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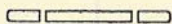
GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY

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EDITORIAL.

Live! and grow fit with the 1933 Grammar School "Mag." Never mind the weather: never mind the rain, but hustle to the local newsagents for a copy, if, as is very likely, you are reading a borrowed one. This year to avoid wailing and gnashing of teeth, the press is pouring forth an enormously increased supply to meet the demand which bought up last year's within five days of publication. We know with what eagerness the former pupils, now abroad, welcome a "hit from home," especially at Christmas time. Why disappoint them? Send them a "Mag." and brighten them up—if not, why not?

Of course, we have no need to mention our local supporters: they are the powers behind the scenes, and were it not for their willing

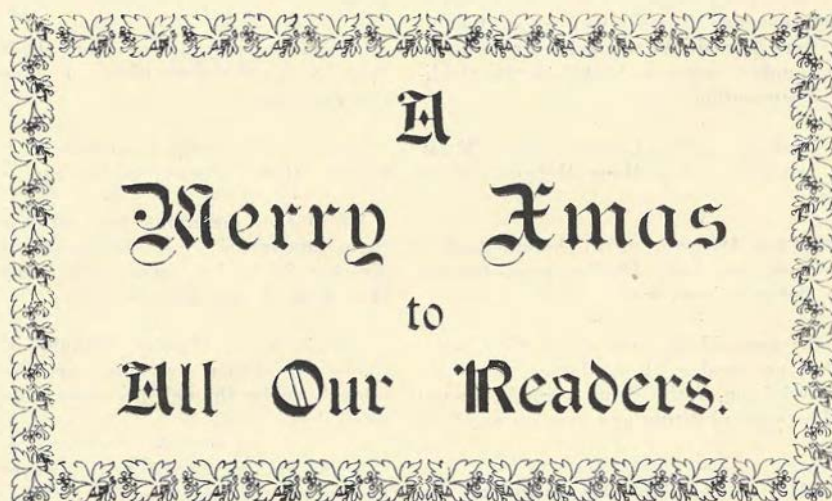
support with advertisements we would long ago have been swamped in the financial crisis.

In the following pages we give you our best and wittiest. What parent would not be pleased to see his child's first attempts blossoming in our famous chronicle which will bear it to all ends of the earth? And we picture the child itself in after years pointing out to a succeeding generation his first steps in the ladder of literary fame.

In short, you must buy at least one copy of this issue, if only as an investment, for last year's is already said to have changed hands at one shilling.

P. H.

J. T.



CLIMBING BEN MACDHUI.

At half-past six on a lovely summer morning we set out to meet the party which was to climb Ben MacDhui. We were to meet at Coylum Bridge, near Aviemore, at eight o'clock, and for once there was no reluctance to rise at such an early hour. The events of the day promised much enjoyment, so we started punctually with the pleasant prospect of over an hour's cycling before us. En route we passed Loch Pitoulish and to myself, who had never seen this loch before, it seemed as beautiful as any future view could be. I was soon to alter my decision. One glance and we hurried on, for time was scarce, and there was still some distance to cover. I was eager to know all the place names and legends attached to them, so my friend obligingly related story after story about events in olden days, in this way, despite the roughness of the roads, we reached Coylum Bridge in what seemed considerably less than an hour and a-half.

There we halted, and had a breathing space, as it was one minute to eight and the party was nowhere to be seen. After some minutes, doubts began to grow in our minds as to whether it really was Coylum Bridge, so we decided to ask at a cottage nearby. This cottage was the most picturesque we had ever seen: the walls were white, and the doorway was framed by a porch supported by two knotty wooden pillars; painted dark brown, as was the framework of the diamond-paned windows. In front was a little gravel path and a well-kept grass lawn which sloped down to the river bank. In answer to our question the woman replied that this was Coylum Bridge, and answered emphatically in the negative when we inquired if she had seen a party of cyclists that morning. She added she had only seen two gentlemen and no cyclists, so we ridiculed the idea of their belonging to the school party. How soon we were to discover otherwise! After about an hour's wait the woman accosted us, probably with all good intentions, with the words, "My brother said he saw a party of about twenty cyclists this morning. I thought you'd like to know." "Like to know!" and a precious hour spent leaving us further behind

the others than ever. Outwardly we retained politeness personified and thanked her for the information, but inwardly . . . !

With all speed we followed in pursuit, thinking we were certain to overtake them as they would not be exactly racing ahead. On and on we went over roads more like river-beds but we were so furious that we wreaked vengeance on the unfortunate bicycles by forcing them over rocks and roots or any other obstacle we met. Every gate to be opened received a share of our furious maledictions until we reached the end of a glen whence we could get a clear view for several miles. The view was very beautiful, but it was not exactly congenial to us at that moment, for it was void of human beings. We called a halt and, having recovered breath, decided we had come the wrong way.

Having agreed on that point we decided it was useless to return home so we decided to blaze a trail forward. Soon we came to a bothy, where we left our cycles, and proceeded on foot. We had no idea where we were: all we knew was that we were in a lovely glen with high hills on one side and a barrier of towering rocky crags on the other. The tops were hidden by banks of mist which floated on, only to be succeeded by others. We came in view of a little loch at the foot of these crags but we could only surmise it was one of the numerous Loch-an-Uaighes as it was tinged with green. At a second bothy near our end of the loch the track changed to a very narrow footpath which led up steeply, and then along the hillslope, gradually mounting at the same time. We followed this path across streams with mossy stones in their course, and the water from them tasted, as we remarked uninspiredly, like ice-cream; finally, we came to a zig-zag path which looked so formidable that we halted for lunch before tackling it.

After half-an-hour's rest we climbed further, but our footsteps were dragging, and we stopped many times, outwardly to admire the view but really to rest our weary feet. We heard a mournful, indescribable sound, which filled me with amazement until I was informed it came from a deer, and, as if to prove the veracity of this statement the culprits appeared between the wreaths of mist on

the horizon. Then more strange sounds echoed in the stillness, but I was too cautious to guess the origin and waited patiently until I was told they were uttered by ptarmigan which, as we advanced, rose almost at our feet.

The descent was soon accomplished, and we returned the same way as we had come. This too had its thrills, as the road was two very sandy tracks with a ridge of grass and heather between, and there were no brakes on my bicycle.

On arriving at Coylum Bridge again we turned to the left and returned home via Axiemore and Loch Garten, after a most enjoyable day, to be informed that we had been up Glen Kinich, which is described as one of the loveliest glens in Scotland.

E. C., VI.

CLASS Y.

Fourteen all told there are in five,

A jolly old crowd are we,

From nine to four we do our best

And then from school we flee.

But after tea we can't be seen

For many a pile of books,

We scratch our heads, we tear our hair,

We bear most doleful looks.

The problems won't come out at all,

What will be said to me?

That's half an hour I've spent at that,

And still I've got no key.

At Maths, we are a lot of duds,

Like sheep supposed to be,

Five to four is just the same

As the ratio two to three.

At French it's not so bad as that,

We can translate a bit,

But when it comes to "Andromaque"

We're lost, we must admit.

In spite of all that's said to us,

We are a jolly crew,

We'll do our best to pass the test,

And what more can we do?

THE SWIMMING CLUB.

The pupils of Grantown School are very fortunate to have the privilege of going to Elgin baths every Saturday. This year the girls who were taught in the Spey during the summer have been allowed to join the swimming club.

Every second Saturday the girls meet at the L.M.S. station and go by train to Elgin. When we arrive at the baths we get into our costumes and splash into the lovely warm water. Under the care of our two experienced instructors we are shown the strokes. Mr Glass takes the divers and those who are beginners, while Mr Watson takes some for life-saving. To be able to move in the water by the means of one's limbs seems impossible, but once you learn to swim, it is as easy as walking. The girls are all very keen and hope before long to become as proficient as the boys.

The number of deaths caused this summer through people being unable to swim makes us more keen to learn. The privilege is open only to the pupils in the Secondary Department, and this year we are trying to gain twelve certificates for life-saving, diving and swimming. So far it looks quite possible, as all the girls show their keenest interest.

J. T., II.

AUTUMN.

The trees are busy shedding

Their leaves of every hue

And on the ground are spreading

A carpet there for you.

The birds are busy planning

Their leader for the flight

Across the deep blue ocean

By day and yet by night.

The robin too is growing

A waistcoat, oh! so red,

And he's sitting by the window

For a few old crumbs of bread.

J. H., II.

A CYCLE RUN.

Dawn was just breaking, and the rising sun was tinting the peaks of the Cairngorms with rosy hue, as I cycled out of Grantown on an August morning. My pack, strapped to the carrier of my bicycle, carried all the essentials for a week-end run. It included a light-weight tent, groundsheet, sleeping-bag, stove, and the inevitable "billy." I was very proud indeed of this kit, which had taken me some time to collect.

Not a soul was astir in the streets of Grantown, and it was only when I got out into the fresh exhilarating air of the country that I met several farm labourers trudging to the fields to start their day's work. With these I exchanged a word of greeting, and cycled on through Duhann Bridge, on past Broomhill, and I was just wheeling down the slope into Aviemore, when the sun rose above the hills, flooding the countryside with its glory. Aviemore was waking up from its slumber, and the occupants of the Hostel were stopping on their packs, ready for another day's bike.

About two miles past Aviemore, I made my first halt, and wheeled my bicycle off the road, down the slope to the shores of Loch Alvie, and there, amid those beautiful surroundings, I cooked my breakfast. It was indeed a scene worthy of fairyland.

Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stir'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor in rest.

Never before had I enjoyed such a repast, and it was with regret that I set off again, leaving Loch Alvie behind.

I cycled on again through beautiful scenery, past the little hamlet of Kineraig, now through vast pine forests, now running parallel to the railway line. It was rather eerie, cycling for long periods between high deer-fences, which prevented the denizens of the vast, gloomy forests from leaping into the road. At last Kingussie came into sight, but soon I left its busy streets, thronged with holiday-makers, behind. About two

miles further on, I came to Newtonmore, and there, after passing through the village, left the main road, and took the branch road, which leads to Spean Bridge and Fort-William.

