

# Na Lìneachan Mòra

## The Bynames, Genetics & Lore of Lewis

Issue 3: January 2023

Welcome to the third issue of Na Lìneachan Mòra. May I wish you and yours a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year!

It's a pleasure to be able to include the 1941 Nicolson Institute Annual within this issue. I have it in my possession because my grandmother (of 25 Swordale, Point) kept it for decades until she died in 2010. Her brother, Donald Roddy Macleod, appears in the photograph of the Editorial Committee. He also authored 'An Elegy' on the penultimate page - written to commemorate his brother Norman, who drowned when the HMS Rawalpindi was sunk at the beginning of World War Two. Although the Annual dates from well into the 20<sup>th</sup> century, I have included it as it will feature many families whose Lewis roots go back into the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries. Perhaps you have similar items in your possession - it would be lovely to be able to include scans of them in future issues.

In the near future I hope to be able to share some exciting news regarding the contents of future issues. In the meantime, please let any friends who may be interested know about the journal. A link to all issues is [here](#).

Yours faithfully,

William



Mrs MacRitchie and Miss MacRitchie were the wife and daughter (one of six!) of [Rev. Malcolm MacRitchie](#), minister of Knock Free Church from 1869 until 1885. When only a boy, he was described as the only (Christian) believer in the parish of Uig.

## ***Terms & Conditions for submissions***

- 1) There is no fee to be paid at any point.
- 2) Submissions may be of any length and should be emailed to [cummingwj@hotmail.com](mailto:cummingwj@hotmail.com).  
A fifty-word piece of oral history is as welcome as a ten-thousand word essay.
- 3) Copyright remains with the submitter.
- 4) Submissions should be submitted as Word documents. These may be edited for formatting, but will otherwise be published as submitted. Images should be submitted as high resolution .png or .jpg files. If the compiler believes that there are issues to be concerned about, these must be resolved before publication.
- 5) In making a submission, the submitter is stating that there are no copyright issues. If that is later found to be incorrect then the submitter is liable, rather than the compiler of the journal. In particular, the work done by Bill and Chris Lawson of *Seallam!* may not be quoted at any length. Instead the work referred to should be cited so that the reader can refer to the original text.
- 6) All submissions must relate to a family which lived in Lewis prior to the year 1900.  
This could be a fairly tenuous link; for example, if a Raasay tradition has a Lewis connection this would be very welcome.
- 7) Where a tradition is known in the original Gaelic, please provide the original, but also translate the text for the benefit of those of us who, sadly, do not speak the language.
- 8) It is inevitable that submissions will sometimes contain errors.  
These may be corrected by the submitter or politely challenged by others in future issues.
- 9) Submissions relating to DNA testing must have received consent from the individual whose DNA was tested. Individuals other than the submitter must not be identifiable, unless it can be confirmed that specific permission has been granted by those other individuals.

These conditions will be updated from time to time.

Please email me ([cummingwj@hotmail.com](mailto:cummingwj@hotmail.com)) if you would like to be notified when a new issue is published.

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## **‘Taillear’ MacKays**

A large part of my interest in genealogy and oral traditions stems from the influence of my maternal grandfather. Although a Morrison by birth, he was especially knowledgeable about his maternal line MacKays. My grandfather shared some brief traditions regarding this family, who were known in their home village of Upper Barvas as ‘na taillearean’ due to their involvement in the tailoring profession.

### Family Origins

According to my grandfather, the MacKays had arrived on Lewis as refugees from the clearances in Sutherland, during the second decade of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. One or more of their number had served during the Waterloo campaign. There was a story attached to the Waterloo veteran regarding his experience at the famous battle. The retired soldier painted a picture of the size of the armies present, by describing that if each soldier involved were to fill his hat with water from the largest loch on the Barvas moor (Loch Mor an Stairr?!), they would completely empty that notable topographic feature! I find it amusing that my ancestor used his local frame of reference to make his experiences during the Napoleonic Wars, relevant to his listeners.

I have not been able to find any documentary evidence that connects this MacKay family with Sutherland. According to my family tree, produced by Bill Lawson, the first of this family on written record are John MacKay and Kirsty MacLeod. There are no dates of birth or death provided for this couple. I assume that they were tenants at some point in Upper Barvas. I know that John MacKay, his second wife, Flora Matheson, and most of his family, emigrated to the Eastern Townships of Quebec and settled in Lingwick. John MacKay was a noted lay evangelist and was known in Quebec, as ‘The Catechist of Red Mountain.’ A Barvas relation informed me that John MacKay was known as a person with a deep, devotional faith and exhibited much spiritual power in public prayer. John’s eldest son, Donald MacKay (?1800- ) and his wife, Janet MacLean (1799-1864) elected to remain on Lewis and were tenants at 6 Upper Barvas. Their son, Donald ‘Taillear’ MacKay (6 Upper Barvas) and his wife, Effie Macdonald (1849-1919) took over the tenancy at 6 Upper Barvas.

### Possible MacKay Connections

I have pondered, if the Upper Barvas MacKays were descendants of the redoubtable John ‘Ruadh’ MacPhail/MacKay, who arrived on the island during the first decade of the 17<sup>th</sup> Century? Is it possible that the origin story is correct, but a mistake made regarding the time period of the family’s arrival. This might explain my grandfather’s tradition concerning a Sutherland origin for this family. I am aware, however, that my grandfather rooted his stories about the MacKays very firmly in the opening decades of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century and there may be some factual basis to the Sutherland clearance tradition. It would be interesting to discover any genetic evidence connecting my MacKay forebears to Sutherland or elsewhere on the north Scottish Mainland.

Submitter: Donnie Macdonald

## DNA and the genealogy of MacLeods from Raasay

For over 300 years, the Isle of Raasay was ruled by MacLeod clan chiefs who are said to descend from the chiefly line of MacLeods of Lewis. During this same period, the most common surname on Raasay was MacLeod. Was there any genetic relationship between the MacLeod chiefs and the MacLeods who lived on the land owned the chiefs? Can we connect the descendants of MacLeod emigrants who were cleared from their land by the MacLeod chiefs in the 1800s to MacLeods living on the island today?

Mark MacLeod recently gave a talk exploring the use of DNA to find MacLeod family connections to Raasay as well as considering deeper connections to more distant MacLeods from before the time of paper records. The talk can be viewed [here](#).

Submitter: Mark MacLeod (mark\_k\_macleod@yahoo.com)

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### Miscellaneous Online Resources

The Commissariat Records of the Isles: Register of Testaments, 1661–1800, can be seen [here](#).

The Men of the Lews, by Norman C. Macfarlane, can be viewed [here](#).

The Scottish Emigration Database is available [here](#).

Knock (Point) Free Church Baptismal Registers, 1845-1855, are available [here](#).

Dusgadh, the magazine for North Lochs Historical Society, has an index [here](#).

(When this is updated the new link will be [here](#)).

Stornoway Parish Council: General Register of the Poor, 1849–1905 (4 volumes) are [here](#).

Allocation of Lairs, Aignish Cemetery, c1900-1910, can be seen [here](#).

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### The Quern-Dust Calendar (WHFP articles)

Between 1986 and 2008 readers of the West Highland Free Press were treated to a fortnightly article by Ragnall MacilleDhuibh (Ronnie Black). He has recently made the entire set of articles available online at [querndust.co.uk/PDFs](http://querndust.co.uk/PDFs). Some of these articles relate to Lewis tradition and so are very relevant here. For example, article 550 ('Standing stones and Norsemen') contains a most interesting reference to the demise of the Lewis Nicolsons.

You can search the site for articles which mention Lewis by googling:

[site:querndust.co.uk lewis](http://site:querndust.co.uk lewis)

The  
Nicolson  
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Annual

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1941  
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STORNOWAY :

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1941.



**THE SIXTH CLASS — Session 1940-41.**

**Back Row**—A. M. Campbell, C. Finlayson, D. R. Murray, H. M. Blair, J. Maciver, N. Grassie, D. A. Munro.

**Middle Row**—W. J. M. Mackenzie, R. Campbell, J. Macdonald, A. Murray, A. Macdonald, J. M. Macleod, D. R. Macleod.

**Front Row**—E. Smith, H. Mackenzie, C. I. Mackay, P. M. Macrae, Mr Macrae (Rector), Miss M. Stewart, E. Macdonald, M. Mackenzie, C. I. Macleod.



# The Nicolson Institute Annual

No. 19.

STORNOWAY

SUMMER 1941.



## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

**Back Row**—A. Macdonald (VI), A. Murray (VI), W. Morrison (V), M. Macaulay (V).

**Front Row**—W. J. M. Mackenzie (VI), A. Baker (V), C. Finlayson (VI), D. R. Macleod (VI).

## EDITORIAL.

As we present this nineteenth issue of our school magazine, we take the opportunity of thanking our many contributors, who were certainly no fewer than in former years. To those of our F.P's who are serving in H.M. Forces, we wish the best of luck, and we hope that this magazine will serve to bring back memories of the old Nicolson.

Even although the exigencies of war have reduced the social activities of the school, yet this has been compensated for by the more useful though less recreative "Digging for Victory." The fact that this issue is not as well illustrated as usual, is made up for by the high standard of the articles, both English and Gaelic. Class I. especially is to be congratulated on producing some fine prose pieces.

## QUESTIONS CORNER.

This corner is for the benefit of members of the Nicolson Institute and is conducted by Madame Knowall, Madame Sheez A. Genius and Madame R. U. Wondering. Correspondents should state the case as briefly as possible. Wherever a private reply is preferred a 2½d stamp must be enclosed. There is no entry fee. Here are the answers to some of the questions received recently:—

To "Perplexed":—We are sorry, but we cannot think of a suitable shaving-cream for you at present. In any case, we think that, being a schoolboy, you are too much of a shaver to shave yet.

To "Tired Skin":—We think that you should try this for your complexion; it is a really excellent preparation: 2 lbs. currants should be mixed with a teaspoonful of boiling castor oil which has been weakened with cold tea. The whole should then be poured into a basin containing two tomatoes (if you can get them!) and half a loaf of bread. Pour paste on top and stir well. Apply thickly to the face. Good luck!

P.S.—Call the doctor before you start—just in case!

To "Hopeful":—No, unfortunately, we know of no 'certain method' of passing a maths. exam. without swotting. P.S.—If we did, we should adopt it ourselves and keep it a secret.

To "Blondie":—As a result of various scientific experiments it has been discovered that the best method of darkening fair hair is (1) Shave off existing crop (being sure to take the roots and all); (2) Tar, feather and polish the head; (3) Join the Magazine Committee and dry in the sun.

To "Scatterbrain":—The best thing that we can suggest is that you gather your wits instead of wool and at all times at least look interested.

To "Freckles":—We have already received thousands of billets-doux in praise of this cure for freckles: Mix a tin of any kind of grease with a tablespoonful of any kind of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder (Tokalon preferably). Season well and mix to an elastic dough. Pour as much as possible into a thimble and bring to the boil. Allow to simmer for two months and use what is left.

**JOTTINGS.**

Angus Macdonald, Sandwick, who was carpenter on the "City of Benares" when it was torpedoed, played a prominent part in rescue work and was specially mentioned for bravery.

\* \* \*

Stephen Maclean, LL.B., has been awarded the Fauld's Scholarship of £250 for three years (in law) at Glasgow University. The scholarship is a Post-Graduate award, made by the Senatus, to distinguished students in the Faculty of Law, for advanced study and research, and made on the candidate's "general academic record, evidence of capacity for advanced study, inquiry, or research, and the results of any independent work, published or unpublished, which he has undertaken." At present he is tutor in Public International Law at Glasgow University. He was dux of the Nicolson in 1929.

\* \* \*

For the first time for eighteen years, Captain John Macleod, Garenin, paid a visit to Lewis last July. Captain Macleod was appointed to the staff here in 1922, but owing to ill-health was ordered abroad. He taught in Canada, and over a year ago was appointed Inspector of Schools under the Saskatchewan Education Committee.

\* \* \*

**Aberdeen University—**

Alex. J. Macaskill, of last year's Class VI., obtained the Mackenzie Bursary of £60 in the University bursary examination. The previous year Derick S. Thomson won a bursary of £50 at the same examination. Norman Grassie of Class VI. is a candidate for the bursary this year.

**Degree Passes—****Medicine—**

Iain Fraser passed "Materia Medica."

Andrew I. Maclean, Ishbel M. Macrae and Elizabeth A. Morrison have passed the 2nd professional, and Alistair I. Macleod the first part of 1st professional.

Hugh Gillies passed 1st professional.

Science—John P. Morrison and Rebecca Macleod passed in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry (prin.).

**Merits—**

Latin—Derick S. Thomson, 1st Class Certificate (20th); Hugh Macdonald, 2nd Class Certificate.

English—Derick S. Thomson, 1st Class Certificate (8th); Angus Gillies, 2nd Class Certificate.

Junior Honours, Language—Christina M. Macleod, 1st Class Certificate (4th). Also in

Junior Honours Class second equal and awarded a 1st Class Certificate.

**Education—**

Mary Macphail awarded 2nd Class Certificate.

Mathematics—Derick S. Thomson awarded 2nd Class Certificate (12th).

Natural Philosophy—John P. Morrison awarded 2nd Class Certificate (10th equal).

Junior Honours Class—Marie E. Macleod awarded 1st Class Certificate (3rd place).

Celtic—Derick S. Thomson won 1st Prize and was awarded a 1st Class Certificate.

Annie J. Mackenzie and Mary Macphail graduated in Arts in July, 1940.

\* \* \*

Rev. Malcolm Smith, M.A., who received part of his education in the Nicolson, was ordained and inducted on the 14th of May to the Church of Scotland charge at Cross, Ness.

\* \* \*

Mr Norman Macleod, M.A., principal teacher of Classics at Bell-Baxter, Cupar, has been made Rector of Madras College, St. Andrews. He took up his duties there in January. Mr Macleod is a former dux of the Nicolson Institute and was classical master of the school for several years.

\* \* \*

James Macrae, Miavaig, has been promoted to Captain. Donald Thomson has been promoted to Major; Peter P. Maclean to Lieutenant and Murdo Macmillan has received a Commission in a well-known regiment. John M. Mackay, Callanish has also received a commission.

