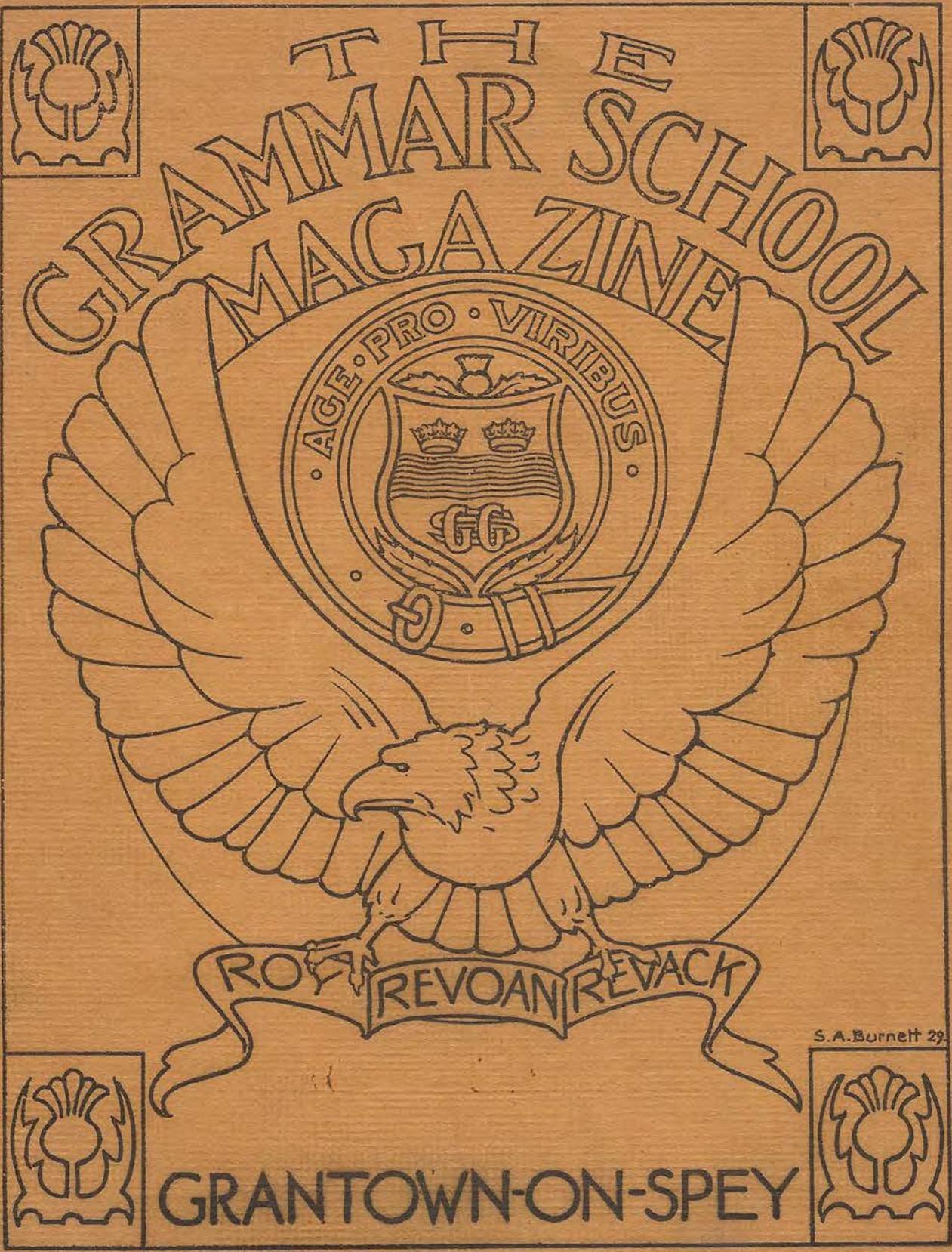


No. 8.

DECEMBER, 1984.



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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey.

No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1934.

Editor: Frances Cooke.

Advertising Manager: Ian Macpherson.

Assistant Advertising Manager: Angus Stuart.

EDITORIAL.

The Grammar School Mag. is for sale! Let us not be contented with a glance at our neighbour's copy, but buy one, and, having bought it, do not lend it. The bright cover at once rivets attention — the contents are assuredly equally bright and outstanding. Special gratitude is due to our advertisers, without whose patronage the Mag. would not be such a financial success; therefore we say, "Support our advertisers." All school affairs

are dealt with extensively, while the F.P.'s section will prove doubly attractive to our older readers. Therefore we say again buy your own copy before the supply is exhausted. What would be more acceptable by F.P.'s abroad and at home than a school Mag., especially at Christmas, the time of remembrance? Let us "neither a borrower nor a lender be," and thus enable our finances to benefit as much as, if not more than, formerly.

SUCCESSSES OF FORMER PUPILS NOW ATTENDING THE UNIVERSITIES.

Mr John Laing graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University in June with passes for the final session in second mathematics, psychology, and geography (2nd class certificate).

Mr Robert McIntosh (Edinburgh Univ.) had passes in English literature (second ordinary, 22nd place on merit list), mathematics (first ord. 2nd class merit certificate, 28th on merit list), and in philosophy.

Mr John Milne (Edinburgh Univ.) had passes in psychology, French (second ordinary, 2nd class certificate), and elementary Spanish.

Mr Edwin Muir (Edinburgh Univ.) passed in economic history, political economy and French for the B.Comm. degree.

Miss Cathie Smith (Glasgow Univ.) passed the B.Sc. examinations in botany, organic chemistry (2nd class certificate), German for honours chemistry (1st class pass), and junior advanced inorganic chemistry with 2nd class in practical examination.

Mr Harry Fraser (Aberdeen Univ.) was placed first in the advanced mathematics class, B.Sc. (Engineering) course.

Mr William Macanlay (Aberdeen Univ.) passed the degree examinations for B.Sc. (Agriculture) in chemistry, natural philosophy, botany, and was awarded a certificate of merit in chemistry, 2nd class certificate with 4th place in class in botany, practical and systematic, 2nd class certificate in natural philosophy, and a 1st class certificate with 2nd prize (equal) in zoology.

Mr Frank Roberts (Aberdeen Univ.) was awarded 2nd class certificates in applied mechanics I., theory of structures, I., theory of heat engines I., engineering drawing II., and geology; and a first-class certificate with second place in surveying I., B.Sc. (Engineering) course.

Miss Jean Macdonald was awarded the domestic science teacher's diploma at the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science and has recently been appointed to a domestic science teacher's post in Yorkshire.

SCHOOL NOTES.

CLASS-ROOM accommodation was increased last session by the addition of a substantially constructed room at the south-east corner of the school.

* * * *

The most important result of this addition has been the extension and improvement of accommodation for the infant classes.

* * * *

It has to be recorded that the school's prolonged efforts to acquire a playing field have now met with considerable success.

* * * *

The playing pitch beside the school has been in the hands of Mr Laing, a local contractor, for the best part of the first term, and wonderful improvement has been made on its surface.

* * * *

It is confidently expected that the pitch will be ready for cricket and other organised games during the summer term.

* * * *

The derelict gas-work buildings adjoining the playing pitch have been demolished, with one notable exception, and the ground levelled.

* * * *

The exception is a strong corner building which has been repaired and wood-lined by the technical course boys and is now used as a sports dressing-room.

* * * *

Although the County Council has been financially responsible for the principal scheme of levelling the pitch, the school itself will have to find the wherewithal to provide additional amenities — a wooden barricade along the foot of the slope being one of these.

* * * *

The staff have agreed to enlist the services of pupils and friends in holding a sale at the end of the Christmas term to raise necessary funds.

* * * *

An epidemic of scarlet fever made serious inroads on attendance last session, but, notwithstanding adverse circumstances, the record of school achievements was well up to the average in every respect.

A summary of the Leaving Certificate results and of former pupils' academic records will be found in another column.

* * * *

Towards the beginning of the year the school was restored to its former position as one of the approved centres under the Highlands and Islands Trust.

* * * *

At the annual examination held by this Trust, Elsie I. Fraser was successful in gaining a University bursary of £25 annual value tenable for three years, while Duncan Davidson was awarded a junior bursary of £10 tenable for three years at this school.

* * * *

The Grant Bursary, awarded on the results of the Qualifying examination and open for competition to Moray and Banff schools on Speyside, was won last session by Alice King.

* * * *

This bursary is worth £10 per annum and is tenable for three years. A sister of this successful pupil won the same bursary three years ago, and it is notable that the bursary hails from this school for the fourth year in succession.

* * * *

The annual Prize Day ceremony achieved its usual success in July. The speaker was Captain F. C. Hendry, O.B.E., M.C., universally known as "Shalimar" of Blackwood's Magazine and as the author of several important books.

* * * *

Captain Hendry had already placed us in his debt by his expert assistance in rugby and cricket. His splendid address made us more deeply indebted to him.

* * * *

Mrs Grant, Reidhaven, presented the prizes and delighted all with her gracious little speech at the close.

* * * *

The Hurvey Dux Medallist was Elsie I. Fraser. Davy, and Tom Hunter was last year's winner of the Former Pupils' Essay Prize.

Mr Morrison scored another success at the end of last session with his school players. "She stoops to conquer" was the play produced, and in this the high standard set by "The Rivals" was fully maintained.

* * * *

The new Picture House provided an excellent stage and auditorium for the event, and the school funds benefit to the extent of £25.

* * * *

Revack has put its name to the Past Primes' House Cup for the fourth successive time.

* * * *

The prefects and their courts continue to do good work in the supervision of extra-classroom activities.

* * * *

The annual senior pupils' dance was postponed to Easter last session on account of the scarlet fever epidemic.

* * * *

One change of staff is pending. Miss Olwyn Boyd, who has been Modern Languages Mistress for fully two years, leaves at Christmas to take up a similar appointment in Banchory Secondary School.

* * * *

Miss Boyd has exerted a strong influence on scholastic life during her short stay with us, and we wish her every success in her new sphere.

* * * *

We have to congratulate our school convenor on his promotion to the civic chair. Provost Glass and Bailie Watson have carried on their voluntary work with pupils at the Elgin swimming baths. Their useful contribution to the school's educational scheme merits our unstinted praise.

* * * *

At Moray, Banff and Nairn Musical Festival, Miss Lawson's Scots Song Choir was awarded first place in a most keenly contested class and gained an honours certificate.

* * * *

Mr Murray's choir of senior girls took first place in the Secondary School Choirs' section and gained a first-class certificate.

* * * *

The staff and senior pupils' annual mountaineering expedition under Mr Wilson's

leadership made Braeriach their objective last June.

* * * *

The school branch of the National Savings Association continues to flourish under Miss Alanach's management. Last session's total was £81 4/-, bringing the amount deposited since the branch's inception to £1572 1s 1d.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS FOR SESSION 1933-34.

Margaret E. Barker—Higher German (Group certificate last year).

Frances K. Cooke—Group certificate, with passes in Hr. Eng., Hr. Fr., Lr. Math., Lr. German.

Elsie I. Fraser—Group certificate, with passes in Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. Fr., Hr. Latin.

Jessie E. Fraser—Hr. Fr., Lr. Latin (Group certificate last year).

Alistair P. Grant—Group certificate, with passes in Hr. Math., Hr. Science, and Lr. French.

Mona M. Maclean—H. Math., Lr. German (Group certificate last year).

James A. Templeton—Group certificate, with passes in Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. French., and Lr. German.

Molly L. Currall, Helen M. S. Davidson, Francis A. Macaulay, Annie C. Telfer, Elizabeth McGregor, Ian D. Macpherson, Donald P. Maclean have passed in the single subject Lr. French.

Thomas Hunter—in the single subject Lr. Latin.

Jessie P. Smith, Edith M. Templeton, Margaret H. Fraser—Lr. Math.

Alexander McIntyre—in the single subject Lr. German.

Margaret E. Barker had her Leaving Certificate endorsed in terms of Article 15 (a) of the Regulations for the Preliminary Education of Teachers.

Of 37 individual subject presentations 32 were successful and all candidates for group certificates were successful.

THE SCOTS GREYS IN STRATHSPEY.

WHEN that well known cavalry regiment, the Scots Greys, made a recruiting tour of Scotland under Lieutenant-Colonel Pigot-Moodie in the summer of 1934, they received a hearty welcome and were treated with hospitality wherever they went. On Sunday, the 24th of July, they paid their first visit to Strathspey. The rain which had been threatening in the morning fell in torrents in the afternoon, and it was generally thought that the regiment would experience difficulty in crossing the mountain streams, their difficulty being increased by the mists which envelope the treacherous mountains.

Two gamekeepers set out on hill ponies in the early morning to meet the regiment and to guide it, over the shoulder of Bynac and down that rocky gully known as the Larig, to Forest Lodge, where they were to camp for the night. Luckily, about an hour before the arrival of the soldiers, the rain ceased and the Rhynettin road, along which they were to come became visible. The first glimpse of the cavalry that the spectators at Forest Lodge got, was the appearance of a horse and rider silhouetted on the skyline as it reached the top of Rhynettin hill, and following them in close succession came the rest of the regiment descending at a rapid trot towards the Forest Lodge gardens where the camp had been arranged.

Immediately the order to halt had been given the soldiers formed into their lines, dismounted, and began to unsaddle their horses with the greatest care. Posts were driven into the ground to which the horses were tethered and then given their ration of oats and hay and water. To look on those horses from a distance was a beautiful sight indeed. Everyone is not privileged to see three hundred horses, all of the same colour, placidly munching their fodder in a clearing in a Highland forest, with the mist-covered mountains forming a perfect background.

