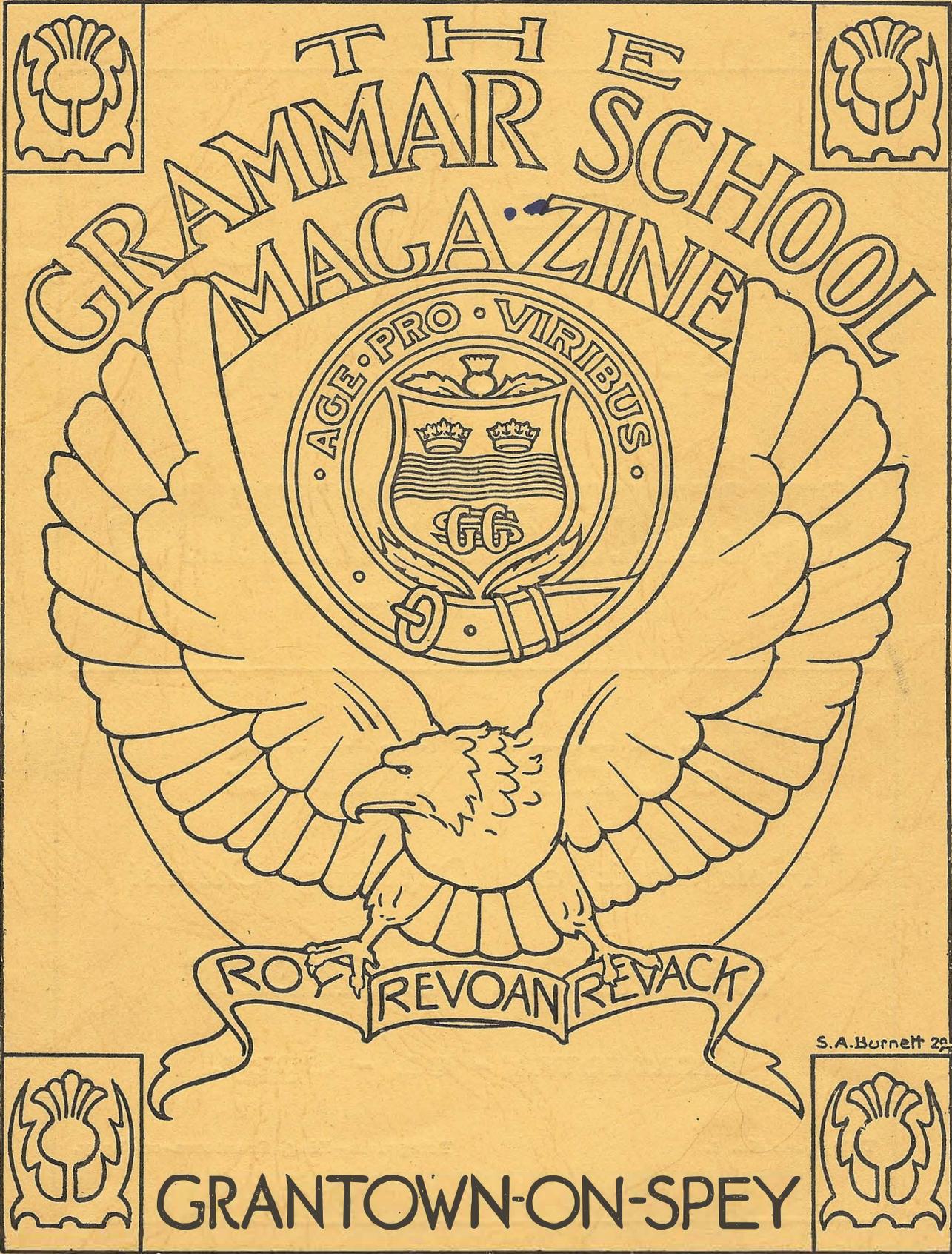


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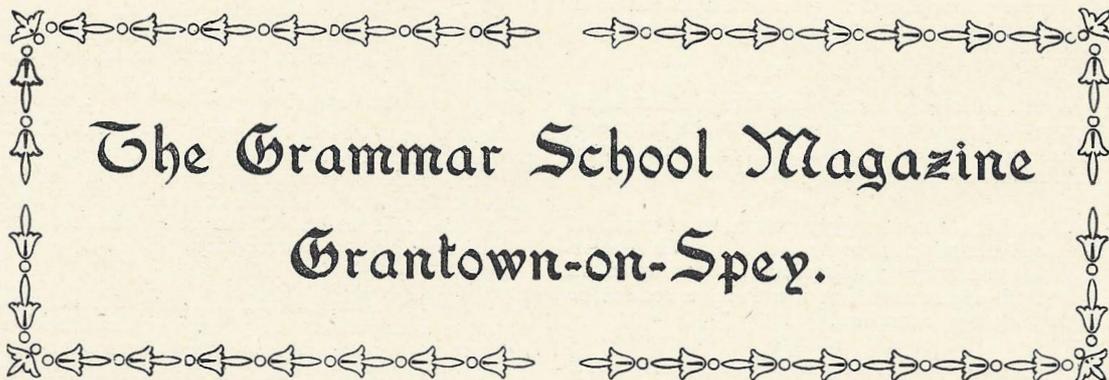
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The Grammar School Magazine
Grantown-on-Spey.

No. 21.

DECEMBER, 1949.

General Editor—Donald M'Taggart.

Advertising Manager—A. Shaw Mortimer.

Editorial.

IT is strange how quickly the days, weeks and years pass by. One scarcely sighs with relief at completion of one magazine, before it is time to start on another.

The magazine, however, makes a landmark; it is often easier to count the passing years in magazines rather than in any other notation. But surely the magazine serves, and is meant to serve a purpose other than be used to reckon up years. Of course it serves to link up the past and present, but I think it is also a well of interesting, miscellaneous information.

Owing to a reasonably good summer, we have been buried under piles of articles dealing with outdoor activities and holiday experiences. Therefore a

large number of these have had to be left out, fine articles though they were.

The remainder, we hope, will satisfy our readers wherever they may be; at least they cannot criticise our selection since they have no access to the discarded efforts.

We must offer our thanks to all who have shared in the magazine, contributors, F.P.'s, and all concerned.

Last year we were very grateful that our magazine was ready for Christmas, and, if we are equally fortunate this year, we hope to solve a few of the Christmas gift problems.

Anyway, as we have said, we hope you will enjoy reading this twenty-first edition of the School Magazine.

SCHOOL NOTES.

As these notes are penned a considerable time before the Magazine's publication, it is impossible to state with certainty that copies will again be on sale before Christmas.

* * *

Last year's Magazine had this good fortune, and its publication in time to function as a Christmas greeting to friends enhanced its value.

* * *

It can at least be said that every effort is at present being made to have contributions collected and edited in good time for this year's number.

* * *

There has been a bigger influx than usual of pupils from neighbouring schools this session and the Secondary department's resources in staff and accommodation are fully extended to cope with the situation.

* * *

We are, it is true, experiencing the same difficulties as all other central schools at the present time; but we are perhaps in the unique position of having to face our difficulties without a vestige of increase in accommodation.

* * *

Nevertheless, there is no slackening in the school's efforts to provide all possible facilities for pupils and, by the time another issue of the Magazine appears, there may be substantial signs of much-needed and long-promised new buildings.

* * *

Towards the end of last year, Miss E. M. Pyper, M.A., B.Sc., was appointed principal teacher of mathematics. Miss Pyper has thus returned to the school of which she was a former pupil and dux medallist.

* * *

Another newcomer to the staff is Miss M. C. Taylor who took the Qualifying class at the beginning of this year.

* * *

Miss Holloway, assistant English and French teacher, left at the summer term to assume an appointment in Renfrewshire, her home county.

* * *

Staffing problems are everywhere common these days. The school in the past year has been indebted to two married ladies, Mrs Mackintosh and Mrs Donaldson, who, in spite of personal difficulties, have helped during interim periods.

* * *

Miss Elsie M'Intosh, the Rector's clerical assistant for more than two years, relinquished her post at the end of September to enter Dunfermline Physical Training College as a student. She earned the school's gratitude by adding to her clerical duties those of physical training teacher to Secondary girls. On leaving, Miss M'Intosh received a parting gift from the staff.

Another loss to the school has been caused by the resignation of Miss Manson who, besides being District Nurse in the Grantown area for more than twenty years, was School Nurse all through this period. It would be impossible to express in these notes the worth of Nurse Manson to the health and well-being of pupils during her stay in this district. Pupils and staff joined in making a presentation to her on the eve of her departure.

* * *

It was announced two years ago that Technical education would play an increasing part in the senior boys' curriculum, but this project suffered a severe setback owing to the lack of a qualified technical subjects teacher during the whole of last session.

* * *

Certainly, these subjects were not allowed to lapse altogether. A young student-teacher kept the practical classes going for a time and Mr Charles Grant—who did excellent work for us during the difficult war years—was able to give some of his time to teaching woodwork.

* * *

The situation has been saved this year, however, by the appointment of Mr R. B. Malcolm, D.F.C., as teacher of technical subjects. A five years' course in these subjects has been instituted and a considerable quantity of new equipment installed in the benchwork room.

* * *

The domestic science course has also been extended to five years, so that pupils may take either of these practical subject courses up to Leaving Certificate standard.

* * *

Empire Day was observed last May in customary fashion. The speaker on this occasion was Mr J. Alan Rennie, Cromdale, a much-travelled author, who recently gave a very attractive series of broadcasts on his world-wide experiences.

* * *

Other Empire Day visitors were Mrs Rennie, Captain F. C. Hendry, O.B.E., M.C., and our then school convener, Ex-Provost Milne. Mr Hunter, who presided, referred to the death of Mr R. Goudie, a regular attendant at many previous Empire Day ceremonies.

* * *

Ex-Provost Milne, our school convener for many years, has resigned from this position, much to the regret of staff and pupils; for he has ever been a friend and generous helper. He is succeeded by Mr William Hutchinson, Bieldside, who brings to his new post a wealth of administration experience.

* * *

Mr W. F. Lindsay, the newly appointed Director of Education for the Joint County, was speaker at the 1949 prize day ceremony. The prizes were presented by Miss Milne,

Highfield, formerly headmistress of Cranley School, Edinburgh, and now president of Grantown Townswomen's Guild.

* * *

Rev. Joseph Grant, M.C., chairman of Cromdale Area Sub-Committee, again presided at prize-giving. The Harvey Dux Prize winner was Mary G. Shand, Nethybridge.

* * *

In the spring of this year Dr T. MacLaren resigned from his office as Director of Education. On the eve of his departure, he paid a farewell visit to the school and, at an impromptu function in the hall, he bade staff and pupils goodbye. The school gave him a hearty, if regretful, send-off.

* * *

The unveiling of the Memorial Lectern in the school hall is described elsewhere in this number. Suffice it to mention here that the school is proud of such a beautiful memorial to former pupils who gave their lives in the 1939-45 war.

* * *

Cairngorm Badges awarded since 1941 came to hand earlier in the year and were despatched to the former pupils who have earned them.

* * *

The school branch of the National Savings Association, with a membership of 252, deposited during last session the sum of £536 19s 5d.

* * *

A film strip projector has been added to the school's visual aid equipment and a considerable number of strips, dealing with a wide variety of educational subjects, have been acquired.

* * *

From the sports columns of the Magazine, it will be gathered that athletics have had a fair share of the school's attention during 1949. The girls were especially prominent in their standards of attainment.

* * *

An outstanding event of the year has been the Country Fair held in September. In June, the staff decided that something must be done to replenish the school funds which finance all the unofficial activities of the school and aid several that are official.

* * *

It was decided to have a Country Fair at which would be sold as many attractive wares as staff and pupils could make or collect between June and the end of September—an excellent school project, surely.

* * *

All—teachers and pupils—gave of their best, with the result that a marvellous display met the eye on the appointed day. The Fair was opened by Mrs Hutchinson, wife of the school convener, who spoke of the many calls made on school funds. Total drawings amounted to £260, a very handsome sum.

A word of praise is due to everyone concerned in this successful venture which was carried through under the convenership of Miss Fraser. The encouragement and help of parents, former pupils and other generous friends must also be acknowledged.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES.

Mary Shand (Girls' Captain) came up from Nethybridge two years ago, a shy little girl. Unobtrusively she managed to annex the Dux Medal, and now she is Girls' Captain. There's a lot more in Mary than we thought.

Tommy Stuart (Boys' Captain) is still cheery as ever. In his key position at head of a canteen table Tommy keeps up the hearts of his fellow prefects.

Elizabeth M'William (Hockey Captain) achieved two ambitions last session—she got her L.C. and she built up a solid hockey team. At present, another responsibility, that of being an aunt, plays a big part in her agenda.

Donald M'Taggart (Magazine Editor) has so many ranging interests that we are unable to keep pace with them. We dare hardly imagine what metaphysical problems he and his fellow philosopher, Billie Grant, discussed on the high reaches of the Cairngorms.

Margaret Telfer (House Captain) surveys mathematical conundrums with serious blue eyes and finds them interesting. She is less serious when the population of the Braes hold their occasional revels. As the hockey team's new centre-forward, Margaret has reaped a rich harvest of goals.

Gordon M'Gregor (House Captain) has succeeded his friend Hair as a stalwart of the Pipe Band. Gordon is a good piper; but he is pretty good at anything for that matter.

Helen Scott (Games Secretary) does not play for the hockey team; but her sunny nature aids morale. She even dispenses advice, gratefully received, to stalwarts of the football team.

Hugh Hogg (Sports Champion) has fulfilled his early promise as an athlete. Hugh is also making history as the pioneer of the new technical course. Last session, as Mr Hunter's adviser, he helped for a space to keep that department in existence.

Marjory Carr (Senior Sports Champion) is, as might be expected, a hockey stalwart. At the Nethybridge Games, we beheld Marjory competing in the open high jump. Marjory could give our best boy athletes a run for it.

Eileen Mackenzie (Senior Sports Champion) tied with Marjory last session. Flect as a roe deer, Eileen is a hockey centre-half who seems literally to be everywhere.

William Kennedy (Football Captain) is the George Young of juvenile football. William assisted with the heavy events at Nethybridge this year. By and by, if he keeps on growing, he may join the mighty fellowship of George Clark and company.

James Archibald (Prefect) is a bright wee fellow. Opposing half-backs complain that they didn't notice he was there. James, however, is usually there, all there.

Sheina Donaldson (House Captain) is a rather unobtrusive all-rounder who adds

thrust to the hockey forward line and dabbles in tennis. Sheina, who has averaged a couple of flights a year for the past fifteen years, finds air travel so ordinary as to be uninteresting.

Billie Grant (Prefect) uses much of his spare time in keeping Grantown supplies going. Billie, however, does take a day off occasionally, as when he accompanied Donald on those marathon jaunts to the Cairngorms.

May Mackenzie (Prefect) has decided leanings towards drama, music and youth leadership, though these may be in abeyance for one stern session.

Douglas Gordon (Prefect) figured as an almost microscopic outside-left in school football five years ago. Recently his useful left foot found him a place in the Grantown team, and poor Douglas has still to cope with the odds. It's a hard life being a promising left-footer.

May Macdonald (Prefect) is interested in most things, as befits a sunny disposition; but her chief flair is for romantic composition in rhythmical English.

Michael Pauli (Games Secretary) finds the wearing of glasses rather a handicap for one who is game to try most things. Michael is still a Cairngorm enthusiast and shared in this year's big expedition. So Scotch is Michael becoming that a proposal to add Mac to his name is being seriously (?) mooted.

Nancy Maclean and Jessie Macdonald (Prefects) are both quiet, law-abiding citizens. They have now to belie their gentle natures with stern looks and keep the exuberant youth in awe.

Evelyn Mackintosh and Isabella Robertson (Prefects) are also newcomers to high office. Evelyn, of the dark curls and pleasant smile, is one of our soundest all-rounders. Isabella, also dark-haired and smiling, is like Hugh Hogg, the pioneer of a new course, in her case, Higher Domestic Science.

Shaw Mortimer (Business Editor) is quiet and unobtrusive, but definitely useful at anything practical. See him drive a post with unerring stroke, or clear a dangerous ball from the goal area.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"Who are these arrayed in white raiment?" Your guess is correct; we refer to the uniformed ladies of the School Canteen. At our refectory, numbers increase and meals, if anything, get better. The new school canteen, however, is as yet a mere figment of the architect's brain. We wonder if they have forgotten about us.

School games are still pursued with zest. The boys normally play football; but last session they rummaged out some shinty sticks and a rugby ball, and these two sports experienced a brief revival. They also tackled Forres at cricket and at least gave Forres a couple of good games. The girls stuck to hockey, and evolved one of the toughest teams in recent years. Of course, if the girls with hockey sticks encounter the boys with shinty sticks, the training does tend to make them robust.

New faces are appearing at our annual functions. Empire Day saw Mr Rennie, the novelist and traveller, address the school. Strangely enough his message was very like that of the Old Brigade, namely, not to be ashamed of the British Empire. A new Director, in the person of Mr Lindsay, also made his debut at our prize-giving, while a new school convener, Mr Hutchinson, likewise made himself known to us there. New figures bring new ideas, but the traditions of the school, like those of the Empire, do not fundamentally change.

Who remembers the Sports Day at Nairn when all the county schools competed? There was one delirious period, following prodigious performances by Eileen and Marjory and Lorna and others, that we were perfectly sure Grantown School was leading. We fell behind, because we have so few big boys; we don't have them. But our girls take some beating; and our junior boys are creditable athletes. Grantown was an honourable third to the bigger schools.

Why Country Fair? Why was our school sale so described? The theorist who said it was a compliment to the fare supplied by the Cake Stall and the Teas, evidently had his spelling wrong. Theorist number two, who suggested that the term had some connection with the amazing standard of beauty in the young ladies in view, also made a pardonable blunder. What we should like to know is this—How did the person who invented the title know that late September would produce an ideal summer day for a Country Fair? Anyway, staff, pupils and parents co-operated to the extent of raising well over £200, which you will agree was a Fair amount.

Our Grantown Grammar School pupils come "frae a' the airts," from Rothiemurchus to Ballindalloch. Many nice problems of communication have thereby to be solved. Our less mathematically-minded teachers get quite involved in calculating when Johnny's 'bus comes in or how long Sandy needs in order to catch his train. There was an occasion when a tearful girl explained she had lost her 'bus ticket, and a lady teacher threw a coin at her with an exhortation to "run." She did and caught her 'bus.

LONGING.

Little Tibby, fond of fish,
Mewed with rage at her empty dish,
Not a fish upon her plate,
Oh, dear, the fishman must be late.
Hark! a knock upon the door;
Tibby runs across the floor.
Fish at last! Boy, oh, boy!
Little Tibby's full of joy.

PATRICIA ANN LAWRENCE, age 11.

THE ROBIN.

Here am I with chest puffed out,
To keep away the cold.
Upon your sill I hop about,
A robin bright and bold.

My eye is black, my chest is red,
I bob and flick and bend.
Oh, haven't you a bit of bread
To throw your little friend?
RACHAEL COWIE, age 11.

MY BEDROOM.

My bedroom is my secret place,
Although there is but little space;
I run upstairs when school is done,
And there I have the greatest fun.
My homework there is done in peace,
And put away into my case.
Then I have time to play awhile,
Till Mummy gives her good-night smile.
PAMELA LAING, age 11.

THE OAK.

The sturdy oak of England,
That graces our woodlands fair;
The oldest tree in England—
'Twas a king that sheltered there.
The great ships of our Empire
Bring home the food for folk.
They sail the mighty oceans,
For their hearts are made of oak.
Its spreading leafy branches
Give shelter to the twittering bird,
When soft spring weather comes along,
A cheerful song is heard.
MARY WARD, age 11.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

As I was walking through the wood,
Right in front of me there stood
A little lady all in black,
Who carried a bag on her back.
At first I thought she was a friend,
But then I found she was not in the end.
PETER M'WILLIAM, age 10.

A SUNNY DAY.

The trees are green, the sky is blue,
The sun has dried up all the dew;
The children are playing on the green,
And no one is being the least bit mean.
ROY LORRAIN SMITH, age 10.

THE LITTLE CRAB.

As I went down to the beach one day,
A little crab I spied.
It bit my toe so very hard
That bitterly I cried.
I cried so loud and long
That my mother came to me,
And so after a little while
I was as happy as could be.
GORDON SIMPSON, age 13.

A CASE.

It was Sunday morning and I was walking
through the long grass. All at once a
rabbit darted from behind a wild rosebush. I

started chasing it, and it led me all over the
purple heather. At last it dived through the
fence and disappeared down a hole. I was
very much disappointed because I did not
catch it.

DONALD M. ROSS, age 10.

THE DONKEY.

One day as I went down the road,
I came upon a donkey old,
And on his back he carried a load,
And that is my tale already told.
IAN M'KENZIE, age 9.

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE.

One day when I was on holiday I went to a
little fishing village called Dunure. I went
along to the harbour where I saw all the fish-
ing boats coming in at high tide. Then I went
to the bottom of a cliff about forty to fifty
feet high. I started to limb. When I was
half-way up I happened to look down. I had
been working my way up sideways, and the sea
was now below me. Now I got dizzy and did
not know what to do. I was helpless for a
minute. I closed my eyes and after a time I
was able to proceed. At last I got to the top.
COLIN KEITH, age 9.

