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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 7.

DECEMBER, 1935.

Editor—Tom Hunter

Advertising Manager—Angus Stuart. Assistant Advertising Manager—Duncan Davidson.

EDITORIAL.

Once again we have pleasure in presenting to you the Grammar School Magazine, and we trust that the 1935 edition maintains the standard set by its predecessors.

Although we do not profess to give you, within these covers, the sparkling humour of a Burns or the vivid word-pictures of a Scott, we realize, nevertheless, that schoolboy—not to mention schoolgirl—humour is seldom dull and always infectious. Therefore, with originality as the keynote, we present you with our brightest and wittiest.

Our first appeal for contributions was, as usual, met with stony silence, and we were actually contemplating the low trick of carefully selecting and threatening to publish the worst essays in the collection belonging to Form VI., when some high-principled hero at length proffered his humble manuscript. We definitely deny the statement that he mistook the Magazine collection box for the w.p.b. Thereafter, by judicious threats and bribes we coaxed a gradually increasing stream of contributions into the Editor's box,

the best of which you will find within. We hope it pleases.

Along with the usual array of poetic works, sometimes uninspired but always optimistic, were handed in several longer prose passages: for all of those, and for the latter especially, we are deeply grateful. To the unsuccessful contributor, we would quote the old maxim, "Try, try, try again—and the best of luck!"

Although the sales of our publication have been steadily rising, they are not yet high enough, and so we would exhort you, pupils of the Grammar School, not to scan the pages of the Magazine over the proverbial shoulder of a kind and provident friend: buy your own Magazine, buy two of them, get your friends to buy them, and so help on the good work.

At this point, we must mention our advertisers. Without their columns, our Magazine could not be published: by supporting them you encourage them to support us.

And now, bidding you adieu, we leave you to the tender mercies of our contributors.

SCHOOL NOTES.

SINCE our last publication, schemes for improving the school's surroundings have approached completion.

* * * *

The playing field is in its final stage of preparation, and will be available for cricket after Easter.

* * * *

A Cake, Candy, and Craft Sale was held in the Victoria Institute before Xmas, and was opened by Mrs Grant Smith of Inverallan. It was entirely successful, the sum of £45 being realised.

* * * *

The long protracted epidemic which afflicted the school has come to an end, and we have now a clean bill of health.

* * * *

We deeply regret one fatal case of illness last session: Margaret Mohr, a popular and promising young pupil, died in Elgin Hospital.

* * * *

Ten pupils were awarded Group Leaving Certificates in June out of a presentation of eleven candidates, and eight were successful in the Day School Certificate (Higher) examinations; there were no failures.

* * * *

The individual successes of former pupils during the year at university and college are recorded elsewhere in this issue.

* * * *

Mr Kurt Hahn, one of Germany's most notable post-war educationists and now headmaster of Gordonstoun School, delivered a memorable address at this year's Prize Distribution ceremony. Lady Cumming of Gordonstoun presented the prizes.

* * * *

The Harvey Dux Medallist of the year was Tom Hunter, and the winner of the Former Pupils' Essay Prize, Willie Fotheringham.

* * * *

At the recent Musical Festival in Elgin, the Senior Girls' Choir under Mr Morray enthralled their audience with a very high standard of sight-reading. The adjudicator must also have been impressed, as he awarded the choir first place and an honours certificate.

This choir was equally successful in the premier school choir section of the Festival, being placed first, while Miss Lawson's choir gained a first-class certificate in the Scots Song class.

* * * *

The school branch of the National Savings Association continues its good work with Miss Alanaich as treasurer. Last year's savings amounted to £31 9s 10d, bringing the total for the past eight years to £1663 10s 10d.

* * * *

Mention has already been made in these notes of the excellent work which Provost Glass and Bailie Watson are carrying on from year to year in the teaching of swimming and life-saving.

* * * *

The effectiveness of their tuition was clearly proved this year when ten of their pupils gained the Royal Life Saving Society's elementary and intermediate certificates.

* * * *

The ten candidates underwent their tests for the certificates at Elgin baths, and the Society's official examiner had high praise for their performance.

* * * *

From other columns it will be observed that the sports sections under Miss Lawson and Mr Wilson are maintaining their usual activity.

* * * *

The renting of a field to the rugby section by Mr Robert Cameron has proved a great boon.

* * * *

"The Little Minister" by Sir J. M. Barrie was produced by the dramatic section in July. Its unqualified success revealed great histrionic talent among the pupils and enhanced Mr Morrison's already high reputation as a producer.

* * * *

Mention must also be made of Miss Sinclair's share in the players' training, and of the artistic work done by other members of the staff in preparing the elaborate scenery.

* * * *

The Silver Jubilee celebrations in May proved a memorable occasion, especially for

the younger pupils. High lights of the day's programme were a cinema performance and tea in the Victoria Institute. The souvenir jugs, too, were much prized.

* * * *

With the object of interesting parents—and others—in the every-day work of school and of attaining closer co-operation between parent and teacher, it has been decided to have a Parents' Day towards the end of this term.

* * * *

At the beginning of the present year, Mr Alexander McKenzie, M.A. (Hons.), was appointed principal teacher of modern languages in place of Miss Boyd.

* * * *

A feature of the current issue is an article by Captain Hendry—or Shalimar, as he is known to a world-wide public—entitled "Rugby in South Africa." Captain Hendry continues to give invaluable coaching aid to our rugby section.

* * * *

The school fund has financed a scheme for the provision of individual class libraries in the Primary department. This will supplement the County Library scheme, and it gives further evidence of the school's continuous efforts to encourage the habit of reading among pupils of all grades.

* * * *

The Former Pupils' Club have decided to discontinue their annual award of an Essay Prize and to provide in its stead a silver medal for English.

* * * *

This alteration brings one of the school's most important subjects into line with mathematics and science, for which subjects medals are already available. Modern languages and classics are now the only principal subjects without special prizes. VERB. SAP!

LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS, SESSION 1934-35.

Group Certificates:—

Helen M. S. Davidson — Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. Fr., Lr. Lat., Lr. Ger.

Wm. K. Potheringham — Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. Fr., Lr. Lat., Lr. Ger.

Margaret H. Fraser — Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Lr. Fr., Lr. Lat.

Patrick J. Garrow — Hr. Math., Hr. Science, Lr. Fr.

Thomas Hunter — Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. Sc., Hr. French, Hr. Lat.

Alexander McIntyre — Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. Fr., Lr. Ger.

Donald P. McLean — Hr. Eng. (Absent from remainder of examinations owing to illness).

Margaret I. McWilliam — Hr. Eng., Lr. Math., Hr. Fr., Lr. Ger.

Angus M. Stuart — Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. Sc., Lr. Fr.

Edith M. Templeton — Hr. Math., Lr. Fr., Lr. Lat., Lr. Sc.

Passes in Single Subjects:—

Jessie P. Smith — Lr. Ger.; Vera M. Campbell — Lr. Lat.; Frances K. Cooke — Hr. Ger.; Duncan Davidson — Lr. Math.; Marguerite K. King — Lr. Fr.; Robert T. Laird — Lr. Lat.; Winifred M. D. Shaw — Lr. Math.

FORMER PUPILS' SUCCESSES.

Edinburgh University.

Robert McIntosh, with merit places in Latin and Psychology, has graduated M.A.

Edwin Munro, for B. Comm. degree, has passed in Gen. Engineering, Industrial Law, Statistics and Accountancy, being 3rd in Statistics and 2nd in Accountancy.

John Milne, with passes this year in Moral Philosophy and Psychology, has graduated M.A.

James Templeton has passes for M.A. degree in French and Mathematics, with 2nd class certificate in the latter.

Aberdeen University.

Alastair P. Grant, for B.Sc. (Agriculture) has passes in Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Botany, with distinction certificate in Chemistry.

Jessie Fraser, for M.A. degree, has passes in Latin, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy.

Harry Fraser, for B.Sc. (Engineering), has passed in Theory and Design of Structures

with 1st place and 1st class certificate; 2nd Year Engineering Drawing, 2nd place and 1st class cert.; Applied Mechanics, 4th place and 1st class cert.; and in Theory of Heat Engines, with 2nd class certificate.

Mona McLean, for B.Sc. (Agriculture), has been successful in Botany, Chemistry, and Zoology.

John Grant, for B.Sc. (Agric.), has passed in Chemistry, 2nd class cert., Natural Philosophy, and Botany.

Wm. Macaulay, for B.Sc. (Agric.), has passed in Agricultural Bacteriology and Botany, with 1st class cert. in Agric. Book-keeping, and 2nd in Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, and Seed-testing.

Glasgow University.

Catherine Smith, for B.Sc. degree, has passed the H2 examination in Chemistry, with 2nd class cert. in Physical Chemistry.

Heriot Watt's College, Edinburgh.

John Ross has passed in Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, and Technical Drawing, taking 2nd place in his class.

UNIVERSITY LETTER.

St Andrews.

THE charm of St Andrews is something which must be experienced to be believed. It is a mysterious, intriguing charm which lurks beneath its grey, green-fringed exterior, and it is indeed easy to fall in love with life in this old grey city by the sea.

The University of St. Andrews has been described as the oldest, the smallest, and the most romantic of the four Scottish Universities. The first University building was gifted by Bishop Wardlaw in 1430, and on that site the University Library and St Mary's College stand, although St Mary's is now entirely confined to the teaching of Theology.

In 1747 the Colleges of St Salvators and St Leonards were formed into the United College, in which are the Arts lecture-rooms and the Chemistry and Natural Philosophy Laboratories. The Bute Medical Buildings in South Street are the gift of a former Marquis of Bute when he was Lord Rector of the University. This fine modern structure is very different from the Gothic archway and chapel of United College which are the remaining

glories of old St Salvator's College. The chapel itself contains a wealth of interesting historical details; and the Arcus of Bishop Kennedy, its founder, are wrought on the oaken door of the deep dusky porch.

There are only about 1000 students at the University, and of these a good portion reside at Dundee, as Third Year medical students have to study there for the remainder of the medical course. The secret of its strength perhaps lies in the fact that the University is so small, for it conveys a very communal feeling, and one hardly ever experiences that horrible sentiment of "feeling lost" among a crowd of strange faces. From a practical viewpoint, the small number of students helps to establish the Tutorial Classes on a good basis, and permits of closer contact between professors and students than might otherwise be the case in a larger University.

The romantic spirit which lingers in the observance of old customs is something to be guarded carefully in this ever-changing modern world. Many and pleasant are the ancient traditions of this University, but to the onlooker the most picturesque is the weekly promenade after Chapel service. The students wending their way down the long grey pier make an attractive picture—the bright scarlet of their gowns forming a striking contrast to the sombre grey lines of the old town and cathedral. In olden days, this walk was instituted for the purpose of discussing the sermon, and although these learned discourses are now no longer, or at least very seldom, the subjects of conversation, the sight of the procession recalls to one's imagination the spirit of the Middle Ages.

St Andrews itself is a town full of beauty, old monuments and romance—majestic old towers, stately grey streets brightened by scarlet gowns, long stretches of golden sands, and in the distance the misty blue of the Grampians: a town beautiful alike in misty winter and in the summer sunshine. It is, I think, this lingering spirit of beauty and romance permeating the life here which makes St Andrews so different and yet so pleasant a place to live in. The oldest University in Scotland has a wealth of beauty in its history and a quiet mediæval charm—qualities to be cherished and protected from the onslaughts of progress.

THE BRUSSELS WORLD EXHIBITION, 1935.

LUXEMBOURG, where the Exhibition was being held, was a good 25 minutes' uncomfortable tram-ride from the centre of Brussels. I say uncomfortable, for the trams were so crowded with prospective "exhibitioners" that one had to stand the whole way.

However, we were well rewarded by the magnificent view we got as the tram rushed downhill towards a walled city of domes and towers—what the Exhibition appeared from a distance. Entering by the huge gates of the south entrance we followed a smooth arterial road upwards. "A city within a city," we thought as we marvelled at the mass of buildings everywhere, some huge and majestic, others small and modest, according to the countries they represented.

The road led us to a large brown structure called the "Congo," from which fearsome cries and drum-beatings were issuing by means of a loud-speaker. Inside, however, there was nothing very frightening. The building was divided into numerous halls, each of which contained various tableaux of the Congo. A few halls would be allotted to religion and the natives' conversion to Christianity, a few to the work and life there, another to the conquest by Belgium, and so on.

Around this main building were three or four small ones, containing souvenirs of the Congo, views of the Congo, in fact every conceivable thing about the Congo.

Leaving the Belgian section, we turned uphill towards a number of Oriental-looking buildings. These turned out to be the halls of Persia, where there was a marvellous collection of carpets; Egypt, containing all the mystic objects of the desert, sold by immaculate young gentlemen with unpronounceable names; and Palestine, which, however, contained only views and exhortations to spend next holiday in the Holy Land.

