



No. 11.

DECEMBER 1939



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**GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY**



# The Grammar School Magazine

## Grantown-on-Spey

No. 11

DECEMBER, 1939.

Editor—George Fraser.

Advertising Manager—Roy Phimister.

### Editorial.

AGAIN the festive season comes round hailing the appearance of the eleventh issue of our school magazine, the popularity of which is ever on the upgrade. Let us see to it that this year its circulation is bigger than ever.

Include a copy in that parcel you send a relation or friend serving in the forces whether he be at home or overseas. We assure you that the appearance of the familiar yellow-covered book which he so eagerly awaited for each Christmas at home, will brighten up his spirits while he and his comrades wait their chance to strike a telling blow at old Nasty.

We have tried to maintain the previous standard, and we hope that our effort will meet with your approval. Owing to the rapid rise in the cost of paper, we have been forced to

reduce the size slightly, while two pictures have been substituted for the usual four.

Were it not for the numerous advertisements so kindly received for insertion, it would be indeed difficult to produce a magazine such as this that would be a paying proposition. To these advertisers we express our thanks.

Finally, we thank all our regular readers who have done so much in previous years to make our effort a success, and will, we are sure, augment their good work by encouraging the sale of this magazine.

Wishing one and all of our readers a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year, we hope that our next meeting will take place under more pleasant circumstances, in a world that has been rid of imperialistic tyranny.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

The war-clouds which gathered during last summer vacation, the arrival of city evacuees with its challenge to the school's resourcefulness, and the outbreak of war itself have divided the year under review into two distinct parts.

Certain events of importance, nevertheless, which belong to the peace-time half, deserve to be recorded.

Session 1938-39 ended on a very happy note. Prize Day was one which will be remembered even in these troublous times as the most successful school function of recent years.

The Right Hon. the Countess of Seafield along with her husband, Mr Studley Herbert, was present, and handed over the session's prizes. Mr Studley Herbert gave a short but appropriate address.

Dr MacLaren, Director of Education, one of the most popular guests at these gatherings, also spoke, and delighted the large audience with a characteristic address which blended wisdom and wit.

Reports on the session's work were submitted by Bailie Milne, School Convener, and by the Rector. Provost Watson was a tactful and capable chairman.

Vera Mortimer was Harvey Dux Medallist and also winner of the English, Mathematics, and Science medals, Rhoda Mackay being proxime accessit and winner of the Modern Languages and Latin medals.

An interesting item reserved for the closing stage of the ceremony was the presentation to Lady Seafield on behalf of her Ladyship's infant son, Viscount Reildhaven, heir to the Seafield Estates, of a suitably inscribed silver quail from pupils and staff.

Keith M'Kerron, school captain, made the presentation and Mr Studley Herbert expressed the appreciation and thanks of the Countess and himself.

Prefects' Leadership prizes—newly instituted last session and awarded by vote of the prefects—were won by Grace Kirk and Keith M'Kerron.

The Past-Primes' House Cup (Boys) was awarded to Revack, and to the same House went the new Inter-House Cup for Girls, generously gifted by Bailie Milne, School Convener.

Leaving Certificate and Day School Certificate (Higher) results for 1938-39, which are given in detail elsewhere, were equal to previous years' records.

Excellent work is still being done by the school branch of the National Savings Association, the past year's contributions amounting to £82 17s 3d, which brings the total contributed since the branch was opened to £2030 19s 3d.

The school concert in June was again of the variety kind which evidently retains keen public interest. A crowded house applauded every item, and the school fund benefited by the handsome sum of £38.

Under Mr Wilson's expert control, 1938 Sports Day was in every way successful, the smooth working of an elaborate programme giving evidence of excellent organisation.

One pupil, Keith M'Kerron, was awarded the coveted Cairngorm Badge last year. Six of these badges have now been awarded, with an equal division between girls and boys.

The outbreak of war practically coincided with the opening of session 1939-40 and the school was immediately affected in various ways.

Close on 70 official evacuees were absorbed in the different classes, and the enrolment of 40 privately evacuated pupils added further to the school's responsibilities.

Fully half the official evacuees have since returned to their homes—in Edinburgh district—but practically all those of the other type continue to make their homes among us.

The representative nature of our school population—there are evacuees from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, London, and Portsmouth—must be unique, and advantages accrue both to permanent and temporary members.

Tribute must be paid to both sides, for harmony was almost at once established and increasing loyalty to their war-time school has been abundantly evident among the newcomers.

Although ours is a reception area and not likely to be involved in aerial happenings, the school has adopted a scheme of air raid precautions, with fortnightly practice in taking up "stations."



Lighting restrictions and the County Education Committee's decree against school "black-outs" have enforced a slight shortening of working hours during mid winter. By time-table adjustment, however, interference with essential school work has been reduced to a minimum.



One of the unfortunate consequences of war conditions has been the cancelling for this winter of the Elgin Baths swimming class.



Last year's Magazine had record sales, a tribute to increasing interest and a meed of encouragement to those of our business community whose support of the advertisement columns deserves special mention.

#### LEAVING CERTIFICATE AND OTHER RESULTS FOR SESSION 1938-39.

All eight eligible candidates have been awarded group certificates. The following are the successful pupils with subjects in which they have passed:—

- Alexander W. Calder—Higher English, Higher French, Lower Mathematics, Lower Science.  
 Donald C. Collie—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Lower French, Lower Science.  
 Margaret M. Grant—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher German.  
 Grace M. Kirk—Higher English, Lower Mathematics, Higher French, Lower Latin, Lower German.  
 Isobel R. Mackay—Higher English, Lower Mathematics, Higher French, Higher German, Higher Latin.  
 Keith M'Kerron—Higher English, Lower Mathematics, Higher French, Lower Latin, Lower Science.  
 Margaret M. M'Lean—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Lower Latin, Lower French, Lower German.  
 Vera J. D. Mortimer—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French.

Passes in single subject presentations:—  
 Dorothea Barrett-Ayres—Lower French; Grace M. Macaulay—Lower Maths.; Herbert J. Wright—Lower French.

Out of 40 individual subject presentations there are 38 passes.

The following pupils have been awarded Day School Certificates (Higher):—

1. John P. Cameron.
2. Isabella Fraser.
3. Grace R. Macdonald.
4. David Mackintosh.
5. Thomas D. M'Intosh.
6. John W. Milne.
7. Marion A. F. Mortimer.
8. Agnes M. Scott.
9. Margaret M. Walker.
10. Alexander Mackintosh.

Day School Certificates (Higher) were awarded earlier in the session to the following:

- Doris E. Laing.  
 Elizabeth M. Fraser.  
 George M. Catto.  
 Alice K. King.

Total number awarded for the session—14.

#### SECONDARY ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

Of 14 pupils who sat this examination, the following 13 were successful:—Edward Illingworth, John Innes, Dorothy Kennedy, Jessie Laing, Agnes Lawson, Patricia Marshall, Constance Mitchell, Louis Mutch, Evelyn Runcie, William Sellar, Lewis Sutherland, Isobel Telfer, Christine Tulloch.

#### FORMER PUPILS' ACHIEVEMENTS DURING THE PAST YEAR.

At Edinburgh University—

- Miss Vera Campbell—graduated M.A. This year's passes: English, Psychology (2nd class cert.), Geology (1st class cert.).  
 Miss Margaret Davidson—graduated M.A. This year's passes: Geology (2nd class cert.), Psychology (1st class cert. 5th in order of merit).  
 Miss Mabel M'William—graduated M.A. This year's passes: Psychology, Geology (2nd class cert.).  
 Mr Alex. M'Intyre—graduated M.A. This year's passes: English, Geology (1st class cert.).  
 Mr Duncan Davidson—Passes in Inter-Honours Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Applied Mathematics, with 1st class certs. in each.

## A HOODIE CROW'S NEST.

A gamekeeper once had a very interesting experience one night. It was at Glenmore, where, every year a hoodie crow came and built her nest and brought up her family on a tall fir tree.

One year, however, the nest was made, but the gamekeeper never saw the bird about. One evening as he looked up at the nest he noticed some kind of creature, but not a bird, in the nest. As he had his gun with him he put a shot into the nest, and to his astonishment a large form came tumbling down the tree. He shot again at the creature and killed it. When he examined it carefully he found it to be a fine specimen of a wild cat.

When he looked at the nest again he saw it moving, so he got some help, and they climbed the tree and found three kittens about ten days old.

There was no marks on the tree of the cat's claws, but there is no doubt that she had killed the bird and used the nest as a home for herself and young.

In all his experience, the gamekeeper had never heard of a similar case.

W. M., II.

## THE FINAL PLUNGE.

The scene is on board a ship in the Carribean Sea, where Peter McLeod, more commonly called "One Eye Pete," because he had lost one eye in Cornwall, is walking slowly to the end of the plank in the middle of the ship above the deep blue water.

Many had already walked that plank that day once, but none had walked it twice. He is the last person to walk it that day. By the expression on his face it seems as if wild flights of fancy were racing about in his brain. He wonders how those who have gone before him fared and how he himself would fare.

He seems to be saying to himself, "Now is the time. I wonder if I shall come out of this struggle unscathed. I wonder how those who went before me thought as they stood here. Are these people, who are watching me, gloating over my ordeal, or does any kind heart among them sympathise with me and wish me well?"

At last, by the command of the captain of the ship, he dived off the plank. Breathlessly the onlookers watched, wondering whether there was any hope for him.

"Bravo!" they shouted, as he came to the surface. "You win first prize in the diving competition," said the captain of the luxury liner.

I. G. C., III.

## MONDAY AT SCHOOL.

Quarter past seven! Oh, surely not,  
And Monday morning, a terrible thought,  
I arrive at the train in a gloomy, tired state,  
With my chum loudly shouting, "Do hurry,  
you're late."

"Have you done your French?" asks a boy  
from my class;

"Help, no! Had we any?" I utter aghast,  
Then I scramble and scurry to get it all done  
Before we reach Grantown, or then there'll be  
"fun."

Then we troop into French and our master will  
ask,

"Is there anyone here without his gas-mask?"  
A few hands go up, and in voice fierce and  
loud,

He says, "Oh yes, of course, just the usual  
crowd."

Then to English we go, which we all enjoy,  
For we're reading a play loved by each girl and  
boy,

Then to Latin, then German, it's new, but it's  
fun,

Where we learn "zu sprechen" in Hitler's own  
tongue.

Maths., next on the list, it's geometry too,  
However, perhaps we will get something new;  
Oh my, I'm so hungry, but it's nearly time,  
To go and have lunch, and a walk if it's fine.

Back to school once again, we get algebra now,  
If we can't do our problems, there's sometimes  
a row,

Then to English once more, and our teacher  
will say,

"I think we'll do 'Clive' and not poetry  
to-day."

Then finally games, to the pitch we all run,  
With our hockey sticks waving, we're sure of  
some fun;

I glance at my watch, it's just twenty to four,  
So we joyfully make for the station once more.

When at last I reach home the first thing I say  
is "Any more news, any air-raids to-day?"

Then after my tea it's French, Latin and sums,  
Right on to my bed-time when nine o'clock  
comes.

So Monday is over, I'm weary and worn,  
I'll sleep all night through, until seven at morn.  
Although school is hard work, I find it good  
fun,

But I'll dream of a land where no homework is  
done.

M. C., IV.

I don't like bombs,  
I don't like noise,  
I came up here to save my toys,  
I came up here from the hullabaloo,  
And I'll stay—if it's all the same to you.

JOY KNOX, Primary III.



## AT GORDON CASTLE.

The ancestral home of the Gordons is picturesquely situated in the heart of a pine forest near the mouth of the Spey. Its stately windows overlook extensive gardens which surround the castle. Here and there in the gardens can be seen elegant fountains playing as if by magic. In the forest which surrounds this solitary building stands what is known as the Duchess's tree. This gigantic tree covers an abnormal expanse of ground. Its numerous branches droop to the ground, and even they themselves are taking root.

The scene changes, however. Instead of seeing before us this magnificent castle, we observe a rather unoccupied-looking building which stands overlooking well-trimmed lawns. The fountains have ceased playing and remain silent reminders of happier days. Inside the castle, marble stairways ascend to unfurnished rooms in which are placed, here and there, several camp beds. We find, eventually, one rather scantily-furnished room which serves as a sitting-room, and yet another which serves as a dining-room. Such is the condition of Gordon Castle as a physical fitness centre.

