

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN—AND WHAT WE ARE DOING ABOUT IT.

At first, the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining Schoolboy, with his
satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school:

And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow:

Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the
pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in
quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth:

And then, the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut.
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part:

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too
wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound:

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
thing:

And Don't Forget — MANCHESTER HOUSE is the House for Value.

We carry large stocks of Infants' Wear—
Dainty and Durable.

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for whom we also cater.

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Hosiery. Then, of course, he must look
smart and so we mention our Gent.'s Out-
fitting Department. Suits to measure, a
speciality. Shirts, Socks, Ties, etc.—and,
of course, the dainty frocks "she" wears
come from **Mackenzie's**.

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pretty well, so the nearest we can mention
is Scout, Cub, Guide and Brownie
Uniforms.

No matter what waist measurement you
have we can give you a good fit. Ready-to-
wear Suits for Men, Youths and Boys in
smartest styles and cloths at real keen
prices.

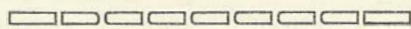
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D. D. SUTHERLAND

* * * * *

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* * * * *

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EDITORIAL.

The 1932 Grammar School Magazine is now on sale!

We sincerely hope that this announcement will cause a general stampede to the book-sellers, and that every single copy will be sold. Of course, this may be too optimistic, but there is every reason for an exceptionally good sale of magazines this year. A longer time having been given in which to ponder over ideas and to prepare articles, they should be better than ever.

We have specially endeavoured this year that all contributions should be absolutely original, and so we confidently present to you literature which has not hitherto been published.

The authors are inclined to be bashful, and want to hide their talents under a bushel—or, as in this case, under a nom-de-plume. A few of the more courageous venture to sign their initials, while a very few, in a moment of reckless boldness, sign their full names, and

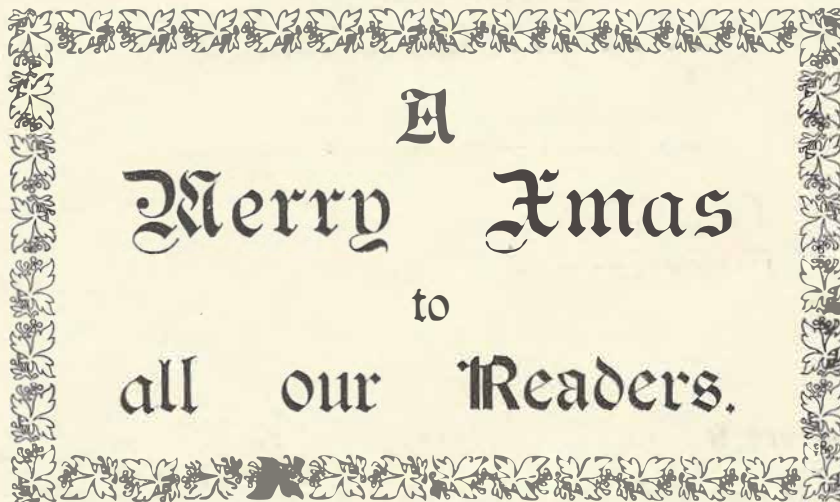
hurriedly shove their attempts into the box in the hall, provided for such contributions.

When the Magazine is printed they rapidly scan the pages, heaving a sigh of relief if their article does not appear, and almost swooning away if they chance to see their name written boldly under a contribution. They should always remember that, although they may not appreciate it at the present time, in the years to come they will look at the old school magazine and proudly point out to friends their article or poem. However, it is good to see the names of the few plucky ones and to guess the names of the authors of the other articles.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have heartily supported the Magazine in advertising therein both this year and previously.

So we beg you to buy a second copy of the Magazine and let your slogan be "Buy early to avoid disappointment."

F. C.
E. M.



SCHOOL NOTES.

Eighteen months have elapsed since the last issue of our Magazine, and several staff changes have occurred in the interval.

Mr James K. Robertson resigned from the staff at the end of session 1930-31, and was succeeded by Mr Norman Morrison as English Master.

Miss Kathleen Ross, who had been Principal Teacher of Modern Languages for four and a-half years, was replaced by Miss Cruickshank, a former Dux Medallist. The latter was transferred to Elgin Academy at the beginning of the current session, and Miss Olwyn Boyd came from Elgin to undertake the responsibilities of the Modern Language Department.

Miss Younger, gymnastic instructress, has left us to be married, and has been succeeded by Miss Ryan, Elgin.

A further change to be noted is the transfer of Miss Brown to Rothes and of Miss Sinclair from Rothes to the Grammar School as assistant teacher of French and English.

Dr John Fawcett, Wimpole Street, London, delivered a memorable address on Prize Day, 1931. Robert D. McKintosh was Dux Medallist on that occasion. At the close of the prize ceremony, Mrs Fawcett opened a sale of work in aid of school funds.

At last year's ceremony, Dr Thomas MacLaren, Director of Education, presented the prizes, the Harvey Gold Medal being awarded to Edwin M. Munro. In his speech Dr MacLaren maintained the high standard set by previous speakers. The customary sale which followed was opened by Mrs MacLaren.

On this occasion, an exhibition of the pupils' art and craft work was held. To convince the public that writing as a school subject is not neglected in the Grammar School,

a display of handwriting was an outstanding feature of the exhibition.

In this connection, it may be noted that in Harrods' Handwriting Competition, with over 100,000 competitors, Third Prize in the Junior Section was awarded to William Ledingham, a pupil in Miss Reid's class.

Four pupils in 1931 and four in 1932 were awarded Group Leaving Certificates, the successful candidates being:—Catherine Smith, Jean Macdonald, Robert Mackintosh, and Frank Roberts, in 1931; and Harry Fraser, Rena Mortimer, Marjory Grant, and Elizabeth Phinister, in 1932.

Robert D. McKintosh was the first winner of the coveted F.P.'s Essay Prize last session. He is now pursuing a course of literary studies at Edinburgh University.

Marion Paterson, a former Dux, graduated this year, Master of Arts at the same seat of learning.

Other former pupils pursuing University courses at present are:—John Laing and John Milne, at Edinburgh; Harry Fraser and Frank Roberts, at Aberdeen; and Catherine Smith, at Glasgow University.

At this year's Musical Festival in Elgin, a choir conducted by Miss Lawson enhanced the School's musical reputation by winning outright the silver cup presented for Scots songs, and by gaining an Honours Certificate.

Towards the end of last session, the Golf Club Committee decided to withdraw the privilege we have enjoyed for several years of using their practice ground for sports.

The problem of finding suitable sports ground has now been taken up by the Education Committee, and we hope this important matter will soon be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The school roll is approaching the 400 mark, with 140 pupils in the Secondary Department. These figures constitute a record, and a pleasing feature is the large number of pupils who come from surrounding parishes.

* * *

The results of the "Qualifying" Examination for session 1931-32 were the best the School has had since the inception of this type of examination. All the thirty-two candidates passed, twenty-three on the Secondary standard.

* * *

The National Savings Association branch in school is still flourishing. The amount saved during the past six years is £1394.

* * *

"The Past Primes"—whose identity will be explained in the Sports columns—presented a silver cup to the School for inter-House competition. Bynack has its name inscribed as the winning House both for 1930-31 and for 1931-32.

* * *

Rugby and hockey continue to hold sway as the winter school games. The increased popularity of the former is largely due to the enthusiasm of Mr Wilson, Sports Master, and the valuable assistance of Captain Hendry. The girls' hockey is in the capable hands of Miss Lawson and Miss Boyd.

OUR FAIRY BAND.

Would you like to be a fairy
And do kind deeds each day,
To scatter sunshine everywhere
Along the broad highway?

You must obey our Fairy Queen:
She is the fairest ever seen.
So come and join our fairy band—
It is the best in all the land.

Alice King (aged 10).

THE TERROR OF THE HIGHERS.

When I have fears the time will soon be done
Before my pen has gleaned my flustered
mind;

When, sad to say, I've only just begun,
And now am more than half-an-hour
behind.

When I behold upon the clock's white face
The hands, the symbols of the hour,
advance,

And think that I'll have never time to trace
My answers, with the magic hand of
chance;

And when I feel, fair paper of an hour!
That I shall never puzzle o'er thee more,
And ne'er experience that mysterious power
Of answering correctly:—on the floor
Of the wide art-room sad I sit and think
Until the Highers to nothingness do sink.

Ita Passus, VI.

A STEALTHY DEED.

He crouched beneath a friendly bush,
His weapon lying near,
And gazed with set and eager eyes
Along the pathway clear.

He muttered half a dozen times,
"At her I've tried a shot,
But every time she was alarmed,
So I succeeded not.

But very soon, beyond all doubt,
She'll come along this way:
From here I'll get a lovely shot:
I shall not miss to-day."

His hapless victim came at last,
A maiden sweet and fair,
Unconscious of the stealthy foe,
That lurked so near her there.

Still on she came and gaily sang,
Her heart with joy elate;
Could nothing warn her even now
Of her impending fate?

Alas! no angel intervened,
And soon the deed was done,
He raised—his snapshot camera—
At last success was won!

M. D., III.

LEGENDS OF STRATHSPEY.

The Camerons of Strathspey.

