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# The Grammar School Magazine

## Grantown-on-Spey.

No. 23.

DECEMBER, 1951.

General Editor—A. S. Mackenzie.

Advertising Manager—J. Knight.

### Editorial.

ONCE more the School Magazine comes to you, smaller perhaps in size, but, nevertheless, we hope as interesting, and as full as possible of news of the old school as in former years. We, in school, have not been unaffected by The Festival of Britain, and in this issue of the magazine we have attempted to put the accent on travel.

Before we deal with our travellers, however, let us take a look at the internal changes which have taken place in the school since last year. For one thing the new technical and domestic science building came into use around last Easter. This well-equipped building is the last word in classrooms and is the pride of the school and the Education Committee. Our beautifully surfaced playground is now flanked in parts with plots of grass edged with flowers. What a change has been wrought in those past two years to the rough, stony playground we used to know!

This year, as has already been indicated, has been one of movement and enterprise. For example, two very enterprising young ladies entered and won a contest sponsored by a national newspaper, bringing honour to the school and themselves, and gaining a free trip to London. Last year's editor had the good fortune to be chosen as a Kemsley Scholar. For this a trip to Belgium was the reward. We also had three representatives at the National Youth Camp at West Linton. Two of our sixth year men were on holiday in Paris. One of them did the trip by bicycle!

Most of this travelling about, and more besides, has been reflected in the pupils' articles, which we hope you will find very full and interesting. Nothing more then remains for us to say than "Good luck, good reading, and all the best to you, dear reader, wherever you may be."

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Festival of Britain year has come and gone, leaving in school as elsewhere its trail of memories.

\* \* \*

1951 will certainly be remembered in school for various reasons, not least in witnessing the completion of a scheme for improved and increased accommodation.

\* \* \*

Well-equipped domestic science and technical subjects premises are now in full use, and two additional classrooms have thus become available in the main school building.

\* \* \*

On Prize Day, 5th July, parents and friends were able to inspect the new premises, which housed part of the pupils' work exhibition on that occasion.

\* \* \*

The prize-giving ceremony was favoured with a crowded attendance as usual. Lt.-Col. Sir Hugh Turnbull, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., gave an impressive address which had much wise advice for his hearers, while Lady Turnbull presented the prizes. The Harvey Dux was Iain C. Burgess.

\* \* \*

Rev. Joseph Grant presided with his customary good sense and charm. Miss Wharton Duff, Chairman of Moray and Nairn Education Committee, and Mr Wm. F. Lindsay, Director of Education, were present and spoke shortly, as did the School Convener, Mr Cameron.

\* \* \*

In his annual report, Mr Hunter referred to the great loss sustained by school and community in the death of Rev. Wm. Scott Taylor, minister of Inverallan, who had been school chaplain for many years.

\* \* \*

Rev. Mr Mackay conducted the devotional part of the service and the musical programme was in the hands of Mr Lovatt, who has returned as music teacher in place of Mrs Whittle.

\* \* \*

Mr Marshall Smith, County Councillor, was Empire Day speaker last May. His subject, the British Crown, was one which conveyed interesting and valuable information to his young audience.

\* \* \*

In April, Mr James Cullen took over from Mr Liddell the duties of physical training teacher; and, after the summer vacation, Mr Allan Fraser replaced Mr Wm. J. Fraser as teacher of technical subjects.

This year's Leaving Certificate written examinations were supervised by Rev. John D. Ross, South Church; Mr Ross is now school chaplain in succession to the late Mr Scott Taylor.

\* \* \*

Wm. Donald M'Taggart, 1950 Harvey Dux, was chosen as one of the fortunate school pupils of North-east Scotland who toured Belgium last summer under the Kemsley Scholarship Scheme.

\* \* \*

Three senior pupils from this school attended the National Youth Camp at Broomlee, West Linton, in August. They were Sheina Donaldson, Julia Stuart and Gordon M'Gregor.

\* \* \*

Two younger Secondary pupils, Wilma Watt and Morna M'Kenzie, were the much-envied winners of prizes offered by a well-known newspaper, which took the form of a trip to London, including a visit to the Festival Exhibition there.

\* \* \*

A Schools' Drama Festival, sponsored by the Director of Education, was begun last session. The Grammar School's contribution, a one-act play, "Something to Talk About," was given in Forres in conjunction with entries from Forres Academy and Nairn Academy.

\* \* \*

The dress rehearsal here was made the occasion of a small Festival of our own. With the above play were presented in the school hall two smaller items—a sketch from "David Copperfield," written by Mr Donaldson, and a mime, "The King's Breakfast," produced by Mrs M'Gillivray.

\* \* \*

This year had an additional drama feature in the visit last May of the Osiris Repertory Company, who gave in the school hall a first-rate performance of "The Merchant of Venice." A notable point about this Company was that all its members were ladies.

\* \* \*

Mr Wrigley, a regular summer term visitor as astronomy lecturer under the auspices of the Cormack Bequest, gave this year an illustrated lecture on "The Sun." Miss Fraser operated the epidiastroscope as usual.

\* \* \*

Another well-known visiting lecturer, Miss Cormack, Technical Nursing Officer, brought with her last June a Mobile Nursing Exhibition, which evoked keen interest on the part of the senior girls who saw it.

**1951 LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS.**

12 pupils were awarded Scottish Leaving Certificates and nine who gained the Certificate in 1950 had additional passes. Individual subject passes were as follows:—

- James M. Archibald—Hr. Maths. (1950 passes in Hr. Eng., Hr. French, Lr. Hist., Lr. Sc. and Arith. and Lr. Maths.).  
 Norah F. Brooks—Hr. Eng., Lr. Hist., Lr. Fr., Lr. Ger., Arith.  
 Iain C. Burgess—Hr. Eng., Hr. Maths., Hr. Fr., Hr. Sc., Lr. Latin, Lr. Hist., Arith.  
 Marjory S. Carr—Hr. Fr., Lr. Maths. (1950 passes in Hr. Eng., Arith.)  
 Sheina M. Donaldson—Hr. Maths., Hr. Lat., Hr. Ger., (1950 passes in Hr. Eng., Hr. Fr., Lr. Hist., Lr. Lat., Lr. Ger., Arith.).  
 Douglas J. Gordon—Hr. Eng., Lr. Hist., (1950 passes in Lr. Maths., Lr. Fr., Arith.).  
 Elizabeth M. Lawrence—Lr. French.  
 James Lorrain-Smith—Lr. Eng., Lr. Fr.  
 Elizabeth M. Macdonald—Hr. Fr., Lr. Maths. (1950 passes in Hr. Eng., Lr. Hist., Lr. Fr., Arith.).  
 Jessie M'Donald—Hr. Ger., Lr. Maths. (1950 passes in Hr. Eng., Lr. Hist., Hr. Fr., Lr. Ger.).  
 Donald J. Macdonald—Lr. Hist., Arith.  
 George W. G. Macgregor—Hr. Fr., Hr. Sc., Lr. Hist. (1950 passes in Hr. Eng., Hr. Maths., Lr. Fr., Lr. Sc., Arith.).  
 May D. M'Kenzie—Hr. Ger., Lr. Maths., Arith. (1950 passes in Hr. Eng., Hr. Fr., Lr. Hist., Lr. Ger.).  
 Isabella E. G. Mackintosh—Hr. Eng., Hr. Fr., Lr. Hist., Lr. Ger.  
 William D. M'Taggart—Hr. Lat., Hr. Greek (1950 passes in Hr. Eng., Hr. Maths., Hr. Fr., Hr. Sc., Lr. Hist., Lr. Gr., Arith.).  
 Isabella M. Marshall—Hr. Eng., Hr. Fr., Lr. Hist., Lr. Lat., Lr. Sc., Arith.  
 Alexander S. Mortimer—Lr. Hist., Arith.  
 Resa Petric—Lr. French.  
 Ian Ritchie—Lr. Eng., Lr. Maths., Arith.  
 Donald M. Smith—Hr. Eng., Hr. Sc., Lr. Hist., Lr. Maths., Arith.  
 Julia M. Stuart—Hr. Eng., Hr. Fr., Arith.

**THE LATE REV. WM. SCOTT TAYLOR.**  
**(An Appreciation by the Rector.)**

The school has found inspiration through the years in the faithful service and support of its many friends. None has given more faithful service, it is certain, than the late Mr Scott Taylor alike in his capacity as chaplain and as a true friend of staff and pupils. In his lamented demise, the school has suffered a heavy loss. We shall long remember him for the dignifying and uplifting influence he brought to Prize Day in its devotional exercises. Not less shall we cherish the memory of his cheerfulness and friendliness when he joined us, as he did on every possible occasion, at our social gatherings. To all who have at heart the moral and spiritual welfare of our young people, Mr Taylor's help and encouragement meant more than can be expressed in mere words, and his inspiration will endure. The

sympathy of staff and pupils is extended to Mrs Scott Taylor in the grievous loss she has sustained.

**THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES.**

Norah Brooks (Girls' Captain) surveys her charges from a higher altitude than the average one. Norah will command respect.

David Ross (Boys' Captain) occasionally also achieves a high altitude, as he broke the school record for the high jump last year. David is likewise our first technical aspirant for an L.C. May he continue to reach the heights.

Maxwell Smith (Boys' Vice-Captain) has a present bent for testing the interiors of engines, and an ambition to be physician to the interiors of animals.

Iain Burgess (House Captain and School Dux) evidently believes with Bacon that travel is a part of education. A summer hike took him as far as Paris.

Evelyn M'Intosh (Girls' Vice-Captain) continues to tour the school with an expression of happy content. You would imagine she liked school.

Donald Macdonald (House Captain) still personifies good nature in a big way and still, as anchor, makes the winning of the tug-of-war a Roy perquisite.

Ian Ritchie (Football Vice-Captain) gets about as much as ever during the holidays and on the football field. Last summer golf and drama brought him added kudos.

Shona M'Dougall (Hockey Captain), lissom and fleet, as sports champion should lay the emphasis on fast and thrustful play.

Sandy Mackenzie (Magazine Editor) evidently finds that his desire to go places has transcended the ordinary means of location, and the chug-chug of his auto-cycle has become one of the familiar noises of Strathspey.

Rita Marshall (House Captain), after a successful L.C. year, is laying plans for a still more extensive course of study.

Julia Stuart (Games Secretary) under a quiet exterior conceals considerable gifts in study, in games and in music. You never know what next.

Mona Scott (Hockey Vice-Captain) is a veteran of the hockey team. When she scores a goal, the opposition claim that they did not notice she was there.

Sandy Gordon and George Dixon are now prefects. Junior offenders run the risk of being addressed by Sandy in five languages, while there is always the risk of George's inventive genius being used to devise some new method of punishment. The Class IV. prefects are James Macdonald and Stuart M'Cook.

Our girl prefects have their individual ways of keeping fit. In Marlene M'William's case badminton and hockey supply the answer. Joan Fraser favours Highland dancing; Sheena M'Intosh enjoys hockey and music; Beth Lawrence believes in pedestrian exercise. Our far-travelling young ladies from the country, Jessie Donaldson, Violet Gordon and Sheina Ogilvy probably find getting up at an early hour a sufficient stimulus.

**GRANTOWN.**

Since I came to Grantown,  
Up to Cairngorm View  
And along the River Spey  
I've been hiking every day.  
I have seen the salmon leap  
In the water deep,  
And the squirrels in the wood  
Laying in their store of food.  
But I like best of all  
To watch the golfers hit the ball.  
Then I hurry home for tea,  
As hungry, hungry as can be.

GORDON FRASER, Primary 6.

**THE TALE OF THE TEN RABBITS.**

Mrs Rabbit lived on the outskirts of a big wood. She had ten children who liked each other very much and were never separated.

One afternoon Mrs Rabbit went out visiting, leaving her children at home. While she was gone, the ten little rabbits played hide-and-seek in the wood. After a while the eldest of the ten, to make sure they were all there, started to count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

He looked puzzled. "Only nine. Where's the tenth?" he asked. He called all their names, and all seemed to be there, but he could only count nine.

After what seemed a long time they thought they had better go home. Their mother met them at the door, and they told her what had happened. She counted them all ten, and laughing she told the oldest one, "You could not have counted yourself, you silly bunny."

NORMA MILNE, Primary 7.

**THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN.**

The Festival of Britain in ~~our~~ country this year,

Drew many visitors from towns far and near.  
The South Bank Exhibition was the centre of all,

But everybody feared the Skylon was going to fall.

The Dome of Discovery for scientists was grand,  
But for us ordinary people we just couldn't understand.

COLIN R. KEITH, Primary 7.

**HOW MORNA AND I SPENT FOUR DAYS IN WONDERLAND.**

May the 3rd and 10th will always stand out as red letter days in the memory of Morna Mackenzie and myself, as it was on these days we received the news we had won a free trip to the Festival of Britain. When we posted our competitions, we didn't even consider the possibility of winning; so it was indeed a surprise and also a thrill to ourselves and the school.

At last after what had seemed like years, the 23rd of July arrived, and Morna and I left Grantown for London and the Festival.

We went by the "Flying Scotsman" from Edinburgh to London, stopping only at Newcastle and Grantham and arriving at King's Cross at 5.45 p.m. Taxis took us to our wonderful hotel. After dinner our first night was spent in sightseeing. This was great fun, as we saw the Festival grounds floodlit, which is indeed a marvellous sight.

On the Tuesday we went for a conducted 'bus tour of London, and saw through many famous places, like Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London and St Paul's Cathedral. We also watched the "Changing of the Guard" at Buckingham Palace. We passed such interesting places as H.M. Theatre, St James' Palace, the Albert Hall, Scotland Yard and Trafalgar Square. On the 'bus with us were a party from France. They too were greatly impressed by everything they saw. Morna and I tried to improve our French by sitting behind them and listening to their conversation. At night we went to St James' Theatre to see "Caesar and Cleopatra," starring Sir Laurence Olivier. It was a revelation.

Next day we went to the Festival itself. Words cannot express how wonderful everything is there, with the Skylon, the Dome of Discovery, the Concert Hall and the Fountains. It is really a tribute to Britain that the whole world comes to visit the Festival. The gardens at Battersea Park were our next call. Morna and I went on the Waltzer. The Waltzer did not suit Morna and she was glad when it came to a stop. I went on the Big Dipper by myself. What a thrill it would have been, if it had not been for certain uncomfortable feelings I experienced! I too was sick and dizzy when it came to a halt. We both enjoyed the Helter Skelter, and had great fun in the Hall of Mirrors. There were lots more, but I cannot describe everything in this small space. Our next visit was to the B.B.C. Television exhibition. We all made a recording which was played to us later on. The last "Port of Call" was the London Daily Mail offices, where we were shown how our daily papers are printed, from start to finish. Then we wended our weary way homewards to pack our cases, for homecoming the following morning, with happy memories to cherish all our lives.

WILMA WATT, IVb.

**THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN.**

Come to the Festival—in London 'tis the cry;  
Come to the Festival—you'll see the Skylon in the sky;

Come to the Festival—though the weather's wet or dry;

Come to the Festival of Britain.

Come to the Festival—the posters do not lie,  
Come to the Festival—in the Big Dipper you'll ride high;

Come to the Festival—its end is drawing nigh;  
Come to the Festival of Britain.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH, IIIa.

### MY OLD SCHOOL IN ENGLAND.

For four years I attended Trowbridge High School in Wiltshire. To enter the school we all had to pass an entrance examination. We had a school uniform which was disliked by some girls; but most of us agreed that it was really for the best, except perhaps for the fact that we had to wear a beret to and from school.

We were often told that our manners were bad, but really they were good compared with some other schools. If a member of staff entered a form room at T.G.H.S., we all stood until given permission to sit, and we all kept silent. A staff member always had the door opened by the mistress when she left the room. No one ever passed through the door in front of a teacher.

