

No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1940

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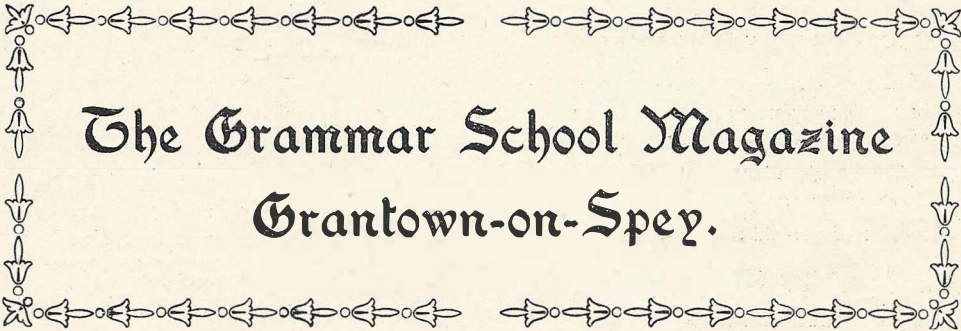
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# The Grammar School Magazine

## Grantown-on-Spey.

No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1940.

Editor—Hugh Tulloch.

Advertising Manager—Donald M'Intyre.

### Editorial.

In this, our second war-time Grammar School Magazine, we hope many a former Grammarian on active service will find something to divert his mind from ever-present events. To all for whom this publication constitutes the only link with school days we convey our best wishes for a true pre-war Christmas and New Year.

Since the appearance of that last innovation, a war-time magazine, a Great Power has fallen, gallant smaller countries have been overwhelmed, a National Government has been formed, and the most important capital in the world wantonly attacked, but, as ever before, Britain stands determined.

Turn your attention from worldly incidents to the distinguished efforts of your successors in the Alma Mater.

Poetry, prose, and doggerel rhyme are here for your pleasure. Set the verses to music if you will, but better still, send another copy to a friend!

Quite a few new names or monograms are to be found at the end of literary efforts. Don't be alarmed—we have no secret agents among us! These are the names of migrants from various parts of the British Isles.

A debt of gratitude is again due to the advertisers for their yearly patronage. They are the props supporting a publication, which, despite its merit, would never succeed without their aid.

In conclusion, we would wish all our readers "Bon voyage!" until next Christmas, when we hope to be able to offer a magazine in which falling bombs and burning homes are a thing of the past.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Throughout the past year, the school's aim has been to maintain its efficiency as an educational centre and at the same time, to identify itself with a maximum range of war-work.

In practice, the two-fold aim has led to harmony of effort and to increasing loyalty and keenness.

The year's educational record can compare with any in the past, and close co-operation between pupils and staff has ensured the success of war-aid schemes.

The results of Senior Leaving Certificate, Junior Secondary Certificate, and Secondary Entrance examinations are detailed in another column.

Miss Niven, headmistress of Cranley School, presented the prizes at this year's ceremony and, in a neatly phrased speech, addressed words of encouragement and advice to the young people of her audience.

Dr MacLaren, Director of Education, never fails to be with us on prize day. On this occasion, he favoured us with a memorable address on patriotism.

The Harvey Dux Medallist of the year was Herbert J. Wright who was also winner of the Campbell Mathematics medal and of Dr Fawcett's Science medal.

Mr Wilson organised the annual sports day in June, and good weather favoured the occasion. The Past-Primes' House Cup for boys went to Revoan and Bailie Milne's Cup for girls to Revack.

Constance G. McKerron and John M. Cameron were sports championship medallists.

Cairngorm Badges were awarded to two pupils last session—Netta R. Hunter and Herbert J. Cumming—bringing the total number of awards altogether to eight, equally divided between girls and boys.

The June concert scored its usual success, and the school funds were replenished for another year.

Sphagnum moss, silver paper, and tin foil have been systematically collected by pupils for Red Cross purposes.

Towards the end of session 1939-40, the school began penny-a-week collections for the Red Cross. These have continued regularly, ensuring an average contribution of thirty shillings per week.

The school's effort during the past year to share in vegetable production met with greater success than had been anticipated, for the ground cultivated did not offer very good prospects.

About 800 square yards were ploughed and harrowed. Potatoes were planted by the senior boys, and the crop was an excellent one of 24 hundredweights. The work was heavy but there were many willing hands.

Encouraged by their first effort, the boys intend to double the area under cultivation next season.

At the end of session 1939-40 we lost the services of Miss Sinclair, who went to Elgin Academy. About the middle of October, Mr M'Kenzie left to join the Army.

This is a big loss, for both were regarded as indispensable members of the staff. We wish them success in their new surroundings and acknowledge the splendid work they did for the Grammar School while they were with us.

We fervently hope Mr M'Kenzie will return to us when the war is won. Meantime, Miss F. Masson, Elgin, is proving an excellent substitute, and the same can be said of Mrs Rattray, from Kinloss, who has taken over Miss Sinclair's duties.

The school branch of the National Savings Association, under the capable guidance of Miss Alanach, has responded nobly to the Government's appeal for more saving.

The total contributions for the year ending June, 1940 were £190 4s 9d; for the first three months of the present session the sum of £259 6s 10d has already been contributed.

During National Savings Week in June, an essay competition, on subjects relating to saving, was held throughout the area comprising Aberdeen, Aberdeenshire, and the counties of Banff, Moray and Kincardine.

Isabel Fraser was first for Moray in the Senior Secondary section and won a special £5 Defence Bond prize as best candidate in her section for the whole area.

Allison Ronaldson, Senior Primary; Mary Tulloch, Junior Secondary, and Ruth Mathieson and John Cameron, Senior Secondary, also figured in the prize lists.

The school is proud of the long list of former pupils now on war service, and this opportunity is taken of paying tribute to their loyalty. They may be assured that the inspiration of their splendid example is not lost on present pupils.

The school also remembers those former pupils who are now prisoners of war, and trusts they will be sustained to await with patience and courage the day of their return to home and kindred.

Of Mr Cruickshank, our much esteemed janitor in pre-war days, there is still no official news. His wife and family have the heart-felt sympathy of staff and pupils, who share with them their grave and prolonged anxiety.

## THE LATE JOHN LAING.

### An Appreciation

(By the Rector.)

After the long and nerve-racking suspense of Dunkirk days, the anxieties of many home circles were allayed and their worst fears unrealised. This was not to be, unfortunately, in the case of John Laing's anxious family. To them eventually came official intimation that John had made the supreme sacrifice, and a whole community was stirred with grief. One had gone from us whose sterling qualities made for him a special niche in our affection.

At school, John won the admiration and respect of every teacher and fellow-pupil, for in him were epitomised the qualities which, in our inspired moments, we all long to possess. At university, he persevered towards success in that unassuming, conscientious manner which characterised his every action. At work, he showed an unswerving devotion to duty. Through all, he served not himself but his fellows.

In a world where true values are often obscured, we may easily misjudge our fellow mortals, but even his modest and sensitive nature could not hide John Laing's genuine character and strong sense of duty. He has left with us the lasting memory of a good and valiant life, and we may truly record of him that "he has fought a good fight, he has



finished his course, he has kept the faith." To his parents, sister and brother we extend our sincere sympathy, and we mourn with them in their great loss.

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE AND OTHER RESULTS FOR SESSION 1939-40.

Of ten candidates, the following nine were awarded Senior Leaving Certificates:—John E. A. Baikie, Dorothea M. Barrett-Ayres, Herbert F. Cumming, George I. Fraser, Isabella J. Grant, Marie J. Grant, Netta R. Hunter, Norman C. Low, Herbert J. Wright.

Of eight candidates, the following seven were awarded Junior Secondary Certificates:—Jessie A. Calder, Jean E. Flockhart, Betty K. M'Gregor, Constance M'Kerron, Jessie Ronaldson, Elizabeth A. Webster, Constance Bellsham.

The following nine pupils were awarded the Day School Certificate (Lower):—James Hay, Marjory G. M'Gregor, Peter M'Queen, Cuthbert J. Smith, Dorothy M. Cameron, Ethel M. B. Douglas, Edwin R. Fraser, George Illingworth, Jean C. Telfer.

Of fourteen pupils who sat the Secondary Entrance examination, the following thirteen were successful:—Elizabeth H. Campbell, Marjory C. Cattanach, Charles Clark, Emilio Dimascio, Frances Johnston, David Livingston, Moira M. Mackay, Fergus Mackenzie, John M'Pherson, Hilda J. M'Kerron, Murdo M. M'Leod, Jean G. Mortimer, Allison Ronaldson.

**REGENERATION.**

In ancient Greece, when Greeks were men,  
 Such tales of skill were told;  
 Of Spartans and Thermopylae  
 Who made their stand so bold;  
 Ulysses did with Ajax fight  
 To gain Achilles' arms.  
 Thus force with force is met to-day  
 For he who Grecian harms.

