

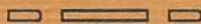


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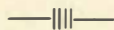
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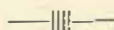


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GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY



# The Grammar School Magazine

## Grantown-on-Spey

No. 8.

DECEMBER, 1936.

Editor—Duncan Davidson.

Advertising Manager—Sandy Phimister.

### EDITORIAL.

We have much pleasure in submitting the Eighth Annual Grammar School Magazine for your perusal and, as usual, we have enough optimism to hope that it will add to your enjoyment, if not to your edification.

Since our last issue many events of national and international moment have taken place. So far as our own national affairs are concerned we have occasion to record the passing of our well-beloved King George V. and the accession to the throne of his son, King Edward VIII.

So with our own small sphere of life time effects its certain changes. Editors come and go. Literary contributors wax and wane.

However, according to an old adage, "There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out," so perhaps there is as much literary talent in our midst as heretofore, but, like the "Gems of purest ray serene," they are buried in the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean."

Nevertheless, we have discovered some of these gems; we hope you agree with us when we apply the word gems to them, and unship them for your pleasure.

Again we owe deep gratitude to those people who help us to intersperse our pages with their advertisements. May their "lift up" to us be the means of a "lift up" to them.

And, finally, we thank all those who have purchased our magazine in the past. May we ask them to do so again and to endeavour to enlist the sympathy of a friend to buy one as well? Yes, we said buy, not borrow, for our motto is "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." If, dear pupils of the Grammar School, you do this, you will help the good of the cause and so encourage us in our humble endeavours.

And so for another year we bid you "Adieu."

## SCHOOL NOTES.

For several reasons the past year has been a notable one in this school's annals.

\* \* \*

That modest tract of land bordering the golf course has at last been made fit for organised games.

\* \* \*

The new playing field was used during the summer term for cricket and field games, and was open to the public on the occasion of the school sports.

\* \* \*

The latter event has been in abeyance for several years owing to lack of necessary ground, but was revived in June under glorious weather conditions.

\* \* \*

School sports do not appeal to the general public apparently, although the spectacle of events contested by trained young athletes ought to be interesting and attractive.

\* \* \*

From the programme point of view, however, the occasion was completely successful, and those adults who attended shared in the happy atmosphere which pervaded the field. Mrs Grant Smith presented the prizes.

\* \* \*

"Quality Street" was produced by Mr Morrison and his willing helpers at the end of the summer term.

\* \* \*

This production, it is generally agreed, will long rank as the school's finest dramatic effort; and its fore-runner, "The Little Minister," will be closely associated with it.

\* \* \*

The play was a triumph of organisation, and its financial issue was in keeping with its artistic success. The school fund reaped the benefit to the extent of £24.

\* \* \*

The Swimming and Life Saving Club's record for the year must have given entire satisfaction to its instructors, Provost Glass and Bailie Watson.

\* \* \*

Ten members competed successfully for the Royal Life Saving Society's bronze medallion and five for the elementary and intermediate certificates.

The instructors themselves underwent to the satisfaction of the examiner a strenuous test which qualified them for bronze medal bars.

\* \* \*

Dr MacLaren, the indefatigable Director of Education for Moray and Nairn, was speaker at this year's Prize Day ceremony.

\* \* \*

His oratory and wit, no less than his sound educational outlook, won the esteem of his audience and contributed largely to the success of this annual function.

\* \* \*

The Harvey Dux Medallist of the year was Marguerite K. King. Mrs MacLaren presented the prizes.

\* \* \*

The school choirs made an excellent appearance at Moray, Banff and Nairn Musical Festival held in Elgin. Three choirs went forward.

\* \* \*

The Secondary Girls' Choir, conducted by Mr Murray, took first place for the singing of their test pieces but had to take second place to Elgin Academy Choir for sight-reading.

\* \* \*

That the local choir's work was altogether excellent, however, is evidenced by the fact that they were awarded an Honours Diploma.

\* \* \*

The Boys' Choir, also under Mr Murray, took first place in a keenly contested class and were likewise awarded an Honours Diploma.

\* \* \*

The Junior Choir, conducted for the first time by Miss Cameron, were successful in gaining a First Class Certificate.

\* \* \*

The very creditable Leaving Certificate results are noted elsewhere in conjunction with the academic successes of former pupils now attending the universities and colleges.

\* \* \*

An exceptionally large number of pupils left school at the end of last session to continue their studies.

\* \* \*

Four proceeded to Aberdeen, three to Edinburgh, and one to Oxford University, while



two have been admitted to Domestic Science Colleges.

\* \* \*

Although he has elected to continue his studies at school for another year, Duncan Davidson has, in competitive examination, been awarded a Highlands and Islands Educational Trust bursary (University) of £25 per annum.

\* \* \*

Thomas Hunter, sixth in order of merit in Aberdeen University Bursary Competition, Medical Faculty, was awarded the Sivewright Bursary, valued at £25 per annum.

\* \* \*

An innovation which proved to be an unqualified success was the institution last session of a Parents' Day.

\* \* \*

Held on one of winter's worst days, it attracted a large number of parents and other members of the public who saw the school at work and were able to observe at first hand modern conditions in the class-room.

\* \* \*

Parents' Day for the current session will be held in May in conjunction with the other schools in Morayshire, as the movement has now become a county one.

\* \* \*

The school has had reason during the past year to be proud of two of its pupils in the realm of golf.

\* \* \*

Duncan Davidson and Alexander Plimister played in the Open Boys' Championship tournament at Southport and both made an excellent impression, the former distinguishing himself in the first round and eventually reaching the last sixteen.

\* \* \*

These two young players gave further evidence of their golfing prowess recently when they carried off the premier award in the Northern and Midland Golfers' Alliance competition played this year over Grantown Golf Course.

\* \* \*

The school branch of the National Savings Association, with Miss Alannah as honorary treasurer and ex-Provost Campbell as auditor, is still flourishing.

The sum deposited by its 78 members during the past session was £108 7s 2d, and the total amount saved by members since the inception of the branch, £1771 18/-.

### LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS.

The following eight candidates, the total number presented, have been awarded group Leaving Certificates:—

Vera M. Campbell, Duncan Davidson, James C. Grant, Marguerite K. King, Robert T. Laird, Francis A. Macaulay, Winifred M. D. Shaw, and Phyllis E. C. Watt.

Passes in individual subjects, including this year's additional passes of pupils who were awarded group certificates last session:—

Vera Campbell—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Latin, and Higher German.

Duncan Davidson—Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. French, Hr. Science, Lr. Latin.

James C. Grant—Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Lr. French, Lr. Science.

Marguerite King—Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. French, Hr. Latin, Hr. German.

Robert Laird—Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. French, Hr. Latin, Hr. Science.

Francis Macaulay—Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Hr. French, Lr. Latin, Lr. Science.

Winifred Shaw—Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Lr. French.

Phyllis Watt—Hr. Eng., Hr. Math., Lr. French, Lr. Science.

Jean Calder—Lr. Math. (Single subj.).

Gregor Cameron—Lr. Latin (Single subj.).

Margaret Gray—Lr. French (Single subj.).

Hugh Clarkson—Lr. French (Single subj.).

Beatrice Mackintosh—Lr. Math. (do.)

Donald Sutherland—Lr. Math. (do.)

This session's passes (additional) of pupils who were awarded group certificates last year:—

Helen M. S. Davidson—Hr. Latin, Hr. German (completing 5 Hr. passes).

William K. Fotheringham—Hr. Latin, Hr. German (5 Hr. passes).

Margaret H. Fraser—Hr. French, Lr. German (5 Hr. and 2 Lr.).

Thomas Hunter—Higher Dynamics (6 Hr. passes).

## A VISIT TO A ROCK POOL.

THE time to look for a rock pool is when the tide is out. In it you will find many different kinds of plant and animal life.

When you reach the pool, do not make a disturbance or you will frighten the whelks and hermit-crabs, or other creatures, into hiding.

The first thing that will probably attract your attention will be the seaweed attached to the sides of the rocks. All over the rocks you may find barnacles which are very rough and greyish-white in colour. You may also see limpets which attach themselves to the rocks by suction, and tighten their grip when disturbed—hence the expression, “to cling like a limpet.”

Looking into the pool, you will probably see first the whelks. These are black shells with a spiral inside round which the whelk curls his small body. Whelks are quite a delicacy when cooked! You may find a crab if you lift up some seaweed, or perhaps he may scuttle across the sandy bottom of the pool.

You may notice what appears to be a whelk, only he moves along much faster, but if you catch him unawares you will see his orange-coloured body, which is like a lobster's, half-way out of an old whelk's shell. The starfish is not so common in a pool, but it may sometimes be found when the tide has gone out. It is yellow in colour and has five arms; its mouth is on the under surface.

Another thing which the tide leaves behind it, is the sea-anemone. It is dark-red, pink, or green in colour, and when it is covered by the water it is like a jujube. But when it is under water, it opens itself out, waving its many tentacles about in search of food.

One point the crab, hermit-crab and starfish have in common is that when they lose a claw or arm they can grow a new one!

Perhaps the most beautiful of all the creatures in a rock pool is the sea-urchin. It is like a round dark green and white china ball, with many spikes. There are many other kinds of plants or animals in a rock pool, but these are the chief ones.

Hugh R. Tulloch (aged 11).

Why is M.K. not so “cheerie” as she used to be?

## THE AMATEUR ANGLER.

ONE day, a sudden inspiration seizing me, I decided to go—fishing! I began to hunt around the house for the necessary implements. After finding my fishing rod and the bait, it was nearly one o'clock, so I had to postpone my “expedition” till the afternoon. Finishing dinner, I prepared to set out, and in due course I arrived at my destination, a sandy stretch sheltered from the wind, beside which the river Spey flowed lazily, though swiftly along.

I put my rod together, attached sinker, hook and bait, and made my first cast, which stuck in the back of my coat. After extricating that, I made the line fall well out in the water. This, needless to say, was unsuccessful.

After fishing for about three quarters of an hour, I caught what is commonly known to London boys as a “tiddler.” I felt highly elated, even although I had to return it to its natural element, the “water,” because the Strathspey Angling Association does not permit anyone to take a fish under six inches in length without returning it to the water.

Five o'clock came, and still I was sitting there patiently fishing. After a time I decided to go home, so, taking down my rod, I proceeded on my way, having caught cold and a “tiddler”! When I reached home I was regaled with a good tea, and then going to the “pictures” I had an enjoyable evening.

B. W., II.

## THE RAIN.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat goes the rain,  
Making streams and rivers on the window-pane.

The flowers wake up and nod their heads,  
The rainbow shows its blues and reds,  
It brings fresh life to thirsting flowers,  
Which brighten many weary hours.

Ada R. Inmy (aged 11).

Did the height measurement marks half-way up the senior boys' door come into existence along with the Horlicks?



### AT THE BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, 1936.

On Saturday, the 15th of August, Duncan Davidson and myself left for Southport to compete in the boys' golf championship. It was my first visit to England, and it was with mixed feelings that I looked forward to my arrival at Southport. Duncan, being an experienced traveller, was not in the least perturbed by his visit to England, as it was his native land. We arrived at Southport in the evening, tired after a long journey. It was early when I went to bed, and although I was a little bit homesick I was looking forward to seeing my new surroundings.

We expected to find Southport on a Sunday similar to Grantown, but a surprise awaited us, for when we went out into the streets we found them crowded with throngs of happy and carefree holiday-makers who wanted to sample all the various amusements and diversions that Southport could offer. I felt very much out of place on hearing the strange and unfamiliar English accent.

Our first visions of the golf course were of mountainous standhills overgrown with thick creepers, intersected by long narrow fairways which stretch so far that the greens seemed to be in miniature. Deep bunkers were liberally scattered throughout the course and placed in such strategic positions that woe befell the luckless golfer who was so unfortunate as to be trapped in one of them. The course is one of the longest in England, and its difficulties may be illustrated by the fact that no professional golfer has ever broken 70 on it—76 being the scratch score. The club-house is of the most modern design and is delightfully situated beside the 18th green. This was the course on which so many young aspirants were to battle the following week.

We played our first round on Monday, and, excluding the fact that we lost eight balls between us, we enjoyed the round. Each following day we played a round and met many other young hopefuls from all parts of Britain.

