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# The Grammar School Magazine

## Grantown-on-Spey.

No. 16.

DECEMBER, 1944.

General Editor—Marjory C. Cattnach.

Advertising Manager—Evelyn Geddes.

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### Editorial.

Once again we send you our greetings, ex-Grantonians. Once again we offer for your reading our Magazine, which will, we hope, serve as a small window through which you may catch a glimpse not only of the venerable old building, but of us—your successors. How do we compare with your memories of your own contemporaries? Can you, somewhere in the pages of this small Magazine, find a clue to the characters of those people who now walk along the old familiar corridors which echo and re-echo the sound of your footsteps as well as ours? Can you picture us in the same cloakrooms laughing at youthful jokes and tricks, as you did? Can you see us occupying

the same old desks, with that same worried frown, or, if a sudden flash of inspiration has alighted on the poor brain, smiling genially at the age-old tasks?

If you can, through the help of our Magazine, conjure up a vision of peaceful, happy days spent in the company of carefree, laughter-loving, yet sympathetic companions, in the warm, friendly atmosphere of school, where all worries are, after all, small ones, and let that vision help you through the various tasks you have been prepared for, then we are more than rewarded for any work we have done to make this, the 1944 edition of the Grammar School Magazine, a success.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

The past year has witnessed a moving panorama of world events which must, of course, eclipse and may well discourage any review of local happenings during the period.

Matters relating to one's own intimate school circle, however, will always have a special appeal to present and former pupils. This is amply proved by the many letters from former pupils in the Forces and elsewhere expressing appreciation of the Magazine.

Southern England's flying-bomb ordeal has had its repercussions even in this remote quarter, for quite a number of young English evacuees found their way to our classrooms during the year. These young people were made welcome, and it is confidently hoped they will return to their own schools with pleasant memories of their experience in the North.

Only one change in staff has to be reported since our last issue. Mr Tuckwell, who succeeded Mr Morrison as principal English master, left in June to take up a similar post in Blairgowrie High School.

He was succeeded by Mr George E. Donaldson, M.A., B.A.(Lond.), who came from Stromness Secondary School. Mr Donaldson is no stranger to Morayshire; he was for some time on the staff of Milne's Institution, Fochabers.

Miss Ormiston, visiting teacher of music, leaves at the end of this term to take up a similar appointment in West Lothian.

Pupils throughout the school have continued to do their best for the war effort. The Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund collections again exceeded the £100 mark last season.

The past season's school potato crop was just over two tons, not up to the previous year's record crop, certainly, but nevertheless a substantial contribution to the food supply.

During the month of October, school was closed for potato-lifting. Over 40 pupils were engaged in the work, excluding those who assisted on their own farms, and farmers have given a good report of their help.

The school branch of the National Savings Association can again record a successful year. In small savings, the total contributions during session 1943-44 exceeded £1734.

1944 Prize Day maintained the traditional popularity of this function. Miss Wharton Duff, Orton, who presented the prizes, proved to be an ideal speaker for such an occasion and to her the success of the ceremony owed much.

A notable absentee was Dr MacLaren, who was appearing as principal speaker at a

similar gathering in his old school, Ayr Academy.

Elizabeth A. Gordon, Lower Delliefure, was the Harvey Dux Prize winner, her twin sister, Grace T. Gordon, being proxime accessit. These promising pupils have now entered Aberdeen University.

An attractive musical programme and an exhibition of school art and handcraft were again interesting features of Prize Day.

Numerous messages of thanks from individuals and from groups of beneficiaries of the Overseas League Tobacco Fund continue to arrive in school. This Fund has been staunchly supported by pupils and staff throughout the war.

School's organised games have been carried on with unabated enthusiasm throughout the year. The Girl's Hockey Eleven must have special mention; they have had considerable success in their fixtures.

Sports Day last June was a well-organised affair and the numerous events were keenly contested.

The Past-Prime's House Cup for boys was won by Revack, captain—Jack Asher; Provost Milne's House Cup for girls went to Revoan, captain—Sheilah MacLachlan.

In the death of Dr John Fawcett, St John's Wood, London, the school has lost one of its finest benefactors and well-wishers. For many years, Dr Fawcett was donor of the Science Medal and he maintained a close interest in the school's affairs. His daughter, Miss Alice Fawcett, has generously decided to continue the donation of the Science prize in memory of her father.

### 1944 CERTIFICATE RESULTS.

The following pupils were awarded Senior Leaving Certificates:—

John M. Asher, Carol S. Brookhouse, Elizabeth A. Gordon, Grace T. Gordon, Lewis D. Kinnaird, Flora I. Marshall, Patricia M. Marshall, James J. Masson.

The following were awarded Junior Secondary Certificates:—

Margaret I. Hogg, James B. Marshall, Alexander Munro, Ann M. Paton, Allison Ronaldson, Kathleen S. MacLachlan, Constance M. Mitchell.

### THE HARVEST PROCESSION.

Here come the carts all laden with corn,  
Then come the workers all weary and worn,  
Next comes the binder pulled by three horses,  
The work they are doing will help on the forces.

BILLY GRANT, age 12, Primary V.



**OBITUARY.**

Three very sad fatalities have occurred among pupils during the past year.

HUGH M'LEOD and his father were drowned in Lochindorb when, early in March, they were returning to their home over the ice-bound loch from a neighbouring farm. Hugh was a promising and popular pupil in the first year, Secondary Department.

FIONA M'INTOSH, 5 Castle Road East, along with her cousin with whom she was bathing, was drowned at Cruden Bay where she was spending the July vacation. Fiona was in the 4th Primary class and was one of the outstanding pupils of her year.

SANDY CAMERON, Dalbeg, died in September following an operation. His untimely death came as a great shock to the school, for Sandy was most popular among his fellow-pupils. He was in the 4th year, Secondary department, and was preparing to enter college to qualify as a veterinary surgeon.

The school mourns the loss of such fine pupils; to their sorrowing parents the deepest sympathy of pupils and staff is extended.

**PERSONALIA.**

W. T. K. S.—

The man (?) that blushes is not QUITE a brute.—Young, "Night Thoughts."

Q.—Is "Percy" soluble in water?

A.—Ask "Titch."

E. M.—

My luv'e's like a red, red rose.—Burns.

M. C. C.—

Cows are my passion!—Dickens.

J. M.—

God made him and therefore let him pass for a man.—Shakespeare.

You know, the "Peek-a-boo Bang" went out about a year ago.

J. A.—

Argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.—Shakespeare.

Misses G. and L.—

And add to these, retired leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.

—Milton.

Miss F.—

Swarm o' bees i' June

'S worth a silver spune.

Swarm o' bees i' July

'S not worth a fly.

E. S. and A. S. H.—

Since the bacon ration has been reduced again there will be less r(h)ind on the menus of certain people.

Mr H.—

"I abhor brains,

As I do tools; they're things mechanical."

J. S. Knowles.

Q.—Why were the senior boys so keen on kneeling one certain Wednesday?—Have they all suddenly turned into monk(ey)s?

R. J. D. G.—

Not that the story need be long, but it will take a long time to make it short.

H. D. Thoreau.

**SANDY CAMERON.****An Appreciation by one of his Classmates.**

Sandy Cameron will long be remembered by his classmates, for, by his quiet unassuming manner, he endeared himself to all. Everyone who knew him held him in high regard, and he proved a staunch friend and helper to many. He took a prominent part in school athletics, being an outstanding member of the football eleven. He was one who could shoulder responsibility, and inspire his fellow-players; and above all he always played fair.

We, his friends and classmates, wish to extend to his parents our sincerest sympathy in their sore bereavement. Although we see him no more, we will always remember him in our hearts.

W. S.

**SCHOOL OFFICIALS—CHANGES.**

When, at the beginning of the session, we appointed Jack Asher Boys' Captain and Cathie Asher Girls' Captain, we committed ourselves, so to speak, to the rule of the Asher family. But, in October, we learned that this gifted and popular family was leaving the district. We shall miss them, in more ways than we can mention. William Sellar is now Boys' Captain and Nan Hamilton Girls' Captain, while David Houston and Evelyn Geddes become the Captains of Revack.

Once when I was sitting, under a chestnut tree,

I saw an elf and he spoke to me.

He spoke to me and I got a fright,

I never saw a brighter light.

JUNE M'GILLIVRAY, age 8, Primary II.

**PINKY—WINK—WINKY.**

Pinky-Wink-Winky was a little elf,

He always put his scarf on the window-shelf,

His hat on a peg, and his coat round his leg.

He had much good health,

Had Pinky-Wink-Wink,

The little elf.

MARJORY ALEXANDER, age 8, Pr. II.

**A LITTLE FAIRY.**

There is a little fairy

That comes in dim light

And from the moon she flutters down

To bid the babies all good-night.

She touches every eye-lid

And soon they close in sleep,

And then those little children

Into dreamland peep.

They dream of little fairies

Who in the night do p'ay,

And soon God's sun comes out

To show that night has changed to day.

MARY WARES, age 11, Primary IV.

**A LITTLE RABBIT.**

I saw a little rabbit,  
 He winked with both his eyes.  
 My little dog was passing by  
 And caught him by surprise.  
 The little rabbit made a leap,  
 But oh! he was too late.  
 But he was very tasty,  
 When we had him on a plate.  
 BILLY MITCHELL, age 10, Primary IV.

**FRUITS I HAVE KNOWN.**

A is for apples,  
 Which come from far away.  
 B is for brambles,  
 You pick by the way.  
 C is for currants,  
 They're really dried grapes.  
 D is for damsons,  
 And also for dates.  
 E is for elderberries,  
 Which are made into wine.  
 F is for figs,  
 Which taste very fine.  
 G is for grapes,  
 How delicious the squash!  
 H is for hazel nut,  
 But there I must end,  
 For away to the nutting.  
 My way I must wend.  
 LILLIAS MILNE, age 10, Primary V.

**THE TATTIE HOWKER'S LAMENT.**

I'll remember lifting tatties till the day that  
 I may dee,  
 I'll remember when I eat you, all the pains you  
 gied to me.  
 Up and down the drills we went,  
 Oor noses to ground and pair backs bent;  
 "Help wi' the tatties," the farmers cry,  
 The slogan gars me heave a sigh.  
 ROSEMARY ALEXANDER, age 12, Pr. V.

**THE SENIOR GIRLS' CLOAKROOM  
(8.50-9 hrs.)**

"Morning, Emily, you're awfully early this morning—for you, I mean."  
 "Yes, amn't I? Where's Carol, when she didn't come in with you this morning?"  
 "I don't know, I was just—"  
 "For Pete's sake, Ena, what have you done to your hair?"  
 "Just you leave Pete out of this—it's my own hair, isn't it? I can do just what I jolly well like with it."  
 "Well, its awful anyway."  
 Eunice and Mary come in, chattering as usual.  
 "No, it isn't, Ena, it's very nice."  
 "Yes, really it is."  
 "Oh, hello, Eunice, hello Mary, thanks very much for your kind words, and if you'd get away from that mirror, Emily, I might be able to sort it, that is, if the mirror isn't cracked after seeing your face!"  
 "What this blinkin' place needs, is to have

mirrors all round the walls. I've only one more kirbie to put in, but, oh! I've dropped it. Come and help me look for it. Shift the form with me, Mary.

The door is flung open and in bounces Carol.  
 "What on earth is wrong with you all? Really, if you could only see yourselves! Have you turned into Hindus or whoever it is that worship the sun?"

"Sure, Carol, only the sun happens to be Emily's kirbie which fell on the floor."

"No, it didn't, you asses, it's on the bench."

"Goodness, so it is. By the way, Emily, have you done—"

Elizabeth strides in, slamming the door behind her.

"No. 68 in that Trig, we got out?"

"Oh, hello, Elizabeth, can't you get it out either? What on earth's wrong with you? Are you going nuts?"

"No, not quite, I hope, but am I seeing right? Has Carol's hair really stayed in?"

"Elizabeth, will you and Carol stop that? Why, you're worse than the kids next door!"

"Will you put on the light there, someone; how on earth can I see to learn my poetry?"

"O.K., Eunice."

"Yes, that's decidedly better—I can see whose hair I'm doing now."

"Thanks, Elizabeth, is my hair alright now?"  
 friend is certain to take a second fancy to you now.

With a billowing of skirts, Nora swings round the door.

"Good morning, Nora. Any signs of Chrissie on the road? Don't tell me, let me guess—you've washed your hair."

"No, Elizabeth, have I? No, there's no sign at all of Chris. Jumping Jehoshaphat, I clean forgot—I'm reading the Bible this morning; c'mon and help me look up the place, Mary."

And Nora dives out, pulling Mary behind her, while Chrissie squeezes in, mopping her brow.

"Oh, here's Chrissie now. My, you don't half look hot."

"I am hot."

Nora and Mary creep quietly in again.

"Here's Nora and Mary back again—get the place O.K., you two?"

"Sure, and the bell's gone—you never hear it in this place."

"Where's my books? Ena—are you guilty?"

"No, you ass, they're right behind you—but where's mine?"

"Oh, hurry up, Elizabeth; your hair's beautiful—anyway you'll only make Carol jealous."

"Put out the light, Chrissie."

No, kind reader, these are not the inmates of an asylum, merely of the Senior Girls' Cloakroom—they might tell you that they're sensible—but don't you believe them!

M. C. C., Vb.

**A BOY'S DESCRIPTION OF A  
CLASSMATE.**

Her hair is a lightish brown; her face (which is rather pale) is a mass of partially hidden freckles; she has a nose that turns up a little



at the end. She is twelve or thirteen-ish and of ordinary height.

In class she is probably the most prominent giggler, and, if looked at long enough, her face turns a deep betrooty tint; and in case of being suspected you have to turn your head away quickly, for you know she is about to relapse into giggles, and her snorts, grunts, chokes and snuffling noises behind her handkerchief (which invariably comes out) are most comical to hear. In some cases, if asked to say something or other, she turns speechless, or stutters, or turns down her head, whilst trying to stop herself from bursting with suppressed laughter. She wears brown or white aertex blouses, and a dark blue tunic (clue to her identity).

She is funniest when she tries or pretends to be angry, for she turns different shades of white (serious), red (beginning to giggle) and purple (choke after having giggled too much).

As a scholar, she does quite well, being a good writer, and is noted as one of the neatest in the class. (She did, I believe, after a super-human effort, win a prize as the best writer.)

She wears a silver bangle on her right arm. (I suppose she had it put on, and since then can't get it off.)

At times, while playing in the breaks we have, she is rather rough, having a still stronger sister to help her.

Her weakness has again beaten her. She has "Oh, it's beautiful, Carol. Your best boy just been giggling into her hanky, because somebody slammed a desk.

In cases she is a nuisance, and, when you are feeling like a saint, she lures you into doing something silly. I don't think I have more to say about her.

P. A., Ia.

#### THE CYCLIST.

(By a young lady who dived gracefully over a tar barrel one morning.)

These kinds of people are said to be  
Dying out,  
And with this I thoroughly agree,  
For every day when I go out  
I see tar-barrels coming straight for me.  
One day I shan't come into school.  
No doubt  
I'll be found lying by a pool,  
Dying out.

N. H., Vb.

#### TIREE.

Tiree is a small island in the Inner Hebrides. On a sunny day, as you approach it in a boat, the blue sea, the white sand, the green grass and the white-walled cottages with their thatched roofs look very beautiful.

The Atlantic side of the island is very rugged. Along its shores are found crystals, agates and topazes, and sometimes, after a spring tide, even more valuable stones. Bathing here is best in late summer when the tide is in. You just need to slip off a smooth rock into deep water, and the water is clear enough to see crabs walking along the sands. The rock pools on the other side of the island are

also suitable for bathing and contain some very beautiful shells and sea anemones.

In parts of the island there are the ruins of forts, in which anyone who cares to search may find fragments of pottery or the heads of stone Axes. There is also a sandy stretch, appropriately named Sahara, which was once a lake dwelling. After sand storms bronze pins, rings and other ornaments are revealed. The pins are said to date back to 3000 B.C. One day, as we walked over the drifting sand, my father's foot came in contact with a skeleton. We uncovered it, and a doctor friend who was with us pointed out how the lower jaw protruded because, in pre-historic days, men used it so much more to tear their food.

B. H., IIa.

#### A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.

In pre-war days a familiar scene in any summer resort was the excited band of children heralding the arrival of a Punch and Judy show.

Let us imagine that we are there, and this is what we see:—

The children sit cross-legged in front of a tall, gaily-striped canvas erection with an open square on one side. They lick their large pink and white ice-cream cones as they wait. Their bright bathing costumes—some still wet with frolics in the sea—mingle with cheery floral frocks, making a kaleidoscope of colour.

At length a man disappears behind the red, orange and white canvas, a gurgle is heard, and Mr Punch pokes his head out. He is dressed in red and yellow cloth, and has a large hump on his back and a jovial expression on his face. He bows to the children and wishes them "Good Afternoon," which evokes much hand-clapping and loud cheering. His wife, Judy, dressed in a blue frock with a white apron and a white mop cap, appears after Punch has thumped on the wooden shelf with his stick. She is tenderly carrying the baby. After some argument, during which Judy gets hit on the head, she departs, leaving Punch nursing the infant. He whirls the poor baby round and round his stick and shouts with dismay when it sails, with its long white robes billowing out behind it, over the heads of the children. A wild scramble ensues to retrieve the baby, for great honour is attached to the fortunate youngster who hands back the infant to Punch, before Judy discovers what has happened.

Meantime a crocodile, displaying a mouth full of wicked teeth, is seen behind Punch, the evil gleam in its eye intensified by the bright sunlight. Punch, unaware of the danger lurking at his back, is warned by the shrill call of the children. Those who are witnessing the tragedy for the first time try in vain to look away. They scream their warning; Mr Punch turns, and after carefully inspecting the open mouth before him (just withdrawing his head as the large jaws shut with a snap) he attempts to scare the crocodile away with his stick. This failing, he gives the baby to the green monster, which disappears, taking the infant with it. Groans come from the audience, who wonder what will happen next.