From modern Greece come still more tales  
 Of making one more stand,  
 And as before the foe has fled  
 In face of courage grand.  
 Of old the Romans did invade  
 This land so glorious;  
 But now the Roman spirit's dead,  
 So Greece—victorious!

N. L., VI.

**ACCOMPLISHMENTS.**

A girl should learn to make a bed,  
 To bake good biscuit, cake and bread,  
 To handle deftly brush and broom,  
 And neatly tidy up a room.

A girl should learn to darn and mend,  
 Care for the sick, the baby 'tend;  
 To have enough of style and taste  
 To cut a frock with little waste.

A girl should learn to value time,  
 A picture hang, a ladder climb,  
 And not almost to raise the house  
 At sight of any harmless mouse.

A girl should learn to dress with speed,  
 Hold all cosmetics 'gainst her creed;  
 To buy her shoes to fit her feet,  
 In fact, above all vain deceit.

A girl should learn to keep her word,  
 To spread no further gossip heard.  
 Home or abroad to be at ease,  
 And try her best to cheer and please.

A girl should learn to sympathise,  
 To be reliant, strong and wise;  
 To every patient gentle be  
 And always truly womanly.

B. M., IV.

There was an old woman called Anna  
 Got caught in a flood in Montana,  
 And as she did choke,  
 She sighed for a smoke,  
 So steered straight ahead for Havana.

I. F.

**THE BLACK-OOT.**

Snib a' the windies safe and sure,  
 Draw on the bolt and lock the door,  
 It's just as weel tae feel secure  
 In the black-oot.

Pu' doon the blinds baith front and back,  
 An' if ye show the merest crack,  
 Ye'll hae the wardens on yer track  
 In the black-oot.

An' if ye maun gae doon the street,  
 Ye'll tak' a torch-light in yer hand,  
 An' hud it doon, ye understand,  
 In the black-oot.

Oh war, it is an awfy sin,  
 Sae mony things must no' be din,  
 Thank guidness we can listen in,  
 In the black-oot.

Noo laddies o' the bull-dog breed,  
 Flee ower the way wi' muckle speed,  
 An' drap a bomb on Hitler's heid,  
 In the black-oot.

A. R., I.

**THE BOAT BUILDERS.**

To commence my story I must explain that my friend was an enthusiastic amateur waterman, and it was upon his urging that we started to build a canoe. When this duly made its appearance, it was the beginning of an epidemic of canoes. Canoeing thus having lost at least a part of its attractions for us, our minds turned to more ambitious projects, and we decided to build a proper boat. After much discussion we persuaded our parents we were in earnest, and they gave us permission as well as financial aid. As a safeguard to the boat being completed, we were promised an outboard motor to drive the boat when it was ready.

During the spring months we laboured, and just before the summer holidays we finished the boat. It was of the dinghy type, about twelve feet long and four feet in beam, and though it may not have had the graceful lines of the "Cutty Sark," it was of sturdy construction. The final test, however, was yet to come, for, if the boat did not do all we had claimed it would do, we should feel ourselves the laughing stock of the town. We transported it to Findhorn on a lorry, and, with the arrival of the promised engine we started on our trials. The boat exceeded our wildest expectations; in fact, so delighted were we with the results that we decided to come and spend a camping holiday with the boat. Of the adventures that ensued I have not space to tell, but it certainly was the most exciting holiday I have ever spent. I should like to tell you of just one incident. We had two passengers on board as we set out to cross Findhorn Bay,

which at the point of crossing is about three-quarters of a mile wide at least. After indulging in a few naval acrobatics, my friend, who was at the tiller, set a course for a small pier on the far side of the bay. We had some trouble with the sparking plugs on the way, so on arrival at the pier we moored the boat and proceeded to examine the offending plugs. Unfortunately the plugs were rather hot, one of them burned my friend's hand, and forgetting where he was, he dropped the plug. With a slight splash it struck the surface of the water, and four pairs of anxious eyes watched its disappearance. We dived overboard in an attempt to get it, but it was useless. After a council of war we decided to try to get back on one cylinder (luckily it was a twin cylinder engine). The tide had already changed, so we had not long to make a safe crossing; this was one of the most exciting I had ever experienced. A wind had risen, making the sea somewhat choppy, and we butted our way across the bay, the one cylinder responding gamely to our call upon it. We arrived at our anchorage at last, somewhat shaken but alive and kicking, and as we tied up we looked back across the bay we saw that a strip of sand was already showing through the water. We had crossed just in time.

H. W., VI.

### GHOSTS.

Ghosts, if they really do exist, or if you could communicate with them, could doubtless tell many a strange tale of the places they inhabit. The strange thing, however, is that ghosts are very rarely or never seen in most localities until someone sees one, or imagines he sees one, and then ghosts in that particular district become as common as peas in a pod. The ball is usually set rolling by some intoxicated local resident who sees some housewives' washing and takes it to be a family, herd, flock or gaggle of ghosts out for a midnight stroll.

A very strange peculiarity of the ghost family is that its members are hardly ever seen during the day, and only occasionally out of doors. When you knowingly enter a haunted house it is with a half hope, half fear of meeting a ghost. Loneliness and a nervous disposition make a person almost certain to encounter a ghost on a dark night or in an unoccupied house.

Some ghosts, assuming they do exist to some people, are quite friendly, but others are decidedly hostile to intruders on their domain and privacy. The friendly ones just pass the time of day and disappear. Those of ferocious or murderous temperament, however, either chase the intruder with a battle-axe or sword,

strangle him or else hurl a large boulder at him.

To report having met a ghost, friendly or otherwise, is not to be advised. If you escape with your life or meet one of the meeker species and publish the fact, you will at once be called a liar or anything but an abstainer.

A. G., III.

### THE POTATO-LIFTING.

The journey to the farm was a number of miles, which meant that the Grammar School party had to be conveyed to that place by 'bus, and had to get up very early. Everyone rushed to the 'bus every morning to obtain a seat, so that no one was ever late. Although the boys were always in the 'bus first, however, they very politely rose if a girl had to stand.

Reaching our destination, we took up positions on the field marked out for us by the griever. The tractor went round the field digging up one drill at a time, and the potatoes in that drill had to be lifted by the time the tractor came round again. When it was a poor crop, the work of lifting was very easy, and we always had time for a little rest before the next drill was dug up. But when the crop was heavy as were the Golden Wonders, our backs were continually bent, and our greatest joy was to see the tractor stick for a short time.

At 10 o'clock we had a short break for tea, which we greatly appreciated. Then all too soon came the voice of the griever, "Tak' up the sam' posetions as afoor." Rising, we resumed work looking forward to dinner-time which came at 12 o'clock.

Our dinner, which consisted of either Irish stew or Scotch mince, was hurriedly finished every day, so that we could enjoy ourselves in the loft of the farm.

There we jumped and dived into the straw until one day one boy dived a little too far and went through the floor into a place which could be entered from passages unknown to us before.

This was the source of our explorations by which we eventually knew every corner in the farm.

"O'er ahin ahint the stunt," came the order of the griever, which, translated by one of our party was supposed to mean, "get over behind the drill."

Back to work we went with renewed energy and worked steadily all afternoon. When, however, the fortnight was up, we were glad to be finished although we had spent many happy hours with our backs bent.

A. J., IV.

### "THE EVACUEE."

As the old saying goes, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and if this war hasn't exactly done me good, it certainly hasn't treated me badly. I was born and bred in the city, and except for an occasional trip to the open spaces I had no idea of the life led by my country cousins.

When war was imminent my parents, very wisely, decided to evacuate my two brothers and me to a safer area, where we would be away from all the terror and nervous strain of the Nazi air raids, so here I am and likely to remain until we have wiped out Hitler and his gang so completely that there is no trace of them left anywhere in this world.

If the truth were told I would tell you that I hated the country at first, and craved continually for the hurry and bustle I had always been used to, but my parents were adamant and refused to listen to my pleas to take me home, so I had to remain, and now I am very glad that I did so.

Caddying was no more than a word to me, and potato-lifting was something I couldn't even imagine doing, and yet now I'm (if not a connoisseur at these things) pretty well "broken in" and can turn my hand to anything. The time spent out in the clean, fresh air has made a new girl of me, and I'm now, to quote my mother's delighted remark, "as fit as a fiddle and getting rather fat."

I've made many new "pals" in a place I would never even have visited, if it hadn't been for this war, and my parents visit me very often, and they too have made new friends with whom contact will be kept long after Hitler is nothing but an ugly memory.

R. C., II.

My first is in "hold" but not in "grip,"  
My second is in "tear" but not in "rip,"  
My third is in "witch" but not in "lass,"  
My fourth is in "donkey" but not in "ass,"  
My fifth is in "lamp" but not in "candle,"  
My sixth is in "boot" but not in "sandal,"  
My seventh is in "table" but not in "stool,"  
My eighth is in "instrument" but not in "tool,"  
My whole is the best time in the year  
When we are all full of fun and good cheer.