The day before the championship opened, the international between Scotland and England was played. Each team consisted of eight picked players representing their respective countries. Scotland, I am happy to say, won very comfortably, and so all Scots

boys went forward to the next day feeling quite sure that a fellow-countryman would be boy champion, but they were to be disappointed for, as you all know, an Irish boy won it.

The great day dawned, the sun shining, and the skies cloudless. The car park was packed with hundreds of cars and the first tee was crowded with a battery of photographers and cine-cameramen. Duncan, who was one of the early starters, won his first round match very well, while I, starting in the late afternoon, was beaten. My main interest in the championship now was Duncan, who, continuing to play well, entered the fourth round in high hopes, and I, quite as excited as himself, was beginning to think that the "cup" was coming home to Grantown-on-Spey. But, unfortunately, our hopes were dashed when Duncan was beaten very narrowly by a Scots international.

The promenade and sea front, coupled with the pier, whose illuminations by night represent a myriad of lights, made a never-to-be-forgotten sight for the little travelled visitor whose eyes are used to the soothing sight of the purple heather and blue hills of bonny Scotland.

A. P., V.

### THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

For many years the same old tune,  
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,  
Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
Has sung our kitchen clock.

It came to live inside this house,  
Some fourteen years ago,  
When as a child, so young and small  
I seemed to love it, so.

It's been a very useful friend  
To us, along the years,  
And shared our life from day to day,  
Our happiness and tears.

And so for many years to come,  
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,  
From morn till night, I hope will sing  
Our dear old kitchen clock.

M. S., II.

## THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE.

For various reasons which we have neither the time, knowledge nor ink to discuss here, Newton's first law of motion, viz., "Corpus omne perseverare in statu quo quiescendi"—you know the rest of it, I hope—does not apply to scientific discoveries. Therefore, by simple proportion, with the hands tied behind the back, and nothing up our sleeves, we can deduce, can we not? that science will go on discovering more and more, about less and less, till it knows everything about, well, practically nothing. Having made this point, which has puzzled scientists since the days when man, clad in stegosaurus skin, found he could get a packet of "gaspers" out of a slot machine by filing a pterodactyl's wisdom tooth to the size of a shilling and using same. Having made this point, I repeat, as clear as mud, I shall now drink a cup of cold tea and inhale deeply. Oh, yes, I shall, dear reader, you see it is an old Irish custom, and we are ever so patriotic, we Mugginses are. Anyway, as I said before, and if I did not say it before I say it now, Science shall go forward!

Only look around you, or if there happens to be two particularly unprepossessing old ladies on either side of you, both drinking beer out of silver mugs, look rigidly ahead. Even then you will see, if you have not imbibed one over the eight, in which case you will probably see double, some proof of the contributions which science has made to humanity.

"Prinistance," that's Chinese for "As an example," take that young fellow over there. Or, if you have no use for him at present, just say "Skip it," politely. He's a Jubilee programme seller, he is. Yes, the young chap in the corner, with the evening suit and brown boots. Well, who would have thought that he owed his life to science's invention of the rolling pin? You'd like to hear the tale. Oke, fill me a heaker of—of hot milk, and here goes.

One night Alf 'Iggins—everybody called him Alf except Mrs 'Iggins, but we'll leave that just now—was setting out for work on the night shift. The 'Igginses lived on the top flat of a block, and as Alf reached the sixth from the bottom, a rolling pin descended from above at high velocity and hit Alf behind the

right auricular orifice. It was merely Mrs 'Iggins' playful little way of saying "good-night" to Alf. Alf meanwhile had somehow slid over the banisters. At the third bounce he stayed down—and out.

Later it was learned that the very "caum" that Alf regularly took to his work had been involved in a slight altercation with a steam roller, with the result that the passengers had to be mopped up with a piece of blotting paper, and the driver had to be scraped off the road with the back of a table knife. So, you see, do you not? that if it were not for the invention of the rolling pin Alf might easily have been killed. As it was, he merely had to stay in hospital for eight months with a fractured skull, a lacerated ligature, and two broken shins.

Thus it will be appreciated that if Science goes on discovering in the future, as it has done in the past, each to each, and in the same proportion, the lot of the human race shall be much happier. Me too, or more correctly, I also, have made a humble contribution to humanity. It is a little gadget—I do so love that word—which, when connected in series with the radio pick-up, and a 450 h.p. submarine Diesel engine, gives the most life-like representation of a lawn-mower on full throttle.

So, when the Driving Force of your suburban life says in a voice which brooks no denial, "Ethelbert, you shall mow the lawn to-day," you reply, grovelling in the dust, "Yes, Brmyntude," and depart, taking your briar, one bottle best '89, the Body on the Clothes Line, and my little gadget, price £300 from all scrap-iron merchants. Then, having set up the circuit (see page 89, par. 4, of instructions pamphlet), you settle down in a deck-chair in the toolshed, and proceed to enjoy yourself; but, warning, don't forget to shut off the current before you go in to tea, or even the best of Driving Forces may smell a rat.

Archimedes.

Knock, knock!  
Who's there?  
Kingussie!  
Kingussie who?  
Can you see the dol rah me?



## THE 8-30 TO PUDDLEBY.

"Pshaw, that was cutting it rather fine." Anyway, I did catch the train—thanks to the heave that brawny porter gave me. "Compartment to myself, have I? I'm afraid it's going to be a dreary journey." When I had composed myself sufficiently I really did wish I had got up ten minutes earlier. Even my slow brain would have thought of buying a newspaper, given that time. The first stop put an end to my reverie.

I sat up, straightened my tie, placed my attache case in the luggage rack—previously it had graced the doorway with its presence—and — "Hey, Joimmie, gi'e me the bairn. Upsadaisy, ma pet, an' rin ower tae yon nice man." Before I realised what was happening a gurgling toddler, with a handful of half-eaten biscuit, was clambering up beside me.

"Wull, can ye no look wham ye're — Oh, A'm awfu' vexed mister — Say ye're sorry tae the gentleman. Wull." An avalanche of garden produce had descended upon me. Sheepishly, a sturdy nine-year-old took a cabbage from my knee, and began groping around after some carrots. "They vegetables are for my Auntie Katie. She wis aye fond o' kail, puir body. D'ye mind, mister, if the bairn sits aside ye?" We gang off at the next stop, ye ken."

At last I got a word in. "Let the little girl stay beside me, she's a very sweet child." I felt I could have swallowed all I had said, for, on glancing at the cooing brat, I saw that she had found my hat an excellent deposit for her biscuit. "Ifey, ma, Wull's got a tanner an' I've only got twopenny." Assuming a very genteel manner the harassed mother forbade the boys to quarrel, and really did think it "maist awfu' kind" of me to supply the deficiency.

Their destination reached, much to my relief, the cheery quartette was welcomed by Auntie Kate. When "Wull" detrained with his last carrot, a very sophisticated young lady, bearing a great resemblance to a wax doll, entered with a dandy in full dress regalia—gardenia and all—in her wake. They sat down, but not for long. I cannot understand why they failed to see me, but suddenly the young lady said, "Come, Eustace, I don't

like this compartment." Seemed quite a good compartment to me.

The next station, one from the scene of my labour, was full of farmers bound for the market town. Five ruddy, tweed-clad crofters or small farmers came to share my compartment. It was then that I realised how little importance I was in this world—but what did that matter, they could not prevent my listening. They discussed farming in its many angles, but soon their discussions took a different trend. They railed about the high salary and easy life of the ordinary clerk. "Young tops!" What man! They sit yonder makin' big money an' they're scarcely civil to honest, hard-working folk."

I felt my ears tingle, the blood rushed to my face. I—the junior clerk in Smith's Wholesale Seed Retailers—was never so glad to slink out of a train. What a dull journey!

J. O. McB., V.

## A DAY AT THE DRIVING.

One day, during the holidays, I set off to the moors to drive grouse with the keepers and beaters. We had to drive them to the butts where the "gents." waited to shoot them.

It was a wet morning and before we had gone far in the heather, our feet were quite wet, but by the time the beaters were lined out, the sun rose and soon dried the heather. The beaters are lined out in a half-circle and have to continue thus for sometimes over two miles before they came in sight of the "flankers."

The "flankers" are beaters who are lined out on both sides of the line of butts so as to keep the grouse over the top of the butts. They have to sit down and hide their flags so that the grouse cannot see them when they are far off, but when the birds come near they have to jump up and wave their flags to frighten the birds towards the butts.

Some days we have to take in seven drives, but never less than four. We usually start at 8 o'clock and stop between six and seven. We get the bus to take us to the hill in the morning and to take us home at night.

W. McG., II.

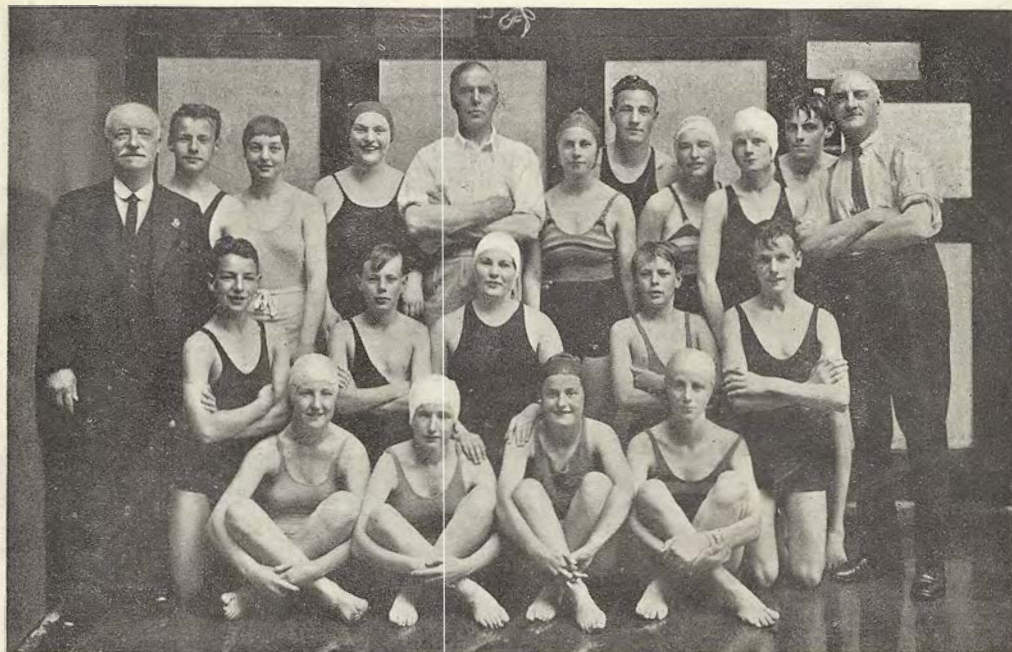


**"QUALITY STREET"**

1st July, 1936.

Photo by A. Ledingham

Back Row—Peggy Gordon, Mary Cruickshank, Phyllis Watt, Victor Ross, Margaret Davidson, Mabel McWilliam, Tom Hunter, Winnie Shaw, Margaret Templeton, Duncan Davidson, Mansel Stuart, Diana McIntosh, Vera Campbell, Maureen Wilson, Beatrice Mackintosh. Front Row—Bertie Wright, Sandy Phinister, Willie Ledingham, Colin McIntosh, James Cruickshank, Angus McIntosh.



**WINNERS OF THE ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY'S BRONZE MEDALLIONS AND CERTIFICATES. June, 1936.**

Photo by B. Wilken.

Back Row—Mr Nixon (Official Examiner), Angus McIntosh, Mina Keith, —, Provost Glass, Vera Campbell, —, Margaret Grant, Margaret Templeton, Lachlan Stuart, Baillie Watson.

Middle Row—Wm. Ledingham, Donald McIntosh, Mary Cruickshank, Colin McIntosh, —.

Front Row—Sheila MacPherson, Diana McIntosh, Beatrice Mackintosh, Marjorie Buttress.



## THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUCHESS. PYLONS IN THE HIGHLAND SCENE.

Four o'clock! The hour to which we had looked forward with such breathless expectancy and anxiety had arrived. Within a quarter of an hour, the Duchess would be safely installed in our house, that house, which for the last few hours had been in a state of high fever and turmoil, while the great lady's apartment was carefully swept and dusted, and her bed, placed in such a position as to avoid all draughts, had been beautifully made.

Concerning the Duchess herself, we had gleaned all information possible. Blue blood ran in her veins. Consulting her family tree we discovered names of her progenitors, who had, in their day, attained great public eminence.