The children have completely forgotten their ice-creams, which melt in the hot sunshine. The pink and white liquid drips unnoticed on their knees or on the sand, while the little faces portraying varying expressions of tearful anxiety and hopeful excitement, are enraptured at the scene before their eyes. A few of their parents stand sheepishly at the edge of the crowd, themselves thrilled by the antics in the boxlike canvas before them, perhaps recapturing for a few minutes their own youth.

Judy reappears, demanding her child. The clown follows her, and they both duck as Punch swings his stick over their heads. Sometimes the clown is in front of Judy, and, when Punch tries to hit him, he bends down to evade the blow which falls on poor Judy's head. When Judy learns what has happened to her child, she begins to cry and, when Punch comforts her, dries her eyes laboriously on her apron.

The ghost visits Punch next. The latter peers through his fingers, and, seeing the ghost, shivers with fear. The ghost pursues him round and round, flapping his arms and making eerie noises. Punch hides his eyes in the corner. When he peeps round a little later to see who is tapping him, he finds that it is the doctor. The latter, however, cannot find the source of his ailments and departs.

The beadle, arrayed in cocked hat and a coat with large brass buttons, appears, summons Punch for giving his child to the crocodile and hands him over to the hangman, now on the scene complete with mask and gallows. He tries to persuade Punch to lay his head in the noose, but Punch, pretending he does not understand, tricks the hangman into putting his own head in the noose; whereupon the wily hunchback pulls the string with such vigour that the hangman is tossed about like a leaf, much to the delight of the youthful audience, now roaring with laughter.

An officer of the law, after a short skirmish, takes Punch away. Later he is freed, for the crocodile has given Judy back her baby.

The show ends, and the children place their sticky coppers in the box which is passed round—then they run over the sand to resume their interrupted play or to cool their sun-baked bodies in the sea. Soon, perhaps, the days will come again when we can enjoy, on a hot summer afternoon, an ice-cream and a Punch and Judy show.

C. S., Vb.

### THE GREY MAN.

One lovely summer day I decided to go for a walk over the hills. I took a packet of sandwiches, and set off.

After walking for several miles, I sat on a hillside to eat my lunch. Below me the rolling purple moon dropped down to the pine woods, and behind rose the Cairngorms, their blueish-purple flecked here and there with patches of snow. The whole scene was breathtakingly beautiful.

Suddenly the view was blotted out by a curtain of mist, and I thought it best to remain where I was until the mist lifted. As I sat, half-dozing, a shiver ran down my spine, and an inexplicable feeling of terror came over me.

At first I could not think of any reason for my fear, and then in the distance I heard footsteps. I thought it was probably only some shepherd, but suddenly a huge shadow, grey and distorted, fell across the curtain of mist. It was the shadow of something which looked half-man, half-beast, tall and powerful, with abnormally long arms. I was rooted to the spot, frozen with horror.

The footsteps came nearer, and nearer, and nearer, and the shadow loomed larger until it towered menacingly above me. It seemed to have a huge head, but, as it neared me, I was horror-stricken to see that it had no face! I opened my mouth to scream, but it was dried up with fear, and no sound came. I tried to run, but my legs refused to obey me.

Slowly, slowly, the Shadow bent towards me. I heard it breathing, and then felt its cold, clammy hands on my face. Gradually they slid lower until they reached my neck. I felt them tighten on my throat. My breath came in gasps, my lungs seemed about to burst. Everything was swaying, dancing crazily around. Flashes of coloured light shot across my eyes, and then everything went black, and I knew no more.

After a time I regained consciousness. Cautiously I opened my eyes. The mist had risen, the sun was shining brightly, and somewhere overhead a lark was pouring out its soul in music. Suddenly I remembered. I started up, and looked wildly around me.--Had it all been a dream? It certainly looked like it. Below me a burn was bubbling its way down the hillside, and the bees were humming in the heather. High above soared the lark, a black dot against the sky. I made my way homeward, and still do not know if my encounter with the Grey Man was a dream or not.

C. G., IVa.

### A FRIGHT.

It happened when the moon was bright,  
On a clear and starry night,  
As I was walking through a wood,  
There, in front, a figure stood.  
The figure spoke a word or two,  
And said to me, "How do you do!"  
My heart was beating in a flurry,  
As home I flew in a terrible hurry.

J. D., IIa.

### AN EXPEDITION TO THE CAIRNGORMS.

JUNE, 1944.

It was already warm although the sun was, as yet, not very high in the heavens. There were few clouds to be seen except cirrus, which seemed to be patrolling the upper regions; and even these were scattered. A slight breeze was blowing. It was, indeed, a perfect day for climbing.

The party consisted of ten pupils, under the supervision of two teachers, Miss Alanach and Mr Thornton. We had left Grantown at nine o'clock. A little before ten we had "by-passed" Boàt-of-Garten and, leaving the main



road, we turned to our left up a rather rough and very steep typical country road. Some of us consulted the map to assure ourselves that this "obstacle" had to be tackled; others took it for granted and tried to take the hill at a spurt. Some had to come off—and walk—but once; others a little oftener. At length, however, we all arrived at the top, where we had our first clear view of the Cairngorms, and Cairngorm itself, the peak we were to climb.

The road was smoother and flatter now; and, passing out of King George V. Forest, we ran down and along the side of Loch Morlich, where we encountered "slight opposition" from a Norwegian Paratroop brigade which happened to be practising on the sands. Nevertheless, after some delay, we managed to continue to the lodge at the north end, where we left our bikes, and shouldering our knapsacks and with our coats over our arms we began the ascent.

At first it was only a walk along a well-trodden path. We crossed a burn by a quaint old rustic bridge and plunged, knee-deep, through the thick purple heather. A little further on we stopped for our first rest and "snack" beside the stream which we had recently crossed and with whose cool, clear and sparkling water we now quenched our thirst.

We walked on again, in single file, still following a path. The heather was not quite so thick now. However, the ascent was slightly steeper. Every now and then grouse soared into the air from out of some heathery nook. Suddenly we heard a queer, uncanny, hoarse, croaking sound. It was the sound of ptarmigan. Not far off we found a ptarmigan's nest complete with eggs. Mother ptarmigan fluttered to a nearby rock, while father ptarmigan eyed us suspiciously from close quarters. They were remarkably tame, dark birds with a flash of white on their wings and tail. But what the ptarmigan can find to eat on the barren mountain side is a mystery.

We had now been climbing for a little over two hours. The heather was gradually blending itself into coarse grass and rock. A mountain loch which we had passed not long after our first "halt" at the burn looked now little more than a small pond. We began to wish we had left our coats behind, but, although the sun was still shining, we knew that a promising morning in this part of the world too often fades into rain. We trudged on, on, and considerably upwards, breaking the monotony every so often by not infrequent rests.

Another hour had passed. The loch had grown even smaller and soon disappeared from view. It became breezier, and one could distinctly feel the difference in temperature. We were now gradually approaching the summit, although it was still out of view. One no longer walked over grass and rocks, but over huge granite slabs and boulders. We kept our eyes skinned for Cairngorm stones, but we did not find any of these fine specimens one sees in jewellers' shops—only rough stones which I fear were mostly granite! However, our attention was mostly taken up with speculating on how far we were from the summit. Time and again, when we thought we had but one more mound to conquer, another appeared to

take its place. At last, however, with our packs feeling like pieces of granite, and our arms almost unable to bear our coats any further, we reached the summit by a supreme effort, thankful to be able to throw down our bag and baggage at last and to look forward to a well-earned rest.

When we had carefully placed our stones (which were in some cases as big as boulders) on the cairn, with no little difficulty in keeping our balance, as the wind was now very strong, we were able, for about five minutes, to have an excellent view of the surrounding country, and even the Moray Firth. Then the mist began to come down and wisped around us, obscuring our view. We therefore came down a little to the Marquis's Well, where we sat and had our lunch.

A few, who required to climb a second peak for that much coveted Cairngorm Badge, were eager to set off for Ben MacDhui. Four, including Mr Thornton, were left slowly picking their way down the other side of the Cairn as we, thoroughly satisfied with our day's outing, retraced our steps to the Lodge and thence home, feeling that we had really accomplished something out of the ordinary.

D. G., Va.

### PESSIMISM.

There is no greater menace in the world to-day than pessimism. Surely there is no place in the post-war world for those who, by adopting an unreasonable attitude towards what may appear to be hardships, doubt whether the gigantic efforts of the Liberation Armies have really been worth while.

Shouldn't one follow the example of the gardener who experiences a thrill of anticipation on seeing on the seed packet an "elegantly coloured" mirage into which he expects those tiny balls will develop. Time and time again the actual crop fails to appear as the picture advertised on the packet, but as each season comes round he hopefully buys more packets. Similarly, a good cook won't accept defeat after half a dozen fruitless efforts at a particularly difficult dish. She will try, again and again, each time confident that perfection will be attained.

The average American citizen takes a more optimistic view of life. When adversity comes his way, he is ready to take up some new adventure and start again with renewed vigour, expectant that success will ultimately come his way.

I quote Kipling's famous poem "If" to illustrate this outlook:—

"If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it in one turn of pitch and toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you—  
Except the will which says to them, "hold on."

E. M., Va.



## THE SCHOOL CANTEEN.

"O Lord, we thank Thee for Thy goodness to us and ask Thy blessing on this food, for Christ's sake, amen." Immediately a clatter of forks, knives or spoons is heard, and a low hum of voices fills the hall. The mid-day meal at the school canteen has begun.

The senior girls, known to us as Musty, Wobbly, Sis, Pussy, Gizinka and U.S., assist with the serving, and very efficiently they do it. They certainly do not neglect the fifth and sixth despite our sarcastic remarks. For instance, Burlington Bertie innocently enquires after the cat's health and at the same time, eyes his dish with feigned disdain. Suddenly a voice from the top of the table exclaims excitedly as its owner tackles his stew, "So they've discovered a substitute for rubber! My tooth distinctly bounced off that piece of meat." What we lack in etiquette, we make up for in enjoyment, and, in passing, I may say, we imagine we behave ourselves, but we require a second opinion on that.

Some of the dishes are more popular than others. Mince, stew, rhubarb and sponge, apple and custard, and what is known among us as "jam roly-poly," are numbered among our favourite dishes. We regret, however, the absence of lentils from the menu, as lentil soup was one of our special favourites.

The pupils do not leave as they please, but, at the signal from the headmaster, rise from the five tables and retire from the dining-hall in a more or less orderly fashion.

The ladies in charge are untiring in their efforts to make the meals a success, and their excellent work in providing, at a very moderate price (two shillings per week), attractive and nutritious menus which are consumed in a very happy and pleasant atmosphere, reflects much credit on them. For punctuality and cleanliness our dining-hall is second to none. Good luck to the canteen, and long may it continue to carry on its good work!

J. A., VIa.

## THE CANTEEN.

Every day, at ten past one,  
Out of our rooms we troop.  
Once out of school we start to run  
For Mrs Mutch's soup.  
We sit on benches in a row  
And taste the fare so fine,  
And, after dining, when we go,  
We sigh and look behind.  
For all the plates are polished clean  
Of pudding and of meat,  
You may be sure that we are keen,  
When dinner's such a treat.

I. C., IIb.

## AN EVENT IN THE BATTLE OF LONDON.

It happened one morn of a bright summer's day,  
When the sky looked clear and blue.  
The birds in the trees were singing so gay,  
And the flowers were lovely of hue.

So strange did it seem that after the night,  
A night of sorrow and fear,  
The world was again so quiet and light,  
With the shadow of horror so near.

But alas! the respite was not for long,  
As the siren's wail arose.

Like a sad and drear and drawn-out song,  
To tell of the coming foes.

With one accord the heavens were searched  
By tired and anxious eyes;

And, high on the roofs, the spotters were  
perched,

In their watch on the troubled skies.

And then the well-known dreaded drone,  
As the black forms came into view;

And soon—too soon—was their presence  
known,

Two blots on the sky's lovely blue.

But the deadly noise became less loud,  
As one of them dived to its fall.

Then rose crash-smoke in a fearsome cloud  
Above the roof-tops tall.

And, after, it seemed that a silence fell,

And we listened, with bated breath,  
For the whine and the crash that told too well  
Of another herald of death.

Now silence reigned, but not for long,

Though this sound roused no fear,  
For we heard the long and steady song,  
Which told that the skies were clear.

And this we suffer from the Hun,

Day in, day out, in London town;

But, till the battle's o'er and won,  
The Hun will never get us down.

G. S., IVa.

## GOODBYE, BLACK-OUTS.

The darkness comes, the darkness goes;  
No light we hide from skulking foes;  
All air-raid wardens have retired,  
Their services no more required.

"Put out that light!" no more we hear;  
Nor do we stumble home in fear,  
Lest we should knock a lamp-post down,  
And thus acquire a broken crown.

Yet, though the black-out nights are gone,  
We've still to finish off the Hun;  
But shout, hurrah! with one accord;  
We've nearly ousted Hitler's horde.

G. T., IVa.

## THE YELLOW PERIL.

The Japanese soldier is the product of many centuries of almost continuous warfare. From as far back as the twelfth century, when there was bitter fighting between the clans in Japan, the Japanese have shown themselves to be a diabolically cruel race, clever and cunning, ready to give their lives to serve their emperor. From the simplest peasant upwards, every Jap believes himself to be descended from the gods. He believes his emperor, Hirohito, to be the Son of Heaven, the Supreme Being, the Incarnate God. Hundreds of Japanese have lost their lives in trying to rescue his portrait from burning buildings.

At a very early age the Jap begins his



military training; not even in Germany or Italy have the people known such regimentation. From all sides, in the home, the temple, the classroom, and the barracks, the pliable mind of the youth is moulded into the army pattern.

The Jap fighting man's instant readiness to sacrifice his life has been frequently illustrated since Japan entered the war. One of the most outstanding examples of his fanaticism was, when one of our naval vessels shot down a Jap 'plane and threw lifelines to the crew, and not a single Jap would touch the lines. They preferred death to rescue and surrender. To their minds, had they accepted this offer of safety, they would not have been faithful to their emperor.

The Jap is our worst enemy, and his fighting qualities should not be under-estimated, but once they realise that their "god" is merely a goggle-eyed little mortal who has tackled more than he is able for, their morale will collapse. But, to bring about such a collapse, we will have to administer crushing defeats in the field, for they will not crack morally or psychologically. Only by complete physical destruction will we rid the world of the Yellow Eastern peril. The day when this will come about is not far distant, for our allies in the Far East have inflicted, and will continue to inflict, heavy casualties on the Japanese garrisons stationed there.

W. S., VIa.

#### D-DAY.

In years to come, one day will stand,  
A day of mist and rolling sea,  
The day our boys set out to land  
Upon the shores of Normandy.

They had been there before, 'tis true,  
But then they had been driven back.  
Now they had come to try anew,  
And not a man did courage lack.

By land and sea and air they came,  
With painted faces set and grim.  
To serve their country was their aim,  
With faith in God and trust in Him.

They fought that day, they're fighting still,  
For—husbands, brothers, sweethearts,  
sons—

They have a mission to fulfil  
To crush the evil of the Huns.

With thankful hearts and faith serene,  
Our thoughts now turn to V-Day,  
Remembering still, with pride supreme,  
The boys who crossed on D-Day.

E. G., IVa.

#### HARVEST HOLIDAY.

The harvest must be gathered in,  
If this war we are to win.  
Driving tractors, stooking corn,  
Every day from early morn,  
Forking barley, sheaving wheat,  
We boys will have the Nazis beat.  
Thus will we spend our holiday,  
And earn a really bumper pay.

J. J., IIa.

#### A PARATROOP RAID.

It had come at last, the day for which we had waited so long. For the past two years we had been training for this very thing.

Our Section Commander came back from the briefing, and told us our objective was one of the bridges over the Orne. We had to demolish it, and make our way back to the landing force as best we could.

We took off in our transport 'plane without mishap, and soon we were flying over the Channel. As we reached the French coast, the green light which signified "stand-by" was put on. We all lined up beside the door. Then the red light flashed, and we started to jump. Some of the boys gave their war-cry as they jumped.

We all landed safely, and soon we had joined up and were pushing on to our objective. After about twenty minutes of stealing across the countryside, we reached a small hill from where we could see the bridge. We sent a recon. patrol down to find where Jerry was. Very soon it returned with the news that there were only two pill-boxes and a dug-out to be seen. But there was a sentry standing on the road leading to the bridge. Two men were sent to dispose of this nuisance, while the rest attacked the main defences. It didn't take us very long to finish them off, and soon the sappers had the H.E. charge set. Then there was a terrific explosion, and the bridge went sky-high.

Soon we were on our journey back to the coast. We met a German patrol; but otherwise it was quite uneventful, and we sighted a British tank late in the afternoon. Not long after that we were back with the British Tommies, happy at having done our bit in the attack on Hitler's so-called Fortress of Europe.

D. H., IIIa.

#### THE A.C.F. OF GRANTOWN.

The A.C.F. of Grantown  
Are a credit to the town.  
To see them dressed and on parade  
Would make the Jerries frown.  
With heads erect and shoulders square,  
Eyes front and not a smile—  
I wish that I was age to join,  
But I must wait a while.

Now, Ribbentrop and Goering,  
Take heed to what I say;  
If Hitler sends you and your men  
To Grantown on the Spey,  
Our little troop is ready  
To greet you every one;  
We'll fight as we've been taught to do,  
And wipe out every Hun.