It has been taken over by the Scottish National Fitness Committee and, during the months of July and August, a physical training school for leaders was held under the warden-ship of Lord David Douglas-Hamilton. This school was run very efficiently, and was well-fitted for the training of those who wish to be leaders of youth movements.

I had my first experience of this course last summer, and I can truthfully say that it has left with me many happy memories. The friendliness and cordiality of everyone when we arrived there, immediately created a most favourable impression. The open-air life, which we led under ideal conditions, gave us new energy and a zest for physical well-being.

Those who came to form the first physical fitness class at Gordon Castle were fully representative of the North-east of Scotland. We were of all ages, from young to—we'll not so young. All were imbued with the spirit of comradeship and the desire to enter into work and play under discipline. We were fortunate in our leaders, chief of whom, in the ladies' section, was Miss O'Rourke. Loyalty to them gave us added incentive to do well, and one important lesson we learned was the value of alert personal qualities in leadership. Those who led us certainly were well-endowed in this respect.

The historic family of Gordons would, no doubt, be not a little surprised if not annoyed at seeing their former stately residence in its present state. It must be remembered, however, that it is being used for an excellent cause. Gordon Castle, indeed, is a worthy successor to Guisachan, the former venue of the Physical Fitness Training School.

N. H., V.

## THE OLD SCHOOL TIE.

The symbol of a brotherhood  
That will never fade or die,  
Is just that object round the neck,  
Known as the old school tie.

For all who sport it with delight,  
Or to keep the trousers high,  
Feel honoured that it is your right  
To wear the old school tie.

Alas, the summer sun has fled,  
And winter's drawing night,  
So if you're feeling cold in bed,  
Just wear the old school tie.

To those who wander far from home,  
Their earthly toil to ply,  
'Twill lessen the distance across the foam  
To wear the old school tie.

Now when I answer the last roll-call,  
I hope you will not cry,  
But please attend my funeral,  
And wear the old school tie.

K. M. K., VI.

A is for Adolph, the dread man of might,  
B is for Britain, defender of right,  
C is for Chamberlain and Churchill too,  
D is for Daladier, three good men and true,  
E is for Eden, who nothing does fear,  
F is for France, our ally so dear,  
G is for Goebbels, the inventor of lies,  
H is for Hess, who helps with his prize,  
I is for Ironside, whose nickname is "tiny,"  
J is for Jews, rendered homeless by Jerry,  
K is for Kennedy, U.S.A.'s man of courage,  
L is for London, guarded well by barrage,  
M is for Molotov, the strong man of Russia,  
N is for navymen, true sons of Britannia,  
O is for Ogilvie, the B.B.C.'s "nap,"  
P is for Poland, now wiped off the map,  
Q is for our Queen, whose worth is true gold,  
R is for Ribbentrop, the rascal so bold,  
S is for Stalin, whose name it means steel,  
T is for Turkey, pledged to us by its seal,  
U is for U-boats, so watchful for booty,  
V is for volunteers, ever ready for duty,  
W is for W.A.T.S. and likewise W.A.F.S.,  
X is for X we shall all have to bear,  
Y is for youth called on to share,  
Z is for zeal which will carry us through.

M. A., II.

## AUTUMN TINTS.

The elm is a bright, rich yellow,  
The beech is a russet brown,  
The gear's bright leaves are scarlet,  
The birch has a golden gown.

M. M., I.

## MY HAT!

Another gust of wind tore past the old man and the rain beat his wrinkled cheeks as he staggered through the mud, now and again breaking into a desperate run. His face was pale and his eyes were terrible in their hopelessness. Deep gasps that tore at his breast burst frequently from his lips, and his feet felt as if they were weighted with lead. Would he be in time? His numbed brain could only repeat these words over and over again. One more gust of wind and he was done for. The thought was unbearable. He was nearly there now, a matter of a few yards. He must do it. Three, two more steps, and then with a gasp of relief that sounded like a sob he stooped and picked up his —.

I. M'G., II.

## THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

Three boys, Jacques, Adolfus and Marcus, were overheard talking somewhat as follows. From what class had each just emerged?

Jacques—Is it that you have heard the news? Adolfus has come from receiving coffee and some other things from a friend.

Marcus—I knew that not, but it is reported that Caesar, a new flying machine having been made, is about to be willing to sell his old one.

Adolfus—I fear that my friend wrong has, because this machine already to another sold been has.

Jacques—I have great fear that Marcus comes from making a mistake.

Marcus—O, my friends. I, the pious Marcus, know that Caesar to Grantown Grammar School A.D. 15, Kalendas Januarius, 1939, with his old machine flew, in order that he a conference of the youths help might.

Adolfus—It does to me pain, and I have of myself my suspicion on account of to be ashamed oughted. What for a kind of machine is the machine of Caesar?

Marcus—I cannot deny but that it a moth of a puss is, but it has been handed down, that if it a puss of a moth had been, Caesar easily would have conquered.

Jacques—But the coffee of the good friend of Adolph. It will soon become cold. Who is your good friend, Adolphus?

Adolphus—I think that we the coffee of my good friend Stalin drink should.

Jacques—I think that no!

Marcus—Eheu! O for a general to lead us to victory.

Adolph—I am it!

D. B. A., V.

## TO A GOLF BALL.

O perfect piece of workmanship and skill,  
Which but two hard gained shillings cost,  
Go round in level fours or less, until,  
In broom head high (O, Lord forbid) you're lost.  
Aye, of the rough keep clear, and never dare  
To wander in a bunker's sandy waste,  
For then I might resort to curse and swear,  
And sin my soul already much defaced.  
And when at last you reach your far-off green,  
Obey and aim unnerving for the hole,  
Or specialise in stymies, get between  
My opponent's ball and its appointed goal.  
O caddish thought, but do what I have told,  
And well I might retain you when you're old.

R. P., IV.

## THE OLD MILESTONE.

Who leads a lonelier life than I,  
Standing under the wide sky,  
Bearing the cold of the winter days  
And the welcome sunshine of the sun's bright rays.

But when fools speak to me in a drunken tone,  
I'm glad that I'm only an old mile stone.

The men that were boys when I came here  
Are gone from this world full many a year;  
And even their sons have now grown grey,  
And their children's children now pass this way.  
But though many pass I'm always alone,  
For they don't mean a thing to the old mile-stone.

A hundred summers have passed me o'er,  
Yet they'll live in my memory for evermore.  
Gone are the days of crinolines and lace,  
When the world went by at a steady pace;  
Still they're a reminder of days that are gone  
In the long life story of the old milestone.

And at e'en when the moon takes its place in  
the sky,  
And I smile to the couples who pass me by,  
I remember their fathers in days of yore,  
And the ladies whose dresses then reached the floor.

But the skirts have since then so much shorter  
grown,  
Till they're only the height of the old mile-stone.

Alone I stand though the winters rage,  
Where all may discover my history and age.  
Though men sometimes woeful and worried  
appear,  
I'm very well sure that my conscience is clear.  
Though a century old, no blot can be shown  
In the long life story of the old mile stone.

I. F., IV.



**SCHOOL ATHLETICS, 1938-39.**

There was considerable activity in sports during the past session, principally centred round the house cup. This was competed for over a large number of events divided into two groups, major and minor. The former included "soccer" seven-a-sides, junior shinty seven-a-sides, cricket, the cross-country run and the annual sports. In the minor category were swimming, badminton and golf. Revack in the end drew slightly ahead and recovered the cup from Revoan, last year's winners. Particular credit is due to Lewis Mackintosh, the Revack captain.

A marked improvement was noticeable in the standard of cricket last season. Especially good performances were put up by the twins, Donald and Colin M'Intosh, both in the house games and in the matches against the British Legion, Former Pupils and the Town. It is several years since cricket has been so attractive, and since so much keenness has been displayed in bowling, batting and fielding.

A feature of last season was the introduction of shinty in the junior forms. The school were indebted to the Schools' Camanachd Association and to local enthusiasts who subscribed liberally to provide equipment. The game which was at first regarded with little favour is now popular with both seniors and juniors.

The annual sports held at the end of June were accounted a great success, and the favourable weather drew a considerable crowd. Special interest was shown in the discus and javelin events which had not previously figured on the programme. Good performances were put up by Keith M'Kerron, senior champion, and Donald M'Beath, runner-up. The relay team also did well to beat the Old Guard by several yards.

Bad weather in the early months of the year interrupted weekly swimming lessons in Elgin; and it was not considered advisable to present candidates for the awards of the Royal Life Saving Society. Several pupils, however, who had previously gained medallions before the recognised age received their awards. The outbreak of war has now postponed the resumption of swimming indefinitely.

Last year's house-captains were:—Lawson Illingworth (Roy), Keith M'Kerron (Revoan), and Lewis Mackintosh (Revack). The Cairngorm Award for all-round excellence was gained by Keith M'Kerron, who also carried off the prize for leadership.

**TOMMY'S SURPRISE.**

Tommy has to learn a lesson,  
And he really means to try;  
But every time he starts to read  
His book begins to fly.

MYRA M'MILLAN, Primary III.

**WINTER TERM, 1939.**

Shinty has been the main interest of juniors this term. Several matches have been played against the other schools in Strathspey, and already the results have been very creditable. In the first match—a friendly one—the School was well beaten 6-1 by Dulnain-Bridge, last year's champions in this district. In a second friendly encounter the School won a sweeping 8-1 victory over Boat of Garten. Since then two league games have been played and both won. Boat of Garten were beaten 3-1 and Dulnain-Bridge 1-0. The juniors are therefore looking forward to the rest of the season with confidence; but much greater skill is required, and that can only be gained by practice, practice, and again practice. The captain of the team is Lewis Kinnaird and vice-captain Marr Illingworth. The seniors have elected to play shinty and "soccer" in alternate weeks. They were rather badly beaten by the Old Guard at soccer. A big win was registered against the depleted junior shinty team, but a better index of skill will be forthcoming if shinty matches can be arranged with seniors in other schools.

The cross-country is always run in October; and the autumn scene seems to provide the ideal setting for thirty runners in blue, white and scarlet. Judging from the number of spectators and followers on bicycles, this event is gaining in popularity. A few runners had to be counted out this year as late arrivals, but this was in part due to the cracking pace set up by John Holmes of Roy who returned a record time. On totals, Revoan took first place with 157 points, followed by Revack 153 points and then Roy 127 points.

It is a great pleasure to acknowledge the help which is so readily offered by interested members of the community. Provost Watson and ex-Provost Glass are well known for their enthusiasm in the teaching of swimming. Mr T. Ross is the man behind the shinty. He was instrumental in raising the necessary funds, and gives his time generously at practices and matches. Mr W. Grant, Speybridge, has also kindly promised his services as referee. Mr D. Davidson is now a familiar figure at the finish of the cross-country and is invaluable in the arranging of cricket matches. Many pupils will have grateful memories of Mr D. Houston's golf lessons on Saturday mornings. In running the monthly golf competitions he is of course indispensable. Our thanks are also due to many gentlemen who ungrudgingly gave their services on Sports Day. Without their assistance sports could not be held.

September brings the golden corn,  
It paints the woods with colours gay,  
I love to walk all through the woods,  
O how I wish 'twas Saturday.

ELMA MITCHELL, Primary III.

## GIRLS.

The hockey XI. played very few matches last season which were, unfortunately, unsuccessful ones; Elgin Academy and Forres Academy, the opposing teams, having proved themselves more skilful. We have, however, very worthy opposers in the "Old Girls" whom we succeed in defeating frequently after somewhat strenuous games.

A cross-country race was run last year for the first time. It was very successful, many having entered for it ranging from the ages eleven years to seventeen years. Revack proved the better team by a very narrow margin.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the anonymous donor of our magnificent sports cup. Years have passed in which we have wished to equal the boys in this respect—at last our wish has come true! Revack had the honour of being the first name entered on this worthy gift.

Extensive training was carried out in preparation for our annual sports day, in which a high standard in every event, such as running and jumping, was attained. The winner of the senior championship medal was Connie M'Kerron, and the junior championship medal Ada Imray.

The following were appointed officials for 1939-40:—School Captain, Grace Macaulay; Hockey Captain, Netta Hunter; Vice-Captain, Dorothea Barrett-Ayres; House Captains—Revack, Netta Hunter; Revan Dorothea Barrett-Ayres; Roy, Margaret M'Lean; Rounders Captain, Mary M'William; Athletics Captain, Connie M'Kerron; Games Secretary, Marion Mortimer.

