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DORNOCH ACADEMY MAGAZINE

1951

EDITORIAL

It seems as though austerity has entered our souls, and with our luxuries has flown the poetic muse; for driving camels through the eyes of needles and squeezing blood out of stones would be child's play compared with extracting articles from unwilling contributors.

However, after some gentle persuasion, the muse was stimulated, and efforts began to arrive in a torrent from Classes IB and IIB (who have been producing a private monthly magazine throughout the year) but diminishing in volume, to a mere trickle of gems of wit and excellence from those mines of knowledge in the sixth.

Once all these efforts had been collected, there came the heart-breaking task in the Editor's Office of sorting the wheat from the chaff, and the sheep from the goats. This task seemed endless, until it was

discovered by one of the selectors that, on picking up one weighty article of six pages, without even perusing the tome, he could recite its contents most fluently. On racking our brains, we discovered that we had been passing articles from hand to hand, time after time, without eliminating one. The discovery caused an uproar, but this state of affairs was quickly rectified, with the result that at last we had the contents of our magazine selected.

It only remained for me to rattle off an editorial before the folio could be despatched to the printers, and I was instructed to make it short and not over particularly executed, as no one would probably read it anyway. Well, this is the result, so I will not detain you longer, but pronounce the magic words "Open Sesame" and roll back the stone from this cave of delights.

SCHOOL NOTES

It was with regret that we learned that our Rector, Mr Ligertwood, was to leave to take up a new post as Rector of West Calder High School, Midlothian. He came to the Academy at a period of transition, and during his four years of rectorship many advantageous developments took place under his guidance. The Dornoch Academy Literary Society was introduced, and in the summer term of the last two years successfully gave a public performance of one-act plays. Since its inauguration by Mr Ligertwood the annual magazine has been published four times. It was Mr Ligertwood's idea to adopt school colours, and his choice of maroon and blue was agreed on. While Mr Ligertwood was here, the hostel system was adopted, and his helpful advice contributed much to its success.

Before his departure Mr Ligertwood was presented with a standard lamp, as a token of the esteem in which he was held by the staff and pupils, and Mrs Ligertwood with a handbag in appreciation of her active interest in the school. As a school we wish them both every happiness in their new sphere.

We extend a sincere welcome to our new Rector, Mr A. F. Robertson. M.A., Dip. Ed., A.R.P.S., who took up his work here on 12th September, 1950. He was formerly a member of the staff of Alloa Academy. Although he has been with us scarcely a year, he has already put his distinctive mark on the life of the school, and we wish him a very successful and happy reign.

We welcome to the staff Miss A. P. McLeod, M.A. (to the Mathematics Department), Mr F. P. Millar, L.R.A.M. (to the Music Department), Mr J. D. Cowan, D.A. (to the Art Department), and Mrs Milne, secretary to the Rector).

Much regret, however, was felt at the departure of Miss J. McKenzie from the Music Department and Miss J. McKay from the Art Department.

The departure of Miss I. McKenzie, former matron of Ross House, to take up duties at Graham House, Jordanhill, was felt by all We extend a sincere welcome to Miss M. Alexander, her successor, and wish them both every success in their new posts.

The prefect system has now been adopted by our Rector in the Academy. We congratulate the following on being elected:—

School Captains-Jean M. Morrison (VI.), Roderick Ross (VI).

Profects:—Kathleen Shaw (IV), John J. Murray (IV), Mina A. Menzies (V), Marjorie I. B. Munro (VI), Donald A. MacKay (VI).

The following have been appointed in the hostels:

Ross House: -

House Captain: Jean M. Morrison.

Deputy Captain: Morag McLeod.

Prefects: Mina Menzies, Patricia Phipps.

Earl's Cross:-

House Captain: Thomas Murray.

Prefects: John McRae, John MacKay, Ian Munro, Donald MacLean, Maurice McLeod.

The following gained passes in the 1950 Leaving Certificate Examination:—Helen M. Forsyth, Donald A. MacKay, Hughene M. McLeod, Jean M. Morrison, Hugh W. Munro, Marjorie I. B. Munro, Alexander Murray, Thomas Murray, Patricia Phipps, Colina J. Ross, Roderick Ross.

The school prize-giving took place on 29th June, 1950, when Mrs J. G. Levack presented the prizes.

We congratulate Isabella G. McKay, who was dux medallist in the county for the year 1949-1950. The medal was presented by Mrs Wilson, Brora, on 27th September last. The Rev. W. MacLeod was in the chair, and Mr T. E. M. Landsborough, Director of Education, presided over the ceremony.

In the annual Highlands and Islands Trust examination Seonaid McLeod won a £20 bursary tenable for

three years and Catherine McLeod a £25 bursary tenable at a university. Marjorie Munro was successful in gaining a Kemsley Grant entitling her to spend a fortnight's holiday in Belgium.

The following pupils were successful in the S.S.P.C.A. essay competition:—1, Rona McKay; 2, Donald Urguhart; 3, Norman Burr.

The number of school meals served between 1st May, 1950, and 30th April, 1951, has been 60,785. The war savings for the same period amounted to £300.

Three enjoyable parties were hald at Christmas. We again thank the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland for their assistance in making the parties so successful. The senior pupils also enjoyed a party at Easter.

The pupils of the Academy held an impromptu concert at Christmas. Mr A. F. Robertson was in the chair.

Under the auspices of the W.R.I., a performance of the pantomine "Cinderella" by the Brora Players was held in the Territorial Hall on 21st February, 1951.

Badminton was introduced into the Academy for the lunch-hour recreation of the senior girls. The game has indeed proved popular.

On 27th September, 1950, the Academy Junior Football team, winners of the Paynter Cup last year, were entertained at Suisgill Lodge by Mrs Paynter.

We thank Mrs Phimister who took Miss Crawford's classes during the last week of her absence due to appendicitis. Miss E. McMillan (New Zealand) spent a week at the Academy during her tour of Scottish schools.

The departure of the Rev. J. G. Levack, M.A., B.D., to Greenock has been a loss to the school. During the past year Mr Levack was School Chaplain, and as a former member of the Education Committee he always showed a keen interest in all our school activities. We wish him all happiness in his new sphere.

Iris Mathieson (Sec. V.) has been appointed prefect in recognition of her services to the Academy.

II. B

If ever a class suffered, it's us,
We can't have our proper rooms, poor us,
We are always turned away,
And go to another room by the way,
And everyone calls us stupid IIB
That's us.

JOAN MORE, Sec. IIB.

DORNOCH ACADEMY PREFECTS 1950-51



Kathleen Shaw. John Murray. Mina Menzies.

Donald Mackay. Jean Morrison (Captain). Roderick Ross (Captain). Marjorie Munro.

FOOTBALL NOTES

This year has continued to serve up its high-lights in our small soccer world, and it is gratifying that one of the most coveted trophies, the Donald Allan Cup, found its proper resting place on our side-board, while the school has every confidence in the youngsters to retain the magnificent Paynter Cup.

No record of our soccer season would be complete without mentioning the boys' scintillating display, when they defeated their most serious rivals, the Sutherland Technical School, by eleven goals to two. Surely they must look on this match as the highlight of their season, for in it—to quote Matt Busby, former Scottish wing-half and now manager of Manchester United—they found the secret of good football, which is to do the simple thing and do it quickly.

Thus with the Allan Cup already won and the Paynter team in a very enviable position in the league, we stand an excellent chance of winning this trophy, too.

D. Bethune, G. Thom, A. Grant, and A. McDonald all found places in the inter-county soccer match

against Ross-shire, and it was gratifying to note that Thom (2) and McDonald were among the goalscorers. So Dornoch played its part in a convincing Sutherland victory.