E. A., Iab.

#### SCHOOL OFFICIALS—SESSION 1944-45.

##### Boys.

School Captain—John Asher.  
Vice-Captain—William Sellar.  
Prefects—John Asher, William Sellar, Douglas Gibson, James Macdonald, William M'In-



tosh, Alexander Munro, David Houston, James Mitchell, Samuel M'Kay, Hamish Marshall, Maxwell Innes.

House Captains:—Revack — John Asher; Revoan—James Macdonald; Roy—William Sellar.

Football Captain—John Asher; vice-captain —James Macdonald.

Cricket Captain—William Sellar.

Athletics secretary—Douglas Gibson.

Selection Committee—John Asher, William Sellar, James Macdonald, Douglas Gibson.

#### Girls.

School Captain—Catherine Asher.

Games Captain—Nan Hamilton.

House Captains:—Roy — Nan Hamilton; Revoan—Eileen Mustard; Revack—Catherine Asher.

Athletics Secretary and Secretary to Prefects Court—Marjory Cattanaach.

Prefects—Eileen Mustard, Ella Slater, Nan Hamilton, Catherine Asher, Marjory Cattanaach, Margaret Ross, Evelyn Geddes, Edith Kyd, Margaret Rae, Elspeth MacIntosh, Catriona Grant, Georgine Turnbull, Elizabeth MacBeath.

## SPORTS SECTION.

### BOYS.

#### Football.

In addition to the house matches, in which Revoan carried off the premier honours, the school teams, both senior and junior, fulfilled a number of fixtures with other clubs, and, although they did not always win, they proved themselves to be very doughty opponents.

The first eleven reached the peak of their form last February when they defeated Forbes Academy by 5 goals to 2. True, they were beaten in their first encounter with that team, but the fact that they did win, even once, is evidence of their determination, for they faced a team whose ball control and co-operation were not to be despised. On our side, too, considerable talent was evinced, especially by one or two players who have now passed into the ranks of the F.P.'s.

Matches were also played against teams representing the Army Cadet Force, Mortlach Secondary School and Cromdale. In these games our main supports were Louis Mutch at left-back and Jack Asher at left-half, while Lewis Kinnaird at centre forward, with his dash and dribbling ability, made the most of openings that came his way. Special mention, too, must be made of the late Alexander Cameron, who always played a steady reliable game at right-half. Sandy was a footballer of great promise, and for this, as well as for other reasons, we deeply deplore his untimely death.

#### Cricket.

Keen competition was shown again this year in the house matches, the result of which placed Revack at the top, and this in spite of the fact that their captain, Jack Asher, was unable to play owing to a shoulder injury sustained in a shinty match with the Army Cadet Force. However, with his arm in a sling, he exhorted his side and was in no small measure

responsible for their victory. While our activities were, in the main, confined to school practice games, the team spirit was well fostered, and Lewis Kinnaird and William Sellar, the captains of Revoan and Roy respectively, are to be congratulated, equally with Jack Asher, for the interest which they stimulated in their houses.

One or two of the junior boys made notable progress during the season. Among these may be mentioned David Houston, who proved on several occasions that a good fielder can be a strong asset to his side, Richard Petrie and Christopher Vince, whose bowling was of a high order.

Early this session the experience of the senior boys was enlarged by a friendly match which they had with a team representing Edinburgh Royal High School. Considering the stiff opposition, several of our players gave a creditable account of themselves. Jack Asher deserves special mention for his bowling in this match, having taken 4 wickets for 8 runs.

#### Hockey.

Great success attended the efforts of the girls' first hockey eleven, and their excellent team work was shown to advantage in two matches which they played against Mortlach Secondary School. They were the winners on both occasions, the scores being 3-0 in their favour at Grantown and 2-1 at Dufftown. The Grammar School was fortunate in having a good defence, while their forward line, also a strong combination, asserted their superiority from the start. The outstanding players in these games were Sheila MacLachlan (forward), a speedy player ever on the alert for opportunities, while conspicuous for their hard hitting were Elizabeth Gordon and Nan Hamilton (half-backs). Constance Mitchell was a tower of strength, and her steady influence contributed much to the success of the team.

Provost Milne's House Cup was won by Revoan captained by Sheila MacLachlan.

A Staff v. Pupils' match, resulting in a draw, was held at the end of the session. In spite of heavy rain, great keenness was shown, and all were agreed that it was a most enjoyable game. It is hoped that this match will become an annual event in the sporting life of the school.

#### School Sports.

The school athletic sports, held at the end of June, aroused greater interest this year, as the majority of the events were contested in one afternoon instead of being spread over several days as in the last two years. Weather conditions were ideal for a sports meeting, and all the competitors, drawn from the primary as well as the secondary department, strove to the limit of their capacity, nearly all the flat races, in particular, evoking great enthusiasm. In the inter-house competition, boys and girls included, Revoan were easy winners with a total of 83 points, while Revack and Roy were allotted 70 and 45 points respectively. Individually, there were one or two very fine performances and the champions Sheila MacLachlan (senior), Jean MacLachlan (junior), Lewis Kinnaird (senior), and Christopher Vince (junior) are to be congratulated on their achievement.



**THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.**

The house where I would live content was never  
 built by hands,  
 A house upon the Coast of Dream and pagan  
 hinterlands,  
 A house that's low but wide enough, and full  
 of books and wine,  
 Lean thought and airy phantasy, the only loves  
 of mine.

A pleasant place for weary man shall be that  
 house of mine,  
 Where dreams shall bloom and fade and blow,  
 and thoughts shall flow like wine,  
 Where time shall be forgotten, and eternity is  
 now,  
 And man is free of Adam's curse of sweat upon  
 his brow.

I. MACPHERSON.

**QUEEN OF RIVERS.**

I hail thee "Queen of Rivers."  
 Let none thy claim dispute.  
 My soul thy waters' music  
 Doth thrill as ne'er did lute.

O glorious, blue, and smiling,  
 Reflex of summer skies,  
 To gaze on thee entangles  
 My heart with tender ties.

I hear thy clamorous note  
 For ever and for aye.  
 Till time and memory fade,  
 I'll love thee, River Spey.

J. S. DUNCAN.

**THE OLD GUARD.****A SPANISH BULLFIGHT.**

During the last few months I have been fortunate in being able to visit Spain, where people are beginning to forget the horrors of the Civil War, and are settling down again to enjoy their peace-time national sport of bullfighting. It was my privilege to see Manolete at the top of his form, Manolete, the world's finest bullfighter and the hero of Spain. Bullfighting has its own season, and is also the special feature of Fiesta Week, the national holiday. I happened to be in Spain during the Fiesta and I then witnessed a corrida or bullfight. I shall attempt to describe the scene for the benefit of my readers at home.

The Fiesta opened on Saturday evening, and a large crowd of people, hardship and hunger forgotten, gathered from miles around clad in their gayest clothes and national costumes. In happy mood they enjoyed all the fun of the fair and danced the night through. Sunday morning was quiet; but everywhere one could sense a hushed excitement and expectancy. After a typically Spanish lunch of eggs, cheese, tasteless bread, and Muscatel wine, followed by fruit and coffee, my friend and I went straight to the Plaza de Toros.

Fortunately, we were able to obtain seats in the shade, although this cost us each 40 pesetas (about £1). We joined a queue about two hours before starting time, and were allowed entry after half-an-hour's wait. Few were in before us, so we had a good choice of seats, and we selected two near the President's box, where we were sure to have the best view of some of the kills. A few rather important people joined us. Next to me sat a prominent bullfighting critic, an enthusiast who had himself faced bulls for the sport of it. He explained to me the finer points of this un-

doubtedly fine art, an art which requires speed and bravery for a foundation. Next to him sat the Chief of Police, and on our other side were the Chief of Customs and his wife. They kept us supplied with sandwiches.

During the waiting period, people sat reading, sleeping, eating and drinking, or getting acquainted with their neighbours, irrespective of what language they spoke. Boys hawked lemonade at extortionate prices, while their elders sold expensive sweets, expensive wines, and lottery tickets, or took photographs of sections of the audience. Occasionally an officer would click his heels and bow to one of the ladies of the district who, in all her finery and gayest attire, had just alighted from her carriage. Such was the lively and colourful scene which we enjoyed, as we waited with barely concealed excitement for the appearance of the bulls and matadors. At last a trumpet fanfare echoed round the arena, waking the sleepers and drowning the conversationalists. The deathly hush was followed by such a burst of cheering that I thought it must be Franco himself; but I saw only a couple of colourfully-dressed attendants. They had come to water the sand of the arena, which reflected the dazzling light of the scorching Spanish sun.

By the time their job was completed, the crowd was almost hysterical with excitement; but the cheering reached a crescendo when the gates were flung wide, and the parade of matadores, picadores, and banderilleros marched forward in their brilliant, centuries-old regalia to bow to the President, before presenting their capes to the chosen ladies and retiring to their respective stations.

Another fanfare and burst of cheering gave the signal for the first bull to be let loose. It was a huge, ferocious brute, and although rather sluggish in its movements, it was particularly dangerous because of its habit of throwing itself sideways to gore with one horn instead of charging straight. The connoisseur next to me explained that its sight was bad in one eye; he had studied the bulls, he said, on the previous day in the corral behind the arena.

It was not long before the matador saw how to take advantage of this weakness, and soon the bull lay dead on the sand. My first feeling was one of disgust at this brutal sport, but, by the time four bulls had been killed, I was beginning to enjoy and appreciate the finer points of the sport.

It was the fifth combat, however, which provided most thrills, and to it I shall confine myself. The bull charged with such speed that the opposite side of the arena was hidden by the cloud of dust whipped up by its hooves. It scattered the "footmen" with their red capes who were disposed round the arena; and fearless men though they were, they lost no time in diving head first over the barriers. Sometimes they just made it as Senor Toro's horns splintered the woodwork behind their vanishing rumps. Meanwhile Manolete, premier bullfighter of Spain, had been standing by studying the bull's movements. Now he leapt nimbly into the arena to offer himself a target for its horns. "Aqui, toro," he shouted. Instantly it turned in its tracks, and from the other side of the arena hurled itself straight at him through the dust cloud. Only in the last second did he relax his rigid poise to evade the sweep of its menacing horns. He continued to show himself worthy of his name as the most scientific of bullfighters. Playing the bull again and again with his red cape, he seemed certain to be gored. It was soon evident, however, that this was no ordinary bull, and he signalled for the picadores. A fanfare sounded above the cheering, and the picadores entered, mounted on their padded horses.

I should explain, at this point, that at one time the horses were not padded, and it was a common sight to see eight or nine horses killed or gored in the course of the afternoon; but in these more humane times, the horse is protected by a leather shield padded with flock. The picadores carry lances, which have a guard two inches from the top to prevent them penetrating too far. With these the picadores prod the bull, but not, as is commonly believed, to madden him, although it serves this purpose if he happens to be of a sluggish temper, but primarily to weaken him by penetrating the shoulder muscles.

During the picadores' act in this drama of the bull, the sweeping horns caught one of the horses with such force that one of them penetrated the padding and buried itself deep in the horse's belly. With a toss of its mighty head the bull lifted horse and rider clear of the ground and hurled them several yards away. The picador would undoubtedly have been gored as he lay, had not Manolete and the other matadores rushed in to distract the infuriated animal. The horse was led out to be destroyed. Meanwhile Manolete continued to demonstrate his skill until it was time for the bandilleros.

The bandilleros are darts about two feet long. It is customary to drive six of them into the bull's shoulders, where they are held by the barbs of their razor-sharp points. This part, which calls for great skill and courage, is usually performed by the bandarilleros, but in this fight Manolete decided to do the whole

job himself. Holding one in each hand above his head, he raced on tip-toe towards the bull. Meeting the animal in its charge, he leaned over its horns and planted the bandilleros firmly in its hide, then, while the shock of pain numbed its movements, he made good his escape to the barriers. This was repeated until he had placed all six, then he again took the cape, and with such artistry did he execute its varied passes that the crowd yelled itself hoarse with cries of "Ole!" "Ole!" Without moving his feet, he would draw the bull after the cape, swaying outwards to avoid the horns and inwards to brush its body as it passed. This happened as many as six times. He foresaw its every move, and would sometimes turn his back on the bull and walk away trailing his cape, sure of his immunity from attack. Again he would kneel on the sand, and draw the bull round him after the fluttering cape in complete mastery.

Finally, ignoring his adversary completely, he went down on both knees and bowed to the crowd until his head touched the sand, while the bull stood utterly bewildered, with its horns about a yard from his back.

Another fanfare, another burst of cheering announced the last act. Three swords were brought in on a velvet cushion, and selecting one, he prepared to make the kill, which he dedicated to the health of all present. The bull charged. Down plunged his sword up to the hilt in its neck; but such was the animal's impetus that it bore Manolete to the ground. For a horrible moment death seemed very near. The chances were that, had not the "footmen" rushed in waving their capes, he would have been gored, trampled, or crushed by the toppling bull. In a trice, however, Manolete leapt to his feet and administered the coup de grace, plunging his sword through the spinal cord.

The crowd went mad with excitement. All round the arena thousands of white handkerchiefs were being waved by delirious "fans" demanding the highest honour for their hero—the award of the bull's ears and tail. As three horses in blood-red harness towed the carcass out of the arena, Manolete walked round the ring to take his bow. He did this three times because of the great honour of receiving the ears and tail. All kinds of gifts were showered upon him—hats, cigars, cigarettes, etc. He tossed back the hats, but picked up a cigarette case and a couple of boxes of English cigarettes, which are a great luxury in Spain. The remainder was collected by the other toreros and attendants.

Manolete, rather a likeable fellow outside the arena, realises, as does everyone else, that sooner or later he will be killed by a bull; but he is not at all worried by this thought. He has already accumulated a fortune, sufficient to keep himself and his family in luxury. (His fee for this one afternoon came to about £4000.) Besides, he is slowly dying of tuberculosis, and as he says himself, bullfighting is all he has to live for.

J. STUART.

(Place names in this article have been deleted by censor.)



## ADVENTURE IN "THE BAY."

On volunteering for special service one expects to get a job with a little excitement attached to it. Well, this is my spot of excitement.

On a Friday of June, 1940, I was detailed with about 30 others, seamen, stokers, etc., to join the Canadian destroyer "Fraser" which was lying in Plymouth Sound. After each collecting our 48 hours' rations and "Mae West," we arrived on board late in the afternoon. We put to sea in the evening for an unknown destination; but it eventually leaked out that we were bound for St Jean de Luz, a little French seaport not far from the Spanish border. There we were to evacuate refugees and the British Consulate from Paris.

We arrived off St Jean on the Saturday, swung into the harbour and out to sea again in a continuous arc, and circled round just out of sight of land. At 2 a.m. on Sunday we ran close in and went ashore, to find the quay littered with baggage and the bicycles on which the refugees had arrived. As the morning wore on, we managed to get the majority of these people and their belongings stowed away on board one of the two merchant ships standing by. (One of these ships was the "Arandora Star," which was later torpedoed off the west coast of Ireland with German and Italian prisoners on board.)

Our job completed, we put out to sea, accompanied by the cruisers "Galatea" and "Calcutta" and by two Canadian destroyers. Tuesday night found us bowling along over the heaving seas of "The Bay." It was about 11.30 p.m. and pitch-black on deck. My mate and I had just consumed a tin of salmon out of our rations, and this brought on my first bout of sea-sickness. I hopped out on deck, leaned over the rail, and promptly fed the fish. Barely had I gone back to the sick bay and started undressing, when there occurred a terrific explosion, and I lost consciousness.

When I came to, I found I had been blown out of the sick-bay through a partition—luckily a wooden one—and after describing a kind of semi-circle, finished up in a half-sitting, half-standing position, with my head and shoulders sticking through a hole in the deck above. I was trapped there by two girders, one pinning my ankles and the other my hips. Luckily, just as my plight began to dawn on me, my mate staggered across the deck just above. I shot out my arm and grabbed his ankle. He did his best to extricate me, but to no purpose. I struggled desperately like a trapped animal, and finally, after what seemed an eternity, by shedding my life-belt and trousers, I wriggled free.

I actually succeeded in running to the stern of the ship, but there I collapsed under stress of shock and my injuries. They wrapped me up, and threw me over into another destroyer which came alongside. Eventually I reached hospital, strangely enough the same hospital from which I had been detailed for special service. There I spent three weeks as a patient, and then followed survivors' leave, sixteen wonderful days.

A. SMITH.

## THE GUARDS ARE HERE.

On the afternoon of Saturday, September 3rd, 1944, the fast-moving tanks of the Guards Armoured Division roared through the wide, tree-lined streets of Brussels. The noise of the tanks was drowned by the cheering of thousands of Belgians—men, women and children, who for four years had hoped and prayed for this moment. For months they had secretly been making flags, Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes, under the very eyes of the Gestapo, for this great day. It was more like the Battle of Flowers than the Battle of Brussels. Our vehicles were covered with flowers, masses of them.

Later, on foot, we mingled with the crowd. They brought out baskets of fruit—tomatoes, plums, grapes, peaches, and pears—and unearthened bottles of wine which had lain hidden throughout the occupation. Girls were dressed in frocks of the national colours, red, gold, and black, and some were even sporting tartan kilts and Glengarry bonnets. It was amazing the number of English-speakers one met. When I remarked on this to a young Belgian, he said, "Well, you see, we have been listening to the B.B.C. for so long." "Mr Churchill declared in 1940 that you would come back," recalled one lady, "and," she added thankfully, "he has kept his promise, though it has been a long time." People brought out their cameras and took photos. We signed hundreds of autographs. We felt really important. All this seemed something worth while fighting for.

