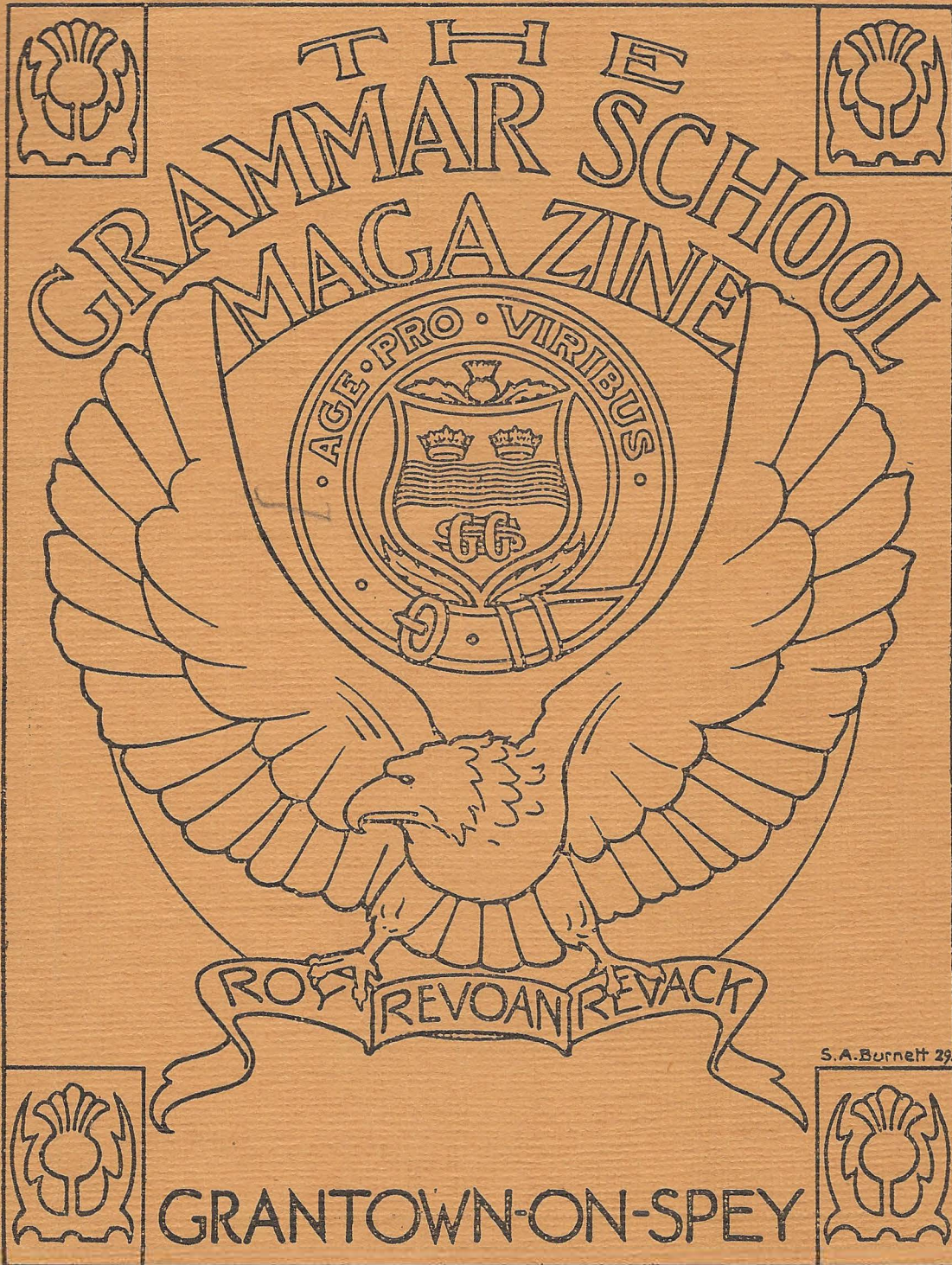


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# The Grammar School Magazine

## Grantown-on-Spey.

No. 14.

DECEMBER, 1942.

Editor—Ada Imray.

Advertisements—Christine Tulloch.

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### Editorial.

The elephant is a kindly creature and, contrary to expectation, he is not clumsy in spite of his bulk. He is sociable and inventive and his outlook on life is decidedly democratic. Like mankind he is blessed or cursed by the "herd" instinct, but his great fame lies in his memory—he never forgets.

Many interesting things might be told of elephants did space permit. The point, however, is that we ourselves are elephant-minded—we will not forget your appreciation of our Magazine which, produced in these present difficulties, is perhaps not quite what we would like it to be. Until that good time when bathing

beauties once again disport themselves on the banks of the Spey, when the Red Cross penny is spent on sweets, when the only Guard is the Old Guard, when wartime restrictions will have disappeared with the barbed wire, we, for our part, will endeavour to overcome the present difficulties of the times and continue to produce our School Magazine.

With a hope that the day may be not far distant when the bells of peace will ring out their joyous tidings and with a speedy *au revoir* which our brilliant radio fan might interpret as "Ta-ta for now," we trust you will give this number the attention it deserves.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Conditions in school during the past year have been as normal as war-time conditions can be. A few evacuees have arrived from time to time and almost an equal number have departed. We have still between forty and fifty of these war guests with us and they fit into the scheme of things admirably.

Shortened hours during mid-winter owing to summer-time and black-out arrangements would appear to be the only real brake on educational progress. Nevertheless, there are other distractions whose effects may be very real.

The aim has been to make a virtue of necessity and to contrive that the many war-aid schemes carried out in school exert beneficial influences on the pupils themselves.

Paper salvage, for example, has laid continuous responsibility on the boys who carry on this very useful work. Week after week, they collect, weigh and hand over to the burgh collectors a substantial quantity of waste paper.

In the food production campaign, technical course pupils have shown adaptability and, under the wise supervision of their instructor, Mr Charles Grant, are fast becoming capable gardeners. This year, over three tons of potatoes have been gathered from the school plot. The senior girls, too, cultivated quite successfully a small vegetable garden.

Economy in the use of material gave little prospect of craftwork enterprise during the past year. At the end of session 1941-42, however, such ingenuity had been applied to the use of available material that the art and benchwork classes, assisted by Primary and Infant departments, were able to provide an attractive exhibition of work on Prize Day.

During the harvest season, many boys and several girls have been busy helping local farmers to secure their crops.

An example of steady, unswerving effort is found in the school's collecting for the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund. During session 1941-42, Miss Paterson, treasurer for the school's contributions, sent more than £100 to this most deserving fund.

The school branch of the National Savings Association, too, achieved outstanding results for the same session under the treasurership of Miss Alanach. Total deposits for the year exceeded £1000. During the "Tanks for Attack" campaign this session, the school branch was one of those which exceeded their target, the total for the period being £261 9s 3d.

There was the usual large turnout of parents and other members of the public at the 1942 Prize Day ceremony, when Dr I. C. Monro, the recently appointed County Medical Officer, made his first public appearance in Grantown and gave an able and instructive address. Mrs Monro presented the prizes.

Dr T. MacLaren, Director of Education, was also present and made a witty and inspiring speech. Undoubtedly, Dr MacLaren has made a niche for himself at these Prize Day ceremonies.

The Harvey Dux prize-winner for last session was Hugh R. Tulloch. Dr Fawcett's Science prize, the Mathematics prize and the F.P. Club's English, French and Latin prizes went to the same pupil. Ada R. Imray was proxime accessit and Catherine C. MacKenzie was winner of the F.P. Club's German prize.

As mentioned above, one of the features of Prize Day was an exhibition of work. A collection was taken on behalf of the Grantown War Comforts Fund.

During the past year, certain changes of staff have taken place which former and present pupils must regret.



Miss Edith M. Lawson was closely associated with the Grammar School and played a foremost part in its various activities for many years. She was a pupil from the earliest Primary to the highest Secondary stage and was a member of the staff for twenty-one years. In her departure, the school has lost one of its ablest and most loyal teachers.

\* \* \*

On leaving to take up a teaching appointment in the London area, Miss Lawson received a gold wristlet watch as a parting gift from the staff and pupils.

\* \* \*

Mr Robert Wilson, who left at the end of last year to join the staff of Aberdeen Grammar School, had also played an important role in the school's affairs. He will long be remembered for his leadership in athletics and for his indefatigable work in the organisation of that lively band of former pupils, the Old Guard. He, too, was the recipient of a parting gift from the staff and senior pupils.

\* \* \*

Mrs MacLaren, Revack, has replaced Miss Lawson. Mr J. S. Thornton, from Oban High School, has taken over Mr Wilson's duties as classical master.

\* \* \*

Mr Thornton has also undertaken the post of sportsmaster for the senior boys, and even in these days of all-round restrictions there is no lack of enthusiasm on the athletics side of school life.

\* \* \*

Miss Masson organises the senior girls' games and physical training.

\* \* \*

While records of former pupils are confined to the F.P. columns of the Magazine, it is fitting that mention be made here of that numerous body of former pupils who are valiantly playing their various parts in the nation's war effort.

\* \* \*

The school salutes them and is proud of their gallantry and devotion to duty. We remember especially the relatives of those former pupils who have made the supreme sacrifice and extend to them the sympathy of pupils and staff.

### CERTIFICATES GAINED DURING SESSION 1941-42

**Senior Leaving Certificates** have been gained by the following pupils—Ada R. Imray, Catherine C. Mackenzie, Ruth A. Mathieson, Hugh R. Tulloch.

