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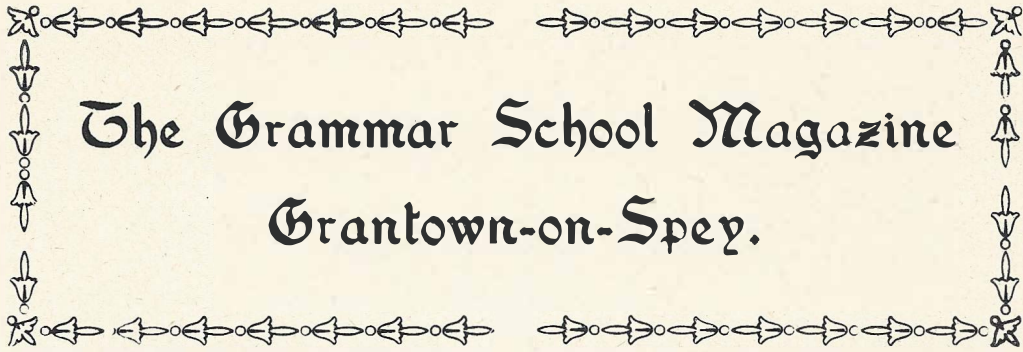
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# The Grammar School Magazine

## Grantown-on-Spey.

No. 26.

December, 1954.

**Editor—Walter Dempster.**

**Committee—**

**John Coutts.  
Margaret Smith.  
Eliz. M. R. Mackenzie.**

**Staff Adviser—G. E. Donaldson, M.A., B.A.**

**Advertising Managers—Jean Laing.  
Joyce Mackay.  
Marjory Mackintosh.  
Suzanne McKenzie.**

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## Editorial

**T**HIS is the 26th edition of the Grammar School Magazine, and we hope that this one comes up to the high standard set by its predecessors. The articles are as varied as ever in their subject matter. They deal with faraway places like Skye, Shetland and Broomlee, and nearby places like Advie and Glenmore. We have humorous articles—first experiences of the noble game of golf, and an attack on the home of a swarm of wasps. There is one from the past—"Isaac Walton," and one from the future—"The Great Flood." There is even one giving advice to young married couples, strange as it may seem from one so young.

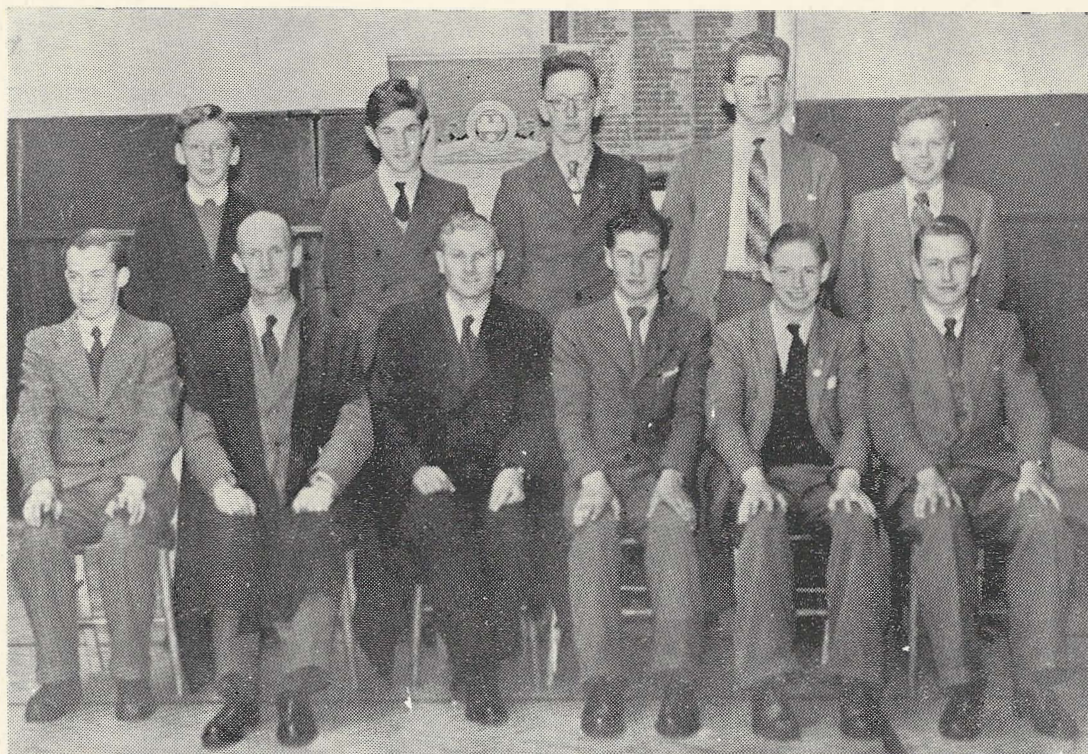
Outdoor activities, such as Glenmore week-ends, bulk even more largely in

school life; and sport and athletics are receiving increasing emphasis. This year, for instance, the football team resumed its participation in the Moray and Nairn League, and indeed by no means did it disgrace itself. The scope of school athletics seems also to be widening. All these developments have the encouragement and example of the Rector.

To the younger generation this year will be remembered for its rain—hardly a day passed without its pouring down, and many picnics and other outings had to be cancelled at short notice, much to the disappointment of those taking part.

And so without any further ado I bid you read on, and also I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year when they come.





**BOY PREFECTS**—Standing (l. to r.)—David Williamson, George Coutts, Robin Fraser, Neil McTaggart, Charles Gall; seated—Donald McBain, Mr A. McKenzie, Dr J. Bain (rector), John Coutts, Walter Dempster, William Lamond.



**GIRL PREFECTS**—Standing (l. to r.)—Elizabeth McPherson, Seonaid Grant, Elza Ferguson, Jean Laing, Marjory Macdonald, Helen Macdonald, Rosalind Cousins, Betty Sim, Jean McKenzie; seated—Louise Mearns, Margaret Smith, Miss Pyper, Dr J. Bain (rector), Elizabeth Mackenzie, Patricia Grant, Isobel Bruce.



## RECTOR'S LETTER.

23rd October, 1954.

Dear Editor and Pupils,

This year has seen an increase in the roll of academic pupils in the school, and this increase will continue for a further two years. By that time all pupils within a ten-mile radius of Grantown doing a Secondary Academic Course will come to Grantown Grammar School.

How is the School equipped to take this increase? Not very well at the present time, but it is hoped that by then, the Canteen, with its new Classroom attached, will be constructed, and, in addition, the Hut, formerly used for Primary Infants, with electric power and light installed, will help to accommodate our extra pupils. The greatest difficulty will be presented in the practical classes, especially in the Technical and Homecraft Departments, where the limit in any one class should be 20, but that is a problem for the future!

This influx of academic pupils should increase the future roll of 4th, 5th and 6th years, and so help, on the sports, as well as on the academic side of the School. Many of our best pupils on the sports side are leaving school at the age of 15, but this loss should be made up to a certain extent in a few years.

The season has started badly for the football and hockey teams, but both sides show promise, and, with practice, there can be a considerable improvement. The girls have been very unfortunate in losing Miss McIntosh, who gave so much extra time to coaching in hockey and athletics; it is hoped that it will not be long before we have a full-time successor.

I started this letter with the academic pupils; let me finish it with a word to the non-academic members on the school roll. Your part in the school as a community is just as important as the part of the academic pupil. It is up to you to see that this part is considerable! Whatever path you decide to follow after you leave school can be made much easier for you by the work that you do at school. Some of you will be leaving school this year—at Xmas, Easter or the Summer: let the yardstick of your schooling be not only, "What have I got from School?" but also "What have I given to School?"

I conclude by wishing you all a Merry Xmas and a New Year which will be happy in work and play.

Your sincerely,

JAMES BAIN.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Last winter the Grammar School First Eleven appeared in handsome new school jerseys donated as a Coronation gift by Messrs Alexander Mackenzie & Son, Drapers.