Finally, let us congratulate the boys, and pay a well deserved tribute to Mr Laird who tirelessly coaches the boys, judiciously selects the teams, and has done more than anyone else to keep the school soccer flag flying high.

LEAGUE TABLES

PAYNTER CUP

	P.	W.	D.	L.	P.
Golspie	3	1	2	0	4
Dornoch	2	1	1	0	3
Bonar-Bridge	3	0	1	2	1

DONALD ALLAN CUP

	P.	W.	D.	L.	P.
Dornoch	4	4	0	0	8
S.T.S	4	2	0	2	4
Bonar-Bridge	4	0	0	4	0

THOMAS W. MURRAY, Sec. VI.

THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Literary Society held several meetings during the winter term. The following office-bearers were appointed for the year:—President, Roderick Ross; vice-president, Jean Morrison; secretary, Hugh Munro; assistant secretary, Marina Gunn. Members of Committee—Thomas Murray, Mina Menzies, John MacRae, Fay Mackay.

The programme for the term consisted of a "Hat Night," several quizzes, short papers, and the reading of radio plays. One outstanding factor of this year's meetings was the greatly increased membership, which, it is hoped, will continue in the future.

At the end of last school year, too late for publication in our previous magazine, the Dramatic Society, for the second year in succession, presented five plays to the public on 21st and 22nd June, 1950. On both nights the school hall was full to capacity, and all the actors gave of their best. The full cast was:—

"ROYAL INTERLUDE" - by Elizabeth Fitzroy

Jeanie	Iris Mathieson
Mistress Burns	Jean Morrison
Mistress McBain	Isabel MacLeay
Willie	. Hugh Mackay
The Queen Chris	tine MacDonald
A Sergeant San	der MacDonald

Producers-Jean Morrison and Catherine MacLeod.

"PRELUDE TO MASSACRE" ---- by Evan John

Producer-F. A. Strachan.

"IN WALTZ TIME" - by Philip Johnson

Miss Charlotte Brighte	Marina Gunn
Miss Lyddia Brookes	Una MacLeod
Miss Laetitia Thurlow	. Anne Munro
Miss Alicia Pramley	Colleen Ross
Miss Rosie Pramley Be	
Lady Bagshot	
Phoebe M	lorag MacLeod
Abigail	Claire Mackay

Producer-J. C. Ligertwood.

"THE MAID OF DOMREMY" ---- by Joe Corrie

Jacques d'Arc, peasant ... Donald Macaulay
Romee d'Arc, his wife Jean Morrison
Jeanne d'Arc, daughter Alice Thomson
Pierre d'Arc, son John Macrae
Simon Musnier, neighbour ... Garry Thom
Marie Musnier, his wife Isabel Oakes
The Cure Roderick Ross

Producer-F. A. Strachan.

"UNDERGROUND" ---- by L. du Garde Peach

Pierre	Tommy Murray
Jeanne	Marina Gunn
Gaston	Hugh Munro
Heide	. Colin MacKenzie
Francois	Donald MacLean

Producer-J. C. Ligertwood.

Hugh Munro, Sec. VI.

GOLF

Once again a great interest was taken in the Llewelyn Hacon Challenge Cup Competition held in June, 1950. A large entry was received and one was pleased to see so many of the younger boys enter. In fact, a separate competition was held for them, and interest was aroused to see who the "Bobby Locke" of the Lower Grade would be.

The draw for the cup itself created more interest than ever before, and boys, not knowing one golf club from another, were overheard discussing it. The first two rounds produced no surprise, although Sander Macdonald (2) went out to Garry Thom (scr.) by two holes. Surprise name in the semi-final was that of Derek Oakes (10), but unfortunately he was beaten by Gordon Fraser (2). In the other semi-final Dennis Bethune (4) surprisingly won over Thom by one hole. The final did not live up to expectations, and Fraser won by a large margin.

The Junior Competition proved very interesting. The draw produced a real battle between Sandy Mackay, considered favourite, and Gordon Currie, a golfer of no mean ability. Mackay played well but, conceding a few strokes to Currie, was beaten narrowly. Currie then went on to the semi-final where he met another strong opponent in Colin Macrae, but he overcame this strong opposition and entered the final. In the other half of the draw, no interest was created until the semi-final, when Ian Ligertwood narrowly defeated Hamish Leslie. The final was a good game, but the more forceful Currie won by three and two.

GARRY THOM, Sec., IV.

ATHLETICS

The highlight of our sporting year was undoubtedly the victory of the Academy Team of athletes at the inter-school sports held last June in the Meadows Park, Dornoch. For the third successive year Dornoch carried off the Clyne Bowl with a total of 103½ points—14½ points over their nearest rivals, Golspie (89).

Under favourable conditions a large crowd watched teams from Golspie, Sutherland Technical School and Dornoch compete for the Clyne Bowl; and teams from Helmsdale, Brora and Bonar-Bridge compete for the Alastair Ross Trophy which was donated by Mr Hugh A. Ross, Director of Education, for competition in the Junior Secondary Schools section.

The success of the Academy is mainly due to the following competitors:—Marie Grant, Margaret King, Rona Mackay, Marina Gunn, Iris Matheson, Gordon Fraser, John Mackay, Norman Elliot, Hugh Munro, Peter Murray and John Macrae.

The standard of the running and jumping although quite good was not up to the standard of the Interscholastic sports further South. The high jump was good in group II, but the height increased only by one inch in group III and three inches in group IV.

This exposes the limitation of the scissors' jump, and shows the necessity for mastering the "Western Roll."

The times for the track events compare very unfavourably even allowing for the fact that spiked running shoes were not used. It is essential that the starting be improved and a good running style acquired.

THE ACADEMY SPORTS were held in the Meadows Park on June 27th, 1950, under conditions of bright sunshine. Outstanding performers in the Senior Section were Group I—Sheena MacDonald, Frank Wilson. Group II—Rona MacKay, Hugh Munro, Group III—Donald Macaulay and Colin MacKenz'e.

JOHN MURRAY, Sec. IV.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Class V and VI.-

"That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine."

(Tennyson)

H-l-n F-rsyth

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

(Fielding)

M-r-n- G-nn

"The meeting points the sacred hair dissever From the fair head forever and forever

(Pope)

D-n-ld M-ck-y

"The world knows nothing of its greatest merit."
(Taylor)

M-r-g M-cl--d

"For though I am not splenetive and rash Yet have I in me something dangerous."

(Shakespeare)

S-ndy M-cr--

"Something of a hindrance and a help."

(Wordsworth)

-r-s M-th--s-n

"My lungs began to crow like Chanticleer."
(Shakespeare)

M-n- M-nz--s

"I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face."

(Shakespeare)

J--n M-rr-s-n

"I am monarch of all I survey
My might there is none to dispute."

(Cowper)

M-rj-ry M-nr-

"Love me little, love me long."

(Marlowe)

H-gh M-nr-

"The school-boy with the satchel in his hand Whistling aloud to bear his courage up."

(Blair)

Fr-nc-s M-rr-v

"The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love." .
(Goldsmith)

T-mmy M-rr-v

"The last link is broken That bound me to thee."

(Steers)

Al-x M-rr-y

"But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand And the sound of a voice that is still!"

(Tennyson)

P-tr-c-- Ph-pps

"Done to death by slanderous tongues."

(Shakespeare)

C-ll-n R-ss

"Adieu! she cried and waved her lily hand."

(Gay)

R-d-r-ck R-ss

"For angling rod he took a sturdy oak,
For line a cable, that in storm ne'er broke."

(Chamber)

H-t-y W-ls-n

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

("The Shepherd and the Philosopher.")