The soldiers seemed to be very happy in spite of the soaking they had undergone in the hills, and they seemed proud of their feat of having ridden through the Grampians, a

feat which would have been impossible for tanks or modern artillery. As these men hurried about attending to their horses and to the pitching of a few tents which they had with them, their only grievance seemed to be the lateness of the transports, which they cursed volubly. When the transports did arrive, however, they were greeted with the cheers of the soldiers who immediately forgot all their malice and set to work to unload the provisions from the wagons so that the cooks might set to work to prepare a well-earned meal for them.

The soldiers were kept busy until darkness fell when they each received their ration of rum and they immediately marched off to their sleeping quarters to enjoy a well-earned night's rest. The next morning the soldiers, together with all the residents for miles around, were awakened by the blaring notes of a hughle, which was the signal that it was time to commence their day's duties. Having fed and dressed their horses, cleaned their saddles, rifles and swords they were ready to set out again by noon on their journey to Inverness. Thus, with the curt command to mount, the Scots Greys cantered up from their camping-place, past Forest Lodge and away along the road to Boat of Garten and then to Inverness, the Highland capital.

P. M., IV.

SCARES.

Witches and owls fly out at night,
 "Hooting" and "tooting" till out of sight.
 If they lost their brooms 'twould serve
 'em right,
 They shouldn't be howling in moonshine
 bright.

I don't mind if they give me a scare,
 I always can find some old place, where
 I can hide, and then d'you think I care
 For a witch, and her owl, with a saucer-
 eye stare?
 Not I!

T. S., II.

THE OCEAN, AND ITS DANGER.

THOUSANDS of years before the birth of Christ, when primitive man roamed through his domain, untainted by the remotest semblance of conventional fetters, the sea was a wonderful awe-inspiring, dazzling treasure—invaluable but inaccessible. Many a strong, vigorous warrior must have been fascinated by the terrifying magnitude of the ocean. What power would be his, if he could but gain command of that vast sheet of living water, the steady movements of which were as inexplicable as interesting. Occasionally, one man more ambitious than his fellows, would consider a conquest of this wondrous ocean. Stimulated by the fabulous possibilities of his enterprise, his mind would produce a mass of breath-taking visions. Even as the sea was his ruler, so would he, with its help, rule his fellow-warriors. He would visualise glory after glory, until he became intoxicated by the ecstasy of his optimistic ideas. However, when the first wild enthusiasm had waned, and his brain had cleared, he would realise the hopeless magnitude of his task, and would revert to his former state of subjection, to dream of the glory which was denied him.

The day arrived, however, when man made the stupendous discovery that he could make certain objects remain on the surface of the water, and at last he had evidence that he was not completely powerless. Soon he was sitting astride logs of wood, borne unharmed over an incomparable, and inaccessible expanse of maritime wonders. Now the spell was broken, and he revelled in his newly-found power; wierdly-shaped objects carried sturdy warriors over bays and lagoons; man was supremely happy while the novelty of his discovery remained, to predominate over the petty discomforts involved. Often, however, these expeditions ended in disaster, for the sea had discovered a new, and easy prey.

For countless generations man has conspired, co-operated and concentrated in desperate efforts to master his most coveted prize. Gradually, at each new attempt to minimise danger, the peril entailed, increases

the death-roll. Spurred on by paltry achievements, his shallow mind creates visages of future glory, and, heedless of the obvious warnings of Nature, and past failures in which human beings were ruthlessly destroyed, he strives stubbornly, to attain the object of his dreams. Sometimes he appears to be gaining the upper hand, but just when he stretches his hand toward the key-board of the Universe, an unexpected, overpowering influence frustrates his attempt, and he yields—betrayed by Nature in the hour of his anticipation. From time to time, terrible disasters occur at sea—disasters which shake man's confidence and make him realise that, even with the aid of modern science, he is in dire peril, when he boards a vessel, and heads for the open sea.

The sea is a cruel killer. At once so kind and so treacherous, it is one of man's worst enemies. There is probably no more appalling catastrophe than the burning of a ship at sea. The vessel is a raging inferno presenting no escape, while on the other side of the port-holes lies the great ocean, grim and impassive, waiting hungrily for its customary prey. When panic seizes the passengers, they become a seething mob of raving maniacs fighting for personal safety, and by their uncontrollable behaviour, seal their own doom. When they realise their fate, the majority of the passengers prepare to die calmly, and their better qualities, which were hidden for years, beneath a mask of convention, once again appear before the inevitable end. Death is not the cruelest part of the tragedy, however, for ere his soul leaves his body, man must endure terrible agonies of suspense and physical torture, while his mind is a whirling chaos of fantastic emotions, which are quelled only when merciful death strikes with intended cruelty.

After centuries of steady progress, man has, at the expense of thousands of lives, become the part-conqueror of the apparently unconquerable ocean. Even now, Neptune claims a great many lives, and his watery environment is more powerful than the wonderful mechanised products of man's inventive genius—a genius which is more ambitious than beneficial.

I. M., V.

more tenaciously to his straw. Presently the party decided they had reached the summit, although there was nothing to indicate that they had. Everyone, therefore, sat down, and had a meal, while several of the bolder spirits set out to look for the cairn. Soon the mist lifted, and they were successful.

The cairn stands on the edge of a sheer precipice, and certain childish members of the expedition would insist on throwing stones over the edge; the surprising thing is that they did not succeed in throwing themselves over also. At last, tearing themselves away from the magnificent view, the party commenced the descent by a different route, which, of course, necessitated the retrieval of the walking-sticks. After the aforementioned childish members had indulged in a snow-fight, the more dangerous part of the descent was successfully negotiated. Thereafter each went his own way.

When, eventually, everyone reached the bothy, the general well-being was restored by another service of tea, and the homeward journey commenced. Bicycles were mounted—our former friend, having just awakened, mounted without assistance—and the bothy was soon left behind.

One young gentleman, having cycled barely 300 yards, was disagreeably surprised to find his front tyre flat. His "helpful" friend, while putting the matter right, unfortunately divided the inner tubing into two distinct portions. Let us draw the curtain of charity over the rest of the scene. Suffice to say that, having walked several miles, trailing his gridiron with him, his "helpful" friend returned from Aviemore, whither he had been sent by main force, with a new inner tubing, and, a repair having been effected, Coylum Bridge was reached without further mishap. We must not omit, however, to mention the entertaining conversation which took place between the expedition's mascot and his elder brother. It was well worth the long journey to hear it. Over certain events at Coylum Bridge we shall draw the convenient curtain of charity.

Halting every 300 yards to give a certain member of the party an opportunity of inflating one of his tyres which had a slow puncture, and making a lengthier halt at

Aviemore for refreshments, the Grantown-on-Spey contingent travelled home by easy stages. Just outside the town, however, a regrettable incident occurred, when another member of the party found it necessary to abandon his bicycle, by this time almost reduced to scrap iron, and complete the journey on someone else's bar. He was unceremoniously dropped in High Street.

The mountains were then left in peace for another year, and another memorable episode added to the Grammar School's mountaineering record.

MARPESIUS.

THE BEAST.

There's a Beast in Loch Ness—or at least in the Press—

An Amphibian, perhaps, as the scientists guess.

There's some that say "No," but there's others say "Yes,"

Well, it cannot be more—and it may be no less!

With all the descriptions no doubt you'll agree

It must be a fine thing, though fearsome, to see,

But what chiefly appeals to a merchant like me

Is the good source of income this Monster might be.

Now if Dulnain's o'er poor, and Carr Bridge o'er proud,

Grantown would exploit it if she were allowed,

For as sure as Ben Nevis will bide in its cloud,

This will beat any show in appeal to the crowd.

So long as it does not escape with the tide,
Or get black affronted, and run off and hide,

Here's luck to the Monster, and long may he bide

In his bonny cheap quarters about the loch side.

M. R., IV.

IRELAND.

By the kindly invitation of relations in Belfast, I was, last year, enabled to pay a visit to Ireland, and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of a short stay, of a little over a week.

The train journey from here to Glasgow affords an interesting study of the transformation from our beautifully wooded, picturesque countryside, which gradually tends to change into an almost desolate bleakness, as it appears in the Dalnaspical vicinity, again changing into intensively cultivated, agricultural districts, which give place later to the somewhat grim appearance of the industrial districts, the journey ending in the bustling atmosphere of Scotland's largest city, Glasgow.

Next I had the new experience of going aboard the "Irish boat," as it is called in Glasgow, and which sails with the evening tide for Erin's Isle. It is said that the Clyde's waters can now be so purified as to be perfectly good to drink, but it certainly looked black, dirty stuff at the pier, from which the boat, the Laird's Castle, sailed. I am not sure why they always say a boat sails, because what actually happened was that a bell rang, and a churning noise commenced on the stern, which was the propeller working, and so the ship glided off downstream, nothing to do with sails or sailing, that I could see. And so we progressed past all kinds of shipping, and the great Queen Mary, then on the stocks and rather deserted-looking; past Ailsa Craig, that majestic rock, known to seamen as Paddy's Milestone; and when morning broke we were steaming up Belfast Lough in the midst of beautiful scenery with a colour of pleasing green, which is Ireland's very own.

The first town pointed out was called Hollywood, which I always thought was the great American film place. So steady was the ship in wending its way across the Irish Sea that I never had the least inclination to be sick, an experience which I had dreaded beforehand.

Space does not permit details of that wonderful visit. Ireland, contrary to the prevail-

ing idea as to its poverty-stricken state, is, so far as I saw, a beautiful country with great expanses of cultivated fields stretching as far as the eye could see, always intermingled with their own distinct shade of green.

Belfast is a city resembling Aberdeen in size and appearance, with stately streets, and imposing buildings, and the effect, at night, of the lights shining on the green domes of such buildings as the City Hall is a sight worth going a long way to see.

We visited Bangor, of "Riding Down to Bangor" fame, and there could hardly get away from the splendid sea-water swimming pool. We saw the great Tourist Trophy races, with the world's greatest drivers, hustling along round corners at incredible speed, which made me realise I had never seen real car driving before.

In the streets I was struck by the extremely kindly nature of the people, with their charming brogue, as quick to be generous as to "foight." Noticeable were the little donkey carts, crawling alongside stately modern trams and buses.

The climate is mild, and permits growth of fruit and flowers, even wild in the country, such as we never see here, and although one's own land is always best, a visit to Ireland shows that it is far from being the distressed country we are apt to imagine, but with all its alleged faults it is a fascinating, beautiful land, inhabited by the kindest of people.

P. W., IV.

PET SAYINGS.

"Stand! Come out here."

"Write 'em out."

"Tut, tut, not so good."

"Girls, girls, you make more noise than the boys."

"Upon my word, Class III."

"T-h-a-t's R-i-g-h-t."

"Take out your jotters and write this down quickly."

"I haven't all day to wait on you, girl."

"Stand on your two feet, there."

J. N. S., III.

DO DEER DRINK?

CLASS IV.

SOME time ago there appeared in a daily newspaper a report about that mysterious creature, the Loch Ness "Monster." In the report there was a statement suggesting that the creature might have been able to leave the loch by means of the paths made by the roe-deer when they came down to drink.

This was followed by several letters from correspondents, who questioned the fact that the roe-deer had come to the loch to drink. One letter, at least, was from a very well-known naturalist, who stated that in all his wide experience, he could not say that he had actually seen a deer drinking.

It seems rather a strange question to debate, and some people may say that an animal must drink to live, but, if deer do drink, is it not remarkable that no one seems to be able to swear to having seen them in the act of drinking?

It may be that they can gain all the moisture they require from the dewy grass of the mornings, or after the vegetation has been soaked with rain. Even in frost some snow would be present, due to the ice particles melting in the animal's mouth, and perhaps the deer's drinking requirements would be satisfied by this means.

I have been fortunate enough to observe deer under many different conditions. I have seen them cross streams, stand in little lochs, and roll in muddy pools, but never have I seen one drink.

Admittedly, it is easy to imagine the "shy-eyed, delicate deer, coming down in a troop to drink." One can picture them splashing into a little lochan, drinking slowly, as cattle and horses might do, and then cantering away over the heather.

Sir Walter Scott begins his famous poem, "The Lady of the Lake," with the words, "The stag at eve had drunk his fill." I wonder if the great writer ever considered that deer do not drink!

Of course, they may drink, in fact it is almost essential that they should, but it would be interesting to know if anyone could prove to have seen them in the act.

P. M., V.

A is for all of us, happy and wild;
 B is for Beatrice, a lovable child;
 C is for corrections, we write these each night;
 D is for Dorothy, a brilliant young light;
 E is for English, at which all of us star;
 F is for French, where we blunderers are;
 G is for Grant, a very quiet boy;
 H is for hockey, which we all enjoy;
 I's for impositions, which I'm sure we detest;
 J is for Jean, who is fond of a jest;
 K is for kinema, where we sometimes go;
 L is for Laird, brainy fellow, you know;
 M is for Meta, who always is bright;
 N's for the nonsense, we usually write;
 O's for obedient, we all try to be;
 P is for Phyllis, a good girl she;
 Q's for the questions we answer each day;
 R is for Ross, who is blithesome and gay;
 S is for Sutherland, who's not just too bright;
 T is for teachers, who teach us what's right;
 U is for University — we'll get there first stop;
 V is for Vera, who'd like to be top;
 W's for the wisdom in which some folk excel;
 X is for 'xams, in which we hope to do well;
 Y is our yearning to do everything right;
 Z is the zeal that inspired me to write.