At five past nine a silence bell was rung, and we were all supposed to be silent when on the way to the hall for prayers. The same rule applied to our return to our form room, and we remained quiet until the mistress or master had finished all form business. Of course, many of us did speak but only in a whisper, or we were "in for trouble."

On a Wednesday dinner at 1.30 about twenty girls went to detention, or to "Miss Wright's tea party," as it was commonly called.

Detentions were given for incorrect work or for three "order marks" in a week. Order marks were given for everything and anything, including work not given in on time without proper excuse. Another form of punishment was "reports," which were given if we were seen not wearing our berets, or for knitting, reading comics, or eating in class—though these cases were rare.

The school building was large and modern, built in the shape of an E. We also had the best gymnasium in the district, and three fields for games. The boys also had three fields lying parallel to ours. There were about 350 girls in the school, and twenty teachers including two masters.

SYLVIA WARN, IVd.

### A CHIMNEY FIRE.

One evening in the winter time,  
A year or two ago,  
The wind was howling round the house,  
And piling up the snow.  
We drew our chairs beside the fire,  
But it was very low;  
And on it father poured some oil,  
To make a brighter glow.  
The oil ignited all at once,  
The flames began to roar,  
And louder than the stormy gale,  
We heard an awful roar.  
"The chimney's on fire, the house will burn."  
We got a fearful scare,  
As through the darkened window pane  
We saw a ruddy glare.  
We all rushed out into the night,  
And looked up to the sky,  
And from the chimney pot we saw  
The dancing flames leap high.

Thousands of blazing sparks flew up  
Amidst the whirling flakes,  
Then suddenly the pot came down  
And crashed upon the slates.  
And now the fire was past its worst,  
The flames were dying down;  
The darkness of night came down once more,  
And blotted out the town.  
Now, if you have a fire that's low,  
And a kettle that will not boil,  
Have patience, try a few dry sticks,  
But draw the line at oil.

PATRICIA MACDONALD, Ia.

### "PLAGUE TAKE YOU!"

They have their abodes in birch glades and rowan thickets. Living in teeming hordes as they do, they must have very congested quarters; yet they have a marvellous capacity for keeping themselves hidden during the day.

Most of them are warriors by profession. In the calm of a summer's evening they descend noiselessly upon their prey. The poor creature attacked soon finds himself in great discomfort (these warriors have the unpleasant habit of sucking their victim's blood while he is yet alive), and tries to ward off his pursuers. This offers him some difficulty, as his attackers are veteran warriors skilled in tactics. They have one basic manoeuvre, which is to attack their victim from different angles, thus overpowering him.

The question next arises as to how the victim of these warriors is to defend himself. They are too elusive for spearing, too nimble for shooting with bow and arrow, and too numerous for pistol shooting. Yet, do not lose heart, brother, there still remains one means of conquering them—he who sends up the produce of Virginia in little grey clouds has more power over them than a man armed with a Sten gun. These warriors are superstitious folk, and they look upon *homo sapiens* smoking a cigarette as some priest who has come to annihilate them in a cloud of blue-grey smoke. It may also be recorded here that they hold a certain natural phenomenon in great awe, viz.: the wind. Immediately the sylphs start to blow they vanish as noiselessly as they came.

Now, you may ask, what are these warriors called, and what do they look like? They are small of stature, but they are helped in their war-like actions by a pair of wings. In a word they are midge(t)s.

ALEX L. GORDON, Va.

### NATIONAL YOUTH CAMP.

On the morning of the 20th August, two very excited young ladies boarded the 11.35 for Edinburgh. We were on our way at last to spend a long-awaited fortnight at Broomlee Camp School. The Moray and Nairn pupils were the last to arrive. We were greeted with great cheering and were feeling rather important, when we were told by a hungry young male, "It's about time you were here! We're all famishing!"

Life at camp was very busy and the organisers must be congratulated for their excellent work. The day began with a short service in the Assembly Hall, followed immediately by a lecture. These lectures, which proved very interesting and instructive, included subjects such as Local Government, National Government, World Citizenship, the Press, Radio and Cinema.

After the lecture, we dispersed for a few minutes. There was the usual rush for the Tuck Shop, where the individuals who thought themselves half-starved, satisfied their wants. Need I add that eating is one of my own favourite pastimes?

Then back to the Hall, where we discussed in our various groups the questions we wished to ask. And so for perhaps an hour we fired our questions at the speakers.

The afternoon programmes were organised mostly by the pupils. Many happy afternoons were spent on the sports field or in the Assembly Hall when the rain, with which we are well acquainted, came on. Many of the more energetic pupils, my worthy friend and I included, went for a ramble over Mount Maw one afternoon. I might add that we returned feeling far less energetic than when we set out.

The evening activities were thoroughly enjoyed by all, even when the films, which we were shown by our very own "J. Arthur Rank," insisted on breaking down at the most interesting points. We had varied evening programmes, such as dances, variety concerts, documentary films, a "hat" night, "Twenty Questions" and a Beetle Drive.

Two trips were made to the Edinburgh Festival, where we were guests of the Educational Institute of Scotland. Each pupil was given the opportunity of seeing two shows. I was fortunate enough to see the Sadlers Wells Ballet Company in "Swan Lake." I shall never forget that night. After the performance we were taken back-stage to speak to the stars. I left the theatre in a daze. I was still in a dream as we drove along Princes Street which was illuminated during the Festival. I have never seen anything so striking as the sight of the Castle standing out in the darkness. The mist swirling about the grey battlements gave it an eerie, ghostlike appearance which held me in awe.

Thirty of the pupils who were interested in music, were taken to Glenconner Camp, Abington, to hear the rehearsal of the National Youth Orchestra, conducted by Walter Susskind. It was a great experience.

A bus tour of the Borders was made, the route including Peebles, Galashiels, Abbotsford, Melrose, Selkirk and Moffat. The countryside there is very beautiful. It is much greener than our well-loved purple wilds in the north.

And thus on our last evening, with prayers conducted by the village minister, our eventful fortnight came to a close. Early on the morning of the 3rd September our happy band broke up, some to journey to the Borders, some to Shetland and Skye, some to the cities and villages, and we, with eager hearts, boarded the train for the north and Grantown.

JULIA M. STUART, VII.

### THANK YOU.

Home work is something which has to be done but never enjoyed. Last August, however, I would have given anything to be at home doing my lessons as usual. For at that time I was all alone in a small cubicle in an Elgin hospital, very ill and under close observation.

I was allowed no visitors. I could not even write home. The doctors and nurses were the only people I saw for a month. They were very kind and considerate, and nothing was too much bother to them. The young patients who were there were very homesick and discontented and gave the nurses endless work, but they were always very patient and cheerful. They gave each of us the same kind attention. The wardmaids and orderlies also did their work as if it were a pleasure, and helped us to forget our aches and pains. They had always something amusing to say.

When, one morning, the sister told me I was going home the next day, I was overjoyed. But when the time came to leave, I was very sorry to say goodbye to them.

As a rule we never think of hospitals, doctors or nurses but it is wonderful to know that they are always there to care for us when we are ill.

JAMES MACDONALD, IVc.

### MURDER AT MIDNIGHT.

Slowly and silently pussy crept,  
And the mouse heard not a sound;  
The moon shone brightly o'er the spot,  
When Micky, my cat, gave a bound.  
The cat miaowed in triumph,  
And her claws gripped it tight,  
And under the shining harvest moon,  
They battled with all their might.  
At last it was all over,  
Of the mouse there was no trace;  
Pussy sighed with pure content,  
And began to wash her face.

PAT LAWRENCE, IIa.

### AN EXCITING DREAM.

One day while on holiday I borrowed a small boat to explore some caves. Suddenly the boat crashed, and I was dragged aboard a large ship, which was occupied by pirates. The captain of the ship commanded me to help the sailors to scrub the deck. I obeyed, feeling rather frightened. I had never scrubbed anything before; so I didn't make a very good job of it.

Soon I had another job to do, and that was to sharpen the cutlasses and load the guns. But instead of sharpening the cutlasses, I made them blunt, and when the captain came along to inspect the work, and saw the first sword, he shouted to a sailor to come and sharpen a cutlass to cut off my head. But then he had a better idea; so he blindfolded me and made me walk the plank. I felt myself going down and down, then, crash! I woke up to find that it was all a dream.

MACKENZIE ROSS, Ia.

**LACE CURTAINS.**

Lace curtains! What picture does that conjure up in your mind? Do you think of dainty draperies to enhance the appearance of a room, or of net designed to shut out the prying eye, and yet allow the occupants to observe unseen? It may be you think of stiff, starched hangings giving a grim, forbidding appearance and lacking in beauty? To you, no doubt, the curtains seem to shut out the light of day as in Victorian times.

But have you ever seen a town decorated with lace? This summer I had the opportunity of seeing such a town. While motoring through Darvel in Ayrshire I noticed that every window was swathed, inside and out, with lace in every design and colour under the sun. Lace banners fluttered everywhere and they really gave it a unique appearance.

The question which naturally arose in my mind was—why all the lace? However, I soon found out that Darvel was garbed in all the glory of its chief production for the crowning of the Lace Queen.

What happens to all this lace afterwards? I did not find an answer to this, but I suspect that it is carefully washed and laid away till the time comes to honour the next Queen.

ELIZABETH M. LAWRENCE, VIa.

**BED.**

Blessed be the man who invented beds! May he, like those who have come after him, rest in peace! For bed, that wonderful haven of rest where one can pass a health-giving night's sleep, that region of fortitude where one is able to be nursed through the rocky valleys of an illness into the verdant pastures of good health, is too apt to be taken for granted.

In the dim, distant past, mediæval man spent the night on rushes strewn in a corner, or, if he was of a class of society which forbade this humble mode of rest, he procured two sheets, sewed them together, filled them with straw and feathers, and retired upon this primitive form of mattress. But those types were havens to more than man, for in them lodged vermin which spread epidemics.

However, time marches on, and beds, like everything else, were revolutionised. People began to realise their importance, and the rage for the luxurious four-poster took a hold, although the less fortunate had to make do with one in a curtained-off recess in the wall. Taste in beds to-day has taken a more sensible turn, and they have become a necessary acquisition of the household.

We can "rest assured," moreover, that though other inventions come and go, the bed, common article though it may seem, is as important to human life as some of the more publicly paraded inventions of our time. "And so to Bed!"

JOAN FRASER, Vb.

**BACK TO SCHOOL.**

For eight long weeks they set us free  
From lessons and from school;  
Our cases and our jotters  
We packed beneath a stool.  
At 9 o'clock no bell did ring,  
There was no rush and bustle;  
We lay in bed until we rose,  
And no one bade us hustle.  
The eight short weeks were past and gone  
Before we knew they'd started;  
Out came our cases and our books,  
Our freedom had departed.

MARY HOGG, Ib.

**CHANGING OVER.**

After attending a small country school for seven years and having only one teacher all that time, I felt a bit nervous the first morning I set out to attend Grantown Grammar School. I knew it must be very different from the country school, but I kept telling myself I would get used to it, although I wondered how soon. It did seem a huge place compared to the little primary school. There were so many teachers, so many rooms and such a big class. I had not had even one classmate for a few years. But the day passed quickly, and I felt I was going to like the bigger school, and by the end of the first week I was quite used to it.

GEORGE COUTTS, Ib.

**MY FIRST DAY IN PARIS.**

Accompanied by four Irish boys, I arrived in Paris in the evening, and reached the camp which was to be my home during my visit. As it was late and we were tired, we turned in early.

Next morning, after an uneventful night, we made our plans for the day. We decided on a circular tour starting and finishing at the Invalides, which was about 100 yards from our camp. All plans made, we set off. Unfortunately, when we arrived at the Invalides, we discovered a mutual lack of French currency. Enquiries concerning the whereabouts of a bank elicited vague directions to some place apparently on the other side of the city. A gendarme, however, proved more helpful. Evidently, having had former experience of tourists, he directed us to Cook's. We walked down the Esplanade des Invalides and turned right right along the banks of the Seine past the Chambre des Députés. Here, on the parapet beside the river, we came upon a plaque, a reminder of the recent war, inscribed:—

" Ici est tombé —

Agé de 24 ans

Mort pour la Patrie, 1943."

These plaques appear all too often on the walls of Paris houses, and testify to the undying courage of the French people.

After crossing the river by the Pont de la Concorde, we arrived in the Place de la Concorde, which we crossed with some difficulty.

as there is no speed limit in Paris. Continuing straight on along the Rue Royale, we reached Cook's, which is beside the Madeleine Church. After cashing some traveller's cheques, we went into the Madeleine and had a look around. Afterwards we returned to the Place de la Concorde, and by walking through the Jardin des Tuileries, we arrived at the Louvre. Among the famous exhibits which are in this museum and picture-gallery are the Mona Lisa, and the Venus de Milo. Here, I must remark, while looking at the pictures, I unfortunately lost my friends. (This is easier to do than it sounds, for the Louvre is really enormous. I walked for two hours there, and did not see anything twice.) After doing my best to see everything in the short time at my disposal, I went out again into the Jardin des Tuileries where stands the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, an arch very like the famous Arc de Triomphe de L'Etoile, which stands at the other end of the Avenue des Champs Elysées. The Louvre, the Carrousel, the Champs Elysées and the Arc de Triomphe all lie in a straight line, and I was thus able to find my way easily to the last-named, which was the next object on my list.

After having some sandwiches and Coca Cola for lunch, I went up to the arch. Underneath it lies the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. The grave was covered with wreaths, and at the head was burning the flame that never goes out. After this, I took the lift up to the top, from where I had an excellent view of the twelve avenues which radiate from it and give it its name. From the souvenir shop on top, I bought an illustrated map of Paris, which proved very useful.

Next, I followed one of the avenues, Avenue Kléber, which took me to the Palais de Chaillot. In the gardens of this palace is an aquarium, which contains a large selection of fish and reptiles.

From here, I crossed the river to the Eiffel Tower. This huge erection of steel, which is known all over the world, is over 900 feet high, and when you are standing at the foot, it seems to stretch up and up for ever. To reach the top, I had to queue for nearly half-an-hour to get a ticket. (This was about the only queue I saw during my stay in Paris. Usually it is a case of the person with the hardest elbows being served first.) Hardly had I entered the lift when I was assailed by a violent thump on the back, and a voice (with an unmistakable Glasgow accent) which shouted in my ear: "Well, well. Isn't Paris a small place?" I turned round, and there, standing behind me were two Scots who had shared a cubicle with me at a hostel in Beauvais two nights previously. While we exchanged views on Paris in general, the lift took us to the first stage. Here we changed into another lift which took us half-way up. From there, a third lift took us to the top. The weather was beautifully clear, and after posting the inevitable post card from the post office, and looking around the souvenir shops, we went out on to the platform. All Paris lay around us as if it were a map. Most of the places of interest were visible. To the north, the Arc de Triomphe, to the north-east, Sacré-

Cœur, gleaming white in the evening sunshine, to the east Notre Dame, to the south, the Luxembourg Gardens, and to the west, the beautiful Bois de Boulogne.

Evening, however, was now fast drawing in, and the time had come to return home. Together we descended, and went our separate ways, they to the Youth Hostel in the suburbs, I through the Champ de Mars, past the Ecole Militaire, and hence to the camp near the Invalides. Soon I was again in the marquise, where I found the Irish boys, who had arrived about half-an-hour earlier. Over the supper table, we told each other of our adventures, and, as night fell, we went to bed, well satisfied with our first day in Paris.

IAIN C. BURGESS, VIa.

### SCOTLAND.

When treasured friends seek distant lands

Across the ocean's foam,

There's many a time we think of them,

And wish them safe at home.