The sun was now overhead, however, and so, selecting a shady spot, I unpacked my stove and "billy," and cooked a light meal. As it was my intention to reach Loch Laggan by nightfall, and spend the night there, I had to push on immediately. The country was much more mountainous now, or, at least, seemed to be, because I was right in the heart of the mountains, and the road was getting rougher and rougher. I passed Cluny Castle, and, just after that, came to Laggan, where I crossed the river Spey by an iron bridge. A little further on, I came to a tinker encampment at the edge of a pine wood, and, as I passed, the children and their elders all waved cheerily, for there is a fellow-feeling between those on the road.

The road made its way through beautiful, feathery birch woods, and I very rarely met anyone, until, at last, I emerged from the woodlands, and, on rounding a bend, the wonderful expanse of Loch Laggan lay before me, with the evening sun shining on its blue waters. I drank in its beauty, as the golden orb of the sun dipped behind the mountains. The sunset on the loch is beyond description. The deep blue of the waters gradually changed to rosy pink, which deepened to blood red, and then, in a last flash of glory, the sun disappeared behind the black peaks, leaving the loch in darkness, its purple depths looking sinister and treacherous.

I now pitched my little tent at the side of the loch, and, lighting a small fire, cooked my evening meal. Afterwards, I climbed the little hill, facing the loch, and imagine my surprise to see, tucked away there, a little cemetery. It seemed to be very old, for the gravestones were all moss-covered, and in a bad state of repair. Beside this was a shooting lodge, which had evidently been once a monastery, and this also seemed to be very old. Darkness had now fallen, so I returned to my tent, and, slipping into the warmth of my sleeping-bag, fell fast asleep.

Next morning, I was up with the sun, and after packing my kit, decided to cycle along

the road, which runs along beside the loch. The loch is nearly ten miles long, and is surrounded by beautiful birch woods which were glistening with the morning dew. At length, after cycling for about an hour, I reached the southern end of the loch, and there I was surprised to see navvies and mechanical excavators at work deepening a channel which led from the loch. As the sound of machinery reached my ears, I decided to return, and, turning my face again towards Grantown, commenced the homeward journey. I reached Kingussie about noon, and there, instead of returning by Aviemore, I turned off the main road, and went by Ruthven, where there is an old fortress, which was built to keep the Wolf of Badenoch in order.

Passing through the little hamlet of Fush, I came to a spot where there was a fine view of Loch Fush, and then, again cycling through wonderful birch woods, came to Glen Feshie, where I crossed the Spey by a little bridge. Just before I came to Coylum Bridge, I saw a sign-post which read, "Private foot-path to Braemar," and remembered that this led through the Larig Ghru.

The shades of evening were falling as I cycled into Nethybridge, and, when at last the twinkling lights of Grantown appeared, I could have sung for joy. That night, I dreamt that I was back at Loch Laggan, watching the sunset on the loch.

T. H., IV.

AN APPOINTMENT.

I shuddered and once again read the note which lay on the table in front of me. To any other individual that note conveyed no special significance. It merely stated that Mr Smith would be pleased to see Mr Brown between the hours of three and four. Nothing very startling in that, you remark; it might be an invitation to a game of golf or anything else equally pleasant. That is where you make a mistake, however, for Mr Smith was a dental surgeon, and he had a client coming to see him that afternoon. Mr Brown was the client, and what is more, I was Mr Brown.

So you see that is why I shuddered, and

looked despairingly at the note which practically sealed my doom. One must admit that going to see the dentist is not like being invited to a game of golf. For the next half-hour after receiving that fateful note, I sat and brooded in silence. Should I go, or feign illness and stay at home? It was a fight between myself and conscience, but in the end conscience won. I ate my dinner, although I had little appetite, and thought over the unspeakable which I had to face. At a quarter to three I donned my overcoat, and left the house like a condemned man.

Mr Smith's surgery was several streets away, and for the first bit I walked fairly quickly, but when eventually I came to his street, my pace had lessened considerably. I approached his door slowly, and lifted my hand to ring the bell, but noticed that my shoe-lace was undone, and so stooped down and tied it. Once again I lifted my hand only to pull out my handkerchief, and wipe my forehead which had become damp owing to my walk — perhaps. At last, steeling my nerves, and taking a deep breath, I put out my hand and pulled the bell as hard as I could. I had done it before I realized it, and then, amazed by my own action, I felt like a guilty schoolboy and nearly ran away.

It was too late for afterthoughts, however, for the door was opened, and a white-clad attendant ushered me into a spacious waiting-room, and told me that Mr Smith would not be long. I picked up a pictorial magazine, held it upside down, and gazed at the inverted pictures miscegenously, for even yet I contemplated walking outside and running away. A side door opened, and Mr Smith came out. My knees shook for the opened door had caused rather a draught.

"G-g-good afternoon, Mr S.S-Smith," I said, in as strong a voice as I could muster.

"Ah! Good afternoon, Brown," replied Mr Smith. "What about a game of golf? It is a lovely day, and I am free till four."

A. McL., II.

WANTEN. Gymnastic equipment for senior girls' cloakroom; must be best quality; second-hand material recently acquired having lasted only three weeks.

FORMER PUPILS' ESSAY COMPETITION.

A MOUNTAINING EXPERIENCE.

ONE cold March day I fulfilled my long-cherished desire to climb Cairngorm when it was practically covered with snow. Some might say that my companions and I were asking for trouble, but to one who really loves the hills, there is nothing more fascinating than climbing their heights in the fresh, keen air of winter, and feeling the magic touch of the north-east wind—"austere and pure."

In the morning when we set out, the waning moon, as if "pale for weariness," shone with a weird light over the snow-capped hills and trees. Towards daylight, when we had begun the ascent, a bitter north wind got up, and away to the east was the glare of the rising sun—purple, red, and golden.

Ignoring advice given to us, to be well armed against the hard crust of ice on the surface of the snow, we had taken with us only a pick-axe each. When we had gone half-way up the hill, we found it very difficult to keep from slipping down the hard surface, which at that part had become a thick layer of slippery ice. One of my companions did slide down a few yards, but was fortunately caught, and got up unhurt. This incident rather unnerved us, for we knew that if we were not caught in our fall, we should slide down, helpless, gathering speed as we went, until our course was stopped by some protruding rock.

As we approached the summit the sky became black, and we noticed that a thick mist had already enveloped Ben Macdui. Before we had left the summit a fine rain blew hard in our faces, and with all the speed we could muster we set out for Margaret's Corrie, or, better named, Margaret's Coffin. This is a deep gully formed by a tiny stream, which, in winter, is covered over by a thick layer of snow, closing the top of the corrie and forming a tunnel underneath. Into this tunnel we crawled on hands and knees, through the tiny entrance. In the same moment we breathed a sigh of relief, and felt a cold shiver run

through us. Not a ray of light gets into the tunnel; everything is as chill and silent as a tomb. Before we were many minutes in the tunnel we heard the swish of snow, and in a very short time we were almost deafened by the roar of wind in the corries around us.

We lay there until early the next morning, when, cramped and cold, we dug our way out of the tunnel by the other closed up entrance.

The moon shone out on a vast expanse of snow, just as it had done on the previous morning, but, we thought, with less splendour—we, too, had lost most of the glamour with which we had started.

[The author of the winning essay given above is MOXA McLENN, Class V.]

THE HAPPY BOATMAN.

Old Mr Jones, the boatman,
Lives down beside the shore,
All by himself, except for his boats.

Of those he has got four,
There's Sancy Nell, and Isabel,
The Prince and Nancy Lee.
"What! Lonesome! Bless my timbers, No!
My dear!" he said to me.

And Mr Jones, the boatman,
He laughed, and held his sides.
"What, lonesome! with the sea around
With all its tricks and tides,
Holla, Baloo!" roared Mr Jones.
"And I've all my family—
There's Sancy Nell and Isabel
The Prince and Nancy Lee."

And Mr Jones, the boatman,
He laughed and laughed and laughed.
"Why, I've an end of company,
No neither fore nor aft.
What, lonesome! Little Miss," he said.
"However could that be!
I've Sancy Nell and Isabel,
The Prince and Nancy Lee."

W. R. H.

WANTED. A bicycle which has been well trained in the rules of the road.

Apply, J.P., Box No. 55.

PREFECTS' COURT AND ATHLETICS COMMITTEE.

Prefects empowered to maintain order in the common rooms have been in existence for some time; but, when the novelty of office had worn off, these functions were apt to become purely nominal, as no procedure existed which emphasised their responsibilities in the eyes of the School as a whole. To meet this deficiency, the boys' prefects have constituted a court which meets at 3.45 p.m. every Thursday to try offenders and to pass sentence. The court is presided over by the School Captain, J. Templeton, and a record of the proceedings is minutes by T. Hunter, clerk to the court. A member of the staff is present, but in the unofficial capacity of adviser. The court has formulated a constitution, and adheres to a well-defined system of procedure which enables delinquents to be summoned, heard and sentenced with commendable despatch. Punishments vary, but, where possible, useful manual tasks are assigned. The jurisdiction of prefects has been extended to the playground and to the school itself when no higher authority is present. While still on probation, the scheme promises every success. In essence it is a system of self-government with safeguards. It is proposed to set up a similar institution to deal with girls' affairs.

After the court has risen the Athletics Committee assembles under the chairmanship of Mr H. Wilson. It consists of the three house-captains, P. Garrov, J. Mackenzie, J. Templeton, and the athletics secretary, I. Macpherson. Its purpose is to arrange for the efficiency and smooth-running of the sports side of school life. Within its province are the arrangement of fixtures, selection of teams, and care of equipment.

THOUGHTS OF SCHOOL.

Trudging on my way to school
Feeling my bag is very full.
Still I keep upon my way
Wishing it was a holiday.

ADA TILLY, aged 8.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

(By Shalimar).

An old Scottish international, now the Rugby critic of one of the leading daily newspapers, had occasion to write to me quite recently. Among other things he wrote: "I am glad to know that Gramtown Grammar School is playing the grandest of all games."