Close by these buildings was a huge International Hall, where nearly every country had a display, or at least, a stall. There were musical instruments from Hungary, machinery from Germany, "jewellery" and trinkets from Spain and Italy, and so on. However, an overpowering smell of garlic hung over the place,

and we were very much relieved to breathe fresh air once more. Turning left, we pursued a road, along which ran a small-gauge railway. By means of this contraption, which puffed, snorted, and whistled like a fussy old gentleman, one could travel all round the Exhibition. We decided not to risk it.

By means of this road, we soon reached the famous avenue of fountains—and it certainly lived up to its name. The avenue, lined on both sides by trees, sloped gently downwards, and in the middle, descending in tiers, were hundreds of fountains set amongst the beautiful flowers. At night the avenue was lit up on both sides by bright lights and in the centre, the fountains splashed coloured water, blue, pink, green, yellow, looking so much like coloured lights appearing and disappearing on the sky-line. At night, when all the halls were shut, the fun began. A huge amusement park, over which a clattering, gaily-lit switchback railway predominated, was thronged with pleasure-seekers. The park itself covered a large area, so that one could only wander round and pick shows at random.

Undoubtedly, the most remarkable was a television display. First of all came a small screen, only about three feet square, on which was seen, in a decidedly sickly-green hue, part of a man playing an accordion. Then came a large, brightly-lit room, with a glass front. Here sat the accordion-player and some men with a marvellous contraption, which must have been the transmitting machine. Next came the control-room, where a few people did tricks with knobs, levers and switches. That was television, though I must say the performer looked as if he was sweltering under those arc-lights.

In all we spent about two hours wandering from show to show, a waxwork exhibition of crime in America, racing in miniature motor cars, a trip or two on the switchback and on a scenic railway through the "Austrian Tyrol," and numerous other amusements. It was late at night before we left and I can still see those glittering lights, and still hear the happy laughter and shouts of the crowd, as our tram slowly climbed uphill towards the centre of the city.

W. K. F., VI.

THE RED GROUSE.

As the sun banished the last wisps of mist from the coeries the quiet of the morning was disturbed by the hoarse cry of the cock-grouse as he warned his covey that a new day had dawned and that they must necessarily "lie low" until sunset if they wished to continue to live undisturbed by the guns of callous "Sassenach" shooters.

Awakened by this cry on a glorious morning in July my thoughts immediately turned to this wild inhabitant of the moors, who lives "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and enjoys that solitude which is only destroyed for one short month each year, when some wealthy "Sassenach" appears complete with kilt in an attempt to destroy all the beauty and glamour of the wild life on the moors.

By nature the Red Grouse is one of the most harmless of all birds, as it generally frequents areas far removed from the most highly cultivated lands. There the adult bird feeds almost entirely upon heather, berries, and also insects when they are available.

Thus it may be seen that unlike the Black Grouse or Black Game, which does much damage to farm crops as it selects woods bordering cultivated land as a haunt in preference to the open heather moor and hills, the Red Grouse does little or no damage to farm crops, and what little damage it may do, it more than compensates by its destruction of numerous harmful insects.

Therefore, although many grouse shooters assert that they have frequently found quantities of grain in the "crops" of Red Grouse this is easily explained, as it has been discovered that these birds only descend to the regions of cultivated land in time to pick up fallen ears of corn and other seeds after the harvest has been garnered! Thus the Red Grouse, instead of being a nuisance, is really a valuable asset.

F. M., VI.

Teacher—Why are you late?

Tommy—There was a man touched me on the shoulder and told me to mind the steam-roller, and I minded it.

THE CLAN GRANT SILVER JUBILEE PIPE BAND.

(By a School Boy Member).

By way of celebrating the King's Jubilee and to bring Grantown-on-Spey into the lime-light this year, an unknown generous clansman presented the equipment and uniform for a pipe band to be known as "The Clan Grant Silver Jubilee Pipe Band."

With Mr A. C. Grant at the head of a willing committee a meeting was called of all intending members, and some thirteen turned up. Pipe-Major Matheson, of the 6th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, was asked to tutor the pipers, and Drumm-Major Campbell, another "Ulster" man, took the drummers in hand.

At the beginning of April practising began in earnest, with one aim in view, that was to be on parade on the 6th of June in full dress uniform. Several jokes were cracked during the fittings, but when completed the uniforms were particularly attractive. The kilts are of a very old-fashioned Grant tartan, the tunics of green, with red facings, squirrel-fur sporrans, tartan hose, patent leather belts with silver buckles, and Balmoral bonnets with a sprig of Scotch fir, the emblem of the Clan Grant.

On the 6th of June quite a crowd had collected in the Square to view the band's first public appearance. The weather, however, left much to be desired, and the evening was not quite the success that had been anticipated.

To compensate the people who had come from neighbouring towns on the 6th and had been disappointed, the band travelled to their home-towns and gave selections. During the summer the band made appearances in Aviemore, Nethybridge, Boat of Garten, Carr Bridge, Rothiemurchus, and in Grantown every Saturday night.

On these excursions the band had very warm receptions and very good collections which, of course, was much more to the point.

Mr A. C. Grant predicts a great future for the band, and has visions of its appearing at such competitions as "Braemar" and "Cowal Gatherings."

J. McG., II.

Girls, girls you make me quite shaky in my genders.

A TREATISE ON RUGBY.

To the uninitiated a game of Rugby football may appear to be merely a modern version of the barbaristic family quarrels of their ancestors; and if truth be told, it appears to be even more sanguinary. Actually, of course, it is nothing of the sort, but it is a highly-skilled game, requiring brain, brawn and bravery!

We would strongly advise the weakling, i.e., the man in the street, not to dream of becoming a "Rugger" player, until he has prepared himself to become such, and put on an inch or two more muscle by indulging in a mild course of training; e.g., coal heaving, road mending (with pneumatic drill), or presiding at some women's guild meeting. We positively guarantee him to acquire a physique equal to any navy's and an endurance and pneumatic strength peculiar to chairmen of the above mentioned species of assembly. Not until then will he have the confidence to walk on to the field with the knowledge that no one can accuse him of having "scraggy" knees or can pass sarcastic comments on his torso.

The infallible course of training mentioned here, however, may be enough to make even the strongest hearts quail, and turn them from Rugby to draughts, or knitting, or some other sport, which does not require great physical strength; but to the average energetic suburban dweller life without Rugby is like stewed rhubarb without sugar; so what does he do? He (Mr Smythe, for convenience) immediately commences to "get up" a team.

First, Mr Smythe must beg, borrow or steal a Rugby pitch. If it is impossible to procure a ready made pitch by any of the aforesaid means, the prospective Rugby player must make his own. We append here our well-tried recipe which gives results that warm the heart of any Rugby enthusiast.

Take any area of waste land, roughly rectangular, and on it spread a liberal layer of a mixture made up as follows—

50% glue.

40% mud.

10% grit and weeds.

Mix thoroughly and add water to taste, for believe us, Mr Smythe, you will taste plenty if you are going to play Rugby in even the genteelst of company.

Then line off according to the book of rules, if you have one, if not ask a policeman. (I'tut, tut, we apologise. We are becoming frivolous). Set up two pairs of goal-posts. It does not matter how, as they will not stay as you want them anyway. The next requisite, Mr Smythe, is players. Fifteen assorted specimens are required, and we have not the slightest doubt that you will be swamped with offers. Weed out the less robust offers and there you are, an ideal team—we hope.

A referee is essential, and we have a suspicion that this animal may not be so easy to catch. Assuming that you have got one—we will call it Mr Hetherby-Thorlington for short—your next inspiration will be to have a game. To this end you send a polite note on lavender scented notepaper (I can scarcely credit my eyesight—Ed.) to the nearest Rugby team informing them that you wish to have the honour of their company at an informal game of Rugby. They reply, equally politely, "O.K. with us."

The great day arrives: the opposing teams are straining at the leash: Mr Hetherby-Thorlington blows his whistle. Nothing happens. "Not a sound is heard, not a funeral note. . . ."—Burns. (S.O.S. the Editor has fainted). He blows it again. This time a feeble "pheeep," akin unto the sound produced by a dodo calling its young, is heard. The ball is kicked off and for the next thirty-five minutes pandemonium rages.

The ideal Rugby surface is diminishing somewhat and is showing a strong inclination to spread itself over the players and the man who blows the whistle, for the latter has been trodden underfoot several times by a sturdy back or fleet-footed three-quarter, who have not the time, patience, or wind, to run round so unimportant an official.

A faint "pheeep" is heard emitting from a heap of mud slowly extending itself upwards from the ground. Mr Hetherby-Thorlington has signalled half-time.

Five minutes' respite, and Mr Hetherby-Thorlington, having coaxed a new pea into his whistle by sheer will-power and an old piece of wire, the game recommences. This time it is do-or-die, as the total aggregate of either side is nil. Two bodies are carried off the field and reverently laid on the touchline. After a fine run Mr Smythe is brought down by a de-

GHOSTS.

A ghost, the dictionary informs us, is "a spectre, an apparition, a mere shadow." This piece of information leaves us in the same state of ignorance. A "mere shadow" might be your Uncle William, an "apparition" might be a police constable when you had no light on your cycle, and if you don't know what a ghost is, you won't know what a "spectre" is.

Hamlet saw a ghost; Macbeth saw a ghost; Brutus saw a ghost; some time ago the inhabitants of a Ross-shire village saw a ghost; only its quality was slightly inferior. The "well-known native" who gave a "graphic account" unwittingly slew the apparition in three words. He stated that it had appeared on the road, way before him, and—climbed the fence! We can picture it. Throwing one leg across, the "spectre" grasps the top wire with both hands and sways precariously to both sides. A convulsive lurch, and it gains the other side, and glides away like a summer mist.

Talking of ghosts raises the time-honoured question, "Do you believe in ghosts?" Our answer, of course, is, "Ghosts? No such things. I'm not superstitious." Then on the road home we are probably thrown into a pantoym of fear at the cry of the black-faced chutterer (watta shindi).

Perhaps we have here the origin of the ghost theory. Probably our woad-smeared ancestors heard the mating call of the wood croaker (nertrakker clamor) or some such bird, and took it for the ghost of the relative who had been devoured by his tame Stegosaurus.

There must be some explanation. Whence comes the white-clad figure in the Blue Room in the old manor (if it isn't the old baron looking for his cuff-links)? This raises question No. 2. Why white? By an unwonted stroke of genius, I can throw some light on this. If a ghost was not white, we could not see it at night! There might be dozens of black ones sporting among the rhubarb, quite "invisible to mortal sight."

Of course, lest anyone wants more information, I may state that I have not yet seen a ghost. Furthermore, I have no desire to see one, and if I did see one, it would probably be "jes' fallin' behin', fallin' behin' rapid."

P. McL., VI.

A DAY'S FISHING ON THE RIVER DULNAIN.

In order that the anxieties and worries of school life may be forgotten for a time, I shall take you for a day's fishing on the river Dulnain.

This Spey tributary is by no means famous for its salmon fishing, but, under favourable conditions, a basketful of good trout can be obtained. Ian MacPherson and myself have lived on the banks of the Dulnain for well-nigh 13 years. It was during our school holiday period, and we waited for a favourable opportunity of plying our art. The long looked for day came at last. The river was swollen by heavy rains, and our preparations for the expedition were complete.

Starting from our homes one August day in the early morning we made our way to Tullochgribban, from where we intended to fish as far as Carr Bridge. Science, French, Latin, and all those other subjects which go to make up our school-work were forgotten.

From a pool up the river I could hear Ian shouting, "I have hooked a big one." At the same time my bait had also done its work, for in a few minutes I landed a sea trout weighing 1½ lbs. Ian's catch was a yellow trout weighing nearly 1 lb. We fished on until lunch time, when we lit a fire by the riverside, and made for ourselves a cup of tea. Starting again about two o'clock in the afternoon we fished every likely pool very carefully until we reached the village of Carr Bridge.

It was now six o'clock and our thoughts turned homewards. Before commencing our homeward journey we called at the village post office, where a kind lady weighed our fish. Ian's catch weighed 5½ lbs., while mine turned the scales at 4½ lbs.

We arrived home highly satisfied with our day's outing and with the definite determination to read, on the first opportunity, that hook, which made Isaac Walton famous, "The Compleat Angler."

G. F., I.

Hands up those who can't do it.

If not, why not?

Look at this specimen.

Deah! Deah! Deah! What a brain!!

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

FRIDAY'S weather was terrible. In fact, it was so bad that my friend and I, by mutual consent, cancelled the programme which we had planned for the week-end. Saturday, however, dawned bright and fair. The whole morning the sun shone so brightly that one might have taken it to be the middle of summer instead of the second week of September. Thus, after a hurried consultation at one o'clock, we decided to go camping at Tomintoul. Accordingly we left about 3-30, in high spirits, and before long we were penetrating into the rugged and beautiful hills which are so typically Scottish in their character. Soon we had forgotten the ravages of civilization, and were transported into a world of the past, when the valleys echoed with the clash of helmet and steel and the wild pibroch sounded in the glen. We amused ourselves on the way by telling one another the tales concerning the various places we passed. At one point our peace was rudely shattered by the roar of a low-built sports car, which passed us, travelling at a high speed. At that moment we seemed to despise a car, which in the streets of Grantown we should have admired for its "snappy lines."