**Junior Secondary Certificates** — Mary S. M'William, Mary E. Templeton, Sheila R. Birnie, William Gordon, James A. Grieve, Isobel G. P. Lobban, Nina F. Macdonald, Barbara Macaulay, Flora Marshall, Ian C. M'Intosh, Marion Grant, Alister G. Surtees.

**Day School Certificates (Lower)** — Isabel Cumming, Vera Dann, Charles Grant, Catherine T. Sutherland, Olive E. White, Isobel E. Calder.

### MY FIRST ADVENTURE IN THE AIR.

On the day on which several of us local fellows, being A.T.C. cadets, were to make our first flight, we rose full of enthusiasm and impatient for the appointed hour to arrive. As we were living on an aerodrome at the time, we had to rise early, which meant that we had about an hour to wait before we could prepare to take the air.

This hour was probably one of the longest we have experienced, but eventually we were ordered to get ready. When we had donned our flying kit we reported to the warrant officer, who assigned us, one to each 'plane. Then we set off across the field in different directions to report to the captain of our aircraft, and soon we were ready to take off. During the short wait, however, while the engines were being warmed up, a strange feeling of excitement came over me. I cannot explain it, but I know that it was caused by my ignorance of what was before me. At any rate I did not get time to think about it because with a cheery word from the pilot, we began to race across the ground, steadily increasing the speed, and before I realised it, we were airborne. This had all happened so suddenly that it took me a few minutes to understand the situation. Actually at this time I was sort of spellbound, but soon I contented myself that it wasn't imaginary, and

relaxing, began to take a great interest in all that was going on.

Behind me sat the wireless operator, transmitting and receiving messages in a very business-like manner. Thinking I would like to find out what was passing between him and the ground, I put on a helmet, and feeling quite confident, since I could then receive at the rate of ten words per minute, I "plugged in." To my horror, however, all I could hear coming over was a buzz, sent so fast that I felt rather guilty and quickly turned my attention to the navigator who was sitting across from me. He explained several things to me with a friendliness which made me quite at home, and then presented me with a large brightly-coloured map on which I had to find the position of the aircraft. This was easy as the map had all hills and lochs marked on it.

A very interesting stage of the flight came next when we sighted a convoy on the horizon. It was an impressive sight seeing these boats stealthily ploughing through the waves as if nothing would stop them.

In a short time we arrived at our destination, and after circling it once or twice, made for home. At this point the fun and thrills began because the crew seemed to be much happier now. On the outward journey it had been plain sailing with no more twists and turns than a car has on an ordinary run. But now the pilot, who was a tall, heavily-built fellow about twenty-three, although he could have passed for three by the manner in which he played with the kite, started diving, climbing and banking, presumably for my benefit. This sudden change had taken me aback at first, since flying level is so much different from stunting. When he put the aircraft into a dive, I felt as if I was to go through the roof, and had to hold on to the seat, and then when we began to climb again I could have sworn I was to leave through the floor at any moment. All these sensations seemed to make each one of us take on a daring attitude and after this I could not get enough thrills.

When we were about thirty miles from home the pilot called me forward, and after explaining some of the instruments, told me to take over. I do not remember exactly how I felt, but I changed places with him, and there I was gripping the control column. In my ex-

citement I pressed it forward, then pulled it right back and levelled out again. With a few words of caution and when he had advised me to handle the controls lightly, the pilot turned away and began talking with the rest of the crew. Feeling on top of the world, I steered the aircraft in the direction of the station, never having felt so proud or so happy before. Soon we were over land again and I reluctantly had to change places once more. Then to finish off the flight we did some hedge-hopping, unbelievably possible to anyone flying for the first time, and which at first sent a cold shiver up my back.

We were now approaching the air-field and when we had circled it, we glided down and made a perfect landing. Then having thanked the crew for making the journey so pleasant, I set off across the field to tell my pals all about it, and with my mind made up to fly again.

VI.

### A WAR ALPHABET.

**A** is for Adolf who thinks he is smart,  
To war he has given, like Musso, his heart.

**B**'s for Britannia, still ruling the waves,  
And sinking the Hun, 'cos he misbehaves.

**C**'s for communique, brief and laconic,  
And also for Churchill whose style is a tonic.

**D** is defeat, and that it will come  
To the Axis 'tis certain—perhaps down the  
lum!

**E** is for Ersatz, a substitute food,  
But even for Germans—it's far too good!

**F** is for freedom, democracy's goal;  
Miners will help, if they give us the coal!

**G** is for Goebbels, "A cruiser," he'll drawl,  
"Was sunk by our airmen," but do cruisers  
trawl?

**H** is for Hess, first Nazi to "skip,"  
We know what it means when rats leave a ship!

**I** is for Indians—at . . . ? so handy,  
Shows that all Indians do not follow Ghandi.

**J** is for ja, which party men utter;  
When Goering says guns are better than butter.

**K**'s for Mein Kampf—it reads oddly to-day;  
The —isms have all become —wasms they say!



**L**'s for Luftwaffe—once so daring;  
The Battle of Britain—still they're repairing!  
**M** was for Munich in the good old times;  
But now it means both munitions and mines.  
**N** is for neutral—which means, if you're small,  
Being bombed, sunk, invaded, one by one, that  
is ail.  
**O** is for oil and for oranges too,  
Both very scarce in a country or two.  
**P** is for pilots, on land and on sea,  
Who fight for their country and you and me.  
**Q** is for Quisling, but this is no time  
To tell of a traitor, in a novice's rhyme.  
**R** is for Ribbentrop; Axis or pact,  
He signs them, in turn, in his quick-changing  
act.  
**S** is for Schinkelgruber—what's in a name,  
Hitler or Fuehrer—all "stink" much the same!  
**T** is for tarker, whose cargo of oil;  
Once safely across, will scorch German soil.  
**U** is for U-boats, which we hope will soon be;  
In fact, as in metaphor, blots on the sea!  
**V** is for victory, I'll tell you straight,  
We will attain it, if we all pull our weight.  
**W** added to R.A.F. or to R.N.,  
Reminds us that women are equal to men.  
**X** is a weapon by Germany sought;  
But we know it will always be  $X=0$ !  
**Y** is for yellow—the colour of Japs?  
But don't be too hasty—first look at your  
maps!  
**Z** is for zero—this shortage of coal;  
We'd be just as warm at the "ruddy" North  
Pole!

K. B., VI.

### A HOLIDAY ON A HERRING CURING STATION.

My friend and I were invited to spend our summer holidays on a herring curing station in Shetland. We went from Aberdeen to Lerwick by the s.s. "St Sunniva," taking about fifteen hours for the journey. How trim and smart she looked, painted all white, but travelling in her was not so jolly if you were not a good sailor.

At length, arriving at Lerwick, we dis-

embarked. Our hostess was there to welcome us and soon we were racing along in a rather ancient taxi over a very rough road to Gremista, which lies about two miles from Lerwick. After a short time we reached our destination and entered a small garden, enclosing a white wooden bungalow with a gay red roof.

We stood in the garden and surveyed the scene. In front, and below us, lay the curing station; beyond that was the strip of sea which divided the main island from the Isle of Bressay, which lay opposite to this part of the coast and formed a natural harbour with a southern exit at Lerwick and a northern one at Scotland Point. On either side of us, almost as far as we could see, lay other stations with their characteristic "mounds" of barrels. As we looked, drifters came steaming across the loch and out at the northern exit, on their way to the fishing-grounds, while, behind us, the sun went down behind the treeless hills, leaving a path of purple and gold on the water and making a magnificent sight.

The station on which we stayed was laid out in two distinct parts, the living quarters and the working ones. On a level with the bungalow and forming roughly three sides of a square were the cook-house, the men's sleeping quarters and the women's huts. The cook-house was a communal feeding centre for the male employees, while the female employees who lived three in a hut (three girls making a "crew") had a stove in each hut and were therefore responsible for their own meals. From the living quarters steps led down a steep slope past the foreman's little house to a well-drained, modern, concrete-laid curing yard, to the left of which stood the sheds for providing cover not found on many stations for the girls when "gutting," and to the right, the store of empty barrels waiting to be filled.

The next day we were up early and went in our host's car to the fish market. When the boats came in, the skipper took a sample of the fish into the market. Buyers examined samples and, knowing how many crans the drifters had, could calculate how much there would be in the different classes. The herrings were bought and the drifters went over to the various stations to deliver the catch. While they were sailing across the loch the

buyer telephoned to his foreman and told him what drifters were coming over and how much herring to expect.

We hurried back from the market to see what was happening on the station. At the landing-stage a few drifters were tied up and the men were busy unloading the herrings into baskets which were put on bogies. Eight baskets to a bogie, and four baskets equal one cran. Nearby stood a tallyman who marked down the number of crans unloaded from each drifter, because the skippers only estimate how much they have. The noise of derricks and the shouting of orders mingled with the screams of gulls as they hovered around the boats, trying to snatch a tasty bite.

The bogies were run on rails up into the sheds where they were emptied into "farlans" or wooden troughs and sprinkled with salt. Two girls from each crew stood behind them, gutting herring and sorting them as they did so into baskets of "half-matties," "matties," "full-matties" and "T.B.'s." As the gut knives are very sharp the girls protect their fingers by winding rags round them. The girls are dressed in wellington boots, oilskin skirts with bibs, and handkerchiefs cover their heads.