Thanks is also due to an anonymous donor who gifted Sir John Hunt's "Conquest of Everest" to the School Library.

Supervisor at the important L.C. Examinations in March was the Rev. G. B. Johnston, of Inverallan Church.

Wilma Watt and Elizabeth Macdonald both passed in Civil Service Examinations, and received appointments in London and Carlisle respectively.

The week April 12-16 was held as Bible Week, and the various age groups received talks from the Revs. G. B. Johnston, W. Mackay, W. Slater and Dr Donald Ross.

Miss Ramsay Ewan's final visit to school on April 30 broke her long connection with us as H.M.I. of Modern Languages for the area.

On May 3 all classes, from Primary 3 upwards, attended a free film show, "The Conquest of Everest," in the Picture House.

Most pupils and members of staff were X-rayed when the Mass Miniature Radiography Unit visited the school on May 4.

Mr Allan Fraser, Head of Technical Department, topped the Poll at the Town Council Election in May. Mr Mackenzie, Head of Modern Languages Department, was already on the Council.

The Empire Day Address was given by Provost H. G. Cumming.

Gilbert Mackay, Primary 5, was awarded a certificate in the competition organised by the National Book League of Great Britain.

Keith Donaldson and Angus Mackintosh were awarded prizes in the Concours Special competition of 1954.

On June 9, Dr Bain announced the sad news of the sudden death of Mr Albert Lovatt, Music Master.

Dr Bain said: "Mr Lovatt came to the school as visiting teacher of Music in August, 1947, and the long journey from Elgin every week must have been a great tax on his strength. Yet he loved coming to Grantown,

and enjoyed his work here. His love of his subject and his enthusiasm were most stimulating, and I know how well you responded to his teaching. His work for the musical programme on Prize Day will be remembered by us all."

At the monthly chaplain's service, Rev. W. Mackay, School Chaplain, also paid tribute to Mr Lovatt.

As well as taking part in the County School Sports at Fochabers, the School was represented for a second year in the Primary School Sports of Badenoch and Strathspey.

Representatives of the School at a County Week-end Camp at Glenmore on June 11-14 were: — Isobel Bruce, Rosalind Cousins, Seonaid Grant, Walter Dempster, Angus Mackintosh and Mr C. S. Macdonald.

Towards the end of session, Miss McTavish, School Secretary, received a wedding gift from members of the staff. Miss McTavish, as Mrs Clark, is still with us.

At the School Prize Day, on July 1, the principal speaker was Dr Maclean, Director of Education for Inverness-shire, whose remarks, witty and pertinent, included a reminder of the importance of taking care of one's personal appearance. Mrs Maclean presented the prizes. There was the usual Exhibition of Work after the prize-giving.

Angus Mackintosh was the year's Dux Prize-winner, and Keith Donaldson proxime accessit. Both boys achieved the rare distinction of getting five Highers and one Lower in their fifth year.

Seonaid Grant and Mary Ward were the school representatives at the 1954 Broomlee Camp for Schools in August.

A party of 35 (staff, pupils and former pupils) spent the week-end of September 10-13 at Glenmore Lodge. Operations included a walk up the Lairig Ghru, and the climbing of Cairntoul by six of the party. Staff members in charge were Dr Bain, Mr Macdonald, Miss Grant, Miss Legge and Miss McIntosh. Mr Gillan, of Elgin Academy, accompanied the party.

A school fête on September 16 realised some £240 for School Funds. Miss Wharton Duff, who opened the Sale, referred to her close interest in the welfare of Grantown Grammar School over many years.

Miss Elspit McIntosh, teacher of Physical Education and Games Mistress, received presentations from staff and pupils on leaving to take up a post in Falkirk Technical School. Dr Bain made reference to Miss McIntosh's connection with the school, as a pupil in 1944-47, as School Secretary and temporary Games Mistress after that, and finally as a fully qualified instructress.

Mrs Calder has succeeded Mr Lovatt in charge of school music.

Miss Vaila M. J. Macleod, Diploma of P.E. (Dunfermline), succeeded Miss McIntosh as Physical Education Mistress.

Prior to her marriage in October, Miss Telfer (now Mrs A. Grant) received a wedding gift from members of the staff.

On October 7, Professor R. V. Jones, Physics Professor at Aberdeen University, gave a lecture on "Explosions in Coal Mines" to senior pupils. Professor Jones, during the war years, was Mr Churchill's chief adviser on air detection; and he is still one of the chief technical advisers of the Government.

#### 1954 SCOTTISH LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS

Below are the complete Certificates of Class VI leavers:—

Violet G. Gordon—Hr. English, Hr. History, Hr. French, Hr. German, Lower Maths., Lower Latin, Arithmetic.

Isobel N. McAndrew—Hr. English, Hr. Maths., Hr. Science, Lr. History, Lr. French, Arithmetic.

Robert P. Mackenzie—Hr. English, Hr. French, Hr. Maths., Hr. Science, Dynamics, Lr. History, Lr. Latin, Arithmetic.

Sheena A. Ogilvie—Hr. English, Hr. French, Lr. History, Lr. German, Lr. Maths., Arithmetic.

Below are the subjects gained by Class V in their first sitting:—

T. S. Anderson—Hr. English, Lr. French, Lr. History, Lr. Maths., Arithmetic.

John A. Coutts—Hr. English, Lr. History, Lr. French, Lr. Maths., Arithmetic.

Walter Dempster—Hr. English, Hr. French, Lr. German, Lr. Latin, Lr. Maths., Arithmetic.

G. W. K. Donaldson—Hr. English, Hr. Latin, Hr. French, Hr. Maths., Hr. Science, Lr. History, Arithmetic.

Patricia Grant—Hr. English, Hr. French, Lr. German.

Willma Irving—Hr. French, Lr. German, Lr. Maths., Arithmetic.

W. Lamond—Hr. Science, Lr. Maths., Lr. Technical Subjects, Arithmetic.

Donald McBain—Lr. English, Lr. French, Arithmetic.

A. J. MacGregor—Hr. English, Hr. French, Hr. Science, Lr. History, Lr. Latin, Arithmetic.

Angus D. Mackintosh—Hr. English, Hr. Latin, Hr. French, Hr. Maths., Hr. Science, Lr. History, Arithmetic.

E. M. R. Mackenzie—Hr. Science, Lr. History, Lr. French, Arithmetic.

Louise Mearns—Lr. French, Arithmetic.

Margaret Smith—Hr. English, Hr. French, Lr. History, Lr. German, Lr. Maths., Arithmetic.



### THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

John Coutts (School Captain) has now reached the top of the tree. John will long be remembered as a dominating centre-half, sure in the tackle, prompt to succour harried fellow defenders.

Elizabeth Mackenzie (Head Girl) again illustrates how the shy and blushful type may climb the heights. Elizabeth, imbued with the Mackenzie sense of duty, will do her job well.

Walter Dempster (Vice-Captain) shot into the cricket records with a devastating spell against the Old Guard last June. Walter tries most things; but his chief interest now is in building up a formidable L.C.

Margaret Smith (Deputy Head Girl) assumes a more studious aspect with each year that rolls by.

Louise Mearns (Canteen Leader) at last looks more at home in Grantown. Does her new office make her feel so?

Patsy Grant (Deputy Canteen Leader) could fitly pose for a poster advertising canteen fare.

Marjory Mackintosh (Athletics Captain for Girls) has been a kind of junior prodigy in local tennis and badminton. Coming late into the hockey eleven, she looks like being one of the deadliest centres of recent years.

Billy Lamond (House Captain) is our technician-in-chief. Billy, as full back, is a difficult man to pass. His opponents claim that his hair gets in their eyes.

Suzanne Mackenzie (House Captain) keeps up her prowess as runner and jumper. Suzanne seems very young to have house responsibility thrust upon her.

Donnie McBain (Librarian and Museum Curator) looks more studious than ever. Do his duties weigh on him?

Seonaid Grant (Prefect), with a versatility that includes such accomplishments as Highland Dancing, piping, badminton, tennis and hockey, is now concentrating on the quest of a good L.C. group.