In all the corners of the earth,

Wherever they may be,

There comes a call they can't resist

From far across the sea.

The call of Scotland's lochs and streams,

The call of mountain, crag and hill—

It fills their lonely hearts with joy

As they turn homeward with a will.

And as they near the rugged coast

Of Scotland's ancient land,

They long to see the rugged hills,

The pines with breezes fanned.

The Clyde, the pride of rivers,

Alone can boast that she

Has built the greatest ships e'er made

To battle with the sea.

Aberdeen, the granite city,

Inverness, with castle gray,

Elgin and her cathedral,

The Findhorn and the Spey.

The rock of Edinburgh,

The bonnie town, Dundee,

The rolling border country,

The islands of the sea.

Yes, Scotland is a country,

Beloved by one and all;

Its exiles, wheresoe'er they be,

Turn homeward at its call.

ROBERT MACKENZIE, IVa.

### A FLIGHT FROM DYCE AIRPORT, ABERDEEN, TO GRIMSETTER AIRPORT, ORKNEY.

After travelling to Aberdeen by rail, we were picked up at the station by the B.E.A. 'bus, which swiftly bore us through the bustle of Aberdeen to the airport, where we had a cup of tea at the buffet. To prevent air-sickness, we were given two barley-sugar sweets, and we were also given a packet of cotton wool to put in our ears because of the effect the altitude of the 'plane has on the ear-drums.

Soon came an announcement over the loud-speaker—"Will all passengers for Orkney please proceed to the aircraft," which was in this case a Pionair—a converted Dakota. There was a crew of four—pilot, co-pilot, wireless operator and stewardess.

The pilot started the engines, and we taxied slowly and cumbrously to the end of the runway. For two or three minutes, the pilot warmed the engines. Then we rolled forward, rapidly gathering speed; soon the tail was up, and then suddenly the bumping and lurching of the 'plane stopped. We were in the air!

At first we climbed rapidly, but after about fifteen minutes, we levelled up, and headed for our distant destination—Orkney. After another five minutes, having flown over the flat cultivated plains of North Aberdeenshire, we crossed the coastline and were over the sea—a wide expanse of glittering water. On our left was the coastline of Scotland, and on our right nothing but water. Half-an-hour later the stewardess came round carrying a card with all the details of the flight—speed, height, time of arrival, etc. We could distinguish the Cromarty and Dornoch firths, and after forty-five minutes we saw the islands of Orkney ahead, while on our left was John O'Groats. Over Orkney there was a thick mist, and soon our view was obscured by great swirling clouds of mist rushing by the windows. At last we began to descend, but still there was mist all around, but due to radar, the pilot was able to take his right course, and finally we burst out of the mist about fifty feet up to see the runways of Grimsetter straight ahead.

We made a safe and smooth landing and soon were stepping out of the Pionair on to "terra firma" again, after a flight of only sixty minutes. Thus we made a journey of one hundred and twenty miles in one hour, and as this time includes the taxiing of the aircraft, we actually did the journey in about forty-five minutes. All that remained now was to collect the luggage and proceed to our holiday home. Therefore I can truly second the new adage—"Travel by B.E.A. for comfort and speed."

KEITH DONALDSON, IIIa.

### NICKNAMES.

Nicknames, known perhaps to the more learned among us as sobriquets, must have originated very early in the history of man. One particular nickname may stick to a family, generation after generation. This tendency is more prevalent in modern days than ever before.

The sobriquets may be of two different kinds—they may be highly amusing or very insulting. The latter, one may resent, but it makes no difference, because the nickname will cling to you for the remainder of your life.

Most of the historical characters received their nicknames from their deeds or manners, but some from their birthplace and others from their dress.

Some outstanding figures in history have nicknames by which they are remembered.

Perhaps if they had not been endowed with such names, they would not have gone down in books of history and various records. The most famous of these characters are, in my estimation, Edward I., known as the "Hammer of the Scots," and the Duke of Cumberland, remembered for his blood-thirsty deeds at the time of the Jacobite rebellion, which blessed him with the nickname, "the Butcher."

The most "famous" personage to-day known to the scholars of Morayshire schools and to all Highland League football players and their fans is Mr. Liddell, whose nickname is "Bulldozer Bill."

On this note I close my short discussion on sobriquets, hoping that everyone who reads this essay has a nickname that pleases and suits him or her to perfection.

VIOLET M. GORDON, IVa.

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

An old friend of mine, Sam Brown is his name,

Is here to tell you the tale,

Of how he came to the Haunted House,

And how it made him quail.

Although it sets me shivering,

I'll tell you everything

That happened to me on that night

When I came back from Worthing.

On a lonely stretch of Sussex road,

The old car had a breakdown;

But just beside an old, old house,

Miles from the very nearest town.

I marched into the old, old house,

To put up for the night;

But when I was inside the door

I had an awful fright.

A clammy hand passed over my face,

Which really made me freeze;

Whispers floated past my ears,

And I heard a ghostly sneeze.

I galloped off towards a door,

On hinges old and rusty;

Ran through, and sat down on a bed,

Also old, and musty.

I took off my old walking boots,

And lay down on the mattress;

At once a cold hand tweaked my ear

And left me in sad distress.

A pair of hands took hold my arms,

And hurled me through the door.

I fell beside a headless man

A-sitting on the floor.

I got up shivering with fright,

And ran across the hall;

With shrieks and groans about my ears

I bumped into the wall.

The wall fell in, the wall fell out

And at last I was free!

The old wall was not strong enough

To hold up even me!

I ran off back towards the car,

And spent the night in there;

And you, I hope, will all agree,

I had an awful scare!

ANDREW HOWLETT, Ia.

### NOTES ON THE INVERALLAN CHURCHES.

The history of the Churches of Inverallan extends into the past for well over a thousand years, as the first church of this name was founded by Saint Figgat some time after 600 A.D. There is still a Figgat's Well not far from Inverallan, and there used to be a Figgat's Fair. The church took its name from the Allan burn, near the mouth of which it stood. The church was not the only building of importance there, for some maps indicate that there was once a castle of Inverallan. The position of the old manse garden can still be seen at the junction of the two roads not far from the cemetery.

In 1863, the site of the church was transferred to the north of Grantown and a rectangular, whitewashed building with plain glass windows was built in the space in front of the present church, with its long side facing towards the road. There was no wall in front of it and it had a small bell turret somewhat similar in size to the present one. In the space behind this church the present building was erected and was opened for public worship on the first of May, 1886, as a memorial church to the 7th and 8th Earls of Seafield. It contains several things of interest. There is the clock, on which is indistinctly carved the word "Maria" and the date 1639. The pulpit bears what are probably the arms of Austria and the date, in Roman numerals, 1639. There is also an old carved board on which are several lines in the Scots tongue: "Mark the upright man and behold the just for the end of that man is peace. Shall the righteous cry and the Lord heareth them and delivereth them of all their troubles"

G. A. D., Va.

### HEATH FIRE.

The railway track from Inverness to Wick crosses the Caithness-Sutherland border between the stations of Altnabreac and Forsinard, often jokingly called Frozen-hard, because of the condition in winter. On either side of the track are grouse moors and deer forests, a sportsman's paradise of heathery moor.

During the summer months, when the heather is very dry, even the sun's rays reflected from a shining object is enough to set it ablaze. Another way in which the heather takes fire is through the sparks of a railway engine.

In the summer of 1945 the heather was very dry and easily ignited. A heavy goods train in the late afternoon started the fires over a distance of four miles. Luckily only two of these were likely to do any damage if they got out of hand. Men were sent to put these fires out; but by the time that they had dealt with the worst ones, three others had joined, and now, instead of being faced with a number of small fires, they were faced with one big one.

As soon as it was realised that the fire would likely get out of control, more men were sent; but still they could not stop it from spread-

ing. By this time the fire, which had been blazing for two hours, had burnt a strip of moor half-a-mile by two miles and was steadily getting bigger.

Duck, grouse and snipe, hare and rabbit, ran before the blaze, forsaking their nests and their young in their terror. Burns and streams were crossed as though they never existed, and it was seen that only a river would be able to stop the fire from going any farther.

Night was beginning to fall, and viewed from the distance the fire presented a weird sight. More men were sent to the scene of the blaze, but their efforts were of no avail, and the fire swept on till it came to the river. Men were sent across to prevent the fire starting on the other bank. Sparks carried by the wind started fires on the other side, but they were soon dealt with, and the main part of the fire burnt itself out on the river bank. The fire was at last extinguished.

In length the fire measured six miles, and at its widest part it was over a mile in breadth. Destructive though the fire was, it did good, as in a few months the burnt strip was a rich green, and offered good grazing to sheep and deer.

DAVID ROSS, Va.

### CLIMBING BEN ARTHUR ("THE COBBLER").

Ben Arthur, nicknamed the Cobbler because of a jutting rock formation on its summit, which from a distance somewhat resembles an old cobbler bending over his last, raises its rocky head on the west side of Loch Long about two miles from Arrochar along the Inverary road. It is a very easy hill to climb as one can climb almost direct from the main road, and possibly because of this and because it lies in a National Forest Park it is a very popular climb.

There were three in the party of which I was a member, and, as we had about seventeen miles to motor before reaching our starting point, we set off fairly early. We had decided to climb from Ardgarten, the headquarters of the National Park. We found it to be like Glenmore, but on a smaller scale.

On the east side of the hill along the part of it which flanks Loch Long is a very thick plantation which has to be skirted. It is a very steep climb up the side of the plantation, and by the time we had reached the top of it we were perspiring freely. We climbed a little higher up the shoulder of the hill, then struck off to the left towards the summit. Most of the time we were walking over tufty grass, but now and then we had to plough our way through large stretches of rushes. At length we came to the final part of the ascent. We were now among the rocks and had a solid hundred foot wall of rock on our right-hand side, but still there was grass underfoot. Soon we reached what we thought was the summit, only to find that the highest point was the top of a column of rock which was a continuation of the cliff already mentioned.

From our vantage point we looked down on the countryside which lay before us as a great

multi-coloured carpet streaked with the silver and black of the sea lochs. We looked south down Loch Leng and out on to the mighty Firth of Clyde. A little to the left of Loch Long lay the famous Gareloch with its mighty veterans, like H.M.S. King George V., peacefully at anchor. To the east we could see Ben Lomond and below it a small stretch of bonnie Loch Lomond. Our view to the north and west was blocked by hills. The immediate scenery was very rocky and somewhat resembled the Cairngorms, but was not on such a grand scale, and lacked our magnificent corries.

After a sumptuous lunch we took a few photographs, then, as the wind was bitterly cold, we decided to descend. We went down a very steep slope to a burn which runs between the Cobbler and Beinn Narrain, a hill to the north of it. We followed a very slippery, muddy path down its bank, and, at last, caked with mud in many places, we reached the main road once more, this time on the Arrochar side of the plantation.

After a walk of about a mile along the main road we reached Ardgarten and climbed wearily into the car. Then we speedily made our way home to Rhu, a good wash, clean clothes and an excellent meal, feeling very proud of having climbed almost all of The Cobbler's 2891 feet.

ALEX. S. MACKENZIE, Va.

### SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

#### Boys.

School Captain—D. Ross.  
 Vice-Captain—D. M. Smith.  
 Football Captain—D. Ross.  
 Vice-Captain—I. Ritchie.  
 Cricket Captain—D. M. Smith.  
 Vice-Captain—I. C. Burgess.  
 Secretary—G. A. Dixon.  
 House Captains—  
   Roy—D. Macdonald.  
   Revoan—D. M. Smith.  
   Revack—I. C. Burgess.  
 Prefects—D. Ross, D. M. Smith, I. Ritchie, D. Macdonald, I. C. Burgess, A. S. Mackenzie, G. A. Dixon, A. L. Gordon, S. M'Cook, J. M'Donald.

#### Girls.

School Captain—N. Brooks.  
 Vice-Captain—E. M'Intosh.  
 Games Captain—Shona Macdougall.  
 Vice-Captain—Mona A. Scott.  
 Secretary—J. Stuart.  
 House Captains—  
   Roy—J. Stuart.  
   Revoan—R. Marshall.  
   Revack—N. Brooks.  
 Prefects—N. Brooks, E. M'Intosh, J. Stuart, B. Lawrence, R. Marshall, S. Macdougall, M. Scott, S. M'Intosh, J. Fraser, M. MacWilliam, J. Donaldson, V. Gordon, S. Ogilvie.

## SPORTS SECTION.

### FOOTBALL.

In the Session 1950-51, Mr Thornton, who has supervised games for so many years, was assisted by the younger men on the staff, Mr W. Fraser and Mr C. S. Macdonald, the latter of whom, a good footballer and a sound referee, proved of especial help.

The House games were keenly contested, and eventually Revoan ran out winners, with Roy second and Revack third.

A severe winter greatly restricted play, but a number of fixtures were played. At Forres the Grammar School lost by 6-1 after opening the scoring. At Kingussie the Grantown team again opened the scoring but lost 4-1. In the return game against Kingussie at Grantown, the Kingussie side led by 2-0 at one stage; but steady pressure and good opportunism enabled the Grantown team to win by 6-3. Two junior games were also played, the Grammar School side defeating Mortlach by 5-2 and losing to a skilful and heavier Tomintoul side by 1-0.

The school team was fortunate in having a greater selection of big boys than sometimes. Ian Ritchie at centre-forward, with James Archibald and Douglas Gordon as insides, made a strong attacking spearhead. M'Taggart, David Ross, Shaw Mortimer and Gordon M'Gregor supplied the elements of a hefty defence. Iain Burgess also graduated later into the team. Of the lighter weights, perhaps the best find was Fraser Sime as goalie. Alister Ross, David Ritchie and Ian Cameron promised well, though all have left school. Angus Mackintosh again showed great promise, while John Coutts and Hamish Reid proved themselves very good young ball players. There are, however, a good many younger players, M'Cook, Gordon, Anderson, M'Kenzie, Hendry, Rayman, Donaldson, M'Andrew, Ritchie and M'Gregor, to mention a few, who look like helping the other youngsters mentioned to make a good team in a year or two.

### HOCKEY.

The team was unlucky in losing several stalwarts at the end of the previous session; and the new captain, Sheina Donaldson, had a task in team-building. Luckily there were one or two "finds," Norah Brooks as goalie, Isabel Lawson as centre-half and Julia Stuart as full back being the outstanding ones. Two big matches were played. Kingussie lost at Grantown by 3-2, and Grantown lost at Dufftown by 2-1. These results were just right.

### CRICKET.

The House matches had a curious result. Revoan beat Revack, Roy beat Revoan and Revack beat Roy. Outstanding batting performances were those of John M'Gregor (Roy) and James Archibald (Revack). In bowling, Burgess, Dempster and Donaldson showed progress, though the best individual performance was by M'Cook. Two games with the Old Guard resulted in defeat. Outstanding players in these games were M'Taggart, Archibald, Ritchie and M'Cook.

**SCHOOL SPORTS.**

The order in the House Championships was as follows:—Revoan, 96; Revack, 78; Roy, 76. Douglas Gordon was boys' champion, a point ahead of David Ross. Shona M'Dougall was girls' champion, a point ahead of Marjory Carr. Angus Mackintosh had a clear lead as junior boys' champion, while Christine Dunbar was a point ahead of Sheena Ogilvie in the junior girls' championship.

There were one or two outstanding individual performances. Angus Mackintosh had a good jump of 15 feet 4 inches. Douglas Gordon threw the discus 101 feet 7 inches. The greatest achievement of the meeting, however,

was that of David Ross who, at 5 feet 3 inches, created a new school record for the high jump.

A new feature at the Sports was a display of Highland dancing. Gordon McGregor, boys' captain, was piper, along with Sergeant Stewart; and the dancers were Seonaid Grant, Mary Hegg, Rosemond M'Hattie, Betty Sim and Wilma Watt.

**INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS.**

Our competitors here were less successful than in some years, though good individual performances were given by Douglas Gordon (discus), Marjory Carr (high jump), David Ross (high jump) and Angus Mackintosh (220 yards and long jump).

## THE OLD GUARD.

**OLD GUARD ACTIVITIES.**

Since it was formed in 1933, there have been many significant events in the life of the Old Guard. As a result, the Club has become well-known in Strathspey, but in this year, perhaps the most notable one, the name of the Old Guard has reached much farther afield. On more than one occasion it has been the subject of articles in two of Scotland's leading newspapers.

These articles dealt with the Club's offer to provide experienced guides for visitors who wished to climb in the Cairngorms. The highlight was a B.B.C. broadcast featuring Grantown's festival week. To Willie Cruickshank is due the credit for the idea and the able organisation of these expeditions. We are also greatly indebted to Hamish Marshall and Laurence Jack, enthusiasts whose knowledge and experience of the hills were greatly appreciated by fellow Old Guardsmen and visitors alike.

In sport—shooting, football, billiards, badminton—fine individual performances were put up by Club members. During the winter the Club's own badminton section, ably run by David Ross, played each Friday in the Victoria Institute, and many pleasant hours were spent by its twenty members.

The Cricket XI. played four matches during the summer months. Of these, two against the School, were won. A game against the town was lost by three wickets. In festival week we lost to a team of visitors who included two Australians. The outstanding individual performance of the season was a knock of 61 not out by D. (Jack) Winchester; Edwin Munro and Ian Smith also made notable contributions.

We look forward once again to the winter's activities, particularly, of course, to the annual F.P. Reunion held during the Christmas holidays. We should like as many Old Guard members as possible to attend this very pleasant function.

W. TEMPLETON.

**FIRE AT SEA.**

Peace reigned upon the ship as she sailed almost noiselessly through the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean. A brilliant sun, not yet at its zenith, shone down and kissed the sparkling blue sea, casting to the distant horizon a cone of myriads of dancing reflections.

Far away to port, the impressive features of Cape Bon shimmered in the sultry forenoon heat, its rolling sand dunes now gleaming white where once showed the unsightly scars of war. The rugged North African coast stretched ahead of the vessel, fading into the blue haze of the sea's visible limits, while further inland, the barren peaks of the mighty Atlas towered over the green coastal fringe. The sea was completely calm, except where the glassy surface was broken and ruffled here and there by the curved dorsal fin of some playful dolphin or porpoise, as it gambolled in the translucent blue depths.

Such then was the scene as the 10,000 ton cargo liner, s.s. Clan Macbeth, homeward bound from India, Somaliland and the Sudan, with a cargo of tea, hides, beans, nuts and rubber, sailed across the broad bosom of the placid Mediterranean in November, 1950.

Up on the secluded boat deck, a solitary white-clad cadet leant on the rail, abstractedly gazing at the scintillating water gliding past. As this was his first trip to sea, he was no doubt thinking how good it was to be homeward bound and home only a fortnight away. Turning to go below, his gaze was suddenly arrested by a faint wisp of blue smoke floating lazily from one of the hold ventilator cowls. He dashed down the companion-way to the main deck, where the strength of the noxious fumes confirmed his suspicions that something was amiss. Realising the dreaded dangers of fire, especially at sea, and the need for prompt action, he immediately raised the alarm.

At first, only the captain, chief-officer, chief-engineer and other senior officers gathered; but soon the news spread and almost the total ship's complement arrived on the scene. The

Lascar seamen lurked in the background, glancing apprehensively at the ominous wisps of smoke. Even their Indian cook forsook his simmering curry-and-*rice* to come and have a look.

The captain decided, after a brief consultation with his chief-officer, to stop all ventilation of the burning hold in order to try to damp down the fire through lack of air. While the crew were busy plugging all apertures, the carpenter unbattened and raised a corner of the hatch; but no sign of the actual fire could be seen through the clouds of pungent yellow smoke which belched from the opening.

The owners in London were informed of the situation by wireless, and soon peremptory instructions were received from them to proceed to Gibraltar. Accordingly, the ship altered course and made for port with all available speed. The remainder of the day was uneventful, as there was no evidence of the fire apart from vague feathers of smoke leaking through the hatch-covers. During the following night, however, the engineer officers reported that part of the propeller-shaft tunnel, directly underneath the assumed seat of the fire, was becoming exceedingly hot and showing signs of warping and collapsing. The engine-room was, for the moment, comparatively safe as all water-tight doors could be shut on the least provocation.

Now a new source of peril became apparent. Between the engine-room and the burning hold lay two great tanks, known as "deep tanks." These were intended for the transportation of any liquid cargo in bulk, and at this time they contained 700 tons of unrefined ground-nut oil. This oil was liable to ignite and explode if the temperature in the adjacent cargo space should reach its flash point.

The greatest cause for alarm, however, lay in the double-bottom tanks which formed the ship's keel. In these the thick oil fuel was retained, and as the burning cargo rested directly above one of the largest tanks, it too was liable to detonate if the temperature reached a certain figure: frequent thermometer checks showed that there was yet a considerable margin of safety.

Later, a marked rise in temperature was registered, so the captain decided, in order to counter this, to flood the hold to a depth of twelve feet. The lower regions of the fire were thereby quenched and a layer of water placed between the flames and the oil fuel. For the moment, at least, the danger was averted.

At noon the Rock of Gibraltar was sighted on the horizon ahead, and soon the *Clan Macbeth* lay in the lee of the rock awaiting the pilot. The pilot's intention was to beach the ship; but after consideration, a shallow water anchorage was chosen for her in the serene waters of Gibraltar Bay.

Within a few moments of anchoring, a powerful admiralty fire-launch raced alongside. Soon firemen wearing breathing apparatus had opened up and entered the hold, despite the choking yellow smoke. They quickly located the heart of the fire and having rigged hoses, began to pump water in at the rate of 3000 gallons per hour. Next day, as this treatment seemed to be having no effect, the hatch was battened down again and steam injected

under pressure. Fortunately the steam was successful where water had failed for it saturated everything and percolated into every burning crevice, extinguishing the fire completely. Now all that remained in that hold of the burning cargo, valued at £100,000, was a sodden, charred, steaming mass.

Twelve days after her arrival in Gibraltar, the *Clan Macbeth* weighed anchor and stood out to sea. Ill-luck seemed to dog the vessel. Off Lisbon a violent 80-knot hurricane compelled speed to be reduced to almost dead slow, but fortunately, no noteworthy damage was sustained. Three other ships were in distress in the same storm. On entering home waters, the cargo ignited once again, this time the result of spontaneous combustion. The outbreak was, however, quickly got under control by the simple expedient of flooding the hold. Early in the initial fire the captain had hesitated to flood the compartment because of the damage the brine would inflict on the intact cargo; but now further saturation could do no harm. In this condition, the ship finally docked safely at Tilbury, at 11 p.m. on 10th December.

Although the fire is now virtually a thing of the past, the question of insurance and salvage has yet to be settled. The Admiralty are claiming salvage to the value of about £70,000 from the company. The final court case is to be fought towards the end of the year. A firm of manufacturing chemists purchased the cargo of blackened debris for conversion into synthetic wool and tweed.

The cause of the fire has never been satisfactorily explained. One plausible theory suggests that a cigarette or cheroot end set alight the cargo, which smouldered for two weeks before flaring up. This argument is fortified by the fact that, while the goods were being loaded in Port Sudan, several of the filthy, woolly-headed Dervish labourers were seen smoking their raw tobacco-leaf cheroots down in the holds.

The annals of the sea tell of many fine ships which have been brought to grief by fire. Only the diligence and skill of the Gibraltar fire-fighters and the prudent precautions observed by the captain, on discovery of the fire, saved the *Clan Macbeth* from being added to that ill-fated list.

J. L. BEATON.

## THE CAMEL.

To most people the camel is merely a peculiar animal seen on a visit to the zoo or a necessary ingredient of local colour when viewing the Pyramids; but in its own environment, the camel has a utility second to none.

The camel is a mammal belonging to the order Artiodactyla, the order of the cloven hoof. There are two species of camel, the two humped or Bactrian type and the one humped dromedary. The Bactrian camel is indigenous to Central Asia, while the dromedary finds its habitat in more southerly deserts including Arabia. Travelling in soft sand with its flat leathery soles the camel is unrivalled.

Camels are bred as draught animals or for riding. The riding camel is smaller and faster,

In Arabia the others are used for a multitude of purposes—ploughing, drawing water from wells, operating oil mills, and load carrying. Since no real roads exist in the country, large caravans are constantly moving to and from the coast. The breeders and drivers of the camel are the Bedouin, the nomadic Arab tribe who are still merely on the fringes of civilisation.

A camel can go without water for four days and without food for a longer period. The secret of its stamina lies in the hump which is a store of body fat. When necessary this can be utilised as a source of energy, and on the oxidation of the fat, water is also produced.

A camel on trek lives off the country eating the indigenous vegetation, and the Bedouin lives off his animals which produce meat and milk. The milk of the she-camel is very rich with a higher butter fat content than cow milk, while if the diet has included the leaves of "rack," a better purgative has yet to be invented.

A certain amount of tact, determination, and patience is required when riding a camel. Mounting and dismounting give one the greatest difficulty. To mount, the camel must be at full knees bend. The rider approaches on its left side, and with the reins in his left hand, he grasps the pommel of the saddle with his right and quickly throws his right leg over. Then, with a rapid see-saw movement, the camel is on its feet. The rider rests his right foot on the neck of his mount while the left leg hangs free.

At a walk, the slow back and forward movement is extremely wearing on one's posterior, but a trot is quite comfortable. Camels can actually gallop; but this is rather an ungainly action and they seem to lose their sense of co-ordination.

To dismount, the camel again gets down on its knees, being exhorted to do so with guttural "ghurr-s." This practice is inclined to make one thirsty so should only be carried out when a water supply is near.

Some of the better riders can mount and dismount on the run; but although on many occasions I have "hit the deck" when at full speed, I have never yet been able to mount without the normal preamble.

A camel looks at one with a rather supercilious sneer and with eyes full of boredom. In fact, if one is to retain one's confidence, too many glances exchanged with the mount should be avoided. Never having been given the advice of its best friend, the breath of the camel is far from sweet smelling; indeed at times its halitosis is overwhelming. I cannot account for this, since it is a herbivorous animal and most of its fodder is quite sweet.

There may be romance in the East, but take my advice and leave the camel out of the picture.

K. McKERRON.

### GLEN CRIOCHAN—MY HOME.

Strange men they were, the Macleods of Glen Criochan, strange and forbidding: at first, with their raven locks and piercing eyes and squat, powerful frames stunted like the gnarled pines

which continued somehow to find nourishment in the thin moorland soil. But I was soon to realise that their harsh demeanour was but a mask fashioned by environment, that they were a kindly folk, and tolerant—even to a Lowlander, although I had been warned that to the rugged inhabitants of Glen Criochan even a Highlander was an alien unless the blood of the Macleods ran in his veins. And I was not even a Scot, at least not wholly, for my mother had been of the despised Sassenach breed, as sweet and fair a lass as ever trod an English meadow; but alas! she died when I was still but a gangling youth, and her going put bitterness and a great restlessness in my heart. Time has mellowed the bitterness, but the restlessness, I know, will go with me to the grave—the restlessness which bade me forsake the green pastures of England for the wild bracken of Glen Criochan.

I was on trial. Slowly, hour by hour, day by day, I gained the confidence of my hosts. My years of wandering had made me self-reliant and adaptable; for my instructors had been men who dwelt in the lonely places of the earth where they had to improvise or die, and where life itself might depend upon the security of a simple knot. So my hosts were grateful for the help I could give. Life was hard, and an extra pair of hands meant much to a community wherein every man had to pull his weight, and routine tasks left precious little time for coping with the inevitable emergencies.

Seumais was the leader of the community, a gaunt giant of a man who towered a full foot above his kinsmen. Nor was his exceptional stature only physical, he possessed a keen brain and a calm philosophical outlook on life. Already he had borne blows which would have broken a lesser man. He, I knew, would give the final verdict as to whether I might remain in the Glen, and he it was who, as we trudged wearily home after a hard day's work at the sheep, stopped suddenly and said, "Ye're no' a Macleod, John, but ye're a man for a' that—let the Glen be your hame for as long as ye will." I thanked him, and rejoiced to think that I had a home again after those long years of drifting.

A charming companion was Seumais, wise and humorous and eager to show that even bleak Glen Criochan had its compensations. "Dae ye fish?" said he, one fine Spring morn when a westerly breeze was soughing through the heather; and I, who love the gentle art above all else in life, could only nod my head—already in imagination I was playing one of those legendary monsters which are said to inhabit the dark hill lochs! Seumais produced his rod—sweet in action, light but powerful and perfectly balanced, supple but not too "whippy." Here, I knew, was a rod in a thousand.

Off we strode, and an hour later Seumais was still striding tirelessly, while I floundered exhausted in his wake! But the long hard trek was justified, for suddenly, far below us, lay a blue-green lochan flecked with foam, and even as we watched, a dark crimson-speckled trout rising in deep water sent a succession of wavelets rippling through a fringe of reeds.

Sheer joy was mine, as I revelled in fishing the like of which I had dreamed of, but never experienced. Almost every cast was followed by the singing of my reel as yard after yard of line was stripped off, and blurred flashes in the dark water told of the desperate struggle taking place. How those trout fought! with mad rushes almost on the surface of the water, prodigious leaps, deep boring, and violent head-shaking which threatened every moment to snap the fine gut. I was never sure of my trout until he was killed, but always sure of a tense fight in which the odds were heavily in his favour.

At last, however, the breeze died away over the horizon and long shadows came creeping down the hillside. I waded ashore, lit my pipe, and gazed upon as fine a catch of trout as a man might dream of. And it was there, with the lochan at my feet and the cry of moorland birds ringing in my ears that I sensed the birth of that peace which had ever eluded me. A great happiness surged through me.

That was five years ago—and I am still in Glen Criochan. Nor am I likely ever to leave now, for here are high crags where a man may stand and let the wild winds of heaven tear all bitterness from his soul, and quiet moorland retreats where restlessness is dissolved in an infinite peace. And, above all, the windswept lochans where the great trout dwell.

IAN MACPHERSON.

### A LECTURE TOUR IN MALTA AND ITALY.

It was a thoroughly depressing morning—cold, dark, and sleeting hard—when I left home at 5.30 a.m. on January 4th for the Air Terminal. Never had I felt less inclined to start on a journey, and the thought of a four weeks' lecture tour really appalled me! Fortunately, however, the mood didn't last, and by the time I reached the airport and boarded the plane, I was beginning to realise how fortunate I was to have the opportunity of visiting other countries, and of seeing something of the life of the people, and particularly of our nursing colleagues in their own surroundings.

The flight to Malta was unforgettable. Starting in the cold grey of an English January morning, we flew through cloud, with only a brief glimpse of land and sea as we crossed the coast at Brighton. Half-way over France, however, the sun came out in earnest, and the wonderful panorama of sparkling, snow-covered mountains and valleys, and the hamlets and farms seemingly half-buried by a glistening white smooth carpet, combined with the warmth of the sun, gave one a feeling of exhilaration difficult to describe.