My mate and I were invited to a cafe by a young Belgian and his wife who had with them a little boy of four. We discussed Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin. They asked us what part of Britain we came from. Were we married? How many children had we? What did we do before the war? This exchange of views was interrupted by the approach of an officer and five of our fellows. We were required for a job, nothing less than the cleaning up of Gestapo Headquarters. On reaching the place, we saw that it had been one of Brussels' finest hotels. It was surrounded by Belgian Maquis, who were firing for all they were worth and had broken every pane of glass in the place. The officer called on them to cease firing and ordered us to follow him in. We put our safety catches forward, got our grenades handy, and passed through the litter of broken glass in the vestibule. Here, all ready for despatch to Germany, were huge trunks, which, however, there had been no time to send.

We wet the concierge or caretaker, who said the "Bosches" were down in the cellars. These turned out to be specially constructed strong-rooms, beautifully tiled, lit by electric light, and fitted with steel doors. These were locked. My mate fired about twenty rounds through one of the locks, but without success. The officer then called out to the Germans to surrender as the British had arrived. To our surprise, a woman's voice answered: "If I open the door will you promise not to shoot?" On this assurance being given, the door opened, and the woman, who, we afterwards learned, was the wife of a Nazi doctor, came out. Our officer went in alone and brought out twenty-

eight officers and men, and after searching for weapons we formed them into line.

No sooner had we escorted them out into the square than a huge crowd gathered, and it was as much as we could do to prevent those Germans being killed on the spot. All the stifled hate of the Nazis was at last let loose, and these, by now very frightened prisoners, as they were marched off to captivity were accompanied by a stupendous crowd, who showered upon them every kind of abuse. I for one was mightily relieved when we had them safely lodged under lock and key.

We were next posted outside a huge building, which I learned was the Palais de Justice and reputed to be the most beautiful building in Europe. Out of sheer malice the Germans had set it on fire. People were engaged in rescuing thousands of valuable books and carrying them to a building nearby. Right opposite the Palais de Justice, on the far side of the square, stands the British and American war memorial. On this, the day of our entry into Brussels, it was covered with flowers, and as we read the inscription, a lady brought a beautiful wreath and placed it at the base.

For us, however, the war was not yet over, and early next morning we received orders to move. Amid deafening cheers from the Belgians, who had not gone to bed that memorable night, we formed up and left in pursuit of the fleeing Hun.

P. MACPHERSON.

### NEWS FROM A GURKHA OFFICER IN ASSAM.

I have been very lucky in being posted to this regiment; it was rather more than I had hoped. The Gurkhas are the finest of fellows to have around one. Apart from their well-earned reputation as fighting men, they are merry, good natured, and well disciplined, very likeable chaps indeed, but quite callous. If one of them comes by a mishap, no matter how serious, the others usually stand around and bawl with laughter. Only when the Gurkha is sick or down with fever is he very depressed. They consider Indian troops below their level, and they have, of course, no Indian officers, only British. These are called "Gurkha officers" to distinguish them from "Viceroy's Commissioned Officers" who are posted to purely Indian regiments.

This is a fine country. We are 4000 feet up; and in something like two or three horizontal miles, the mountains rise to 15,000 feet. As I look through the window from where I am sitting, I have to bend down to see the peaks; so high are they above us. In the immediate vicinity are the hillocks where tea is grown. From these rise the foothills, thickly wooded except where there are patches of terraced crop-land, each patch with its little hut. The foothills in turn give place to thinly-grassed higher slopes, and above them tower grey rock-faces with snow lying in the corries. The country is rough and broken by steep "khads," which provide courses for the rushing burns. Now in the monsoon, everything is green and fresh and lovely.

Last week the valley had its biggest flood in fifty years. All the bridges are down for fifteen miles between camp and the railhead, and at the moment, as far as wheeled traffic is concerned, we are completely isolated. According to press reports, this area had twenty inches of rainfall in four and a half hours. It came in a gale of wind, thunder rumbling overhead, and lashing water lit by lightning into an almost continuous white glow—an amazing sight.

I used to ride a "garron" in Strathspey during the stalking season, and here I am free to take a horse out when I like. Some of us enjoy riding about the country in the evenings. The peasants, Dogras mostly, and the Gadi hill-people, who wear black rope coiled about their waists, are pleasant, straightforward folk, quite different from the sullen, dejected-looking Southern Indians of the Bangalore area. The Dogras are fair-skinned, brown-eyed, and strongly built. They are frank to talk to, and speak Urdu as a rule, though they have their own dialect. The women are usually very pretty. Only one does not speak to them. Indeed when they see us coming, they usually pretend to be picking non-existent fruit off obviously barren thorn bushes! . . . Enter my orderly 81395 Sante Guring with my tea. Getting quite the pukka sahib, God help us!

D. P. M'LEAN.

### TEHERAN.

Teheran is as beautiful as it is expensive, which means that it is very, very beautiful. It is a modern city of tall gleaming buildings, the architecture of which betrays a strong German influence. The shopping centre boasts huge stores and glittering window displays, and here anything can be bought—at a price! The most charming and characteristic feature of Teheran, however, is its greenness. Trees flourish everywhere—along its highways and miles of trim avenues and amid its spacious squares, squares that blaze with flower beds and that dazzle the eye with sparkling fountains and limpid pools of many coloured fish.

The city is built upon a wide plain hemmed in by mighty ranges of snow-capped mountains, which, in turn, are dwarfed by the grandeur of Mount Demavend itself, a cone shaped peak 18,600 feet high. Nestling there on rocky ledges, by foaming torrents, are villages like Darband, surely unsurpassed for beauty in all the world. These mountains are visible from all parts of the city, and at a hundred different points one comes upon a scene of breath-taking loveliness. The mountains, unchanging and eternal, look down with pity and sadness upon the bustle below and that ultra-modern creation, which only ten or fifteen years ago was a tumble-down town of ancient buildings.

Teheran is a city of cafes where innumerable nationalities mingle freely. When I explored these cafes, my French, improved greatly by conversation with my friend the kindly Father Pierre, came in very useful, in fact opened doors which otherwise would have remained closed. I met, talked, sang, and dined with Russians, Hungarians, Armenians, Poles,



French, Persians, Iraqis. These cafes do more to break down distrust and prejudice than would a corps of brilliant diplomats. Over a cup of coffee, vodka, or a mellow vin de liqueur, the unofficial ambassadors of a dozen nations foregather, and repair the damage wrought by those hopelessly biased history books on which the schoolboy mind is nourished. I shall try to describe an evening in one of those cafes, as seen through the eyes of a lad on ten days' leave.

The orchestra is composed of a pianist (Russian), violinist (Armenian), accordionist (French), "sax" (Iranian), and "drums" (Russian girl). As I enter, a jack-booted Russian is executing a folk-dance with much stamping of feet, graceful gesticulation, and fluttering fingers. All Russians are joining lustily in the chorus—a fine, simple, strong melody. After sipping my wine, I thread my way up to the band and request "J'attendrai." It has been a favourite of mine ever since I heard it sung by a bright-eyed demoiselle in a cafe on the Franco-Belgian frontier, away back in 1940. The French accordionist beams. He enquires if I am French (my chest swells with pride). How he sings that song, sings it with tears in his eyes for his shattered France! A burly Hungarian, escorting a ravishing blonde, yields to his friends' insistence, and peeling off his jacket, rolls up his sleeves, and ambles up to the piano. Strong thick fingers racing over the keys fill the cafe with a lilting, haunting melody. Deep voices rise in chorus.

During an interlude, I stroll across to the table where the orchestra is relaxing, and introduce myself. Somebody pulls in a chair, and I sit down. Conversation is halting at first because only two of us speak French; but the Frenchman speaks Russian, and soon I am on good terms with them all. Alexandra, the girl at the drums, hails from Odessa, and while we sit there, news comes through that this port has been recaptured by the Russians. There are loud cheers and much clinking of glasses; a celebration is called for!

Now there is a popular Russian song called "Odessa." Alexandra jumps on to the platform, and sings it with such intense feeling that a lump rises in my throat. Then two Yorkshire lads shed tears of wine over Ilkley Moors. I am prevailed upon to sing "Annie Laurie."

An ancient bearded gentleman thrusts a glass of raw vodka into my hand, and asserts that, though he has spent seventy years in the Ukraine, he was born in Scotland! What a versatility these musicians display! An Hungarian Rhapsody or the "Lambeth Walk," "Odessa" or "Deep in the Heart of Texas," all come alike to them. They are never caught out.

Two of the waitresses are Russian girls—Nina and Zina—who are unique in that they use no cosmetics and flirt with no one. They even go to the cinema with their mother, an unheard-of proceeding in Teheran, where every girl is engaged in "fleecing" soldiers of their much-needed cash. At 10.30 the cafe closes; but I linger to have supper with the proprietor and the orchestra. Strange foods are laid before me—luscious little fresh onions, grated

carrot, potatoes, a sizzling steak, and of course the inevitable wine. After much heart-warming talk, we finally shake hands all round, and depart with the oft-repeated promise to return on the morrow.

I kept that promise for ten evenings in succession, until a giant American locomotive whisked me from the land of wine and song back to my drab, sandy hell. I have many souvenirs of that leave, including the words of a Russian folk-song; but as it is written in Russian, I shall have to learn the language.

I. MACPHERSON.

(Pilgrim has now left the "sandy-hell" behind him, and is in sight of the Holy City.)

#### NOTES.

Security reasons make it impossible to publish detailed information about members in the Services. Readers will therefore condone perhaps excessive recourse to reminiscence. It will also be understood that, by the time the magazine is in circulation, news will not be quite up to date.

The editor has to confess that he has unblushingly utilised his correspondents' letters to eke out what he has gleaned by conversation or report. He hopes that he has always chosen with discrimination, and begs to be forgiven if he has in any instance unwittingly committed a breach of confidence.

More articles are forthcoming this year; and we trust that neither paper shortage nor lack of experience or ideas will cause another relapse.

Some effort has been made to trace the years of attendance at Secondary School in the case of Old Guard members. These are indicated in brackets immediately after the member's name. Where only one date is given, it signifies that this member left either in the first year of Secondary School or while still a pupil in Lower School. Indifferent evidence of older registers makes it impossible to give dates for the older members of the F.P. Club, and many turned a blind eye to that item in the circular. So we think it better meantime, for uniformity's sake, to omit dates for all F.P. members. No doubt the ladies, at least, will breathe a sigh of relief. One could hardly but be uneasy at the thought of an unfeeling School Magazine keeping scrupulous tally of the mounting years.

To jog the memory, maiden names are given in the case of married ladies and also last addresses used in Grantown or district. Where the address is no longer used by relatives, it has been enclosed in brackets. Some details are still lacking; but we hope to make this good during the coming year. Others relating to war service are being withheld meantime until a complete record can be compiled. Any such information and any mistakes printed in this issue should be communicated to the secretary or to the editor.



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

Subscriptions from civilian members of both clubs are now due for 1944-45, and should be paid as soon as possible to the secretary and treasurer, Miss Jean Paterson, Parkburn, Grantown-on-Spey. Life-membership is now open to the Old Guard on the same terms as to F.P.'s (12s 6d).

We would urge all F.P.'s who have not so far enrolled to show their continued interest in the school and its associations by joining one or other of the clubs. When the war is over, these will resume their former activities.

F.P.'s in the Services are particularly invited to enrol in either club. No subscription is required during war-time. Names should be communicated to the secretary. This invitation, of course, applies also to prisoners of war and war casualties.

The editor desires to thank all members and their relatives for their co-operation in providing information for this issue, and for maintaining courtesy and calm in face of repeated personal assaults by the secretary and a barrage of pestering letters from himself. He trusts that by the time another magazine is in the offing, they will have forgotten their trying experience and be ready to help once again.

In particular the editor would like to record his appreciation of the prodigious efforts of Miss Paterson, the secretary, to cope with his insatiable appetite for news, and of the generous aid he has received from Miss Grant and Mr Donaldson of the Grammar School staff, who read mss. and made valuable suggestions. He hopes that, if only to repay their efforts, this School Magazine will be even more successful than its predecessors.

#### OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1944-45.

##### Office-Bearers.

Honorary President—Frank C. Hendry, M.C., O.B.E., Shalimar, Woodside Avenue; late captain, Indian Army and Merchant Navy; major (retired), "D" Coy., 1st Batt. Moray and Nairn Home Guard.

Honorary Vice-President—Thomas Hunter, M.A., B.Sc. (Glasgow), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; Rector, Grantown Grammar School; major, "D" Coy., 2nd Batt. Moray and Nairn Home Guard.

President—James A. Templeton (1928-34)†, M.A. (Edinburgh), The Lodge, Castle Grant; lieutenant, Royal Artillery, Scotland.

Vice-President—Angus A. McIntosh (1932-37), Ladysturn, Durnain-Bridge; flying officer, Coastal Command, Scotland.

Editor—Robert Wilson, M.A. (Aberdeen), 48 Balnagask Road, Aberdeen; Classics Master, Aberdeen Grammar School, lieutenant, Army Cadet Force.

† Years in Secondary School.

#### WITH THE FORCES.

James R. Allan (1927-31), M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), Ballintomb, Durnain-Bridge; captain, Royal Army Medical Corps, Nigeria.

Albert Anderson (1932-34), 93 High Street; sergeant flight engineer, Bomber Command, Royal Air Force, England.

Kenneth I. G. Benson (1940-43) (Viewhill, Spey Bridge), Dalnaglar, Comrie Road, Crieff; midshipman, Minesweepers, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Home Waters.

James Cameron (1930-34), 38 The Square; coder, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, England.

John P. Cameron (1938-40), Mondhuie, Nethybridge, signalman, Royal Corps of Signals, Foreign Service.

George M. Catto (1935-38) (Ivybank Cottage, High Street), 41a High Street, Inverurie; leading aircraftman, Royal Air Force, Scotland.

Alan Cruickshank (1927-29), 26 Castle Road East; corporal, Royal Army Service Corps, Italy.

William J. Cruickshank (1933-35), Hazel Bank, Grant Road; stores assistant, Royal Naval Air Service, Foreign Service.

William Cruickshank (1926-30), Rose Bank, Cromdale, 112 High Street; sergeant, Maintenance Section, Royal Air Force, Scotland.

Duncan Davidson (1931-37), M.A., (Edinburgh), 33 High Street; lieutenant, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Atlantic Fleet.

Alexander Forbes (1927-28), 114 High Street, sergeant, Maintenance Section, Royal Air Force, Scotland.

William K. Fotheringham (1929-30, 1934-36), B.A. (Oxford), The Hotel, Nethybridge; lieutenant, Royal Artillery, India.

George I. Fraser (1935-40), Hillview, Durnain-Bridge; sergeant navigator, Bomber Command, Royal Air Force, England.

J. Patrick Garrow (1930-35) (Advie Mains Cottages, Advie), Netherton, Aberlour; flight sergeant, Royal Air Force, England.

A. Martin Grant (1931-35), Dreggie View, High Street; corporal, Royal Air Force, Ceylon.

Hugh C. Grant (1937-40), 20 The Square; aircraftman, Radio Location Section, Training Command, Royal Air Force, England.

John C. Grant (1936-38), 20 The Square; signalman, Wireless Coy., Royal Corps of Signals, Palestine.

Donald Gunn (1933-36), 6 Castle Road East; sergeant, Technical Staff, The Seaforth Highlanders, Scotland.

James Hay (1937-40), Glencairn, Kincardine, Aviemore; able seaman, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Home Waters.

John S. Holmes (1939-40), Craggan House; able seaman, Submarines, Royal Navy, Far East.

Thomas Hunter (1930-36), M.B., Ch.B., (Aberdeen), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; captain, Royal Army Medical Corps, Faroe Islands.

Fraser Innes (1935-37), 12 Castle Road; supply assistant, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Mediterranean.