\* \* \*

The Rev. Alexander Ross, M.A., a former pupil of the school, and a former minister of St. Columba's Church, who is serving in the Middle East theatre of war, has been mentioned in despatches.

\* \* \*

John Macleod and Malcolm Campbell, from Sandwick Park, who had joined the Merchant Navy, without their parents' consent, were reported missing only three weeks after they had left home. A letter from one of the boys, however, told that both of them were prisoners of war, near Bordeaux.

\* \* \*

In the report of the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, presented at the recent General Assembly, it was stated that Mr Neil A. R. Mackay, a former Dux of the Nicolson, has been appointed Professor of English Literature at Lima University. Mr Mackay is to be congratulated on this well-merited recog-

dition of his abilities. He may truly be described as an all-rounder. An M.A. and B.Com. of Edinburgh University, he was once pressed by his lecturer at 'Varsity to make a special study of Norse. Engaged by an English school as classical master, he soon found himself reorganising the Laboratory and producing plays some of which he wrote himself. Now, as a missionary of the Free Church in their school at Lima, he finds time to conduct the work of the English Chair at Lima University and give occasional lectures for the British Association on Celtic Music, as well as continuing his studies in Philosophy and making himself a competent master of Spanish.

\* \* \*

Dr Roderick M. Ross (Dux, 1932), who graduated with honours in 1937, has now completed his D.P.H. at Edinburgh. His sisters, Margaret and Grace, are also giving a good account of themselves. Margaret graduated with first-class honours in French and Latin, and Grace has passed her second professional in Medicine.

\* \* \*

We congratulate James S. Grant (Dux, 1928), editor of the "Stornoway Gazette," on his appointment as a Justice of the Peace of Ross and Cromarty.

\* \* \*

Donald M. Munro, Swordale (III.B., 1937-38), recently completed his course at the Caledonian Wireless College, and is now a Radio Officer in the Merchant Navy.

\* \* \*

Mary Maciver, Swordale (V., 1936-37), has completed her General Nursing training in Glasgow and is taking a further course at the Royal Infirmary.

\* \* \*

Murdo Macdonald, Shader, has taken his B.Sc. in Agriculture at Edinburgh University. At the end of his course he was awarded a Colonial Scholarship of £300 a year, tenable for two years at the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture, Trinidad, which he is now attending. While he was in the Nicolson he was compelled to discontinue his studies, for a year or two, owing to an illness which prevented him from sitting the Higher Leaving Certificate in his fifth year. His recovery was excellent and his course in Edinburgh University specially distinguished.

\* \* \*

Donald Macleod, 32 Keith Street, completed his L.D.S. course at St. Andrews University last year and received an appointment in Banchory immediately after his graduation. Donald

was a former Captain of the School Football XI. and later a prominent member of the University football team.

\* \* \*

Old Nicolsonians will recall that on the occasion of his semi-jubilee as Rector of the School, Mr Gibson endowed the Dux Medal and the prize known by his name. Mr Gibson's interest in the School has again been shown by his generous action in augmenting the original endowment by a substantial sum, thus enabling the Dux medallist to begin a University course with a good selection of reference books. On behalf of the pupils, past and present, we tender to Mr Gibson our grateful thanks.

\* \* \*

In the Faculty of Medicine at Aberdeen University, the following have been awarded certificates:—Andrew I. Maclean, 2nd class certificate in Histology; Ishbel M. Macrae, 2nd class certificates in Physiology, Histology and Embryology; Elizabeth A. Morrison, 2nd class certificates in Anatomy and Histology and 1st class certificate in Embryology.

### THE WORKMEN'S BUS.

The seats of the bus accommodate almost half of the travellers while the rest are ranged on a narrow bench down the centre and on small stools placed at different angles to make the most of the little available space. The men sit astride the bench while, like two exceptionally small sardines, two modest students sit sideways in the middle of it.

After a short wait the bus moves off. A slight rift in the floor, along with the lack of balance caused by the students, makes the bench sway gently. The sun pours in the windows so that the occupants are nearly suffocated.

Soon the students feel their nostrils becoming choked, and little wonder! From behind comes the smell of oil, from in front the smell of tar, and from everywhere the smells of strong tobacco and beer. The compound aroma begins to descend until it reaches their throats, where it produces a tickly sensation. Then there is a slight gurgling noise as the fumes, now mixed with small bubbles of air, struggle for space in the stomachs recently filled with ice-cream. They seem to have found a resting-place for both students are hugging their stomachs while pain is written all over their faces!

The conversation is carried on in Gaelic with a few stray English phrases for the benefit of those learned two. The subject of rations (a common one among these hard-worked in-

dividuals!) generally causes arguments here and there. These, however, are soon settled by witty remarks from the back of the bus. An occasional "Hey, man!" can be heard, which indicates that someone is feeling sleepy.

As the bus moves on the odours become stronger, the "Hey, man's" more frequent, and the conversation lags. After a while nothing is audible but the heavy breathing of half-sleeping men. Even the "bright sparks" in the background are silent.

An eternity later the bus comes to a sudden stop, two ashen-faced scholars, laden with books, pay their fares, stagger out of the bus, and sit on the nearest mossy bank to recover their spirits. V.

### OBITUARY.

The death has occurred of Mr Alexander Macdonald Younie, M.A., Headmaster, until his recent retirement, of Longside Public School, Aberdeenshire. During the last war he was a Captain in the 5th Gordons; and later was President of the Longside Branch of the British Legion. He began his teaching career in the Nicolson.

The death occurred in December, 1940, of Dr Malcolm Macleod, a native of Bragar. Dr Macleod, who was one of the best known of Hull's doctors, had practised there for 15 years, before ill-health compelled him to cease work, five weeks before his early death, at the age of 46. His loss will be regretted both in Hull and at home, and wherever he was known. He had many activities in addition to his private practice. He was Police Surgeon, Medical Adviser to the Auxiliary Police fire service, Medical Examiner for Hull Corporation, Doctor for Public Assistance Department, Medical Referee for a number of Assurance Companies, and Public Vaccinator for a large section of the Hull population.

On 9th April, Mr Duncan Ranger died at the early age of 31, in the Lewis Hospital. He was one of Stornoway's most popular young men and his sudden death, resulting from pleurisy, was a great shock to the whole community. Mr Ranger was employed for sixteen or seventeen years as a clerk in the Stornoway Trust Estate Office.

We regret the death of Donald M. Macritchie of Garenin, Carloway, at the early age of fourteen. Donald, a pupil of particular promise, held 1st place in last year's I.B. He fell ill last September and developed a disease of the throat.

He was removed to hospital but his illness proved fatal and the whole school was profoundly shocked to learn that Donald had died suddenly. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his parents and sisters in the sad loss of an only son and brother.

We regret the death of Mr John Smith, M.A., of South Bragar, at the age of 40. While in Class IV. in the Nicolson he enlisted for military service in which he remained until 1919, when he returned to school. He went to Class VI., thus skipping Class V., but in spite of this he was dux medallist for that year. He went to Edinburgh University where he obtained his M.A. degree. On completion of his training he became Headmaster of Bernera School in 1924. In the following September he accepted an appointment in the Stranraer Academy. In 1925 he was attacked by a disease which lasted for 15 years and finally resulted in his death on the 7th of October, 1940, in Maryburgh, Ross-shire. He is buried in Bragar.

Since our last issue, another old Nicolsonian, Mr John Macritchie, M.A., Headmaster of Kinkell School, Ferintosh, has died at the comparatively early age of 47. Mr Macritchie, a native of Ballantrushal, Barvas, was at Salonika with the Ross Battery during the Great War. On demobilisation he resumed studies at Aberdeen University.

His first post was at Fearn, where he taught for six years. He then became headmaster at Kinkell School, a post which he held till his death. To his wife and his two children we extend our deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

We deeply regret the death of Mr James Macfarquhar, of 22 Bayhead Street, on the 30th December, 1940, after a period of ill-health lasting fourteen years. Mr Macfarquhar served his apprenticeship as a blacksmith, and on the outbreak of the Great War was mobilised with the Ross Battery. He served in the Gallipoli and Salonika campaigns holding the rank of Staff-Sergeant Farrier, and was mentioned in despatches. His experience of horses gained during the war earned him in later years some reputation as a vet. In the last few years Mr Macfarquhar had carried on business in the grain and feeding-stuffs line.

We regret to announce the unfortunate death of May Macdonald of the First Primary Class, who took ill in school, and, though rushed to hospital, died on the following day, at the early age of seven.

**CREAGACH.**

An uair a thàinig mi os cionn na lighidh cha robh r'a fhaicinn shìos fodham ach slat, gob ri gob, cuid dhiùbh am an làmhan gròsgach bhodach, agus cuid eile aig cloinn bheaga do'n tugadh smalag dùbhlán nan tigeadh i orra. Bha iad 'nan suidhe air an lic, beag is mór; dh'èigh mi riutha an robh am beathach ann; cha robh, agus ged a bhitheadh, is gann gum faighinn leud mo choise air a' chreig. Ach air an taobh a muigh bha piurra bheag bhiorach agus ged a bha a' mhuir a' briseadh mu timchioll rinn mi oirre, agus ann am beagan ùine bha am maghair agam anns an uisg', agus mise a' feitheamh gach mionaid ri clipeadh fharachdainn. Chaidh leth uair de thìde seachad is cha do dh'fhairich mi creutair. Anns an ùine sin, cha tàinig fuil á fairge air mo thaobh a stigh ach aon chudaig, a bha cho beag is gun do tharruing i gàire bho chuid de na sean laoiach. "Ach is math an cudaig an uair nach fhaighear an saoithean"; is e an rud nach robh sin fhéin ann; nam biodh is iomadh fear a bhiodh toilichte air. Is minig a chuala mi gur trom an t-slat air nach fhaighear ant-iasg, agus is mise a dh'fhairich sin an oidhche ud. Ach uair de na h-uairean thàinig cliath shaoithean agus thug mi seachd as ann an deich mionaidean. Thachair rud leibideach dhomh an uair ud; thàinig làd chùil orm an uair nach robh mi coimhead rithe, agus bha mi mar gun tigin air tìr; cha b'e gun do chuir so gruanan orm.

Greis an déidh so chuala mi éighe air mo thaobh a stigh; bha na bodaich an déidh na slatan a cheangal, agus piob am pluic gach fir an uair a chunnaic iad òganach 'na éiginn. Bha esan ag éigheachd, "Thigibh is i falbh leam." B'fheudar fear a dhol ga chuideachadh mun tug e an lughha ruadh bheag chon na creige.

B'e sud aon oidhche nach tàinig reubhairean ceann shuas na sgìre a nuas a ghoid an éisg againn. Sin mar bha sinne ag coimhead nis có-dhiùbh; gur ann leinn fhéin a bha cladaichean a' bhaile, agus cha robhas ag iarraidh choigreach, le'n cuid sgrom is buntàta bruith, agus gach ni eile leis am b'abhast dhaibh a thighinn. Ach is ro-choltach gun robh fios aca fhéin e' uine a dh'fhuireadh iad aig an tigh oir cha deach móran dhachaidh le eallach an oidhche ud.

VI.

**HOME GUARD?**

Poor Private Mutt is very dead  
Through orders disobeyed.  
He threw the blooming pin instead  
Of throwing the grenade. IIIB.

**"An uair a chi thu an t-Uigeach, seachain e."**

'S minig a chuala sinn na facail sin. Ach a bheil fhios agaibh có a thubhairt an toiseach iad? Is e so an sgeul. Bha bodach a mhuinntir Bhràgair là ag gabhail cuairt glé thràth. Có a thachair air ach Uigeach a b'aithne dha uaireigin aig an iasgach. Is ann a' dol a Nis a cheannachd bà a bha an t-Uigeach agus bha e fann leis an t-slighe. Cha tigeadh as do'n t-siarach gun iarraidh gu thigh fhéin gu blasad bidh agus bha an coigreach ro thoileach a dhol leis. Mus do ràinig iad an tigh thòisich fear Bhràgair ag gearan air dìth nan annlann, agus an uair a chaidh iad a steach b'e an aon éigh a bha am beul na cailliche. Bha i gu dìchiollach a' dèanamh lite agus dh'iarr i air na bodaich suidhe. An uair a bha an lite deas thaom i e do'n chlàr Lochlannach. Rug i air crog ruadh anns an robh im ùr aice agus chuir i trì làn na spàinne de'n im do dhara cheann a' chlàir. Chuir i an clàr air a' bhòrd agus rinn i cinnteach gur ann mu choinneamh an duine aice fhéin a bhiodh an ceann anns an robh an t-im. Cha deach ni de'n so as bho shùil an Uigich. Bha e fhéin is am fear eile a' bruidhinn a null is a nall mu na làithean bho chian. "Bha mi uair," ars an t-Uigeach, "am muigh ann am bàta beag agus thàinig stoirm uamhasach. Thàinig aon tonn mhór agus chuir i am bàta mar sud," is e e' breith air a' chlàr Lochlannach agus a tionndadh a' chinn anns an robh an t-im chuige fhéin. Ghabh e dha an uair sin agus faodar a chreidsinn nach do dh'fhàg e a bheag. Chunnaic bean an tìge mar thachair ach cha tubhairt i smid gun an d'fhalbh e. An uair sin thug i dearg aghaidh air a' bhodach agus a' maoidheadh a dòrn air thubhairt i, "An uair a chi thusa an t-Uigeach a rithist seachainn e." Class VI.

**WELCOME TO A SOLDIER**

Polish up the windows,  
Make them clean and bright,  
Hang up the crisp new curtains,  
See the folds are right.  
Give a final dusting  
To the spotless hall.  
In the crystal vases  
Place the iris tall.  
Peep into the garden  
Everything all right,  
Then into the mirror—  
Goodness, what a sight!  
Now everything is ready  
And my heart is beating fast,  
Then comes the sound of footsteps,  
And my soldier's home at last! IB.