A DAY AT THE OVAL

There was an unusual hush round the Academy cricket ground during the closing stages of this vital game between the Upper Fourth and the Lower Sixth. These two teams were deadly rivals and feelings were running high. The Upper Fourth were undefeatable this term, but, owing to injuries to certain stalwarts of the Fourth, the Sixth gleefully looked forward to a victory, if not by fair means, then by slaughter.

The wicket was very hard and dry and this helped the leg-breaking and head-splitting bowlers of the Sixth. The glorious tropical Dornoch sun shone down exasperatingly on the efforts of the batsmen, as they strove desperately under its intense rays. The huge crowd on the other hand enjoyed the heat, as they packed the grandstand to capacity. All round was a sea of "Persil White" shirts and bright frocks.

The Sixth, scoring thirty-four runs in their own first innings, quickly dismissed the Fourth for nineteen. In the second innings the Sixth scored only twenty-one, thanks to the wicked left arm misswicket bowling of the Murray twins John and Pete, the backbone of the Fourth. The Fourth were now left with an hour to score thirty six runs.

They enjoyed considerable success until Rod Ross, the Lower Sixth's demon leg-breaking bowler, came on and quickly took three wickets (besides shattering three legs). The two Murray twins along with San Macdonald, the wicket-keeper, were now lying on the boundary line awaiting transportation to the Infirmary.

The gallant, never-say-die, Fourth are now in the desperate position of having to score nineteen runs in twelve minutes with Don MacLean, the last man, striding gloomily out to the wicket. Don, as usual, the Fourth's last hope, is sixteen years old and a rickety cricketer from the reserve team. At the wicket he is met by Ga Thom, the captain of the side, who claus him on the shoulder saying, "Hold 'em off at your end, old boy, and leave the run getting to me."

Don takes guard and faces San Macrae, the left arm off-shin medium pace bowler. The ball pitches somewhat away from the wicket and rises sharply. Hardly knowing what he is doing Don hesitantly pokes at it with his bat sending it straight to first slip. Don hears a low gasp of disappointment quickly followed by a rousing cheer, as Tom Murray at first slip did really slip when vainly attempting to catch it.

A change comes over Don's face; he is now beaming with confidence as he cracks the next ball (and very nearly the Umpire's head as well) for four runs.

"Last over," croaks Jean our school captain who is acting as umpire, looking radiant in her gym tunic, her throat dry and parched with the dust and heat. Eleven to win and the last over coming down. Don is facing the bowling of Rod Ross (soubriquet "Odds and Ends"). He drives the first ball to Don Mackay at short leg for two runs, but the next one a real "Dornocher" raps Don on the pad.

"How's 'at?" yells the entire Sixth.

"Not out," comments the umpire calmly.

While the Sixth pleaded unsuccessfully with the umpire, Don can be heard muttering a verse of some French lyric, preparing for the next scholastic session.

The bowler in a desperate attempt to capture Don's wicket now sends down a surprise fast ball. In his eagerness, however, he drags his foot over the line and the umpire shouts "No ball." The ball, however, not even heeding Jean, rises sharply and strikes Don on the chin. Alas! Rod had failed to split this head. Don drops his bat in agony and there is a low groan but it is followed by a burst of applause, as he prepares to continue.

Ning runs wanted to win in two balls, and with an injured batsman it seems too much to hope for. But the next ball Don hits well over the bowler's head. It rolls slowly just over the boundary with Don Mackay, that agile dashing cricketer recently transferred from Skelbo C.C., unsuccessfully trying to stop it. In deathly silence the crowd watches Rod begin his run up for the last ball of the game. Only a magnificent hit for six can bring victory now. Don's eyes are burning fiercely and his teeth clenched. There is an anxious expression on the captain's face at the other end. Rod snorting with rage begins his mad canter down the pitch, and then putting every ounce of strength behind that ball, he lets it go. Don comes to meet the ball in the same way, hits it full toss and pulls it round to leg. There is a loud crack, as the ball smashes the Rector's window, and Don is left with a broken bat in his hand. And now all is confusion, spectators invade the pitch and the hero is carried back to the pavilion.

The victory cost the Fourth only one broken head, three broken legs, a new cricket bat and a new window.

JOHN MURRAY, Sec IV.

BE IN THE FASHION OR BREAK YOUR NECK

Fashion to-day decrees that we must be tall and slim, and I am neither. Therefore, it seems right from the start that the following of fashion will be for me a very painful process indeed, and that I and my kind must either dutifully follow the fashions of the seasons and look ridiculous, or dress

according to our own taste and be social outcasts. The effort in either case is painful, expensive, and exhausting, the result uncomfortable, thankless, and ridiculous.

But woman from time immemorial has been an ardent pursuer of fashion, and has dutifully raised and lowered her hemline and tilted her hat from left to right and from back to front, mercilessly slashed off her locks which she had so painstakingly cultivated the previous season, and has, in short, done everything that the mode of the moment demands.

Indeed, fashions change with the seasons. Perhaps this originated in the Garden of Eden, when leaves composed the female wardrobe and they were forced to succumb to the eccentricities of nature rather than those of Dior and Hartnell. But the fact remains that a woman would rather go hungry than be seen in last season's hat.

Personally, I think that such fashion worship is bordering on the ridiculous, and we constantly meet people who, bent on being in the height of fashion, wear clothes quite unsuitable and unflattering to their figures and personalities. We have all seen her at some time or another, that not-so-slim woman who pushes herself into an ultra-pencil-slim skirt; she assails the eye with a flamboyant mixture of greens, blues, and yellows; she is at the zenith of her attraction; she catches the eye and holds it—but not with admiration.

Perhaps we are ourselves guilty of this offence, namely the abuse of fashion—

> "O wad some po'er the giftie gi'e us To see oorsel's as ithers see us."

But then life would be dull without our fashion worshippers, and the attendance in church would be sadly lowered if the ladies were not allowed to display their latest outfits, and gaze critically at those of their neighbours.

The best way to follow the trends of fashion is with discretion, with a consideration for your purse as well as your appearance, and never go to extremes. Yet time has proved that it is impossible for woman to keep the same style of clothes for any period of time, because the imitative instinct, which is surely the strongest proof of man's being evolved from monkeys that Darwin could ever have put forward in his "Origin of Species," is developed to such an extent in woman that she rushes to copy the styles of other women, and it is as inherent as her desire to look her best; and after all, as that well-known saying so aptly puts it, "Variety is the spice of life."

PAT PHIPPS, Sec. VI.

WILD LIFE ON THE SUTHERLAND MOOR

To a stranger from the busy, noisy town the moors of Sutherland are just an expanse of dull, uninteresting ground, utterly void of any form of life. But for me these barren, uncultivated wastes hold a terrific fascination.

On a mild evening just at the beginning of May I set off and soon forget my worries, as I spend a thrilling time among the birds and wild creatures of the moorland. The first sign of life is when a black and white shape, crying shrilly "Pee-wit! Pee-wit!" flies up, and I know I am coming to the nesting place of the lapwings. Having disturbed one, I find the moors are no longer silent, but the din increases as more and more birds join in with their shrill cries, swooping and diving in a series of fascinating curves, wings beating the air all round me.

As I wander on, the commotion gradually dies, and once more there is silence. But not for long, for I suddenly hear squeals of terror. Behind a small hillock a familiar drama is taking place. A weasel and a rabbit are locked in mortal combat; the horrible squeals of the unfortunate rabbit ring out again and again, a sound more terrible than any human could utter, a sound which curdles one's blood.

Then a drama more rare, though perhaps not so horrible, is the one I next witness. Much farther on I become aware of movements, and I see a large hare in the midst of a thicket. The poor beast is lying petrified, while round and round it in ever smaller circles comes a stoat, gradually working closer, and still the hare lies there as though some evil influence coming from those tiny, beaded eyes holds it there. With a lightning movement the stoat springs. This time there is no scream; not a sound as the fierce little hunter kills his prey with a single death stroke.