The grandest conveyance we possessed having been produced, I proceeded to the station, and waited excitedly on the platform, until the train roared in, whistling shrilly, as if to announce the advent of the Duchess.

I scanned the carriage doors eagerly. At last I saw her handed out of the carriage by a tall gentleman dressed in blue. I rushed up and hurried her away to my waiting family. Her carriage door was then opened—in other words, the lid of her wooden box was lifted, displaying to our delighted gaze the diminutive form of "The Duchess of Cornhill," the pedigree name of our little Scottish terrier "Una."

M. A. S. G., V.

### A RAINY DAY.

Oh, what a shame! It's beginning to rain,  
See the drops pattering down on the pane,  
Just as we've settled ourselves in the train,  
Spoiling our summer excursion again.

Pouring in torrents, will it never stop?  
Early this morning there wasn't a drop,  
Really, I think we have cause to complain,  
Nobody wanted this troublesome rain.

Let us be cheerful, in spite of the wet,  
For it is useless to grumble and fret,  
Nothing that happens in Nature is vain;  
This is the lesson we learn of rain.

J. R., I.

Much havoc has been wrought in that most beautiful of countrysides by the erection of a pylons to carry the lines of the Grampian hydro-electric power scheme. Pine woods of surpassing beauty have been cut and fields of growing crops destroyed. The blasting of rocks has taken place on a large scale, and for miles around the eye is caught by the arresting colour of the towers.

No doubt, much benefit will come to the Highlands from this scheme, but many people, with due regard to the benefit, deeply feel the interference with lochs, woodlands and rivers which the scheme has caused. It would be a good thing, when the erection of a row of pylons through the country is being made, if the engineers responsible would study the land so that the best way of doing their job could be accomplished. This being done, the next step should be to find a shade of paint to correspond as nearly as possible with the colour of the countryside, through which the wires run. A shade of green or khaki would suit most of the natural surroundings. It is true that the upkeep of the pylons in their present unpainted state is low, but would it not be worth while for the extra expense to have them painted?

Visitors who have chosen Strathspey for their holiday resort for many years, say that the scenery loses some of its charm because of those pylons. Not until the authorities take heed of such criticism will the appearance of the pylons be improved. G. F., II.

### THE SNOWDROP.

Day by day we watch thee,  
In thy earthly bed.  
Thy slender form first we see,  
Thy comrades yet seem dead.

Peeping through this earth so bare,  
Thy leaves of radiant green.  
Soon thy head all bent with care  
In glistening white is seen.

At thy coming, tender flower,  
Everyone rejoices.  
For we know that lingering near  
Are all springtime voices.

M. McL., III.



## SWIMMING.

Every Saturday, at 9-28 a.m. prompt, a party of boys and girls leave Grantown-on-Spey for the Elgin swimming baths. Each individual carries a case or a parcel, with their swimming suit in it.

When the swimming first begins there is usually great excitement. On arriving they quickly doff their clothes and don their swimming suits.

Most of these boys and girls are only beginners. Consequently, they have to jump in at the shallow end of the baths. On the other hand, some of them, who already know how to swim, dive from the spring-board.

Towards June, if you go to the baths, you see these boys and girls practising life-saving, swimming and diving. A certain section of them are practising for their Elementary and Intermediate Certificates. Others are practising for their bronze medallions.

On the week of the examinations each candidate is very nervous and excited. The test has started. The Bronze Medallion candidates line up ready to start life-saving. They are off! They all seem very capable at it too. They have finished now. The Certificate candidates line up. Each person is then put through a number of other tests, which would be too monotonous to write about.

Three months later the boys and girls receive their Certificates and their Bronze Medallions. Thanks to our worthy instructors, Provost Glass and Bailie Watson, this year ten Bronze Medallions and five Elementary and Intermediate Certificates have been awarded.

M. G. B., III.

My first is in hockey, but not in play,  
My second's in victory, but not in fray,  
My third is in Christmas, but not in New Year,  
My fourth is a drink to woman's heart dear,  
My fifth is in ocean, and also in flood,  
My sixth is in gutter, but not in mud,  
My seventh and last came first yesterday,  
My whole is a pleasure I'm sure you'll all say.

M. McB., III.

## SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

"What are the secrets of success?" I asked the Alphabet.

"Aim," answered A.  
"Brains," boasted B.  
"Courtesy," cried C.  
"Determination," declared D.  
"Enthusiasm," echoed E.  
"Faith," flamed F.  
"Grit," guessed G.  
"Honesty," heralded H.  
"Inspiration," insisted I.  
"Justice," judged J.  
"Knowledge," knew K.  
"Loyalty," labelled L.  
"Method," maintained M.  
"Modesty," named N.  
"Opportunity," opinioned O.  
"Push," pronounced P.  
"Quality," quoted Q.  
"Reputation," recommended R.  
"System," suggested S.  
"Tact," testined T.  
"Uprightness," upheld U.  
"Vision," voiced V.  
"Work," warned W.  
"X-cellence," x-claimed X.  
"Youthful outlook," yodelled Y.  
"Zeal," zipped Z.

J. McL., I

## TRY AGAIN.

It's a lesson you should heed,  
Try again;  
If at first you don't succeed  
Try again;  
Then your courage should appear  
For if you will but persevere  
You will conquer, never fear,  
Try again.

If you find your task is hard,  
Try again;  
Time will bring you your reward  
Try again;  
All that other folk can do,  
Why, with patience, may not you?  
Only keep this rule in view,  
Try again.

N. I. W., I.

### QUALITY STREET (1st July, 1936)

With regard to "quality" of acting, all the performers in this year's school play, "Quality Street," by Sir J. M. Barrie, stoutly assert that it was—wait for it—"streets" ahead of any previous school play. Strangely enough, the participators in all other school plays have averred the same with equal stoutness. Anyway there is no denying that "Quality Street" was a very creditable performance. The producer was Mr Morrison, assisted by Miss Sinclair, with Miss Fraser as stage manager (ess?).

The most difficult thing about producing a school play is in cajoling, trapping, or threatening that strange animal, the student, into taking a part. Mr Morrison, we venture to suggest, has reduced it to a fine art. Having deluded the members of the Secondary Department into a false sense of security, by declaring that there will not be the slightest chance of a school play being produced, he thereby receives enthusiastic outbursts, to the effect that everyone will be delighted to take a part. Then he pounces on his prey, and announces calmly to a stupefied audience that a play is going to be produced and that those who said they would be delighted to take a part will in all probability get one! Joking apart, however, everyone is enthusiastic about the annual school production and hopes that he or she will get a part in it, however small.

The dress rehearsal provides an excellent opportunity for making feeble "wise-cracks" about each other's more or less idiotic appearance—we hasten to add that we are speaking for the male members of the cast! The producer and his assistants also have an anxious time rescuing the "props," preserving the costumes, and trying to find out who is responsible for such trivial incidents as tying knots in V.B.'s hose, leaving an open safety pin affixed to Ensign Blades' breeches, and doing a tap dance on a heap of gramophone records. With regard to the latter, our producer, carried away for the moment by his ire, gave vent to a wrathful, and vehement, "Tut! tut!" The effects are also tried out, i.e., the stamping of horses' feet, which, produced by two coconut shells and a maximum of faith, is an almost life-like representation

of two coconut shells being beaten together. Altogether the dress rehearsal is a most exciting occasion.

Our humble plume is quite unworthy of describing the various performances, but we cannot conclude without making mention of them. Tom Hunter's interpretation of "Valentine Brown" would have done credit to a skilled artist, while Mabel McWilliam cleverly depicted "Miss Phoebe Throssel" in her varying moods. Winifred Shaw revelled in her part as "Miss Susan Throssel." The sisters "Willoughby" and "Miss Henrietta Turnbull" were convincingly portrayed by Phyllis Watt, Margaret Davidson and Margaret Templeton respectively. Mary Cruickshank made an efficient servant as "Patty." Mansel Stuart as "Charlotte Parrat" explained effectively all that "Ensign Blades," played by Victor Ross, left her to explain. Sandy Phimister and Angus McIntosh, "Lieutenant Spicer" and the "Recruiting Sergeant," gave very creditable performances. The other members of the cast, who had small but important parts were as follows:—"Harriet," Beatrice McIntosh; "Isabella," Peggy Gordon; "Miss Beveridge," Maureen Wilson; "Georgy," James Cruickshank; "William Smith," Colin McIntosh; "Arthur Wellesley Tomson," Herbert Wright. Diana McIntosh, Vera Campbell and William Leedingham were attendants at the ball.

Before closing we must mention our editor, who gave an astonishing performance in Act III, where he gave vent to a passionate "Hoity-Toity!"

Thomas: (Act II).

### THE GHOST.

When the night is still,  
And the moon is clear,  
And no one is about,  
A ghost comes creeping from his grave,  
All through the night to scout  
For a victim to frighten and scare.  
Wandering round the grave-yard,  
Clothed in a gown of white,  
The ghost—a deathly figure,  
Goes howling through the night.

Mary H. Tulloch (aged 10).

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

No dull faces or thoughts when "Literary" night comes round. Every alternate Friday, we, the pupils of the Secondary Department, meet and discuss the subjects chosen by committee. Angus McIntosh has succeeded Tom Hunter as chairman, and he fills his chair of office very adequately.

The meeting which everyone eagerly awaits every year, namely, when our old friend Captain Hendry addresses us, was held on 20th November. His subject was "The Story of Sail," and the able and exciting way in which he told of actual sea adventures held his audience enthralled to the end.

The two hours spent in school after school hours strengthens the bond of comradeship between teachers and pupils, who for once are allowed to argue with their superiors, on equal footing. All that is left for me to say is, "Long life to our hard-working Literary Society, and may it enjoy the interest of its members for many a year to come."

M. Stuart, IV.

## FORM III.

M. B.—"Blythe, blythe and merry are you."

M. C.—"She stood breast-high amid the corn."

P. G.—"Give to me the life I love."

I. G.—"A weary lot is thine, fair maid."

A. K.—"A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye."

G. K.—"Twas guilty sinners that he meant—  
Not angels such as you."

M. McB.—"Admiring nature in her wildest  
grace."

G. M.—"Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're  
wise."

M. McL.—"Far from the madding crowd's  
ignoble strife."

M. McQ.—"Behold her single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass."

V. M.—"Thou first of our orators, first of our  
wits."

J. M.—"I must down to the seas again,  
To the lonely sea and the sky."

A. P.—"How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix  
and write."

B. R.—"Feast on, feast on, my maidens all."

M. G.—"All precious things discovered late."

M. C. G., III.

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

We are greatly indebted to the generosity of Lady Henschel for periodically supplying Grantown Grammar School with pamphlets relating to the League of Nations.

Last June, we had the privilege of hearing her personally, when she delivered an interesting lecture in the Picture House to a very appreciative audience. The subject was Czecho-Slovakia, and the speaker proved herself both absorbing and instructive. Pictures of the various places were thrown on the screen, and Lady Henschel commented on each as it appeared. We hope that Lady Henschel will honour us by another visit in the near future.

M. G.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

## Grantown Grammar School Branch.

Following a lecture by Major Hugonin, it was decided to form a Junior Branch of the S.S.P.C.A. in the Grantown Grammar School. Forty members were enrolled, and later purchased badges and cards, thus promising to be kind to dumb animals, and to report to the Society any cases of cruelty which come to their notice.

With the advent of "finer days," rambles will be organised to enable the members to study the ways of animal life, and it is hoped that the branch will increase with the commencement of activities.

P. W.

My first is in teacher, but not in book.

My second is in ghost, but not in "shook."

My third is in grass, but not in tree.

My fourth is in sugar, but not in tea.

My fifth is in cabin, but not in hut.

My sixth is in hole, but not in nut.

My seventh is in radio, but not in "mike."

My whole is a writer, whom I'm sure we  
all like!

M. G., V.

Was business B.M.'s sole reason for her  
delay in Edinburgh?



## SPORTS DAY.

19th June, 1936.

THE 19th day of June dawned clear and cloudless. On that day books and pens were laid aside at the Grammar School. Children were let free, and elaborate preparations were being made in the sports pavilion and marquee for some big feast. What was happening? Was the King coming to pay his royal respects to our venerable grey stone building, affectionately called "the auld skole"?