MY RABBIT.

I had a little rabbit,
And it was very bad;
One day it ran away from home,
And I was very sad.
One day I went out for a walk,
I saw my little rabbit,
And then I said in rabbit talk,
"Will you come home to Kit?"
GAY GRANT, age 8.

MY HOLIDAY.

One day during my holidays I was going for
a run in a car. It was a very wet day indeed.
On the way I passed a farm and saw an old
sheep sheltering under a horse. It was most
funny to see. When I got home I told every-
body about it, and they laughed happily.
MARIE MACKENZIE, age 9.

THE VAGRANT.

My life it is an easy one,
(At least so some folks say):
My bed is 'neath the moon and sun,
On bracken or on hay.
Although I have no fishing line,
The fish I catch are many.
I always drink of Adam's wine,
As good a wine as any.
A fixed abode I always shun,
I travel night and day,
Basking in the morning sun,
In April and in May.
Sometimes I beg at good folks' doors,
In order to get food;
But I mostly travel on the moors,
Or in the shady wood.

While swirling snowflakes softly fall,
I'm well supplied with food.
While sitting on my snowy knoll,
I'm in a happy mood.
To-day I've rabbit for dinner and tea,
To-morrow is yet to come;
So here's good luck to you and me,
Let's hope we all have fun.

M. ALEXANDER, IIa.

THE LURE OF THE CAIRNGORMS.

In a summer of unusually fine weather the lure of the hills proved very strong for the budding mountaineers of G.G.S. The call was first heard after the Easter vacation; and suggestions were made to Mr Thornton that the May holiday might be utilised for an expedition. Snow, however, elected to fall just before that week-end, and the excursion was postponed.

The holiday, however, proved a day of brilliant sunshine; and on that day a blue-eyed, questing figure, in the form of Donald M'Taggart, might have been seen making its solitary way to the top of the Lairig Ghru. Here are his impressions:—

"The deathly silence of the pass was overpowering, more especially as it was shadowed by great, black over-hanging crags; but occasionally the stillness was broken by the harsh croak of a ptarmigan. The floor of the pass, as well as the hills above it, was strewn with snow; but, as the coating was light, it provided no dangers or difficulties, and the scratches left on the stones by previous hikers could be followed. The Pools of Dee, rippling in the bright sunlight, provided refreshing relief after the boulder-strewn track on which one's boots clattered curiously."

The June holiday saw Donald return to the assault, accompanied this time by Billie Grant. The two ascended the Lairig Ghru, scaled Braeriach and Cairntoul and returned to base via the Lairig. Here is Donald's description:—

"This time the Lairig was misty, clouds of white vapour pouring through gaps in the hills and streaming down into the pass. The mists were very variable; for example, on the top of Cairntoul we could only see ten yards ahead, whereas from Braeriach we had a striking view both of Cairntoul and the ridge connecting them. This view was to me indescribable; it could only be viewed, wondered at and indelibly stamped on the memory."

These two advance excursions heralded a larger attack on the mountains, which was made on June 18th by a party of extremely heterogeneous composition. Most of the senior boys were occupied in playing cricket with Forres; but Mr Thornton, the organiser, had with him two boys, five girls and four lady teachers. The rendezvous was Coylum Bridge. Some arrived by cycle, some by train and cycle and some by car.

There were in this expedition a major and minor objective. Mr Thornton aimed at Ben Macdhui, the ladies of the staff wished to reach the Pools of Dee, and it was open to the pupils to attach themselves to either scheme. Eventually, Ben Macdhui was climbed by Mr Thornton, Michael Pauli, James Lorrain-Smith, Elsie Young and Eileen Mackenzie. For the girls

it was a heavy feat of endurance; but Elsie was desperate for her Cairngorm Badge and Eileen, light of foot as a gazelle, is one of our Sports Champions. Here is Michael's description:—

"At 3 p.m. we began the ascent proper, taking it in short stages. We rested several times, and, as we rested, we gazed across the pass to the broad back of Braeriach and the steep imposing sides of Cairntoul and Angel's Peak. In the hollow, under the lee of these giants, a little stream trickled down the hill-side, completing this picture of beauty. We reached the summit at 5 p.m., and from there we got a hazy view of the distant hills of the West Coast."

Meanwhile the remainder of the party were making their way to the top of the Lairig Ghru. Miss Legge, Miss Pyper and Miss Taylor declare that their great inspiration was the determination of the lion-hearted Miss Mariel Grant, most diminutive of the party, to reach the top. The four lady teachers and three girls then returned to Coylum Bridge, where the ladies departed in Miss Grant's car. The girls awaited for a very practical purpose. Michael adds:—

"We arrived back at Coylum Bridge at 11 p.m., very, very tired, but were somewhat revived by hot tea which two girls, who had been in the rear party, had managed to make for us."

Michael goes on to describe the cycle run home, the exhilaration of the first few miles and then how, when weariness overtook the party, "the road seemed a blur of never-ending ribbon."

The three girls who reached the Pools of Dee were Jean Sandison, Elizabeth M'William and Norah Brooks. Having tasted blood, Norah and Elizabeth returned to the assault next Saturday along with Miss M'Intosh and Elsie Young. These four, with two others as a base party, cycled to Loch Morlich and climbed Cairngorm itself. Norah was very struck by the view looking back on Loch Morlich. This is what she says:—

"As we climbed we occasionally paused to rest and were awestruck by the clear view of the loch. There it lay like a great pool of silver, bordered mostly by green pine trees, but on one side by yellow sands, on which many holiday-makers were sun-bathing, while on the loch itself the yachts and rowing boats looked like tiny white specks. Nearby we could see the tents in which some of the visitors lived and Glen More Lodge which looked like the sentry of the loch."

Still another assault was made on the hills the following week-end by a party of school-boys with their respective fathers. The boys were Ian Burgess, Sandy Mackenzie and Keith Donaldson; and, having ascended Cairngorm early in the morning, after camping at Loch Morlich, they also climbed Ben Macdhui. Mountain distances are apt to be deceptively long, as Keith's account illustrates:—

"After a rest on the top of Cairngorm, we decided, as all felt fit, to go on to Ben Macdhui, five miles distant. Up hill and down dale we toiled until we reached the actual mountain. Laboriously we climbed up the steep mountainside until we thought we saw the top ahead. Alas! the real summit was

half-a-mile further on. We reached it at 2 p.m. There was an indicator and a cairn on it. The indicator was very interesting, as it showed you the names of various mountains.

We descended the mountain, had still another meal and wearily set off for Loch Morlich. Instead of climbing Cairngorm again we came down the Coire Cas and so to Loch Morlich, which we reached at 6.30 p.m., tired but happy that we had accomplished the feat of climbing the two mountains."

Since the month of June, there have been other jaunts to the hills, one worthy of special note being Donald and Billie's conquest of Cairngorm and Ben Macdui in one day. These two have thus ascended the four major peaks in one season. That there can be interesting scrambles on the mountainsides without the ascent of a peak, is illustrated by Mary Shand's account of an expedition of Marjory Carr and herself in the track of the old reivers up the Revoan valley. They scaled the steep above the Green Loch, and Mary says:—

"There it lay like an emerald in a deep purple-brown velvet bed. The pine trees nodded over it, and the mountain gazed down serenely and contentedly, while the road wound in and out at its foot. In the distance could be seen Loch Morlich and Loch Pityculish with the paths winding up to the mountain."

Having duly admired the Green Loch, they climbed on. "With a pensive sigh we turned our backs on this beautiful scene and began again the task of reaching the top. Before us stretched a long vista of heather and rocks, we took a deep breath, each grasped a handful of heather and crawled up—when I say 'crawled,' I mean 'crawled'—on our hands and knees."

The descent was more exciting, if possible. "We slid and tumbled down the slope which was almost perpendicular. We did some amazing acrobatic stunts such as headers into the heather, cartwheels and splits. We arrived on the path at the foot minus the white heather we had gathered but plus some bruises and scratches."

Edited from descriptions by D. McTaggart, Va.; M. Pauli, VI.; N. Brooks, IVa.; K. Donaldson, Ia. and M. Shand, VI.

BRAEMAR HIGHLAND GATHERING.

Never having been at a large Highland Gathering before, I felt very excited when my two chums and I decided to go to the Braemar Highland Gathering in September, 1948. We duly booked our seats in Mackay's 'buses and patiently looked forward to the appointed day. After what seemed an eternity, though only a fortnight, the great day arrived. When I woke, I immediately ran to the window. The day was misty, but it promised to be fair. By 8.30 we had our places in the 'bus and were settled down for the journey.

We left Grantown by the New Bridge and carried on up the Tomintoul road to Bridge of Brown. The sun was now shining brightly, and Mother Nature seemed to be at her best. The purple of the heather was accentuated against the green of the fields, and the trees just beginning to change colour completed the picture. We had been told that the road to

Braemar was not a good one, and we were not surprised when the driver told us we would require to go out and walk over a small bridge. The reason was that the bridge was preceded by a very sharp corner.

The most interesting view of the journey was that of Balmoral Castle, which looked very picturesque as it nestled among the pine trees. Also beautifully situated among the trees was Crathie Church, where the king and queen attended services while in residence at Balmoral. Now being in Deeside we began to get impatient to arrive at Braemar, and eventually our 'bus joined a stream of other 'buses all with the same objective as ourselves.

At last our goal was reached, and we wended our way from the car park to the park where the games were being held. A steady stream of people crowded the roads and it was impossible to do anything but join the crowd until we reached the Princess Royal Park. Crowds of people all lined the roadside, and we discovered after enquiry that they were waiting the arrival of the King and Queen.

After doing justice to a good lunch we searched for a good stance where we would have our best view. The massed bands made a wonderful spectacle as also did the Highland dancers. Suddenly a loud cheer arose heralding the arrival of the King and Queen and Princess Margaret, who motored round the park to the Royal Pavilion where during the afternoon various people, including Lady Tweedsmuir, were presented to their Majesties.

All too soon the time to return home came, and again we joined the steady stream of homing people. To our horror when we arrived at the car park there were so many 'buses lined up we thought we should never find our one. We wandered through the long lines and stopped on hearing a peal of laughter. There were so many 'buses that we did not realise we were standing right beside our own, in which the other passengers were already seated watching three young girls wandering through the maze of 'buses and thus amusing them very much.

After some time our 'bus driver managed to manoeuvre his 'bus out from among the others, and we started on our homeward journey. Very little conversation was made on the return trip, the reason being, I think, that we were all too tired to talk.

Each year as the time comes round for the Braemar Gathering, we shall recall the very pleasant day we spent there in September, 1948.

L. FINDLAY, IIB.

IAN BEAG MACANDREW.

Carrbridge is a village in Inverness-shire in the parish of Duthil. It is situated on the River Dulnain, which rises in the Monadhliath Mountains, through which it threads its turbulent way among scenery of unsurpassed beauty. The ancient name of this valley was Glen-Chearnich, the Glen of Herces, which is rich in ancient legends.

One of the true stories of Carrbridge is the story of Ian Beag Macandrew (Little John Macandrew). About the middle of the 17th century the Laird of Achnaachrack made a march into the lowlands of Nairnshire and

carried away cattle belonging to Rose of Kilravock, who followed him and met him with the booty at Cro-clach in Strathdearn. Amongst those who joined Rose of Kilravock was Ian Macandrew of Dalnahaitnach. He was a small man but a skilled archer. In the fight that followed Ian killed the chief with an arrow. A man shouted to Ian when he saw this feat and Ian replied angrily, because he was afraid of the revenge that might follow if any escaped, "A thousand curses on your head, fool." The laird and all his men were killed except a boy who carried the news of the slaughter home.

Not long after strangers were seen in the woods near Ian's home. He knew who they were. He was overtaken later by strange men who bribed him with a sixpence to answer questions about Ian Macandrew. He took the bribe and led them to his own house. His wife continued the bluff and gave the men food, telling them that her husband would be home soon. Ian sat by the fire thinking out a plan to get rid of his unwelcome visitors, bending his bow which looked beyond his strength and size. His wife cuffed him on the ear, telling him to be about his business and to report if he saw his master returning. Ian went out and climbed a tree that stood near the door. In this tree he had roosted every night since the slaughter of Cro-clach. When his bow and arrows were ready, he cried that his master was coming. The men hurried out one by one, only to be shot down by Ian.

The monument which can be seen at Dalnahaitnach Farm was erected to Ian Beag Macandrew for his great skill with the bow and arrow.

M. FRASER, IIB.

THE SCHOOL CANTEEN.

At ten past one each weary day,
A bell is rung which brings a ray
Of hope to every heart.
'Tis dinner time, how can we stay?
From lessons we must part.

To South Church Hall we haste away,
For there is spread a fine array
Of fare for one and all.
Though many glories fill our day,
Our canteen crowns them all.

Each pupil breathes a happy sigh,
Whene'er that place of bliss draws nigh:
What visions we now treasure,
Of soup and meat and apple pie,
All served in ample measure!

When in the hall with stir and clatter,
We take our chairs and eat and chatter,
Soon even *I* am full.
And we depart, all feeling fatter
And fit for school.

Excuse the doggerel I write here,
For soon canteen no more will cheer
Myself and friends of mine;
Yet it will be a memory dear
Of days of Auld Lang Syne.

W. M. GRANT, Va.

THE HUNTER.

Along the hedgerow he went, in the evening sunlight, slipping silently from shadow to shadow, till he came to the edge of the road. Here, forsaking the shelter of the hedge for that of a dry-stone dyke that ran parallel to the highway, he disappeared from sight for a few minutes, then reappeared, this time on top of the dyke, about twenty yards farther along. Here he paused, his slim brown and white body tensed, as he scented the air. Then the weasel, for such he was, leaped from the dyke on to the carpet of leaves underneath the trees, and, discovering a fresh trail running through the wood, he sped away.

About fifty yards distant, in a small glade, several rabbits were feeding. Suddenly a small brown figure appeared at the edge of the glade, and crept forward. Then it sprang at the nearest rabbit which, after a shrill squeal and a few spasmodic jerks, lay still on the grass as, with a flurry of white tails, the rest of the animals vanished, leaving the weasel to his feast.

Having drunk his fill of its blood, the killer left his victim and once again slipped away through the grass.

A few minutes later he was joined by another of his kind, and together, they went on their way, this time beside a small stream. Once again scenting a fresh trail, they swiftly followed it to a nearby field where several more rabbits were feeding.

Springing amongst them, they quickly dispatched two. Suddenly a shot rang out, and, riddled with pellets, both lay still. The keeper rose from his place of concealment, and, remarking to his companion, "Well, that's a good few birds saved," he picked up the rabbits and put them in his pocket, and, after skinning the weasels, he threw the bodies under a nearby bush, where they lay, till a pair of rats found them a few hours later and tore them to pieces for their young.

I. C. BURGESS, IVA.

THE THREE R'S.

Whene'er School Sports once more come round,
We all survey our playing ground,
And visualise the combats which
Will soon be fought on this same pitch.

To fight for leadership, you see,
Our school's divided into three;
There's Revack, Roy and dear Revoan,
Whose rivalry is clearly shown.

If white badge worn by girl or boy,
Is hailed with lusty shouts of joy,
You may be sure that Bob and Joan
Are proud supporters of Revoan.

Another team sports colour blue,
I must admit it's sometimes true
The winner when a race is run
Is often Revack's stalwart son.

The third house bears a badge of red,
And in the sports they've often led.
The heart of many a girl and boy
Thrills to the battle-cry of "Roy."

Thus in our school there's civil war,
But when 'gainst other schools we war;
The three R's will together pull
For one dear team—our Grantown School.

M. TELFER, Va.

LOCHINDORB.

The Dava Moor, well-known to travellers between Grantown-on-Spey and Forres, is a lonely and barren stretch of moorland, beautiful when summer glows upon its heathery waste, but bleak and inhospitable in winter. About two miles South-West of the road at Dava Station, and hid by an intervening hill, lies Lochindorb, a sheet of water not particularly impressive in itself, but famous for the ruined castle which stands on the small island near its centre. This castle has been uninhabited for nearly five hundred years. Nettles fill its silent courtyards, trees peer over the roofless walls, and only the cry of moorfowl or the bleating of sheep is heard in that ancient solitude, yet these walls have a stirring story of mediæval splendour, siege and captivity, of barbarous chiefs and warrior kings.

The castle when occupied had the natural security of the waters of the loch, where no attack could be effective from the further shores, either by arrows or by the stone-throwing engines of the period. It consisted of two distinct parts, an inner set of buildings and a outer series of walls and defensive towers completely sheltering the former. As these walls run to the water's edge the whole island is so completely walled round that an attacking body could find no landing place. The great hall of the castle was built of wood, the walls being adorned with armour and trophies of the chase.

Lochindorb had no dungeon, but it had a specially horrid place of confinement. This was the Walter Pit Vault. From the top it seemed like an ordinary draw well, descending far enough below the level of the loch so as to leave about three feet of water over its paved floor. After being lowered into the obscure depths the captive was compelled to stand upright, his body half covered by icy water, any other position meaning certain death by drowning.

In the thirteenth century a Comyn was Lord of Badenoch and on the death of the infant Maid of Norway, the Black Comyn, a descendant of King Duncan, and unsuccessful candidate for the Scottish throne, was lord of Lochindorb Castle. The castle passed through several hands after that, but the most prominent owner was Alexander Stewart, better known as the "Wolf of Badenoch." King Robert II. conferred the Lordship of Badenoch as well as Lochindorb Castle on him, his fourth son.

M. SCOTT, IIIa.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

To the south of the town
There stands the old school.
It's been there for ages,
And none but a fool,

Although tasked with lessons,
And longing to be free,
Would wish the old school
Might just cease to be.

For as we grow older
There does come a time,
When we all realise,
If we've reason or rhyme,
That the rules we obey,
Though they irk now and then,
Will finally mould us
Into women and men.

The Old Guard tell us,
And we know it's no lie,
That they love the old school
And will till they die.
And those who have died,
Who once studied there,
Would like us to-day
To have special care
To play the game
And not act the fool,
And honour the name
Of the old Grammar School.

E. MACDONALD, IIa.

A SHORT STORY.

I opened the door and descended. The stone staircase led down into a black void, as black as eternity. As I made my way down a cold dank shaft of air came up at me. I groped for the wall with my left hand. The cold and slimy feeling sent a shudder through me.

I switched on the pocket torch with my right hand. The beam stabbed the darkness and then I saw it. It lay in a heap at the bottom of the steps, its head resting in a little pool of blood, its own. I felt a little giddy, but I pulled myself together and went on down. I stood on the last step and looked down at the lifeless body, blood trickling from the wash above its left eye. Nausea gripped me and I felt very sick.

You see, I could never stand the sight of a dead rat.

M. PAULI, VI.

THE SCHOOL FAIR.

We're like a band of beggars,
As many will declare,
For Grantown School decided
To hold a Country Fair.

We all got very busy,
Some little thing to make,
The tray cloths and the knitwear,
The candy and the cake.

"Please could we have some butter,
And could we, please, have jam,
And could you spare some sugar
To help the toffee pan?"

Now come along on Saturday,
September twenty-fourth,
For all our friends are welcome,
From South Pole to the North.

J. STEPHEN, IIB.

COINS.

Coins have been used from very early times. The first coins were made during the eighth century B.C. in the Kingdom of Lydia. The ancient peoples found them to be more convenient than the form of exchanging or bartering which they used.

Early Roman coins have been found with the shape of an ox on them. In England many different kinds of coins of the Roman emperors have been unearthed. Later, the copper and silver coins of Saxon England followed, and during the Middle Ages and the times of the Stuarts there were many coins—such as the groat, tester, noble and angel—which we never hear of now. The groat was worth fourpence, the tester sixpence, the noble six shillings and eightpence, and the angel ten shillings. There were others, named perhaps after the reigning monarch, which were worth more than a pound. During the time of the Georges the copper coins were much larger than at present, and included a very large twopenny piece. In 1860 the pure copper used before in copper coins, was replaced by a mixture of copper, tin and zinc because this new mixture was found to be harder and to wear better.

The only time the groat (4d) is used now, is in the Maundy Money, which consists of a silver penny, penny half-penny piece, twopenny piece, threepenny bit, and the groat.

G. DIXON, IIIa.

" TRAVELS IN THE ARCTIC."

Have you ever heard of anything like this? Probably not—anyway it's true. So the person who told me says.

" In the year 1749 we fitted up the Queen Elizabeth for an expedition to the North Pole. We had her fitted with all the latest kinds of electric fittings. Captain Scott was at the head of the expedition. About the middle of the year we sailed from Bristol through the Dardanelles into the Indian Ocean on our way at last to the North Pole.

An unfortunate incident on the voyage occurred when we bumped into the San-San-Izal on her way home to Spain with Christopher Columbus. However, all the damage entailed was a small hole in the hold, and that was easily mended, for each one of us took his turn of squeezing into the hole and stopping the leak.

As we came near the North Pole our electric batteries went done, but we solved the problem by taking down one of the Northern Lights.

Just as we were reaching our destination we met some Eskimos in a boat. One came aboard and whispered something in the Captain's ear. His ear immediately turned blue—the Eskimo's breath had frozen it. What a job we had! We had to thaw it with a blow-lamp.