N. H., V.

## THE SIMPLE LIFE.

There's nothing like porridge for breakfast,  
With water to wash it well down;  
On Sundays a drop of hot coffee,  
Or a rasher of ham, crisp and brown.

The porridge is singed pretty often,  
And always contains a few lumps,  
But beggars can never be choosers,  
So they shouldn't go into the dumps.

My clothes are all shabby and threadbare,  
For they're almost as old as myself,  
And as I am the seventh that's worn them,  
Hard wear is beginning to tell.

But what is the use of a fortune,  
Which brings so much worry and care,  
While I'm asked for no rent and no taxes,  
I live on what others can spare.

G. M., IV.

## THE ROSE.

O, wondrous beauty of this earth,  
Thou representative of love,  
Thou remind'st me not of mirth,  
But of some heavenly thing above;  
Thy dewy petals catch mine eye,  
And bring's unto my lips a sigh.

Thy fragrance is wafted far and near,  
Thy jaggy stem upholds thy velvet head,  
Thy matchless hues fail'st not to bring a tear,  
Perhaps thou grow'st where ploughmen used to tread,  
And never for a moment was his thought,  
Of what beauty, after would be wrought.

A. I., III.

## SUNDAY.

It's my delight,  
When skies are bright  
On Sunday afternoon,  
Idly to stray  
Beside the Spey  
On Sunday afternoon;  
To watch the clouds go floating by,  
As flat upon my back I lie,  
And all the world seems made of sky  
On Sunday afternoon.

D. C., III.

## NOTHING.

I've got to write a verse or two,  
I don't know what about;  
I've thought of quite a lot of things  
And still I am in doubt.  
I can't make up my mind at all  
About a subject—so  
I'll just have to confess, I'm sure,  
There's nothing that I know.  
Nothing! why, that's something—yes.  
Makes ten behind a one.  
That's something to be said for nothing  
And so my task is done.

C. L., I.

## RADIOGRAMOPHONE.

I want you to gaze at the top of the page,  
Consider the word that you see;  
I don't say it's wrong, but it's fearfully long,  
In fact it's quite useless to me.  
But some people take the grammatical cake,  
They cut it and spread it with jam;  
They wish to correct me,  
Reform, disinfect me,  
For calling it "radiogram."

S. R., III.



### A DAY ON THE HILLS.

One fine morning, early in September this year, found me cycling over the very rough Glen Einich road. As I came closer to the corner, known to some as "Windy Corner" or the "Summit," I pedalled faster, knowing what a magnificent view of Sgoran Dubh would burst upon me there.

This view soon came in all its grim grandeur, and, even in the brilliant sunshine, the Sgoran looked black and forbidding—but, after pausing a second, I pedalled on down the hill and soon found a place to leave my bicycle.

Starting off again, I walked on to the bridge, which carries the road over the burn, and there turned back, on the other bank, towards Carn Eilrig.

I stopped to admire the view. An eagle was soaring in and out of the black buttresses of the Sgoran, in all his majesty. After watching him for a few minutes, I set off to climb a small ridge.

As I raised my head above this ridge I saw three huge hinds, not one hundred yards from me. However, they soon scented me and made for the top of Carn Eilrig. I kept on up the steep slope and soon came to the top—much to the annoyance of the deer who ran down towards the Lairig.

After eating a few sandwiches on the top, I made across the moor for Braeriach. In an hour I reached the burn which runs down past the lower bothy. After crossing it I set off for Coire Lochan. This Coire I found to be very deceptive, and I thought I should never reach the Lochan. I shall never forget the sight of that blue lochan with the waterfall coming from the very top of Braeriach.

At last I tore myself away from this gem of the mountains, and renewed the climb on the Einich side of the Coire. I made up on two boys toiling up this, the most tiring part of the ascent. Together we reached the summit plateau, but, as they were going on to Cairn Toul, I parted from them—but not before I had had a look at their map. (I was carrying only a prismatic compass.)

I made for the Wells of Dee, and, after admiring the view of Cairn Toul, Ben MacDhui and the Garbh Coire, I made my way to the cairn which crowns the summit of Braeriach.

When I had dutifully laid my stone on the cairn I set off to make the descent by the Sgoran na Lairig, but, mistaking the way, arrived on the ridge between Coires Ruadh and Beanaidh.

After I had gone down the ridge a bit I turned to look back, and there saw an eagle soaring up from the Garbh Coire above the cairn. Leaving all this I restarted the descent until the ridge ended in a cliff. Then I saw that there were some hinds in the Coire and that I was cutting off their retreat from it.

Then they smelt me and made off. After that I soon reached my bicycle without event, and it was not long before I was relating the experiences of one of my most enjoyable days, before the crackling log fire.

D. B. M., IV.

### RESURGO.

As summer goes and autumn comes  
The leaves begin to fall;  
The bee no longer round us hums—  
The sun forsakes us all.  
Our path is cover'd thick with leaves:  
Their hue is russet brown;  
The mother tree its branches weaves  
In all its autumn gown.  
The yellow, red and brown all blend  
To make one glorious blaze,  
And homeward as our way we wend  
What beauty meets our gaze!  
The sun has sunk behind the trees,  
Whose boughs seem all afire;  
They are not stirr'd by any breeze—  
All wait the starry choir.  
We see above and in the west  
A crimson colour bright;  
Some clouds appear to shade the rest,  
With royal purple light.  
So when we see these gorgeous tints  
Thus showing in the sky,  
We realise that they are hints  
That summer does not die.

My first is in "May" but not in "June,"  
My second is in "note" but not in "tune,"  
My third is in "us" but not in "we,"  
My fourth is in "fun" but not in "glee,"  
My fifth is in "tree" but not in "twig,"  
My sixth is in "large" but not in "big,"  
My seventh is in "night" but not in "day,"  
My eighth is in "money" but not in "pay,"  
My whole is something you love to climb  
In winter, also in summer time.

C. A., I.

### AN EVACUEE'S THOUGHTS.

This August I came from Auld Reekie  
To this lovely wee place on the Spey,  
And I think it is all very pretty  
When I go for a walk every day.  
The people of Grantown show kindness  
To me and to all my wee friends;  
We are all very happy to be here,  
Till this dreadful old Nazi war ends.

FRANCES JOHNSTON, Primary V.

### EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF AN AMERICAN TOUR.

We travelled overnight to Montreal—at that time of year a very dirty town underfoot—Roman Catholic and French-speaking, where a remarkable shrine is in the making in memory of Brother André, who healed many people, who left behind crutches and the like. To-day you can see the pilgrims, both infirm and healthy alike, paying homage to this great healer by climbing on their knees the thousand steps in front of the shrine.

Next stop Winnipeg, the home-town of the great singer, Deanna Durbin, and incidentally, famed for its musical festivals. It is truly a beautiful city, with fine Parliament Buildings, which I was lucky enough to see through, and, although it is the coldest city in Canada (the temperature falls as far as 60 degrees below zero) sun and blue skies are always overhead. This has a remarkably cheerful effect on its residents.

British Columbia has rather beautiful scenery of the Scottish type, the drawback being their main roads, which are of dirt. The result is, when motoring there, and the thaw sets in, it is lamentable, but necessary, to get out every few miles and wipe the headlights and wind-screen free from mud. However, as soon as you cross the border into U.S.A. the roads immediately improve, as 1½d on each gallon of gas (which only costs about 7d) goes to the State, and must be used to improve and repair the highways.

We paid a short visit to Wenatchee, which I would not even mention except for the fact that it was there I had a sample of an American milk shake, which makes ours resemble something anaemic and underfed!

And so we come to our most distant point, Los Angeles, and I found it a large sprawling city covering (so Californians say) the biggest area of any town—it is nothing to boast about, believe me. However, Hollywood, which is merely a suburb, and which runs into Los Angeles, so that you can't tell one from the other, held a number of thrills I am not ashamed to admit. Driving round Beverly Hills I saw the homes of the film stars, and then Hollywood Boulevard, the Hollywood Hotel, Cocoanutgrove, Brown Derby, Carthey Circle and Gromans Chinese Theatre. The last two mentioned are where the film premieres are held. Possibly the high spot was lunching at the Paramount Studios, surrounded by film magnates, stars and extras, the latter in their make-up, and then afterwards going on the set to watch Joan Bennett and Randolph Scott being "shot." Here I made a mental note—if I go on the films. I will be a big star or quit—after seeing these extras hanging around—"nuttin' doin'." We were also privileged to see a new film being "dubbed"—that is,

shown without extra sound, title, etc.—and to hear various points discussed by producers. When two endings were shown, we were asked, as members of the public, to state which we thought best. I have since seen the film ("Hunted Men") and found they took our advice!

We now turned eastward and homeward. But away across the desert in Arizona we stopped for a day at Grand Canyon, which is quite the biggest hole I've ever seen—one mile down and varying from four to twenty miles across. We were "razed" a good deal about a favourite explanation of how it was formed—a Scotsman lost a threepenny bit down a rabbit hole! But, joking apart, it is one of nature's greatest marvels. Down at the bottom flows the Colorado River, 300 yards broad at this point, deep and treacherous, resembling from the rim a thin ribbon twisting and turning. The walls and the great plateaux, which are within the canyon, are of a marvellous red hue that keeps changing colour all the time as the sun and clouds move across the heavens. Every one of the geological strata is visible at various points, and the authorities and telescopes focussed on them.

R. A. M., IV.

### THE DOLLIES' GROCER.

Good morning sir, good morning ma'am,  
And pray what is your pleasure;  
A pound of tea at two and three,  
I always give good measure.  
Some sugar, and a dozen eggs—  
New laid? Ah! so I thought, sir;  
My goods are quite the very best,  
The best that can be bought, sir.  
You want some rice and butter too,  
And half a pound of coffee,  
I wish you'd try this dainty here,  
Some dollies dote on toffee.  
No sweets! Ah there I think your wrong, sir,  
I really must say so;  
I ought to know the dollies' tastes  
For I'm the dollies' grocer.  
You'd rather that I sent the goods?  
Most certainly I will, sir,  
And lest you should forget to pay,  
I'll just enclose the bill, sir.

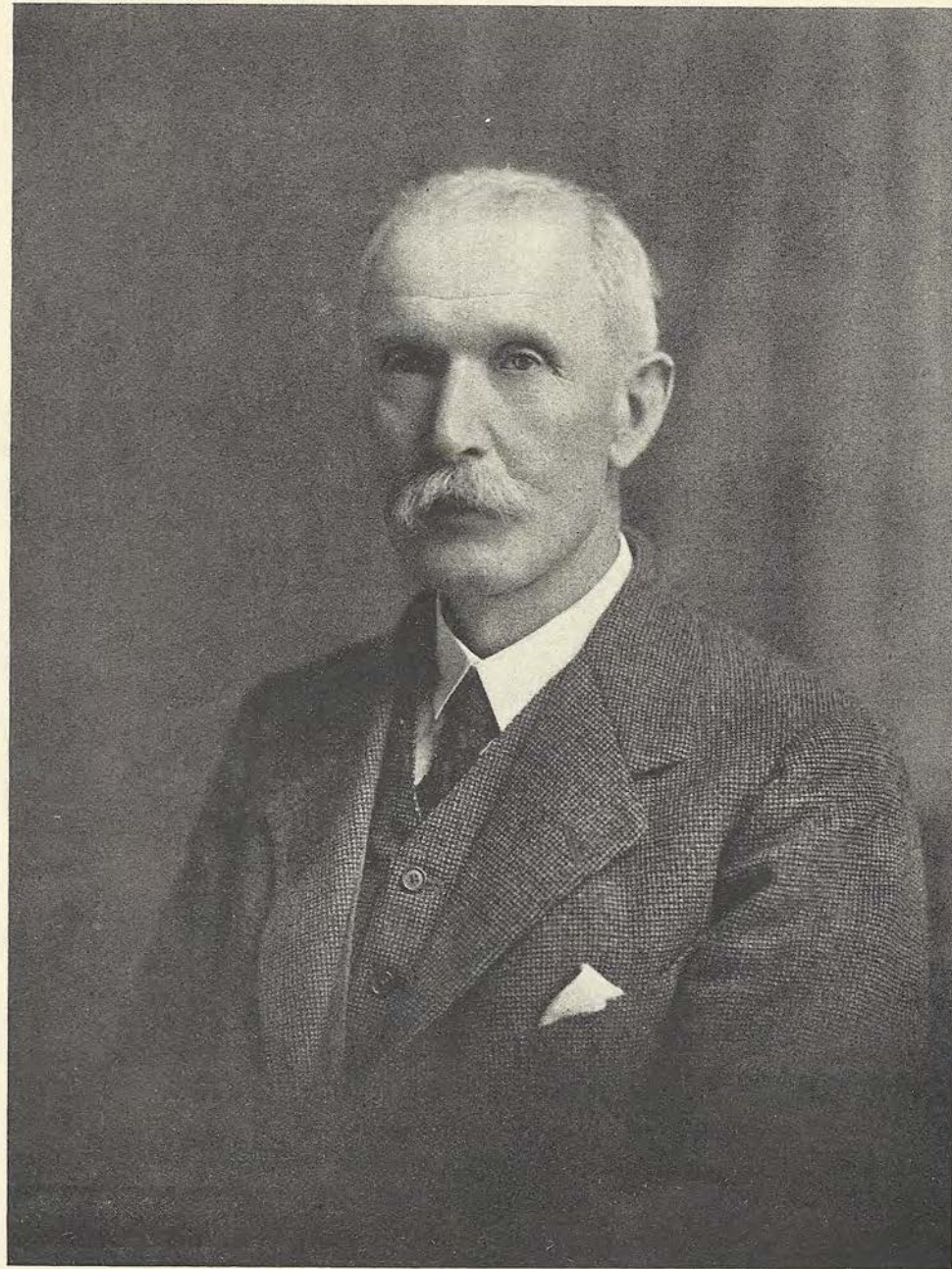
ALLISON RONALSON, Primary V.