We came down at Nice, and had lunch at the Airport, a wonderful setting with the blue Mediterranean sparkling in the bright warm sun, and the green pines and snow-capped mountains behind. From here, the next lap took us out over the Mediterranean, passing over the northern tip of Corsica, rugged and sinister; past Elba, which called up historic

associations; and on along the verdant Italian Riviera, crossing the Italian coast at Civito Vecchia, until we reached Ciampino Airport at Rome. Here again we landed for a short time, then flew on over the wide expanse of the Tyrrhenian Sea, with its incredible blues and greens, into a sunset ablaze with red and purple. Dusk fell, and finally the hundreds of twinkling lights of Malta appeared, and we touched down at Luga Airfield punctually at 6.25 p.m. European time, an hour in advance of our Greenwich mean time.

#### MALTA

I spent six days in Valetta, during most of which time the sun shone brilliantly, and I was able to see this delightful island, and something of the life of its people, under ideal conditions. Among other places, I visited the historic old Fort St Elmo, within which is situated the beautiful old Chapel of the Knights, which has been recently restored; St John's Cathedral; the old walled city of Mdina, which used to be the capital of the island; and St Paul's Bay, where St Paul is said to have landed after one of his shipwrecks.

The flat-roofed houses with their high rooms, stone floors and shuttered windows are built of the soft whitish yellow Maltese stone, so soft that it is actually sawn like wood. The numerous small villages, the green of the scattered olive groves, the gardens with oranges, mandarins and grape fruit still on the trees, the large bright yellow patches of "English Weed," a species of oxalis, and carpets of daisies which seemed to spring up overnight—all these, together with the curious indefinable blue light and the sparkling deep blue sea, presented a fascinating picture. Most of the churches have twin clock towers, each clock showing a different time, so that the devil shall be confused! Some are round and mosque-like, and one is shaped like an egg, because, so the story goes, the priest built it with the proceeds from the sale of eggs, collected from his parishioners.

My "official" duties included the giving of two lectures on British Nursing at the British Institute in Valetta. I also visited various hospitals, and spent a most interesting morning visiting with the District Nurses. These visits gave me a wonderful opportunity of seeing how the people, with their numerous progeny lived, and I was much impressed by the general cleanliness of the houses, and the care expended by the mothers on the children. The houses are well adapted to the summer heat of July, August and September, but are cold in winter, when the chief means of heating are paraffin stoves.

Wages are low, and cost of living and medical expenses high. There is no unemployment insurance, so no work—no pay; and when I learned that a daily injection of streptomycin, which is freely used owing to a fairly high incidence of tuberculosis, costs the patient or his relatives 9s. I began to realise what a National Health Service means!

I was honoured by being invited to an informal luncheon party at San Anton Palace, the residence of H.E. The Governor General, Sir Gerald Creasy, and Lady Creasy. They



The New Technical Department.



The Grammar School Staff.



Girl Prefects, 1951-52.



Football XI., 1951-52.

take a very keen interest in the island and its people, and are very popular. I also had several glimpses of Princess Elizabeth, driving her own car around almost unnoticed, and able for a short time to get away from the formality and ceremony which constantly surround her.

#### SICILY

From Malta I travelled by air to Sicily, to start the Italian part of my tour. I had wonderful views of Malta as I left it, and of Sicily, as we approached the airfield at Catania, but, because of low cloud, I was unable to see Mount Etna, which was then in eruption. From Catania I went by train right across the island to Palermo.

I shall not attempt to describe my official duties in Italy, except to say that I visited a great many hospitals and other centres connected with the training of nurses and public health work, all of which were extremely interesting. During three weeks there, I gave twelve lectures in Italian and a few in English to audiences consisting of University Professors, doctors, medical officers of health, nurses, medical students, and lay hospital administrators, explaining to them our system of nurse education and training and the part played by nurses in all fields of our National Health Service. They were particularly interested in our Home Nursing and Tuberculosis Services, since nothing comparable exists in Italy.

In Sicily, I visited the Cathedral at Mon Reale, one of the outstanding examples of 12th century Norman-Moorish architecture and Mosaic work. I shall not forget, either, the glorious view over the fertile Conca d'Oro, with its orange and tangerine groves, to the curious blue volcanic mountains inland, and the intensely clear blue sea at Mondello. Sicily seemed to me much more akin to the East than the rest of Italy, and certainly the tempo of life there is very different from that in the busy industrial North.

#### NAPLES

From Palermo I travelled again by air to Naples. One's first view of Naples, situated at the foot of Vesuvius and overlooking the beautiful bay, with Capri in the near distance, certainly fulfils all one's expectations when seen from one's hotel balcony on a glorious hot sunny morning. But unfortunately disillusionment is swift, when one sees the squalid narrow streets and the swarms of dirty, ragged, ill-fed children. There are magnificent views from the hills surrounding Naples, and I was able to see some of these and to pay an all too short visit to Pompeii. I was fortunate also in being able to attend an opera at the famous San Carlo Opera House.

#### ROME

The rest of my journeys in Italy were made by train, and it was interesting to see how the country varied as we passed from south to north. My time here was very fully planned, but I managed a rapid "rush round" of the most famous buildings, including St Peter's, and motored for a short distance along the Appian Way and past the Catacombs. The fountains of the city are very famous, and

some of them extremely beautiful. I saw the Forum and the Capital, visited some of the old palaces, crossed the Tiber, and looked down on the city from the top of one of the seven hills upon which it is situated.

#### FLORENCE

The next stage in my journey took me to Florence—a beautiful city and full of interest. Here I had a free Sunday, so was able to visit two of the famous galleries—the Uffizzi and the Museo San Maaco, the former with its well-known Botticelli paintings, and the latter, even more beautiful in some ways, with the Fra Angelicos and its associations with Savonarola. The black and white marble Cathedral is very striking, and one could spend a great deal of time in the lovely old palaces, in the quaint shops along the Lungarno and on the Ponte Vecchio, as well as in the modern shops, for Florence is a well-known and excellent shopping centre. I paid a brief visit to Fiesole, high on the hills above Florence, but unfortunately the wonderful view was obscured by mist.

#### PISA

I travelled by car from Florence to Pisa and back. The chief places of interest here are of course the famous Leaning Tower, the Cathedral and the Baptistry, all situated near one another, and most impressive, built as they are of gleaming black and white marble.

#### BOLOGNA

My visit here was a short one, and I was the guest of the Italian Red Cross, but I saw the old gates of the city and a most magnificent palace which had belonged to the Medici family and is now the offices of the Provincial Council. Somehow mundane work of this sort seemed out of keeping with the magnificence of tapestries and candelabra and other furnishings!

#### MILAN

When I reached Milan, I found myself in the extremely busy industrial north, so different from the rest of Italy, but the kindness and hospitality extended to me suffered no change. The highlights of my stay here were the two invitations which I was fortunate enough to receive to functions at the world-famous La Scala Opera House. The first was to a special performance of Verdi's Requiem, on the fiftieth anniversary of his death. Choir and orchestra were conducted by Victor de Sabata, and the President of the Italian Republic was present. It was an intensely moving performance.

The following evening, the Mayoress invited me to see a performance of "Don Giovanni," which was equally enjoyable in its own very different way.

#### TURIN

This was the last of my visits, and here again the views of the city and the Italian and Swiss Alps were impressive. One of my visits here was to the "Cosolengo," a vast institution like a small town, where seventeen religious orders undertake the care of over 10,000 people—destitute, demented, outcast as well as sick, aged and orphans. The astounding thing about

the whole organisation is that it depends entirely upon day to day charity for its upkeep; it keeps no accounts, and has no organised finances, yet money and food for its upkeep are always forthcoming, and no one in need is ever turned away from its doors.

I cannot close this very incomplete account of a most interesting experience without remarking upon the great kindness shown to me everywhere I went. Lovely bunches of flowers had a habit of appearing in my hotels with welcoming and friendly "greetings from your nursing colleagues," and little informal gatherings of leading nurses were squeezed into the spare moments between more formal meetings. There we talked of our common problems and difficulties, and ways of tackling them.

The tour was undertaken at the invitation of the British Council, which made all the arrangements. That it went without a hitch was due to the excellence of the planning, and I cannot speak too highly of the friendly help and real personal interest shown by the British Council officials everywhere.

The visit was one on which I shall always look back with great pleasure, and I feel it was a privilege and an honour to have been asked to undertake it.

M. G. LAWSON.

### ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING.

Each year for a growing number of years, and with a regularity which is now verging on the monotonous, this Ageing Guard has decided that he would, without fail, contribute a column to the Magazine. The years have passed, and in its season, the welcome yellow jacket of the Magazine has appeared in the letter-box. On these occasions it is borne upon the A.G. that he has sunk a degree further into his state of literary sloth. A stern resolution is immediately made that his contribution will be in the Editor's hands—and thence, no doubt, by a rapid and logical transition, in the Editor's wastepaper basket—ere the familiar Cromdales have shed their winter snows.

With the comforting thought that this ought to give him a very generous time-limit—it might even, with luck, obviate completely for another year the painful necessity of relearning English composition, an art which a medical career has long since effectively driven from its cerebral Morrison shelter—the A.G. places his feet upon the mantelpiece, and with no further vestige of shame, proceeds to delve into the pages before him. For the next hour, the A.G.'s wife has to listen to sundry exclamations of interest, interspersed with grunts of approval and occasional unexplained bursts of mirth, as her lord and master's mind meanders pleasantly back to old scenes and associations. She has just decided that human society could well dispense with such a monumental bore, when a louder noise of appreciation indicates that the A.G. has finally arrived at "News from the Outposts."

Her self-control is now stretched to its uttermost limits, as she is regaled with a

flow of well-worn and largely pointless reminiscences. The latter invariably include an account of the rescue of a pair of suede shoes from the school roof, and a description of the Nethy contingent's immortal entry to the written L.C. examinations on a wild and wintry morning of March, 1935. Apprehensive candidates on that occasion were cheered by the sight of one who came to do battle, wearing a massive pair of bedroom slippers.

Warning to his subject, as indeed had done the beslippered one, the A.G. launches into an exposition of mathematical equations, the only one of which he appears to recall with any degree of accuracy being: "Failure + Excuse do NOT = Success." By the time he has recalled at length, and not without some pain, the chastisement inflicted periodically upon his person by one who was subsequently to achieve literary distinction as Editor of the Old Guard Section, his wife has reached breaking-point.

He is now, however, well into a colourful picture of school amateur dramatics through the years that matter (as far as he is concerned), from Sheridan's "Rivals" to Barrie's "Quality Street." In this connection, a bugle, which he claims to have been blown with a French accent and negligible musical effect in the production of "The Little Minister," precipitates a further paroxysm of unaccountable mirth. Finally, as with undimmed enthusiasm he prepares to eulogise the giants of sport who apparently existed at school only in the early nineteen-thirties, his long-suffering lady slips quietly from the room.

She has had enough, and so, there can be little doubt, has the reader. It cannot, on the other hand, be sufficiently stressed that the writer—who is still the Ageing Guard of the first and subsequent paragraphs—is only now getting down to the subject on which he has elected to write. That which has already been set down was intended merely as a form of introduction over which, however, all voluntary control vanished at an early stage. Retaining, as he does, some dim memories of essays by Lamb, Bacon, and others whose names he obviously cannot be expected to remember as they do not conform to the same mnemonic, the writer had intended that his eagerly-awaited contribution to the Magazine should take the form of a short but pithy dissertation "On Study," or "On the Futility of Study," or "On the Advantages of Abysmal Ignorance"—the latter to have included the views of a hewer of wood and drawer of water who had in his time studied higher mathematics—or, in short, on practically anything. It will remain a source of keen disappointment to him, therefore, that it has turned out to be on practically nothing.

FELIX IGNORAMUS.

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\*Peter McNicol (1933-35), 85 High Street; petty officer, H.M.S. Duke of York, Portsmouth.

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

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#### At Universities and Colleges.

John M. Asher (1941-46), Aultmore Cottage, Nethybridge; c/o Stewart, 39 Kelvinside Gardens, Glasgow, N.W.; 3rd year arts, Glasgow University.

G. W. Gordon McGregor (1945-51), Ivy Bank, High Street; 1st year engineering, Aberdeen University.

Michael H. McTaggart (1943-49), Easter Gallovie, Dulnain-Bridge; 1st year science, Edinburgh University.

W. Donald McTaggart (1945-51), Easter Gallovie, Dulnain-Bridge; 1st year arts, St Andrews University.

\*William K. Sellar (1939-45), The Birks, Advie; 127 St John's Road, Corstorphine; 4th 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); 1 Ardenconel Street, Inverness; porter, Craig Duinain Hospital, Inverness.

John L. Beaton (1944-49), Schoolhouse, Dulnain-Bridge; cadet, Merchant Navy; c/o Cayzer, Irvine and Co., Ltd., Clan Line Steamers, 2 St Mary's Axe, London.

Kenneth I. G. Benson (1940-43), M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), (Viewhill, Spey Bridge), Dalnaglar, Cernie Road, Crief; houseman, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

\*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); 5 Burnett Place, Port Elphinstone, Inverurie, Aberdeenshire; storeman, Aberdeen County Council.

John F. Cooke (1926-32), (Balmenach, Cromdale), Convalmore, Dufftown; Police Buildings, Dalnair, Glasgow; police constable, Dumbarton Constabulary.

\*Charles Cruickshank (1923-29), (Lochindorb, Dava); Leantach, Dulnain-Bridge; lecturer, School of Agriculture, Narrogin, West Australia.

\*Duncan Davidson (1931-37), M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), 33 High Street; Stonebyres, Fairlie, Ayrshire; physicist, Imperial Chemical Industries, Nobel Division, West Kilbride.

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George I. Fraser (1935-40), Hillview, Dulnain-Bridge; 34 Fortrose Street, Glasgow; civil servant, H.M. Customs and Excise.

R. J. Douglas Gibson (1940-45), M.B., Ch.B. (St Andrews), The Knoll, Wade's Road; 2 Melville Terrace, Dundee; houseman, orthopaedic department, Strathcathro Hospital, Angus.

\*John Grant (1928-33), B.Sc., Agriculture (Aberdeen), (Rethiemoon, Nethybridge); 14 Victoria Drive, Inverness; regional director of county work, North of Scotland College of Agriculture.

Donald Gunn (1933-36), Swinlees, 6 Castle Road East; 3 Simpson Place, 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 and Co., Steel and Aluminium Merchants, 2 Oswald Street, Glasgow.

\*John Helmes (1939-40), (Craggan House); 75 Leyland Road, Lee, London, S.E.12; clerk, Royal Automobile Club, London.