Rather horror-stricken at this display of nature's cruelty, I wander on through the short heather, immersed in my thoughts, till suddenly I am rudely awakened from my reverie by a fluttering of wings, and a large brown bird flies up from a tiny patch of solid ground in the middle of a pool. The startled cry of "Curlew! Curlew! Curlew!" reveals the identity of the bird whose stirring cry I always associate with the moors of Sutherland.

The absolute solitude of the moors enables me to catch a movement in the heather, and I whirl round just in time to see a reddish brown shape streaking away—it is a fox, and so I hurry in the hope of finding its den. Some distance on I see a litter of bones and know that I have found the fox's lair. In spite of all his cunningness he has, for some un-

known reason, left the remnants of his meals scattered untidily about, making it easy to identify his lair.

Again as the cry of the curlew rings through the silence and the sun grows a fiery red, fast sinking in the far horizon, I slowly retrace my steps. Borne on the calm air come sounds which are sweet music in my ears—the cries of pee-wits "sporting under the after sunset sky," the sweet music of the lark as he soars skyward for the last time that day, the screech of the snipe, and, above them, ringing loud and clear, the note of the cuckoo.

Reluctantly I trudge homewards, past the foxes' den and the marshy haunts of the snipe and curlew, and I smile as the pee-wits swoop and dive at methrowing grotesque shadows on the ground in the last rays of the dying sun.

WILBERT MURRAY, IIa.

A HIGHLAND LEGEND

My home is the little village of Kylestrome on the West Coast of Sutherland. On the other side of the ferry—an inlet of sea, four hundred and four yards wide—is the little inn called Kylesku. The whole of this sea loch is called Loch Cairnbawn, and on part of the coast is a huge cairn of stones from which the loch got its name.

Many years ago a Spanish Treasure Ship, laden with gold, was supposed to have put in at Cairnbawn. It also had a Spanish Prince on board. When the crofters heard of this they decided to raid the ship, as they were very poor, and what better chance would they have of becoming wealthy? They mustered all the arms they could, and took a boat to a small bay near where the ship was anchored. There they waited until it was pitch dark, and then they set out. With muffled oars they glided alongside the ship without being seen, and clambered on the deck. The Spaniards were taken completely by surprise, and, although they were greater in number, the sturdy Highlanders defeated them. During the fight the Spanish prince was killed.

The crofters then took possession of the gold and valuables and transferred them to their own boat, and then to land, where they buried them under a high cliff and marked the spot so that they could come back for them, when all was quiet. But they were not finished yet. They went back to the ship, took out the Prince's inside, pickled it in an oaken chest, which they buried in a wood on the other side of Loch Cairnbawn in the Parish of Assynt.

While they were doing this a terrific gale arose; the thunder and lightning were the worst ever known in that part. The crofters were quite safe, but the ship was smashed to matchwood on the rocks. When the storm blew over, a terrific sight was revealed, for where they had buried the gold and valuables, was now covered with hundreds of tons of rock which had fallen from the cliff. The gold has not been found since, and I do not suppose ever will. Legend has it that a black-haired female will accidentally come upon it, but, when she does, will die instantly. There is another version which says that a raven with widespread wings will settle upon the rock below which the gold is buried, once in every year or so. Whether this is a true story or not, nobody can tell. I myself am very doubtful of its authenticity.

Some of the local bodachs say they know the exact spot where the Prince's inside is buried, but they are frightened of their lives to go near it to look for the Oaken chest, in case some of the evil spirits, which are said to guard it, will catch them.

NORMAN ELLIOTT, Sec. IIIB.

THE LASSIES OF DORNOCH

The lassies of Dornoch
Are winsome and gay,
The lassies of Dornoch
Proceed on their way
With noses tip-tilted
And eyes to the fore
With never a glance
At the lads who'd adore
To walk by their side
In respectful affection
Instead, they're passed by
With disdain and rejection.

The lassies of Dornoch
Are charming and coy
And wouldn't look twice
At a thing like a BOY!
To them life is earnest
With no primrose paths;
Their thoughts are entirely
On cooking (or Maths?)
But one thought does strike me
(Then back to my book),
Are the lassies of Dornoch
As douce as they look?

ALLAN ROBERTSON, Sec. IIIA.

A Bed-Time Story for the Weary Sixth

TONALD'S BIG NIGHT

Tonald had been a sailor all his life. He had sailed the seven seas from the Baltic ports to the Orkneys; from Hong Kong to Buenos Aires, from Yokohama to Instanbul, and back again. He had seen undersized dwarfs in Baghdad, walking groundnuts in Tanganyika, flying saucers in Russia, bats in the balfries of Jamaican churches, skeletons in their cupboards all over the world. Yet even the whole lot combined could not compare with the ghosts, hobgoblins, fairies, mermaids, and black terrors of his own country.

Now when Tonald's stately liner docked at the great port of his home-land, Tonald, gloriously happy, staggered ashore, feeling as though he could face even "Old Nick" himself. Going at the record speed of half a mile an hour, Tonald unsteadily progressed over the hills and valleys towards home. Every now and then he sat down on a boulder to ponder over the joys of being home and to sing a snatch of a sea chanty.

Darkness soon fell, and before long the night was as black as the "Laird O' Yon Place's" waistcoat. A chill wind sprang up. Tonald shivered. On he plodded, but because of a peculiar wobble in his gait, his progress was slow.

Suddenly Tonald began to experience a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. Shivers ran up and down his spine. He could distinctly hear a muffled pad pad of feet behind him. He stopped. Something rubbed against his legs. Tonald's piercing yell echoed to the hills. For the first time in his life the clammy fingers of fear gripped his heart. And no wonder, for suddenly before him just visible in the darkness stood an enormous black dog, complete with horns, gleaming rows of teeth and great glaring red eyes (Now Roddy, don't cry. Just hold Tommy's hand; it's only a story).

As Tonald gaped at it, petrified with fear, the devil (for who else could it be?) licked his lips and looked over Tonald's well-covered ribs with anticipatory satisfaction. Fear lent wings to Tonald's feet. Across the moors he sped, with the awesome black dog padding behind him. Stumbling into peat-bogs (sticking in bogs), tripping over boulders and landing on his face in whin bushes, Tonald carried on.

He had covered many many miles before he finally dropped with exhaustion and lay panting on the ground, the sweat pouring off him. Nothing happened. At last, a little braver, he sat up and

looked around him. The Dog was at his side, its great tongue lolling, its eyes like burning fires, and foam dripping from his jaws. "A cigarette," gasped Tonald, "it will steady my nerves." With shaking hand he lit one, but just as it touched his lips, the Dog sprang. More by accident than by good guidance Tonald jabbed the glowing end on to Auld Nick's nose and held it there.

With a yelp of agony the terr.ble monstrosity leapt back, and vanished into the darkness. Tonald was so relieved that he sat on the burning end of the cigarette without feeling anything, which said a lot. Then, tired out by the night's adventures, Tonald wrapped himself up in his bell-bottomed trousers and dropped off into a dreamless sleep.

Goodnight,

AUNTIE SHEENA.

EXULTATION

I ambled, dreaming in a cloud
Along the street and up the hill.
When all at once I heard quite loud
A clanging sound, so clear and shrill,
Along the road, beneath the trees.
I heard the echo in the breeze.

Continuous as the hundred lines
Which Class IV write out every day,
Concerning French verbs and cosines,
It tolled and clanged with tones so grey;
I ran and-ran with dismal thought
What doom that sound had ever brought.

The birds joined in and sang, but it
Outplayed the happy birds' sweet rounds,
A student surely would be gay
To hear the bright symphonic sounds;
Not heeded I in my mad race;
Have e'er I run at such a pace?

