should perhaps have missed, if I had lived

apart from those other twenty-four high-spirited girls.

I have enjoyed life in Ross House, and so I shall look forward to spending another happy year in that lovely building.

ALICE THOMSON, H.G. IV.

MY LADY FAYRE.

In Good Queen Bess's glorious reign
Back from the West Sir Walter came,
And with him brought his bride, I ween
'Twas fayre my Ladye Nicotine.

But here it is the custom due
To treat with caution habits new,
And what a slight this must have been
To fayre my ladye Nicotine.

But by and by as time went on,
This churlish mood was past and gone;
The bridal charm by all was seen
Of fayre my ladye Nicotine.

Then came a time of strain and stress
When all were soothed by her caress,
And women worshipped at the shrine
Of fayre my ladye Nicotine.

The Goddess fair tried hard to please
All needy, nerve-wracked devotees,
A state of things quite unforeseen
By fayre my ladye Nicotine.

And so the Powers-that-be must try
Her great attractions to decry,
And now it's "ten for one and nine"
For fayre my ladye Nicotine.

Though long ago the bridegroom died,
She's dearer than she was as bride.
If dearer yet, we'll still be keen
On fayre my ladye Nicotine.

So when we're back to days of plenty,
Remember "three and six for twenty"
Nor ever worship at the shrine
Of fayre my ladye Nicotine.

ISABEL MACKAY, H.G. IV.

HIGHER GRADE I.

Here are some of the pupils of Higher Grade 1.

In alphabetic line;

So here's a bit about some of them

To show just how they shine.

A is for Alick, a great sport is he.

B is for Barbara, a picture is she.

C is for Charlie, his hair it is jet.

D is for Davina, her twin you'd have met.

E is for Ernest, we don't keep him here.

F is for Fay, who is rather a dear.

G is for Garry, a keen football fan.

H is for Harry, a polished young man.

I is for Isa, a young Embo lass.

J is for John, a model in class.

K is for Kathleen, so good at a game.

L is for Leslie, "Long John's" surname.

M is for Magnus, he needs a big seat.

N is for Naomi, her hair's in a pleat.

O does not stand for anyone here.

P is for Pat, a fresher this year.

Q is a letter which I must omit.

R is for Ruby, a maiden of wit.

S is for Sander, with fair glossy hair.

T is for Tommy, who in fun likes his share.

U is for Una, she's first in the class.

There is no-one with **V** so it I must pass.

W is for William, he thinks school is grand,

But **X**, **Y**, or **Z** for no-one does stand.

ISABEL MACLEAY, H.G. I.

The Life of a Shepherd.

The life of a shepherd is not one to be envied, for in every season of the year he is called on to tend his flocks.

The toils of his summer life are too often underestimated by indoor workers, who think of him only in terms of long walks in glorious sunshine through the hills, where the misty winds are free to blow against him. They fail to realise that he must often walk too far. Surely no great pleasure can be derived from trudging over scorched hills—when every spring is dried up by the blazing heat—with perspiration streaming over your body and a parched throat through shouting to a

weary dog. The summer months are, indeed, the shepherd's most strenuous part of the year. Not only must he gather in his flocks from the distant heights, but he must also know how many sheep he should have, account for those missing and, like every good shepherd, recognise each one by sight.

At this time a part of his duties which requires special care is the shearing of the sheep. This is strenuous work which calls for strength as well as skill. Each sheep, as it is "clipped," is marked with melted tar or a dab of paint, and joyfully does it leap, relieved of its burden, from the shearer's clasp. Nor must the shepherd's work beside the dipping tank be forgotten, although it is perhaps not so skilled as that of shearing. For a few days his hands seldom leave the tank, heaving sheep into it and out of it all day long. His back is bent, he reeks with the strong smell of dip; yet he finds in his work a simple joy.

But in the beginning of Autumn he is usually free from the actual handling of sheep, yet even then there is work for him—fences and dykes, to prevent his flocks straying away to the mountains, are repaired in preparation for the rigours of Winter.

When Winter snows, sleet and hail rage in earnest, then no one faces the blizzards more eagerly than a shepherd in search of his sheep. Find his flocks he must, whatever may be the cost. He never spares himself. With his faithful collie he braves the elements to dig among the snow. His knowledge of the hills he had so often climbed so vigorously often fails him; he finds himself at sea on his native heath—lost on his familiar hillsides. Yet seldom does he return home unable to account for every sheep of the flock.

Then when the snow disappears, he is once more master of the hills, and master of the hills he has to be, for spring is approaching, which means to him an ever increasing flock and the care of lambs. Every nook and cranny, the ledges of precipices, and the depth of valley are daily trudged over in search of newly born lambs. Then does each step impress so many incidents of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear upon his mind. Like a book so does each area of moorland preserve for him the memory of dumb animals which he had saved, had fed or sheltered: to such acts is linked the certainty of honourable gain. Continually we see him returning home with a motherless lamb in each pocket, and carrying one or two in his arms. Those he cares for and

feeds at home, until they have enough strength to fend for themselves.

And so his work goes on from season to season. It is, indeed, a noble occupation which calls for a gentle, yet strong character, a love of animals and communion with the beauties of Nature. Day after day he roams over the hills far from the jarring sounds of humanity; instead the music of birds and the gushing of mountain streams are company enough for him. At daybreak he may be seen on a lofty peak, his crook in his hand, and his faithful collie by his side. In the coolness of evening, silhouetted on the skyline, the shepherd and his dog, like monuments moulded out of the rock, stand watching over the flocks which peacefully graze on the hillsides.

BARBARA MACAULAY, H.G. VI.

SONGS OF SPRING.

Hearken, O Children, hark and rejoice
At the thrilling note of the skylark's voice,
Flooding the heavens so clear and so blue
With her song of rapturous love so true.

Hearken, O children, when nature is still,
To the cry of the curlew, plaintive and shrill,
Out on the moorland, lonely and bare,
When light fades in the west, and chill is the air.

Hearken, O children, in the green tree grove,
To the song thrush fluting his song of love;
To the sweet sad lilt of the cushiedoo
Cooing so softly his "me and you."

