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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 9.

DECEMBER 1937.

Editor—Bruce Munro.

Advertising Manager—John Stuart.

Editorial.

To pupils of Grantown Grammar School, Christmas has an entirely new significance. It is magazine time. It is the time when former pupils flick over the pages of that familiar yellow book, of which this is the 9th edition, reading with interest of the successes of the "Old School's" pupils, and perhaps with a sigh, of the changes taking place in it.

Yet though Christmas is the time of goodwill, we issue this grave warning to all our loyal readers. When you buy your Magazine, do not lend it out to any of your friends. Encourage its sale but guard your own copy zealously.

This we might call the Coronation Edition of the "Old Mag.," late, we admit, but not yet completely out of place; for it is scarcely seven months since our beloved King, George VI., was crowned at Westminster. We cannot do better than take this splendid opportunity of wishing to him and to Queen Elizabeth, a reign of peace and prosperity. Long may they reign!

The school has been rather unfortunate this year in having a dearth of senior pupils.

At first we thought that this might cause a deterioration in the Magazine itself: but the juniors came to our aid with sheaves of contributions. As these were of a somewhat heterogeneous description, we censored them severely, sparing nothing in order to maintain a high standard. We present to you our choice, hoping that it will meet with your approval.

There has been, as usual, no lack of aspirants to poetic fame among the pupils, so you will find the customary number of poems which are of varying quality. You may be rather surprised on reading through the Magazine, at the small number of articles relating to the Coronation. This is, however, made up for by several lengthy prose compositions.

We shall not, however, detain you longer, but we should like to express our gratitude to the advertisers for their ever generous support, which is so essential to this Magazine. We trust that this is repaid in some measure through our columns. So, dear readers, once more we say "au revoir" but not good-bye.

Angus A. McIntosh—Hr. English, Hr. Mathematics, Hr. French, Hr. Science, Lr. Latin;

Diana F. McIntosh—Hr. English, Hr. Mathematics, Hr. French, Hr. Science, Lr. Latin;

Victor J. Ross—Hr. English, Lr. Mathematics.

Duncan Davidson (awarded group certificate last year with four highers and one lower) has passed in Higher Dynamics this year as an additional Mathematical subject.

The following were successfully presented in single subjects—Mary G. Cruickshank (Lr. Science); Margaret A. S. Grant (Lr. German); Barbara Hepburn (Lr. French); Williamina Keith (Lr. Latin); Ian B. Munro (Lr. Math.); Sophia C. Smith (Lr. French).

1937 DAY SCHOOL CERTIFICATE (HIGHER) RESULTS.

The following pupils have been awarded the above certificate—Marjory G. Buttress, Pearl D. Graham, Hamish P. Jack, Donald M. McBeath, Margaret McBeath, Kennedy G. McConnell, James D. McDonald, Margaret M. McLean, Jeannette L. Munro, Pamela A. Paterson, Mary McDonald.

ACADEMIC SUCCESSES OF FORMER PUPILS.

Miss Catherine M. Smith—at Glasgow University, graduated B.Sc. with second class honours in chemistry and was awarded a scholarship in dietetics tenable at Glasgow and West of Scotland Domestic Science College.

Mr Harry A. Fraser—at Aberdeen University, graduated B.Sc. in Civil Engineering with first class honours.

Mr John M. Ross—at Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, was awarded the bronze medal, the College's and the National Diploma in Engineering, and an 1851 Exhibition scholarship in electrical engineering.

Mr Alastair P. Grant—at Aberdeen University, graduated B.Sc. in Agriculture, with a first-class certificate in principles of agriculture.

Mr John W. Grant—at Aberdeen University, graduated B.Sc. in Agriculture.

Miss Jessie E. Fraser—graduated M.A. at Aberdeen.

Mr James A. Templeton—graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University.

The following is an incomplete record of passes by undergraduates:—

Edinburgh University—Misses Helen M. S. Davidson, Vera M. Campbell, and Margt. I. McWilliam passed in French and German for the M.A. degree; Mr Alexander McIntyre, in Geography and 2nd Mathematics for the M.A. degree.

Oxford University—Mr William K. Potheringham was successful in Law Moderations.

Aberdeen University—Miss Margaret H. Fraser, Latin and English for M.A. degree; Mr Patrick McLean, English and History for M.A. degree; Mr Thomas Hunter, 1st Professional in Medicine, with 1st class certificate in Physics; Mr Angus Stuart, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy for B.Sc. degree.

Miss Mona McLean has been awarded the N.D.D. at the North of Scotland Agricultural College.

AN A.B.C. OF SCHOOL.

A is for Algebra where x equals y,
B is for Bible to learn well, we try,
C is for Chemistry, which is done in the lab,
D is for Drawing, which I think so drab,
E is for English, studied each day,
F is for French, "je suis" and "tu es."
G is for German, it sets some boys in tears,
H is for History we learn through the years,
I, Imposition, in ink do three sums,
J is our Joy when four o'clock comes,
K is the Keeness shown in each game,
L is for Latin, some think it so lame,
M, Mathematics with figures galore,
N is for Needlework which girls adore,
O, Oral exams., the thought makes us pale,
P is for Practice without which we'd fail,
Q are the Questions which we often fear,
R is the Radio we soon shall hear,
S is for Sport which builds up a man,
T, Trigonometry, with sin, cos, and tan,
U is the Universe about which we learn,
V is the Victory for which we all yearn,
W is for Wisdom at which we aspire,
With X, Y, and Z I think I'll retire.

V. M., IV.

GLIMPSES OF CLASS V. AT WORK. At Maths.**In the Lab.**

"Take out your Physic Books and all you need before you start. Now, Doris, can you tell me what an E.M. unit of current is? Yes, that's right, but you should be able to say it without any halts. Now, Margueret, you tell us again and Don't read it. Yes, that's right. Say it again Bruce. Now, Sandy, what is an ampere? Yes, that's right. Now, Mansel, what's an International Ohm? Leave her alone. Let her work it out for herself. I know you know, but give her a chance. How can anyone think with you making all that noise? Yes, that's right, Mansel. Now take your jotters and do this problem. What are you wanting there? I thought I told you to take out everything you needed before we started. Can't you do what you're told? Now go on with your work."

At French.

"What's that? You've done the wrong exercise? I do wish you'd be more careful and pay more attention to your work. Don't you know you're keeping back the whole class? Oh, do hurry up there and get these bags on the floor! Well, Ledingham, what's amusing you? Take that grin off your face. Do you think it improves you? You begin Sophie. Yes, very good indeed. Continue Doris. I can hardly hear you. Need I tell you at this stage to keep your notebooks out? Yes, 'une gerbe de blé' means a sheaf. That's a sort of small stook. What's that you're saying Peggy? Oh yes, of course, I know now. Four or so on each side made into the shape of a tent. Just one minute there. Your homework for to-morrow is . . ."

At Latin.

"You again! What did we do for to-day, Barbara? Yes? Livy? Well, what do you want? The attendance of Class V.? All here in the flesh! Well, let's hear what you've made of that, Sandy. Yes, you go on Sophie. Sophie! Your thoughts are miles away! Yes, go on Doris. What's that? You haven't done more? You couldn't do it? How many more haven't done it? Oh, there seems to be agreement among the troops. Well, I went over it in class yesterday and you said you knew all the words. You're not playing the game. Go on Bruce. Quick now. The bell. Lawson."

"Well, what did you do for to-day? Theorems 70.74? Now does everybody understand them? Yes. I know you know, Bruce, but give the others a chance. Come on, girls, you're not going to let mere males beat you, are you? Yes, that's right, Barbara. No, Bruce, that's wrong. You, the only one who wouldn't have needed an explanation, made a slip. Let me see what you're doing Lawson. Oh no, that's not quite right. I do hope you are revising all your sums, logs, and indices because you carry the name of the school on your shoulders this year."

At English.

"Hand in your exercises for to-day. Who has not handed one in? Oh, Sandy, you're a very bad boy! Bring it along to-morrow. What should we be doing today? Chaucer? Well, take them out. Where's the place? You begin—Sophie. Read and translate. Oh, by the way, where have we got to in History? I think I will take History this afternoon instead of play. Where's the place? Continue Doris. What's that? You haven't prepared it? Oh no, of course not, you don't prepare it for Friday. Well, anyway, you can try it. What a mixture Chaucer has made! The cook's pies and the disease on his leg. Was that the bell? Remember the exercises and remind me to take History this afternoon instead of play."

M. C. G., V.

CHAUCER KNOWS THEM,

M. S.—"Bold was his face."

D. L.—"All was conscience and tendre herte."

M. S. G.—"For hardily, she was nat undergrowe."

S. S.—"Her smylyng was ful symple and coy."

W. L.—"He was a verray parfit knyght."

L. T.—"With lockes crille as they were leyd in presse."

B. M., V.

Pair of Pliers—
Electric Wires—
Blue Flashes—
Boy Ashes!

K. M. K.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN EDINBURGH.

On Wednesday, 5th of July, three Guides from Aviemore, including myself, boarded the 5 o'clock train for Edinburgh. The train was packed with Guides from every Northern district. We were all going to Edinburgh to see the King and Queen and to take part in the Scottish Youth Rally. It was pouring rain—not a very good send-off. It did not damp our feelings, however, for we were all much too excited at the prospect of seeing the King and Queen. The noise was terrific.

All the Guides were going one way, and that was to the dining car. The poor attendants were being rushed off their feet trying to cope with the orders. We arrived at Waverley Station about 10 o'clock. We climbed up the Waverley Steps and waited for a tramcar. Princes Street looked very beautiful with all the decorations and the gardens illuminated. Up above, the usually forbidding castle, looked very beautiful with white fairy lights. Some of the Guides who had never been in a town before were speechless.