At the present time, in the Parish of Abernethy, there are several respectable and well known families of the name of Cameron. The word Cameron in Gaelic signifies, "Race of the black bonnetless lads." They originally came from Lochaber. There was a certain Baron of Kincardine, who married a daughter of Lochiel of Lochaber. This renowned chief of the Camerons had little money, so as a dowry he sent with his fair daughter a dozen of the bravest and most handsome of his numerous clansmen, who forthwith became the trusty vassals of the Baron of Kincardine, and they settled and multiplied on his estate in Strathspey. They earned the name of the black bonnetless lads because these hardy mountaineers refused to wear a cap on their black heads, a custom which, I may say, is rapidly coming into its own again. When the fair lady of Cameron was dying she requested that her body should be laid in her own native earth. Her remains were, however, on account of a snowstorm, interred in the churchyard of Kincardine, and her grave is still distinguished and pointed out as "The Baron's lady's vault." When the thaw came the Baron ordered a cartload of the soil from Lochaber to be put on his lady's grave. The legend says that the vassals brought too much soil, and the remainder was emptied over the churchyard dyke. From this soil sprang a strange plant called the Dwarf Elderberry. It is a plant quite peculiar to the flora of Kincardine, and the old inhabitants point it out to interested visitors and tell its story.

The Grants' Raid to Elgin.

After the Sunday service on a beautiful Spring day, 12th March, 1820, there was an immediate buzz of talk. Groups were formed here and there, evidently discussing some news of great importance. "What has happened?" said Robert Murray, Causser, to Sergeant Roy. "Grant Lodge is in a state of siege, and Lady Anne's life is in danger," was the hurried answer. Now this Lady Anne was a Grant of the Grants of Strathspey, and she was held in great esteem. Quickly the

message was sent round that the Grants were going to assemble at Nethybridge before six o'clock, and march to Elgin during the night. Some one hundred and fifty men assembled, and Captain Grant and Mr Forsyth gave them words of counsel before starting the march. The men all carried sticks instead of swords. These Strathspey men had the greatest reverence for Sunday, and everything was done in calmness and order. When they had reached Aberlour the clock struck twelve, so Mr Forsyth said to Peter Bain, "Peter, you might now give us a tune to cheer us." Peter was nothing loth, and struck up "The Haughs of Cromdale" and "Highland Laddie." The Cromdale men had been the first to arrive in Elgin about 3 a.m., then later came the Abernethy men, and last the men of Duthil. When they were all mustered, there were more than six hundred on the ground. It was a brave sight, and Lady Anne's heart swelled with pride and delight. Happily no fighting was required. The demonstration made was sufficient, and would not be forgotten for many a day. The men, therefore, were hospitably entertained, thanked for their devotion and good services, and counselled to return quietly to their homes.

Little John McAndrew and the Lochaber Rievers.

The Lochaber rievers or robbers often swooped down on the glens of Strathspey for the sake of booty. One of these raiders had been killed by an Abernethy man called "Wee McAndrew," on account of his short stature. Although McAndrew was short of stature no one could beat him at archery. A party of Lochaber raiders resolved to punish Wee McAndrew for his deed, and with this intention they entered his house. His wife was baking, and there was a man sitting at the fire. I may say that the raiders did not know McAndrew by sight. They asked for McAndrew, and the good wife gave the man sitting at the fire a slap on the right cheek, ordering him outside to look after the cattle, and she told him to tell his master that some gentlemen awaited him in the house. The good wife then feigned hospitality by distributing to the strangers her newly baked hannocks. John—for it was really McAndrew—

slipped slyly outside the door, and sprang with the agility of a squirrel up to the top of a tree. Having roosted himself firmly, and having arranged his arrows, he shouted, "Any man who wants John McAndrew let him be forth." The party inside heard the summons, and sprang towards the door in the belief that John McAndrew was now within their grasp. One by one they rushed out, but as each appeared John plunged an arrow into his heart.

H. E., VI.

LA D— BELL SANS MERCI.

"O what can ail thee, little boy,
So sadly wandering here to-day?
The interval has long been o'er,
And no boys play."

"I see some dirt upon thy face,
Some mud upon thy fingers' foot;
Clasped in thy hands a cricket bat
Is cleft in two!"

"I met a bowler on the pitch,
A speedy chap—a Larwood's child;
His run was long, his pace was quick,
His howls were wild."

"I took my place upon the crease
And flattened out a neighbouring hill;
He looked at me with murderous eye,
Intent to kill."

"And then the ball came flying down,
And there I dream'd—ah! woe! alas!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
Upon the grass."

"I saw bright stars and comets too,
And planets, even moon and sun!
I heard 'La D— Bell Sans Merci
Has sounded! Run!'"

"And this is why I sojourn here,
So sadly wandering today.
You say the interval is o'er,
And no boys play?"

Anon, VI.

CLACH-NAN-TALAIREAN.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more dreary, wild and unadorned mountain pass than that of the Lairg Glru which extends from Rothiemurchus to Braemar. Silence reigns in all the majesty of gloom: not a tree is seen to enliven the monotony of the scene. There is no sign of fertility anywhere, and the only sounds of animated nature, which may greet the solitary traveller are the murmurings of the ptarmigan from its rocky perch. Near the further end of this lonely pass there is a large, round boulder which is called Clach-nan-Talairean. This rock received its name from an ancient story.

The inhabitants of Rothiemurchus were assembled at a ball about the festive time of Christmas. Among the guests there were three honourable personages, knights of the order of the thimble, that is, tailors. Now, tailors in those days, according to their own estimation, performed great feats of gallantry and fearlessness. These merry fellows, perhaps stimulated by the good wines and glamour of the dance, which had reached its height, laid a wager with some of their companions. They declared that they would dance at a similar carnival in Braemar, by a stated hour of the morning. The rest of the company challenged them to perform their wager, and so the intrepid trio set forth to journey through the Lairg Glru pass.

Before they had penetrated far into the Lairg Glru, the spirit which had inflamed them at the beginning of the journey began to relax. They repented their rash undertakings and as they had not prepared for the dangers, at last they, completely exhausted, rested in the shelter of Clach-nan-Talairean, which afterwards meant "the stone of the three tailors." There they slept and too exhausted to move onwards or retrace their foolish steps, they died.

This stone, which still bears their name, is a landmark to the fatigued traveller, and serves as a monument to the three boastful tailors of Rothiemurchus.

VI.

FORMER PUPILS' ESSAY COMPETITION.

THE SONG OF THE SPEY.

It was one of those delightful mornings in the leafy month of June, a morning which is destined to have a place in my memory until the very last of my days. How can I ever forget the sweetness with which the birds poured forth "in full throated ease" their early morning song; the warmth and brightness of the sun, as it shone in all its splendour on that charming valley of the Spey, transforming it into a veritable fairyland, a most perfect realisation of all my dreams of Elysian fields, and faery lands unseen by mortal eye?

But what of the music of the Spey? Its soothing "hush" had but the previous night rocked me to sleep, as I lay conched by its verdant bank, beneath a roof of silvery canvas. All night long, its sound seemed to hold a place in my dreams; all night long, I dwelt in mystic "realms of gold," ruled over by such kindly monarchs as Keats, Shelley, Tennyson. . . .

As daybreak arrived, its coming seemed to be heralded to me by some immortal trumpeter of the skies. I saw him enter my tent, as his robe caught the first ray of the rising sun. I heard his voice, bidding me arise and listen. . . . Slowly I opened my eyes, obedient to his command; my ears I strained with eager longing for that faery song which he had promised. . . . Immediately I heard it, at first distant and subdued, then more distinct and nearer, and last of all deep and awe-inspiring, close at hand. What could it be? At once I rose, and left my couch of bracken. I hurried out into the world, to look, to listen, to discover. Of course it was—the Spey!

Such was the manner in which I first realised the true magic innate in the voice of the Spey; such was the experience which wafted to my dull brain a full realisation of the charm of that song which my very much "mortal" ear had failed to appreciate, notwithstanding the fact that it had heard that voice from childhood days until that

"beauteous morn" which I can never forget. Ever after that morning, I have listened to that voice, marvelled at it, adored it, worshipped it. How could it be otherwise? Nightly I hear it, nightly I dream of it. I think not of the voice alone, but of that wonderful river, whose voice is its "embodiment"; I think of the Spey and its song as two things inseparately at one. In the rugged uplands, the voice of the Spey is deep and loud; lower down, where its banks are skirted by green fields, and again by verdant groves of birch trees, the Spey sings lightly, musically, vivaciously; near my bedroom window, where the majestic river twines itself into one long stretch of deep and treacherous water, the delightful haunt of anglers on summer eves, the treacherous deep where the hand of death has taken away men dear to men—there lies the spot from where comes the soothing, languid voice of my dream-lands, a voice which I remember from days long ago added to eternity, a voice which I shall hear until the day I die, and a voice—please God—which I shall hear in death.

No matter where I roam, no matter what foreign paths I tread, Grantown-on-Spey shall hold a place in my memory. But what can I carry with me, to sum up in one "emblem" all its beauty? The mystic sound of the voice of that river, which to hundreds now far away remains for ever—the voice of their native land, their native valley, their native town.

Dear Unknown.

Admiring and enjoying the beautiful spirit of this effort, I congratulate you and wish you Godspeed.

A. B. SIMPSON.

[The author of the winning essay given above is Robert D. Mackintosh].

Notice to Carpenters:—

Wanted, estimates for the erection of wooden partitions between the plunge baths in the laboratory. To be handed in immediately to my Rugger enthusiast in Class III.

* * *

Who was our budding politician who shook hands with the Head of the National Government when he last passed through Grantown station?

A SCHOOL EXPEDITION.

Near the end of the summer term last year, it was suggested that a party from the school should attempt to scale the mighty Cairngorm. Many of the pupils and the larger part of the staff were very enthusiastic, and we arranged to set off at six o'clock on the morning of June 25.