E. L., I.

(For answer see page 13.)

A chappie once dining at Crewe  
Found quite a large mouse in his stew,  
Said the waiter, "don't shout  
And wave it about  
Or the rest will be wanting one too."

W. C.

### THE MOST THRILLING FIGHT I HAVE EVER SEEN.

I would like to tell you about the first and only time I have witnessed a fight between a Heinkel and three Spitfires. At the time I was living in ———, and as you already know, Gerry seems to pay particular attention to this city.

The sun was shining brightly at one o'clock as I left school for lunch. I was about to board a tramcar when I heard several loud explosions. I guessed that these were anti-aircraft guns and was immediately assured some seconds later when a naval officer ordered everybody under cover as a fight was going on over the town. We all gazed upwards and were thrilled to see two tiny specks. Everybody obeyed except me. I wanted to get home, as I knew that my mother would be anxious. I jumped into the car and rushed upstairs only to find that many others had done likewise, but on thinking again—rushed down and swept me too. All the time guns rattled, and gradually we saw the fight draw nearer and nearer. It was a marvellous sight. But within a few seconds the Heinkel III. was struck by A.A. gunfire and was rapidly losing height. The huge and powerful "hawk," followed in hot pursuit by the three Spitfires, dodged about. Then a great display of co-operative work took place. One Spitfire raced over it, another alongside it and the remaining one "clung" to its tail, each "peppering" it well. Still the Heinkel wasn't beaten—it took several terrific swoops, missing our tram. Another moment we thought it was going to crash into a block of houses, and next a graveyard, but amazingly it rose again. It was obvious that it couldn't escape these Spitfires, and there were six Hurricanes out at the harbour ready to get him should he escape the Spitfires. From every window eager and excited people hung out. I am quite sure that I have never seen expression of such utter satisfaction on any faces before.

Again he came down, this time narrowly missing a church, and then finally he climbed only to lose height gradually. Gerry's rear gunner had spirit we will admit and admire; with smoke pouring from its tail he fought on until it finally crashed and was enveloped in an enormous column of smoke. It had first landed on an adjoining street, knocked down a tree and a fence, and then damaged the skating rink.

One can never cease praising the Spitfires. They toyed (literally) with this ugly monster, and then finally their instinctive co-operation hastened Gerry's end. The Spitfires circled proudly over their victim, and cheers from all were sounded for "Our Lords of the Air."

E. M., I.

### MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

The delights and raptures of mountain scenery cannot be imagined by the dwellers of the plain, no matter how much we endeavour to describe them. Familiarity with the mountains does not lessen their charm, it rather increases it, till the spirit of mountains seems to enter the soul of the beholder, and then awestricken and entranced, he realises a little of the wondrous majesty of the "everlasting hills."

It is difficult to describe the charms of mountain scenery. First there is the splendour of the hills themselves, with their rugged crests and lofty cliffs. Now, they reflect the shadows of a passing cloud, and then they are bathed again in brilliant sunshine. Next there is the beauty of the valleys below, with their peaceful winding river, and green pastures where deer, the "monarchs of the glens," descend when winter comes and storm clouds roll up and hide the rocky slopes from view.

The brown peat-coloured waterfalls too with their white foam, and the lakes which lie dark and black under the cloudy sky, add to the beauty of the scene. These, however, are only a few of the beauties of mountain scenery, which to the dweller in the plains are a revelation of the grandeur and majesty of nature.

W. C.

### THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

There's a land, a dear land, far across the rolling sea,

And that land of happy memories is now beckoning to me;

But although the breakers roar,  
On that wild and rocky shore,

I'll be coming back one day, dear land, to thee.

Half a century I've wandered on a far and foreign strand,

Far away from those I love, in my own, my native land;

Though so many years have passed,  
Thy memories sweet shall ever last,

And there'll always be between us a dear and filial band.

Times may change and years roll by, yet changeless thou shalt be.

Haven of all wanderers weary, the dearest place on earth to me.

And there the old rivers so peacefully flow,

Just as they did in the sweet long ago,  
And now, as I dream in this old prairie town,  
they kindle a flame in my memory.

Land of my birth, where my fathers are sleeping,

Round mountains majestic strange legends are creeping.

Far famed are your sons, and to many a mind

In everlasting verse enshrined,

As round your old shores fresh glories are heaping.

The lovely tassels of the larch, the moss-rose red, and sweet bluebell,

The myrtle, and the hawthorn cast a sweet aroma o'er the dell.

And o'er the wind-swept moors and fens,

O'er Scotia's hills, o'er Scotia's glens,

The glorious purple heather growing, their everlasting beauties swell.

I've seen some sights of wondrous hue adorn the land of France,

And eyes of deepest sapphire-blue Italian eyes enhance,

But let me hear the pibroch play,

In clachan old, at close of day.

However sad I may have been, 'tis now my heart begins to dance.

Howe'er far I may have wandered, dear Scotia me beguiles,

Back 'neath my own, my native sky, as it brightly smiles.

Oh would that I might sing her praise,

Like bards of old in glorious lays.

And now, in fancy, I tread once more on the winding Road to the Isles.

I. F., V.

### "THE ISLAND FORTRESS."

A year of war has passed away

Yet the Empire's might grows every day:

From far-off colonies daily come

Men and arms to beat the Hun:

Aggression march has gone thus far,

Not yet have we begun true war!

In battles past we've proved our prowess,

Jerry or Wop can never cow us!

Benito Muss and Adolf Hit

Will never beat the ancient Brit!

H. T., IV.

### THE BETTER WAY.

To live through life in poverty,

Through days that are weary and sad,

Than to steal another's property,

'Tis better by far, my lad.

It's better to try, and do your best,

Than not to try at all,

For when you've finished you may rest,

And need to fear no fall.

It is better to suffer sad defeat,

When you fight for a worthy cause,

Than to make a shameful retreat,

And break all chivalry's laws.

P. F., I.

**FISH AND CHIPS.**

Now I have no time for poets, emotional or  
 highbrow,  
 Who'd fill a dozen pages with an epic to an  
 eyebrow,  
 I'd rather sing the praises of our truly national  
 dish—  
 A penny-worth of "tatties" and a twopenny  
 piece of fish.  
 And when my stay on earth is done and I am  
 duly taken,  
 And Gabriel brings me nectar with my morning  
 egg and bacon,  
 "Get thee behind!" I shall proclaim. That  
 stuff's all right in sips,  
 But I will not be an angel if I can't have fish  
 and chips.

P. L., I.

**WITH APOLOGIES TO TEACHERS.**

When along the passage for English we go,  
 Mr Morrison's going to say, oh, we know,  
 "Now, I just want to finish the American War  
 And then you'll read prose till the bell goes at  
 four."  
 But the minutes tick by and still history we do,  
 Not only the "war" but something else new,  
 For he'd rather do history than poetry or play,  
 So we've got to remind him we don't think that  
 way.  
 Now, I used to take Latin, but I soon could see,  
 That "Cicero" and "Livy" were too much for  
 me,  
 But I still remember Mr Wilson would say,  
 "Master Grant, what happened to you yester-  
 day?"  
 Now, a small piece of paper and we'll have a  
 test,  
 Your vocabulary's weak," how I used to detest.  
 But we'd plead for no homework then, and,  
 maybe  
 We'd get off sometimes, for kindly was he.  
 Miss Masson is new, but it's clear as can be,  
 That her pet phrase is simply, "Now, do you  
 see?"  
 Others may come yet, so we only can pray  
 That they'll all be as calm as the one used to-  
 day.  
 Our former French master now in khaki is clad,  
 When he went away we all felt rather sad,  
 But we must remember that digging a trench  
 Is much more important than our learning  
 French.  
 While I had science I noticed each day,  
 That Miss Fraser, when angry, was likely to say,  
 "For goodness sake, will you stop all this noise,  
 Really girls, you are ten times worse than the  
 boys."  
 And now I must stop, and the others exclude,  
 Please, teachers, I hope I have not been too  
 crude,

But, were I in your place I would far worse say,  
 For I know how annoying we are every day.

M. C., V.

**THE PARASHOT.**

As I stand alone on a bleak hill-top,  
 I think I hear a bomb drop;  
 A fellow's nerves are not so hot  
 When it's his first night as a Parashot.  
 Oh the night is dark and I'm all alone,  
 And doesn't that sound like a Heinkel drone.  
 Maybe it is and maybe it's not,  
 It's my first night as a Parashot.

J. T., II.

**AN AUTUMN SUNSET.**

The last rays of the setting sun,  
 Shining bright o'er hill and dale,  
 Are casting shadows o'er the forests,  
 Lighting up the pleasant vale.  
 The autumn leaves are blowing freely,  
 In the early evening breeze,  
 Floating slowly, slowly earthwards,  
 Falling from the mighty trees.  
 But still the strong and sturdy pine  
 Retains his needles through the snows,  
 Evergreen, as if to cheer us,  
 Till the stormy winter goes.