Hearken, O children, hearken again
To the voice of the cuckoo stirring the glen;
To the cry of the lapwing, piercing and shrill,
From the green springing corn or crag on the hill.

Hearken, O children, in the deep shady dale,
To the plaintive tale of the nightingale,
To the twittering of swallows around cottage eaves,
As they skim and glance among leafy trees.

Hearken, O hearken, the chorus of Spring!
How rich is her music, when sweet birds do sing;
It bursts through the trees, it fills the deep glen,
With harmony splendid. Hark once again!

MARINA GUNN, H.G. II.

DIRGE ON THE FIFTH FORM.

The clanging bell denotes the start of work,
And weary pupils school-ward plod their way;
The Fifth Form hopeful of a chance to shirk,
Pray that the teachers will not look their way.

The English room first claims them for her own;
The balmy atmosphere seems strangely quiet,
Save where a Fifth Form boy some ode doth drone,
And English teacher murmurs "not so bright!"

Next into French room trudge these hopeless louts,
And David falls asleep—or so it seems!
The pleadings and exasperated shouts
All fail to rouse him from his profound dreams.

For him subjunctives no real thrills do hold,
Nor rules which all good pupils ought to know;
His thoughts are wandering to the castle old,
And oft a vacant frown doth cross his brow.

Now into realms where Virgil holdeth sway,
The armed Fifth Form gladiators go;
Johannes and his second, Mr May,
They swiftly lay the proud Aeneas low.

Then into Science, Maths. and History
These pitiable objects slowly tread;
But they receive no laurel wreaths or glory,
Only rebukes, which they no longer dread.

But teachers should not mock their useless toil,
Their exercises—never quite correct,
Nor Fourth Form hear with a disdainful smile,
The many errors of this simple sect.

For in this much scorned Form—one cannot tell—
Maybe a Strachey—perhaps a Stafford Cripps—
A poet or an author here may dwell,
A speaker who'll move millions with his lips:

And now, I needs must close this elegy,
If not, my intellect I'll sorely strain;
I am a Fifth Form pupil, too, you see,
And am not over-burdened with much brain.

WILLIAM PARKER, H.G. V.

An English Period.

The bell went, and the future candidates for the Leaving Certificate surged through the corridor like a minor tidal wave. The frail door of the Art Room yielded to the gentle pressure of the Child Hercules' little white hand, and the Fourth Form bustled in with its usual air of purposeful resourcefulness. The girls, like all good little girls, sat down demurely and took out their books. Not so with the boys, however, who like all good little boys, had long since decided that the ceremony of sitting down in the Art Room must needs be accompanied by a great deal of fuss and bother, and a general disarranging of the furniture. The frail stools and light desks of the room were admirably suited to this decision; and not until the Herculean stalwarts of the class had, with their usual elephantine grace, overturned several stools and incidentally a couple of the girls' cases as well, did the class settle down to the study of the Stratford Poet. The Mona Lisa in the corner above the door smiled benignly at the sight of the curly-headed babies of the Fourth rocking precariously on their narrow seats.

The play in question was "Twelfth Night." The Fourth with its usual distaste for all things gay and romantic, managed to instil into the poetic lines a little of their own vast fund of tragic melancholy, as was amply shown by the heart-rending tones with which the Child Hercules made his way through the opening lines:—"If music be the food of love"

The lesson proceeded. Whatever their faults, it cannot be said but that the Fourth enjoyed reading Shakespeare. They excelled at dramatic recitation, putting just the right feeling and tenderness into the words, as a bashful youth showed by reciting "Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty" with a coyness and hesitation not entirely due to his blushing discomfiture. The Child Hercules became very agitated and prompted him in a gusty whisper.

On being reprimanded, his liquid brown eyes and whole face assumed a child-like expression of injured innocence. Now a rusty haired giant as Viola, proclaimed in stentorian tones how, "concealment like a worm in the bud fed on 'her' damask cheek," and professed his undying love for Orsino as represented by the last of the Herculean trio.

Now the teacher decided that the boys must display their dramatic ability by acting the garden scene from the play. So parts were allotted, and the unwilling stalwarts gently lowered the desks, which they had supported with their knees, and lurched out to the floor. The three Titans, taking the parts of the conspirators behind the hedge, endeavoured to hide their enormous bulk behind the blackboard, while Malvolio, with a decided West-coast accent, contemplated the joys of married life. They had just entered into the hilarious spirit of the game, and were enjoying themselves immensely, when from behind the dangerously swaying blackboard came a venomous whisper of "Oh for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!" just as the door opened, and the Rector entered with his usual breezy smile and laid a copy of the weekly "Hansard" on the table. The Fourth, ever on the lookout for a chance to laugh at the expense of their seniors and superiors, guffawed uproariously. The girls, after politely enjoying the joke, found the boys' continued mirth rather tiresome and took advantage of the situation to digress. Two of them could be seen deep in conversation, while a flash of blue and a rhythmical mutter of "fero, ferre, tuli, latum" betrayed the fact that at least one of the others was probing the mysteries of Latin Verbs.

And so, the Fourth wandered through Illyria, dreamily breathing its pure serene air, until the bell brought them back to reality. After a frantic gathering together of books, the class departed, to sigh over the perplexities of irregular verbs, or to delve into the antiquated mysteries of Pythagoras as they are set down in a beautiful, grey book called "A School Geometry."

CATHERINE MACLEOD, H.G. IV.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION.

Impressions of Varsity Life.

While still at school you wonder vaguely what life will be like at the University. It usually turns out to be quite different from what you imagined—neither as glamorous nor as formidable; and you will be either disappointed or hugely pleased, according to your outlook. Your first impression is bound to be the large scale on which everything is done. The classes are very big, the work is harder and there is more of it, and the horizons are wider than they used to be. Much of the discipline of school has disappeared, and with it have passed the supervision and personal tuition which used to be the rule in school classes. At first you often think with regret of the old school days which, although not very exciting, were always safe; and you miss the help and guidance which used to be yours at every turn. Gradually as the first feeling of strangeness and insecurity wears off, you begin to experience a glorious freedom, due to the fact that you are left to work or otherwise, much as you like. The system of work at University, however, is like the iron fist in the kid glove, as you soon find out at examination times.