Then a tramcar came along, and we scrambled into it and soon we arrived at Gillespie's School, which was to be our hotel. We had supper and trooped off to bed. Some slept in Army beds and others in palaces. The Army beds were very comfortable, provided you slept the one way.

We were awakened next morning by an electric bell outside our door. We rose, washed, and breakfasted. After our breakfast we were taken a tour round Edinburgh. We came back, had dinner, and then proceeded to Murrayfield Park where we were to see their Majesties the King and Queen. While they were inspecting the ranks of Scouts, Cubs, Girls' Guildry, Brownies and Guides, aeroplanes hovered above. After the inspection a display was given by Edinburgh companies.

Next day we left for home, and as it was a beautiful day we enjoyed the journey. Three seaplanes lay on the Forth, and as we crossed this river, Guides kept up the old tradition by throwing pennies into the water.

P. G., IV.

A SCHOOL EXCURSION.

We cannot stay but must away
For the hills are calling us.
We shall not go in a fast auto
Nor a panting motor 'bus.
We'll journey there on compress'd air
And sundry bits of steel,
For no one cares for easy chairs
When full of pep and zeal.
We'll depart at dawn for the crystal Avon
And eternal fields of snow.
We'll carry our dog in a canvas bag
Like the Sundowners down below.
Mid cunning snares for mountain hares
Our chosen path we'll pick.
Until we lose the guiding clues
That disappear so quick.
But on we'll press content to guess
What hills conceal from view
Until at last, our struggle past,
We stop to rest and chew.
Then barren hens and fertile glens
On ev'ry hand we'll see
And far away beyond the Spey
The waters of the sea.
At mist and rain we'll ne'er complain
But seek the lower levels
For there we'll find the stag and hind
Engaged in random revels.
Then home we'll go, content to know
That greatest marvels lie
In wide open spaces and lonely places
Unseen by human eye.

D. L., V.

BEFORE A JUNE EXAM.

I meant to study hard that day,
But the sky was blue as blue could be,
It was a day in June you see.
The wind blew mockingly in my hair,
So what could I do but sit and stare,
Wondering at God's glories there?
Alison Ronaldson (aged 9 years).

Horlicks, Horlicks once a day,
Be sure to keep your spirits gay;
Taken at morn, or taken at night,
'Twill always keep you merry and bright.
Donald McIntosh, III.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS.

The tenth of June dawned bright and beautiful, and once again sunshine favoured Grantown Grammar School on the day of its annual sports. The senior boys worked extremely hard, erecting a tent and marking off the pitch, while others, whose choice of work proved more advantageous than that of their slower-minded comrades, could be seen labouring down the embankment under heavy bundles of foodstuffs and refreshments. Soon everything was ready for the great event, and the school retired for lunch.

At 2 o'clock the sweet strains of an old, haunting melody flowed softly over the field, and all the competitors knew that the time had arrived for the thrill of racing to victory. The sports commenced with the Juniors' 220 yards race.

By this time many of the townspeople had favoured the afternoon's entertainment with their presence, and were applauding the triumphant winners. Competition grew keener and keener, so that when the boys' 100 yards came off the athletic standard had attained a very keen height.

The fair sex was well represented, of course, and put up a very good show, especially in the 60 yards. One race followed another in quick succession, with boys and girls, big and small alike, streaking down the track to the hearty cheers of their stalwart supporters and the enthusiastic applause of the spectators.

Then came the event of the day, the inter-house relay race. The sprinting for all three houses was admirable, but it was fairly obvious that Roy, when it had obtained the lead, had no intention of losing its advantage, and so the competition closed with that house victorious.

Then came the high jump and the long jump, both very interesting to watch, although the entry for the first was disappointing. The boys also tried their luck at putting the shot, and throwing the cricket ball, while the girls, not to be outdone, caused a great deal of excitement and amusement with their obstacle and jam-pot races.

All too soon the program drew to a close leaving only the inter-house tug-of-war. Again Roy proudly carried all before them, although

on one or two occasions the spectators jumped to their feet, and howled with merriment, when the opposing teams proved exceptionally stubborn.

Pleasure was expressed on all faces, from the five-year-old, who merrily devoured great quantities of tempting ice-cream, to the more sedate but not less hungry adults who partook of the delicious and daintily-served teas.

Prize-giving followed, and this duty was performed by the smiling Mrs Glass, who was warmly thanked by the Rector, who also expressed his gratitude to those friends, from the town, who so willingly acted as judges. The great day closed with the pupils raising their now husky voices in four hearty cheers, three for Mrs Glass and one for themselves.

A. L. SORAN.

SWIMMING.

The swimming classes, again under the supervision of ex-Provost Glass and Provost Watson, have been met, this year, with more enthusiasm than ever before. Last winter heavy snowstorms rendered the roads impassable and hindered all progress, but on the advent of element weather the classes were resumed "en masse."

Life-saving practice was then taken up, and is being continued with indefatigable vigour, and the number of aspirants after the Elementary Life-Saving Certificate is greater than in any previous year, while last year's successful candidates for the Bronze Medallion are now earnestly training for the Silver one. One candidate is being put forward for the Bronze Medallion.

The resumption of classes after the summer vacation was enthusiastically hailed by the younger pupils, and so many of them tendered their names for the Baths, each week, that it is quite impossible to allow all of them to go, and some have to stand down for a week, in order that the Certificate candidates may not be diverted from their training. They take it in good part, however, and when it is their turn for the Baths, they take such an active interest and are making such progress in the art of swimming that this in itself is a worthy recompense for the untiring efforts of their tutors.

B. H.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

After many business-like transactions, all our paraphernalia, such as a bell-tent, axes, poles, pails, and the inevitable "hillies," were gathered together and taken by car to Loch Morlich. Provisions also were bought, and though you might think from the number of tinned foods we purchased that none of us could cook, you would certainly be mistaken (?). Just a taste of our version of ham and eggs, and you would shout for more and still more. What though the bacon and eggs were a bit burnt and contained pieces of wood and foreign matter, the mountain air would give you an appetite for even fried frogs. Bacon and eggs were, I admit, our bogey. When it came to mince, we were in top form. Many and varied were our ways of cooking mince—our way might not have been a chef's way, but I'll say we did enjoy that mince.

The waters of Loch Morlich, both times the base of our expeditions, provided us with water for cooking, drinking, washing, and bathing. Is this the reason why many fish have been found in a semi-conscious condition on the shores of Loch Morlich?

Like Indians having a pow-wow round a camp-fire we fixed our programme for the next day. We decided to visit the Green Loch, Bynack, Loch Avon, the Shelter Stone, and Cairngorm itself. Even in print this journey seems too long for one day, but remember we are tough, with heather growing between toes! A little illustration will show how tough we are. We had forgotten to include in our equipment an alarm clock, and so "A. Mc." thumped his chest every night and in the morning we were awakened by the echo. Doing this 30 odd miles with burnt ham and eggs for breakfast at five o'clock, and two sandwiches during the climb, is no joke. "Experience teaches fools," and though on the first climb only one pack contained food, we made sure that every available pack was stuffed with rations for our next climb.

The Green Loch was successfully reached with everyone in high spirits, and the general opinion was that this is a meat ticket, but we were soon to alter our opinions. By the time Bynack was reached pangs of hunger and tiredness overcame us. With a do-or-die spirit,

however, we wandered over long stretches of snow to Loch Avon and thence to the Shelter Stone. Here someone mildly suggested a rest, and a rest it was until a chorus of snores echoed through the narrow glen. After our rather short "repose" we were on our way again and arrived at Coire Cas. By this time no one wished to set a foot on Cairngorm, and seeing the waters of Loch Morlich in the distance we, one and all, shouted, "Oh for the wings of a dove." It looked like half-an-hour's descent, but in reality it was fully five miles away. Some of us rested at Coire Cas, while others set off without delay. When the rear-guard of the climbers did make their way down they were not in the least surprised to stumble on two of the advance guard sound asleep on the hill-side. Our thanks for wakening them was just a string of ugly remarks.

Loch Morlich at last, and was it any wonder that the store-tent was immediately ransacked? By the morning the bell-tent was in a semi-collapsed state—probably due to a citizen of Nethy's snores. We certainly enjoyed our week-end, and voted it a first-rate outing for the first venture of the Pioneering Club.

The now famous Pioneering Club inaugurated last session owes its beginning to Mr Wilson, who has with real zest "suffered gladly" our camp life on our two climbing expeditions.

HYAM A. PIONEER.

IN THE MEADOWS.

In the meadows bright and gay,
Playing in amongst the hay,
Laughter echoing through the air,
Ne'er a worry or a care.

When the sun has gone to bed,
Tinging skies with glowing red,
Tired but happy home they troop,
In a quiet contented group.

When at night tucked up in bed,
On a pillow rests a head,
Breathing softly, dreaming dreams,
Of tossing hay among sunbeams.

Elise Kirk (aged 10).

THE FIRE AT BOAT OF GARTEN.

On Friday night, 15th October, I had an experience, which, although thrilling, I never want to have again. My chum was with me that night, when all of a sudden the telephone rang to say that there was a big fire in the wood quite near my home. Of course we were all excitement, because this certainly was an unusual happening. We went out to the door, and sure enough there was a bright red glow in the sky.

It was a very windy, dry night, and the fire grew worse and worse. We ran along the road for about a mile, because the otherwise dark night was made quite clear with the glow from the sky.

Cars speeded past, one after the other, all trying to get a good view of the blaze. The wood extends for many miles and runs right along the back of Boat of Garten, while in front there is a broad moor.