V. C., IV.

THE PREFECTS.

Not a voice is heard, not a jotter seen,
 In the cloakroom the prefects saunter.
 Not a paper or scrap is found on the floor,
 No joking, no laughing, no hater.

The prefects rule, o'er this part of the school,
 With a rod made of iron or steel,
 And such as dare defy their stare
 Their rod will certainly feel.

B. G., II.

CASTLE GRANT.

THE Castle Grant is situated in one of the most beautiful, most romantic parts of the Highlands, namely, Strathspey. The castle dates back to the fifteenth or sixteenth century, when it was called the Manor of Freuchie. The burgh, now the town of Grant town, was called the burgh of Grant.

Royalty visited the castle on several occasions. Queen Victoria described the castle as being "a fine (not Highland-looking) park, with a very plain-looking house like a factory." The castle, however, has dignity in its appearance.

Arriving at the castle, you enter by the massive iron-studded door, which leads to the huge commanding staircase, carpeted with the Grant tartan. On each side of the stair are hung banners of war, used by former Grants. Queen Anne's "pocket pistol," a huge gun, stands at the foot of the stairs. At the head of the stair is placed a golden eagle, and a white ptarmigan, rare birds to be found in Strathspey.

The tapestry-room, commonly called the "ghost-room," is one of the most interesting in the castle. The walls are hung with beautiful tapestry, to which is added one piece, however small, by every Countess. What is now a door, was formerly a secret panel in the wall. The recess, which this panel provided, served for hiding arms. From this room entrance to the battlements can be gained.

In the drawing-room and library are two cabinets, and an organ gifted by Queen Anne to the Lady of Grant as wedding presents. The dining-room is a large, important room. The walls are covered with oil paintings of former Grants.

The castle is still in excellent condition, and is inhabited occasionally by the present Lady Seafield, who is much liked in the district.

M. S., II.

The fire burns bright,
The kittens play,
And peace on earth is dawning.
All the world awakes to say,
A happy Christmas morning.

Gordon Smith (aged 9).

THE AEROPLANE AT THE SPEY.

I heard a wondrous aeroplane was coming to the town;

So to a field at Ballintomb I quietly sauntered down

And mingled with the mighty crowd to see the grand display,

For never yet had aeroplanes descended at the Spey.

I hadn't waited very long when in the western sky

A tiny speck appeared in view, just like a monstrous fly.

"The aeroplane is coming!" all the people shouted out.

First o'er the town it winged its way, then quickly turned about.

And round our heads its great heart throbbed as gracefully it flew,

First diving down, then soaring up, as admiration grew,

And then with one great mighty swoop it settled on the ground.

And from the field on every side the people gathered round.

A monkey with a funny face was perched upon the deck

To bring the aviator luck, and save his ship from wreck;

I also saw a timepiece, a compass, and a chart,

For without these an aviator would not dare to start.

Soon everyone will learn to fly, quite fearlessly and bold;

The railways will then be relics of the wondrous days of old;

The sky will be a network of humming aeroplanes,

And only ardent lovers will use the country lanes.

B. McG.

There is an old school in Strathspey
Where gargling's the rule of the day:

Each one gets a cup,

And takes a big sup

To frighten the germs away.

M. McW.

A FEW HOURS WITH A GARAGE "HAND."

MANY happy, and many dreary hours have I spent, serving at the pumps, and attending to everyone's needs.

The first customer usually arrives with a great hustle, informing everyone that he was "up with the lark," and that he had done two days' work before we had begun. After attending to his wants, which are not scanty, I may inform you, he drives away with the impression that the most important gentleman is departing.

Then a short pause, after which comes the never failing "A.J.S." bearing its proud possessor to his work. With many peculiar noises the engine ceases to function, and the owner lets loose, first, the wire which holds the gas lamp in place; next, the rubber band which holds the gear lever in mesh; then the string which holds the front number-plate in position. Then, with a quick leap, he clears the saddle and lands with the agility of an athlete, to grab hold of the brake lever "afore she jams." After obtaining the "pectoral," he again attaches himself to his machine by means of the various wires and strings, and after a short or perhaps long run, not exceeding half-a-mile, he again performs the athletic feat and roars away as if he was riding "Windsor Lad."

Just as the report of his machine is fading in the distance, or in other words, is three miles away, there arrives a lady in a car.

With many becks and nods, and smiling all the time, she comes to rest just 50 yards from the pumps, and asks for petrol. The fact being mentioned to her that the hose is limited to 10 feet, she makes the great discovery that she has to reverse, but finds that reversing is no easy matter. After going through all the gears, as if she was going through the "Hollywood Review," and, still smiling, she makes several attempts to take off, all of which are fiascoes. When the short space of 10 minutes has passed, she, still smiling broadly, asks if I will kindly place the car in the coveted position, as her ankle hurts. This done, and the tank filled with

petrol, she makes several attempts to take off, always saying "Good-bye" and "Thank you" before each attempt. At last she is successful, and, with engine roaring and brakes full on, she disappears behind a cloud of smoke, leaving me richer by sixpence.

Then comes the Tartar. Out he hurries from a huge car and demands a special grade of petrol. On being informed that we do not supply the desired grade, he passes a few complimentary remarks about me and the place in general. With this customer I find that it is I who have to do all the smiling, while he "compliments" me and the world as a whole. He fixes his stare on me and, though feeling quite uncomfortable, I pretended to be quite "at home." "Petrol, oil, water, tyres pumped, sump examined, gear-box examined, quickly, please" is all the gentleman says. After all his requirements have been attended to, he takes his departure, leaving me rather soiled with the dirt from his car, and with a sore face, through constant smiling.

These are a few of the daily visitors, but there are many more of whom I could tell you, only space prevents my mentioning them just now, but, if I leave you in doubt at all, just "drop in" and see for yourself what the daily garage hand has to contend with.

V. R., IV.

A DUEL.

One day in Central Africa,
A traveller saw a nigger,
Adorned in glorious warpaint,
Carrying spear and club forever.
The traveller ran behind his tent
And brandished gun and shot,
But the brave nigger cared not,
And charged with threatening glare.
The traveller dodged the native's spear,
And dealt a fearsome blow:
The native soon had given in
Unto his powerful foe.

Hugh Tulloch (aged 9).

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

On a Thursday evening in the end of June, the senior pupils of Grantown Grammar School presented Goldsmith's famous comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," in the new Picture House. Mr Morrison and his never tiring assistant, Miss Sinclair, were well rewarded for their efforts to make a great success of the play. Again a substantial sum was realised for the school funds. The various parts had to be committed to memory, and all the actions had to be carefully noted and then rehearsed. We owe thanks to other members of the staff, who so willingly gave their help with the dresses and make-up. The characters are well worth mentioning in this column on account of the splendid parts they played.

The shy, young hero was cleverly played by Tom Hunter as "Charles Marlow." His father, "Sir Charles Marlow," was Duncan Davidson. "Mrs Hardecastle," "Tony Lumpkin's" hysterical mother, was cleverly portrayed by Dorothy Shivas; her husband, whose chief companions were his "old books and old wine," was acted by James Templeton. The beautiful, clever, young heroine, "Miss Hardecastle," was played by Margaret Davidson, and her scheming cousin, "Miss Neville," was Mabel McWilliam. "Mr Hastings," young Marlow's friend, was acted by Angus Stuart. Now comes the (his mother's theory) consumptive Tony Lumpkin, who was never interested in anyone but "Bet Bonner" (a horse), portrayed by Ian Macpherson, who suited the part to a "T." He always had a string of fellows with him, and they were played by Alistair Grant, Patrick Garrow, Alex. McIntyre and Victor Ross, who also played the part of "Diggory," one of "Hardecastle's" servants. Beatrice McIntosh was the maid, while "Roger" and the other servant were Angus McIntosh and David Winchester. At the end of the performance, Mr Hunter presented the caste with boxes of chocolates. We must thank the public for the splendid support which they gave us.

A CONQUEROR.

Has P. W. a passion for niggers?

CLASS III.

- W. A.—"A peck of trouble."
 S. F.—Small in stature, big in voice.
 G. C.—Berthe aux Grands Pieds.
 G. N.—Take another George, could never tell a lie.
 A. McL.—"And the Prince of all the land led them on."
 D. McL.—"Still waters run deep."
 J. McD.—Last, but not least.
 E. G.—"Behold her single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland lass."
 M. G.—"Give to me the life I love."
 M. G.—"A violet by a mossy stone,
 Half hidden from the eye."
 I. J.—"Bunty pulls the strings."
 M. K.—"Sober, steadfast and demure."
 I. McB.—"There lived a dame in days of yore
 And she a handsome pigtail wore."
 D. McL.—"Wee modest crimson-lippèd
 flower."
 N. S.—"A speck, a mist, a shape, I vist!"
 S. S. (daily at 3-30 p.m.)—I will arise and go now.

C. F., III.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It is Christmas Eve. I am thinking of the presents coming to-morrow. I peeped into a cupboard yesterday, and what do you think I saw? Well, listen. I saw boxes and boxes of presents. In the boxes there were three books, a doll, bed, and a box of crackers. They were a lovely sight. I then woke up and found it was all a dream.

Mary H. Tulloch (aged 8).

THE CLASS ROOM.

One day when I was in the class,
 The sun was shining bright,
 I asked if I could pull the blind,
 And teacher said, "All right."
 The sky grew dark, the sun went down,
 The rain began to pour,
 The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed
 And the sun it shone no more.
 Dorothy Cameron (aged 9).

The Old Guard.

CLUB DOINGS.

THE Old Guard Club was founded for young men who have recently been members of the upper classes in the Grammar School.

In one respect it resembles the alleged denizen of Loch Ness, for it wallows in obscurity during the greater part of the year. We trust that this is not due to any lack of enthusiasm, but regard it rather as a necessary concomitant of the club's existence, for our main purpose is to bring together occasionally old school friends who have been separated for some time.

We also provide opposition on the sports field to the present pupils of the school. If they are inclined to feel flattered by the results, we advise them to avoid those practices which favour the early approach of senile decay. As we know that our advice is not sought we shall keep the rest of it for ourselves. It may yet be fruitful.

During the past year the games played were rugby, soccer and cricket. We hope to obtain similar fixtures as opportunity serves. Unless a hockey match can be arranged, ground facilities will restrict our Christmas programme to football. Of course, there is no fear of our exhausting our repertory while such edifying games as dominoes or "pills" are played.

Social activities were limited to a Christmas dance, an informal affair which was much enjoyed by those, at least, who did not try to make invidious comparisons. This year it has been decided to support the School Dance which is to take place on 20th December.

After the annual general meeting, which was held in September, the club's relatively favourable position gave rise to the suggestion that an honorary president should be elected. No more suitable person could have been found to fill the post than Mr Hunter, our unanimous choice, for nobody can be a member of the club who is unknown to him. A capable sports organiser has also been

secured in Mr P. J. M. Jaffrey, who has always taken a kindly interest in the sports sections of the school.

If all the available energy be properly harnessed we see no reason why the club should not prosper. Indeed we venture to hope that some day it may even electrify the F.P. Club whose massive fly-wheels revolve but once a year.

The following office-bearers were elected for 1934-35:—J. Milne (President), E. Munro (Vice-President), J. Laing (Secretary and Treasurer). The committee also comprises R. Wilson and district representatives — W. Cruickshank (Cromdale), W. Macaulay (Nethybridge) and R. Ross (Dulnain Bridge). J. M. Laing and W. Macaulay act for the club in Edinburgh and Aberdeen respectively during the University session.

Club colours are red and silver.

J. M. LAING.

ADVICE TO BAJANS— ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

SCIENTISTS tell us that every natural phenomenon obeys laws; indeed science itself is based upon the hypothesis that the universe is reasonable. There are, however, exceptions to every law, not only in French, but also in the world in general. Aberdeen University is the exception in this case, as the inexperienced Bajan or Bajanella will discover.

For instance, it is useless to make enquiries at the Enquiries Office, because they don't know. That is their motto. Even if they think they do know, it is bound to be wrong. Matriculation forms have to be filled in during the first day or so, and they tell Bajans who ask at the Enquiries Office that forms may be obtained from the Sacrist. It is futile to go to the Sacrist's office, for he won't be there, and even if he were, he wouldn't know anything about matriculation forms. Actually they are hidden away in a corner below the Mitchell Tower.

A Bajan must memorise his two addresses, when, where and how he was born, how much education he has had, and innumerable other exasperating details. The first week is entirely taken up with signing along the dotted line.

The best way to avoid a stomy passage is to find somebody who has taken or is taking the same course as you, and to take their advice, if they have not forgotten all they did in their first year. If this is impossible, don't be afraid to barge in anywhere and everywhere; nobody will eat you. You will feel bewildered, but you need not go about like a lost sheep.

In the old days it was a dangerous thing to be a Bajan, as your teachers will tell you; but now the Senatus Academicus, which is our JHiter, has forbidden us to rag Bajans, so you can march into the quad. with a hat of any shape, colour or dimensions you please. One thing you must not do is to exhibit any mechanical contrivance whatever in King's College quadrangle. This year a Bajan rode in on his motor cycle. Sacrist Robertson utterly annihilated him. As a rule, however, nobody obeys rules.

If you are taking Arts, or "reading" Arts, as they say in the English Universities, you will have only two or three lectures a day, but if Science or Medicine is your choice, you will spend seven hours a day in the class-room and laboratory.