### THE BLACK-OUT.

Someone came knocking at my door,  
He says, "Put out your light,  
Has anyone told you before  
That this is black-out night?"

ELIZABETH BAXTER, Primary II.





The late Mr R. MacLennan, M.A., Rector, 1898-1927.

## THE OLD GUARD.

### OLD GUARD ACTIVITIES, 1938-39.

Once again we can justly say: "This year has been the best yet." Every undertaking, whether social or athletic, has been successful. Numbers now touch the seventy mark, and the secretary's job is no sinecure. We should indeed be very glad if "exiles" would drop a line of their own accord to the secretary or editor giving some account of their doings. Unfortunately for us our incomparable secretary, Mr John Laing, is on active service. It is difficult to find words to describe his fine qualities and his devotion to the club. We can only hope that it will not be long before he is with us again. Meanwhile Mr William Cruickshank is making an admirable deputy. The smooth working of the sports sections is due to the discovery in Mr Martin Grant of a singular talent for organisation and leadership.

In a review of last year, the record of the badminton section is pre-eminent. Out of a total of 21 matches played 18 were won and 3 lost. These were played throughout the winter against any accessible club in Strathpey and Avonside—the B.Y.T.'s, Territorials, Craiglynn, Grantown Ladies, Cromdale, Durnain-Bridge, Nethybridge, Boat of Garten, Carrbridge, Aviemore, Kingussie, Glenlivet, Tomintoul. A "B" team also played matches against English Church, the B.Y.T.'s and the "Old Girls." Three were won and one lost.

The golf section, run by Mr Duncan Davidson and Mr James Templeton, completed a tour of six matches against district clubs, and just failed to maintain the unbeaten record of the 1938 tour. Wins were recorded against Tomintoul (home), Boat of Garten (home), Kin-craig (away) and Nethybridge (home and away). The only defeat was sustained at the hands of Boat of Garten on their own course. Special thanks are due to the Golf Club who, by granting the freedom of the course, enabled us to play our three home fixtures.

The "soccer" section, a new venture, performed creditably. Four matches were played, all away from home. Two were lost to Carrbridge and Nethybridge, one drawn against Boat of Garten and one won against Tomintoul.

The cost of these 31 matches amounted to £21 3s 7d, of which £2 5s was defrayed by a grant from the parent Former Pupils' Club. The rest was raised by a levy upon the players. The aim was that each section should stand on its own feet financially, and this was attained.

Under the leadership of Mr Tom Hunter, the Old Guard Occasionals were again warmly received at Christmas functions. Without their sprightly music neither the School Dance nor

Former Pupils' Reunion could retain their looked-for gaiety.

More informally, the orchestra added sparkle to the Old Guard Reunion in Mackay's Restaurant. There was a large gathering, and with a healthy lack of diffidence everyone present contributed a song or story. We hope that this jolly "smoker," which incidentally provided the Square with entertainment, will be the forerunner of many more reunions in normal times.

There is room for two more sections, a shinty section and a dramatic section. Shinty would fill the gap created by the absence of any outdoor game during the winter months; but it will have to wait until school sends up the players. A dramatic section would be confined to producing one single act play for the Community Drama Festival to avoid encroaching upon the local dramatic societies.

The present winter season naturally tends to fall flat with the absence of so many members and with the restrictions on travel; but an effort is being made to keep the Club as active as possible. So far, the badminton section has won all its matches, beating the B.Y.T.'s 6-3, Craiglynn 5-4, Grantown Ladies 7-2, Nethybridge 5-4, Boat of Garten 7-2 and 8-1. Also, as a novelty, the Old Guard joined the ladies of the F.P. Club to play a mixed team from the B.Y.T.'s. The games were very close, but a 5-4 win was finally recorded.

Desirably so, most articles are in humorous vein. News from the Outposts, with its references familiar to all Old Guards, will recall many memories of gay companionship and give promise, we hope, of good times to come. To all its young men at home and beyond the seas the Club sends its best wishes for the New Year.

R. W.

### OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1939-40.

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—A. Mackintosh.

Secretary and Treasurer—W. Cruickshank.

Sports Organiser—M. Grant.

Leader of Orchestra—T. Hunter, jun.

Magazine Editor—R. Wilson, M.A.

#### On Active Service.

A. Anderson—Royal Air Force.

G. Cameron—4th Cameron Highlanders.

E. Cooke—4th Cameron Highlanders.

P. Garrow—Royal Air Force.



- D. Gunn—7th Seaforth Highlanders.
- L. Illingworth—Royal Air Force.
- J. Laing—6th Seaforth Highlanders.
- F. Macaulay—4th Cameron Highlanders.
- D. Mackintosh—6th Seaforth Highlanders.
- H. Macpherson—Royal Air Force.
- I. Macpherson—6th Seaforth Highlanders.
- K. M'Connell—7th Seaforth Highlanders.
- W. M'William—7th Seaforth Highlanders.
- A. Phimister—6th Seaforth Highlanders.
- R. Ross—Royal Army Ordnance Corps.
- A. Smith—Royal Navy.
- G. Templeton—6th Seaforth Highlanders.
- D. Winchester—Royal Army Corps of Signals.

#### Volunteers on Call.

- W. Fotheringham—Royal Artillery.
- A. Mackintosh—Royal Air Force.
- P. M'Lean—Royal Air Force.
- J. Ross—Royal Navy.
- A. Stuart—Royal Artillery.
- J. Stuart—Royal Air Force.

#### Exiles.

- G. Cameron, clerk, Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.
- J. Cooke, Police Force, Clydebank.
- D. Fraser, sorting clerk telegraphist, Post Office, Perth.
- H. Fraser, B.Sc., Ministry of Transport, Fort Augustus.
- A. Grant, B.Sc., research staff, Rowett Institute of Agriculture, Aberdeen.
- J. Grant, B.Sc., research staff, Institute of Animal Genetics, Edinburgh.
- H. Jack, telephone linesman, Post Office, Buckie.
- W. Ledingham, H.M.V. Works, Hayes, Middlesex.
- J. Milne, M.A., Auxiliary Fire Service, London.
- E. Munro, B.Com., Messrs Heinz, London.
- W. Macaulay, B.Sc., farm steward, Suir Castle, Tipperary, Eire.
- J. Macdonald, Morayshire Constabulary, Rothes.
- D. Mackintosh, electrical engineer, Messrs Mackinnon, Elgin.
- E. C. Mackintosh, surveyor, Messrs J. S. Hardie & Co., Dunfermline.
- E. Mackintosh, sorting clerk telegraphist, Post Office, Glasgow.
- C. M'Intosh, draughtsman, Singer Manufacturing, Clydebank.
- D. M'Intosh, draughtsman, Messrs Tullis & Sons, Engineers, Clydebank.
- J. Ross, electrical engineer, Messrs Keith & Co., London.
- D. Stuart, male nurse, Severall Mental Hospital, Colchester.
- R. Surtees, Dulwich Division, Metropolitan Police Force.
- G. Templeton, Messrs Mennie, Bakers, Premnay, Aberdeenshire.
- J. Templeton, M.A., mathematics master, Academy, Elgin.

#### UNIVERSITY MEMBERS.

- J. Allan, M.B., Ch.B., graduated at Edinburgh.

- D. Davidson, 3rd year Arts (Mathematics), Edinburgh.
- W. Fotheringham, B.A., graduated at University College, Oxford.
- T. Hunter, 4th year Medicine, Aberdeen.
- B. Munro, 1st year Medicine, Glasgow.
- A. MacIntyre, M.A., Moray House, Edinburgh.
- A. Mackintosh, 3rd year Arts (Mathematics), Edinburgh.
- P. M'Lean, 4th year Arts (English), Aberdeen.
- V. Ross, 3rd year, Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh.
- A. Stuart, 4th year Science (Engineering), Aberdeen.

#### LOCAL MEMBERS.

- G. Cameron, Public Assistance Office, Grantown.
- J. Cameron, Public Assistance Office, Grantown.
- W. Cruickshank, Messrs MacDougall & Co., Ironmongers, Grantown.
- W. Cruickshank, Messrs Mackintosh-Cumming, Drapers, Grantown.
- M. Grant, Cycle Agency, Grantown.
- D. Gunn, Messrs Shaw Bros., Motor Engineers, Grantown.
- G. Jack, Post Office, Grantown.
- J. Laing, M.A., Messrs W. Laing, Joiners, Grantown.
- A. Ledingham, The Studio, Grantown.
- F. Macaulay, Royal Bank, Grantown.
- D. Mackintosh, Messrs D. & A. Mackintosh, Builders, Dulnain-Bridge.
- L. Mackintosh, Royal Bank, Grantown.
- J. Mackintosh, Messrs A. D. Anderson, Plumbers, Grantown.
- I. Macpherson, Strathspey Estate Office, Grantown.
- P. Macpherson, Messrs Gill, Grocers, Boat of Garten.
- D. M'Beath, National Bank, Grantown.
- K. M'Connell, Strathspey Estate Office, Grantown.
- W. M'William, Dundee Equitable, Grantown.
- J. Paterson, Messrs L. Paterson, Plasterers, Grantown.
- A. Phimister, National Bank, Grantown.
- G. Ross, The Garage, Dulnain-Bridge.
- R. Ross, The Garage, Dulnain-Bridge.
- L. Stuart, Messrs D. Hastings, Butchers, Grantown.
- J. Stuart, Messrs W. R. Stuart, Booksellers and Printers, Grantown.
- W. Thomson, Messrs J. D. Campbell, Grocers, Grantown.
- R. Wilson, M.A., Grammar School, Grantown.
- D. Winchester, Post Office, Grantown.
- E. Wood, Balmenach Distillery, Cromdale.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

- R. W. SCOTT, 4th Indian Division, Royal Corps of Signals, 20th May, 1937, aged 19, at Jubblepore, India.

## NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

## Impertinent and Otherwise.

Cupid has at last begun to take his toll of the ranks of the Old Guard. Several members have even gone so far as to take a single ticket to the United State. When Mr John Milne failed to put in an appearance at the "smoker" last Christmas most of the lads had forebodings that his days were numbered. Mr Donald Fraser, late of Dulnain-Bridge, had already blatantly advertised his approaching nuptials, and had crudely invited the admiration and envy of less blessed mortals. No one, however, bargained for the defection of Mr Richard Surtees and Mr William Cruickshank, although the observant recalled that Willie had for some time been above mundane things. To these four adventurers the Club extends its warmest congratulations. Their example has, no doubt, opened the eyes of other members to the error of their solitary ways.

These are all good men and true. So there is no reason for saying that Cupid draws his bow at a venture. Mr Robert Ross, since schooldays, has been burning a candle to divinity, but in spite of this, the intrepid Bob was the first Old Guard to land in France. From him one expects something original, whether it is shooting bunnies in the small hours or making a faultless debut in "Campbell of Kilmohr."