Once the fire got a hold it seemed to have no intentions of stopping. We stood for almost an hour along the road watching. By this time the fire was coming very near the village, and men were beating furiously trying to put it out. My mother and I climbed the hill behind our house, and we could see the blazing mass from one end to the other. It looked just like Princes Street all lit up at night, and sparks flew like fireworks. The people in the village were getting panicky, and began to remove furniture on to the road. The smoke and heat were almost suffocating them while they worked on, trying to save their belongings. Children went lost and mothers shouted for them in the thick smoke. Babies were lifted from their beds, ready to be moved if need be.

Finally, they gave up all hope of saving the village. Huge, blazing fir trees were falling, and men could do nothing against the raging wind. Anxious eyes scanned the sky for signs of rain, but no rain came. The fire caught the hedge bordering the first house, the Fire Brigade stood ready, people stood watching in panic; when suddenly the wind changed. It blew away from the village, saving the homes of many inhabitants. The crowd went back to their houses with great relief, while men soon controlled the fire.

Next morning it was calm, and to look at the black, smouldering mass left, no one could believe the danger that had threatened.

M. G., II.

GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY.

Down the glen but not out of the way,
Stands a cosy wee town by name, Grant-
town-on-Spey.

The hills all around are snow-clad half the
year,
But still with the snow not a thing looks so
drear.

The streets are so wide and so tidy and
clean,
Shop windows are plenteous and a treat to
be seen,
In the Square there are seats for the weary
to rest,
So now you all know why Grantown is best.

In the summer-time there one can golf and
can fish,
In fact there is every good sport one could
wish,
And last but not least is the air with its
zest,
And the stranger is always a most welcome
guest.

A. McK., II.

THE WITCHES' CAIRN.

Before the time of motor cars people had to travel to church and town by horse and cart. It was on such a day that an old woman was travelling between Nethy Bridge and Grantown. For some unknown reason the horse she was driving took fright. The old woman was tossed on the roadway and killed. To this day people say her spirit haunts the place, and that her form can be seen after dark. Several horses have been known to snort madly when near the spot. It is marked by a cairn of stones on the wayside near Balliefirth which can be seen by all who take that road. It has gained for itself the name of the "Witches' Cairn." Plenty of the older people will not to this day pass that spot after dark.

W. M., I.

DAWN IN STRATHSPEY.

Everything is silent, the birds have hushed their early chattering; the wind has died in the silver birch and dark pines, the waters of the loch have quieted their thunder to the musical rhythm of the ripples. The stars fade one by one in the western sky; the moon is becoming gradually paler. Dew covers the shrubs and grasses. A silver mist is spread across the horizon. Silently, the whole world waits for dawn.

In the east, small clouds are gathered to greet the monarch of the day. A flush of delicate colour breaks across the sky. The small clouds turn silver, pink, gold, and then become like flames of fire. The sky is a riot of colour, delicate pink, deep orange, brilliant scarlet. The huge clouds gradually become crimson. Then comes the monarch red as fire. The clouds retreat in awe before his splendid majesty. The loch becomes his glowing mirror, reflecting the wondrous colours until it looks like a gleaming opal. The dew sparkles like a thousand diamonds; the silver mist fades into the sapphire of the western horizon. Then the lark breaks forth into a song of welcome; the birds, great and small, beautiful and drab, all join in to greet the rising sun with Salutation to the Dawn. The trees lift their leafy branches to the wonderful sight, and the flowers raise their faces to this magnificent splendour. Always the same, always beautiful and inspiring—the dawn.

J. R., II.

My first is in March and also in May,
My second's in meadow and also in hay,
My third is in gout but not in corn,
My fourth is in laughter but not in scorn,
My fifth is in puzzles but not in tricks,
My sixth is in mix-up and also in fix,
My seventh's in crank but not in bike,
My last is in stone and also in dyke,
My answer is a thing we should enjoy,
It should appeal to each girl and boy.

Mary H. Tulloch (aged 11).

Believe it or not, oysters now powder their faces.

THE EXILE'S DREAMS.

When dew-drops glisten on the rosebuds
And through the trees the rays of sunset gleam,

I seek the fragrant coolness of my arbour,
And in the fading daylight quietly dream.

I see again fair Scotland's hasting beauty,
The little sheiling by the burn, where I was born.

The mountains and the crags all seem to cheer me.

Until I wake again and more forlorn.

And then I close my eyes to hide the tear-drops

That only bring fresh memories and pain,
Because I know that only in the twilight
Will I see my fair dear Scotland once again.

I. P., II.

A PROFITABLE HOBBY.

Many people do not realize that any hobby they may pick up may be profitable. Take, for instance, philately. The rarest stamp in the world is a one cent 1856 black-on-magenta of British Guiana. In appearance it is ugly and insignificant; its condition is poor; the corners are gone, and it is too dirty to make a clear photograph. Yet, this apparently trifling scrap of paper, at an auction in Paris was sold for the staggering sum of over £6000.

People often wonder how one little stamp can be worth such a large sum of money. The answer determines everything; it is a matter of supply and demand.

The late King George V. and the Duke of Windsor had very interesting collections. The Duke of Windsor has a stamp worth £1000, also of British Guiana.

Stamps can usually be identified by their lettering or their water-mark. Water-marks can easily be discovered by a small Benzine-tray which you can buy from any stamp-dealer.

A. I., I.

Photography seems to be M. S.'s hobby.

THE WHITE-WASHED COTTAGE.

Some distance from my home there is a tumbled-down cottage which I often look at. I am told that many years ago an old woman lived alone in this little white-washed cottage. In summer time the cottage was admired by many. The porch was covered with honeysuckle, and clusters of jessamine hung round the windows. The little garden in front was a mass of flowers, such as wallflower, Sweet William, and lovely old roses. In a patch behind grew potatoes, cabbages, and rhubarb.

For years the old woman lived very happily in her but-and-ben, and kept a cat for company. She visited her neighbours, and was a special favourite with all the children. She told stories, and sang songs to them. The old woman grew frail and could not be left alone. She was removed, and did not return, so the little cottage was empty.

As time went on the windows were broken, the door was burst open, the roof fell in, and part of the wall tumbled down. Where the garden was, it is now grown over with weeds and nettles, and some gardeners' garters here and there. The honeysuckle and jessamine have disappeared, and all is desolate.

The ruins will soon become an eyesore, and will be cleared away. In a short time the little white-washed cottage will be forgotten.

B. M., I.

WINTER.

Winter has come and snow lies deep,
And everything is white.
The squirrel is taking his winter sleep.
Waking for only a bite.

The birds are nesting in the eaves,
The dormouse has tucked up his head,
The trees have shed their leaves,
Me for my own warm bed.

Christmas has come and people are skating,
The ice is just like glass.
Expectant children for Santa are waiting,
Hoping he will not pass.

Christine A. Tulloch (aged 9).

HOME WORK.

What makes us sit and blankly stare?

Why is it that we tear our hair?

Why can't we go out anywhere?

Homework!

Why is it that we sit and fret?

Why is it that we fustered get?

While someone murmurs, "Finished yet"?

Homework!

What makes us glum and some day grey?

What keeps us from our rightful play?

Why do we do it, anyway?

Homework!

Why do we lie awake at night?

Why do we waste the precious light?

So now I ask you "Is it right"?

Homework!

W. C., II.

I had a little doggie;

He was called Fluff.

And when he fought with other dogs

He really got quite rough.

One day as he was fighting,

With another dog called Rover,

Rover got quite angry,

And knocked poor Fluffy over.

Mae Marshall (aged 10).

THE MONKEY.

One, two three,

A monkey fell down a tree,

He fell on a hose,

And bruised his nose,

One, two three.

Billy Templeton (aged 8).

I had a little pony,

And it would not go,

Do you think I'll

Beat it? No, no, no.

I'll take it to the stable,

Give it some corn.

G' up Neddy! Best little pony

That ever was born.

George Cameron (aged 8).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS, 1936-37.

BOYS.

A protracted winter again curtailed rugby and practically eliminated the soccer season. The School XV. played one match against Elgin Academy 2nd XV., and despite lack of experience gave a very creditable performance. In the Christmas game against the Old Guard XV. a win was not anticipated. The Old Guard played with great skill and élan; but the School put up a great fight and tackled magnificently.

After the Easter term practically all time was devoted to preparation for Sports' Day. Co-operation of staff and pupils and the assistance of gentlemen of the town produced an excellent display in which field and track events were admirably co-ordinated. The cross-country run, which is now an annual event, was keenly contested by 30 runners.

Inclement weather and the claims of other activities precluded cricket from reaching the standard of previous years. Unfortunately also local interest in cricket seems to have lapsed. The Past Primes and other cricket sides used to provide games in which the social aspect of cricket was seen at its best. It would be of inestimable benefit to the school if this local interest could be revived.

The institution of the Pioneer Club somewhat helped to compensate for the curtailment of other activities. This club, which is open to boys of forms III-VI., aims to provide facilities for camping and mountaineering. In June, two most enjoyable camps were held at Loch Morlich. During the first weekend the Pioneers climbed Bynack Mòr and the spurs of Cairngorm via the Shelter Stone. Cairngorm and Ben Macdui were reached in the second expedition. The girls who were the guests of the club in this second climb are to be congratulated on their performance.

The inter-house competition for the Past Primes Cup was decided over rugby, soccer, cricket, athletics, and the cross-country run. Roy emerged champions. The house-captains are to be commended for the manner in which they shouldered their responsibilities. These were Angus Mackintosh of Roy, John Stuart of Revonan, and Duncan Davidson of Revack.

GIRLS.

Games activities were uneventful last session, owing mainly to the lack of a proper playing pitch. This year, however, the deficiency has been remedied, for behind the school, a splendid hockey pitch has been constructed. This coming session we hope to fulfil fixtures with the neighbouring clubs of Forres, Aberdeen, and Kingussie.

The office-bearers for the year are as follows:—Captain, Sophia Smith; vice-captain, Grace Kirk; secretary, Mansel Stuart; members of committee — Sophia Smith, Grace Kirk, Mansel Stuart, Alice King, and Vera Mortimer.