The secretaries of countless societies will descend upon you—you must not yield to them all. The wisest course to adopt is to attend the first meeting of those which provide free grub or entertainment. Whether you continue to attend or not is up to you! But don't pay your subscription until you have been asked at least six times.

The Students' Handbook, at a shilling, is quite a profitable investment, as it includes a list of societies and athletic clubs. A lot of balderdash about "the Nations," a horrible anachronism that persists here, is included. The Nations refers to a voting system adopted in the Rectorial elections—a system so unscientific that a minority may triumph over a majority. It is retained because it is old and picturesque, a reason which, of course, is childish.

The discovery of good "digs" is the great problem of many students' lives. Landladies are a mixed crew. Perhaps the less said about them the better. Nobody ever listens to advice. You will learn by experience, bitter or otherwise. But don't stay with friends!

In conclusion, I advise you to carry out the school motto, "Age pro viribus," which, of course, means "Stand fast, Craigellachie!"

F. M. ROBERTS.

ADVICE TO BAJANS— EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

School life is vastly different from University life in many respects, and as that is realised, arrangements are made so that the first year student does not feel so "out of it" as he might. Intending students are provided with a syllabus, giving the place and time together with a list of the books to be studied during the academic year. This is a great help, because some of the lecture rooms are quite a distance from one another.

After you have decided on what classes you are taking, and have obtained the Director of Studies' approval for them, you matriculate, and are then ready to commence your first year at 'Varsity.

At school, a class invariably consists of about thirty to forty pupils, whereas at the University there may be as many as two hundred and forty in a class, consisting of people from all parts of the world.

The opening day is not very eventful, so to give an idea of how things are conducted, it is better to choose a day when the work is in full swing. It is customary for the professor to arrive five minutes late; possibly the extra five minutes are to allow everyone to be in his place in good time. His arrival is greeted with vigorous stamping. Then he begins his lecture, if some late-comers don't interrupt. If there are any, they get accompanied to their seats, which are usually at the farthest corner of the room, with the rest of the class beating time to their footsteps. Just imagine the noise if you have to walk anything up to twenty yards with two hundred and forty

pairs of feet beating a steady "Left right! left right!" till you eventually get seated. After all this preliminary has been gone through, the professor starts his lecture. You can please yourself whether you take notes or go to sleep; no one bothers a bit. However, you have only yourself to blame if you find your name below the red line after examinations. All jokes made by the professor are treated in the same way as the late comers, and remarks such as "William Shanks calculated to seven hundred and seven decimal places," get their share of stamping. The lecture is terminated in the same way as it began, and the whole thing is over—at the University. There is a great deal of work given out to be prepared in addition to the prescribed books, questions on which are set in the examination papers. Here again no one bothers you about doing the work.

The University is not exactly a place of study; it has many other activities. All kinds of games are played in their appropriate season, and there are literary societies and societies syndicates as well. Older students make it as pleasant as possible for "freshers," ever ready to answer questions and show them about.

In conclusion, don't imagine that University life is a long, endless study. It is possible to enjoy yourself as well as do your work. However, there is a strong temptation to overdo one; herein lies the greatest difference between life at school and that at Varsity.

H. T.

VISITING THE HAUNTS OF THE EAGLE.

The sun had just gone down, and the hills towards the east were taking on a dark purple colour when we arrived at the hill bothy where we were to spend the night prior to setting out for the Crags of Ailnack, some seven miles away.

There was plenty of firewood lying around, and we soon had a fire blazing merrily in the huge hearth. After making tea in our billy-

caus we slept on a bed of straw on the floor, using our coats as blankets.

The sun was streaming in through the single window of the room when we awoke. Far beneath us the valleys of the Netly and the Spey were cloaked in a thick blanket of mist. There was scarcely a cloud in the sky, and it looked as if we were going to have a glorious day for our excursion.

After breakfast we set out, and as we were passing some rocks a pair of kestrels flew out from them. Probably they had a nest there; but although we searched for a while we could not find it.

Walking through the heather we disturbed several coveys of young grouse with their parents. Although very small these young birds were able to fly for fairly large distances. On the whole, these coveys were very small in numbers, probably because of the severe snowstorm we had had in May. Most of the birds were so small that they could not possibly be fully grown by the Twelfth.

The Crags of Ailnack are huge precipices of rock about 100 feet high, with the roaring torrent of the Ailnack between them, flowing over shelving rocks here and there, and forming miniature waterfalls.

On a ledge of rock about 70 feet above the torrent, on the sheer face of the cliff, clings an eagles' eyrie. Strawn on the ledge round the nest are the bones of grouse and hares, which form the staple food of the eagles. These bones, having been accumulating for years, are bleached white with the wind and rain. There was no sign of the eagles near their home that day. Probably they were hunting prey in another part of their territory. Although plentiful near the eyrie the grouse and hares know how to hide from their enemy the eagle, so that sometimes he has to go farther afield for food.

On our way home we sat down to rest not far from a stunted birch tree. As we sat watching the grouse running among the heather and cackling occasionally, we noticed that the cackling suddenly ceased, and the grouse seemed to disappear; even the young grouse seemed instinctively to sense danger, for they crouched close to the ground absolutely motionless. My friend, who was an old shepherd, motioned me to keep perfectly



GRAMMAR SCHOOL HOCKEY 1st XI.

M. Davidson, M. Ross, M. Fraser, W. Shaw, F. Cooke, P. Watt,
M. Cruickshank, J. Calder, M. McWilliam, M. Templeton (capt.), B. McIntosh.



[Photo: A. Ledingham]

GRAMMAR SCHOOL CRICKET 1st XI.

Back row (left to right)—A. Stuart (scorer), I. McPherson, W. Thomson, D. Winchester,
P. McLean, A. Grant, T. Hunter, P. Garrow.
Front row (left to right)—V. Ross, A. McIntosh, R. Wilson, J. Templeton (captain), A.
McIntyre, D. Davidson, A. Phimister.



(For Names—See Page 27).



(For Names—See Page 28).

still, and before long a speck appeared in the sky. The speck grew larger, and soon took the form of a huge golden eagle. He seemed to be making straight for the place where we were sitting. He glided gracefully down and perched on the birch tree quite close without noticing us, and began preening himself. From where we were sitting we discerned his powerful hooked beak and huge talons, which he uses for capturing and killing his prey by thrusting the sharp points into their backs.

After watching him for a few minutes my friend gave a low whistle. Immediately the eagle rose, and in a few seconds had silently disappeared into the gathering dusk of the east.

W. M.

METAMORPHOSIS.

It was only a ruin; but it had not always been. Grey stones; a canopy of twisted rafters, with scintillating webs entwined, and spiders sluggishly asleep amid the rainbows of their making; a garden which once smiled to all the hill-folks, when they wound their way through the forest to this glade; unsightly thistles whose very aspect made one recoil; and thorny gooseberry clumps, which seemed to stretch forth tentacles to challenge the intruder to approach, to be stabbed, and made to bleed. . . .

It seemed a feverish, cruel, most unreal place, a ruin transplanted from another world. The sun was wearing his fiercest frown, and blushed a most unnatural brightness, as if perspiring to exert his wrath at my intrusion. The trees on all sides were on edge, twisting uneasily from side to side, breathing to one another their agonised thoughts in short, quick gasps which one could scarcely name whispers; and all the while their shadows writhed dark upon the grass, prisoners all their lives, now making fruitless supplication for release.

There was a well nearby, once clear and pure as even yet it is deep, but now a sullied superfluity, a death-trap for the first poor lamb that by chance is pushed that way. Did Nature ever look more cruel, more "red in

tooth and claw," than here? The very air is laden, stupefying—Can it be the virulent fumes of those deadly fox-gloves by the prickly fruit-tree? Surely no man, or earthly bird or beast, now frequents this spot (which once had been a sanctuary in the wilderness which it has now assumed to itself)? Whence flows that lurking stream, which in a maze of rush and gorse descends into some hidden vortex beneath the earth? Vortex?—it may be maelstrom. Its very babble hurts. A dirge it sounds, a choking, emercating plaint, as of one who prematurely and too suddenly is faced with Death and realises it—

I must away! One second longer and I die. This ruin, this whole glade, this very world of agony of soul and never-ending torture, would stifle—would overcome—would mercilessly strangle a Hercules!

The deer-fence round the forest checked my haste. I tried to clamber over it, and thrice in desperation with excess of speed most ignominiously stumbled. My tinges were a-tingle; my whole body seemed a-quiver. Cross I could not. No escape—I could not even see. I could do absolutely nothing.

A weird and awful sound it was that awakened me. Whence it came, from this world or another, I really could not tell. But the sun had sunk beneath the forest, and the dazzle and fever of noon were no more. Twilight was fast approaching. . . . Again that sound. Above my head circled a mighty heron. Three times he wheeled ominously aloft, then with a swiftness that almost took my breath away, alighted on an amber cross, which all but unnoticed stood upright in that maze of cold grey stones. I gazed. All was peace. It was the eternal peace which lingers by all chapels, even when mankind and Time have dashed their holiness to ruins (for no longer do men want chapels). How warm, how kindly, how inviting seemed now this vale! For once again that cross—before I had noticed it—had cast its spell. Though mankind, from too much fretting with things of worldly ephemerality, had forsaken it and the chapel which it was given to guard—it yet was there—and still is to this day.

"CONWAY STEWART."

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A CHEMISTRY STUDENT, AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

I CANNOT recall any outstanding experience except it may be the regular and rather unnerving experience of waiting outside the Demonstrators' Room in the Laboratory, while my calculations and results were being carefully overhauled by an eagle-eyed Dem. in the hope of finding an error, and voicing the most dreaded word in the Chemistry Department of Glasgow University — "REPEAT." Only someone who has gone through this special form of torture can realise why one's knees knock together and one's heart misses several beats when the Dem. at last appears to pronounce the fateful verdict. A "repeat" in Organic Chemistry is specially dreaded because some of the experiments take a week at least to perform.

My first year in the Chemistry Labs. was fairly uneventful. The only thing which did cause some fuss was Carbon Disulphide, a vile-smelling liquid, highly inflammable, which we had to use for a metallic estimation. My neighbour was working with a beakerful one afternoon when a blue flame appeared on the surface of the liquid. She did not know quite what to do with it, so she emptied it into the sink. Immediately a sheet of blue flame and sulphurous vapours shot up into our faces. The Lab. was soon filled with white choking gas, and after we had all been thoroughly fumigated by it, one of the Dems. appeared to say that we might all go home as the atmosphere seemed to have become rather unpleasant.

Acidburns are, of course, a very common occurrence in a Chemistry Lab. In our first year we had definite ideas about neutralising acids with alkalis, and considered that if we treated an acid burn with caustic soda it would disappear. One young lady was unfortunate enough to spill a bottleful of acid over the sleeve of her overall. On the advice of her friends she soused the sleeve in caustic soda and left it to dry overnight. Next day she found to her amazement that her overall was minus a sleeve.

A rather amusing though temporarily un-

comfortable experience is the appearance of "tear-gas" in the Organic Chemistry Labs. Some thoughtless person empties a little Benzyl Chloride down a sink, someone else runs the hot water and soon the vapours are drifting about the Lab. The effect is gradual; handkerchiefs appear, and eyes are furtively dabbed—after a time, not so furtively; you are afraid to look at anyone lest they should think that you are crying; you feel the tears beginning to roll down your cheeks and you feel very uncomfortable. Suddenly a Dem. appears from his sanctum with streaming eyes (for "tear-gas" is no respecter of persons) and requests the entire company to clear out and not return until summoned. He proceeds to rush about, dashing ammonia over the floor, and incidentally over the legs of anyone within range. The Lab. troops out thankfully and spends a pleasant hour in the sunshine on the terrace, consuming ice cream and discussing their chances in the Departmental golf tournament.

This is quite a frequent occurrence, and it has been noticed that it happens very often on a sunny day.

Fires are quite common in Organic Labs. and they are most frequently caused by ether or metallic sodium and potassium. I have always had a dislike for sodium, and when I was handed five big chunks of it to carry out an experiment I felt not a little apprehensive. Even a very small piece of it goes on fire when a drop of water falls on it, and we had some exciting fires owing to this. One girl would insist on keeping her five chunks in a beaker of benzene though they were quite safe in a dry stoppered tube. There was a grand conflagration one day when she knocked beaker and sodium into the sink, the sodium setting fire to the benzene incidentally.

One of the most interesting branches of practical organic chemistry is the preparation of synthetic dyes. We prepared several of the most important basic dyes including Rosaniline and Malarhile Green. There was no doubt as to the lasting effects of our dyes, for besides proving their fastness on pieces of flannel (2" x 1") thoughtfully provided by the department, we tattooed our faces and

hinds (unconsciously) and the results were lasting—appreciably so.

From the above rather scrappy anecdotes it will be seen that the life of a chemistry student is anything but dull. We are treated to a series of evening lectures throughout the session and many of these, contrary to popular belief, are very humorous. Prof. Reid,

Chemistry Professor of St Andrews, lectured last winter on "Humour and Humanism in Chemistry," and he deplored the popular idea that chemists were dull people and led a drab, serious life. A day in the life of the chemistry student is a full, interesting and amusing experience.

C. M. S.

Contributions From F.P.'s

EDITORIAL.

THE enlarged edition of the F.P.'s section of the School Magazine testifies to the increased interest it has aroused at home and abroad. This year's contributions are of great historical value to the Grammar School and to Grantown-on-Spey, and we are deeply indebted to our former Rector, Mr. Rose, and F.P.s for their valuable support of the magazine.