Mr Vic Ross was in high glee last time he was in these parts; he had just been assured of lucrative employment as torpedo officer in the Royal Navy. With yards of gold braid dangling before his eyes, Vic is working tooth and nail to pass out of the Heriot-Watt in June. Likewise absorbed is Mr Duncan Davidson, who lives in the rarefied atmosphere of higher mathematics. He has taken first place in the astronomy class and seems destined to remain a lonely twinkler amongst the stars of his year. Occasionally, however, he comes to earth for a foray with the University golf team. "Per Ardua ad Astra" is also the motto of Mr Angus Mackintosh who has forsaken mathematical speculation to make his essay into the starry firmament on the wings of the Royal Air Force.

Medicine has its devotees amongst our members. Mr Tom Hunter is revelling in his 4th year at Aberdeen—when he isn't revelling with the Students' Representative Council or escorting that body to church in its more reverent moments. Mr James Allan, M.B., Ch.B., has burned the midnight oil to some purpose, having persuaded his professors that he is the panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir. A distinguished practitioner in embryo is Mr Bruce Munro who, being still in his first year of medicine, has to be content with

dismembering starfish.

Even on active service, Mr John Laing finds time to keep track of members. His verse contribution to this issue gives some sidelights on army routine, although we are rather sceptical of the stimulating effect of cups of tea. Members will sympathise with Mr Donald Mackintosh, of Dulnain-Bridge, who is at present on the sick list, and likely to be given a temporary discharge. Another casualty is Mr Harry Macpherson, of the Royal Air Force, who had the misfortune to obstruct a French despatch-rider in a hurry. After a short spell of leave Harry has now returned to France, where he tours the country with a sound detector in search of the elusive quarry.

The other Sunday in Inverness we chanced to meet Mr Frank Macaulay hurrying to divine service. From his wry grin Frank did not seem to be appreciating the holy day. Being transferred to the headquarters staff of the 4th Camerons, Frank may get longer in bed on a Sunday morning.

Mr Billy McWilliam, with the 7th Seaforths, had a railway bridge on his shoulders. Rumour had it—nothing to do with our Billy, of course—that one enthusiast winged a sheep, which found some difficulty in coughing up the password.

Since the outbreak of war there has been no news of Mr Pat Garrow from his lonely eyrie in Aden. In his last letter he excused himself from contributing an article, because life in an Imperial outpost would interest "men only." Although high jinks in Aden were presumably restricted to impromptu male concerts, there were occasional football affrays whenever a misguided ship put in. The tough lads of the R.A.F. found some pep, too, in frequent skirmishes between Ali the Wily and Sultan Sly.

In remoter Scotland, Mr Harry Fraser, our road-mender, has been investigating the by-ways of Inverness-shire, and incidentally becoming a frequenter of village hops. As an antidote to Lambeth Walks he avails himself of his excellent roads to climb every forbidding peak in the district. He foresees a boom in the Sassenach tourist traffic when he persuades the macadam to trickle up the slopes of the Cairngorms.

When last we saw Mr John Grant, Rothiemoon, he was doing some obtruse animal research in Edinburgh, also some not quite so obtruse research in another direction. Now he has something to do with the Food Control. Easy with the grub, boys!

The Christmas "smoker" was enlivened by the presence of that immaculate bachelor, Mr Edwin Munro. No one suspected Edwin of harbouring musical tendencies, but he controlled the discordant choristers with the sangfroid of a maestro. Encouraging the cracking falsetto, and soft-pedaling the basso profundo, he brought forth a joyous racket, if not a lovely melody. Strong men wept when Mr Ian



Macpherson soulfully sang hill-billy ditties to the strains of his languorous guitar. (In passing, we may recall that Ian and his fellow troubadours, Mr Sandy Phimister and Mr Kenneth M'Connel, likewise regaled the good people of the Square with some of their hot numbers before the 6th/7th took off for Elgin.) After inducing a suitable mood by attending the Craiglynne Palais, Mr Jack Ross gave in to the wishes of his public. He left next day for London; but no inference is to be drawn from this. The evening was wound up in the region of Woodside Avenue, when the banging of a window by an irate denizen of that select neighbourhood terminated long-drawn farewells.

The Old Guard is extending its tentacles over the public services in lower Morayshire. Mr James Templeton, this year's president, has a gift for lucid exposition that makes the off-side rule as simple as Pythagoras' theorem. The dark, towering presence of Mr James Macdonald is the terror of all the Rothes archins. He recalls another fine athlete, Mr Jack Cooke, who also swung a playful truncheon there. Legend has it that Jack once sallied forth to remove a band of vagrants. As the hours slipped by and no Jack showed up, the chief, now thoroughly worried, let loose his second sleuth. The latter, with boggling eyes, blundered upon a remarkable scene. Oblivious to the duties of his sacred office, the sociable Jack, hat discarded and jacket unbuttoned, was playing accordion selections to a merry ring of tinkers' bairns. To prevent his muscles going flabby in Rothes' rustic quiet Jack migrated to Clydebank. Even in schooldays he was a brawny lad. Few will forget how gracefully his huge bulk floated over the bar at five-foot-three, or the rhythm of his long legs swerving round the bends in that great half-mile against the elect of Elgin.

We never suspected Mr Pat M'Lean of being a flighty chap; but old D.P. is even heading for a commission in the rif-R.A.F. Even more surprising is the fact that our tame Scottish Nationalist should be willing to break a lance for English imperialist expansion (Germany calling! Germany calling!)

Mr Willie Fotheringham will be rubbing shoulders with the big noises and big shots soon. Fact is he has booked a commission in the R.A., which some wag is bound to suggest now stands for "Run Adolph—Willie's gunning for you."

On the rugby field many a burly forward blanched when Mr Angus Stuart went berserk—even though Angus did affect a modish scrum-cap. Later, redoubtable brother John carried on the hot-blooded family tradition. We hear that soon the R.A. and R.A.F. are to be inoculated with this formidable virus pugnans.

On a memorable occasion when the Old Guard sharpshooters were dropping them short

(Christmas cheer no doubt accounted for this; cock-eyed performance) Angus notched a valuable 89. That was with a .22, 10 rounds for 4d. At no distant date he expects to be blasting off (from) an R.A. 15-incher at 2000 quid a time. What it must be to feel like a million dollars!

John is marking time as secretary of the Skating Club. An expert on thin ice while in school, our John finds acrobatics in two dimensions rather prescribed. So, when you see him on the pond this winter performing crash dives and forced landings, you will realise that this is merely a temporary form of self-expression until John gets his wings.

Flash! A despatch, by special runner from our keyhole correspondent in Berlin, informs us that the heid yins over there have all gone bats. They appear to be under the delusion that they are living in Napoleonic times. Hitler is raving about the Old Guard being on the march; Ribbentrop is assuring him that the Old Guard won't fight; and General (beg pardon) Field Marshal Goering, the nattiest Nasty, is offering a billion marks to anyone who can capture an Old Guard, dead or alive.

Up Guards and at 'em!

W. E. T.

#### LATE NEWS.

Mr Harry Fraser, B.Sc. (Monduie), has been appointed assistant engineer in Malaya under the Colonial Office. He expects to be sailing in January.

Mr Alastair Grant, B.Sc. (Ballintuilg), who has been attending the Dairy School for Scotland, has secured the National Dairying Diploma (N.D.D.) and the College Diploma in Dairying (C.D.D.).

Mr Sandy Smith (High Street) has passed all his examinations and is now a fully qualified Sick Berth Attendant (S.B.A.) in the Royal Navy.

Mr Billy Thomson (High Street) has been posted for work in the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute (N.A.A.F.I.). He expects to leave in January.

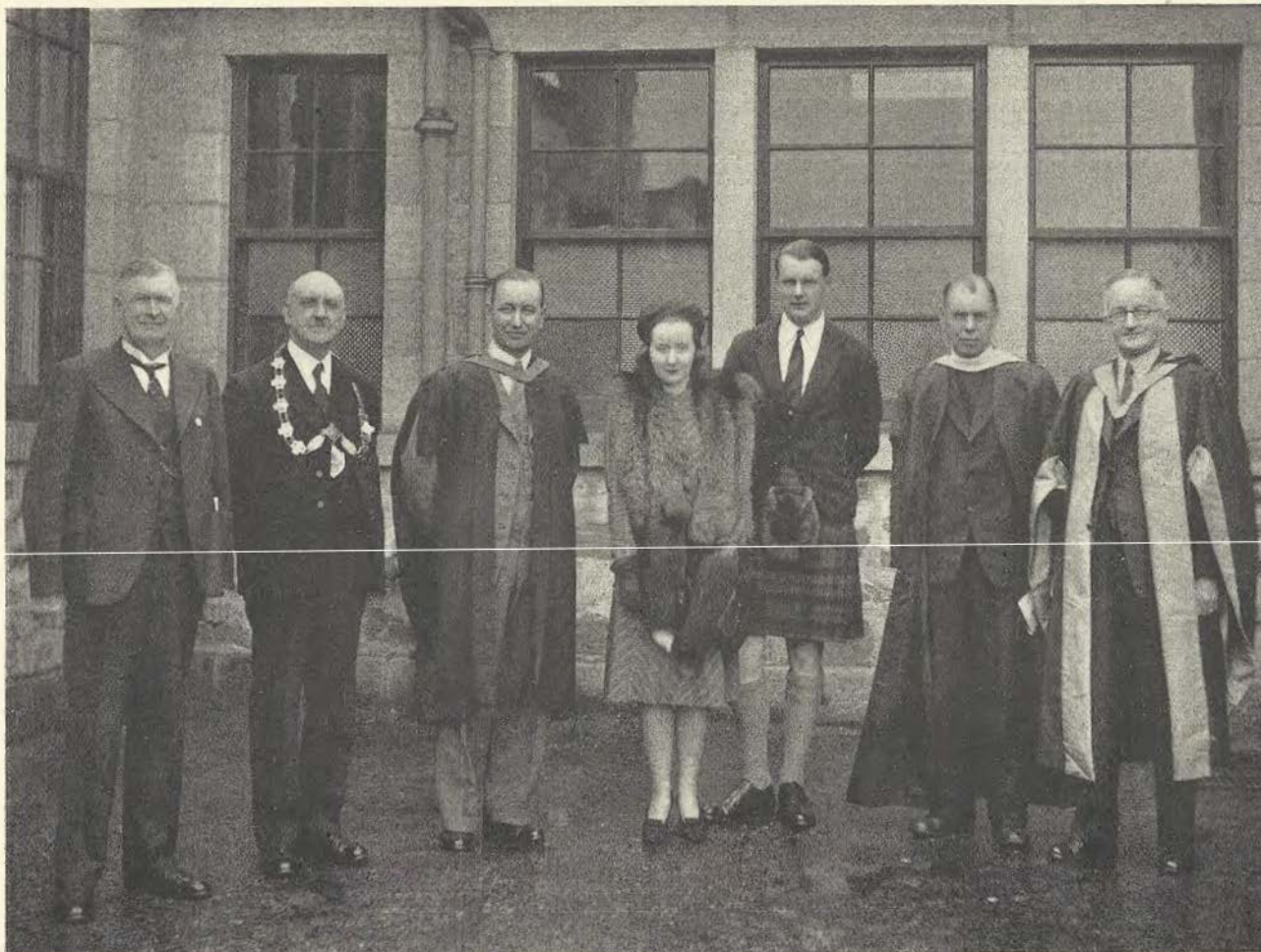
Mr John Paterson (Parkburn) has joined the Royal Engineers and expects to be in France soon.

R. W.

#### A DOGGIE.

Betty had a doggie dear,  
And he was very good,  
He never ate that sugar  
Until Betty said he could.

PETER MACGREGOR, Primary II.



Platform Party: Prize Day, July, 1939.

Left to right—Bailie D. A. Milne, Provost W. A. Watson, the Rector, the Countess of Seafield,  
Mr Derek Studley Herbert, Rev. W. Scott Taylor, Dr T. MacLaren.



## EPISODES.

WITH THE 6TH SEAFORTH'S—SOMEWHERE  
IN ENGLAND.

Towards the end of a very pleasant summer vacation, the storm-clouds which had been gathering over Europe, and which I had confidently assured all and sundry would pass over in time, adopted that perverse attitude which characterises the behaviour of the elements in our northern clime. They burst over an aggrieved world. I was at work in the garden when the news reached me. With true British phlegm, I capsized a barrow-load of earth over the newly-mown lawn . . .

The hour was midnight. Darkness surrounded the sleeping town, but a vigilant special constable might have spied a glimmer of light escaping from the old school. In the kitchen an urn shone on a glowing fire; in an adjoining room rows of paper containers lay in readiness. Somewhere, with dimmed, ghostly lights, a train was hurtling through the darkness, bearing a freight of tired young children, bound for a destination unknown. The shriek of a train whistle was followed by the roar of cars at the door. I was witnessing history, the arrival of the evacuees . . .

