

Walter Scott School vibrates, communicates

Word from Walter Scott Public School

Did you see the picture of our ducks the other week? And how about Mrs. Eberhardt's Gymnastics Group?

The following stories and poems are written by pupils from grades 4-6 at Walter Scott Public School. The first story is a life history of Gomer and Irving, our two ducks.

Following this story are three descriptions of "frustration" as described by pupils who felt this emotion while trying to learn the moves and skills in gymnastics over the past few months.

The remaining poems we think express a lot of feelings, and perceptions that we would like to share.



Wanda Belfry of Maple Avenue became a make-believe accident victim at Walter Scott Public School so Ian Phythian of the York County Hospital (Newmarket) Ambulance staff could show the student body the proper way to apply a sling.

Incubated egg snapped, crackled and popped

On January 28, the students in Room 18 at Walter Scott Junior Public School started a project on incubation.

We borrowed an incubator from a school in Thornhill, and Our Lady Help of Christians School generously donated three duck eggs and 16 quail eggs.

Seventeen days later one and only one quail egg hatched. The other quail eggs were either not fertile or the bird died from exhaustion trying to get out.

The quail was about 5 cm. tall when born and weighed 8 gm in the egg.

Generally when a quail is born the first thing it sees is what it thinks it is. The first thing our quail saw was Dorothy Norman, a student in Room 18.

The quail lived one week, so naturally it lived its short life thinking it looked like Dorothy Norman. Fortunately one of the three duck eggs was fertile.

Shortly after the death of the quail we noticed the duck egg had a small crack in it and was slowly but surely moving!

Then there was a snap, a crackle, and then a POP!

Out came a soft, damp, fuzzy ball of down, with two eyes and a bill.

After its down had dried we transferred it to an aquarium so it would have more room to move.

Our Lady Help of Christians School offered us another duck to keep it company, because we did not want it to die of loneliness.

When they first started getting older, we did not know whether they were male or female, so we took a stab in the dark and guessed they were males.

We had a class vote on what we should name them. We decided on Gomer and Irving.

They started to grow very rapidly so we got another bigger cage for them and when that became too small, we got a bigger one still.

Soon the March Break arrived and Mr. Buchan was about to take the ducks home, when another student from Room 18, Jennifer Downie, offered to take the ducks home.

"My friends helped me carry the ducks home in the cage. The ducks got very excited and every so often they would stand on their tippy-toes, and flop their wings and try to fly out.

The very first night I decided to give them a bath. I filled up a large sink with water and put them in.

At first they just sat there; then all of a sudden one of them went in the corner, turned around and dived under water.

I was standing right by the sink when the duck did this, and not knowing what was going to happen I tried to grab him thinking he was going to drown.

But then both of them started splashing and diving.

I gave them three baths a day. They made such a mess. I also had to mop the floor three times a day. It was fun to watch the ducks increase in size and grow feathers.

Before I knew it the March break was over. The ducks had grown so big we had to leave the lid off their cage because they weren't able to stand.

But we put the lid on to bring the cage back to school. My friends helped me to bring back the cage.

When I got them to school everybody was amazed at the rapid increase in their size. Since the ducks could not have baths at school they had to have some type of exercise.

My friend Debbie Murray and I walked them down the school hall each day.

We also played "Find Your Friend" in which Debbie would take Gomer to one end of the hall and I would take Irving to the other end, and we'd let them go.

Irving does most of the walking and Gomer does most of the squawking.

At the beginning of April Mr. Buchan told us we had made a drastic mistake, the ducks were females!

Our ducks are almost fully grown now and in good condition. When they are fully grown we may take them to the Mill Pond.

Written by Jennifer Downie and Debbie Murray.

An awakening city

It was eight in the morning, and what a morning it was!

The buildings looked as though they were holding the fog off the ground by letting it nest on their rooftops. The light traffic on Main Street rolled casually along.

The fog and snow in the background made each vehicle look very majestic. There was the occasional

person (along a somewhat barren sidewalk) who had risen early to shop or go about his occupation.

The only sounds to be heard were the engines of the automobiles and the shuffle of the pedestrians' feet.

All this takes place in winter as a city awakes.

ROLAND DANDY

Frustration

The pressure mounting, higher and higher you count — Is it possible to get past 600 bottlecaps without getting lost? 655, 656 uh 7, 758 oops, er 658 uh, what's that noise in the background growing louder, louder? Now what number was I on? 793, no 567, that can't be right. Suddenly I break into a torrent of rage — of anger.

It seems like a thousand years of pressure on top of myself. A growing anger burns at the back of my head. I can't stop myself.

My head is racked with pain, as if someone is screaming at me. I scream back!

But what's this . . . ? Footsteps getting closer, closer. I slam the door. I stamp across by room and flop on my bed. But the footsteps — closer, closer.

My Mom comes in. Get out. I say to myself. But another thought tells me to say Sorry, Mom.

KERRY SERVICE

Thunder storm

The summer sky darkens and thunderheads move in from the west covering the land in shadow. Suddenly a blanket of rain pours forth, and the sky flashes with zig-zagging streaks of lightning and the eardrum-splitting clatter of thunder reverberates across the land.

TEDDY MURPHY



Developing his physical skills Gavin Dandy of 391 Allen Court not only was able to chin himself during the physical fitness test at Walter Scott School but was able to hold the position for 41 seconds.