J. M., III.

**THE DOLLIE.**

There was a little girl named Polly  
 Who had such a wonderful dolly,  
 It was dressed all in blue,  
 Said, "How do you do,"  
 And laughed in a way that was jolly.  
 John Duncan, Primary III.

Way out West,  
 Lives Injun Jack,  
 With a moose-hide vest,  
 And a bearskin pack.  
 James Hair, Primary III.

Christmas time will soon be here,  
 A time of happiness and cheer,  
 When friends gather from far and near,  
 A time looked forward to all the year.  
 Pamela Gibson, Primary III.

There was an old fellow called Pitt  
 Who in "the house" used to sit,  
 He quarrelled with Fox  
 Till he took chickenpox,  
 And that was the end of his wit.

M. M.

W is for Winston the head of our State.  
 I " India so troubled of late. [crave.  
 N " Napoleon whose power Adolf does  
 S " Spitfires that laid " that " in its grave.  
 T " Tommies so keen for the fray.  
 O " our Airmen so tired day by day.  
 N " the Navy so steadfast and true.

C " Canadians who've come a long way.  
 H " the Hurricanes that fly day by day.  
 U " our Union in purpose and purse.  
 R " our Raiders whom Berliners curse.  
 C " the Czechs so wantonly ravaged.  
 H " Hitler the curse of it all.  
 I " Italians at his beck and call.  
 L " the Luftwaffe selected to break us.  
 L " the Londoners who've proved they  
 " can take it."  
 M. A., III.

#### SCHOOL ATHLETICS. 1939-1940.

There was great activity in sports during the past session, mainly centred, as usual, around the House Cup. The football, shinty and cricket matches were keenly contested, and there was much excitement over the annual cross-country run, in which John Holmes (Roy) took first place, completing the course in the record time of thirteen minutes, two seconds; in totals, however, the Revoan team won.

The junior shinty team put up a very good performance, being runners-up for the Cup and leaders in the Strathspey section of the league. Shinty was only introduced in 1938 and has rapidly gained popularity.

Cricket this session was on a somewhat lower standard and no outside matches were arranged. No rugby was played this year as a suitable field could not be procured.

We are once again indebted to Mr Houston, the golf professional, for his lessons to the boys on Saturday mornings. Evidence of his good work was seen in the inter-house golf match, which was won by the Revoan team.

The annual sports held at the end of June were a great success and excellent weather drew quite a large crowd. As usual, every event was hotly contested, the senior champion this time being J. M. Cameron, who was presented with the medallion.

There were two Cairngorm expeditions this year, one to Cairngorm itself and one to Bynack More. To both these climbs there was a large turnout. The Cairngorm award was won by Herbert F. Cumming.

Revoan won the House Cup (captained by H. F. Cumming). The other captains were G. Fraser (Revaek) and I. M'Intosh (Roy).



The late Aircraftsman W. J. Macdonald.

#### EVENING.

'Tis a time for dreaming,  
 Shared by man and flower.  
 This quiet peaceful evening,  
 A misty magic hour.

The darkness slowly deepens,  
 And shadows softly fall;  
 The world will soon be sleeping,  
 With silence over all.

K. C., IV.

There was an old German called Goering,  
 Who found life so terribly boring,  
 That he started to slim  
 With Bile Beans and Vim,  
 But found that it started him snoring.

M. C.

Now Ruth is a terrible blether,  
 Her tongue must be made of strong leather:  
 If not 'twould wear done  
 And then she'd have none;  
 Oh what a relief for poor Heather!

R. M.

There was an old lady of Hyde,  
 She ate a green apple and died,  
 It came to the worst,  
 For the old lady burst,  
 So they made cider inside her inside.

J. C.

## THE OLD GUARD.

### OLD GUARD NOTES, 1940.

Very understandably in present circumstances, the Old Guard has not had a very active year. Badminton matches faded out soon after Christmas, and no further activities could be arranged. A few members joined in the school expeditions to Cairngorm and Bynack, and those who were available turned out to assist with the school cross-country run in October.

The annual general meeting in November was attended by the few who remained in Grantown. Mr William Cruickshank, secretary and treasurer, read the financial statement, which was considered satisfactory. It was decided to dispense with unnecessary office-bearers, and to leave the arrangement of sports' fixtures, if such were possible, to the new secretary, Mr Donald M'Beath. In spite of the times, the Club is almost eighty strong and continues to attract new members.

This year, the magazine is smaller. News is scanty, and amid the distractions of war many lack the opportunity and the desire to write. We hope that the aftermath will inspire the urge and suggest the theme. Meanwhile to all our young men at home and beyond the seas we send our Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year.

R. W.

### OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1940-41.

#### Office-Bearers.

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

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

**President**—James Templeton, M.A.

**Vice-President**—Angus Mackintosh.

**Secretary and Treasurer**—Donald M'Beath.

**Magazine Editor**—Robert Wilson, M.A.

#### With The Forces.

Albert Anderson, High Street—Royal Air Force.

James Cameron, The Square—Royal Navy.

William Cruickshank, Cromdale—Royal Air Force.

William Fotheringham, Nethybridge—Royal Artillery.

Donald Fraser, Dulnain-Bridge—Royal Army Corps of Signals.

Patrick Garrow, Advie—Royal Air Force.

Martin Grant, High Street—Royal Air Force.

Donald Gunn, High Street—Seaforth Highlanders.

John Holmes, Craggan—H.M. Training Ship.

Lawson Illingworth, Castle Road—Royal Air Force.

William Ledingham, High Street—Fleet Air Arm.

William Macaulay, Lettoch—Green Howards.

Angus Mackintosh, Dulnain-Bridge—Royal Air Force.

Donald Mackintosh, Dulnain-Bridge—Seaforth Highlanders.

Donald Mackintosh, Cromdale—Royal Army Service Corps.

Evan Mackintosh, Dulnain-Bridge—Royal Army Corps of Signals.

Harry Macpherson, Castle Road—Royal Air Force.

Ian Macpherson, Castle Road—Seaforth Highlanders.

Peter Macpherson, Grant Road—Scots Guards.

Kenneth M'Connell, L.M.S. Cottages—Seaforth Highlanders.

Alexander M'Intyre, Boat of Garten—Royal Air Force.

Ian M'Kenzie, Spey Bridge—Royal Army Medical Corps.

Patrick M'Lean, Nethybridge—Royal Air Force.

Alastair M'Nicol, High Street—Fleet Air Arm.

Peter M'Nicol, High Street—Royal Navy.

William M'William, South Street—Seaforth Highlanders.

Edwin Munro, Station Road—Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

John Paterson, High Street—Royal Engineers.

Roderick Rattray, South Street—Royal Marines.

Jack Reid, Station House—Royal Army Corps of Signals.

Victor Ross, Dulnain-Bridge—Royal Navy.

Angus Stuart, Castle Road—Royal Artillery.

Donald Stuart, South Street—Royal Army Medical Corps.

John Stuart, Castle Road—Royal Air Force.

Gordon Templeton, The Lodge—Seaforth Highlanders.

James Templeton, The Lodge—Royal Artillery.

William Thomson, High Street—Navy, Army and Air Force Institute.

David Winchester, Castle Road—Royal Army Corps of Signals.

Ewan Wood, Cromdale—Royal Air Force.

#### On Call.

John Mackintosh, Cromdale—Royal Air Force.

#### Former Members.

Kenneth M'Cabe, Cromdale—Scots Guards.

Frank Roberts, Baptist Manse—Lancashire Fusiliers.

#### Casualties.

##### Died of Wounds.

John Laing, High Street—Seaforth Highlanders.

##### Wounded.

George Cameron, The Square—Cameron Highlanders.

Alexander Smith, High Street—Royal Navy.