The third and most experienced member of the crew, the packer, took the baskets, emptied them into a square wooden tub and sprinkled them with salt. Next she packed them with salt neatly into barrels and pickle was poured in. The pickle was made of salt and water, which was tested to see if it contained the correct percentage of salt. The ends were fixed on the barrels by the men and then they were left for a few days. A hole was then bored in each barrel and more pickle was poured in to replace what had been absorbed by the herrings. Now a bung was placed in each hole and the barrels were ready for export.

The herring guts, after being placed in barrels, were taken away at the end of the day to a gut-factory on Bressay to be used to manufacture artificial manures and oils, therefore there was no unpleasant smell from them which might be expected on a curing station.

Some days all the girls were out at work and sometimes only a few, the remainder looking after the huts and preparing the food. Women employees were recruited from many parts of the mainland and from the neighbour-

ing islands, so that, whether at work or at play, they were most interesting. In summer ships came in at Lerwick three or four times a week from the mainland, and in this way they received papers and their mail quite regularly. Sundays were very peaceful, for no boats go out; they generally lie up and the men rest or go ashore, and on the station nobody did any work.

We spent a pleasant holiday there and visited many of the surrounding villages and lochs. One thing that struck us most, was that when travelling about the island we hardly ever lost sight of the sea because in many places it reached far inland. When we left Lerwick, with its quaint cobbled main street and its places of historical interest, we looked back with happy memories feeling that we knew just a little more about one of the great Scottish industries.

E. S., III.

### A BAGGEPYPE WEL COUDE HE BLOWE AND SOWNE

. . . (Chaucer).

Having both racked and wrecked my not inconsiderable quantity of grey matter in a desperate attempt to find something which might interest or amuse you poor souls who have been coaxed, cajoled or blackmailed into purchasing this magazine, I have had to have recourse to matters dealing with piping. No, I'm not going to publish the still secret minutes of Ye Smoking Clubbe, the piping referred to is the music produced by that most mysterious of musical instruments (though some heathens would call it an offence against civilisation), the Scottish bagpipes.

I alluded above to certain "heathens" who said nasty things about Scotland's national music. Well, I suppose everyone, even the Sassenach, is entitled to his opinion, but I would take great pleasure in personally assassinating anyone who says that pipe music is nothing more than a succession of groans, squeals and grunts such as are emitted by the common or garden cat in its last throes.

Seriously though, there never was invented a better instrument to lighten the hearts and



feet of weary men, to stir the soldier to deeds of heroism on the field of battle, and when the battle is over to bring a tear to the eye of the survivor with laments fraught with grief for the brow lads who have fought their last fight. Yet this instrument can equally well set the feet dancing in the gay abandonment of a reel or strathspey.

There is something about pipe music which fits in and harmonises with the tramp of marching men with their swinging kilts and which brings before the mind's eye of the absent Scot the amethyst, heather-clad hills of his homeland. Indeed, in every corner of the earth where a Scot is to be found, there you will hear him put his heart into his chanter and play, thinking all the while of the grand mountains and glens he may never see again.

Unfortunately, however, I think that the half-Sassenach inhabitants of the Lowlands play more and take more of an interest in piping than we of the Highlands do, which is truly a great pity. Just to illustrate that statement, in a few years there will be practically no pipers in this district, the valley which gave its name to the famous Strathspey.

At the moment we can muster four and a half pipers in the Home Guard Band (I'm the half), and when we can keep each other out of the various refreshment palaces in the village for long enough we do our best to keep alive the most ancient music of all.

A. G., V.

#### THE QUARTERLIES.

Write! write! write!

On the blank white paper. Oh! see!  
And I would that my pen could answer,  
For the questions bamboozle me.

Oh! well for the lucky boy,  
Who thinks the exams all play.  
Oh! well for the clever girl,  
Who learned it yesterday.

White! write! write!

The busy pens write on.  
Oh! for the look of an open book,  
And the chance of a day that is gone.

G. G., IV.

#### COME TO STRATHSPEY.

If you ever feel weary and tired,  
Overworked, or it may be depressed,  
Just come to Strathspey for your next holiday,  
Where you'll find both contentment and rest.  
To breathe the fresh air, you'll enjoy,  
The scent of the tree and the flower,  
To tramp o'er the hills and the dales,  
You'll have pleasure with every hour.  
The many kind friends you will meet,  
All willing to welcome you here,  
Will give you a feeling that if you are spared,  
Strathspey you must visit each year.

A. G., I.

#### COMMANDO RAID ON HAYRE.

I belong to Britain's famous Commandos.

One parade morning we were told by our C.O., Major Wilson, that we had a big "stunt" coming off at dawn on the following morning.

That night the company left the shore and joined a convoy further out. We had an uneventful journey across. At exactly 6.30 a.m. the assault barges left the larger ships for the shore.

We had established ourselves on the beach before the enemy opened fire. We kept low so as to avoid unnecessary casualties. Then the sergeant in charge of our section came along after interviewing the C.O. "Well lads, our objective is to destroy the church behind the town, which is being used as an ammunition dump by the enemy," he said.

We started out on our way by crawling along behind a ridge, which gave us valuable cover for about quarter of a mile. When we reached the church the sergeant asked me to dispose of Huns who were in a trench behind a tree in the graveyard. I crawled round the back of the church so as to come in the rear of the enemy. There was an explosion as I threw a Mills bomb into the trench. Next we laid a charge of dynamite, and retired to a safe distance; suddenly there was a deafening explosion as the church blew up.

Then we crawled back along behind the ridge until we reached the beach, where we entered our assault barges and made for home.

Next day we were told that we were going to get 48 hours' leave as a reward for our services.

D. H., I.

### THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AFTER FIVE YEARS OF WAR.

Whether it was on account of the supper I ate, or merely because I fell asleep thinking very deeply about school, I do not know, but whatever the cause, I had rather a peculiar dream several nights ago.

The year was 1944, and the scene, Grantown Grammar School, but although the rest of the world had advanced, the same old members of classes V. and VI. were to be seen stalking the corridors, instilling terror in the younger ones, just as they do to-day. Do not be alarmed! As far as I know they had not all failed in their Highers. I cannot explain their presence. This is a good example of dreamer's licence.

School had changed a great deal in the last two years. The first thing which struck me as odd was that "Prayers" in the hall were now abolished, for eight long, wooden tables with benches at either side, stood in a row along the length of the hall. The pupils walked straight to the class-rooms to begin lessons. Here I noticed that instead of the conventional gym tunic, most of the girls wore the new "Austerity" dress, that is a hooded garment down to the ankles, which in accordance with the regulations did not use up more than four yards of utility tweed, and were fastened with, at the most, three wooden buttons, of diameter two centimetres. Most of the boys, too, wore this type of cloak, and those who did not, favoured the "short-long" trousers which had been so fashionable in the 1940-41 season. Everyone wore clogs, owing to the scarcity of rubber, but one or two fifth year boys had pieces of felt nailed to the soles, to prevent deafness among the other pupils. Every boy and girl carried only a slate and slate pencil, for paper had long been out of use in schools. This method of doing lessons also did away with the need for india-rubbers, which were now replaced by "spit-and-polish."

I was somewhat surprised to see that every

classroom was in complete darkness, but the reason for this and for the light equipment of the pupils soon became evident. Each classroom contained an epidiascope, in which the necessary text-book was placed by the teacher, and shown on the screen. In this way one look sufficed the whole class. A quarter of the cost of the epidiascope was raised by collecting and selling the old, now unwanted text-books at £5 per ton, and to make up for the extra usage of fuel, no central heating was used in the school. Instead, four candles were placed in the centre of each room, and with these and their thick cloaks, the pupils kept reasonably warm. The teachers moved from room to room instead of the classes, since it was decided that the exit and entrance of some forty to fifty pupils each hour caused too much of a draught. I say every hour, because now, as no lessons were done at home, the Higher Grade spent ten hours each day in school, of which one was the dinner-hour. The boys in the science department collected the grease which dripped from the candles as they burned, and at the end of every day poured it into test-tubes with wires in the centres, thus forming new candles, for which the senior girls knitted new wicks. The latent and specific heat of candle grease was calculated, and, if it was found that enough candles were not produced from the grease, the class responsible put a penny each into the Red Cross fund. A consignment of three hundred candles thus lasted for several weeks.

The school prided itself that its pupils were always kept healthy, and one of the reasons was the daily supply of milk. To save petrol in the car which would have to bring the milk to school, the cows were kept on the premises — on the pitch (games were now played in the Black Park), and the girls took it time about to go down to milk them, half an hour before the milk was served at eleven o'clock. The boys, of course, had the task of feeding and putting in the cows for the night. They were kept in the furnace, which was no longer necessary for its original purpose.

From nine in the morning till seven at night the pupils remained in school, going home only to sleep. Since there was a small British restaurant in every road of the town, a great deal of fuel was saved by all. Dinner in school



was served on the tables in the hall at one o'clock, and made by the girls who took cookery. Those who took Languages washed up the dishes, and were ready to begin lessons again at two o'clock.

I had almost begun to become accustomed to this unusual procedure, but unfortunately at this point I woke up, so I shall probably never know what happened after two o'clock.

M. T., V.

### HOME "WORK."

When he sits down at the table to do his homework, he can't find his pen. Oh, here it is. He is about to start writing when he discovers there is no ink in it. Where is that ink-bottle? He commences to look for it, opening drawers, bookcases and cupboards and doing everything but find it. Finally, after pulling the room apart, so that it looks like a cyclone-swept area, he finds the bottle of ink on the bookcase.

Now he wonders what he has done with his pen—he had it in his hand a minute ago. He then starts hunting for it. Eventually he discovers that by some mysterious means it has found its way into his pocket. He fills his pen with ink, and, in doing so, spills it freely over the table.