Neil McTaggart (House Captain) is a kind of visible embodiment of brains, brawn and good nature. The McTaggart tradition sits lightly on Neil's broad shoulders.

Isobel Bruce (Prefect) is another sports all-rounder who achieves her effects with languorous grace, even when fainting into the arms of an embarrassed gentleman of the staff.

Robin Fraser (House Captain) has shown up well as a junior in football and athletics. In the playground Robin looks very much like a junior professor.

Rosalind Cousins (Prefect), whose neat pig-tails made her appear incredibly young, must find it incredibly difficult to assume a prefect's sternness.

Andrew Howlett (Secretary to the Prefects' Court) seems perennially thoughtful—perhaps cooking up ideas for those absurd poems and deft caricatures of his.

Pat Lawrence (Prefect) is probably not so demure as she looks. For a diminutive damsel she does very well on the sports field and on the slopes of the Lairig Ghru.

Charlie Gall (Prefect) was much welcomed on his return from Ballater. Charlie, with fair hair and blue eyes, has always contrived to look younger than he should.

Betty Sim (Prefect) created the highlight of the Glenmore outing by an inadvertent attempt to immerse herself and Mr Macdonald in a mountain stream.

Marjory Macdonald, Betty Macpherson and Elza Ferguson (Prefects), country cousins from the provinces, visibly advertise the bloom that country life is supposed to confer.

David Williamson (Prefect) still wears a cheerful look that even the shadows of impending Highers cannot dim.

Helen Macdonald (Prefect), dark and pensive, has shelved the worries of summer entertainment for those of winter study.

George Coutts (Prefect) reminds us of the present School Captain when he was a shy neophyte from Dava.

Jean Laing (Prefect) brings to school an air of happiness that has real advertising value.

Jean Mackenzie (Prefect), our most diminutive office-bearer, finds twin spheres of interest in the Domestic Science Department and in the realm of Gaelic song.

### GLENMORE, SEPTEMBER, 1954

Although the hills are shrouded still in cloud,  
The wooden hut, till now with peace endowed,  
To life awakes, as daylight wanly gleams;  
The sleepers, too, awake, refreshed, from dreams

Of love, or photographs, to view the dawn  
That lights the sky above the dewy lawn.  
Now, through the open portals, pours a flood  
Of youths and maids of Scots, or lower, blood.  
The maidens dip their hands in icy streams;  
Only a Spartan few suppress their screams.  
The strong and silent youths uphold their race,

For each one dares to splash his very face.  
Then meagre pillows are smoothed and beds  
are made,

And soon the scent of frying eggs—new laid—  
And fragrant bacon, curling in the pan  
(While hands are burnt that bread may gain  
a tan),

Arouses clinks of knives and forks and plates,  
And each mouth waters and each palate waits.  
But here, completed, stands the oaten brew,  
And from it rises an aroma new  
To mingle with the fragrant airy current;  
A joyful cry is heard, "It is not burnt."

NEIL McTAGGART, V.a.



### HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WEEK-END AT GLENMORE

Much will be written about our wonderful week-end at Glenmore, and for each member of the party, the highlights will be different. To me, one of the most amusing events was when five of us were roped in by Mr McDonald to peel potatoes.

There were five of us, three girls and two boys. Naturally we girls did the job properly, but the boys just made a mess, the result being that the cooks were not pleased with the finished articles. Mr McDonald again sought us out, and Neil, Charles and I, had to begin all over again. It was too bad that I had to suffer because of the boys' bad work. We finished quickly, however, and neatly placed the best-looking potatoes on the top, pushing the others to the bottom. By the time the cooks could discover this, we would be well on our way to Cairntoul. We still wonder if they found out, as it has never been mentioned.

We had a lovely time up in the hills. The Pools of Dee were most spectacular, and I'm afraid we were oftener in them, than out. There were many amusing incidents on the way, such as the time I stepped straight into a bog, right up to the knees, and, of course, the moment when Jocky fell into the river. Nobody knows yet what happened, but all of a sudden we saw her take a dive into the water, pulling our beloved Mr McDonald, who was assisting the girls over the stream, with her. Poor Jocky, she was just soaked, and after changing into borrowed trousers and jerseys, she looked more like a deep-sea diver than a schoolgirl.

We girls were all very disappointed to be left at the foot of the mountain, after our desperate struggle to reach it, but it was for the best. Six of the party reached the top, and they must have been quite proud of themselves. We returned home with Mr Gillan as guide, and it was very funny when he took us, what he called a short-cut. This entailed wading through bogs and burns, but, as we were already so wet, it didn't really matter where we stepped. We returned to Glenmore, a very bedraggled-looking party.

Our week-end could not be complete, however, without our "Top Twenty," and with the wireless blaring forth, we sang to our hearts' content, soprano and alto voices coming from the girls' bedroom, and tenors from the boys', while Neil sang bass.

The funniest thing of all was the football match on Monday morning. The teams took the field, captained by Messrs Templeton and McDonald. It was the kind of match where nothing was right, and everything was wrong. To watch us, would have made Peter Craigmyle's hair stand on end. The girls were more often flat on their faces, than upright. Suzanne insisted on heading the ball, much to the boys' amusement. Mr McDonald raced round the field, and every now and then shouted his Hieland War Cry, while Mr Templeton and John tried some of the

Dulnain-Bridge team tactics. Altogether it was great fun, and resulted in a draw—four all.

Even after we left our beloved Glenmore, the fun still continued. Coming home in the lorry, our weight was too much for the tarpaulin frame, and, with a loud crack, it broke in two, nearly pitching overboard our two most important members, Mr McDonald and Mr Templeton. We could now no longer stand, and everyone hurried to sit down. By the time Grantown was reached, we were all piled on top of each other, which was all right for those above, but not so nice for the poor victims below.

We now all trooped home, voting that it was the best week-end we had ever spent.

PATRICIA A. LAWRENCE, Class Vb.

### A VISIT TO SKYE

One Thursday, during our summer holidays, my mother and I went on a bus trip to the Misty Isle. Although we left Grantown at 8 a.m., it was about 9.30 a.m. before I felt completely awake, and by that time we were driving along the beautiful shores of Loch Ness. During that part of the journey much talk was heard of "Nessie," and some foreign visitors really expected to see the monster.

Shortly before we reached Invermoriston, the coach stopped so that we could see John Cobb's Memorial, built at the edge of the road nearest the loch. On arriving at Invermoriston we branched off on to a side road which it seemed to us was the only way to Kyle of Lochalsh from that part of the country. Soon the road became very steep and narrow, so narrow in fact that, at about every fifty yards, passing places had been inserted.

In Glen Moriston, we were amazed at the noise of all the huge machines being used by the thousands of labourers and engineers working there. Indeed, it looked like a huge mining town, so numerous were the huts and other wooden buildings.

As our journey continued we came to the beautiful, clear, sparkling waters of Loch C'luanie, in which were reflected the magnificent, lofty peaks of the Western Highlands. Now we were really in mountainous land. The mountains towered above us on all sides. We had to twist in and out, up and down through treacherous roads until at last we saw, what we had all been waiting for, a clear, uninterrupted view of the Isle of Skye in all its glory. In the background we could see the mist-shrouded Cuillin Mountains.

Soon we had reached Kyle of Lochalsh, and were driven down to the Ferry—the smallest I have ever seen in my life. In about ten minutes we had skimmed "Over the sea to Skye," surrounded by people of all nationalities.

Here we were at last, and the reward was ample! It was magnificent. Completely sur-



rounded by the sea, hills in the background, and the soft voices of the islanders speaking in their native Gaelic.

The time passed too quickly, and after walking along the beach we found that we had only half-an-hour left. Seeing an old ruin on a small hill, we decided to go and examine it, but to our disappointment we found that the ground immediately around it was marshy, and we had to turn back. All too soon, we were waving goodbye to Skye, promising ourselves that we would return again some day.

As the bus wound slowly away, homeward bound, we all felt that our visit had been a great success, especially as there had been no rain. After a last look back at the island, over which a light mist was now beginning to form, we settled down, content to be travelling back home through such typically Highland scenery.