Promptly at six o'clock, on a fine clear morning, about twenty pupils mounted their bicycles en route for Loch Morlich, where the teachers were to follow at their leisure by car.

We reached Loch Morlich shortly after eight o'clock, and proceeded to light a fire in order to have a cup of tea prior to our ascent. By the time that the kettle was boiling the teachers had arrived, and we all joined in a hearty meal. Having finished and packed up we cycled a short distance along the loch, then left our machines and began our long journey on foot.

The first part of the route was the steepest ascent of all, and we soon had to pause for a brief respite. Nevertheless, on looking back, Loch Morlich lay away down far below us. We resumed our journey and, by twelve o'clock we had all reached the summit, where we again rested our weary limbs, and surveyed the surrounding countryside through various "telescopes" and field-glasses. Shortly afterwards we descended the other side to Loch Avon and walked along the side of the loch to the well-known Shelter Stone with its book in which we all inscribed our names.

After a short respite there, we began the most difficult task of the day; namely, going up the sharp ascent from the loch side and down again to our starting point, Loch Morlich. We started off boldly and enthusiastically, but by the time we were in the position of the army of the Grand Old Duke of York, neither up nor down, we were in a sorry plight. We pressed on, however, and about half-an-hour later, we triumphantly crossed the top. The descent to Loch Morlich was now merely a matter of course and, by six o'clock, we were all seated round a cheery fire drinking tea and discussing the events of the day.

Two hours later, as the shadows lengthened and the last beams of the sun seemed to bring the towering mountain above our very heads, we turned our backs to the loch and began our wearisome journey homewards. As we silently rode along the ever-darkening roads our thoughts again returned to the cairn at the top of the hill where we had been but a few hours before, and which was now but a pleasant and lasting memory.

E. M., VI.

OUR AMBITIONS.

Have you ever dreamed of what you should do, if you suddenly became a fairy, and had the power to make both your own and other people's dreams come true? Is it not wonderful to imagine all the joy and satisfaction you could give so generously, if Fate endowed you with magic power?

Apart from helping others, without necessarily being selfish, we should also be able to help ourselves. However, on turning the matter over in my mind, I have found that without being fairies we can help ourselves greatly to attain our ambitions.

Have you ever stopped to think that the secret dream you have cherished, but at the same time thought it would never be realised, has a certain significance? Was that desire planted in our minds, so that we should be doomed to disappointment in after years? Though we may now think it is an imaginary goal we seek, yet, some day, with a certain amount of patience, it will become a glorious reality.

Let us ask ourselves what is holding us back from real success. In most cases we shall find it is lack of perseverance, while, in a few cases, it is envy and jealousy because some of our neighbours have received five talents, whereas we have only received two. If we set our ideals high, visualise our goals constantly, and concentrate on the attainment of our ambitions, there is no reason why, after a time, all our hopes should not be realised.

Therefore, instead of wishing we were endowed with magic power, let us use the talents given us, and so attain our ambitions.

THE HEART OF THE OAK.

Down the well-kept drive rushed the great saloon car of the mansion, with tent poles sticking out of its window, for Miss Ernestine with her two nieces, Mary and Anne, and her nephew, John, were going to the "New Forest" for a camping holiday. They were going to meet a Mr Brown on the edge of whose field they were going to camp. The sun was setting in the west, and the tents were pitched. Anne in a smart green frock was cooking the supper, while Mary was fetching water for the next day.

"Mary! Anne! John! Breakfast."

The two girls and boy sat up in a great hurry, and blinked. A streak of sunshine flickered in through the open tent flap, causing the dew to sparkle like jewels on the grass. They all jumped out of bed, and were soon ready for a good hearty meal. When breakfast was over, all four went out into the wood to explore.

A few days were passed like the first. On the Saturday night, after their arrival, they were sitting around the camp fire when Anne exclaimed that she heard a strange noise, but Miss Ernestine said that she was talking nonsense, so they said prayers and retired for the night. At dead of night John and Anne woke up from dreamland on hearing a strange noise.

"Hush!" said Anne; but they heard not another word, so they slumbered on into dreamland again. But Anne tossed about in her sleep and dreamt that the camp was enchanted. Next morning Anne was determined not to say a word of the noise she had heard again, because she knew her aunt would only scorn her.

Anne lay awake the next night when everyone was asleep, and again she heard the same noise. The next night she knew was their last night at camp but she was determined to find out what it was, so next night she scattered a few cakes under the great oak tree behind the tents. After everyone was asleep she rose and dressed. At length she was rewarded for all her trouble. She walked out of the tent and came face to face with a haggard-looking boy of about sixteen.

"Yes?" she demanded.

"Oh!" stammered the youth, "I—I have lived in the oak tree since my parents died."

"Oh, I see," said Anne, "I am very sorry for you. I knew I heard a noise every night and I thought the camp was enchanted."

The boy of the enchanted camp is now stout and healthy, and is "Miss Anne's" faithful servant.

J. C., II.

SCHOOL: OLD AND NEW.

In days of old the children went to school in terms and turns.

At other times they'd herd the kine by pasture near the burns.

Their schooling, incomplete as such, yet served them in their day.

They learned the rules of A B C, to count, and e'en to pray.

They'd little time for drawing-books—nor sport nor drill to shirk.

For music—well, they learned to sing the psalms and hymns in kirk.

But we, superior in our day, spend years and years at school.

Till leaving (still the world to learn), we seem to know it full.

For now we learn the rule of three, and thirty rules forbye.

Why science rules, and where and when the stars shine in the sky.

We learn to cook and sew and knit. They teach us that at school.

In olden days they learned at home—all save the village fool.

Geography—we know the earth which God has made; and man

Has added history which we all without exempt must scan,

And learn the dates of past gone times and mighty deeds a few,

Till we must think our ancestors must had some schooling too.

But their's the day apart from ours—the schools were different then.

And would we wish a different school? If so, then why, or when?

P. W., II.

OLIVE'S MISTAKE.

Clang! clang! A bell tolled through Oakland's corridors and rooms, warning the girls that morning classes would start in a few minutes. The fourth-formers scurried to their studies, to collect books for morning school, and then they flocked in a body to their class-room.

From there came an unceasing hum of conversation, but the girls dropped their chatter immediately when the door opened to admit Miss Dean, their headmistress, followed by a girl, a new girl, the fourth decided. "Girls," began Miss Dean, "here is a new girl, Penelope White. She only arrived this morning, as she was ill when the term commenced, but I feel sure that you will welcome her." Then Miss Dean, after a whispered word to the form-mistress, left the room.

"Well, I don't care what you say, but she's no use. She's no good at sports and she's not brilliant in class either." So spoke Olive West, the unofficial leader of the fourth, and the form agreed with her.

Poor Penelope! She had hoped that they would be friends, these girls, but somehow they just ignored her. One afternoon, left to her own devices, she wandered aimlessly along the cliffs, thinking how different it might have been. "Why did they leave her alone? Perhaps it was because she was no good at games," she reflected. "Yes, that must be it." So ran her thoughts, when suddenly a shrill scream rang through the still air, and looking down, she saw, to her horror, floating on the waves, the still form of a girl!

Her brain felt numbed. She must do something. All the stories she had read flashed through her mind. What did these girls in the stories do? She tried to think, but she could only mutter, "I must save her; oh, I must." Then suddenly she saw a way. A natural flight of steps ran from the top of the cliffs to the water, so far, far below. "But they were slippery, and if she fell—" "No, I shall not think of that!" she exclaimed aloud. So down, down ever so carefully she went until, standing on a ledge near the water, she dived.

Desperately she swam to the girl floating on the water. Nearer, nearer. At last she reached the unconscious girl, and at length, anxious, exhausted, but triumphant, she dragged the girl to the foot of the cliff. It was Olive!

"Penelope! Olive! What is the meaning of this?" Penelope turned to see Miss Dean standing a little distance from them. Olive's eyes fluttered open. "Oh, I—I remember now," she stammered, after looking round for a few minutes. "I told Peggy Brown that I could climb down the cliffs and swim along to the beach, but—but I slipped coming down," she added rather lamely. "I see," said Miss Dean. "It was very foolish of you, Olive, and but for Penelope you might have been drowned."

"Oh, Penelope—" murmured Olive.

The next evening, the fourth-formers held a meeting. Olive, quite recovered from her swim, addressed it. "Girls," she said, "I take back every word I said about Penelope." At that moment Penelope herself entered the room. "Penelope—" began Olive eagerly. "Yes?" prompted Penelope, "but, Olive my friends always call me Penny," she said smilingly. "Well, come along, Penny," laughed Olive, "come and join us."

M. K., II.

FLIES.

They arrived very suddenly, those awful, never-to-be-forgotten millions of flies, but, mercifully, they disappeared quite as suddenly.

One afternoon, when the entire household was sleeping-off the effects of the mid-day meal—and that meant that every easy chair and couch was occupied—a faint buzzing sound drifted in the half-open windows to our ears. However, each one thought it was the other's snoring, and we all dozed off again. The noise increased, and we sleepily blinked our eyes open to see millions of black flies going past the window, while a few hundreds of the greedier and less energetic ones casually entered by the windows, before we had passed the yawning stage of our

awakening, and thus before we had the energy to get up and close the windows.

There was no more peace that afternoon! Flies everywhere, but not one could we persuade (gently or otherwise) to leave the house. Instead hundreds more were coming in. In the kitchen a black muss could be seen on the table where formerly we could see a sugar-howl. Our poor little terrier was almost insane, snapping at the elusive black tormentors. By watching how many she caught per minute I calculated that she must have swallowed hundreds. It still remains a mystery how she survived it all.