In the near future, too, we hope to challenge a former pupils' team, while the added satisfaction of the new pitch is a decided impetus to the game.

B. Y.Y.Y.

This issue being the ninth anniversary of the Grammar School Magazine is published with prospects of being as successful as its predecessors.

We owe a considerable part of its success to the business people of Grantown who support us by advertising in each issue. These tradesmen, however, do not advertise with the sole intention of helping the magazine, but in addition they realize that it is taking a step in the right direction to promote the interests of their business.

Oh, tradesman, in thine hour of e, e, e,
If on this magazine you should e, e, e,
Take our advice and now be y, y, y,
Do not forget to advert i, i, i.
You'll find the project of some u, u, u,
Neglect can offer no ex q, q, q,
Be wise at once, prolong your d a, a, a,
The silent business soon de k, k, k.

This magazine has a very wide circulation, many copies being sent abroad, even unto the far corners of the earth, beyond the seas.

We hope our advertisers find the rates for advertising reasonable.

So now, dear friends, please do remember,
The Grammar School Magazine, next
December,

And do not grudge the meagre cost
Lest opportunity be lost. J. S.

The Old Guard.

HIGH LIVING IN MARCHMONT.

AMENITIES OF A BACHELOR'S FLAT.

Written for the especial delectation of all ye who do most purposefully intend to sign the Sponsio Academica at some future, albeit lazy, time.

The first thing to do, surprising as it may seem, when you arrive in town, is to locate your self-appointed habitation. We presume, of course, you have already gone through all the intricacies of pen-scraping and stamp-licking, and have eventually been inveigled into taking lodgings somewhere, by a wily and—as you will probably very soon find out—unscrupulous landlady. At length, when you have explored the Limehouse of the town, you discover that your bed-sitting room is perched in the smoke at the top of a building some five storeys high. Keeping up a good steady pace, making use of all footholds, and resting every 100 feet, you find that you can reach your abode from street level in a little over seven minutes.

Your landlady, of course, simply must be Victorian. Any other vintage is very much "de trop." She must be dressed in a cheerful shade of dull black and also sport a pair of pince-nez. If she is not extremely thin and stringy, then she must be approximately globular. Above all, she must have a delightful habit of sniffling in a nasty insinuating manner. If she is not the possessor of these many admirable qualities then you have been grossly swindled—and you may thank your lucky stars for it!

Your room is what your landlady alleges to be "bed-sitting." After inspecting the room in question you decide that your landlady hides the merest "soupçon" of levity inside a frigid exterior. You finally come to the conclusion that the only way you can live up to the room's reputation of being one of the bed-sitting species, is to sit on the bed when you are tired of gazing at the faded photographs of your landlady's bewhiskered and starched ancestors. "Why gaze at them?" asks the

uninitiated. "Cannot one, for instance, enjoy the splendid view one must get from so well placed an outlook?" Now, the view is a subject which merits a paragraph to itself.

When, by sheer will-power, you are finally able to wrest your goggling gaze from the hypnotic portraits, you feel like resting it on some more peaceful prospect "id est" the view from the smoke-grimed casement of your attic. From the immediate foreground, and stretching far away into the dim, murky haze of factory smoke, lies an unparalleled panorama of roof-tops. Here and there clumps of chimney pots appear like stunted shrubs, in a wilderness of greyish-black mud. The peaceful solitude of this landscape is relieved by lone chimney-stacks, which belch black smoke to the heavens. The only sign of animal life is given by a few moulting pigeons cooing and wheeling in desultory fashion around the chimney-pots. By pushing up the window and hanging half out of it, you can, under favourable conditions, descry a courtyard in the blackness of the chasm beneath. A few shreds of washing are usually strung between the walls, and you may notice a cadaverous cat stalking a starved ragged-looking sparrow.

Your landlady, in her correspondence, has probably intimated that her abilities in the culinary direction are "good and plain, nothing fancy." You heartily endorse her opinion that her cooking is good, inasmuch as its consumption does not result in fatal effects; but in applying the epithet "plain," the lady has been guilty of a gross underestimate of her own culinary capabilities. Take breakfast as an example.

You settle down comfortably at table, chafe your blue hands to restore circulation, and wait hopefully. The first half-hour is always the worst. After that the pangs of hunger induce a kind of coma. Suddenly the door opens and Harriett (the landlady) sails in, planks a plate on the table, snaps "Good morning," and swishes out leaving the room several degrees colder. You eye the plate. Ten minutes later you have reached the conclusion that it's not really dirty, but contains some kind of

sustenance. You poke it gingerly with a teaspoon. A slight depression is left but the food does not yield much. You decide to tackle it with knife and fork. A few minutes later Harriett sails in with another platter. It contains something that looks like burnt tongue of hoot, but which smells like charred ham and egg. As she picks up the first plate, which in your hunger you have scraped clean, she remarks, "Well, Mr Smythe, I trust the rom-
mou was to your liking." When you come round you realise that Harriett's cooking is not as plain as she so modestly averred.

Now these are only a few points which are fairly common property; but every landlady has a special "business line" of her own. Some pride themselves on their conversational powers. Once per day, usually at dinner-time, the flood-gates of oratory are opened. You hear about the dear departed husband (sniff) who was a sea-captain (sniff). Took home a canary from the Spice Islands (prolonged sob) and was drowned with his best trousers on (deluge of tears). Once she has decided on a subject, a landlady never changes. A very popular theme is former occupiers of your room. "Dear Mr Jones." "Such a nice man. He's a doctor now. So tidy and generous. Yes, very generous. Not like some other lodgers that could be mentioned." At this point there is usually a significant pause. You take no part in the conversations except to emit a suitably modulated monosyllable at intervals. This is the only stimulus the good lady requires to keep her going. To staunch the flow of words you can push a dish off the table; but this results in another oration, usually very fiery and pointed, which can only be arrested by paying over a handsome and exorbitant indemnity.

Now, we think that we have said enough to encourage the would-be under-graduate in his dangerous pastime of lodging hunting. Always remember that a landlady's bite is worse than her bark—even though her teeth, like the stars, come out at night.

A. M.

B. H.'s favourite song: "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh."

THE STUDENT.

The bajan, entering for the first time the portals of his Alma Mater, is fired with the first enthusiasm for the new "milieu" in which his life will be set. Then kindles the spark of a loyalty which will never die. Far be it from me with one facile sweep of the pen to attempt to ridicule this enthusiasm. Too often has this been done. Instead, I wish to comment, from my own modest experience, upon several aspects which intimately concern the life of the average student.

First and foremost, of course, comes his work. No matter how one may evade the point, the fact remains that the student's chief aim is to obtain his degrees, the material evidence of work and concentration. It is true you will always find the fellow who, when qualified, is ready to say, "Work? My dear chap, never did a stroke in my life!" That is rubbish. And the speaker is of the class, unfortunately a large one, of students who are blasé, and, therefore, to be pitied. There is again the opposite extreme, the student who is continually moaning about the amount of work he has to do, and how life is one long swot. Life need not be, and this outlook is equally futile. The fact is, and this I would impress with all possible emphasis on students who are beginning their varsity career, that, if one does one's work regularly and keeps it up-to-date, one has nothing to fear. It is this regularity that counts, and, believe me, it is not a simple solution—but in the end it pays.

On work tonic action is exerted by pleasure. It is a trite theme that work and pleasure must balance one another properly, and be present in correct proportions. I shall not dwell on it. Remember, all the same, that trite sayings are generally true, and it is very easy to overdo either work or pleasure. The nature of the pleasure is a matter for the individual. In the broader social sense, there are countless societies and clubs. Like certain well-known commodities, there is one to suit every taste. All I would say is, "Don't join too many, but by all means join some."

Yet another aspect of the student's life, and the one most often neglected, is the spiritual side. Along with this we may discuss a general

tendency in the student to cultivate his own philosophy. Like the coming of the Romans in "1066 and All That," this is a good thing. Unfortunately, however, this philosophy generally has several characteristics. One is a leaning towards the convenience and comfort of one's ego; another is an assertiveness lent by the inexperience of youth; these two factors often lead to a third, the attributing of all things accomplished to one's self. This last factor in turn, in several cases, may lead to active atheism—if, indeed, atheism can be active. In the student, I am afraid, it serves one purpose, that of excusing his laziness of body on Sundays. He will even over-exert himself mentally at any time to prove that he is justified: he is not. This, however, I am happy to think, is only a phase, and, therefore, "even this shall pass away."

In conclusion, dear bajan, I would say that, if I have spoken like a father, only a year ago I was one of you. In all modesty, I have set down the results of what I have seen and heard. In time you will form your own opinions. Be strong, go your own way, and I wish you well.

T. H.

A FRENCH TUTORIAL.

For the benefit of those who are fortunate enough not to know what a French tutorial is, I shall endeavour to define it in my opening paragraph. It is a class run by a Frenchman, entirely in French and supposedly for the enlightenment of students studying that illustrious language. However, in my opinion, it is not only run by a Frenchman, but also for a Frenchman, for I defy any self-respecting Briton to attend, and understand more than one-tenth of what is said. And, as a very well known sage says, "No knowledge at all is better than half knowledge," so how much better must no knowledge at all be than one-tenth knowledge? That, I believe, would be called good reasoning even by jolly old Euclid himself.

Having got my "definition" of a French tutorial off my chest, and providing anyone who has read thus far is kind enough to continue, I will go on now and describe a typi-

cal example of what we have to undergo once every week.