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- Thomas Hunter (1930-36), M.B., Ch.B. (Aberdeen), F.R.C.S. (Edinburgh), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; 25 Heath Park Road, Romford, Essex; senior orthopaedic registrar, Oldchurch, Romford.
- D. M. Marr Illingworth (1938-40), Scorrybrock, Castle Road; G.P.O. House, Oldmeldrum, Aberdeenshire; technical officer, G.P.O. Engineering Department, Oldmeldrum.
- Alastair W. Jack (1937-43), St Leonards, Castle Road; Ambrosden House, Ambrosden Avenue, Victoria, London, S.W.1; police constable, Rochester Row Police Station, Metropolitan Police.
- \*Alexander Ledingham (1936-39), Viewfield, High Street; 20 Bailey Street, Pendleton, Salford, Lancashire; woodcutting machinist, Messrs J. Ashworth, Trafford Park, Salford.
- \*William N. Ledingham (1933-38), Viewfield, High Street; 51 Sandford Road, Aldershot, Hants; manager, Alexandra Laundry, Guildford, Surrey.
- Frank Macaulay (1933-36), Lettoch, Nethybridge; clerk, Royal Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh.
- Donald M. McBeath (1934-39), (L.M.S. Station Cottages); 158 Market Street, Aberdeen; clerk, National Bank of Scotland, 67 Union Street, Aberdeen.
- \*Kenneth McCabe (1926-30), Rosebank, Cromdale; 51 Kingsway, Harrow, Middlesex; technical representative, Philplug Products, Ltd., Lancelot Road, Wembley.
- James Macdonald (1933-37), Upper Port; police constable, Moray and Nairn Constabulary, Elgin.
- \*Ian McGillivray, Dip. Com. (1938-43), Ord Ban, Aviemore; 7 Hawley Road, Falkirk; teacher of commercial subjects, Falkirk Technical School.
- John McGregor (1934-39), Backharn, Nethybridge; 14 East Hill, St Astells, Cornwall; salesman.
- \*T. Donald McIntosh (1934-39), 44 High Street; 2 Mead Villas, Leadon, Godalming, Surrey; production engineer, Weyburn Precision Engineering Co., Elstead, Surrey.
- \*William C. McIntosh (1934-39), 44 High Street; Gollonda Estate, Haputa, Ceylon; assistant superintendent, The Scottish Tea and Lands Company, Ceylon.
- Alexander McIntyre (1929-35), M.A. (Edinburgh), (4 Spey Avenue, Boat of Garten); 7 West Banks Terrace, Wick; teacher, High School, Wick.
- \*Donald R. McIntyre (1939-41), B.Sc., Ph.D. D.Sc. (Edinburgh), (Parkburn, Woodlands Crescent); 5 Abbotsford Crescent, Edinburgh; lecturer in Geology, Edinburgh University.
- \*Ronald C. McIntyre (1939-42), (Parkburn, Woodlands Crescent), 5 Abbotsford Crescent, Edinburgh; motor engineer.
- Samuel Mackay (1942-48), Advie Mains; Craighead, Edinville, Aberlour; assurance agent, Pearl Assurance Company.
- William McKenzie (1936-37), Caberfeidh, Castle Road East; 6 Queen Street, Kirkintilloch; house painter.
- Keith McKerron (1937-39), B.Sc. (Agric.) (Glasgow), Ivybank, High Street; agricultural officer, Colonial Service, The Residency, Sac'un, Wadi Hadramaut, East Aden Protectorate.
- \*Alistair G. Mackintosh (1929-33), M.R.C.V.S. (Edinburgh); Craigard Hotel, Boat of Garten; Manorlea, Inch, 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, Duhaun-Briggs; The Leas, Lossiemouth; civil servant, Ministry of Food, Elgin.
- \*Evan G. Mackintosh (1926-33), P.A.S.I., Ardehatten, Skye, Duhaun-Briggs; 12 Reid Avenue, Crossgates, Fife; quantity surveyor Messrs Wilkinson and Lowe, A.R.I.C.S., 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; legal assistant, County Offices, Cupar, Fife.
- Alistair McNicol (1933-35), 85 High Street; c/o Levinson, 18 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh; British Insulated Cables Company, Portobello Power Station.
- 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; Messtown School; headmaster.
- J. Wishart Milne (1935-39), Elgin House, High Street; 9 Woodside Road, Aberdeen; engineer, G.P.O., Aberdeen.
- James S. Mitchell (1941-45), Caledonian House, High Street; third officer, S.S. "Calgary," Elder Dempster Line, Liverpool.
- I. Bruce Munro (1934-38), M.B., Ch.B. (Glasgow), (Bank of Scotland, High Street); Woodilee, Lenzie, Glasgow.
- Louis C. Mutch (1939-44), (Ivy Bank Cottage, High Street); Clarinchi, Kingussie; c/o Anderson, 1 Ardenconel Street, Inverness; assistant pumpman, Scottish Oil and Shell Mex, Ltd., Inverness.
- Andrew Phimister (1932-37), Woodburn Cottage, South Street; clerk, National Bank of India, Amritsar.
- H. Roy Phimister (1936-40), Woodburn Cottage, South Street; 24 The Juggs, West Chilton, Nr. Pullborough, Sussex; assistant golf professional, West Sussex Golf Club, Pullborough.

- John Reid (1930-33), L.M.S. Station House; 56 Merchiston Street, Carntyre, Glasgow; radio mechanic, Messrs Reid Bros., 6 Alexandra Park Street, Glasgow.
- \*Frank M. Roberts (1927-32), The Baptist Manse; The Gangway, Renwick, Penrith, Cumberland; second master in Maths and Science, Staffordshire Education Authority.
- \*Michael G. Ronaldson (1938-40), Rowan Cottage, Grant Road; 12 King Harald Street, Lerwick, Shetland, engineer, G.P.O.
- John Ross (1926-32), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; 14 Greyhound Road, Philiplane, Tottenham, London; 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 Beacondale Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E. 19; structural engineer, London Transport Executive.
- Donald Stuart (1928-32), Vulcan Cottage, Market Road; 4 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 (1935-42), 107 High Street; 40 Horniman Drive, London, S.E. 23; clerk, Civil Service.
- \*Richard Surtees (1928-33), 107 High Street; 12 Cheeseman Court, Sydenham, London; sergeant, Metropolitan Police.
- \*W. Robert Surtees (1931-33), 107 High Street; 10 Broomfield Avenue, Eastwood, Southend-on-Sea; constable (traffic patrols), Southend Police.
- Lewis Sutherland (1939-40), Morven, Castle Road East; 6 West Avenue, Renfrew; engineer, Messrs Babcock and Wilcox, Ltd., Renfrew.
- Gordon D. Templeton (1929-33), The Lodge, 32 Ashgrove Road West, Aberdeen; commercial traveller, Messrs James Watson, Aberdeen.
- \*Roderick J. D. Thomson (1934-36), 84 High Street; 2nd cook and baker, Ben Line Steamers, Ltd., Edinburgh.
- William Thomson (1930-34), 84 High Street; 47 Forresterhill Road, Aberdeen; grocery manager, N.A.A.F.I., Aberdeen.
- \*Herbert John Wright (1935-41), B.Sc. (Engineering) (Aberdeen), 34 High Street, Burnsthorpe, Cobham, Surrey; assistant contracts engineer, Messrs Babcock and Wilcox, London.

#### 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 and Sons, Coal Merchants.
- \*Alexander Calder (1941-43), Stoncfield House, The Square; leaving shortly for Australia.
- Donald Calder (1941-43), 20 Castle Road; joiner, Mr R. M'Gillivray, Nethybridge.
- Frank Calder (1941-43), Ballieward; Seafield forestry squad.
- George Cameron (1930-32), 38 The Square; District Clerk and Burgh Treasurer.
- Andrew Clark (1940-42), Castle Road; electrician, North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board.
- William Cruickshank (1926-30), (Rosebank, Cromdale); 112 High Street; manager, Ironmongery Department, S.C.W.S., The Square.
- John A. Cumming (1940-41), 18 Castle Road; vanman, Messrs Coopers, The Square.
- William Dunbar (1937-39), Castle Road; salesman, Messrs Mackenzie and Cruickshank, ironmongers.
- John Duncan (1942-47), Castle Road East, baker's assistant, Mr John Duncan, High Street.
- Herbert Grant (1942-45), Topperfettle; farmer.
- William J. Hair (1943-48), 10 The Square; assistant, Mr John King, Chemist, 21 High Street.
- George Hamilton (1944-48), Tullochgribban Farm, Dulnain-Bridge; farmer.
- \*Albert Hastings (1942-46), 42 High Street; mechanic, Mr R. Balfour, Motor Engineer, Forest Road.
- Hugh J. B. Hogg (1944-49), 11 South Street; lorry driver, Messrs James Bruce and Sons, Coal Merchants, Woodside Avenue.
- Ian Hogg (1946-48), Inverallan; assistant pumpman, Scottish Oils and Shell Mex. Ltd.
- Edward Hingworth (1939-42), Scurrybreck, Castle Road East; district agent, Prudential Assurance Co.
- Johnstone Innes (1945-46), Heathbank; driver, North of Scotland Milk Marketing Board.
- Gordon W. Jack (1935-37), St Leonards, Castle Road; clerk and telegraphist.
- Laurence S. Jack (1938-39), Victoria Institute, High Street; mechanic, Messrs R. Grant, Cycle Agents, High Street.
- John A. Kennedy (1945-48), The Dell Farm, Nethybridge; farmer.
- Charles J. Lawson (1936-38), Station Cottage, Spey Bridge; joiner, Mr Charles Lawson, 18 Castle Road.
- Robert Lawson (1944-45), 18 Castle Road; joiner, Mr Charles Lawson, 18 Castle Road.
- Stanley Livingstone (1942-44), Thornhill, Castle Road East; vanman, Messrs E. C. Mathieson and Son, butchers.
- Findlay M'Andrew (1949-50), Achnafearn Farm Cottage; apprentice, S.C.W.S., Ltd.

- Ian Macdonald (1947-49), Ballintomb; apprentice plumber, Mr M'Robert, Plumber, High Street.
- Basil M'Intosh (1946-49), 87 High Street; upholsterer, Messrs Beale and Pyper, The Square.
- Ian C. M'Intosh (1936-42), National Diploma (mechanical engineering), Waverley, High Street.
- Lewis A. M'Intosh (1934-39), Waverley, High Street; proprietor, Gordon Hall Hotel.
- Alexander Mackenzie, M.A. (Aberdeen), Kylintra Crescent; principal modern languages master, Grammar School.
- James M'Leod (1927-28), Kylintra Crescent; master builder.
- James M'Millan (1946-49), 129 High Street; apprentice bricklayer, Messrs James M'Leod and Son, Builders, Grant Road.
- Ian D. Macpherson (1930-35), (Thornhill, Castle Road), Ivy Cottage, Nethybridge; district agent, Prudential Assurance Co.
- James Macpherson (1946-48), The Neuk, Nethybridge; cinema operator, Mr H. C. Stewart, Nethybridge.
- William J. M'William (1934-36), Silverdale, South Street; manager, The Dundee Equitable, High Street.
- James B. Marshall (1941-47), Elmgreve; forester, Seafeld Estates.
- Ian R. Mortimer (1932-35), Ravelrig, Woodside Avenue; plumber, Mr George Mortimer.
- \*Edwin M. Munro (1928-33), B.E.M., B.Com. (Edinburgh); proprietor, Coppice Hotel, Grant Road.
- John L. Paterson (1927-29), Springfield, High Street; partner, Messrs L. Paterson and Son, Plasterers.
- George J. Paton (1946-49), 19 South Street; apprentice grocer, Messrs Coopers, The Square.
- James Rattray (1927), 13 South Street; Grantown Water Manager.
- Lewis Rattray (1946-49), 12 Woodburn Place; apprentice motor mechanic, Messrs John Ross and Co., Dulnain-Bridge.
- \*Charles E. Ross (1924-26), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; partner, Messrs J. Ross and Co., Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Dulnain-Bridge.
- David Ross (1936-37), Ben Mhor Bungalow, Grant Road; chef, Ben Mhor Hotel.
- Grant Ross (1947-48), Broom Park Cottage, Craggan; apprentice mechanic, Messrs John Ross and Co., Dulnain-Bridge.
- John C. Ross (1944-46), Broom Park Cottage, Craggan; telegraph messenger.
- Robert Ross (1928-32), Cairngorm View, Dulnain-Bridge; partner, Messrs John Ross and Co., Dulnain-Bridge.
- Angus Shand (1940-42), 18 The Square; labourer, R.E.M.E. Workshops.
- Ian D. Smith (1944-48), 103 High Street; postman.
- \*Ian Grant Smith (1943-46), Auchernack; farmer.
- John Smith (1935), Bridgend, Cromdale; baker's assistant, Mr John Duncan, High Street.
- John A. Stephen (1938-41), Conniclea, High Street; salesman mechanic, Messrs Nicholson, Motor Engineers, Elgin.
- John R. Stuart (1932-38), 1 Spey Avenue; bookseller, Messrs Angus Stuart, High Street.
- Alan Tayler (1942-43), 8 Castle Road; labourer, R.E.M.E. Workshops.
- David Winchester (1930-34), Northholme, Castle Road; postal and telegraph officer.
- \*James Winchester (1924-26), Northholme, Castle Road; branch manager, Employment Exchange.

## BIRTHS.

DAVIDSON.—On 1st February, 1951, to Mr and Mrs Duncan Davidson, Stonebyres, Fairlie, a son (Duncan Bruce William).

MACPHERSON.—On 24th December, 1950, to Mr and Mrs Peter Macpherson, Struan, Grant Road, Grantown-on-Spey, a son (Malcolm).

McINTOSH.—At Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, on 19th September, 1951, to Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs Angus A. McIntosh, a daughter (Diana Caroline).

ROSS.—On 1st December, 1950, to Mr and Mrs David Ross, Ben Mhor Bungalow, Grantown-on-Spey, a son.

STUART.—On 11th October, 1950, to Mr and Mrs Lachlan A. Stuart, Whitehills, Banff, a son.

## WEDDINGS.

GUNN—PIRIE.—At Carden Place Church, Aberdeen, on 18th August, 1951, Donald Gunn, 6 Castle Road East, to Betty Hay, 37 View Terrace, Aberdeen.

McKENZIE—KELLY.—At Park Church, Kirkintilloch, on 7th July, 1951, William McDerm McKenzie, 24 Castle Road East, Grantown-on-Spey, to Agnes Law Kelly, 12 Townhese, Kirkintilloch.

WRIGHT—CALDER.—At the South Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 3rd March, 1951, Herbert John Wright, B.Sc., 24 High Street, to Seonaid Calder, Stonefield House, Grantown-on-Spey.

## FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1951-52.

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

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Grammar School on Wednesday, 14th November, 1951, at 8 p.m.

Apologies for absence were received from ex-Lord Provost Fraser, Mrs H. Dixon, Miss J. Paterson, Mr R. Wilson, Mr W. Templeton and Mr E. Munro.

Mr Hunter, who presided, said he was sure that the small attendance was not due to lack of interest in the Club, which was as strong as ever. He referred to the honour which had recently been conferred on the Honorary President, ex-Lord Provost Duncan Fraser, by Aberdeen University, that of the degree of LL.D. He, the president, had sent a letter of congratulation to Mr Fraser on behalf of the Club and had received a reply which he now read to the meeting.

Mr Hunter stated that the 1950 Reunion had been up to its usual high standard. He also expressed the thanks of the Grammar School for the prizes awarded by the Former Pupils' Club.

The president now referred with great regret to the recent death of Mr William MacDougall, a member who was well known to older F.P.'s. Mr MacDougall had a very excellent record, was a great linguist and did honour to the place to which he belonged. The sympathy of all members was extended to his relatives.

Congratulations were offered to the Old Guard Club on their very successful enterprise in providing guides to the Cairngorms during the past summer.

The minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting were now read and were approved by Mr A. M. Grant, Mr H. Dixon seconding.

The adoption of the financial statement was moved by Mr J. Templeton and seconded by Mr G. Jack.

There was considerable discussion on the question of increased subscriptions and the matter was remitted to the Committee for consideration before the next A.G.M. Mr Hunter stated that he would make a point of contacting pupils prior to their leaving school with a view to interesting them in membership of the Club.

Office-bearers were elected as follows:—

Honorary President—Ex-Lord Provost Duncan Fraser, C.B.E., D.L., LL.D., J.P.

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

President—Mr T. Hunter, M.A., B.Sc.

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

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss J. I. Munro.

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

Every effort was being made to have the Magazine on sale before Christmas. The charge would be increased to 1/6.

It was proposed by Mr H. Dixon and seconded by Mr A. M. Grant that the five prizes awarded annually by the Club to the Grammar School be continued as usual.

Mr A. M. Grant, convener of the Reunion Committee, reported that the 1951 Reunion would be held in the Palace Hotel on Friday, 28th December. A band had been engaged.

The Reunion Committee were elected as follows:—

Convener—Mr A. M. Grant.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mr E. Munro.

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

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

### At the Universities and Colleges.

Margaret R. Anderson, Wester Laggan, Dulanain-Bridge; Cranley School, 42 Colinton Road, Edinburgh, 10; 3rd year National Institutional and Catering Management Training.