MARJORY MACKINTOSH, IVa.

#### "THE BROOMLEE STAFF ON HOLIDAY"

Our visit to Broomlee camp this year was indeed a memorable occasion. I shall here try to recount a few of the more hilarious happenings.

Take, for instance, our fancy dress ball. Many and weird were the dresses and faces. A few of the boys transformed themselves into strikingly handsome females, while the girls, relying more on their ingenuity than on the garments of the opposite sex, produced some beautiful dresses from their sheets and blankets. However, the staff easily outdid our humble efforts by turning themselves out as the "Broon Family," complete with "the Bairn," who was impersonated by no less a person than our well-loved, but relentless P.T. instructress—Miss McIntosh. Another member of the staff of whom we all stood rather in awe, due to the gravity of his countenance, appeared as a native from the deepest jungle—yes, complete with short grass skirt!!

Again, take the behaviour of the staff on our day's outing. At 5.30 p.m. we were taken to the Edinburgh Ice-Rink for tea. The pupils began to file into the tea-room quietly, if rather slowly. The unfortunates near the end of the queue, waited patiently—but not so the staff. After a short wait their hunger overcame them, and they shattered the rather awesome silence of the vast, empty ice-rink, with the unharmonious words of "Oh! Why Are We Waiting?"—to the strains of "Oh! Come, All Ye Faithful."

On the way home from that marvellous show of "Chu-Chin-Chow" on ice, the staff's spirits again overcame them. Two of our most respected masters stood up in the passage-way of our 'bus and, putting their arms round each other's necks, they gave us the intoxicated man's version of "Nelly Dean." We found time to wonder afterwards why our 'bus was not stopped, and the pas-

sengers taken up for "Breach of the Peace," as it was past 11 p.m.. However, we arrived home safely, staff included.

I know at least two of the Danish party who were under the impression that all the British were completely mad, and I must say that the staff helped a great deal in creating that impression. However, the more serious minded (???) pupils at last convinced our visitors that we had a few sane people in the British Isles.

Please do not conclude from this that the staff's behaviour was perpetually the same—it certainly was not, and we all know that if it had not been for their invaluable supervision and guidance, our holiday would certainly not have been so enjoyable.

SEONAIID M. GRANT, Va.

#### TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS AT THE "FIRST"

The day was one of those very few and far between days of sunshine which we experienced during our summer holidays, and I sallied forth to enjoy a game of golf.

As I stepped on to the first tee, I felt rather apprehensive, for on the seats around the clubhouse were seated quite a considerable crowd of people who were openly watching each player as he or she drove on.

Nervously, I placed the gleaming white ball on the yellow tee. I picked up my club and took a very careful practice swing at an unsuspecting daisy, neatly decapitating it. Thus encouraged, I took another swing, and the head of another inoffensive flower flew off. Heartened by these two successful assaults, I prepared to address my ball. (Why the recognised practice of addressing the ball **before** hitting, I do not know; for on many occasions, as a beginner, I feel like addressing the ball in no uncertain terms **after** attempting to get it off the tee.) However, having suitably waggled my club, in the advised manner, and feeling very aware of all the watching eyes, I swung. Thud!—Instead of a white sphere soaring through the heavens straight for the distant pin, a lump of turf went flying through the air. There, still sitting on the tee with a mocking eye, sat the elusive ball.

"Slow back, keep your head down, keep your eye on the ball"—I had followed all instructions, yet in vain. With a flush on my face, I again brandished my club, and, as I closed my eyes in an agony of suspense, my club fairly flew down at the ball. Whether because of the unsuspected attack or not, I do not know, but when I dared to open my eyes I beheld the ball rolling nicely along the fairway, well on its way towards its goal.

The worst of the game is over—I am off the first tee at last.

ELIZABETH M. R. MACKENZIE, Vlb.

## ROOM OF MYSTERY

If you accidentally strayed into the room, you would see a wonderful array of cardboard boxes, presumably as the labels suggested, full of Chicken Noodle Soup, Tinned Meat Loaf, Batchelor's Peas, Chivers' Jellies and Tinned Peaches. You may even have looked forward to a wonderful six-course meal, and then you may have plucked up courage to investigate the boxes; but, to your astonishment, your succulent repast would emerge as "Latin for To-day," followed by "Standard English" with "French Grammar" and "History of Europe," finishing up with a tasty morsel of "Algebra for Beginners."

As any intelligent individual would inform you, you had, of course, trespassed on the sacred ground of the Senior Girls' Cloak-room, now raised to the status of Prefects' Room (and may we, in passing, offer our sincerest sympathy to the worthy members of Fourth Year).

But, alas! All that glory has passed away, and now we have to stow away all our beloved old tomes into undignified lockers which have to be seen to be believed, because, as you may have guessed, there is no door or any other covering across the front of this stately and majestic edifice, and squalor often reigns supreme.

Yes! I think we do miss the good old cardboard boxes, though, of course, the lockers have their good points, but oh! how we bless the ingenious inventor when we are all trying to secure books, with one accord! Yes, indeed, the comments have to be heard before it would be believed that such words could circulate from the rosebud mouths of the charming young ladies of the Prefects' Room!

MARGARET G. SMITH, VIb.

## ALISON'S EFFORT

You asked me to write in the "Mag,"

But what I cannot think.

I've tried, and tried, and tried,

And still I'm on the brink.

A story, a poem, or a riddle,

That is what you said:

So here I am in the middle,

When I ought to be in bed.

What I need is inspiration,

Something new to fill the page,

But I find no fascination,

Even in this Atomic Age.

I'll have to try and try again,

Until I get a rhyme,

Maybe I'll make a good refrain,

When I try another time.

ALISON STUART, IIIa.

## THE GREAT FLOOD

It happened in the year 2000 A.D., the greatest catastrophe in history; the whole of America was under water, and the Atlantic Ocean was already beginning to engulf the British Isles.

This had been the fault of three men—the most brilliant nuclear physicists in the world, for they had taken a multiple hydrogen bomb (the equivalent of 24 million tons of T.N.T.) to the North Pole and there they had exploded it.

The tremendous flash was seen in Spain, and the shock had been felt in Australia. The men were never seen again!

Then news flashes began to come from all over the world; Japan had disappeared and so had Hawaii and many other islands in the Pacific. The sea was on the march! A troupe of scientists went to the bombing area, and after having examined it, they announced, to the consternation of the world, that the ice was melting at a rate of twenty feet a day. This set the newspapers humming on what they called a "great scoop," but soon it became stark reality, as one by one islands and continents began to sink under more and more water.

Soon the panic started, and Britain was evacuated, then France and Spain, and still the waters advanced.

All this time a fleet of space ships was being built and it was decided that Earth would have to be abandoned. They began to send all the people to Australia, where they were separated into age groups from 1 to 40. All those over 40 years old were left to do as best they could.

All those eligible were crammed into ships, which blasted off into outer space in search of another world.

At last, even Australia was covered, and the only remaining life were the gulls and the fish which swam among the submerged houses and petrified trees, while somewhere in space 10,000 space ships were landing on a planet called Alpha Centaurus, where they were to begin life anew, 400 million miles away from the now abandoned Mother Earth.

WILLIAM MCCREADIE, IIIb.

## COUNSEL TO LOVERS

Young gentlemen, pray take a hint,

'Tis good advice that here I print;

Fair ladies, hark to what I say,

For, if you don't, you'll rue the day.

This is the way to please your spouse,

Welcome him home to a clean, warm house;

To keep him true, there's no better spell,

Than the magic brew of a meal cooked well.

Gentlemen, take heed to what I say,

Take home to your wife a present each day;

She'll be so pleased that you cannot miss

But live forever a life of bliss.

D. McBAIN, VIb.



**SCOTLAND YARD**

A year ago, when I was in London for my summer holidays, my uncle, who is in the Metropolitan Police, took me for a visit to Scotland Yard. On arriving at Whitehall we went through the large, black iron gates, crossed a stretch of tarmac and into the main building.