About a dozen students of either sex are waiting outside a door which is presently opened by a noble specimen of French manhood who bawls out "Entrez." All goes well, we have understood everything so far. Of course, the males, being perfect little gentlemen, allow the fair sex to enter first. On entering, these, as is only natural, sit down at the nearest side of the table and allow us fellows to tramp round to the other side. The tutor brings up the rear and immediately asserts that we are swine, or something equally malodorous, for taking the seats nearest the electric fire and leaving the girls out in the cold. To remedy this he seizes it and runs round the table to warm "les dames" up, as it were. Hilarious laughter ensues, for he has forgotten the electric cable, which becomes entangled with his number nines, and he finishes up gracefully under the table.

When he has extricated himself the fun really begins. He laughs the matter off with a peculiar little gurgle, and everybody sees that his mercurial temper has been put to a great strain. Then he returns the last week's proses, and, as usual, the average mark is somewhere in the region of five out of twenty. He makes this an excuse for fortifying our vocabulary with words which will certainly not be needed in any of our exams., and ends up by declaring that none of us will ever get a "d.p." in French. This, I think, is pretty stiff, for even a modest 10% in class exams. usually entitles one to a "d.p."

Next comes his big moment. He is ready to give us a lecture in French upon some subject or other: nobody except himself is quite sure what it is. He takes his stand at the head of the table, gives his head a preliminary shake to get his hair out of his eyes, and lets loose his big guns. We all stare at him in amazement while he works his hands and his tongue in a manner which I can only call Mussolinic. Somebody who ventures to laugh is called a "cochon" and is threatened with expulsion on his ear. He is now "in mediis rebus," leads with his left, and brings over a right uppercut; he is battering his adversary in the ribs at a devil of a rate, and so continues for at least half-an-hour. Then evident-

ly getting the better of his invisible opponent he brings down a tremendous rabbit-punch on the table, looks at the clock, now registering the hour, and tells us that will be all. We finally stagger out and try to piece together our impressions of his harangue.

This is usually of not the slightest good, for one week, when the word "mode" was distinctly heard eight or nine times, I thought he was speaking about the latest Paris fashions, while some others even thought he was speaking about something so prosaic as the moods of verbs. Well, I ask you, what is the use of a French Tutorial?

D. D.

["d.p."—class certificate.—Ed.]

GRANDFATHER.

No, Grandfather is not a man, but for convenience we shall raise him to masculine status. I have said convenience, but it appears that it is now necessary, for I have a noun and a pronoun of masculine gender. But I have omitted to tell you what he really is, and without puzzling you further, Grandfather is a clock.

Grandfather is unique, at least I think he is, for he was born in 1660, and like someone (or something, if you prefer it) he is "still going strong." I say strong, and I mean it, for of all the clocks that ever existed, Grandfather possesses the most awe-inspiring tick. A simile would be hard to find with which to compare the outsize in ticks (and, of course, tocks) which Grandfather has. A loud tick is very arresting in itself, but this clock goes one better, and instead of having a steady rhythm, Grandfather (just imagine it, and he 277 years old!) goes in for syncopation. He has gone all modern. It may be due to age. Like an old man, the pulsation of his heart is not now what it was once was. To be precise he goes, to use Paris's time names, *ta-tai*. Grandfather strikes. So do other clocks, but they make nothing like the *din* Grandpa kicks up. The neighbours are well accustomed to the clanging, but a stranger might easily take the noise for a fire alarm. And when it strikes midnight—well, Grandpa is a

relentless fellow, people with weak ear-drums are well advised to keep clear.

These, you may call his vices, but before I tell you of his virtues, there is something I can't omit. It wouldn't be fair. Grandpa is considerate to a very slight degree, for he sounds the alarm three times before striking—at four, three and two minutes to the hour. First of all a loud click, a medium one, and then a soft one, just as if he were gathering strength to show the world what he can do. It's very disconcerting for the nervous fellow, especially if he be deep in a detective thriller at the time—you know, the psychological moment when someone says "Hands up!"

Now the most amazing thing of all is, that although these queer things happen without fail, each at its accustomed time without the slightest variation, Grandfather keeps dead correct time. Surely we can forgive him for all his idiosyncrasies if we can depend on his giving us Greenwich time. He's an old fellow, but he can still show those flimsy modern time-pieces a few things.

H. T.

"LIVES THERE THE MAN . . . ?"

Let me assume, gentle reader, that you are a Scot, and that you are proud, or at least ashamed of the fact. Let me further assume that you love your country, its scenery, its traditions, its national possessions: that a word of Burns, a Gaelic air, a tale of Bruce, do not leave you entirely unmoved. So let me, like Browning and his "Last Duchess," draw back the curtain and show you your country in a light which may, perhaps, be new to you. Will't please you sit and look at her?

Firstly, consider your countrymen. The fact is that the Scot, like the Redskin of old, is becoming extinct by a process which has been going on for more than two centuries. . . . He only exists to-day in the places where civilisation does not penetrate. (There he may be regarded as the true Scot, or as having heather growing out of his ears, what you will). The remainder of the race have become Anglicised, Etonised, or perhaps paralysed.

To the few foreign nations which have heard of his existence a Scotsman is featured

as skinny, hairy, and bearded, with an abbreviated kilt, or with a bottle at his hip. His other attributes are an alcoholic nose and the moth in the pocket. All this, of course, may be laid to the door of the comedians, actors, and would-be humorists who have sold their country's birthright for their own potage, or may be the work of our superior Saxon neighbour: but we ourselves are far from blameless. Suppose you were to go to Germany or Denmark, or any other country, and caricature the inhabitants as you allot your countrymen to be caricatured; you would be lynched on the spot, of course.

But we are not so made. We just laugh uncomfortably, protest feebly, if we have the gumption, and try to think we are still Scots. In an attempt to prove this, we hold Gaelic Mods, and organise a vast festival by which we are inundated with Immortal Memories, Cettar's Saturday Nights, tatties, herring, and haggis. Poor fools! We but accentuate the futility of it all.

An Connam Gaidhealach, of course, is making a brave attempt to keep the blossom alive when the tree is dead. The Gael shall vanish, but the Gaelic shall flourish! Sad, that the old tongue should disappear, just like the furrows of the old croft lying themselves among the heather, sad, and not altogether unconnected.

As for the Mod, it but presents an opportunity for amateur enthusiasts to wear tartan, get photographed, and imagine themselves at the forefront of a great cultural revival. For the convenience of these, apparently, the National Mod is held at Dundee, whither the true Gael from the West and North finds it too expensive to travel. Evidently the Gaelic folk-song was not meant for the sheiling and the ceilidh, but for the Caird Hall. The crowning abuse is, of course, that the competitor with the good Gaelic on his lips and the Highlands in his heart starts level with the one who, for all he knows, might be singing Hottentot or Gingalese. The former discomfited competitor would, I think, be justified in murdering his offspring with a clarsach, if they were to greet him in Gaelic on his return. However, now that the Mod is over the choir-members will be able to spend the winter getting up their words, in the inter-

vals of such Celtic pursuits as playing had-minton, fox-trotting, and filling in football coupons. Of course, we in Strathspey, though we have perhaps no Gaelic, are exempt from criticism, because we live in a Gaelic country, and have a Gaelic accent. On the strength of this logic, I shall lie me to Unter den Linden and attempt to convince Herr Hitler that I am an Aryan because I once had German measles.

And does all this pitiful pondering to southern and alien tourists materially help the Highlands? Has it decreased unemployment? Has it prevented it rapidly becoming a derelict area? Does the ruined fisherman, the struggling crofter, possess a house suitable for summer letting? Sometimes we cannot even walk on our own hills, because a Sassonaeb plutoeral elects to shoot grouse or deer on them. We could, of course, develop the natural resources of the Highlands, and particularly electric power, and not so long ago it was attempted, in the shape of the Galedonian Scheme. This venture was, however, effectively nipped in the bud, partly through the protests of sundry landlords and sportsmen, partly by the representations of a town which assumes for itself the title of the Capital of the Highlands, and of such beauty-loving bodies as the Manchester Ramblers' Club, but chiefly because the London Parliament decided that the piece of foreign policy was uncalled for.

But this subject may be too sordid. Perhaps you prefer to ignore such political garbage, and to steep yourself in Gaelic literature and consider yourself a North Briton, or even an Englishman. Scottish social reform savours too much of the gutter, of the rat, the worm, and the Nationalist, and all three are to be abhorred. If you were to seek redress for Scotland's ills, they might call you a crank. You could not get your annual tea, and there would be no Lady Fitz-Snitherington to ask so kindly for the children, or talk of dear Mr Eden. But if you were to ignore all these, and keep on steadily in your purpose, surely the re-birth of a nation is no small gnerdon. There is but one way: a little thought and you will find it.

D. P. M.

A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON.

Early one afternoon we arrived in Washington. Our first job was to find accommodation. In such cities there are many private houses where one can put up for a night. We tried one, a large, cool house with a lawn running right down to the highway; and here we secured a room and bath for the ridiculously low price of 75 cents or 3/- per night. On such a trip one never stays at hotels, as these private homes are beautiful houses and ideal for a short stay.

After eating at an A.W., one of a large chain of restaurants where you can drive in and be served in your car (we ate most of our meals there), we continued down Maryland Avenue to the Capital. That huge building, dominated by its colossal dome, made an unforgettable sight, the white of the stone contrasting vividly with the green of the park in which it stands.

Congress meets in the Capitol, and at that moment was in session. We tried the Senate or upper house first, and, after waiting some time, were admitted. The President of the Senate sat at a raised desk surrounded by the members' benches, and around the room were the various visitors' galleries. A long speech was being delivered by a senator which seemed to be boring the others, for I noticed one or two busily reading newspapers. It bored us, too, so we left for the lower house which is in much the same style as the Senate. Quite a heated argument was going on between a few members, but it must have been unimportant as the large majority were taking little interest in it.