At last we returned to the attack, on the flies, armed with "Flit"—the smell of which did not leave the house for many a day, and so the insects were "fitted." I am sure they were thoroughly grateful for having died British, and that they remember us with grateful tears in their eyes in their Valhalla. Well, the most of them succumbed, and we swept up the corpses and cremated them in the fire. So far so good: but the whole neighbourhood was thus afflicted, and the invaders stayed for a whole day. The morning was sweltering, and we had either to open the windows—which was simply asking for trouble—or "roast" with them shut. Of the two evils we chose the lesser—and "roasted."

We ventured out—armed with veils and handkerchiefs—but a noise like that of an aeroplane accompanied us. We neared the butcher's shop, and crossed to the other side of the street. Scarce as work was, the assistants risked losing their posts and refused to work in the shop—and I don't blame them. However, after noon a slight shower of rain came on, and the whole swarm disappeared like magic, and they have never since returned to grace our window panes.

E. C., V.

A DREAM.

Last night I dreamt a lovely dream
Of elves and fairies gay.
They played about with Yo-Yo's,
From night till break of day.

Cathleen M. MacKuy (aged 9).

THE YO-YO.

Of course you know I'm a Yo-Yo. My colours are red and green, with a tinge of yellow. I have a very fine string with a loop just big enough to hold your finger, and I think I look very handsome. Ahem!

One day as I lay in the shop window to which I had been sent, a boy of about ten years walked into the shop and asked for a Yo-Yo. The shopman took me out of the window, and put me through my paces in front of the boy, to show that I was free from flaws, and ran quite smoothly. The boy was satisfied with my behaviour and took me away with him, after having paid the shopman. My master felt very proud, now that he had a beautiful Yo-Yo in his possession. He spoke quite nicely to an old gentleman, and even explained how I was worked. One day he threw me so hard that I slipped from his hand and soared through the air. I thought I was going right round the world until I was suddenly stopped by a policeman's nose. The policeman reared like a maddened bull, and picking me up, he set off in thunderous pursuit of the evil-doer who had nearly flattened his nose. The boy, however, was not prepared to meet the link of the law in open battle, and resorted to tactics. He therefore fled round a corner and seeing a forgotten broom he seized it and waited for the enemy.

The policeman, putting like a steam engine, was just going to steer round the corner when something was thrust betwixt his legs, and he measured his length on the pavement. My master, seeing the foe prone on the ground, picked me up and walked calmly away, leaving the policeman to his fate. Now, however, my owner is not so familiar with the "bobbies."

A. M., I.

A PERSIAN CAT.

It cannot be a pleasant thing
To be a Persian cat.
It does not bark or chirp or sing
Or even kill a rat.

Barbara Sellars (aged 10).

OH, I FORGOT!

Ten was over. The dishes were washed. Mrs. Indoter slowly paced through to the sitting-room, where James, her son, was "switching-off" after the news bulletin.

The fire blazed up and looked truly inviting. Mrs. Indoter lit the lamp, drew down the blinds, and sat down by the fire in the big armchair.

"Have you the day's paper there, James?"

"Yes, there it is," replied the other, sitting down at the writing-desk.

"Thanks. My word, I'm hot." She wiped the perspiration from her brow and took up the paper.

"What did you say was in it about—?"

But the sentence terminated in a long wail.

"Oh," she groaned, "my 'glasses!'"

There was silence.

"Did you see them, James?"

Still silence. James was absorbed in his letter.

"Will you get them for me, James?" she asked at last in a painful, pathetic tone.

"Gracious, these things are always lost," came the retort as James bounded up with a galvanic start. "Where are they?"

"What? I'm no' sure—oh—well—yes. I think I left them in the—in the kitchen."

"Where about?" shouted James, scurrying through to the kitchen.

"On the mantelpiece—no, on the window. I mean—oh, no, I believe I left them on the little table."

After what seemed an eternity, James strutted back with the wonderful little black case.

"Oh, thanks; I knew I left them—"

"Where?" came the sharp retort. "I found them in the drawer with the spoons." James began to write again, so Mrs. Indoter said no more. Then she took up the spectacle case and proceeded to open it slowly and carefully. But oh!—horror of horrors! For a moment she sat perplexed and horrified. Where—? What would she do? Then an idea came. She took up the paper and glanced long and steadily at one of the pictures. Little could she see but—!

After five minutes of terrible discomfort,

she again glanced towards the writing-desk.

"James," she murmured in a voice which was scarcely audible. There was no answer.

"James," she repeated a little louder, "the 'glasses' are no' here. The box is empty."

"What?" asked her infuriated son, turning round.

"They're no' here," came a far-away voice. "I'm sure I left them—"

But her hand, as if by instinct, leapt to her pocket for a handkerchief—"Tchoo—Oo!"

"I said I'm sure I left them—"

"What's that?" asked James curiously, pointing to her pocket. Something had just slipped to the floor.

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" stammered Mrs. Indoter off-handedly, picking up a glittering object. "Nothing, it's only—it's only—I must have sneezed my 'glasses' just."

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R. D. M., VI.

LIGHT TALK.

It was a frosty night on 24th December. The snow lay thick on the ground outside, and cold icy winds whistled round the corners of the cottage. The full moon shone brightly overhead, lighting up everything with a brilliant radiance.

The moon peeped in at the cottage window, and saw Mrs. Stuart lighting the lamp, and setting it on the table. She also changed to leave a lighted candle on the table near the lamp. Then remembering about her cake in the oven, she hurried to the kitchen, shutting the sitting-room door behind her, without drawing the window blind. Accordingly the lamp, candle and fire were left in the room alone, but they did not notice the round face of Mr. Moon smiling in upon them. The lamp looked down at the candle with such a superior air, and said, "What a lovely light I give. I light up all the corners. You only bask in my bright rays. If you were extinguished there would not be the slightest difference in the brightness of the room. I really do not

know what my mistress would do without me."

The poor candle felt rather humble at this conceited talk. It spluttered, and big round tears fell down its sides, and made white spots on the candlestick. However, it flared up, and said in its loudest voice, "Well, I must be of some use to my mistress else she would not require my light, and I really do think Mr Lamp, that when I am alone in the bedroom I shine as brightly as you."

Then the fire chimed in, and said, "Where do you place me? I think that I can beat you both as to light, and I am really a wonderful person, I have nearly one hundred uses. My mistress could never do without me."

At this moment Mrs Stuart hurriedly opened the door. In came a gust of wind, and blew out the candle and lamp. The fire swelled with importance and a black lump of coal obscured its brightness. The moon, which had been listening to the dialogue, smiled broadly and whispered, "Pride goeth before a fall."

M. F., II.

RED INDIANS.

My friend and I had pitched our tent on the bank of a clear stream which trickled down the lower slopes of the Rocky Mountains and, feeling, hungry, we decided to go in search of game to provide our evening meal. We set out with our guns and somehow we separated. I made for a spot where I hoped to bag a few wild ducks, and the sun was setting as I returned to camp with a brace of plump young birds. As I passed a clump of bushes, however, I heard a blood-curling yell, and looked round to see a score of Red Indians peering out of the bushes. I uttered a cry of dismay and immediately they leaped from their hiding places and pinioned my hands behind my back. Their chief, a huge fellow, with his body hideously painted with red and white stripes and his head smounted by a magnificent headdress of

eagles' feathers, now stepped forward and spoke in a guttural voice, "Me Big Chief Black Eagle, these my braves. Hate pale-faces plenty much. You die to-night when new moon rise above treetops." The braves gave a chorus of assent, and when he gave them a command they proceeded to drag me away through the bushes.

In a short time we came upon a clearing where wigwams were pitched and camp-fires were burning. Squaws and children came running out of the wigwams, and when they saw me proceeded to spit at me and slap my face, insulting me in every possible manner.

It was growing dark now, and I was thrown on the ground with a brave standing over me. I wondered what my fate was to be, but soon I saw a stake in the middle of the clearing and understood with a sinking feeling that I was to be burned at the stake. Darkness had fallen and I was carried and tied to the stake. Faggots were piled round my legs and the whole camp was assembled. Chief Black Eagle made a sign, and a dozen braves emerged from the crowd in full war-paint. Drums began to beat monotonously, and the braves commenced to prance round the stake, chanting and waving their tomahawks.

The drums beat louder and the braves were working themselves into a frenzy, howling and whooping for all they were worth. Suddenly the camp was flooded with light as the new moon rose above the treetops. The chanting continued, and each brave now had a lighted torch. Each time they circled the stake they came nearer and nearer until with a wild whoop they rushed towards me and thrust their burning torches into dry faggots. An ugly warrior now came forward and commenced to tweak my nose till my eyes were filled with tears.

Suddenly I woke up to find my little dog, Spot, up on the bedclothes trying to waken me by means of his paws. He had evidently breakfasted, for on the floor at my bedside I saw the tattered remains of, "Exciting Adventures with Buffalo Bill in the Rockies."

T. H., II.

ATHLETICS.

In this field of activity it can be confidently said that the School surpassed all previous records. The standard of play in rugby and cricket has materially improved, and both these games have been much fostered by public interest. The encounters with the Strathspey Wanderers at rugby and with the Past-Primes at cricket are amongst the happiest functions of the year.