The last lap was a headlong rush
I saw that green door loom in sight,
I whirled past Kenny and his brush
I reached the Hall—I'd timed it right;
And then my soul did bubble up
That I'd escaped that bitter cup.

ISOBEL MACLEAY, Sec. IV.

MY IDEA OF A PERFECT SCHOOL

We start work at eleven o'clock and stop at two. The teacher will allow us to read our comics. We can have tea any time we like. There is a rope hanging from the roof, and, if we pull it, a waiter in the kitchen will hear a bell ringing beside him. When he hears the bell, he makes a dive for the teapet and sometimes burns his fingers in a hurry. One day when the teacher was reading, a boy put his head round the door and said "When is a door nice to eat?" We all started thinking, but could not find the answer. The boy said "When it is jammed." He then laughed and ran off,

At one o'clock we have dinner. We just sit at our desks, and a few waiters walk in with another trolley of steaming hot plates of steam pudding. When we have finished that we start reading or have forty winks. When it is two o'clock we can go home. We can have a big posh car or we can have a fine big horse with a glossy coat. I usually take a horse, because when I am on a horse I do not have to go round bends, but take short cuts. But I am very sorry we cannot have a school like that.

GEORGE Gow, Sec. IIB.

THE HOSTEL

One day in 1950 to Earl's Cross Hostel came,

A merry crown of schoolboys with intentions all the same,

They all cherished Mum's last warning of how they must behave,

So now they advanced to their new abode with faces very grave.

But soon their boy-like spirits had gained the upper hand,

And the Devil set to work at once and formed a warlike band.

Now the worst by far is Nigel, a chap who hails from Stoer,

And when you've had some fun with him you don't want any more,

His behaviour is so funny, his predicaments so weird.
That it is little wonder that droll spirits all get chanted

And if he left our hostel now, it would never be the same;

That witty chap from Stoer who has gained himself such fame.

GEORGE MACKAY, Sec. IA.

TO THE TEACHER

(With apologies to W. Wordsworth)
Oh teacher dear, we try to hear,
And when we can, rejoice,
But many a day throughout the year,
You're but a wandering voice.

When we are lounging in our seats, Your ten-fold shout we hear, When you're enthusing over Keats, We're now far off, now near.

While you're orating to the board,
With your almighty power.
You often give to us a hoard
Of pleasant, dreamful hours.

Though to our minds you riches bring,
To us you seem to be,
No blessing, but a distant thing,
A voice, a mystery.

And as you speak of ancient lays,
Of Art or Geometry,
We tend to look a thousand ways,
Till you cry "Woe is me!"

Oh teacher dear, What shall we do?

For now we will be caned:

To poke a little fun at you,

Sore tempted, we have deigned.

RONA MACKAY, Sec. IIIA.

THE FLIRT

(HORACE, ODE I.—ADAPTED)

Tell me where my love has gone,
He, who once my heart had won,
In what grotto bathed in sun?
I beg thee tell!

Constant love he promised me,
Devotion and fidelity,
He has lost this love for me,
O Cruel one!

Others sing songs in his praise,
Of handsome face and friendly ways,
In my thoughts they hold no place,
Deceitful one!

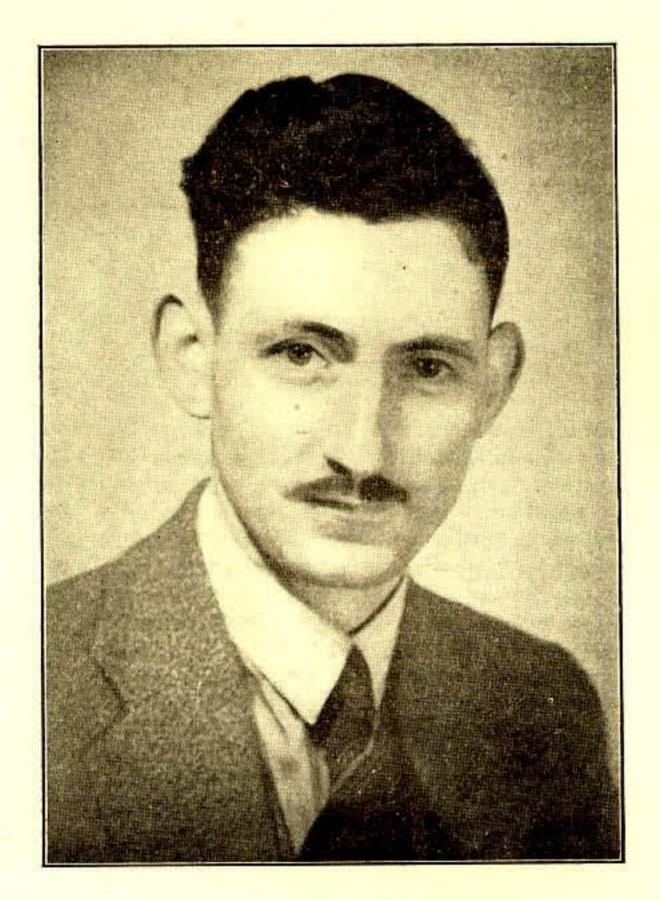
Oh! 'tis happy to be free!

His luring ways have not caught me,

May other victims warned be,

Of his false heart!

A. Morsa Puella, Sec., V.



A. F. Robertson, M.A., Rector

THE ANNUAL MOD

The Annual Mod was held in June, 1950, in Golspie. The school retained for another year the Wilson Challenge Cup for Oral Proficiency, the cup being won by Murdo Mackay. The following competitors were successful:—

Solo Singing—1, Patricia Macdonald (group over 12 years); 2, Ruth Munro (group under 12 years).

Quartette—2, Iris Mathieson, Isabel Oakes, Colin Mackenzie, Donald Macaulay; 3, Marina Gunn, Colleen Ross, Ross Macdonald, Neil Murray.

Repetition-1, Una MacLeod; 2, Norma Murray.

Conversation-Una MacLeod.

Violin Competition-1, Harry More.

Piping Competition-1. Innes Macdonald.

THE ACADEMY TO-DAY

In any institution which is not stagnating reorganisation is a permanent feature. To-day, in the
Academy it is prominent, at least to those who can
relate the events of the session with the plans for
the future. For we are engaged in realising the
principles of the Education Act of 1946, and other
post-war documents of vital educational significance.

But the milestones on the road of progress are far apart, and the struggle of to-day tends to obscure the events of yesterday and the prospect for to-morrow. What then are our immediate aims here in Dornoch?

To provide adequate accommodation for the work we have to do.

To provide Courses which will meet the needs of all our pupils.

To provide within each course an intensity of interest which will stimulate the pupils' imagination and effort.

To provide for all the satisfaction of self-expression and achievement in the arts—musical and graphic—and in the crafts of the workshop and home

To provide healthy recreation, both indoor and outdoor, in order to give variety and vitality to school life.

To provide guidance for pupils in choosing and preparing for what is to come after school.

To provide opportunity and incentive for participation in spare-time interests and occupations, so that those who have leisure may employ it happily and wisely.

To co-operate with parents in effecting all that is in the best interests of their children.

To develop a School Community in which mutual appreciation and co-operation are governing factors; to encourage these in whom confidence is lacking; to combat apathy and indifference; to serve a specially rich repast to those who may profit by it while nevertheless valuing highly the contribution—however small—which every pupil in his own personal way can make to the welfare and reputation of the School.

In all of which it is significant that none can help more than those for whom we strive—the pupils of Dornoch Academy themselves.

A. F. R.

MY PRECIOUS HERITAGE

Not all my readers are fortunate enough to belong to so beautiful a place as Stoer, but they can all share its glorious scenery with me as I take this imaginary journey round its borders. We can say we have really entered the precincts of Stoer, when we have followed the tortuous read from Lochinver round the Devil's Elbow to the top of Strone. From this vantage point, as we look westward, the white peninsula lies before us, and across the glinting Minch we glimpse the Outer Hebrides. Before commencing the descent it is well worth while to look behind.