Scotland Yard itself stands in three massive blocks, set back a little from the River Thames and not very far from the Houses of Parliament.

My uncle told me that the first Scotland Yard was near Charing Cross, on the east side of Whitehall, one of the yards of the old Whitehall Palace. A police station was opened there in 1829, but it soon became so busy that more accommodation was required, and so the present buildings near the river were specially built.

The first room we went into was the Information Room, which I thought was most interesting. This is a large room where all the 999 calls are received. Any time of the day or night you will find the "I.F. Room" hard at work, and once you dial 999 you are in immediate touch with this room. At one end of the room is a switchboard with six specially trained police telephone operators.

In the centre I saw large tables with maps, and around those stood police inspectors. All over those maps were large counters which represent radio patrol cars, flying-squad cars, police stations, and motor-cycle patrols. As the real vehicles move about London, the counters are moved as well, so that at a glance the inspector can tell where his forces are.

Next we went into the Fingerprint Department, which contains thousands of fingerprints. When a fingerprint is found at the scene of a crime it is photographed and compared with all those at The Yard. You might think this job would take hours, but there is such an accurate system that they can check the print in a very short time.

I also got a look into the laboratory, where I saw police working with microscopes, little bottles and jars and bunsen burners.

As well as the ordinary policeman there is the Thames Division of Scotland Yard—the River Police. Their work is also followed through radio, and each move is set down on a river map.

For those who would care to join the police force, it would be a very interesting life, especially for men who succeed in becoming C.I.D. men or inspectors and who are privileged to work in Scotland Yard.

CHERRY MATHIESON, IIIa.

**BATTLE OF BRITAIN**

One day I saw the March Past at Forres. There were the Navy, the Air Force and the Seaforth Highlanders. The man taking the salute was dressed in red and black with a sword. I thought it was all very nice.

IAIN SUTHERLAND, Primary 5.

**THE FATHER OF ANGLING**

What boy does not know the joys of fishing—or long to know them? If all he can get is a bent pin on a string and a minnow-haunted mud-pond, that will do. The attraction is the water and the air and the fish themselves.

Here is a boy who, grown to be a man and getting old, still loved the noble sport of fishing—loved it so well that he wrote "The Compleat Angler," the most famous book ever written about it. The man's name was Izaak Walton. He and his book became so famous that even to-day you may hear a man who dearly loves to go fishing referred to as "a regular Izaak Walton."

He was born at Stafford in 1593, his parents probably being farmer-folk of Staffordshire. The most interesting thing about his quiet life—apart from his fishing—is his friends. He appears to have known the poet Drayton, and Ben Johnson, poet and dramatist and friend of Shakespeare. His writings include a few about short "Lives" of famous poets and clergymen—most of them his friends.

"The Compleat Angler" was first published in 1653. It is said that the book has appeared in a new edition at least once every three years since. Most of the scientific information about fishing in Walton's book was out of date long ago. It is not read now as a treatise, but rather as the interesting story of a man who loved the age-old sport, the woods and waters and the world out of doors.

Izaak Walton died at the home of his son-in-law at Winchester in 1683, and was buried in the cathedral of that old English city. He left part of his property to the poor of his native town, and many of the books that he possessed may still be seen in the library of the cathedral where he lies buried.

GEORGE S. COUTTS, IVb.

**THE HISTORY OF STILTS**

For hundreds of years people have walked on stilts, both for fun and for work. You may see clowns on stilts at the circus or in carnival processions.

The idea of raising oneself above the ground came from peoples who lived in marshy places. Flanders, for example, where rivers used to flood very badly, and the Landes district in France, between Bordeaux and the Pyrenees. Even now in the Landes farmers spend a good deal of their time on stilts, where they can get about to tend their animals and still remain dryshod.

It is easy to see that long strides which can be taken on two strips of wood soon led to stilts being used as a sport.

Races still take place at the Landes. Some years ago in a championship race lasting about four days, one man stilt-walked 76 miles a day, which means 304 miles at the end of the race. Another man walked all the way from Paris in France to Moscow in Russia.

SANDY MACDONALD, Ia.

### THE "CYCLE" OF A WASP

Do not be misled by the title as to the subject matter of this discourse. I am about to say something on the subject of wasps, not from the point of view of an insectologist, but from that of a British subject who has been subjected to the inconvenience of having a wasp's cycle—I mean bike—within a few yards of the front door.

Four colonies of wasps had been found within the vicinity of the farm-house, all on or beside comparatively busy thoroughfares—at least it seemed that they were busy, when, to use one, the gauntlet of the black and yellow furies had to be run. Thus one fine evening in late summer, by the decision of the Defence Committee of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Humans, a sortie was made with the aim of dealing with the nuisance.

The recipe used is now outlined. Apparatus: one glass, narrow and approximately one foot in length; one funnel to fit same; one shovel of mud of consistency of thick custard; one half-cupful of petrol; one flashlamp; one assistant (not afraid of wasps).

Method: get assistant to insert glass tube in entrance, and immediately, from as far away as shovel will permit, close the entrance with a seal of mud. While still at a safe distance, direct the light from the flashlamp while assistant inserts the funnel in the glass tube, pours in petrol (which must be, by the way, "Esso Extra"), removes the tube and filler, and closes the hole in the mud.

On the evening in question, this method was successful with two nests. The third was destroyed in a most spectacular manner with petrol and a match, as it was in an exposed position. The climax came in the fourth act. The nest which was last on the condemned list was in a disused rockery, in an awkward position under a rose bush which had returned to the wild state. However, our experience had emboldened us, and having entwined ourselves round the rose bush we set to work. The end of the glass tube was placed at the entrance, the mud plastered on and the tube pushed in. Then we discovered that the opening was between two stones and was horizontal; thus it was impossible to pour in the petrol, as the tube was also horizontal.

For a moment or two my fearless assistant and I mused deeply. Then a subdued humming was heard. The sound caused us to disentangle ourselves hastily from the briars. Now the wasps were creeping out under the mud, and the sound of their annoyed buzzing had doubled in volume and ill-temper. Suddenly one enterprising creature appeared at the mouth of our glass tube. He was rubbing the sleep from his eyes, but still looked dangerous. He sunned himself in the lamp-light for a time, meanwhile sharpening his sting. I persuaded my assistant to attempt to direct some petrol down, or, rather, up the tube, but he succeeded only in douching the countryside surrounding the entrance.

By now, Jock, the biggest wasp, had reached the surface and, calling on his young

brothers to follow him, he went straight to the attack. However, he was half asleep, his aim was poor, and his first charge carried him into the darkness behind me. He didn't get a second chance. Be it ever to my shame or to the credit of my non-existent common sense, that I fled, taking time only to seize the glass tube and petrol can.

Procrastination was the only solution to the problem.

NEIL McTAGGART, Va.

### MODERN DAYS—MODERN WAYS

It is remarkable to note the change in music, drama and the arts, which has taken place within the last century.

Previously, great musical composers took their works to Vienna, Rome, Prague or Venice, where they were accepted or rejected by the critics and the public at their first performances. Only people of rank and theatrical lovers were concerned, as the ordinary person was not sufficiently educated to appreciate the beauty of the music or painting, and few great plays were fully understood by all.

Artists could not drive home the natural beauty of their work to the world; musicians had to be content to live in a world known only to a few.

Gradually, however, the arts became more popular, until at last, meetings or festivals became natural occurrences, composers met and exchanged views on their work, artists discussed the style, pattern and backgrounds of their work, dramatists revived almost forgotten works, new names produced new interests.

To-day, playwrights, musicians, artists and dramatists can exchange views at the famed Edinburgh Festival. Here, too, artists from every country can show their talent to an admiring and interested world, and choirs produce fine vocal accompaniments to great orchestral pieces.

Edinburgh's has become an international festival, helping to produce finer arts and to bring beauty into the lives of everyone. In cultivating the arts, such festivals provide an antidote to the grimly scientific spirit of this modern age.

JOYCE MACKAY, IVa.