At last we arrived at our destination, and a quaint little village we found it to be. Its one street stretches straight for a mile, and is bordered by houses of various sizes and ages. There are small, dilapidated cottages speaking of "the good old days," and larger, finer houses speaking of the steady march of civilization. In the centre of the village is the square, where two busy hotels and a few up-to-date shops tend to dispel the old-world aspect of the village. Every 100 yards we see a reminder of the distant past in the form of a street pump, very few of the houses having water-taps in the interior. Many of the inhabitants, too, are old-fashioned and dress in a manner which is in keeping with the other features of the village.

We pitched our tent, and then proceeded to the main store for provisions. Having obtained enough food to last two ordinary people for a week, we went back to prepare supper. The stove, our only modern convenience, nearly caused a tragedy for it flared up and almost put the tent on fire. When kicked out-

side it caused the dry grass to blaze up, but this conflagration was soon under control. Our supper consisted of baked beans, smoked bacon, smoked eggs and very smoky tea, which tasted so strongly of the methylated spirits from the stove, that I wonder we were not intoxicated. After having tidied up, we went down the street, where we were greatly surprised by the inactivity. Although it was only nine o'clock the whole village seemed to be asleep. Only in an occasional house did the pallid light of an oil lamp show flickering against the drawn blind.

That night, we slept soundly until, at eight o'clock we were wakened by the sonorous toll of a nearby church bell. The morning was glorious; no breeze ruffled the tent; the sun shimmered in the clear blue sky; and wonderfully refreshing dew sparkled radiantly on the grass and trees. The subdued rumble of the distant Avon was the only sound which broke the silence of the morning air, and we lay still until the call of hunger made us rise and prepare breakfast. Afterwards we wandered around, exploring the beauties of the countryside, until noon when we went to church. The minister there seemed very accomplished, for besides preaching a stirring sermon, he led the singing and played the organ in a manner which few organists could excel.

Preparing lunch took a long time, chiefly owing to the fact that we had not enough methylated spirits and sticks were very scarce. At 5-30 we went to the Roman Catholic chapel, which was indeed a very beautiful building. The altar itself was dazzling in its magnificence of gildings and candles. Immediately after the service we set out for home, with a wind rising and rain falling. We arrived home, rather late, after an uneventful journey, tired, but already wishing to savour again, the bracing air of that wonderful gem in the mountains.

A. M. S., VI.

Here are two good howlers recently perpetrated by schoolboys:—

In an intermediate school in Scotland a pupil, in his examination paper, described "he" as the objective of "her."

Another, describing the rivers of Scotland, said they were teeming with salmon, trout, and kippers!

NIHIL REFERT.

On Wednesday of last week, as we marched languidly into the English room, our attention was drawn to the rather astounding statement, written on the blackboard, that our essay for the week-end would be "A Contribution to the School Magazine." This produced sighs, groans, and protests from the majority of the members of our class, and only the "Shakespeares" and "Miltons" among us merged into thoughtful meditation about the subject in question. We are fully aware, however, that as sure as Christmas comes once every year, we shall each be asked to contribute something when magazine time comes round. I, not being a budding poet or essayist, took the statement as I would a dose of medicine, only consoling myself that I would have a few days in which to digest it.

The week rolled on to Saturday, on which day the rain was too depressing for anyone to compose a work of great art.

If I were of a poetical turn of mind, I might have contributed a lament about the rain. "Grantown on a rainy day" would be an easy title for an essay, but then that would be nothing new or original, as our town has had no other aspect during the last fortnight.

It is now Sunday night, and although this may not be a very appropriate time for writing, I take up my pen hopefully and yet with a feeling of despair lurking at the back of my mind.

Still, I have thought of no subject for discussion. What objection is there to my writing about a thrilling day in the hills? This year, unfortunately, the school had no hill-climbing expedition, which fact takes away from the possibilities of the aforesaid subject. Besides, our English teacher thinks the subject rather childish. A film review of 1935 would doubtless be out of the question in a school magazine.

What is there to write about? This year the Italo-Abyssinian dispute ought to be much too popular a subject for discussion, as was the Loch Ness Monster last year. The daily newspapers, too, deal amply with such current events.

Were any of us to give a candid description

of our teachers as they appear to us, it would no doubt be interesting, but probably the editor might not choose to publish such a respectful description, even with apologies to the teachers.

Why not revert finally to the old theme of elves and fairies? But do not such lightsome spirits seem very remote objects of the past in our "daily round and common task?"

As they say, however, "tempus fugit." In fact a considerable amount of it has flown while I have been poring over this, and yet no brilliant ideas have taken possession of me. So instead of covering more space and yet saying nothing, I shall have to give up all hope.

As imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

Alas! my pen won't work such miracles, so I shall conclude, having written in all an "airy nothing."

V. C., V.

THE OLD SPEY BRIDGE.

How often from this hoary bridge I've gazed upon the river,

As in mighty strength beneath the arch it rushes on for ever;

Oh! that school's weary worries were as swiftly swept away,

As the foam-bells now are scattered by the waters of the Spey.

Here, standing in the old recess, I wave my fond adieu,

And turn again, and yet once more, to take another view;

With a parting word of blessing I do tear myself away,

Yet in faucy's ear I'll often hear the murmur of the Spey.

M. A. III.

A city teacher asked her pupils recently for a more proper version of the sentence, "There was a chap at the door."

After a pause, a little girl called out, "Please, miss, there was a young man at the door."



GIRL PREFECTS, 1935-36

Standing—Beatrice Mackintosh, Meta King, Mary Cruikshank, Vera Campbell, Jean Calder, Phyllis Watt.
Sitting—Margaret Templeton, Margaret Fraser, Winnie Shaw, Mabel McWilliam, Margaret Davidson.



BOYS' RUGBY XV., 1935-36

Back row—R. Laird, S. Sutherland, A. Stuart, D. Davidson, E. Cooke, J. Macdonald, A. McIntosh, L. Stuart.
Front row—W. Ledingham, J. Grant, W. Potheringham, P. McJean, Mr Wilson, T. Hunter, F. Macaulay, A. Pliminister.

A DAY IN THE PERTHSHIRE HIGHLANDS.

On a lovely day of Autumn sunshine we set out from Pitlochry on a tramp through some places of historical interest in its neighbourhood. On leaving the village, we walked along the north road for three miles until we found ourselves at the entrance of the famous Pass of Killiecrankie, which was the scene of the struggle between the followers of James and those of William in 1689. The river Garry here tumbles over rough rocks on its way to join the Tummel, and on its right bank there rises the steep hill down which the Highlanders rushed when they defeated the soldiers under General McKay. To-day, the scene is very peaceful, and all that remains to remind us of the old warlike days is a rough up-standing slab of stone which marks the spot where "Bonnie Dundee" fell during the battle.

After leaving the old battlefield we proceeded across the river Garry, and followed a rough cart-road between two high hills covered with lovely birch trees which seemed to hang on the hillsides. Suddenly we came upon the little hamlet of Tenaudry with its little church and burial-ground hidden away between the hills. A little further on we joined the road to Rannoch and the West. This road passed close to the ruins of an old house called Collie-Brochan to which Robert Bruce escaped after his defeat at Methven in 1306.

From this road a path led us to the river Tummel, with its magnificent waterfall and salmon ladder. For a week heavy rain had fallen in Rannoch, and the river was a roaring torrent where it fell over the high rocks sending spray as high as the tall birch trees on its banks. Half a mile above the falls we crossed the river by a suspension bridge which was built to commemorate the coronation of George V. and which brought us back to the road leading back to Pitlochry past the Giant's Steps.

The latter is one of the most beautiful spots in a beautiful country. A huge pile of rock formed like three steps in a giant staircase with huge ferns growing among heather which is waist deep and tiny birch trees

growing out of the crevices in the rocks. We found a very easy path which led us to the top, from which we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Below lay the river Tummel which now, from our high position, seemed more like a little white ribbon than the foaming torrent it was when we stood by its side. To the left we saw the solid mass of Schiehallion, the peaks of Ben-y-Gloe with their sides scarred by the winds and rains of centuries. As we stood on the highest point of the Giant's Steps a train passed South, and it seemed like a small toy compared with the enormous works of Nature around us. No sound broke the stillness of the afternoon save the cry of a grouse and the call of the lonely heron that was slowly making its way towards the marshy places near Loch Tummel.

Up here the rocks are smooth and worn by the storms that have passed over them. Winter and Spring, and the heather which has not been burned for many years grows waist deep. Assuredly this is one of the loveliest spots we have ever seen, and it was with regret that we saw the sun sink in the West and knew that we must once more come down to the hard, rough road which led us back to Pitlochry and the haunts of men.

M. C. G., III.

JACK FROST.

When our windows have all been closed fast down,
Jack Frost comes sledging into town;
On the sill he alights, his queer pictures to paint,
Of streams, lakes and rivers, and cottages quaint.

With skilled hand, on one pane he has moulded a city,
Surrounded by palm trees and fountains so pretty;
On the next, such a beautiful scene he has drawn,
Many more just the same he'll complete ere the dawn.

P. G., II.

MEMORIES OF "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

A few years ago, the senior pupils of the Grammar School welcomed an innovation which has now become almost tradition. I refer to our annual custom of inflicting on the public, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Barrie, or some equally talented and witty playwright. Those who see the play only in its finished form behind blazing footlights may be interested to learn how it reaches this stage. I, therefore, propose to give you a not too serious outline of rehearsals for "The Little Minister."

The members of the cast in the passion play at Oberammergau are chosen according to the uprightness of their characters. This, to say the least of it, would be impracticable in our case. Thomas Whamond, needless to say, acted every word and gesture of his part. What actually happens is that the producer, mentioning that there is a very slight possibility of our staging a play at the end of the term, asks if everyone will be willing to take a part—if offered one. He is generally met by a stony silence. But, as everyone is really dying to get a part, he knows what to expect, and regards the matter as settled. A few days after this brilliant beginning, the cast is announced and the script handed out.

Rehearsals commence, and, within a fortnight, every member of the cast is using all the ingenuity he possesses in concocting excuses to carry the script about with him on the stage. Soon the lines are learned by rote, and the fun commences. The half-demented producer tries to illustrate to Babbie exactly how fairy-like she must be, and, as he performs acrobatics in the centre of the stage, he has to avoid the pike which Rob Dow is brandishing in his argument with Lord Rintoul in the wings. Rob Dow is effectively silenced, until he sees a hidden pun in the lines which Gavin Dishart is reciting, whereupon the whole rehearsal is held up till he regains his composure.

In spite of all this, however, a great deal of hard work is put in. Then a new development takes place. As the final rehearsals approach, the "effects" are introduced: these are many and varied. Picture Captain Halliwell, having uttered two words, waiting expectantly. For a few moments there is a

deathly silence, then comes an ear-splitting squeak from the wings, which fades away into a sound reminiscent of a dying animal. This is followed by a furious and utterly rhythmless beating on a kettle-drum, and finally by a groan from the producer. The bugler and the drummer soon become quite efficient, however. The town clock begins to strike ten instead of thirteen, and the "effects," on the whole, improve. The only snag is the piper who, once started, can be made to stop only by the repeated application of Dow's pike. A complicated system of signals is worked out for him, however, and everyone is satisfied.

At last the costumes arrive, and pandemonium reigns. In one corner, Sergeant Davidson is tying on his belt and sporran with small pieces of string, while, beside him, Rob Dow is voicing loud complaint against the violent hue of the hat which he has to wear. At the other end of the room, Thomas Whamond is "making-up," swallowing large quantities of grease-paint and artificial hair in the process. Everything is now running like clockwork, however, for this is the final rehearsal.

The great night has arrived, and the auditorium is beginning to fill with people. In the dressing-rooms, we are applying the last touch of carmine, and having a last glance in the mirror. "Actors in the wings for Act I., Scene I." There is a nervous rustle as Babbie pats rosan berries in her hair, and the weavers take their places on the stage. The prompter takes up her position in the corner, the producer raises his hand, and, as the stage manager turns the windlass, the curtain rises on Caddam Wood, with the sleeping weavers in the foreground, and the lights of Thrums twinkling in the distance.

We go through our parts as we have gone through them a hundred times before, only gaining inspiration, perhaps, from the barely discernible audience beyond the footlights. When the curtain falls on the last act, we feel a vague regret mingled with a sense of relief that it is all over, for we have lived our parts, and feel that we are leaving old friends. Our aim, however, has been to represent Barrie's play to the audience, as he himself visualised it, and if we have done that, we are satisfied.

T. H., VI.

MY PUSSY.

I have a wee pussy, so lovely and bright,
 I wish you could see him, he's a beautiful
 sight.
 Now I have lost him, where can he be?
 I've looked in the garden, under every tree.
 I will look in the bedroom, perhaps he is
 there.
 "No, here he is, fast asleep on a chair."
 Ada Inray (aged 10).