Elspit McIntosh, Garlyne, Nethybridge; 2nd year, Dunfermline College of Physical Education, Aberdeen.

\*Sheila M. E. Mann, 9 Castle Road East; Pre-Nursing Centre, The Haugh, Elgin; pre-nursing course.

\*Helen A. K. Scott, Balmenach, Cromdale; Clifton Hostel, Hilton Place, Aberdeen; 2nd year, Aberdeen Training College.

\*Sheila M. G. Smith, Auchernack; c/o Robson, 36 Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh, 9; final year Commerce, Edinburgh University.

Margaret C. Telfer, East Lodge, Castle Grant; Clifton Hostel, Hilton Place, Aberdeen; 2nd year, Aberdeen Training College.

\*Elizabeth L. Young, Fairview, Boat of Garten; Clifton Hostel, Hilton Place, Aberdeen; 3rd year, Aberdeen Training College.

### Exiles.

\*Mrs Fred E. Anfield (Winifred M. D. Shaw), Diploma of Domestic Science, Aldersyde, Nethybridge; c/o H.Q. 223 B.O.D., c/o G.P.O., Singapore, F.A.R.E.L.F.

\*Mrs George Angus (Ella A. Wood), (Balmenach, Cromdale); Gippisland, Braclossie Place, Elgin.

\*Mrs Howard Aston (Kathleen Mutch), R.G.N. (Edinburgh), D.N. (London), 28 High Street; 50 Hayes Road, Bromley, Kent.

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

\*Mrs James Braid (L. B. Pamela Gibson), The Knoll, Wade's Road; Bombay.

\*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; nursery-gardener, Amersham General Hospital.

\*Mary A. S. Butter (The Knoll); 9 Sandringham Terrace, The Esplanade, Greenock.

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

\*Eva M. Cameron, M.A. (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; Station House, Newtonmore; station-master, British Railways, Newtonmore.

\*Mrs Harry Chart (Margaret Mackintosh), The Larches, Dulnain-Bridge; Karian-dusi 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; 19 Eversley Road, Normacot Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.

\*Mrs David S. Davidson (Margaret M'Beath), (1 Station Cottages); 11 Young Avenue, Lincluden, Dumfries.

\*Mrs Joseph R. Dawson (Phyllis G. MacNicol), (85 High Street); 160 Windsor Drive, Chelsfield, Kent.

\*Ann F. Donaldson, Diploma of Domestic Science, The Garth Hotel; Pitstruan House, 295 Gt. Western Road, Aberdeen; deputy superintendent, St Clair's Home for Girls.

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

\*Mrs George Dunbar (Margaret M'Lean), Kynlra Cottage; c/o 48 Hayfield, Bainsford, Falkirk.

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

\*Sine H. Ferguson (Swiss Cottage, Ballindalloch); 14 Cluny Drive, Edinburgh, 10, assistant-warden, St Hilary's School.

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

\*Duncan Fraser, C.B.E., D.L., LL.D., J.P. (Kynlra Cottage); Braemoray, Woodburn Avenue, Aberdeen; draper, Duncan Fraser (Aberdeen), Ltd.

\*Anna B. Gilbert (Strathallan, Grant Road); 55 Morningside Park, Edinburgh, 10; teacher (retired).

\*Cathiona M. B. Grant, M.A. (Edinburgh), Dalnagown, Nethybridge; teacher, Tomnacress J.S. School, Kiltarlity, Inverness-shire.

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

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

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

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

\*Margaret C. Grant, Higher Tullöchgribban, Dulnain-Bridge; Meft Villa, Urquhart; teacher, Urquhart Public School.

\*Mrs Peter Grant (Isabella C. Mackintosh), M.A. (Edinburgh), (Congash Cottage); Ravensraig, Aviemore.

\*Violet Grant, S.R.N., R.M.N., 107 High Street; sister, Springfield Hospital, Upper Tooting, London.

\*Mrs J. Gordon Hall (Georgie Gordon), (Brooklyn, Grant Road); Glen Grant House, Rothes.

\*William Hepburn, Braemoray; manager, Honeywood Hotels, Victoria Hotel, Torquay.

\*Mrs William Hepburn (Rita Mackay), Braemoray, Victoria Hotel, Torquay.

\*Mrs John D. Hogg (Jean Cruickshank), 3 Woodburn Place; 20 Montpelier Park, Edinburgh, 10.

\*Mrs Basil B. Jakeman (Diana F. Mackintosh), Diploma of Domestic Science (Aberdeen), Ladysturn, Dulnain-Bridge; 72a St Margaret's Street, Rochester, Kent.

\*Elise M. H. Kirk, M.A. (Edinburgh), (Rockmount, High Street); 58 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh; teacher, West Calder High School.

\*Grace M. Kirk, R.G.N. (Edinburgh), S.C.M. (Irvine), (Rockmount, High Street); 58 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh; theatre sister, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

\*Edith M. Lawson, Certificate of Speech Fellowship (London), (Willowbank); Uplands, 254 Leighton Court Road, London, S.W.16; warden of Uplands House; senior lecturer in Spoken English and Dramatic Work, Furzedown Training College for Teachers, Wellham 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; Ingenio Monte Slana, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic.

\*Mrs Duncan M'Arthur (Margaret I. Grant), (Grant Cottage, High Street); 8 Mauram Court, Hunter Street, Yeoville, Johannesburg, South Africa.

- \*Elizabeth M. McBeath, S.R.N. (Aberdeen), (Station Cottages); Argyll Mansions, Oban; two years' course for Mental Nursing Certificate, Royal Mental Hospital, Aberdeen.
- \*Mrs John N. McCallum (Isobel O. McBeath), (Station Cottages); Argyll Mansions, Oban.
- \*Mrs William T. McCurdy (Alice K. M. King), (3 Woodburn Place); 21 Witherspoon Street, Nutley, New Jersey, U.S.A.
- \*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 teacher of classics, High School, Fort William.
- \*Mrs Matthew Mackenzie (Jessie M. Campbell), (Parkburn); Diploma of Domestic Science (Aberdeen); 18 Kingsford Road, Alford; teacher of Domestic Science.
- \*Alexander A. Mackintosh, M.P.S. (Congash Cottage); 19 Upper Selsdon Road, Selsdon, Surrey; pharmacist, 3 Broadway, Selsdon.
- \*Evan Mackintosh (Craigard Hotel, Boat of Garten); Braeriach, Banchory; hotel-proprietor (retired).
- \*Mrs Alexander D. MacLaren (Sheila MacDougall), The Mill House, Craggan; Depto de Comisariatos, Venezuelan Oil Concessions, Ltd., Punta Cardon, Estado Falcon, Venezuela, South America.
- \*M. Helen S. MacLaren (Mullochard, Carrbridge); Dalchosnie, Kinloch Rannoch, Perthshire.
- \*Mona M. McLean, N.D.D., N.D.P. (Aberdeen), Croftallan, Nethybridge; 10 Craighouse Terrace, Edinburgh; senior instructress, East of Scotland College of Agriculture, Edinburgh.
- \*Mrs Frank Mason (Mary Tulloch), M.A. (Glasgow), (Dallas Brae, Grant Road); 3 Turnberry Road, Glasgow, W.2.
- \*Heather Mathieson (Aultcham Farm); student nurse, Nurses' Home, Groote Schuur Hospital, Cape Town, South Africa.
- \*Ruth A. Mathieson, M.Ch.S. (Aultcham Farm); 8 Mimosa House, Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia; chiropodist.
- Mrs H. J. Mills (Catherine M. Campbell), 4 Station Cottages; 4 Humphrey's Buildings, Cornwall Avenue, Kowloon, Hong Kong.
- Mrs Alexander Milne (Jessie Alanach), M.A. (Edinburgh), (Faebnie, Cromdale); Schoolhouse, Urquhart; headmistress, Urquhart Public School.
- \*Mrs Thomas G. Milner (E. Margaret Templeton), Diploma of Domestic Science (Aberdeen); The Lodge, Castle Grant; c/o P.W.D., Lilongwe, Nyasaland, East Africa.
- \*Mrs Douglas A. Mitchell (Jan Templeton), The Lodge, Castle Grant; The Cottage, Old Port Road, Inverurie.
- \*Elspeth M. Mitchell, 20 Castle Road East; 1 Francis Place, Elgin; clerical officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 13 North Street, Elgin.
- \*Peter Moir (Royal Bank of Scotland House); Balnain, Marine Road, Nairn; bank agent (retired).
- \*Mrs George Morrison (Rachel B. Campbell), M.A. (Edinburgh), (Parkburn); 23 Albert Place, Dufftown.
- Anne Munro, 5 Kyalintra Crescent; Drybridge House, Pyle Hill, Mayford, Nr. Woking, Surrey; children's nurse.
- \*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 (Silkeborg), Seafeld Lodge Hotel, Woodside Avenue; Kungsgaaten, 21 Lindesborg, Sweden.
- \*Mrs Myles J. Ritson (Williamina Keith), (Birchview Terrace); 13 Beaufort Road, Inverness.
- \*William A. Robertson, M.A., Ph.D. (Magdalenburg), (Lower Delliefure, Cromdale); Ramornie, Ellon, Aberdeenshire; H.M. Senior Chief Inspector of Schools (retired).
- \*Harry Ross (South Street); 88 East Street, Narrandera, N.S.W., Australia; tailor.
- \*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); Mo Dhachaidh, 37 Dumgoyne Avenue, Bearsden, Glasgow.
- \*Mrs William Scott (Mary McGillivray), Isla Cottage, High Street; 8 Park Road, Timperley, Altrincham, Cheshire.
- Marie Shaw, M.A. (Aberdeen), Oakbank, Nethybridge; teacher, Cawdor J.S. School.
- \*Catherine M. Smith, B.Sc. (Glasgow), Diploma in Dietetics (Glasgow), Benalder, High Street; c/o Craig, 43 Cartha Street, Glasgow, S.1; therapeutic 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.
- \*Georgina M. Turnbull, 3 Grampian Crescent, Boat of Garten; Scalpay, Isle of Scalpay, Harris; teacher, Inverness-shire Education Authority.
- \*Mrs Eric Walling (Isabel Jack), Isla Cottage, High Street; 14a The Highway, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

\*Mrs Robert Walmesley (Ella Slater). (Viewhill, Spey Bridge). Diploma of Domestic Science (Aberdeen); 24a Great North Way, Hendon, London.

\*Mrs George Watt (Pearl McMillan). M.A. (Aberdeen). (100 High Street); 61 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); 3 Clive Row, Calcutta; managing director, Messrs Thomas Duff and Co. (India), Ltd.

\*Mrs David L. Wilson (Ada R. Imray). M.A. (Glasgow). Diploma in Social Service. Associate Member of the Institute of Almoners. Somerville, High Street; Church of Scotland Mission, Lathwa, Chinsali, N. Rhodesia.

\*Mrs Herbert J. Wright (Shona Calder). Stonefield, The Square; Barns Thomas, Cobham, Surrey.

\*Mrs Ivor C. N. Young (Mary M. Y. Macdonald). D.A. (Glasgow). Laurel Bank, Aviemore; West Benhard, Carnock, Fife.

#### Local Members.

\*Mrs James D. Archibald (Sheila S. Macpherson). 116 High Street.

\*Mrs Robert Balfour (Dorothea M. Smith). 30 Kylintra Crescent.

\*Mrs Ian C. Barclay (Margaret Louise Hastilow). Dulnain House, Dulnain-Bridge.

\*Janet G. Barclay, 17 South Street; nurse, Ian Charles Hospital.

\*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 Byers and Smith, drapers, High Street.

\*Dorothy M. Cameron, Dunira, South Street; cashier-clerkess, Caledonian Associated Cinemas.

\*Margaret Cameron, Ardach, Nethybridge; retired civil servant.

\*Emily C. Campbell, 4 Station Cottages; assistant, Mr Craigen, grocer, 122 High Street.

\*Vera M. Campbell, M.A. (Edinburgh), Norwood, High Street; teacher, Abernethy J.S. School.

\*Margaret Cruickshank, 3 Woodburn Place; assistant, S.C.W.S., Boat of Garten.

\*Margaret K. E. Cruickshank, Hazel Bank, Grant Road.

\*Walter F. Cruickshank, Craigdhu, Woodside Avenue; farmer.

\*Herbert G. Cumming, M.M., M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), Moniac; teacher (retired) Paisley Grammar School.

\*Mrs Herbert G. Cumming (Mary Findlay). M.A. (Aberdeen), Moniac.

\*Mrs William Davidson (Hannah Surtees). 7 Kylintra Crescent; headmistress (retired), Dalnaspidal 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. (Wind-sor), Garth Hotel, Castle Road.

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

\*William Duncan, 28 High Street; civil servant, 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.

\*Evelyn Geddes, 65 High Street, Diploma I. School of Domestic Science (Edinburgh); teacher of Domestic Science, Grantown Grammar School.

\*Netta M. Gillies, Craigmor, High Street; teacher (retired), High School, Pitlochry.

\*William A. Glass, Revonan, Seafeld Avenue; draper (retired).

\*Mrs A. Martin Grant (Christina Calder). Highlea Cottage, Woodside Avenue.

\*Evelyn C. Grant, Ballinluig.

\*James J. Grant, Grange Cottage, Castle Road; section superintendent, Prudential Assurance Co., London.

\*Mrs James J. Grant (Netta Duffner). Grange Cottage, Castle Road.

\*Mrs John Grant (Mary Cumming), (Mains of Curr, Dulnain-Bridge); Lackie, Boat of Garten.

\*Mrs Peter J. Grant (Anna Telfer). Laurel, Carrbridge.

\*Margaret G. Grassick, Braehead, High Street; clerkess, Messrs D. Strachan, Jnr., and Co., Grocers, High Street.

\*Mrs George Gray (Barbara Hepburn). The Square, 5 Backgate, Thornhill, Strathclyde.

\*Hetty Gray, Shalamonaidh, Boat of Garten; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.

\*Isobel M. Gunn, Swinlees, 6 Castle Road East; hairdresser, Messrs Mackintosh and Cumming, High Street.

\*Mrs Ralph M. Harra (Christina A. Cameron), Rhuarden Cottage.

\*Margaret I. Hogg, 11 South Street; book-keeper, Messrs Angus Stuart, booksellers, High Street.

\*Thomas Hunter, M.A., B.Sc. (Glasgow), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; rector, Grantown Grammar School.

\*Mrs Thomas Hunter, Rosemount, Woodside Avenue.

~~\*Walter F. Cruickshank, Craigdhu, Woodside~~  
Christine M. Innes, 17 Kylintra Crescent; telephone operator, No. 24 Command Workshops, R.E.M.E.

\*Elsie Keith, 6 Birchview Terrace; assistant, Messrs Alexander Mackenzie and Son, drapers, High Street.

\*Doris E. Laing, Benmore, 108 High Street.

\*Harold G. Laing, Forest Road; hairdresser.

\*Jessie M. Laing, 113 High Street; telephonist, G.P.O.

\*Mrs John G. MacDougall (Jessie MacLennan), The Mill House, Craggan.

\*D. Donald McGillivray, Isla Cottage, High Street; postman.