After a time we saw something in the distance. On coming nearer we saw that it was the North Pole and not far from it the Magnetic North Pole. Stretched between the poles was a clothes rope (made of very strong material called Siegfried line) and on it an

Eskimo woman's washing. This greatly annoyed the Captain, and as we could not take the ship right up to the pole because of the washing, he ordered us to take our bicycles and cycle across the stretch of water to the poles and take it down.

These are the most important events of the Arctic Expedition as recorded in the Captain's log-book, so " Au Revoir."

A. L. GORDON, IIIa.

MY FAMILY.

My father is a joiner,

He saws sticks all day long;

He also puts up houses,

And often sings a song.

My brother Jim's a mason,

He works with brick and stone,

And when Ma asks him to do a job,

He just lets out a groan.

Then John—he was a soldier,

So quick and smart was he;

He helped to beat the Germans,

And win the Victory.

Alex. was a sailor,

He used to climb the mast;

One day he fell from the top of it,

And then he felt downcast.

They took him up and dried him,

And hung him on the line;

And now he's back in Grantown,

Where he is doing fine.

G. ROSE, IIc.

" SO DARK WAS THE NIGHT."

I spurred my horse forward at a gallop as I neared the " Gap of the High Bridge," for I was not desirous of lingering there. The place holds a sinister significance for those who know of the hazardous retreat made by the fleeing Jacobites across the old swinging bridge.

But as I neared the spot where the old bridge had been, I was arrested by the sight of a solitary kilted figure crouched at the edge. He seemed to have some strange power over me, for hardly realising what I did, I dismounted and slowly approached him.

I spoke, and he started violently. " Why do you sit here?" I asked. He smiled bitterly. " There is no rest for me away from this place." " How so?" I inquired. He shook his head. " Oh, it is a long, sad story." I entreated him to tell me, not because I was in the least interested in the man's story, but because for some unaccountable reason I felt compelled to sit there and listen. He began to speak again, staring unseeingly before him.

" I have never ceased to wonder that so many of us crossed that bridge alive, for it was the blackest night I have ever had the misfortune to be abroad in. It was a most hazardous undertaking the crossing of the bridge itself, for the rising wind swung it mercilessly from side to side. But we all reached the opposite bank safely. The Red-coats rode hard behind, and in order to cut off our pursuit we intended cutting the rope which secured the bridge. I was to perform

the actual deed. I took up my position at the end of the bridge and waited.

The wind rose, wailing and howling like a mad thing, and the hail beat down upon my face and hands as I crouched there, waiting, waiting; and far below the mighty torrent roared, crashing and hissing about the great black rocks which were strewn about its bed. Behind me men were shouting in the Gaelic; I heard commands, directions, abuse, but I was too numbed with the cold and too unnerved by the endless waiting to notice what took place.

Suddenly a hand fell on my arm. I started as if shot, but it was only a Highlander bearing a message from the Gordon chief. "You are to bide here until the MacDonalds, who are caring for the wounded, have crossed. You are then to cut the rope and follow on with them. You maun wait until the MacDonalds cross."

After he had gone and the sound of the marching feet had faded in the distance and I was left alone, I heard the man's words like a pulse in my brain, "You maun wait for the MacDonalds, you maun wait, you maun wait, you maun wait."

And so I waited, and over the wind howled and the hail beat and the roaring water far below rushed on.

Then as the wind rose to a crescendo, moaning and shrieking around me, swinging the old bridge and making it creak, mournfully, eerily, I heard footsteps on the bridge. I gripped my dirk tighter and waited. Slowly they came on. Now I realised that it could not be the MacDonalds, for the footsteps were of only one man. Cold as I was, a sweat broke out on my brow, and the hand that clasped the dirk was clammy.

The faltering footsteps drew nearer, and now I heard a voice raised in a shout above the wind. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth and I could not reply. Again the shout came, and this time relief swept over me, for the words were in the Gaelic, and never had the old tongue sounded sweeter to my ears.

The man was almost beside me now, and his voice was hoarse and thick as again and again he cried, "Cut the rope, cut the rope." "Where are the MacDonalds?" I roared, to make myself heard above the wind. He made no reply to my question, but cried again, panic making his voice shrill, "Cut the rope." I repeated the words which had throbbed in my brain, "I maun wait for the MacDonalds." He gripped my arm hard till I cried aloud with the pain. "Cut the rope. We must not delay. The Redcoats will be upon us." But still I answered, "I maun wait." He was breathing hard, and he cried, "There are no MacDonalds. They are all dead. I saw them die at the hands of the Redcoats. Oh! man, cut the rope!" and his voice rose in a shriek above the wind. Instinctively I felt I could not trust the man. I did not think he had seen the MacDonalds slain, and yet—and yet might it not have been so? They might all have been killed and that would mean that the Redcoats—but no, I could not decide—and at that moment I heard footsteps on the bridge! "It will be the MacDonalds," I whispered, but a great fear arose within me,

and I said in my heart, "It will be the Redcoats." "But I maun wait," I sobbed, and the wind rose higher, shrieking like mocking laughter, and the hail beat, and the man at my side ever cried, "Cut the rope"—and so I cut it!

The old bridge fell away beneath my hand and as it crashed down I heard the cries of the men on it—and the cries were in the Gaelic!

I stood, stunned, gazing down into the blackness I know not how long, but when I turned, the man was gone."

My storyteller paused, then continued musingly, "I think I would have searched the length and breadth of Scotland for him and killed him, but, you see, the night was so dark that I could not see his face."

He gazed full on my face for a moment, then turned again to stare down into the deep chasm.

I turned away stumbling unseeingly over the rough heather. I was remembering that night too. O merciful heavens! that man was miserable, but there was no load on his heart as there was on mine. I who had made him cut the rope that black night. But on my oath, I swear I did not know it was the MacDonalds. I did think, oh believe me! I did think it was the Redcoats. They had hunted me all day, and I had not seen one member of my clan. I do not know what possessed me to say I saw them slain except that it seemed the only way to get the rope cut. And I had to see that rope cut!

And yet, in the midst of my misery, may God forgive me! I found it in my heart, if you consider that I have a heart, to be glad that it had been dark that night and that the watcher on the bridge had not seen my face.

E. M. MACDONALD, Va.

WINTER LANDSCAPE.

When Autumn's sunny days are past,
And Winter's dreary days are with us,
The snow-clad hills of Cromdale loom

From far above.

And every tree is bare and white,
And gleams like silver in the gloom,
When a moonbeam darts with a sudden pale
light,

Like a dove.

S. OGILVIE, IIa.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER IN THE HIGHLANDS.

It was a great day for the Highlands when the Government passed the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Bill. As the scheme is still in its infancy, there are many improvements to be made. The Government has spent large sums of money on this project and would not do so without very good reason to expect that it would open up trade for the Highlands.

The scheme gives work to thousands of men who would otherwise have to go south to earn their living. Had it been started sooner, it would probably have prevented many more thousands of the finest of our people emigrating to other countries to seek their livelihood. It is to be hoped that towns and villages will

spring up and bring more work and prosperity to the Highlands and also prevent depopulation.

Power houses and dams are being built on every suitable loch and river to harness the water supply needed for electric power. The finest and most up to date machinery is used in these power houses, and in the event of a machine breaking down in one power house, a red light flashes above the damaged machine, and a bell rings at the next power house to warn the engineer there to cut off the electricity.

Nearly every town and village in the Highlands has its street lighting. Many houses and even small thatched cottages have their electric light, and some of them have electric cookers or electric washing machines, and sometimes even an electric radio.

More and more power is being made every day, and there is so much that some of it will have to be sold to the South of Scotland and England.

It is to be hoped therefore that this scheme will bring much new trade to the Highlands, such as fish cannery factories and tweed mills.

D. MACDONALD, IVb.

MAN IN NATURE.

If we, in this modern age, take the trouble to pause for a few moments and cast our minds in to the dim and distant past, and meditate upon the development of man from anthropoid to human, we are touching on the outside of a science which is as yet only partly developed. We are told that man was once a hairy brute, swinging through branches of trees in primeval forests, though he is now a civilised and intelligent being. Evidently great changes must have taken place during the odd five hundred thousand years since man was first recognisable as a species distinct from the apes.

Now can we imagine man in nature, i.e. can we imagine man living a life just remote from that of the apes? This is difficult, as man, very early in his development, made use of his intelligence to make his life easier and safer. I propose to take up the North American Indian and discuss him, as he is the member of the human race who can best be studied as living the life of primitive man.

The Red Indians lived in tribes, each of which had its hunting grounds. These hunting grounds in turn were divided into several areas. Each area might then be divided in such a manner as to provide a stretch of hunting ground for each warrior. The tribe was constantly moving, never remaining in one place any longer than was necessary. This of course, applies rather to the Eastern tribes than the Indians of the plains.

The Red Indian is supposed to have come from Asia originally, though this point is disputed. His prominent cheek bones suggest Mongolian, or rather, Tartar origin, while on the other hand his eyes contradict this. We must remember, however, that physical features are much affected by climate and living conditions. The Red Indian's moral aptitudes also suggest Oriental origin. His poetry and oratory were very Eastern, though clothed with ideas connected with his life in the open. His language revealed high intellectual capabilities in the

race. His oratory was so fine that a skilful speaker could often sway a complete council with the wisdom of his sayings. Wisdom was much admired by them, though their idea of wisdom may have been far different from ours.

To the Indian war was an ordinary, everyday event. A young warrior could never hold up his head among the females of his tribe unless he was able to show a scalp and boastfully recount, in grossly exaggerated terms, the story of his desperate battle to obtain it. In war he was courageous and boastful, ruthless, self-denying and cunning, while in peace he was generous, hospitable, superstitious, with justice as his polar star.

I mentioned his language earlier, but here I wish to say more. Philologists are convinced that there are but three distinct languages among the United States tribes, while all other tongues are dialects and corruptions. Such things as we might say in one sentence, an Indian would express in a word, or perhaps even by raising the pitch of his voice. Many, though having no knowledge of the Indian dialects, on hearing an Indian speak, were able to understand his meaning from his expression and from his gestures. In general the Indian's language resembles Chinese in its beautiful and rich fullness.

The authority in each tribe was held by the chief, whose office was usually hereditary; but before any big step was taken a council had to be consulted. This council consisted of every warrior in the tribe, young and old. The older men spoke first, as befitted their greater experience, and then lapsed into respectful silence while the younger and more daring members of the tribe expressed their opinions. The Red Man's council makes an impressive picture: a camp fire casting its flickering light on the rows of stern, immovable faces and on the speaker, who was exercising all his rhetorical powers upon them. The chief occupied a place of honour at the windward side of the fire, so as not to be inconvenienced by smoke. Some of the attentive listeners would be gazing into the flames, others would be watching the orator who would perhaps be an old man, perhaps an agile youth. Beyond the glow cast by the fire, crouching in the dark, motionless forest, excited youngsters would be on guard while their fathers and elder brothers held council.

Thus we have the Indian, as advanced in some respects as races that pride themselves on their culture, in other respect little better than the wild animals. His senses, for example, were incredibly acute, every bit as sharp as those of certain wild beasts. Yet, though he provides almost as good an example as we can get of man living a primitive, natural life, yet we feel that there is a tremendous gap between him and the primitive human who was just better than an ape.

There is, however, a final distinction to be made between early man and the ape. Early man, however primitive, made use of his intelligence to improve his conditions. His intelligence developed, and, as it developed, he added to his culture. On the other hand the ape, when evolved from his predecessor, just became an ape; and the apes of thousands of

years ago were the same as the apes of today. It is almost impossible to picture man as he would have been when just past the stage of differentiation from the ape; and for myself I am unable to determine this point when man lived in Nature and not among his own inventions.

D. M'TAGGART, Va.

AUTUMN.

Autumn has come,
The leaves are falling fast;
We can get some nuts
And fruit, at last.
The bees are making honey
From the pollen in the flowers.
The farmers cut their corn,
Though there are some showers.
The squirrels pack their stores,
With their winter foods,
Which are mostly nuts,
Taken from the woods.
But after Autumn's ended,
And Winter comes along,
We'll sit by the fire,
And sing a Christmas song.

I. M'ANDREW, IIa.

SONATA PATHETIQUE Ludwig van Beethoven: A Short Biography.

Those of you who have heard and can appreciate the "Sonata Pathetique," will I think agree with me when I say that it is one of the most poignant and soul-inspiring melodies ever written in the history of classical music; and the reason I have chosen it as the title for this biography is because I think that particular composition of Beethoven's expresses best the characters of his ever-frustrated mind.

At the University town of Bonn, on the 16th December, 1770, Ludwig van Beethoven was born, the second of seven children. His father, who possessed a beautiful voice and a rare gift for music, was a tenor singer at the chapel of Bonn. Unfortunately he was also a drunkard, weak-minded and loose-living. His mother was a quiet, homely woman, but through years of suffering and domestic unhappiness her spirit had become crushed and she was totally unfit to bring her children up properly. Beethoven had therefore very little to inherit from his parents in the way of mental stability and strength. Nevertheless he was very fond of his mother and he always spoke well of her.

His scholastic education ended when he was twelve years old, and after that he had to learn things for himself in the way of literature and languages. His father, seeing the possible advantages of another musician in the family, taught him all that he himself knew of the piano and violin; and when his knowledge ran out there followed scores of music teachers, among whom, one was the famous Mozart. He was progressing very well with the latter, when, unfortunately, his mother died and it became necessary to find

work to support himself as his father was now completely irresponsible.

By this time, youthful spirit and zest were welling up inside him, and for a short period at least he was completely happy. He obtained a post as music tutor in the household of the Breunings, who later on proved to be very good friends. Life was very full now, for he would be teaching here, playing in an orchestra there, and always he would be learning something more, something new, about orchestration, operatic and choral work, and so on.

In 1792 he decided to "seek fresh fields" in the ever-romantic and gay Vienna. He arrived there loaded with letters of introduction and soon established his friendships and his acquaintances in the houses of the nobility. He was asked to play at all the private parties, and was piano tutor to all the little counts and countesses in Vienna. This city had captured him completely. His increasing compositions were all being dedicated to Baron or Countess somebody or other. Consequently he found many private quartets and court orchestras at his disposal, and all the instruments he used were gifts.

But although his sole aim was to present his compositions in the public eye, it was as a pianist that he was recognised and admired. In those days there was no organised sale of music for playing, and the only public concerts that were given occurred about six times in a year and were only for some charitable purpose—not for the performer's pocket. However, he did his best to fit in with the exacting social life, and in return was acknowledged as the most brilliant pianist of his day; and indeed he far surpassed the afore-acknowledged Viennese masters in performing and extemporising.

It was not the kind of success he had hoped for, but he had to be content with pleasing other people and not himself.

During this period he was not without family worries. His brother Karl had died, leaving a son also named Karl. Ludwig was appointed guardian by his brother's will, but a codicil stated that the child must always stay with his mother. Beethoven applied for legal aid so that he could have sole custody of the boy. He won his case and sent young Karl to school, but time and time again the mother tried to get her son back, and Beethoven was continually involved in law suits and court trials. All this fuss about Karl was quite unmerited. He was a worthless, undisciplined, ungrateful scamp. His uncle loved him like a son, but received nothing in return. He took the boy away from school to live with him, but he only became worse by continually falling into debt. He was known to be crafty and untruthful, and at the early age of nineteen, in a fit of depression, tried to commit suicide. This disgrace almost killed his uncle and at last he sent him away to the army.

He returned to his composing, but by 1799 realised that he had become totally deaf, and had to face life without even hearing music again. It was indeed a bitter blow to such a temperamental man. He had never been very strong, but he was now an invalid hypochondriac. Constant worry, fear and

frustration marred his whole life and career. He was now very poor and, although he had a legacy of Karl's, he would not touch it. However, news of his distress and illness reached the Philharmonic Society of London who sent him £100, an advance payment for a concert. It arrived in time to pay for his funeral. Some said he was better dead, for he had become surly, eccentric and embittered and he showed no desire to live; but the heavens themselves revolted at his death for he died during a violent thunderstorm.

He left behind many wonderful and inspiring works, and although it is only often years afterwards before greatness is recognised, he would be proud to know that we youthful aspiring musicians of to-day practise his studies with diligence if not willingness.

Like all artistic geniuses, he was always in love; and after all most of the great poems and compositions were inspired by the poet or composer's love for a beautiful woman.

The "Moonlight Sonata" was composed for and dedicated to a certain Countess who was his pupil. A year later she changed her title and Beethoven was very hurt. It is noticeable, however, that most of his passions were Countesses or Baronesses; but the most outstanding one was Therese von Brunswick to whom it is believed he wrote one of the world's most beautiful love letters. It was addressed to "An die unsterbliche Geliebte," which translated means "To the immortal beloved," but as no name is mentioned we cannot be quite sure who was meant, as Therese von Brunswick spent the latter half of her life in a convent and died there at the age of eighty-six. Anyhow, it is believed that he proposed to a great many of his lady pupils.

One may wonder why he was never accepted. That is not difficult to explain. In the first instance he had no home or position to offer to or attract a woman, and certainly we must pity him in the fact that his entire life was spent in lodgings. As he had become older his eagerness had left him, and he was now untidy, unclean and certainly uncaring. Everything around him in his lodging was confusion "en masse," and he was so ill-tempered that no servant would remain with him.

But we must rather pity than condemn his faults. He had never been healthy and had been brought up in constant discord and frustration, with no home life or parental love whatsoever. He had little faith in human nature, believing everyone to be against him. Thus, although he had many true friends, he himself never knew or could appreciate the value of friendship.

He had little or no political or religious views. If he had he never expressed them in words. We do know that he had a profound admiration for Napoleon until the day he heard that the latter had declared himself Emperor, and a new symphony had then to be rededicated. But his famous Mass in D and the many Fugues he wrote suggest that God came to him through his music.

He never had much time for reading, but he admired our Shakespeare and the Greek Homer and Plato, while Goethe and Schiller of his own day also held his admiration. His reasoning and way of thinking were such that

he never quite took in or understood what he read. Even his own composing had to be a delicate, calculated affair, and he would spend hours arguing with himself over one note or chord that did not quite fit in. His inspiration, which when he was not in love, he drew from nature, was only the beginning of a work. It did not serve him throughout the entire composition.

Thus a great man lived. For it cannot be denied that he was and still is great. He will live in our memories by his music. It cannot die, for his music was the only real life he ever knew, and he wrote it as he lived in despair, mistrust, suspicion and disappointment. Surely some part of his music expresses our moods at some time or other, whether they be peaceful or unpeaceful. If his works are ever cast aside in place of something else, he will at least be remembered as a pioneer of self-expression in music.

M. D. M'KENZIE, Vb.

THE LAST STAND.

Clear and still rang the bugle call,
Men rushed to obey the order;
And the word spread quickly through the ranks,
" 'Tis the Yankees from over the border."
" We'll fight to death," said the rebel chief,
While the Yankees rushed on the ring.
Again they charged, and the Yankees broke,
And fled like a bird on the wing.
All that are left are a few rusty blades,
Three hundred bodies or more.
They lie forlorn on the battlefield,
And the last great stand is o'er.

J. THOMSON, Ib.

A TROPICAL THUNDERSTORM.

The ship, a fine four-master barque on the tea route from China, rocked gently on the calm unbroken surface of the Indian Ocean. All was quiet. The silence, which was broken only now and then by the listless flapping of the sails, that hung loose and limp from the stately masts, seemed to press in on one and caused us to be unable to speak above a whisper. It was as though we were in the huge empty nave of a cathedral.

The sky, empty now of the flocks of screaming seagulls, was filled with black leaden clouds, which hung over us like a pall. The clouds disappeared over all the horizons in a ragged torn line. The air was so heavy and sultry that the men felt almost unable to breathe.

Suddenly a low moan was heard, and over the horizon rushing towards us came a wall of white foaming water. A tropical storm was about to break, and a cold shiver ran down our spines. For a second we were hypnotised by the wall of foam. Then, realising our danger, we hastened to take off all sail and batten down the hatches. By this time the storm was almost on us, and the low moon had turned into a shrieking fury whose velocity increased every moment.

With a roar the storm enveloped us, and the heavens were riven by a great flash of lightning, and the crash of the thunder that

followed drowned even the roaring of the sea. That night was the worst I have ever spent at sea. All around us the sea swirled and boiled and bubbled like water in a huge cauldron. The ship was tossed about like a cork, and the wind shrieked and screamed its way through the gaunt masts, whipping the rigging to nothing. Suddenly a crack like a rifle shot was heard during a lull in the storm. The fore-mast had snapped. Immediately the call, "All hands on deck," was heard, and we all set on the wreckage with a will, for we knew that, if we were not swift, the ship would be sunk by it.

Shortly after clearing the debris away, the storm came to an abrupt end and was gone as suddenly as it had come. We were safe! A fresh breeze sprang up, and the seagulls hovered above us once more. Eight of the crew had been lost and one cut by a bit of loose rigging. It had been a high price to pay, but we would have paid with our own lives had these gallant eight not been chosen to be taken from amongst us to go to higher service.

A. MACKENZIE, IIIa.

THE PIPE BAND.

The Clan Grant Jubilee Pipe Band was formed in the year 1935, hence the name "Jubilee Pipe Band." The band is of great interest in the town. On Saturday nights it parades in front of the Grant Arms Hotel, where many gather round to listen to the strains of the bagpipes. The uniforms, bagpipes and drums were actually given by an anonymous donor who wished his identity to be always kept secret.