GEOGRAPHY.

A is for Aviemore with its fresh mountain air.
B is for Boat of Garten so charming and fair.
C is for Carr Bridge surrounded by trees.
D is for Dava with its cold Winter breeze.
E is for Elgin surrounded by wealth.
F is for Forres noted for health.
G is for Grantown, a far-famed resort.
H is for Huntly full of gay sport.
I is for Inverness with its gay Highland wear.
J is for Jedburgh with its abbey so rare.
K is for Kingussie which people adore.
L is for Lossiemouth with its fine sandy shore.
M is for Moy with its great Highland chief.
N is for Nairn which soon dispels grief.
O is for Oban with its fine Celtic pride.
P is for Perth where kings did reside.
Q is for Queensferry in the country of mines.
R is for Rothiemurehus with its sweet-scented
 pines.
S is for Slochd with its rocks and its ridges.
T is for Tomatin with its very fine bridges.
U is for Ullapool among Western rills.
V is for Ventnor to cure all your ills.
W is for Waverley a station of note.
X, Y, Z sound very remote.

B. K., I.

PET SAYINGS.

Stand, come out here!
 Again and again I tell you, and again and
 again you forget.
 Write 'em out!
 Stop making that noise at the back.
 Take 'em down!
 I'll see you at four o'clock.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS, 1934-35.**BOYS.**

This sphere of school activity compares very favourably with that of former years, despite adverse conditions. Inter-house and League games were played with the usual vigour and enthusiasm.

A new feature of school sport was cross-country running. This and paper-chases were introduced as substitutes for Rugby football, in which we were unable to participate owing to the non-existence of a Rugby pitch. In the House runs Roy secured first place and Revack second.

Under the captaincy of A. McIntyre the School football team beat Forres Academy 5-1. They were defeated, but not disgraced, however, by Kingussie, the score being 3-6. Perhaps the best way of describing the game versus Elgin would be as a "regrettable incident," since the score was 8-1 in Elgin's favour. The 2nd XI. had a particularly successful season as they won three matches, drew one and lost one. Revack secured first place in house games, with Roy second. Two Grammar School players gained places in the Morayshire team to play against Banff. They were I. Macpherson (left back) and A. McIntyre (right half).

Cricket this year fell rather flat, as there was no good pitch available. However, the School mustered a strong team, and, captained by W. K. Fotheringham, managed to defeat Kingussie and the Old Guard Club, mainly on the strength of its bowlers. In the House matches Roy easily gained first place, Revack being second.

For the first time since it was inaugurated the Past-Primes' cup has been won by Roy. This appears to have been Revack's lean year as they were last in number of points. They have no reason to complain, however, as they have won it for five years in succession, and a new name on the "old pot" makes a welcome change in school scenery — to Roy at least!

House Captains:—Roy—P. Garrow, Revack—A. McIntyre, Revack—I. Macpherson.

This year, after the summer vacation, we have had the good fortune to secure a Rugby pitch at Heathfield, and have recommenced

Rugby in earnest. Material is rather on the light side, but what is lost in weight is gained in speed.

We fielded a 1st XV. against the Old Guard but the latter proved to be much the heavier and the result was 23-nil in the Old Guard's favour. We fared much better against an Elgin XV., however, whom we defeated 21-nil.

Once more we are indebted to Captain Hendry for his kindly interest in our games and his invaluable advice.

GIRLS—HOCKEY.

Last season was a rather inglorious one for the hockey team. We began well by beating

Forres Academy at Forres, but we found ourselves unable to cope with Elgin Academy. Owing to weather ground conditions we had to put off several fixtures. Finally, we withdrew from the League altogether. The only other match we played was a "friendly" with Aberlour, which we won.

We have a very enthusiastic coach in Miss Lawson, who has had all the training of the hockey team to do since Miss Boyd left us at Christmas to take up a new appointment. We owe much to Miss Boyd for all that she did for the girls' side of school activities, especially the hockey club.

Till now hockey House matches have not been much to the fore but we hope to have something to compete for this season.

The Old Guard.

LIST OF MEMBERS, 1935-1936.

Hon. President—Captain F. C. Hendry, O.B.E., M.C.

Hon. Vice-President — Thomas Hunter, Esq., M.A., B.Sc.

Local Members.

- W. Cruickshank, Rosebank, Cromdale.
- D. Fraser, Hillview, Duhmain Bridge.
- J. Laing, M.A., Benmore, Grantown.
- J. Macaulay, Lettoch, Nethybridge.
- I. McKenzie, Spey Bridge, Grantown.
- D. Mackintosh, Crossroads, Cromdale.
- E. Mackintosh, The Larches, Duhmain Bridge.
- I. McPherson, Thornhill, Grantown.
- P. McPherson, Briar Cottage, Grantown.
- J. Paterson, Ivy Bank Cottage, Grantown.
- R. Ross, The Garage, Duhmain Bridge.
- D. Stuart, Vulcan Cottage, Grantown.
- W. Thomson, 86 High Street, Grantown.
- R. Wilson, M.A., Greenhill, Grantown.
- D. Winchester, 1 Castle Road, Grantown.

"Exiles" (Non-Local Members).

- J. Cooke, member of Clydebank Police Force.
- P. Garrow, successful in gaining admission to the Air Force, and at present air-craftsman at R.A.F. Depot, Uxbridge, Middlesex.
- K. McCabe, in 2nd Batt., Scots Guards, at

present stationed at Aldershot. Has secured 3rd and 2nd class education certificates.

Aberdeen University Students.

- H. Fraser, final year B.Sc. course in engineering.
- J. Grant, 2nd year B.Sc. course in agriculture.
- P. Roberts, final year B.Sc. course in engineering.
- W. Macaulay, 3rd year B.Sc. course in agriculture.

Edinburgh University Students.

- J. Allan, 2nd year medical course for M.B., Ch.B. degrees.
- J. Milne, graduated M.A. in October.
- E. Munro, 3rd year course for B.Comm. degree.
- R. Mackintosh, graduated M.A. in June.
- A. McIntyre, 1st year course for M.A. degree.
- J. Templeton, 2nd year course for M.A. degree.

Students of Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh.

- E. G. Mackintosh has completed a course in building science, and has secured an appointment.
- A. Ross, 2nd year course in electrical engineering.

CLUB DOINGS.

The formation of this club two years ago must have been regarded, even by its most ardent sponsors, as a doubtful venture. Such is the strength of the community spirit nowadays, however, that this fresh institution continues to thrive in face of a multiplicity of other interests.

Though some of our most useful members move south in search of work, each year sees a welcome influx of new members from the upper classes of the Grammar School. The numbers available are sufficient to field teams in popular ball games, but only during vacations. Lack of practice together, indeed in some cases of any practice at all, has always handicapped our teams; yet, recent successes in rugby and soccer are encouraging. While I agree with William James's remark that we learn to skate in summer and to swim in winter, I cannot see our cricket scores mounting rapidly until our batsmen have brought their muscle responses into action by doing a little preliminary practice. Next spring it is intended to start a golf section.

Hill-climbing has been under a cloud owing to weather vagaries, and more especially to the clashing of dates, but this year we hope to rise above the clouds.

Social activities during the past year were confined to attendance at the school dance, when red and silver ties took a prominent place in the lamplight. I may warn the organisers of this popular function to prepare for the worst once more. The cost of running a satisfactory club dance seems prohibitive unless we tackle the catering ourselves. Unfortunately, however, none of our members is qualified in Domestic Science, though some of them have studied modern methods of feeding cattle and most of them are good judges of cooking.

At the annual business meeting, held on September 23, a constitution was adopted, for even the oldest Guards have always been subject to rules. Copies may be had on application to the secretary.

This year's honorary president is Captain P. C. Hendry, whose energy should inspire us to new success. We welcome Mr Hunter as vice-president, with whom the Club's interests are inseparably bound up.

Other office-bearers have been elected as follows:—President, J. A. Milne; vice-president, E. M. Munro; secretary and treasurer, J. M. Laing; district representatives acting on committee, A. McIntyre for Boat of Garten; H. Fraser for Nethybridge; J. Ross for Durnain Bridge; and W. Crickshank for Cromdale. Mr R. Wilson, who has been the backbone of the Club since its inception, has been re-elected a special member of committee.

We wish to thank those responsible for the Magazine for their courtesy in granting us space for our corner despite the heavy demands presumably made on their columns.

J. Laing.

THE OLD GUARD IS VICTORIOUS.

The Old Guard Club have played the School At cricket and football.

The scores were not in favour

Of the old lads at all.

But when it came to "rugger"

We showed the School the way

To touch kick—to fly kick—

To scrums! and win the day.

Both teams were somewhat lazy

In getting off their marks,

But in Grantown it is customary

A half-hour late to start.

But when we did get going,

The School were hemmed in tight

To stem those awful rushes

In which the "Guard" delight.

Old Sambo at three-quarter

Had such an easy task

To outwit the opposing full back

And score—just as he liked.

He's not the only one of us

Who played outside himself,

John Ross and Cheesy Ronald

Had the School fifteen on toast!

The fly-kickers, you know them all—

It's better not to mention—

To everyone who knows the game,

Fly-kicking—can't be prevented.

'Tis time that this was ended.

Suffice it is to say,

The Old Guard was victorious

And won the well-fought day.

J. Templeton.

CROMDALE.

To-day it is a very modest village—so modest that it successfully hides from many who chance to pass that way much of its beauty and most of its historical charm. Who of Cromdale's own inhabitants now cares to convey to the visitor an impression of the hidden glamour of its past? Granny Lamont may—she celebrated recently her 101st birthday—but I cannot think of anybody else who will. Nobody now tries to speculate on the days when Cromdale had its fair and courthouse, and when its jail, Gaelic pulpit, and also its gibbet were used. Some will tell you of the battle fought there, which has been commemorated in song. Many, however, have no wish to go back even one or two decades, when Cromdale's sports day was an event anticipated for some miles around. Cromdale no longer has its sports day, or its football team. These, like the richer, deeper symbols of the past, have gone down into comparative oblivion. And Cromdale people, it seems, have no wish to recall them.

The "Haughs o' Cromdale" is a rollicking Strathspey known to most lovers of Highland music. The poem which commemorates the battle of that name is scarcely so well known. "The Haughs" is the name given to the district lying to the north-east of the village, and stretching from Dalchapple upwards to the higher, heather-covered moorland. This was the scene of one of the anti-Jacobean skirmishes which followed the Battle of Killiecrankie. The date of the fight is generally given as May 1st, 1690. In "The Secret of the Spey," Miss Wendy Wood tells us that

"The battle (page 178) . . . was more noted for its element of surprise than for any influence it had upon the history of the time. General Buchan had been sent over from Ireland by King James to take up arms on his behalf. As the General lay asleep with his followers at a spot near Dalchapple, General MacKay made an early morning descent and interrupted the Jacobites' dreams, driving them broadcast, without even giving them time to dress. It was not a battle but a rout, and would have been a wholesale slaughter if the mountain mist, the friend of the Stewarts, had not enfolded the helpless Jacobites."

The environs of Cromdale form a wide district of ever-changing scene and deepening interest. To the south lie the Cambrae woods, covering a wide area which ends only a short distance from the fence which marks the division between the counties of Moray and Inverness. Still nearer to Grantown are the farm and lands of Congash, reputed to be one of the earliest holdings in Strathspey. Not far from the old-fashioned mill-wheel, and the burn which must keep for ever secret much local history unknown, is the much-discussed field with its semi-circle of old gravestones. Little that is definite or authenticated by the documents of history can be said about these stones. Could they possibly be a heritage from the Druids? Here, in days gone by, stood a chapel. To-day one sees but a labyrinth of shapeless stones and rough vegetation. The casual wanderer will spot only two stones which remain clearly incised. Even the birch trees, which gave the spot a hallowed atmosphere, and made one think of the Anglo-Saxon moot-hill, have been cut down, not by Time, but by the harsh hand of man.

From Congash, you may walk, not without a halt half-way for a feast of bramble-berries, over fields, birch-wood, and moorland to Balmennach. You will, on the way, be almost certain to encounter roedeer, the capercaillie, grouse, the black clock and grey hen, and all the more usual moorland birds—with, perhaps, an ominous heron. From afar, Balmennach makes a charming picture, as it nestles cosily beneath the neighbouring hills. As one approaches the famous distillery, the glorious panorama is somewhat shortened. One is conscious only of the nearness and the grandeur of the hills behind Balmennach, and is almost disappointed to find in this lovely spot a modern distillery, with its chimney stack, its widely spread buildings, and all its din and machinery. But surely no one would deny to Scottish distilleries the beautiful situations which are theirs.