**AFTER-DINNER QUIZ.**

1. Identify these mottoes:—  
(a) Cuidich an rìgh. (b) Sequamur. (c) Per ardua ad astra. (d) Servitor Servientium. (e) God's providence is our inheritance.
2. Topiaria is  
(a) Habitual drinking. (b) The art of trimming shrubs. (c) A style of mural decoration.
3. Ammonium is  
(a) A household cleanser. (b) a gas used in refrigerators. (c) A hypothetical substance.
4. A taxidermist is  
(a) A device for registering the fare in a hired carriage. (b) One who has bought from the State the right to levy taxes. (c) a person who stuffs animals.
5. A gourmet is  
(a) A deipnosophist. (b) A glutton. (c) The only fish that makes a nest.
6. A trillion is  
(a) 1,000,000,000,000,000,000. (b) 3,000,000. (c) 100,000,000.
7. A palindrome is  
(a) A covered conveyance used in the East. (b) That which reads the same backwards and forwards. (c) A conference between natives and white men.
8. Are any of the following mis-spelt?  
(a) Buckshee (a gratuity). (b) Camelopard. (c) Metonymy. (d) Ricocheted. (e) opossum.
9. Who created the following?  
(a) Dr. Caius. (b) Dr. Watson. (c) Dr Jekyll. (d) Dr Thorne. (e) Dr Faustus.
10. In what games are the following terms used?  
(a) Massé. (b) Stymie. (c) Bully. (d) Scrummage. (e) Sinker.

VI.

For Answers see Page 20.

**THE HIGHERS**

Slowly and surely the clock ticked forth,  
As, trembling, we made for our seats,  
The unsociable distance they were apart  
Was enough to give us the creeps.  
Sadly, solemnly we answered our names,  
As each in succession was called;  
Stiff and erect we sat at our desks  
Like pris'ners securely walled.  
Blotters, papers and pens were supplied,  
While like folks in a trance were we,  
Thinking of Milton, Chaucer and Scott  
We were sometimes completely at sea.  
Now, what had Satan done at that time  
When he felt dishevelled and torn?  
Oh, Milton, thou art too clever for us,  
We wish thou hadst never been born.  
Faster and faster still went the clock  
As our time drew towards an end,  
Nought was heard but the scraping of pens  
And sighs that hard hearts could rend.  
"Time's up" we heard, as if from afar;  
Our efforts were all handed in;  
We dived outside with shouts of relief,  
And when we got out, what a din!

V.

**REVENGE.**

A middle-aged man came out of his house one morning, stopped a man driving a coal-cart, and offered him ten pounds for his horse. The astonished driver asked why he wanted it, but Mr X said he would tell him later. The coalman accepted the offer and was even more amazed when he was informed that he would have another fiver if he got the horse into the house and upstairs. He again wanted to know why Mr X was doing this and again he got the same reply—"Later." With much puffing and blowing the horse was got upstairs, and then the coalman was offered another ten pounds if he could put the horse in the bath. The poor man, now in a state of coma, managed to heave the bewildered animal into the bath. "Now," he said, "I want to know what the big idea is." "Well," said Mr X, "there's a man staying with me just now and there's nothing you can tell him that he doesn't know. If you tell him the price of fish, he says, 'I know, I know.' If you tell him there was a heavy raid on London last night he says, 'I know, I know.' To-morrow morning he will come rushing to me and gasp, 'There's a horse in the bath.' Gee! Jee! and I'll just say, 'I know, I know.'"

V.

**Highlands and Islands Trust Examination—**

Murdo Macdonald, of last year's Sixth, was successful in winning a Bursary, and in addition Roderick Macleod (Inverness) Memorial Prize of £10 for one year, for proficiency in Gaelic.

**Jordanhill Essay Competition—**

Annie Murray, Cross, and Kenina Macphail, Arnol, were prize-winners.

**National Mod Prizes:****Junior Literary Competitions—**

Group (b) 2nd Year Post Qualifying—Reproduction in Gaelic of short English story—1st, Catherine Mackinnon; 2nd, Ian Mackay; 5th, Kenneth Maciver.

Group (c), 3rd Year—English Prose into Gaelic—2nd, Angus Macdonald; 6th, John A. Maciver.

Group (F)—Essay in Gaelic on Life of Saul—Boys—1st, Angus Macdonald; 2nd, John W. Macdonald. Girls—2nd, Murdina Macaulay.

Group (G)—Class Prizes Post-Intermediate Class—Class IV., Annie Mackenzie; Class V., Alex. Murray; Class VI., Murdo Macdonald.

## FIALAIDHEACHD.

Bha dà chat ann an sud a roimhe  
Is có thachair orra ach dà shean reithe,  
Ris an dubhairt iad "Thigibh, fheara,  
Oir is e làn dì bhur beatha  
Thighinn chugainne gu ur dìnnear.

Nì sinne dhuibhse lit is bainne,  
Is gheibh sibh càis is uibhean tonnaig,  
Is iomadh seòrsa feòl' is bonnaich,  
Is ma 's gur e feòil éisg is toil leibh  
Nì sinne ruibh ar dìchioll."

Thòisich na cait air dèanamh deiseil,  
Chaidh Iain Mór a shealg nan easag,  
Is thòisich Seònaid aig an dreasair  
Dèanamh lite de mhin pheasrach,  
Le aparan mór sìod oirr'.

Chuir i an sin air prais mhór iarunn,  
Is thòisich i ri dèanamh eanraich  
De bhioraich, sitheann, is sneapan suaineach,  
Uinneanan, min chorc is sgaitean cruaidhe,  
Is punnd gu leth de im ann.

Thug i an sin do gach reithe,  
Bóla mór de bhrochan teth  
Is thàinig Iain Mór a steach le chreiche:  
Easagan, sgaithean-fraoich is measan,  
De 'n a h-uile seòrsa.

Ghabh gach reithe suipeir dhòigheil,  
O 's ann riutha fhéin a chòrd i;  
Is shuidh iad sìos le pìob cho sòghail  
Is tobacc' a bha 's an Olainnd  
Ro' àm Mhussolini.

Sin mar ghabh an dà chat cheanalt'  
Ris an dà shean reith' a bha 'dol seachad;  
Is feuch an dèan thu fhéin cho math riutha  
Uair 's gum faic thu neach 'dol seachad,  
Is coltas liath na h-aois air.

Class V.

## MY EFFORT

Said teacher on Friday  
I've set you a test;  
You'll all write a poem.  
Please make it your best.

I started off gaily,  
I thought it such fun,  
I've been at it ten minutes  
And I've scarcely begun.

I've thought and I've puzzled  
My brains upside down,  
No wonder my beauty  
Is marred by a frown!

My metre is rotten,  
And so is my rhyme.  
I'd make it much better  
If I had more time.

I.A.

## HAUNTED MOOR.

The night was pitch black and extremely cold, and as he walked across the dark dreary moorland he shivered involuntarily. He felt cold and disconsolate and yearned for a blazing fire and other home comforts. At that moment he chanced to look back and his face was drained of colour. A white shape, contrasting weirdly with the utter blackness of the night, was following him. All the stories of ghosts he had ever heard were conjured up in that moment.

He ran forward, his breath coming in short painful gasps, his eyes dilated with an unearthly fear. Still the Thing came on relentlessly, pitilessly, never gaining or losing an inch of the distance that separated them. He was rapidly losing his self-control. His face was unnaturally white and he felt that if he went on at his present rate, his body would not respond to the terrific strain for long. Still he went on like a machine. He looked backward. The spectre was coming on like an avenging Nemesis.

The sight stimulated him to fresh efforts. He came to a river. He dived in and waded across to the other side, shivering with cold. He ran on, never stopping, never slackening his fear-goaded speed. Again he looked back, but the apparition had vanished. Still he kept on till he reached home. Next morning he was removed, insane, his mind warped by the events of the preceding night, and a lamb was floating, lifeless and pathetic, down the river. I.A.

## BUIDHEACHAS.

Dhuibh se 'sgrìobh dhuinn gu càirdeil  
Bhur naigheachd gun nàire,  
Ann an cànan 'ar màthar le uail;  
Anns a' chànan a' b'fheàrr leinn,  
Bhith bruidhinn 'sa' mánran,  
An cànan bh' aig Adhamh ri Dia.

Tha mi sneadh mo làimh dhuibh  
Gun tugadh sinn taing dhuibh  
Cha leig sinn bhur coibhneas dol uainn.

Cha do chaill sibh a' Ghàidhlig,  
Flor fhuil nan Gàidheal,  
Is chum sibh am 'pàipear' o'n uaigh.

VI.

*Antonomasia:* The brown cow should be sold to the first drover that comes the way: Bu chòir a' bhó ruadh a reic ris a' cheud bhreacan a thig an rathad.

## THE LADIES OF THE SIXTH

The ladies in question in number are few,  
But, as you will see, are a jolly nice crew,  
For we can well laugh and can talk and can prate  
Though of us in all there are only just eight.  
To start at the back and work all the way round,  
We find that our Effie is first to be found.  
Effie was wise when she chose her position  
Picking a seat out of man's range of vision.  
Our Effie is small, and is, too, very slight,  
And knits countless "woollies" from morn until  
night;  
She's proud of the fact that her home is so near  
The Callanish stones — they're so gaunt and so  
queer.

Now, next in the list is, I see as I look,  
Miss Peggy, who's learning to sew and to cook,  
Whose housewifery knowledge grows term after  
term,

Who never need contemplate getting a "perm":  
The fellow who marries this lassie from Point  
May eat without fear his fried fish or his joint.  
Again at my list I take a wee peep  
And notice Christeen, who does dote on her Greek!  
At Classics this slender young lady does shine  
And knits lovely jumpers I wish could be mine.  
Her eyes they are hazel and rosy her hue,  
I jokes you will tell her—hysterics ensue!  
Now Cathie, I see, is the next one of us,  
This lass comes from Back every morning by bus,  
And even though Cath must get up before eight  
She's lucky to have an excuse when she's late;  
True blue, I perceive, is the hue of her eye,  
Her hair, which is fair, on her shoulders does lie.  
The fifth is, I notice, and you may well guess,  
The lassie from that lovely village at Ness.  
It's Etta, whose place we one day hope to reach:  
For Etta, you know, has now started to teach—  
To teach the young kiddies the good old three R's,  
And also how they analyse and do parse.  
Directly behind her sits that quiet girl  
(At times!) and her forehead does sport a stray curl,  
That hair is as black as the raven's own wing;  
This lady she laughs at the slightest wee thing,  
She always does seem in a gay happy mood  
(Young Effie the second) as clever girls should.  
And next is the "babe" of this happy, glad class,  
That's young Chrissie Bell, who's a bonny young  
lass,

With fair curly hair and big eyes of dark brown,  
Her face is seen seldom with surly, dark frown,  
Except when the toothache does give her some pain  
And makes our poor lass moan and moan yet again.  
Now she sits in front of that happy young maid  
Who often in many swift games has well played:  
For Mary, who's quite full of "go" and of vim,  
Can always, in truth, take the first place at gym.  
Her cheeks they are rosy, and fair is her hair,  
There now you have Mary, who'll do and who'll  
dare.

And now, it seems, I have some small mention made  
In turn, of each happy and gay Class Six maid,  
And it is with sadness that now we must think  
That broken apart soon will be the firm link  
That does bind us all tight together just now,  
And did in the old days of praise or of row,  
For soon we shall scattered far abroad be,  
Each other we will then no longer much see.  
Of this I do think as I now cease to write,  
We are truly the "ships that pass in the night."

VI.

## CLASS VI.

Throw open, once again, Mount Helicon  
Ye goddesses of sacred arts, ye powers,  
Ye deities of the Alpheus flood.  
Apollo's favoured look I seek to gain.  
Great is the theme; not so the praise.  
I sing of mighty heroes of the Sixth,  
What time the Highers still remain in doubt  
Like unto judgment from St. Michael's seat.  
First Bauer comes with slowly measured steps—  
He left his seat unoccupied to look  
For silvan shades and fragrant scented woods  
While "Kipper" checks the time for those  
Who toil perspiring under midday sun.  
And Murray listens in the wilds of Back  
What time empyreal radiance of moon  
And stars enfold the universe in sleep.  
Him "Anda" answers with a flashing eye  
In Ossian's accents and in Oscar's tones.  
"Lachy" came next, than whom a better driver  
Tawse ne'er asked, or in the Grounds e'er met  
By fading light a hefty hostel bride,  
With him came one who never yet forsook  
A sore distressed fair damozel "Alda"  
O'er a neighbouring class kept watch  
While "Clocker" laughed but could not keep a  
date.  
Of Titian locks and looks of cold disdain,  
Blair captivates the hearts of Yarmouth maids,  
Not Stornoway. Him followed Grassie, who  
With expert brains the mysteries unfolds  
Of science. To whom "Kins" replied with looks  
Suspicious. For football captainship  
For him sufficient was. In company,  
With war-cry of Argyll, the Campbells came;  
The one in classic learning deeply read;  
The other skilled in use of sail and helm.  
"Lost" joined the Air Force in his country's cause  
To fight; nor yet forgot her whom he left  
Behind. And "Sel" bent low his head, as when  
An Ethiopian emperor rejects  
The plea for some poor guilty wretch condemned  
To suffer agony. Next came "Aida,"  
With raven hair and quiet, submissive face,  
He left us for a crofter's life in Ness.  
I had forgot Munro and Morrison,  
Heroes of more colossal build than they  
Who fought upon the Tucrean battlefields.  
Stay, Muse, that with accompanying strain  
I may soar high above the Muirneag mount  
To regions unexplored. But thou hast fled,  
Thus end the hero denizens of Six.

My first is in hostel, but not in digs,  
My second is in oranges, but not in figs,  
My third is in hammock, but not in bed,  
My fourth is in peacock and also in hen,  
My whole is two words, with a hyphen between.  
Go out at night and I'm sure to be seen.

My first is in ginger, but not in beer,  
My second is in cough but not in tear,  
My third is in hanky and also in sash,  
My fourth is in airship and also in crash,  
My fifth is in donkey but not in ass.  
My whole is to let no enemy pass.

Answer—Home-Guard.

IV.



### A COUNTRY BUS.

I had waited for three hours for the bus that was supposed to go home at 5.30 p.m. but never set out before 6.30. Half-a-dozen young sparks had come over to Stornoway to get themselves outside as much beer as their stomachs could be persuaded to hold—hence the delay. When the clock struck eight even the face of the long-suffering bus-driver registered signs of impatience. At last he entered the public-house in which the young men were carousing, while we waited shivering in the bus. Eight-thirty found us still waiting thoroughly angry and cursing volubly and violently. We could only conclude that the driver had joined in the conviviality.