The atmosphere of a lecture theatre is completely different from that of an ordinary classroom. This is due not only to the larger number and wider variety of people present, but also to a marked change of attitude. The large proportion of older students give an air of maturity to the class. Your schoolmaster talks at you. Your professor talks to you: you are on an equal plane. You are free to listen or not as you please, and, if you do not agree with what is said, you can loudly voice your disapproval or alternatively do so by kicking the bench in front. If the lecturer cracks a particularly well-known joke, there is usually an uproar for some minutes. For probably the first time you will be addressed as "Ladies and Gentlemen," which is oddly pleasing, until you look round and discover that the term is well merited. Your troubled gaze may even come to rest on one or two bald heads almost

as venerable as the professor's own. Soon you will discover that professors in general are of three main types: those that are far too attractive to be listened to; those that are too dull to merit being listened to; and those that are so efficient that you need not listen, because you can read up their discourse word for word afterwards in some text book, if you are so inclined.

It might be well to conclude with some mention of University Clubs and Societies. These are many and varied and wise in the ways of freshers, and, if due care is not exercised, you may find yourself paying an appalling number of subscriptions. If, however, you do eventually join one or two which really interest you, you will find them a never-failing source of diversion, and a very good way of becoming absorbed in the social life of the University.

MARELLE MUNRO, IM.
Edinburgh University.

MEMORY.

Oh wind why blow
So hard across my heart,
And scatter memories
Like Autumn leaves
Which dance and whirl
Through my deluded brain?
Or like raindrops
Falling from above
To form a pool below,
Where I shall sink
Down, down, down
In the cool green waters,
Until I can see
But ripples deepening
Into ever wider circles
Far above
Oh wind of memory
Blow no more on me,
But give me peace!

ANN M. MACLEAN,
3a Glasgow University.

PLAIN WORDS.

A few days ago I had a letter which ran something like this—"We suggest that X Y Z stock would form a useful addition to your portfolio and we are of the opinion that at no very distant date a more general recognition of its intrinsic merits will eventuate in its disposal being possible at a considerably enhanced value." The writer is a perfectly sane and normal individual and in ordinary conversation talks straightforward, honest-to-goodness English. All he wanted to say on this occasion was "I think the price of this stock will go up," and if he were talking to you he would probably have said just that. Why then does he produce this rigmarole when he writes a letter?

Until a few days ago I had imagined the reason was that he particularly wanted to impress me, and although I regarded his method as silly, I was probably rather flattered by the thought that he had taken so much trouble just in order that I might be impressed. In the interval, however, I have been reading Sir Ernest Gower's book* and it is quite evident my ideas were mistaken. It now appears that the reason for my correspondent's torrent of words was not a desire to impress, it was simply that he was lazy. This of course is not nearly so flattering to the recipient of the letter but I have no doubt Sir Ernest is right.

You cannot write clearly, he tells you, unless you think clearly, and clear thinking is very hard work as anybody who has tried knows. It is so difficult that many people go through life without doing it at all. But Sir Ernest explains you are not forced to go to all this trouble. If you are too lazy you avoid it, by simply leaving your mind blank and letting the loose, vague, ready-made phrases come crowding in. They will almost do your thinking for you and with their aid you will find it surprisingly easy to write a letter like the one I have mentioned.

The main fault of present day writing is this tendency to be long-winded and complicated instead of direct and simple, and Sir Ernest's book ought to be the constant companion of those who are liable to the vicious disease of circumlocution and verbiage. In particular it should be a text book for the senior classes of

schools. The rules it imposes are few. Say what you mean, urges Sir Ernest. But first make up your mind exactly what you do mean. Then having made up your mind what to say, choose the right words to say it.

To do this he lays down three simple rules:—

1. Avoid the superfluous word.
2. Use the familiar rather than the far-fetched word.
3. Use the precise word rather than the vague; in particular prefer concrete words to abstract.

For example, instead of saying "This is of considerable urgency" say "This is urgent," and rule out all those meaningless "comparativelys," "definitelys" and "relativelys" that disfigure the pages of so many letter writers. Do not use words like "commence" and "proceed" when "begin" and "go" will meet the case, and lastly avoid those abstract "positions," "conditions" and "situations." "The food position will be relieved" is a stupid and roundabout way of saying "more food will be available."

If we stick to these rules we can afford to ignore many of the artificial aids to correctness.

For instance, the idea that a preposition should not be used at the end of a sentence was exploded by the nurse who managed to get four of them in by asking her charge "What did you choose that book to be read to out of for?"

In short this is an amusing as well as an instructive book. If I can pluck up enough courage I shall send a copy to my stockbroker friend.

ANGUS F. MURRAY.

*Plain Words—Sir Ernest Gowers.

Edinburgh Students' Charities Day.

On the eve of May-day the citizens of Edinburgh were warned of the approach of the Students' Annual Charities Day with all its ceremony, by a Torch-light Procession through the city streets.

Thousands of students gathered near St

Giles, some in fancy dress, among whom were a number of Highlanders clad in various tartans. The proceedings were opened by the Lord Provost, who lighted the first torch and then the long torch-lit procession, watched by the crowds, threaded its way through the streets. As they made their way back to the old College, some of the men students departed from their usual decorous (?) behaviour and disconnected the cables of trams in Princes Street, plunging them in darkness. After a hilarious eightsome reel in the Quad., the crowds dispersed.

Early next morning hordes of students in every kind of costume poured from all parts into the centre of the town to begin their merciless campaign. We aroused considerable interest in the quieter districts. I overheard one old dear say to another something about "young people"—"the new look" with reference to my outfit. We spent the whole morning tramping the streets, rattling tins and trying to persuade people to part with their small change. There were a few amusing stunts organised to raise money. A trio of "charwomen" were busily engaged scrubbing Princes Street, while a hundred yards away some Eastern barbers were shaving customers—their own unlucky friends and any other unfortunate man whom they could force to fall a victim to their razor.