Over waves of rugged foothills rise the magnificent peaks of Canisp, Suilven, Coulmore, and Coulbeg, while far across the valley below the Manse Loch glistens amid the birch trees. This view is said to be one of the most glorious in Scotland, but owing to the mischievous fairies, wicked sprites and goblins, combined with undesirable kelpies and mermaids, it is inclined to be avoided by tourists.

Having gazed long and pleasurably over this lovely vista, we now reluctantly turn our backs to it and continue on our journey. Soon we come to Roch-an Ordan, the haunt of the fearsome, legendary black dog, whose awesome presence has so frequently terrified the late wayfarer, and then by the lovely Maiden Loch with its heather-covered islands, the road winds on, till suddenly there bursts upon our view the sandy bay of Clachtoll and the restless Minch in all its glory. Along the rocky shore of Clachtoll there are many caves. A stone coffin has been unearthed in this part, but I cannot tell if a skeleton jumped out and bit the discoverers or if the fairies stole it and laid it at the feet of their queen. Further along stand the ruins of a Pictish Tower where several ancient spoons and brooches have been found. A mile away on the top of a hill stands Stoer village from which the district takes its name, and after gazing our fill upon the golden sands and the sombre cliffs we proceed upon our way through Stoer and past the school on our way to the lighthouse. We are now passing through a crofting district with its neat, white-washed cottages, while in the valley below, like a mirror reflecting the chessboard pattern of the crofts, lies Loch Clash, famous for the size and sporting instincts of its trout.

A blot upon the landscape is the derelict brick-work of the now deserted R.A.F. camp which once resounded with the dialects of Scotland, England, and Wales, and the nasal twang of Yankees and Canadians, but is now, alas, an unsightly ruin of broken brick and mortar. A mile further on we

suddenly come in full view of Stoer-Head Lighthouse standing on a very high promontory overlooking the sea. The kindly keepers show us round and explain the mysteries of the incandescent light.

Culkein and Achnacarnin with their magnificent rocks and incomparable views of the mountains of the Reay Forest lie to the east of us, but as the day is now far spent we reluctantly decide to leave them for another time while we return along the road we have come until we reach the main highway. we intend returning by the famous glen road with its awe-inspiring twists and perpendicular hills, we take the Drumbeg direction and soon come to the magnificent bay of Clashnessie with its rich red sands. Another Pictish tower once stood here but it is now replaced by the ruin of a water mill. Many years ago on this side of the hill above the village a witch was shot with a sixpence and to this day no grass grows on that spot. Somewhere along this beach is a cave with a passage leading from it which opens out near the lighthouse many miles away. Tradition says that once a dog was put through this passage and came out devoid of its hair -probably those goblins and kelpies again! Confronting the bay are the islands of Crona and Oldney - Oldney famous for its mysterious light which appears periodically at imminent changes of the weather. Passing through Clashnessie with its pleasant crofts and following along the edge of the cliffs we journey on along the east side of the bay until suddenly, as the road appears to end, we come to a cutting in the cliff and turn abruptly eastward leaving Stoer and all its memories behind.

SHEENA MACLEOD, Sec., IIa.

"THE PUDDOCK" (A Nonsense Rhyme)

One morning in May
When we were making hay
I found a little puddock.

I put him in the river and he was gone forever.

I went fishing in this river and I caught a big haddock; When mother cut him open out jumped that puddock.

I took the puddock with me to bed one night

My little brother would not come to bed with me, in case he would bite.

This little frog was fond of me and followed me to school,

I had to go home with him for it was against the rule.

Outside went my little frog; he was full of pluck

He did not go far until he was swallowed by a duck.

Charles Begg, Sec. IB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTS NEWS

Honoured Sir,—On reading the proofs of your illuminating and otherwise complete article on the progress made in the sphere of sport in this renowned seminary. I notice with regret that you have omitted to mention the recent revival of interest in that most ancient, noble, and edifying sport—namely marbles—and I would advise you to take up the sport yourself, for it cultivates a calmness of soul, a deftness of hand, and a quickness of brain. Psychiatrists, indeed, have found it invaluable in the art of developing lethargic intellects.

Looking into the mists of antiquity we discover that the art of throwing marbles was cultivated by some of the greatest personalities in history. Xerxes, tyrant of Persia, is said to have been the champion player of all Persia (he even sat on a throne made of marbles) and to have consoled himself after the defeat of his fleet at Salamis by winning eight glassies, seventeen clays and one bead from his general Mardonius (see "The History of In the British Museum there are Herodetus.") records which give definite proof that Pompey, when seeking re-election as consul in 60 A.D., won the support of the popular party by organising displays of this hair-raising sport in the Coliseum. Nearer home we have that Elizabethan sea-dog, Sir Francis Drake, who is wrongly represented as baving played bowls before sallying forth to defeat Philip's Armada. Here I must refute this tradition, as through a thorough research in the Drake family archives, I have uncontrovertible proof that the game being played was not bowls but the most glorious art of throwing marbles, and I here declare that, had not Sir Francis been inspired with his plan of action from the disposition of the various orbs on terra firma, the history of Britain would have followed a very different course.

Thus it is with a joyful heart that I report that this ancient sport has once more taken by storm the denizens of the "Cathedral City." No doubt the game accumulated much strength during its long hibernation, for it has now become the fad of all pupils, male and female, from the highest to the lowest, from Primary I to Secondary VI, and from the boys' cloakroom it is rumoured that the sound of rolling glass can occasionally be heard from the Rector's sanctuary.

Far the greatest part of this classical revival has been among those who have but recently sat the "Leavings." and from the pockets of sleeping young brothers, from worm-eaten toy boxes, disused and dust covered for a decade, battered veterans of the game have been produced to win fresh laurels. The fair sex has been afflicted even more than ourselves, and at the moment of writing. I can see them strenuously practising under the able tuition of Mr Laird for the marbles competition to be introduced into the School Sports. It looks as if this innovation will be very hotly contested, for round Mr Laird who is just now demonstrating the "fore pitch" are grouped a milling shoal of damsels of divers age, shape and form.

Thus, learned sir, I would recommend that before sending an article of the same nature to the press another year, you would pay more attention to the activities of our organisation, namely "The Marbles and Peever Society."

I remain, etc.,

MAX MARBELLITE.

OOR STRANGER

A stranger cam' tae oor skule,
Tae oor skule cam' he,
Wi' rustlin' goon an' polished shoon,
And battle in his e'e.

Quoth he, "Ye a' are unco shy, And unco shy for nocht; What ken ye o' Pythagoras? Na! Na! Ye've niver thocht.

"Ye're minds they're a' sae occupied Wi' gettin' oot tae play,
And, in the case o' maist o' ye,
On what's for lunch the day.

"And when ye gang frae skule at nicht, Your bags ye'll fling away, Wi' niver a thocht for what ye ha'e Tae learn for skule next day."

A stranger cam' tae oor skule, And bided, strange to say; Familiar noo's the rustlin' goon, When the Rector gangs oor way.

RENEE MACDONALD, Sec. IIa.

ON WRITING AN ARTICLE

When the powers that be delivered the ultimatum — 'You must write something for the magazine—or else'—although dismayed, I thought light of it, but alas! on reaching about for a subject, I ran into difficulties at once. The trouble was not so much writing an article but choosing a subject, and it was not a dearth of subjects I suffered from, but an embarrassment of riches. All sorts of possibilities flooded my mind, and the difficulty of choice was most distressing.