The School XV. attained the peak of form in the memorable game against the Wanderers at the end of Christmas term. Lasting the pace better, they developed a determined offensive in the last fifteen minutes, which time and again imperilled the Wanderers' line, and all but converted a pointless draw into a well-merited victory. The return game at Easter, when the School went down by 12 points to 5, did not produce the same standard of play, but was as keenly contested. The School were beaten in both rugby fixtures with Elgin Academy, but in neither case by a big margin. Our big handicap, of course, has always been lack of weight. Two members of the XV., F. Roberts and J. Cooke, were selected to play for the Highland XV. against Gordon's College at Aberdeen.

In association football the season was satisfactory if not brilliant. Of 9 matches played 3 were won, 3 drawn and 3 lost. The most notable achievement was the forcing of Elgin Academy to a draw in Grantown. For the purpose of raising funds two games were played against a Town XI. which included some of the senior club's leading players. In accordance with natural expectations the School were beaten, but displayed some very fine combination which was much appreciated by the spectators. Two members of the School XI., J. Cooke and A. McIntyre, were selected to represent Morayshire in the annual school match with Banffshire.

For both games with the School the Past-Primes got together a strong side of former "stars." Good fielding and the crafty deliveries of our howlers, F. Roberts and E. Munro, carried the day on both occasions. Not for several years have our friends been so pegged down to the crease. In the one inter-

school match the School XI. suffered defeat at the hands of Elgin Academy. The bowling and fielding rather fell short in this game; but our real deficiency both in this and in other games lay in the batting. Only E. Munro has cultivated an effective style.

Sports' Day was favoured with ideal conditions, and, despite counter attractions elsewhere, a large crowd attended. Their interest was amply rewarded by performances which will for long defy comparison. Our running team beat the Elgin Academy representatives in the most hardily contested of relays. J. Cooke closed his school career in brilliant fashion by winning the open high jump and open half-mile. The Academy took second and third places in the high jump, and second place in the half-mile. E. Mackintosh finished third in the half-mile. Our team failed to win the relay at the Academy sports in Elgin; but J. Cooke tied for first place in the high jump and took first place in the open 100 yards.

It is with much regret that we parted with J. Cooke and F. Roberts at the end of summer term. Both have played an outstanding part in the athletic life of the School, and leave gaps which cannot easily be filled.

Captains for 1931-1932:—

Rugby Football—F. Roberts.
Association Football—J. Cooke.
Cricket—F. Roberts.
Running—J. Cooke.

HOCKEY.

The girls' hockey team, under the captaincy of Cathie Smith, had a very full fixture card. Friendly games were played with Forres, Aherlour, Elgin Academy, and Kingussie. Of these the Grammar School lost 1, won 2, and 2 were drawn.

Three players were included in the Select XI. to play Elgin Academy, of whom two, Isobel Grant (right wing) and Betty McGregor (goalkeeper), were chosen for the annual inter-county match with Banff. Unfortunately, however, the match was called off as the ground was unplayable.

A House Championship fixture card proved very popular. Roy headed the list with 7

points, while Revoan had 3; Revaek 2. It was hoped that a cup would be provided for this Championship, but unfortunately donations from Former Pupils did not reach the necessary figure. Donations received have been held over in the hope that the coveted trophy may be available for next session.

The standard of play leaves much to be desired. Although the girls have a fairly sound idea of the game, they lack the necessary combination and understanding which are essential to success. The team has lost several valuable players, but their places have been filled by players, who, although lacking in experience, possess determination and enthusiasm.

We wish them every success in the Senior Hockey League for 1932-33.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is coming,
That merry old time!
When all things are happy,
And sweet bells chime.

And when it doth come,
Let us not scorn,
For that was the time
When Jesus was born.

Now everyone's happy,
The girls and the boys,
For they know Santa's near
With his bundles of toys.

Decorations go up,
With small willing hands
Helping their mothers
Hang ribbons and bands.

The dinner's prepared,
The turkey's brought in,
All folks are delighted,
And make a great din.

Soon everything's past,
Work commences once more,
To start toil again,
As they toiled on before.

N. F., II.

BRIGHTER RAILWAYS.

The L.M.S. Railway authorities have been deluged with congratulations on their latest enterprising effort to swell the volume of passenger traffic in the Grantown area. It appears that they have engaged a talented boys' choir to discourse tuneful melodies for the entertainment of travellers using their service.

This delightful amenity was inaugurated on Saturday, 12th November, when the 9.30 train from Grantown steamed out on its epoch-making run to Inverness.

The choir assembles for voice culture at 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday in the senior common-room. Training has been planned on the most scientific lines. The actual choir work is prefaced by a carefully prescribed degree of physical exertion in the adjoining stadium lavishly maintained by the school authorities. This is calculated to develop the diaphragm and make for greater volume of sound. Next, recourse is had to the inspirational stimulus of the bath. Numerous and handsomely appointed creations of porcelain claim the limbs of the choristers and call forth the rare lyrical quality which is peculiarly characteristic of the voices. The results of this elaborately scientific regimen are evidenced by a profundity of tone and an extent of register which is unique in our experience of male-voice choirs. It is not improbable that the privilege of hearing this talented choir will spell a new era of prosperity for our disconsolate railway staffs.

Application for membership to the choir will be considered by the choirmaster, Mr I. Macpherson. No one need apply who does not possess the artistic temperament and a sensitive appreciation of harmony. Information as to probable itinerary of the choir may be had from Mr Jack Reid, liaison official for the L.M.S. Railway.

AUTUMN.

In Autumn the leaves fall off the trees,
All gold and green and red.
They blow about the streets and roads
And make a leafy bed.

Thomas Noble (aged 10).



GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1st XV., 1931-32.

Standing—I. Macpherson, A. Mackintosh, E. Munro, F. Roberts (captain), J. Cooke, W. Macaulay, J. Macaulay, E. Mackintosh.

Sitting—J. Ross, A. McIntyre, D. Fraser, J. Calder, R. Ross, E. Mackintosh, F. Garrow.

[Photo by A. Ledingham.]



1st XI. G.G.S.H.C., 1931-32.

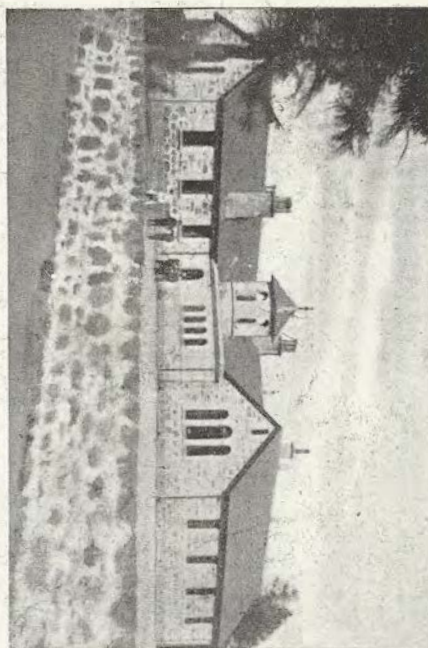
Standing—M. Templeton, N. Donaldson, B. Plumister (Secretary), B. Cook, A. Telfer, A. Green.

Sitting—I. Grant, C. Smith (Captain), B. McGregor, P. Barker, F. Cooke.

[Photo by A. Ledingham.]



Major J. G. Macdougall, O.B.E.



The Grammar School in 1889.



STANDARD VI. PUPILS OF A FORMER YEAR.

Left to Right—W. Templeton, W. Ross, James Lawrence, James Gilbert, A. D. Cumming, John Fraser, Donald Grant, A. Calder, James Grant, Geo. Carmichael, Duncan McIntosh, Margaret Dunbar, Carrie Forbes, Dollie Grant, Annie Munro, Tina Cumming, Barbara Mackay, Jessie Grant, Chrissie Dunbar, W. Brownie, A. Cruickshank, James Macdonald. [Jeannie Stuart,

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM F.P.'s.

— : o : —

Editor—Ann Grant, 10 The Square.

* * *

This Magazine is an annual publication issued in December. Contributions are invited from F.P.'s dealing with the school, the town, and old friends. Reminiscences, letters, questions, and suggestions gladly accepted.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, F.P.'s section.

* * *

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED.

If you wish to tell friends with whom you have lost touch where you are, send us your name and address for insertion in this column. And anyone wanting to know where a Former Pupil is, please send name to us for insertion in this column.

* * *

Reply to H.G.C.

Douglas Mackie and Johnnie Grant are somewhere in Australia.

* * *

NEWS PARS.

Cumming Fraser, son of the late Mr Daniel Fraser, tailor and clothier, was married in January, 1932, in Nairobi, to Miss Elisabeth Barbara Thomson, Garforth, Leeds.

* * *

This summer, Mr Alex. Goulder, late of A. C. Grant's, Ltd., spent six months' holiday at home. For some years now he has carried on a successful tailor and clothier's business with his son Ian, in Bondi, Australia.

* * *

Miss Isobel Beale is now teaching in Cromdale School.

* * *

This year the outstanding golfer was William Hepburn, who won the Muckerach Cup.

Since our last issue there occurred the untimely death by accident of Reginald (Reg) Hastilow. After a long illness Joseph (Joey) Bain died. Thus two outstanding figures passed in their gallant youth, each with a charm peculiarly his own. The members of this club take the opportunity of expressing to the bereaved families their deepest sympathy.

* * *

HONOURS TO F.P.'s.

The manager of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., Ltd., Jim Fraser, son of Mr D. Fraser, slater, has been elected a director of the Oil Heating Association of Montreal.

* * *

William (Willie) Jack is now teller in the Bank of Scotland branch, Pitlochry.