### HOPEMAN

In the summer holidays I went to Hopeman for a holiday. I played golf on a good day, or went down to the beach, and in the evenings we sometimes went for a walk. We went to a lot of different bays, and we once went to some huge caves, one of which went through the cliff and out the side so that you can walk through it. Once a mine was washed up on the shore. If you go to Lossiemouth you can get a sail back to Hopeman on the Hopeman fishing boats. I went on one, and I also saw a seal flashing through the water.

MICHAEL DEWAR. Primary 5.



**ADVIE SEVENTY YEARS AGO**

To-day, Advie is just one of those small, unenterprising villages, which no one ever hears anything about except the people in the next village.

Seventy years ago this was not so. The school which to-day has around twenty pupils had over sixty pupils under one school-master. The schoolboys, from the age of ten, attended school for only six months in the year because in the summer-time many boys worked as beaters on the hills to the wealthy people of Jewish origin who owned Old Tulchan Lodge. Others worked as shepherds and cattle herdsman. The older boys who went back to school in the winter-time taught the younger children, helped, of course, by the older girls. Out of these boys and girls grew ministers, businessmen and teachers.

Advie was pinned on the map in those days when King Edward VII came to stay at the Lodge. He went shooting on the Tulchan estate, which was then famous throughout Scotland for its excellent grouse-shooting. That was when the "Twelfth" was really glorious.

On the farms, the farm-hands would rise about five o'clock in the morning to attend to the horses. A neglected horse was an absolute disgrace in those days, when there were no tractors. When the harvest was all gathered in, the farmer with the largest barn held a Harvest Home Ball. Into the sma' 'oors of the morning the gay music of the fiddle was almost drowned by the hoochin' and stampin' o' feet.

Certainly in Advie the old days were the "good old days," the days when folk made their own fun and enjoyed life to the full, without the aid of the cinema and the wireless, which we, nowadays, depend on for amusement.

BETTY SIM, Vd.

**MY PET AVERSION**

When I left the Primary School to go to a Secondary School, I fondly imagined I had left school dentists far behind. This delusion was, to my disappointment and sorrow, soon shattered.

The school dentist visited the school, and when I went before him I was told my teeth needed attention. I presented myself before another dentist the following Saturday.

When I sat on his chair, I was faced by an optical illusion. The dentist appeared as a giant glaring at me with malevolent eye.

Now, on future visits, I can truly say:—  
 "The dentist's chair I approach with dread,  
 With quaking heart and aching head.  
 His gleaming apparatus, ranged row upon row,  
 Makes me look upon him as my deadly foe;  
 Not even the promise of pain removed,  
 Makes unto him my heart be moved."

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, Ia.

**AN ISLAND HOME**

For three years I lived on a Pictish broch on a Shetland island! At least, my home, a schoolhouse, was built of stone filched from the remains of a Pictish castle. The house was said to be haunted by Pictish spirits and, owing to this, no islander would pass the house alone at night. My brother and I would have been interested to see the ghost, but it did not make an appearance during the three years we lived there.

The house was situated in a valley. It looked over a loch, and on a stormy day I have seen the waves of the loch splash up and hit our upstairs windows. Looking across the loch, in the distance, we could see the North Sea, and on a clear night we could see the lights of Lerwick twinkling twelve miles away.

For some unknown reason the school and schoolhouse had been built one-and-a-half miles from the recognised village, which was built round a bay, or a "voe," as the islanders called it. Into the "voe," three times a week, came the boat on which the islanders depended for all mail and supplies.

I remember the first time I approached the island. The steamer could not go alongside the jetty. As she anchored in the "voe," a small flit-boat came alongside, and I was told to jump into the small craft when a wave brought it near enough!

During the summer the islanders are exceedingly busy. In early summer they "dell" the land. That is, using a special fork called a "dellin'" fork, they stand in a line and dig together. Of course, most of the men are away fishing during the summer, and it is hardy women and old men who cut the peats, bring them home, "roo" the sheep, and tend the scanty crops and few cattle.

Most of the knitting, for which the island folk are famous, is done during the very long dark winter nights. Many a school girl can turn out a pair of fair isle gloves in about two hours. While the women knit, the men and boys mend their nets, and carve ornaments from whale-bone.

Towering cliffs, tiny sheep, raging seas, a midnight sun, wailing sea-birds, the Northern Lights, racing yachts, a lurching steamer—these are but few of the things I remember of Ultima Thule.

MARGERY THOMSON, IIa.

**A VISIT TO THE ZOO**

During my holiday at Southport I went for a visit to Chester Zoo. There were all kinds of interesting animals, seals, lions, tigers, and a giraffe which looked so funny with its long neck. The bears in the pool were enjoying the buns the people threw. How I wish I had a nice warm bear-skin coat. There were birds of all sizes and colours. But I liked the ride on the pony best.

JENNIFER GRANT, Primary 5.



**A TRIP TO MULL**

On a Monday in July, about 2.30 in the afternoon, we set off from Oban in the little motor-boat "Sea Spray." The bay was calm and a sparkling blue, and the seagulls kept coming down for food which we threw to them. Our destination was Mull, with a short stop at Lismore Lighthouse.

When we had left the shelter of Kerrera, the sea became rough and choppy. On our right we saw another motor-boat going in the same direction, and Sandy, our boatman, got up speed, determined to be at Lismore first.

As the boat sped over the waves the spray poured over the bows. It splashed us from head to foot and, amid laughter, we waited for the next wave to break over us. This was a new and very refreshing experience for us all.

When we reached Lismore we were soaking, and Sandy, who had been under cover during the trip, was dismayed at the sight of his bedraggled passengers as he helped us ashore.

Spreading our wet coats on a rock to dry, we went up to the lighthouse, where the keeper conducted us up a winding staircase to the lamp gallery. Having explained how the lights operate, the keeper pointed out different landmarks.

Leaving Lismore behind, we made for Mull. The boat went more slowly, and we missed the excitement of the early part of the trip.

We spent about an hour in Mull, where we had tea, and then we set out for Oban again.

ELIZABETH REID, Ib.

**MY DOG**

I have a black Labrador called Tiny. One day Tiny and I went for a walk and he cut his paw. I took him home and my father sent for the vet. and he bandaged it up. Poor Tiny wandered about looking very sorry for himself. But the bandage did not stay on very long—it was off by the morning. Every day he goes up to the butcher's and begs for a bone.

PATRICIA MUNRO, Primary 5.

**A POODLE AND A LADY**

Walking down the street one day,  
A poodle dog I saw,  
His mistress alongside him  
Was, oh, so very braw.  
His hair was clipped to look like fur,  
There was a bonnet on his top,  
His legs they were like trousers,  
And his tail a lollypop.  
The lady's hair was dyed with blue,  
She wore a feathered hat,  
Her nylons were all laddered,  
I certainly noticed that.

JENNIFER SLATER, Primary 6.

**CHRISTMAS**

One Christmas morning I awoke to find my brother playing with the toys I got from Father Xmas. He said to me, "Let's go downstairs." When we got downstairs Auntie was giving out the presents from the Xmas tree. After the presents were given out, mummy said, "Valerie, go to the kitchen." I went to the kitchen, surprised. When I got there I saw a dolly's bed. Mummy said, "It is yours." "Thank you," I said, thinking that it was the best Xmas I ever had.

VALERIE WRIGHT, Primary 5.

**MY CAT**

My cat's name is Toots. It is black as coal. Its eyes are green. Every time I call it comes to me. When I was living at Nethy-bridge my grannie looked after the cat. Mammy said that I could get it on my birthday. Not long after it died. I was very sorry. It was the very best pet I ever had.

ANN AASHEIM, Primary 5.

**MY PET**

I have a donkey whose name is Jack. It is good fun when you fall off him because he waits until you get on again; but you have to get on him very quickly, as the least little touch makes him run away.

When he brays he whistles at first, and then his voice changes to a loud noise like a foghorn.

When he is in a bad mood he turns round and tries to kick you. But when he is in a good mood he will look in all your pockets to see if you have anything for him.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, Primary 7.