Since early morning there had been a stir round the Drill Hall, and now the time had come. From a cloudless sky, the sun shone down on the ranks of men in full war array. They presented a formidable spectacle, one of grim determination. But under these steel helmets were not the faces of strangers: they were the faces of old school friends, some of them not long left school. Last good-byes were being said. It was nearly time to go; the heat was becoming stronger. At last, as the bus-loads of khaki-clad figures moved off, a cheer broke from the assembled crowd. Now I knew there was a war on, and, for the second time, cursed the man on whose head alone lay such a responsibility . . .

My fellow-students and I worked in silence. The room was comfortable, and against the window there came the periodic rattle of wind and rain. Outside it was a black, dirty night. With startling suddenness it came, the rising and falling wail of the siren. The sound came and went, carried by gusts of wind; at last it stopped, and silence reigned once more. We waited, but there was no ominous drone of enemy 'planes. Instead, the "all-clear" signal sounded after ten minutes had elapsed. I knew now, at least, how the siren sounded. With a sigh I returned my attention to the surgery of the nervous system.

T. H.

Why does B. M. like "Henry IV"?

❖ ❖ ❖

Why does R. M. hurry to French?

'Tis reveille. This we know  
When we hear the bugle blow.  
Up we spring and promptly go  
To book our shaving stances.  
Once our toilet is complete,  
Blankets, pillow case and sheet  
Must be folded up to meet  
The C.O.'s piercing glances.

Next a brush and cloth we seize,  
Flop upon our hands and knees  
Using plenty elbow grease,  
And polish miles of floor.  
Rifles also call for care,  
Till the piper plays an air  
That invites us to prepare—  
"Come to the cookhouse door."

Breakfast past, we start P.T.  
Skip jump, side jump, raise your knee.  
Thoroughly exhausted we  
Proceed to dress again.  
Training occupies the day;  
But of that I merely say  
Insufficient is our pay,  
Although we don't complain.

When the morning break comes round  
\*Naafi-wards you'll find us bound.  
Cares in cups of tea are drowned,  
And life is all serene.  
Dinner, tea, and supper too  
Play the part they ought to do—  
Judging by the hungry queue  
That licks the platters clean.

Football helps to keep us fit,  
Makes us men of strength and grit,  
Entertains the lads who sit  
And cheer their comrades on.  
Other pleasures pass the night,  
Films are some folks chief delight,  
Others practice pranks so bright  
You'd think the war was won.

Discipline, of course, is stern,  
Soldiers have so much to learn,  
That their ne'er remote concern  
Is to avoid C.B.  
Buglers sound tattoo at ten,  
Several precious minutes. Then  
Lights go out. I drop my pen,  
And sink in reverie.

J. L.

\* N.A.A.F.I.—Navy, Army and Air Force  
Institute.

Is school meant for a fashion parade M-r-?

### ACHTUNG! IMPROPAGANDA!

Littler was the best hated man in Nether Tippling. This rather bald statement is quite understandable when you realise what a virulent specimen he was. Extremely unpleasant of voice, he was as bald as an egg; and his stature could only be described as bulbous. Added to this was his obscene taste in suiting. He was in fact a bird of lurid plumage. By his own confession he drank nothing but milk and did not smoke. At least that was his story, but several times, from the way he acted, I could have sworn that he was either sozzled or else giving an excellent impersonation.

That was Littler, the man who exacted a "Good morning, Mr Littler"—with doffed hat—from his rather questionable, and certainly browbeaten, friends.

What started the trouble was the small piece of waste land which stretched from the foot of my garden to the stream, a thing of beauty which meandered on its carefree way to the river far away—or so the estate agent said. Now, my garden had a common frontier with Littler on one side and with Brown, my best friend, on the other side.

Littler was a fairly new arrival in our part of Nether Tippling, and Brown and I, I'm afraid, didn't pay much attention to him at first; but one day I observed with mild interest that Littler was increasing his stock of poultry by leaps and bounds. At the moment I didn't appreciate the significance of this, but next day the dastardly plot was laid bare to me.

I was out posting letters when Littler came up to me.

"Ah, good evening, Green," he said, or rather grated, "I was wanting to see you."

"Yes?" I said.

"H'm, about my hens, they're getting a bit overcrowded; need more living space if you see what I mean. Now, I wondered if you could let me have that piece of wasteland at the foot of your garden. It is in your feu, isn't it?"

"That's right," I replied, with cold fingers clutching my heart. "But you see Brown and I sort of like that piece of land. We—well it belongs to me," I finished, rather lamely.

"Quite," he barked, "but, as you don't make any use of it, I don't see why I shouldn't have it."

Clutching at straws, I muttered, "Well, for one thing it's my only outlet to the stream—which is a thing of beauty meandering on its carefree way," I added, in a burst of inspiration.

"Yes, yes, I know all that," he said testily, "I know all that. But my hens are packed like sardines; they need more—more lebensraum." He smirked at this pedantry.

"But—"

"Well, if it comes to that, I'll even let you walk through to the stream," he offered magnanimously.

"Oh, will you?" I questioned doubtfully.

"Certainly, old fellow. Well, let's regard the thing as settled then."

"If you don't mind," I ventured, aghast at my own timidity, "I'd much rather consult Brown first."

"All right, all right," he said, in the manner of a man who has already made up his mind. "Bring him round to my house to-night."

So that night Brown and I adjourned to the Littler demesne. We thrashed the thing out, and finally agreed to give Littler half the wasteland, provided he erected a fence; and for a time things went peacefully again.

A few months later, however, Brown came round to see me one day with a grave look on his face. I sensed bad news.

"I suppose you know what people are saying?" he said.

I looked rather blank. "What about?"

"About Littler's hens, of course. It's beginning to get about that you're deliberately ill-treating them."

"Well I'm —"

"I know, I know. It may sound absurd, but Jenkins told me that Littler had told him; and had also hinted pretty darkly that something would have to be done about it."

"Littler told him? Why, can't you see what it means? Littler has started this insidious lie so that he will have an excuse to grab the rest of our waste land."

"The rotten bounder," ejaculated Brown, "he can't get away with this."

But he had. Next day the waste land was in Littler's hands. He had fenced in the whole strip and erected a hen-coop. It was indeed a fait accompli.

"If you are going to maltreat my hens just because they steal your vegetables, then it's up to me to protect them," bayed Littler.

Brown and I could see it at a glance that negotiation was hopeless. It meant war. Neither of us shirked it, however, and outwardly went quietly about our everyday business.

From the purely outpost activity of pinching eggs on one side and vegetables on the other, the struggle developed into long range duels with tin cans and stones furtively dropped into each other's garden. At strategic times Brown would take barrow loads of refuse into my garden and burn it. If the wind were too strong, however, neutrals occasionally suffered, and profuse apologies and explanations had to be offered.

Littler brought out a terrible new weapon one day. While enjoying a respite from front line work in a deck chair, I was suddenly hit



a stinging blow on the cheek. Looking up, I was just in time to see Littler's little brat Reginald disappearing from view with a pea-shooter in his hand. Next day I'm glad to say that Brown contrived to hit Reginald a resounding wallop with a golf ball which had been driven from my front lawn.

So the struggle dragged on. One day, however, a notice board appeared outside Littler's stronghold. It bore the device, "To Let or For Sale." Brown and I solemnly shook hands on the battlefield.

GAGA.

### OCH PHUICH!

It did look a perfect opportunity. My successes since I had entered the services of Grantown Tourists' Guide Association (1942 campaign) had been till now conspicuous by their absence.

It wasn't so much that I lacked the technique of boosting the burgh—after all I had talked the committee into giving me the job. Nor did I lack the necessary equipment, for my pockets bulged with guide books and under my arm I always carried a roll of posters. I was proud of these last, one of which depicted a wind-blown damsel being dragged rather rapidly across the Mossie by two grim-looking hounds, and another showed four Highland cattle knee-deep in the rushes of the skating pond, a third a close-up of a Highland torrent—otherwise the West End burnie in spate.

But, somehow, it never seemed to come off. Whenever I unrolled a poster, opened a guide book, or began surreptitiously to introduce the brown heath and shaggy wood into the conversation, my hearers folded their tents or withdrew into their shells. So there hadn't been exactly a seething mob of tourists thronging the High Street since I had set forth.

This time, however, everything was in my favour—a railway compartment, no corridor, and opposite me a Frenchman, evidently viewing the aforesaid heath and shaggy wood. I say Frenchman, because on his trunk I could make out faded labels—Paris, Bordeaux, Calais—while he hummed to himself the old song of the troubadours: "Quand trois poules vont aux champs." Furthermore it could only be in the gay boulevards that one could wear a scarlet tie with green spats without suffering bodily injury.

So, on behalf of my countrymen, I welcomed him in a few well-chosen words to the land of the brae and the gowan. He started violently, and stared in a manner that brought to my mind a vision of a blood-stained threshold in the Rue Morgue and the apache terror fleeing from the Sûreté.

"Merci," he exclaimed. I waved him to

silence, and embarked forthwith according to Booklet No. 3, Highland Charm, which, comparing the domestic beauties of Naples, Kitzbühel and the Côte d'Azur to their disadvantage, dwells enraptured on Grantown, the Mecca of tourists, nestling in the pine-clad slopes at the foot of the majestic Cairngorms.

He had recovered his composure now. "I haf nevair bsen to . . . er Grantown," said he sadly—as weil he might. (After reading the book I felt I had missed a good deal myself). I registered profound shock. "Never!" I ejaculated. "You have never heard the Spey thunder in your ears and the ozone tingle in your nostrils? Never seen the Dreggie Falls or the Golf Course, looking east? My dear friend, you have not lived!" "Ah non," he rejoined, "In . . . in . . . er Armentières, i some times teenk we just exeeest. Your Spey, how I long to behold heem. Your Gallic glameur . . ."

"Aye," I interrupted, for this was right up my own street, "aye, the oganaich will be at the puirt-ò-beul in the clachan yonder, and the cailleach at the drain mór, and the bodachs at the . . . at the . . . uisge-beatha . . . Och, and a great keening there will be if they don't win the Shield this year, the more so if Nethybridge win it . . . And the braw kil'ed lads wi' their brawny knees." "Ah oui, till I see zeess I teenk my sheert, he ees white. But your fine Gaelic terms—mod, bath h. and c.—n'est-ce pas—zees are like my own Provençal. Ah! Le jardin de mon oncle! Mon dieu! Pièce de résistance!"

But I was now in medias res: "Ho, ro, ro," I warbled, for the dwam was on me, as it were, "to see the misty bens and the peat reek—but you will be for leaving me?"

He had turned to the door, shaking with some suppressed emotion. "Changing here," he spluttered, pressing a handkerchief to his mouth and dropping four guide books and three posters. "Giving up the job . . . going home—to Nethybridge!"

D. P. M.

### FROM ADOLPH H., WITH APOLOGIES TO BIG-HEARTED ARTHUR.

Black-hearted Adolph they call me,  
Blitzkrieging butcher, that's me!  
Pruning reams from my best seller,  
Licking Joe's boots for my tea.  
Booze-peddling Joachim always backs loosers;  
That little runt Josef deafens me too, sirs,  
While Hermann's knee-knocking wears holes in  
his troosers.  
Hitler the twister they call me,  
Adolph the windy, that's me!

RORY.

## THE HORRORS OF WAR—HOME FRONT.

Any drastic upheaval in our ordinary life usually involves hardship. One evening our streets are lit, the next we have to grope about like revellers from a midnight party. Recent experience has taught us that there is no need to worship Bacchus in order to develop a stagger. Try a strange street under present conditions, and the chances are that you will make an ass of yourself before you cover twenty yards. The blessing is that no one sees you affectionately embracing a lamp-post, or measuring your length on the pavement after violent contact with a protruding doorstep. The black-out is certainly a mixed blessing to the inebriated, but a confounded curse to the sober. Only now does the ratepayer appreciate what he obtained for his violent headache every January.

However, we have to make the best of it and black-out. Strips of paper, gum, drawing-pins and steps become everyday phenomena, while providing fantastic subjects for our dreams. We try to settle down in the evenings. This is no hardship for those of us who can provide our own amusements; but it makes us shudder to think of those whose normal life is one long night-club or cocktail party. We read and read, until we become so sated with Butler's Sermons or the Adventures of Jeeves that we have to resort to the "flicks."