* * *

In the list of candidates who have been successful in passing the State examination for midwives and maternity nurses with honours appears the name Annie May Grant, Nurses Home, Dnnedin, New Zealand.

* * *

Through this Magazine we desire to extend to Mr A. B. Simpson, M.A., our sincere congratulations on his appointment as Rector of Forres Academy. Mr MacLennan, our late rector, has voiced the appreciation of every pupil who has had the good fortune to come

under Mr Simpson's tuition, when he writes:—"His pupils will always be grateful to him for giving them a broad and human outlook on the world, and an impetus towards what is good in literature and honourable in character."

* * *

Isabella Moyes obtained a first class certificate (100 per cent.) from Smee, Institute of Surgical Chiropodists, also Dr Scholl's Certificate of Practisedies, and local V.A.D. certificate. Miss Moyes is the first F.P. to set up as surgical chiropodist in Grantown-on-Spey.

* * *

Herbert Grant Cumming, M.A., M.A., B.Sc., has been appointed principal teacher of Mathematics in Rensfrew High School.

* * *

The Seafield Challenge trophy of the Strathspey and Reel Society was won this year by Joseph Sutherland, whose wonderful musical gift has given pleasure to many lovers of Strathspeys and Reels.

* * *

All Star Matches—Star Golf—and A. Glittering Foursome—such are the headlines that appear in the American Press with beautifully illustrated photographs, including that of Bobby Cruickshank, whose fame as a golfer and a sport has won for him world wide admiration. We congratulate Bobby on his appointment as professional to the Richmond Club, Virginia.

In a letter to his father (Mr Robert Cruickshank, 10 Castle Road), he compares the country with home. There are 2400 members, two courses, and a short practice course. Cruickshank expects to have a little time for fishing, which his father says he is "daft about."

* * *

MAJOR J. G. MACDOUGALL.

In our last issue we intimated that Major J. G. MacDougall had been appointed an Officer of the British Empire.

In the current issue we have pleasure in publishing a photograph of the Major, taken immediately after the Investiture in

Buckingham Palace on Thursday, 25th June, 1931.

To be mentioned in His Majesty The King's Birthday Honours is an honour indeed, not only to the recipient but also to the district.

Major MacDougall's Volunteer and Territorial service being unique, we feel we cannot do better than reprint two articles from the "Strathspey Herald":—

The nation owes much to civilian soldiers who underwent training in times of peace, and were found fit and ready for ordeal by battle. A good type of those patriotic citizens is Major J. G. MacDougall, whose resignation as second in command of the 6th Seaforths severs the last link between the commissioned ranks of the unit embodied for active service in 1914 and the battalion as now existing. He alone of the officers who went to France remained with the 6th Seaforths until this year. In length of service and in efficiency, his record will bear comparison with that of any officer in the Highland Division. From the day he joined Merchiston Castle cadet corps in October, 1898, commanded by his townsman, the late Mr J. R. Burgess, until he tendered his resignation a few days ago, he has not shirked any duty allotted to him. Struggling to maintain its numerical strength, always under the threat that like other northern battalions, it will lose its identity in amalgamation with another unit, the 6th Seaforths can ill afford to part with this experienced and enthusiastic officer. From Merchiston, Mr MacDougall went to Glasgow, and joined a Volunteer battalion of the H.L.I., whose uniform he wore for two years. He was in the guard of honour furnished by the "Glasgow Highlanders" at the opening of the Exhibition in 1901 by Princess Louise, and was one of the detachment selected to attend the coronation of King Edward. He volunteered for the Boer War, but being then under the stipulated age of 21, he was not accepted. Returning home, Mr MacDougall enrolled in the Grantown Volunteer company. Two years later he was a sergeant, rapid promotion in those days when u.c.o.'s retained their rank for many years. In 1903 he was with the Morayshire contingent for the open-

ing of Colinton hospital by King Edward, and in 1905 for the Royal Review, when 23 officers and 414 other ranks paraded from this county. Enlisting in the Territorials, he was selected as sergeant of the Morayshire contingent attending King George's coronation.

In March, 1914, Mr Macdougall was gazetted 2nd Lieut. in the 6th Seaforths. He mobilised with the battalion in August of that year, and after a long period in the front line, where he did good work, and was twice wounded, he was invalided home. As commander of the Strathspey company after the war, his zeal was unbounded. Not infrequently he devoted four nights per week to lectures to the n.e.o.'s in Grantown, Nethybridge, Cromdale and Advie. His business experience was utilised by the Brigade commander in 1925, Major Macdougall organising with much success the catering for the brigade during the camp at Grantown. In September, 1924, he attended the unveiling of the 51st Division memorial at Beaumont Hamel, and in May, 1927, he represented the 6th Seaforths at the unveiling of the regimental memorial at Pam-poux.

For the past six years, Major Macdougall has been a field officer, and his work has won the commendation of the brigade and divisional commanders. He holds what must be a rare distinction, the efficiency medal for 12 years' service in the ranks, and the Territorial decoration for 20 years' meritorious service as an officer.

Former and serving members of the 6th Seaforths were much gratified on Wednesday to see the name of a Morayshire man in the Birthday Honours list. Major Macdougall having been appointed an Officer of the British Empire. The award is in recognition of long and efficient service to the Volunteer and Territorial forces. At the date of his retirement recently, he had to his credit 32 years' service, all but two of which were given to the Morayshire battalion. He commanded the Strathspey company from 1919 until his promotion to field rank in 1925. Many congratulatory messages have reached him from old comrades in arms and from civilian friends. Major Macdougall will attend the Royal investiture on June 25.

GRANTOWN GRAMMAR SCHOOL F.P.'S CLUB.

Abstract of Accounts for year Ending 30th Nov. 1931.

Balance at 30/11/30	£2 3 10
4 Life Members, 12/6	2 10 0
62 Ordinary Members, 2/-	6 4 0
Re-union, 27/2/31 (surplus)	0 17 8
Bank Interest	0 1 7
	£11 17 1
Advertising	
"Strathspey Herald"	£0 3 0
Do.	0 4 0
"Strathspey News"	0 4 0
Postages	0 4 0
Balance in Hand	11 1 7
	£11 17 1

President—T. Hunter, M.A., B.Sc. (Rector).

Vice-Presidents—Miss M. Scott MacGregor,
Major Macdougall.

Secretary—Miss Edith Lawson.

Treasurer—Miss B. Mutch.

CONSTITUTION and RULES.

1.—The Club shall be known as the "Grantown Grammar School Former Pupils' Club."

2.—The object of the Club shall be (1) to promote intercourse and friendship amongst former pupils and teachers of the School by occasional social gatherings, and (2) to provide annually prizes to the School.

3.—All former pupils of the School shall be eligible for membership.

Teachers of the School, present and past, and wives of same, shall also be eligible for membership.

4.—The Office-bearers of the Club shall be:—President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, and Committee of six Members.

5.—The Committee shall meet when necessary for the conduct of the Club and shall have the power of appointing Sub-Committees when required.

6.—One Business Meeting of the Club shall be held on last Thursday of October when the Secretary and Treasurer shall make his report for the past year ending 30th September.

7.—The Annual Subscription shall be 2/- payable on or before 30th September for year to that date.

8.—At any General Business Meeting of the Club the Constitution and Rules may be added to or altered by a majority of votes.

months before the hospital and state examinations, especially, are a nightmare, but oh! the relief when it is all over, and study books can be pitched aside, and spare time is indeed spare time.

Only a nurse can realise the thrill it is when she holds her badge in her hand, and knows it is her very own, and that she can lawfully wear it as a State registered nurse. Just then I believe the majority of us do feel as if we really have that halo.

ANNIE MAY GRANT.

Dunedin,
New Zealand.

THE JUNE PICNIC.

It had been arranged that the F.P.'s meet, and take a preliminary ramble round Glenbeg, prior to attempting some more distant climb. The rendezvous was the burn at the back of the Coppice. The appointed hour arrived, and I had been waiting some time before other two F.P.'s joined me, and we set off, up that well worn little path to the "Beachan" leaving behind us arrows to direct others who might follow.

There had been some difference of opinion as regards that outing, many wishing to go further afield, as is often the case, thinking the "distant scene" more enchanting than the beauty at home. We were not surprised, therefore, when only other three joined us, making a total of six, three going one way and my companions and I another.

The weather was perfect, and the scenery at its best. Well might the poet have asked—"What is so rare as a day in June?"

It had been very hot throughout the day, but it was now the cool of evening. The dear old "Beachan" is too well known to require recalling here. Up its shady pathways we went, under the whispering pines and down the sharp descent to the railway, and across the boggy bit, ascending again to the wooded height of silver birches. Here we became aware that we were being closely followed by two men—keepers we thought—and were right in our surmise. As we carried knapsacks they had a good idea we contemplated a picnic, and might light fires. No rain had fallen all June, and the undergrowth was

parched dry, the very pine needles burning hot. Upon assuring them that we would not kindle an open fire we proceeded.

Out now on to the wide moor. In the soft stillness of evening, the sounds of Nature fell sweetly on our ears. As we were not yet hungry we tramped on, over the stepping-stones—you know them well—in the worst bits of the bog, and entered that fairy spinney of birches at the foot of which lies Glenbeg hill, with Craggan below.

Here we called a halt on a grassy plateau beside the burn, the wee stream where the trout glide like shadows in its amber depths. Ah, you Former Pupils, who perchance may read this, though you are out under the brassy glare of the desert sun, on foreign shores, or sailing the high sea—close your eyes a minute and recall the Glenbeg burn, and watch again the sun sinking red over the black shoulder of the hill. Does it leave your eyes a little dim and your heart a trifle sad with the memory of your old school days and your care-free schoolmates?