It is our ambition—with the help of former pupils—to collect the history of Grantown and its schools within the pages of this Magazine. Mr. J. S. Grant has very kindly agreed to continue his local history in succeeding issues.

Grantown and its schools 60 years ago promises delightful reading; it will also be a record of the progress of our town.

For the continued success of this series your contributions are solicited.

With all good wishes for a bright and prosperous New Year.

I am,

Yours Sincerely,

ANN GRANT.

Ed., F.P. Section.

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.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Former Pupils' section of the magazine must be written on one side of the paper, and addressed to the Editor.

All articles are the sole copyright of the Former Pupils magazine.

FORMER PUPILS' LOG.

Mr Maclellan never fails to come to Grantown-on-Spey for Easter fishing, and to renew old acquaintanceships.

* * *

A surprise, and very short, visit from Mr J. D. Rose, one of our former Rectors, set us all agog with the hope of a long newsy talk, but alas! Mr Rose only stayed one half day. Far, far too short, when so many of his old pupils wanted to meet him. However, he has contributed an article that is invaluable to the history of the Grantown Grammar School.

The photo of the staff, which was earmarked for this number long before we found Mr Rose, links up the days he writes about more vividly in our minds.

**

As the years go on the boys and girls leave school, go to college or business, and from there climb to dizzy heights, and it is one of our pleasing tasks to record their progress.

**

Joseph Beunge, youngest son of Mrs Beunge (Charlotte Grant) has passed the final examination of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, which entitles him to be qualified as a chemist and druggist. He served his apprenticeship with the late Mr James Kerr, and later with Mr King, and has for the past two years been in London.

**

Thomas Noble, younger son of the late Mr Simon Noble, has won an Arts bursary of £60. Donald, the elder son, began his journalistic career in the office of the "Strathspey Herald." He is now editor of a paper in Pifeshire.

**

Miss Jean Macdonald, Upper Port, has been appointed teacher of domestic subjects under the North Alerton and Stockley (Yorkshire) Education Authority.

**

Major J. G. Macdonald, O.B.E., T.D., is now a Justice of the Peace.

**

At the Gaelic Mod in Kingussie, Alma Laing, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Laing, Forest Road, won the Ewan Cattanaich Gold Brooch (1st prize) for solo singing. Edith, her sister, was 3rd in the Gaelic essay competition. The subject was "A Day's Fishing."

**

Ten years ago, John, eldest son of Mr Peter MacNicol, gardener, left Grantown to try his fortune in Rhodesia. For five years he was on the Bulawayo golf course. He is now guard on the Cape Rhodesia Railway. Reading in the "Strathspey Herald" that Miss Ella Pyper had got an appointment in Rhodesia he watched the boat-train, made inquiry of the conductor, and so had a long talk with her en route.

Miss Pyper, after a number of years' teaching in Elgin Academy, sailed in August for South Africa. She is now teaching Physics and Chemistry in the Girls' High School, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

**

Miss Duncan (teacher) has resigned her leadership of the Brownies. She was presented with mantleshelf ornaments and a "Book of Memories."

**

Miss Helen Byers, younger daughter of Mr Byers, draper, is home for a well-earned rest after eight years of nursing in the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow. In 1930 she was Gold Medalist for General Nursing, and, later, won the Professor Henry prize for Genealogy.

**

The election of Dr Morrison, formerly of Gordon's College, as M.P. for the Scottish Universities, is of interest to Grantown Grammar School. Mrs Morrison (née Rachel Campbell), eldest daughter of Mrs Campbell, Parkburn, acts as her husband's secretary, and thoroughly enjoys the work as well as the new life in London.

**

Weddings.

Willie MacGregor, second son of ex-Provost MacGregor, was married in Glasgow in February. He was for many years engineer on board a ship. He is now on a land job in Glasgow.

**

Another Willie MacGregor, youngest son of the late Mr John MacGregor, postman, was also married in Glasgow, in February.

**

On 3rd August, Margaret Sime, daughter of Mr and Mrs Sime, High Street, was married in Dundee to John Gowans, son of Rev. D. G. Gowans and Mrs Gowans, Strathview, Newtyle, Angus.

**

Miss Sime began her nursing career in the Cottage Hospital, Grantown. After three years she went to Aberdeen Royal Infirmary for her general training. In the Simpson Maternity Home she took her C.M.B., and until her marriage was sister in the operating theatre in the Children's and Women's Hospital, Edinburgh.

On October, the 2nd, John Mackay, only son of Mr and Mrs Mackay, Willow Bank, was married at Tomatin, to Jessie, daughter of Mr and Mrs Macdonald, Railway Cottages, Tomatin. John Mackay served his apprenticeship as a grocer with Strachan & Co., High Street.

Elizabeth Duncan MacNicol, fourth daughter of Mr and Mrs Peter MacNicol, High Street, was married in October to Thomas R. Patton, Edinburgh.

Nina Byers was married on 25th October to William Jack, bank teller, Pitlochry. William Jack, son of Mr and Mrs Jack, Isla Cottage, began his career in the Bank of Scotland, Grantown, and has now been seven years in the branch at Pitlochry. Nina has assisted her father in business since she left school. The wedding was quiet, only about 30 invitations having been sent out, yet the couple received more than 230 presents. The wedding ceremony was conducted in Alvie Church, and afterwards Mr and Mrs Byers held a reception in the Lynwilg Hotel.

Mrs Milne, 'née' Bunchie Philips, of the Strathspey Hotel, was married to Mr Alexander Bonthorne, Aberdeen. Many old F.P.'s remember Bunchie as a singer. She has many times broadcast from Aberdeen, and her little girl has inherited her musical ability as well as a flair for classical dancing.

This year, 1931, Lizzie Macleod, elder daughter of Mr J. Macleod, mason, was married to Mr D. Cumming, youngest son of the late Major Cumming, Curr. When Lizzie Macleod left Grantown to take up nursing in Glasgow she was greatly missed. She was the life-and-soul of the Girls' Club, and a great asset to their dramatic entertainments.

Deaths.

It is with profound sorrow that we record the death of former pupils, and we take this opportunity of conveying to parents, brothers and sisters our deepest sympathy.

A life that was full of beauty and promise was cut short by the death of Jeannie Laing (Mrs Hogg). From the Post Office, Grantown, she was transferred to Dunfermline. Later she went to the Secretary's office, General Post Office, Edinburgh, where she remained for eleven years until her marriage to Mr Ernest Leslie Hogg, civil engineer, Preston. A lover of the language and music of her own country, she was for many years secretary of the Edinburgh Gaelic Choir.

A promising career was cut short by the death of Dougal MacBeth, son of the late stationmaster at Groomhill, who is now living in retirement in Elgin. Dougal was for a number of years clerk on the railway at Blair Atholl, and only a few months before his death, was appointed stationmaster at Criarlair.

We regret to record the death of one of our former pupils, Alexander Macpherson Moyes. For over 22 years he was electrical engineer with the Midland Vinegar Company, by whom he was held in high esteem. He died at the post of duty, death being due to carbon-monoxide fumes.

During the war years he served with the Royal Engineers in France, and did valuable work as a Sapper with the electrical division of inland water transport. When peace came his old post awaited him in Birmingham, where he had many friends, especially Dr Clarke, with whom he carried out many X-ray experiments. He also received public thanks for installing electric light to the Scottish Church in Erdington, Birmingham.

CONSTITUTION AND RULES.

1. The Club shall be known as the "Grantown Grammar School Former Pupils' Club."
2. The object of the Club shall be (1) to promote intercourse and friendship amongst former pupils and teachers of the school by occasional social gatherings, and (2) to provide annually prizes to the school.

3. All former pupils of the school shall be eligible for membership.
Teachers of the school, present and past, and wives of same, shall also be eligible for membership.
4. The office-bearers of the Club shall be:—
President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, and 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.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

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

President—Thomas Hunter, M.A.

Vice-Presidents — Miss M. Scott Macgregor, W. R. Stuart, Major J. G. Macdougall, O.B.E.

Committee—Miss Ann Grant, Miss E. M. Lawson, Miss I. Moyes, R. Wilson, M.A., Walter Cruickshank, Jan Forbes.

Secretary and Treasurer — Miss Jean M. Paterson.

MEMBERS—ORDINARY.

Miss J. Alanach (Teacher), Faebuil, Cromdale.

Miss Isobel Allan, Ballintomb, Dulnain Bridge.

James Allan, Ballintomb, Dulnain Bridge.

Miss Jean Burgess, 10 Castle Road.

Miss C. Brown, Murree.

Miss T. Cruickshank, Seafeld Lodge.

Miss J. M. Campbell, Parkburn.

A. J. Cameron, Square.

Miss A. Cameron (Teacher).

Miss A. Cumming, Brooklynn.

Mrs Cottingham, Satik Estates, Kenya.

Hamish Dixon, Heath Cottage.

Miss S. Duffner, Castle Road.

Miss N. Duffner, Castle Road.

I. C. Davidson, Bank of Scotland.

Mrs Davidson, Tombreck.

Mrs Dunsaiore, Perth.

Miss J. S. Duncan, Dundonnachie.

Miss Findlay, Ivy Bank.

Ian Forbes, Connage.

Miss Gray (Teacher).

Miss N. Gillies, Pitlochry.

R. Grant, Haugh, Cromdale.

Miss Ann Grant, 10 Square.

Miss M. Grant (Teacher).

Miss Ella Grant, o/o Currie, chemist.

Thos. Hunter, Rosemount.

Mrs Hunter, Rosemount.

W. Hepburn, Square.

D. Hepburn, Square.

W. Jack, Bank of Scotland, Pitlochry.

Mrs Kydd, Square.

Miss E. M. Lawson, Highlea.

Miss I. Moyes, Lilac Cottage.

Miss K. Mutch, High Street.

John Milne, Braehead.

Edwin Munro, Ravenswood.

Mrs J. S. Mackenzie, Waterford.

Miss Isa Macphail, Hillview.

A. Macphail, Hillview.

Mrs MacLennan, Craggan.

Miss B. McIntosh, Grant Cottage.

Mrs Scott, Isla Cottage.

Mrs Maclean, Woodberry.

Miss D. Macpherson, Thornhill.

Sidney McGregor, High Street.

Miss M. Paterson, Ivy Bank Cottage.

Miss D. M. Paterson, Ivy Bank Cottage.

Mrs Pirrie, Laurels.

Miss Ailie Robertson, Benaider.

Mrs H. Dixon, Heath Cottage.

Gregor Ross, Garage, Dulnain Bridge.

Ch. Ross, Garage, Dulnain Bridge.

Mrs A. B. Simpson, Forres.

W. R. Stuart, Printer.

R. Wilson, Teacher.

Miss Wood, Balmienach.

Life Members.

Walter Cruickshank, Seafeld Lodge.

Wm. Duncan, 30 High Street.

James Duncan, Aberdeen.
 Mrs M. A. Grant, Cornhill, Banffshire.
 Miss M. Hastilow, Palace Hotel.
 Walter Hastilow, Palace Hotel.
 Mrs Lazenby, Liverpool.
 Mrs Mutch, 30 High Street.
 Miss Betty Mutch, 30 High Street.
 Peter Moir, Royal Bank.
 Mrs Geo. Morrison, Aberdeen.
 Wm. R. Macdougall, Sheffield.
 Major J. G. Macdougall, Duolly.
 Miss M. Scott Macgregor, 100 High Street.
 James S. Mackenzie, Waterford.
 James Philip, Strathspey Hotel.
 Miss M. Pyper, Riversdale.
 Miss E. M. Pyper, Rhodesia.
 Mrs Scheppie, 100 High Street.
 Dr Williams, Stonefield.
 Mrs Macdougall, Duolly.

**GRANTOWN GRAMMAR SCHOOL
 FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.**

Abstract of Accounts for year ending
 30th October, 1934.

INCOME.

Balance at 30/11/33, in Bank	£26	
7s 5d, in hand	£1 2s 9d	£27 10 2
5 Life Membership Subs. @ 12/6		3 2 6
30 Annual do. @ 2/-		3 0 0
1 do., do., junior @ 1/-		0 1 0
Proceeds of Reunion held on 27/12/33		0 6 9
Bank Interest 12/3 (11/2 and 2/1)		0 13 3
		£34 13 8

EXPENDITURE.

Essay Prize (T. Hunter)		£2 2 0
20 School Magazines @ 6d each		0 14 6
Printing		0 3 0
Postages and P.O. charges		0 2 7
Cash in Bank 30/10/34		29 10 8
Cash on Hand 30/10/34		2 0 11
		£34 13 8

Jean M. Paterson, Treas.
 Examined and found correct
 Wm. R. Stuart.

WANTED.

If you cannot write an article because you have nothing to write about, send us snatches of News about schooldays or F.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?

The names left blank in last year's picture page are:—

No. 4 Macdonald, Orphanage.

No. 5 Lewis Gordon.

No. 9 Unsolved.

Can any F.P. give us news of the teachers in the group on the Picture Page?

OUR PICTURE PAGE.

The photo page in our magazine arouses tremendous interest each year, but unfortunately the cost of production debars us from using more than two photos at a time. After we had decided to reproduce the Staff group, Mr Rose, a former Rector, paid a visit to Grantown-on-Spey. Another celebrity of the school, Donald Lawson, first dux medallist, is the centre figure in the school-boy group.

STAFF PHOTO.

Back Row—Miss Third, Miss MacGregor, retired, lives in Grantown. A. D. Cumming, headmaster in Callander Public School. Miss Masson, Married in Canada. Miss J. Lawrence, of Aviemore. In Perthshire.