For what it is worth I would like to add my tribute: I have played most games from polo to marbles and I, also, think that Rugby is the greatest of all games. It breeds self-reliance and pluck: to a degree unsurpassed by other games it demands fitness. On the field all men are equal, as that good sportsman, Mr Wilson, frequently knows when laid low by a flying tackle; yet the game is controlled by that discipline which is the basis of all pleasure and freedom. The referee in Rugby is in an unique position: once he has given a decision he cannot, by the rules, alter it. It is, therefore, useless to appeal to him; but, quite apart from that, I am pleased to say I have never seen a Grammar schoolboy, past or present, indicate by word or deed that he did not accept without question the referee's ruling. That is the spirit of the game.

I have been asked to give a little advice to the players, and I cannot do better than pass on the tip once given me by one of the finest forwards who ever played for Scotland. He said: "Keep your eye on the ball." This applies equally to forwards hooking, heeling, or dribbling—not booting insanely ahead: to a back running alongside another waiting for a pass; to a full back fielding a high ball. Again a team is frequently judged by its passing. With the possible exception of the scrum-half receiving the ball at the base of the scrum and delivering it, no player should give or take a pass standing. The moment the ball leaves the scrum every back should be on the move forward—and RUN STRAIGHT.

The present School players are light, but plucky, and they will come on. They have, in the making, an excellent full back: two or three fine halves and three-quarters; and at least one forward who, given the opportunity, should eventually reach international class. I

hear many of the former pupils are looking forward to the games at Christmas and Easter: none of them look forward to them more keenly than I do.

NOT BY WALT WHITMAN.

O Captain! My Captain! the tricky "tip" is done,
The "skip" has beaten every "back"—he's only got to run.
The goal is near, the yells I hear, the people all insulting,
While follow eyes and awful cries "the skipper," grin and daring.
But oh—blank—blank—blank,
Oh, the shouts that he must meet
For on the field my Captain lies,
Having tripped o'er his feet.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the yells.
Rise up, to you the insults flung, for you the whistle trills,
For you the rotten fruit, and eats, for you the eggs are thundering,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their fearful threats aburning.
Hear Captain! My Captain,
No fruit has missed your head,
For 'tis no dream that on your neck
You've fallen almost dead.

I. McP., IV.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LEAF.

It was the middle of Autumn, and the leaves were falling fast. On a tall oak a leaf sighed. "Oh, I've got a lovely idea, why! I could simply drop down and land on the river." It was unusually warm. Soon I was in what I think is called a current. But all of a sudden I happened to look toward the bank and there stood a salmon fisher, who cast his line. I got hooked, and then I was taken off the hook, and there I lay until the next space.

HUGH TULLOCH, aged 8.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS, 1932-33.

BOYS.

ALTHOUGH the customary annual sports' day did not figure in the summer's activities an added enthusiasm for cricket was ample compensation. The holding of school sports, involving as it does about three weeks' intensive preparation and training, makes a considerable hiatus in the cricket season and sensibly impairs the standard of play. The summer of 1933 witnessed a marked improvement to which uninterrupted practice and numerous matches largely contributed. Summer weather and fine sporting encounters with local XI's made the season a memorable one, and stimulated an interest in the district which was highly gratifying. The thanks of the staff and pupils are due to parents and friends who generously responded to the efforts made to augment the school sports' fund. But for the purchase of a maitting wicket from the proceeds of the whist drive, cricket could not have been played.

We take the liberty of pointing out that the pupils were not alone in benefiting from this support. Many local cricketers and embryo cricketers derived enjoyment from the games thus promoted, games which were played in the best spirit of sportsmanship. The School's cricket kit, and indeed all sports' equipment, is always at the disposal of those who wish to join the School in its games. Funds subscribed for the school also benefit the youth of the community as a whole.

The School is very grateful for the continued interest and help of the ever-youthful Past-Primes: their parental affection must have been sorely tried in this year's encounters. It is deeply indebted to Captain Hendry for his unfailing enthusiasm in the promotion of Rugby, to Mr Jaffrey for his efforts in raising teams, and also to Mr W. Grant, Cherrygrove, who refereed the inter-school "soccer" games.

Numbers were still sufficiently high in 1932 to admit of fielding a Rugby XV., which put a stiff fight in two games against Elgin Academy. The Academy won at Grantown by 11 points to 0, and at Elgin by 23 points to 3.

As an experiment, a XV. was sent to Inverness, but found the Royal Academy over-whelmingly strong. Local games were much more even. The School forced the Strathspey Wanderers to a draw in the Christmas game, each side scoring 3 points, but were defeated in the return game at Easter by 3 points to 0.

At Association football the School played Elgin Academy, Forres Academy, and Kingussie Secondary School. Of the six matches, 2 were won, 2 were drawn, and 2 lost. School scored 25 goals in all and gave away 22. The best game was a gruelling encounter with Elgin Academy in the Black Park which ended in a draw. This was the only game which the Academy did not win in the Morayshire Senior Schools' League. Three Grammar School players obtained places in the Morayshire team to play Banff—E. Mackintosh (right half), A. McIntyre (inside right), and I. Macpherson (outside right). It is fair to conclude that at "soccer" the School had more than average success, but, with the material available, performance fell below expectations. Weak back play, as in previous years, impaired the efficiency of an otherwise good team. The 2nd XI. travelled to Aberdeen where they drew with the Orphanage, 2-2. The return match will be played this year in Grantown. With the advent of Carr Bridge school to football there will be scope for the fuller development of a 2nd XI.

The cricket season, although it opened darkly with defeats in both inter-school games, turned out to be the most successful athletic season for years. Forres Academy XI. were not, in the opinion of competent observers, a superior team, but they possessed a fast bowler who struck his deadliest form on the matting, and skittled out the batsmen for so few runs that the School bowlers were faced with an impossible task. At Elgin, a very much superior team and a fatal inferiority complex robbed the School of any chance of victory. Local games, however, proved a succession of victories characterised by good individual performances and fine team-spirit. The School beat the Past-Primes twice, the Town (twice), the F.P.'s and a select XI. of All-Comers.

The house championship, played for the Past-Primes' cup, was won for the third year

in succession by Revack. Revack being 2nd and Roy 3rd. Revack has been fortunate of late fielding the most skilful sides, but Revack takes the palm for fighting quality. In spite of possessing good, often heavy, material Roy has long disappointed. In season 1932-33, E. Mackintosh captained the Rugby XV. and Association 1st XI.; E. Munro captained the Cricket XI. Both justified the responsibility laid upon them and were an inspiration to the teams they led.

In the material sense of goals scored or matches won the School teams were not conspicuously successful, but such a state of affairs is not easily avoidable. Small numbers and stronger opposition are initial handicaps which are apt to frustrate the best intentioned efforts. The fairest criterion of success is the spirit in which these handicaps are faced and the continued healthy activity of the sports side of School life.

HOCKEY.

Under the captaincy of Betty Cook, the girls' Hockey Team had a most successful season during 1932-33. They took part in the Morayshire Senior Hockey League.

Unfortunately the first match was with Elgin Academy, the strongest team in Morayshire, consequently Grantown suffered a heavy defeat. However, the other League matches were practically in our favour. In playing a double fixture with Milne's Institution at Forres we were fortunate in gaining the double points. About the middle of the season we lost our captain, and consequently the forward-line was considerably weakened.

Grantown acquitted itself very satisfactorily in finishing second in the League. Friendly matches were played with Aberdeen and Kingussie, the results, in the former case, being in favour of Grantown and in the latter against.

Peggy Barker, vice-captain, was chosen to play for Morayshire in the annual match against Banffshire, which was won by Morayshire. It is to be hoped that we shall be as successful during the session 1933-34.

F. E. C.

A SCHOOL CAROL.

You never sit at home and grind
Your lessons as you ought to do
Though some fine day you hope to find
You're through.

You cannot digest solid books
Although you have a goodly store
For all except a novel looks
A bore.

Where'er the clock begins to thrust
Its hand to eight or thereabout
A longing tells you that you must
Go out.

But be not led by time, sweet maid,
Be good, kind, true and thoughtful,
Be happy and content in mind
Remembering Life's watchwords!

M. D., IV.

There was a young man of Revere
Went into a public 'phone.

He pressed A. and B.

And much to his glæ

Got "impence" that wasn't his own.

M. D.

There was an old man of Ghent,

Whose back grew distressingly bent,

His wife said "By Jove!

You look just like a 'cove'

Who has spent all his life in a tent."

M. McL.

There was a young lady of station,

Came to Grattown for mere education,

Before she could think

She was dipped in the sink

By way of initiation.

M. P.

There was a young man of Calcuttah,

Who ate glue instead of fresh buttah,

Said the boarding-house head,

"If you don't eat some bread,

I'll go out, and put up the shuffah!"

T. H.

WITH APOLOGIES TO KEATS.

Of late I sat in that old cloakroom here,

And many a goodly fight and skirmish
seen;

Of cycling in the playground have I been,
While piercing voices shrilled the morning
air.

And never to be quiet have I been told,

Till stern-faced prefects ruled in my
demesne.

And still I thought I'd breathe its pure
serene

Until I heard the Captain speak out bold:

Then felt I like some captive negro slave,

When stern bondage comes into his ken;
Or like some lion, when with fiery eyes

He sees he's trapped—while all my mates

Look at each other with a wild grimace.

Silent, upon those well-kept seats.

P. McL., IV.

AUTUMN.

The leaves on the trees

Are falling down,

Some are yellow

And some are brown.

The chilly blasts begin

To blow.

And down begins to

Fall, the snow.

Eugene Winton, aged 9.

There is a great fish in Loch Ness,

As you'll know if you study the Press;

It leaves a great wake,

Has a head like a snake,

And would make a nice fry, I guess.

A. G.

All we like sheep have gone astray.

Class V.

ANGLING.

Angling is one of the oldest sports indulged in to-day. Why does this most exciting and invigorating sport get the reputation of being a tedious, slovenly practice? It will be noticed that it is the people who know nothing about the matter, who are ever ready to condemn it. As they do not indulge in the sport, how do they know if it is tedious or not? If this sport were as boring as they suggest, then why do so many people take such a delight in it? Surely common-sense shows that it must be infinitely more interesting than critics say.

Another common belief is that every angler is a liar. This is entirely unfair and ridiculous in the extreme. When he tells his friends that he lost a "big one," he is laughed at, and asked why it is always the "big ones" that he loses. There are logical, genuine reasons why he should lose many big fish. When a fish is hooked, the angler, if the fish is a small one, simply "whips" it on to the bank, but if the fish is at all heavy, he has to exercise a great deal of caution in "landing" it. The slightest slackening of the line is sufficient to allow the fish to get rid of the hook, and to shut back to its watery home.