**POEM**

My home is Alaska, amid ice and snow,  
I'm trained to pull sleds for the brave  
Eskimo,  
I must pull his sleds through rain, snow  
and fog,  
Because I am a strong husky dog.

BRIAN McKERRON, Primary 7.

**THE RAIN**

Rain, rain, rain,  
Splashing on the window pane,  
Will it ever stop,  
With its plip, plip, plop,  
Running down the street,  
Half an inch deep?

RONALD DOUGLAS, Primary 5.

**SOMETHING ABOUT HOUSE MARTINS**

House martins are black and white, and are usually about seven inches long. They build a neat little dome in the eaves of a building. Their eggs are pure white, and are oval in shape. They sometimes breed as many as three times a year. When the young are able to fly, they all start circling round in the air, with their friends the swallows, in search of food.

ANDREW REID, Primary 7.

**A VISIT TO THE ZOO**

One summer day I went to the Zoo,  
There I saw a lion and a tiger, too,  
I saw some monkeys chattering in a cage,  
And also a polar bear in a great rage.  
I saw a giraffe with neck so tall,  
I'm sure it would reach over a castle wall,  
I saw a gorilla beating his chest,  
And I saw a vulture building a nest.

GILBERT MACKAY, Primary 6.

**A FUNNY RHYME**

There was an old man of Strathlene,  
Who invented a flying machine,  
He flew to New York  
And bought a new cork,  
And his wife said, "Noo far iv ye been."

Now that same old man bought a petrol  
can,  
And fitted it into his gadget;  
Another man said  
He was off his head,  
And he'd lose it if he didn't watch it.

ALISTAIR McKENZIE, Primary 6.

**BRAMBLES**

My berries cluster black and thick,  
For rich and poor alike to pick,  
I'll tear your dress and then I'll tease,  
I'll scratch your hands and arms and  
knees.

MARY P. CRUIKSHANK, Primary 6.

**SPORTS SECTION.****FOOTBALL**

This season the School football XI competed for the first time in the Moray and Nairn League and, although failing to win any of the honours, gave a reasonably good account of itself.

The first game played was against Nairn Academy, at Grantown, in the first round of the Cup. Exchanges in this game were fairly even, and Grantown, although defeated by the odd goal in seven, were worth at least a draw. Nairn opened the scoring, but soon a foul on A. Mackintosh, the School centre-forward, allowed J. Coutts to equalise from the penalty spot. The Grammar School kept attacking, and a shot from R. McKenzie put them in the lead. Nairn drew level, but again Grantown went ahead through a goal by A. Mackintosh. In the closing stages the Nairn side showed a slight superiority in their play; they were, however, somewhat lucky to score a further two goals and give Grantown their exit from the Cup. A draw would have been a fairer reflection on play. The fact that they were playing in their first competitive game for their school failed to overawe the Grantown boys, and every player, from goal-keeper to left-winger, had a sound game.

The next game was a league encounter with Milne's High School, Fochabers. The Grammar School again had ground advantage, but this time the opposition proved much too strong for the home team, which was defeated by eight goals to one. Grantown's solitary counter was scored by A. Mackintosh in the first half. The best player in the Grantown team was S. Anderson, deputising at

centre-half for J. Coutts, who had, in the previous game, shown himself to be the mainstay of the Grantown defence.

In the match with the Academy at Forres, Grantown deservedly won 4-3, all their goals being scored by centre-forward A. Mackintosh, who proved a hot handful to the Forres centre-half. R. McKenzie also played well, and J. McGregor proved himself a useful link between defence and attack. In this game the defence was steadied by the presence of J. Coutts.

At Elgin, the Grammar School drew 3-3 with Elgin Academy. Grantown attacked from the first whistle, and a fine opportunity to take the lead in the opening minutes was missed when J. Coutts failed to convert a penalty. The Elgin boys gradually came more into the picture and established a 3-1 lead. With only a few minutes left for play, it looked as if the Academy would go on to victory, but in a storming finish two fine goals by A. Mackintosh gave his side a draw and completed his own hat-trick.

In the return game with Fochabers another 8-1 defeat was inflicted on the Grammar School. In the opening minutes Grantown, with wind advantage, attacked strongly and were somewhat unlucky not to score. Fochabers, however, led by two goals to nil at half-time. With a strong wind behind them in the second half, the home forwards created havoc in the Grantown defence and a further six goals went to their credit. Grantown's only goal was scored by J. Coutts from the penalty spot. In the second half Grantown, as the score suggests, was out-



played by a heavier Fochabers XI, although they fought grimly to the final whistle and were perhaps rather unfortunate not to score more than once.

The game with Nairn Academy, at Nairn, was a keenly contested affair, Nairn's 6-2 victory being due to their superior forward play. R. McKenzie and A. Mackintosh were the Grantown marksmen. In defence, Grantown was well served by goalkeeper Green and full-backs Donaldson and Lamond. The half-back line of McGregor, Coutts and Fraser broke up many raids by the Nairn inside forwards, while McKenzie was the best Grantown forward.

When the Forres Academy XI visited Grantown, the homesters found them fairly easy opposition and ran out winners by three goals to nil. The scorers in this game were A. Mackintosh (2) and J. Coutts.

In their last league fixture the Grammar School played Elgin Academy, at Grantown, and fell 7-0 to a strong Elgin XI. McGregor was the best Grantown defender, while the forwards were too fully occupied in helping an overworked defence to provide any constructive play.

Two friendly games were played with Kinrossie Secondary School during the season. In the first of these the Grammar School lost 2-1; they were, however, without their centre-half, J. Coutts. In the return game at Grantown the homesters had a convincing 5-1 win. In this game A. Mackintosh scored another hat-trick, while W. Dempster, who scored twice, had a fine game.

Perhaps the School's best display of the season was against the Old Guard. Although losing 3-2, the School played exceptionally well, and their play was by no means inferior to that of their more experienced opponents. Everyone in the Grammar School XI was in top form, and the F.P.s had to fight all the way to gain a narrow victory. Scorers for the School were R. McKenzie and J. McGregor.

On the whole, Grantown played soundly throughout the season. Three 'keepers played during the season. Of these G. Coutts was fairly steady, although somewhat weak perhaps with his clearances; W. Green had several fine games, and S. Taylor, although lacking in inches, was a fairly reliable 'keeper. The full-backs, Donaldson and Lamond, played well throughout the season, although they were perhaps inclined to be slightly unsteady under pressure. The half-back line of McGregor, Coutts and Fraser also had a satisfactory season, with J. Coutts being definitely the best Grantown player throughout. The forward-line was changed a good deal. The wingers, R. McKenzie and S. Anderson, played well, while the inside forward positions were filled by several players, the best of these being W. Dempster, without a really forceful attacking line being found. A. Mackintosh had, on the whole, a good season at centre-forward, but was inclined to be somewhat erratic at times. The team was rather handicapped by the lack of capable reserves, but, nevertheless, played quite well. Several of last year's reserves showed con-

siderable promise and, it is hoped, will provide strong opposition to opponents in the coming season.

\* \* \*

### CRICKET

As was the case last year, cricket had to take second place to athletics, since practically everyone was training for the School and Inter-School Sports. This year, however, provided a surprise result in the annual game with the Old Guard, for the match ended in a win for—the School. There was great jubilation, as it was the first time for a good few more years than we care to mention, that the School had won.

The Old Guard won the toss and decided to bat; but their batsmen were not given an opportunity to settle—due to accurate bowling by Billy Lamond and Walter Dempster, who accomplished quite a feat by taking six Old Guard wickets, while Lamond took three.

The School's opening batsmen were Keith Donaldson and J. McGregor, who walked out to the wicket with the knowledge that 51 runs were needed for victory. After some spirited batting, McGregor was bowled by D. Winchester when he had scored 14 runs. Three runs later, with the total at 31, Donaldson was dismissed for 17; he was the surest batsman of either side, apart perhaps from E. Munro, who scored 26—more than half the Old Guard total. Stephen Anderson, as usual bubbling over with energy, brought his score to 12 before being bowled by Billy Templeton. Robert McKenzie showed his batting prowess before being run out. So with only five runs needed for victory, Angus Mackintosh and Neil McTaggart were together at the wicket. While McTaggart kept his end up, Mackintosh, with his cap at a jaunty angle, proceeded to score the runs. This he did in a devil-may-care fashion, throwing his bat at every ball within reach. With five wickets standing, the School had beaten the Old Guard, who are determined to turn the tables next year.