**Prisoners of War.**

Ernest Cooke, Cromdale—Cameron Highlanders.  
 Frank Macaulay, Lettoch—Cameron Highlanders.  
 Alexander Phimister, South Street—Seaforth Highlanders.  
 Robert Ross, Dulnain-Bridge—Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

**Exiles.**

James Allan, M.B., Ch.B., Ballintomb, Royal Infirmary, Inverness.  
 Alexander Calder, Tombain, telephone engineer, Post Office, Aberdeen.  
 Gregor Cameron, Mondhuie, clerk, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.  
 Jack Cooke, Cromdale, Police Force, Clydebank.  
 Harry Fraser, B.Sc., Mondhuie, civil engineer, Colonial Service, Malaya.  
 John Grant, B.Sc., Rotheriemoon, research staff, Institute of Animal Genetics, Edinburgh.  
 Gordon Jack, Castle Road, sorting-clerk telegraphist, Post Office, Kirkwall, Orkney.  
 Hamish Jack, High Street, telephone linesman, Post Office, Buckie.  
 James Macdonald, Upper Port, Morayshire Constabulary, Elgin.  
 Evan Mackintosh, Dulnain-Bridge, surveyor, Messrs Hardie & Coy., Dunfermline.  
 Colin M'Intosh, High Street, draughtsman, Singer Manufacturing Co., Clydebank.  
 Donald M'Intosh, High Street, draughtsman, Messrs Tullis & Sons, Engineers, Clydebank.  
 John Milne, M.A., High Street, Auxiliary Fire Service, London.  
 Wishart Milne, High Street, telephone engineer, Post Office, Glasgow.  
 John Ross, A.M.I.E., Dulnain-Bridge, electrical engineer, Messrs Keith & Co., London.  
 Richard Surtees, High Street, Dulwich Division, Metropolitan Police Force, London.

**University Members.**

Duncan Davidson, High Street, 4th year arts, Edinburgh.  
 Thomas Hunter, Woodside Avenue, 5th Year medicine, Aberdeen.  
 Bruce Munro, High Street, 2nd year medicine, Glasgow.

**Local Members.**

William Cruickshank, Messrs Mackintosh and Cumming, Drapers, Grantown.  
 Alastair Grant, B.Sc., Ballinluig, Grantown.  
 George Illingworth, Forestry Commission, Dulnain-Bridge.  
 Marr Illingworth, Post Office, Grantown.  
 Fraser Innes, Messrs Thomson, Grocers, Grantown.  
 Alexander Ledingham, The Studio, Grantown.  
 Lewis Mackintosh, The Picture House, Grantown.  
 Donald M'Beath, National Bank, Grantown.  
 Roy Phimister, Post Office, Grantown.  
 Gregor Ross, The Garage, Dulnain-Bridge.

Lachlan Stuart, Messrs Hastings, Butchers, Grantown.

Robert Wilson, M.A., Grammar School, Grantown.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

RONALD W. SCOTT, Advie, Royal Corps of Signals, 20th May, 1937, aged 19, at Jubblepore, India.

JOHN M. LAING, M.A., High Street, Seaforth Highlanders, 30th May, 1940, aged 26, at Zillebeke, Belgium.

**JOHN M. LAING, M.A.**

It was with profound sorrow that we learned that John Laing, much-beloved secretary of the Old Guard, had died of wounds in Belgium. All members join in offering their sympathy to his bereaved parents, brother and sister, and in paying tribute to a friend of memorable talent and character. By his death no greater loss could be sustained by the club or the community, for allied to his quality as a scholar and a craftsman was a nobility of mind and heart that earned him the honour and esteem of all.

Dux of the Grammar School in 1930, he gave of his best in all the activities of school. He was a member of the soccer and running teams. After graduating M.A. at Edinburgh University it was his choice to assist his father—and in this vocation he excelled as hitherto he had in study.

His leisure he devoted to the service of youth with a high conscience and a fine enthusiasm. He rendered great service to the Sunday School and to the Football Club; but we shall remember him best as the Old Guard's matchless secretary. His exacting sense of duty was a vital factor in its success, and even on active service he found time to remember and to help. By nature reserved, he yet never failed to write or to speak for the Club when the occasion demanded or its interests were at stake.

Amongst us, his friends, he is irreplaceable for the good he did in his life; and, in making the supreme sacrifice, he has crowned a memory of unselfishness and devotion which time will not dim.

**H. MACPHAIL**

**HIGH-CLASS PAINTER & DECORATOR,**

**HIGH STREET - GRANTOWN.**

### THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL—THE COMPANY OFFICE.

For the uninitiated let me first of all say that the Company Office is the seat of the Sergeant-Major and his underlings. Thence come all the "Thou shalt nots" of each camp and barracks. There are issued from this melting pot what are known as Daily Orders. These Orders invariably start with the timetable for the day, headed by "06.00 hours reveille."

To the lay mind this conveys very little; but in actual fact it brings to weary ears an unwelcome bugle call which means jumping from between warm blankets and exposing limbs to the chilly air of early morning. It is dark, and the black-out must be put up over the open windows before a light is shown. Numerous words which would never pass even the most liberal censor float through the frosty air as bare feet contact numerous obstacles. With all speed this job is accomplished, and the fitful glow of hurricane lamps reveals the army at its worst. Few words are spoken in the mad rush into the welcome haven of trousers, pull-overs, and battle dress blouses; and then slowly the atmosphere seems to melt into a happier warmth. Tongues begin to wag, and tales of the previous night's escapades pass from bed to bed while blankets are being carefully folded and kit laid out in the approved fashion. One or two poor unfortunates carry their thick heads to the nearest taps, which, of course, all run cold.

The second item on the day's programme is "Breakfast Parade, 07.00 hours." Prompt to time there is a headlong dash of khaki-clad figures carrying their knives, forks and mugs, and hoping for the best.

And so on it goes throughout the day. Each minute is detailed by this little Company Office until we come to the final item, "22.15 hours Lights Out."

This, however, does not complete the Daily Orders. There follows a list of little paragraphs telling everybody what they shall and what they shall not do at work and at play. The Sergeant-Major is fundamentally responsible for the framing of these instructions, subject, of course, to the approval of the Com-

manding Officer who always appends his indecipherable hieroglyphic at the bottom.

I should like to inform the masses who marvel at the unending flow of these orders that the worthy Sergeant-Major does not set aside an hour every day to conjure up fresh restrictions for his charges. In fact, a great many of the orders emanate from the men themselves. The Acting Local Unpaid Lance-Corporal approaches the Sergeant-Major with that respect which is his due, and timidly mentions that Pte. Smith has forgotten to hand his laundry to the Quarter Master's Store on the appropriate day, and that Pte. Smith begs permission to send his soiled "undies" and towel to the local laundry. The Sergeant-Major has no hesitation in barking a gruff "No—he will have to go dirty for a week," and then calls over to one of his clerks: "Put this in to-morrow's Orders—Personnel will hand their laundry to the Quarter Master's Stores by 12.00 hours on Thursdays. Severe disciplinary action will be taken against anyone contravening this order."

The phrase "severe disciplinary action will be taken" is a favourite one with this Company Office, and means that the offender is put on a charge and paraded the following morning with an escort. The poor unfortunate has his cap removed, and he is then marched in to the awe-inspiring presence of the Commanding Officer. The scene enacted in the lion's den is reminiscent of the Star Chamber. The criminal has the charge read out to him and asked if he has anything to say in defence; but this usually carries little weight as there is invariably an N.C.O. giving evidence against him, and what C.O. would query the word of one of his corporals?

The usual sentence for minor crimes is confinement to barracks for a number of days. The prisoner is then marched out, and his headgear restored. I would ask the reader not to give too much thought to the wonderful first hand knowledge which the writer appears to have on this subject.

The Company Office also passes on any good news issued by the powers that be through these same Daily Orders. There is certainly very little attention given to the individual in this army of ours, but consideration for the men as a whole is not lacking. All the petty

restrictions and rules laid down in these orders are often offset by one telling of some benefit for us.

Special thought has been given recently to men who have had their homes or families bombed; and they are in no way hindered in their natural desire to get home and help in any way that they can. An order published the other day which gave great satisfaction, told us that fares would be paid for men who were granted leave to visit homes damaged by enemy action.

There is always one paragraph in Daily Orders headed "Details." This is scanned in trepidation by all and sundry, because it contains a list of N.C.O.'s and men who have to do the unpleasant jobs of the day—fatigues, guards, pickets, etc., and invariably means C.B. for the day. Through this detail anyone working in the Company Office becomes very unpopular with his friends, who always think that their names should be missed from the dreaded list. In point of fact, these lists are drawn up in strict rotation, and everything is always fair and above board.

However, to all ranks, there is only one thing that really matters in Daily Orders; and everyone waits to see his own name in a list headed, "The undermentioned are granted seven days' privilege leave w.e.f. . . ."

E. MUNRO, R.A.O.C.

### AIR RAID.

The night alert is about four hours old. It sounds quieter outside, so I finally decide to arrange a shake-down in my improvised bedroom-shelter. For many reasons, I choose the hall for this purpose. It is square, holds a spring-interior mattress and, when all doors are shut and fan-lights boarded up, gives sufficient protection from flying glass.

I carry the mattress into the hall and make up the bed. My best suit and other articles of clothing are suspended from the hall-stand and various door-handles—just in case the bedrooms are unlucky. Finally, I lie down, switch off the light and hope for the best.