No, something much more important was in the air. Can't you remember? It was our sports day, the most elaborate one in the school's history, and "a date worth remembering, underline it, please," as our history-master says. No groans would follow on this occasion, like what falls on his unfortunate ears, when he admonishes us, and makes us repeat, "Battle of Bannockburn, 1314."

At 2 o'clock the fun began. Outposts were sent to spy how many people were coming down "the Greenie," and Forest Road. One enterprising young light returned, and declared that no less person than the Provost was passing along the school road. We were delighted and astonished to find the leader of our modest burgh coming to grace the occasion in his velvet and ermine. But when the "gorgeous spectacle" arrived at the gate we found that it was indeed he, but minus his robes. I'm afraid he did not receive the roaring welcome which was being reserved for him—no, not for him, but for his gold chain.

The new pitch looked its best, with its somewhat doubtful carpet of green grass, and where there was no carpet, some very obliging people consented to stand there and hide the under-view.

The school piano graced the middle of the field, along with a loud-speaker van, and by turns they took the chief part in the proceedings. Seats were arranged round the field, and were crowded with visitors, who, despite the hot sun pouring its beaming rays on their eyes, pale complexions (it was only June), took a keen interest in all events. It was great fun, seeing the obstacle race, especially when the competitors scrambled under a dirty old net, became entangled in the middle of it, finally emerging at the other side in a mess of butter and grease.

I overheard two old men, not farmers, but members of the Strathspey Club, say to one another, "Man, Joe, but that's fine, the auld tentie an' a'." What more praise could our tearoom wish? Inside, all was quiet and cool. A vase of flowers stood (or was meant to stand—some floated) in the middle of each little table. Behind a huge screen, an efficient lady teacher stood, hot and flustered, pouring out cups of tea making, as our two old friends said, peeping round the edge of the tent (perhaps looking for a free glass of J.W.), "a sicht for sair e'en."

High jumping, racing, skipping, pillow-fights, and incidentally a few free-fights, sack races, egg-and-spoon races, and many more were carried out, and red-faced, proud competitors reached the winning line, only to find someone else there before them.

After the day was finished, about 5 o'clock, Miss Grant Smith presented the prizes, and from among the juvenile classes came suppressed, "Ooohs!!! What did you get? Look what I've won!" Young lings expanded in the volley of cheers for the prize presenter, the headmaster (who did all in his power to make the day a success), the donors of prizes, and last of all to themselves—the best sportsmen in the world.

Thus ended our glorious sports day, and many people, crawling between the sheets that night, were actually conscious of empty purses (Did I mention that you had to pay (did to enter?—you didn't need to, you know: there were several good view-points on the golf course), while others were living again the moments when they arrived first at the winning post.

M. S., IV.

Sing a song of Horlicks, we get it every day,  
Eighteen steaming tumblers sitting on a tray.  
Drink up every drop of it, because the  
teachers say

It really does a lot of good, and makes all  
work like play.

(Catherine Campbell (aged 11)).

Was it just coincidence that head decorations went out of fashion immediately after a certain class episode?

### SCHOOL ATHLETICS, 1936. BOYS.

This year, sports were keenly attended, as in former years. Inter-House and League games were played with the usual vigour and enthusiasm.

Under the captaincy of P. MacLean, the School football team played a match with the "Old Guard." Although the result was 2-0 in favour of the "Old Guard," the School had the best of the game. We had a poor soccer season owing to adverse conditions. Roy secured first place in the house games, and Revack second.

This year, cricket had a better season than last year. The School team, captained by W. Fotheringham, managed to defeat the "Old Guard" and Forres Academy mainly on the strength of the bowling.

The School rugby team has been greatly weakened. A match was played between the School and the "Old Guard," resulting 22 points to 16 points in favour of the "Old Guard." Against Elgin 2nd XV, the School lost by 6 points to nil, although Elgin were much the heavier side.

Roy, for the second year in succession, won the Past Primes' cup. The games were keenly contested by all teams.

House Captains:—Roy—P. McLean; Revack—D. Davidson; Revcan—T. Hunter.

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

This year, we had School sports. Everybody was in best form, and hoped to do well after lengthy training. The catering was most efficiently carried out by Miss Sinclair.

### GIRLS.

At last we are the proud possessors of a hockey field of our own! We are filled with fresh enthusiasm, and are looking forward to a happy, successful season, and to raising the standard of our play, which so often only amounts to "a stick, a ball, and a hit."

Last season a prolonged spell of bad weather robbed us of many fixtures—two only being possible. We played a friendly game with Forres Academy—result 2-2. At Kingussie we were not so fortunate, being beaten by 3 goals to 1. Keen rivalry exists among

the three houses, and a healthy team spirit is fostered.

Several of last season's 1st XI. stalwarts have left us—Margaret Templeton, Mabel McWilliam, W. Shaw, M. Fraser. There is keen competition to fill the vacant positions. The material is there, but we must bear in mind what Marjory Pollard, the greatest expert of the game, says—"The average player runs fairly fast and thinks a little slower; the brilliant player runs very fast and thinks a little faster; the ordinary player runs and either doesn't think at all, or thinks she can't run, when really she ought to have been running faster than she could think. Speed is partly mental. Getting off the mark is mental—a quick response to a given stimulus. Think quickly and you should act quickly."

Our A.M. cracks some brainy jokes,  
And always finds some more;  
In fact the only drawback is—  
We've heard them all before.

## MACKENZIE'S

FOR

## SCHOOL OUTFITS

School Jumpers, Jerseys, Stockings,  
Ankle Socks, Scarves, Ties and Badges.

Gym. Costumes, Velour Hats, Berets.

Blazers, Blazer Suits, Serge Suits, and  
Tweed Suits.

Blouses, Shirts, etc., etc.

## Alexander Mackenzie

Ladies', Gent.'s and Children's Outfitter  
and General Draper

MANCHESTER HOUSE, Grantown-on-Spey



## The Old Guard.

### LIST OF MEMBERS, 1935-36.

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

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

#### Local Members.

W. Cruickshank, Rosebank, Cromdale.  
D. Fraser, Hill View, Dulnain Bridge.  
J. Laing, M.A., Bemmure, Grantown.  
J. Macaulay, Lettoch, Kethybridge.  
P. Macaulay, do.  
W. Macaulay, do.  
A. Mackintosh, Craigard, Boat of Garten.  
D. Mackintosh, Cross Roads, Cromdale.  
I. Macpherson, Thornhill, Grantown.  
P. Macpherson, Briar Cottage, Grantown.  
J. Paterson, Ivy Bank Cottage, Grantown.  
R. Ross, The Garage, Dulnain Bridge.  
D. Stuart, Vulcan Cottage, Grantown.  
W. Thomson, High Street, Grantown.  
R. Wilson, M.A., Greenhill, Grantown.  
D. Winchester, Castle Road, Grantown.

#### "Exiles" (Non-Local Members).

J. Cooke, member of Clydebank Police Force.  
P. Garrow, R.A.F. Dept., Cranwell, Lincolnshire.  
K. McCabe, with the 2nd Batt. Scots Guards, stationed in Palestine.  
E. Munro and J. Milne, Business appointments with Messrs Heinz, London.  
F. Roberts, Journalism and Commercial Art in Tottlebank, Lancashire.  
E. C. Mackintosh, Architect's office, Edinburgh.  
E. Mackintosh, Sorting Clerk Telegraphist.

#### Aberdeen University Students.

T. Hunter—1st Year Medicine.  
H. Fraser—Honours B.Sc. (Agriculture).  
J. Grant—3rd Year B.Sc. Course (Agric.).  
R. Scott—R.A.S.C.  
P. MacLean—1st Year Arts.

#### Edinburgh University Students.

J. A. Muir—3rd year Medical Course for M.B., Ch.B. degrees.  
A. MacIntyre—2nd year Arts.  
J. Templeton—2nd year Arts.

#### Heriot-Watt College.

J. Ross—3rd year Course in Electrical Engineering.

#### Oxford University.

W. Potheringham—1st year Law.

### CLUB DOINGS.

We may safely say that the "Old Guard" Club, having passed the final test of time, has now attained a state of maturity and stability. During the three years which have passed since the Club was founded lessons have been learned and valuable experience gained, so that we are now reaping the benefits of past trials. There is every indication that the Club will continue to flourish—if honest endeavour and enthusiasm count for anything. Numerically we are stronger than ever, although each year members leave the district to try their fortune in the "wide world." Fortunately, there are always senior pupils, and we admire their taste, who wish to join this most admirable club when the "happiest (!) days of their lives" are over.

The season 1935-36 has been noteworthy in that the "Old Guard" has shown great improvement in such games as rugby, soccer and cricket. The acquisition of some ex-school "stars" gave the club a marked superiority over all opponents, and many "glorious victories" were registered. The notable exception was a cricket match against a Town team, when the invincible Guards were all dismissed for a total of 8 runs. Apart from this minor (!) collapse we were victorious in every other encounter. (Self-praise may be no honour, but, after all, if a fellow happens to be a contortionist there is no reason why he should not "pat himself on the back").

As more than half of our members are non-resident, some difficulty is experienced in the organising of excursions, etc.; this is specially noticeable with regard to hill-climbing. In July a brave effort was made to stage a successful ascent of Cairngorm, but an impenetrable mist made this impossible,



although the few enthusiasts who braved the rigours of climatic conditions insist that they had a very enjoyable day. More successful was a cycle-run on the 4th October when Fortune, in the shape of the sun, beamed upon us; we are convinced that there is no better way of passing a Sunday.

Last year, Capt. Hendry and Mr Hunter were elected president and hon. vice-president, respectively, and we are fortunate indeed to have these two gentlemen taking an interest in the club; at this year's annual general meeting they were enthusiastically re-elected. Other office-bearers were elected as follows:—President—H. Templeton; vice-president—W. Crickshank; secretary and treasurer—I. Macpherson; district representatives acting on committee—D. Mackintosh for Cromdale; D. Fraser for Duhain Bridge; P. Macaulay for Nethybridge, P. Macpherson for Boat of Garten. P. MacLean and H. Templeton were elected magazine representatives in Aberdeen and Edinburgh respectively.

While thanking sincerely those responsible for the magazine for giving us space for our articles, we tender our apologies for the shortcomings of our profusions and trust that readers will not be too censorious when reading same.

I. Macpherson.

### THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE.

Summer is renewed when butter  
Melts before the fire.

Returning to the house,  
Shadows were like weasels under the chairs:  
Probably a hundred years  
Passed, or were to pass,  
While in the lin loaves  
Crumbled, leaves  
Wlew into corners.

The sudden structure of a face,  
The factory buzzer  
Or the cock's voice  
Behind broken down wire  
Netting makes sure  
This has happened before.

F. M. Roberts.

### OXFORD.

(By W. K. F.)

OXFORD is a strange mixture. On the one hand we find an almost mediæval atmosphere, occasioned by the fine old architecture of the colleges, which have stood for hundreds of years. On the other, we find a modern, thriving city, as prosperous as any in the country, with a world-famous motor industry, situated just outside the boundaries.

This strange setting of old and new certainly does not detract from the beauty of Oxford. The local government has been careful and wise enough to insist on the old style architecture in all new buildings, the finest example of which is, perhaps, the new Post Office.

Looked on from the air, the vista is happily not marred by ugly buildings and factory chimneys, but appears rather to be a cluster of towers, domes and steeples. Foremost is Tom Tower and the Cathedral at Christ Church College, then the lofty spires of St Mary's and All Saints', and in the centre the squat dome of the Radcliffe Camera.

Christ Church, with the Cathedral, is the largest and finest College. The centre quadrangle is a huge square with lawns and a fountain, and is surrounded by a building of wonderful architecture. On one side the Christ Church meadows, like a part of the countryside in the heart of the city, stretch down to the river, where the College barges are moored.

These barges are very ornate and decorative, each with its college crest. In summer, when the "Eights" are rowed, the barges all fly their college flags and are crowded with spectators, usually hero-worshipping young ladies.

The barges are, of course, all moored firmly to the right bank and probably have never moved under their own or any other power. At any rate, I for one should not like to be aboard when they did, because for all their gracefulness they look most un-seaworthy.

On the other side of the river are situated most of the college playing-fields. Each college has its own playing-field and pavilion, and usually these are situated some distance

out of town, though a few colleges, such as Worcester, have their grounds within the college boundaries. Every afternoon about 2 o'clock, young men in every type of apparel leave the college for these playing-fields, either to play Rugger, Soccer, Squash, Tennis, or any other games; for the majority of people in college play some game.