The band must be kept up and this may only be done by having pipers and drummers ready to take place of any who may leave. It is very interesting to become a piper. To start off, the pipe-major gives you a scale which you learn, to practise on the chanter. The chanter gives nine notes and so the scale is really the scale of "A" with an extra note "G." After the beginner can play up the scale with practically no mistakes and can spot the different notes from a piece of music, he then learns to play the grace-notes. These grace notes are sharp notes played just before you play a long note. Next he learns to play doublings, which, as the name suggests, are two grace-notes played together. After doublings there is the taorluath movement, which is a sort of longer type of doubling. These movements mastered considerably well by the beginner, he now gets a tune to learn. This tune is an easy one, like "Teribus," "The Brown-Haired Maid" and "The Highland Laddie." After learning these tunes, the beginner is given a more difficult tune, and by this time he can make a fair attempt at any reasonably easy tune. He then learns Strathspeys and reels.

By this time he is ready to start the bagpipes themselves. At first it is a little difficult to press the bag and blow at the same time.

Some people are quick in the mind and are able to play a tune or two within six weeks of tuition; others are slower and take a little longer to learn. If one wishes to be a good

piper, one must practise very hard indeed. When the piper can play thirty or forty tunes, consisting of Strathspeys, reels, slow marches and retreats, he is then ready to be admitted to the band.

There are fourteen band uniforms, of which about twelve are being used. Would it not be great if the fourteen uniforms were in use?

G. M'GREGOR, Va.

SPORTS SECTION.

FOOTBALL.

At the beginning of May the 1st XI travelled to Kingussie to fulfil a fixture with Kingussie Secondary School 1st XI. The Grammar School took the initiative right from the start and scored their first goal before the game had been in progress for half-a-minute. Iain Smith got possession of the ball and passed it opportunely to Douglas Gordon who drove it into the net well out of reach of the Kingussie goalkeeper. A few minutes later, Iain Smith, in his turn, receiving a pass from Douglas Gordon, outstripped the Kingussie defence and netted the ball with a well-timed shot from close quarters. The Kingussie XI then assumed the offensive and, after ten minutes of incessant pressure, secured their first goal, their outside-left being the scorer. For the remainder of the first-half Grantown held to their lead, although Kingussie did not relax their efforts to get the equaliser. The second-half was marked by even exchanges until about fifteen minutes from time when an attack initiated by Kingussie's centre-half resulted in a goal being scored by one of their forwards from the penalty spot. The Grammar School again retaliated with vigour and were unlucky not to score again. Several times during the final offensive, shots from various angles hit the uprights and crossbar and rebounded into the field. The most outstanding players for the Grammar School were William Kennedy, Neil Robertson and Donald M'Taggart in defence and Iain Smith, Douglas Gordon and James Archibald in attack.

The inter-house matches, which took place at the end of January, were, as usual, keenly contested. In the first of these, the opposing teams were Revack and Roy. The latter did not repeat the performance which gave them a decisive win last year. James Archibald opened the scoring for Revack two minutes after the start with an oblique shot from the edge of the penalty area. After fifteen minutes of even exchanges, Lewis Rattray scored for Roy, who then began to attack with determination. Some exciting play followed until two minutes from the end of the first-half when James Archibald scored again for Revack, after a scrimmage in front of the Roy goal. In the second-half Revack clung to their lead and fully merited the five points to which their win entitled them. They met their masters, however, when they took the field against Revoan in the second match of the series. Revoan were early on the offensive and, following one of their attacks, Iain Smith headed the ball to William Kennedy who

scored with a powerful drive. Revaek applied some pressure in the second-half and scored once, but when William Kennedy again gave his side the lead, they seemed to bow to the inevitable and the last few minutes saw all the Revoan forwards close to their opponents' goal. Revoan maintained their form in their encounter with Roy. They set a quick pace and their frequent raids brought them two goals. Lewis Rattray and Neil Robertson played well for Roy, who were somewhat unlucky in leaving the field without a goal to their credit.

CRICKET.

In the first of the inter-house matches which took place at the end of May, Roy defeated Revaek by 66 runs. Roy's superiority was due to the batting of Tom Stuart and Neil Robertson and the bowling of David Ritchie who had four wickets for four runs. In the match between Revoan and Revaek, the former house declared after the fall of the sixth wicket with 29 runs in their favour. The bowling of Iain Smith and Donald M'Taggart disposed of Revaek before they secured half of that total. The most evenly balanced game of the series was that between Revoan and Roy. Although Revoan were the winners with a margin of 11 runs, Roy, whose captain, Tom Stuart, was top scorer, provided determined opposition. The championship went to Revoan for the second year in succession.

From the players who had given a good account of themselves in these inter-house matches a team was selected to meet Forbes Academy. Two games were arranged, one at Forbes and the other at Grantown. In the first match, which was played at Grant Park, Forbes, the home side went first to the wicket and collected 60 runs. By agreement, play was restricted to one hour's batting each side and had they played with greater caution the Grammar School might have forced a draw. After a good stand, however, by Tom Stuart and Iain Smith, who incidentally was top scorer of the match with 17 runs, their wickets fell in quick succession and at the end of the match they were 20 runs short of their rivals' total. The second match took place at Black Park, Grantown. Although the Grammar School were again defeated, this time by 12 runs, their performance was by no means discreditable. Of their total of 35 runs, Iain Smith, who was the opening batsman, made 22, while of the visiting team there was not one who reached double figures.

The annual match with the Old Guard took place at the end of term. With a time limit of an hour, the Old Guard, thanks to a sixth wicket stand by J. Wood and E. Munro, scored 57 for 8. The Grammar School were out for 15 and followed on to reach a total of 66 in their second innings.

HOCKEY.

The Grammar School 1st XI. visited Kingussie in May to play their first match of the season against Kingussie Secondary School. In spite of unfavourable weather both teams took the field in the best of spirits. The Grammar School was early on the offensive and a goal was scored by Margaret Telfer in the first ten minutes. This was the only goal scored in the

course of a game which was a keen tussle between two evenly-matched teams.

In addition to the practice games, several Staff versus Pupils matches took place throughout the session.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

The annual athletic sports were held on the school playing field on 9th June. Ideal weather, good underfoot conditions and keen inter-house rivalry combined to make the event a success.

Revoan had a runaway win in the boys' championship with 88 points, while Revaek came second with 31 points, and Roy third with 25. The positions were reversed in the girls' section where Roy led with 60 points, while Revaek were second with 29 and Revoan third with 19.

Although no records were broken, one or two fine performances were witnessed. Marjory Carr, who was joint senior girl champion, cleared 4 ft. 6 ins. in the high jump—the same height as the senior boy champion, Hugh Hogg.

In the senior section the all-round champions were Marjory and Eileen M'Kenzie (equal) and Hugh Hogg and in the junior Shona MacDougall and James M'Millan.

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS.

At the Moray and Nairn Inter-School Sports, which were held at Nairn on 12th June, the Grammar School team, consisting of eight boys and eight girls collected 31½ points. Most of these were gained in the intermediate section in which the Grammar School were runners-up with Gordonstoun for the Secondary School Cup. In the girl's events Marjory Carr and Eileen M'Kenzie had each two firsts and one second in the senior and intermediate sections respectively, while Lorna Cruickshank and Rhoda Ross had a first and second respectively in the flat races in the junior section. Of the boys, William Kennedy and Raymond Davidson did well in the flat races and Hugh Hogg gained second place in the long jump.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Boys.

School Captain—Thomas Stuart.
Football Captain—William Kennedy.
Vice-Captain—Hugh Hogg.
Cricket Captain—Thomas Stuart.
Vice-Captain—Donald M'Taggart.
Athletics Secretary and Secretary to Prefects' Court—Michael Pauli.
House Captains—
Roy—Thomas Stuart.
Revoan—Hugh Hogg.
Revaek—Gordon M'Gregor.
Prefects—J. Archibald, D. Gordon, W. Kennedy, D. M'Taggart, M. Pauli, T. Stuart.

Girls.

School Captain—Mary Shand.
Games Captain—Elizabeth M'William.
Vice-Captain—Marjory Carr.
Athletics Secretary and Secretary to Prefects' Court—Helen Scott.

House Captains—
 Roy—Marjory Carr.
 Revoan—Margaret Telfer.
 Revack—Sheina Donaldson.

Prefects—M. Carr, S. Donaldson, J. M'Donald, M. M'Donald, M. M'Kenzie, E. Mackintosh, N. M'Lean, E. M'William, I. Robertson, H. Scott, M. Shand, M. Telfer.

THE OLD GUARD.

A SEAPORT IN MADAGASCAR.

It was pitch dark. A strange silence fell over the ship. All vibration had ceased. We found ourselves talking in whispers. Then an anchor-chain rattled—and we thought, "This is it."

Daylight revealed the serrated coast line of Madagascar. Green waves broke ominously over menacing rocks, and flag-buoys marked treacherous shallows.

Our commandos had already landed and created havoc. Shore-batteries and machine-gun positions had been captured.

Then the main landings started at Ambararata Bay. A.L.C.'s (Auxiliary Landing Craft) laden with heavily-equipped troops raced through the dangerous water to the beaches. One of them struck a half-submerged rock and capsized; and we were helpless to save a single man. A corvette racing across our bow struck a mine and sank within minutes; we rescued half-a-dozen frightfully wounded sailors, no more. Then two ancient French biplanes came roaring over the palms to machine-gun the beaches. But they stood no chance. Concentrated fire from our A.A. platoon brought them down in flames and two gallant airmen died, as they must have known they would die.

The landing accomplished, we looked forward to snatching a few hours' sleep. Vain hope. Instead, we set out on a 30-miles forced march in sweltering heat over wild country. Blinding dust rose from our feet; and acute thirst added to the general discomfort. Men, overcome by heat and exhaustion, dropped out all along the line, until only 250 of the battalion remained—wary, foot-sore men for whom there was no rest.

Our forward troops had been halted by French 75's supported by machine-guns cleverly positioned and camouflaged, and the remnants of our battalion were among the troops selected to capture those guns. With bayonets fixed, and led by the Colonel, they charged across exposed ground in the face of point-blank fire. The guns were captured but at heavy cost in casualties.

Back at rest camp we soon became indifferent to the innumerable grotesque insects and snakes with which the place was infested and there were compensations.

Cocconut palms leaning out from the shore cooled their leaves in the sparkling water. The beaches were miles of silver sand, smooth as velvet. And the water in which we swam hour after hour was cool and clean and transparent

as air.

Our next assignment was to escort P.O.W. from the island back to South Africa—a mixed bag of Germans, Italians, French, Senegalese, and three forlorn Japanese war lords. The Senegalese were cheery and friendly, the French and Italians glad to be leaving the fighting zone, but the Germans were a sullen lot.

Then civilians came aboard—the wives and families of French officers. It was strange to hear children's cries and their tiny feet pattering on the deck: and strange to see our rugged C.O. so obviously enamoured of a Vichy general's dark-eyed daughter!

The run back to Durban was uneventful. The Senegalese made a timely decision to embrace the Free French faith; the Frenchmen laughed continuously and "made eyes" at the girls from the Island; the Italians proved to be better singers than fighters, and the Germans remained—just Germans!

IAN MACPHERSON.

THE HONEY BEE (*Apis Mellifica*).

Of the thousands of insect species which inhabit the world, two alone contribute directly to man's natural wealth—the silk-worm and the honey bee. In their communities, represented by the hives that adorn our countryside, the social instinct of bees is highly developed.

The communal organisation of the colony is essential to survival. A colony contains three types of bee—a queen, two or three hundred drones and many thousands of workers at different stages of development. In this society there is strict division of labour, and every member works instinctively not for itself but primarily for the benefit of the hive; indeed everything a bee does is done, not through any reasoning, but because of an instinctive urge to do so.

The queen bee is the most valuable member of the colony. She is distinguished by her long slender body, sprawling widespread legs and short wings. She is the egg-laying bee, the mother of the hive, and in many countries she is called the mother-bee. Without her egg-laying capacity the colony would soon cease to exist. During her laying season, from early March to mid-October, she is carefully and diligently waited on by attendant bees, who form a circle around her and continually offer her food and stroke and clean her with their antennae. She averages an egg a minute or

nine hundred eggs a day and at the height of the season this figure is nearer two thousand eggs a day. The egg are of two categories—fertile eggs which produce worker or queen-bees depending on the amount of “royal jelly” they are fed, and infertile eggs which produce drones. In no sense is she a ruler, nor is she a perfect mother since she is capable of egg-production only and does not nurse her brood. Normally only one queen is found in a hive. She is the most permanent member, living on an average three or four years.

A worker bee has a life span of usually only six weeks; though bees reared in the autumn are able to live through the winter (at a much reduced rate of body activity) and so establish the colony the following spring on a firm footing. This normally short life is the reason why the queen must be continuously replenishing the brood combs with eggs in the active season. The body of the worker-bee has been designed by Nature for the variety of tasks which it undertakes in the three distinct phases of its life. In the first, the young silvery-downed worker turns itself to incubating the brood and cleaning the cells. When the brood-food glands in its head have matured and are ready to secrete, it feeds the younger larvae with “royal jelly”—the bee-milk, all important in developing queen-larvae. Next comes the domestic phase with duties in the hive such as storing honey received from foraging bees, building wax and keeping the hive spotlessly clean. It may also mount guard at the entrance to ward off incautious trespassers. At this stage, too, it makes its first flight, focussing the position of the hive and the relation of the surroundings in much the same way as a homing pigeon. The third phase is that of the fully-fledged field-bee or forager. It is about a fortnight or three weeks old now, and can look forward to three strenuous weeks of foraging among sweet hawthorn and white clover or the ling of the heather moor. Much of this honey which it gathers, however, is not for itself but for the nourishment and enjoyment of the wintering bees, the young larvae in the spring and, not least, the human-robbers who have the audacity to call themselves beekeepers!

The drones are big fat bees with powerful wings. They are the males of the species and live four or five months, the workers expelling them forcibly from the hive in the autumn after first weakening them by refusing them food. Their only useful function is to mate with the young queens in mid-summer.

Everyone is familiar with the stories of old beekeepers. Those who keep bees, they said, should always keep them informed of their doings and withhold no secrets from them, otherwise their bees would fly away. Rudyard Kipling put this to rhyme:—

“Marriage, birth or buryin’,
News across the seas,
All you’re sad or merry in,
You must tell the bees.”

And in *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, Thomas Tusser gave this advice as regards attending to the wants of bees at Christmastime:—

“Go looke to thy bees; if the hive be too light,
Set water and honie, with rosemarie dight,

Which set in a dishful of sticks in the hive,
From danger of famine ye save them alive.”

Yes. The bees surely should be left with plenty of honey. After all, it is their larder we are robbing.

Quite recently a German, Professor K. von Frisch, has been studying the dancing motions made by the foragers on returning to the hive. It had long been felt that bees had some means of communicating with each other. Frisch has shown that the “dance” is composed of a circular movement and is finished with a straight run. The number of steps in the dance is relative to the distance of the nectar or pollen from the hive, while the track taken by the bee in the straight run gives the direction with the sun as reference point. The bee is very sensitive to ultra-violet rays; indeed, according to Frisch, these can be sensed even through cloud. These, together with the infra-red rays, act as the bees’ alarm clock. The bee is also sensitive to colour, and can distinguish white, orange, yellow, green, violet and purple; red, however, is seen as grey. It also has a highly developed sense of smell and can distinguish many perfumes of close similarity. The acuity of this sense has been tested by Frisch on his experimental table, using varying perfume strengths. Degrees of sweetness and salt content can also be recognised. Bees seldom drink fresh water; they prefer the more interesting stagnant water.

The working-bees forage for four distinct substances—nectar to manufacture into honey, pollen which forms the protein-fat part of the larval and adult bees’ diet, water which is essential to all living things and propolis—the bee-glue used to fill up small crevices and fasten securely the various parts of the hive. Nectar is conveyed to the hive in the “crop” or honey sack, pollen in the pollen-baskets located on the hind legs.

Freshly-gathered nectar is a thin solution of dilute cane sugar. Before the final product, honey, is sealed over in a cell, a considerable quantity of water must be removed. This is done by the fanning action of the bees’ wings producing an air current which withdraws the requisite amount of water from the nectar. The observer may hear the roar of this process in the evening, after a good honey flow. The following morning there may be a stream of water at the hive entrance! Once foragers have started “working” a particular type of flower, they remain true to this type; thus the various pollens and nectar are not mixed.

Honey, “bottled sunshine,” the product of “the golden thron,” is a good food and appetising sweetmeat. Even more important, however, is the bees’ part in the growing of fruit and seed which, without them, would be uneconomic. They are the only insects present in the spring in sufficient numbers to carry out effectively the pollination and fertilisation of blossoms.

R. J. D. GIBSON.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

When on holiday in Hampshire during July it was my very good fortune to be taken on a circular tour of the Isle of Wight. “The garden isle” may not offer the grandeur of

our Scottish scenery, but it does possess in abundance the peaceful beauty of rolling downs, rich green fields and woodlands, leafy lanes and quaint old villages, all so characteristic of the English countryside.

From Christchurch we travelled by road to Lymington where we crossed the Solent by the ferry to Yarmouth. This crossing is the shortest between the mainland and the Island.

Leaving Yarmouth, an attractive little town of narrow streets and gay window-boxes, we proceeded to Newport, the capital of the island. We did not stop there but travelled on along a typical English country road; from one point could be seen in the distance the famous Parkhurst Prison. Our first halt was at Whippingham Church, near Cowes. This beautiful little church was designed by Albert, the Prince Consort, for Queen Victoria, who worshipped regularly in it when resident on the island. Its magnificent alabaster reredos depicting The Last Supper is constantly illuminated. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg are buried there in the church in which they were married. Prince Louis of Battenberg is buried in the little churchyard. On the other side of the road, opposite the church, are the almshouses built by Queen Victoria for the old servants of Osborne House.

Cowes, the famous yachting centre, is actually divided by the River Medina into East and West Cowes. At West Cowes is the Royal Landing Stage, and West Cowes Castle is the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. East Cowes Castle was the pre-war home of Lord Gort. Also at Cowes is the very quaint and unusual Shell House. Its one-time occupant, a retired sailor, spent the remainder of his days pasting sea-shells onto the outside walls. The effect is most attractive, but unfortunately the sailor died with his work unfinished. Not far from Cowes is Osborne House, the residence of Queen Victoria during her visits to the island.

Nearing Ryde we saw the ruins of Quarr, the house of the Cistercians, founded in 1132 and destroyed at the dissolution of the monasteries. Close by is the new Abbey which houses the Benedictine monks driven from France in 1901. From the sea-front at Ryde one can look across to Portsmouth harbour, and large liners such as the "Queen Mary" and "Queen Elizabeth" can often be seen passing close by.

After leaving Ryde we passed through Bradnor with its ancient Church House, stocks and whipping post and lovely old-world cottages, then Sandown, yet another seaside town, famous for its golden sands. Time, however, was passing and we journeyed on to Shanklin, badly bombed during the recent war owing to the fact that Pluto, the oil pipe-line, came ashore there. At Shanklin is the beautiful Chine, half-a-mile long and 300 ft. deep in the rocks, with mossy banks, trees, ferns and a cascade, whose waters flow beneath an old stone bridge to the sea—a sight never to be forgotten.

Soon we reached the village of Bonchurch with its tiny church seating only seven people. The St Boniface Downs rising to a height of 787 feet above sea-level afford some of the most wonderful scenery of the island. Ventnor,

sheltered by these downs, is one of the most beautiful of watering-places, and its exceptionally warm climate has earned for it the title of the "English Riviera."

Our next stop was at Blackgang Chine, a well-known haunt of smugglers in olden days. The Chine itself is perhaps even more extensive than that of Shanklin, being 400 feet deep and almost a mile in length. Its rugged scenery offers a prospect unsurpassed in the island.

Our last objective was Alum Bay and the Needles. On our way we passed Brookhill House, the home of Mr J. B. Priestley; the Tennyson Downs, 440 feet high, and Farringford House, once the home of Lord Tennyson.

And so at last we reached the Needles Rocks, three in number with the lighthouse situated at the extreme point where its warning beam is seen far and wide. Alum Bay is famous for its coloured sands at the foot of rugged cliffs.

All too soon we had returned to Yarmouth, where the ferry was waiting to carry us back to the mainland. In one day we had travelled over ninety miles through some of the most beautiful country it is possible to imagine—each view appearing more wonderful than the last. We could indeed echo Sir Walter Scott when he described the Isle of Wight as "that beautiful island which he who once sees never forgets, through whatever part of the world his future path may lead him."

JEANETTE I. MUNRO.

A SOUTH AFRICAN CHRISTMAS DAY.

I opened one eye. On the table beside my bed stood an enormous cup of coffee, now cold, left no doubt by a native girl expecting me to comply with that most monstrous of South African customs—waking up to drink coffee or tea in the middle of the night. Suddenly I remembered it was Christmas Day and my first Christmas south of the Line. Sleep vanished and I was up in a flash and donning a house coat. Gathering an armful of presents, I hurried from my room to greet my relations. (I was staying with them in a hotel high up in the mountains and amid scenery of which even Scotland might have been proud.) In the corridors native servants wished me "Melly Clismas" as they went about their many tasks at a leisurely pace.

The giving and receiving of presents lost none of its pleasure with the sky blue and clear and a warm sun beating down. The squeals of delight as seven of us ripped off wrappings and opened our gifts and the roars of laughter at the frivolous trifles which had been included made the day something to be remembered.