Many people believe that worm-fishing consists of baiting a hook, dropping this into the stream, and waiting for a fish to "take." Contrary to this, the successful angler has to be extremely careful of his every movement, for fish are extremely wary. While fishing small streams, the angler must take advantage of all the natural cover offered, and on no account let himself be seen by the fish. He must also have detailed knowledge of the habits of trout. Concentration, caution, and, above all, faith, are the dominant traits of the angler's character. It is wonderful how faith develops his heart. Every time that he sets out on a fishing expedition he is confident that he will have a good basket. How often are these hopes shattered, and yet he is just as hopeful as before. It is the uncertainty of it that makes angling such a fascinating hobby, for surely it is the most uncertain sport known. Who can describe the

angler's thoughts as he feels that sharp tug, so dear to the heart of every angler, and is aware of having hooked a big fish, which struggles frantically at the end of his thin line? What joy and pride swell his heart when he eventually has the fish on the bank before him—caught by a cunning greater than its own.

Not the least of the attractions of angling is the wonderful scenery which is usually found near most of our Scottish rivers and burns. To illustrate this, I shall try to describe one fishing expedition in which I participated this season.

Dawn broke grey and misty. Heavy rain-clouds rolled by, sudden and sudden. In contrast to the state of the higher elements, no breeze stirred the trees and bushes of the earth. All was quiet—deathly still. I rose, and began to prepare for the expedition. I only carried bare necessities, but even they amount to a great deal. Rod, reel, hooks for both fly and worm, rubber boots and a good thick coat, are all essentials. Luckily, as daylight increased, a slight breeze sprang up, and made us (for a friend was to accompany me) more optimistic for the outcome of our day's fishing.

When all was prepared, we set off on bicycles, our hearts full of the angler's optimism. The journey to the loch was wonderful. The biting, fresh air seemed to penetrate to our hearts, and made us feel an inexplicable sensation of utter joy. We revelled in the fresh, green beauty of the landscape, and were inclined to say that no spot on earth could surpass its beauty.

When we arrived at our destination, we were enthralled by the scene which lay before us. The loch lay like a vast sheet of glass, whose surface radiated in miniature lights of "purest ray serene," the first beams of the rising sun. Far away, at the farthest part of the loch, mighty hills, made almost invisible by the morning haze, reared their proud heads towards the brightening sky. As the loch was too calm for good fishing, I decided to walk round to the other end of the loch, which, less sheltered than the rest, was ruffled by a gentle breeze. As we trudged through the heather, various moorland birds

rose noisily from the moor, and gave vent to their feelings in noisy protest. Suddenly, the call of a curlew was carried to our ears, and we stopped to listen—to what? The most beautiful sound we had ever heard. From the curling mist enshrouding a distant peak, alone, sweet note rang weirdly in the stillness of the glen. Gradually the sound grew in volume until it seemed to rend the air with its peal of joy. Onward it rolled, filling every nook and cranny with its wonderful, inimitable notes. At last, with a final burst of joyous song, it had gone—back to the heathery carpet covering the peak, hidden by curling mists.

By mid-day the heat was intense. The sun stood high in a clear, cloudless sky, and poured its heat upon the defenceless earth. Fishing was hopeless, so we once more started on a walk, or rather scramble, over the moors. As we walked, clouds of dust rose from the heather, and a strange, drowsy perfume pervaded the atmosphere. The whole moor was alive with game of every description. Grouse, pheasants, partridges, snipes, plovers, and a few huzzards, all rose lazily from the heather, as if drowsed by the fume of it. Suddenly, upon cresting a hill, we saw an old fir tree standing in solitary pride. For years, fierce winds, driving sleet, and drifting snow had spent their fury on its old gnarled form, yet it still stood, seeming to rejoice in its strength. How peaceful it seemed that night with the soft breeze playing among its sturdy limbs and the lake water lapping round its roots. Right well did it merit being an emblem of Scotland. For a long time we stood in pensive stillness, admiring the old tree. It seemed to speak of peace to troubled man, and rest to his aching limbs; of the days long passed away when the pibroch's note was wafted to its realm, and the clash of helmet and steel broke the stillness of the moor.

By this time it was becoming dark. Slowly the daylight faded, shadows lengthened, and an impressive stillness fell over the landscape. The blood-red rays of the sun, cast a lurid glow over the moor and loch, giving to them a beauty which was not their own. The loch was now a mass of sparkling, fiery beauty, which seemed far too beautiful

and ethereal to belong to this man-filled world. For a few seconds the sun lingered hesitatingly above the dark blue hills, and then, as if it had made its decision, dipped slowly behind them, and left the world in darkness and peace. As we packed up our fishing material, no sound came to our ears save the peaceful lapping of small waves, against the rich, and enduring shore of that wonderful loch.

"The home of the moorcock, haunt of the deer,

Calmly reclining 'mid purple and green;
A gem in the mountains, lonely and wild,

Is sweet Loch-an-Dorh—how fair to be seen."

L. McP., IV.

A CAMPING HOLIDAY.

It was a glorious day in the month of July; the sun shone brightly; all nature seemed gay. In Grantown Square, a party of Guides was assembled. They also were gay, for to-day they were going away to camp, for their annual week's holiday.

The bus came into the Square and all at once the Guides rushed up to it. Kit-bags, cases, blankets, etc., were pushed into the bus and then the Girl Guides themselves climbed in. Away they went, cheering and shouting merrily. As the bus glided through the lovely countryside, they chanted their camp songs.

After a few hours, the girls arrived at their destination—Orton—where the County Camp was to be held. Already all the other Guide Companies had arrived. Tents were pitched and Guides were at work.

On their arrival, the Grantown Guides were given tea—their first meal in camp. When this was over, they were placed in patrols and shown their tents. Next they ran to the barn to fill their beds with straw. In the barn many other girls were completing the same task. Beds were made, tents were tidied up, and the Guides settled down to camp life. Old acquaintances were renewed and new ones were made.

Then came supper-time, followed by prayers and bed-time. There was great excitement at bed-time, for this would be the first night that many new campers had spent "under canvas." Pyjamas-clad Guides ran from one tent to another. Gay shouts and joyous laughter filled the camp. Soon mid-night feasts were held in tents. The noise did not subside till early next morning.

The campers were up with the lark the following day and gaily went about their various tasks. Throughout the day, games, walks, tracks and hikes were carried on besides work.

At night a Camp Fire was lit. The Guides and Guiders gathered round it and sang their jolly, camp-fire songs. Just as the girls were retiring for the night, the rain began to pour down. All guy-ropes had to be slackened and the Guides fell asleep at last, listening to the rain pattering on their tents.

On the following days the rain poured down increasingly. The camp was drenched, but the campers boldly carried on, quite enjoying themselves. Towards the end of the week, the whole field was muddy and wet.

The last night of camp was a jolly one. The Guides had a pyjamas parade, and when that was over, each Guide had her turn of being tossed up in a blanket. This proved great fun, as most of the Guiders tried to run away, but they were all captured, and one by one were tossed up into the air, being caught again in the blanket as they fell. Various other pranks were also played on the last night, such as putting thistles into beds and sewing up pyjamas.

Next day the Guides packed up all their luggage and returned to their respective homes. All agreed that they had had a good time in spite of the rain, and were very sorry to go home.

V.C., 111.

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Contributions from F.P.'s

EDITORIAL.

A Magazine such as this should accomplish three things:—

- (1) Preserve a record of important happenings in connection with the Grammar School.
- (2) Supply interesting reading to many old pupils by giving sketches of school life in the past. Incidents in Grantown and Strathspey as well as the adventures, as experienced by F.P.'s who have roamed the world.
- (3) Be a means of keeping Former Pupils in touch with one another through its columns.

Before 1930 I believed that no Editor of such a Magazine as ours had a really wonderful job. All she or he had to do was to hail any F.P., and in an off-hand kind of way mention "An article for the Mag.," and floods of them would fill the letter-box in plenty of time to enable our publisher to get on with his job. But I have been sadly disillusioned, and all by the almost unbelievable shyness of old Grammarians.

Like a sleuth I have tracked them to the uttermost ends of the earth—to China, Japan, South America, Canada, Ceylon, Paris, England, and even Scotland. But the one plea has been—"Oh, I cannot write, I have nothing to say, besides I wouldn't dare."

What a wealth of humour and pathos would fill the pages of our Magazine if F.P.'s would only write about "that ripping day" which every school boy or girl has experienced! Is there anything in the world which gladdens the heart so much as that little story of the good old school days. Please, please, Former Pupils, send it in for our next issue. Don't leave it over until the last minute. Send it in now.

Yours sincerely,

ANN GRANT, Editor,

Former Pupils Section, Magazine.

FORMER PUPILS' LOG.

Although we cannot have Mr MacLennan, the Rector, always with us, he never fails to put in an appearance once a year. He spent two weeks at Easter fishing, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. The years have changed him little. He is still that same calm and dignified personality, brimming over with stories of his life in the Grammar School, remembering every boy and girl's name and the subjects in which they excelled. Our former teachers, too, he remembers. What a panorama of types must have reeled before him in all the years he was Rector.

★★

I often wonder where some of the old teachers are. There were D. White, last heard of as headmaster in the Ladybank School; Macdonald, Cheyne, Wood, Miss Third, Miss Rose, and many others. What kind of story would they have to tell about us if we could only trace them, and induce them to contribute to the Magazine.

★★

This year there were more F.P.'s home from abroad than I have seen for a long time. Jim Philip enjoyed a golfing holiday from the arduous profession of chartered accountancy in Chili, so much so that he has now become the proprietor of his old home, the Strathspey Hotel, and took possession this month. This new venture of his has been hailed with delight by everyone, and particularly by Former Pupils.

★★

Gerrie Lawson has been home for some months from South America and ere we go to Press she will be married and on her way back again. Carrie Smith, of Gladstone House, is home from Ceylon. We had hoped that Carrie would have given us "House-

keeping in Ceylon," or some other interesting item of life there which she could put before us in a bright and fascinating way.