- \* Elizabeth R. Macgregor, Cambrae, Cromdale.  
 \* William Macgregor, 46 High Street; saddler, 15 High Street.  
 \* Mrs Alexander MacKay (Isabella B. Grant), Braemoray, Woodlands Terrace; proprietress, Craiglynn Hotel.  
 \* James S. Mackenzie, Gowanlea, Woodside Avenue; draper, Messrs Alexander Mackenzie and Son, High Street.  
 \* 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, 38 Kynlira 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 and Son, Ltd., Bootmakers, High Street.  
 \* James Philip, proprietor, Strathspey Hotel, High Street.  
 \* Elizabeth C. Phimister, Woodburn, South Street; sorting clerk and telegraphist, G.P.O.  
 \* Ella M. Pyper, M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), Riversdale, Grant Road; principal teacher of Mathematics and lady adviser, Grantown Grammar School.  
 \* Mabel M. Pyper, Riversdale, Grant Road.  
 \* Alison Ronaldson, Rowan Cottage, Grant Road.  
 \* Jessie D. Ronaldson, Rowan Cottage, Grant Road; postal and telegraph officer, G.P.O.  
 \* Mrs Joseph Schleppie (Elizabeth Meldrum), Granite Villa, Woodside Avenue.  
 \* Mrs Robert A. Sinclair (Beatrice Shand), 23 Kynlira Crescent.  
 \* Mrs John Stuart (Marion N. G. Paterson), M.A. (Edinburgh), (Parkburn); Achnarrow Schoolhouse; head teacher, Achnarrow School.  
 \* William R. Stuart, Dundee, 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, Seafeld Estates.  
 \* Mary E. Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant; clerkess, Aberdeen Savings Bank, The Square.  
 \* Netta Templeton, Gladstone Cottage, Castle Road.  
 \* William A. Templeton, M.S.M., Gladstone Cottage, Castle Road; civil servant (retired).

\* Mrs Norman Tod (Mary E. Hastilow), Achnagonah.

\* James Williams, M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh); medical practitioner, Stonefield House, The Square.

\* Constance A. Winchester, Northelme, Castle Road, telephonist, G.P.O.

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

### BIRTHS.

DAWSON.—On 31st December, 1950, to Mr and Mrs Joseph R. Dawson (Phyllis G. MacNicol), 160 Windsor Drive, Chelsfield, Kent—a daughter (Shirley Josephine).

GRANT.—At Ian Charles Hospital, on 24th September, 1951, to Mr and Mrs Martin Grant, Highlea Cottage—a son.

HOGG.—On 16th April, 1951, to Mr and Mrs John D. Hogg (Jean Cruickshank), 20 Montpelier Park, Edinburgh—a son (Brian Dimes).

JAKEMAN.—On 24th October, 1950, to Mr and Mrs Basil B. Jakeman (Diana F. Mackintosh), 72a St Margaret's Street, Rochester, Kent—a son (John Alexander).

TEMPLETON.—On 10th December, 1950, to Mr and Mrs James A. Templeton, Schoolhouse, Spey Bay—a son (Robert James).

WOOD.—On 11th April, 1951, to Mr and Mrs Jack Wood (Jean Cruickshank), Seafeld Lodge, Grantown—a son.

YOUNG.—On 28th May, 1951, to Mr and Mrs Iver C. N. Young (Mary M. Y. Macdonald), West Bonhard, Carnock, Fife—a son.

### MARRIAGES.

BRAID—GIBSON.—At St Andrew's Church, Church, Bembay, on 8th August, 1951, James B. Braid, Dundee, to Leila Dorothy Pamela Gibson, The Knoll, Grantown.

WALMSLEY—SLATER.—At St John's Church, Aberdeen, on 4th August, 1951, Robert Walmsley, Hendon, London, to Ella Slater, 5 Devanha Gardens, Aberdeen.

WILSON—IMRAY.—At the Memorial Chapel, The University, Glasgow, on 4th July, 1951, Dr David L. Wilson, St Fillans, to Ada Rae Imray, M.A. Somerville, High Street, Grantown.

### DEATHS.

MACDOUGALL.—On 23rd October, 1951, William R. Macdougall, dental surgeon, of 172 Whitham Road, Sheffield.

## NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

In spite of ill-health, the spirit of our honorary president, Captain Hendry, is still indomitable. His wide interests and his writing give him no less pleasure than they inspire in his readers all over the world.

Mr and Mrs Hunter had an enjoyable holiday with Tom and their daughter-in-law at Romford in Essex. After the exacting practice of surgery Tom found ideal recreation in the sun-kissed beaches of Guernsey and the cheering "noggin."

Besides reaching the final with Albert Anderson in the 1951 badminton tournament, Martin Grant won the Campbell Cup for billiards. Coming events will no doubt curtail Martin's activities.

His mach-tried legs may have caused Willie Cruickshank some regret for his bright idea, but he has given much pleasure to many. With his two assistants, Laurence Jack and Hamish Marshall, he has organised many expeditions to the hills. Visitors have keenly appreciated their expert guidance, and "thoroughly recommend to others a Cairngorm outing in the vigilant and courteous company of the Old Guard."

Family interests have obliged Peter Macpherson to give up some of his several activities. Relaxation comes to him amongst his flowers, and he bemoans the inclement weather when daffodils bloom in June.

We are grateful to Billy Templeton, our secretary, for his enthusiastic efforts, though these have been somewhat interrupted by the demands of the bank. His relief work has taken him to Glasgow, North Berwick and Lochmaben.

With the departure of Mrs Holmes and Miss MacDougall from Craggan House, John Holmes now severs his closer connection with Strathspey. The end of the tenancy of Craggan House by this well-known family, after some 92 years, must be a matter of deep regret to those who have appreciated their interest and services to the community. We sympathise too with them and with his wife and children in the death of James MacDougall, so long a prominent figure in farming circles. Happily the family tie with Strathspey is still maintained by Mrs John MacDougall and Miss MacLennan, who reside at the Mill House, Craggan.

In February, Angus M'Intosh expects to be posted to a home station after two years' tour of service in Southern Rhodesia. Although a fully-qualified teacher, Angus has decided to apply for a permanent commission in the R.A.F. No doubt by now he will have acquired a further decoration—the much-coveted nappie badge.

Billy Sellar has become enamoured with "la vie Parisienne." By all accounts, this is his second summer as an habitué of the cafes of Mont Parnasse.

In following his career over the seven seas, John Beaton has discovered the thrill of foreign travel and a ready pen to make vivid his experiences for other F.P.'s.

George Catto, in pursuit of the perfect figure, has become an associate member of the international Federation of Physical Culture and an Instructor of the British Amateur Weight-Lifting Association. The Inverurie Amateur Boxing and Athletic Club are to be congratulated on having such an enthusiastic and well-qualified instructor.

In Edinburgh, Willie Fotheringham improves his acquaintance with the law, and in the hubbub of the Apéritif finds an antidote for turgid tomes. Perhaps on seeing "Tom Brown's Schooldays" he lived again cross-country runs through Anagach woods.

In these days of meagre rewards for budding medics, Douglas Gibson is lucky in deriving some pickings from Scots tweeds and honey bees. Starting at Stracathro, he has become a disciple of the boot and thumb-screw school of medicine and follows in the steps of Tom Hunter.

In spite of interruptions on relief duty outside Edinburgh, David Houston has brought his golf to a high pitch of efficiency and took fourth place in the Bank of Scotland championship at Carnoustie, being only three strokes behind the winner.

For Donnie M'Beath the violin of winter nights gives place to the spade in summer evenings. The fruits of Donnie's delving are truly magnificent cabbages and carrots that would gladden the heart of any husbandman.

The Hudramand of Arabia is some 400 miles from Aden, and Keith M'Kerron has perforce the Arabs for company. He appreciates their humour and when he comes home on leave next year, he will have a store of highly-flavoured Arab tales. His sympathy for his long-suffering mount has induced him to write for us an intimate study of the camel.

At Insh, in Aberdeenshire, Alistair M'Intosh attends the ailments and domestic crises of our more homely livestock. His parents have now moved from Banchory to reside near their son and daughter-in-law at Insh.

Evan G. Mackintosh likes to holiday in his native Dunain when he flogs the water in company with that other cunning fisherman, Ian Macpherson. With a large pipe and ancient bicycle, "Pher" is a familiar figure on the mill roads. His hillbillies struck the appropriate note when Nethybridge took the air in Festival Week.

Pat M'Lean, now employed to keep Fife County on the right side of the law, played cricket for the Old Guard when on holiday this summer. His slow right-hand-round provided a fine complement to Ian Macpherson's off-breaks and Billy Thomson's "expresses" in the School XI. of '35-'36.

Edwin Munro is another wily man with the ball; his varying pace and flight have gained wickets for the Old Guard this summer. In another sphere Sam has done much to publicise the amenities of Grantown.

The purchase of Gordon Hall by Lewis M'Intosh has added another hotel-proprietor to our lists. We wish him every success in this new

venture which has had such a promising beginning.

Facility with brush and pencil enables Hainish Marshall to exhibit regularly under the auspices of the Inverness Art Society. At some odd turn of the road, one may descry Hamish crouching on the hillside endeavouring to interpret the atmosphere's tricks of light and shade.

In a hostile world of draughts and germs, Jack Ross is a prey to some anxiety for his small son and makes a habit of prowling around with a thermometer to ease his mind. With inquisitive cows nosing his brand-new paintwork, Victor can well imagine his new house on the Skye Road instead of Bearsden.

Dulnain-Bridge is to be congratulated on winning the miniature rifle championship of Morayshire (B Division). Needless to say Chad and Bob Ross were members of the team and Bob had the highest average for the county. David (Jock) Winchester won the Wolfenden Cup, competed for by Strathspey clubs, with a score of 298 out of 300, James Winchester being third.

In all fields of sport members of the Old Guard excelled this year. Martin Grant and Jimmie McLeod played for Strathspey when a team from this area decisively beat Inverness. A fortnight previously Martin Grant and Albert Anderson figured in the Grantown team that narrowly beat Elgin.

James (Tommy) Rattray won the championship of Grantown-on-Spey golf club for the third year in succession with an aggregate of 287 for four rounds; Charlie Lawson was runner-up. Tommy also won the Boat of Garten open amateur tournament.

Playing regularly this year for Grantown F.C. were Alan Taylor, David Winchester and John Cumming. John Duncan, Frank Calder and Billy Templeton played in occasional matches. In the Strathspey and Badenoch Leagues, Ian Macpherson (Nethybridge), Donald McTaggart (Carrbridge) and Lewis Rattray (Aviemore) were regular performers.

Robert Surtees (Southend Police) obtained top marks and a first-class certificate from the Home Office in an advanced driver's course. As the result of a successful examination, Alistair has transferred to the civil service. His sleek motor-bike was quite the envy of the boys in town.

The housing problem is acute everywhere. John Wright and Shona have solved it by renting an elegant caravan on a pleasant site at Cobham, Surrey. An occasional guest of theirs is Norman Low, who attended the Grammar School as an evacuee during the war. Shona's parents, Mr and Mrs Calder, intend to spend some time near London before they sail with Sandy and Isobel for Australia. Our best wishes go with them in their new venture overseas.

We wish, too, all good fortune to Ada Imray, who married Dr David Wilson, a great-grandson of Dr Livingstone, the explorer. Ada and her husband are now in Northern Rhodesia, where Dr Wilson has taken up an appointment at the Church of Scotland Mission, Lubwa, Chinsali.

Mrs Harry Chart (Margaret Mcintosh), after a visit to this country, has been joined by her

sister and brother-in-law, Mr and Mrs Donald Allen (Jessie Mcintosh), who are to take up farming in Kenya.

Visitors in Grantown this year from Australia were Mr and Mrs Prentice; their two sons played cricket against the Old Guard and to them the School XI. are indebted for much valuable coaching.

Mr and Mrs Edward Brooks of West Hartlepool, spent a few days' holiday in Grantown. Mrs Brooks (May Smith) was at school with Mrs Davidson (Hannah Surtees). Mr Brooks is headmaster of a junior boys' school at West Hartlepool.

Mrs Robert Ross (Margaret Davidson) undertook the teaching of the newly-enrolled infant class in the Grammar School last summer term.

Margaret A. Ross, whose father was at one time stationmaster at Broomhill, is now a teacher in Glasgow and is much in demand by youth organisations for her musical talents.

We are happy to publish an account of a lecture tour in Italy by a distinguished F.P., Dr Mabel Lawson. Her abilities have been further recognised by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to enable her to study nursing services in the United States. She hopes to complete her tour by flying to Lima, in Peru, to visit her sister, Gertie Munro.

F.P.'s of 1930 vintage have always a warm place in their hearts for J. K. Robertson, his droll humour and delight in the resounding period. Father Robertson ministers to the needs spiritual and temporal of the parish of Clechan, in the wilds of Banffshire. On winter nights, by the light of an oil lamp—to which he was always partial—he delves into the archives of his manse at Preshome, once a Catholic seminary. Like many notable churchmen, "J. K." believes in living dangerously. At times when his car is pursuing its explosive career along the high road, a wheel will part company and proceed on its own volition. So far padre and passengers have always heeled over to a restful halt.

In Montreal, Mrs Frank Squires (Isa Moyes) and her husband have joined the Baptist Church and have become keen church-workers. They find exhilarating relaxation in skiing and skating, and an interesting amenity of the Canadian house is the private skating-rink which can be flooded at will.

On their journey to their new home at Chinsali, Mr and Mrs David Wilson (Ada Imray) spent two enjoyable days with Ruth Mathieson at Bulawayo. In honour of her first visitors from the home country, Ruth took a holiday and picnicked with them in the Matopos Hills. Ruth has acquired a flat in Bulawayo and a black lady to help with the initial problems of housekeeping.

We sympathise with Mrs Alexander Milne (Jessie Alanach) in the untimely death of her husband. Mr Milne, who did very great service as headmaster of Cromdale, had been an invalid for some years. Mrs Milne continues to be headmistress of Urquhart School, near Elgin.

John M. Cameron has won the Henry Pater-son prize (gold medal and three guineas) as the best student graduating in Educational Handwork at Moray House Training College.

Donald C. Collie, Lower Tullochgrue, Rothiemurchus, has graduated with honours in Agriculture at Aberdeen University.

Iain C. Burgess, son of Mr and Mrs John B. Burgess, both Former Pupils of the School, was dux of the School in 1951, winning the Harvey Dux Prize.

At the annual Farmers' Club Show, Walter Cruikshank was the most successful exhibitor in the open and large tenants' class. His outstanding success was in the sheep section.

As chairman of the Amenities Association, Willie Duncan has taken a prominent part in promoting and publicising the charms of Grantown. His familiar tones in the broadcast of Festival Week inspired pleasant memories in his wide circle of friends.

The Country Dancing Club, which met last winter in the Drill Hall on Tuesdays, had an overwhelmingly successful season. Dances were continued during the summer and were much appreciated by visitors. With Mrs Dixon as president and Hamish Dixon as vice-president, the success of the club this winter is assured.

A very successful camp was held by the Grantown troop of Scouts at Mid Craggie, near Daviot. Expeditions, scout work and games provided an enjoyable programme. The success was due to the fine spirit of the boys and the careful organisation of Jim Mackenzie, Scoutmaster, assisted by Mr Donaldson, English master at the Grammar School.

To all who have married and to all the children who have come into our midst 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.

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#### NOTES.

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The Editor suggests that, for the next edition of the Magazine, articles and completed circulars should be sent to the secretaries by the end of June, 1952.

He would like to thank Miss Jeannette Munro and Mr William Templeton for their work in compiling lists and supplying news of members. His thanks are also due to Dr Mabel Lawson, Keith M'Kerron and John Beaton, who have contributed articles and to Miss Mariel Grant of the Grammar School staff.

Subscriptions (2/-) are now due for 1951-52 and should be sent as soon as possible to Miss Jeannette Munro, 38 Kyntra Crescent, or to Mr William Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant. Subscription for life membership is 12/6.

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

Finally, the Editor would be grateful if his attention is drawn to any omission or inaccuracy in the published lists of members or in the information contained in "News from the Outposts."

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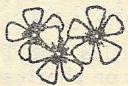


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