Oh, what a state! Where's a blotter? He can't find one. Off on the search again, and, after another hunt, comes back with about five and cleans up the ink. He puts the blotters and the ink away and with a big sigh settles down to do his homework.

As he looks at his book he nearly collapses. He has the wrong one. He has left the right one in school. Oh, boy, no homework to-night! Where's that book he was reading?

E. G., IV.

### A WEEK BY THE RIVER.

One day when we were going a walk by the river, we saw a whirlpool on the other side. We then continued our walk. As we were about to turn a bend we noticed a roe-deer and her fawn, and as the wind was blowing towards us they did not scent us. Then all at once they turned and fled.

IAIN BURGESS, Primary II.

### THE EVENING.

O'er the meadow came the herd  
Back from the plains so green.  
After them came the weary laird  
And his dog named Keen.

Then came the ploughman, weary and worn,  
Home to the fireside to wait for the morn.  
Out came the stars and the red planet Mars,  
All giving light to the great fierce wars.

THOMAS STUART, Primary IV.

### WINTER.

Ere the sun had gone to rest  
The clouds were gathering in the west,  
The rooks were cawing loud and clear,  
As if they knew a storm was near.  
All through the night the wind did blow,  
And when I awoke I found the snow  
Lying on the ground, so white,  
The snow that had fallen through the night.

E. M., I.

### RED CROSS PENNIES.

Pennies! Pennies! Pennies!  
All come pouring in.  
Do you hear rattling?  
Oh, what a din!  
They're all for the wounded—  
They're all for the sore:  
So keep those pennies rattling  
And we'll win the war!

MARY M'DONALD, Primary III.

When the big ships go out to sea  
They will bring home something for my tea;  
As the big steamer sails on the waves  
Many a man's life it saves.

BETTY C. MACKINTOSH, Primary II.

Has S's fire gone out since the flame left?

\* \* \*

"Something sweet across the street"—  
whose motto?

**GOLDSLOCKS (Revised Edition).**

One day a little gel was walking in the woods when she came to a tiny cottage.

But before I go any further I must explain that Goldilocks had lost her way in the black-out.

Then she saw this cottage. The windows were beautifully decorated with strips of gummy paper, and a sweet little air-raised shelter stood in one corner.

Goldilocks combed out her beautiful golden hair (arranged a la Blonde Bombshell), and reflected that it was a pity that Boots had run out of henna, as her coiffure was getting a bit streaky.

Then she re-floured her nose and tapped at the door— . . . —? Nobody at home . . .

She looked around the room. The table was laid for three. At each place was set a plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and in the centre of the table was a plate of butter—three pats of Stork's, to be exact — and a bowl of saccharin. The milkman hadn't come that day, so a tin of powdered milk and a jug of lukewarm water were placed ready to be mixed into beautiful fresh milk, straight from the cow—er—tin.

Blondie (sorry, I mean Goldilocks) was used to Rice Crispies, so she tasted the Corn Flakes, decided she liked them better, and cleaned out the packet.

Next she went upstairs and looked around. In Mrs Blair's room her attention was arrested by a tempting display of lipstick and real powder! She slipped a few trifles into her handbag and curiosity prompted her to see what make they were. A neat label informed her they were "Black Market" cosmetics, a famous new make. Suddenly she heard footsteps. Somebody was coming up the stairs. The door opened and Mr, Mrs and little Georgie Blair entered. Three voices exclaimed simultaneously:—

Pa: Ah! a beautiful maiden!

Ma: The impudent hussy!!

Georgie: Gee! a blonde!!!

Blondie disappeared down the firewatching ladder, but not before she had whispered coily in Mr Blair's ear, "Telephone number, 123456."

C. T., IV.

**THOSE WERE THE DAYS.**

Oh happy days! Oh happy days!  
When one could buy a suit o' claes,  
An apron or a camisole,  
Without that coupon rigmarole,  
When ye could buy a pound o' ham,  
A stane o' sugar for yer jam,  
An' a' the meat ye liked tae cook  
Withoot that awfy ration book.

Thae were the days, I mind them weel,  
Nae pinch nor shortage did ye feel,  
Nae lack o' matches in the shops,  
Nae queuin' up for acid drops,  
When a' the street lamps were alicht,  
Tae guide yer progress in the nicht,  
An' naebody need tae care a hoot  
For drawin' blinds or blackin' oot.

Thae were the days o' peacefu' life,  
Nae needless worries, endless strife,  
But dinna fear, for weel we ken  
Thae happy days will come again.

A. R., III.

**A JOB TO DO.**

Last night as I lay dreaming  
Of a job that was to do,  
I seemed to see them streaming  
From the east and westward too:

These boys and girls from U.S.A.,  
From Capetown to Peru,  
As far away as Hudson Bay;  
They've a' a job to do.

And endlessly the stream ran by,  
They've come in thousands here to fight,  
And all with one accord they cry,  
"We're here to keep the homeland right."

These volunteers but yet untried,  
Are come to save a heritage,  
For which their fathers fought and died,  
The sacrifice none yet can gauge.

And when I woke at break of day,  
A dream and answer there and then,  
I saw such manhood on its way,  
To quench the hopes of wicked men.

S. C., II.



**OUR SAYING GRACE.**

To save the matches  
 Please keep a taper.  
 When you light the fire,  
 Don't waste paper!

To save ship space,  
 Home products are good.  
 Please cook them well.  
 Don't waste the food!

Be careful with the black-out,  
 It keeps us safe at night.  
 But oh! please do remember,  
 Don't waste the light!

As bitter winter hastens on  
 The frost will numb our feet.  
 Though coal is Britain's treasure trove  
 Don't waste the heat!

When peace again spreads o'er the earth,  
 The brave one's world we must not mar  
 With selfish wants and petty hates:  
 Don't waste the war.

E. M'B., II.

**A FARMER'S ADVENTURE.**

Late in autumn many years ago, an old farmer and his wife were driving home from market with their dog-cart well laden with their weekly provisions. On the way they called at a neighbouring farm where they were supplied with a two-gallon pail of buttermilk. As they jogged along they were conscious of a bright glare behind them, and, thinking a car was about to overtake them, the old farmer drew his pony to his own side of the road and waited for the oncoming car to pass. On looking round, however, he discovered that there was no car. The glare he had seen was actually a fire blazing in the back of his own dog-cart. Fortunately his pony was a very quiet old beast and he was able to draw him up quickly. His wife and he jumped out and unyoked the pony from the dog-cart. Then the farmer's wife remembered the buttermilk. Using the crook of her umbrella, she managed to drag the pail away from the flames and to put the fire out with the buttermilk.

For a short time the farmer was puzzled as to the origin of the fire. Then he remembered that it was Hallowe'en and that some frolic-

some boys had been throwing squibs dangerously near as they drove past, and one must have landed among the paper parcels and set them alight.

E. M., III.

**THE MOON.**

One starry night,  
 The moon shone bright  
 Above the deep blue sea.  
 Away out there upon the waves,  
 A ship awaited me.  
 That starry night  
 The moon was bright,  
 To guide me on my way.  
 The church bells rang,  
 The people sang,  
 And all was very gay.

SHEILA M'NICOL, Primary IV.

**A LESSON.**

Two little boys played truant from school,  
 And had an accident with a mule.  
 The mule-man was going to a sale,  
 But went to school and told his tale:  
 "The reason they are late for school,  
 They learnt a lesson from a mule,  
 To trick, to lie, it will never pay;  
 This lesson they have learnt to-day."

S. B., I.

**THE MOON LOOKS DOWN.**

The moon looks down. Yes, and it has looked down on this everchanging world for thousands of years. What changes it must have witnessed! What strange, incredible stories that cold, shining orb could tell if it could talk and man could hear it.

Its white rays wash over the rolling plains of Canada, and glisten on the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies. It causes the great, green ice-wastes of the North Pole to gleam like stretches of emerald.

The moon turns the vast expanse of the

Atlantic Ocean into a sea of molten silver, and it smiles like some guardian angel on the convoys of merchant ships, courageously ploughing their way through danger-infested waters.

In the wide, fertile plains of the United States, the wheat fields change into seas of waving golden grain.

The moon looks rather disdainfully on the skyscrapers of the modern cities of the U.S.A., but smiles with approval on the old-world, adobe houses of quaint Mexican villages. Its beams make light and shadow on the decks of ocean liners, rolling gently at anchor in New York harbour, and they light up the far-famed Statue of Liberty.

Through a hazy shroud, it looks down on the wonderful panorama of the Andes, with their towering peaks and volcanoes trailing their smoky banners. Its light glimmers on the dull waters of the Amazon, and it looks down on the foetid swamps, or the dense, impenetrable undergrowth surrounding that great river.

From the starry dome of the heavens, it sees romantic South Sea islands, with their luxurious banks of tropical flowers and plants, and the long fronds of palm trees waving in the night breeze.

The mica amongst the sand of North African deserts glistens in the rays of the moon, which also show up bomb-craters in the sand, or some wrecked machines of war.

It looks down on the war-scarred plains of Russia, the paddy-fields and shadowy mountain passes of India, and the conquered lands of Europe and Asia.

The moon also looks on two small islands, which are only tiny portions of the universe. Here are no waving palms or tropical flowers, no rolling wheat fields or towering mountains; but these two islands are loved and defended by a people who would sacrifice their lives, their homes, their all, to keep their native country from the hands of a grasping nation. Perhaps the moon may see them as very ordinary islands, but to us they are everything worth fighting for, these isles of ours.