Eight forty-five came and passed. I decided that I had had enough and was going away when seven bedraggled figures rolled unsteadily out of the public-house towards the bus. Another quarter of an hour elapsed before we started. With a startling roar the engine came to life, and I reflected that if the noise counted for anything, we shouldn't take long now. How completely that noise deceived me! I was seated between a boll of oatmeal and the blood-spattered carcass of a sheep. By the frequent and dangerous lunges the sheep made in my direction and by the undignified way in which I bobbed up and down, I judged that the driver had drunk, if not wisely, at least well.

The young men, the most distinctive features of whom were their violent ties, snored melodiously in different keys as the bus bumped slowly and loudly along. They woke at frequent intervals and, stopping the car hurriedly, rushed to the door with their hands on their mouths. These delays irritated me a great deal, but I kept discreetly silent, as any objections would certainly lead to blows. At last they sobered a little and began to sing with more noise than music, one of these haunting Gaelic melodies to which only the best of singers could do justice. Their efforts would have made Handel and the other great musicians turn in their graves, but that did not deter them. They invited me to join in, but I thought they were bad enough as it was, and excused myself with the conventional 'sore throat.'

I kept a wary eye on the sheep which seemed to decide that I was a desirable resting-place for it. I disagreed, however, and made it keep its distance with furtive pushes when no one was looking. I tried to shut my ears to the jarring noise of the car and to the still more jarring noise the amateur singers were producing.

However, even the longest lane has its turning, and at last to my unutterable relief my bibulous friend, the driver, brought the car unsteadily to a halt and I alighted, vowing devoutly that I would never set foot in it again, even though I would have to walk home. V.

### THE SEA.

I think the calmest and most beautiful sight Nature affords is the sight of a sea dancing and glittering like diamonds in the rays of a summer's sun. A great peace steals over the troubled soul as the tired eye loses itself in the brightness of the waters.

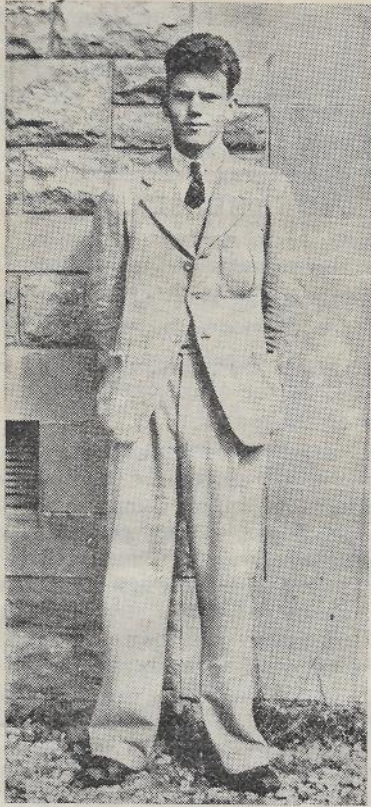
Not only at such moments as these, but at all times, and in all moods, is the sea beautiful, be it morning or evening, summer or winter.

It inspires hope. When we feel like giving up the fight, when we feel that it is in vain we strive, the sea seems to whisper 'Persevere!' It is so human! We feel drawn to it because it seems to understand our joys and sorrows, because we find comfort in its voice.

We cannot explain this mystery, the reason for the strong link between the Islanders' heart and the sea, but it is so. Is it because our ancestors lived by the water, and took their livelihood out of it all through the ages, and became unconsciously attached to it, that the mystical strain of love for the sea runs so strongly in our blood?

Perhaps it is because it has witnessed such strange scenes in past centuries that it feeds our imagination; how many things it reminds us of, when we sit gazing at it! We have imaginative pictures of what happened before we came, and then we have precious pictures of what we ourselves witnessed by the sea; again we live over dear, trivial incidents of long ago. It helps us to fight against overwhelming loneliness; in this time of trouble it convinces us that the struggle avaleth, that there is a reunion in the future. Sometimes we even imagine that it carries a message home to us from neighbours who may be thinking of home, somewhere upon its vast expanse. Some speak of its relentlessness. Does the sea feel with us, when it leaves us bereft of friends? There again is the mystery. It seems to soothe us!

How much love is expressed in that one sentence "I must down to the seas again!" We find that strain running through our national poetry, especially through our Gaelic songs. "Coel na mara" conveys a great deal of meaning to most Lewismen. VI.



**MURDO MACDONALD**  
Dux of School—Session 1939-40.

### THE END OF A RAIDER.

The raid is over. Through the murky darkness the raider, his evil mission completed, heads for home. Below him burns the havoc for which he alone is responsible. Clawing the skies like restless fingers are the searchlights. Like a hound after a fox the Spitfire follows him, while the plane is sprayed by shell bursts from a hundred guns. He is uncertain of his course each cannonade bringing death a little closer. He is caught, trapped like a fox on whom the hounds converge. Where shall he head for? He does not know but dives into cloud banks, only to emerge into some new peril.

Now he is at the coast, while, underneath him the grey billows dash against the rocks. A certain keen-eyed gunner sights his gun and fires— one more German raider fails to return to base.

I.A.

### THE STORY OF A MILL.

The ruins of old mills are quite a common feature along the route of many fast flowing Lewis streams. These antiquated landmarks have been long since out of use, in the Lochs district particularly, and it would appear now as if the purpose for which they were originally erected has been, for weal or for woe, quite definitely abandoned. The walls of a very old mill were recently removed for packing in a new highway. A huge stone that had fallen over into the centre of the mill was being lifted out of its ancient rest as one day I came on the scene. The stone had evidently fallen over the place where it was customary to kindle a fire, and here were exposed to view the ashes—the remains of the last flare that warmed some bygone ancestor. The story is told that at one time a heavy downpour of rain broke the dam that regulated the supply of water that worked this mill. The volume of water that got loose carried everything before it. The mill itself was at last enveloped, and everything that could float was carried quickly seawards. To crown the catastrophe, the miller, unfortunate man, was seen floating among the debris, expressing himself in the following alliterative measure, still used when one is overtaken with the unexpected:—

“Dh’ fhalbh a mhuileann, dh’ fhalbh an dam,  
dh’ fhalbh a h-uile ni a bh’ann.”

I.D.

### BEARNARAIDH.

Bha bodaich Bheàrnaraidh air am meas 'nan daoine cho deas air an teangaidh 'sa gheibhtheadh an àite 'sam bith. Bha bodach àraidh air droch dhòigh fhaighinn 'na òige ann, agus bha e air falbh as, is bha e ri fuireachd air taobh eile a' chaolais. B'e a chosnadh a bhith a' toirt an aiseig do na daoine a bhiodh a' tadhal an eilein.

Latha de na làithean, am measg na cuideachd a bha gabhail an aiseig, bha fear a bha dol a dh'iarraidh neach leis an robhas a' dol do Inbhir-nis.

Ghabh e naigheachd an àite do'n fhear-aiseig agus dh'fhaighnich e dheth ciod e an seòrsa duine a bha e dol a dh'iarraidh.

“A charaid,” ars' am fear aiseig, “aon uair is gum faigh thusa air tìr, faodaidh tu falbh leis a' cheud neach a thachras riut.”

IIIa.

**DIGGING FOR VICTORY.**

A visitor to Springfield would have been cheered once by such familiar sounds as the lusty laughter of III.B. enjoying "the Wellers", the rustling of leaves as III.A. prepared to digest yet another page of "the Essays of Elia," while from upstairs the crash of breaking flasks and beakers drowned for a moment the rhythmical beats of Vergil's hexameter. But, of late, an altogether new sound has been heard—the jingling of coins in the male pupils' pockets. That the coins remain there long enough to jingle is due to the scarcity of the various delicacies in which the schoolboy was wont to indulge. But the reason for the accumulation of this wealth lies in the fact that six groups of agricultural "minute men" have placed themselves at the services of any crofter or allotment holder who may require them. Not only are they paid at 9d an hour, but free transport is provided, and the luxury coaches of the island call at the school to whisk them off to dig for victory in Barvas, Back, Achmore, or Coulegrein.

**SONNET TO VERGIL**

How great the sorrows that one man can cause!  
 O Vergil, would you were alive to-day  
 To see us sweat! With bated breath you'd pause,  
 With look aghast, at what we have to pay  
 Because we can't repeat your senseless words,  
 Because we can't construe your senseless lines,  
 Because of you, like badly-wounded birds,  
 Full many a carefree youth now sadly pines,  
 E'en surds are sweet when they're compared with  
 thee!

You may be fine to him that understands.  
 Unfortunately, none of us can see  
 Your beauty, nor the valour of your bands.  
 If write you had to, why could you not take  
 Some language that might keep us all awake?

VI.

**ON GOING ABROAD**

Oh, white-winged seabird of this northern Isle,  
 Who tireless seemeth still to seek,  
 O'er stormy waters mile on mile,  
 From Kinross Head to Sandown Creek.

Oh, wonder hunter of this feathered band,  
 Who fliest above the lashing foam  
 From land to sea, and sea to land,  
 Yet know'st nowhere to call a home.

Oh, white-winged seabird of this western shore,  
 Who wanderest on without a care.  
 With joy I'll hear your voice once more,  
 When next I meet you—oh, but where?

IIIB.

**CROSSWORD**

		2	3	4	5	6
	R	S	P	O	N	D
7	8			Y	I	E
10	S	E	S	T	A	
12		13	14	15		
16	17				18	
19					20	
21						

**CLUES—ACROSS.**

1. Answer or spend!
7. Excessive interest.
9. That is.
10. If you are, thank you for an afternoon nap.
12. This snare has art upset in it.
15. This downwards inclination has its beginning in the Latin gods.
16. The tavern seems to hesitate for the interior.
18. An abbreviated girl's name.
19. Gallops easily.
21. A small boss of shining metal.

**CLUES—DOWN.**

1. Cut, sirs, for yokels.
2. This girl reminds me of a court.
3. O, tray! you have forsaken the draws.
4. Quite a lot of joy.
5. The Latin "unless" loses the "if."
6. Speed is scorn!
8. This title is very nearly a father.
11. Help.
13. A palindrome of a girl.
14. This animal is always tame.
15. Almost the vilest part of anything.
17. Forty winks!
20. The ice leaves the memorial.

Solution on Page 17.

**THE DISSATISFIED SCHOOLBOY.**

I'll leave this school,  
 And not a tear I'll shed,  
 To stay I was a fool,  
 I'll leave this school  
 And be no master's tool,  
 But go to work instead,  
 I'll leave this school,  
 And not a tear I'll shed.

VI.

**SUMMER IN THE WESTERN ISLES.**

I sit out in my garden in the sun,  
 And feel most grateful that the summer's come  
 At last. For though this isle is good  
 To me in any weather, still it should  
 Be fine at times to let the gardens grow,  
 And give the peats a chance to dry, and show  
 To visitors who journey here from far,  
 What glorious spots these Western Islands are!  
 Whoever sees the Hebrides on such a day as this  
 Carries for ever in his mind a scene of perfect-  
 ness.

Green are the moors,  
 Tinged here and there with heather,  
 Newly come to bloom  
 With this fine sunny weather.  
 Blue are the skies,  
 Reflected in the sea with varied hues,  
 Brown when the seaweed grows,  
 Then emerald to ever deepening blues.  
 The hills stand out so clearly, free at last from  
 mist,  
 The lochs in beauty sparkle by myriad sunbeams  
 kissed.  
 The thrushes' and the meadow pippets' songs  
 are heard again,  
 As if to tell their thankfulness, that gone are  
 gales and rain,  
 For to this well-loved Western Isle, summer has  
 come at last  
 And gloomy grey rain-laden clouds are for the  
 present past. II. B.

**IN PRAISE OF CLASS IV.**

Which is the best class in the school?  
 Which is the class that obeys the rule  
 Of keeping quiet when teacher is teaching  
 And listening intently when he is preaching?  
 Class IV., of course!

Which is the class that flies through exams?  
 Which is the class that has no qualms  
 Over "Fair Copies" left undone?  
 Which the most learned class under the sun?  
 Class IV., of course!

Which is the class that does the most work  
 In Shakespeare and Chaucer, Macaulay and Burke?  
 Which is the class which all teachers praise  
 For its good behaviour and mannerly ways?  
 Class IV., of course!

Ours is the class which is best of all  
 The classes in school—both great and small.  
 If you don't believe me, come and see,  
 And you will wish that you could be—  
 In Class IV., of course!

IV.

**A CHILD'S BEWILDERMENT.**

There had been two forces struggling in my mind, one, a strong feeling of curiosity that bid me enter, the other, a feeling of awe, which tempted me to take to my heels and flee from the vicinity of that familiar room. But I could not have run away; something was pulling me almost against my will, nearer and nearer, and at last I stood, gazing solemnly at the spectacle before me.

I fell on my knees before the long, narrow box, with its yellow handles and awful beauty. I cautiously raised the flap of the white sheet that covered the top; I looked. Was that the face I knew? The eyes were shut; the features were composed; there was an expression of great calm on the face.

I was frightened, and yet the deathly paleness of that face held me fascinated. Should I kiss it before I left it forever? No, no! I shrank from that. This was not the face I had kissed so often before. She had spoken to me then; she had caressed me, and told me wonderful stories about Moses and Egypt and Bethlehem.

The wind moaned dismally outside. How often we had both heard it together, as we lay securely wrapped up in that bed! Why could she not speak to me now? I was here beside her, and she did not know. But this could not be she whom I knew; it was only a clay model. She was alive somewhere. Those people who were singing downstairs had told me that God had taken her to Heaven. Well, then, that was why she could not talk to me any more. She herself had told me she would be happy when she died. What did she used to say to me every night? "Remember—thy Creator—in—the days—of—thy youth."

It was strange that I should think of that, while I was looking at the lifeless features. That mouth had said it. And she was happy in Heaven! I wondered if she was watching me. But how could she be there when she was here? What other face could be in the box?

Then I thought of a bird, imprisoned in a cage. She had been like that; the bird had flown and here was the cage, this lifeless face.

A terrible fear of the Presence of Death in that darkened room took a hold of me, and I was running, running to get away. VI.

### THE JOYS OF LIGHT READING.

There are people who enjoy reading 'heavy' books to the exclusion of all others. They take pride in poring over volumes of closely-typed pages with enormous words and paragraphs extending over pages. At light reading they turn up their noses, and say with a lofty sniff, "Rubbish!"