After breakfast many of the guests congregated in the rondavel, a roundish room constructed after the native style which served as a recreation hall; and there in the corner stood an enormous Christmas tree charmingly lit and decorated.

Gradually parents and friends collected all the children in front of the hotel, and there from the forest on the hill opposite, seated on a sledge drawn by a white pony, came Santa

Claus, resplendent in red robe and his white beard flowing in the gentle breeze. The excitement among the youngsters was intense as he drew near waving to them and ringing his bell. Carrying a sack full of toys he entered the rondavel, the little children following, their upturned faces aglow with anticipation. The games and distribution of toys endeared Santa to the heart of every child there.

Now it was the turn of the native picnics who lined up outside. With arms outstretched and hands cupped—which means “thanks you”—they received packets of sweets with shy smiles. Some of the older ones started dancing and singing for pennies. Then their parents arrived with an eye to business, and prepared to pose in their beautifully beaded native garb for photographers who proved liberal with their cigarettes.

There was just time to rush off to the tiny rondavel English Church on the hill. It accommodates only eighteen persons and the rest have to find seats outside round the door. A short and convincing service was conducted by a Scot from Kilmarnock. He wore the kilt and an open-necked shirt and led the singing in a powerful brogue, for there was no music other than what our voices could provide. What a glimpse of home so far from home!

Lunch and a siesta beneath the trees in the garden was followed by a quick plunge in the mountain water of the swimming pool. The King's Speech had an attentive audience which then adjourned to “The Wax Works,” an entertaining show staged by a number of guests.

The coming of dusk found everyone bathed and changed and ready on the stoep for sundowners. Of the dinner that followed and all its merriment I must say very little if I wish to save myself from being labelled “glutton.”

As we danced far into the night and Christmas day became a thing of the past, I thought of other Christmases spent in other parts of the globe and of the things which linked them all—presents, Santa, happy children, church, the King's Speech and the feeling of Peace and Goodwill to all men.

R. A. MATHIESON.

HOSTILE WATERS.

It happened in the Malacca Strait, somewhere off Diamond Point on the north-eastern coast of Sumatra. At about nine in the morning, H.M. submarine Tally-Ho! was dived in the usual way in an area of constantly changing depths.

Quite suddenly we ran aground. There was the thump of air as we blew main ballast and surfaced “on the watch.” Main engines started up, and we ran along for a bit until deeper water was reached. Main engines stopped and we dived again. Once more everything was peaceful. But we had been glad of the break and smoke up top.

Again a slight bump. Up. Down for the third time. “Stand by gun action,” bawled the tannoy.* There was a rush to stations. What was happening up there? We had sighted a coaster escorted by a submarine chaser and given chase. The coaster had made off at high speed while the chaser rapidly closed us.

“Diving in half-a-minute,” the tannoy bawled again. Just our luck. Before we had got within range, an aircraft had been sighted which made it too risky for us to stay on top. The half-minute was to enable us to get ammunition down from the gun. By this time everyone was on edge. The klaxon horn had sounded, and down we went. “Shut off for depth-charging.” Motors slowed down; there was an eerie death-like silence. The heat became stifling; we waited tensely, the boat moving dead slow.

Bang! With a terrific crash the first charge came down. The boat shook. With an eerie scound the water subsided. Bang! Another pause while everyone listened for the chaser's engines. Bang! Silence again. A report to the captain that we were being “pinged” with Asdic. Slowly we rose to periscope depth. A quick look round by the captain. “Stand by gun action quickly.” The chaser was coming in fast again. “Surface!” A few breathless seconds then our own gun rang out once, twice . . . “Aircraft overhead” Two men wounded, one of them gun's crew. A pause while his relief was sent up, then another half-dozen rounds. “Clear the gun!”

The chaser had blown up. Crash dive, then silence. Bang! Water trickled through the upper lid of the gun tower. Tally-Ho dived still deeper, but there were no more explosions. The aircraft had lost us. Bar dodging the fight was over.

One of the wounded men died during the evening. That night in the darkness the gun was trained on the beam. With a splash the body, sewn in canvas, sank to its last resting place.

J. S. H.

* The tannoy is the loudspeaker system linking all parts of the submarine with the microphone in the control room.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

Three days on a dusty train are the price the average traveller pays to visit the land that is Rhodes' dream come true—three days during which one is exposed to the arid heat of the veld and the sand storms of the Kalahari Desert. The long wearisome journey from Capetown is relieved only by a sense of being transported back in time. Places are passed, the names of which were once on everyone's lips—Orange River, Kimberley, Mafeking and finally, almost abruptly, Bulawayo, “The Place of Slaughter.”

The sudden transition from the wastes of Bechuanaland to the throbbing civilisation of Bulawayo catches the traveller unawares. It is not at all what was expected; yet very few people can define precisely what they had expected. The kraal of Lobengula, chief of the Matabele, is now a city, modern in every sense of the word, while of that proud but unfortunate chieftain little remains except a street name and a few blood-stained pages of history.

Bulawayo is most easily described in superlatives. The traveller leaves the train and steps on to one of the longest platforms in the world. He passes through the widest streets of any town in Africa, and sooner or later he will visit the finest swimming pool in the

Southern Hemisphere. Amongst other things, he will have to get used to the idea of Christmas and mid-summer being coincident, a winter like a British summer, and the almost negligible importance of spring and autumn. He will be driven to distraction by the remorseless heat of October, "the suicide month," and will sigh with relief when the torrential tropical rains arrive, bringing coolness and greenness to the land.

Southern Rhodesia consists of a plateau, 4500 feet above sea-level, with a range of rugged mountains in the Eastern districts. Although it is situated north of the Tropic of Capricorn the country has a pleasant climate owing to the altitude; and the erstwhile scourges of malaria, bilharzia and sleeping sickness are now rare. The vegetation is sub-tropical in character, and even in the dry season "green fingers" are not essential to good gardening. As soon as one leaves a town, one steps into the veld, a rolling expanse of scrub and brush. It stretches to the horizon in all directions, dead flat, with here and there a native kraal, or the incongruity of a steel pylon to break the monotonous panorama.

To the tourist, Southern Rhodesia is a veritable paradise. Naturally the first thing that leaps to the mind is that awe-inspiring spectacle, the Victoria Falls. Next there is World's View. Here, in the heart of that tumbled sea of rocks and boulders which is the Matoppos Hills, we have an area of consecrated ground—consecrated to the memory of those who have "deserved well of their country." At the top of a granite hill, from which can be seen the surrounding grandeur of mountain and valley, lie the three graves of Cecil John Rhodes, Sir Starr Jameson, his friend and fellow-worker, and Sir Charles Coghlan, first premier of the colony. There is also an impressive memorial to Major Alan Wilson and his thirty-four comrades who, when in pursuit of the Matabele, were ambushed at the Shangani River. Their epitaph says:—"There was no survivor"

A further attraction, for the archaeologist no less than the tourist, are the Zimbabwe Ruins. Some seventeen miles from Fort Victoria (an outpost left by the Pioneer Column in their march into Rhodesia fifty years ago), these ruins are one of the great mysteries of Africa. They consist of an acropolis, a temple and an area known as "The Valley of Ruins." Who built them, their purpose and even their age are unknown, though various theories, many of them ingenious, some of them absurd, have been put forward.

Indeed, a traveller with an enquiring turn of mind would find plenty to think about in Southern Rhodesia. Who, for instance, executed the cave-paintings which are found scattered all over the Colony? Were they the work of bushmen in the dim and distant past or of the Bantu? Where did the Queen of Sheba find her gold? Was Ophir, in Arabia, simply a clearing-house for gold mined in Southern Rhodesia? In any case, what happened to the people who worked the many ancient mines which still exist? Were they wiped out by disease or did they vanish in some forgotten conflict?

Ironically enough, the descendants of "Homo Rhodesienses" excite least attention. The

native is no problem here. No matter whether his forbears once painted cave masterpieces, worshipped in Zimbabwe or mined gold for the Queen of Sheba, he is now a hewer of wood and drawer of water. And he seems to be not unduly displeased with his lot. As you watch your houseboy scrubbing floors or washing dishes, it seems hard to believe that his grandfather may have thrown an assegai at your grandfather. Nowadays high spirits are relieved at a "beer-drink," perhaps in the furtive smoking of "dagga-dagga," or in an intensive gambling session (and, of course, he is a devil with the ladies!) His wants are few. Provided he has a reasonable supply of mealie meal and meat, a blanket to roll himself into and enough money now and then to buy entirely unsuitable European clothing, he is as happy as a sand-boy.

Southern Rhodesia is a young and growing country with a great future. There are still one or two minor snags—a scanty water supply, the need for a port on the east coast and the problem of federation with the Central African colonies. But these are bound to be solved soon. The spirit of Cecil John Rhodes is still striving to achieve the goal which was his life's ambition.

A. M'INTOSH.

LETTERS.

MARCH DAYS BY THE NETHY.

It is glorious here just now, coldish, of course, but bright and bracing—perfect weather for walking. It is a peaceful place with hill, moor and forest all about one. Of nights I fall asleep with the murmuring of the Nethy and waken to the song of birds.

What else could a man wish for? A river to fish? I have one a few yards from the front door. Pinewoods where one can watch the infinite patterns made by evening sunlight? Here at the foot of the garden. Moorland, hills and lochs? They are all here. The health and strength of limb to wander at will to lonely places? Thank God, I have that too! Come to think of it, the only things of which I haven't a surfeit are money and brains, and not having the brains to realise how important money is. I'm none the worse.

To crown all, the fishing season has just opened. It is difficult to concentrate on the grim task of money-making, remembering that outside are rivers, burns and lochs pleading to be fished. I make nearly all my own tackle now, a hobby absorbing in itself and saving of expense.

Last Saturday afternoon I spent at the river fishing for finnock. It was a gloriously wild afternoon with a raging wind and dense snow showers and hailstones hissing into the water. In spite of three coats I was none too warm, but two fine finnock were ample reward.

I. MACPHERSON.

MONTREAL.

This ribbon is a souvenir of the Laval College ice-hockey match. It was a very keen game resulting in a win for Laval over Notre Dame College. What a din the boys made

singing their traditional college songs and chairing their sports masters! They are, of course, French, and all the masters wear high fez-like fur hats.

It is 9.30 and bright frosty moonlight. We are setting out for a short ski on Mount Royal.

I. SQUIRES.

BULAWAYO.

Housing at home may be a problem, but out here it is beyond a joke. Generally the average family keeps moving from place to place before finally coming to rest. One officer we know "flitted" eleven times in eighteen weeks. Still everyone seems to find a niche eventually.

Food is plentiful but expensive; and the cost of living generally is very high. Most officers' wives work to supplement the family income. Native service is cheap, however, and every family employs at least one "boy." The average Rhodesian child would never dream of cleaning even his own shoes. Our "boy" Thomas, who is a Christian, does the chores, making life more pleasant for us. He works well and receives £2 per month which is high pay for a house-boy.

Bulawayo is a clean modern city. Rhodes' vision, you know, pictured tree-lined streets and white babies—we have both now in plenty.

A. M'INTOSH.

THE WINTER SEASON.

The weather has broken with a vengeance. To-day is really wintry, cold with showers of sleet. The Cairngorms have had a good covering for the past week. The town itself has snuggled down, and business is quiet. After five in the afternoon it would seem to the casual traveller that everyone has gone to bed; even the houses fall into slumber. Behind this deceiving cloak, however, the winter activities are in full swing.

Badminton seems to be taking first place with country dancing a close second. There are several junior clubs going well this season with a keenness that promises well for Grantown's future on the courts.

Country dancing is in full swing, and a beginners' class has started. The old folks are renewing their youth, while the youth are learning to trip the light fantastic in the way of mum and dad in these good old days when one danced from dusk till dawn.

The usual whist drives and dances are taking place, while more are being organised for the festive season which looms only a few weeks ahead. No doubt the F.P.'s will be holding their reunion in the Palace Hotel.

We had a most successful meeting of the Old Guard. As a result, David Ross has taken charge of badminton which has a full membership of thirty and everybody enjoying it thoroughly. Tommy Rattray will attempt to revive the golf section. The football team, captained by Ian Smith, has played two matches against the School. Willie Cruickshank will look after cricket and Laurence Jack will be glad to lead chaps into the hills.

The Old Guard colours remain unchanged. We had quite a lively discussion on the

matter, but the decision was unanimous. We hope that soon the red and silver will once again illumine the streets of Grantown.

MARTIN GRANT.

Woodside Avenue, 25th October.

LAURENTIAN HOLIDAY.

Tall pine trees reaching tapering fingers to a cerulean blue sky, feathery maples clinging to the whitish-grey rocks of the hillsides, a pebbly beach sloping into a wide blue lake—there you have a glimpse of the Laurentian Mountains. It was here that I spent a most delightful camp holiday far from the torrid heat of Montreal.

Our train arrived just in time for camp supper, and first sight of the place was very welcoming. A narrow pine-needle path led up to the dining-room, a huge airy wooden bungalow. The living and sleeping quarters were about five minutes' walk and were scattered picturesquely over the hillside.

All went by routine—waking bell at 6.30 a.m. and breakfast at 7 o'clock; and after a few days in the mountains we had huge appetites. We walked in the forest (but on account of bears, never without a guide) and studied nature. As a Britisher, I met many strange birds and animals—the little chipmunks, for instance, so like our squirrels, only so much tamer.

There were three canoes and three flat-bottomed boats on the lake of which we had the use. The gay red canoes, floating on the blue water against a background of trees and sunset, made an unforgettable picture.

Wednesday and Friday evenings, the boys and their leaders came over from Laddies' Lodge two miles away to our recreation hut and gave concerts, games and boxing displays. On Sunday there was church parade and good singing. Most of the boys were students from MacGill. Our waitresses came either from MacGill or Laval, the French University.

I find, as a newcomer here, that Canadians are very free and easy and do not observe class distinctions. Many students go out working in large houses, stores or hotels to find money for next winter's fees at Varsity. Their dress is very informal and also their table manners. I am afraid I still cling to the old dignity and respect which is the hall-mark of the mother-country.

My friend was a Greek girl born in Athens, who used to go to Olympus for holidays. (Imagine holidaying in the home of the Gods!) Each evening we used to walk along the track through the forest by the light of the fireflies and speak of those far-away places. We became good friends and hope to skate and ski together this winter on the slopes of Mount Royal.

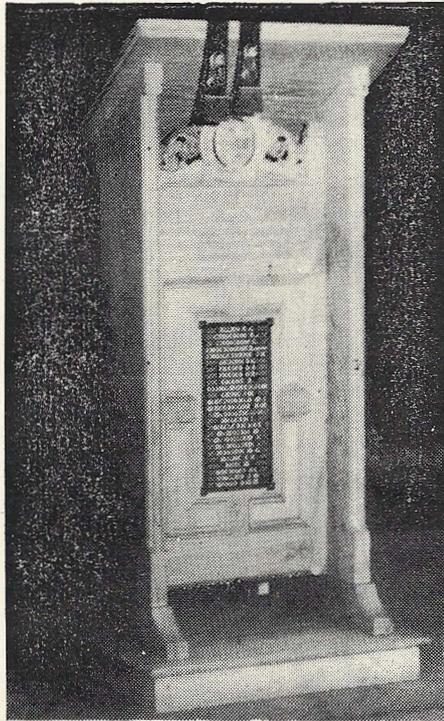
The day prior to departure we had a surprise visit from the Rotarian and Kiwanis Clubs. They arrived in gleaming automobiles, bringing ice-cream for all and a gift for each child in camp. During the afternoon there was running, jumping and swimming. We sang and had much fun.

On our last evening a number of us visited Seventeen-Island Lake. We took a motor

launch to the hotel on Centre Island and danced in an open-air pavilion built out over the water. After a happy evening we got back to camp and tumbled into our hard bunk-beds. Next day saw us back in Montreal and our bodies as brown as Indians'.

ISA SQUIRES.

THE WAR MEMORIAL.



An impressive and moving ceremony, the unveiling of the memorial was attended by a large number of former pupils, many of whom had travelled to Grantown for the occasion. The service opened with the singing of the 23rd psalm, "The Lord Is My Shepherd," and was followed by a prayer offered by the school chaplain, the Rev. W. Scott Taylor, of Inverallan Church.

Mr Hunter, President of the F.P. Club, in a brief introduction, recalled that, at the first representative meeting following the war years, the Former Pupils' Club had unanimously decided to place in the hall a memorial to those who had fallen, and had agreed that the memorial should take the form of an oak lectern with the names of the fallen engraved on a bronze panel. A parchment scroll containing those names would be kept in the lectern. He added that two friends of the school had gifted bibles for use with the lectern, while present pupils had gifted book-marks as their tribute.

The lectern was then unveiled by Mrs Laing, mother of John Laing, and the following roll of honour was read by Provost W. Templeton:—

F/O. Alistair G. Allan, R.A.F.
 Cpl. Alexander J. Cameron, Reconnaissance Corps.
 F/Sgt. Gregor Cameron, Bomber Command, R.A.F.
 Pte. Alexander Cruickshank (janitor), R.A.S.C.
 Sgt. A/G. James A. Cruickshank, R.A.F.
 Sub/Conductor Andrew G. Dignan, R.A.O.C.
 Signaller Donald B. Fraser, R.C.S.
 Flt/Lt. Harry A. Fraser, R.A.F.
 Pte. Alistair Grant, Seaforth Highlanders.
 Sgt./Observer J. Lawson M. Illingworth, R.A.F.
 Pte. John M. Laing, Seaforth Highlanders.
 A.C. William J. M. Donald, R.A.F.
 Eng./Officer Hector Macgregor, R.M.N.
 Pte. George D. McKenzie, Seaforth Highlanders.
 Sgt. Ian McLean, Seaforth Highlanders.
 L.A.C. Robert A. T. McLean, R.A.F.
 L/Cpl. William McMillan, Seaforth Highlanders.
 Pte. George McWilliam, Seaforth Highlanders.
 Sgt. Ian McWilliam, Parachute Regiment.
 Pte. William G. Masson, Seaforth Highlanders.
 F/O. Robert A. Milne, Bomber Command, R.A.F.
 L/Cpl. Wm. Ross, Seaforth Highlanders.
 Ord./Tel. Russell C. Rothney, R.N.V.R.
 F/Sgt. John M. Sinclair, Bomber Command, R.A.F.
 F/O. D. W. McEwan Wood, Transport Command, Desert Air Force.

After a reading from Scripture, the memorial was dedicated by Mr Scott Taylor. An address was then given by a distinguished F.P. of the School, Mr Duncan Fraser, Lord Provost of Aberdeen.

"We meet to-day in this school with its noble traditions and, to many of us, fragrant with thoughts of the past," he said, "in proud remembrance of those whose names are engraved on this memorial. In the darkest days of our country's long and varied history they heard the call of duty and 'counting not the cost,' went forth to fight for freedom.

"I doubt if there is any part of Scotland where love of country and true patriotism are so strong as in this Highland home of ours. It could hardly be otherwise, surrounded as we are by noble hills and mountains which speak to us of the strength and fortitude of our forefathers.

"Within the lifetime of some of us, Britain has been called upon to bear the brunt of two great wars. In the first world war of 1914-1918 men from this area, in large numbers, paid the supreme price. On the war memorial in The Square are to be found the names of many of the men who claimed kinship with this school. A considerable number were contemporaries of my own; and I can recall now the friendship of schoolfellows who sat beside me so many years ago. Towards the end of the summer of 1939, the country was again plunged into the most devastating war in history, and again the lads of Strathspey responded to the call.

"We gather here in humble gratitude to God for the example and sacrifice of those

who did not return to the land of their birth. They gave their lives in order that you and I should be free from the humiliation of a foreign yoke. We must never forget that. We do so at our peril.

"I think we can say with deepest reverence as we meet here to-day, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' The challenge to us is surely that in the years to come we shall prove worthy of such a sacrifice. This lovely memorial will speak to this generation, and to those who come after, of the Great Adventure of our sons and brothers who unselfishly 'gave to the uttermost' for King and country and kindred.

"At the time when prayers are said from this lectern, will you who are still young 'think on these things'? Will you, when you consider the significance of this memorial, 'seek for the best that ever went before your eyes or claimed your heart, ask for the whole, nor be content if life should offer but a part'? If you do that, you will prove yourselves worthy of those we remember this day, and you, too, will fulfil in your lives something which will be noble and worthy, and there will rise a new generation which will call you blessed.

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old;

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn;

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them."

After the Lord Provost had concluded his address, the company sang the paraphrase, "How Bright These Glorious Spirits Shine," and the National Anthem. The service closed with the Benediction pronounced by Mr Scott Taylor. Wreaths were laid at the memorial.

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*Editor—Robert Wilson, M.A. (Aberdeen), 48 Balnagask Road, Aberdeen; classics master, Aberdeen Grammar School.

WITH THE FORCES.

William J. Hair (1943-48), 10 The Square; engineering cadet, Royal Navy.

*Albert Hastings (1942-46), 42 High Street; private, 1st Batt. Royal Scots, Glencorse Barracks, Milton Bridge.

John S. Holmes (1939-40), Craggan House; C. 27 Mess, R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth.

William M. Kerr (1943-4), 22 The Square; boy, first class, Mess 36, Drake Division, H.M.S. Ganges, Ipswich, Suffolk, England.