Several lively ceremonies took place. The Charities Queen was crowned; the Governor of the Castle, who had been "kidnapped" when the Castle was "stormed" was auctioned, and the climax of the day was reached with the colourful procession through the streets. Everyone crowded on to decorated lorries, some open, others closed army trucks—"cattle trucks" as someone kindly put it—and led by a pipe band, the procession slowly drove through the crowded streets, back to the starting point in George Square. This was the end of a hectic day; heavy tins were handed in by all with a feeling of exhaustion and anticlimax, but a few hopefuls still rattled them before passers-by. Everyone then went home to get out of dusty costumes, and enjoy the rest of the evening as well as sore feet permitted.

BETTY MURRAY,

2 Arts. Edinburgh University.

Impressions of Oxford.

Since I have come to Oxford, I have been deeply impressed by its quiet beauty and its indefinable air of grace, born perhaps of centuries of learning and tradition. Although Oxford is the seat of a flourishing motor car industry, there still remain an almost endless succession of buildings rich in architectural beauty and artistic merit and quiet gardens and walks where the roar and bustle of hurrying traffic may be forgotten in the beauty of meadow and river. Through all these pulses the heart beat of the great University, the Alma Mater of generations of men and women who have found here the impulse of their life's work, and have come to love the dreaming spires and multitudinous chimes which have surrounded them during their years in Oxford.

Oxford is always new. There are twenty-eight colleges, each one different and with its own idiosyncracies. The main gate of Balliol College has been left open until five minutes past midnight ever since a student was stabbed to death while beating on the gate at one minute past midnight in the distant past of the Middle Ages. The bell of Christ Church College rings one hundred and one times at midnight, and has done so since the College was founded with one hundred and one students. As a point of interest this college was built by Cardinal Wolsey as a palace for himself, only to have it appropriated by an envious Henry VIII. The men who built Brase Nose College (so called because of a big "brass nose" which was used as a door knocker) decided to court posterity by building statuettes of themselves and their tools along the eaves. Fittingly the foreman's statuette was placed seated round the corner of the building! From the centre of Magdalen Bridge there is a magnificent aspect of the great tower of Magdalen College from the top of which choristers greet May Day with the singing of a traditional hymn. By their tradition and history many other colleges, too numerous to dwell on, enhance this ageless old worldliness which gives the city its true character.

No description of the University is complete without reference to its students who seem to vary as much in their appearance as they do in subjects they study. Some are immaculately

ressed young gentlemen, others are more lax in their appearance with long hair, patched jackets and shapeless corduroy trousers, while a few incline towards the Bohemian mode of dress with stress on colour. Then, too, students from all parts of the world lend a cosmopolitan air to the city.

Nature, too, has played a part in endowing the city with beauty, and man has not been slow to develop that beauty to the full. Most of the colleges have their parks and gardens, my favourite being St John's College Gardens. Seated there among the trees and flowers with tame birds hopping all around and perhaps a friendly squirrel on the hunt for food, the peace and quiet of the countryside seems to emanate from the garden, although it is only a few yards from the centre of the city. The Thames, too, has a tranquillity all its own, as on a hot summer's day Oxonians glide lazily up and down the river by punt or canoe, perhaps thinking with Wordsworth,

"Glide gently, thus for ever glide
O Thames."

Thus having seen Oxford, once called "the city of dreaming spires," with its spacious parks, restful gardens, ancient colleges and an amazing profusion of trees, one may agree with Queen Elizabeth's clerk who said,

"He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace
And healthiness, ne'er saw a better place"—
with, of course, in my case, the exception of Dornoch.

EUPHIE ROSS-HARPER, Oxford.

May 1948.

Lend a Hand.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Rat-atat-tat.
"Half-past six!" 'Tis the nurses' rising bell.
To snuggle down a little longer is tempting,
but not wise. Up we scramble.

After dressing (Oh those studs and pins and starched collars!) we tidy our rooms and hurry downstairs and across to the dining room before grace is said (7 a.m.). The breakfast half-hour over, the Day Staff is on duty and, after reading the Night Report, we go to our allotted tasks in the wards.

Ours is a busy and pleasant day. As a first year student nurse I have to help with the patients' meals, make and straighten beds, tidy the ward and bathrooms, and make the patients as comfortable as possible. Sometimes I am given more advanced work. How delighted I am when I am allowed to take temperatures, administer injections or stay with a patient in the theatre! Everywhere I find kindness and encouragement.

I am enjoying my training—even though there are many examinations to be faced. To me there is much happiness in the cheery companionship of the girls and in the warm gratitude of the patients. The little kindnesses we do, seem to mean so much to those lying ill.

Life is enriched by friendships and in a nurse's life there are many opportunities of making lasting contacts. The knowledge that we are helping someone gives us an inward glow of pleasure and enables us to feel we are doing work worth while.

"Each morning sees some task begin
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

ANNE MCHARDY,
Western General Hospital, Edinburgh.

Retrospect.

A Highland Glen is to me as fascinating as a story-book. There is recaptured the wild abandon of childhood, the happy irresponsibility of early youth, when there seems to be a thrill in everything we hear, a spell over all that we touch.

These early impressions return with a peculiar pathos bringing up half forgotten thoughts, half shy remembrances. I can hear again the music of the waterfall over the rock with its smooth gleaming surface, again listen to "the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones." To walk beneath the pine-trees with their pungent aroma and hear the snap and crackle of the pine-needles underfoot fill the senses like wine. Does the brown pool beside the cave still hold its mysterious charm or the confusing pathways through the woods still enrapture? It is no trick of memory to

picture where the ferns lie in beds of moss and creeping plants wind their way around the coarse brown bark; nor to move further into the quiet and watch the silver birches lose themselves among the great elms and other giants of the forest, to see them spread their great branches in a vast canopy overhead.

I used to wonder what time the fairies came out to play and I imagined that Titania and Oberon could find no finer place for their midnight revels. And surely elvish Puck must lurk behind one of the sinister looking toadstools, almost hidden in the shadows.

If I pause and listen, I can again hear the low, moaning sigh of the wind in the branches,

a sound to make one eerie and afraid. It seems consistent, somehow, that amidst all this natural beauty, there is the feeling of awe and mysticism—it seems to underlie all this northern land with its bold outline and changing colour, with its glens, woods and hills, so dark and full of meaning to the Celt.