We infer from this that every book or work which does not require concentrated application and study is not worth reading. This view, I think, is entirely unjustified. Are there, after all, no pleasures in light reading?

People who have read light books and really enjoyed them know the answer. But to others it is not so obvious. Why, then, do we read light books in the first place? Not, Mr High-brow, because we do not understand the writings of biographers and essayists, nor because we cannot appreciate the undeniable intensity, force, and beauty of their language, but because the mind at times needs relaxation from this type of work. It is a great strain on the mind to study such heavy works, and though they are excellent in their own place and time, they must sometime give way to lighter forms of reading or they lose their charm and individuality and become monotonous.

Light reading, then, gives the mind a rest, a change. We have no studying to do; there is no 'reading between the lines,' or searching for the author's meaning by supposing that 'if this word were an adjective now instead of a noun it might mean . . . .'

The meaning is there in plain simple language and we may read confidently on without any pricking of the conscience because we did not look that word up in the dictionary or apply ourselves properly to that last obscure phrase. This is an important point to notice in light reading—we may proceed in our reading unhindered and reach the end of lyric or light story before pausing. In heavy reading we perhaps read one paragraph (it is usually words, words, words) and then go over that paragraph in detail to discover what it is all about—then finally read it over once more, when it is much more intelligible and simple. This is not necessary when we read light books—and the eagerness 'to reach the end' leads us to read quickly, to absorb ourselves completely in time and story, and thus to enjoy it to the full.

A light work is on a light and airy subject—its theme is happy and carefree. There is no 'mustiness' in it. We involuntarily enter into the spirit of what we read and the lightness and gaiety imparts itself to us. Light reading leaves

us refreshed and, somehow, more optimistic and uncomplaining. A lilting lyric or a gay frivolous story has this effect on one. Everything has its advantages—and the advantages of light reading are many and varied if one takes trouble to discover them. VI.

### FREEDOM.

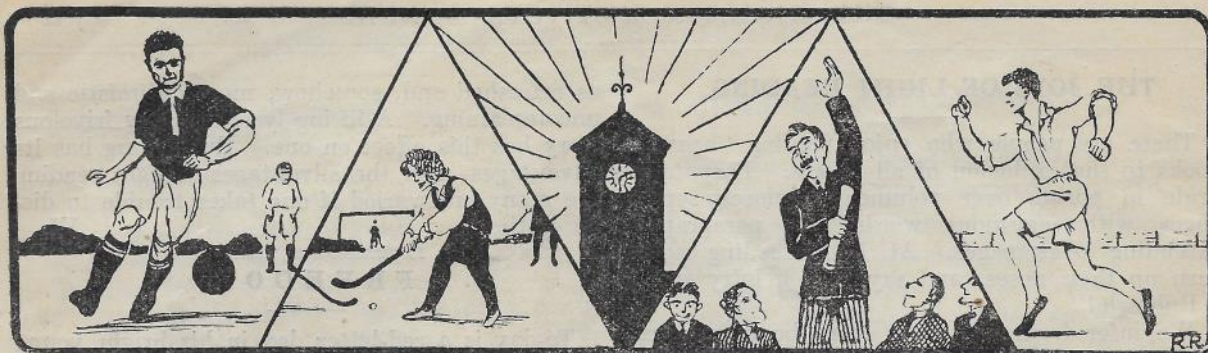
To-day is a red-letter day in his bright young life for he is leaving school. He squirms restlessly in his uncomfortable seat as he awaits the bell which will dismiss him for the last time from the 'house of bondage.'

He wears a suit which was navy-blue when it was new but has now assumed a grassy hue which testifies to its many days of useful service. Around the elbows this suit bears a striking resemblance to Joseph's coat of many colours, in the startling and varied colours with which it is patched. Its sleeves are as stiff as the starchiest of collars from continual appliance to a nose which always sports a drop of unusual size. His hair is undescribable as well as uncombed, but those who have seen Mickey Rooney's hair before he became a lady's man will have an idea of what it is like. His face is disfigured by huge pimples which regularly rear their heads and show a violent red against his white face. His smile shows teeth which are in dire need of Odol.

His boots, which look as if he had lent them to Hercules to clean the Augean stables, are very heavy and are responsible for that slouching walk of his which justifies his teacher in calling him 'ape.'

Rosy castles in the air crop up in his mind as he eagerly longs for the bell that opens the path to freedom. His life is going to be one continual holiday. Poor fellow, he is in for a few disappointments.

At last the long awaited bell rings and his headmaster calls him out for a fatherly lecture, the chief points of which illustrate the advantages of the 'straight and narrow road' and the evils of the 'primrose path.' Then the master shakes his hand and turns away, whereupon our young hopeful sticks out a bright red tongue and goes out. He takes a deep breath at the door and gallops down the road, his own master, till his father sets him to work. He now looks back with longing to his idle days of school life and calls himself every kind of fool. V.



## FOOTBALL.

At the beginning of Session 1940-41 the football outlook seemed very black indeed, as there was no hope of arranging a game with an outside team. But the appearance of an R.A.F. squadron came as a windfall, and a game was played on September 11th. Despite their stout resistance the School was beaten 3-2. They left the field greatly impressed by the exceedingly fine sportsmanship of their opponents, but nevertheless determined to beat them in the return match; this they did by the odd goal in seven.

On October 25th the annual preliminary meeting was held and William J. M. Mackenzie, VI., was unanimously elected Captain; Alexander Murray, VI., Vice-captain; Donald Macdonald, V., Secretary; and Louis Cabrelli, V., Fourth Shield Captain.

A third game was arranged with the R.A.F. in which the School repeated their previous success—winning 3-2. The team in these games was:—J. Macleod, IV.; D. Bauer, VI.; N. Maciver, V.; M. Macaulay, V.; N. Macdonald, V.; A. Murray, VI.; D. A. Macdonald, VI.; D. Macdonald, V.; L. Cabrelli, V.; W. Mackenzie, VI.; R. Macleod, IV., but in the third game the School was assisted by two F.P.s., M. D. Maciver and D. M. Macmillan. The next game was played against an F.A.A. XI on a Saturday afternoon when several of the regular players were unavailable, but the team which was fielded met with little resistance, as the result, School 10, F.A.A. 1, shows. Then followed a series of encounters with selects from H.M. Minesweepers and other service teams, in which the School invariably ran out winners by a margin of 6 goals. The team in most of these games was as follows:—J. Macleod, IV.; D. Bauer, VI.; N. Maciver, V.; J. Macleod, VI.; N. Macdonald, V.; A. Murray, VI.; D. A. Macdonald, VI.; D. Macdonald, V.; L. Cabrelli, V.; W. Mackenzie, VI., and R. Macleod, IV. The resistance of the various service teams stiffened with the drafting of additional personnel, but the School team managed to retain its supremacy, until it was seriously weakened by the departure of six of its

members. Thereafter, out of five tussels with the "base" the School won 2 and the "base" 3. Towards the end of the season a Stornoway select, in which the School was well represented, played several service teams.

## HOCKEY.

Hockey was resumed, as usual, after the Easter vacation, and as last year's membership had been trebled some fresh arrangement had to be found. It was finally decided to divide the club into two sections—seniors and juniors—and that different evenings should be allotted to each. From the senior section four teams—A, B, C and D were formed, captained respectively by Colin Finlayson (VI.), William J. M. Mackenzie (VI.), Peter Macleod (V.), and Kenneth Nicolson (IV.). The teams were evenly matched and in several games some very good hockey was witnessed. There still remain two or three games to be played before the league is completed, but as it stands at present B is first, C is a close second, while A and D share the wooden spoon. The activities of the junior section have developed apace and now many promising players are emerging from the ranks of "the-bruised-shins-and-smiling-face" brigade.

Since our last issue three outside matches have been played against the town team. In the first game, which was played last June, eleven was fielded. The team was:—Chrissie Macritchie, IIa.; Joan Morrison, IV., and Annie C. Macleod, VI.; Kathleen Seabrook, VI., Murdina Macaulay, IIIa., and M. Macdonald, VI.; N. Macdonald, IV., R. M. Macleod, IIIa., W. J. M. Mackenzie, V., Mary Mackenzie, V., and C. Finlayson, V. In a high scoring match the School had seven of the eleven goals to their credit, and so great was their superiority that they fielded their second eleven for the return match which ended in a 1-1 draw. For the game which was played this season the School fielded a very strong team:—Chrissie Macritchie, IIIa.; Murdina Macaulay, IV., and Annie Morrison, V.; C. Finlayson, VI., A. Murray, VI., and P. Macleod, V.; J. Macleod, IV., W. J. M. Mac-

kenzie, VI., R. M. Macleod, IV., Hetty Macdonald, IV., and Chrissie Mackay, V. This team defeated the town 9-4 and, so far, they have had no opportunity of repeating their success.

**NETBALL.**

At the usual games meeting the following netball representatives were appointed:—Mary Mackenzie, VI.; Elizabeth Morrison, V., and Mary Orrock, IV. Although hockey has 'stolen the hearts' of the post-intermediate pupils, the young ladies of first and second year still roll up in large numbers to the evening practices, which are held under the critical eye of one of the above-mentioned officials. Despite their enthusiasm and their increasing proficiency, they have not yet attained the high standard of last year's seniors, who often played before an appreciative audience which collected on the touchline to offer voluble encouragement to their particular favourites.

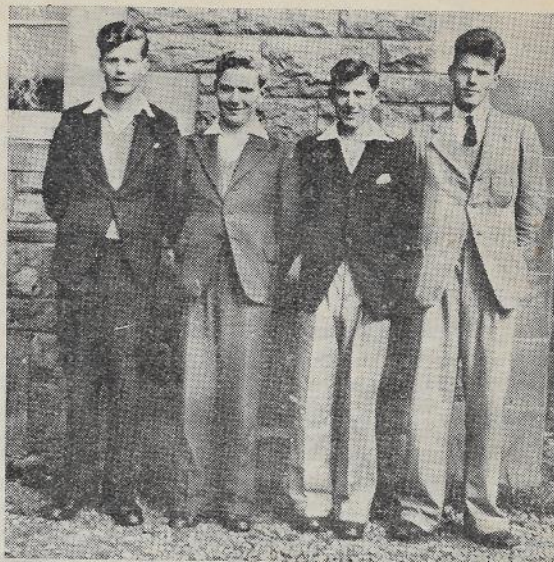
**BADMINTON.**

At the annual meeting of the club the following appointments were made:—Colin Finlayson, VI., Captain; Donald Macdonald, V., Vice-captain; John Maciver, VI., Secretary. Notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining equipment, the high standard of play has been maintained and the number of members from each class has increased—even the Sixth had a tyro. The club is quite confident of their ability to whack the local teams, and so far they have not been disillusioned, as no outside matches could be arranged.

Rounders has long existed in a corrupt form in the elementary, but it has recently been recognised as an evening game and certain bare patches of grass behind the gymnasium gives evidence of its growing popularity. It is particularly popular with the "C" classes and the less energetic first year girls who wish to preserve their figures.

**SOLUTION**

R	E	S	P	O	N	D
U	S	J	R	Y	I	E
S	I	E	S	T	A	S
T	R	A	P	D	I	P
I	N	N	E	R	D	I
C	A	N	T	E	R	S
S	P	A	N	G	L	E



**MEDALLISTS—Session 1939-40.**

Donald Maciver, Alistair C. Mackay, Duncan A. M. Gillies, Murdo Macdonald.

**LAST YEAR'S SIXTH.**

- Annie Cowie—West of Scotland Commercial College.
- Duncan Gillies—Science, Glasgow.
- Catriona Macarthur—Jordanhill.
- Alex. J. Macaskill—Arts, Aberdeen.
- Alex. K. Macdonald—R.A.F.
- Murdo Macdonald—Arts, Edinburgh.
- Donald Maciver—Arts, Glasgow.
- Ian Maciver—Arts, Glasgow.
- Alistair C. Mackay—Arts, Glasgow.
- Dolina Mackay—Moray House, Edinburgh.
- Angus Mackenzie—At home.
- Finlay Mackenzie—Royal Dick Veterinary College, Edinburgh.
- Alexina Mackinnon—Jordanhill.
- Angus Maclean—Arts, Glasgow.
- Duncan Maclean—Army.
- Charles Macleod—R.A.F.
- Donald Macleod—R.A.F.
- Alistair I. Macleod—Medicine, Aberdeen.
- Annie C. Macleod—Jordanhill.
- Mary Macrae—Bank of Scotland.
- Donald M. Macmillan—R.A.F.
- Flora Matheson—Bank of Scotland.
- John Morrison—R.A.F.
- Kathleen Seabrook—Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh.
- Alex. J. Smith—Arts, Aberdeen.
- Ian F. Stewart—Medicine, Glasgow.

### SHOPPING IN WAR-TIME.

Shopping in war-time, especially when one intends to go into a grocer's shop, can be the most exasperating business imaginable. First ration-books have to be produced and one has to wait until the assistant has laboriously cut out all the coupons and wrapped up the precious shares of sugar, butter, bacon and tea. The harassed housewife with perhaps four growing boys, who eat twice as much bacon as the rations supply, hardly knows where to turn when the rations for Monday till Saturday are finished by Thursday, and, on asking the grocer's assistant, "Could I have just the tiniest piece of butter to do me till Saturday?" is met by a surprised lift of the eyebrows and a relentless "I'm sorry, madam, but you've already had your rations." "Then have you any margarine for me?" "But, madam, margarine is rationed," is the reply in the same indifferent tone, until one wants to turn thief just to have the satisfaction of waving the stolen goods in front of the smug face.

With the butcher one can succeed a little better. He, poor man, is probably like all the other butchers and ordinary males, quite unable to stand up to a little judicious flattery and gentle persuasion from a woman of intelligence and charm. Perhaps through time he becomes hardened, from having about a dozen females round him all at once every day and may remain adamant in the face of all wheedling, but still he is the most vulnerable of all merchants where rationing is concerned. He usually presents a John Bull appearance to the customers who don't know him properly, but to those who are 'well in' he is only benevolent and sympathetic.

The disappointments involved in shopping in war-time are varied. You stand for half-an-hour in a queue, telling the woman in front of you about your rationing troubles (although you probably never saw her before) and how you must have that last meat-pie on the counter for the family's dinner. You arrive at the counter with the meat-pie still there and the kindly woman in front of you getting served. "Thank goodness!" and then the catastrophe happens. The kindly woman in front, who had listened passively to your voluble explanations and remarks, is handed the meat-pie, and positively with a glint in her eye and a slight smirk, marches off triumphantly with the meat-pie! The fortunes of war . . . . .