Walter H. Innes (1937-38), 12 Castle Road;



- craftsman, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, England.
- Alastair W. Jack (1937-43), St Leonards, Castle Road; sergeant bomb-aimer, Training Command, Royal Air Force, Canada.
- Gordon W. C. Jack (1935-37), St Leonards, Castle Road; sergeant air-gunner, Bomber Command, Royal Air Force, Scotland.
- Alistair W. L. Laing (1933-37), Benmore, High Street; trooper, Reconnaissance Corps, Italy.
- Charles J. Lawson (1936-38), 18 Castle Road; air mechanic, Ordnance Section, Royal Naval Air Service, Scotland.
- Alexander Ledingham (1936-38), Viewfield, High Street; leading aircraftman, Technical Section, Royal Air Force, England.
- William N. Ledingham (1933-38), Viewfield, High Street; lieutenant, Royal Naval Air Service, England.
- William Macaulay (1930-33), B.Sc., (Aberdeen), Lettoch, Nethybridge; lieutenant, Royal Corps of Signals, Middle East.
- Donald M. M'Beath (1934-39), Station Cottages; craftsman wireless-mechanic, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Belgium.
- Kenneth M'Cabe (1926-30) (Rosebank, Cromdale); captain, The Dogra Regiment, Indian Army, Ceylon.
- James Macdonald (1933-37), Upper Port; cadet, Royal Air Force, Training Command, Southern Rhodesia.
- John M'Gregor (1934-39), A.M.I.E.T., Backharn, Nethybridge; corporal, Signal Section, Royal Air Force, Middle East.
- Harold M'Intosh (1937), 87 High Street; gunner, Royal Artillery, England.
- Ian C. M'Intosh (1936-42), Waverley, High Street; aircraftman, Royal Air Force, North-West Frontier, India.
- Lewis A. M'Intosh (1934-39), Waverley, High Street; corporal, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, England.
- Alexander MacIntyre (1929-35), M.A. (Edinburgh), 4 Spey Avenue, Boat of Garten; leading aircraftman, Signals Section, Fighter Command, Royal Air Force, Scotland.
- Ian MacIntyre (1932-34), 4 Spey Avenue, Boat of Garten; leading aircraftman, Royal Air Force, Central Mediterranean.
- William M. M'Kenzie (1936-37), 24 Castle Road East; able seaman, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Home Waters.
- Keith M'Kerron (1937-39), Ivybank, High Street; leading aircraftman, Signals Section, Desert Air Force, Italy.
- David Mackintosh (1936-40), Crossroads, Cromdale; leading aircraftman, Royal Air Force, Foreign Service.
- Donald Mackintosh (1932-34), Ardchattan, Dulnain-Bridge; signalman, Royal Corps of Signals, England.
- Evan C. Mackintosh (1928-32), The Larches, Dulnain-Bridge; sergeant, Royal Corps of Signals, India.
- J. Alexander Mackintosh (1935-39), Crossroads, Cromdale; corporal, Royal Air Force, Scotland.
- John Mackintosh (1931-33), Crossroads, Cromdale; leading aircraftman, Royal Air Force, Wales.
- Robert D. Mackintosh (1926-32), M.A. (Edinburgh), Congash Cottage, Spey Bridge; corporal, Signals Section, Royal Air Force, Holland.
- Donald P. M'Lean (1930-36), M.A. (Aberdeen), Croftallan, Nethybridge; lieutenant, The Gurkha Rifles, Indian Army, Assam.
- F. Lionel E. M'Millan (1938), 14 Woodburn Place; ordinary seaman, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Home Waters.
- James W. M. M'Millan (1939), 14 Woodburn Place; private, The Seaforth Highlanders, Scotland.
- Alistair M'Nicol (1933-35), 85 High Street; leading air-mechanic, Royal Naval Air Service, Scotland.
- Peter M'Nicol (1933-35), 85 High Street; leading torpedo-operator, Royal Navy, Home Waters.
- Harry Macpherson (1932-34), Golf View, Castle Road East; sergeant, Royal Air Force, England.
- Ian D. Macpherson (1930-35), Thornhill, Castle Road; corporal, Royal Army Service Corps, Palestine.
- William J. M'Millan (1934-36), Silverdale, South Street; lance-corporal, The Seaforth Highlanders, Scotland.
- James J. Masson (1939-44), Ach-na-Bhealaidh, Dulnain-Bridge; cadet, University Naval Division, Edinburgh.
- William Masson (1937-39), Station Cottages, Spey Bridge; lance-corporal, General Service Corps, Northern Ireland; late 1st class stoker, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.
- J. Wishart Milne (1935-39), Elgin House, High Street; probationer electrical mechanic, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, England.
- Ian R. Mortimer (1932-35), Ravelrig, Woodside Avenue; gunner, Heavy A.-A. Mixed Battery, Royal Artillery, England.
- Edwin M. Munro (1927-33), B. Com. (Edinburgh), Ravenswood, Station Road; sergeant, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Scotland.
- John L. Paterson (1927-29), Parkburn, High Street; sapper, Royal Engineers, Holland.
- Roy Phimister (1936-40), Woodburn Cottage, South Street; sub-lieutenant, Royal Naval Air Service, Scotland.
- Alexander Rattray (1932), 14 South Street; corporal, Reconnaissance Corps, Italy.
- John Reid (1930-33) (Station House), Mullenfenachan, Dulnain-Bridge; corporal, Royal Corps of Signals, England.
- Frank M. Roberts (1927-32) (Baptist Manse, Chapel Road), Tottlebank, Uiverston, Lancs.; captain, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, England.
- David Ross (1936-37), Ben Mhor Hotel; able seaman, Destroyers, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Home Waters.
- John Ross (1926-32), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; flying officer, Technical Staff, Royal Air Force, Scotland.
- Leslie G. Ross (1927-29) (Ballieward); Edinburgh; petty officer, Radar Unit, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Gibraltar.
- Victor J. Ross (1930-37), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; 67 High Street; lieutenant, Torpedo Staff, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, England.
- Alexander D. Smith (1931-32), 103 High Street; sick-bay attendant, Royal Navy, Scotland.



Gordon Smith (1937-43), 103 High Street; cadet naval air-gunner, Royal Naval Air Service, Canada.

George T. Smith (1936-37), Bridgend, Cromdale; aircraftman, Royal Air Force, India.

John G. Smith (1935), Bridgend, Cromdale; craftsman, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Central Mediterranean.

Angus M. Stuart (1929-36), Dunedin, High Street; lance-corporal, Radio Location Section, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, England.

Donald Stuart (1928-32), Vulcan Cottage, Market Road; private, Royal Army Medical Corps, Isle of Man.

Lachlan A. Stuart (1934-37), 104 High Street; leading aircraftman, Royal Air Force, India.

John R. Stuart (1932-38), Dunedin, High Street; sergeant air-gunner, Royal Air Force; attached, British Overseas Air Corporation, Gibraltar.

Richard Surtees (1928-33), 107 High Street; sergeant pilot instructor, Training Command, Royal Air Force, England.

Robert Surtees (1931-33), 107 High Street; trooper, Motor Transport Section, Commandos, Wales.

Lewis W. Sutherland (1939-40), Morven, Castle Road East; private, General Service Corps, Scotland.

Alexander G. Telfer (1934-36), East Lodge, Castle Grant; private, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, India.

James Telfer (1936-38), East Lodge, Castle Grant; signalman, Royal Corps of Signals, Malta.

Gordon D. Templeton (1929-33), The Lodge, Castle Grant; sergeant, The Seaforth Highlanders, Italy.

George Thomson (1928-30), 84 High Street; lance-corporal, Royal Army Medical Corps, France.

Roderick J. D. Thomson (1938-39), 84 High Street; 1st class stoker, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Home Waters.

William Thomson (1930-34), 84 High Street; 4 Stewart Lane, Huntly; Naval, Army and Air Force Institute, Huntly.

David Winchester (1930-34), Northolme, Castle Road; corporal, Royal Corps of Signals, France.

Herbert J. Wright (1935-41), B.Sc. (Aberdeen), 32 High Street; officer-cadet, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, England.

#### Wounded.

Donald B. Fraser (1926-33), Hillview, Dulnain-Bridge; signalman, Royal Corps of Signals; gravely wounded in Normandy, 13th June, 1944; dangerously ill in St Hugh's Military Hospital, Oxford.

Peter S. Macpherson (1926-29), Briar Cottage, Grant Road; guardsman, Scots Guards, Guards Armoured Division; wounded at Beeringen on the Albert Canal, 11th September, 1944; recovered, and now posted to training battalion in England.

Roderick Rattray (1931-33), 14 South Street; sergeant, Royal Marine Commandos; gravely wounded at Salerno, 3rd October, 1943; now recovering in Royal Naval Hospital, Barrow Gurney, near Bristol.

#### Missing, Believed Killed.

Gregor Cameron (1932-37), Mondhuie, Nethy-bridge; flight sergeant observer bomb-aimer, Bomber Command, Royal Air Force; reported missing from operations near Lyons, France, 10th April, 1944, now believed killed.

Ian M'William (1931), 1 Woodburn Place; sergeant, The Parachute Regiment; reported missing from operations in Sicily, 14th July, 1943, now believed killed.

#### Prisoners of War.

Ernest D. Cooke (1932-37) (Balmenach, Cromdale), Convalmore, Dufftown; private, The Cameron Highlanders; Stalag VIIIC, Sagan, Bavaria; captured at St Valery, 12th June, 1940.

Frank Macaulay (1933-36), Lettoch, Nethy-bridge; lance-corporal, The Cameron Highlanders; Oflag VIIIB, Munich, Germany; captured at St Valery, 12th June, 1940.

Kenneth J. McConnell (1934-38), Station Cottages; staff-sergeant pilot, The Glider Pilot Regiment; last camp, Stalag 357, Germany; captured in Sicily, 10th July, 1943.

John (Ian) A. Mackenzie (1930-34), M.M., Station Cottages, Spey Bridge; private, The Parachute Regiment; camp unknown; captured at Arnhem, Holland, 25th September, 1944.

Donald Mackintosh (1930-33), Crossroads, Cromdale; private, Royal Army Service Corps; Stalag XVIII A, Graz, Austria; captured in Greece, April, 1941.

Andrew Phimister (1932-37), Woodburn Cottage, South Street; private, The Seaforth Highlanders; Stalag XXB, East Prussia; captured at Vimy Ridge, France, 25th May, 1940.

Robert Ross (1928-32), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; private, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers; Stalag 344, Breslau, Germany; wounded and captured at Mount Kemmel, Belgium, May, 1940.

#### Discharged.

George Cameron (1930-32), 38 The Square; District Clerk and Burgh Treasurer; late private, The Cameron Highlanders; wounded on the Somme, 4th June, 1940; discharged, 25th December, 1940.

John F. Cooke (1926-32) (Balmenach), Cromdale), Convalmore, Dufftown; Police Buildings, Dalmeir, Glasgow; policeman, Dumbarton Constabulary; late leading aircraftman, Royal Air Force; discharged, 24th February, 1944.

George G. Illingworth (1935-39), Scorrybreck, Castle Road East; clerk, Timber Department and Ministry of Supply, Beanach, Carrbridge; late ordinary telegraphist, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve; discharged, 10th March, 1942.

Eric Masson (1933-34), Braeriach Cottage, Spey Bridge; clerk, Royal Army Ordnance Corps Workshops; late private, The Seaforth Highlanders; wounded and taken prisoner near Vimy Ridge, France, 27th May, 1940; repatriated, 28th October, 1943; discharged, 8th July, 1944.



**Exiles.**

John Grant (1928-33), B.Sc. (Aberdeen) (Rothiemoon, Nethybridge), Craigluscar, Dunfermline; County Organiser and Agricultural Executive Officer for West Fife and Kinross, Agricultural Offices, Dunfermline.

D. M. Marr Illingworth (1938-40), Scurrybreck, Castle Road East; telephone engineer, General Post Office, 2 Friars Lane, Inverness.

Colin M'Intosh (1934-39), 44 High Street; 1 Kersland Street, Glasgow; engineer, Singer Manufacturing Co., Clydebank; sergeant, Clydebank Home Guard.

Donald M'Intosh (1934-39), 44 High Street; 1 Kersland Street, Glasgow; engineer, Messrs Tullis & Sons, Engineers, Clydebank; private, Clydebank Home Guard.

\*Alastair S. Mackintosh (1929-33), M.R.C.V.S. (Edinburgh), Craigard Hotel, Boat of Garten; Springbank, Buchlyvie, Stirlingshire; veterinary surgeon, assistant to Mr Alex. S. Chapman, M.R.C.V.S., Creagh-Mhor, Kippen.

Evan G. Mackintosh (1926-33), P.A.S.I., Ardchattan, Dulnain-Bridge; The Poplars, Fulbeck Lowfields, Grantham, Lincs.; surveyor, Messrs Hardie & Co., Chartered Quantity Surveyors, Dunfermline; meantime assigned to Grantham.

John A. Milne (1925-31), M.A. (Edinburgh), Braehead, High Street; Senior Coy. Officer, No. 10 Regional Headquarters, National Fire Service, Heyscroft, Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester.

John A. Stephen (1938-41), 39 High Street; 22 Willowbank Crescent, Glasgow; engineer, Messrs Cameron and Campbell, Engineers, Glasgow; student, Stowe College, Glasgow.

Alastair Surtees (1938-42), 107 High Street; 12 Cheseman Court, London, S.E. 26, telephone engineer, General Post Office, London.

\* Life Member.

**At Universities and Colleges.**

John M. Cameron (1939-42), Knock of Drumullie, Boat of Garten; 114 Viewfoth, Edinburgh; student, 2nd year engineering, Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh.

Alexander Gordon (1938-43), Croftendal, Cromdale; 130 Marchmont Road, Edinburgh; student, 2nd year medicine, Edinburgh University; cadet, Senior Training Corps.

I. Bruce Munro (1934-38), Bank of Scotland House, High Street; Maclay Hall, 16 Park Terrace, Glasgow; student, final year medicine, Glasgow University; cadet, Senior Training Corps.

Hugh R. Tulloch (1937-42) (Dallas Brae, Grant Road), 113 Kilpatrick Gardens, Clarkston, Renfrew; student, 2nd year Diploma Engineering Course, Royal Technical College, Glasgow.

**Local Members.**

Alastair Grant (1928-34), B.Sc. (Aberdeen), Ballinluig; farmer; private, "D" Coy., 2nd Batt., Moray and Nairn Home Guard.

Ian Grant (1938-39), Higher Tullochgribban, Dulnain-Bridge, farmer.

Edward A. Illingworth (1939-43), Scurrybreck, Castle Road East; apprentice dental mechanic

with Mr L. G. Hunter, L.D.S.; corporal, Strathspey Squadron, Air Training Corps.

John Innes (1939-40), 12 Castle Road; apprentice dental mechanic with Mr L. J. Hunter, L.D.S.; corporal, Strathspey Squadron, Air Training Corps.

Hamish F. Jack (1932-37), Isla Cottage, High Street; telephone engineer, General Post Office.

Louis C. Mutch (1939-44), Glengynack, Gaich; assistant Petroleum Board; sergeant, Strathspey Squadron, Air Training Corps.

Michael G. Ronaldson (1938-40), Rowan Cottage, Grant Road; telephone engineer, General Post Office; cadet, Strathspey Squadron, Air Training Corps.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

ALEXANDER J. CAMERON (1925-28), 38 The Square; corporal, Reconnaissance Corps, 27th February, 1943, aged 31, in battle in Tunisia; buried in Bou Arada Cemetery, Tunisia.

JAMES A. CRUICKSHANK (Hamish) (1935-37), Ivy Bank Cottage, High Street; sergeant wireless-operator air-gunner, Royal Air Force, 26th August, 1944, aged 21, in air operations, at Ford, Sussex; buried at Littlehampton, Sussex.

HARRY FRASER (1926-32), B.Sc. (Aberdeen), The Croft, Mondhuie, Nethybridge; flight lieutenant, Technical Staff, Royal Air Force, 8th July, 1943, aged 28, in a prisoners-of-war camp, Java.

J. LAWSON M. ILLINGWORTH (1933-39), Scurrybreck, Castle Road East; sergeant observer, Royal Air Force, 16th September, 1942, aged 20, in air operations over Dusseldorf, Germany.

JOHN M. LAING (1925-31), M.A. (Edinburgh), Ben More, High Street; private, The Seaforth Highlanders, 30th May, 1940, aged 26, as the result of wounds, at Zillebeke, Belgium.

WILLIAM J. MACDONALD (1927-29), Upper Port; aircraftman, Royal Air Force, 28th October, 1940, aged 25, in an accident on service, at Wyton, Huntingdon.

HECTOR M. MACGREGOR (1932-35), Cambrae, Cromdale; engineer officer, Royal Merchant Navy, 21st December, 1941, aged 23, as the result of illness on service, at the Royal Infirmary, Greenock.

GEORGE D. M'KENZIE (1931-33), 103 High Street; private, The Seaforth Highlanders, 25th May, 1940, aged 21, as the result of wounds, at Ecurie, France.

WILLIAM W. M'MILLAN (1934-35), 14 Woodburn Place; lance-corporal, The Seaforth Highlanders, 28th June, 1944, aged 23, in battle in Normandy.

WILLIAM G. MASSON (1932-35), Crossroads, Cromdale; private, The Seaforth Highlanders, 6th April, 1943, aged 23, in battle, near Gabes, Tunisia.

GREGOR ROSS (1925-27), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; electrical engineer, 19th January, 1943, aged 30, as the result of illness, at Ian Charles Hospital, Grantown-on-Spey.

RONALD W. SCOTT (1929-33) (Dalchroy Cottage, Advie); signalman, Royal Corps of



Signals, 20th May, 1937, aged 19, as the result of illness, at Jubblepore, India.

- D. W. M'EWAN WOOD (Ewan) (1926-30), Balmenach, Cromdale; flying officer, Transport Command, Desert Air Force, 25th March, 1944, aged 30, in air operations, at Foggia, Italy; buried at Bari.

### OBITUARY.

#### James A. Cruickshank (Hamish), Ivy Bank Cottage, High Street, Grantown.

Hamish Cruickshank was a small lad, alert, with a twinkling eye that invited friendship and disarmed reproof. Always full of spirit, his zest for action and personal service found pleasant scope when he obtained employment with Messrs MacDougall. His sole dissatisfaction was his youth, which delayed him from playing his part in his country's service.

Finally joining the R.A.F., he qualified as Sergeant Wireless-Operator/Air-Gunner, and took part in many raids over Germany. He had all but completed his fifteenth operational flight, when his plane became partially disabled and crashed on landing. The entire crew were killed, and, by the wish of their relatives, were buried together at Littlehampton, Sussex.

In making the supreme sacrifice Hamish has joined the ever-growing number of F.P.'s who have given their lives in this war. His life was but a short one. We hope he derived as much happiness from it as he gave to those who were fortunate to be his friends. To his parents and his grandmother, Mrs Knight, we offer our sincerest sympathy.

#### William W. M'Millan, 14 Woodburn Place, Grantown.

It is with deep regret that we record the death in action of William M'Millan. Before the war, while working in the Palace Hotel, Willie joined the local company of the Sea-forths. Too young to be sent overseas with the B.E.F., he remained with a training battalion until the summer of 1944, when he landed in Normandy with the 15th (Scottish) Division.

On the night of 28th June, his company came under heavy machine-gun and mortar fire, and sustained many casualties, among whom Willie was numbered.

Willie attended the Secondary School for only a short period; but he was always a pleasant lad in the classroom and eager to give of his best in our activities. Football captured his special enthusiasm, and he played for the very successful 2nd XI. of 1934-35.

Willie's two brothers are in the Forces, Lionel in the Navy and James in the Army. His sister Bella works in an aircraft factory. With them and with his parents we deeply sympathise in the loss of a devoted brother and son.

#### D. W. M'Ewan Wood (Ewan), Balmenach, Cromdale.

Ewan Wood belonged to the Form II. of 1927-28, a class that won a very warm place in the affections of the staff. One of the

ablest, Harry Fraser, died in a prison-camp in Java last year. An equal sacrifice has been asked of Ewan Wood, his closest school friend.