It is all right going. The trouble lies in the homeward journey. We have all experienced that dreadful feeling of intense darkness, where there seem to be obstacles on all sides and yet nothing tangible. At least that was our belief until the other night, when, after dodging nothing for about ten minutes, we nearly succeeded in uprooting a lamp-post. Fortunately, it was discovered after the lapse of a further ten minutes that this obstruction was made of wood. Feeling the sore spots tenderly, it was intensely gratifying to know that it might have been made of iron.

We used to be told that our heads were made of wood; and I at least believed it. This recent collision, however, has brought me to the heartening conclusion that, if my head is actually made of wood, it is vastly different in composition to the material of that lamp-post. I know—I even took the trouble of examining it in the daytime. Though heaven help me if anyone saw me so greatly interested in such a common and now so useless an object.

P. V.

Clark Gable is a IVth year preserve. Class V. please note.

## MUSIC AND THE LISTENER.

We are all acquainted with the type of person who buys books and magazines galore when going on a railway journey. If you ask him at the end of the journey what kind of country he has passed through, he will reply: "Oh! very dull. Just fields and trees all the way along. I was bored stiff. As a matter of fact, I was reading most of the time."

Now there are many people who treat music in just the same way as the traveller treats the countryside. They will switch on the wireless, and then settle down to read, knit, talk, have a meal or even build a rabbit-hutch, anything, in fact, but listen; and at the end of the programme they will murmur: "Didn't think much of that, did you?"

In my opinion, you cannot get the best out of any music by treating it in this way. There is always something more to be heard by careful listening, whether the item happens to be the latest crooning success or a complex fugue. That is not to say that all music is equally well worth listening to. I am merely suggesting that, whatever your personal tastes may be, you should give them a fair chance. Taking this view, it is possible to divide music very broadly into three classes.

First, there is music purely written for entertainment, such as dance tunes, comic songs, descriptive pieces. These are often very skillfully done; but not even their composers would claim that they have any lasting value. If you listen to them once or twice you will probably find that you have exhausted their possibilities both from the musical and entertainment points of view.

Secondly, we have light and popular music. These terms cover an enormous variety of musical items which constitute about seventy-five per cent. of broadcast programmes. They seem to me to reward the careful listener more liberally than the first class; and their entertainment value is equally high, if not higher.

The third class really raises too much controversy to be dealt with in short space. If I state boldly that the great symphonies, concertos, sonatas and string quartets are more worthwhile listening to than all the rest put together, I shall probably be asked by someone why I am trying to ram my idea of good music down other people's throats. That is not the case. Only, when one discovers a good thing, one usually wants other people to share it; and I am convinced that they can share this particular pleasure if they are willing to take the trouble to listen attentively.

G. R.

Is there a war profiteer in school, B.?



## Contributions from F.P.'s.

### WEDDINGS.

- Leslie—Paterson.**—At West Culfoich, on 30th December, 1938, by Rev. Joseph Grant, M.A., Cromdale, William, eldest son of the late Donald Leslie and Mrs Leslie, West Park, Newtonmore, to Christina Ann, eldest daughter of the late James Paterson and Mrs Paterson, Culfoich.
- Lamont—MacNicol.**—At Edinburgh, on 25th January, 1939, Roderick John Lamont, Boat of Garten, to Florence, daughter of Mr and Mrs Peter MacNicol, 87 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey.
- Noble—Beaumont.**—At Tottenham, North London, on 14th December, 1938, Chrissie, eldest daughter of Alexander Noble and the late Mrs Noble, 11 Woodburn Place, Grantown-on-Spey, to William Wharton, only son of Mr and Mrs T. E. S. Beaumont, Barnoldswick, York.
- Milne—Smith.**—At Willesden Presbyterian Church, London, on 16th September, by Rev. J. E. Evans, B.A., John Andrew Milne, M.A., only son of Bailie D. Milne and Mrs Milne, Baehead, Grantown-on-Spey, to Ethel Florence, younger daughter of Mr and Mrs Smith, London.
- Bruce—Copland.**—At Duthil Church, Carrbridge, on 21st September, by Rev. A. Armstrong, M.A., James Grant, youngest son of Mr James Bruce, "Loch-an-Eilan," and the late Mrs Bruce, Lynmacgregor, Grantown-on-Spey, to Christina Helen, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Copland, The Glebe, Duthil.
- Cruickshank—Wood.**—On 12th September, at Manse of Cromdale, by Rev. Joseph Grant, M.A., William Cruickshank, Rosebank, Cromdale, to Jessie Wood, Umamia, Grantown-on-Spey.
- Brownie—Mackay.**—At the Manse, on 17th February, 1939, by Rev. A. Maclean, of The MacIntosh Memorial Church, Fort William, Alexander Brownie, Grantown-on-Spey, to Gormilia, sixth daughter of Mr and Mrs J. Mackay, 5 Argyll Terrace, Fort William.
- Roberts—Lewis.**—At Tottlebank Baptist Church, on 6th April, 1939, by Rev. E. J. Roberts, Frank Martyn Roberts, to Catherine Mary Lewis, daughter of Mr and Mrs Henry Lewis, Ulverston, Lancs.
- Robertson—Sutherland.**—At Mackay's Hotel, The Square, Grantown-on-Spey, on 20th April, by Rev. A. M. Fairweather, M.A., William Robertson, Aberdeen, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Mr Sutherland and Mrs Sutherland, Birchview Terrace, Grantown-on-Spey.
- Forsyth—Brown.**—At The Palace Hotel, Grantown-on-Spey, on 22nd July, by Rev. A. M. Fairweather, M.A., William, son of Provost and Mrs Forsyth, Rothes, to Constance Rose, daughter of the late Mr and Mrs Peter Brown, "Murree," Grantown-on-Spey.
- Grant—MacIntosh.**—At South Manse, Elgin, on 18th September, by Rev. Alan Macleod, B.D., Private Daniel Grant, 6th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, to Dorothy Fraser, grand-daughter of the late William MacIntosh and Mrs MacIntosh, Colintr Cottage, Grantown-on-Spey.
- Fraser—Macleod.**—At "D. & F." Hotel Restaurant, Glasgow Cross, Glasgow, on September 1st, by Rev. E. Grant, Donald Burgess, eldest son of Mr and Mrs Hugh Fraser, Hillview, Dulnain Bridge, to Cecilia Ross, second daughter of Mr and Mrs Macleod, Schoolhouse, 316 Calder Street, Glasgow.
- Macdonald—Macintosh.**—At Inverallan Parish Church, on 8th June, 1939, by Doctor W. L. Robertson, assisted by Rev. W. Scott Taylor, Elizabeth Grant Macintosh, youngest daughter of the late Mr and Mrs Thomas Macintosh, Grant Cottage, Grantown-on-Spey, to Donald Macdonald, Upper Craggan, Newtonmore.
- Stephen—Byres.**—At Heath Street Baptist Church, Hampstead, London, on 7th December, by Rev. Douglas Stewart, M.A., Douglas, son of the late Mr and Mrs Stephen, Glasgow, to Helen Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs James Byres, 1 Spey Avenue, Grantown-on-Spey.
- Surtees—Watts.**—At Hayes Parish Church, on 17th November, by the Rector of Hayes, the Rev. E. L. L. MacIntock, John Richard, eldest son of Mr and Mrs H. Surtees, 107 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey, to Joyce Irene, daughter of the late Mr F. Watts and Mrs Watts, 19 Coldwell Road, Dulwich.
- Cameron—Cumming.**—At Gordon Arms Hotel, Elgin, on 11th November, by the Rev. A. M. Fairweather, M.A., South Church, Grantown-on-Spey, and the Rev. James Wright, Ness Bank Church, Inverness, Ian George, assistant depute county clerk, only son of the late Roderick George Cameron, 17 Ardconnell Street, Inverness, to Agnes MacQuire Wilson, only daughter of the late Mrs Cumming and Mr William Cumming, "Brooklyn," Grant Road, Grantown-on-Spey.
- Grant—Telfer.**—At East Lodge, Castle Street, on 27th July, by Rev. Joseph Grant, M.A., Peter J. Grant, contractor, Carrbridge, to Annie Calder Telfer, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Telfer, East Lodge, Castle Street.
- Murdoch—Telfer.**—At Kingussie, on 7th September, by the Very Rev. Dr Macfarlane, Pte. George John Murdoch, elder son of Mr and Mrs Murdoch, Castle Bhran, Kingussie, to Helen Calder, second daughter of Mr and Mrs Telfer, East Lodge, Castle Grant, Grantown-on-Spey.

**DEATHS.**

**MacIennan.**—At Croila, Colinton, Edinburgh, on 10th February, 1939, Roderick MacIennan, M.A., late Rector of Grantown Grammar School.

**APPRECIATIONS.**

Each year F.P.'s scan these columns, and their hearts are touched by the sight of some well-loved name, and this year by that of none more dear or respected than that of Mr Roderick MacIennan, Rector of the Grantown Grammar School for thirty years.

Many a pupil at home and abroad will pause awhile to recall memories evoked by that notice. Gentle, refined, dignified, yet with a clear-cut sense of justice, he influenced every pupil who passed through his hands.

We remember him most for his great love of the Classics. We can still in fancy hear him rolling out sonorous Latin when our truant eyes would stray longingly towards the green golf course.

He had also the gift of keeping things in smooth running order, and was at one with both staff and pupils. Work went on oiled wheels, and if little differences arose (as they will do) his quiet tact and understanding soon put things to rights.

After his retirement, spring always found him a welcome visitor to Speyside for the fishing, and while he was in the district it was one of his greatest pleasures to meet and chat with former pupils. While regretting his passing, we shall hold forever dear the memory of a beloved master and perfect gentleman.

A life-member of the Former Pupils' Club has passed away, Mrs Lazenby, of Liverpool, youngest daughter of the late Mr W. Fraser, Croftindam, and cousin of Patrick Grant, Tullochgorum. In her early years she was with Mr Batchen, Photographer, later with Messrs Watson & Senior, Inverness.

In 1912 she married Mr Clark Lazenby, also a native of Grantown, who has now retired after many years' service with the L.C.C. and the Liverpool Education Authority as technical instructor.

She maintained a great interest in Strathspey, was a regular visitor, and contributed to the School Magazine. She was a keen member of the St Andrew's Society and Burns' Club, and a strong supporter of R.S.P.C.A. and the abolition of Vivisection.

**APPOINTMENTS.**

Miss Catherine M. Smith is to be congratulated upon her appointment as assistant dietitian in the Western Infirmary, Glasgow. She was Mathematics Medallist and subse-

quently graduated at Glasgow University with honours in science. She is to be congratulated on her early appointment to such a post.

The results of the recent Civil Service examination for clerical assistant, grade I., have been announced. A fifth year pupil, Alice K. King, has been placed second on the list for the northern area.

We are pleased to report the success of Robert Surtees. He has passed his final examination and has now taken up duty in the Police Force at Southend-on-Sea.

F.P.'s will be pleased to learn that Kathleen M. Mutch (science medallist) has passed the final State examination for general nursing at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

James MacCook has now been appointed to take charge of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool and to edit the periodical "Western Producer." He commenced his career on the staff of the Strathspey Herald, has had thirteen years' experience in Canadian newspapers, and has been for the past three years on the staff of the "Regina Daily Star." Former Pupils congratulate him on his continued success.

**REUNION.**

In whist and dancing Former Pupils reunite at Christmas-tide, and the evening of the 27th of December was a most enjoyable one. At whist fifteen tables were occupied under the direction of Mr Wm. Ledingham. At the close of play Miss Edith Lawson, one of the Club's most popular and energetic members, presented the prizes.

Ladies—1 Miss Meta King, 2 Miss B. Rose, 3 Mrs W. R. Mackenzie; consolation, Miss Macpherson; playing as gentleman, Mrs R. Mackinnon. Gentlemen—1 Mr Mackay, Craggan; 2 Mr Gregor Stewart, 3 Mr Duncan Davidson; consolation, Mr Hamish Templeton.

On the dance committee the cheerful personality of the late Major J. G. Macdougall was greatly missed. His place was taken by Mr Walter Cruickshank. Bert Valentine's Caledonian Hotel Band from Inverness supplied the music. During the intervals selections were given by "The Old Guard Occasionals," consisting of Messrs T. Hunter, jun., H. Templeton, I. Macpherson and K. McConnel.

The arrangements for the evening were carried out by Miss Jean Paterson and her committee who deserve the highest praise.