For about twenty minutes it is quite peaceful, except for the drone of a 'plane in the dis-

tance and the far-off gunfire of the barrage. Suddenly, unmistakable and undescrivable, comes the rushing sound of a falling bomb, followed by five others in quick succession. Instinctively, I duck under the blankets. There is a seemingly interminable pause—whose luck will be out to-night?—then the dull thud of explosions. For a few minutes the house rocks like a rowing-boat. Then hell breaks loose, as every gun in the vicinity gives tongue, and the air is filled with screaming shells. With the guns of each battery firing simultaneously, the noise is deafening, and the reverberations roll among trees and houses. In my shelter I can feel the draught of each concussion. The drone of the 'plane's engine fades and swells as the pilot tries to elude the bursting shells. Some hope of sleep in this infernal racket! Doors and windows vibrate, pots and pans rattle, and china dances in the cupboards.

After about three hours of this incessant gunfire and bomb explosions—the bombs happily not too close—I get up, and, during a spell of comparative quiet, venture into the kitchenette to make some tea. Then back to bed and a fitful doze. In what seems half-an-hour, but is actually nearer three, comes a rude awakening as the sirens wail the all-clear. Now it is so confoundedly quiet and peaceful that I toss and turn quite a while before managing to drop off again. My "alarm" wakens me at 5 a.m., and there is only just time to carry the mattress to my bedroom, wash and dress before going on duty at 5.45.

To my mind, one obtains more sleep in a house than in an air-raid shelter, although perhaps there isn't the same degree of safety. Rattling doors and windows and a swaying floor are more bearable than chilly discomfort and a medley of snores.

R. SURTEES, Metropolitan Police.

There was a young lady of Harwich  
Who sat all wrapped up in a carriage,  
She sat and she smiled  
Till all men she beguiled,  
And now she's wrapped up in her marriage.  
M. M'A.

Solution—"December."

## FIRE OVER LONDON.

For two and a half months, up to the time of writing, London and its environs have been the object of what the German High Command is pleased to call a blitzkrieg. Now, a blitzkrieg, by its literal translation of "lightning war," implies something much more swift and much more deadly than the "ersatz" lightning made in Germany and conducted nightly across the English Channel by the enemy's aircraft. In point of fact, an amazingly high percentage of the "lightning" which emanates from the French coast and other thundery regions further east is well and truly earthed in the fair broad bosom of this land.

The squadrons of the Luftwaffe, however, are truly German in their persistence, and evidence of their presence over Britain's capital is not far to seek; for two and a half months of bomb warfare, conducted from a few miles up, cannot help but leave its scars on the face of nature and the handiwork of man. Churches, homes, schools, warehouses, stores and shops have felt the terrific impact of the high explosive, or the furious heat of the incendiary bomb; but it is London's East End that has suffered the heaviest, most concentrated shock—that first shattering, surprise blow that fell on Saturday evening. By the thousands, whose privilege it was to go to the aid of a great city in the time of her sorest need, the vivid memory of that evening will never be forgotten.

The call to action came at 6 p.m.—the call which had been so long awaited—and within a few minutes thousands of fire-fighting units had left their stations and sub-stations all over London, with officers and men, to swell the throng which gathered from as far afield as Manchester in the north and Brighton in the south, like moths to a nightmare candle.

The scene of murderous fire was truly awe-inspiring. The blood-red glow, sent upwards and reflected in the billowing cumulus of the autumn sky, could be seen for miles. Even peaceful and sleepy villages in the Home Counties, as yet untouched by war, saw and wondered at the beacon, until wonderment gave place to stark realisation, sullen anger and an aching for revenge.

Through the streets of London the concourse ran eastwards until, heralded by an ever-increasing cloud of drifting black smoke, a scene of breathtaking destruction came into full view. To describe it in its details is beyond the power of pen, for buildings of many kinds were enveloped in a conflagration of awful fierceness, to make a hideous inferno.

Streets were strewn with bricks and glass, while burnt water-mains showered the pavements and levelled the bomb-craters.

From wrecked and stricken homes the people of the district started their slow trek westwards. A cosmopolitan and pathetic trek it was. Brown, white and yellow races rose to their weary feet, such whose feet would still support their shocked bodies, and with bundles over every shoulder they went their way. Some pushed perambulators, handcarts or humble garden barrows, piled high with salvaged household treasures, and few knew whither they were going. All that they realised was that the Nazi aggressor had seen fit to pick upon rows of humble houses as military objectives, albeit they stood often miles away from industrial buildings or railways.

Yes, few then could foresee the end of their journey; but here is to be found the core of Germany's problem, the spirit which has done so much to hamper and cripple what was intended for a swift and annihilating stroke, a lightning war, to be over and done with so soon after it was begun. This fact must stand out above all others. Not a single eye was wet, not a single head drooped in resignation, not a single lip quivered amongst those little people whose world had suddenly been outraged. Each head was held high in defiance, and in every face in that stream of humanity was a look which would have defied the whole world. Thumbs which were not engaged in holding parcels—or babies—were jauntily upturned and accompanied by a grim smile—not a happy smile, but a smile which spoke volumes.

The courage of a nation is the sum total of the courage of all its citizens; for unless every man and woman, young and old, can face disaster, and there find fresh incentive for battle instead of helplessness, then truly that nation is already defeated. Helplessness is not to be countenanced while hands can work and eyes can see, for, while they can, the power remains to help in the defence of freedom.

London has done it, Coventry has done it, and many less publicised towns and villages where the Nazis have flown are doing the same, and while that spirit lasts, then the outcome of our struggle is assured. Governments may rise and fall, armies may advance or retire, but the final test of a nation's power to resist is the courage of its little people, such people whom a famous American journalist has described as "the unprepared civilian population, holding on despite almost continuous and uninterrupted terror, with only their almost unbelievable courage and faith in themselves to maintain them, because, all through that week, no one who was there had any reason whatever to suppose that they and their city would not be bombed and burned out of existence."

J. A. MILNE, London A.F.S.

## SPORT AND DRAMA IN GRANTOWN SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Sixty years ago the great game was shinty, and as schoolboys we were all very keen, playing in Graham's Park all the year round. After school thirty or forty of us would play for an hour or more, and on Saturday forenoons and afternoons nearly double that number would take part in the game.

Shinty was the popular game with the older people as well, and every New Year's Day a match was played on the Square between a lamp-post near the Black Bull (now the Palace Hotel) and the bridge over the burn near the Court House. Whatever the weather conditions, they were not allowed to interfere with this annual fixture.

The match was usually East End versus West End, but occasionally it would be left-handers versus right-handers. Tom M'Kerras might captain the East, and Archie M'Pherson the West. Great crowds watched the games from both sides of the hails and shouted loudly in support of the players. I had the privilege of watching five or six matches, and really thrilling affrays they were. A game would continue from ten o'clock in the morning until mid-day, be resumed at one and finish at three in the afternoon. In the first half the East End might have the best of it, but usually the West would pull level in the second.

Ample provision was made for the players in the way of refreshments, each hotel-keeper and spirit merchant giving a bottle of whisky free. At that time the Square was very different from what it is to-day. The road along the centre was soft and slushy, with pools of water here and there. The young trees, recently planted, often proved obstacles to play, but did not discourage the players. Often in the scramble windows on both sides of the street were broken, but a collection taken at the close of play amply paid for the damage, and, with a hearty shaking of hands, the players wound up an enjoyable day.

Now, let me recall our dramatic efforts. In my early days there flourished a Dramatic Club. It was composed of men, chiefly shopkeepers and tradesmen, and no women were admitted.

Our first play was "Rob Roy M'Gregor." James Dixon, step-dancer, who won many prizes

and medals in the annual sports at Castle Grant, was Rob Roy. Bob Robertson, joiner, played the gentle part of Lady M'Gregor, while Bailie Nicol Jarvie was acted by James Philips, draper, and the Captain of the Guard by Alec Templeton. The female parts were played by young apprentices. Two, the parts of Mattie and Jean M'Alpine, were allotted to me.

The play was presented in the Public Hall, which seated about 400; and it was arranged that performances should take place on the Fridays and Saturdays of two successive weeks. The first two nights proved very successful, the hall being crowded and the audiences so enthusiastic, that we looked forward to our remaining performances with even greater confidence.

Now I can vouch that there was nothing objectionable in the whole play. All the same, a big shock awaited us. On Monday forenoon two of his congregation called on the Rev. Dr Thomson, and told him that they had found it disgusting. He at once visited old Mrs Robertson, his tract-distributor, and persuaded her to withdraw her son Bob from the play. That afternoon she informed the leaders of the Dramatic Club that Bob would not act again.

Here now was "the little rift within the lute that might make all the music mute." A meeting of the Club was held that night, and, to my surprise, I was asked to take Bob's part as Lady M'Gregor, in addition to the two I had already. My father very kindly allowed me to take two hours off on Tuesday and on Wednesday, so that, when we met for rehearsal on Thursday, I was able to do full justice to the part. The last two nights went splendidly, and the audiences were delighted with our performance.

JOHN S. GRANT.