If you are a spinster and your food problem is left to somebody else, your troubles are of a

different type. An immaculate chemist's lady assistant, with a matt complexion and scarlet lips is very sorry that there is none of the Rachel powder left—perhaps next week, and until then you go about with a shiny nose, this shop being the only one dealing in Rachel powder. "Hair-grips?" Only the dark-coloured ones, madam, and you're a platinum blonde." "Silk stockings?" "Why, yes, madam." At last something has been discovered. "Latest style and colours, fully fashioned, nothing like them." "How much, please" (fervently hoping they are not more than 7/11). "Only 12/- madam." You stagger out of the shop under the amazed gaze of the shop girl. Well, the four and eleven-penny ones will have to do and anyway a laddered stocking shows you're patriotic and obeying government wishes, and of course, if doing without silk stockings and powder will beat Jerry, then we'd go without them for many a long year.

IV.

### EACH SHEUMAIS.

Tha e duilich do dhaoine a chreidsinn gu bheil baile ann an Eilean Leódhais anns nach robh each uair no uair-eigin cho fad 's is cuimhne le duine. Eadar gun creid sibh e no nach creid, tha a leithid so de bhaile ann, anns nach robh ach an aon each a riamh, agus cha b'ann an dé bha sin. Dh'fhàg sin, glé thric, tòrr de'n talamh ann bàn.

Dé an talamh a bha bán a bhliadhna-sa le goinne nan each ach talamh Sheumais Aindrea? Chuir Seumas roimhe nach tachradh a leithid dha-san a rithist, agus a mach a ghabh e a cheannach eich. Thàinig e le each beag donn a bha cho solt agus gun do gheall e do Chairstiona, a nighean, gum faodadh i a dhol chuige le muillean. An uair a chaidh Cairstiona a steach do'n stàbull bha an t-each 'na laighe. Thug Cairstiona sùil air agus leum i a steach far an robh a h-athair, ag eigheachd, "Bhobain, Bhobain tha an t-each tinn, chan'eil e cnàmh a chère." Dh' fhalbh a h-athair do'n stàbull agus chunnaic e gun robh an rud a thubhairt an nighean fìor. Rug e air prais is rinn e stapag de mhin eòrna agus ìm agus lus-nan-laogh, agus thug e do'n each e ach cha b'e fheum e. Cha do chnàmh an t-each a ch'ir idir. Cho-dhùin Seumas gun robh am beathach gu bhith as eugmhais agus thubhairt e ris fhéin nach bu rud taitneach e nam bàsaicheadh an t-each air a làmhan. "Cha 'eil mi an dùil, a nàbuidh," ars esan, "nach ann a chuireas mi leis an Lighe Mhóir e." Dh' fhalbh e féin agus Cairstiona leis agus chan fhacas each anns a' bhaile ud a riamh tuilleadh.

IV.



**ON BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.**

On my 16th birthday my mother suddenly and unfortunately decided that I should be photographed. After a sharp altercation in which all the weapons of the maternal armoury were brought to bear, I surrendered. Grumbling bitterly, I donned a new suit, and a collar so tight that it constantly reminded me of the hangman's noose. While I was doing this my brother came in and in facetious vein beseeched me not to go as my face would certainly break the camera. I dealt with him in the approved big brother manner and completed my toilet by pouring most of the contents of a bottle of hair oil over my tousled locks. Having plastered my hair into a sleek shining mass, I slunk out by the back door and reached the studio by side streets, trembling lest some of my friends should see my predicament.

I was greeted by a bespectacled young man, who failed miserably in his efforts to appear brisk and business-like. He stammered an invitation to come in and I followed him. He told me where I was to stand and then hid himself under a black cloth under a gigantic tripod camera. Forcing myself to smile I posed before him. I did not like to put my hands in my pockets and they hung down foolishly by my sides. I felt self-conscious and entirely miserable and I knew that I looked a prize idiot. I inserted my fingers between my neck and my collar to ease the strain which I was feeling in that region. Just as I was doing this I heard the click of the camera and cursed that fool of a photographer. I left the studio hoping that they would not develop.

I decided to take a round-about way to avoid being seen. However, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and a crowd of my classmates hove in sight. They descended on me eagerly and discharged cracks by the dozen at my clothes and my hair which was exuding a sickly-sweet aroma of great strength. One of them insisted on putting 'first spit' on my suit, but when I issued an ultimatum in the true Hitler style he desisted. I spurted away suddenly and disappeared round a corner followed by howls of merriment.

V.

**DAFFODILS**

She wore her yellow bonnet,  
 She wore her apple gown,  
 She turned to the south wind, and bowed up and down,  
 She turned to the sunlight, and shook her yellow head,  
 And whispered to her neighbour, "Winter is dead."

I.B.

**THE HAUNTED HOUSE.**

In the midst of the worst storm of winter, the traveller approached a solitary house at the cross-roads. A general air of neglect and grimness hung about, seeming to frighten the man. The nearest village was three miles away and, as a flash of brilliant lightning lit up the surroundings, the stranger caught a glimpse of the house. If he had been a native of the district he would never have ventured near Hag's Nook, as the house was called.

The story of this house is whispered in the village. Many years ago three sisters lived in this house. They were Roman Catholics and, as the religion of the country at this time was Protestant, the three sisters never mixed with the village people. They could be seen in their black clothes walking through the village buying the bare necessities of life. Finally they quarrelled and the youngest of the three killed the eldest. Repenting of her deed, she jumped from the roof of the house and was found dead by a passing farmer on his way to market. No one dared to investigate this mystery as the sisters had awe-inspiring personalities. The remaining sister had lived there for two years and died in her solitude.

The traveller staggered up the weedy path and knocked at the door. No answer, no sound came from the house. Pushing open the door, he walked into the hall. Spider-webs and dust had collected there, and the traveller felt a chill run up his spine as he saw something white flitting across the door. He advanced slowly towards the door and, pushing it open, he staggered back in horror, for in the room was the scene reconstructed as on the night of the murder. On the floor lay the eldest sister, her head a mass of blood. The young hot-headed sister advanced towards the door which the traveller heard open. He stood petrified with horror. The traveller screamed and rushed across the hall. He ran into the garden, tripped over a root, and fell. The hag raised the poker . . . . .

The villagers found him in the morning, a gibbering idiot. Nobody dared try to solve the mystery of the three hags. Even in death their presence still haunts the house.

I.B.

**THE CAUSE**

"Good God!" I cried, "what's steeped you all in gloom?"  
 No voice replied.  
 My words resounded through the silent room.  
 Had someone died?  
 What great calamity had struck them dumb?  
 One spoke at last:  
 "The Budget's out—fags up—and beer—and rum."  
 Out I, too, passed.

VI.

## A LOCAL OBJECTIVE.

Like a Messerschmitt down Cromwell Street she sails,  
With the RAFFIES very closely at her tail,  
They're all eager for a mate  
And with her they want a date  
For they know her oomph and glamour never fail.

With a peaked cap precariously perched on the side of her head, slacks swishing around her ankles, and silky hair streaming in the wind, Miss Flissing sails along the main street of our town. "She's a tonic," mutter the 'Boys,' and they take to the bait like housewives to an onion. Soon she is under the jealous and watchful eye of a Coastal Command escort.

'A different time on every clock and a date at every corner' is her motto, and does she live up to it? She is the 'Modern Miss' in both appearance and dress. Her dark, pencilled eyebrows and sweeping eyelashes contrast favourably with her flashing white teeth, but rouge and lipstick applied rather excessively make her face more like a badly blitzed painter's shop than anything else. Her heels, some three inches in height, might be lowered if she only knew that high heels were invented by a woman who was always being kissed on the forehead. She always wears (or perhaps I should say, 'walks alongside of') a black peaked cap. Her 'swagger' is of the very latest design and her slacks are immaculately groomed, but an unfortunate fold in the waist suggests that they were not expressly made to her order.

Indeed, we would not be surprised if, one of these days, our friend appeared in ultra-modern garb of the Mae West type—hatless and coatless with slacks to match. Yes! Miss Flissing really is a tonic—the chemist makes her up too.

IV.

## ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. (a) The Seaforth Highlanders; (b) Stornoway Nicolson Institute; (c) R.A.F.; (d) N.A.A.F.I.; (e) The Burgh of Stornoway.
2. (b); (a) is toping; (c) is topia.
3. (c); (a) is ammonium hydroxide; (b) is ammonia.
4. (c); (a) is taximeter; (b) is tax-farmer.
5. (a); (b) is gourmand; (c) is gourami.
6. (a); (b) is three million; (c) is 100 million.
7. (b); (a) is palanquin; (c) is palaver.
8. Correct spellings are: — (a) baksheesh; (b) camelopard; (c) metonymy; (d) ricocheted; (e) opossum.
9. (a) Shakespeare; (b) Conan Doyle; (c) Stevenson; (d) Trollope; (e) Marlowe.
10. (a) billiards; (b) golf; (c) hockey; (d) rugby; (e) football.

## THE UIG CHESSMEN.

George Mor Mackenzie was the tacksman of the farm of Balnakill, and of other lands in the parish of Uig, and at one time he had cattle at a sheiling in the southern end of the parish called Aird Bheag, near the entry to Loch Resort. He employed a young man to herd the cattle there, and one night a ship was wrecked near the sheiling. Next morning the herdsman saw a sailor swimming ashore with a small bag on his back. The herd pursued the sailor, overtook him and slew him, hoping to find money on the sailor. He buried the sailor in peat moss and went to Balnakill to inform his master of the fate of the ship and advised him to kill the crew and possess himself of the wealth which the ship contained. Mackenzie reprimanded his herdsman for this barbarous advice and ordered him to conduct the survivors to his house.

All the crew with the exception of the man the herdsman had murdered were brought to Mackenzie's house. He kept them for a month and saved so much from the wreck that he was more than satisfied for their keep.

When the sailors left the country the herdsman dug up the bag for which he had murdered the sailor to examine the contents. These were carved images of various descriptions, and because he was frightened that the figures might be used as proof against him he travelled ten miles and buried the carved images in a sand-bank in the Mains of Uig. He was later sentenced to be hanged on Gallows Hill for his abuse of women. When he was brought forth for execution he confessed about the sailor and where he had buried the images.

In 1831, Malcolm Macleod, tenant of a farm in Uig, found nearly eighty of the images and they were sold in Edinburgh for thirty pounds.

IIa.

## ONLY THREE WEEKS TO GO.

Only three weeks to go, three short, short weeks;  
Forever then disbanded shall we be.  
While each his personal vocation seeks,  
Shall he look back and think of you or me?  
Shall he forget the merry days we passed,  
When time and time again in childish play  
We vowed our friendship right through life would  
last?  
Then joy and happiness o'er us held sway!  
Or shall he recollect with memory dear  
Our youthful squabbles, quarrels, jokes and pranks?  
And when he's past his prime, when old and sere,  
Shall he to God then render grateful thanks  
That he has thoughts to comfort his old age,  
If all his life is but a blotted page?

VI.

## WINTER IN THE WOODS.

It was late on a winter's evening. The hills were covered with snow but it was moonlight, and by moonlight it was as bright as on a dull rainy day.

The air sparkled and enlivened us at our work, but when we looked towards the north the cold grey leaden sky seemed to press us down to the damp earth.

The moonbeams fell especially on one spot where a tree stood amongst unusually fine moss. Innumerable insects, mostly butterflies and bees, lay in heaps dead upon the ground. They had ventured too far up or the wind had driven them so high that they had perished from the cold. While we were thus occupied, darkness came on, it began to snow and the air grew white and dazzling.

The cliffs were covered with slippery ice, and icicles as thick as tree trunks. Garlands of fantastic ice crystals stretched glittering over the snow-sprinkled pine-trees.

The shower was over and the moon shone bright and warm again, while the snow glittered and looked as if it had been sprinkled with pale-blue diamond points. II.A.

## LION BEAG IAIN SINE.

Bha dà nàbuidh anns a' bhaile againn uair, ris an abradh iad Ian Saor is Ian Sìne, agus lìon am fear aca. Uair a bha so bha tìde fhiadhaich ann le gaoith anabarrach mòr is uisge trom, agus bha na lìn air am fàgail a muigh troimh 'n so. An uair a chaidh Ian Sìne sìos do'n tràigh is a' ghaoth air dol an lughad cha robh an lìon r'a fhaicinn. B'e tigh an fhir so an tigh céilidh anns a' bhaile agus oidheche no dhà an déidh so bha na bodaich a stigh ann an tigh Iain Sìne is esan ag innse dhaibh mar thachair dha. Bha Ian Saor 'na shuidhe r'a thaobh is e ag éisdeachd ris a' chur a mach a bha aig Ian Sìne 's gun fhacal aige fhéin. Mu dheireadh thionndaidh Ian Sìne ris is thubhairt e, "Gu dé do bheachd fhéin air na thachair dhomh? Cha b'abhaist dhuit a bhith cho sàmhach ri so, a dhuine—bheil facal idir agad?"

Thug am fear eile a phiob as a bheul, cha do thog e shùil o'n teine, agus thubhairt e air a shocair:—

"Chuala mi aig isean sòrnain  
Gun robh spòrs aca air do lìon,  
Is e air dol trì char mu charragh;  
Is greim aig easgann air 'na beul;  
Greim aig crùbaig air 'na h-inean,  
'G éigheachd, 'Le Ian Sìne tha'n lìon.'"   
Class VI.

## SEA-SCAPE.

I was on Holm Point one day watching the fishing-boats go out, when I noticed a drifter hoisting its sails. That meant that there was a strong wind and I searched for a sheltered place. The wind was now gaining in force, while the sea was fast becoming a race-course with white horses galloping and chasing one another until they dashed against the black, looming cliffs with a thunderous roar. Far out at sea I noticed frail sailing-boats at the mercy of wind and waves, being tossed hither and thither like a cockle-shell and I wondered if it would ever make harbour. I was fascinated by the beauty of the scene, and oblivious of time until the approaching darkness made me think of home.

How welcome were the warmth and light of the crackling fire. What a contrast to the scene I had just left, and how I enjoyed the buttered toast and tea I had by its warm and happy glow!