Peace reigned there, so we decided to have something to eat. One of my chums produced a portable "Primus" stove, and after a few attempts at getting it going (near the water in case of fire) we soon had a pan sizzling with bacon, eggs and sliced tomatoes, while hot tea was infusing. Never did food taste so good or tea so refreshing. A spice of adventure in it too, recalling J. Oliver Curwood's Romances in the Forests of the North West.

But our joy was short-lived, as every midge and mosquito in the Glenbeg district had been specially invited, and had accepted. Even after applying Metho from the stove to our wrists and temples they only laughed and attacked us with redoubled fury.

The sun had sunk, and a chill had crept into the air so we packed up (leaving all tidy) and got on the homeward way. Down the rough cart-track to Craggan bridge. The evening lights over the Cromdale hills were unforgettable as we reached the main road for home.

"Not much of a walk," you might say. Still, it lives in my memory. The green and gold of a fine night, the birds' song, the burn's ripple, to be used as an antidote for the grey November days.

Isabelle Moyes.

"ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM."

St Andrews Hospice,
Jerusalem.

Dear Miss Grant,

This letter must be one of apology, since I have broken my solemn League and covenant to send you an account of my experiences outward bound, for the school magazine. I remembered it when I saw my brother in Paris, and spoke to him about an article on Paris life for next year. I think he is quite willing to supply the "goods," so I enclose his address. When I reached Safad, I was "up to the neck" in work almost immediately, so that I forgot completely my promise to you. It was only when I saw in the local newspaper that this year's issue was almost ready, that I remembered. Then it was too late. However, for your private ear, I may say that I had quite an enjoyable journey out. When I hit London on April 5th I found it depopulated. This alarming statement applies only to those people who count in London—I mean my personal friends. I spent the Sunday conducting a solo tour of places of interest, and succeeded in amusing myself quite well. At St. Columba's, Pont St., I had hoped to find some of my familiar spirits from Auld Reekie, but the Easter week-end exodus was on, and Edinburgh was not represented. I met John Milne, son of Sergeant Milne, and we spent the evening wandering about.

On Monday morning I boarded the boat train from Victoria station, and started the real hike. There was a moderate swell on (on the sea, I mean) when I crossed the Channel, but it left no unpleasant effects. At Dieppe I had safely negotiated the customs when an officious lad at the door made me turn out my pockets, which happened to be bulging with gloves, cigarettes, etc. Otherwise I had no bother in that direction.

At Paris we had about an hour to wait, and then at 9 p.m. we boarded the European Express for Trieste. When I say "we" I am not using the Royal plural, but am merely referring to another fellow whom I met in London at the boat train. He was going to a place near Safad, so I had his company all the way.

In the early morning we crossed the frontier into Switzerland. Swiss scenery comes up to expectations. I enjoyed every minute of that part of the journey. My only complaint is that neither the Matterhorn nor Mont Blanc is visible from the railway. The mountains, with snow-covered summits, and the dark woods below, made a fine picture.

Italy was pleasing in a different way. The orderly fields with the pretty houses nestling among flowers and trees, and covered usually with creepers, had a strong appeal, but one missed the grandeur of the Swiss mountains. We stopped at Venice, but there was not a long enough stop for us to get out and make a lightning tour. At Trieste we were glad to find that we still had a use for our legs. A long train journey gives one a very cramped feeling. We put up for the night at a very magnificent edifice called the Hotel Savoin which overlooked the quay where our boat was lying. Next morning there was time for a short stroll around before we went on board. Trieste is really a lovely place. One thing which stands out in my mind is the number of tame pigeons which walked about the plaza. There were scores of them. Apparently the town has been a possession of Italy since 1920.

At 1 p.m. we embarked on the good ship *Carnaro*. During the voyage we lunched at Brindisi, and had time to go up into the town. The Italian Government has some scheme in mind about Brindisi, because the taking of photographs was forbidden. The most interesting part of the voyage to me was when we crossed the Gulfs of Patras and Corinth, passing through the Corinthian Canal and then out among the isles of Greece. It was dark when we passed Athens, but we could see the blaze of light in the city and on the Piræus. Modern Athens must be a large town. Everywhere I looked the surroundings were full of history. It gave me a peculiar thrill to realise that these were the places I had read about so painfully in Greek, and that this was the "wine-dark sea" Homer had sung about, two thousand years before.

The next place we touched at was Larnaca in Cyprus, but the sea was so rough that passengers were not allowed to land, as had

been promised. That is one great disadvantage of the ports in the Eastern Mediterranean—they have no pier protected by a break-water, up to which a ship can come even in rough weather. Consequently if the sea is boisterous the ship has to stay off-shore until it is calm. We had to wait three hours at Jaffa before anything could be landed. Luckily, when we reached Haifa, our port, there was no necessity for delay. I stayed that night on Mount Carmel, which is famous as the scene of Elijah v. the prophets of Baal, and then on to Safad.

Well, I will close now, as I feel that I have made a stout effort for a fellow whose chief bugbear is the writing of letters.

Sincerely yours,
SIDNEY MCGREGOR.

BORGIA WINE.

The young man comes by the marble stair,
Rouged are his cheeks—perfumed his hair.
His velvet cloak sewn with jewels rare,
Oh his heart is high with never a care
For he comes to wine with the Borgias.

With sunlight glinting on black and silver harness trappings, tilting a gay tune, Bernard Orsini rode through the forest. Handsome, light-hearted, the young Duke was wending his way to the Palace in Seville, there to meet Cesare Borgia at his great banquet.

Full well he knew that trouble had existed between his family, the Orsinis, and that of the Borgias, but that was all over now. Had he not, but a few days ago, received a special messenger at his castle with a friendly note from Cesare Borgia to join him and his sister Lucrezia at their feast?

Life was too short for bitterness, so this divine morning found young Bernard galloping in the glory of the sunlight amid the waving forest trees, while the South wind wafted to his nostrils the odours of the citron blossom. A royal welcome awaited him at the castle gates, and he made the acquaintance of many of the noblemen. Never before, in his young life, had he attended such a display of luxury.

The hall was one of unusual beauty—

carvings, frescoes, rich hangings, gorgeous colourings, while the long banquet table bore many rare viands, luscious fruit and perfumed flowers.

The hours flew on with laughter, song and conversation. The great wine goblets circled round the company. At length, tired with the noise and the talking, the youth sought a breath of air on the balcony. How beautiful was night—so cool to his now fevered brow. A crescent moon hung low in a deep purple sky.

Presently a hand was laid on his shoulder, and hastily turning round he looked into the eyes of Cesare Borgia. "Art tired with the voices and the wine, boy? Methinks thou art young yet for such revelry. Fill thy breast with the night's breeze and come to my own apartment." Obeying him, Bernard followed after into the royal room.

"See," said Borgia, "I have a parchment for thy father the Duke. Wilt bear it to him, boy? and as thou shalt be gone with the dawn pledge thou me in this my favoured wine."

The golden liquid gleamed like amber in the drinking cup. Raising it to his lips the young man smiled. "To our new found friendship, Cesare," and drank deeply. Dimly—as in a dream—he heard the sounds from the banquet hall. Things grew fainter around him, and a blackness overwhelmed his soul.

The young man leaves by the secret stair
Pale is his face—dark is his hair
His cloak is torn—his throat is bare
He is home shoulder high—and he does not care.

He has drunk the wine of the Borgias.

Isabelle Moyes.

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SCHOOL DAY MEMORIES.

For the sake of **Peace in Our Home** I was deposited in the Grammar School at the age of four, swelling with importance as the proud possessor of a bag and a slate. But my exalted condition oozed considerably amidst a multitude of children in the largest room I had ever seen, and with an angular figure towering in the middle, armed with a cane.

A newcomer was always the butt of a cruel kind of humour teacher seemed to enjoy, but soon this changed, and if one had any pretensions to good looks or a rich parent, one enjoyed a certain prestige. Without this, life in the "chookie's" room was a nightmare.

Arrayed in a circle around her we were taught—? I do not remember, but when she asked a question every little heart seemed to stop. The eyes would dilate with anger and if fixed on me—I became paralysed. A whack on the side of the head which sent the victim staggering was the order of the day, and then her eloquence flowed like a river. "You band of geese—you fools—you idiots" was the choice brand of her vocabulary.

As if in harmony with the atmosphere of this room there hung on the walls most terrifying pictures which, to my childish mind no doubt, became distorted. A den of growling lions ready to gobble us up and a picture of a dark sea where hundreds and hundreds of people were stretching long skinny arms in a vain attempt to be saved from destruction. Passing, I always shut my eyes, but someone would whisper in a fearful voice—"Look, look, that one's goin' doon!" Any happy recollection I had of the infant class was completely blotted out by that dominating personality whose fetish was beauty, brains and rich parents, the lack of which made me a marked figure.

The Church Vestry.

From the "Chookie's" room I wandered to higher and better things—to the care of women so entirely different that school with its happy days really began for me. Under

the tuition of Miss Mason, lessons on Standard II. became a pleasure. Our next teacher was Miss MacGregor, who radiated kindness and understanding. It was while in this class that—owing to alterations being made in the school—we were transferred to the then Free Church vestry. This, needless to say, was an historical event.

When I look back and think of the wild exuberance that invaded our every action, and, isolated from the Grammar School—seeing the rector only once a day, feeling secure from the humiliation of punishment from him—seemed to give a new impetus to this freedom which was so gloriously ours.