Rosemary Peden, seen above, of 407 Paliser Crescent North, jumped four feet two inches in the standing long jump at the recent physical fitness tests at Walter Scott Public School.

Frustration

Frustration makes me very mad when I can't do it right. I get so mad I hit, punch, scream, and yell till I finally do it right.

MARK McLENNAN

The syrup

The sap dribbles out the tap, and into the bucket. The powerful horses drag the gigantic containers full of the sap, to the old shack which has lain deserted with only a couple of runabout mice in it over many long months. Now the men re-open the old building and start boiling and preserving the delicious syrup.

JOHN McLENNAN

Niagara Falls

Mist rose slowly as light drops of water were thrown over the rail. Water pounded on the rocks below. Water tumbled down the rough and jagged cliff and settled at the foot of the cataract.

KAREN McINNIS

Feet in chains

Tired, aching feet that tramp through mud and wet, are bound with rusted scarring chains around their battered ankles. Yet one day, these poor soles will be set free, — free from the deadly links, with nothing but terrifying memories!

JEFF HALL

Frustration

Wow! I really did a back limber! I started to do it again, but failed. Then I said, oh that was just an accident, I can do it. That's what I thought! I tried until sweat ran down my face, I felt I could do it, but the point is that I couldn't! I was determined to do it, but failed again and again. I was so angry at myself! I felt that I was the clumsiest person in the world! I kept on repeating to myself, how could I be so stupid? Why did it have to be me? The next day I realized that nobody is perfect! Nobody!

LINDA ROSS

A winter night

As the sun sinks, an old deserted barn is silhouetted against the dimly-lit sky. Drifts of newly-fallen snow, lay gently on the earth, sparkling in the dim light. A barn owl calls from the rafters, breaking the deafening silence. Soon its mate replies, and a spirited duet, draws on through the night. In a trance, I stand there, appreciating the subdued sounds of winter.

JENNIFER LORD

A night in the Dark

The night is black as soot! I can hear only the snow and the water as it sucks under my feet. Now I come to a very sloshy place where I stumble and fall headlong into the ice and snow. Alas, the snow is damp and the ice is chilly. Yet I soon upright myself and start strolling very slowly home. When I reach home I will be content to crawl into bed, uttering a peaceful "Good night".

SUSAN DOBROWLANSKI

The storm

It was a dark, stormy night and the wind was blowing violently. The waves on the water were immense, with whitecaps riding their crests. On shore, a huge pine tree swayed back and forth casting a murky shadow on the ground.

GORDON STANWAY

Algonquin Park

Two fawns quietly graze at the roadside. Dry grass crunches loudly in their mouths as cool water trickles in a lonesome stream nearby. The day grows humid. There is a sudden crackle in the woods as a moose appears. His coat is heavy with sweat as he joins the others.

JAN ROT

The stalk

I saw my cat Sebastian sitting there on the rug the other day.

He was calmly gazing towards the ceiling, watching a miniature spider daintily weaving an enormous web.

Sebastian's pale, blue eyes, caught every minute movement the spider made. While sitting on his haunches, his ears twitched furiously.

Slowly but carefully, the spider slipped down a golden strand of web and dropped in front of the cat.

With one swift lunge, Sebastian opened his tiny mouth and swallowed the spider, then curled himself up into a ball and fell asleep.

CAMILLE PEACHMAN

As the kitten lay there playing with wool, she was happy.

The old dog, sat there hopelessly, then fell asleep forever.

The hawk sat there in the backyard, — and ate his meat.

LISA EBERLIN

A messy day

Slimy slush oozes all around. Gloomy skies imprison the merry sun. As the day draws on, all that can be heard is the squish-squoshing of the bustling people, walking through the slippery, sloppy melted ice.

DIANE VAN BESIEEN

Forest friends

As though in exile In the still woods Suddenly you're not alone.

Cliffs of eternity

On the top of the world Overlooking Eternity As nature dwells below.

Spider

Spider working furiously To finish a silken web Swaying softly in the breeze.

Little fawn

Running swiftly away A fawn tries out a set Of thin frail legs.

KERRY SERVICE



Pupils of Walter Scott Public School reluctantly said goodbye to the two young ducks they hatched and raised. Peter Petrocsek of 38 Benfer Road, and Jeff Tomlinson of 216 Essex Avenue set them free at the Mill Pond.

The spooky house

The abandoned house is covered in snow. The shutters clash and the doors squeak and squeal. The winding eerie steps crunch and moan as you walk them. The bedroom door hinges groan horribly and ghostly noises fill the air.

DAVID KEMP

A ball of fire flying around, like a sparkler. A spark here — a spark there — now where?

Four little feet on the floor. Four little feet going out the door — to play in the grass.

With its jaw hanging down to the floor — an old bump and thump — and the old dog went to his bed.

BILL GARGARELLA

The cougar

A cougar moves cautiously inch by inch so as not to disturb a drinking buck.

After crossing the shifty logs, he moves stealthily into the brush to attack from behind.

He remains with his protective camouflage as he continues inward. Then his attack! He moves madly towards his prey.

The buck rears in fear and in panic runs desperately, but fails in his attempt to escape.

JOHN BLACK



Neill Smith of 372 Fernleigh Circle North (right) pays close attention as Ian Davenport from York County Hospital Ambulance staff (Newmarket) gives instruction in the proper method of mouth-to-mouth respiration using a demonstration dummy at Walter Scott Public School.