Another Grantonian home from South Africa was Andrew Cruickshank, late of "The Restaurant." Until this year he had never heard of the F.P.'s Magazine. I wonder if there are more F.P.'s abroad in the same plight.

**
CUPID.

Cupid, too, has been busy. Engagements and weddings have been celebrated with Hollywood rapidity. Space does not allow for details or a full list, but here are a few:—

Joe Smith, of Gladstone House, was married in April, and has built for his bride a beautiful little house, equipped with every labour-saving device. Just the ideal home looking over the "Mossie" and the Dreggie Hills—a view to gladden the heart of anyone.

Hamish Dixon, of Dixon & Bain, painters, married Miss Reid, teacher in the Grammar School, in October, and Oua MacGillivray has married a surveyor in the G.P.O., Edinburgh.

**

Whole families seem to have been caught by the little archer. Chrissie Laing, who has been teaching for some years at Ralford, was married in October, and her brother, Graham, manager of the Bannly branch of Frazer's of Perth, was married a few days after. The two daughters of Mrs Cruickshank, Willow Bank, Maggie and Nan, have married into the banking profession.

**

Side by side with the romance of life, death stalks, and it is with profound sorrow that we record the passing of Former Pupils.

**

In December, 1932, Davie Brownie was expected here to spend the Christmas and New Year with his sister, but a cold, contracted while travelling proved fatal, and he died in a London nursing home.

**

As a boy Davie began his apprenticeship in A. C. Grant's shop. From there he went to Debenham's in London, and then as one of

their principal managers to their branch in Capetown. In the last twenty years he made many journeys between the Cape and London, but this was the first that enabled him to spend Christmas at home. He was buried in Inverhall Churchyard on December 30th, 1932.

**

The first break in the MacDougall family was caused by the death of Allick, after a long illness. Years in the East, embodied for service in the Malay States, and back again to Japan to be seriously hurt in the earthquake seemed to have completely undermined his health. His death was a great shock to his family and many friends, for he was loved and respected by all who knew him. The poem which we here reproduce by the kind permission of the "Strathspey Herald" is a beautiful tribute to one of the School's former pupils.

ALEXANDER MACDOUGALL.

**LAI'D TO REST IN DALAROSSIE.
MAY 31, 1933.**

Calm shall thy sleep be, far-travelled
Wanderer,

Lapt round with peace yonder, laved by
bright waters,

Hearing thy requiem sung by lull-breezes.

Gael of the Gaels—from the hill-folks that
loved thee.

Far from the lone heights in which thy soul
gloried,

Fate swung thee forth to earth's remotest
places.

Strong and impassive—the roar of great
cities,

Tempests at sea, fierce heat of the Tropics,
Earthquake and fire even, found thee
unshakable.

But if a wrong were done to any weak one
Or to a soul thou lov'dst, woman or friend-
less,

Then blazed thine anger forth, fierce and
implacable.

Strong and a Man thou wert to face all dangers—

Till that last dread one, stealthy, invisible,
Struck and invaded thee all unsuspecting.

O Branch of the Heather, torn out and withered—

O Rock from the hillside, hurled down and shattered—

How should we wail for thee, whose courage
ne'er faltered!

Calm now thy rest shall be, far-travelled
hurt one,

Laid round with peace yonder, layed by
bright waters.

Hearing thy requiem sung by hill-breezes.

A. B. S.

★★

In a quiet, unassuming way, and with no thought of personal praise or gain, the late Lewis Cruickshank did a great work in keeping an intimate record of Grantown's part in the Great War. He compiled what we might call a "Grantown War Encyclopedia" which contained the name, address, number, rank and regiment of every boy who left Grantown. Also cuttings from the various papers with reference to the engagements of the regiments. With Lewis, it was a labour of love, and it was a fitting monument to a real Grantonian. He died suddenly, while walking to his favourite Dulich.

★★

In July we learned of the death of Alice Macdonald, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Robert Macdonald, Castle Road. Alice left here very young, and went to Glasgow where she lived until her death.

★★

Geordie Dixon was one of Grantown's greatest humourists. He had a smile and a joke for every one, and although he suffered terribly towards the end he bore himself like the hero he was. During the war he served in West Africa, and from there he brought home a parrot with an extensive vocabulary which was the joy of his life.

★★

The death, in September, of Harry Cumming has removed from our midst one of the

oldest F.P.'s. He had a retentive memory and as pupil, and then pupil-teacher, could give in detail many of the exploits of the early Grammar School.

★★

To die in the prime of life is sad, but for glorious youth to be cut down in all its strength and beauty—then we wonder why? The tragedy of the two Silver boys who were drowned in the Spey this summer came to the community with terrifying suddenness. It was almost unbelievable that a happy home should, at one blow, be bereft of two boys so full of the joy of living. To the parents, sisters and brothers and friends of those who have passed on, we extend our deepest sympathy.

★★

It is always with intense interest that we hear of the success of Former Pupils abroad, and we congratulate Nan Macdonald, second daughter of the late Mr Macdonald, wine merchant, The Square, on her enterprise as proprietrix of "The Brunner Nursing Home" at Wairangi, Auckland, New Zealand.

★★

Dr James MacDiarmid, son of the late Free Church minister, is another Former Pupil who has an extensive practice in New Zealand.

★★

There is no doubt but that the F.P.'s union, held between Christmas and the New Year, is gaining in popularity. The sumptuousness of the Palace Hotel, and its marvellous catering, and the spirit of goodwill that abounds, all tend to make it the event of the season.

★★

Herbert G. Cumming, M.M., M.A., B.Sc., is now principal teacher of Mathematics in Paisley Grammar School.

★★

Bob MacGregor, of Lloyd's Bank, Paris branch, was home for a few weeks in October and November. He has now been 13 years on the Continent, and the article he has so kindly contributed for the Magazine gives us a delightful impression of the Paris he first knew and the Paris of to-day.

The Former Pupils' Essay Competition.

The essay competition was won this year by Mona McLean, Nethybridge. It is entitled "A Mountaineering Expedition," and is printed on page 10.

**

Robert M. Burgess, eldest son of Geordie Burgess, after winning a scholarship at Bolton Grammar School, has matriculated at the age of 15. This promising lad's father, Geordie Burgess, a former pupil, and nephew of R. C. Burgess, tailor, was the cleverest student of his years in the Grantown Grammar School. Lessons were no trouble to him. He was the envy of his class and the hope of his teacher. Geordie has travelled far, served in the Great War, and now has a good position in the G.P.O. in Bolton.

**

WANTED.

If you cannot write an article because you have nothing to write about, send us sketches of News about schooldays or P.P.s.

Or a letter with suggestions or questions. We will do our very best.

And then there is "that vivid moment" which all of us have experienced. What about it?

Anything and everything will be grist to the mill of the F.P. Magazine, and will be gratefully received by the Editor.

**

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED.

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

**

Can anyone send us the three names left blank on the Photo page?—Ed.

**MAKE IT
A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION
TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE
FORMER PUPILS' MAGAZINE.**

VIVID MOMENTS.

At eleven o'clock play, on a cold and wintry morning, I, and the girls of my class, were huddled around the schoolroom fire. It was just after the Bible lesson which had seemed to me to be more puzzling than ever. I was depressed and feeling my position as the dunce of that hour.

On the scratched and bare mantle-shelf our much worn Bibles were piled. I could not take my eyes off that assortment of small ones and large ones with gaping backs and tattered leaves. My chinis laughed and talked about home, lessons and sweets, but I only saw and thought—Bibles.

Suddenly I clutched the gloomiest tome and pitched it into the fire. An awful silence followed. Life seemed to have died around me, and then, in a body, my little friends slowly backed away from me step by step with open mouths and staring eyes of horror.

Some of them raised their fingers and pointed at me, and with a chorus of "Oo's" and "Goo's" and "Yon'll's" faded like ghosts from my sight.

The greedy flames licked and curled around the Bible. Its pages shivered and separated themselves into gray layers of quivering lips that scorned me and condemned my miserable little soul to perdition.

It was the most vivid moment of my life at school.

ANN (IE) GRANT.

"If you had six marbles, and I gave you five, how many would have have?" asked a Grammar School teacher of a small boy (now a successful doctor in England). "Elevyn-TEEN," the future medico shouted, and dashed to the top of the class.

A Grantown character wielded discipline in his own "Close" with a lath tongue and a knarled stick. But youth had its revenge and one dog pulled his coat-tails and tipped off his cap and so dethroned the old monarch.

Speechless with indignation he at last said with terrible emphasis—"Edicashun undeed—it's no edicashun but damuashun, ye ken."

THE FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.

This Grammar School Former Pupils' Club was reconstituted four years ago when the occasion was marked by a social function in school at which Colonel Grant Smith, D.S.O., was appointed Honorary President. From the outset, the Committee of the Club have been alive to the fact that healthy existence can be maintained only by useful motives. Such an organisation might easily resolve itself into one whose sole function would be to arrange an annual Reunion. This is certainly a useful and important branch of the Club's activities which has not been neglected. The Former Pupils' Reunions of the past four years have been outstanding events in Grant-town's social life, and have been the means of bringing together former pupils from a wide area. I venture to opine, however, that such a function would not in itself justify the Club's existence. It is with a keen sense of satisfaction, therefore, that I can inform readers of other channels of usefulness.

Our Honorary President struck a right note at the first meeting of the Club when he suggested that a prize be presented annually to the Grammar School for an essay competition. This prize has since aroused keen rivalry among the senior pupils and is one of the School's most coveted awards. Again, "si monumentum queris, circumspice." The existence of the Former Pupils' section of the Magazine is, in itself, ample evidence of the Club's liveliness. I commend these columns as a channel through which incalculable service may be done for former and present pupils alike. Miss Ann Grant, Editor of the Former Pupils' section, has shown admirable enthusiasm and ability in her work, and deserves the support of former pupils at home and overseas.

In yet another direction former pupils have found a road to service. On account of distance, our present pupils have difficulty in finding outside opponents with whom they may contest in games. Although the matter has not yet been officially taken up by the Former Pupils' Club, a movement is already on foot for establishing a Sports section. When this has been effected, the present pupils will have opponents at their door with

whom they may establish a healthy and friendly rivalry in the various branches of sport.