Peter M'Nicol (1933-35), 85 High Street; petty officer, P.O.'s Mess, H.M.S. Oppurtance, Portsmouth.

Alexander D. Smith (1931-32), 103 High High Street; leading sick bay attendant, Royal Navy.

William G. Tempeton (1942-48), The Lodge, Castle Grant; H.Q. Squadron, Royal Engineers, Kitchener Barracks, Clatham.

At Universities and Colleges.

Kenneth I. G. Benson (1940-43), (Viewhill, Spey Bridge), Dalnaglar, Comrie Road, Crieff; 1 Marchmont Street, Edinburgh; student, 4th year medicine, Edinburgh University.

William K. Fotheringham (1929-30, 1934-46), B.A. (Oxford), (The Hotel, Nethybridge); 13 Pitt Street, Edinburgh; student, 3rd year law, Edinburgh University.

J. Patrick Garrow (1930-35), (Advie Mains Cottages, Advie); Netherton, Aberlour; student in forestry, Edinburgh.

R. J. Douglas Gibson (1940-45), The Knoll, Wacle's Road; 2 Melville Terrace, Dundee; student, 4th year medicine, St Andrews University.

Alexander Gordon (1938-43), Croftendram, Cromdale; graduated M.B., Ch.B. at Edinburgh University.

Ian C. M'Intosh (1936-42), Waverley, High Street; 5 Jessel Mansion, Queens Club Gardens, London, W.14; student, 3rd year electric engineering, Polytechnic College, Regent Street, London.

*Ranald C. M'Intyre (1939-42), (Parkburn, High Street); 5 Abbotsford Crescent, Edinburgh; c/o Mrs Sercombe, 82 Elborough Street, Southfields, London, S.W.18; student, Automobile Engineering College, Wimbledon.

Keith M'Kerron (1937-39), Ivybank, High Street; Maclay Hall, 17 Park Terrace, Glasgow University; student, final year agriculture, Glasgow University.

*William K. Sellar (1939-45), The Birks, Advie; student, 2nd year medicine, Edinburgh University.

Exiles.

James R. Allan (1927-31), M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), Ballintomb, Dulnain - Bridge; medical practitioner, 56 Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, 3.

Ian Anderson (1941-42), (Briar Cottage, Grant Road); 1 Ardeconnel Street, Inverness; boot repairer, Dundee Equitable Shoe Service, High Street, Inverness.

*D. James Cameron (1930-34), 37 The Square; c/o Harrower, Y.M.C.A. House, Cowdenbeath; first assistant, County Officer, Cowdenbeath.

George M. Catto (1935-38), (Ivy Bank Cottage, High Street); 5 Burnett Place, Port Elphinstone, Inverurie, Aberdeenshire; storeman, Aberdeen County Council.

- John F. Cooke (1926-32), (Balmnac, Cromdale), Convalmore, Dufftown; Police Buildings, Dalmuir, Glasgow; police constable, Dumbarton Constabulary.
- *Charles Cruickshank (1923-29), (Lochindorb, Dava); Leantach, Dulnain-Bridge (prior to taken over new farm); c/o Mrs Smith, 32 Louise Street, Nedlands, Perth, West Australia.
- *Duncan Davidson (1931-37), M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), 33 High Street; Woodside, Hertford Road, Bulls Green, Datchworth, near Knebworth, Herts; physicist, Optical and Development Department, Imperial Chemical Industries, Plastics Division, Welwyn, Herts.
- George I. Fraser (1935-40), Hillview, Dulnain-Bridge; 34 Fortrose Street, Glasgow; civil servant, H.M. Customs and Excise.
- *John Grant (1928-33), B.Sc. (Aberdeen), (Rothiemoon, Nethybridge); 14 Victoria Drive, Inverness; Regional Director of County Work, North of Scotland College of Agriculture.
- Donald Gunn (1933-36), Swinlea, 6 Castle Road East; c/o Dunnett, 2 Mayfield, Dingwall, Ross-shire; depot clerk, Scottish Oils and Shell Mex, Ltd., Dingwall.
- James Hay (1937-40), Glencairn, Kincardine, Aviemore; 167 Great Western Road, Glasgow, C. 4; clerk, Messrs Adam G. Brown & Co., Steel and Aluminium Merchants, 2 Oswald Street, Glasgow.
- Thomas Hunter (1930-36), M.B., Ch.B. (Aberdeen), F.R.C.S. (Edinburgh), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; 6 St Cross Road, Winchester; surgical staff, Royal Hants County Hospital, Winchester.
- D. M. Marr Illingworth (1938-40), Scorrybreck, Castle Road East; Grantown House Kingussie; engineer, G.P.O., Kingussie.
- *John Irving (1943-48), Kirkton Cottage; Redcliff, 1 Gordon Terrace, Inverness; assistant tax collector, Inland Revenue.
- Alastair W. Jack (1937-43), St Leonards, Castle Road; Ambrosden House, Ambrosden Avenue, Victoria, London, S.W.1.; Rochester Row Police Station; police constable, Metropolitan Police.
- Alexander Ledingham (1936-39), Viewfield, High Street; 30 Bailey Street, Pendleton, Salford, Lancashire; woodcutting machinist, Messrs J. Ashworth, Trafford Park, Salford.
- William N. Ledingham (1933-38), Viewfield, High Street; 31 Sandford Road, Aldershot; production engineer.
- Frank Macaulay (1933-36), Lettoch, Nethybridge; clerk, Royal Bank of Scotland, High Street, Elgin.
- James Macdonald (1933-37), Upper Port; police constable, Moray and Nairn Constabulary, Elgin.
- Donald M. M'Beath (1934-39), (L.M.S. Station Cottages); 158 Market Street, Aberdeen; clerk, National Bank of Scotland, 67 Union Street, Aberdeen.
- *Kenneth M' Cabe (1926-30), Rosebank, Cromdale; 51 Kingsway, Harrow, Middlesex; technical representative, Philplug Products, Ltd., Lancelot Road, Wembley.
- *Ian M'Gillivray, Dip. Com. (1938-43), Ord Ban, Aviemore; 7 Hawley Road, Falkirk; teacher of commercial subjects, Stirlingshire Education Authority.
- John M'Gregor (1934-39), Backharn, Nethybridge; 14 East Hill, St Astells, Cornwall; salesman.
- August A. M'Intosh (1932-37), D.F.C., M.A. (Edinburgh), Ladysturn, Dulnain-Bridge; flight lieutenant, Station Education Officer, Royal Air Force, Heany, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia.
- Donald M'Intosh (1934-39), 44 High Street; 2 Mead Villas, Mead Row, Godalming, Surrey; maintenance engineer, Messrs Calders, Ltd., Regent Street, London.
- William Colin M'Intosh (1934-39), 44 High Street; Sarnia Estate, Badulla, Ceylon; tea planter, Scottish Tea and Lands Co., Ceylon.
- Lewis A. M'Intosh (1934-39), Waverley, High Street; Central Boarding House, Montrose; manager, King's Cinema, Montrose.
- Alexander M'Intyre (1929-35), M.A. (Edinburgh), (4 Spey Avenue, Boat of Garten); 7 West Banks Terrace, Wick; teacher, High School, Wick.
- *Donald R. M'Intyre (1939-41), B.Sc., Ph.D. (Edinburgh), (Parkburn, High Street); 5 Abbotsford Crescent, Edinburgh; lecturer in economic geology and petrogenesis, Edinburgh University.
- *Alistair S. Mackintosh (1929-33), M.R.C.V.S. (Edinburgh), (Craigford Hotel, Boat of Garten); Manorlea, Insch, Aberdeenshire; veterinary surgeon.
- *Donald Mackintosh (1930-33), Cambrae, Cromdale; 4546 Queen's Park, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia; electrician, National Building and Housing Board, Bulawayo.
- Evan C. Mackintosh (1928-32), The Larches, Dulnain-Bridge; The Leas, Lossiemouth; civil servant, Ministry of Food, Elgin.
- *Evan G. Mackintosh (1926-33), P.A.S.I., Ardchattan, Dulnain-Bridge; 29 Baronscourt Terrace, Edinburgh 8; "Moy," Reid Ave., Crossgates, Fife; partner, Messrs Wilkinson and Lowe, chartered quantity surveyors, Dunfermline.
- John Mackintosh (1931-33), Cambrae, Cromdale; 135 Poynders Gardens, Clapham, London, S.W.1.; sheet metal worker, Decca Navigator Corporation, New Malden, Surrey.
- Robert D. Mackintosh (1926-32), M.A. (Edinburgh), (Congash Cottage, Spey Bridge); 51 Tomnahurich Street, Inverness; teacher of geography, Technical High School, Inverness.
- *D. Patrick Maclean (1930-36), M.A. (Aberdeen), LL.B. (Edinburgh), Croftallan, Nethybridge; law apprentice, L. & J. M'Laren, W.S., Edinburgh.
- Alistair M'Nicol (1933-35), 85 High Street; c/o Levinson, 18 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh.
- Eric Masson (1933-34), Braeriach Cottage, Spey Bridge; Ham Common, Richmond, Surrey; craftsman, surgical appliances for limbless, Queen Mary's Hospital for Limbless, Roehampton, London.
- John A. Milne (1925-31), M.A. (Edinburgh), Braehead, High Street; 6 Academy Street, Nairn; schoolmaster, Mosstowie Public School.
- J. Wishart Milne (1935-39), Elgin House, High Street; 9 Woodside Road, Aberdeen; engineer, G.P.O., Aberdeen.

- James G. Mitchell (1941-45), Caledonian House, High Street; midshipman, M.V. "Shonga," Elder Dempster Line, Liverpool.
- I. Bruce Munro (1934-38), M.B., Ch.B. (Glasgow), (Bank of Scotland, High Street); Woodilea, Lenzie, Glasgow.
- Louis C. Mutch (1939-44), (Glengynack, Gaich); Clarinch, Kingussie; c/o Anderson, 1 Ardeconel Street, Inverness; assistant pumpman, Scottish Oil and Shell Mex, Ltd., Inverness.
- Andrew Phimister (1932-37), Woodburn Cottage, South Street; Chiswick House, 3 Soper Road, Ealla, Johannesburg, South Africa; Bank Official, General Manager's Office, Standard Bank of South Africa, Pretoria, Transvaal.
- H. Roy Phimister (1936-40), Woodburn Cottage, South Street; Montelo, Amberley Road, Storrington, Pullborough, Essex; assistant golf professional.
- John Reid (1930-33), L.M.S. Station House; 56 Merchiston Street, Carnatyre, Glasgow; radio mechanic, Messrs Reid Bros., 6 Alexandra Park Street, Glasgow.
- *Frank M. Roberts (1927-32), The Baptist Manse; The Gangway, Renwick, Penrith, Cumberland; teacher, Cumberland Education Committee.
- *Michael G. Ronaldson (1938-40), Rowan Cottage, Grant Road; telephone engineer, G.P.O., Portree, Isle of Skye.
- John Ross (1926-32), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; 14 Greyhound Road, Philiplane; engineer, Morgan Crucible Co., Ltd., Battersea, London, W.2.
- Leslie G. Ross (1927-29), (Ballieward); 2 Westfield Avenue, Edinburgh, 11; salesman, Deestox Luggage Co.
- Victor J. Ross (1930-37), H.W.C., A.M.I.E.E., Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; 41 Munro Road, Jordanhill, Glasgow, W.3; Scottish Area Sales Engineer, Scottish Cables, Ltd., Renfrew.
- W. Gordon Smith (1937-43), 103 High Street; police constable, Banffshire Constabulary, Banff.
- *Angus M. Stuart (1929-36), Dunedin, High Street; 9 Becondale Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.19; civil engineer, Considere Constructions, Ltd.
- Donald Stuart (1928-32), Vulcan Cottage, Market Road; 9 Nayland Road, Mile End, Colchester, Essex; male nurse, Mental Hospital, Colchester.
- Lachlan A. Stuart (1934-37), 104 High Street; 24 West End, Whitehills, Banffshire; police constable, Banffshire Constabulary.
- *Alistair G. Surtees (1938-42), 107 High Street; 81 Camberwell New Road, London; G.P.O. Telecommunications, London.
- *Richard Surtees (1928-33), 107 High Street; 12 Cheeseman Court, Sydenham, London; sergeant, Metropolitan Police.
- *W. Robert Surtees (1931-33), 107 High Street; 41 Finchley Road, Southend-on-Sea; police constable, Southend Constabulary.
- Lewis Sutherland (1939-40), Morven, Castle Road East; 6 West Avenue, Renfrew; apprentice fitter, Messrs Babcock & Wilcox, Ltd., Engineers, Renfrew.
- Gordon D. Templeton (1929-33), The Lodge, Castle Grant; 32 Ashgrove West, Aberdeen; commercial traveller, Messrs James Watson, Aberdeen.
- *Roderick J. D. Thomson (1930-34), 84 High Street; Merchant Navy.
- William Thomson (1930-34), 84 High Street; 37b Princes Street, Huntly; grocery manager, N.A.A.F.I., Dyce Airport, Aberdeenshire.
- *Herbert J. Wright (1935-41), B.Sc. (Aberdeen), G. Mech. Eng., 32 High Street; 7 Beechwood Drive, Renfrew; graduate engineer, Messrs Babcock & Wilcox, Engineers, Renfrew.

Local Members.

- Albert Anderson (1932-34), 93 High Street; driver, Messrs Anderson, Ltd., Sawmillers.
- *James G. Bruce (1924-30), Sunnyside, Woodside Avenue; partner, Messrs James Bruce & Son, Coal Merchants.
- Alexander Calder (1941-43), Stonefield House, The Square; motor driver, Mr George Calder, The Garage, Spey Avenue.
- Donald Calder (1941-43), 20 Castle Road; joiner, Mr R. McGillivray, Nethybridge.
- Frank Calder (1941-43), Ballieward; Scafield Estate Forestry Squad.
- George Cameron (1930-32), 38 The Square; District Clerk and Burgh Treasurer.
- William Cruickshank (1926-30), (Rosebank, Cromdale); 112 High Street; manager, Ironmongery Department, Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society, 4 The Square.
- John A. Cumming (1940-41), 18 Castle Road; vanman, Messrs Cooper & Co., The Square.
- John Duncan (1942-47), 30 High Street, baker's assistant, Mr John Duncan, High Street.
- Edward Illingworth (1939-42), Scurrybreck, Castle Road East; dental mechanic, Mr D. Paterson, Dentist, High Street.
- Arthur Innes (1946-47), 12 Castle Road; apprentice mechanic, Mr R. Balfour, Forest Road.
- Fraser Innes (1935-37), 12 Castle Road; 108 High Street; grocer, Messrs Cooper & Co., The Square.
- Gordon W. Jack (1935-37), St Leonards, Castle Road; clerk and telegraphist, General Post Office.
- Laurence S. Jack (1938-39), Victoria Institute, High Street; mechanic, Messrs R. Grant, Cycle Agents, High Street.
- Charles J. Lawson (1936-38), Station Cottage, Spey Bridge; joiner, Mr Charles Lawson, 18 Castle Road.
- Ian Macdonald (1947-49), Ballintomb; apprentice plumber, Mr M'Robert, Plumber, High Street.
- Kennedy G. M'Connell (1934-38), Station Cottages; Shillehan, Dulnain-Bridge; District Agent, Prudential Assurance Company.
- Basil M'Intosh (1946-49), 87 High Street; upholsterer, Messrs Beale & Pyper, High Street.
- Alexander Mackenzie, M.A. (Aberdeen), The Knoll, Wade's Road; principal modern languages master, Grantown Grammar School.
- William M. M'Kenzie (1936-37), "Cabarfieidh," Castle Road East; painter Messrs Dixon & Bain, Painters and Decorators, High Street.
- James M'Leod (1927-28), 105 High Street; master builder, Grant Road.

James McMillan (1946-49), 129 High Street; apprentice bricklayer, Messrs James McLeod & Son, Builders, Grant Road.

Ian D. Macpherson (1930-35), (Thornhill, Castle Road), Ivy Cottage, Nethybridge; sorting clerk General Post Office.

William J. McWilliam (1934-36), Silverdale, South Street; manager, The Dundee Equitable, High Street.

Ian R. Mortimer (1932-35), Ravelrig, Woodside Avenue; plumber, Mr George Mortimer, Plumber, Ravelrig, Woodside Avenue.

Edwin M. Munro (1928-33), B.E.M., B.Com. (Edinburgh), hotel proprietor, Coppice Hotel, Grant Road.

John L. Paterson (1927-29), Parkburn, High Street; partner, Messrs L. Paterson & Son, Plasterers.

George J. Paton (1946-49), 19 South Street; apprentice grocer, Messrs Cooper & Co., The Square.

Lewis Rattray (1946-49), 12 Woodburn Place; apprentice motor mechanic, Messrs John Ross & Co., Motor Engineers, Dulnain-Bridge.

James Rattray (1927), 13 South Street; Grant-town Water Manager.

*Charles E. Ross (1924-26), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; partner, Messrs J. Ross & Co., Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Dulnain-Bridge.

John C. Ross (1944-46), Broom Park Cottage, Craggan; telegraph messenger, General Post Office.

Robert Ross (1928-32), Cairngorm View, Dulnain-Bridge; partner, Messrs John Ross & Co., Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Dulnain-Bridge.

John Smith (1935), Bridgend, Cromdale; baker's assistant, Mr John Duncan, High Street.

Ian Smith (1944-47), 103 High Street; prospective for Royal Navy.

John A. Stephen (1938-41), Comel-lea, High

Street; salesman-mechanic, Messrs Nicholson, Motor Engineers, Elgin.

John R. Stuart (1932-38), 1 Spey Avenue; bookseller, Messrs Angus Stuart, High Street.

David Winchester (1930-34), Northolme, Castle Road; postal and telegraph officer, General Post Office.

James Winchester (1924-26), Northolme, Castle Road; branch manager, Employment Exchange.

Andrew Wright (1946-49), Kylintra Crescent; assistant, Messrs Boots, Chemists, High Street.

WEDDINGS.

M'INTOSH—CUTHBERT.—At the Charlotte Rooms, Edinburgh, on 7th February, Angus Alexander M'Intosh, D.F.C., M.A., to Caroline Elizabeth Meikle Cuthbert.

STUART—DUNCAN.—At East Church, Portsoy, on 16th June, 1949, Lachlan Stuart to Helen Jane Duncan, 17 Cullen Street, Portsoy.

BIRTHS.

ALLAN.—On 22nd January, 1949, to Dr and Mrs James Allan, 56 Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, a son (Hamish Ian Robertson).

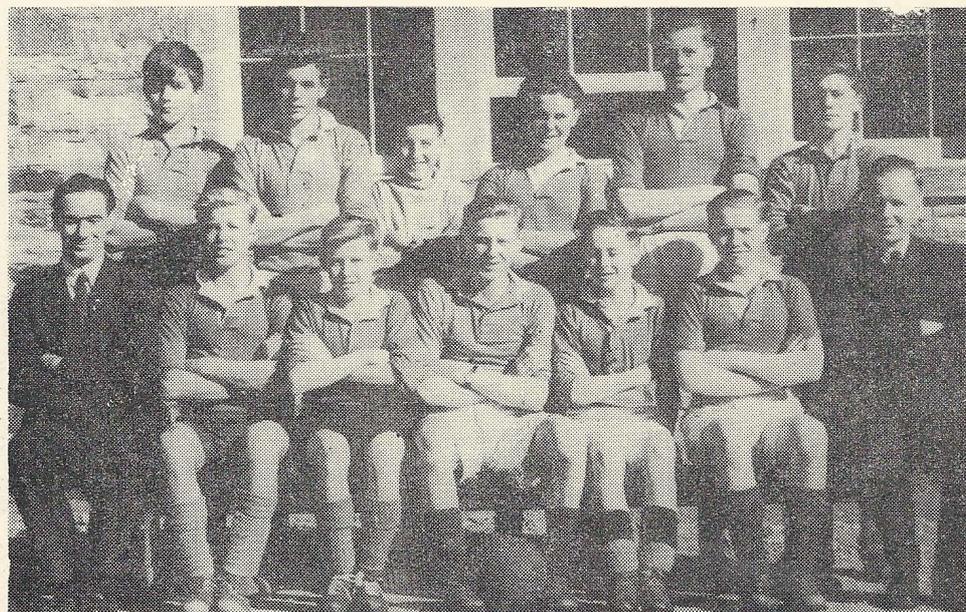
LAWSON.—On 1st July, 1949, to Mr and Mrs Charles J. Lawson, Station Cottage, Spey Bridge, a son (Colin).

M'CONNEL.—On 8th January, 1949, to Mr and Mrs Kennedy M'Connell, Shillochan, Dulnain-Bridge, a daughter (Catherine Elizabeth).

MACPHERSON.—On 12th September, 1949, to Mr and Mrs Ian Macpherson, Ivy Cottage, Nethybridge, a son (Ian James).

MACPHERSON.—On 21st April, 1949, to Mr and Mrs Peter Macpherson, Briar Cottage, Grant Road, a son (Stuart).

WILSON.—On 19th May, 1949, to Mr and Mrs Robert Wilson, 48 Balnagask Road, Aberdeen, a son (Graham Robert Stuart).



The Football Team.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1949-50.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Grammar School on Wednesday, 9th November, 1949, at 8 p.m. Apologies for absence were received from Miss J. S. Duncan, Miss J. Ronaldson and Mr R. Wilson.