Second Row—Mr Cheyne, retired. Lives in Elgin. Miss Boon (Mrs Cheyne). Dead. J. D. Rose, M.A., retired. Lives in Kirkealdy. Miss Grant. Dead. Mr Findlay.

Front Row—Miss Marion Rose. Teaching in Bolton. L. Macdonald. Dead. Miss MacGregor.

**GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MR WALTER IN 1894.**

Back Row.

1. Simon Noble. Headmaster in Cromdale School, then headmaster in Findhorn. Dead.
2. Pat Mitchell. Chemist with Mr Kerr, later Factor on an estate in England. Dead.
3. W. Robertson (of Delliefure). Inspector of Schools.
4. James Inray. Architect in Canada.
5. John MacInosh (Rossmont). Dead.

2nd Row.

1. Jimmy Grant (Briar Cottage). Mason. Soldier in Boer War and the Great War. Greenkeeper on Lossiemouth Golf Course. Was accidentally killed at Nain Railway Station.
2. Donald Fraser, Cromdale. Teacher. Dead.
3. Donald Lawson. First Dux of the Grammar School. A Barrister in London.
4. William R. Stuart, Bookseller.
5. John Robertson, somewhere in Canada.

Front Row.

1. Duncan Fraser. Successful draper in Aberdeen, and now Town Councillor in Aberdeen.
2. Jim Grant (Gowanlea). Chemist in Edinburgh.
3. Joe Carmichael. Somewhere abroad.
4. W. Anderson. Son of Inland Revenue Officer.
5. Charlie MacGregor. Draper with A. G. Grant. Now in England.
6. Bob Jamieson. Worked in the Post Office. Killed in the Great War.

THE title of the essay which won the F.P.'s prize this year was:—"Truth hangs upon the lips of dying men." and the winner was Tom Hunter, then in Class IV. See page 12.

Military Service of One Family.

Twenty-seven military medals in one family of F.P.'s is something to be proud of. But how modest all our gallant ex-Servicemen are! It was only by using the greatest cunning and bullying that I was able to procure this list of honours for the F.P. magazine.

The six sons of the Templeton family went to the war. Five returned; George, the youngest, was killed. The honours are as follows:—

C.S.M. Jas. Templeton, 6th Seaforth Highlanders—1914-15 Star, War Medal, Victory Medal, French Croix de Guerre with gold star, T.F. Long Service Medal—5.

C.Q.M.S. Wm. Templeton, 6th Seaforth Highlanders—1914-15 Star, War Medal, Victory Medal, Meritorious Service Medal, T.F. Efficiency Medal, T.F. Long Service Medal—6.

Sergeant John Templeton, 6th Seaforth Highlanders—1914-15 Star, War Medal, Victory Medal, Military Medal, Croix de Guerre with gold star—5.

C.Q.M.S. Tom Templeton, 6th Seaforth Highlanders—1914-15 Star, War Medal, Victory Medal, Military Medal, T.F. Efficiency Medal—5.

Private Walter Templeton, 6th Seaforth Highlanders and Royal Engineers—1914-15 Star, War Medal, Victory Medal—3.

Pte. George Templeton, Lothian and Border Horse and 9th Royal Scots—1914-15 Star, War Medal, Victory Medal—3.

FOR A 1935

RESOLUTION

BECOME A

LIFE MEMBER

OF THE

F.P.'s CLUB

HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS.

In the hurrying days we live in now, memories seem to have no place, yet the memories of school days can never be entirely forgotten, and, with most of us, will remain to the journey's end, even though we may not remember the happenings of last year, or the year before.

The years I recall, when Mr Hunter was headmaster and Mr Innes assistant master, stand out most clearly. We thought it no disrespect to omit the "Mr," and always spoke of them as just Hunter and Innes.

Of Standard IV. I have the very happiest recollection, as we all loved the teacher of that class, but just about that time he gave up teaching for another sphere of labour.

Standards V. and VI. shared the big room and here Innes held sway.

There was no denying he was full of passions and whimsies, but it was no fault of his if we lacked knowledge.

As in every class, knowledge came easier to some than to others, and an example of the former stands out an easy first.

He was Harry Cumming, whose recent passing casts a shadow on these memories.

How easily knowledge seemed to come to him. This was most noticeable in the Latin class and so well did he know his "Cæsar" I believe he could have translated it backwards!

In contrast, another pupil never could master his Latin and Innes seemed to take a delight in showing him up, and I've heard him ask him to decline "sui, sibi," etc., and when no answer came Innes would add, in his most whimsical manner, "suo, piggere, gruntem, chatter"! At the time that seemed to me the very essence of wit!

Occupying the seat—or desk, rather—behind us was a trio of "bright" Grants, Pat "Cromdale," Johnny "Reed" and Ham "Bally."

When Innes was out of hearing they'd regale us with college ditties passed on from the elder brothers of two of them, the usual doggerel known only to students, but we thought it tremendously clever and up-to-date.

The great thrill of that year was when two of the bigger boys from Hunter's room were sent for a boy from our class who had "slipped the school."

They brought him, more by force than persuasion, and in the big room he was laid out on the table, for all to see, while Hunter administered corporal punishment.

One wonders what would happen if a teacher did that to-day. No doubt the parents would be clamouring for his blood!

But that pupil was an exception and it's no exaggeration to say we loved the school too much to want to "slip" it, and our affection for Hunter and Innes was no mere pretence.

Our singing class, always a joy, was generally taken by Hunter, and though we had no piano, nor instrument of any kind to help us, how heartily we sang "The Norsemen Bold," "Spring has come," "If I were a Sunbeam," and so on, and were all sorry when the singing lesson was over.

Our games were of the simplest, "Pass the Robbers," "The Glasgow Ships," hanky, hoosie (a primitive form of rounders), and bonnety.

In the winter-time there was no lack of amusement, especially when frost came and the skating pond was "bearing."

But even in our playground, with its many slopes, we could always enjoy ourselves.

The game we liked best in the snow and frost had a name that is not to be found in any dictionary but its equivalent of the present day is known by the glorified name of tobogganing.

Our feet were our toboggans, and though we started out on them we generally finished on our heads.

But it was great fun.

Apart from the summer holidays, then called harvest play, we had one other day off, New Year's Day.

We were at school on Christmas Day, and Easter was unknown at that time in the North.

Examination day was a genuine red-letter day—we never spoke of "exams," in these days.

What a scrubbing of slates, sharpening of

pencils and general cleaning up of books before the Inspector came.

The only Inspector of my time was Mr McLeod, a big, jovial, happy-faced man, with side whiskers and a head like a billiard ball.

How eagerly we waited to hear if we had passed, as that meant going up another standard.

The school had not then reached the stage of a secondary centre, but there's no denying it gave us a splendid "grounding" and laid the foundation for many whose careers took them to the far corners of the earth.

Grantown was then only a village so the school was in keeping with its general attainments.

Excitements were few, but who, of our generation, can ever forget the hoax of the "flying man," or who can say the "lads of the village" lacked vision?

There is much I could recall of local happenings but that was not my intention. What I have set down is merely a fragment of the memories of far-off happy school days.

M. L.

GRANTOWN'S LAST TOWN HALL.

As the old Town Hall crumbled bit by bit before the devastating fire of 1933, it was to many the last relic of happy youth—the final page in the pre-war history of the "toon." Soon it will be difficult to recall the long weather-beaten front with its tall windows and wide door, wedged between two shops, and the broad staircase that wound gracefully to the right and to the left, lending dignity and charm to the many functions held within its walls.

The Ball.

In those days a dance was a "Ball," and the Volunteer, Freemason, and Oddfellows were the outstanding events of the year. Gate-crashing was unknown. Each guest was invited, and the formidable list was gone over and over again by the zealous members of committee who tackled the job with due reverence, fully conscious of the responsibility of their position in the eyes of the public.

The gayest and most spectacular of these, of course, was the Volunteer re-union. For weeks before the great event every right-thinking girl made it her business to have a sweetheart in the Volunteers. To have it broadcast that "she" did not get an "invite" to the ball, was to court contempt and admit herself as a crashing failure on the social ladder of local fame.

The Ball Dress.

Muslin was the most popular fabric for the ball dress, and if it was washed and starched from one ball to the other it did not daunt the ardour of the Volunteer, nor mar the enjoyment of the evening. It was only when the dust began to rise in pale vapours like mist on a river, smarting the eyes and choking the throat, that the ball would be at its 'llu. Then the pink-ochred walls would glisten and drip, the Volunteer would loosen his collar and grab his partner more firmly in sweaty bands that mutilated the gleaming whiteness of the ball dress, but corroborated her boast that she had never missed a dance.

And Then —

At 5 a.m. or thereabout, the happy revelers would straggle home. No throbbing taxi awaited at the hall door, only a hurried change over from dance-pumps to Sunday boots, and a strong arm to lean upon.

Next day the town would be agog with the latest news and tales of conquest. "What do ye think o' so-and-so dancin' four times (or it may have been five times) with hm-and-hm? Wisna it aawful? and— weel, he was eatin' cashoos a'night?"

The Freemasons' Ball.

"Pooie! its for the swells"—and so the Freemasons was considered more exclusive; a little highbrow, if you know what is meant. Not every young fellow could become a Mason. The gowns were more elaborate: starch and tails much in evidence, and anything from 30 years of age to 50, or maybe 70, pirotted with conscious dignity.

The grand-stand, erected by public support, leaning and swaying on either side of the hall door, nudged and sighed itself to ecstasy, and held on gamely despite blue noses and cold feet until the last 'bus load of beauty and romance had vanished within the door.

Thrills.

The annual visits of such dashing heroes of the stage as Frame, and Harry Nelson lent colour to our existence. And the hair-raising drama of "The Face at the Window" and the sobbing "East Lynne," crowned an epoch of emotional thrills in Grantown-on-Spey that nothing from Hollywood could achieve.

ANNIE GRANT.

THE OLD GAS HOUSE.

The Gas House is gone, swept completely off the map, and in its stead is the new sports shed built in connection with the football pitch, added to the school ground.

But it is not so many years ago that the old gas house was the mystery tower of the "infants terrible" and otherwise, who first attended the Grammar School. I remember standing on the edge of the hillock overlooking the grim, black, doomed edifice, with its high wobbly grey paling, and wondering what terrible and awful secrets it hid.

To me it was the tomb of mystery, and if a great big giant with seven-league boots came out brandishing a knobby club and threatening to eat up the "chookies" in Miss Grant's class, I would not have been surprised. But nothing so adventurous happened. The tomb remained silent and inscrutable.

Years after, its formidable appearance had vanished, and I only saw it as something pathetic and worn, bowed down with loneliness and grief at its utter failure to be the light that led to progress. Yet despite its blackness and its failure there was something clumsy about it—something so much part and parcel of school days that I regret its passing.

A. G.

MAKE IT

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

A RETROSPECT.

(By J. D. ROSE, M.A.)

IT was a pleasant surprise to receive a short time ago a letter from Miss Grant, who introduced herself as a former pupil of my own in Grantown Grammar School, informed me that I was to appear in the chambers of imagery of the School Magazine, and with much persuasive circumstance requested me to justify that event by telling something of the days when I was connected with the school. While these days are full of interest to myself, I fear my recollections may seem dull and out-of-date to readers of this Magazine, a copy of which Miss Grant kindly sent me with her letter. The Magazine has been most interesting to me, and I must heartily congratulate all concerned in its production on the spirit and interest and literary quality of its contents.

Things have changed since September, 1893, when 41 years ago I made my first plunge as a headmaster into the then troubled educational sea of the Grammar School. The school had had its ups and downs, and many men who afterwards achieved distinction had passed through its rooms. At that time it was very much down. It had become a primary school only, and the outlet to the University, the only avenue to a career in those days for "lads o' pairs," was practically closed. In 1891 a new School Board had been elected on a wave of popular feeling to restore the school to its former status, and in 1893 I was appointed Rector to fulfil this task.

In these days the educational development which has now advanced so far was only beginning. Secondary education was beginning to be organised by the Scottish Education Department which had got a small special grant of money for the purpose. The primary school was still under the system of payment by individual results of pass or failure, and enterprising teachers could train pupils to pass examinations in science subjects under the Science and Art Department, and thus earn some shillings and halfpennies to augment their scanty salaries. Soon, however, that Department was to be ejected from the day schools by the Scottish Education De-

partment, which would not tolerate a second lion in its forest.

Then there were the old School Boards, over 900 of them, whose desire to advance education was sadly hampered by the fear of the ratepayers, who objected to any increase in the rates, and held gladiatorial field days in Public Halls at Election times. More than one thrilling duel in Grantown took place there, and unfortunately many a blow intended for the enemy had a tendency to fall upon the headmaster's head. The only possible course was to "jok and let the jaw go by." I was very fortunate in the kindness and helpfulness of my School Boards. Mr Smith, Inverallan, factor to Lady Seafield, was the first chairman; a kindly gentleman who after a two years' struggle in the Moray Secondary Education Committee gained the recognition of the Grammar School as a centre school for secondary education, and a fixed grant of £60 together with other payments for passes in Leaving Certificate subjects. Then there was the Rev. Mr McDermid, a genial and imperturbable fighter, a scholar and educationist; Mr Alexander Fraser, a clear-sighted and energetic business man, and Mr Fleming, agent of the Caledonian Bank, chairman after Mr Smith retired. Without their devotion and unceasing energy there might have been no centre of secondary education in Grantown to-day. Other two gentlemen who gave me most valuable and helpful advice and assistance were Mr George Harvey, Rosehall, and Mr Burgess, Vice-Master of Merchiston Castle School, both old Grammar School boys.