And Miss MacGregor, so small, so gentle amidst this abandon—yet her very gentleness was a barrier that kept us, I hope—from being too naughty. When she was really angry, our repentance was abject if inarticulate. An incident which, I think, will put on record the influence Miss MacGregor wielded over us occurred in 1915, when I received a few scribbled lines on the lid of a cardboard box from Geordie Burgess—one of my classmates, who was then in the front line "Somewhere in France." After letting me know that he was "fine" he wrote:—"Tell Miss MacGregor, the teacher, that I was asking for her." Geordie had been abroad for years—was in the thick of the war—yet he wanted to be remembered to his teacher. This was a beautiful tribute to one who had earned the lifelong affection and respect of her pupils.

The manse garden was forbidden ground, but we got there, amongst the berries, the rhubarb and the periwinkles. Mr Macdiarmid called, and in his deep sonorous voice pointed to the error of our ways. We were sorry—terribly sorry—but we could not resist the garden.

Tree climbing was another great feat in which every boy wanted to excel. I remember William Sinclair climbing to the top of a tall pine tree behind the church to the breathless admiration and envy of his class. To mark his prowess he trimmed the top with his pen-knife, knowing that the feat dare not be repeated.

In the winter there were many and fearful snow battles between the school and the vestry class. In the front line of fire were the daring leaders — Geordie Burgess, Frankie Calder and Dannie Irvine, with reinforcements of the lesser fry and, bringing up the rear, were the girls, making hard snowballs with which to rout the enemy.

Mrs MacIvor's was the popular tuck-shop during our sojourn in the vestry, and the long sticky stalks of "hepnie treacle rock" was the joy of our hearts, so also was the yard of juicy liquorice. It was there too that we had our first gamble. The lucky potato—and the winner—!

Back to the Grammar School our lawlessness had to be subdued with a firm hand, which Miss Third accomplished with wonderful success. Auburn-haired, bright flashing eyes, she darted about like a bird, smacking occasionally, but we liked her.

As far as I can remember we had Mr White in class V. His tactics were new. He appealed to our honour, and sometimes made us feel so jolly small, but he was kind with it. Mr Lyle and Mr Macdonald then came into the picture. Lyle was musical, and was responsible for the cantata, "The Midshipmite," the picture which was produced in the last issue of this Magazine. The pupil teachers who took a hand in our education were Simon Noble, Lewis Macdonald, Alick Cumming and Miss Bessie Grant. The opinions we formed of our teachers were mostly unanimous. It was either hot, warm, cold and colder, which meant just how much mischief we would get away with.

Chums.

Schooldays are marked by friendships that the passing of years cannot obliterate. I was one of a triangle. My closest chums were Jessie Fraser and Nuri Walker, each of us different in looks and temperament. We quarrelled, we fought, we huffed, but through it all we were inseparable. Jessie was a brilliant scholar. Nan and I were the reverse, and shamelessly copied from Jessie unless there was a tiff when human nature could

not endure such flagrantcy, so we would be compelled to turn elsewhere.

Nan was full of adult ideas diligently culled from older sisters and brothers. One day she, with a tremendous show of suppressed learning, disclosed to our amazed ears that in England, hundreds and hundreds of miles away—"so far away that 'you two' would never reach it," quoth Nan—everybody dropped their H's. We were greatly impressed, and determined there and then to do what was done in that far away and most wonderful country. But just how to air this new accomplishment to the world? Happy thought. We had to recite to Simon Noble, and he was a good sort: we liked him, therefore we would do him the honour of trying out this idea in his presence. As the originator, Nan was eager to have as many H's as possible and together we pored over our poetry, not, I am afraid with any desire to become proficient, but just to see how many H's there were. Jessie and I dropped one very lightly which passed unnoticed, but Nan, becoming bolder, and scorning our feeble efforts, bellowed a collection of H's that dropped like a bomb, and, from chaos, we found ourselves at the rector's door there to humbly explain why—?

English.

Nouns, verbs, adjectives and such like never penetrated to my dull brain, but deep down in my heart I hoped that some day I would be able to speak like the rector, Mr MacLennan. His perfect enunciation, the fluency with which he discoursed a subject and his culture appealed to the densest. His low, yet clear, voice was never raised in vulgar harshness, but when it came to answering questions all I wanted to do was to hide under the desk with shame at my inability.

Prizes?

I cannot show my friends a bulging book-case of school prizes because my "one and only" was in hard cash. Miss MacGregor conceived the idea of presenting a penny to the boy and girl whose writing was the best. Frankie Calder and I were the winners. When

school was over we clattered "doon" the brae with a wild whoop like a band of Indians when my penny was recklessly invested in the "gundy-wifie's" before the admiring and hopeful eyes of my compatriots.

The Pigstye.

One day a week we had sewing from three to four o'clock, and a few of the "braves" thought it would be a great adventure to "slip" sewing. Passing the outer door we made a dash for the dyke and, on hands and knees, crept out at the gate. To go home was impossible. The wrath and the horror of parents could not be faced, so this precious and stolen hour was spent most enjoyably by the pigstye in the Palace Hotel yard. But the aftermath I will leave you to guess.

Cooking.

To have reached the age when cooking was deemed essential, was truly an event. This class was conducted in the hall with Miss Third in charge. At either end of a long table five girls were arrayed in white aprons, which lent tremendously to the whole proceedings. At my end of the table were Jessie Fraser, Nan Walker, Bella MacLaren and Jessie MacIntosh. Jam puffs stand out in my memory as the messiest concoction we had ever made. Amidst much shuffling, nudging and whispering we received our quota of flour, etc., and awaited the order of procedure. Miss Third seemed to grow hotter and hotter as the lesson progressed, and darted about from group to group explaining the mystery that would surround the said jam puffs. Each one of us seemed to have got hold of the wrong idea, and tempers were ruffled. Nan had the job of mixing the flour, and objected strongly to being told by us that it was too thin. She lifted her hands out of the mixture in a frenzy, and slapped us over the face and hair.

The cleaning-up after the lesson was a task we favoured, because of the little snacks that came our way, but as a quartette we were once horribly in disgrace for devouring a pot of apple jelly.

Yes, school days were happy days despite

lessons, and the older I grow the more I linger over the memories of my schooldays.

Ann(ie) Grant.

THE RE-UNION OF 29th DECEMBER, 1931.

In a dark blue velvety sky stars twinkled; a hard glittering snow covered the ground heaped on either side of lumpy footpaths. Cars crunched along the street shedding light over the houses with windows like shut eyes, and cloaked figures disappeared within the swing door of the Palace Hotel.

Inside was a luxurious atmosphere, warm and perfumed. Men and women moved backward and forward on the stair and in the vestibule. Handshaking, voices ascending and descending, hilarious outbursts and prolonged laughter. It was the re-union of Former Pupils.

In a few words Mr Hunter, the rector, welcomed the guests and after an enjoyable whist drive Mrs Hunter presented the prizes to the winners.

The polished floor and sunset glow that lit the dance-room was a fit setting for the pageant of fashion. Clinging velvets, shimmering satins, flimsy georgettes in every hue were displayed complete with elaborate velvet and fur wraps. Contrasting with the black and white of dress suits were the picturesque Highland costumes of Major MacDougall, O.B.E., Alick MacDougall and young Ballintomb, who acted as joint Masters of Ceremonies.

From the beginning there was a joyousness that increased as the evening wore on. Hoary-headed Former Pupils were endowed with the agility of youth—skipping through the Rightsome with characteristic Highland grace, next fox-trotting in the approved modern style. Inspired music was supplied by Mrs Duncan's Band (nee Dolly Barclay) and encore after encore was graciously complied with.

"When did you hear from so and so?" or "Do you remember—?" Every little group had its memories. It was the spirit of re-union—the revival of youth and Peace and Goodwill to all men.

THE ESSAY COMPETITION.

The competitors numbered 10, all senior pupils, and they were given a choice of subject from these:—(1) Scouts and Guides; (2) My Favourite Character in History; (3) The Song of the Spey; (4) A Century and a half of Human Progress. The subjects were chosen by Mr Simpson, Rector of Forres Academy, and were only announced at the beginning of the examination. The essays were read and adjudged by Mr Simpson who commented on the high standard generally attained and gave unqualified praise to the winning efforts, an essay on "The Song of the Spey" by Robert D. Mackintosh. To the adjudicator, whose expert assistance we acknowledge with gratitude, the competitors were anonymous, as each was given a number, and a key to numbers and names was filed for reference after the adjudication.

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His matches were missing, "Oh bother."
But Donald said, "Use mine, dear brother."
You may think if you like
Of the lamp on his bike,
But the tale of his fingers is other.

* * *

Scott is one of our best poets. In our school we held a concert on 21st September in celebration of his hundredth death.

[From the work of a young essayist].

* * *

For Sale. CYCLE, sports model; has broken many records in 9 o'clock handicap; owner going in for dirt-track racing; good Yo-Yo might be accepted in part exchange.

* * *

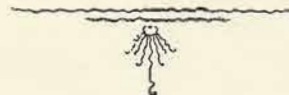
Queen Elizabeth **united** Drake for sailing round the world.

* * *

The Ancient Britons built their boats partly by burning and cutting with crude tools dressed in skins.

* * *

A study in opposites:—
The silent enthusiasm of the Literary Society;
And the expansive vociferation on the Rugby field.



I. MOYES (S.I.D.),

—Surgical - Chiropodist—

—AND—

Practipodist

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no less than in the Courteous
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