M. M., IV.

Why is E. I. so fond of dancing?

## OBITUARY.

### Andrew Cruickshank, Germiston, South Africa.

Contemporaries, and former school friends in particular, will much regret the passing of Andrew Cruickshank at the age of 63, and will duly sympathise with his wife in her great loss.

After serving his apprenticeship in the Grantown branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland, he went to South Africa in 1901, and, as might be expected by those who knew his sterling character, did well in an exacting profession. Practically the whole of his banking career was spent in towns on the Reef in the vicinity of Johannesburg. Finally he became manager of the Germiston branch of the Standard Bank of South Africa, and from this important post he had retired only a month when he received the final call on 21st December, 1941.

Andrew was one of the first, if not actually the first life-member of our club, and maintained a lively interest in the doings of former pupils, whether they were recorded in the School Magazine or elsewhere. It was a pleasure for him to meet a local man with whom he could exchange reminiscences of the days of his youth in Grantown. His heart was in the Highlands, and, whenever possible, he and his wife, a charming Australian lady, spent their overseas leave in Grantown. Their last visit to Strathspey was in 1939. His ashes now lie in Inverallan in the same hallowed ground as his much respected parents.

CHARLES MUNRO.

### John Lawson Illingworth, Castle Road, Grantown.

Lawson Illingworth, sergeant-observer in the R.A.F., has been officially reported killed while on an operational flight over Germany on 16th September, 1942. He was only 20 years of age. For his country he could do no more.

Lawson has met the untimely death of many fine and gallant men, and his end was in keeping with an adventurous youth shared with many kindred spirits. His friends will not forget the happy times spent in his company on the playing fields and on the hills. Vividly there will recur to them camp fires at Loch



Morlich and stormy nights on Braeriach, where his roving spirit seemed to find its true element.

The Old Guard cherish his memory, and honour his death. In their name we offer to his mother and brothers the poor tribute of our sympathy.

#### **Hector M. Macgregor, Cambrae, Cromdale.**

We deeply regret to record the death of Hector M. Macgregor, engineer officer in the Merchant Navy. He had been released from the forces to do essential work, and, in order to gain sea experience, was serving in the Merchant Navy.

On his last voyage back to this country his ship was assailed by storm and enemy action. Hector became seriously ill, and, immediately his ship made port, was rushed to Greenock Infirmary. An operation was performed, but too late to save his life. He died on 21st December, 1941, in his 23rd year.

He was the only son of Mr and Mrs Macgregor, Cambrae, Cromdale, to whom we extend our profound sympathy.

### **SCHOOL SPORTS, 1941-42.**

#### **GIRLS**

This session saw our hockey improve considerably, due to the constant practices held under the supervision of Miss Masson.

In the three seven-a-side house matches Revoan proved the most successful. This year for the first time we held mixed matches in which both boys and girls took part. With the help of the boys Roy (capt. Ada Imray) was the winner, beating Revoan (capt. Naomi M'Gillivray) 3-1 and Revack (capt. Mary Tulloch) 1-0.

On the 13th December the first XI. played Dufftown at Elgin, being beaten 6-3. Unfortunately the Games Captain (Mary M'William) fell, injuring her knee and despite pain continued to play until another fall forced her to retire.

A return match played later showed much improvement in our play. Although Grantown team played well they panicked in front of the goals and the resulting score was 5-1 in favour of Dufftown.

The inter-house Overhead ball was won by Revoan as well as the senior inter-house relay, the junior being won by Roy. The house champions, senior and junior, were both of Roy and so helped this house to triumph over the other two in gaining Bailie Milne's cup for the girls.

Two girls were lucky enough to qualify for the Cairngorm Badge, Ruth Mathieson and Ada Imray, but owing to present restrictions will not receive the actual badges till after the war.

#### **BOYS**

House rivalry was very keen especially between Roy and Revoan. The struggle for the School Cup was expected to be hard and bitter. The results of the Football House matches turned out in Revoan's favour, Revack being second. Success was mainly due to the grand team-spirit in the Revoan house. The next event on the sports calendar was the Cross-Country and never before has there been such a splendid finish to any school race. After covering the set course and with about one hundred yards to go, the captain of Revack (Alister W. Jack) and the Acting-Captain of Revoan (William G. Smith) dashed shoulder to shoulder towards the tape, bursting through it at precisely the same moment. Here again Revoan scooped up the points.

Roy won the Hockey House matches with great ease, the girls in their team being excellent players. K. Benson, captain of Roy, and one of our finest batsmen, had the best cricket team and was almost sure to win the cricket matches "hands down," but, owing to "luck" and magnificent fielding, Revoan again triumphed. Roy now required to win the remaining three events on the sports calendar to beat Revoan, and when they won the tug-of-war excitement was at fever pitch. The yearly Sports were eagerly awaited. When they came Revoan won the Senior Championship and Roy the Junior. The fate of the Cup was now apparent, and it was made certain when Revoan won the Inter-House Relay Race.

The School Football 1st XI. also played several games against the army units in the district, the result being two games to one in favour of the Army. The School Cricket XI. also played a team of Former Pupils, whom

they beat. The enthusiasm for games was very high last year, and it has every possibility of being even higher this year.

Revoan has got away to a flying start in the new season, having won both the Football House matches and the Cross-Country, Lewis Kinnaid (Revoan) and Douglas Gibson (Roy)

dead-heating in the Cross-Country. The Hockey House matches, at present being played, have not been decided, although Revoan has defeated Roy and Revack has drawn with Roy after a well fought-out game.

W. G. S., VI.

## THE OLD GUARD.

### OLD GUARD MEMBERS 1942-43.

#### Office-Bearers.

Honorary President—Captain Frank C. Hendry, M.C., O.B.E.; major (retired) "D" Coy., 1st Batt. Moray and Nairn Home Guard.

Honorary Vice-President—Thomas Hunter, M.A., B.Sc.; major "D" Coy., 1st Batt. Moray and Nairn Home Guard.

President—James Templeton, M.A., The Lodge, Castle Grant; sergeant, Royal Artillery.

Vice-President—Angus Mackintosh, Durnain Bridge; warrant officer, Royal Air Force.

Secretary and Treasurer—Robert Wilson, M.A., Aberdeen; second lieutenant, Junior Infantry Training Corps.

#### WITH THE FORCES.

James Allan, M.B., Ch.B., Ballintomb, captain, Royal Army Medical Corps.

Albert Anderson, High Street, sergeant, Royal Air Force.

Gregor Cameron, Mondhuie, pilot-observer, Royal Air Force.

James Cameron, The Square, coder, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Jack Cooke, Balmenach, leading aircraftsman, Royal Air Force.

William Cruickshank, Cromdale, corporal, Royal Air Force.

William Cruickshank, Grant Road, stores assistant, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Duncan Davidson, M.A., High Street, sub-lieutenant, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

William Fotheringham, B.A., Nethybridge, second-lieutenant, Royal Artillery.

Donald Fraser, Durnain Bridge, signalman, Royal Corps of Signals.

Harry Fraser, B.Sc., Mondhuie, flight-lieutenant, Royal Air Force.

Patrick Garrow, Advie, sergeant, Royal Air Force.

John Cameron Grant, The Square, signalman, Royal Corps of Signals.

Martin Grant, High Street, corporal, Royal Air Force.

Donald Gunn, Castle Road, sergeant, Seaforth Highlanders.

John Holmes, Craggan, A.B., Royal Navy.

Fraser Innes, Castle Road, supply-assistant, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Gordon Jack, Castle Road, aircraftsman, Royal Air Force.

Alastair Laing, High Street, trooper, Reconnaissance Corps.

Alexander Ledingham, High Street, aircraftsman, Royal Air Force.

William Ledingham, High Street, sub-lieutenant, Fleet Air Arm.

William Macaulay, B.Sc., Lettoch, sergeant, Royal Corps of Signals.

Donald M'Beath, Station Cottages, craftsman, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

Kenneth M'Cabe, Cromdale, lieutenant, 10-17 Dogras, Indian Army.

Kenneth M'Connell, Station Cottages; sergt.-pilot, 1st Glider Regiment.

Ian M'Intosh, High Street, aircraftman, Royal Air Force.

Lewis M'Intosh, High Street, private, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

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

Ian Mackenzie, Spey Bridge, lance-corporal, Parachute Field Ambulance.

W. M. Mackenzie, Castle Road E., Royal Navy.

Keith M'Kerron, High Street, aircraftsman, Royal Air Force.