That is, perhaps, the most admirable point about the college system. As a rule, at any rate for Freshmen, there are no lectures or tutorials between the hours of two and five. All lectures are in the forenoon or in the evening, so that in the afternoon the undergraduate is free to do whatever he pleases.

The University of Oxford, itself, is entirely different from any other, save Cambridge. The colleges are self-governing, autonomous bodies, responsible to no one but their own corporation and their "Visitor" for their internal administration and policy. Each college is governed by its own statutes and by-laws. Inside the college the student is responsible to the college, usually in the form of the Dean, but outside he is responsible to the University, in the form of the Proctors.

The Proctors are interesting. They regularly patrol the streets at night, visiting the well-known, but forbidden, haunts of undergraduates, accompanied by their minions, who have been known throughout the ages as "hull-dogs," or, more affectionately, "bullers." They wear a distinctive costume and the effect of their presence in public is rather cautionary than minatory. However, if the erring undergraduate flees at the sign of their approach, he soon finds that these "bullers" could give many a sprint champion a start and beat him.

Proctors supply a valued diversion in undergraduate life. The warfare that exists between them and their prey is of the good-natured kind, and there are recognised rules of the game. On the one side, rules of tact, forbearance and a Nelsonian blindness, and, on the other, truthfulness and a good sense of humour.

Undergraduates in college are given two rooms, a fairly large sitting-room and a bedroom of opposite dimensions. The bedroom is by no means enhanced by the floral luxuriance of the wallpaper, but the latter is indeed a sure cure for insomnia.

Breakfast, lunch and tea can be taken in rooms, but at night there is dinner in Hall. Hall dinner, which, incidentally, is very good for the price paid, is the unfailing target for undergraduate wit. It has its own manners and customs. He who commits any of a certain number of recognised "faux pas," such as coming into dinner without a gown or with it on inside out, or coming in late, is liable to be "sconced," i.e., he has to drink a large tankard of beer, containing about 2½ pints, in 25 seconds, or supply beer to the rest of the table. The time used to be 45 seconds, but it was found that Americans could do it with ease in 30, feel no effects and "sconce" back the "sconcer."

Each college has its chapel, but attendance is entirely voluntary in most colleges. Many chapels are, like the Hall, places of singular architectural beauty, and many colleges maintain choirs of great merit.

There is an amazing abundance of clubs in Oxford. Every shade of opinion finds expression in the form of a club, which will usually hold meetings every week. Of course, the greatest society is the Union, membership of which gives great advantages, including the right to attend the Union debates, held every week. Then there are the political clubs, Conservative, Labour, and Liberal. These clubs have large memberships and hold meetings at least once a week. Not only are there University clubs, but every college has its own societies, such as a college debating society, a reading club, a Shakespeare Club, and so on.

For going to lectures out of college, the means of transit is a bicycle, one's own or somebody else's—it matters not, for probably they are indistinguishable in point of decrepitude. It is really amazing how some bicycles hold together, and take their owner safely through the busy streets.

Much more could be said about Oxford, but I hope I have given a fairly comprehensive account of life in the English University town.

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Of course it was a mere slip, when a teacher said that in Victorian days people bowed before the king!



## THOSE WHO ROSE.

(By I. M.)

PEACE has her heroes as well as War, and six members of the "Old Guard" deserve great respect for the courage they displayed in the gray light of a chilly Sunday morning in October. The more pious and less courageous members found the morning eminently suitable for indulging in a "long lie." When the suggestion was put forward, a cycle-run seemed a bright idea and a pleasant way of relieving the monotony of Sunday, but soon this little illusion was shattered, as we crawled reluctantly, inch by inch, from the warm comfort of our beds, and, having breakfasted, stumbled blearily into a world of dew and frost. To make matters worse, we discovered that the majority of members had wisely decided to stay in bed, which made us pour curses over the pillowed heads of those slumbering creatures whose wisdom we observed—but called it laziness.

The road leading to Tomintoul is a series of minute declines and massive inclines up which we toiled and moaned and groaned and gasped. The bracing air was rather boisterous in its efforts to brace us and merely deprived us of the benefits of the occasional declines. We had with us a *poetically-minded* youth who insisted upon our stopping periodically to admire the "beautiful" views which stretched to the horizon on all sides like a choppy sea of scraggly heather, the black sheep represented "white horses," and he saw the grouse as seagulls which had successfully cultivated that elusive sun tan. The nautical simile was rather marred, however, by several grotesque rabbit burrows. Our forementioned member became so intoxicated by all this beauty that he failed to notice a bend in the road, and his remarks as he subsided head-first into a huge burrow were eloquent, if a little profane. He took advantage of a lull in his superb tirade to extricate himself from his inverted position. A shocked grouse raised its voice in raucous protest as it fled from the zone of bluish atmosphere. After this episode, the journey was singularly void of appreciative reference to the surrounding bleakness. Suddenly, while labouring up a particularly steep incline, there was

an exasperated yell, and we were rather surprised at the action taking place behind us. A small red circular object was rolling merrily down-hill, pursued by a convulsive bespectacled figure, clad in lead plus-fours; he was making frenzied efforts to retrieve his escaping delicacy, but they seemed doomed to failure. However, some brilliant manoeuvring and a final burst of speed enabled him to head off the truant tomato before it had reached the safety of the ditch. His normally tranquil countenance was twisted into a diabolical expression of mingled fatigue, rage and triumph, as he returned to his bicycle lying deserted in the middle of the road.

At the summit of this hill we spread ourselves over the road, to have a little light refreshment, and squandered half-an-hour trying to see something—anything—through a telescope which a member had produced from his lunch. However, à la Nelson, we could see nothing, and having all done so, we proceeded. After covering a few miles we found ourselves hurtling down-hill towards our destination. Tomintoul is reputed to be the highest village in Scotland. We certainly believe this, for we seemed to have ascended into the stratosphere that forenoon.

Tomintoul has one street, a long, straight, smooth road running between two irregular lines of old-fashioned cottages, many in a state of semi-ruin; a few modern houses with their smooth finish and severe architecture rise above and present a sharp contrast to the ragged masonry of the ancient hovels clustering around their bases. The village Square is a strange intermingling of the ancient and modern; an air of old-world charm hangs over the "green" transversed by tiny paths where the passage of countless scurrying feet has worn away the grass and beaten the ground into a stony hardness; but surrounding this, stand many comparatively modern houses and fine hotels which seem curiously out of place in this village of crumbling cottages and coarse beauty.

Having meandered through the village for some time, we re-mounted our cycles and made a graceful exit. The journey to Ballin-dalloch was glorious—in other words—down-hill, and only once was our effortless progress checked, while we extricated a 6" nail from one of our steeds' wheels. The ravage being



easily repaired, we continued on our way rejoicing.

At this point a romantic little episode took place which resulted in our continuing towards home without the elevating company of Mr C——nk, whose chivalrous instincts were not to be denied. A young lady who, on closer inspection, proved to be passably pretty, hove into sight on the horizon—causing an immediate buzz of speculative discussion, during which our rustic Don Juan was observed to be cunningly lagging behind. Volleys of tactless remarks failed to cause the slightest acceleration on his part, so we continued without him. A few moments later our village cavalier was strolling leisurely by the side of his "senorita." The subtle piece of preliminary strategy and the subsipient air of unconcern suggested limitless experience in such amorous adventures.

Many miles nearer home Mr C——nk rejoined us, but would furnish no details of his progress, or otherwise. We flattered, ridiculed, expressed envy, threatened blackmail, tried bribery, etc., etc., but without success. We were left to form our own conclusions. The last few miles, although rather uninteresting, were illuminated by occasional flashes of wit as we tried to maintain the high stand, and of criticisms which followed the forenoon's hilarious struggle. However, our humour was almost exhausted now, so that jokes, etc., were rather feeble—one member even resorted to puns. Eventually even he lapsed into silence. There was a deathly silence now, except for the deafening rattle of six old cycles.

When at last we reached Grantown we were somewhat tired physically and dull mentally as a result of our exertions. But we had had a wonderful day and we found room in our hearts to pity those pious or lazy members who could not or would not join us. Church is, admittedly, very admirable so far as a nice, quiet snooze is concerned, but to appreciate Sunday Jilly, one must be toiling wearily uphill with a heavy heart, pushing a heavy cycle, and carrying a heavy pack. Then those extra few hours in bed are priceless.

Is it the guinea prize or the girls that makes V.R. use Amami No. 1 shampoo?

### "BE PREPARED."

(By Peter Macpherson).

Many people do not really understand what the Boy Scout movement really stands for, and merely think it is an institution to entertain boys and to keep them out of mischief. There are also people who object to Scouting because they imagine it has a militaristic aim. Actually, there is no youth organisation that is more opposed to militaristic methods than the Scout movement. The object of Scouting is to promote peace and friendship among boys of all nations and to train individually each lad to play the game and to be prepared to be a man. It gives physical development and puts pluck, chivalry, and patriotism into a boy. In short, it develops character.

On Baden-Powell's return from the South African War he gathered together a small number of boys and held an experimental camp at Brownsea Island, in Dorset. The idea was that the boys should be encouraged in the enjoyment of open-air life—camping, the woods, the plants, bird and animal life, and so on.

So greatly did the movement grow that by 1909 the first Scout rally—or "Jamboree" as it is now called—was held at the Crystal Palace, at which 10,000 Boy Scouts were present. In 1911 the Chief Scout held a review of 35,000 Scouts in London when his late Majesty, King George V. personally inspected the boys. There were present Scouts from Canada, Malia, Gihraltar, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. In 1912, Sir Robert Baden-Powell left for a tour of the world. Among the places he visited were New York, Washington, and other cities in the United States, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. On the way he delivered lectures on Scouting which doubtless was a great help to the building of the great brotherhood.

When the Great War came, the Scouts played the part. A great many ex-Scouts and Scout officers joined up, and it has been said that out of the 100,000 who were eventually on service 10,000 gave their lives. Eleven ex-Scouts gained the V.C. for gallantry, among them John Cornwall, R.N., and Piper Laidlaw, a former Assistant Scoutmaster.

Scouts at home in Britain did their bit by coastguard work, gathering waste-paper and bottles, which they sold, collecting magazines, etc., which were sent to France, and picking sphagnum moss for use in the hospitals.

After the War, Scouting went on spreading throughout the world. In 1924 the Imperial Jamboree was held at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, and Scouts of all creeds and colours gave demonstrations. The greatest of all Jamborees was held at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, at which there were representatives from Denmark, Holland, France, U.S.A., Norway, Sweden, Austria, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Hong-Kong, Gibraltar, Newfoundland, Ceylon, Trinidad, British West Indies, Cyprus, Nigeria, Kenya, Jamaica, and British Guiana. This was the 21st anniversary of the movement, and it is remarkable that such a huge voluntary organisation could have grown from that small beginning at Brownsea Island, and to-day is still spreading to all the remote parts of the world.

### THE WONDERS OF THE HILLS.

(By F. A. M.)

Dusk was falling as we wearily plodded along among the foothills of the Cairngorms, blind to the manifold beauties which the tongue of no living man can suitably describe. We, however, having that day tramped about 25 miles through knee-deep heather which clutched and clung to our weary limbs as if endeavouring to impede our weary and heart-breaking progress, were quite blind to the marvellous beauties of Nature.

At last, dead beat by our long "hike," we stopped beside a stream, and prepared a well-earned meal in our "billy-cans." It was after this refreshing rest that we awoke to the scenery which surrounded us and began to take notice of the "beauties of the earth." Well do I remember the scene which met my eyes as we stood up and gazed around us stupefied. The sun, in the form of a golden ball, was just dipping below the summit of a hillock to our right, and the heather-clad hills around us blossomed forth in purple and gold, relieved here and there by the foaming

torrents of mountain streams dashing precipitously to meet the Aitnack burn, and thence to be carried by the Avon to the Spey.

Not content with the view thus afforded us, we hastened to the top of a knoll and the sight which there met our eyes I believe now to be one of Scotland's most beautiful. Beneath us lay the Crag of Aitnack towering hundreds of feet above the stream which angrily rushes at their feet imprisoned by a stronger fortress than was ever made by the hand of man.