In August and September, when the hills are purple-tipped, or when the morning sun disperses the lingering mist which hovers o'er the Spey, nothing could be more delightful than a tramp on the hills of Cromdale. Here, if anywhere, will white heather be found. These hills reach an altitude of well over

2,500 feet, and the summit, on which stands the Jubilee (1887) cairn, affords a prospect unsurpassed by any of which lofty Cairngorm may boast. All Strathspey is at one's feet. In this vast expanse of river, loch, and hill, one must receive, if at any time, a lasting impression of the grandeur of Scotland: the Spey is there, the most rapid river in Scotland, winding through a valley which is fairy-like in its loveliness: Loch Morlich, Loch Garten, Loch Inch, and Lochindorb (the scene of "The Key Above the Door") are to be seen: the Moray Firth sparkles in the distance, and the coasts of Caithness and Ross loom dimly behind: there is the whole sweep of the Cairngorms, with Ben Rinnes and Ben Wyvis besides ———. One could glide into poetry with sheer rapture of description.

But what of Cromdale itself? We have left it far behind. Quietly and modestly it rests by the wayside. Far and wide its crofts are scattered, with their peat smoke, and their busy sons of the soil. Its church is on the bank of the Spey, sheltered by the foliage of many grandfatherly beech trees. The exact age of these trees is difficult to determine. The Gaelic pulpit enjoyed their shade, and many generations of men besides. From here on a Sunday morn at ten, the Church bell yet tolls pleadingly o'er the vale, bidding the parishioners bestir themselves for morning service at 12. Over the wayside churchyard sounds the hushed murmur of the Spey. Here, surely, is hallowed atmosphere.

The mind can scarcely create or retain a complete composite picture of this hamlet. It must ever wander, now to one favourite corner, now to another. It may be to the tall flagpole on the high ground by the Cambræ woods, which is now quite neglected, a relic of festive days long gone: it may be to the old Free Church, now destined to be a public hall: it may be to the cheering sounds of the old meal mill, or the busy sawmill, or of the familiar "puggie," which name denotes the curious, fussy railway engine which plies between Balmenach distillery and Cromdale L. & N.E.R. station: it may be to the ripple of the Balmenach burn, as it rushes past the village; or it may be to the lingering picture of a sunny Sunday morn, with the sparrow silent in the corn-field, as

that ten o'clock church bell peals gently from the river-side.

Cromdale's sons and daughters are scattered widely through many realms, but the old folks — and many there are of them — stay lingeringly behind, uncertain on the threshold of the Unknown. It must have been one of the exiles who wrote the following simple stanzas which I picked up by the wayside some ten years ago, near the now abandoned Free Church, roughly pencilled on a sheet of notepaper under the heading "Cromdale":—

Oh dear old dale, though far from thee,
How oft my fancy wanders still
Beside thy calm brown river banks
And round thy bonny heather hill.

The Cambræ woods I walk among
Where tessellated branches sway—
How oft in happy days gone by
Through these I've hied my joyous way.

And dear Balmenach, how I long
To see thy wimpling pretty burn,
Where happily my youth was spent—
Those gladsome days that may return!
The authorship of these lines remains a mystery to me.

R. Mackintosh.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

This rather large country junction of O — occupies a wind-swept position on a bleak moor. Few trees are in sight, and no hillocks or humps of ground provide shelter for the station.

As my train approached, the melancholy atmosphere of the place insinuated itself into my mind. I had to wait for the best part of an hour for a connection, and it seemed that I was in for a boring time.

I descended from the train among the shouting and hurrying porters. The voices of the station officials at O — are louder than those of any other in the service of the railway. I crossed the platform and put my bag down, settling myself for a cold and weary wait.

As the train moved out an official shouted, "Passengers for B —, across the line!" his

Contributions from F.P.'s

Owing to pressure of space, we have been compelled to omit the F.P.'s Log, the constitution and rules and small paragraphs that made up our chatty page. This circumstance has been put before the Magazine committee, who have decided to seriously discuss ways and means of publishing an enlarged edition next year.

In our last issue we announced our ambition of compiling between the covers of the F.P. section a history of the town. Mr J. S. Grant, J.P., has taken this in hand, and we have much pleasure in presenting to you the second series of Grantown sixty years ago.

Others who have so ably contributed are men at home and abroad who have made their mark in education and in business, and we are proud of their connection with the old school.

Such willingness to fill the pages of the Magazine makes our humble effort worth while, and makes us realise that the world, after all, is not quite such an uninteresting place for the boys and girls, men and women who began life in Grantown Grammar School.

For the continued success of the F.P. section of the Magazine your contributions are solicited. And now may we wish our readers all that is brightest and best for the Christmas and the 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 Strathpey 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.

THIS AND THAT.

Mrs Toogood, nee Marion MacCaskill, has long promised an article for the Magazine. Her life in New Zealand has been interesting and varied, and her impressions and experiences would be greatly appreciated. However, it is quite evident that her little girl has the literary urge, and the poem which we here reproduce is really good for such a youthful pen as that of little Joan Toogood.

Hark! hear the raindrops falling
Softly on roof and pane,
Now the birds have ceased their calling,
For the rain has come again.

Now the flowers close their petals,
Animals quickly shelter find,
We hear rain falling on metals
With a song of a tinkling kind.

The children all race under shelter,
And the ducks go splashing round,
Through the backyard "helter skelter,"
For the mud is good, they've found.

FORMER PUPIL HONOURED.

Native of Braes of Castle Grant.

We extract the following from the "Calander Advertiser":—

A well-deserved honour, and one which will be highly appreciated, both locally and throughout Perthshire, has this week been accorded to Mr A. D. Cumming, F.S.A.

(Scot.), headmaster of Callander Public School.

The Educational Institute of Scotland has conferred upon him the degree of F.E.I.S. on account of his outstanding service to the Institute, and to education generally in Scotland.

Over a period of more than thirty years his unassuming, but none the less practical personality, has been of the utmost value in the Councils of the E.I.S., and it is but fitting that his nomination to the Fellowship should have been unanimous.

While appreciating this high honour, which his more widely known activities have merited, his local friends will be the more pleased to learn of it, as there must be few in our community whom he has not at some time helped, as guide, philosopher, or friend.

Mr Cumming was appointed second master of Callander Public School in 1905, and, two years later, was promoted to be headmaster in succession to the late Mr Fulton. At the same time he became superintendent of Callander Parish Church Sunday school, to which he has given devoted service. In addition to his professional duties, Mr Cumming has distinguished himself in literary work, mainly of historical and antiquarian research. He gained one of the first prizes offered by the Educational Institute to its members, and has contributed many interesting articles to journalism. He has also been a pioneer in forming the Gaelic Society, and in reviving the Burns Club. His municipal service was marked by great improvements towards making Callander more artistically attractive, and his enthusiasm in all outdoor recreations has been a benefit to the community.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE.

C.Q.M.S. William Templeton.

THE name best known to past and present members of the 6th Seaforth Highlanders is that of Templeton. The family has a record of service which is certainly unique in Morayshire, if not in any other county. The late Mr Alexander Templeton was a sergeant

in the Grantown Volunteer Company while two of his sons were in the ranks. He wore the Mackenzie turtan for 36 years, and held the long service medal. James, the eldest son, was company sergeant-major in the 6th Seaforths in France. He possesses the Croix de Guerre with palms, the three British war medals and the Territorial Efficiency Medal. William, who has just retired under the age limit, after 34 years' continuous service, holds the three war medals, the Meritorious Service Medal, and the Territorial Efficiency Medal, with bar. He has been permitted to retain his rank as company quartermaster-sergeant, and to wear the uniform of the regiment. Mr Wm. Templeton enrolled in the Volunteers in 1900 and has not once been absent from the annual training. He had his first experience of camp life at Fort George in 1900, when the reservists of the line battalions entered the barracks on their recall to the colours, and when the Volunteer Service Company was being trained for the ordeal of battle in South Africa. The officer commanding the Grantown company when Mr Templeton enlisted was Captain Felix C. Mackenzie, Forbes, a native of Grantown, afterwards knighted for his pre-eminent services to the Volunteer movement. Other commanding officers of the company were Captain J. Grant Smith, Captain W. Macdonald, Captain J. G. Macdonald, the late Captain Hastlow, and Captain Whitehaw. Colonel C. J. Johnston, the veteran who is still hon. colonel of the battalion, and under whose son, the late Major Ernest Johnston, Mr Templeton served in the Great War, was the commanding officer at the Fort George camp. The instructors with longest service in Grantown were Sergeants David Smith, "Teddy" Richmond, and W. Anderson. At Bedford, after mobilisation, a double company was formed under command of Major Gair, and Mr Templeton was promoted company quartermaster-sergeant, which rank he held throughout the war, and until his retirement. There is no need to speak of his loyalty to successive commanding officers, of his interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the company, and of his exceeding popularity with all ranks. The Territorials will find it difficult to be

reconciled to the absence from camp or the drill hall of the one and only "Billy."

The six sons of the late Mr and Mrs Templeton responded to the call in 1914. George, the youngest, was in the Royal Scots, and fell in action. John, a sergeant in the 6th Seaforth's, won the Military Medal, as did his brother, Tom, company quartermaster-sergeant. He too has been awarded the Territorial Efficiency Medal. Walter was also in the 6th Seaforth's, and wears the three war medals.

[Reprinted from the "Strathspey Herald."]

GRANTOWN SAVINGS BANK.

The history of the Savings Bank goes back to a period of over 60 years, and it started in the Square in a small office in Mr MacDougall's premises. The office was not a large one, but the safe was a hefty one enclosed by a stone wall, and it could easily accommodate five or six persons. The big lock would be a terror to a burglar while the huge key would require an extra size pocket to carry it. Wonderful to relate, this safe is still used in Messrs MacDougall's shop.

During the first few years the business of the Bank was comparatively small, while the deposits would be limited to hundreds of sterling. Under the skilful management of the agent, Mr Alick MacDougall, who was also accountant in the Caledonian Bank, it soon made wonderful progress, the amounts of deposits showing a large increase, and great public interest was manifested.

The estate factor was appointed chairman of the Bank, while the two ministers and several prominent business men were appointed trustees and managers. At this stage Mr Alick MacDougall was appointed agent of the Caledonian Bank in Kingussie, and the office of the Savings Bank was transferred to the Caledonian Bank, where Mr Wm. Fleming was agent. Mr Robert Lobban was accountant in the Bank and was appointed actuary of the Savings Bank. Under his guidance the Bank continued to grow in interest and importance, and this was reflected by the increasing amounts of deposits every year.

After the failure of the City of Glasgow

Bank, the Caledonian Bank here was closed, and re-opened by the Bank of Scotland. The failure of the Bank was a great shock, and for a short time the cause of considerable trouble and anxiety in the district, but it was soon got over, and naturally affected the Savings Bank also.

In a few years the Savings Bank was again making progress, and the amount of deposits was increasing. After the death of Mr Fleming, Mr Thomas McIntosh was appointed agent, and successfully conducted the work of the Bank for a number of years. At his decease, Mr J. J. Davidson was appointed agent of the Bank, and also Actuary of the Savings Bank, which he very successfully carried on for 11 years.

In January, 1931, Mr James Gilbert, who had been chairman for a long period, retired, and Mr John S. Grant, who had been manager and trustee for 32 years, was appointed his successor. For several years letters from the National Trustees Savings Bank in London had been received, pointing out that the Bank here had not provided all the facilities it should do for the depositors, but these letters were laid aside. When Mr Grant was appointed chairman, a further letter was received, and a representative from London visited the office, and strongly recommended amalgamation with Aberdeen or Inverness.

A special meeting of the trustees was called to consider the question, but as several of the old trustees resented and opposed amalgamation the proposal was turned down. A number of new trustees had been appointed, and a further meeting was then called to consider amalgamation with Aberdeen, and in November, 1934, it was carried almost unanimously, only one trustee dissenting. In the meantime, Mr Davidson had retired, and gone to Edinburgh, and Mr Grant had secured the option of a five years' lease of the office in the Square owned by The Strathspey Building Co., Ltd.

The new office of the Bank was formally opened on January 20th, 1935, with Mr Sinclair, Aberdeen, as temporary agent, and some months after with Mr D. Lewis Kirk as agent of the Bank. The new office occupies a fine central position in the Square, and has already made remarkable progress. Over 210 new

accounts have been opened, while the increase in deposits has reached the big total of £10,958.

This is most satisfactory for a start, and appears to indicate that the Savings Bank is already on the highway of increasing prosperity.

OUR PICTURE PAGE.

Old photographs make the F.P. section of the Magazine most interesting, but we are at a disadvantage in being unable to recognise all the boys in the photos. Readers will greatly oblige if they will help in this way by giving the names and, if possible, the careers of any boys omitted from the photo on this list, the photo being on the opposite page. The lower photo is a Former Class of Miss Scott MacGregor (retired).

Back Row

- 1 ?
- 2 Charles Paul Lawson
- 3 Willie Dunbar
- 4 Davie Smith
- 5 Willie Cruickshank
- 6 Miss Macgregor (Retired—living in Granton).