- ✓ Alexander Mackintosh, Cromdale, aircraftsman, Royal Air Force.  
 ✓ David Mackintosh, Cromdale, aircraftsman, Royal Air Force.  
 ✓ Donald Mackintosh, Dulnain-Bridge, private, Seaforth Highlanders.  
 ✓ Evan Mackintosh, Dulnain-Bridge, corporal, Royal Corps of Signals.  
 ✓ John Mackintosh, Cromdale, aircraftsman, Royal Air Force.  
 ✓ Patrick M'Lean, M.A., Croft Allan, private, Cameron Highlanders.  
 ✓ Alastair M'Nicol, High Street, air-mechanic, Fleet Air Arm.  
 ✓ Peter M'Nicol, High Street, A.B., Royal Navy.  
 ✓ Harry M'Pherson, Castle Road, flight-sergeant, Royal Air Force.  
 ✓ Ian Macpherson, Castle Road, private, Seaforth Highlanders.  
 ✓ Peter Macpherson, Grant Road, guardsman, Scots Guards.  
 ✓ William M'William, South Street, private, Seaforth Highlanders.  
 ✓ Edwin Munro, B.Com., Station Road, company-sergeant-major, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.  
 ✓ John Paterson, High Street, sapper, Royal Engineers.  
 Roderick Rattray, South Street, corporal, Royal Marine Commandos.  
 ✓ John Reid, Station House, signalman, Royal Corps of Signals.  
 ✓ Frank Roberts, late Baptist Manse, second-lieutenant, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.  
 ✓ John Ross, Dulnain-Bridge, pilot-officer, Royal Air Force.  
 ✓ Victor Ross, Dulnain-Bridge, lieutenant, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.  
 ✓ Alexander Smith, High Street, sick-berth attendant, Royal Navy.  
 ✓ Angus Stuart, High Street, lance-corporal, Royal Artillery.  
 ✓ Donald Stuart, Market Road, private, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 ✓ John Stuart, High Street, sergeant-air-gunner, Royal Air Force.  
 ✓ Lachlan Stuart, High Street, leading aircraftsman, Royal Air Force.  
 ✓ Richard Surtees, High Street, aircraftsman, Royal Air Force.  
 ✓ Robert Surtees, High Street, trooper, Royal Armoured Corps.  
 ✓ Gordon Templeton, The Lodge, corporal, Seaforth Highlanders.  
 ✓ William Thomson, High Street, storeman, Navy, Army and Air Force Institute.  
 ✓ David Winchester, Castle Road, corporal, Royal Corps of Signals.  
 ✓ Ewan Wood, Balmenach, sergeant-pilot, Royal Air Force.
- Prisoners of War.**  
 ✓ Ernest Cooke, Cromdale, private, Cameron Highlanders.  
 ✓ Frank Macaulay, Lettoch, private, Cameron Highlanders.  
 ✓ Donald Mackintosh, Cromdale, private, Royal Army Service Corps.  
 ✓ Alexander Phimister, South Street, private, Seaforth Highlanders.  
 ✓ Robert Ross, Dulnain-Bridge, private, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.
- Discharged.**  
 ✓ George Cameron, The Square, Burgh Treasurer, late private, Cameron Highlanders.  
 ✓ George Illingworth, Castle Road, late telegraphist, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.
- Exiles.**  
 ✓ Alexander Calder, Tombain, telephone engineer, Post Office, Inverness.  
 ✓ John Grant, B.Sc., Rothiemoon, county organiser and agriculture executive officer for West Fife and Kinross.  
 ✓ James Hay, Boat of Garten, clerk, Messrs Paterson, House Factors, West Regent Street, Glasgow.  
 ✓ Thomas Hunter, M.B., Ch.B., Woodside Avenue, senior house surgeon, Emergency Hospital, Stracathro.  
 ✓ Hamish Jack, High Street, engineer, Post Office, Elgin; private, Home Guard.  
 ✓ James Macdonald, Upper Port, constable, Morayshire Constabulary, Forres.  
 ✓ Evan Mackintosh, P.A.S.I., Dulnain-Bridge, surveyor, Messrs Hardie & Co., Chartered Quantity Surveyors, Dunfermline; private, Home Guard.  
 ✓ Colin M'Intosh, High Street, engineer, Singer Manufacturing Co., Clydebank; lance-corporal, Home Guard.  
 ✓ Donald M'Intosh, High Street, engineer, Messrs Tullis & Sons, engineers, Clydebank; private, Home Guard.

John Milne, M.A., High Street, company officer, National Fire Service College, Saltdean, Brighton.

Wishart Milne, High Street, telephone engineer, Post Office, Glasgow.

Bruce Munro, High Street, student, 4th year medicine, Glasgow University; cadet, University Training Corps.

John Stephen, Altcharn, student, Stow College of Engineering, Glasgow.

Alastair Surtees, High Street, engineer, Post Office, London.

Hugh Tulloch, Grant Road, student, Allanglen School, Glasgow; private, Home Guard.

Herbert Wright, High Street, student, 2nd year engineering, Aberdeen University; cadet, University Training Corps.

#### Local Members.

Alastair Grant, B.Sc., farmer, Ballinluig; private, Home Guard.

Hugh Cameron Grant, The Square, clerk, Estate Office, Grantown; sergeant, Air Training Corps.

Marr Illingworth, Castle Road, messenger, Post Office, Grantown; cadet, air training Corps.

Roy Phimister, South Street, postman, Post Office, Grantown; private, Home Guard; corporal, Air Training Corps.

Michael Ronaldson, Grant Road, messenger, Post Office, Grantown.

Gregor Ross, Du'nain-Bridge, engineer, Messrs Ross & Co., Du'nain-Bridge.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN LAWSON M. ILLINGWORTH, Castle Road, sergeant-observer, Royal Air Force, 16th September, 1942, aged 20, in air operations over Germany.

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

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

### FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

#### MEMBERS.

Miss J. Alanach, Faebuie, Cromdale.

Miss Jean Burgess (10 Castle Road), Stirling.

James Bell (Cromdale), Hudson Bay Coy., Canada.

Mrs Brooks (May Smith), West Hartlepool.

John B. Burgess, The Larches; A.C.2, Air Force Regiment.

Mrs J. B. Burgess, The Larches.

Mrs Mackenzie (J. M. Campbell), Aberlour.

A. J. Cameron, Forest Road; corporal, Reconnaissance Corps, Home Forces.

Walter Cruickshank, Craigdhu.

Mrs Wood (J. Cruickshank), Seafeld Lodge.

H. G. Cumming, Paisley.

Mrs H. G. Cumming (Maisie Findlay), Paisley.

Miss V. Campbell (Norwood), Nethybridge.

R. Campbell (Norwood), Invergordon.

Miss M. Cameron (late Badriedin), London.

Miss Margaret Cruickshank, Hazel Bank, nurse C.N.R., Newton Mearns.

Miss C. Cameron, Dunira.

Mrs Davidson (H. Surtees), Dalnaspidal.

Miss M. Davidson (Tombreck), Perth.

Hamish Dixon, Mhorile.

Mrs Hamish Dixon, Mhorile.

Miss J. S. Duncan, Dundonnachie.

Wm. Duncan, 28 High Street; N.A.A.F.I.

James Duncan, Aberdeen.

Jan Forbes (late Connage), 2/Lt. W.A.A.S.C., West Africa.

Duncan Fraser, Aberdeen.

Miss M. Fraser (Mondhuie), Elgin.

Miss J. Fraser (Mondhuie), Drumnadrochit.

Miss H. Gray, Boat of Garten.

Miss N. Gillies, Pitlochry.

W. A. Glass, Revoan.

Miss Isobel Gunn, Castle Road.

Miss D. Geddes, High Street.

Miss Ann Grant, Grey House, 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), Higher Tullochgribban.

Miss Margaret C. Grant (Higher Tullochgribban), Dallas.



- ✓ Miss Marie Grant, Higher Tullochgribban.  
 ✓ James Grant, Drill Hall House; L.A.C., R.A.F., Ceylon.  
 ✓ Mrs J. Grant (N. Duffner), Drill Hall House.  
 ✓ T. Hunter, Rosemount.  
 ✓ Mrs T. Hunter, Rosemount.  
 ✓ Miss Netta Hunter, Rosemount.  
 ✓ Mrs N. Tod (M. Hastilow), Madderty, Perthshire.  
 ✓ Walter Hastilow, Palace Hotel.  
 ✓ Mrs Gray (B. Hepburn), The Square.  
 ✓ Miss Isobel Jack (Isla Cottage), Inverness.  
 ✓ Miss M. King, Woodburn Place; lance-corporal, A.T.S.  
 ✓ Miss A. King (Woodburn Place), Aberdeen.  
 ✓ Miss E. Keith, Birchview Terrace.  
 ✓ Miss Mina Keith, Birchview Terrace.  
 ✓ Miss E. M. Lawson, London.  
 ✓ Dr Mabel G. Lawson, London.  
 ✓ Miss Doris Laing (Benmore), Inverness.  
 ✓ Harold G. Laing, Ulverston, Lancs.  
 ✓ Mrs Squires (Isla Moyes), Old Post Office, Norton Disney, Swinderby, Lincs.  
 ✓ Mrs Mutch (L. Duncan), 28 High Street.  
 ✓ Miss E. Mutch (28 High Street), Ian Charles Hospital.  
 ✓ Peter Moir (Royal Bank), Nairn.  
 ✓ Mrs George Morrison (Rachael Campbell), London.  
 ✓ Mrs Fred Munro (Gertie Lawson), Venezuela.  
 ✓ Chas. Munro, Palace Hotel.  
 ✓ Miss Jeanette Munro, Heath Cottage.  
 ✓ Miss M. Scott Macgregor, 100 High Street.  
 ✓ Jas. S. Mackenzie, Gowanlea; L.A.C., R.A.F.  
 ✓ Mrs Jas. S. Mackenzie (B. Robertson), Gowanlea.  
 ✓ Sidney G. Macgregor (46 High Street), Fort William.  
 ✓ Mrs Macdougall (J. MacLennan), Craggan.  
 ✓ Mrs MacLaren (Sheila Macdougall), Craggan.  
 ✓ A. Macphail, Hillview; sergt.-observer, R.A.F., prisoner in Italy.  
 ✓ Miss Isa Macphail, Hillview.  
 ✓ Mrs Fraser (Daisy Macpherson), Elgin.  
 ✓ Wm. R. Macdougall (Craggan), Sheffield.  
 ✓ Mrs M'Arthur (M. J. Grant), Transvaal.  
 ✓ Miss Mabel M'William (Silverdale), Elgin.  
 ✓ Donald M'Gillivray, Isla Cottage; sapper, R.E., M.E.F.  
 ✓ Mrs Mackay (I. B. Grant), Craiglynn.  
 ✓ Miss C. M. Mackay, Craiglynn; nurse C.N.R., Rigmore Hospital, Inverness.  
 ✓ Wm. Macgregor, 46 High Street.  
 ✓ Miss Mona Maclean (Nethybridge), Shetland Isles.  
 ✓ Miss Mary Macdonald (Aviemore), West of Scotland.  
 ✓ Miss Sarah Macdonald (Aviemore), Inverness.  
 ✓ Mrs John Grant (Beatrice M'Intosh), Dunfermline.  
 ✓ Miss H. MacLaren, Strathyre, Perthshire; Leading Wren, W.R.N.S.  
 ✓ Miss Margaret M'Pherson, Briar Cottage; L.C.W., Photograph Section, W.A.A.F.  
 ✓ Miss I. C. M'Intosh, Congash Cottage.  
 ✓ Hugh Mackenzie, Isla Cottage; private, Commandos.  
 ✓ Miss M. M. Pyper (Riversdale), Dundee.  
 ✓ Miss E. M. Pyper (Riversdale), Dundee.  
 ✓ Miss M. Paterson, Parkburn.  
 ✓ Miss Jean M. Paterson, Parkburn.  
 ✓ James Philip, Strathspey Hotel.  
 ✓ W. A. Robertson, Broughty Ferry.  
 ✓ W. R. Stuart, "News" Office.  
 ✓ Mrs W. R. Stuart, "News" Office.  
 ✓ Mrs Schleppe (B. Meldrum), 100 High Street.  
 ✓ Miss W. Shaw, 1 Chapel Road.  
 ✓ Miss C. Smith (Benalder), Glasgow.  
 ✓ W. Templeton, Glenwhern.  
 ✓ T. Templeton, Glenwhern.  
 ✓ Miss N. Templeton, Glenwhern.  
 ✓ Miss M. Templeton (The Lodge), Aberdeen.  
 ✓ Mrs D. A. Mitchell (J. Templeton), The Lodge; L.A.C.W., W.A.A.F.  
 ✓ Miss Beatrice Shand, Castle Road; Lance-Corporal, A.T.S.  
 ✓ Dr Jas. Williams, Stonefield.  
 ✓ Mrs Angus (E. A. Wood), Balmerach.  
 ✓ Miss C. Winchester, Castle Road.  
 ✓ Miss E. Webster (Castle Road E.), Inverness.  
 ✓ Mrs Barclay (L. Hastilow), Achnagonaln.  
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**F.P.'S BALANCE SHEET, 1941-42.****INCOME.**