Primary V.A.

## LATHA NA GOCAIREACHD.

Latha bha sud 's mi dol do'n tobair  
'Dh'iarraidh bùirn air son an "dubaidh,"  
'S ann a thachair mi air Murdaig  
'S paipair bàna aice 'na làimh.  
" 'N téid thu dhòmhs' gu tigh Iain Ghreum?"  
Thuir mi " 'théid " is cha bu leis e;  
Cha b'e, mar thuir iad, ruith ach leum  
Air son an duais bha feitheamh orm.

'N uair a ràinig mi Iain Greum  
Thug mi an litir dha féin,  
'S 'nuair a bha an litir leught'  
Thug e dhomh fhéin a rithisid i.

Leis an fhiamh a bha 'n a ghnùis,  
Thuig mi ann an sin a' chùis;  
Cha robh càil 's an litir dùint  
Ach—"Cùm a' dol an t-amadan!" 1A.

## SLAINTE CALLUINN.

Ath-leasaich a' ghlainne; cuir innte stuth fallain,  
Is traoghaidh sinn falamh i luath.  
Oir òlaidh sinn làn i air slàinte nam balach  
Tha uainn air an sgaradh thar chuain.  
Lìon suas i gu bàrr; so tràth na Calluinn;  
Air sgàth nan gallan dean uail.  
Mo dhùrachd gu bràth iadagnath bhith maireann,  
'S am bàs bhith fad' uap' gach uair. VI.

### THE POACHER.

Ian Macleod had known the hills of Uig for forty-three years. Even old Murdo, who was over ninety, acknowledged that Ian knew 'the hills' better than any other living man.

Mackenzie the gamekeeper knew that Ian was a poacher though he had never seen him at work.

One day in July, 1930, Ian rose at five in the morning. It was a warm morning, although a south-west breeze swept up the valley and Ian meant to use every minute of the day. He set off along the peat road leading to the hills with his collie and with a suspicious bundle under his left arm. He soon came upon a small cottage on the track where he crept silently round to the back and gave a low whistle. His friend John Macaulay slipped out and joined Ian. After about two hours they came upon a dark, brown river which carried frothy bubbles down to the sea about seven miles away.

At this point Ian opened his parcel and brought out his salmon net and a sack. John crossed the river with one end of the net while Ian held on to the other.

They were at the lower end of a long, dark pool and they commenced to draw the net up the pool so as to confine any salmon which were there in a small space. When they had reached half-way up the pool a gleaming, silvery fish leapt into the air ahead of the net. The men continued until the fish was trapped at the head of the pool, and then Ian pulled an instrument which looked like a cross between a telescope and a boat-hook, from his pocket. This was a telescopic gaff. Ian waded in up to his knees and ran the hook gently along the salmon's back until it reached the gills, he then gave a tremendous heave and the salmon shot over his shoulder into the long heather behind. John dived at the fish and knocked it over the head with a 'priest' or club. He then pushed the salmon into the sack and leapt hurriedly up the hill towards some huge boulders. Ian followed him with the net and they sat down among the rocks to admire the fish.

The salmon was silvery all over except for the bleeding hole made by the gaff, and along the sides of the fish little red spots showed up like portholes. The fish, Ian estimated, weighed about ten pounds, and was in beautiful condition. The men ate some breakfast and proceeded up the river repeating the performance at every suitable pool, sometimes getting two fish and sometimes none.

All through the morning this went on and they had started to walk towards the loch which fed the river when they saw a fishing party headed

by a keeper and two ghillies coming round a bend in the river behind them. They dropped down in the heather, for they knew if they moved they would be seen. The party came up and to the horror of the two poachers they started to light a fire and prepare lunch. The smoke from the fire blew right into the eyes of Ian and John and they suffered agonies, for they dare not stir an inch. At last, after much discussion about the weather and the state of the river, the party moved on, leaving the two men half-choked by smoke and anticipation.

That evening, at ten o'clock, a grimy, tired figure limped into the tiny parlour with a bag of salmon on his back. "A fine haul," he said as he threw the sack in the corner. V.

### STAFF CHANGES.

In June, 1939, Mr K. Macdonald, teacher of Qualifying Class, accepted an appointment under the Glasgow Education Committee.

He was succeeded by Mr Malcolm Maciver, M.A., who is a former pupil of the school and had been teaching in Dumfries-shire.

Mr J. Barber, M.A., was appointed Principal English teacher in Forfar Academy in June, 1940.

Mr Ian Paterson, M.A., from Stromness, has taken his place.

Mr D. M. Watt, who was teacher of Commercial Subjects in the Nicolson for two years, has accepted an appointment in Webster's Seminary, Kirriemuir.

His place has been taken by Mr Duncan Macdonald, B.Comm., from Tarbert.

An additional teacher, Miss Muriel I. Evans, has been appointed for Physical Exercises. She and Miss Patrick visit all the schools in the Stornoway Parish, i.e., Aird to Tolsta.

At Easter it was found necessary to form an additional infant class under Miss Mary A. Macrae, M.A.

Mr Buchanan, M.A., who joined the staff recently, has been called up for military service.

Mr J. A. Maciver, M.A., who taught in the Elementary Department, left on May 28th to join the Forces.

Miss Annie Mackenzie has been appointed to the county permanent staff. She has taken up duty in the Infant Department.

#### Teaching Appointments—

Miss Isabella Morrison, M.A., Miss Agnes Morrison and Miss Peggy Murray have received teaching appointments to Skigersta, Plockton and Mangersta respectively.

**CLOSING DAY, 1940.**

The distribution of books as prizes has been cancelled owing to the war and the formal closing ceremony with its programme of singing and dancing which used to be held in the Town Hall did not take place this year. On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 26th, the senior pupils assembled in the Springfield building for the presentation of the usual medals and some special prizes.

There were present:—Rev. J. G. Nicolson, Strathpeffer, Chairman of the Education Committee; Dr Thomson, Director of Education for the County, and ex-Provost Smith, Vice-convener of the County.

The proceedings were opened by the singing of the 100th Psalm and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr Nicolson. Mr Macrae, in an opening address, expressed his thanks for their presence, and intimated that, although the County Council had decided to award no prizes this year the school had some endowed prizes which would be presented in addition to the medals.

Rev. Mr Nicolson then addressed the pupils. He stressed the importance of two things which the children of Lewis should be thankful for—their heredity and their environment. He also made reference to the "mighty conflict" in which we are engaged and expressed his conviction that the people of Lewis would "go straight forward until victory is assured, and the foundations are laid broad and deep in the British Empire for the advancement of the Kingdom of God and the realisation of God's purpose for man." Ex-Provost Smith later moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman and congratulated Mr Nicolson on his excellent speech.

The certificates, and prizes and medals for the Sixth Class were then distributed by Rev. Mr Nicolson. Mr Macrae referred to the Leaving Certificate successes, stating that, out of the 28 candidates who had been presented, 26 had secured passes.

Dr Thomson congratulated the successful pupils, expressing his sympathy for those who had not received the prizes that, in more fortunate circumstances, would have been awarded to them, but reminded them that, although they had not the book to show for it, they knew within themselves what they had done. He also made mention of the difference in arrangement for the Leaving Certificate and said that "the results obtained by the Nicolson Institute have been well up to the standard which one would expect from the school—a standard as high as we expect from any school in the country. These results reflect great credit on the

pupils, because you don't get certificates, especially Higher Leaving Certificates, without putting your back into your work. They also reflect great credit on the teachers who have helped the pupils to obtain these results."

Mr Macrae then intimated that the school would re-open on 19th August; he thanked the members of the staff for their loyal co-operation throughout the year and expressed the hope that both teachers and pupils would have a very happy holiday.

**ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT**

- Primary Ib.—1 Donald Mackay; 2 Flora Macleod; 3, Mary M. Morrison; 4 Catherine M. Macdonald, Kenneth D. Macdonald.
- Primary Ia.—1 John Walker; 2 Moira G. Mackay; 3 Mabel Sloan; 4 Barbara Mackenzie; 5 James M. Scoular.
- Primary IIb.—1 Donaldina Macmurdo; 2 Peter G. Macdonald; 3 Donald J. Morrison; 4 Alex. Maciver; 5 Duncan Macgregor, Catherine Buchan (equal).
- Primary IIa.—1 Ian Ferrier; 2 Joan Maclean; 3 Kenneth Montgomery; 4 Frederick Matheson; 5 Mary Kennedy.
- Primary IIIb.—1 Roderick Maciver; 2 Mary Macleod; 3 Christina M. Maciver; 4 Mary Ann Bain, Annie Macarthur (equal).
- Primary IIIa.—1 Olive Woodliffe; 2 Isobel Montgomery; 3 Alexandra Mackenzie, Margaret L. Murray (equal); 5 Margaret Maclean, Kenneth N. Hamley (equal).
- Primary IVb.—1 James Macrae; 2 Murdo Morrison; 3 Cathreen Williamson; 4 Alex. J. Maciver; 5 Mary I. Macleod.
- Primary IVa. — 1 Johanna A. Macleod; 2 Leslie Miller; 3 Jane Maclean; 4 Catherine M. Macleod; 5 Callum Campbell.
- Primary Vb.—1 Mairi Maciver; 2 John Mowat; 3 John Cardno; 4 Malcolm L. Mackenzie; 5 Catherine Mackay, Chrissie Mitchell, Norman Maciver (equal).
- Primary Va.—1 Catriona M. Nicolson; 2 Isabella Macleod; 3 Irma Flett; 4 Donald J. Macdonald; 5, Margaret Sinclair.

**SECONDARY DEPARTMENT**

- Class Id.—1 Kenina Montgomery; 2 Chrissie Maciver; 3 Margaret A. Maclean; 4 Catherine Maclean; 5 William Macdonald.
- Class Ic.—1 Torquil Macleod; 2 Catherine Morrison; 3 Dolina Macleod; 4 Norman Macdonald; 5 George Alexander.
- Class Ib. — 1 Donald M. Macritchie; 2 John W. Macleod; 3 Mairi Mackenzie; 4 Nanna K. Campbell; 5 Angus K. Macdonald.
- Class Ia.—1 Norman Murray (a); 2 Norman M. Nicholson; 3 Murdo Macdonald; 4 Murdo Maclean; 5 Angus Macdonald.
- Class IIc.—1 Mary J. Macaulay; 2 Isabel M. Macleod; 3 Christina C. Robertson; 4 Christeen Dance.
- Class IIIc. — 1 William J. Macdonald; 2 Alex. J. Macdonald.

Class IIb.—1 Murdo Macleod; 2 Alexandra Macdonald; 3 Joan Mackay; 4 Agnes Maciver; 5 Annie Macleod.

Class IIa.—1 Ian Mackay; 2 Sine Carmichael; 3 Margaret Mackenzie; 4 Chris. I. Macleod; 5 Mary B. Macdonald

Class IIIb.—1 Murdo Campbell; 2 Norman Maclean; 3 John Macleod; 4 Angus Macdonald; 5 Angus S. Macinnes.

Class IIIa. — 1 Malcolm Macleod; 2 William Murray; 3 Mary Orrock; 4 Donald Maclellan; 5 Murdina Macleod.

Class IV. — 1 Malcolm Macaulay; 2 Christina A. Mackay; 3 William Morrison; 4 Dunina Macleod; 5 Annie M. Mackenzie; 6 Eileen Williamson.

Class V. — 1 David Bauer, William Mackenzie (equal); 3 Norman Grassie; 4 Donald R. Macleod; 5 Alistair M. Macdonald.

#### School Certificates

Donald Blair, Robert Burns, Christina A. Campbell, Murdo Campbell, Elizabeth Carmichael, Christina Cormack, Norman M. M. Cumming, James Florence, Malcolm Gillies, Christina A. Macaskill, Donald Macaulay, Isabella Macaulay, Murdina Macaulay, Agnes E. MacCallum; Alda Macdonald, Alexina Macdonald, Angus Macdonald, Henrietta Macdonald, John M. Macdonald, Angus S. Macinnes, John A. Maciver, Norma A. Mackenzie, Norman Maclean, Catherine Maclellan, Donald Maclellan, William Maclellan, Catherine Macleod, Catherine Macleod, Catriona Macleod, George R. Macleod, Henrietta M. Macleod, John Macleod, John Macleod, John N. Macleod, Kenneth Macleod, Malcolm Macleod, Mary F. Macleod, Murdina Macleod, Roderick A. Macleod, Roderick M. Macleod, Lillias M. Macrae, Dolina Morrison, Malcolm Morrison, Morag Morrison, Annie Murray, William Murray, Kenneth Nicolson, Mary Orrock, Alexander Shaw, Marion Smith.

#### Special Prizes, Etc.

An Comunn Prizes—IV.—Annie M. Mackenzie; V.—Alexander Murray; VI.—Murdo Macdonald.

T. B. Macaulay Cup for Gaelic—Alexander Murray. Glasgow Lewis Society Gaelic Essay Competition—1 Murdo Macdonald, 30s; 2 Dolina Mackay, Alexander J. Macaskill, 15s each.

Medal for English—Murdo Macdonald. Medal for Classics—Alistair C. Mackay. Medal for Gaelic—Murdo Macdonald. Medal for History—Murdo Macdonald. Medal for Modern Languages—Donald Maciver. "Mackay" Medal for Mathematics and Science, and T. R. Macaulay Prize—Duncan A. M. Gillies. Dux of School, and "Gibson" Prize—Murdo Macdonald.

#### Senior Leaving Certificates

David Bauer, Malcolm A. Campbell, Annie M. Cowie, Duncan A. M. Gillies, Norman Grassie, Catherine M. Macarthur, Alexander K. Macdonald, Alistair M. Macdonald, John Macdonald, Catherine Maciver, Donald Maciver, Ian Maciver, John Maciver, Angus Mackenzie, Finlay Mackenzie, Henrietta Mackenzie, William J. M. Mackenzie, Alexina Mackinnon, Duncan Maclean, Donald R. Macleod, John M. Macleod, Donald M. Macmillan, Mary A. M. Macrae, Alexander Murray, Kathleen A. Seabrook, Ian F. Stewart.