Second Row

- 1 James Brownie (Deceased)
- 2 ?
- 3 ?
- 4 Joe Walker
- 5 J. B. Grant (Deceased)
- 6 ?
- 7 Willie MacDougall, L.D.S. (Dental Surgeon practising in Sheffield)

Third Row

- 1 Jack Batchan
- 2 Thomas Templeton (with Mackintosh & Cumming)
- 3 ?
- 4 James Fraser, Canada
- 5 ?
- 6 James MacGregor, Duhain Bridge
- 7 — Adam
- 8 Gregor Smith

Fourth Row

- 1 Campbell Ross (now in Australia)
- 2 ?
- 3 Jas. Stuart, Ballieward
- 4 J. S. Gilbert, Forres
- 5 John Cameron Grant, The Square

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?

BALANCE SHEET for Year 1934-35. INCOME

Cash in Bank, 30/10/34	£29 10 8
Cash on Hand, 30/10/34	2 0 11
11 Life Members @ 12/6	6 17 6
27 Annual Subsc. @ 2/-	2 14 0
1 Annual Subsc. @ 1/-	0 1 0
Donations of 8/6, 7/6	0 16 0
Bank Interest	0 11 7
Proceeds of Reunion	4 12 6
	£47 4 2

EXPENDITURE

Essay Prize	£2 2 0
45 Magazines @ 6d each	1 2 6
Blocks in Magazine	1 12 6
Printing and Advertising	0 10 6
Postages	0 4 0
Cash in Bank	36 12 3
Cash on Hand	4 11 5
	£47 4 2

JEAN M. PATERSON, Treas.

FOR A 1936
RESOLUTION
BECOME A
LIFE MEMBER
OF THE
F.P.'s CLUB

SCHOOL versus OLD GUARD.

THE great day has at last arrived. Seething mobs are grouped in the streets. The country is in a state of feverish excitement. Conversation has only one topic—the possible outcome of the impending struggle. International squabbles fade into oblivion. Mussolini and his retinue of modern barbarians cease to interest. A new, more interesting, less gruesome form of entertainment is being staged—the annual rugby match, School versus Old Guard.

At 3.30 p.m. the players assemble in the dressing-room. Here, they indulge in an orgy of wisecracks accompanied by an aimless wandering in search of such necessities as jerseys, stockings, pants, or someone else's tie to suspend the pants in the desired position. It is remarkable how unwillingly the boys are to sacrifice their ties in this noble cause. Having divested themselves of their stale jokes and superfluous clothing, they are ready to "take the field." It is not, however, so easy as that, for the "pitch" is a piece of pasture land situated on the outskirts of the village. After travelling for a considerable distance, the footsore enthusiasts are rewarded by a glimpse of two white posts visible above a broom entanglement. The battlefield is in sight. Like camels to an oasis, or donkeys to a carrot (no insinuation!), the players rush towards the pitch—which is a veritable Garden of Eden. It is covered with luxurious undergrowth and long, swaying grass, among which is clearly visible the unmistakable spoor of some wild, or domestic (!) animal. The tips of the posts are visible above the shorter grass at the extremities of the pitch. It is a magnificent setting for the noblest of Britain's sports, and despite the flora and recent fauna, the teams are eventually ready to start slaughtering each other.

When lined up for the "kick off" they present a strange contrast. The School players are extremely small and light, while the Old Guard players are extremely large and heavy. The anomaly presented by this difference in weight, however, is counteracted by the guerilla tactics adopted by the School forwards. They make full use of the extraordinary physical features of the field, and the Guards fre-

quently completely lose sight of their Lilliputian adversaries. The School forwards gamely forge their way through the dense undergrowth, and often suddenly disappear. Consternation is shown in the ranks of the Guards. Soon, however, the passage of the submerged Lilliputians is betrayed by a wave of swaying grass travelling towards the Guards' posts, and agonised shrieks rend the air as the Old Guard forwards descend in a human avalanche upon their diminutive opposition. This guerilla warfare continues until "time is up," when each team gives three cheers to celebrate having battered, maimed, and disabled generally, the members of the rival team. So ends a typically enjoyable game of rugby.

The players now run, walk, or crawl from the field, according to the degrees of life left, and retire to the dressing-room, to display gory limbs and to tell the oft-told tale of self-provess.

I. Macpherson.

Mackay's Restaurant and Lounge

* * *

PARTIES CATERED FOR
AT POPULAR PRICES

Grantown-on-Spey 47.

The Shop for Quality

—*—

J. D. CAMPBELL

LICENSED GROCER

36 THE SQUARE
GRANTOWN - ON - SPEY

REMINISCENCES 1863—1871.

Why is it that our elders always tell us our school days are the happiest of our lives? Is it only to make us feel cheerful when we return to work after a ripping holiday? Surely it must be true, for if our troubles when we have left school were no greater than our school worries, life would be too wonderful.

Your Grammar School and everything connected with it is now far different to what it was in my time. In those days it consisted of one long room with a passage down the middle, fireplace on the east side, master's desk opposite on the west side, with coal-house and belfry built out behind.

Our Teachers.

Our first principal was Mr Stewart (a budding minister), whose discipline was almost perfect, but, to put it mildly, very strict. I am sure Mr Stewart used the tawse or cane oftener in one week, than I have had occasion to do in over 60 years. He took the Mathematics and Latin of the higher classes, and the P.T.'s work during school hours, which, of course, he ought not to have done. There were four pupil teachers whom we all loved—Charles McKenzie, Donald McPherson, Angus Stuart and Miss Harvey.

The Old Court-House.

In the winter, when there were too many pupils for the one room, the largest class was sent to the old Court-House. This room was above the jail, and as there were several knot holes in the flooring boards we had some fine fun squirting water down on the prisoners, especially on a Monday morning.

Oh!—the language that came up to us in the Doric and Gaelic. We used quill pens in those days, and I, on one occasion, made a nasty smudge, and was told to take it down to the school, and show it to the principal. Although it was my first blot I knew the punishment would be severe; sleeves pulled up, hand on desk, and the tawse or cane. Result—blue marks on my wrist. I knew also there was no pigstye between the Court-Room and the School; but at the top of the Court-Room stairs, opposite the door, was a long box containing firewood, and into it I crept. I had not long to wait when school

was dismissed for the dinner hour, and when all was quiet I got out, and ran for mine. There were no after consequences!

Writing in Grantown Grammar School excelled even in my time, and I see from the 1932 Magazine it does so to-day. The two best writers then were Angus Stuart and George Harvey, the latter having arrived at the stage of fancy lettering in his copybook.

Games.

There was no playing field or sports club in connection with the Grammar School in my time, but we could generally muster two teams for a game of cricket on Saturdays. We had our pitch near the east end burn, opposite where the Girls' School was built, and were not particular so long as the worst hillocks were removed and holes filled in.

Shinty was a game we played in a desultory way with balls made by ourselves, covered with old stockings and sewn with twine. The townsmen always had a game on the Square, on New Year's Day, "Married versus Single." What fun we had sliding down the west brae on old, disused forms in winter and summer.

In our snowball battles with the West End School we always had the advantage of being on the higher ground while they were in the lane between two stone walls. Of course, we played pitch-and-toss (for buttons) and marbles. I was always very fond of kite flying and archery, both Long and Cross Bow, making them myself, and what amount of sliding and skating we had during the very severe winter of 1866-67.

Education.

I beg to inform P.W. II. of "School—Old and New," of School Magazine, December, 1932, that the education of my day in Grantown Grammar School was a thorough grounding in all classes in every subject taught, including History from the time of Egbert to the end of the Stuart period. Geography, with map drawing from memory. Euclid, all the books. Algebra and Latin, in which we had to parse every word, as you do in English to-day, and woe to those who could not do it in class.

In the Latin examination class of '67 (I think it was) Mr Jolly, Inspector of Schools, informed us that Donald McPherson (ex-

P.T.) was the best Latin scholar of his year in Edinburgh. How was that for Grantown Grammar School of that date? Donald McPherson was principal of Cromdale school in the mid 'seventies and afterwards of Glen Rinnes. Charles McKenzie was appointed to a school in Sutherlandshire, and I lost trace of him, and of Angus Stuart's after schooldays you know more than I. I do know, however, that I named my only son, David Angus Stuart, after myself and Angus Stuart, whom I loved as a brother.

After Mr Stewart left for the Divinity Hall we had Mr Sammers as principal, and I have nothing but good to say of him.

Of classmates from St. IV. upwards I can only remember the name of one, and the reason of that is, there was always a tussle between us who would be Dux in each subject. Her name was Mary Walker Lang, and I still can remember her pretty face and her long golden hair hanging down her back.

Prizes.

These were worth striving for in my time, a separate book being given for each subject. The number of prizes in a class depended upon the number of pupils, so that an industrious pupil in the higher classes could carry away six or eight book prizes without overtaxing his brain. The prize I valued most was the "School Prize for History," and is still in my possession. The title of the book is "Unwritten History and How to Read it." Having read the book, and inwardly digested it, I started studying Geology, and I am still hard at it in this part of Africa.

Now for a little bit of advice. The Tortoise in the "Right Road" will beat the Racer in the "Wrong." It matters not, though a youth be "slow," if he be but "diligent." Quickness of parts may even prove a "defect," inasmuch as the boy who learns readily, will often forget as readily; and also because he finds no need of cultivating that quality of application and perseverance which the slower youth is compelled to exercise, and which proves so valuable an element in the formation of every character. Davy says—"What I am I made myself," and the same holds true universally.

Boys and girls, you ought to be proud of your school and teachers. In the mid 'sixties

I loved it, and held that it was second to one only North of the Forth—Aberdeen Grammar School.

I see on page 29 of the G.G.S.M. of December, '82, that Mrs Lazenby sent you a photo of the Grammar School in '89. As there may be a bit of my old school in it, I will send some lucky beans to the girl who sends me a snapshot of it, and to the boy a ball of vegetable ivory (1½" in diameter), both from the Rain Forest at the Victoria Falls.

Wishing you all "happy Christmas holidays" from a very old F.P.

D. DAVID STUART.

Rosslyn, Mt. Pleasant,
P.O. Avondale,
Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

GRANTOWN GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN THE 'NINETIES.

My experiences in the school form a link between the old—as pictured in Mr J. S. Grant's account, and the new, as described by Mr J. D. Rose: I was an interested spectator of men and events from about 1891 onwards. It was, I think, in that year that the footbridge at Cromdale was blown down; and, as I was now cut off from the careful and stimulating training furnished by Mr Slater, I proceeded to Grantown school—after a few weeks' break for reflection.

In those days, a teacher's pay accrued to him in various ways—none of them very lucrative. We used to carry fees regularly to Mr Slater—mostly half-crowns, for some reason. We liked doing so: Mr Slater gave good discount. In addition, a teacher made his pay out of the successful presentation of pupils before the inspector, in class subjects and in "special" subjects. As I had left Cromdale in the middle of the school year, Mr Slater had the right to claim that I should be presented in his school. I therefore made a last appearance in Cromdale on the day of inspection. I can only hope that my old headmaster made something out of me. On that occasion I was more interested in the performance of one of my old school companions than in my own. Since

the fall of the bridge, he had been devoting attention to a "special" subject of which I knew nothing. Evidently his progress was rapid. He was asked to do a "proposition," and, giving himself the triangle A B C, he went sailing through his text with no hesitation. But Mr John Macleod checked the flow of words; "Just call it P Q R, James," he said. That finished the story. Naturally enough I kept my eye pretty closely on the inspector and his doings, even at an age when I was not in a position to estimate the significance of what was said and done. One incident stands out. John Macleod and Mr Slater were seated at the table in the middle of the room, as usual. A gentleman called. He came up to the table and proceeded to make some statement. A boy was then called up, and some questions were put to him. I seemed to gather that some charge was being preferred against our headmaster; which was certainly funny. Then Mr Macleod turned to the visitor and said, "There is nothing in it, Mr —." This scene made a considerable impression on my mind; both the headmaster and in particular the inspector went up in my estimation enormously. I suppose that the idea of justice is one that arises very early in young minds.

So I renewed my attendance at Grantown next day, having profited much from my inspection experience. For the next few years I walked the double journey of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles daily. As there were no home lessons to speak of, the mere distance was no obstacle. To readers of Mr J. S. Grant's account, it will, however, appear doubtful whether the schooling to be got in Grantown in those days was worth a seven miles' walk. As schooling it left little trace on my mind, I have a hazy memory of a book of English extracts which we were not taught to understand, and of a well-meant but feeble pun on mare and mère at which for two reasons I refused to laugh though personally invited to do so. My main reason was that I did not like the teacher. I am afraid that we learned very little. Discipline seemed to occupy a bigger place in the scheme of things than learning, and the discipline itself was even more extraordinary than the teaching. The punishments sometimes made one's blood boil; I mean

the blood of the onlooker. Some boys, however, in spite of the penalties that surely awaited them, repeatedly chose to attend the "école buissonnière"—the school in the bushes—rather than the Grammar School. I did not blame them then, and I do not blame them now. It was really an easy choice; they were perhaps not very keen students and the school did not offer them anything to interest them. Every three weeks or so, a number of boys appeared before the master to explain absence without the knowledge of parents. Some were old offenders, and found it difficult to vary the excuse. Then they were "strapped" unmercifully; even the most artfully exaggerated facial contortions failed to move pity.