Mr Hunter presiding, said how gratifying it was to see such an excellent attendance. The Club had a membership of close on 150, but since a very large majority of these members were away from Grantown, it was up to the local members to shoulder the responsibilities and carry out the business of the Club.

He now called upon the secretary to read the minutes of the Extraordinary General Meeting. These were approved by Mr W. R. Stuart and seconded by Mr W. Cruickshank. It was agreed that there was no business arising from the minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting.

The financial report having been given its adoption was moved by Mr E. Illingworth and seconded by Miss I. Gunn. The chairman pointed out that there had been several non-recurring expenses during the past year mainly connected with the memorial but since there was a balance on hand of over £70 he considered that the Club's financial position was very sound.

There now followed the election of office-bearers. The office of Honorary President had been left open since the death of Col. Grant Smith as it had been felt that there had not been anyone fitted to fill this position which was considered to be one of very high honour. It was now proposed by Mr J. Templeton and seconded by Miss J. Paterson that Lord Provost Duncan Fraser be asked to accept the office. This proposal was unanimously agreed to and Mr Hunter said he was glad the list of office-bearers would now be completed. Lord Provost Fraser was a member of whom the Club was really proud.

A letter was read from Miss J. S. Duncan in which she asked to be relieved of the office of a Vice-President. It was with regret that the meeting agreed to accept Miss Duncan's resignation, and Mr J. Templeton was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. The remaining office-bearers and committee were all re-elected as follows:—

Honorary President—Lord Provost Duncan Fraser, J.P.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Ex-Provost W. A. Glass, Ex-Provost Wm. Macgregor, Ex-Provost W. Templeton, Miss J. M. Paterson.

President—Mr T. Hunter, M.A., B.Sc.

Vice-Presidents—Mr W. R. Stuart, Mr W. Cruickshank, Mr J. Templeton, Miss M. Scott Macgregor.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Jeanette I. Munro.

Committee—Mrs J. Wood, Misses J. Ronaldson and E. Grant, Messrs H. Dixon, E. Munro, B. Comm.; P. MacPherson, A. M. Grant and R. Wilson, M.A.

The next item on the agenda was the War Memorial. The financial statement of the Memorial Fund was read and Mr P. MacPherson proposed and Mr E. Illingworth seconded that the small deficit of £1 4s 11d be met from the General Fund.

Referring to the Memorial, Mr Hunter said it had proved to be something of which the Club could be proud as its mark of esteem and affection to those Former Pupils who fell in the war. The unveiling ceremony had been most impressive. Many Former Pupils had come to see the lectern and he had only heard it spoken of in terms of praise. The School was very proud of the Memorial and would do its utmost to see that it was preserved and well looked after. It was hoped that a photograph of the lectern would appear in the magazine.

The 1948 magazine had been up to the usual standard. It was hoped that this year's edition would be on sale before Christmas. A letter was read from Mr Wilson in which he made a strong appeal that articles for the 1950 magazine be in his hands before June. Mr Wilson also expressed his thanks to the secretaries of the Old Guard and Former Pupils' Clubs for their work in connection with the magazine. The Club wished to thank Mr Wilson and Mr Donaldson for their splendid work for the Former Pupils' and School sections respectively. Mr P. MacPherson suggested that a paragraph be inserted in the local newspaper when the magazine was on sale so that non-life members away from Grantown might have an opportunity of purchasing a copy. A further appeal was made for questionnaires to be returned promptly.

With regard to the question of prizes awarded annually to the Grammar School, it was proposed by Mr E. Munro and seconded by Miss J. Paterson that, since medals were still out of the question, a sum of £1 be allotted for each prize and that Mr Hunter should decide whether the prizes would take the form of books or book tokens.

The question of most immediate importance was the Re-union. Last year's function had been fairly successful. It was agreed that the 1949 Re-union would take place in the Palace Hotel during the week between Christmas and New Year, the actual date being left to the Re-union Committee who were appointed as follows:—

Convener—Mr A. M. Grant.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mr E. Munro.

Committee—Mrs J. Wood, Misses I. Gunn and S. Calder, Messrs E. Illingworth, H. Dixon and C. Lawson.

It was unanimously agreed that owing to the difficulty in arranging for a band, etc., in a short time, the General Committee would in future make preliminary arrangements for

the Re-union earlier in the year and report to the Annual General Meeting.

There being no further business the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Mr Hunter for presiding, proposed by Mr W. Cruickshank.

At Universities and Colleges.

*Sine H. Fergusson, Swiss Cottage, Ballindalloch; first year student, School of Domestic Science, Aberdeen.

*Evelyn Geddes, 65 High Street; 9 Grosvenor Crescent, Edinburgh; student, Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh.

L. D. Pamela Gibson, The Knoll; 2 Melville Terrace, West Park Road, Dundee; student, Dunfermline College of Hygiene and Physical Education.

*Catriona M. B. Grant, Balnagown, Nethybridge; 34 Clermiston Road, Corstorphine, Edinburgh; student, Edinburgh University.

Elizabeth R. Macgregor, Cambrae, Cromdale; 31 Beechwood Drive, Broomhill, Glasgow; second year student, West of Scotland Commercial College, Glasgow.

Marie A. Shaw, Oakbank, Nethybridge; third year arts student, Aberdeen University.

Exiles.

Mrs Don Allison (Alice T. Mackenzie), 24 Castle Road East; The Clachan, South Road, Wick.

Mrs Hugh Anderson (Jane C. Telfer), East Lodge Castle Grant; 3 Semple Court, Edinburgh, 3.

*Mrs Fred E. Anfield (Winifred M. D. Shaw), Aldersyde, Nethybridge; 10 Douglas Terrace, Stirling.

*Mrs George Angus (Ella A. Wood), (Balmenach, Cromdale); Gipsland, Braelossie Place, Elgin.

*Mrs Howard Aston (Kathleen Mutch), R.G.N. (Edinburgh), Diploma of Nursing (London), 28 High Street; 232 Whitefoot Lane, Bromley, Kent.

*Janet G. Barclay, 17 South Street; children's nurse.

Mrs Guthrie Booth (Netta R. Hunter), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; Nether Bogside, Elgin.

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

*Norman W. E. Buchan (Grant Arms Hotel); Windyridge, Willow Lane, London Road, Amersham, Bucks; nurseryman.

*Stanley J. W. Buchan (Grant Arms Hotel); Windyridge, Willow Lane, London Road, Amersham, Bucks; nurseryman.

*Alexandra Cameron, N.F.F., Ardach, Nethybridge; Bon Accord, Marmion Road, North Berwick; teacher, High School, North Berwick.

*Eva M. Cameron, M.A. (Hons.) (Aberdeen); (Willowbank); 4 Victoria Road, Elgin; teacher of English, Duffus J.S. School, Hopeman; joint organising secretary, Elgin District Branch, Workers' Educational Association (Adult Education).

Robert M. Campbell, Norwood, High Street; stationmaster, British Railways, Achnasheen, Ross-shire.

Marjory C. Cattanach, Grant Cottage, High Street; 9 Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow, N.W.; private secretary, Messrs Steven Lindsay Scott and Co., C.A., Glasgow.

*Mrs Harry Chart (Margaret Mackintosh), The Larches, Dulnain-Bridge; Kariandusi Farm, Gilgil, Kenya, East Africa.

*Mrs William Christie (Isobel C. Bain), M.A. (Aberdeen), (Holmfield); 57 Wellbrae Terrace, Aberdeen.

Mrs Edwin J. Colclough (Isabel Cumming), 18 Castle Road; Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Mrs David S. Davidson (Margaret M'Beath), (1 Station Cottages); 45 Wallace Street, Dumfries.

Mrs J. R. Dawson (Phyllis M'Nicol), 85 High Street; 14 Bellvue Road, Downe, Kent.

*Ann F. Donaldson, The Garth Hotel; house-keeper, Northern Hotel, Aberdeen.

*Mrs James F. Duguid (H. A. (Rhea) Eyper), M.A., B.Sc., Riversdale, Grant Road; Kent Road, Avondale, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

Mrs George Dunbar (Margaret M. McLean), Kylintra Cottage; c/o Hossack, 48 Hayfield, Bursford, Falkirk.

*James Duncan, 28 High Street; 95 Cromwell Road, Aberdeen; accountant, National Bank of Scotland, 140 Union Street, Aberdeen.

*Ian C. Forbes (Connage), 127 Maxwell Avenue, Westerton, Bearsden, Glasgow; teller, Bank of Scotland, Bearsden.

Mrs Alex. Fraser (Daisy Macpherson), (Thornhill Castle Road East); 32 Gramplan Road, Elgin.

*Duncan Fraser, J.P. (Kylintra Cottage); 6 Woodburn Avenue, Aberdeen; draper, Duncan Fraser, Aberdeen, Ltd.; Lord Provost of City of Aberdeen; Lord Lieutenant of the County of the City of Aberdeen.

*Anna B. Gilbert (Strathallan, Grant Road); retired teacher; c/o Gilbert, Tullagoota, Orbost, Victoria, Australia.

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

Elizabeth A. Gordon, M.A. (Aberdeen), Lower Delliefure; teacher of mathematics and science, Birnam High School Dunkeld.

*Georgie Gordon (Brooklyn, Grant Road); 27 Leslie Road, Aberdeen; shorthand-typist, Northern Assurance Co., Ltd., 1 Union Terrace, Aberdeen.

Grace T. Gordon, M.A. (Aberdeen), Lower Delliefure; teacher of mathematics and English, Kinross J.S. School.

*Mrs John Grant (Beatrice Mackintosh), Achosnich; 14 Victoria Drive, Inverness.

*John A. Grant (Reidhaven); civil engineer (retired); 1 Carlton Close, Edgeware, Middlesex.

*Mrs Lewis M. Grant (M. Sarah Macdonald), Laurel Bank, Aviemore.

*Margaret A. S. Grant, R.G.N., S.C.M. (Edinburgh), Dalbuick, Nethybridge; private nurse, 15 Osborne Road, Berwick-on-Tweed.

Marie J. Grant, Higher Tullochgribban, Dulnain-Bridge; 30 Muirpark Terrace, Tranent; teacher, Tranent J.S. School, East Lothian.

*Miss Butter, 9, Sandringham Terr.
The Esplanade, Greenock.

- Margaret C. Grant, Higher Tullochgribban, Dulnain-Bridge; Meft Villa, Urquhart; teacher, Urquhart Public School.
- Violet Grant, S.R.N., R.M.N., 107 High Street; sister, Springfield Hospital, Upper Tooting, London.
- *William Hepburn, Braemoray; manager, Honeywood Hotels, Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham.
- *Mrs William Hepburn (Rita Mackay), Braemoray; Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham.
- *Ada R. Inray, M.A. (Glasgow), Diploma in Social Service, Associate Member of the Institute of Almoners, Somerville, High Street; almoner, Hairmyres Hospital, East Kilbride.
- *Mrs Basil B. Jakeman (Diana F. Mackintosh), Ladysturn, Dulnain-Bridge; Rosemount, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.
- Elise M. H. Kirk, M.A. (Edinburgh), (Rockmount, High Street); 58 Polworth Gardens, Edinburgh; teacher of English and history, West Calder Secondary School.
- Grace M. Kirk, R.G.N. (Edinburgh), C.M.B. Part I. (Irvine), (Rockmount, High Street); 58 Polworth Gardens, Edinburgh; p/midwife, Ayrshire Central Hospital, Irvine.
- *Jessie M. Laing, 113 High Street; 53 Union Grove, Aberdeen; telephonist, Telephone House, Aberdeen.
- *Edith M. Lawson, Certificate of Speech Fellowship (London), (Willowbank); 83 Biddulph Mansions, Elgin Avenue, London, W.9; 2nd lecturer in Speech Education, Furzedown Training College for Teachers, Welham Road, London, S.W. 17.
- *Mabel G. Lawson, M.A., M.B., Ch.B. (Aberdeen), S.R.N., D.N. (London), (Willowbank); 83 Biddulph Mansions, Elgin Avenue, London, W. 9; deputy chief nursing officer, Ministry of Health, Whitehall, London, S.W. 1.
- *Mrs A. Peter Lewin (Edith M. Kyd), (Craggan House); Desswood, 130 Green Lane, Coventry.
- *Mrs Kenneth J. Lugg (Jean Burgess), 10 Castle Road; c/o Grays Inn Central Factory, Annoth Bay, Jamaica, B.W. 1.
- *Mrs Duncan M'Arthur (Margaret I. Grant), (Grant Cottage, High Street); 8 Mauram Court, Hunter Street, Yeoville, Johannesburg, South Africa.
- *Elizabeth M. M'Beath (Station Cottages); Argyll Mansions, George Street; Oban; student nurse, Woodend Hospital, Aberdeen.
- *Mrs John N. M'Callum (Isobel O. M'Beath), (Station Cottages); Argyll Mansions, George Street, Oban.
- *Mrs William T. M'Curdy (Alice K. M. King), (3 Woodburn Place); 21 Witherpoon Street, Nutley, New Jersey, U.S.A.
- *Mary M. Y. Macdonald, D.A. (Glasgow), Laurel Bank, Aviemore; responsible teacher of art, Badenoch District Schools.
- *William R. MacDougall, L.D.S. (Edinburgh), Craggan House; 172 Witham Road, Sheffield; dentist.
- *Margaret S. Macgregor (100 High Street); 64 Devonshire Gardens, Aberdeen; teacher (retired), Grantown Grammar School.
- *Sydney G. Macgregor, M.A. (Edinburgh), 46 High Street; principal classics teacher; High School, Fort William.
- Hugh Mackenzie, 20 The Square; Row Farm Nursery, Chapmanslade, Westbury, Wilts; manager of nursery (Roger Morland, Westbury).
- *Mrs Matthew Mackenzie (Jessie M. Campbell), (Parkburn); Correen, Alford; teacher of domestic science, Alford and District Schools.
- *Alexander A. Mackintosh, M.P.S. (Cougash Cottage); 19 Upper Selsdon Road, Selsdon, Surrey; pharmacist, 3 Broadway, Selsdon.
- Domina I. MacKintosh, S.R.N. (Edinburgh), S.C.M., The Larches, Dulnain-Bridge; staff-midwife, The Rosedene Maternity Hospital, Inverness.
- *Evan Mackintosh (Craigard Hotel, Boat of Garten); Braeriach, Banchory; hotel-keeper (retired).
- *M. Helen S. MacLaren (Mullochard, Carrbridge); Dalchosnie, Kinloch Rannoch, Perthshire.
- *Mona M. McLean, N.D.D., N.D.P. (Aberdeen), Croftallan, Nethybridge; 8 Allan Place, Inverurie; county instructress, North of Scotland College of Agriculture.
- *Sheila Macpherson (Thornhill, Castle Road East); College Farm House, Upavon, Wilts; children's nurse.
- *Mrs Frank Mason (Mary Tulloch), M.A. (Glasgow), (Dallas Brae, Grant Road); 3 Turnberry Road, Glasgow, W. 2.
- *Heather Mathieson (Aultcharn Farm), 182 Ridge Road, Durban, South Africa.
- *Ruth A. Mathieson, M.C.H.S. (Aultcharn Farm); 8 Mimosa House, Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia.
- Mrs H. J. Mills (Catherine M. Campbell), 4 Station Cottages; 36 Beatrice Road, Southsea, Hants.
- Mrs Alexander Milne (Jessie Alanach), M.A. (Edinburgh), Faebufe, Cromdale; Schoolhouse, Urquhart; teacher, Urquhart Public School.
- Mrs Thomas G. Milner (Margaret Templeton), The Lodge, Castle Grant; Lilongine, Nyasaland, East Africa.
- Mrs Douglas A. Mitchell (Jessie Templeton), The Lodge, Castle Grant; 18 Market Place, Inverurie.
- *Elsbeth M. Mitchell, 20 Castle Road East; 28 Hawthorn Road, Elgin; civil servant, Ministry of Labour and National Service, Employment Exchange, Elgin.
- *Peter Moir (Royal Bank of Scotland House), Balnaan, Marine Road, Nairn; bank agent (retired).
- *Mrs George Morrison (Rachel B. Campbell), M.A. (Edinburgh), (Parkburn); 23 Albert Place, Dufftown.
- *Mrs Fred Munro (Gertrude A. G. Lawson), S.R.N., S.C.N. (Willowbank); c/o All America Cables Inc., Lima, Peru, South America.
- *Elizabeth D. Mutch, R.G.N., Diploma of Dietetics (Edinburgh), 28 High Street, sister-dietitian, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.
- *Mrs Sigvard Olssen (Mary Cruickshank), Diploma of Physical Education (Silke-

- borg), Seafield Lodge, Woodside Avenue; Kungsgaatan, 21 Lindesborg, Sweden.
- *Mabel M. Pyper, Riversdale, Grant Road; 2 Ashbank Road, Dundee.
- *Mrs Myles J. Ritson (Williamina Keith), 6 Birchview Terrace; 13 Beaufort Road, Inverness.
- *William A. Robertson, M.A., Ph.D. (Marburg), (Lower Delliefure, Cromdale); Ramornie, Ellon, Aberdeenshire; Senior Chief Inspector of Schools (retired).
- *Margaret A. Ross (Station House, Broomhill); 1061 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, C. 3; teacher, East Keppoch School, Springburn, Glasgow, N.
- Mrs Victor Ross (Dorothea M. Geddes), 67 High Street; 41 Munro Road, Jordahill, Glasgow, W. 3.
- *Mrs William Scott (Mary M'Gillivray), Isla Cottage, High Street; 2 Orton Avenue, Wamley, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.
- *Ella Slater (Viewhill, Spey Bridge); 5 Devanha Gardens, Aberdeen; teacher of domestic science, Aberdeen.
- *Catherine M. Smith, B.Sc. (Glasgow), Diploma of Dietetics, Bernalder, High Street; senior dietitian, Royal Infirmary, Glasgow.
- *Mrs Frank Squires (Isa Moyes), (Lilac Cottage, High Street); 6429 Coolbrook Avenue, Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal, Canada.
- *Mrs Morton Stevens (Meta K. King), (3 Woodburn Place); 1 Cathcart Street, Portgordon, Banffshire.
- *James A. Templeton, M.A. (Edinburgh), The Lodge, Castle Grant; Schoolhouse, Spey Bay; headmaster, Bogmoor School, Spey Bay.
- Mrs Alfred G. Threadgold (Elizabeth H. Campbell), 4 Station Cottages; 9 Oakfield Road, Copthorne, Shrewsbury, Salop.
- *Christine A. Tulloch (Dallas Brae, Grant Road); 3 Turnberry Road, Glasgow, W. 2.
- *Georgia M. Turnbull, Moor Cottage, Boat of Garten; c/o Mrs N. Morrison, Bayhead, Scalpay, Isle of Scalpay, Inverness-shire; assistant teacher.
- *Mrs Eric Walling (Isabel Jack), Isla Cottage, High Street; 14a The Highway, Beaconsfield, Bucks.
- *Mrs George Watt (Pearl M'Millan), M.A. (Aberdeen), (100 High Street); 64 Devonshire Gardens, Aberdeen.
- *Mrs R. Whyte (Margaret Macpherson), Briar Cottage, Grant Road; 7 Mary Street, Johnstone, Renfrewshire.
- *Percy Williams, C.A. (Edinburgh), (The Cott. Spey Bridge); Clive Row, Calcutta; chartered accountant, Messrs Thomas Duff and Co., Ltd., Calcutta.
- Local Members.**
- Jean Anderson, 93 High Street; assistant, Miss A. Gilbert, Newsagent, High Street.
- Mabel Anderson, 93 High Street; assistant, Miss MacPhail, Hillview, High Street.
- *Mrs Robert Balfour (Dorothea M. Smith), Dunvegan, 1 Heathfield Road.
- *Mrs Ian Barclay (Margaret Louise Hastilow), (Palace Hotel); Dulnain House, Dulnain-Bridge.
- *John B. Burgess, The Larches, Grant Road; tailor, High Street.
- *Mrs John B. Burgess (Winifred F. O. Pyper), The Larches, Grant Road.
- Isobel Calder, Stonefield, The Square; assistant, Messrs Byres and Smith, Drapers, High Street.
- *Shona Calder, Stonefield, The Square.
- Christine Cameron, Dunira, South Street; clerkess, Balmenach Distillery, Cromdale.
- Dorothy Cameron, Dunira, South Street; clerkess, Caledonian Associated Cinemas.
- *Margaret Cameron, Ardach, Nethybridge.
- Emily C. Campbell, 4 Station Cottages; assistant, Mr Milne, Grocer, 122 High Street.
- Vera M. Campbell, M.A. (Edinburgh), Norwood, High Street; teacher, Abernethy J.S. School.
- Jean Cruickshank, 3 Woodburn Place 'bus conductress, Messrs Alexander and Son, Elgin.
- Margaret Cruickshank, 3 Woodburn Place; assistant, S.C.W.S., The Square.
- Margaret K. E. Cruickshank, Hazel Bank, Grant Road.
- *Walter F. Cruickshank, Craigdhu, Woodside Avenue; butcher, High Street.
- *Herbert G. Cumming, M.M., M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), Moniak; teacher (retired), Paisley Grammar School.
- *Mrs Herbert G. Cumming (Mary Findlay), M.A. (Aberdeen), Moniak.
- *Mrs William Davidson (Hannah Surtees), 109 High Street, headmistress (retired), Dalnaspital School.
- *Hamish W. Dixon, Mhorile, Woodlands Crescent; painter and decorator, Messrs Dixon and Bain, Mhorile.
- *Mrs Hamish W. Dixon (Beatrice R. Reid), M.A. (Aberdeen), Mhorile, Woodlands Crescent.
- *Catherine I. J. Donaldson, S.R.N. (Windsor), Garth Hotel, Castle Road.
- Jennie S. Duncan, Dundonnachie, Castle Road East; teacher (retired), Grantown Grammar School.
- *William Duncan, 28 High Street; clerk, No. 24 Command Workshops, R.E.M.E.
- *Jessie E. Fraser, M.A. (Aberdeen), The Croft, Mondhuie, Nethybridge; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- *Margaret H. Fraser, M.A. (Aberdeen), The Croft, Mondhuie, Nethybridge; teacher, Abernethy J.S. School.
- *William A. Glass, Revoan, Seafield Avenue; draper (retired).
- Mrs Allan Grant (Mary J. Gillies) Higher Tullochgrubban, Dulnain-Bridge.
- Mrs A. Martin Grant (Christina Calder), Highlea Cottage, Woodside Avenue.
- *Evelyn C. Grant, Ballinluig.
- *James J. Grant, Grange Cottage, Castle Road; agent, Prudential Assurance Co.
- *Mrs James J. Grant (Netta Duffner), Grange Cottage, Castle Road.
- *Mrs John Grant (Mary Cumming), (Mains of Curr, Dulnain-Bridge); Lackie, Boat of Garten.
- Mariel Grant, B.Sc. (Aberdeen), Woodberry, Spey Bridge; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- *Mrs Peter Grant (Isabella C. Mackintosh), M.A. (Edinburgh), Tigh-na-Monadh, Nethybridge.