The great difficulty was money, for the rates must not be increased, and secondary grants were very small. Therefore like Hal o' the Wynd every school board had to fight for its own hand. Grantown as formerly belonging to Inverness-shire, and still the natural centre for a large Inverness-shire population claimed a grant from Inverness-shire for its services to their children, but in spite of spirited efforts it failed. Another source of possible income was the Trust for Education in the Highlands and Islands, and in 1895 a grant was secured, and bursaries began to be gained in their competitions. The Highland Minute, as it was called, gave extra grants to

six Highland counties, including Inverness, to compensate for losses in attendance grants owing to the severity of the weather, and Grantown thought it had a good claim for a share. A deputation of the Board even visited London and saw the Scottish Secretary, but failed to melt the official heart.

As the school grew, the question of accommodation became pressing, and in 1895 began a long drawn out controversy with the Science and Art Department for a building grant under the Technical Education Act, and after 31 letters—*I counted them*—the Board extracted a grant of £327, the last grant given in Scotland before the Science and Art Department was driven from the schools by the Education Department. This helped to add three rooms, including a Science Laboratory and a Cookery Room to the school. All these claims caused great searchings of heart in Grantown and elsewhere, greatly increased my work by having to furnish replies to endless demands for information as to numbers, classrooms, timetables and results, etc., but there was plenty of interest, so that, as Wordsworth says,

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very heaven.

There were difficulties in plenty. On the opening day of the session of 1893-4, there were 3 large primary classes without teachers. The secondary staff consisted of myself to teach English, Latin and Greek as well as supervise the primary school, a male assistant for English and Mathematical subjects, and a lady assistant for French and German. I owe much to all my assistants but above all to Mr Cheyne, my first male assistant, and later the headmaster at Alves, near Elgin, without whose enthusiasm and energy and musical gifts we should have been ill off indeed. School attendance was at first very irregular and on the opening day only 179 pupils out of 358 on the roll put in an appearance. The secondary department consisted of 11 pupils just out of the primary school! No wonder H.M.I. was for long hard to convince that we had a secondary department, but before the year was over it had risen to 50 pupils, and the total average attendance had been whipped

partment, which would not tolerate a second lion in its forest.

Then there were the old School Boards, over 900 of them, whose desire to advance education was sadly hampered by the fear of the ratepayers, who objected to any increase in the rates, and held gladiatorial field days in Public Halls at Election times. More than one thrilling duel in Grantown took place there, and unfortunately many a blow intended for the enemy had a tendency to fall upon the headmaster's head. The only possible course was to "jink and let the jaw go by." I was very fortunate in the kindness and helpfulness of my School Boards. Mr Smith, Inverfalian, factor to Lady Seatfield, was the first chairman: a kindly gentleman who after a two years' struggle in the Moray Secondary Education Committee gained the recognition of the Grammar School as a centre school for secondary education, and a fixed grant of £60 together with other payments for passes in Leaving Certificate subjects. Then there was the Rev. Mr McDiarmid, a genial and imperturbable fighter, a scholar and educationist; Mr Alexander Fraser, a clear-sighted and energetic business man, and Mr Fleming, agent of the Caledonian Bank, chairman after Mr Smith retired. Without their devotion and unceasing energy there might have been no centre of secondary education in Grantown to-day. Other two gentlemen who gave me most valuable and helpful advice and assistance were Mr George Harvey, Rosehall, and Mr Burgess, Vice-Master of Merchiston Castle School, both old Grammar School boys.

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up—figuratively not literally—to 348, as compared with 263 the previous year. This meant larger grants, and the School Board could face the electors with confidence, due to undisturbed rates.

The curriculum was also developing rapidly. None of the teachers at first was qualified to teach Drawing and Physical Drill, which were then new as compulsory subjects, so I spent much time in the early months of the session in teaching and supervising them and even taught a teachers' class on Saturday, for the sake of the additional grants. The Physical Drill was an excellent means of enforcing punctuality and discipline almost unconsciously. Luckily I had been a private in the 1st Lanark Volunteers in Glasgow, and military drill in the playground, till our three missing teachers were appointed and arrived, often kept our teacherless pupils employed and disguised our desperate need. The boys gloried in the novelty and some told me they went home at 4 o'clock, left-right-ing all the way. At Christmas we had no holidays because delays in opening the school session had endangered the 400 attendances necessary for grant, and at our first Inspection, we were examined on a Saturday! Easter holidays had never been granted before, but in compensation for the earlier deprivation I applied for a week at Easter. Some Board members were shocked at the use of such a Popish word, and gravely rebuked me, but graciously granted "April" holidays, though not Easter.

These early months were indeed full of "fightings without and fears within," but with the Inspection safely over we broke out in a new direction, and held a Physical Drill Exhibition in the Public Hall. All classes took part, and though such an effort was unprecedented in Grantown, they did excellently, and quite impressed the community, which began to have respect for our new-fangled ways. With the proceeds the school bought a new piano, and afterwards marched in and out to music played by Miss Boon, our modern language teacher.

By 1855 the numbers on the roll demanded new classrooms. The secondary department of 50 pupils was taught by two teachers in

one long room divided by a curtain, and a little storeroom had been turned into a headmaster's room with desks for the smaller class of advanced pupils. I used to be sorry for Miss Boon when she had to teach in the long room beside Mr Cheyne or myself. It certainly compelled her to speak out, but the despised little room was a haven of peace for us all. The School Board, however, decided to risk the ratepayers, and build, and wisely served the opportunity to introduce practical Science teaching into the school, and got a grant from Government for part of the expense as already mentioned. An additional teacher was also needed. This roused a good deal of opposition. People began to wonder what a lazy headmaster would find to do, when the new teacher relieved him of his work, and prophesied ruin to the ratepayers. I had to state to the Board that I was teaching all day, and could only steal time from my classes for supervision of the whole school, that I taught Pupil Teachers after school hours, and gave a pupil lesson in Greek for an hour at night, as I could find no other time. The buildings and the teacher were secured.

That session was memorable also for the great snowstorm and intense cold which set in just after the New Year and gave Grantown continuous curling till the end of March. The school had to be closed several times, amounting in all to 20 openings, owing to snowblocks. The attendance dropped often to 30 per cent. of the roll, the thermometer sank to 17 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, and the ink was frozen in the inkwells for some weeks in spite of roaring fires. The secondary boys and myself became tunnelling squads to dig out the doors of the school, and we climbed up the rhone pipes to the school bell tower to clear darkened windows and leaking roof. The pupils, as always, behaved splendidly. One family of boys and girls from Comnagie excited my special admiration, walking through the deep snow to and from school on every possible day.

By 1896 the secondary department was fairly well established, and we had time to think of further developments in the way of games and school sports. The playground has a rather romantic appearance with its fringe

of battered bricks, but is quite inadequate and incapable of extension except at the foot of the hill to the rear. After considerable negotiation and delay we got ground for a football pitch shortly before I left Grantown. There was a dilapidated Gasworks there then, which annoyed us by seldom having gas available for cooking or lighting in the new buildings, and finally closed down altogether. I was glad to see last September that it had disappeared, and to hear of the great development in athletics that had taken place in the school.

In 1897 the great event was Queen Victoria's Jubilee. My volunteering connection in Glasgow led to my becoming a lieutenant under that fine officer, Captain Macdonald, in the Grantown or K. Coy. of the Morayshire Seaforth's, along with whom I had to parade in The Square, but the children were the best show of all as they marched from the school under Mr Cheyne and the other teachers, waving flags and cheering, to join the military procession to the Black Park, where games and refreshments were carried through for them under the direction of Mr Burgess and other friends.

In 1898 the school reached its majority, so to speak, under my charge. The troubles of infancy, and awkwardness of adolescence were over, and the school with general goodwill began to be received as a creditable member of educational society. All along, while Mr Macleod, H.M.I., had been very friendly and helpful—though a very strict judge of results—yet there had been considerable friction between him and certain members of the School Board, but time and common interest and our growing success had gradually brought about a reconciliation. This was publicly celebrated in January after our annual inspection, when Mr Macleod presided at a school concert where a cantata, *Rip Van Winkle*, was performed in aid of the school funds. Mr Macleod then stated to the immense gratification of the audience that the school had made the best appearance in his experience of 20 years, and the Rev. Mr McDiarmid, in his most genial manner, proposed a vote of thanks. Mr Macleod responded by asking the Board to give the school two days' holiday as a reward, and

when I was appealed to I had to agree with some reluctance. Still better, the grants of the school had risen from £420 to £780 and the rates had fallen from 11d to 10d in the £. In that year also two of our pupils appeared in Aberdeen University Bursary list, the highest, William Robertson, now one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, being 11th on the list, but first among all the candidates from Morayshire schools. Grantown had won its spurs.

In October of that year my connection with the Grammar School ceased on my appointment to Rothesay Academy. I left with real regret the many fine boys and girls I had rejoiced to serve and whose careers I was glad afterwards to note from time to time. I have often recalled these days and the many true friends of education without whose sympathy and help I could have done very little. The staff had always responded most loyally to the new demands which were then coming in on education like a flood. Curiously enough almost all the staff with which I began our work had left before me, though Miss Macgregor and Miss Grant still worthily carried on. Mr Cheyne and Miss Boon had departed to set up house together near Elgin. Mr Whyte, big, genial and efficient, had left for Ladybank, in Fife, where he is now headmaster. Mr Macdonald had gone to Edinburgh, and Mr Lyall to Glasgow, and Miss Third left about a month before myself. Of the P.T.'s, Misses Masson and Smith were my first helpers, and afterwards Miss Macgregor, from Dulnain Bridge, and Miss Lawrence, from Aviemore, showed the range of country served by the school. Alexander Cumming not only studied and taught in school but marched under me in the Volunteers, and is now headmaster of Callander Public School, as well as author of an interesting book on old times in Scotland.

But the list would be too long to mention not only of the staff but of the pupils I still remember with pleasure.

My work gave me little time for recreation, but besides Volunteering I enjoyed an introduction to the games of golf in summer and curling in winter. Parades were then gay affairs with jackets of scarlet, the belted

plaid, and trows, but the chief occasion I remember was when the Grantown section, escorted by most of the youthful population, marched down to Cromdale to capture the fairy-like suspension bridge valiantly defended by our Cromdale comrades. Not by valour but by superior guile we gained the bridge and our youthful friends home rejoicing brought us. Grantown eurlers were famous masters of the game, and under their tuition I made some progress, considering the little time I could bestow on it. In view of my being a shinty player I looked down on golf for a time, till Mr Harvey persuaded me to try it, and I made my debut on the old nine-hole course, to his delight, by going round in 10½ strokes, delivered mostly against the thin air. However, I retrieved my reputation next year by winning the captain's prize, but with the help of a handicap of 7 strokes for 18 holes. Since leaving Grantown I have had less time than ever for play. The changes in education have gone on since then compelling those who wished to keep up-to-date to be continually learning. In my later schools, like other headmasters, I had to be continually pioneering, but Grantown experience excelled them in this, that there I got in, as it were, on the ground floor and built up from the beginning, and remember it with all the more freshness and pleasure.

May I close by expressing the pleasure I felt in reading Miss Duncan's interesting account of her long connection with the school. I remember her well, though I had not the pleasure of her help very long, and wish her much enjoyment of her well-earned leisure. It was a joy to me last September to see so many outward and visible signs of the growth and success of the school under the able headmasters who have succeeded me, and my best wishes go out to the present staff and pupils for their continued and growing prosperity in days to come.

Uncle Josh—I'm a-going to take that there thermometer back first time I go to town.

Aunt Ann—What for, Josh?

"Cause you can't depend on it. One day it says one thing, and the next day it says something different!"

"GRANTOWN THEN—AND NOW."

As a former pupil of the Grammar School in the old days, I esteem it a great honour to be asked to contribute an article to the School Magazine, and I earnestly hope that what I have to say may be interesting to the past and present pupils.

As I was born and brought up in Grantown I can recall many of the wonderful changes that have taken place since my early boyhood over 60 years ago. At that time Grantown was a comparatively small village, nestling among the hills and woods surrounding it, with a population considerably smaller than it has to-day.

At that time we had three schools here (1) the Grammar School, built on its present site, but since then, considerably enlarged and improved; (2) the West End School (built on the present site of Waverley Villa) belonging to the Free Church and under the jurisdiction of the minister and office-bearers; (3) the Female School (on the present site of Burnfield) and governed by a separate body.

The Grammar School was then regarded as the school of the Established Church, and between it and the West End School there was always the keenest rivalry, not only in education, but also in games and sports. The West End School, though smaller, had usually the larger number of pupils, many of whom came from the Braes and Cromdale districts. The principal sports then were shinty and cricket, though football was also played occasionally. Matches between the two schools were played frequently, and were eagerly watched by their respective supporters.