Cash in Bank 1/11/41 .....	£49	0	7
Cash in Hand 1/11/41 .....	0	5	4
Subscriptions—			
2 at 12/6 .....	£1	5	0
30 at 2/- .....	3	0	0
		4	5
		0	11
	£53	10	11

**EXPENDITURE.**

Advertising .....	£0	5	0
Magazines .....	£2	1	6
Postage ... ..	0	11	6
		2	13
Prizes .....		2	18
Postages .....		0	2
Cash in Bank 31/10/42 .....	47	0	7
Cash on Hand 31/10/42 .....	0	12	4
		£53	10
			11

JEAN M. PATERSON, Treasurer.

Examined and found correct.

WM. R. STUART.

**NOTES ON ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, ETC.**

Owing to war conditions there will be no Annual General Meeting.

The School Magazine will be sent to members of the F.P. and Old Guard Clubs who are with H.M. Forces, also to life-members of the F.P. Club.

The Club gave as usual three prizes—one each for English, Modern Languages, and Classics.

Subscriptions from civilian members of both Clubs are now due for 1942-43 and should be paid to the treasurer, Miss Jean Paterson, Parkburn, Grantown-on-Spey. A balance sheet for 1941-42 is printed in this issue.

**NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.**

Major Hunter has succeeded Major Hendry in command of the Strathspey Company of the Home Guard. It is to the credit of these two officers that the local company is one of the most efficient Home Guard formations in the North.

Major Hendry, who retired under the age limit, has had a distinguished career as a sailor, soldier and author. He will be remembered by many of our young men for the keen interest he took in school games.

James Allan, Ballintomb, now serving with the R.A.M.C. in England, has been promoted captain.

Albert Anderson, High Street, who has attained the rank of sergeant in the R.A.F., is stationed in the North of Scotland.

George Cameron, The Square, discharged from the army after sustaining wounds in the Battle of the Somme, has succeeded his father,

the late Mr D. D. Cameron, as Burgh Treasurer and Cromdale District Clerk.

Gregor Cameron, Mondhuie, at present in the Transvaal, is training as a pilot-observer. Before the war he was employed in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

James Cameron, The Square, is acting as coxswain on a sloop in Eastern waters.

Ernest Cooke, Balmenach, captured during the German break-through in France, is a prisoner of war in Stalag VIII. B, Germany.

Jack Cooke, Balmenach, formerly of the Clydebank Police Force, expects to be sent overseas very soon to complete his training as pilot-observer. Jack was probably the finest athlete that school produced.

William Cruickshank, Cromdale, corporal in the R.A.F., has for some time been stationed at a North-east aerodrome.

William Cruickshank, Grant Road, was store-



keeping on board an aircraft carrier. He had a spell of leave after returning from a cruise in eastern waters, and is now again at sea.

Duncan Davidson, High Street, after graduating at Edinburgh University, specialised in radio-location. Later he was commissioned to an auxiliary cruiser in home waters.

William Fotheringham, Nethybridge, 2nd lieutenant in a light anti-aircraft battery of the R.A., has been posted to West Africa.

Donald Fraser, Dulnain-Bridge, of the Corps of Signals, after a lengthy period of service in Iceland, has been drafted to important duty in the London area.

Harry Fraser, Mondhuie, formerly government civil engineer in Malaya, was commissioned in the R.A.F. Before the fall of Singapore he was moved to Batavia in Java. Since February 28th no news of him has been received.

Patrick Garrow, formerly of Advie, after regular service with the R.A.F. in Aden, was drafted home. He is a sergeant, attached to a Northern aerodrome.

John Grant, Rothiemoon, is county organiser and agricultural executive officer for West Fife and Kinross. Last August he married another F.P., Beatrice M'Intosh, Achosrich, formerly a teacher of domestic science in England. Their friends in both clubs send their warmest congratulations and best wishes.

John Cameron Grant, The Square, recently sorting clerk and telegraphist in the Post Office, is training with the Corps of Signals in the North of England.

Martin Grant, High Street, corporal in the R.A.F., shared in the retreat from Burma. He is again at an Indian station, none the worse except for the loss of his kit.

Donald Gunn, 1 Castle Road, stationed in the North with the Seaforth Highlanders, has been promoted sergeant.

John Holmes, Craggan, is an A.B. on board H.M.S. King George V.

Thomas Hunter, Woodside Avenue, is senior house surgeon at Stracathro Emergency Hospital. He specialises in orthopedic surgery.

George Illingworth, Castle Road, formerly naval telegraphist, has been undergoing treat-

ment for a leg injury, and has received his discharge.

Fraser Innes, Castle Road, is a supply assistant at a naval depot in the south of England.

Gordon Jack, Castle Road, who was for some time a clerk and telegraphist with the Post Office, first at Kirkwall and then latterly at Aviemore, has gone to join the R.A.F. His brother Alastair volunteered for the R.A.F. while still at school. At present he is still on deferred service.

Alastair Laing, High Street, is attached to a reconnaissance corps in the Home Forces.

Alexander Ledingham, High Street, aircraftman with the R.A.F., is stationed at a Northern aerodrome.

William Ledingham, High Street, sub-lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm, is doing instructional work in England.

Frank Macaulay, Lettoch, who has been in German hands since the fall of France, has used his spare time to study, even getting up early in the mornings to obtain the necessary quiet. His perseverance has been rewarded by passing the "members" examination of the Institute of Bankers.

William Macaulay, Lettoch, formerly in the Green Howards, is now a sergeant in the Corps of Signals, and is attached to an Indian division in the Middle East.

Donald M'Beath, L.M.S. Station, a craftsman in the R.E.M.E., is quartered in the North of England.

Kenneth M'Cabe, Cromdale, lieutenant in the 10/17 Dogras, is stationed in the Punjab. As a sergeant in the Scots Guards he saw service in Norway. He was later wounded at Tobruk.

Kenneth M'Connell, L.M.S. Station, is a sergeant-pilot of the 1st Glider Regiment of airborne troops. At present he is attached to home forces. Originally in the Seaforths, he served for a time as anti-aircraft gunner on merchant ships.

James Macdonald, Upper Port, of the Morayshire Constabulary, has been transferred to Forres, but expects soon to join the R.A.F. for flying duty. His brother William was serving in the R.A.F. when he was killed in an accident.

Ian M'Intosh, High Street, after leaving school worked as a film operator with E.N.S.A. He is now a radio mechanic with the R.A.F. in the North of England.

Lewis M'Intosh, High Street, has been assigned to store-keeping duties at an R.A.O.C. sub-depot in England.

Alexander M'Intyre, Boat of Garten, after qualifying as a wireless operator, has been posted to an aerodrome in the far north.

Ian Mackenzie, Spey Bridge, is serving in England with a field ambulance section of the parachute troops. He was attached to the R.A.M.C. in France, and was evacuated after the retreat to the coast.