Until he joined the R.A.F. in November, 1940, Ewan was employed by the Scottish Malt Distillers Co. In May, 1941, he went for training to Rhodesia, and graduated as a pilot in January, 1942. Assigned to Transport Command, he was attached to the 8th Army, and in this service met his death near Foggia, on 25th March, 1944. He was buried at Bari.

Ewan's sunny disposition made him the friend of all his schoolfellows, who had looked forward to his companionship after the war in the Old Guard Club. Appreciating the greatness of our loss, we sympathise deeply with his father and sister, whose cherished hopes in one so dear to them can no longer be fulfilled.

### MARRIAGES.

DAVIDSON — M'BEATH.—At Inverallan Manse, Grantown-on-Spey, on 30th December, 1943, David Scott Davidson, private, R.A.O.C., younger son of the late Mr F. Davidson and of Mrs Davidson, 45 Wallace Street, Dumfries, to Margaret M'Beath, second daughter of Mr W. M'Beath, and the late Mrs M'Beath, of Station Cottages, Grantown-on-Spey.

GARROW—CHRISTIE.—At the Registrar's Office, Sleaford, Lincs., on 19th June, 1944, Patrick John Garrow, flight sergeant, R.A.F., son of Mr and Mrs Garrow (late of Advie), Netherton, Aberlour, to Catherine Isobel Christie, daughter of the late Mr Christie and of Mrs Christie, 10 Mountcastle Grove, Edinburgh.

LIDDARD — M'INTOSH. — At Dulnain-Bridge Church, on 4th October, 1944, Robert Charles Liddard, flying officer, R.A.F., son of Mr and Mrs R. Liddard, Worcester Park, Surrey, to Diana Fraser M'Intosh, only daughter of Mr and Mrs J. M'Intosh, Ladysturn, Dulnain-Bridge.

M'CURDY—KING.—At Inverallan Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 4th October, 1944, Sergeant William T. M'Curdy, elder son of Mr and Mrs W. T. M'Curdy, Kerny, New Jersey, U.S.A., to Alice Kathleen Morris King, younger daughter of Mrs A. King, 3 Woodburn Place, Grantown-on-Spey.

RITSON—KEITH.—At Inverallan Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 5th February, 1944, Myles James Ritson, corporal, R.A.S.C., only son of Mr and Mrs J. Ritson, Abercairny, Crieff, to Williamina Keith, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs W. Keith, 6 Birchview Terrace, Grantown-on-Spey.

SMITH—MAY.—At St Jude's Church, Plymouth, on 26th June, 1944, Alexander Smith, sick-bay attendant, R.N., eldest son of Mr and Mrs A. Smith, 103 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey, to Audrey May, eldest daughter of the late Mr G. May and of Mrs May, Oreston, Devon.

TEMPLETON—HART.—At West Church, Rattray, Blairgowrie, on 12th May, 1944, James Alexander Templeton, M.A., lieutenant, R.A., eldest son of Mr and Mrs J. Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant, Grantown-on-Spey,



to Barbara Morton Hart, only daughter of the Rev. and Mrs R. Hart (late of Leslie, Aberdeenshire), Albert Mount, Rattray, Blairgowrie.

WATSON — MACKAY. — At Braemoray, Grantown-on-Spey, on 18th January, 1944,

John Watson, sergeant, R.A.S.C., only son of Mr and Mrs J. Watson, Bellevue, Nesbit Street, Dundee, to Catherine May, younger daughter of the late Mr A. Mackay and of Mrs Mackay, Craiglynne Hotel, Grantown-on-Spey.

## FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1944-45.

### Office-Bearers.

#### Honorary President—

No appointment since the death of the late Lieutenant-Colonel John Grant Smith, D.S.O., J.P., Inverallan.

#### Honorary Vice-Presidents—

\*William A. Glass, Revoan, Seafeld Avenue; The Sheiling, Woodside Avenue; ex-Provost; Special Constable.

\*John S. Grant, Rockmount, High Street; Town Councillor and ex-Provost.

\*William M'Gregor, 46 High Street; Saddler; Bailie, and ex-Provost.

#### President—

Thomas Hunter, M.A., B.Sc. (Glasgow), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; Rector, Grantown Grammar School; major, "D" Coy., 2nd Batt., Moray and Nairn Home Guard.

#### Vice-Presidents—

\*Walter F. Cruickshank, Craigdhu, Woodside Avenue; Butcher; Air-Raid Precautions and First-Aid Services.

Jennie S. Duncan, Dundonnachie, Castle Road, East; teacher (retired), Grantown Grammar School.

\*Margaret S. M'Gregor, 100 High Street; teacher (retired), Grantown Grammar School.

\*William R. Stuart, Dunedin, High Street; bookseller and newsagent; Town Councillor, Special Constable.

#### Secretary and Treasurer—

\*Jean Paterson, Parkburn, High Street; assistant, Messrs Peter Grant and Son, Bootmakers.

#### Committee—

\*Mrs George Angus (Ella A. Wood), Balmenach, Cromdale; clerkess, Scottish Malt Distilleries, Co., Balmenach.

\*Ann Grant, Grey House, Nethybridge; hotel proprietrix.

\*Edith M. Lawson (Higglea, Woodside Avenue†), 83 Biddulph Mansions, Elgin Avenue, London, W.9; The Laurels, Morcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset; teacher, London County Council; Women's Voluntary Services.

Donald M. M'Beath, Station Cottages; craftsman wireless-mechanic, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Belgium.

Mrs Frank Squires (Isabella Moyes), 61 High Street.

\*Robert Wilson, M.A. (Aberdeen), 48 Balnagask Road, Aberdeen; Classics Master, Aberdeen Grammar School; lieutenant, Army Cadet Force.

\*Mrs Jack Wood (Joan Cruickshank), Seafeld Lodge, Woodside Avenue.

### WITH THE FORCES.

\*John B. Burgess, The Larches, Grant Road; corporal, Royal Air Force Regiment, England.

\*Annie F. Donaldson, Garth Hotel; leading aircraftwoman, Signals Section, Women's Auxiliary Air Force, Palestine.

\*Ian C. G. Forbes (Connage), Inglenuek, The Square; lieutenant, Royal Army Service Corps, England.

James J. Grant, Drill Hall House, Wade's Road; corporal, Royal Air Force, India.

Isobel Gunn, 5 Castle Road East; private, Auxiliary Territorial Service, England.

\*Walter P. G. Hastilow, Palace Hotel; catering staff, S.S. Empress of Russia, Royal Merchant Navy.

Winifred G. Hastings, 42 High Street; nursing sister, Queen Alexandra's Nursing Reserve, Italy.

Marguerite K. King, 3 Woodburn Place; subaltern, Mixed A.-A. Battery, Royal Artillery, Auxiliary Territorial Service, England.

E. Donald M'Gillivray, Isla Cottage, High Street; sapper, Postal Section, Royal Engineers, Italy.

Hugh Mackenzie, Atholl Cottage, High Street; private, Commandos, Burma.

\*James S. Mackenzie, Gowanlea, Woodside Avenue; leading aircraftman, Royal Air Force, England.

\*Mary Helen S. M'Laren (Mullochard, Carrbridge), Coire Buidhe, Strathyre, Perthshire; petty-officer, Women's Royal Naval Service, Scotland.

Margaret M. M'Lean, Kylintra Cottage; aircraftwoman, Signals Section, Women's Auxiliary Air Force, Scotland.

John M'Nicol, 85 High Street; warrant officer, Royal African Air Force, Southern Rhodesia.

\*Alexander M'Phail, Hillview, High Street; warrant officer, Training Command, Royal Air Force, England.

George A. Mortimer, Ravelrig, Woodside Avenue; craftsman, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, England.

Vera J. D. Mortimer, Ravelrig, Woodside Avenue; corporal, Telephone Section, Women's Auxiliary Air Force, Scotland.

Beatrice Shand, 8 Castle Road; driver, Auxiliary Territorial Service, Scotland.

Jane C. Telfer, East Lodge, Castle Grant; private, Auxiliary Territorial Service; fitter-mechanic, attached Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, England.

Mrs Robert Whyte (Margaret Macpherson), Briar Cottage, Grant Road; corporal, Photographic Section, Women's Auxiliary Air Force, Scotland.

**Discharged.**

Mrs Douglas A. Mitchell (Jessie D. Templeton). The Lodge, Castle Grant; 18 Market Place, Inverurie; late aircraftwoman, Women's Auxiliary Air Force; discharged, November, 1942.

**Exiles.**

Jean M. Anderson, 93. High Street; 102 Nithsdale Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow; electrical engineer, Auxiliary Army Workshops.

\*Mrs Howard Aston (Kathleen Mutch), R.G.N. (Edinburgh), Diploma of Nursing (London), 28 High Street; 76 Ravensbourne Park, London.

\*Janet G. Barclay, 17 South Street; children's nurse, Children's Home, Victoria Park House, Newhaven, Leith.

\*James Bell, Cliff Cottage, Cromdale; agent, Hudson Bay Co. Post, Luke Harbour, Baffinland.

\*Mrs Edward Brooks (May Smith) (18 Castle Road), Caberfeidh, The Crescent, West Hartlepool.

\*Jean Burgess, 10 Castle Road; 11 Park Terrace, Stirling; clerkess, Assistance Board, Stirling.

\*Margaret Cameron, Badnedin, Nethybridge; Civil Service, London (evacuated, address unknown).

Robert M. Campbell, Norwood, High Street; Firthside, Invergordon; clerk, L.M.S. Railway Co., Invergordon; private, Ross-shire Home Guard.

Margaret K. E. Cruickshank, Hazel Bank, Grant Road; nursing auxiliary, Darnaway Hospital, Forres.

\*Mary Cruickshank, Diploma of Physical Education (Silkesborg), Seafeld Lodge, Woodside Avenue; Larkfield, Nairn; teacher of physical training, Nairn and district schools.

\*Herbert G. Cumming, M.M., M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), 122 High Street; Wyralla, 40 Dunchurch Road, Oldhall, Paisley; principal mathematics master, Paisley Grammar School; Coy. Sergeant-Major, 2nd Batt., Renfrew Home Guard.

\*Mrs Herbert G. Cumming (Mary Findlay), M.A. (Aberdeen), 122 High Street; Wyralla, 40 Dunchurch Road, Oldhall, Paisley.

Mrs David S. Davidson (Margaret M'Beath), Station Cottages; 45 Wallace Street, Dumfries.

Mrs William Davidson (Hannah Surtees), Tombreck Cottage, High Street; head-mistress, Dalnaspidal School, Perthshire.

Helen Margaret S. Davidson, M.A. (Edinburgh), Tombreck Cottage, High Street; 13 Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh; teacher, Sciennes Road School, Edinburgh.

\*Catherine I. G. Donaldson, S.R.N. (Windsor), Garth Hotel; school matron, Pilgrims' School, Winchester.

\*James Duncan, 28 High Street; 95 Cromwell Road, Aberdeen; chief security clerk, National Bank of Scotland, 67 Union Street, Aberdeen.

Mrs Alexander Fraser (Daisy Macpherson), Thornhill, Castle Road; 195 Kingmills, Elgin.

\*Duncan Fraser (Kylindra Cottage), 6 Woodburn Avenue, Aberdeen; draper, 14 Schoolhill, Aberdeen; City Bailie.

Jessie E. Fraser, M.A. (Aberdeen), The Croft, Mondhuie, Nethybridge; The Bungalow, Drumnadrochit, Inverness-shire; teacher, Drumnadrochit Secondary School.

\*Netta Gillies, Craigmore, High Street; Linton Cottage, Pitlochry; teacher, Pitlochry High School.

\*Mrs John Grant (Beatrice Mackintosh), Achosnich; Craigluscar, Dunfermline.

\*Mrs John Grant (Mary Cumming), Mains of Curr, Dulnain-Bridge; The Manse, Cornhill, Banffshire.

\*John A. Grant, Reidhaven, Spey Avenue; civil engineer (retired), 1 Carlton Close, Edgware, Middlesex.

Margaret C. Grant, Higher Tullochgribban, Dulnain-Bridge; The Village, Dallas, Moray; teacher, Dallas Public School.

Marie J. Grant, Higher Tullochgribban, Dulnain-bridge; View Bank, Findhorn, Moray; teacher, Findhorn Public School.

Violet Grant, 107 High Street; nurse, Maryfield General Hospital, Dundee.

Netta R. Hunter, Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; Greenbrae, Hopeman, Moray; teacher, Hopeman Junior Secondary School.

Isobel Jack, Isla Cottage, High Street; nursing sister, Civil Nursing Reserve, Raigmore Hospital, Inverness.

Grace M. Kirk (Rockmount, High Street), 11 Park Terrace, Stirling; student-nurse, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

\*Harold G. Laing, 1 Forest Road; 5 Hartley Street, Ulverston, Lancs.; hairdresser, 7 Union Street, Ulverston; Warden, Air Raid Precautions Service.

\*Mabel G. Lawson, M.A., M.B., Ch.B. (Aberdeen), S.R.N. (London), Diploma of Nursing (London University), (Highlea, Woodside Avenue); 83 Biddulph Mansions, Elgin Avenue, London, W.9; deputy-chief nursing officer, Ministry of Health, Whitehall.

\*Mrs Robert C. Liddard (Diana F. M'Intosh), Ladysturn, Dulnain-Bridge; 1 Edward Road, Forres; teacher of domestic science, Forres and district schools.

\*Mrs Duncan M'Arthur (Margaret I. Grant), (Grant Cottage, High Street); 1 Avonall Court, Cavendish Road, Yeoville, Johannesburg, Transvaal.

Mrs William T. M'Curdy (Alice K. M. King), 3 Woodburn Place; 381 Union Street, Aberdeen; clerkess, Ministry of War Transport, Aberdeen.

Marjory Sarah Macdonald, Laurel Bank, Aviemore; 22 Wells Street, Inverness; telephonist, General Post Office, Inverness.

Mary M. T. Macdonald, Diploma of Art (Glasgow), Laurel Bank, Aviemore; 18 Bowden Drive, Hillington, Glasgow; aeronautical inspector, Ministry of Aircraft Production, Glasgow.

\*William R. MacDougall, L.D.S., The Mill House, Craggan; dentist, 172 Whitlam Road, Broomhill, Sheffield.

\*Sidney G. M'Gregor, M.A. (Edinburgh), 46 High Street; Glenan, Fort William,



- Argyll; principal classics master, Fort William High School.
- \*Mrs Matthew Mackenzie (Jessie M. Campbell) (Parkburn, High Street), 7 Seaforth Road, Golspie, Sutherlandshire.
- \*Mona M'Lean, N.D.D., N.D.P. (Aberdeen), Croftallan, Nethybridge; 74 Braewick Road, Lerwick, Shetland; county instructor (North of Scotland College of Agriculture), Agricultural Office, Lerwick.
- Bella M'Millan, 14 Woodburn Place; late aircraft worker, Messrs Vickers, Armstrong, Ltd., England.
- Phyllis M'Nicol, 85 High Street; late Inchbroom Farm, Lossiemouth; Convalescent Hospital, Sanquhar, Dumfries-shire; Women's Land Army.
- Margaret I. M'William, M.A. (Edinburgh), Silverdale, South Street; Bellemount, Rose Avenue, Elgin; teacher, Elgin Academy; section officer, Girls' Training Corps.
- \*Peter Moir (Royal Bank of Scotland House, High Street), Balnain, Marine Road, Nairn; bank agent (retired).
- \*Mrs George Morrison (Rachel B. Campbell), M.A. (Edinburgh) (Parkburn, High Street), 23 Albert Place, Dufftown.
- Catherine E. Mortimer, R.G.N. (Edinburgh), Ravelrig, Woodside Avenue; nursing sister, Leith General Hospital.
- Marion A. F. Mortimer, Ravelrig, Woodside Avenue; 26 South Mount Street, Aberdeen; comptometer operator, Messrs Bower and Smith, chartered accountants, 245 Union Street, Aberdeen.
- \*Charles Munro, Aldersyde, Whitburn, West Lothian; banker (retired), South Africa.
- \*Mrs Fred Munro (Gertrude A. G. Lawson, Highlea), c/o All America Cables Inc., Bogota, Colombia, South America.
- \*Elizabeth D. Mutch, R.G.N. (Edinburgh), 28 High Street; Nurses Home, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh; nursing sister, School of Dietetics, Edinburgh.
- \*Ella M. Pyper, M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), Riversdale, Grant Road; 2 Ashbank Road, Logie, Dundee; teacher, Morgan Academy, Dundee.
- \*Mabel M. Pyper, Riversdale, Grant Road; 2 Ashbank Road, Logie, Dundee; Voluntary Aid Detachment, British Red Cross Society.
- \*William A. Robertson, Ph.D. (Marburg) (Delliefure, Cromdale), Ramornie, Ellon, Aberdeenshire; chief inspector of schools.
- Lucinda M. Ross, Ben Mohr Hotel; Voluntary Aid Detachment, British Red Cross Society, Southend, Mull of Kintyre, Argyll.
- Winifred Shaw, 1 Chapel Road; teacher of domestic science, Aberlour and district schools.
- Catherine M. Smith, B.Sc. (Glasgow), Benalder, High Street; 47 Annette Street, Crosshill, Glasgow; dietitian, Royal Infirmary, Glasgow.
- Margaret Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant; 77 Carden Place, Aberdeen; teacher of domestic science, Linksfield School, Aberdeen.
- \*Mrs Norman Tod (Mary Hastilow), Palace Hotel; Carsehead Farm, Madderty, Perthshire.
- Elizabeth Webster, 8 Castle Road; 49 Huntly Street, Inverness; telegraphist, General Post Office, Inverness.