### NOTICE F.P.'S.

A list of Former Pupils serving with H.M. Forces is to be prepared. It will greatly help if friends will send name, rank and regiment of any Former Pupil of the School to Mr W. R. Stuart, News Office, or to the Secretary, Miss J. M. Paterson, Parkburn.

## Contributions from F.P.'s.

### DEATHS.

On 18th February, 1940, in Chicago, William Grant M'Intosh, third son of the late Mr and Mrs Peter M'Intosh, formerly of Rosemount, and latterly of Granish, Aviemore.

The death occurred in Elgin of James D. Cheyne, who was on the staff of Grantown Grammar School for many years. From Grantown he went to Alves, where he was headmaster until his retirement twelve years ago. After his retirement he devoted his time to research, and before his death had completed writing a history of the Parish of Alves. He took great interest in the Moray Field Club and in literary and scientific associations. He was a Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland.

It is with deep regret that we record the death on active service of a very young F.P., Aircraftsman William J. Macdonald, whose parents reside at Upper Port. In the course of his Post Office duties in peace time, he made many friends because of his fine disposition; and his untimely death while in the execution of his duty is a painful blow. All F.P.'s join in paying tribute to a comrade who died with honour, and offer their deepest sympathy to his family.

### WAR CASUALTIES.

The following casualties have been reported. This does not claim to be a complete list. The committee will be grateful if friends will communicate others to the secretary, Miss Jean Paterson.

A Cruickshank, High Street, missing.  
 I. M'Lennan, Woodburn Place, prisoner.  
 R. M'Lennan, Woodburn Place, wounded.  
 C. Watt, Cromdale, prisoner.  
 G. D. M'Kenzie, High Street, missing.  
 C. Murray, High Street, wounded.  
 G. Stewart, Glaschoile, wounded.  
 E. Masson, Spey Bridge, prisoner and wounded.  
 P. Milne, Inverallan, wounded.  
 D. Alanach, Cromdale, prisoner.  
 G. M'William, South Street, prisoner.  
 D. Grant, Castle Road, wounded.  
 T. Noble, Woodburn Place, prisoner.  
 A. Phimister, South Street, prisoner.  
 V. Oliver, High Street, prisoner.  
 J. Laing, High Street, died of wounds.  
 A. Smith, High Street, wounded.  
 E. Cooke, Cromdale, prisoner.  
 G. Cameron, The Square, wounded.  
 F. Macaulay, Lettoch, prisoner.  
 R. Ross, Durnain-Bridge, prisoner.  
 W. Macdonald, Upper Port, killed.  
 G. A. Knight, High Street, prisoner.  
 A. M'Gregor, Woodburn Place, prisoner.



Medallists: (l. to r.) H. F. Cumming (English), D. B. Ayres (Modern Languages), N. C. Low (Classics), H. J. Wright (Mathematics, Science and Harvey Dux). — Photo. A. Ledingham.

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.**

The annual general meeting was held in the school on 5th November. There was a very poor attendance owing to so many other claims on the time of members. Mr Hunter was unable to attend at the beginning of the meeting. Mr W. R. Stuart presided. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved, also balance sheet for 1939-40. The balance sheet showed that there was a loss of £1 7s 0d on the year's working. In former years, the proceeds of the reunion were added to the club funds. In 1939 the usual reunion was not held, but instead a whist drive and dance in aid of the local War Work Party. The sum of £11 5s was handed over. For the 1940 reunion, it was decided to hold a similar function in the school on 27th December—proceeds to be given to the War Work Party for the Comforts Fund and Prisoners of War Fund.

The formation of a Badminton Club was discussed, and a committee was appointed to make arrangements, if the use of the school were granted.

It was decided to give three book prizes, value £1 1s each, instead of medals, which would now be more expensive.

A list of Former Pupils serving with H.M. Forces is to be prepared. The secretary was instructed to advertise, asking names of F.P.'s serving to be sent to Mr W. R. Stuart or to the Secretary.

**Office-Bearers.**

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

Hon. Vice-Presidents—Ex-Provosts J. S. Grant, Wm. M'Gregor, Jos. Paterson, W. A. Glass.

President—Mr T. Hunter.

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

Committee—Miss E. Lawson, Miss Isobel Moyes, Miss Ann Grant, Miss E. Wood, Miss J. Cruickshank, Mr D. M'Beath, Mr R. Wilson.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss 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 to be 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 about the doings of F.P.'s is of value. Any communication to the secretary or to the editor will be carefully noted. Members are urged to co-operate.

**BALANCE SHEET 1940-41.****INCOME.**

Cash in Bank 31/10/39 .....	£49	6	6
Cash on Hand 31/10/39 .....	1	1	3
Subscriptions—			
2 Life Members at			
12/6 .....	£1	5	0
36 Ordinary Mem-			
bers at 2/- .....	3	12	0
Old Guard .....	1	3	0
		6	0
Bank Interest .....		1	6
			8
		£57	14
			5

**EXPENDITURE.**

Medals (3) .....	£4	13	6
Magazines .....	1	2	0
Printing and Advertising .....	0	17	0
Y.M.C.A. for Rooms .....	0	8	6
Old Guard .....	1	3	0
Postages .....	0	10	0
Cash in Bank 1/11/40 .....	49	0	0
Cash in Hand 1/11/40 .....	0	0	5
		£57	14
			5

## MEMBERS.

- Miss J. Alanach, Faebuie, Cromdale.  
 Miss Jean Burgess, 10 Castle Road.  
 James Bell (Cromdale), Hudson Bay Coy., Canada.  
 Mrs Brooks (May Smith), West Hartlepool.  
 \*John B. Burgess, The Larches.  
 \*Mrs J. B. Burgess (Winnie Pyper), The Larches.  
 \*Mrs Mackenzie (J. M. Campbell), Aberlour.  
 A. J. Cameron, Forest Road—Royal Fusiliers.  
 \*Walter Cruickshank, Craigdhu.  
 \*Miss Cruickshank, Seafield Lodge.  
 H. G. Cumming, Paisley.  
 Mrs H. G. Cumming (Maisie Findlay), Paisley.  
 Miss Vera Campbell, Norwood.  
 \*Andrew Cruickshank, Germiston, South Africa.  
 R. Campbell (Norwood), Invergordon.  
 \*Miss M. Cameron (late Badnedin), London.  
 Miss Margaret Cruickshank, Hazel Bank.  
 Miss C. Cameron, Dunira.  
 Mrs Davidson (H. Surtees), Tombreck.  
 Miss Margaret Davidson, Tombreck.  
 Hamish Dixon, Mhorile.  
 Mrs H. Dixon, Mhorile.  
 Miss J. S. Duncan, Dundonnachie.  
 \*Wm. Duncan, 28 High Street.  
 \*Jas. Duncan, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs Dunsmore (L. Philip), Perth.  
 \*Ian Forbes (Connage), R.A.S.C.  
 \*Duncan Fraser, Aberdeen.  
 Miss M. Fraser (Mondhuie), Elgin.  
 Miss J. Fraser (Mondhuie), Kelso.  
 Miss H. Gray, Boat of Garten.  
 Miss H. Gillies, Pitlochry.  
 \*W. A. Glass, Revoan.  
 Miss Isobel Gunn, 130 High Street.  
 Miss D. Geddes, High Street.  
 Miss Ann Grant, Nethybridge.  
 Miss M. Grant, Isla Cottage.  
 \*Mrs Grant (M. Cumming), Cornhill.  
 \*John S. Grant, Rockmount.  
 \*J. A. Grant (Reidhaven), Middlesex.  
 Mrs Allan Grant (M. J. Gillies), Tullochgribban High.  
 Miss Margaret C. Grant, Tullochgribban High.  
 James Grant, Drill Hall House—R.A.F.  
 Mrs J. Grant (N. Duffner), Drill Hall House.  
 T. Hunter, Rosemount.  
 Mrs T. Hunter, Rosemount.  
 \*Mrs N. Tod (M. Hastilow), Madderty.  
 \*Walter Hastilow, Palace Hotel—R.A.  
 Miss Barbara Hepburn, Square.  
 Miss Isobel Jack, Isla Cottage.  
 Miss Meta King, Woodburn Place.  
 Miss Alice King, Woodburn Place.  
 Miss Elsie Keith, Birchview Terrace.  
 Miss Mina Keith, Birchview Terrace.  
 Miss E. Lawson, Blantyre.  
 \*Dr Mabel G. Lawson, London.  
 Miss Doris Laing, Benmore.  
 Miss Moyes, Lilac Cottage.  
 \*Mrs Mutch (L. Duncan), 28 High Street.  
 \*Miss Eliz. Mutch, 28 High Street.  
 \*Peter Moir (Royal Bank), Nairn.  
 \*Mrs Geo. Morrison (Rachael Campbell), London.  
 \*Mrs Fred Munro (Gertie Lawson), Venezuela.  
 \*Chas. Munro, Palace Hotel.  
 \*Miss M. Scott M'Gregor, High Street.  
 \*James S. Mackenzie, Cottage, Spey Bridge.  
 Mrs J. S. Mackenzie, Cottage, Spey Bridge.  
 B. Robertson, Cottage, Spey Bridge.  
 \*Sidney Macgregor, Fort William.  
 \*Mrs MacDougall (J. MacLennan), Dunolly.  
 \*Miss Sheila MacDougall, Dunolly.  
 \*A. Macphail, Hillview—R.A.F.  
 \*Miss Isa Macphail, Hillview.  
 Mrs M'Donald (Bessie M'Intosh), Arbroath.  
 Miss Daisy M'Pherson, Thornhill.  
 \*Wm. R. MacDougall, Sheffield.  
 \*Mrs M'Arthur (M. J. Grant), Transvaal.  
 Miss Mabel M'William, Silverdale.  
 Donald M'Gillivray, Isla Cottage—R.E.  
 \*Mrs Mackay (I. B. Grant), Craiglynn.  
 \*Miss C. M. Mackay, Craiglynn.  
 \*Wm. Macgregor, 46 High Street.  
 Miss Mora Maclean, Nethybridge.  
 Miss Mary Macdonald, Aviemore.  
 Miss Sarah Macdonald, Aviemore.  
 Miss Beatrice M'Intosh, Achnonich.  
 \*Miss H. MacLaren, Strathgryre, Perthshire.  
 Miss Margaret M'Pherson, Brian Cottage.  
 \*Miss M. M. Pyper, Riversdale.  
 \*Miss E. M. Pyper, Dundee.  
 Miss Jean M. Paterson, Parkburn.  
 Miss M. Paterson, Parkburn.  
 \*Jas. Philip, Strathspey Hotel.  
 \*W. A. Robertson, Broughty Ferry.  
 \*W. R. Stuart, News Office.  
 Mrs W. R. Stuart, News Office.  
 \*Mrs Schleppie, 100 High Street.  
 Miss W. Shaw, I Chapel Road.  
 Miss C. Smith, Benalder.  
 \*W. Templeton, Glenwhern.  
 T. Templeton, Glenwhern.  
 Miss N. Templeton, Glenwhern.  
 Miss M. Templeton, Porters Lodge.  
 Miss J. Templeton, Porters Lodge.  
 \*Dr James Williams, Stonefield.  
 Miss E. A. Wood, Balmenach.  
 Miss C. Winchester, Castle Road.  
 \*Life Members.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