There was, no doubt, the consolation that after all it was worth it; and the punishment, though severe, could be defended. There were, however, other punishments for other crimes; and the memory of one of them meted out to a little chap still rouses my indignation. I expect that this state of matters had something to do with the "wave of popular feeling" that brought about the revolution.

It is more than likely than Mr Tom Stewart, at that time an Inspector of Schools, if not a Chief Inspector, was particularly interested in the situation. He was a Grantown boy, son of a banker, who had graduated at Aberdeen with distinction. Since his student time, any Grantown boy wishing a college career had been forced to proceed by a devious route that led through Fordyce, or through Kingsie.

At all events, we returned to school one Autumn to find that somebody's broom had swept the Augean stable clean. We made the acquaintance of a tall, handsome man of military bearing who was to be headmaster; of a bright, alert, smaller man who was to take English, Mathematics, Music, Drill; and of an extremely gentle and winning lady who gave us French and German. The Rector took charge of Classics. These teachers worked very hard, and not in any merely routine, mechanical manner. From this point of view, Cheyne's enthusiasm was particularly infectious: we read widely and of the best, with the feeling that every new or

striking phrase or idea was a priceless jewel. Incidentally, Cheyue introduced us to the newspaper and to the sayings and doings of men of note of the time. For me, personally, the coming of the new "régime" was like water in a dry, parched land. In three or four years' time the school became a productive secondary school, able to prepare scholars for direct entrance to the University. I should be surprised to learn that the Rector ever had occasion to punish for truancy; pupils know what is good for them.

My reference to Tom Stewart leads me to say something of purely personal interest, that may, however, have some interest for your readers. I owe very much to my father; and among other things a certain ambition that was fostered by his enthusiastic admiration for those who, he felt, were greater than himself. He once spoke to me of Tom Stewart, alongside of whom he had sat in Grantown school. Tom, he said, never forgot anything he had learned. Then he told me he was an inspector of schools, and recounted a story of the way in which he vigorously defended his staff. In consequence, I had the hardihood to call on the Chief Inspector in Edinburgh after completing my Aberdeen course and when I was on the way to a German University. I was very kindly received, and while I was still in Germany he sent me a report on Berlin schools written by another inspector. I have the idea that, so far as his influence went, he would have done something on my behalf if I applied for the post of inspector; but unfortunately he died suddenly while I was still abroad. My father had already died in 1904. I was therefore too late in establishing a connection with the inspector; but it is some satisfaction to have taken the line that my father approved.

It is very pleasant to hear of the continued success of the old school and of the pupils that one used to know. The school magazine should form an excellent bond of union between the old and the present pupils. One of the difficult ideas on which one has to clear one's mind is that of change and progress; and the school magazine will contribute more perhaps than regular instruction to give meaning to the flight of time and the

efforts that are made to control and direct its flight.

W. A. ROBERTSON,
Inspector of Schools.

20/7/35.

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

THE editor has kindly asked me to contribute a short article setting forth my early recollections and impressions of Grantown-on-Spey and its environments. It gives me great pleasure to do so.

Grantown is, to me, more than a holiday resort—it is a home of the mind and soul which incessantly calls me back again when the mind is tired and the soul seeks again a quiet rest. My earliest recollection goes back many years when one day my parents "flitted" on a farm cart, with the family perched on the load of unpretentious furniture from Dalvey to the "Croft," Cromdale.

It was in 1887. I am sure of the year—first, because it was the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and secondly, because my father was presented, on leaving Advie, with a chiming clock. The "Croft," with its low walls and small windows, and thatched roof, has long disappeared, and some time ago, when I re-visited the vicinity, I had great difficulty in locating the site of the "auld hoose." My early schooldays were spent in Cromdale, and the rudiments of my education were gathered under Mr James Slater, who retired many years ago, and who, I believe, is still hale and hearty. While in Cromdale, my father was precentor in the old Free Church, first when the services were held in the school, and later in the Free Church which was afterwards built in the wood near the cross-roads.

What would the good people who helped to build that little temple think, were they to know that the church which they loved, is now being converted into a public hall? "How have the mighty fallen!"

We removed about the year 1892 to Kilintra, that quaint little cottage by the sawmill, and I was transferred to Grantown Grammar School. My father kept on the precentorship at Cromdale, and every Sunday I accom-

ppanied him to the church at Cromdale—on foot—where he wielded the baton, or rather the tuning fork. There were few organs then, and I can remember when the "kist o' whistles" was introduced in the old Established Church, and the trouble its introduction caused in the community.

I can visualise very vividly my schooldays at the Grammar School. Mr J. D. Rose was the rector at that time, and my own teachers were Mr Cheyne (now living in Elgin), Miss Boon (who afterwards became Mrs Cheyne), and Mr Walter. Mrs Cheyne died a few years ago. She was a charming lady, and was greatly beloved by her pupils. Nothing pleased us more than to accompany her from her little cottage home near the Kilintra burn to the school. If my memory serves me right, Mr Walter himself photographed the group which appeared in last year's Grammar School magazine. Unfortunately, my schooldays were cut short, and this was a great disappointment to me, for I was keen on acquiring an education, although I was far from being a brilliant student. However, economic conditions in these days were hard, and the wages of a working man were round about £1 per week, and it was decided that I should go into the wage market and earn my own living! And so I put on my Sunday suit, and after being smartened up, my mother and I both walked through the Kilintra wood, up the High Street, and after an interview with the late Mr W. J. Surtees, I was engaged at 4/- a week, with no extra payment for insurance stamps, for Lloyd George had not arrived in politics then. I can well remember my first pay-day! Four shillings! What a sum of money it was, and I hurried home and placed the unbroken week's wages in my mother's hand. The event was celebrated in the household in this fashion—Each of us got a glass of lemonade—a luxury which was not often indulged in—at any rate, not in our household. One gala day stands out in my memory. There was a big public function of some kind at Castle Grant. The old Lady Seafeld had summoned my grandfather, Hugh Fraser, Rothiemoon (a famous piper in his day), to supply the music. The children of the town followed the old man with the white-fowing beard up the High Street

to the castle. He was dressed in his home-spun Highland dress, and when we arrived, Lady Seafeld asked him to come forward. I can remember how proud I was to watch her examine his home-spun dress. The wool from which it was made was spun by my grandmother.

The most vivid recollection during my short service with Mr Surtees was in this wise—I was sent one day round to the back premises to fill a jar of treacle from a large barrel. I had just taken out the stopper from the end of the barrel, placed the jar underneath, and at this stage of the proceedings I was called to the shop and told I had to go to Dulnain Bridge with some groceries. Now, there were no motor vans in those days, and all the way to Dulnain I had to trudge behind or in front of a hurley. I must have been away for about three hours, for I was not in any hurry to return. We made haste slowly then! Imagine my consternation when I remembered the jar of treacle! When I arrived at the store behind the shop a stream of treacle met me on the way, and the jar was completely lost in a flood of black treacle. I went immediately and reported the matter, expecting fully to get the "back." But Mr Surtees was a kindly man, and there was very little said about the matter. During my time in his employment he treated me with the utmost kindness.

Those were days when economic conditions were hard, and I can remember how the hardships of the people impressed and oppressed me. And yet, are the conditions very much better now? I doubt it. At that time a boy could get a job of some kind. To-day there are thousands of boys who leave school with little or no prospect of employment.

Soon afterwards the family removed to Rothes, where I forsook the grocery trade for ever—but that is another story. Anyone who has the good fortune to be born on Speyside must be early impressed, as I have been, with the surpassing beauty of the countryside.

As one who returns to the environs of the Spey again and again, I am more and more conscious of the lavishness of the beauty with which nature colours the hills and dales, the

woods and glens, and paints the wayside flowers with a magic brush.

I must go back to the hills again,
To the high heather hills of Strathspey,
The Highland hills are friendly hills,
And I must make haste and away.

The Highland folks are friendly folks,
The Highland hearts are gay,
So I must go back to the hills again,
The high heather hills of Strathspey.

DUNCAN FRASER.

F.P.'s IN THE WORLD OF SPORT.

SPORT as part of the present-day educational curriculum has an important bearing in the after well-being of scholars.

To give an example of this fact I need only comment upon the fine standard of sportsmanship as exhibited by the members of Grantown's two football clubs.

The junior team, purely composed of F.P.s, with the exception of two players, have demonstrated the value and worth of Mr Hunter and his assistants' teaching and advice on the sports field or other spheres.

The managements of both football clubs, Junior and Jubilee, are indebted to Mr Hunter and his staff.

In Bruce, A. Rattray, L. McGregor, D. Terris, Ian Grant, Ian McPherson, J. Walker, Ian Mackenzie, H. Mackenzie, Grantown F.C. have the most promising combination of young players (all F.P.s) since pre-war times, fit to compete against the best in Moray Junior circles.

Jack Cook, an F.P. and member of Grantown Juniors, and now a member of Glasgow Police Force, leads the Clydebank division team of that fine body of athletics.

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F.P.s of note in the Badminton world produced crack players in J. McLeod, J. J. Grant and W. Hastlow. The former player was selected to represent Morayshire v. Aberdeenshire. J. J. Grant and W. Hastlow, winners of the annual Badminton Tournament, 1934, were runners-up this year.

Miniature rifle shooting during the past season attained a high standard of efficiency, the following F.P.s figuring largely in the prize-list:—

Winners: — Nivison Cup — A. McLean; runner-up—A. Shand.

Leslie Cup—Sandy Brownie.

Joicey Cup—H. McPherson; runner-up—G. Mortimer.

Bell Medal—W. R. Stuart.

"News of the World" Cup—S. Oakes.

"Daily Telegraph" Cup—S. Brownie.

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F.P.s competing in golfing circles were equally successful. The following members were winners:—

Mackay Cup—Dr Williams; runner-up—J. Keith.

Club Medal—P. Innes.

Spoons—L. Rattray, D. J. Cameron, H. R. Grant.

Dr Marr's Prize — J. Keith; runner-up—Angus Mackenzie.

Putting Competition — H. McPherson, A. Lawrence.

Mr Henderson's Prize—A. Mackenzie.

Spring Meeting—Jack Donald.

Sweepstake—L. Rattray.

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Mr J. Gilbert, wireless engineer, while tuning in to an American station, was surprised and likewise delighted to hear our old friend and noted International golfer, R. A. Cruickshank, mentioned as one of the leading qualifiers in a major tournament in the Land of Dollars and Gangsters.

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Bowling attracted quite a number of F.P.s: Mr James Templeton winning the Silver Bowl and runner-up in the McVitie & Price Cup.

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From far away Toronto, Canada, I received a letter from an F.P., Mr Wm. Dick. He was delighted to receive his copy of the School "Mag." To quote part of his note:—"The School 'Mag.' brought back fond and happy memories of my old school and town." I hope William passes on this year's copy to any F.P. residing in his district.

DONALD GRANT.

GRANTOWN 60 YEARS AGO—AND NOW.

In fulfilment of my promise to contribute another article to the Magazine, I will now endeavour to describe some of the great changes that have taken place here during the last 60 or 70 years.

First, and of primary importance, must come the introduction of the railways throughout Strathspey. This must be regarded as the great event that brought prosperity to Grantown and the outside districts.

The making of the railway took at least over two years. The advent of the system brought much increased prosperity to the tradesmen and merchants in Grantown and district, as during that period over 300 men were busily employed, many of them from Ireland and the West Coast. The cutting of the rocks near Lynenacgregor, and the making of the embankments on both sides entailed a prodigious amount of labour and expense.

Prosperity to Grantown.

I cannot speak of the flourishing time enjoyed by other tradesmen and merchants in Grantown, but I know that my late father, who previously employed two workmen in making hand-made boots, employed ten men during the period of railway construction. In addition, he had to get a supply of 50 pairs "Navy" boots every week from Keith. The majority of the workers employed on the railway were lodging in Grantown, and housewives, too, had a very busy time in attending to their wants.

The blasting of the huge rocks at Lynenacgregor was in itself a huge undertaking, and entailed an enormous amount of labour. Squads of about 20 men with a "gaffer" in charge were allotted sections, and the work was arduous and the hours of labour long.

Dynamite and other high explosives were then unknown, and I have been told that the most of the blasting was done by the crude method of limestone. A barrowful or two of lime was put into a hole, water was then poured in, and as the lime swelled, it burst the rock in pieces. These pieces were then conveyed to the embankments, of which they made a very solid foundation.

Both railways—Highland and Great North—were opened in June, 1863.

Earl Seafield's Generosity.

In this connection it is only right to record the splendid generosity of the Earl of Seafield to the Highland Railway Coy. He gave the company full permission to make the railway through his estate, from Aviemore to Dava, and did not charge them a single penny for wayleave or surface damages. In recognition of this, the company built the second porter lodge at Lynenacgregor, and arranged it to be also a private stopping station for the Laird and his family. Further, it was Lady Seafield who was chosen to perform the opening ceremony when the railway from Forres to Perth was opened. This she did at Forres, where she was surrounded by a great crowd of her followers from Strathspey. In the following July the people of Grantown were presented with free tickets to Aviemore, where they were given a free lunch, and afterwards taken to view the beautiful surroundings of Loch-an-eilan and The Dome.