After lunching in a restaurant on the other side of the River Potomac we headed south through Virginia to Mount Vernon, George Washington's estate. The house itself is built in the colonial style, a white two-storeyed building which looks cool even on the hottest day. After his duty to his country was finished Washington spent the last years of his life in the solitude of this beautiful estate. Every year thousands of people pay homage to the man whose indomitable courage and determination won independence for the United States.

W. K. F.

A RHYME.

If we should meet upon the street
You'll know us by our ties.
They're red and grey, so well you may
Express your feign'd surprise.

At Christmas balls in local halls
You'll see the stripes again,
Tho' those who're there in ev'ning wear
Have just a tiny grain.

Our rugger team is held supreme
For thirty miles around,
But those who play the soccer way
Must yield a little ground.

Our cricket score in days of yore
Was always very low,
But younger blokes with longer strokes
Have made the innings grow.

Our golfers win much honour in
The local club events,
Mayhap some day they'll stun Strathispey
In national tournaments.

Our boys who shone in badminton
On dark and stormy nights
On courts of blaes on sunny days
May yet be leading lights.

The Rifle Club were forced to rub
Their unbelieving eyes
When run so hard by poor Old Guard
Those most unlikely guys!

Some members roam full far from home
For fitting work to look;
Yet even they may homeward stray
In reading through this book.

J. L.

G. S. GRANT

JEWELLER

Highland Establishment

GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY

* * *

Speciality—Spey Pearls

OLD GUARD ACTIVITIES, 1936-37.

During the four years of the club's existence great progress has been made, activities have increased, and membership has doubled. In the past year a heavy programme has been carried through, including rugby, soccer, golf, badminton and shooting.

The Christmas rugby match versus the Grammar School resulted in a win for the Old Guard by a fairly large margin (21-3). The game was, however, fast and more evenly contested than the score suggests.

In a soccer match v. the School, the pupils put up a plucky fight, and the game was almost finished before the "Guards" snatched victory by the only goal of the game.

One of the best games of the season was a match v. the "Hotspurs." The teams were evenly matched, and the Old Guard did well to win narrowly by one goal.

During the winter season a series of badminton matches was played, and of six matches, the Old Guard won four, drew one, and lost one.

Two shooting matches v. Grantown Rifle Club resulted in the Old Guard being narrowly defeated. The "Guards" gave a very creditable performance in averaging 91 on both occasions.

In a golf foursomes match versus the School, the Old Guard were again successful and played steady golf to win creditably by three matches to one.

An innovation last year was the "Old Guard Occasionals" Orchestra, which was formed with a view to supplying music for the "extras" at the School Dance. Mr Thos. Hunter, jun., has been elected leader of this section, and it is hoped to make the orchestra permanent.

The Committee are confident that the coming session will be the brightest in the club's history, and, in addition to the activities already mentioned, a tennis section will be formed. It is also hoped that it will be feasible to have a summer camp at a suitable coastal town where facilities are offered for boating, swimming, fishing, etc.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the committee are doing their best to maintain interest in the club, and they are greatly encouraged by the enthusiasm and co-opera-

tion of the members.

We are again indebted to Mr R. Wilson for his advice and practical aid.

We desire to thank the School for our space in the Magazine, and we trust that our contribution is not entirely without interest.

I. M.

OLD GUARD CLUB.**List of Members, 1937-38.**

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

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

President — J. Templeton, M.A.

Vice-President — J. Laing, M.A.

Secretary and Treasurer — I. Macpherson.

Local Members.

G. Cameron, Mendhuie, Kethy Bridge.

E. Cooke, Balmenach, Cromdale.

W. Cruickshank, Rosebank, Cromdale.

J. Laing, M.A., Bemmure, Grantown.

F. Macculay, Lettoch, Kethy Bridge.

J. Macdonald, Upper Port, Cromdale.

I. Macpherson, Thornhill, Grantown.

P. Macpherson, Briar Cottage, Grantown.

J. Paterson, Parkburn, Grantown.

A. Phinister, Woodburn, Grantown.

G. Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant.

W. Thomson, 84 High Street, Grantown.

R. Wilson, M.A., Craigdhu, Grantown.

D. Winchester, Albert Cottage, Grantown.

UNIVERSITY MEMBERS.**Aberdeen.**

H. Fraser, B.Sc., graduated in October with 1st class honours in Engineering, now doing research.

A. Grant, B.Sc., graduated in June, now on research staff of Rowett Institute of Agriculture.

D. P. McLean, 2nd year Honours English.

T. Hunter, 2nd year Medicine.

A. Stuart, 2nd year Science (Engineering).

Edinburgh.

J. Allan, 4th year Medicine.

D. Davidson, 1st year Arts.

J. Grant, B.Sc., graduated in June at Aberdeen, now engaged in agricultural research in Edinburgh.

W. Macanlay, B.Sc., engaged in agricultural research at Balerno, West Lothian.

- A. Mackintosh, 1st year Arts.
- A. McIntyre, 3rd year Arts.
- J. Templeton, M.A., graduated in June, now attending Moray House Training College.
- V. Ross, Heriot-Watt College, 1st year Electrical Engineering.

Oxford.

- W. K. Potheringham, 2nd year Law.

"Exiles."

- I. Cooke, Police Force, Clydebank.
- P. Garrow, aircraftsman, R.A.F. base, Aden.
- D. Fraser, sorting clerk telegraphist, Perth.
- H. Jack, posted temporarily to Edinburgh for course in Post Office engineering.
- D. Mackintosh, electrical engineer with Messrs Mackinnon, Elgin.
- E. C. Mackintosh, architect, Edinburgh.
- E. Mackintosh, sorting clerk telegraphist, Chester.
- K. McCabe, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, Palestine.
- J. Milne, M.A., on staff of Messrs Heinz, London.
- E. Munro, B.Com., on staff of Messrs Heinz, London.
- F. Roberts, commercial artist, Tottleham, Lancashire.
- J. M. Ross, passed out from Heriot-Watt College in June, with National and College Diplomas in Engineering, winning 1851 Exhibition Scholarship, then appointed to staff of General Electric Co., Coventry.
- R. Ross, engaged in a course of Diesel Engines with R. A. Lister & Co., Dursley, Glos.
- D. Stuart, male nurse, probationer, Severall Mental Hospital, Colchester, Essex.

OBITUARY.**R. W. SCOTT.**

With deep regret we announce the death, on 20th May, 1937, at the age of 19, of Ronald W. Scott (late of Dalchroy, Advie), 4th Indian Division, Royal Corps of Signals, Jubblepore, India. Described by his commanding officer as an excellent soldier he was very popular with officers and men. Teachers and former pupils are profoundly moved by the untimely death of one whom they held in highest esteem and tender their sympathies to his parents, Mr and Mrs Charles Scott.

PASSAGE OF THE STRAITS.

While the unlovely little tramp wallowed in the waters of the Bay we caught the first breath-taking glimpse of the Spanish peninsula, as it rose yellow and dry-parched from the sea. The mind's eye conjured up the Pillars of Hercules, sentinels standing guard at the gates of the inland sea, whose blue waters had lapped the slave-built walls of ancient cities and lured the fair-skinned rovers from the north.

But only the light on the Berline rocks and the red flash of St Vincent gave warning as we steamed into the war zone. Sinister craft, riding without lights, loomed up ahead, evoking a picturesque stream of epithets from the straining captain. Two underseaboats of the international patrol slid rapidly past, indistinguishable save by the dim projections of their conning towers and the wash creaming from their sterns. Day dawned thick with fog that shrouded Gibraltar, and only the mournful wailing of sirens, approaching and receding, betrayed the companionship of phantom ships.

Emerging from the haze we drew the speculative attentions of a French man-of-war of the patrol. An ancient airplane, belonging to one of the Spanish belligerents, droned overhead until, curiosity satisfied, it flew off to pursue its investigations elsewhere. From the Spanish coast reverberated distant detonations, disturbing the evening's hazy calm. Darkness fell and the moon rose over Africa.

R. W.

H. MACPHAIL

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GRANTOWN - ON - SPEY.

Contributions From F.P.'s.

EVENTS OF THE YEAR.

MacWilliam—Sutherland. — At the South Church, on June 20th, by Rev. R. Sutherland, Kingussie, James MacWilliam, Gynack Bank, Kingussie, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Peter Sutherland and of Mrs Sutherland, Birchview Terrace.

Cattanach—Rose. — At "The Pines," on 24th June, by Rev. W. Scott Taylor, B.D., John Cattanach, son of the late Mr Cattanach and of Mrs Cattanach, Grange Cottage, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr David Rose and of Mrs Rose, Castle Road.

Tod—Hastilow. — At Inverallan Church, on 29th April, by Rev. A. Alexander, St John's Wood, London, assisted by Rev. W. Scott Taylor, B.D., Norman James, elder son of Mr and Mrs Tod, Glasgow, to Mary Elizabeth Grant, younger daughter of Mr G. R. Hastilow, Palace Hotel.

Grant—Findlay. — At Elgin, on 15th July, Robert Grant, Mahy States, son of the late Mr and Mrs Grant, Milton, Dunhain Bridge, to Christina, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Findlay and of Mrs Findlay, Ivy Bank.

Anderson—Buttress. — At St Andrew's Chapel, on 20th Jan., by Rev. E. E. Cooke, Aberlour, John Anderson, Aberdeen, to Anne Victoria, second daughter of Mr J. Buttress, Atholl Cottage.

Hastings—Phimister. — At Craigbaldart Church, Edinburgh, on 2nd Oct., by Rev. J. N. R. Muir, James A. L. Hastings, son of the late Mr and Mrs Hastings, Grantown, to Mary, daughter of the late Andrew Phimister and of Mrs Phimister, Woodburn, Grantown.

Forbes.

It is with profound regret that we recall the death of Miss Carrie Forbes (late of Connaught), on 19th June, at her home in Parktown, Johannesburg. Arriving over 15 years ago in the Transvaal, she held for 10 years the post of matron in the Women's Hostel of

the Normal College, Johannesburg. In her responsible position she was held by all in the greatest affection and esteem.