No, there is no forgetfulness of this glen, this fascinating corner of the world. It has lost none of its charm for me among "the madding crowd" of a great city. Its memory haunts me like a passion; it is like a first love.

SANDRA GRANT CARRIE, Edinburgh.

10th May 1948.

EFFORTS BY THE WEE ONES.

MY TASK.

I am a little scholar girl,
I try to do my lessons well,
But I can't always be in School.
Some days I am not well.

HELMIA GUNN, 5 years.

MY BABY BROTHER.

I have a little baby brother,
With hair as soft as silk,
With rosy cheeks and blue blue eyes,
And skin as white as milk.

ANN KENNEDY, 5 years.

I have a little Baby and her name is Diane,
She gets into mischief and I help her if I can.

DUNCAN BETHUNE, 5 years.

I am a boy who's known to all,
My name 'tis "Wee Macgregor."
Each day I play with my football,
And grow a wee bit bigger.

SANDY MACGREGOR, 5 years.

Each day we rise and go to school
There to learn our lessons
But Teacher says we're slow to learn
And always make a mess o't.

But even so we always try,
And try we must to learn them,
Perhaps one day we'll go away
And come back and surprise them.

MOLLY MACGREGOR, 7 years.

MY PUPPY.

I have a little puppy,
He is spotted black and white,
He is always into mischief
When I am out of sight.

DAN KENNEDY, 7 years.

I have a little pussy cat,
Her coat is silver grey.
I love to stroke her velvet back
Then let her run and play.

SHEENA MACKAY, 7 years.

I have a pet puppy dog,
His name is Nog.
One day I was crossing the heather
And he fell into a bog.

JEAN MACKAY, 6 years.

MY BICYCLE.

I have a lovely bicycle
It gives me lots of fun.
When I come home from School at night
I like to have a run.

WILMA URQUHART, 6 years.

"Sporran" is my doggie's name,
He follows me to school.
I have to put him home again
It is against the rule.

ANN ROSS, 6 years.

My chum is my twin sister Ann,
We dress each day the same.
We have blue ribbons on our hair
And Ross is our surname.

BETTY ROSS, 6 years.

On my way to school I see a lot of things.
I see lambs running in the fields. There is
corn and young hay also in the fields. All the
trees have young leaves on them and on a hill
at Achley I see white rabbits. There are
always turkeys and geese at Achley also.
When I am near the school I see the School
Bus coming from Rearquhar. When I reach
School I play till the bell rings.

ROSE MUNRO, 6 years.

MY GARDEN.

This month my father gave me a piece of
ground to be my garden. I dug it and man-
ured it myself and sowed some vegetable seeds.
There are also some potatoes and cabbage
plants and I put a border of stones round it
and some rhubarb at one side. Every night
when I come home from School I take a peep
to see if my seeds are coming through.

LEONARD D. WILL, 7 years.

I have a little brother
Who is always in trouble.
He loves making bubbles
And taking in rubble.

JASMINE M'KEE, 6 years.

FROM THE JUNIOR ROOM.

SCOTLAND.

Scotland is my native land,
The land I love so well;
The beauty of her woods and hills
Is more than I can tell.

I love to wander through her fields
And see the lambkins run,
Or watch the fishes in the streams,
That glitter in the sun.

IAN LIGERTWOOD, 9 years

I know some little kittens
With coats as soft as silk,
And every day I watch them
Lapping up their milk.

SHEENA MACLEAN, 8 years.

I love to hear the cuckoo's call
Upon an April day.
He comes to tell us all
That summer's on its way.

RENA MACKAY, 7 years.

SPRING.

The buds are bursting on the trees
The birdies sweetly sing,
The catkins sway upon the breeze,
These are the signs of Spring.

CATHERINE R. MACKENZIE, 7 years.

I have a little cat
That is getting very fat.
He runs through Mummy's flowers
While Mummy stands and glowers.

DON BOOKER MILBURN, 8 years.

The little lambs arrive in Spring,
The little birds begin to sing,
The meadows put on their coats of green,
And primroses bloom by the stream.

FLORA GRANT, 7 years.

TADPOLES.

Some baby tadpoles in a pond,
Swimming about all day;
Of the water they are so fond,
They do look happy and gay.
They feed on weeds and other things,
They sleep down in the pond,
And children come with jars with strings
To catch the tadpoles fond.
They take the tadpoles home
In the jam jar nice and clean,
And so they are always happy
When through the jar they are seen.

KATHLEEN KING, 8 years.

SCHOOL.

Whenever I hear
The school bell chime
I run to be in
By half-past nine.
I do my lesson with all my might
So that I can learn
To read and write.
When School is done
I hurry home;
To the woods I go
With my chum to roam.

ROSINA LESLIE, 9 years.

EMBO FARM.

When I went up to Embo Farm
At Easter time this year,
I played with Ricky's curly coat
And Ted the sheep-dog there.

We scampered through the fields and wood,
Chased rabbits by the dyke,
Then I went speeding down the road
Upon my nice new bike.

At night I fed ducks, geese and hens,
And chickens what a do!
I gave them corn and barley bruised,
And drinking water too.

What fun I had—I'll go again
And watch the lambs at play,
I'm always very busy there
Throughout the live-long day.

PETER DOULL, 8 years.

MY PET PUCK.

I have a little rabbit
It frisks about all day
It has a nice white habit
And really is quite gay.
People came to see him,
And he likes it very much.
When the night is getting dim
I cover up his hutch.
They say a black cat brings you luck
I quite believe it's true,
But I still love my little Puck,
I am sure you would too.

ELIZABETH BUCHANAN, 9 years.

I have a Baby Brother,
Billy is his name;
He is a little rascal
But I love him just the same.

When I come home from School
He meets me at the door
On his hands and knees
Crawling on the floor.

KATHLEEN LESLIE, 8 years.

I watched the little lambs at play
As I went down the hill.
The sun was shining on the bay
And all around was still.

ARCHIE MACRAE, 8 years.

SUMMER TIME.