I suffered from the same kind of indecision as Borodin's Ass. My own infirmity of purpose increased as fresh ideas assailed me. You see I am what might be called 'An eleventh hour man.' Such indecision may not necessarily arise out of intellectual laziness, but a person who sees many aspects of a question would naturally hesitate before committing his thoughts to paper. A sense of responsibility is also a severe deterrent to action, and yet a certain adventurous recklessness is needed, if a man is to be successful.

I sat in my lonely pedestal in the class room and day dreamed for hours—but still vacillated 'tween subject and subject. I looked in vain out of the window over the gleaming waters of the firth, watching the smoke of a distant train vanish towards the South. I bit my finger nails, but I found I was only the more perplexed as to the particular theme for my article.

To the tune of wild geese honking their way northwards I considered fresh subjects. Should I write some tale of unprecedented heroism or would an article on Fashions suffice? What were the merits or demerits of going to the movies? Was Gaelic dying out, and if so, what efforts could be made to revive it? Would I not gain more fame by writing a Pindaric Ode on that august body—the Staff? Surely that would win the plaudits of the multitude? But in the words of the poet:

"I intended an ode
But Rose crossed the road,
I intended an ode
But it turned to a Sonnet."

My thoughts were next distracted by the advent of a fresh class filled with several charming Roses of different hues. Would it do, I wondered, to write a Sonnet about them? But then the question arose —would I not by such an action put myself into great personal danger, and be forced to expiate my crimes on my lonely pedestal, for ever shunned by that fair

band of maidens? Such dire risk for a mere magazine article did not seem worth it, so I hastily abandoned the project, and directed my thoughts into safer channels.

Subjects continued to flood me, not in ones or twos but in thousands. They jostled for preference and clamoured for notice, each with its own particular virtues.

Well, I ask you, Dear Editor—What was I to do? Was I to select one out of so many and honour him above his fellows? Thus distracted by their importunities and starving in the midst of plenty, I fumbled in my pocket for a pencil and proceeded to transfer those jumbled thoughts to paper.

THOMAS MURRAY, Sec. VI.

SOLILOQUY ON HARD WORK

O that these too, too solid books would melt, Thaw and resolve themselves into a dew! Or that the teachers had not fixed a rule 'Gainst copied homework! Teachers please Spare me the weary hours of endless work. Rebel! Rebel! a voice within me cries. But something pricks my conscience, and I bend My head again to scutinise the print. With grim determination and with zeal I learn of Walpole, William Pitt, and Peel, Until my head aches, and I realise That "Devoir Français" yet awaits its turn For cerebration in this alien tongue. While learned Littler and Torchelli wait To show the wonders of the science world, And hungrily I swallow up their tales Of chlorides, chlorates, sulphates, and sulphides. Great Caesar next is eager to relate Of his campaigns in distant Gallia, And by to-morrow I must memorise Subjunctives, supines, and deponent verbs. And wearily I think of my sad lot, But then to me a consolation comes, To those who work reward will surely come. Take heart, dear friends, you never neéd despair, The "Highers" are but bubbles on Life's stream. That burst and vanish in Oblivion's sea!

Marina Gunn, Sec. V.

From the Junior Room

THE PUPPY NEXT DOOR

Next door to me lives a wee puppy. He is a Cairn Terrier and his name is Braggie. I love to play with him when I come home from school. We have grand fun chasing each other. He sits up and begs for a biscuit. Some nights his mistress takes him for a ride in the basket of her bike, and he sits in it very proud of himself. He runs after the cows on the links, but when they turn and look at him he runs home as fast as his wee legs can take him. I am going to save my pennies and buy a wee puppy just like Braggie.

PAT MACDONALD (7).

My name is Duncan Bethune,
In Bishopfield I play,
A stilish part of Dornoch
Where all the worthies stay.

It's a housing skeem in Scotland
That fairly beats the band
For colurs and for gardens
It's the finest in the land.

The bairns that live in Bishopfield
Are known to one and all
In fact, they are so numrus
I cannot name them all.

There's Margaret and Gordon
There's Betty and there's Ann
There's Pat and wee Sandy
And Ian and Diane.

We go to the Dornoch Academy,
We do our lessons well,
Good luck to all our teachers
Who teach us how to spell.

DUNCAN BETHUNE (9).

HOLIDAYS

Holidays are grand times
And they make us glad,
But when they are over,
Oh. we are so sad.

If I was in Parliament
I think I'd do my best
To open schools for two months
And have holidays for the rest.

BARRIE MACLEAN (7).

SPRING TIME

Oh how I love the Spring-time,
When all the earth wakes up,
The trees and flowers so bright and gay,
And little lambs in the fields at play.

WILMA STEPHENS (7).

MY HOLIDAY

I went for a motoring holiday with Mum and Dad. We drove up past Loch Ness, but we did not see the Monster. We passed through Inverness and then on to Fort Agustus, past Loch Garry back to Inverness. We went to Dunnet up through Wick and Thurso. Then we came to John O' Groats. We gathered some buckies at Duncansby Head. We went on to Tongue through Lairg and home to Dornoch.

JEAN BURNS (8).

BISHOPFIELD

Bishopfield is a nice long street With lots of girls and boys, And after school it is a treat To play with all our toys.

FREDA HELEN KING (7).

Efforts by the Wee Ones

Sometimes for Mother I wind her wool,

Lots of work and play at school,

I learn to knit and I learn to sew,

But as yet I have nothing much to show.

RHODA FRASER (6).

MY SISTER

I have a baby sister,

Her name is Anne,

And I love to cuddle her,

As she sits in her pram.

Her eyes are as blue as the deep blue sea,

And her hair is as fair as fair can be.

MARY LEWIS (7).

I have a little garden,
With pretty little flowers,
And whenever I come home from school,
I dig and delve for hours.

HELEN FRASER (7).

MY PET CALF

I have a little calf,
As white as snow,
And when she is hungry,
She lets me know.
She drinks her milk out of a pail,
And keeps on shaking her little tail,
WILLIAM GORDON (7).

I have a little brother

His name is Sandy

He is afraid to go to school

Because he'll get a pandy.

ISOBEL FRASER (7½).

I have a little sister Grace,
Who often has a dirty face.
I have a little brother Sam,
Who is as sweet as any lamb.
And if you want to find me,
In Room I I'll be,

JANE SINCLAIR (5).

FLUFFY

I have a little pussy cat,
She is as proud as as proud can be,
And every morning at breakfast,
She sits upon my knee.
Fluffy is my pussy's name,
She goes out a stroll at night,
She chases and catches bunnies,
And gives them an awful fright.

James Begg (7).

MY PUSSY

I have a lovely pussy cat,

His coat is black and grey,

And when I call "Come here, Tom,"

He runs from far away.

SANDRA L. PATERSON (6).

I have a lot of little chicks,

They are fluffy brown and grey,

They love to dance about and scratch,

Among the grass and hay.

PHILIPPA McCulloch (6).

MY DOG PAT

I have a little dog, Her coat is soft as silk, I feed her every day, On scraps and warm milk.

BETTY SKILLICORN (6).

ON THE BUS

I grab my bag,
And up to the gate
As fast as I can.
The door is open
And I take my seat
And hope to be first out
When I get to my feet.

RONALD FRASER (6).

From the Qualifying Class

A TORY'S COMPLAINT!

As Communism is our blight,
"Tis for our freedom we must fight,
And near the doors of great confliction
The Government calls for mass conscription.
With great inflation at our gate
A party split might seal our fate,
And with the advice of Mr Strauss,
The country's like the poor church mouse.
An election might tell a different story,
For it might bring in the party Tory,
And next year—that's if all is well—
They might a better Budget tell.

COLIN MACRAE.

THE QUEER THINGS I LIKE TO DO

I have many pastimes. You might think that some of them are rather queer? But then one man's food is another man's poison. The products of my efforts may not always be successful, but then I get a 'kick out of trying. A pastime is not a pastime if it is not fun.