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Angus Mackintosh, Dulnain-Bridge, a former dux of the school, now serving with the R.A.F., has been awarded his "wings."

✂ ✂ ✂

Pat Garrow, Aberlour, is still with the R.A.F. in the Middle East. A cablegram was received from him recently.

✂ ✂ ✂

Victor Ross, Dulnain-Bridge, who passed out with great distinction from the Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh, has obtained a commission in the Royal Navy.

✂ ✂ ✂

Harry Fraser, Mondhuie, has taken up his duties in Malaya as a civil engineer under the

Colonial Office. After graduating with first class honours in engineering at Aberdeen University, he was for a time employed by the Ministry of Transport.

✂ ✂ ✂

William Ledingham, High Street, has relinquished his post with H.M.V. to train as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm.

✂ ✂ ✂

James Allan, Ballintomb, who recently graduated M.B., Ch.B. at Edinburgh University, is now on the staff of Inverness Royal Infirmary.

✂ ✂ ✂

Duncan Davidson, High Street, had a very successful year at Edinburgh University, being

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first in the astronomy class. He is now in his final year of the Hons. Maths. course.

✻ ✻ ✻

Alex. Smith, High Street, who is a sick-berth attendant in the Royal Navy, received injuries during operations at sea. It is a pleasure to know that his recovery was rapid.

✻ ✻ ✻

George Cameron, The Square, was severely wounded while serving with the Camerons on the Somme. Although his health is much improved, he has received his discharge from the army.

✻ ✻ ✻

Richard Surtees, High Street, still in the East Dulwich Division of the Metropolitan Police, is a veteran of many air raids. Official discretion, however, prevents him writing detailed experiences.

✻ ✻ ✻

Gordon Jack, Castle Road, has been transferred to a branch post office in Kirkwall, Orkney. He expects to be joined by George Fraser, Dulnain-Bridge.

✻ ✻ ✻

Tom Hunter, Woodside Avenue, is in his final year of medicine at Aberdeen University. He is president of the Students' Union and Sergeant-Major of the medical unit of the University O.T.C.

✻ ✻ ✻

Pat M'Lean, Nethybridge, graduated with second class honours in English at Aberdeen University last summer. He is now training as a pilot in the R.A.F.

✻ ✻ ✻

Donald Stuart, South Street, who passed his final examinations as a male nurse, is now serving with the R.A.M.C.

✻ ✻ ✻

John Milne, High Street, on the outbreak of war resigned his post with Messrs Heinz to take

up whole-time duty with the London A.F.S. Some of his experiences are described in an article contributed to this issue.

✻ ✻ ✻

All members have great pleasure in congratulating Edwin Munro, Station Road; William Macaulay, Lettoch; Ian Macpherson, Castle Road, and Donald Stuart, South Street, who have recently been married. They are all serving with the Forces.

✻ ✻ ✻

We sympathise with those members who are prisoners of war. Robert Ross, Dulnain-Bridge; Frank Macaulay, Lettoch; Alex. Phimister, South Street, and Ernest Cooke, Cromdale, have been able to communicate with their friends. We are assured that they are in good health and looking forward to a release which we hope will not be long delayed.

✻ ✻ ✻

Kenneth M'Cabe, Cromdale, has been in the district on leave. He is now a sergeant in the Scots Guards and served with his regiment in Norway.

✻ ✻ ✻

Miss Elizabeth D. Mutch, High Street, has been successful in passing the Final State Examination for Nurses. She is a former Harvey Dux Medallist of Grantown Grammar School, and is on the staff of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

✻ ✻ ✻

Miss Rena Mortimer, Woodside Avenue, has passed the Final State Examination for Nurses; she had also the distinction of being awarded the silver medal as best nurse of her year in Leith General Hospital.

✻ ✻ ✻

Miss Ellinor Cruickshank, Dava, has passed the final examination for the Civil Service. She is now in the Senior Tax Officer Class and at present stationed at Dumfries. She was Harvey Dux Medallist in 1933.

Miss Mabel MacWilliam, M.A., South Street, has completed her training at Edinburgh Training Centre, and has been appointed assistant in Elgin Academy.



Miss Margaret Templeton, The Lodge, has taken up duty in Richmond, Yorkshire. She successfully completed her training in Aberdeen as a domestic science teacher.



Miss Beatrice MacIntosh, Achosnich, who has finished a similar course in Edinburgh, has lately been appointed to Cowplain Senior Girls' School, Southampton.



Miss Vera Campbell, M.A., High Street, and Miss Margaret Fraser, M.A., Nethybridge, have taken up duty in Elgin Academy. They are acting in a temporary capacity for the present.



Miss Kathleen Mutch, High Street, has passed Part I. of the Diploma of Nurses.



Miss Winifred Shaw, Chapel Road, has successfully completed the course for domestic science teachers at Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh.



Miss Catherine Smith, B.Sc., High Street, who has been assistant dietitian in Glasgow Western Infirmary for the past two years, has been appointed chief dietitian in the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow. She graduated at Glasgow University in 1937 with honours in applied chemistry.

Miss Mansel Stuart, Lynemacgregor, has successfully completed 2nd year at Moray House Training College, Edinburgh; and Miss Margaret C. Grant, Higher Tullochgribban, at Aberdeen Training Centre for Teachers.



Miss Diana M'Intosh, Dulnain-Bridge, has successfully completed 2nd year at Aberdeen School of Domestic Science.



Miss Mary Macdonald, Aviemore, has completed her 3rd year at the Glasgow School of Art.



Two F.P.'s have returned to their old school to take up teaching duties, Miss Marion Paterson, M.A., High Street, from Forres Academy, and Miss Isabella Mackintosh, M.A., Spey Bridge, from Dyke.

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One of the school's most popular pupils, Miss Mary Cruickshank, Woodside Avenue, is now reported safe and well in Nazi-occupied Denmark. Miss Cruickshank's course was finished, and, had it not been for the war, would by now have returned to this country. She passed her final examinations at Junker's College of Physical Instruction, and gained the Royal Life-Saving Society's Award of Merit.

We have great pleasure in congratulating Mr John S. Grant and Mrs Grant on the celebration of their golden wedding. For many years Mr Grant has taken a leading part in the activities of the community, and not least in the F.P.'s Club. Thanks to a wonderful memory, he has a rich fund of reminiscences, some of which he has kindly contributed to this issue. To Mr and Mrs Grant the Club conveys its very best wishes for the years to come.



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