As I stood there gazing at this magnificent scene my thoughts began to wander back several centuries, and I thought of the scenes that these rocks had once witnessed. In all probability they had stood as they now stand, unscalable, impregnable, and almost unknown, an excellent and most convenient resort for cattle thieves, as they stand close to the "Thieves' Pass" by which the stolen cattle used to be driven north from the feeding grounds of the south. A band of thieves could remain there in perfect safety with their cattle for months without any fear of being detected by the soldiers who were in all probability scouring the Highlands in an endeavour to find them. Yet it seemed a shame that such lovely scenery as that which I beheld should have been desecrated by the unlawful pursuits of uncivilised Highlanders, and that the silence which was now broken only by the croak of the grouse should have been broken by the savage yells and drunken merrymaking of the brigands.

It was with these thoughts that I turned away to make camp for the night, and as we turned our backs to this scene the following morning I felt a sadness come over me as if in sympathy with the lost souls of the brigands who had lived in that delightful spot.

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BEST WISHES  
FOR  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND  
A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.



## YOX BAJANIS.

(by K. P. C.)

I write of deeds of valour, of the splendid feats accomplished by sons of the school on foreign soil, and also, incidentally, of the buntight which followed.

The scene is laid at King's College grounds in Old Aberdeen. A seething mass of bajans mills round the pavilion, a motley crew, attired in various faded and tattered jerseys, each one talking to nobody in particular but contributing to the general noise, which, after all, is the main thing; a freshers' field-day is in progress.

Out of the press appears a familiar face. Its owner clutches a pair of rugger boots, and with grim determination fights his way to the pavilion, where he disappears. Two more formerly well-known school landmarks appear and disappear in their turn.

The scene now changes to the interior of the pavilion. One figure, having struggled into a pair of dirty shorts, is stooping to put some fresh string into his boots, when a hearty blow on his spinal column precipitates him on his face. McL—n announces his presence to the writer. Being essentially a materialist, the said McL—n has just come to the point of demanding a contribution to this rag—magazine, I beg your pardon!—when a hearty shout assails their ears. Turning, they perceive a kenspeckle figure: it is wearing a none too clean shirt, blue shorts which are definitely dirty, and absolutely repulsive stockings. It is waving, of all things, a shinty club to the detriment of the general public. Closer inspection finally reveals our old friend A—s.

Rallying from this unexpected shock, the two friends wimly greet their repulsive comrade, and the three duly disperse to the various fields. After chasing a mythical ball for eighty minutes and being knocked flat at regular intervals, temperature and pressure being constant, the writer finally limps back to the pavilion, rescues his towel, and once again resumes his normal state. McL—n, also, in his turn, is borne back on a wave of humanity. But what of the shinty player? In twenty minutes he appears, his shinty club splintered and cracked, but, strange to say, he is definitely alive, and what is more, he is trying to say something. Come closer, please,

till we hear you. Through a mouthful of mud and grass comes a muffled sound: "They got me!"

Here endeth the lesson. I have nothing further to add, except that I should have written more, had not A—s told me of a "short cut" from Marischal College, and it is now midnight. I arrived home about an hour ago.

## DANCING.

(By D. P. M.)

Let me make it clear at the outset that I do not like dancing. I am not a crank, mark you; my decision has been taken after mature consideration. Of course, let me hasten to add, I can't dance myself—my repertoire consists of one step which I do almost exclusively on my partner's feet—but I am not altogether prejudiced by that fact.

I just fail to see the point in performing giddy gyrations in a smoke-laden, stuffy, dusty atmosphere till one's collar adheres to one's neck, in clammy folds—and paying for the privilege. A moonlight pilgrimage to the shrine of Terpsichore may sound romantic enough, but when it takes this form, it takes the gilt off the gingerbread.

My own experiences may be somewhat unique, but they amount to something like this. Some unwitting creature having been successfully approached and clasped in the appropriate idiotic fashion, we push off as the band commences to grate on their scrambled pipes—though not necessarily to the same time. The sight can be pictured better than described, a sight which still rankles in my mind, and keeps me awake o' nights. Conversation is something like this:—"Quite a crowd to-night. . . . Sorry! Good band, too. . . . Sorry! your toe? Do you . . . sorry! my foot? Afraid I can't dance much. . . . sorry! What d'you say, superfluous what? Oh. . . . Finished! Thanks awfully! 'Spleasure! . . ."

In silent misery I plunge into the throng, morale shaken, a pitiable remnant of my former self. Hence, vain, deluding joys!

Considering it seriously, though, what benefits are you going to derive from tripping the

light fantastic into the grey dawn? You won't rise to the position of Mayor of Chipping Sodbury on the strength of your fox-trotting; and you won't get to Hollywood because you can waltz, you know. Furthermore, I defy you to justify your actions. The most benighted aborigine had some object in view in his war-dance, but you are not making merry because you've just murdered your father-in-law in his sleep, or working up your passions to stick a poniard in your neighbour's short ribs, or at least I hope not.

You just dance out of your weird conception of "fun," I suppose; and, if this is what the world calls "fun," I think I'll go out to Nova Zembla and start a polar bear farm.

It is a winter evening. The wind whistles over the Cromdales and specks of sleet appear fitfully on the Art Room window; the Dark Room door creaks dismally. Round the table in the centre of the room the School Dance Committee are seated. The chairman draws a pencil from his pocket, runs his eye down a list, and firmly and methodically draws a blue line through a name thereon. The assembled members nod in silent approval.

### "THE CIRCLE."

(By F. M. Roberts).

"It is very difficult to understand," thought the little boy as he went down the road to school, "but some grass is growing on the other side of that wall. There is a bank of grass!"

He turned the corner and saw the straight expanse of street in front of him. Its section was rectangular, like an aqueduct. Stone walls lined the sides. The trams crashed round the corner, and, gathering speed, streamed down the road.

"They grow smaller as they go along," thought the little boy; "I wouldn't like to be inside—the roof seems to slip down very quickly. I wonder what happens to them when they go over the edge at the end of the road? Perhaps they have reduced themselves to nothing before that happens, as a gas would at absolute zero, if it remained a gas. Perhaps they skim over the edge and fall. If so, they must keep on falling, like Alice in Wonder-

land, but, of course, they will never reach the bottom, because there isn't one."

He looked over the wall and saw the grassy bank. It was very dirty.

"Perhaps it is artificial—made of green rubber," he thought. He drew his gaze back to the road down which he must walk. The people going along it looked quite square.

"I suppose they are square because the road is square—or is it an aqueduct?" the little boy pondered. "They may be molecules of water, but I didn't know that molecules were square; besides, they flow in opposite directions."

Every morning the same individual squares and rectangles performed the same movements. The whole thing was like a machine. As the boy walked on he became square, jostling and being jostled by the other squares.

"If we could only walk sideways it would be much easier to pass each other! The inventor of the machine can't have thought of that," he said to himself.

"The only round, warm things here are the cats, but I can't stop to speak to them, I am part of the machine. I can only hold out my hand so that it skims along their backs as I walk. They sit on the stone walls at the side of the road. Perhaps they go at night to that bank of grass."

Every morning the little boy walked down the square street and was jostled by the square people. Every evening he returned again.

"I wish I could break out of the circle!" he thought. "Perhaps if I threw away my books and climbed over that wall, I should find not only grass, but trees and even a stream. I might be able to grow for and become a cat."

## G. S. GRANT

JEWELLER

Highland Establishment

GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY

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Speciality—SPEY PEARLS



## Contributions From F.P.'s

### EDITORIAL.

LAST year we did not have the space for all the valuable contributions received, and with the utmost confidence we announced that "an enlarged edition" would be ours for 1936. Alas! the editor proposes but former pupils disperse. The contributions this year have been few and far between. We know that it is not from lack of interest in the magazine, but just that put-off and put-off feeling along with the idea that there is nothing exciting enough to write about. Perhaps next year members will pull themselves together, and give some of the exciting incidents of old school days and memories of the Grantown they knew.

This year we have again a confirmation of Mr J. S. Grant's memories of 60 years ago, which have been a special feature of the magazine. It is only by such contributions that we realize that Grantown is not a dead-and-alive place, but a wee spot on the map that has risen and prospered from very small beginnings to one of the smartest towns in Scotland.

The trip to America and the tour of a radio factory show that our youngest contributors have travelled far, and seen much—all by their own efforts and enterprise. We thank our contributors and hope for the continued help of former pupils at home and abroad.

### EVENTS OF THE YEAR.

(By Isa Moyes).

**WILLIAMS—GILBERT.** — At the South Church, on June 4th, by Rev. T. S. Cargill, George Williams, to Jessie Gilbert, Moor Cottage.

**ARMSTRONG—DUFFNER.** — On April 17th, at Inverallan Church, by Rev. W. Scott Taylor, Sybil S. Duffner, to Robert Armstrong.

**GRAY—MACKENZIE.** — At the Free North Church, Inverness, on 27th August, by Rev. J. Macdonald, Evanton, Atleek, youngest son of Mr and Mrs Gray, Bunt of Garton, to Margaret Mackenzie, Evanton, Ross-shire.

**MACKENZIE—LAING.** — At the Baptist Church, on 25th June, by Rev. E. W. Probert, Alua Laing, to William Mackenzie, Inverness.

**PHILIP—MORRISON.** — At St Ninian's Church, Aberdeen, on 7th November, Margaret Morrison, Mand, to Cecil Norman Philip, of the Strathspay Hotel.

William Jack has been appointed to the Bank of Scotland, Inverness, from Pitlochry. Cecil Philip has bought the Royal Hotel, Tain.

Sandy Cameron, late of the Royal Bank, Grantown, has been transferred to the London branch.

Edith Laing has been appointed captain of the local branch of the L.G.U., and has been six times mentioned in the prize-winners' list.

Miss Berty Mutch has entered the nursing career in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

### THE F.P.'s ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

As usual, the annual general meeting was attended by the loyal few who carry on the business of the club year in, year out. Mr Hunter was again appointed president, much to our satisfaction. His intense interest and his fine leadership does much to bring out all that is best in the club. Messrs J. S. Grant, W. MacGregor and J. Paterson were appointed Honorary vice-presidents.

The Former Pupils' Club have this year given the "Language Medal" to the Grammar School. Last year they presented the school with "The English Medal."

The reunion was fixed for 30th December. Miss Isa Moyes was appointed assistant editor.

## BALANCE SHEET for YEAR 1935-36.

## INCOME

Cash in Savings Bank .....	£37	0	0
Cash on Hand .....	4	11	3
2 Life Members @ 12/6 .....	1	5	0
29 Ordinary Members @ 2/- .....	2	18	0
Reunion .....	7	17	2
Bank Interest .....	0	0	8

£53 12 1

## EXPENDITURE

English Medal .....	£2	10	0
52 Magazines .....	1	6	0
Books in Magazine .....	1	14	6
½ deficit on Magazine, 1934 .....	1	4	1
Postages and Bank Charge .....	0	4	8
Printing and Advertising .....	0	15	5
Cash in Bank .....	45	0	8
Cash on Hand .....	0	16	9

£53 12 1

JEAN PATERSON, Treasurer.

Examined and found correct.

WM. R. STUART.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL FORMER PUPILS' REUNION, 1935.

There was a record attendance on Tuesday, December 30, at the annual re-union and dance in the Palace Hotel of members of the Grammar School Former Pupils' Club, and their friends, several of whom had motored from places as far distant as Aberdeenshire. Sixteen tables were occupied at the whist games which preceded the dance. The winners were:—1. Mrs. Grant, Hazelbank; 2. Mrs. H. Dixon; 3. Miss P. Hastings; consolation prize, Mrs. Rinnington; playing as gentleman, Miss D. Wood; winning lady, last game, Miss Kennedy. Gentlemen — 1. R. Arcari; 2. J. Knockels; 3. D. Lowrie; consolation, H. Dixon. The prizes were presented by Miss H. G. Channing, who was introduced by Mr. Hunter. Bailie Fedingham directed the whist drive.

Is S.P.'s kiss curl a result of his taking up "hunting" as a pastime?

## MY TRIP TO AMERICA.

## IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS!

(By Jean Burgess, F.P.)

AFTER being someone very important for a whole month, the return to earth was rather a fall. But in spite of everything I must confess I rather enjoyed the experience. Of course, being Front Page News was the most outstanding event and as such a place of honour is reserved for politicians, film stars and ball players, to say nothing of murderers, kidnappers and gun-men, I should explain how I got there, just in case people might wonder which sect of the famous I represented.