I love to go down to dig and play
Down by the sea side every day
Dornoch is as nice as can be
With golden sands and a deep blue sea.

NANCY MACDONALD, 8 years.

VICKY.

We have a little cat and her name is Vicky.
Isn't it a nice name? I think it is very nice.

In the morning we let her into the house.
After we have breakfast she has her meal of the
scraps we don't eat. All day long she may
sleep on the hearth rug or perhaps go off to
catch mice.

My birthday is on Saturday and I shall give
her a little banquet all to herself.

COLIN MACRAE, 9 years.

When I lived in India my two sisters and
I were chased by a wild elephant one day. We
were driving the cattle out of our garden.
There was a bridge quite near our house and
the cow that was leading was just about going
on to the bridge when they all fled to one side.
We didn't know what was the matter so one
of my sisters ran along to have a look. It was
a wild elephant. She shouted and we all ran
as fast as we could because the elephant was
coming after us. Weren't we glad when we
got safely into the house!

HUGH DRUMMOND, 7 years.

MY FAVOURITE SPORT.

Of all sports I like swimming best. When
I go on holiday to Aberdeen the first thing I do
is pay a visit to the swimming baths.

Whether it is summer or winter the water
in the Baths is quite warm. The floor of the
Baths is covered with white tiles. There is no
fear of sinking as the suction pipes keep you
afloat.

After what appears to be a very short time
the Attendant comes along and blows his
whistle to let the bathers know their time is up.

I like swimming in the sea, too, and have
enjoyed many happy hours at the Dornoch
Beach, and especially diving off the big rock
which is far enough out in the water to make it
quite safe.

BILLY CHRISTIE, 8 years.

THE BEACH.

I am looking forward to my summer holi-
days and I hope the weather will be fine so that
I can go to the Beach every day.

We are lucky having such a lovely beach
with nice clean sands and plenty of room for
play. The water is very shallow for a long
distance out and it is very safe for children.

A great number of visitors come to the
Beach every summer.

Sometimes we have a picnic after coming
out of the water. The sea-air makes us very
hungry and we do enjoy the tea and sand-
wiches.

IRENE MURRAY, 8 years.

FROM THE SENIOR ROOM.

TORBOLL FALLS.

Torboll Falls is a lovely spot in summer. After a heavy rain-fall there is a great fall of water dashing down the steep rocks. If you stand and watch the spraying foam you can see the salmon leaping in the water and splashing up the ladders. During the summer months visitors come to picnic there. The scenery is gorgeous. Lovely trees and wild flowers grow in abundance all over the wooded slopes and further up the hills are magnificent with purple heather and beautiful heather bells.

CATHERINE M. GORDON, 9 years.

MY GARDEN.

In a corner of the garden
There's a place that's all my own,
I've weeded it and planted it
And seeds I have there sown.
The tall sunflowers are showing,
The marigolds are growing.
And there are little secrets
That are still to me unknown.
Will you come and see my garden?
It's all so trim and neat,
I've candytuft and mignonette
And also things to eat.

JANET LEVACK, 9 years.

MY PETS.

I have a little pussy cat
And she is black and white.
And a remarkable thing about her
She sleeps both day and night.
I like my doggie better
He goes with me for walks,
And sometimes when we are alone
He almost seems to talk.
I also love my little hens
They give me lots of fun,
And, when I go to feed them,
How eagerly they run.

SANDEE BAXTER, 10 years.

A VISIT TO THE CIRCUS.

The band was playing softly when the lights went down over the huge audience. Suddenly, into the ring came Koko, the famous clown, with two other clowns, who made us laugh with their funny tricks. After his turn came six beautiful white horses and ladies did all kinds of clever tricks on the horses' bare backs, while the horses were waltzing round the ring to the music of the band. The next thrill was a lion and a lady. She had a piece of raw meat which she put on her face, as she lay on the ground. The lion then came and ate the meat from off her face. Next came the acrobats who did marvellous tricks high above our heads whilst the audience held its breath. The performance ended when six African elephants came on with their trainer, who, at his command, formed a circle by taking hold of each others tails with their trunks and after many other tricks finally formed a pyramid.

ANGUS MACKAY, 10 years.

THE BOY SCOUTS.

I like to be a Boy Scout
We meet when School is done;
And we are going to camp this year
So we'll have lots of fun.
We learn to help, whene'er we can,
Be loyal, good and true,
So come and join our local troop
And we will welcome you.

DEREK OAKES, 10 years.

I saw a little Robin
Sitting on a tree,
He chirruped and he chirruped
Then flew away from me.

I saw another little bird
But I didn't know his name.
He sang a little song for me
Then flew off down the lane.

MARGARET MACKAY, 9 years.

A CYCLE RUN.

One Saturday my sister and I and some friends of ours decided to go for a cycle run. We started off, well-laden with our lunch and other eatables. First we went in the direction of Spinningdale and passed Larachan School where tiny red buds were peeping from the rhododendron bushes. When we reached Spinningdale, we turned up a road pointing to Migdale, and soon reached the Fairy Glen. We left our bicycles at the bottom, as the path up the Glen is very narrow and steep. It was lovely walking through the Glen that day. The primroses were out in full bloom and the trees were bursting their buds.

After we went over three bridges we sat down for a rest and admired the scenery around us. A small stream ran swiftly past sweeping

up everything that came in its way. We had our refreshments, then started again and soon reached the hut at the top. It was entirely made of logs with seats at the front, and windows nearly all round. It was beautiful there as we sat on the seats with a soft wind playing round us.

Then we walked down the narrow path again, and reached our bicycles and soon we were speeding on our way home. But first we decided to go to Newton Point to see Carnegie's Yacht. All we could see on the way down were hundreds of rabbits scampering into the bushes. The yacht was moored out on the Dornoch Firth and was a beautiful sight. It was well worth cycling extra miles to see it.

We arrived home late that night, but we were happy though terribly tired after our long cycle run.

ANNE SHAW, 10 years.

FROM THE QUALIFYING CLASS.

The "Paynter Cup" and the General's Football Party.