ISABELLA MOYES,  
(Author of entire Social Column from Weddings to Reunion).

**Favourite Songs:—**

"I'll Take the Low Road"—by C. M'K.  
"Britannia Rules the Waves"—by R. M.



## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The annual general meeting was held in the Victoria Institute on 14th November. Mr Hunter presided, and before proceeding with the business spoke of the changed circumstances since the last meeting. War conditions would have an effect on all arrangements and discussions. During the year they had learned with regret of the death of a former president of the Club and Rector of the School, Mr MacLennan. The Club had sent a wreath and expression of sympathy. They had lost a life member by the death of Mrs Lazenby, Liverpool. Mrs Lazenby had contributed to the F.P. section of the school magazine.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The treasurer read the balance sheet.

Office-bearers were elected as follows:—

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

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

President—Mr T. Hunter.

Vice-Presidents—Miss Scott M'Gregor, Miss J. S. Duncan, Mr W. R. Stuart and Mr Walter Cruickshank.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Jean M. Paterson.

Committee—Misses Ann Grant, E. Lawson, T. Cruickshank, I. Moyes and E. Wood, Messrs R. Wilson, John Laing and W. Cruickshank.

It was agreed that all members on Service should be non-paying members during war-time.

Owing to the cost of medals, Mr Hunter suggested that books be given as prizes during the war. After discussion it was left with the president and secretary to decide at the time of buying the prizes.

After discussion it was agreed not to hold the annual reunion, but to have a whist drive and dance in aid of the comforts fund of the local Work Party. Mr Walter Cruickshank was elected with a committee to make all arrangements.

Miss Geddes read the balance sheet of the Ladies' Hockey Section.

Mr Wilson spoke of the activities of the Old Guard.

The Magazine Committee were re-elected. It was decided not to give free copies of the magazine to all members—only to those on service and to Life Members away from Grangtown.

J. M. PATERSON,

## NOTES ON SUBSCRIPTIONS, MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS, ETC.

Subscriptions are waived for members of the Old Guard or F.P. Clubs on active service. They will continue as members and receive magazines. Other members are requested to pay their subscriptions promptly. Application for membership from any F.P. with the Colours will be welcomed.

Contributions are invited to the Old Guard and F.P. sections of the magazine. These should not normally exceed 1000 words, and should be sent before 15th November to the respective secretary or to the editor, Mr R. Wilson, Grammar School. The editor will be responsible for Mss. until 15th January. If not claimed by then they will be assumed to be no longer required.

Information regarding the doings of F.P.'s is of value. Any communication to the secretaries or to the editor will be carefully noted. Members are urged to co-operate.

## BALANCE SHEET 1938-39.

## INCOME.

Cash in Bank 1/11/38 .....	£54	18	3
Cash on Hand, 1/11/38 .....	1	8	0
Subscriptions—			
Life Members, 2 at			
12/6 .....	£1	5	0
Ordinary Members,			
54 at 2/- .....	5	8	0
Old Guard, 45 at			
1/- .....	2	5	0
		8	18
Proceeds of Reunion .....	3	1	1
Bank interest .....	1	8	3
		8	18
	£69	13	7

## EXPENDITURE.

Medals (3) .....	£6	8	0
Magazines .....	2	9	0
M'Intosh Bros. (wreath) .....	1	2	8
Printing .....	1	13	8
Hockey Section .....	5	0	0
Postages .....	0	7	6
Old Guard .....	2	5	0
Cash in Bank, 31/10/39 .....	49	6	6
Cash in Hand, 31/10/39 .....	1	1	3
	£69	13	7

JEAN M. PATERSON, Treas.

Examined and found correct.

W. R. STUART.

## LIST OF MEMBERS.

- Miss I. Allan, Ballintomb.  
 Miss Alanach, Cromdale.  
 Miss Jean Burgess, 10 Castle Road.  
 \*James Bell (Cromdale), Hudson Bay Company, Lake Harbour Post, Alaska.  
 \*Mrs Mackenzie, Aberlour (M. Campbell).  
 A. J. Cameron, London.  
 Mrs Cameron (Agnes Cumming), Inverness.  
 \*W. Cruickshank, Seafield Lodge.  
 \*Miss Cruickshank, Seafield Lodge.  
 H. G. Cumming, Paisley.  
 Mrs H. G. Cumming (M. Findlay), Paisley.  
 Miss Vera M. Campbell, Norwood.  
 \*Andrew Cruickshank, Germiston, S.A.  
 Robert Campbell, Norwood.  
 \*Miss M. Cameron, London.  
 Miss Margaret Cruickshank, Hazel Bank.  
 Miss C. Cameron, Dunira.  
 Mrs Davidson (H. Surtees), Tombreck.  
 Hamish Dixon, Heath Cottage.  
 Mrs Hamish Dixon, Heath Cottage.  
 Miss J. S. Duncan, Dundonnachie.  
 \*Wm. Duncan, 28 High Street.  
 \*Jas. Duncan, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Margaret Davidson, Tombreck.  
 Mrs Dunsmore (L. Philip), Perth.  
 Mrs Jas. Grant (N. Duffner), Castle Road.  
 \*Ian Forbes, Glasgow.  
 Mrs R. C. Grant (C. Findlay), Ivy Bank.  
 \*Duncan Fraser, Aberdeen.  
 Miss M. Fraser, Nethybridge.  
 Miss J. Fraser (Nethybridge), Melrose.  
 Miss H. Gray, Boat of Garten.  
 Miss H. Gillies, Pitlochry.  
 \*Ex-Provost W. A. Glass, Revoan.  
 Miss Isobel Gunn, 120 High Street.  
 Miss D. Geddes, High Street.  
 Miss Ann Grant, Grey House, Nethybridge.  
 Miss M. Grant, Isla Cottage.  
 \*Mrs Grant (M. Cumming), Cornhill, Banff.  
 \*John S. Grant, Rockmount.  
 \*J. A. Grant (Reidhaven), Edgeware, Middlesex.  
 Mrs Allan Grant (M. J. Gillies), Tullochgribban High.  
 Miss Margaret C. Grant, Tullochgribban High.  
 Jas. Grant, Castle Road.  
 Thos. Hunter, Rosemount.  
 Mrs Hunter, Rosemount.  
 \*Mrs N. Tod (M. Hastilow), Madderty.  
 \*Walter Hastilow, Palace Hotel.  
 Miss Barbara Hepburn, Square.  
 Miss Isobel Jack, Isla Cottage.  
 Miss Meta King, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Alice King, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Elsie Keith, Birchview Terrace.  
 Miss Mina Keith, Birchview Terrace.  
 Miss E. Lawson, Willow Bank.  
 \*Dr Mabel G. Lawson, London.  
 Miss Legge, Square.  
 Miss Doris Laing, Benmore.  
 Miss Isa Moyes, Lilac Cottage.  
 \*Mrs Mutch (E. Duncan), 28 High Street.  
 \*Miss Betty Mutch, Edinburgh.  
 \*Peter Moir (Royal Bank), Edinburgh.  
 \*Mrs Geo. Morrison (R. Campbell), London.  
 \*Mrs Fred Munro (J. Lawson), Colombia, S. America.  
 \*Chas. Munro, 33 High Street.  
 \*Miss M. Scott Macgregor, 100 High Street.  
 \*Jas. S. Mackenzie, The Cottage, Spey Bridge.  
 Mrs Mackenzie (B. Robertson), The Cottage, Spey Bridge.  
 \*Mrs MacDougall, Dunolly.  
 \*Miss Isa Macphail, Hillview.  
 \*Alex. Macphail, Hillview.  
 Mrs D. M'Donald (Bessie M'Intosh), Arbroath.  
 Miss D. Macpherson, Thornhill.  
 \*Wm. R. MacDougall, Sheffield.  
 \*Mrs M. J. M'Arthur (Grant), Germiston, South Africa.  
 Miss Mabel M'William, Silverdale.  
 \*Miss Sheila MacDougall, Dunolly.  
 Donald Macgillivray (Isla Cottage), B.E.F., France.  
 \*Mrs Mackay, Craiglynn.  
 \*Miss C. M. Mackay, Craiglynn.  
 \*Ex-Provost W. Macgregor, 46 High Street.  
 \*Sidney Macgregor, Secondary School, Fort William.  
 Miss Mona Maclean, Nethybridge.  
 Miss Mary Macdonald, Aviemore.  
 Miss Sarah Macdonald, Aviemore.  
 Miss Beatrice M'Intosh, Achnosnieh.  
 \*Miss Helen MacLaren, Muilochard.  
 Miss Margaret M'Pherson, Briar Cottage.  
 \*Miss M. M. Pyper, Riversdale.  
 Miss Jean M. Paterson, Parkburn.  
 Miss Marion Paterson, Parkburn.  
 \*James Philip, Strathspey Hotel.  
 \*Miss E. M. Pyper, Dundee.  
 \*W. A. Robertson, Broughty Ferry.  
 \*W. R. Stuart, "News" Office.  
 Mrs Stuart, "News" Office.  
 \*Mrs Schleppie, c/o M'Gregor, 120 High St.  
 Miss Winifred Shaw, Garage.  
 Miss C. Smith (Benalder).  
 \*Wm. Templeton, Dunedin.  
 Tom Templeton, Glenwhern.  
 Miss N. Templeton, Glenwhern.  
 Miss M. Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant.  
 Miss J. Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant.  
 \*Dr James Williams, Stonefield.  
 Miss E. A. Wood, Balmenach.  
 Miss C. Winchester, Castle Road.  
 \* Life Members.

Members of the Old Guard are to be included in the above list,



### THE STRATHSPEY ESTATES.

The Seafield estates have for many generations been famed for their liberty and freedom. The woods, lochs, hills and valleys have been free to all to enter and explore. I am speaking of the Strathspey estate which I have known for over seventy years. There, wherever you go, is unrestricted liberty.

The proprietor of each property in Grantown is called a "tenementer"; and his tenement includes a plot of land of about half-an-acre for which he pays £1 annually. From the East End each property is numbered in rotation, and my number is 22. As pointed out in a previous article, each tenementer has a lair in Anagach Moss, and can take as many sticks from the woods as he cares to carry home.

Nowhere can be seen such notices as "Trespassers will be prosecuted." Trespass is an unknown word on the Strathspey estates. Truly we have entered into a great heritage. I have travelled over many parts of Scotland and England, and have met many travellers who share my view, that in no other place is such liberty to be found as we enjoy in Strathspey. The woods of Strathspey have long been famous for their giant Scotch firs. About 200 yards south of Castle Grant you can see several specimens, each of which takes the arms of three men to go round its trunk. About ten years ago, 50 members of the Forestry Commission inspected the finest specimen of spruce tree 500 yards from "Elmgrove." To-day you can see six fine firs along the path to Anagach Moss, the fifth of them still retaining the lurid name of "The Hangman's Tree."

The woods of Strathspey are also famed for a prolific display of wild flowers, some of which can only be found there. At one time, Castle Grant was open to all comers who cared to inspect its wonderful collection of old guns and its splendid display of beautiful pictures, painted by famous artists.

In 1892 this permission to inspect the Castle was stopped. I remember the occasion very well. On Saturday, July 2nd, about 1200 holiday trippers from the railway works at Inverurie, with two brass bands playing lively music, came marching up the street on the way to Castle Grant. After their visit to the Castle they returned, marching down the street with their bands playing. I stood at my shop door and watched them. Each member of the crowd carried a huge bunch of rhododendrons on his shoulders, and proudly displayed them as they passed. I remarked to my friends: "We shall hear more about this."

Next day, as the Countess of Seafield drove to church service, her carriage could hardly pass through the heaps of wreckage on the road. That afternoon Eddie M'Bain and I took our walk up to the castle, and were quite

amazed and horrified to see the damage done. Not a single bush had been left in its place, while roots and branches were lying scattered over the road. Around the castle were heaps of empty tins, newspapers and other rubbish which had been thrown in all directions. The old saying came to my mind: "One sinner destroyeth much good"; but when there are 1200 sinners the destruction is immense. The Countess called at the estate office on Monday, and gave instructions that, in future, no one would be allowed to visit Castle Grant without a permit; and this arrangement still holds good.

JOHN S. GRANT.

### OUR PETS.

Ronald has a hedgehog,  
Raymond has a cat,  
Robert has a tortoise  
And our dog sits on the mat.

RAYMOND PHILIP, Primary II.

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Christmas is coming with joy and cheer,  
And Santa with his swift little deer,  
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