Finally, I take this opportunity of expressing the School's indebtedness to the Former Pupils' Club's assistance and encouragement, not only through the services already indicated, but through those deeper and wider influences which inspire the younger generation to live up to the best traditions of an honoured institution.

THE RECTOR.

F.P.'s CLUB COMMITTEE.

Hon. President—Lieut. Col. J. Grant Smith, D.S.O.

President—Thos. Hunter, M.A., B.Sc. (Recher).

Vice-Presidents—Miss M. Scott McGregor, Major J. G. MacDougall.

Committee of Management—Miss A. Cunningham, Miss I. Moyes, Miss A. Cameron, Messrs W. Cruickshank, W. Stuart, R. Wilson, M.A.

Joint Secretaries and Treasurers—Miss E. Lawson, Miss E. D. Mutch.

CONSTITUTION AND RULES.

1. The Club shall be known as the "Grant-town 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 a 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 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.

Abstract of Accounts.

To Balance at 30/11/32	£1	1	7
5 Life members @ 12/6	3	2	6
18 Ordinary members @ 2/-	4	16	6
Re-union, 29/12/31 (surplus)	3	18	2
Bank Interest	0	4	8
	£23	2	11

By Advertising	£0	3	9
Postages	0	3	4
F.P.'s English Essay Prize	2	2	0
Balance in Hand	20	13	10
	£23	2	11

LOOKING BACK.

(By Isabelle Moyes).

"Ghosts of the Grammar School will be pleased to meet Former Pupils any moonlit night." That is an invitation we have all received, but how many are to accept? Come with me all those who wish, and I will introduce you to them. I know you have not met them before, all you old comrades of mine, and perhaps you don't want to be bothered with them—poor old Shadows of thirteen years ago. Life is too full of the present for you, but let us leave off the hustle and bustle. We are due a visit to those old Spirits—come on!

See, the moon is rising over the Cromdale Hills, and her light, clear as day, shines on the old Square belfry. Entering by the big door come first to the English classroom (always my favourite). There row upon row are

the empty desks. Everything almost the same except for an additional bookcase. Can you hear the voice of Mr A. B. S. reciting Cantos of "The Lady of the Lake" or "Morte d'Arthur"? But much as we should like to, we cannot linger long. Let us pass on; here is the Geography and Bible classroom, no different. Can you make out your name on the old desks? No. Why? The moonlight glimmers on new varnish, new desks—the old Ghosts don't like those old memories for us. Let us on to the next. The Language room, and beside it the Laboratory. Glass cases and test tubes. Next we arrive at the Maths. room. I at least have no desire to linger here. We will pass on to the dear old Art room. We were all to come out of that room great artists, weren't we? Remember the "comic" of our form who sat on a four-legged stool which had only three legs, and the weird contents of his portfolio?

Now to the last room on that side, the austere room of our beloved headmaster, Mr Mel. We stood in awe of him when in anger, but adored him in many happy "periods" when his quaint, quiet humour made our lesson so interesting. We loved and respected him. In many corners of the world pupils recall him and his teaching with deep affections. Be still a minute, cannot you hear his rich toned voice rolling out the Latin verses—I hear it so clearly.

But stay. Who is this jolly, stout fellow? Why the Ghost of the Cooking room. As we are here just let us enter the kitchen. You, girl cousins of mine, will remember the cooking exam, when members of the staff were asked in (ladies and gentlemen) to taste our efforts. You will still smile as you recall the expressions, especially of the gentlemen, as they very suspiciously partook of "corn flour mauld," "stewed apples" or "poly poly, though in our estimation they were the best ever made.

Time is flying, so back old Ghosts to the Shadowland, whence you came, but before you vanish, stand all together in the central hall where we can take a last look at you—the mystic silver light shining through the glass roof on your shadowy, wistful forms, and so—"Farewell!"

OUR PICTURE PAGE.

MR WOOD'S CLASS.

HALF the fun in looking at an old school photograph is in trying to remember the names of the boys and girls—where they are and what they have done.

In this group the romance of life has played a big part. As boys their pet subject was history, with its thrills and marvellous

tales of war in all its glory as depicted in the school book. Thank God, they did not see into the future—see themselves plunged headlong into the frightfulness of the Great War that stripped them of their youth and their ideals, leaving with them memories that only death can obliterate.

Back Row.

1. Charlie Forbes, South Street, now in Dundee, a grocer.
2. Billy Surtees, a saddler, last heard of somewhere in England.
3. Donald Geddes, Farm manager at Garsvaird, Advie.
4. William MacGregor, South Street, Plumber in Aherlour.
5. Eric Mason, County roadman, residing at Spey Bridge.
6. James Munro, South Street, Killed in France.
7. Duncan Grant, roadman, resides in the West End.
8. John MacBain, Hindly's Cane, railway official at Lenton Mains.
9. Joseph MacDougall, Craggan, In Australia.

Second Back Row.

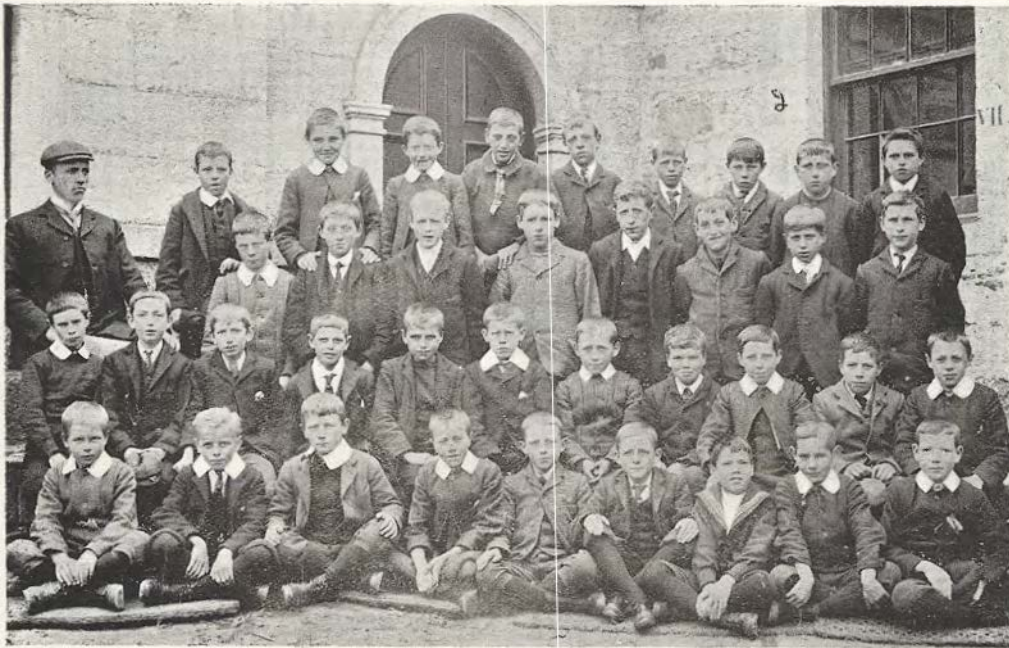
1. George Templeton, Killed in France.
2. Patsy Fraser, In Canada.
3. Jim Carmichael.
4. A. MacIvor, motor salesman in Aherdeen.
5. W. Mackenzie, Butcher in Nethybridge.
6. Donnie MacGregor, The Square, Post Office, Glasgow.
7. Jack Rattray, South Street, Dead.
8. Willie Cuttubing, Head gamekeeper, Castle Grant.

Second Front Row.

1. Robert Lawson, Carpenter, Bulrain Bridge.
2. Willie Jack, Inland Revenue Office, Aberdeen.
3. Robert Cruickshank, Bank in India.
4. Robert Garraway, Mill of Garraway.
5. Robert MacIntosh.
6. Jim Philip, Strathspay Hotel.
7. Bob MacGregor, Paris.
8. Donnie Grant, Killed in France.
9. ?
10. Tommy Ross, The Garage, Grantown-on-Spey.
11. Willie Duncan, Baker, Grantown-on-Spey.

Front Row.

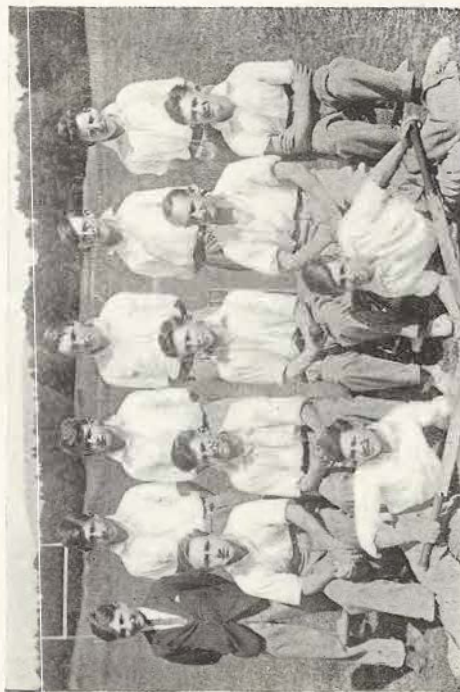
1. James Hay, Achgourish, Dead.
2. Charlie MacIntosh, Senior partner in MacIntosh, Bros. Grocers, Grantown.
3. Bob Paton, Tailor, Aberdeen.
4. ?
5. ?
6. Alan Lawson, Highlee.
7. Charlie Grant, Dilkusha.
8. Andrew Grant, Lily Bank, Post Office, London.
9. Jack Mackenzie, Plumber, Glasgow.



FORMER PUPILS—MR WOOD'S CLASS.
(For Names, see page 24).



GIRL PREFECTS, 1933-34.



CRICKET 1st XI., 1933. [Photo: A. Ledingham]

BEN MACDHUI, 1933.

(With a few memories of "The Rivals" thrown in gratis).

We, the Grantown cycling contingent of the expedition, set out a little after six o'clock on Saturday morning, the sixth of July. As we passed down the High Street a roused mop surmounting a heavy face appeared from the top window above Strachan, Jr. & Co.'s, followed by a pyjama-clad arm. It was greeted with loud cheers and taunts.