## A DARK DEED.

The night was cold and windy; a watery moon peered sullenly out from under a rack of cloud as if grudging her feeble light to the weary traveller groping along the dark road. He was indeed a miserable specimen of the human race! His hair, long and unkempt, half covered a lean face, ugly beyond comparison and brown as a withered leaf. When standing upright he must have been of an extraordinary height, but now he was bent—bent against the piercing east wind which bit through the rags of clothing which hung loosely on his emaciated frame. In his skinny right hand was firmly clutched a stout walking-stick of mountain ash, and with the left he gripped the battered rim of his old hat, which the rising force of the wind threatened to carry away.

This old man was well known in the neighbourhood as "Tinker Bill." He was a vagrant, a 'creeper of the roads,' who wandered from village to village doing odd jobs here and there. His bed, if the elements permitted, was under a hedge. If, however, the weather was unfavourable, he made his way to the hills where he could depend on the crude shelter of a shepherd's shanty.

The housewives of the village asserted that "Old Bill" was the most obliging odd job man to be found. There was nothing he could not do from patching the old leaky saucepan down to hoeing potatoes!

Ah! little did they know the true reason for his midnight trek away from the village, away even from the friendly hills to a piece of heavily wooded land, where, it is said, a murderer had once lain safe for three weeks before he was eventually captured. Still less did they know of the sinister purpose the stick (which now supported his faltering footsteps) had served a few hours previously, or the true origin of the dark brown stains on its gnarled surface.

He stopped before a gap in the hedge which bordered the road, and, casting a furtive glance to right and to left, he crawled through with an ease that hinted at many years' practice. Then he made his way cautiously through the trees, avoiding with astonishing dexterity for one so old, the numerous twigs lying in his path.

Before long he came to a small clearing surrounded by tall trees. The long sombre shadows cast by the moon lent an eerie and mysterious air to the scene. This clearing might well have served as a worshipping ground to the Druids of old. How many strange heathenish rites had those trees, ancient as Methuselah, seen prac-

tised? How many secrets were folded away securely in their gnarled trunks?

The eeriness of the scene seemed to impress the tramp. He appeared uneasy. He walked softly across the thick carpet of dead leaves towards a spot that seemed strangely disturbed. First casting a quick glance behind him he bent down and set to work, digging among the leaves.

Soon he straightened up holding in his hand an object that glittered like silver under the moon-rays. Another and yet another followed and were carefully stowed away in a bag. Then he turned and shambled away. As the sound of his shuffling footsteps died in the distance another sound was heard faintly but distinctly: the noise of running water from a neighbouring stream.

Ah! "Old Bill" must have been up to his old tricks—poaching the squire's salmon. III.B.

### THE RAVEN.

The character of the raven, over all our Lewis wild birds, affords to the ardent ornithologist a most interesting field of study. Not only is he the acknowledged chief of the sable species but also the most majestic of our birds of prey. To watch him sail gracefully his glossy plumage, glinting in the ochreous rays of expiring sunlight, clutch the crag's edge with powerful talons, not far from the summit of a cliff, almost sickeningly high to gaze on, is, indeed, to watch a noble spectacle.

The raven is one of the most early breeders. "Nead mu Bride, uth mu Inid, eun mu Chaisg", says the Gaelic proverb. When the young are hatched, and have been coached into the first uncertain, perilous flight, the young raven appears to be incredibly stupid. I have on one occasion caught one, after he had alighted upon the edge of the cliff, by quietly stretching out my hand to collar him, while he gazed solemnly at me with owl-like gravity. The older raven dive-bombing too closely, at this time, my friend put up an anti-raven barrage of stones, and he nose-dived precipitately, to make a pancake landing in the sea.

As a kind of prey the raven is a most courageous and powerful fighter and during the lambing season the loss inflicted by ravens amongst the unprotected sheep is considerable. I have known a raven extracting a sheep's eyes, while the sheep was unable to defend itself. It continued to live for more than two days after, until it was humanely killed by its owner. In the Highlands, indeed, if two ravens were seen cir-

ling continuously over a certain spot of the moor, it was believed that within a day or two a dead sheep would be found there.

The raven has always been connected with superstition and is found, thus, in the legends of some widely separated races. It was the same bird that played truant with Noah, that also fed Elijah by the brook Cherith. It is the badge of the Macdougall clan and is believed to have been introduced into it by the sons of Olave the Red. In Scandinavian mythology, indeed, it is said to have been responsible for the discovery of Iceland.

VI.

### VISITING.

As he shuffled bashfully into the room, his new boots squeaking loudly, a dead silence descended on the small gathering. Nervously, and with trembling fingers, he straightened his tie and glanced wildly round the room in the hope of seeing a familiar face. However, he was unlucky and to his embarrassment several introductions had to be made. His hostess showed him to a high-backed uncomfortable-looking chair and, as he carefully sat down on the very edge of it, all the eyes in the room seemed to be focused on him. Evidently, he decided, he was expected to say something. He tried to think of something to break the silence and fell back on that never failing topic—the weather. Clearing his throat, and plucking up all his courage, he muttered, "Lovely day!" Everyone immediately turned and looked out of the window where rain could be seen falling steadily. He blushed painfully, tried to make himself as small as possible and instead became even more conspicuous. His hands were damp with sweat, his collar was almost choking him, and he dare not attempt to move into a more comfortable position because of the crease in his trousers. How he wished it was all over.

By this time his hostess had pushed a cup of tea into one of his hands and a plate into the other. This required a great deal of balancing! Well, it did not seem possible to eat anything this way. What was his hostess saying?

"Oh, no, thank you! I really don't want anything to eat. No, I never eat much!" By some sheer luck he managed to drink some tea. Could he now politely make his departure? It wasn't humanly possible to endure this any longer.

"Goodbye, thank you so much. It has been a delightful afternoon." V.

### WAR CASUALTIES.

Among those who have made the supreme sacrifice are several of our former pupils. Donald Nicolson, Lurebost, was drowned at sea, having served in the Navy since the outbreak of war. He was a very popular lad, especially among football fans, and he played for the Lochs XI regularly. John Angus Murray, Shader, was also lost at sea, at the age of 24. John Angus—better known to his schoolmates as "Smiler"—had taken an Arts degree in Glasgow University, before he joined the Merchant Service. He played, as goalkeeper, for the School football team and later in the same position for the Point XI.

Kenneth K. Macleod, Achmore, who served with the B.E.F. on the Western Front, has been missing since the fall of France.

Two brothers, Angus and Murdo Nicolson, of Battery Park, were both Naval casualties. Angus lost his life on the "Stancliffe," which he had joined at Stornoway, while Murdo was drowned later when the trawler on which he served struck a mine.

### THE HOME FRONT IN SCHOOL.

The week before the Christmas vacation post-intermediate classes heard a course of seven talks on the waging of the war on the Home Front. The talks were given by well qualified lecturers—teachers holding official posts in the civil defence services—and the topics they dealt with included gas-mask drill and fire-fighting.

These talks were followed by four lectures on first aid conducted by Dr Doig. Dr Doig made such effective use of the short time at his disposal that all who were privileged to hear his lectures "know what to do" in any contingency. We take this opportunity of thanking Dr Doig and on congratulating him on his abilities not only as a lecturer but as an entertainer.

### Mr ALEXANDER MORISON NICOLSON.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Mr Alexander Morison Nicolson. By his death almost the last link between the school and the Nicolson family was broken. He was a nephew of the founder of the school and was himself a good friend of the Nicolson Institute. His interest in the school increased in late years and in 1939 he paid it a visit.

\* Mr Nicolson's birthplace was Applecross. In

1888 he went to Coleraine, Australia, and later to Western Australia. Having sold his property there he returned to the eastern states. In 1912 Mr Nicolson received an appointment as pastoral inspector for the Union Trustee Company in the Victoria and Riverina. He was also director of Tubbe Estates Company, Pty., Ltd.; Director of Berida Pastoral Company, Ltd., Gilgranda, and Advisor to the Executors of the late Thomas Dragge, Tulla, Barham, N.S.W. He leaves a widow and two married daughters.

Mr Nicolson was "a man of great personal integrity who was highly esteemed by all who knew him."

### AN ELEGY

O'er icy sea and frozen wintry earth,  
Cold, bleak November's chill flew silent past,  
To bring us news of colder, sadder death,  
That eerie death which makes one stand aghast  
To think of lapping waves, a sinking mast,  
A mass of oily blood, a drowning crew,  
Of wounded men and dying men, now cast  
To fill a yawning, hungry grave, and few  
To see their homes again or greet their friends anew.

The sun was slowly setting in the west.  
O'er cold Icelandic water silence fell,  
And there was nought but peaceful quiet and rest  
As might be felt in some secluded dell.  
But look, across the ocean's chilly swell,  
A speck, a cloud appears upon the lee  
Approaching clearer, nearer. Sound death's knell,  
The foe's most deathlike raider, steadily  
Is drawing nigh our ship, guns blazing speedily.

Where hast thou now, my friend, thy lasting home?  
Perhaps in seaweed field of ocean's bed  
Thy fleshless corpse is swathed; in chilly foam  
Of some wild rock, untouched by human tread,  
Whereon the grey-seal sleeps; or at the head  
Of some long, cold, unfathomable cave.  
The Seasnake's ghostly den. Thy blood thou shed  
What boots it now, no churchyard holds thy grave?  
To stand for freedom's cause, thy strength, thy life  
Thou gave.

The flock now roams among the hill, unwatched  
By thee, their shepherd, who alone was proud  
Of these, thy silent friends. Now left unsearched,  
Uncared for, and unfed, with bleatings loud  
They wander where thou roamed beneath the cloud  
Of April's dawn, before night's mist had gone.  
Whilst then the city slept, and ceaseless crowd  
Was still. The splendour of the rising sun  
To thee was not unknown, and radiant midnight  
moon.

Thus perished thou, as many more, who fought  
For native land against a tyrant's might,  
Forsook those things for which they long had  
sought,  
Forsook the spade, took up their arms to fight.  
The heather isle, the Atlantic's roar by night,  
The moor, the heath, the silent flowing stream  
The lochs which glitter when the stars shine bright  
They left behind. These days appear a dream,  
When verdant fields of peace secure for aye did  
seem.

VI.



**LIST OF FORMER PUPILS ON SERVICE  
WITH H.M. FORCES.**

**STORNOWAY**

**Army—**

Donald W. Macdonald, Kenneth Street.  
John Macarthur, Seaforth Road.  
D. J. Macleod, Seaforth Road.  
C. A. Macleod, Seaforth Road.  
Robert Sime, Seaforth Road.  
N. Campbell, Seaforth Road.  
Neil Campbell, Seaforth Road.  
A. Smith, Seaforth Road.  
M. Macleod, Seaforth Road.  
A. Macdonald, Seaforth Road.  
Lt. Malcolm Macleod, Anderson Road.  
Angus Smith, Anderson Road.  
Kenneth Murray, Kenneth Street.

**Navy—**

Roderick Smith, Seaforth Road.  
Kenneth Mackenzie, Seaforth Road.  
D. Montgomery, Seaforth Road.  
Murdo Mackenzie, Manor Park.  
Kenneth Maclellan, Manor Park.  
Kenneth Maclellan, Park View.  
Surg.-Lt. Ian Mackenzie, Matheson Road.  
Malcolm Smith, Anderson Road.  
James A. Mackenzie, Craigleor.  
Lt. Peter P. Maclean, Lewis Street.

**R.A.F.—**

Roderick A. H. Morison, Woodside.  
Stewart Macleod, Wandena.  
Cyril Maclellan, Westview Terrace.  
Alexander J. Macaskill, Martin's Hall.  
Roderick Macaskill, Martin's Hall.  
Alexander Flett, Nicolson Street.  
Donald Murray, Kenneth Street.

**Prisoners Of War—**

Murdo Smith, Seaforth Road.  
Malcolm Smith, Seaforth Road.  
George Maclean, Seaforth Road.  
A. J. Macleod, Seaforth Road.  
Murdo Macleod, Seaforth Road.

**LAXDALE DISTRICT**

**Army—**

John Morrison, 1 Laxdale.  
Colin A. Macleod, 1 Newvalley.  
Alexander J. Maciver, 2 Newvalley.  
Donald Maciver, 2 Newvalley.  
Malcolm Smith, 47 Newmarket.  
Norman Maclean, 2 Guershader.  
Donald Maclean, 3 Guershader.  
Ian Macmillan, Tong Road.  
Alexander D. Mackay, Bay View, Tong Road.  
George Macleod, 4 Laxdale Lane.  
Donald Macfarlane, Barvas Road.

**Navy—**

John M. Munro, 4 Laxdale.  
Donald Munro, 4 Laxdale.  
Murdo Nicolson, 13 Guershader.

**BACK DISTRICT**

**Army—**

John Mackenzie, F.C. Manse, Back.  
Lt. D. R. Mackenzie, F.C. Manse, Back.  
Donald Macleod, Hillhead, Tong.  
Dolina Macleod, Tong (Land Army).  
Christina Macleod, Aird, Back (N.A.A.F.I.)  
Anna H. Stewart, Glendale, Back (W.A.A.F.).

**R.A.F.—**

F/O. D. Calum M. Mackenzie, F.C. Manse, Back.

**POINT DISTRICT**

**Navy—**

Murdo D. Macleod, Swordale.

**R.A.F.—**

Alexander Maciver, Swordale.

**Merchant Navy—**

Donald M. Munro.

**CARLOWAY DISTRICT**

**Army—**

Donald R. Macleod, Creaganan Gorm.

**LOCHS DISTRICT**

**Army—**

Alexander Macleod, Lurebost.  
Donald Kennedy, Lurebost.  
Alexander J. Macleod, Laxay.  
Neilina Macdonald, Gravir (Red Cross).  
John Macdonald, Keose.

**Navy—**

Malcolm Macmillan, Gravir.  
Alexander Macdonald, Lemreway.  
Donald Morrison, Balallan.

**Merchant Navy—**

Duncan Macleod, Lurebost.

**R.A.F.—**

Kenneth M. Smith, Lurebost.

**UIG DISTRICT**

**Army—**

Murdo Matheson, Uigen.

**Navy—**

Calum R. Morrison, Kirkibost, Bernera.

**NESS DISTRICT**

**Army—**

Donald Morrison, Knockaird.  
Lt. John Morrison, Cross.

**R.A.F.—**

John P. Morrison, Cross.

**Navy—**

William Macdonald, South Dell.

**Merchant Navy—**

Duncan Macritchie, Swainbost.