The West Enders were usually the bigger boys, and on the many occasions proved victors. This rivalry was not confined to these sports, for whenever a heavy fall of snow came the snowball fights were started and continued through most of the winter months. At any of the street corners and even in the closes you would find a coterie of boys from the two schools engaged in a strenuous fight, pummelling each other with snowballs, and frequently this was carried on,

on a much larger scale when 50 or 60 from each school would be represented. Usually these fights were carried on in a friendly spirit, but I can well remember one that was an exception and it had a rather unfortunate sequence. At that time there were only three houses in East Woodside Avenue, viz., Reidhaven, Granite Villa and Garden Park, and between the two latter was a big open field where sports were carried on called "Graham's Park." The dinner-hour was a convenient time, and the game started on the road opposite Reidhaven. From the start it was quite evident that the West Enders were the stronger of the two. With great dexterity they threw their snowballs, hitting the heads of their opponents who gradually withdrew eastward till they reached the dyke of the Grammar School. Here they pelted away at each other for several minutes, when suddenly they stopped, for a nasty thing had happened. One of the Grammar School boys had thrown a snowball with a stone in it, and it hit Bob Fleming on the cheek, causing a nasty gash from which the blood flowed freely. Naturally this roused the ire of the West Enders, who at once stopped the fight, and began to "boo" their opponents, whom they regarded as bad sportsmen. Fortunately the wound was not very deep, and after having it dressed, Bob Fleming returned to school a little later than the others. This untoward incident created a good deal of ill-feeling not only in the school but also outside.

It is now time for me to start with a little story of my own school days and to relate a few of my experiences. I went to the West End School when I was a little over four years, and Mr Caird was headmaster. About 18 months thereafter he was called to Dundee, and Mr Ireland took his place. In a little over a year Mr Ireland left, and was succeeded by Mr Mathieson, a pretty tall man, with glossy red hair. He stayed only a short time, and his place was filled by Mr Nicholson, who was a native of Cromdale. I have pleasure in bearing testimony that these four early masters were good men and very efficient teachers, but perhaps the small salaries they received may account for their

short stay here, as I believe they all got bigger pay when they went to the other schools. In any case, Mr Nicholson was carrying on his work very successfully here when in 1872 the Education Act came into operation, and the West End School was closed. Shortly after the Female School was also closed, and Miss Burgess, the popular teacher, had to give up her post.

The School Board of seven members was then elected, and the scholars in the West End School were ordered to attend the Grammar School, much to the disappointment of many. The headmaster at the time was Mr Hunter, a stout, well-built man, but unfortunately handicapped with "short leg" which caused a slight limp in walking. He was a good scholar, and very strict in discipline. Unlike the ancient kings who ruled their subjects with a "rod of iron" Mr Hunter ruled his scholars with a bamboo cane.

Here I am reminded that it is not considered wise or discreet to tell tales out of school, but I humbly beg to assure you that I am merely recording facts and relating incidents of 60 years ago!

When a pupil in the West End School I had been very successful in my studies, taking a good position in the examinations and could be found usually at the head of my classes.

I was a little over eight years when I entered the Grammar School, and in the first year secured 2nd prize for Grammar and 3rd for Geography. I did much better in the second year, and felt very proud when I was awarded 1st prize for Grammar and Geography, and 2nd for Arithmetic. My old father was delighted that I did so well, and was telling some of his cronies in the workshop, when one of them remarked—"That loon will mak' a good lawyer," while another said—"Wait ye, ye'll see John waggin' his pow' in the pulpit."

Now I frankly confess that my early desire was to be a school teacher! But alas! for vain imaginations and human ambitions! Little did I think that my bright prospects were soon to be blasted and my school days to be ended. But thereby hangs a tale, and here I must tell it.

A month or two after—early in September

—when all the boys were out at "little play" about 11 o'clock they noticed a wasp-hag high up on the big tree at the foot of the Grant Arms Lane, and very soon 15 or 16 started throwing up stones, to bring down the wasp-bag. This great fun went on for some time, when it suddenly stopped. One of the stones had hit Charlie Roles on the forehead, and the blood was flowing over his face. He was taken up to his teacher, Mary Pife, who dressed the wound and reported to Mr Hunter, and told him that George S. Grant, my brother, had flung the stone. When the boys returned to school, George was called up by Mr Hunter, who did not enquire if he had thrown the stone, nor if he had done it intentionally. He simply ordered him to hold out his hand, and gave him 15 powerful lashes with the cane — 10 on the right hand and 5 on the left. When George went home to dinner, his arm was swollen from wrist to elbow, and he could not lift his hand to take his dinner. My father was greatly annoyed, and went with him to show the hand to three members of the School Board, viz., Mr John Grant (Lagg), Dr Grant, Reidhaven, and Rev. A. McDiarmid. A special meeting of the Board was held, when the teacher was present, and, I believe, was severely reprimanded, and warned not to repeat such punishment.

Ten days after, when I was at the top of my English class, my teacher asked me the meaning of a word in the lesson, and I could not tell her. The other scholars were asked, but not one could give her the answer, so the whole class was "turned." When the master came up, to find out the reason, I told him that the word was not in the dictionary; the others said likewise. He was surprised at this, and told us to call at his house, when we came back from dinner, and he would show us the word in his dictionary. When at dinner, I happened to tell my father about the master's instructions, and he remarked that it was very funny, as he always thought the school was the proper place for learning our lessons.

I waited for my three chums before going back, and we all agreed not to go near the master's house ("Garden Park"). We were sitting in our seats, ostensibly busy with our

lessons, when the master walked into the room, in high dudgeon. He immediately called us up, and asked me why I did not call at his house as he had ordered.

I at once replied that my parents thought that the school was the place where I should learn my lessons, and not his house. With the big cane behind his back he said "Oh, well, if your parents think that, you can just take your books and walk home. Of course, I was delighted, went to my desk, packed up books, and was on my way home when one of my chums — Bob Grant — came running after me, saying that he too had been ordered to go home.

Thus, abruptly and unexpectedly, my career in the Grammar School ended, when I was only 10½ years. For two years after I was engaged as message boy to Dan McLaren, gracer, for which I was paid 2/6 and then 3/- per week. After this I started with my father to make boots and shoes. Though I did not go back to the school, I was keen on learning, and attended evening classes for six or seven years. I can testify that from these, I derived great benefit. I would like to speak of Grantown prior to the introduction of the water supply, the railway system, gas, motor cars, etc., but this must be reserved for another occasion.

JOHN STUART GRANT.

STOB GOBHAR.

(By Affleck Gray).

Tue, leat was fierce as I sat panting on the summit of Clach Leathud above Kingshouse, and I was forced to seek the shade of a big rock. Far down in a lochan in Coireuch Ba a herd of stags splashed, and waded to cool themselves, and if ever in my life I felt the gnawing pains of envy, I felt them at that moment.

"Icy cold that spring water would be," I told myself. "And here am I on the baking rocks of Clach Leathud with festering sores; tied up in cloots, and hard brogues that are making me walk the hills like a bodach of 70." I ginned at them, and they seemed

deliberately to splash each other to mock me. So I turned my eyes on the rounded dome of Stob Gobhar, and contemplated the distance, and the slope. I squinted back to the ridge I had left, and followed the line of it till it dropped into a col and then rose in a steep slope to a rocky bluff on the lower slopes of Stob Gobhar. From there it stretched in three swatches of decreasing steepness, and the last was a grassy saunter to the cairn. I rose from the sheltered nook of rock, and climbing back to the main ridge hipped along it till I came to the slope that descended to the col. A hundred feet further down a spring bubbled from the ground and the green moss about it was almost as refreshing as the water that gave it life. I sat by it, and swithered for a while. The col was deeper than I had thought, and the first slope steeper than it seemed from Clach Leathad. My feet were raw with festered blisters, and I doubted my ability to make it.

"Look you," I said to the wee spring that seemed over merry on it on such a day of bristling heat, "maybe you are not feeling the heat, and goodness knows you are cool enough to the touch, but for all that this is a day that would roast a herring on the snows of Ben Nevis. Here now is a man who is "pecking" like a done stag in the face of it, and his feet are raw with blisters. Pity indeed that he would be wearing down his young tissues on a hill that is maybe better without him. On a day like this any man with a grain of sense in his head would seek the shade of a big rock, and contemplate the panorama of Argyll with a pipe between his teeth." But the spring was unsympathetic, and in a ripple of mirthful advice it seemed to say—"Put your sore feet under your oxfers, and he hanged to them."

And so I did. For in half-an-hour I was down and across the col, and bruising the rocks of Stob Gobhar on the other side. The heat was rising from the rocks like the sands of Sahara, and I had my broad bonnet clapped on the side of my head for protection. But I had always the feeling that the wee spring was laughing at my back, and I kept on.

From the cairn there was a panorama of mountain and loch that the most facile pen

could never describe, and convey its grandeur. It was a scene of grave loneliness, and remoteness, that fascinated by its immensity of colour, but did not repel by its wild solemnity. The Celtic heart was in time as it has been for countless generations with the green-brown aprons at the high and lonely places, and the burns leaping from the mother arms to rush in spirited haste, or flow in musical cadence, so sweet, and low, and sorrowful, to the long blue lochs that are poetry themselves. God's splendour!—this was a day of days. East and West, North and South roved the wondering, wandering eye, and descried an ever changing myriam of mountain, glen, and loch. Everywhere there was a very welter of soaring peaks, and sunny glens. And above it all the deep blue of the sky. I sat gazing on the tremendous manifestations of Nature, for long in a deep absorption that had something semi-pagan about it. But then, as my eye roved toward the horizon, and scanned Loch Tulla below Ben Achaladair, it was suddenly arrested by a patch of green at the inn of Inveraraon. And in a moment—Oh the perversity of human nature!—the spiritual in my mind gave place to the material. My eyes opened wide, and focussed to slits. To a man who has been living for days on brose, and onions, and bread, the sight of green vegetables is like roast lamb to a Sutherlandshire tinker, and at that moment I could have grazed a cabbage-patch, or kail-yard like any wandering ewe or cattle beast.

I took the long ridge down to Glen Etive. A few hundred feet below the cairn I noticed that the burn on my right had suddenly dropped to a lower level. Crossing to investigate the possibilities of a pool for "dooking," I came to a steep heathery face, and below was a green, pellucid, rock-girt bath fed by a miniature cataract rushing down a smooth rock chute from the burn above. Here was a king among pools. In a trice the old frayed kilt was thrown from me, and I was swimming round and round while new vigour flowed into my scorched body. . . .

And as I descended slowly to the glen, I mused on the simple pleasures of life that come without seeking.

FORMER PUPILS and SPORT—1908-1934.

As befitting a chronicle of F.P.'s who have distinguished themselves in the world of Sport, I set the ball a-rolling by introducing James Grant, late of Cherry Grove, Spey Bridge, now resident in Toronto.

RUNNING and CYCLING.

Many at home and abroad will remember James for his amazing athletic powers on the running track and as a racing cyclist. James, on one occasion, cycled to Nairn from Grantown in 1 hour 10 minutes; competed in the evening in cycling events and scooped the pool. A grand performance.

GOLF.

R. A. Cruickshank (Bobbie) has so many successes in International golf that space is not available to enumerate them. In 1910 Bobbie—age 16—won the Dunlop prize for the best score in the Grantown-on-Spey Golf Club. Since then the American open championship has been within his grasp, on two occasions tying for 1st place and this year finishing 2nd.

To quote a national paper of recent date:—"Twenty consecutive rounds over a par course of 72, with not one score as high as 70 is the record set up by Bobbie Cruickshank, the professional golfer at the Virginian County Club in America. At the end of his 20 rounds Cruickshank was 93 under par." That Bobbie is "delivering the goods" cannot be denied, and his old schoolmates are proud of him.

GOLF AT HOME.

A. Lawrence, G. Mortimer, J. MacGregor, J. Burgess, A. Cameron, P. Innes, and D. Stuart have been notable prize-winners in the Golf Club competitions.

BADMINTON.

F.P.'s at home and abroad have noticed the hold Badminton has gained in Grantown. Dr James Williams, J. Macleod, J. J. Grant, Miss M. Beale and Miss Rita Mackay are ranked as in the first line in Morayshire circles.

CURLING.

The late Captain R. G. Hastilow was a member of Grantown's winning rink at Carsbreck in 1929, the rink annexing the championship for Scotland.

SHOOTING.

Several F.P.'s were members of the Territorial team who won the British Championship and Wellfield Cup:—A. MacLean, J. Ross, Dod Mortimer, A. (Angie) Mackenzie, T. Templeton.

FOOTBALL.

The late Duncan Grant was the peer in Soccer circles before the war. "Dunky" joined the professional ranks as centre-forward for Partick Thistle, later migrating as centre to the English Football 1st League Club, Preston North End. John ("Camie"), Charles, and Archie, brothers of Duncan, made up a clever quartette of football players.

Present-day F.P.'s in the limelight are James Bruce, J. Grant ("Duke"), T. T. Grant and L. Rattray. Bruce and "Duke" have been capped by the county the last few years against Aberdeenshire. Bruce is reckoned the cleverest centre-forward in Northern football. An average of 38 goals for the past four seasons—working out at two goals per game—is brilliant work.

First League Clubs in Clyde and Aberdeen, and Raith Rovers were keen to secure Grantown's star forward. As a pupil in the Grammar School, age 14, Bruce led Forres Mechanics line in the Scottish Qualifying Cup on two occasions.

Bruce, "Duke" and Rattray assisted Grantown's junior team to reach the 5th round of the Scottish Junior Cup, Rothesay Vics winning this tie at Rothesay.

BOWLING.

T. Templeton won the McVitie & Price Cup. Other keen lovers of the "Book" are A. Jack, T. A. Grant, L. MacMillan and J. Templeton.

BOXING.

G. Thomson (baker) and Eddie Morrison are promising exponents of the fistie art. Young Morrison is now in the Navy, and from reports is likely to go far in the ring.

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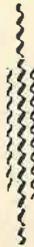
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