Eliz. I. Young, Fairview, B. J. G.

- X ✓ *Mrs Peter J. Grant (Ann Telfer), Laurel Carrbridge.
Margaret G. Grassick, Braehead, High Street; clerkess, Messrs D. Strachan, Jr., and Co., Grocers, High Street.
*Mrs George Gray (Barbara Hepburn), 22 The Square.
*Hetty Gray, Shalamonaidh, Boat of Garten; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
Isobel M. Gunn, Swinlees, Castle Road East; hairdresser, Messrs Mackintosh and Cumming, High Street.
*Thomas Hunter, M.A., B.Sc. (Glasgow), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; rector, Grantown Grammar School.
Mrs Thomas Hunter, Rosemount, Woodside Avenue.
*Elsie Keith, 6 Birchview Terrace; assistant, Messrs Alexander Mackenzie and Son, Drapers, High Street.
*Doris E. Laing, Benmore, 108 High Street; clerkess, Miss M. Campbell, Fishmonger, High Street.
*Harold G. Laing, Reidhaven Cottage, Woodside Avenue; hairdresser.
*Mrs John G. MacDougall (Jessie MacLennan), The Mill House, Craggan.
*E. Donald M'Gillivray, Isla Cottage, High Street; postman, General Post Office.
*William Macgregor, 46 High Street; saddler, 15 High Street.
*Mrs Alexander Mackay (Isabella B. Grant), Braemoray, Woodlands Terrace; proprietrix, Craiglyme Hotel.
*James S. Mackenzie, The Cott, Spey Bridge; draper, Messrs Alexander Mackenzie & Son, High Street.
Mrs James S. Mackenzie, The Cott, Spey Bridge.
*Mrs Alexander D. MacLaren (Sheila MacDougall), The Mill House, Craggan.
*Alexander MacPhail, Hillview, High Street; painter and decorator.
*Isa MacPhail, Hillview, High Street.
*Charles Munro, Birchview, Woodlands Crescent; banker (retired), South Africa.
*Jeanette I. Munro, Heath Cottage, 2 Woodlands Crescent; civil servant, No. 24 Command Workshops, R.E.M.E.
*Mrs Archibald Mutch (Elizabeth Duncan), 28 High Street.
*Jean M. Paterson, Parkburn, Woodlands Crescent; assistant, Messrs Peter Grant & Son, Ltd., Bootmakers, High Street.
*James Philip, proprietor, Strathspey Hotel, High Street.
*Elizabeth C. Plimister, Woodburn, South Street; sorting clerk and telegraphist, General Post Office.
*Ella M. Pyper, M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), Riversdale, Grant Road; Craiglyme Hotel; principal teacher of mathematics, Grantown Grammar School.
*Alison Ronaldson, Rowan Cottage, Grant Road.
*Jessie D. Ronaldson, Rowan Cottage, Grant Road; postal and telegraph officer, General Post Office.
Mrs Robert Ross (Margaret H. Davidson), M.A. (Edinburgh), Cairngorm View, Durnain-Bridge.
*Mrs Joseph Schleppe (Elizabeth Meldrum), Granite Villa, Woodside Avenue.
Mrs Robert A. Sinclair (Beatrice Shand), 8 Castle Road.
*Mrs John Stuart (Marion N. G. Paterson), M.A. (Edinburgh), Parkburn, Woodlands Crescent.
M. Mansel Stuart, West Lynn, Lynemacgregor.
*William R. Stuart, Dumedin, High Street; printer and bookseller, Messrs Angus Stuart, High Street.
*Mrs Colin Sutton (Catherine M. Mackay), Braemoray, Woodlands Terrace.
*James Templeton, Croix de Guerre (Gold Star), The Lodge, Castle Grant; electrician and plumber, Seafield Estates.
*Mary E. Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant.
*Netta Templeton, 17 Castle Road.
*Thomas Templeton, M.M., 17 Castle Road; partner, Messrs Mackintosh & Cumming, Drapers, High Street.
*William A. Templeton, 17 Castle Road; civil servant (retired).
*Mrs Norman Tod (Mary E. Hastilow), (Palace Hotel), Achnagonlan.
*James Williams, M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh); medical practitioner, Stonefield, The Square.
*Constance A. Winchester, Northholme, Castle Road; telephonist, General Post Office.
*Mrs Jack Wood (Joan Cruickshank), Seafield Lodge, Woodside Avenue.

BIRTHS.

- On 10th July, 1947, to Mr and Mrs Don Allison (Alice T. Mackenzie), The Clachan, South Road, Wick—a son (Richard Hunter).
On 25th February, 1949, to Capt. and Mrs Fred E. Anfield (Winifred M. D. Shaw), 10 Douglas Terrace, Stirling—a son.
On 20th August, 1949, to Mr and Mrs Lewis M. Grant (M. Sarah Macdonald), Laurel Bank, Aviemore—a daughter.
On 30th May, 1949, to Mr and Mrs Alfred G. Threadgold (Elizabeth H. Campbell), 9 Oakfield Road, Cophthorne, Shrewsbury—a son.
On 21st September, 1949, to Mr and Mrs John N. M'Callum (Isabel O. M'Beath), Argyll Mansions, Oban—a daughter (Deirdre Isabel).
On 26th October, 1949, to Dr and Mrs Basil Jakeman (Diana M'Intosh), 72a St Margaret's Street, Rochester, Kent, a daughter (Rosemary).

MARRIAGES.

- BOOTH—HUNTER.—At South Church, Grantown, on 11th December, 1948, Guthrie Booth, Elgin, to Netta R. Hunter, Rosemount, Woodside Avenue.
JAKEMAN — LIDDARD. — At Bridgnorth, Shropshire, on 9th December, 1948, Basil B. Jakeman, M.B., Ch.B. M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Bridgnorth, to Diana F. Liddard, Ladysturn, Durnain-Bridge.
MILLS—CAMPBELL.—At Grantown-on-Spey, on 16th April, 1949, H. J. Mills, Southsea, to Catherine M. Campbell, 4 Station Cottages.
STEVENS—KING.—At Woodlands Church, Glasgow, on 11th December, 1948, Morton Stevens, Glasgow, to Marguerite K. King, Glasgow (3 Woodburn Place, Grantown).

DEATHS.

BELL.—At Winnipeg, Canada, on 12th September, 1949, James Bell, post manager, Cape Dosset, Hudson Bay Coy. (Cliff Cottage, Cromdale).

CRUICKSANK.—At her home, 3 Woodburn Place, Grantown, on 13th September, 1949, Helen Cruickshank.

OBITUARIES.**Helen Cruickshank.**

It was with very deep regret that members of the Former Pupils' Club heard of the death of Helen Cruickshank at the early age of 27 years.

Helen was the eldest daughter of the late Mr Alex. Cruickshank and of Mrs Cruickshank, 3 Woodburn Place. Her father, prior to his tragic death during the evacuation from Dunkirk in 1940, was a popular janitor of the Grammar School. A member of the club since she left school, Helen had been employed as a clerkess by Messrs Cooper & Co., Grantown, for nine years.

Until she became ill she took an active part in many of the town's activities, being a member of the Golf Club and the Girls' Club. She was also a member of the South Church choir and at one time a teacher in the Sunday School.

Of a cheerful and friendly disposition, she was popular with young and old alike and will be greatly missed by all who knew her. The sincere sympathy of all members of the Former Pupils' Club is extended to her mother, two sisters and brother.

J. M.

James Bell.

In June, 1925, Mr James Bell emigrated to Canada, on securing a post as clerk at Lake

Harbour, with the Hudson Bay Trading Coy. Then a young man of sterling character, full of enterprise and wide outlook, he soon realised that in the life of a fur trader and post manager in the northern latitudes of Canada, he had found an outlet for his love of the wild, of the vast open spaces, and of the unknown.

Gifted with an evenness of temper, a lasting patience allied to a frank and pleasing disposition, he made an excellent trader; readily winning the confidence and affection of the Eskimos, a race of fickleness and uncertainty of temper, of nature, and of humour.

Transferred to Frobisher Bay in 1926, Mr Bell returned as post manager to Lake Harbour in 1931; and from 1947 till his death he held a similar post at Cape Dosset. Thus, with the Company, he won the promotion which faithful service merited.

His long spells of service in the Arctic and frozen lands in no way altered his freshness of outlook, his youthful fervour, or his love for the pursuits of his early years in Cromdale and district.

When home on holiday in 1930 and 1936, he attended the F.P. reunions, and showed much interest in the affairs of his old school and parish. He was indeed the same Jimmie who left his native district years before, and whose ambition, on retiring from the service of his Company in 1950, was to settle down among his "ain folks."

This was not to be, and his untimely death at the age of 43 years, has removed from our midst a great friend, whom to know was to admire, and a man whose self-appointed motto was "Faith, Fidelity and Fairness in all Things."

J. G. M.

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

Jimmie Allan returned pretty good figures in the summer golf tourney. His pram-pushing prowess is not so well recorded.

Since Albert Anderson's car came on the road, foraging hens take an extra look up and down High Street before stepping off the kerb.

A hare, meeting Johnny Burgess near the New Bridge one Sunday, preferred to swim the Spey rather than face this redoubtable shikari.

Jimmie Bruce's big worry is a small daughter who likes to obliterate all traces of father's gardening; and Jimmie finds more profit in digging the fairway.

Since James went off to Cowdenbeath, George Cameron is more difficult to extricate than ever from his graveyard maps and musty files.

George Catto writes:—"I spent sixteen days in Leicester in lovely weather — sunbathing, weight-lifting, wrestling and cycling. My ex-R.A.F. friend and I spent every second evening in the gym hand-balancing and playing basket-ball." Not most people's idea of a summer holiday!

When Charlie Cruickshank recalls cross-country runs, he sighs with relief for school-days past. Nowadays, he prefers his long-distance runs esconced in an easy chair on the deck of a P. and O.

No Cattle Show is complete without Walter Cruickshank and his cromach. But how much more appropriate if the master of ceremonies, officials (not secretary!) honoured the day by the wearing of the kilt!

There is a tale that Willie Cruickshank of ironmongering fame was lost in the Dava Moor during a recent outing of the British Legion. Some old folks may remember how, on Empire Day, 1929, the moor almost engulfed the entire Grammar School staff, headed by our old friend J. K. Robertson.

Vice-President Willie Cruickshank remains debonair as ever. We suggest, however, that a button-hole of one of Peter's dahlias would well become a love-lorn swain.

It will be a pleasure for F.P.'s far afield to know that Miss Duncan, one of the most esteemed of the School's teachers, still enjoys cheerful health. Miss Duncan's active interests are now confined to Inverallan Sunday

School and the Cradle Roll of the Church. No doubt many now mature citizens once blushed beneath her reproving eye.

The addition of considerable premises to "Mhorile" at the West End keeps the old firm of Messrs Dixon and Bain still to the fore—thanks to Hamish's almost single-handed labours.

The School gains added distinction from Lord Provost Duncan Fraser, who so sincerely and capably fulfills the duties of his high office. Deep-rooted affection for his native place brings Mr and Mrs. Fraser back to Grantown every year.

R. J. Douglas Gibson, having circumvented the twin ogres of Pathology and Public Health, now brings an easy mind to fifth year medicine. His subject for post-graduate study will presumably be "Diet and Stature in the Braes of Tulloch." Meantime Douglas's fame rests on that toothsome delicacy, Gibson's "Bell Heather Honey."

Golfing Pamela becomes this winter a novice of the cult of physical fitness at Dunfermline.

Alistair Grant descends but seldom from his fastness of Ballinluig. The reflective Alistair prefers the high hills and the quest of Cairngorm stones.

Once a familiar figure at Messrs Shaw's corner, Donald Gunn finds agreeable change in the even greater rusticity of Dingwall.

With a shrewd eye to rising families, Martin Grant now offers for hire bikes with pillion seats for children. His "shoppie" is a popular haunt where many Old Guards foregather on holiday.

William Kerr, cadet R.N., was adorning High Street recently and looking very jaunty after a Mediterranean cruise.

Another sailor home on leave this summer was John Holmes. His eardrums having proved over-sensitive to depth-charges, John has been obliged to leave the submarine service. In "Hostile Waters" he gives a vivid account of under-sea adventure.

In the sylvan environs of Winchester, Tom Hunter happily saws and hammers at his craft. We trust that the subjects are unconscious enough to be equally blissful.

As a dental mechanic, Edward Illingworth indirectly reaps the benefit of the boom in plastics. George now pins his faith to auctioneering and the continued popularity of roups.

Arthur Innes, one of Mr Balfour's "black squad," seems to spend all his waking moments on his back beneath lorries and tractors.

Fraser Innes gives his whole heart to his ham machine when not golfing or perambulating.

John Irving, a member of the Civil Service Strollers' Club, recently completed a "hike" to Fort Augustus over Corryarrick.

Alistair Jack, in London, is busy learning the arts of the expert sleuth and snooping on his fellow man. Gordon carefully confines himself to committees and the fair sex in numbers. Down the street Laurence of other ilk serves niggardly gallons to impoverished motorists.

A scout who did much to keep the Grantown troop going during the war, William Kerr finds the opportunity in England, in spite of being officially on naval service, to continue his interest in scouting; nor does he ever fail to visit his old troop when home on leave.

Ordinarily a "douce" family man, Charlie Lawson, when he has a job in the Black Park as in Cattle Show week, likes kicking a ball with the bairns when the head of the firm is looking the other way.

A communication from Angus M'Intosh suggests that he has returned to consciousness of a previous existence. The other day on Main Street, Bulawayo, he met Donald Mackintosh, Cambrae, Cromdale, who practices the lucrative craft of electrician.

Another F.P. in Bulawayo is Ruth Mathieson, now a chiropodist. Ruth enjoys the amenities of Rhodesia after Britain's austerity. Her sister Heather finishes school in Durban at Christmas and hopes to take up nursing.

Kenneth M'Cabe spent his holidays in Strathspey this year, but was unfortunate in meeting few of his school contemporaries—even in the "pubs"!

In the services Colin M'Intosh discovered a talent for tennis. He is the first local player to have reached the final of the men's singles in the Grantown tournament (besides the finals of the men's doubles and handicap singles). Demobbed with the rank of captain, Colin has now sailed for Ceylon to start tea planting.

We regret to hear that Ian M'Intosh, a student of engineering at London Polytechnic, has been very ill. His recovery, we trust, will be speedy and complete.

Pat M'Lean has obtained his degree in law at Edinburgh University. After his apprenticeship finishes in October, Pat and his wife may be able to settle in the north.

The birth of a fourth son ushers in a new season of "nappie" washing for Jimmie M'Leod—and promises more concern for fearful dominies.

Mrs A. D. MacLaren (Sheila MacDougall) with her two children will shortly be leaving to join her husband in Venezuela.

With the birth of Stuart Macpherson, our secretary has remustered with the pram-pushing brigade. Success, however, still continues to attend his other activities. To him and to Scoutmaster Jim M'Kenzie is due the high morale of the Grantown troop. Last summer's camp at Brodie was the best ever.

John A. Milne, M.A., has left Nairn to become headmaster of Mosstowie School, near Elgin. John was a member of Nairn Town Council.

Midshipman James Mitchell is seeing the world with Elder Dempster Lines. Two local ladies were passengers aboard his ship on a recent voyage to South Africa—Mrs Shankland and her daughter Mary.

Edwin Munro, our new maître d'hôtel, performs the morning shopping with complete elegance, discriminating dried cod and finnan haddies with the nose of a connoisseur.

The F.P. Club has been fortunate in securing the services of a very capable secretary in Jeannette Munro. As a civil servant under the War Office, Jeannette may soon be posted to the south of England. She will be hard to replace.

Jean Paterson, her predecessor as secretary, is still as conversant with the activities of F.P.'s as with their taste and size in footwear.

Her brother John, when seen at all, has the inner glow of those about to marry. His friends wish he would get on with it in the hope that they may then see more of him.

Sandy Phimister has his golf to thank for admission to the most exclusive sports' club in South Africa. Knowledge of German, acquired when a prisoner of war, has enabled him to do valuable service to his bank in interviewing German clients.

After a year as assistant at Lossiemouth, Roy has become assistant golf professional in the south of England with good prospects. As captain of the ladies' golf section, Betty keeps the family colours flying on the home course.

The Old Guard are indebted to David Ross for taking the Badminton Club on his shoulders, preoccupied as he must be with the problems of home-making. He is assisted by Sandy Calder as secretary and an able committee.

Mrs Robert Ross (Margaret Davidson) has temporarily undertaken the duties of headmistress at Achnarow School. The family will return to Dulnain-Bridge at week-ends. Margaret's mother, Mrs Hannah Davidson, has given up her post as headmistress of Dalnaspidal owing to ill-health.

Bob's green beret strikes a gay note on the firing point, where he is happier than on the first tee. Chad's eye is as good as ever, and his collection of rosebowls continues to grow at rather an embarrassing rate.

At the Old Guard sports meeting in September, Tom Rattray undertook to arrange golf fixtures for the 1950 season. At the same meeting it was decided to retain the old red and silver colours and to have membership cards revised and reprinted.

Resuming medical studies after army service, Billy Sellar has passed his first year's examinations. Aloof from the world, he digests learned tomes in a lofty attic.

After her stay in Athens, Mrs Annfield (Winnie Shaw) had some interesting comments to make on the extremes of luxury and poverty that prevail in the shadow of the Acropolis.

A pillion seat may not be the most comfortable mode of travel. Still it helps Lewis Sutherland to hang on to John Wright all the

way from Renfrew to Grantown. John leaves Renfrew at Christmas for training in erection and servicing work on new power stations.

Mr and Mrs Colin Sutton (Kay Mackay) have returned from Aberdeen where Colin was on the staff of the Clydesdale Bank. They have now taken over the management of Craiglynn Hotel.

It would seem that David (Jock) Winchester, careful bachelor, is at last seeing visions and beyond listening to reason. Jim like David is a notable shot and would be the man to muster a team from the Old Guard.

Our deep sympathy goes to the relatives of James Bell, who died in Canada. James left Cromdale to become a clerk with the Hudson Bay Company and ultimately became a manager of one of their posts in the Far North. We can but regret that, after the exacting years in so rigorous a climate, he did not live to enjoy deserved relaxation in the gentler haunts of his boyhood.

We feel deeply, too, for Mrs Alex. Cruickshank. After the loss of her husband, a good friend of pupils of the Grammar School, she has now sustained another great sorrow in the death of her daughter Helen, who had earned so warm a place in the affection of old and young.

To all who have married in the past year we wish every happiness and good fortune.

To men of the Old Guard and to all F.P.'s at home and beyond the seas we send our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

R. W.

NOTES.

The Editor suggests that, for the next edition of the Magazine, articles and completed circulars should be in his hands by 30th June.

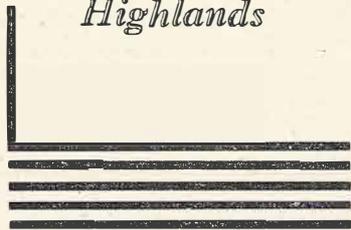
The Editor would like to thank Miss Jeannette Munro and Mr Peter Macpherson for their work in compiling the lists of members and in keeping him informed of activities. His thanks are also due to those who have contributed articles, and to Miss Grant, of the Grammar School staff.

Subscriptions (2/-) are now due for 1949-50 and should be sent as soon as possible to Miss Jeannette Munro, Heath Cottage, 2 Woodlands Crescent, or to Mr Peter Macpherson, Briar Cottage, Grant Road. Subscription for life membership is 12/6.

F.P.'s who are not yet members are urged to enrol in one or other of the Clubs and to take an active interest in the Grammar School and F.P. activities.

R. W.

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