I had a letter of introduction from our own Postmaster to the Postmaster of Newark. Mr. Niester told the Postmaster of this, on Monday, so that when we arrived home from New York about two o'clock in the morning more dead than alive, we found a message waiting to say we were expected at the Newark Post Office at 7.45 a.m.!

By rising at six o'clock we just managed to get there on time. The Postmaster was charming and was interested to know all about Scotland, and especially about Grantown-on-Spey. The Spey part was known to him, having once read an article which warned people that the best Scots whisky had the name Spey somewhere in the advertisement. He explained the running of his department of the Post Office. Then, to our horror, he called up a reporter from the Newark "News" and told him he had some good "copy." With an official guide we set out to inspect the office. It was a magnificent place which had to be seen before one could realise the size of it.

Starting at the top floor we traversed marble passages between the various Courts of Justice. There was nothing gloomy about these rooms. Each of the three Judges had his own court with the furnishings and colours chosen by himself. The woodwork was of oak, and chairs, etc., covered in red, green and blue leather. A fourth courtroom for a visiting Judge was still waiting the choice of a colour scheme. Besides the courtrooms there were the Judges' private offices, their secretaries' rooms and marshalls' rooms.

The next floor contained the various Civil





Back Row (from Left)—Mr Chalmers (Teacher), Ross Douglas, Balliemore; Mr MacLennan (Rector), Hamish MacDougall, now in Edinburgh National Bank; Dr Andrew Grant, lost an arm in the war; Miss Watson (Teacher), now Mrs Cruickshank, Viewhill.  
2nd Row—Miss Stuart, Cromdale (Mrs MacIntosh, Duthill); Margaret Cameron (Bank of England), Barrie Fraser (Mrs Steele), died suddenly in 1935; Maggie Burgess, Maggie Noble (Mrs Ledingham), Nellie MacDougall (Mrs Fysh).  
Front Row—Alex. Mackenzie, Nethybridge; Gregor Robertson, Delliefur; Munro Grant (Journalist—Killed in Salonica).



Back row (from left)—Donald MacIntosh, Andrew Cruickshank (South Africa), —, —, —.  
2nd row—Mr Findlay (Teacher), —, Joe Grant (Chicago), William Grant, Lyndhurst; Joe Goulder, Mr Rose (Rector).  
3rd row—Charles Munro (Durban), Willie Noble, Dan Macdonald, Jim Templeton, Jim MacDougall (Craggan), Harry Mackie (killed in France), Geordie Dixon (died 1935).  
Front row—Simon Noble (Rector, Fudhoru School—died 1926), Bobbie Jamieson, killed in France, John MacIntosh, William Grant, Waulkmill.

Service Departments, some yet unoccupied, as all the Departments had not moved in. I forgot to mention that the office was not officially opened until the following Saturday, when the last of the Departments moved in. The next two Departments visited, proved very interesting to me. In one, the offices of the Secret Service, we saw a real live "G" man. I was thrilled! The other was the offices of the Customs and Excise. There we saw sample bottles of many kinds of Scots whiskies, a piece of platinum and, rather unexpected, a roll of Red Tape. Ruth had passed a remark about a piece of Red Tape, and the official produced this for our special benefit.

About this time we were sent for, to return to the Postmaster's room. There we found a reporter and photographer waiting for us. And now our ordeal was begun. Flashlight pictures were taken at all angles and positions. Ruth tried to keep in the background but the Press noticed her and she, too, was included in the pictures. I began to realise how film stars felt before a battery of cameras. I found one camera more than enough for me.

In the company of the assistant Postmaster we went down to the sorting office, inspected it and once more faced the camera, or rather turned our backs to it. In vain, we had to submit gracefully. Our tour complete, we bade good-bye to the officials who had made our visit so interesting, and went on our way, two and a-half hours after we had entered the office.

But it was not the end. It was four o'clock before we reached home. What do we find there? The remaining members of the Nietzsche family buried in copies of the paper. What had we been up to? Forty-eight hours in the States and Front Page news! Ruth and I dived for the papers. Headlines! And then the Picture! It is doubtful if I would have recognised myself if I did not see the inscription. But there it was. Then the telephone started to ring, and continued to ring for the rest of the evening. Poor Ruth did get teased. Fancy spending all your life in Newark and never breaking into print, and here was her friend, two days in America and she makes Front Page news. But alas! my fame was short lived. With the third edition came the first scores of the Baseball season and we were banished to the fifteenth page. But even

that did not dampen our feelings. It was some honour to grace the pages of a paper at least three times the size of a "Daily Mail" and we had done it. Certainly the picture and the story gave me excellent grounds for libel, but the kindness of the officials who made my visit possible made up for any inaccuracy in the news.

#### TOUR OF A RADIO FACTORY.

Quite recently I had the pleasure of seeing through a Radio factory, and while the memory is fresh I will try to set down an impression of what I saw in the hope that it will be of some interest to those who read this Magazine.

##### Departments.

There are several departments in this factory, all of which I was shown through. Let me begin in shop No. 1, where the chassis are banged into shape. On entering I was met by the rattle of huge power presses, ten tanners on my right; thirty, forty and ninety tanners half left; with a D.C. generators for magnetic chucks whining overhead.

Shop No. 2. At the far end of the building is the machine shop, a collection of guillotines, lathes, milling machines, drills, tappers, etc., nestling under shelter of the driving belts, and a dust extraction plant.

Shop No. 3. On the immediate left is the tool-room, massive press tools sprout from here all ready to chew up the metal and disgorge it in a fit state for inclusion in the various sets.

Shop No. 4. It was fascinating to go round the machine shop and see sheet metal cut to size, blanked, pierced, bent and tapped into a chassis; or to see an erinoid rod turned and slotted into a coil-former in a second.

##### The Main Building.

Although I have grouped these into shops or departments, they, however, come under the same roof. Now to proceed to the main building, which is quite apart from the one just mentioned. On entering through the hall with its distinctive style of modern architecture, I was shown through the private offices on the right, the works office and drawing office on the left, the laboratory. This is the only room I was not shown through. It is situated on the top flat.



Shop No. 5 was most interesting because it was here that I saw the plated chassis having its different components fitted. I might add that a receiver is not built by one person, but is handed along the bench to the different operators to solder or screw on, whichever may be the case, the necessary components. I noticed here, too, that each part had a code number, and I was told that by means of this, the firm is able to trace the careless mechanic.

The set is now ready to be tested, and is taken to a special test cabinet, in which there are radio experts, who calibrate the instrument, so that it receives the Scottish Regional on exactly 391 meters. This is a very important matter. The set is left on a "soak" for a period not less than three hours, then it is taken off, and if up to standard, is fitted to its cabinet. If not it is rejected and sent to a special mechanic whose job it is to remedy the fault.

Strange to say, this particular firm does not build their own cabinets. These, I was told, are made by a leading London furniture designer.

Shop No. 6. Lastly, I was shown the service department, and here I had my greatest disappointment, although, since thinking the matter over, I realise that it was a testimonial to the reliability of this firm's product. I expected to see a large and imposing room with lots of work benches, complete with a beautiful array of instruments, and mechanics in overalls. Actually I saw only four work benches—single ones at that—a Muirhead oscillator and a visual oscillator, four silence cabinets, six mechanics in everyday dress, an odd voltmeter or so, and altogether certainly not more than a dozen instruments—while instead of seeing multitudes of sets for repair, I counted in all about 50, with I think a further dozen waiting on confirmation of service from the dealers. Just think! Would you believe me when I say this firm turns out wireless receivers at the rate of one a minute, or 570 per day, and to think only these few are rejected by the public. It certainly points to reliability.

It was with great reluctance that I bade this concern good-bye, but only for a short period, I hope.

Gregor Ross, Dulnain Hridge.

## INCIDENT IN A VISIT TO AMERICA.

It had been a typically American luncheon party to bid me farewell. It was my last afternoon with them all and we wanted to do something outstanding. Our original plan was to visit the Indian reservation in North Wisconsin, and Ruth, knowing my desire to see a real American Indian, wanted us to make the journey, holding out that we could make the 90 miles in less than two hours. Mr Porter, however, reminded us that the North Wisconsin roads did not resemble those of the south, and suggested instead a visit to the new "cookie" factory.

A "cookie" factory was something new to me. I told them we bought our cookies fresh every day from the baker's shop but had never heard of a factory-made cookie. It was their turn to be mystified. Mrs Patch said she had seen Scots cookies in Marshall Field's store in Chicago. Mr Porter knew of a firm called McVitie's who made them. This was getting better. I knew of McVitie's cakes and biscuits; and then Ruth rescued me.

"Of course," she said, "I remember now. You called them biscuits in Scotland."

After such a mix-up, there was but one thing to do: visit the factory and see the cookies. So off we went.

Like so many American buildings it was of wood—long low buildings spread over a big area. Out in the West there was no shortage of space: there was room to spare for all. Typically American, too, was the sign above the entrance.

"Ripon's Rippin' Good Cookies."

Mr Porter went into the administration buildings and re-appeared with the manager. His shirt sleeves and big cigar completed the picture. This, I decided, was America.

I was introduced—a young lady from Scotland—to see the factory. Immediately he was interested. I was something new—a being from another world.

Scotland! his mother was half-Irish—he often wished he had Scots blood: he had met Scots people before; up in Canada—nice people—they kept good whisky there—Scots whisky: did I play golf?—heard everyone in Scotland played golf—couldn't see any sense in it—baseball was more exciting—glad to show me through the factory—had I seen any

other factories? The running commentary was suddenly stopped by the appearance of the owner. After further introductions and a few more unanswered questions it was left to Mr Porter to show us round, but we got final instructions to call at the office before we would leave.

It had been warm outside—in the low-roofed factory building it was definitely hot. Once more we heard America's hopeful slogan, "Prosperity is just round the corner." The factory was working a 22-hour day—just stopping to allow the cleaners in each day. Our visit was on Friday afternoon. The great ovens were cooling in preparation for the week-end. The mechanism of all the wonderful masses of machinery was carefully explained but the technical expressions were wasted on my non-mechanical ear.

The next department was more interesting to me. There were biscuits everywhere; all shapes and all sizes, in boxes—in baskets—on trays and on tables. A table occupied the whole length of one wall—at the top were two huge cauldrons below electric mixers; they contained marshmallow, pink and white. It did look tempting but we soon forgot it in watching the busy assistants by the table. It was really a revolving band.

At the top, girls were dumping trays of biscuits. Clever fingers sorted them out in rows, bottom side up. Along the table they travelled to a huge basin-like affair, containing the marshmallow; and having at the foot, tiny jets. As they passed beneath, the jets opened to eject the pink and white marshmallow; on again beneath a coconut spray, then into an electrically cooled chamber.

At the foot of the table we watched the packers, boxes ready, waiting the arrival of the first batch. On they came like rows of pink and white soldiers. Even as they appeared, busy hands stretched forth and carried them to the boxes. Pink and white—pink and white—how quick they were: one layer completed—paper—sections—and another layer. Soon the tiled boxes were placed once more on the revolving band, to be packed away, sealed, and ready for dispatch.

Reluctantly we dragged ourselves away. Out in the sunshine once more we found our shirt-sleeved manager awaiting us—armed with a large box. Would I accept this as a

memento of my visit? Perhaps the people in Scotland would like to taste them. With good-byes and good wishes and promises to re-visit them next time, we set out for home. But with "cookie-making" so fresh in our minds we were tempted to open the box. A proportion, however, did set out for Scotland, and did end its days in the company of Scots people, but alas! not in Scotland. J. B.

#### NOTICE.

Contributions to the F.P.'s section of the magazine must be written on one side of the paper and addressed to the editor, Miss Ann Grant, The Grey House, Nethybridge.

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## REMINISCENCES.

(By John Stuart Grant).

As indicated in my last article to the "Magazine" there are a number of local industries that were flourishing 60 or 70 years ago, that are now unknown and have entirely disappeared.