Last summer General Paynter, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Sutherland, presented a cup to the Sutherland Football Association to be played for by School Teams under fourteen years of age. I was one of the lucky boys to be picked for the Dornoch Academy team. When the draw was made we learned that our first match would be played against Lairg at home.

We were all keyed up as we ran on to the pitch for our first game, but we soon settled down to beat Lairg one, nil. Our next match was against Bonar Bridge and we had the good fortune to beat them two, nil. Now we knew that we would be in the final with either Brora or Golspie. Brora beat Golspie, so we looked forward eagerly to the Cup Final.

Then one day before the match, our Rector, Mr Ligertwood, informed us that the final was to be played in Golspie and that General Paynter was giving a party at Suisgill Lodge, Kildonan, to the winners and runners-up of his Cup.

To me this was a special joy, as my Mother's home was in Kildonan and I went there every year to see my Grandfather, ever since I was a baby, and I knew exactly where

Suisgill Lodge was situated. I also knew just how beautiful it was with its famous landscapes, gardens and the Helmsdale river flowing along with birch trees growing on its banks, and the Kildonan Burn running into it, laden with the famous Kildonan gold.

We travelled to Golspie by 'bus, but to our disappointment we were beaten, and the Brora boys won the Paynter Cup. Still we were happy, because we had this party to look forward to, and how we longed for the time to pass!

At last the great day came. Once again we travelled by 'bus from Dornoch taking with us Mr Ligertwood, our Rector, Mr Macdonald, the Provost of Dornoch and a few special guests of the General. We stopped at Brora and there at the School gate we picked up the Brora team and their master.

Soon we were crossing the Helmsdale Bridge and on to the winding road of the Kildonan Strath. On and on we went, passing places once famous, where the evictions of Sutherland took place. We passed the famous little Church where St Donan used to preach and also the late Dr Scott.

Then on we drove past Kildonan Lodge and how my heart thumped when we came to the wood pool, as I knew that round the corner was our destination. At last we were at Suisgill Lodge, and there stood the General

and Mrs Paynter waiting to greet us, and indeed they gave us a real Highland welcome.

Then the fun began. Everything a boy could wish for—shooting competitions, golf competitions, billiards, a treasure hunt, and to crown all the loveliest tea in the dining-room with the tables laden with every kind of sandwiches, scones, cakes and, above all, sausage rolls, of which we ate about six each, much to Mrs Paynter's delight.

The time simply flew past, for we were all enjoying ourselves so much, and we felt quite sad when we were told it was time to return home. As we were leaving we gave three hearty cheers to the kind General and his Lady who had made our party so pleasant. We arrived home in great spirits, everyone certain that this had been his finest party.

Our greatest wish now is to take the Paynter Cup to Dornoch this season.

DENIS BETHUNE.

OUR JANITOR.

Kenny Macrae, our Janitor grand,
He keeps our school so spick and span;
He sweeps and he cleans the whole day long,
He's always so happy and singing a song.
He's a piper grand with true Highland lilt,
And a fine looking fellow when dressed in his kilt.

He's nice to the girls and he's nice to the boys,
A right hearty prank is what he enjoys;
But if we are naughty, beware of him then,
He'll chase us away as fast as he can.

(But seldom we're naughty, we have a good rule,
To be always obedient and work hard in School).

In spring and in summer he's at school with the lark,
And in winter he's there, when mornings are dark.

But still he has time to play his gay reels
At Socials and Parties till the very roof peals,
And Scholars and Teachers held by his spell,
Dance Eightosomes, Schottisches, Gay Gordons as well.

So here's to our Kenny; long may he stay,
To be our good friend at School every day.

GEORGINA GUNN.

My Plane Trip from Canada.

On Wednesday the fourth day of February 1948, after the hurry and excitement of preparation for the trip, we started from our home in Ponoka for the Trans-Canada Airlines Airport at Edmonton. At 8.25 p.m. that day—Mountain Standard Time—we walked out on to the field to board the Trans-Canada plane; the beginning of our memorable trip to Scotland by plane.

It was my first time on a plane and I was very pleasantly impressed with the size and comfort of the passenger plane. The Captain made us very welcome and the steward made sure our seat belts were secure, before the plane taxied to the landing strip and slowly rose into the air.

It was such a beautiful sight to look down on all the lights of Edmonton gleaming in the winter night. Such was our departure from Alberta. During the night we landed at Saskatoon, capital city of Saskatchewan, Winnipeg, capital city of Manitoba, and Fort William on the Great Lakes. The steady drone of the motor on this trip gave everyone ear-ache.

I wakened at dawn on Thursday and looking out, I saw a carpet of fluffy rose-tinted clouds below and far below me I saw the moon sailing in the sky. A few minutes later we landed at Sault St. Marie. Soon after we were in the air again, the steward came with a very appetising breakfast, and I had scarcely finished when we landed at the Toronto airport, where we spent two hours before changing to a smaller 'plane. The hours travelling over Ontario and Quebec were pleasant, as we flew low enough to enjoy the beautiful winter scenery of these provinces. We flew over Ottawa, the capital of Canada and landed again at Dorval airport just out of Montreal, the largest city in Canada.

After a wait of over twelve hours we boarded the large thirty-two passenger four-motor Trans-Atlantic 'plane and took off at 1.30 p.m. Friday—Eastern Standard Time—bound for Goose Bay, Labrador. The Steward and Stewardess were very pleasant and attentive to us. At Goose Bay we landed and were taken by 'bus to an Hotel where we enjoyed a breakfast of ham and eggs. Here the temperature was 40° below and strong winds were causing drifts to form across the newly cleared roads.

We were hoping to see the great Atlantic Ocean and so we were very disappointed when, taking off at Goose Bay, we were soon at a very high altitude with a blanket of clouds beneath us. We had to wear oxygen masks and that was a strange experience; but the Stewardess put them on us and told us we must keep them on all the time. She told us we were travelling at an altitude of 23,000 feet. By travelling so high we escaped the fierce storms of the Atlantic.

The time passed quickly and we were soon seeing the lights of Scotland gleaming in the darkness. I could see a cluster of lights, then a long strip of darkness and then another cluster of lights. We landed at Prestwick at 8 p.m on Friday amid pouring rain.