The Laird did not see his way to use the Porter Lodge, for convenience as a stopping station, and it is said that the first time it was used in this respect, was when his body was brought from London in March, 1881, and conveyed from the lodge to Castle Grant. The funeral of the Earl on 4th March, 1881, will long be remembered by the people of Grantown and surrounding districts. It was the day of the heaviest snowstorm seen for many years.

For two days previous, snow had fallen heavily, with a very high wind, which blocked all the roads round about the district with heavy drifts and made them impassable. The bellman was sent round the town requesting all the inhabitants to come with their shovels and help to clear the road to Duthil. The invitation was quickly responded to, and after a little delay the cortege, accompanied by a band of pipers, followed by hundreds of brave clansmen reached Duthil Churchyard where the body was interred in the family mausoleum.

Lord Reidhaven.

Lord Reidhaven, the only son, was a fine stalwart Higblander, and there were great expectations that he would fill his father's place, and become a very good landlord. He was very energetic, and showed a fine disposition to

do his best for his tenantry. Unfortunately, his life was cut short. After undergoing a serious operation in London he died on 31st March, 1884. His remains were taken by train to the East Porter Lodge, and thereafter conveyed to Castle Grant. His untimely death created a profound impression, and was sincerely lamented. After lying in state for a few days, the funeral took place from the Castle to Duthil, followed by a very large company of mourners from all surrounding districts.

What made the early decease of the promising young Earl doubly sad, was the fact that shortly before his death he had made arrangements, along with the Countess, his mother, to have Castle Grant remodelled on a large scale. The contracts had been fixed, and drains all around the Castle had been dug for the work about to commence on the walls of the Castle. The unexpected passing away of young Ian Charles changed all this. Two drains were filled up, and the whole scheme abandoned by the Countess, who shortly after got a private road made through the golf course and along Anagach Moss, then by the Spey to Kylintra and on to the mausoleum at Duthil, where the bodies of her beloved husband and young son are interred.

In a small carriage drawn by a pair of horses, she paid frequent visits to Duthil Churchyard. About the same time as the arrangements for the improvements on Castle Grant, plans had been prepared for the building of the Cottage Hospital.

The Cottage Hospital.

These were afterwards carried out, and the hospital consecrated to the memory of Ian Charles, better known as Lord Reidhaven. Though living a quiet and secluded life, the Countess took a great interest in the welfare of her parishioners and small tenants, many of whom visited her at Castle Grant. She never failed to do her utmost to have their grievances remedied, and showed great anxiety to see them happy and prosperous as far as possible. Caroline, Countess of Seafield, passed away very peacefully on 6th October, 1911, greatly revered by all her tenantry and householders in Strathspey, and all other places where she was proprietrix.

Grantown's Water Supply.

The introduction of a proper water supply

was another of the great improvements which helped to make Grantown more prosperous. In my early days the only sources of supply were the "stronpie" at the West End, near the Kylintra burn, and this had its source from several wells in the ground where the Episcopal Church is now built. The other was a little burn flowing down between "The Garth" and Lethendry Lodge. Here it passed under a bridge east of the Court-house, along part of South Street, down past the old "Dyer's dam," and eventually found its way into the Spey, at Cromdale.

The East End burn supplied the people in the Square and East End, while the "stronpie" supplied those from the Square to the West End. The folks in South St. got their supply from the burn or a little well called "McLean's Well" at the West end of the street. When a boy, I can well remember seeing a crowd of women, with their barrows and tubs, passing along the High Street for their water supply. My own mother, as soon as she lighted her kitchen fire in the morning, started off with her barrow and two tubs for the "stronpie," and on many occasions I went with her.

As the supply was rather limited, when we reached, we usually found about a dozen women waiting their turn to get their tubs filled. The law was "first come, first served," and there was no respect of persons. The position was unsatisfactory in many respects. There were no such things as water-closets or lavatories, and primitive dry closets only in the back gardens were used instead, in all the tenements. How long this system went on I cannot say. The next improvement was a supply of water from a small reservoir below the quarries at Dreggie. This was taken into the town through wooden pipes, and several pumps were erected along High St., one of these opposite the Baptist Chapel.

The next improvement in our water supply was effected by the Parochial Board through the County Council of Elgin. The minutes of the Board of August 3rd, 1881, record that "the works of the Special Supply of Water for the village of Grantown had been executed according to plans and specifications of Mr Muckenzie, C.E., Elgin, at a cost of £1200."

Fuar-an-Ailan.

This supply was taken from "Fuar-an-ailan," known as "The Cold Well" by means of iron pipes into a reservoir above the Dreggie quarries, and from there conveyed all through the town and up to the Highland Railway cottages. This augmented supply proved a great boon to the town, as householders were then provided with sufficient water to introduce lavatories and water-closets into their homes. The water was tested by experts on several occasions and found to be of the purest quality, while the supply proved ample for many years.

A few years after the County Council of Elgin introduced the system of sewerage, and this again had very beneficial results. A large number of new houses and villas were built, in order to accommodate the increasing number of summer visitors from all quarters of the globe—Italy, France, Egypt, India, Africa. Grantown became famous as a health resort, and for many years every available house was hooked up for three or four summer months, while tradesmen and shopkeepers enjoyed increased prosperity.

Grantown's First Provost.

In 1898, Grantown became a burgh, and Mr A. Macpherson Grant was chosen as its first Provost.

The committees appointed by the Council to the various departments, water, sewerage, roads, lighting, public health, etc., soon became active in their endeavour to improve the amenities of the burgh, and in this they were greatly assisted by the members of the Amenities Committee.

Since the burgh was formed, many great improvements have been carried out, and each of these have been achieved only after the proposals have been fully discussed in the Council chamber. Whenever concrete proposals were tabled, they were subjected to minute criticism before they were adopted.

Grantown's First Water Scheme.

The Tounnatamish scheme to augment the existing supply, and especially the route proposed to bring the water to a new reservoir above the Highland Railway station, caused considerable friction at several Council meetings, and in the community. The enormous

amount of water brought in by this scheme has so far served the community well, but the route chosen might have been improved.

Water supplies, like everything else, have to be carefully looked after and attended to. Even now, with our enormous supply, there may be the danger of a scarcity, in a very dry season. Let us hope that with an alert Council this danger will soon be got over.

Since the burgh was formed, in 1898, elections have taken place every third year, and on several occasions keenly contested elections have taken place. During these contests great interest was aroused among the ratepayers to choose the best men, and keen rivalry among the candidates to secure the coveted seats on the Council board. This was distinctly good, and revealed a healthy interest in Council matters and helped to keep the affairs of the burgh well to the front.

In addition to publishing an address, each candidate had to make a personal call on the electors in order, if possible, to secure their support and their vote on election day. The work of canvassing might occupy several days, but it was both interesting and instructive. Electors would find out exactly where the candidate stood regarding future business to come before the Council, while the candidate would elicit the feelings of the electors on these matters, both of which would eventually help in the solidarity of the vote and materially benefit the whole community.

Public Work a Duty.

Public interest in Council elections has fallen off greatly in recent years, and this is due in large measure to the difficulty in finding new candidates.

It may still be true, that in public work "you get more kicks than halfpence," and it may also be "a thankless job," but, even so, that is not a sufficient reason for the dearth of candidates.

One of the things we sadly miss in Grantown is a well-conducted literary or debating society, where young men, and women too, would be properly trained in the art of public speaking. A short training here would soon overcome the bashfulness and timidity often shown by young men of ability when asked to take their share of public service—but of this

more anon. It is very disappointing to meet with so many who take up this attitude, because it is only fair that those who earn their living in a community should also do their share of the public work. From a fairly long experience of public life, I can testify that those who carry out their duties in a straightforward way are amply recompensed when they see things being successfully carried on by their successors. We are told that "Time is measured by impressions." It is a pleasure for me to look back on the 19 years I spent on the Town Council, during which I was called upon to fill all the offices, from convenor to Provost, with such ability and earnestness as I possessed.

True, I made a few enemies, but I also made many friends. To me, the consciousness of having done my duty faithfully will always be a sufficient recompense. Here I must stop as I feel I have already exhausted the interest of readers. There are a number of notable events and decayed industries I would like to recall, but these must be reserved for another occasion.

J. S. Grant.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Walter Cruickshank, Seafeld Lodge.
Miss T. Cruickshank, Seafeld Lodge.
Wm. Duncan, 28 High Street.
Jas. Duncan, 97 Cromwell Road, Aberdeen.
Duncan Fraser, Schoolhill, Aberdeen.
Miss C. E. Forbes, Johannesburg.
Mrs Grant, Manse, Cornhill, Banffshire.
John S. Grant, Rockmount.
Walter Hastilow, Palace Hotel.
Miss M. Hastilow, Palace Hotel.
Mrs Lazenby, Liverpool.
Mrs Mutch, 28 High Street.
Miss Betty Mutch, 28 High Street.
Peter McIn, Royal Bank.
Mrs Morrison, 65 Fountain Hall Road, Aberdeen.
Miss M. Scott McGregor, 100 High St.
Jas. S. Mackenzie, Waterford.
Major J. G. MacDougall, Dmolly.
Mrs MacDougall, Dmolly.
Alex. McPhail, Hillview.
Miss Isa McPhail, Hillview.
W. R. MacDougall, Sheffield.
Mrs M. J. McArthur, Germiston, Transvaal.

Jas. Philip, Strathspey Hotel.
Miss Ella Pyper, Salisbury, Rhodesia.
Miss M. M. Pyper, Riversdale.
W. A. Robertson, 47 Seafeld Road, Broughty Ferry.
W. R. Stuart, "News" Office.
Mrs Schleppie, 100 High Street.
Dr Williams, Stonelield.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Miss Isabel Allan, Ballintomb.
Jas. Allan, Ballintomb.
Miss J. Allanach, Faebnie, Cromdale.
Miss Jean Burgess, 10 Castle Road.
Miss J. M. Campbell, Parkburn.
A. J. Cameron, Forest Road.
Miss A. Cameron, teacher.
Miss Cumming, Brooklyn.
Mrs Cottingham, Kenya.
H. G. Cumming, Ivy Bank.
Mrs Cumming, Ivy Bank.
Mrs Davidson, Tombreck.
Hamish Dixon, Heath Cottage.
Mrs Dixon, Heath Cottage.
Miss S. Duffner, Atholl Cottage.
Miss N. Duffner, Atholl Cottage.
Miss L. S. Duncan, Dundonnachie.
Ian Forbes, Comage.
Miss C. Findlay, Ivy Bank.
Miss Gray, teacher.
Miss N. Gillies, Pitlochry.
Miss Ann Grant, 10 The Square.
Miss M. Grant, teacher.
Miss Ella Grant, Strichen.
Thomas Hunter, Rosemount.
Mrs Hunter, Rosemount.
W. Hepburn, Square.
Wm. Jack, Pitlochry.
Miss Lawson, Highlea.
Miss Moyes, Lilac Cottage.
Miss C. Mutch, 28 High Street.
John Milne, Braehead.
Edwin Munro, Ravenswood.
Mrs J. S. Mackenzie, Waterford.
Miss B. McIntosh, Grant Cottage.
Miss D. Macpherson, Thornhill.
Miss Jean M. Paterson, Ivy Bank.
Miss Marion Paterson, Ivy Bank.
Mrs R. Keith, Benalder.
Mrs W. R. Stuart, "News" Office.
R. Wilson, teacher.
Miss E. A. Wood, Balnrenach.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The annual general meeting of the club was held on November 4th, when the faithful enthusiasts carried out the business of the club satisfactorily. Mr Hunter was again appointed president, Miss Jean Paterson, secretary and treasurer. Instead of the Essay Prize, it was decided that the F.P.'s present "The English Medal" to the Grammar School. The Essay prize was won this year by Willie Potheringham.

nothing to be desired. Miss Edith Lawson, tower of strength to the club, gathered around her many former pupils and each declared that the re-union helped to renew old friendships and stimulate the interest of the club.

WANDERERS FROM AFAR.

Many F.P.'s were home from abroad this summer. Mrs MacArthur (née Maggie Irvine Grant) was home from Johannesburg, where there seems to be a colony of Grantownians. She has promised to tell us about them in an article for our next issue.

Mrs Cooper (née Nell Howat), from Canada, and Mrs Cottingham (née Annie Lobban). Mrs Cottingham's account of house-keeping in Kenya is most thrilling, and we hope that she will tell us all about it next year.

ANNUAL RE-UNION.

Few functions have become so successful socially and financially as the Former Pupils' re-union, and the 1934 event was deemed one of the best. The catering, in the capable hands of Miss and Mr Walter Hastlow, left

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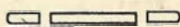
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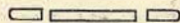


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