### The Floaters.

The first I would mention is floating. This consisted of sending floats down by the river Spey huge logs of trees to Garmouth and Kingston, to be used for the building of boats, canoes, etc. The trees were taken from the Seafeld Estate from forests all round and as far up as Kinveachy. They were cut up into logs of 10 to 18 feet, and then carted down to the banks of the river. The bank at "Pool-na-Gour" was the principal rendezvous, and I have seen thousands of these logs lying on the left bank between the pool and the site of the new Spey Bridge, ready to be floated down whenever a spate came. I have watched the floaters hard at work, getting the logs into the river, tying them together with strong ropes. When they had them in order and the spate was big enough, two would mount the float, and down the river they would go at a great pace. One had to guide the float through dangerous places while the other kept the logs in their proper places. The float might take 40 to 60 logs, according to their size, but at all times it was regarded as a dangerous job, and only expert floaters were allowed to transport the floats.

An island on the Spey near Advie and huge rocks above and below Aberdeen were particular dangers that had to be avoided. There were about half a dozen floaters living in Grantown and around, but the chief man amongst them was the "Marquis," who was an expert trainer of other men. He was also regarded as a great weather prophet, and could tell beforehand when a spate was coming.

### Drystone Dykers.

The introduction of carrying facilities on the Great North Railway soon put an end to the floating. Centuries before limestone and concrete were known, drystone dykers evidently had a busy time all over Scotland and, go where you will, the extensive nature of their industry can still be seen in many

parts. All over the country, South and North, drystone dykes were used for dividing roads, boundaries round large and small farms, and crofts, while byres, stables and crofters' houses are still to be seen, bearing unmistakeable evidence of the magnitude of this great industry.

In my early days, six or seven of these dykers lived in Grantown, three of whom I knew very well—Willie Grant, Sandy Grant, and Gregor Stuart, who all lived in the East End. In our own district many of these dykes are still intact, proving that considerable art and infinite pains were used in their construction, and I believe that the finest specimen can be found at Drum-in-downan, near Balmaculash. The introduction of lime and concrete has put an end to the dykes, and wire fences are now the order of the day.

### The Thatchers.

In the middle of last century roofs of most of the houses, large and small, were covered with thatch. The thatch consisted of straw, rushes, heather and divots. The work had to be done very carefully by trained men, otherwise the roofs would be leaky and become unsatisfactory. When I was attending the West End School, I can remember seeing six or seven of the houses with thatched roofs, while in Castle Road and South Street there would be an equal number. Several of the thatchers were resident in Grantown and also a few in the surrounding districts. All the newer and the larger houses were covered with slates, but some of the small ones had the thatch renewed. In my early days, I heard that the slate quarry at Knockfergus, near Tomintoul, was kept busy, and I have seen the slates carried into the town and used to cover the roofs of a few houses. The slates were thick and heavy, and the carting of them for 15 miles proved rather costly. Then a rumour went abroad that a slate quarry was to be opened at Bachkarn, about four miles from Grantown, but for some reason this failed to materialise.

Another slate quarry was opened at Ballachulish, near Pitlochry, and some of these were used here. But the Welsh slates proved the most popular, and were largely used afterwards. What with slates, corrugated iron and zinc, the appearance of the town in many parts has been greatly altered and improved.

The thatcher has disappointed, and must now be reckoned as "down among the dead men."

#### Carding Mill and Dyer's Dam.

In my early days the carding mill at Crugan was a very busy place, and every day of the week a large number of farmers' and crofters' wives could be seen carrying big bundles of wool to the mill to have it carded into blankets or tweeds, as they required. When "Jamie Cairdy" came into Grantown he was often met on the street by these women with their big burdens. Having got their instructions as to what they required, he would carry the wool home to the mill, where the work was afterwards done. Home-spun tweeds and blankets were then the order of the day, and "Jamie Cairdy" was very popular, because he tried to please his customers. When a change in colour was desired, the blankets and tweeds had to be taken to the "dyer's dam," where Jamie Dyer would have this properly carried out. The dyer was regarded as an expert at his job and seldom failed to give satisfaction. The opening of large woollen mills in different parts soon brought, as a result, the work in both places to an end. The dyer's dam is now the east part of the curling pond. Jamie Dyer was an outstanding personality in many ways. He opened a shop in High Street as a general merchant, and was very successful. He was a very keen angler and "bisked" all his own hooks. He sold rods and fishing tackle of all kinds, and was a recognised authority on "the gentle art." As an angler he was unbeaten by any one in the district, and usually came home with a good basket. One evening in July, I was returning from a holiday in Aberdeen, and when I was crossing the old Spey Bridge I saw him in the "Lurig," playing a big fish. My curiosity was at once aroused, and I ran down the bank, and watched him playing the fish, which he soon landed—a fine salmon of 25 lbs.

To me, this was a thrilling experience, but it was nothing unusual for the dyer, who often secured the biggest fish for his basket. Jamie Dyer was married twice, and by his first wife he had three sons—brilliant men they afterwards were—and a daughter. When in his seventies, he again married a comparatively young woman, who gave him two more sons. One afternoon I went over to Mr Wm.

Duncan, chemist, who was registrar of the parish for many years, and he told me the following story, which I think is worth repetition. He said—"I have just had a call of Jamie Dyer, who marched boldly into the shop and said, 'Mr Duncan, I am celebrating my 80th birthday, and this morning my wife presented me with a young son. I then went down to the river and took home a 20 lb. salmon. Do you know anybody who can beat that?'"

Jamie Dyer was a keen Christadelphian and would often tell us:—"In the next world, I'm coming back here, and I'll fish the Spey."

#### The Peat Moss.

The casting of peats is another of the industries that have now almost entirely disappeared from our community and district around. In my early days the peat moss below the curling pond and westward was a very busy place, during six months of the year, while all the surrounding farms and crofts had each their peat moss. Each tenant in Grantown had a separate lair in the Angach mossie, and my father's lair was No. 22. My father took two men along with himself to help in the work of casting the peats, which had to be done early in summer.

While the work was going on, my brother or I took down their dinner to save them from leaving their job. The dinner consisted of a bowl of broth or soup and some oat-cakes, or a few slices of bread. The peats were harrowed to the side of the lair and stacked, and then left to dry there during the summer. They were then taken home in the autumn and stacked in our close, to be used during the winter and spring. The carting home of the peats was a great event in my youth. It usually took place during our school holidays. Donald McGregor, Camerorie, was our carter, and I was a proud boy when he came in the morning with his horse, and I was allowed to mount the cart and whip the horse to the mossie. I can still see the look of envy on the faces of my chums when I passed them in this exalted position. There was always a keen rivalry amongst our neighbours as to which of us could claim to have the biggest stackyard in our closes, and my father's usually won this distinction.

Peats and firewood were then the principal



fuel used for household purposes, and it was a great treat to sit before a blazing fire, with the wholesome smell of peats filling your nostrils.

You could get a good-sized tree from the wood for half-a-crown, and a load of peats from Ballieward, Glaschoil, or even from Abernethy, for a similar amount, while a ton of Scotch coals would cost at least £1. But alas! casting peats in the mossie came to a sudden end, when about 1874 a big fire started in the mossie and spread through the woods eastward, doing a great amount of damage. Of this fire, more anon! The mossie was definitely closed to all tenementers, and further casting of peats forbidden by the estate. For a good many years after, loads of peats were brought in from all the surrounding districts, and the prices soon went up to 3/6, and eventually to 5/ a load. Good Scotch coal at 20/- to 22/- was considered better value, and the demand for peats soon came to an end.

#### The Meal Girmel.

The milling of oats into meal was a very busy industry 60 or 70 years ago. Oatmeal was then the staple food of all classes, and it was regarded as indispensable. It usually formed part of every meal in different forms—porridge, broze, brochan, gruel, connach, sowans, etc. In our district we had three meal mills—Craggan, Garrows, near Castle Grant, and Cromdale. For 9 or 10 months every year the meal mill at Craggan was a very busy place, and I can well remember the big cartloads of oats we could see passing along the street to the mill, and in a week or so returning with the bags of meal heaped up on the cart. In those days the grocers here did very little business in oatmeal, and this was left largely to the meal dealers, of whom there were four in the district—two at the West End, one at the East End, and one at Craigroy.

John Grant, "Couldorrach," was the principal dealer at the West End, though the other dealers got a fair share of the trade. Each of the meal dealers had a big girmel, in which they stored 30 to 40 bolls of meal. The bags of meal, fresh from the mill, were emptied one by one into the girmel, and then tramped firmly down to improve the quality and increase the weight. This job was usually

done by schoolboys, and I suppose I was often asked to do this job for John Grant, "Couldorrach," because the essential thing was to have clean feet, and wear a kilt, and my mother saw to that, and my feet were always spotless. The tramping of the girmel was great fun for me, and I enjoyed it greatly. Bag after bag was emptied into the girmel and I stamped it firmly down till the girmel was full to the top. For my trouble I was amply rewarded by Mrs Grant, his wife, who would give me a bowl of warm milk and plenty of oat cakes and cheese or jam. Compared with the old days, I am afraid oatmeal is now not used so largely, even by farmers and their servants, while other classes of society hardly use it at all, and then only after the most important element, the bran, has been extracted from it.

To-day, the meal dealers and their big girmels have disappeared, and our grocers are able only occasionally to supply us with a stone of oatmeal. Now, we are regarded as only a C3 nation, but whether this is due to our changes in the use of oatmeal or to other causes, is a question that medical experts must decide.

#### The Bellman.

In my early days, there were no local papers published here, and there were no local printers to exhibit posters or placards, so all the important events taking place were announced by our town crier, "the bellman." To the family of Sandy McBain, tailor, was allotted this important function, and three of his sons in succession took on the job. Eddie McBain, who was a school chum of mine, discharged the duties for a number of years, and in this capacity he was a very important man, who had a busy time. Every coming event, such as a concert, social meeting or soiree, was intimated by the bellman, while the public only knew of anything lost or found, a sale of property or furniture when the fact was announced by the bellman. During the herring season, Eddie would be out in the mornings and giving the following notice—

Pine fresh herring, at the end of the new road.

Three a penny, three a penny, three a penny.

In his heyday the bellman made some funny announcements. Here is one:—

Sale of furniture to-day.

Not very far from river Spey.

Come yourself and bring your cash

For you won't get any trash.

Sale begins at 12 o'clock,

And the auctioneer will hear your knock.

Here is another which I remember very well, and it attracted a good deal of notice at the time:—

Lost yesterday on the banks of the Spey,  
A fishing rod and reel, a salmon clip in  
steel.

Whoever finds the same, and brings to  
A. McBain,

Will be handsomely rewarded for his  
trouble.

Eddie, while serving his apprenticeship as a grocer, continued as bellman. About this time, Angus Smart published "The Supplement" every week, and soon all the important events were advertised in its columns, while handbills and placards appeared in shop windows and at street corners. In a very short time, the services of the bellman were no longer required.

There are a good many interesting events I would like to recall, but the foregoing must suffice for the present.

#### LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Peggy Campbell.  
Walter Cruickshank.  
Miss T. Cruickshank.  
Wm. Duncan.  
James Duncan.  
Ian Forbes.  
Duncan Fraser (Aberdeen).  
Miss Forbes (Johannesburg).  
Mrs Grant (Cornhill).  
John S. Grant.  
Miss M. Hastilov.  
Walter Hastilov.  
Mrs Lazenby (Liverpool).  
Mrs Mutch.  
Miss Betty Mutch.  
Peter Moir.  
Mrs Geo. Morrison (Aberdeen).  
Miss M. Scott MacGregor.  
James S. Mackenzie.

Wm. R. MacDougall (Shedfield).  
Major J. G. Macdougall.  
Mrs J. G. Macdougall.  
Miss I. McPhail.  
A. McPhail.  
Mrs M. J. McArthur (Transvaal).  
Miss M. M. Pyper.  
Miss E. M. Pyper.  
James Philip.  
W. A. Robertson (Broughty Ferry).  
W. R. Stuart.  
Mrs Scheppie.  
Dr James Williams.

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James Allan.  
Miss J. Atmarch.  
Miss Jean Burgess.  
A. J. Cameron.  
Miss Agnes Cumming.  
Mr and Mrs H. G. Cumming.  
Mrs Davidson.  
Mr and Mrs A. Dixon.  
Miss J. S. Duncan.  
Miss C. Findlay.  
Miss H. Gray.  
Miss Gillies (Pitlochry).  
Miss Ann Grant.  
Miss M. Grant.  
Miss Ella Grant.  
Mr and Mrs T. Hunter.  
Miss E. Lawson.  
Miss Isa Moyes.  
John Milne.  
Edwin Munro.  
N. Morrison.  
Mrs Jas. S. Mackenzie.  
Miss Bessie McIntosh.  
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