MARGARET SHAW.

Staff List.

(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.)

1. As someday it may happen that advice must needs be sought,
I've made a little list, I've made a little list,
Of the masters and the mistresses by whom
I have been taught,
And they'd all be sadly missed, they'd all be sadly missed.
First of all there's John C. Ligertwood, the
Rector of the school,
His strongest point is Maths, but at Arts he is no fool.
And if you want to resurrect a language dead lang syne,
Why, May's the very man for you—his Latin is sublime.
But there are plenty more whose help you really should enlist,
And they're on my little list, they're on my little list.
2. Now if you want to act a part, or get a picture "hung,"
Or be an able 'cellist—well, Clunie's on the list.
For other things, like giving lifts, his praises, too, are sung,
So he'd be badly missed, he really would be missed.

The man who teaches Gaelic is now fast acquiring fame,
Which is not at all surprising, when Macdonald is his name.
And if you want to stand upright and with the ball excel,
Why, Murray will instruct you, and he'll do it very well.
And this, I think, concludes the men appearing on my list,
And they'd all of them be missed, they'd all of them be missed.

3. And now we have the gentler sex, with Science to the fore,
Miss Grant's our physicist, she's on my little list;
And if you want an atom bomb to deal with any bore,
I'm sure she would assist, because she's on the list.
For History and English—both the grammar and the prose,
And the poetry too—Miss Strachan is the one who really knows.
And if you ever go to foreign lands upon a spree,
Miss Gordon you will bless if you should hit on "Gay Paree."
But now I'm getting on towards the finish of my list
And they'd all of them be missed, they'd all of them be missed.
4. And now we come to things less academic in a way,
But I really must insist that they're put upon the list;
For in various walks of life, they make it either grim or gay,
So I've got them on the list, I've got them the list.
If music you're in need of and you want to sing or play,
Miss Mackenzie will oblige, for she's an expert any way.
And if you lack domestic skill, a housewife for to be,
To improve on Miss Macrae could not be done—you must agree.
And now I can write "finis" to this celebrated list—
They'd everyone be missed, they'd everyone be missed.

ISABEL MACKAY.

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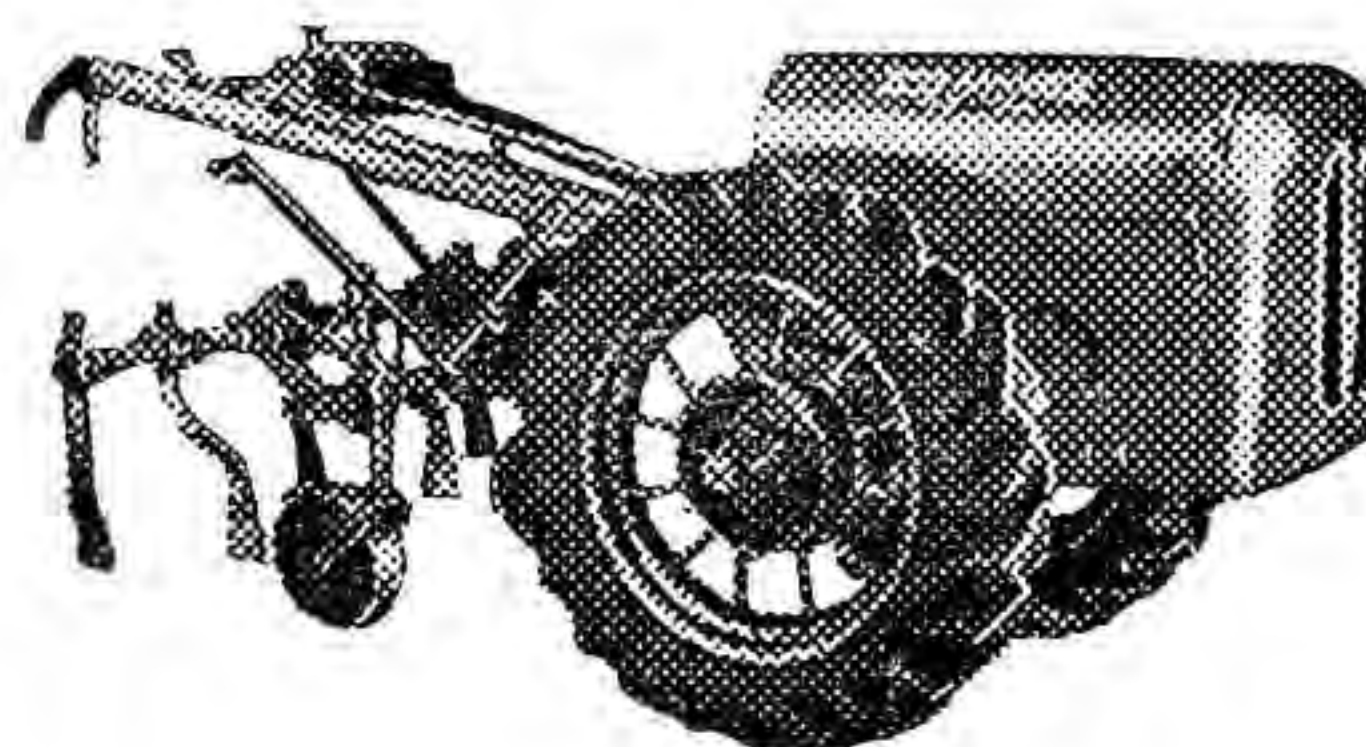
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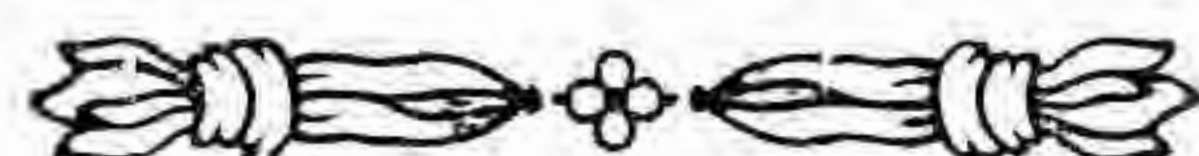
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