Mortimer.

We regret deeply to record the death of Miss M. A. Mortimer, daughter of the late Mr A. Mortimer, Achmagonalu. For 20 years she acted as nurse-secretary to the late Lord Escher's daughter, and enjoyed the affection and high esteem of the family.

Richard Surtees, who recently left Grantown to join the Metropolitan Police, has passed his final examination at Peel House Training College, and has been posted for duty to P. Division, East Dulwich.

R. A. Cruickshank was home on holiday this summer. After returning to the U.S.A. he won the open golf championship of Virginia for the fifth successive year.

J. Fraser, son of Mr Fraser, Diuorwick, was on holiday this summer from Canada. His sister, Mrs Paterson, was also in Grantown.

James MacCook, son of Mr MacCook, Park Cottage, Nethy Bridge, has joined the Regina "Daily Star" as editorial writer. Trained in the "Strathspey Herald" office, Mr MacCook has 17 years' experience of newspaper work and was news editor to the Calgary "Albertan."

J. Gordon Anderson is to be congratulated on having qualified for election to the Institute of British Engineers (electrical section).

J. Grant, Greenhill, has been appointed local representative of the Prudential Assurance Company.

Charles Munro, son of the late Mr Wm. Munro, Mason, Birchview Terrace, is at present home on holiday from South Africa. He received his early training in the Royal Bank, Grantown-on-Spey.

Isabelle Moyes.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Mr Hunter presided. After minutes had been read and approved the chairman said the School much appreciated the two medals

awarded by the club to the best pupils in Modern Languages and English. These had been won by Miss Isabel McBeath and Angus Macintosh. The financial statement audited by Mr W. R. Stuart was submitted and showed that the balance on hand had been increased from £45 17s 3d to £51 1s 6d. It was agreed to hold the Annual Reunion on the usual date, Wednesday 29th December, and a committee was appointed to make all arrangements, with Major J. G. MacDougall as convener.

The forming of a Ladies' Hockey Club was again discussed, and a sum of £5 was voted to give a start to such a club. Miss Daisy Macpherson was made convener of this section of the club.

A letter was read from Miss Ann Grant resigning her appointment as editor of the P.P. section of the School Magazine.

Mr Hunter expressed appreciation of the great service Miss Grant had rendered in the past years in collecting and editing matter for the School Magazine. Her place would be hard to fill for she had put all her energy and interest into it.

Mr Wilson was appointed editor, with a magazine committee of three—Miss Moyes, Miss Paterson, and Mr W. R. Stuart.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Hon. President—Lt.-Col. J. Grant Smith.

Hon. Vice-Presidents — Ex-Provosts W. Glass, W. MacGregor, J. S. Grant and J. Paterson.

President—Mr T. Hunter.

Vice-Presidents — Miss Scott McGregor, Miss J. S. Duncan, Mr W. R. Stuart and Major J. G. MacDougall.

Secy. and Treas.—Miss J. M. Paterson.

Committee—Miss A. Grant, Miss E. Lawson, Miss J. Cruickshank, Miss E. Wood, Miss I. Moyes, Mr R. Wilson, and Mr W. Cruickshank.

BALANCE SHEET FOR YEAR 1936-37.

INCOME.

Cash in Bank, 10/11/37	£45 0 8
Cash on Hand	0 16 9
Life members, 6 @ 12/6	3 15 0
Ordinary members, 36 @ 2/-	3 12 0
Proceeds of Reunion	3 14 10
Bank Interest	1 2 6
	<hr/>
	£60 1 9

EXPENDITURE.

Medals	£1 17 6
Magazines	1 14 0
Books in Magazine	1 14 6
Postages	0 5 6
Printing, etc.	0 8 9
Cash in Bank	49 13 0
Cash on hand	1 8 6
	<hr/>
	£60 1 9

JEAN M. PATERSON, Treas.

Examined and found correct.

W. R. STUART.

YOUTH IN GERMANY.

The fact that all German girls are very domesticated struck me particularly. At the early age of 14, when each begins to prepare her trousseau, the majority are perfectly able to run a house efficiently. This training seems to be provided partly in the home and partly in the "Frauensschule," where half the time is devoted to domestic and half to linguistic and other studies.

The school system, too, seems rather effective. Schools start at 7.30 a.m., with the result that the whole time-table can be covered by dinner-time. Afternoons are thus free for home lessons, which seem to be very few, or for sport; and the scholar is enabled also to enjoy those few hours of sleep before midnight, which are all-important to his health.

Very interesting also, is the fact that English has recently been made the chief language for study in German schools. Young children of 10 years of age are beginning the study of our language, while the study of French is pursued only at a later date in the curriculum. Surely this points to favourable relations between Britain and Germany in the future! In connection with languages, I found it rather astounding that almost every German has at least a smattering of English and is very fond of airing it.

The "Hitlerjugend," the national youth movement, is an essential part of the German youth's training. Boys and girls alike, from school age upwards, are members of this movement, which corresponds roughly to the Scout and Guide movement in this country, but differs in that it is political in its outlook. Fervent adoration for their "Führer" is awakened even in the smallest; and it is

quite a common and cheerful sight to see bands of the Hitler youth marching through the streets, lustily singing his praises. I had the good fortune to be present at a meeting of one group, of which my friend was a member. The girls were very jolly and at the same time keen and serious in the carrying out of their duties. It is in this youth movement that they gain a good deal of general knowledge and an astounding knowledge of politics.

Having arrived at the age for leaving school, the next part of the training of the German youth is what they call "Arbeitsdienst," that is, every boy and girl devotes a period of six months wholly to the service of the fatherland. During this period they leave home and live in concentration camps, which are run by them. This teaches them not only to stand on their own feet but also to work really hard. Much good work is done. Girls are sent to look after the babies of the poor and to do various tasks on the farm, while boys are employed in carrying out various schemes of cultivation and irrigation. By no means are these camps military, except perhaps in discipline, and in the fact that uniforms are worn—but then the Germans seem to be particularly partial to uniforms of any kind!

After this, the German girl is ready for her career, while the youth has to devote one more year to his country's service, this time in the army.

Vera Campbell.

THE NORTHLAND.

I must take the road to the North again,
That's where I fain would be,
Where lofty mountains rear their heads,
And rivers flow to the sea.

Away through the Pass by heathery tracks,
By Thimnel and Garry and Spey,
'Fluro' bracken and brake and by misty lake
'Till I come at last to the sea.

I must take the road to the North again,
It's ever a-calling me,
So I'll take my way at the break of day
To the land of the hills and the sea.

Helen McLaren.

REMINISCENCES OF FEETING MARKETS.

Fifty years ago, feeing markets were held in Grantown regularly every six months, about a week or 10 days before the term on Whitsunday and Martinmas. On each occasion they attracted a large crowd of farmers and servants from the surrounding districts. By nine o'clock in the morning the streets would be crowded, and by mid-day High Street and the Square were so congested that one could hardly pass. Farmers started early to make their bargains, in order to secure desirable servants for the following six or twelve months. On being engaged a man received 1/- or 2/- from the farmer. This payment, called "arles," entitled the farmer to prosecute if the bargain were not adhered to. Single men and maids were engaged for six months, but married men usually for twelve, to avoid the flitting of their belongings by the farmer. Mid-day saw most of the engagements fixed; and by this time, along High Street and the Square, a seething mass was shouting and clamouring. On both sides of the Square, stalls, booths, and tents were erected, while hobby horses, merry-go-rounds, and all kinds of side-shows filled the whole area east to the Grant Arms. Goods of all kinds were displayed and money changed hands quickly. The stalls, with their huge array of sweets, toffees, clothes, boots, shoes, carpet slippers, stockings, and other useful articles were soon emptied. The Dundee Gundy wife was there regularly. If one wanted a whole stock of gundy it cost 2d; but if one wanted only a pennyworth, she would spit on her hands and break the stalk in two. When only a ½d worth was wanted she would spit on her hands and break it off. At all feeing markets, sweets were in great demand. It was recognised as the duty of every young man to present a bag of sweets to the girls of his acquaintance. Several of the grocers sent out their apprentice boys to supply the demand. The sweets were sold in quarter and half-pound bags at 2½d and 5d; and there was a great demand for them, particularly in the afternoon. The boys who sold them made 2d for every shilling's worth sold. I remember one market day when my friend Eddie McBain, an apprentice grocer, earned about 10/- for his own pocket.

GERMAN SUMMER.

A small town tucked away amid woods and hills, of no striking beauty in itself, quiet and unassuming but typically German, such is my recollection of Remscheid.

Situated as it is, in a hilly yet fertile region, it can boast of very picturesque surroundings of which the people of Remscheid are justly proud. Surprisingly enough, however, the town itself has no pretensions to beauty. The "Adolf Hitler Strafze," which extends from one end of the town to the other, contains the largest and most fashionable shops, and is the one street worthy of note. In it, Woolworth's was of supreme importance to us when we first arrived, as it was the only shop we could enter to make any purchases without first having to think out feverishly how we would ask for what we required. Once this difficulty was overcome and we became more practised in the art of conversation, we used to enjoy doing errands; and in this way we became acquainted with quite a number of the shop assistants and consequently more fluent in everyday speech. What amused us vastly when we went shopping, was that, instead of waiting our turn and then making our purchase, we had to shout "Heil Hitler!" and give the Nazi greeting immediately on entering. This greeting was returned at once, and cries of "Heil Hitler" came from all the occupants of the shop as well as from the assistants. Even on the street it was necessary for all and sundry to give the Nazi salute should they meet any of their friends. Though they did this in all seriousness, it proved a constant source of amusement to us. As one English gentleman remarked when I was discussing this matter with him, we would feel somewhat ridiculous going about saying "God Save the King!" every minute of the day, and it would no doubt sound very inappropriate; but this side of the question is entirely disregarded by the Germans.