Keith M'Kerron, High Street, with the R.A.F., has been doing special training for commando work. For some time he was in the Western Isles, but is now in the south-west of Scotland.

Alexander Mackintosh, Cromdale, aircraftman in the R.A.F., is stationed at a northern aerodrome.

Angus Mackintosh, Dulnain-Bridge, serving in the north-east as a pilot in Coastal Command, has been promoted warrant officer.

David Mackintosh, Cromdale, and aircraftman with the R.A.F., is stationed in the North of England.

Donald Mackintosh, Cromdale, captured during the evacuation from Greece, is a prisoner in Stalag 18A, Austria.

Donald M'Intosh, Dulnain-Bridge, Seaforth Highlanders, is stationed in the North.

Evan Mackintosh, Larches, Dulnain-Bridge, corporal in the Royal Corps of Signals, is serving in England.

John Mackintosh, Cromdale, is an aircraftman with the R.A.F. in the North of England.

Patrick M'Lean, Croft Allan, after temporary service with the R.A.F., transferred to the army, and is now training with the Cameron Highlanders.

Alastair M'Nicol, High Street, is serving in East Africa as an air-mechanic with the Fleet Air Arm.

Peter M'Nicol, High Street, an A.B. in the Royal Navy, is in home waters. He saw active service on the battleship Nelson. He was on board the destroyer H.M.S. Ithuriel when she

rammed and sank the Italian submarine Cobarlo.

Harry Macpherson, Castle Road, flight sergeant in the R.A.F., has been for some time at a Northern aerodrome.

Ian Macpherson, Castle Road, took part with the Seaforths in the Madagascar campaign, and accompanied his battalion to the East. His mind often turns to his native hills and burns. A turbarined bookseller offered consolation in the pages of "Fifty Years with the Rod in the Scottish Highlands," but the price was beyond the slender means of a Highland private.

Peter Macpherson, Grant Road, is serving in England as a piper in the Scots Guards.

William M'William, South Street, who is stationed in the North, was prevented by leg injuries from accompanying his unit overseas.

John Milne, High Street, has been with the N.F.S. since the outbreak of hostilities, and did very good work in the "blitzed cities." After passing examinations with great distinction he was promoted company officer, and is giving instruction at an N.F.S. college in the South of England.

Bruce Munro, High Street, passed the third year examinations (Pathology and Materia Medica) in medicine at Glasgow University. He is a member of the University Training Corps.

Edwin Munro, Station Road, has been promoted to company sergeant-major in the R.A.O.C. Since the evacuation from France he has been attached to Home Forces.

John Paterson, High Street, after a long spell with the Royal Engineers in Iceland, has been transferred to the West of England.

Alexander Phimister, South Street, a prisoner of war since Dunkirk, is in Stalag XXB, Germany. He seems to be enjoying fairly liberal treatment. For some time he helped with the distribution of food.

Roderick Rattray, South Street, is attached to a commando of the Royal Marines. He fought at Dakar and Dieppe.

Jack Reid, L.M.S. Station, Corps of Signals, is in the South of England.

Frank Roberts, formerly of the Baptist Manse, has been transferred from the Lanca-



shire Fusiliers to the R.A.O.C. As an inspector of ordnance officer his engineering training stands him in good stead.

Grigor Ross, Dulnain-Bridge, was employed in an aircraft factory in London. Transferred to Grantown he became seriously ill. He is once again engaged in the family business, and has much improved in health.

Jack Ross, Dulnain-Bridge, has been commissioned in the R.A.F. as a pilot officer. He has been assigned to technical work in the far north.

Robert Ross, Dulnain-Bridge, a prisoner of war since Dunkirk, is in Stalag VIII. B, Germany. Intense cold made his first winter a trying one. His sporting tastes find outlet in boxing, at which he represents his camp as cruiser weight, but a quarry engine claims the most of his time.

Victor Ross, Dulnain-Bridge, now promoted lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., is minesweeping in northern waters.

Alexander Smith, High Street, sick-berth attendant, R.N., is serving with the Royal Marines in Indian waters.

Richard Surtees, High Street, recently sergeant in the Metropolitan Police, is now in the R.A.F.

Robert Surtees, High Street, formerly of the Southend Police Force, is training in England with the Tank Corps.

Angus Stuart, High Street, lance-corporal in the R.A., is stationed in England.

Donald Stuart, South Street, who trained as a male nurse before the war, is attached to a R.A.M.C. unit in this country.

John Stuart, High Street, sergeant in the R.A.F., was on operations over Germany as a rear-gunner. He has recently been transferred from Scotland to Wales.

Lachlan Stuart, High Street, has been posted to an R.A.F. squadron in India. He appears to find service there very congenial.

Gordon Templeton, The Lodge, corporal in the Seaforths, accompanied his battalion to the East, taking part en route in the Madagascar campaign.

James Templeton, The Lodge, sergeant in the R.A., has for some time been doing special duty with Scottish Command.

William Thomson, High Street, is working with N.A.A.F.I. in Aberdeenshire.

Hugh Tulloch, Grant Road, last year's Grammar School dux, is taking a technical course at Aillanglen School, Glasgow, as a preliminary to studying engineering at Glasgow University.

David Winchester, Castle Road, corporal in the Corps of Signals, has for some time been stationed in the North of England.

Herbert Wright, High Street, completed his first year of engineering studies at Aberdeen University. He passed in mathematics, physics, chemistry and engineering drawing, gaining second class certificates in the last three. He is a member of the University Training Corps.

Ewan Wood, Balmnacach, sergeant pilot in the R.A.F., trained in Rhodesia, and is now flying in the Middle East.

Alexander Cameron, The Square, corporal in the Reconnaissance Corps, and formerly of the Royal Fusiliers, is attached to Home Forces.

William Duncan, High Street, is a N.A.A.F.I. inspector in the North of Scotland.

Ian Forbes, formerly of Connage, has been commissioned to the West African Army Service Corps.

James Grant, Drill Hall, leading aircraftman in the R.A.F., is stationed in Ceylon. Escaping from Singapore before its fall, he reached Ceylon via the Dutch East Indies.

Donald M'Gillivray, High Street, sapper, R.E., is serving with a postal unit in the Middle East.

Hugh Mackenzie, Castle Road, formerly of the Gordon Highlanders, is now with the commandos. He took part in the raids on Norway.

Alexander M'Phail, High Street, sergeant-observer, was serving with the R.A.F. in the Middle East. He fell into enemy hands in October, 1941, and is at present interned in Campo P.G. 59, Italy.

Margaret Cruickshank, Grant Road, is attached to the Civil Nursing Reserve at Mearnskirck Hospital, Newtonmearns.

Jessie Fraser, M.A., Mondhuie, formerly at Kelso, is teaching at Drumnadrochit, Inverness-shire.

Marie J. Grant, Tullochgribban, and Netta R. Hunter, Woodside Avenue, have entered on the third year of their course at Aberdeen Training Centre.

Marguerite King, Woodburn Place, lance-corporal in the A.T.S., is stationed in Shropshire.

Doris Laing, High Street, has been transferred from Kirkwall to the Post Office at Inverness.

Edith M. Lawson has resigned her post in the Grammar School to take up duty in London. She is staying with her sister, Dr Mabel Lawson, who holds an administrative post under the Ministry of Health. Miss Lawson's long attachment and devoted service to the school and community made her departure a real sorrow to all. We can only wish her every happiness and success in the new life she has chosen.

Mary Macdonald, Aviemore, who gained her diploma at the Glasgow School of Art, is engaged in national service. She has been appointed inspector on the staff of the Aeronautical Inspection Directorate, and is at present attached to an aircraft factory in the West of Scotland. Her sister Sarah is on the temporary staff of Inverness Telephone Exchange.

Catherine Mackay, Craiglynn, is serving with the Civil Nursing Reserve at Rigmore Hospital, Inverness.

Diana Mackintosh, Dulnain-Bridge, completed her studies at the School of Domestic Science and the Training Centre, Aberdeen. She received an appointment under Moray Education Committee, and is teaching in schools near Forres.

Helen MacLaren, formerly of Carrbridge, is attached to a west coast base as a driver with the Royal Naval Motor Transport.

Mona M'Lean, Croft Allan, has been appointed county instructor for dairying, etc., for the Shetland Isles.

Margaret M'Pherson, Grant Road, has been assigned to photographic work with the W.A.A.F. in Paisley.

Mabel M'William, M.A., South Street, on the staff of Elgin Academy, is taking a leading part in running the Elgin Girls' Training Corps.

Elizabeth Mutch, High Street, who trained in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, is now a sister in the Ian Charles Hospital, Grantown.

Beatrice Shand, Castle Road, is on duty as a driver with the A.T.S. at a Northern station.

Sophia Smith, M.A., Nethybridge, completes her course at Aberdeen Training Centre this Christmas, and will probably take up duty with Inverness Education Committee.

Janet Templeton, The Lodge, now Mrs D. A. Mitchell, is serving with the W.A.A.F. in Aberdeenshire.

Margaret Templeton, The Lodge, after completing her training as a teacher of domestic science, received a post in Yorkshire. She has now transferred to Linksfield School, Aberdeen.

We have great pleasure in congratulating the following F.P.'s who have married during the past year:—Daisy Macpherson (Mrs Fraser), Kathleen Mutch (Mrs Aston), Janet Templeton (Mrs Mitchell), and Beatrice Mackintosh and her husband John Grant. We wish them every happiness and good fortune.

To all members of the Old Guard and F.P. Clubs, at home and beyond the seas, we send our Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year.

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