#### At Universities and Colleges.

- Ada Imray, Somerville, High Street; Queen Margaret Hall, Bute Gardens, Glasgow; student, 2nd year Arts, Glasgow University.
- Christine A. Tulloch (Dallas Brae, Grant Road), 113 Kilpatrick Gardens, Clarkston, Renfrew; pupil, 5th year, Hutcheson's Girls' Grammar School, Glasgow.
- Mary H. Tulloch (Dallas Brae, Grant Road), 113 Kilpatrick Gardens, Clarkston, Renfrew; student, 2nd year Arts, Glasgow University.

#### Local Members.

- Jessie Alanach, M.A. (Edinburgh), Faebuie, Cromdale; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- \*Mrs Ian C. Barclay (Margaret Louise Hastilow), Achnagonaln, Spey Bridge; burgh organiser of Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence.
- \*Mrs John B. Burgess (Winifred F. O. Pyper), The Larches, Grant Road.
- Christine Cameron, Dunira, South Street; clerkess, Navy, Army and Air Force Institute, Balmennach.
- Dorothy Cameron, Dunira, South Street; clerkess, Caledonian Associated Cinemas; section officer, Girls' Training Corps.
- Vera M. Campbell, M.A. (Edinburgh), Norwood, High Street; teacher, Nethybridge Junior Secondary School; captain, Nethybridge Coy., Girl Guides.
- Hamish Dixon, Mhorile, High Street; painter-decorator, Messrs Dixon and Bain; Town Councillor; Auxiliary Fire Service.
- Mrs Hamish Dixon (Beatrice Reid), M.A. (Aberdeen), Mhorile, High Street.
- \*William Duncan, 28 High Street; clerk, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Workshops.
- Margaret H. Fraser, M.A. (Aberdeen), The Croft, Mondhuie, Nethybridge; teacher, Nethybridge Junior Secondary School.
- Mrs Allan Grant (Mary J. Gillies), Higher Tullochgribban, Durnain-Bridge.
- Mrs James J. Grant (Netta Duffner), Drill Hall House, Wade's Road.
- Marie Grant, B.Sc. (Aberdeen), Woodberry, Spey Bridge; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- \*Mrs Peter J. Grant (Ann Telfer), Laurel, Carrbridge.
- Mrs George Gray (Barbara Hepburn), 22 The Square.
- Hetty Gray, Shalamonaidh, Boat of Garten; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- Mrs Thomas Hunter, Rosemount, Woodside Avenue.
- \*Elsie Keith, 4 Birchview Terrace; assistant, Messrs A. Mackenzie and Son, Drapers.
- Doris E. Laing, Benmore, High Street; book-keeper, Messrs MacDougall and Co., Ironmongers.
- \*Jessie W. M. Laing, 111 High Street; clerkess, Royal Army Ordnance Corps Depot.



- Isobel O. M'Beath, Station Cottages; sorting clerk and telegraphist, General Post Office.
- \*Mrs John G. MacDougall (Jessie MacLennan), The Mill House, Craggan.
- \*Mrs Alexander Mackay (Isabella B. Grant), Craiglynn Hotel; hotel proprietrix.
- Alice M'Kenzie, 24 Castle Road East; assistant, Mr John Cattanach, Grocer.
- \*Mrs James S. Mackenzie (Elizabeth Robertson), Gowanlea, Woodside Avenue.
- \*Evan Mackintosh, Craigard Hotel, Boat of Garten; hotel proprietor.
- Isabella C. Mackintosh, M.A. (Edinburgh), Congash Cottage, Spey Bridge; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- \*Mrs Alexander D. MacLaren (Sheila MacDougall), The Mill House, Craggan.
- \*Isa Macphail, Hillview, High Street; clerkess, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Workshops.
- Sheila S. Macpherson, Thornhill, Castle Road; supervisor of Girls' Timber Corps Hostel, Dunvegan, Heathfield Road.
- Mary S. M'William, Silverdale, South Street; sorting clerk and telegraphist, General Post Office; section officer, Girls' Training Corps.
- Jeanette I. Munro, Heath Cottage, High Street; clerkess, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Workshops.
- \*Mrs Archibald Mutch (Elizabeth Duncan), 28 High Street.
- \*Marion N. G. Paterson, M.A. (Edinburgh), Parkburn, High Street; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- \*James Philip, Strathspey Hotel; hotel proprietor.
- \*Elizabeth C. Phimister, Woodburn Cottage, South Street; sorting clerk and telegraphist, General Post Office.
- \*Mrs Myles J. Ritson (Williamina Keith), 6 Birchview Terrace; clerkess with Mr Thomas Gordon, M.A., LL.B., Solicitor, The Square.
- \*Jessie D. Ronaldson, Rowan Cottage, Grant Road; sorting clerk and telegraphist, General Post Office.
- Mrs Victor Ross (Dorothea M. Geddes), 67 High Street.
- \*Mrs Joseph Schleppie (Elizabeth Meldrum), Granite Villa, Woodside Avenue.
- Mrs William R. Stuart (Isabella M'Gregor), Dunedin, High Street.
- Mary Elizabeth Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant; clerkess, Bank of Scotland; cadet, Girls' Training Corps.
- \*James Templeton, Croix de Guerre (Gold Star), The Lodge, Castle Grant; electrician and plumber; warden, Air-Raid Precautions Services.
- \*Netta Templeton, Glenwhern, Heathfield Road; leader, Women's Section, Air-Raid Precautions Services.
- \*Thomas Templeton, M.M., Glenwhern, Heathfield Road; partner, Messrs Mackintosh and Cumming, Drapers; section leader, National Fire Service.
- \*William Templeton, M.S.M., I.S.M., Glenwhern, Heathfield Road; overseer, General Post Office; lieutenant, Army Cadet Force.
- \*Mrs John Watson (Catherine M. Mackay), Craiglynn Hotel; Women's Land Army.
- \*James Williams, M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), Stonefield, The Square; medical practitioner; captain, "D" Coy., 2nd Batt., Moray and Nairn Home Guard.
- Constance A. Winchester, Northholme, Castle Road; telephonist, General Post Office.
- \* Life Member.
- ‡ Brackets indicate that Grantown address is no longer used by relatives.

## NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

Albert Anderson makes frequent calls on the Ruhr Valley to convey the greetings of the R.A.F. His hosts give him a warm reception with full lighting effects. Albert's latest interest is the son who was born to him in September of last year.

The sea and little ships have not captured Kenneth Benson's entire affections. Else why does he frequently return to gaze on the "beauties" of Strathspey?

Gregor Cameron has been missing since 4th April, 1944, when his bomber was shot down near Lyons. Two of the crew baled out and were eventually smuggled out of France. Whether the others were all killed in the crash is still unknown. Gregor's photograph in uniform shows a strapping young man; but at school his small stature earned him the nickname of "Wee Gregie." This lack of inches, no doubt very annoying to himself, did not prevent him setting a pace on the hill acutely discomforting to his heftier friends. The chance of Gregor's survival seems now remote; but those of us who toiled and starved with him on Bynack Mohr cannot altogether despair.

Gregor's brother, John P. Cameron, has served for two years in the Corps of Signals.

It is assumed that he has been drafted to the East. Both brothers were brought up by their aunt, Miss Cameron, Mondhuie.

One can hardly imagine Jack Cooke failing in any physical test; but it is his misfortune to be addicted to air-sickness. On this ground he was discharged from the R.A.F., although he had almost completed his course in Canada. It is some consolation that he was able to explore the Great Lakes and that he thoroughly enjoyed his brief experience of the R.A.F. This experience included playing for the rugby XV. at every station to which he was posted. Being over the age at which the army admit policemen, he is once more back "on the beat" and looking forward to more football.

Allan Cruickshank is a regular soldier. Joining the R.A.S.C. in 1933, he served in Egypt and Palestine 1934-36, France 1939-40, North Africa 1942, and is now in Italy. There he has met John M'Kenzie (Atholl Cottage). At school he was called "Doomie" for some reason. Later he worked with Mrs Davidson, baker. A capable goal-keeper, he used to play for both school and senior teams.

After completing a long term of duty on H.M.S. Formidable (aircraft-carrier), William



Cruickshank (Grant Road) has been posted to an R.N.A.S. station in Scotland. He took part in naval operations at Madagascar, in North Africa and Sicily, and at Salerno. Later reports say that he is going overseas once again.

Duncan Davidson was not disappointed in joining the navy. He saw the world with a minimum of inconvenience, if we exclude some icy northern patrols and a few draughty and giddy moments in the crow's nest. After his American and Pacific tour the Admiralty very considerably forgot his existence for a couple of months. These he devoted to good purpose, and succeeded in imposing on the affections of Miss Christine Dodds, of Crieff, with whom he first became acquainted when a student at Edinburgh University. We have it on good authority that Duncan is looking forward to putting his head in the nuptial noose early in the new year.

Occasionally from Norway and Iceland we have had news of Donald Fraser. In consequence of dangerous work with the Corps of Signals in Normandy, he has, now for several months, been lying dangerously ill in Oxford. His wife is staying there until Donnie is off the danger list. He has also been visited by his father, Mr Hugh Fraser, under whose care at "Hillview" is one of Donnie's twin sons. As might be expected of a laddie who in school was one of a witty and humorous circle (E. Munro, at least, will remember "G.P."), he is facing his misfortune bravely and cheerfully. His many friends wish him a recovery which, though it prove tedious, may be none the less sure.

With his training in South Africa now behind him, George Fraser, Donnie's brother, is attached to Bomber Command. When on leave, he is frequently to be seen at Durnain dances, and—when the ladies can spare him—fore-gathering with some of his old friends, like James Grant, Balnaan. James, by the way, before returning to farming served with the 8th Army in North Africa. George is full of glee as ever. It is doubtful, however, if he has ever excelled his school "hit" as the Happy Man, when he pranced on stage clad only in pants and a gleaming torso.

It is sad to learn that Pat Garrow, that gamest of tacklers, has himself been effectively and finally "collared." Recanting his one-time views on single bliss, Pat submitted to the yoke of matrimony on 17th June, 1944. Mrs Garrow is an Edinburgh lady, who is meantime serving with the W.A.A.F.

Alexander Gordon has passed the first professional examination in medicine at Edinburgh University. He spends his spare time in Edinburgh blowing dolorous blasts on the pipes, giving vent to his feelings and the sawdust which he inhales during the vacation at Kylintra saw-mill.

As he has now served nearly four years in India, Martin Grant expects soon to be feasting his eyes on the heather slopes of Dreggie Hill. His transfer this year to another squadron proved slightly depressing. The new O.C. did not have the same knack in tucking his lads in at nights. To let Martin down more gently, however, they allowed him to stay in private "digs." Not unnaturally, when he was feeling

below par, he developed a "crush" on the daughter of the household. It had better be added—in case a certain lady in the A.T.S. starts getting worried—this new "flame" is aged only eight. Martin seems to be becoming interested in family life!

When thunderous sounds used to issue from his "den" at Rosemount, the rest of the family realised that Tom Hunter was relaxing in an ecstasy of rhythmic drumming or destructive carpentry. It is to be hoped that he wielded the hammer more delicately when he practised orthopaedics at Stracathro. Now in the Faroes, Tom appears to find little better relaxation than scouring the islands for tomatoes or gazing at the hallowed stones of ancient monasteries. What a pity that the Lovat Scouts were there first and carried off the fairest of the Faroese!

It is very pleasant to hear of Marr Illingworth's success in the Post Office. At school his keenness both in work and games made him a very satisfactory pupil. His best contribution to school was the fine lead he gave the junior shinty team in 1939-40—shinty's brief hey-day before war-time restrictions put an end to competition. In this, our one competitive season, honours were divided with Durnain-Bridge, who were doughty and skilful players, coached as they were by the redoubtable Mr Mackinnon.

What with gifts, brass-bands, and the ladies, Canada gives the R.A.F. trainees a very warm welcome; but the course that follows is very strenuous and exacting. Alastair Jack missed a lot of sleep; but to pass out with so high a percentage more than compensated. Since then he has been seeing the sights of Toronto and Montreal—by day and by night. One gathers that the latter just about made Alastair's eyes pop out of his head. At Campbelltown, where Alastair and two friends spent a fortnight's leave, their Canadian hosts excelled themselves; and on the evening prior to their departure a lady of the town broadcast half an hour of Scots songs in their special honour.

Gordon Jack and other local boys in the R.A.F.—George Fraser, William Cruickshank (High Street) and Alastair Forbes—have been posted near enough home to enjoy frequent week-end leave. They say that practical communism is so rife in billets that it is difficult to call oneself the owner of any rig-out for long.

Alastair Laing is attached to the Reconnaissance Regiment of the 46th Infantry Division. A military correspondent describes this division as one of the most experienced and battle-proved divisions in the British Army. Alastair was in the fighting which opened up the Massicault road for the armoured drive on Tunis. Later he took part in the Salerno landings and the breaching of the Gothic Line. From March to July of 1944, his unit was resting in Palestine. It was during this interval that he frequently met John C. Grant.

Before joining a new station near Blackpool, Willie Ledingham received the unexpected gift of a few days summer leave. He and Sandie M'Phail, who was just back from Italy, used to saunter round the golf course. Rarely were they to be seen holing out; usually they



appeared to be scything two distinct hayfields or digging abstractedly in miry ditches.

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In his own vivid style Ian Macpherson recounts his impressions: "In recent weeks I have been in Syria, Persia, Palestine, Transjordan, Iraq and Egypt; so I am gaining quite a useful introduction to the Middle East countries. I have explored Damascus and Haifa, swum in the "Med." and the Suez Canal, and met many interesting characters. The magnificent results which the Zionists have obtained in Palestine made a great impression on me. Every suitable square foot of ground is cultivated. Artificial irrigation has been perfected, and has brought life and greenness to vast stretches of land which were recently barren. Every few miles there is a settlement of agricultural folk — neat, modern little



houses, shops, good roads, and a church on a hill overlooking the fields."

"At a level-crossing we met a group of about forty young Jews and Jewesses out for a ramble. Dressed alike in white shirts and blouses, shorts, socks and boots, they looked extremely healthy and athletic. What an amazing contrast to the world's idea of the average Jew! Here they reap the benefits of sheer hard manual toil and of perseverance and fortitude."

There seem to have been quite a few local boys foregathering in Palestine. Alastair Laing—sometime between March and July—ran into W. R. Small, of the Army Pay Corps. The latter, at one time organist in Inverallan Church, has been playing in the Church of Scotland at Jerusalem. Alastair also says that he spent "many happy hours" with John C. Grant, visiting Mediterranean beaches and cinemas at Tel-Aviv. Perhaps there is good reason for "happy hours" when we read all about Ian's lovely and athletic Jewesses.

We deeply regret to include Ian McWilliam among the missing. After two years with R.A.S.C., he volunteered for Paratroops, with whom he went abroad in 1942. He was reported missing in Sicily on 14th July, 1943, and is presumed to have died of wounds. Ian left school before reaching the Secondary Department; but he was such a stalwart laddie that he was allowed to take part in the senior sports. That year the school boasted a particularly good rugby XV, in which Ian played wing-three-quarter. He also played for the rugby "seven" which Grantown entered that year for the Inverness tournament.

Eric Masson, who was repatriated from Germany in October, 1943, has courageously risen above physical handicap, and is meantime working as a clerk in local workshops. His ambition, however, is to train as a cinema operator. Fishing is his main hobby.

There does not appear to be a close connection between playing jazz and playing with fire; but John Milne owns to both these accomplishments. As Leading Fireman, he gained much experience of fire-fighting in London during the "blitz." Later, as Company Officer, he gave instruction at the N.F.S. College at Saltdean, Sussex. Called for interview by a War Office selection board, he was recommended for a three-months' course in advanced firemanship. His proficiency at this course secured his promotion to Senior Company Officer and posting to No. 10 Regional H.Q., Manchester. John's accomplishments are of a varied character. At Edinburgh University he specialised in modern languages. At school he was one of our first running "four" to beat Elgin Academy.

His friends will regret to learn that Bruce Munro has been in ill-health for some time, and has been prevented from completing his medical studies at Glasgow University. We hope that his complete recovery will not now be long delayed.

John Paterson's experience since the second day of the invasion has consisted of digging, digging, and more digging; and now that in Holland the armies have reverted to trench warfare, the sappers are burrowing like moles to prepare themselves a home for the winter.

Once the dug-out is fairly well proof against wind and water, fire and light are the primary necessities; then a packing-case or two give a suggestion of furnishing; some clothes and books are scattered around to lend a homely touch; finally a few alluring "pin-up" girls take their places on the walls—just to make it look a little less like home. In France, after the break-out from the bridgehead, the sappers revelled in the comfort of living above ground and of relaxing in the warmth of French hearths and hearts; but when Peter Macpherson lighted upon John at Arramanches, he was still bent over his favourite pastime—digging.

It is hardly likely that Andrew Phimister will be able to stand the sight of cheese on the table or the smell of it in the pantry, for a cheese-factory in East Prussia absorbs his working hours. When the R.A.F.'s visits remind him of home, Sandie's thoughts wander to the humps and howes of his native course, the windblown "13th" and the hanging "7th"; and no doubt, he already weighs the shots he will play when he leads the field in days to come.

The imperturbable Roy (Phimister) is as much at home with a joy-stick as with a mashie. During his Canadian course, he spent an all too short leave in Minneapolis (U.S.A.), visiting his school correspondent. She turned out to be a most accomplished and charming young lady. Britons are rare in Minneapolis; and Roy and his friend were almost embarrassed by the curiosity they aroused in shopping crowds and by the hospitality which the Americans showered upon them.

Roderick Rattray was gravely wounded when fighting with the Marine Commandos at Salerno, and lay for a year in hospital in North Africa. Now he is off the danger list, and hopes to be transferred from Bristol to a hospital within sight of his native hills. On 17th September he spoke over the radio and was heard very clearly. Roddy, as a "regular," saw much and varied service—in the Palestine troubles prior to the war, and also in Crete, at Dakar, Dieppe, and Salerno.