When we reached Dalruain we saw a familiar figure waiting to occupy the vacant seat of the burden. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a real scarecrow. H-mash dumped his "jigger" in the bushes and took his place on the tandem, which now forged ahead, leaving "a trail of dust as long as the Mall." The journey was uneventful until we reached the point where the Nethy road met ours. Here, with most of the Nethy contingent, we had to wait for a "Jock Ass" whose chain had come off. A little later SO 4U2 passed us, tooting vigorously. The next car was more sedate. When we were on the dusty road beyond Avonmore Miss Grant passed us. She had a trail of dust as long as two Malls, for her speed must have been well over sixty miles an hour.

Soon the road degenerated into a track. There was a trail of abandoned pieces of scrap-iron all along the path to the bridge, where we stopped for breakfast. Some people had great difficulty in resisting to break their fast. We set off at last, with our gallant vanguard, Mr John L—ing, forging ahead, and with the teachers, of course, lagging behind. A certain member of the party kept on ejaculating "Tol-de-rol-de-rol!" every few minutes, all day long. We soon began to feel hot and thirsty, so we had to stop at every burn for a drink. Great credit must be given to Mr Jock R—d, who wore impenetrable padlovers and jackets the whole way up the Larig. We had very vague ideas about the position of Ben Macdhui, but we carried on, as there was only one possible way to go!

Our gallant leader was still forging ahead, but we occasionally caught sight of him in the distance. We also occasionally caught sight of the teachers in the distance, but—of course—in the opposite direction. Unfortunately our gallant leader forged ahead so fast that he could not stop at the foot of the ascent but went on down the other side of the Larig. Some of us believe he reached Braemar. He was recalled, however, and we sat down for a slight snack before we tackled the steep side of Ben Macdhui.

Miss Byd tackled this manfully, handicapped by the lack of a tea-tray, but encouraged from behind by her faithful henchman, who was prepared to catch her if she fell. While ascending this slope the "Tol-de-rol-de-rols" decreased in frequency and volume. Some of the party, allowing their natural instincts to overcome them, clambered up the precipice with the greatest of ease and speed. We all reached the top at last, but were dismayed to find we had to walk a mile and a half further to the real summit of the hill. During this mile and a half Mr Jock R—d would ejaculate every few moments, "You wouldn't think there were so many stones in the world?" When told he had said that before, he would say, "Well, you wouldn't!"

We managed to take a few photographs before the mist came down, the most notable being of Miss Byd and her henchman, who was still muttering about stones.

When we began the descent Miss Byd felt even more handicapped by the lack of her tea-tray. When we had all (even Miss Byd) reached the bottom we saw a bedraggled lightie staggering down the hill. It was the faithful henchman! Something serious had happened to the seat of his trousers. Nobody had any safety pins, however.

When we reached our packs we had another meal, during which we were entertained by R-th—m—n and his troupe, who performed acrobatics on the side of the hill. It was noticeable that if Mr Jock R—d moved from a sitting position he always stood with his face towards us.

On the way down the Larig the same order of procedure was adopted, our gallant leader forging ahead, and the teachers lagging be-

hind. We of the middle party urged on our feet by singing "Roll along Kentucky moon!" "The Girl in the Little Green Hat," and other ditties, interjecting a few "Tol-de-rols" to add spice to the performance. When we arrived at the bridge two of us paddled in the burn, the others being afraid to show their dirty feet.

After another hefty meal we began to collect our bicycles from the various points along the path where we had left them. The Nethy contingent was in a terrible hurry to get home to mamma, and so disappeared quickly. We had proceeded as far as Aviemore when we noticed that two lazy blighters had dropped behind out of sight. We waited patiently for what seemed like half-an-hour, after which they arrived, and calmly told us they had been guzzling ice-cream in Aviemore.

A little later SO 4142 passed us, looting merrily. Strange to say, a few miles further on we passed SO 4142 parked at the side of the road. I wonder if it had a breakdown? We cycled on through a rain of midges and moths. Sometime later SO 4142 passed us again. The driving was somewhat unsteady, however.

No more exciting things happened until we reached Grantown, where, of course, the crowds cheered, waved banners with the device "Welcome Home," and sang "Here the conquering heroes came!"

I think we shall have recovered by the time this is published, but we shall not have forgotten.

A NIGHT OF DREAMS.

(By Affleck C. Gray).

It had been a memorable day on Stob Dearg of the Buachaille Etive Mor. From the great welter of rugged peaks, and scree slopes that lie between Glencoe and Glen Etive, and beyond the Etive water, I had gazed with distant eyes on the symmetrical peak of Schiehallion, on a Himalayan group in miniature that was Ben Nevis, and the lesser points about it, and as far south as Ben Lomond, and the Arrochar heights, and west

to Mull of the Bens, and the Cuillin peaks of Skye.

And now in an environment of sun passing splendour I was in a mood to contemplate the great day that had been. I lay on a little knoll about 2000 feet above Glen Etive, on the side where the long ridges of Chehellet lead round to Stob Gobhar. Two boulders I placed at my side to keep me from rolling down the steep slope. And here I settled for the night.

Evening was failing about the glen. The sun's kindly radiance crept softly from glen and hillside till opposite me Stob Dearg, so red in the sun, was black and cold against the pale blue above, and the westering radiance beyond. A cloud, pale pink, floated eagerly to the sunset. In the west the sky became almost bronze. Across the slopes of Stob Dearg and Glencoe, beyond the distant peak of Garbh Bheinn in Mamore, yonder above Kinlochleven, it paled. Down the gloomy greenery of a faintly haze-washed glen, beyond a wild jumble of black peaks near at hand, sleepy blue farther away, it was bronze red, and now becoming tinged with a strange echo of purple. The colouring of the whole Western sky in a moment began to pale before the stealthy footsteps of approaching night, and the fading sunset became a quiet splendour of violet shades, that slowly disappeared in the velvet darkness of the night.

The great hills seemed to gather together. A sigh, deep and hushed, stole through the glen, and the hill burns that clamoured loudly seemed momentarily to still themselves.

I felt awed and exultant with an inexpressible feeling of remoteness and happiness. The night was kind; the glen a fold of dreams; the river below murmured quietly, and a burn leaping from the scarred face of Sron Creise was loud in its praise of the sun that had hid the hills and the wee burns goodnight.

FOR A 1934 RESOLUTION,
BECOME A
LIFE MEMBER
OF
THE F.P.'s CLUB.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A TEACHER'S MEMORIES.

Dundonnachie,

Grantown-on-Spey.

2nd November, 1933.

Years count for nought—'tis the fullness of them that counts. Memories, thick and fast, crowd around me as I endeavour to pen a brief record of my life as a teacher for 25 years with the boys and girls of the Grammar School. In the early days of March, 1893, a bleak cold day with a snell wind blowing, and the snow still lying deep on the ground—not a very warm welcome for a stranger—I arrived in the capital of Strathspey. I was impressed on leaving the train by the beautiful situation of the little town nestling in the shelter of hills and woods. I was met at the station by the late Miss F. Grant, then infant mistress, and after Harry, the Palace Hotel factorum, had collected my baggage, we climbed into the bus—a horse-drawn vehicle at that time—and soon were deposited at Binnroad House, High Street, where comfortable rooms had been taken for me. I remember how amused I was, on going out in the evening, to find the town lit by big oil lamps hung up here and there on either side of the street. Next morning I made my way to school to take up my duties. I thought the school—at least the exterior—rather fine, encircled by tall larch trees, but the interior then was disappointing. Long draughty corridors ran the whole length of the building with classrooms opening off, the best part being that on the south side of the school facing Cromdale Hills, where three rooms—Art, Maths., and Laboratory—had been constructed to meet the requirements of the Higher Grade department. By the perseverance of the then Rector, John D. Rose, M.A., in the face of bitter opposition, the school had attained the status of a Higher Grade. I may state here, that the rooms mentioned are still being used in the capacity in which they were used at first. I was interviewed by the Rector, whom I found rather austere in manner. I had been appointed to Standard I., but after a few weeks got charge of the new baby class. I found my colleagues in school very friendly,

and I can recall how delighted and interested I was on hearing the soft Highland accent of my pupils. The senior boys and girls were very mannerly, and a fine tone was felt all over the school. Of course, there were rebels—what school has not got them? I often think they add a spice to a dull routine, and I must confess that in my career my heart went out more to the dare-devils of my classes than others. Some former pupils will retain a memory of the sand hole at the back of the school, which an old worthy of the town thought belonged to him but which the scholars disputed, but I think they only did so to see old Donald with his spade over his shoulder marching up to interview the master. The fun of the fair was that Donald had little English, only Gaelic, but, luckily for him, the Rector had a knowledge of his language and understood. Of course, the culprits were called in question and admonished. In spite of the fact that sport was not much in vogue in school, only cricket being played by senior pupils after school hours or on Saturday, the boys were a cheery crowd indeed.

Punctuality was the keynote of the Rector. Classes marched in and out to music, and was betide the laggards who tried to join a line once it was on the move—no grace was shown. Senior boys were drilled in true military style by Sergeant R. Macintosh, janitor, for many years. Sergeant Bob, the wags called him.

The staff consisted then of 11 teachers:—
Higher Grade—Rector, English Master, Science Master, Language Master.

Elementary—Standard V. (Master), now known as control class, Standard IV. (female), who took the cookery and laundry of H.G. girls and whose sole means of teaching the culinary art was a large oil stove, the school being lit by oil lamps then. Standards III. and II. (females).

Infant department, comprising Standard I.—Infant mistress and assistant.

Classes were then large. A sewing mistress came in daily to take higher class girls in sewing. In 1894—I think it was April of that year—the first operetta was performed by the scholars; I mean the very first done by the pupils of the school. It was "Mother Goose," and took place in the Town Hall (now, alas,

in ruins, having been destroyed this year by fire). I remember the hall being packed with parents and friends. The children gave a most successful and enjoyable performance, which was highly appreciated—judging by the enthusiastic cheering, etc., which went on. Of course, there were critics then, as now. The teaching profession seems to fall in for a lion's share of it, but healthy criticism, provided it comes from a reliable knowledge, is needed in all classes of a community; it checks the growth of that arrant conceit, which most—if not all—of us possess. It is the malicious, jealous criticism which bars the way of progress and happiness.