Although we were invariably recognised as foreigners, in nine cases out of ten we were taken for Dutch. If anyone by accident hit upon our correct nationality we were invariably spoken of as English girls, not Scottish. Our insistence on the "Scottish" seemed to be a perpetual worry to people, as they

had previously always taken it for granted that English included Scottish, so we had no little difficulty in impressing upon them the fact that Scotland does really exist apart from England. An incident occurred one day which afforded us considerable amusement and which shows how important Scotland is, in their estimation. A street-cleaner, who overheard us talking, stopped us and inquired to what country we belonged. On receiving the answer "Scotland," he scratched his head, looked somewhat nonplussed, and then asked, "But where about would that be?"

What we really enjoyed most, however, were our frequent excursions. Each time we chose a different spot, and in this way managed to see most of the places of interest. One small village which attracted us is, I think, particularly worthy of mention on account of its picturesqueness. Guarded, as it were, by an ancient castle situated on a hill overlooking the hamlet, so quaint and tiny and so scrupulously clean, it seemed to take no part in the trials of the outside world but remain peacefully content, blissfully unaware of outside strife. The name of this little village was Schlossburg. In it and around the castle could be seen a number of tiny booths at which small replicas of the castle itself or mementoes bearing the name, Schlossburg, were sold. These small open shops were very common in all the districts near Remscheid, and very often we found there someone who could talk English, having previously come in contact with many English holidaymakers.

Only once did we have the pleasure of visiting one of the world-famous "Biergartens." It was situated some distance from Remscheid, and as it was most expensive and rather difficult of access, one visit had to suffice. I need hardly remark that we were thrilled by all we saw. The music, dancing, and spirit of camaraderie which pervaded all was something quite novel to us, and we responded accordingly.

German picture-houses, to which we were by no means frequent visitors, are not to be compared to our own. Neither outside nor inside was attractive. No matter how much we paid, we had to sit always on hard seats. The films were usually well-worn, and the programmes considerably shorter than those to which we are accustomed.

To conclude, although the purpose of our stay was to gain a closer acquaintance with the language, no one need be afraid of visiting Germany because he or she is unfamiliar with German. A holiday there would be as great a success, and doubtless quite as enjoyable if one knew only the two words "Bier" and "Wurst." Why not try it and be convinced?

Margaret Davidson.

A DELEGATE TO THE B.B.C.

One morning while passing a newsagent's I read on a "Daily Record" poster: "Scottish Youth To Get Chance At B.B.C." Impelled by curiosity to purchase a copy, I found that this chance was afforded by an essay competition open to all Scottish youth. Essays were to take the form of a criticism of B.B.C. programmes, and had to be submitted for adjudication to Mr Dinwiddie, Scottish B.B.C. Director. Successful candidates were to be given the opportunity of further expressing their views at a conference in Edinburgh. All expenses would be paid by the "Daily Record."

Having nothing better to do that evening, and being on late duty, I wrote an essay criticising the B.B.C. so severely that I never expected to hear from them again. On Henry Hall and his orchestra I was particularly scathing. The matter completely slipped my mind until one day after lunch one of the Post Office staff said that he had seen my name in the list of successful entrants. Sure enough next day a registered letter awaited me containing my railway ticket and full instructions.

Arriving in Glasgow on Friday afternoon, I was the guest for the evening of the "Daily Record." Next day all the delegates were shown over Newspaper House. After lunch at Grosvenor House we boarded a special train, arriving in Edinburgh at 2.30 p.m., and were driven to the B.B.C.

The conference opened with the singing of "Scots Wha' Hae" in which everyone joined lustily. Sir John Reith then welcomed the delegates in a neat little speech and introduced Mr Dinwiddie, the Director, who said that he hoped we would be perfectly candid as the B.B.C. were anxious to know exactly

what we thought of their programmes. A Gaelic youth then opened the discussion by appealing for more Gaelic programmes. This suggestion was hurriedly turned down by a Glasgow youth, who declared that we had enough noise from foreign stations. So it went on, each delegate contradicting the other. The only conclusion to be drawn seemed to be that the programmes were excellent. Then came an interval and tea was served.

I had been sitting at the front of the hall biting my nails in an effort to keep calm. Mr Bennett now introduced me to Mr Dinwiddie as the next speaker. The delegates had hitherto addressed the conference from their places in the hall. What was my bewilderment and dismay, when I was invited to ascend the platform and place myself at the microphone! However, I wandered dazedly up, receiving a reassuring pat on the back from Sir John Reith. Encouraged by my reception from my co-delegates I warmed to my subject.

"I would like to ask the B.B.C. if they really imagine that we Scottish listeners enjoy their programmes. What appeals to a Scotsman is to hear his own music played and sung with sympathy and feeling. Therefore Scottish orchestras which alone are capable of this ought to be given their chance on the air. Henry Hall and his orchestra play what I can only term a jumble of notes with a lively title." This was the gist of my 20 minutes' speech; and the cheers which it evoked flatter me to believe that I carried my audience with me. Mr Dinwiddie particularly congratulated me on my splendid effort.

I elected to stay in Edinburgh with friends as an alternative to returning to Glasgow, and returned to Grantown on Sunday morning. So ended what will all remain for me a unique experience.

Harry McPherson.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- James Allan, Ballintomb.
- Miss I. Allan, Ballintomb.
- Miss J. Alanach, Faebvie, Cromdale.
- Miss H. Anderson, Tombreck.
- Miss Jean Burgess, Castle Road.
- * Miss J. M. Campbell, Aberlour.
- A. J. Cameron (Forest Road), London.
- Miss A. Cumming, Brooklyn.

- * W. Cruickshank, Seafeld Lodge.
- * Miss J. Cruickshank, Seafeld Lodge.
- H. G. Cumming, Paisley.
- Miss H. G. Cumming, Paisley.
- Miss Vera Campbell, Norwood.
- * Andrew Cruickshank, Germiston, S. Africa.
- Miss Davidson, Tombreck.
- Miss Margaret Davidson, Tombreck.
- Hamish Dixon, Heath Cottage.
- Mrs Hamish Dixon, Heath Cottage.
- Miss J. S. Duncan, Dundonnachie.
- * Wm. Duncan, 28 High Street.
- * James Duncan, Aberdeen.
- * Ian Forbes (Comage), Aberdeen.
- John Findlay, Coldstream.
- * Duncan Fraser, Schoolhill, Aberdeen.
- * Miss C. E. Forbes, Johannesburg.
- Miss H. T. Gray, Shalamoniadh, Boat of Garden.
- Miss N. Gillies, Pitlochry.
- * Ex-Provost W. Glass, Revoan.
- Mrs Robert Grant (Miss Findlay, Ivy Bank), Malay States.
- Miss A. Grant, Grey House, Nethy Bridge.
- Miss M. Grant, Isla Cottage.
- * Mrs Grant, Manse, Cornhill, Banffshire.
- Miss Ella Grant, Skillymarno, Strichen.
- * John S. Grant, Rockmount.
- * J. A. Grant, Reilhaven.
- Thos. Hunter, Rosemount.
- Mrs Thomas Hunter, Rosemount.
- Thos. Hunter, jun., Rosemount.
- * Walter Hastilow, Palace Hotel.
- Miss E. Lawson, Willow Bank.
- * Miss Lazenby, Liverpool.
- * Dr Mabel G. Lawson, London.
- Miss Legge, The Square.
- Miss Isa Moyes, Lilac Cottage.
- * Mrs Mutch, 28 High Street.
- * Miss Betty Mutch, 28 High Street.
- * Peter Moir, Royal Bank.
- * Mrs Geo. Morrison, Aberdeen.
- John Milne (Bracehead), London.
- Edwin Munro (Ravenwood), London.
- N. Morrison, Ivy Bank.
- * Mrs Fred Munro, Columbia, S. America.
- * Miss Scott MacGregor, 100 High Street.
- * James S. Mackenzie, The Cott.
- Mrs James Mackenzie, The Cott.
- * Sidney MacGregor, 46 High Street.
- * Major J. G. MacDougall, Dunolly.
- * Mrs J. G. MacDougall, Dunolly.
- * Miss Sheila MacDougall, Dunolly.
- * A. MacPhail, Hillview.
- * Miss I. MacPhail, Hillview.
- Miss Bessie McIntosh, Grant Cottage.
- Miss Daisy MacPherson, Thornhill.
- * William R. MacDougall, Sheffield.
- * Mrs M. J. Macarthur, Germiston, S. Africa.
- Miss Nabel MacWilliam, Silverdale.
- Donald MacGillivray, Isla Cottage.
- * Miss M. M. Pyper, Riversdale.
- * Miss E. M. Pyper (Riversdale), Dundee.
- Miss Jean M. Paterson, Parkburn.
- Miss Marion Paterson, Parkburn.
- John L. Paterson, Parkburn.
- * James Philip, Strabspay Hotel.
- * W. A. Robertson, Broughty Ferry.
- * William R. Stuart, "News" Office.
- Mrs Wm. R. Stuart, "News" Office.
- * Mrs Schleppie, London.
- Miss W. Shaw, The Garage.
- Richard Snrtees, 107 High Street.
- * Mrs N. Tod (Miss M. Hastilow, Palace Hotel), Madderty, Perthshire.
- Miss Netta Templeton, Glenwhern.
- Thos. Templeton, Glenwhern.
- * William Templeton, Dunedin.
- * Dr James Williams, Stonetield.
- R. Wilson, Craigdlun.
- Miss C. Windhester, Albert Cottage.
- Miss E. A. Wood, Balmenach.
- Ewan Wood, Balmenach.
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