Language is one of my queer interests. Esperanto, for example, is an interesting one and a genuine attempt to rid us of this "Tower of Babel." But one of my recent enjoyments has been to attempt to produce another language for the same purpose. This I have called "Repseanto" and is an effort on my part to reduce language to a simple and readily understood form, with the object of providing the various peoples with a common means of communication.

What, in my opinion, are its advantages? Its alphabet is shorter, its pronunciation is based on certain easily understood signs. With regard to the grammar, for the reason that the majority favour this, the verb is affixed—e.g., He football played. Space does not permit me to go into the details of this language I have called "Repseanto," but for your inspection I shall write a sentence in it.

Dornoch Academy is a good school.

Hnde Lhcq. ku em ifoh yecq. — and here is the pronunciation:—

Hindee liss koo em ifoh yess.

WILLIAM INNES WICKHAM (12).

LIFE ON A FARM

It's great fun to live on a farm, for you never know what queer things animals are to do next. For instance we have a cow, Ginger by name, who one day, as she was going into the byre, slipped and and the grieve were there, so they got ropes and though they heaved and pulled and heaved again, till the sweat poured down their faces, Ginger, fell heavily. Then other cows, not to be kept out, coolly walked over her. My father, the cattleman, realising she was on the cold ground, got up calmly and walked into her stall as though nothing had happened.

Two years ago our shepherd gave us a pet lamb to rear. Anne and I thought it would be a grand scheme if we were to put the lamb on in a special act in our show which we were to hold next day in aid of our concert fund. So, the next morning, to loosen up the lamb's muscles, we tied it to the body of our hurlie, and made it run across the square, but it started careering all over the ground like an Egyptian chariot at full speed.

In turning a corner too fast the hurlie almost turned over. Again he spurted, and we were left a good distance behind. When we reached the back of the house there was the hurlie safe and sound, but the lamb was lying on the ground almost exhausted. After that the lamb went to the Lairg sales and fetched a high price, so he turned out not such a bad sort after all..

Now, I must tell you about George, a ferret which adored Marelle, and she actually used to wash it in Lux to give it a fresh sweet smell. I remember distinctly once when she was washing the ferret, I roared and laughed when I saw a little head bobbing up and down in the frothy Lux. Once, when I was in the byre, I saw such a pretty picture—the ferret's wife Gertrude running along the wall with four or five tiny, creamy ferrets following her.

So, you see, country life can be very exciting when it likes, and there is always something interesting to look at.

RUTH MUNRO (11).

From the Senior Room

THE BROWNIES

I am a little Brownie,
My patrol is Ghillidhu:
We meet every Wednesday
To mend and make do.

Miss Johnstone is our leader, Of whom we're very proud; We do our best to keep the rules, We are a happy crowd.

And now my tale is ended,
All good tales end with woe,
Our big chief's getting married,
And from us must go.

ANN Ross (9).

OUR THANKS

Before we close our little tales,
Permit me now to say
Thank-you to the Captain and his Wife
For lifts we get each day.

When we are struggling to the school, Not one of us they'll pass; The car from front to back is full With every boy and lass.

I think it is so very nice

To get a lift to school;

If not, some days we would be late,

Which is against the rule.

MAVIS PATERSON (9).

BEHIND THE SCENES AT DORNOCH DAIRY

You would probably like to know the many processes which your bottle of milk goes through before it arives at your house. We will follow these processes right from the very start. Everything is done mechanically, and the milk is never touched by hand.

First, I will describe the electrical milking apparatus at the farm, An electric motor creates a pulsating vacuum inside a pipe above the cows' stalls, which hold two cows each. All the apparatus is on the lids of the cans. A long rubber pipe leading from the lid is attached to a tap between each pair of cows by Mr Stephens. Another pipe branches

into four, and these are attached to the cow. The vacuum sucks the milk into the container.

The milk is then poured by Mr Stephens over a cooler, which consists of a series of pipes of cold water, and this helps the milk to keep fresh. It is then put into large cans which are taken to the dairy by Pete. There he pours it into a tank with special taps for bottle-filling. These taps have rubber ends which allow the milk to flow through into the bottles.

The bottles are sterilised with a strong disinfectant. There is also a special brushing machine consisting of three revolving brushes—a large one in the centre and two small ones at the sides. Pete then pushes two bottles over the small brushes, and at the same time the large one in the centre cleans the outsides.

The cans are sterilised by steam. There is a Y-shaped pipe with three small holes, one at the end of each of the arms and one where they join. Peter then places the can over this, and the steam is forced out through the holes. There is also a steam chest with doors—like that of a bank strong room—for sterilising other articles. The articles are placed in this chest and then the steam enters through holes in the corners. So, you see, you are sure of careful cleanliness in your milk.

LEONARD WILL (9).

CAILLEAG

My granny has a small white West Highland terrier called Cailleag. That is the gaelic for "lassie." She has a favourite chair of her own and will not allow any strange person to sit on it, but any time my little brother and I go to our granny's, she will let us into her chair.

When my granny was ill in bed, Cailleag lay all the time on the mat beside the bed and seemed quite offended when the doctor called, but on the day my granny got up, Cailleag was so happy that she kept barking and running round as if to tell everyone.

Cailleag loves getting her bath, and when she is washed and combed, she sits up as if to say, "I am dressed now." Cailleag is over eleven years old now. When she was just two weeks old she lost her mother, and they used to keep her warm by taking her into the feet of their bed every night.

ISOBEL GILLANDERS (11).

AROUND THE ISLANDS OF SINGAPORE

One morning at eight o'clock a launch was waiting for us at Jardine Steps to take us a trip round the islands. As we left the harbour we saw all kinds of sea-craft, little sampans, junks, traders, tankers, and huge liners.

Sailing into quieter waters we came upon the fishing-stakes where our launch nearly cut through one of the nets. Between two small rocky palm-crested islands we saw the remains of the boom used to stop Japanese shipping during the invasion.

First of all, we stopped at Pulau Eubin, where we were entertained to sandwiches, fried prawns, and lemonade by a Chinese gentleman called On Ku Suan. We went bathing and saw funny little fish which had two little legs and could jump out of the water and sit on the stones for quite a long time. There were also very pretty shells, but when you tried to pick them up, they just walked away, because the hermit crabs lived in them.

In the afternoon we sailed away to another island called Pulau Tehong, where the paims grew right down to the water's edge. Here we met Mr Fernandez who can write poetry and speak English perfectly. In the evening we returned home, tired and very sun-burned.

ROSEMARY GRANT (10).

THE RABBIT'S BALL

One sunny afternoon, Mammy and Anne, and I were going for a walk (after Sunday School). We were going to Embo pier by the links so we took a ball to play with. We had lots of fun with the ball at catches and lots of other games, but all of a sudden the ball went down a rabbit hole, so if any one of you see any rabbits playing on the links with a brown sponge ball, just go and tell them it is mine.

BETTY Ross (9).

MY HAPPIEST MOMENT

My happiest moment was when I went to Dornoch Station to meet my mother off the train, after she was ten weeks in hospital. We were all so glad to see her home, because we were all very lonely without her—even the house was not the same without her. When we got home we had tea and then we told her all we did in Golspie. I told her first of all the first time I heard I got a baby brother was when I was in bed sick. Then we went to bed, because she was very tired travelling from Inverness to Dornoch.

ANNE MELVILLE (11).

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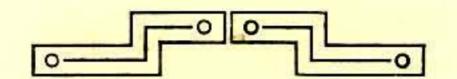
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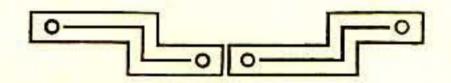


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