Musical physical drill was another of the school features. Each teacher taught his, or her class and periodically an exhibition of drill took place in the Town Hall—the school having no hall of its own then. A very successful soup kitchen, organised by the ladies of the town, was run in connection with the school and much appreciated, as the winters were so severe and the children had to walk long distances. There were no cars nor buses in those days. Through blizzards, deep snow, keen frost, etc., they came to school, half-drenched and half-frozen, but cheery with it all. The heating system then was open fire-places or oil stoves in all the classrooms, yet in spite of all this the attendance was good. As for record of work, the results speak by the prominence of the careers at home and abroad of the old boys of the school. In June, 1897, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated in Grantown by a gala day held in the Black Park. Headed by pipers, a procession, in which the school children joined as well as all leading bodies of the town, marched through the streets to the Black Park where sporting events of all kinds took place. Refreshments were supplied. Jubilee medals were handed to each one, and a very jolly day was spent. At night a bonfire was lit, and young and old danced until the last spark gave out. The school children had a red letter day which was long remembered.

During the winter of 1898 the staff had a conference, and all decided that it was time a little social element was introduced into our school life, as all work and no play was a very bad system indeed. We agreed to have a

staff dance, and so in fear and trembling the Rector was approached, and to our surprise we found him very human, and he agreed to ask the members of the School Board who had charge of school affairs, and of whom the survivors are Dr Barclay, Mr A. W. Fraser (Laverne), Mr Peter Mackintosh, Granish, Aviemore. After a lengthy discussion, in which some members thought it was not right to turn a place of learning into a dance hall, we gained our point and the first staff dance ever held in school took place—the pioneer of many since then. The draughty corridors were transformed as by magic hands into places of comfort, and the fun was fast and furious. This dance was followed by one for the senior pupils, this also being their first.

In 1899, I left Grantown to take up an appointment in a new school in Glasgow. In 1904, I returned to Grantown and once more became a member of the staff. Mr Rose had gone to Rothesay Academy, and Mr R. MacLennan, M.A. (some time Rector of Kingussie Academy), was Rector of the Grammar School. A cultured, scholarly man with a personality which won the esteem of staff and pupils alike. There was now more teamwork, and teacher and pupil drew closer together, and even the parents began to evince more interest in school matters. Grammar and correct speech were the Rector's aim, this being well maintained for many years. The school building had now undergone some changes, and great progress had been made in fitting the school out for the increasing demands of education. A central hall, with classrooms opening out of it; teachers' staff rooms, where they could retire to rest, etc., during the intervals; a splendid kitchen with all the latest improvements for teaching cookery and laundry were provided. The infant room was enlarged, and a new wing built out on the north side, comprising a classroom with workshop below. The soup kitchen was transferred from the Town Hall to school, and was in charge of the late Mrs Grant, Seafield Lodge. An "At Home" was given in school by the Rector and staff to mark the opening of the central hall. Shortly after we lost a member of our staff by death, the infant mistress, Miss L. Grant. She was a native of the town, and was a very efficient and capable teacher. A timepiece, with inscription, was

placed in the infant room to her memory. Then came the days of war, casting a shadow over everything, but still work in school went on. H.M. Inspectors came to exams, and so forth, but it was a trying time. The staff was depleted, but still "carry on" was the motto. The school became a hive of industry. Knitting, moss-gathering, etc., kept all busy, even the youngest doing their bit. Former pupils, some promising lads not long gone with their school days, now joined up. Loyal to their school, they were loyal to their country, and went out facing the fearful odds bravely; many, alas, did not return. No finer or more lasting tribute to their memory could be found than the beautiful Roll of Honour in the school hall and on which every Armistice Day is placed a wreath from the school. I know my proudest memory is that of the lads whose names are inscribed thereon and whom I had taught in their early years. Many changes now took place on the staff, teachers leaving for other spheres. Miss Scott Macgregor retired in 1927, and parents and scholars grudged her leaving very much, as she had been such a painstaking and sympathetic teacher that she was very much missed. In 1928 the Rector retired, and there went from the school one whose charming personality had made an impression on all not soon forgotten. I was now left the only "pebble on the beach," as it were, the only member of the old staff. Thomas Hunter, M.A., B.Sc., of Hopeman, was appointed Rector. He is zealous for the welfare of the school, and given loyal support by teachers, parents, and scholars the school will make great progress. My term with him was a short one, but I found him kindly and sympathetic. I may state that during my career in Grammar School I have served under three Rectors, John D. Rose, R. Macdonald, Thomas Hunter, three education managers, School Board, Education Authority, and Joint County Authority.

Boys and girls of the Old Brigade of the Grammar School at home, and in the far flung corners of the Empire, scattered here and there over the length and breadth of the world, keep a warm corner in your hearts for the old school and all its interests.

JENNIE S. DUNCAN (Retired 1933).

THIRTEEN YEARS IN PARIS.

THIRTEEN years ago Paris was the metropolis of the world. The French dominated Europe, were proud, united and unafraid. To-day they are surrounded by enemies, satellites and dubious friends. Universal hard times has had its effect. The Rue de la Paix, one of the richest streets in the world, and shopping centre of the elite, is strangely quiet. One does not see the crowds of American and British visitors marching the streets or tramping through the museum of the Louvre. There are at present fewer foreign students, fewer foreign painters, and, in fact, many foreign workers received marching orders when the industrial crisis was at its height. Many so-called international financiers and others of world notoriety have ended their days in Paris in recent times, choosing the gay city for a last fling in memory of old times. Parisians now go to the cinema. Thirteen years ago the theatre was still important, and people dressed for it, but now the cinema has killed drama, and tastefully designed cinemas have sprung up like mushrooms all over the city, and many exotic films are shown.

Paris is still the champagne city, the home of the French, and old-time salons—where witty and beautiful Frenchwomen entertain famous figures of public life to tea, not cock-fails—still carry on. Now that the hectic post-war period has passed, and the city is not so crowded, well known people take the air in the Bois de Boulogne. The French even visit the night haunts of the city now that tourists are not so numerous, and to see a Frenchman enjoying himself is really good fun.

The French are a peaceful, kindly-disposed, and industrious race, and British subjects are well-liked, although Franco-German tension is as great as in 1914.

Sport, not religion, is the opinion of present day Paris. The old dark fortifications which encircled the city, and where the apaches fleeced their victims, and committed many ugly deeds, have completely disappeared and in their place huge blocks of offices and apartment houses have sprung up. Parisian women

have remained true to type, sleek, well-dressed, over-painted, and high-heeled.

Thirteen years ago I saw Paris through enchanted eyes, gazing at palaces, and churches, as if in a dream. The charm of the fresh green trees bordering the Seine, the old booksellers on the quays, the ripple of the fountains, and the majestic beauty of the Place de la Concorde leading up to the Arc de Triomphe lit up at night, are sights not easily forgotten.

Paris always smiles. The real Paris has not changed, charming as ever, if in different ways, stimulating and beautiful.

Bob MacGibbon.

Lloyd's Bank,
Paris.

FOR BOYS ONLY.

THE OLD GUARD CLUB.

FORMER PUPILS like to foregather and to exchange reminiscences; but that in itself is not an incentive strong enough to guarantee a continued association. Unlike Age, Youth will not foregather simply for the sake of revelling in memories: sentimental or humorous. As it is a desirable thing that old school traditions and friendships should not crumble they must be cemented by a bond of new activities; and after the full round of school life many find time hanging heavily on their hands, especially those who are fortunate enough to enjoy extensive holidays at Christmas, Easter and summer.

To promote a close and active association a group of enterprising P.P.'s called a meeting of those who had most recently left school and were likely to be interested. About 20 responded to the invitation, and at the first re-union in September the new club came into being. It was unanimously agreed to style it The Old Guard Club. Membership is confined to men, and in future only old pupils of the upper forms in school will be eligible for admission.

The following office-bearers were elected:—
F. M. Roberts (president); J. Milne (vice-president); P. Macpherson (secretary and

treasurer). W. Cruickshank, Cromdale; H. Fraser, Nethybridge, and E. Mackintosh, Dultain Bridge, were appointed district representatives and members of committee. The principal re-union is to take place at Christmas, and minor re-unions at Easter and in summer; the annual general meeting will be held in September. Activities include Rugby and Association football, cricket, and hill-climbing; and members are expected to do everything in their power to aid the athletics side of school life.

Christmas offers an attractive programme to all members who can participate. On Thursday, December 21st, a Rugby match—School and Old Guard v. Strathspey Wanderers—will be played in the afternoon. In the evening all members of the club will be welcome at the school's Christmas dance. In the afternoon of Thursday, December 28th, there will be the annual Town v. Country Rugby game. In the evening the Old Guard will hold their own private re-union and dance. A week later, on January 4th, the School 1st XI will play the Old Guard at Association.

The new club is in no sense opposed to the Former Pupils' Club. Rather is it an attempt to gather in the younger members, who are not attracted to the parent organisation, and would in all probability not join it for several years. In time, when they discover that they have more in common with older P.P.'s, they will assume membership in the senior club. Privilege of membership in the Old Guard is restricted, because pupils leaving school before reaching the fourth form have not attained the outlook and interests of more senior pupils, and would impair the unanimity which it is hoped will inspire the club's activities. The same reasons explain the purely male character of the organisation.

BEST WISHES

FOR

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

WILLIAM G. M'GREGOR

SADDLER, HARNESS,
and COLLAR MAKER.

17 HIGH STREET, GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY.

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Travelling Requisites and Fancy
Leather Goods in great variety.

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Tennis Rackets, Balls and Sundries.

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Buy your FISH where you are
sure to get them FRESH

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M. CAMPBELL'S

The Fishmonger.

P. DIMASCIO

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CONFECTIONER and TOBACCONIST

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THE SQUARE,
GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY.
QUALITY TELLS.
Our Motto—Quality and Service.



LARGEST STOCK of BOOKS
in the CENTRAL HIGHLANDS

Books of local interest include

"From All the Seas" by Shalimar. 5/-.
"The Secret of Spey" by Wendy Wood. 5/-.
"Land of our Fathers" by Ian Macpherson.
7/6. (A Tale of Abernethy).
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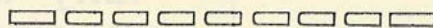
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