Another naval man with many tales to tell is David Ross, who took part in operations in Madagascar, Italy, the Adriatic, and the Riviera. On one occasion, in response to an appeal from the Jugo-Slav patriots whose H.Q. had been surprised by German paratroops, his destroyer put in at a point on the Dalmatian coast and took off Marshal Tito and his female bravos, who looked sufficiently forbidding to discourage the advances of the most foolhardy paratrooper.

It was quite a surprise to hear again of Leslie Ross, late of Ballieward, who is a petty-officer in Radar at Gibraltar. Before the war, Leslie was employed as a general warehouse manager by an Edinburgh firm of leather-goods manufacturers. The most moving experience of his Mediterranean service befel him at Tripoli, when he listened to the massed pipe bands of the 51st Highland Division.

Alexander Smith has contributed an article on his earlier adventures at sea. Since then he has accompanied the Marines to Egypt, Crete, and Ceylon, and has also visited the Maldivé Islands, Diego Garcia, and the Seychelles. Being tempted to explore the troubled waters



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After two and a half years in India, Ceylon, and East Africa with R.N.A.S., Alastair M'Nicol has returned to a station in Scotland.

Peter M'Nicol seems to have sailed in every fleet—Northern Patrol, Force H., Mediterranean and Eastern Fleets. He is now a glutton for "exams," and is always adding to his naval qualifications, which already include L.S., L.T.O., and L.P. (Torpedo).

In his own vivid style Ian Macpherson recounts his impressions: "In recent weeks I have been in Syria, Persia, Palestine, Transjordan, Iraq and Egypt; so I am gaining quite a useful introduction to the Middle East countries. I have explored Damascus and Haifa, swum in the "Med." and the Suez Canal, and met many interesting characters. The magnificent results which the Zionists have obtained in Palestine made a great impression on me. Every suitable square foot of ground is cultivated. Artificial irrigation has been perfected, and has brought life and greenness to vast stretches of land which were recently barren. Every few miles there is a settlement of agricultural folk — neat, modern little



houses, shops, good roads, and a church on a hill overlooking the fields."

"At a level-crossing we met a group of about forty young Jews and Jewesses out for a ramble. Dressed alike in white shirts and blouses, shorts, socks and boots, they looked extremely healthy and athletic. What an amazing contrast to the world's idea of the average Jew! Here they reap the benefits of sheer hard manual toil and of perseverance and fortitude."

There seem to have been quite a few local boys foregathering in Palestine. Alastair Laing—sometime between March and July—ran into W. R. Small, of the Army Pay Corps. The latter, at one time organist in Inverallan Church, has been playing in the Church of Scotland at Jerusalem. Alastair also says that he spent "many happy hours" with John C. Grant, visiting Mediterranean beaches and cinemas at Tel-Aviv. Perhaps there is good reason for "happy hours" when we read all about Ian's lovely and athletic Jewesses.

We deeply regret to include Ian McWilliam among the missing. After two years with R.A.S.C., he volunteered for Paratroops, with whom he went abroad in 1942. He was reported missing in Sicily on 14th July, 1943, and is presumed to have died of wounds. Ian left school before reaching the Secondary Department; but he was such a stalwart laddie that he was allowed to take part in the senior sports. That year the school boasted a particularly good rugby XV, in which Ian played wing-three-quarter. He also played for the rugby "seven" which Grantown entered that year for the Inverness tournament.

Eric Masson, who was repatriated from Germany in October, 1943, has courageously risen above physical handicap, and is meantime working as a clerk in local workshops. His ambition, however, is to train as a cinema operator. Fishing is his main hobby.

There does not appear to be a close connection between playing jazz and playing with fire; but John Milne owns to both these accomplishments. As Leading Fireman, he gained much experience of fire-fighting in London during the "blitz." Later, as Company Officer, he gave instruction at the N.F.S. College at Saltdean, Sussex. Called for interview by a War Office selection board, he was recommended for a three-months' course in advanced firemanship. His proficiency at this course secured his promotion to Senior Company Officer and posting to No. 10 Regional H.Q., Manchester. John's accomplishments are of a varied character. At Edinburgh University he specialised in modern languages. At school he was one of our first running "four" to beat Elgin Academy.

His friends will regret to learn that Bruce Munro has been in ill-health for some time, and has been prevented from completing his medical studies at Glasgow University. We hope that his complete recovery will not now be long delayed.

John Paterson's experience since the second day of the invasion has consisted of digging, digging, and more digging; and now that in Holland the armies have reverted to trench warfare, the sappers are burrowing like moles to prepare themselves a home for the winter.

Once the dug-out is fairly well proof against wind and water, fire and light are the primary necessities; then a packing-case or two give a suggestion of furnishing; some clothes and books are scattered around to lend a homely touch; finally a few alluring "pin-up" girls take their places on the walls—just to make it look a little less like home. In France, after the break-out from the bridgehead, the sappers revelled in the comfort of living above ground and of relaxing in the warmth of French hearths and hearts; but when Peter Macpherson lighted upon John at Arramanches, he was still bent over his favourite pastime—digging.

It is hardly likely that Andrew Phimister will be able to stand the sight of cheese on the table or the smell of it in the pantry, for a cheese-factory in East Prussia absorbs his working hours. When the R.A.F.'s visits remind him of home, Sandie's thoughts wander to the humps and howes of his native course, the windblown "13th" and the hanging "7th"; and no doubt, he already weighs the shots he will play when he leads the field in days to come.

The imperturbable Roy (Phimister) is as much at home with a joy-stick as with a mashie. During his Canadian course, he spent an all too short leave in Minneapolis (U.S.A.), visiting his school correspondent. She turned out to be a most accomplished and charming young lady. Britons are rare in Minneapolis; and Roy and his friend were almost embarrassed by the curiosity they aroused in shopping crowds and by the hospitality which the Americans showered upon them.

Roderick Rattray was gravely wounded when fighting with the Marine Commandos at Salerno, and lay for a year in hospital in North Africa. Now he is off the danger list, and hopes to be transferred from Bristol to a hospital within sight of his native hills. On 17th September he spoke over the radio and was heard very clearly. Roddy, as a "regular," saw much and varied service—in the Palestine troubles prior to the war, and also in Crete, at Dakar, Dieppe, and Salerno.

Another naval man with many tales to tell is David Ross, who took part in operations in Madagascar, Italy, the Adriatic, and the Riviera. On one occasion, in response to an appeal from the Jugo-Slav patriots whose H.Q. had been surprised by German paratroops, his destroyer put in at a point on the Dalmatian coast and took off Marshal Tito and his female bravos, who looked sufficiently forbidding to discourage the advances of the most foolhardy paratrooper.

It was quite a surprise to hear again of Leslie Ross, late of Balliward, who is a petty-officer in Radar at Gibraltar. Before the war, Leslie was employed as a general warehouse manager by an Edinburgh firm of leather-goods manufacturers. The most moving experience of his Mediterranean service befel him at Tripoli, when he listened to the massed pipe-bands of the 51st Highland Division.

Alexander Smith has contributed an article on his earlier adventures at sea. Since then he has accompanied the Marines to Egypt, Crete, and Ceylon, and has also visited the Maldive Islands, Diego Garcia, and the Seychelles. Being tempted to explore the troubled waters



of holy matrimony, Sandie was married at Plymouth on 26th June.

At the beginning of 1944, Lachlan Stuart was stationed near a battalion of Seaforths, amongst whom he met two local boys, D. M. Bain and J. Rose. Presumably this was on the Burmese border, for he speaks of an "exciting" time. By the breaking of the monsoon in mid-June, he had been evacuated from the fighting area. Lachie, now at the same station as James Grant, has again been elected captain of the squadron football team.

John Stuart has been released by the R.A.F. to take up duties with British Overseas Air Corporation. For some months he has been serving at Gibraltar, and this enables John to visit Portugal and Andalusia, the colourful province of Spain once ruled over by the Moors. When business ties him to "The Rock," John finds a cordial welcome in the homes of its people, displaying a kindly human interest in them, which the aloof Englishman prefers to call "going native."

If, too, the ladies are as fair as their sisters of Spain, one cannot but commend his taste and envy his lot. An any rate, it was while John was entertaining an attractive young lady in a café that he was surprised, and no doubt considerably perturbed, to see a young "blade" of the R.A.F. giving the approach signal. Not being disposed, naturally, to share his charming companion, John was preparing to deal out an effective hand-off, when the newcomer cried: "Hello, you are Stuart, aren't you? I am Flockart from Advie." The chill melted from the air immediately; except that the lady must have felt rather out in the cold while the warm stream of question and reminiscence flowed past between these two. John was able to give Jimmie much welcome news of home, as the latter had received no letters for a long time. Later, John saw him off when he resumed his voyage to India.

John has contributed an article on bull-fighting, and seems to have acquired some knowledge of its technique. He hints that he will not feel just so apprehensive of the Ballintomb bull the next time that he slinks through the policies on his way to fish at Balliefurth. Perhaps Mr Allan might be prevailed upon to allow our torero to give a short exhibition with the cape. But to ensure correct reactions and immediate results, Mr Allan would have to produce one of his fiercer specimens, something approaching a real Miura. Failing the orthodox red silk, John might well flutter an Old Guard jersey. Even in its usual unwashed state that ought to be loud enough to provoke the mildest of Ferdinands to ungovernable fury. To add to the pageantry, a few bolder spirits of the Old Guard would volunteer to act as a quadrilla—provided they were guaranteed the protection of a very, very stout fence. All that one could expect of them would be to welcome the torero in a blanket (preferably of subdued colours), when he sailed over the fence. Senor Toro might well be one of those unsporting bulls with a squint, which prefer to follow the man rather than the cloth.

Meanwhile, when he crosses the frontier, John had better refrain from attending football matches, if he is not to give offence to the

punctilious Spaniard. Again to omit the Franco salute and refuse to "holler," "Franco, Franco, Franco, Arriba Espana," might result in his languishing in one of the esteemed Franco's noisome gaols.

Alastair Surtees has volunteered for the coal-mines; but the Post Office has not so far released him, and Alastair hopes they won't. The air-raids don't ruffle his serenity or curtail his social round. He figures prominently at debates in a Young People's Club, and expects soon to talk himself into a seat on the Club Cabinet. Dorothea Barret-Ayres, who is nursing in London, was one of Alastair's guests at an informal musical evening and "jam-session." All this, however, in Alastair's opinion hardly compensates for his lack of boy-friends with whom to discuss serious topics. Girls, Alastair reckons, are inane, and "capable only of taking one's mind off something one wants to think about and turning it on to something one would rather not think about!"

After gaining his "wings" at Kimberley, Cape Province, Richard Surtees completed a flying instructor's course. He is undergoing further training in England which includes naval recognition. While in Johannesburg, he was entertained by Mrs M'Arthur, a member of the F.P.'s Club. Mrs M'Arthur also gave a warm welcome to James Calder, and she would be delighted if any other Grantown boys in her vicinity would call upon her. Her address is given in the F.P.'s list of this magazine.

Before joining the army, Lewis Sutherland gained engineering experience with Messrs Babcock and Wilcox, Renfrew. At present he is attached to the General Service Corps in Scotland.

Mobilising with the Seaforths, Gordon Templeton accompanied his battalion to France (1939-40), Madagascar, India, Middle East, and Central Mediterranean.

George Thomson, who was evacuated from Dunkirk with the B.E.F., is again serving on the Continent. His youngest brother, Derek, is enjoying life in the navy.

Not everybody has the good fortune to be posted to Paris like David Winchester. Possibly, however, the glittering shop-fronts of the Rue de Rivoli and the playing fountains of the Luxembourg Gardens appeal less to his heart than the purple slopes of Beum-a-Chlaidheimh and a misty drizzle over Lochindorb. Let's hope that the next time we tramp the Ourack, Jock, Hamie Jack will have a keener nose for the hares.

Last June Herbert Wright graduated B.Sc. (Engineering) at Aberdeen University, gaining in addition a Higher National Diploma. He is now at O.C.T.U. training for R.E.M.E.

An F.P. who has returned temporarily to Grantown is Mrs Howard Aston (Kathleen Mutch). Her sister, Elizabeth Mutch, was on leave in Grantown during the summer. Both have had distinguished careers in the nursing profession, Betty in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary and Kathleen in Edinburgh and London. They have both specialised in dietetics, and Kathleen has held the post of sister-tutor in that subject.

Former pupils are very appreciative of the admirable work that is being done by Mrs Bar-



clay (Margaret Louise Hastilow) as Burgh Organiser of W.V.S. and Welfare Officer for the Forces. Mrs Barclay, whose husband, Colonel Ian Barclay of the Seaforths, has been a prisoner of war since St Valery, is also untiring in her efforts to further the excellent work of the Red Cross. In addition, Mrs Barclay shares with Mrs Cattnach, Kirkton, the direction of the local canteen for the Forces in which many ladies of the community give their services.

It was a very happy reunion at Seafielde Lodge when Mary Cruickshank reached home after her long exile. Mary had all but completed her course at Junker's Gymnastic College, Silkeborg, Denmark, when war broke out, and interrupted communications made return impossible. In 1940 the Germans invaded Denmark, and as antagonism grew between Germans and Danes, it became increasingly difficult for Allied residents to avoid arrest and internment. Many attempts at escape were made. One party, in which Mary was the moving spirit, contrived to procure a fishing boat, and packed in this little craft, about thirty adults and children endured the rigours of a stormy passage before they sighted the friendly coast of Sweden. Mary spent a year in Sweden teaching English and dancing, until a place was secured for her on the plane to Scotland. We congratulate Mary on her safe homecoming and also on her betrothal to a Swedish lawyer—a fittingly romantic conclusion to her adventures.

Margaret Davidson has returned to teaching in Edinburgh after a period of service in an evacuation camp outside the city. Her duties there included the general supervision of the children's welfare as well as normal teaching. Margaret is engaged to Robert Ross of Dulnain, who, in spite of long captivity in Germany, is still by all accounts one of the most athletic of the Old Guard.

Family cares have not noticeably encroached on Hamish Dixon's many interests. His expert knowledge of angling and mechanics and admirable, but too infrequent, appearances in the drama are too well known to need comment. We all congratulate him on being co-opted Town Councillor, and commend this evidence of public spirit in the younger members of the community.

It was a great pleasure to meet Ian Forbes in High Street last summer. Ian had just returned after two years' service in Nigeria, on what must be one of the R.A.S.C.'s strangest assignments. His job was to supervise ranches in the northern grasslands and arrange for the despatch of cattle to ports for shipment. Ian had been in hospital in Lagos with a severe bout of malaria; but, apart from the yellow tinge of complexion, which is apparently the effect of quinine-substitute, he was looking extraordinarily well. We are glad to learn that, amid the solitudes of West Africa, the School Magazine proved a source of consolation and a link with home.

Margaret Fraser, who was teaching in Elgin Academy, has been appointed to a mathematics and science post in the Intermediate School at Nethybridge. Home ties and Margaret's attachment to the country life should combine to make this change a pleasant one.

F.P.'s are constantly meeting one another in the farthest corners of the earth. James Grant (Drill Hall House) now finds himself in the same squadron in India as Lachlan Stuart. Jimmie, after eluding the Japanese at Singapore and in Java, has been serving in Ceylon and India. He is still the hardest of football players. One recalls his first match in 1927. It was also the school's first game against Forres Academy. Thanks in part to the goal-scoring of Jimmy Bruce, Forres, much to their surprise, were completely routed. Of course, they sought other reasons for their discomfiture, and alleged, rather unkindly, that the sportsmaster refereeing had only an indifferent knowledge of the rules, and was rarely in position to see them observed.

Both Margaret and Marie Grant have teaching posts in Moray (Margaret in Dallas and Marie in Findhorn). Both are very happy in their work, which Dr MacLaren has seen fit to commend very highly.

A discreet investigation of the precincts of Woodberry, Spey Bridge, reveals still no sign of stock-raising, although the outhouse with the door off its hinges should suggest the makings of a modest byre. Possibly Miss Grant and Miss Legge are contemplating setting up as bee-keepers in an inexpensive way, by purchasing the swarms which stray from the hives of their neighbours, those enthusiastic apiarists, Miss Peggy Fraser and Mr W. T. Hastilow.

Congash likewise offers no evidence of goats, though a goat would be hard put to find a better climbing ground than the precipitous slope to Miss Mackintosh's eyrie.

Walter Hastilow has a remarkable aptitude for turning his hand to any task. After his discharge from the Artillery, Walter found himself unable to settle down, and decided to join the Merchant Navy. His service has taken him to America, Iceland, and Normandy. At present he is on the catering staff of the "Empress of Russia."

In her first year of teaching, Netta Hunter gained excellent experience at Carronshore School, near Falkirk; but, when the opportunity offered, she discovered the rural school of the north country more to her liking. Netta taught for a few months in the picturesque village of Cawdor, but has recently been transferred to Hopeman.

Ada Imray has gained passes in mathematics, French, and logic in the first year of the Arts course at Glasgow University. She sees a good deal of Mary Tulloch, whose home is now in Clarkston. Mary has likewise had a successful year, passing in mathematics, history and French. Christine Tulloch is in her fifth year at Hutcheson's Girls' Grammar School. Christine was staying at Delliefure during the summer holidays and Mary visited Grantown at Christmas.

Had she remained in the Civil Service, Marguerite King feels that she would have missed much interesting and happy experience. Rising rapidly from the ranks of the A.T.S., she has been commissioned and posted to a mixed A.-A. battery. Her sister, Alice, who is employed with the Ministry of War Transport in Aberdeen, was married in Grantown on 4th October, to Sergeant William T. M'Curdy, of Kerny, New Jersey, U.S.A.



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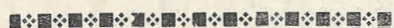
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