\* \* \*

### HOCKEY

The hockey season '53-'54 was a fairly successful one for the Grammar School though there were defeats. The matches were all keenly contested, save one defeat of 8-1 at the hands of Forres 1st XI, playing at Forres. The return match was much closer, though Forres remained dominant.

The fixture list was quite a full one, and in addition to the matches against Forres, there were also contests against Inverness Academy, Fochabers High School, and Elgin Academy. The home game against Inverness went 3-1 to Grantown, while Inverness reversed matters on their home ground.

A match against Nairn Academy at Nairn did not come off due to an error in arrangement, but the Grantown team spent an enjoyable afternoon by the sea.

The high-light of the season, was, as always, the Staff versus School contest. This





**FOOTBALL TEAM**—Standing (l. to r.)—George Buchanan, Alan McTaggart, Stewart Taylor, John Coutts (capt.), Iain Walker, Ronald Smith; kneeling—Andrew McIntosh, David Williamson, Robin Fraser, Walter Dempster, Colin Keith; insets—William MacKintosh, William Lamond.



**HOCKEY TEAM**—Standing (l. to r.)—Chrissie Rayman, Elizabeth Mackenzie, Jean Laing, Isobel Bruce, Rosalind Cousins, Mary Williamson, Alison Stuart. Kneeling—Tina Bruce, Rosamund McHattie, Marjory Mackintosh, Seonaid Grant, Suzanne McKenzie.



- Kenneth I. G. Benson (1940-43), M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), (Viewhill, Spey Bridge), Dalnaglar, Comrie Road, Crieff; houseman, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.
- \*Alexander Calder (1941-43), (Stonefield House, The Square).
- \*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); 3 North Street, Inverurie, Aberdeenshire; storeman, Aberdeen County Council.
- \*Donald C. Collie (1934-39), B.Sc. Agriculture (Aberdeen), Tullochgruie, Aviemore; 4 Carden Terrace, Aberdeen; assistant inspector, Dept. of Agriculture for Scotland.
- John F. Cooke (1926-32), (Balmenach, Cromdale), Convalmore, Dufftown; Police Buildings, Dalmuir, Glasgow; police constable, Dumbarton Constabulary.
- \*Charles Cruickshank (1923-29), (Lochindorb, Dava); Leantach, Durnain-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, Ardeer.
- William K. Fotheringham (1929-30, 1934-36), B.A. (Oxford), LL.B. (Edinburgh), (The Hotel, Nethybridge); 29 Ann Street, Edinburgh.
- George I. Fraser (1935-40), Hillview, Durnain-Bridge; 34 Fortrose Street, Glasgow; civil servant, H.M. Customs and Excise.
- \*John Grant (1928-33), B.Sc., Agriculture (Aberdeen), (Rothiemoon, 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; Lemlair Cottage, Dingwall; depot clerk, Scottish Oils and Shell Mex, Ltd., Dingwall.
- William J. M. Hair (1943-48), 10 The Square; Customs and Excise Officer, London Airport.
- 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 Holmes (1939-40), (Craggan House); c/o Holloway Bros. (London), Ltd., F.A.O. Oil Jetties, P.O. Box 88, Basrah, Iraq; plant foreman.
- \*David E. Houston (1944-49), (Glengyle, South Street), Braid Hills Road, Edinburgh; clerk, Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh.
- 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 Hospital, Romford.
- \*D. M. Marr Illingworth (1938-40), Scorrybreck, Castle Road East; 213 N. Bloodworth Street, North Carolina, U.S.A.; electrician, Carolina Power and Light Co.
- \*E. A. Illingworth (1939-42), Scorrybreck, Castle Road East; P.O. Box 128, Accra, Gold Coast; assistant accountant, Thomson, Muir & Galloway, Accra.
- Arthur Innes (1946-47), "Carndearg," 17 Kylintra Crescent; R.A.F. Station, Topcliffe, Yorks; transport fitter, Messrs George Wimpey & Co., Ltd., R.A.F. Station, Topcliffe, Yorks.
- Fraser Innes (1938-39), "Carndearg," 17 Kylintra Crescent; "Victoria," Alford, Aberdeenshire; manager, James Mackie & Co. Ltd., Alford.
- John Innes (1939-40), "Carndearg," 17 Kylintra Crescent; Kirkland Park House, Strathaven, Lanarkshire; dental technician, Mr Boyd, L.D.S., dental surgeon.
- Patrick Innes (1941-42), "Carndearg," 17 Kylintra Crescent; 25 Douglas Road, Bo'ness, West Lothian; bus driver, Alexanders & Co., Falkirk.
- Walter H. Innes (1938-39), "Carndearg," 17 Kylintra Crescent; 22 Eldith Avenue, Fordham, Newmarket, Suffolk; transport foreman-fitter, Messrs George Wimpey & Co.
- \*John Irving (1943-48), Kirkton Cottage; "Hawthorndene," 1 Hill Place, Inverness, assistant collector of taxes, Inland Revenue.
- Alastair W. Jack (1937-43), St Leonards, Castle Road East; Ambrosden House, Ambrosden Avenue, Victoria, London, S.W.1; police constable, C.I.D., Scotland Yard, Rochester Row Police Station.
- James J. Johnson (1943-48), 16 The Square; Customs and Excise Officer, London Airport.
- \*Alexander Ledingham (1936-39), Viewfield, High Street; 20 Bailey Street, Pendleton, Salford, Lancashire; woodcutting machinist, Messrs J. Ashworth & Co. (Timber), Ltd., Manchester.
- \*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) (1 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; assistant works manager, Philplug Products Ltd., Lancelot Road, Wembley.
- James Macdonald (1933-37), Upper Port; police constable, Moray and Nairn Constabulary, Elgin.
- \*James Macdonald (1943-46), Grade I E.E., Birch Cottage, Nethybridge; 43 Kings Road, Old Trafford, Manchester, 16; engineer, British Broadcasting Corporation Television Service.



- \*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; "Woodlands," Haputale, Ceylon; manager, Walker & Greig Ltd. (Haputale Branch), Engineers, Darley Road, Colombo.
- \*W. Colin McIntosh (1934-39), 44 High Street; Mahadawa Estate, Madulsima, Ceylon; assistant manager, Scottish Tea & Lands Co. of Ceylon Ltd.
- Alexander McIntyre (1929-35), M.A. (Edinburgh), (4 Spey Avenue, Boat of Garten); 7 West Banks Terrace, Wick; teacher, High School, Wick.
- \*Donald B. McIntyre (1939-41), Ph.D., F.R.S.E., D.Sc. (Edinburgh), (Parkburn, Woodlands Crescent); 5 Abbotsford Crescent, Edinburgh; Professor of Geology, Pomona College, Claremont, California, U.S.A.
- \*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 Agricultural Service, Agricultural Dept., Aden Protectorate, S.W. Arabia.
- \*Alistair G. Mackintosh (1929-33), M.R.C.V.S. (Edinburgh); (Craigard Hotel, Boat of Garten); Manorlea, Inverness; veterinary surgeon.
- \*Donald Mackintosh (1930-33), Cambrae, Cromdale; 12 Buckingham Road, Hillcrest, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia; electrician, National Building and Housing Board, Bulawayo.
- \*Evan G. Mackintosh (1926-33), P.A.S.I., Ardehatten, Skye, Dulnain-Bridge; 12 Reid Avenue, Crossgates, Fife; quantity surveyor, Messrs Wilkinson and Lowe, A.R.I.C.S., chartered quantity surveyors, Dunfermline.
- Evan C. Mackintosh (1928-32), The Larches, Dulnain-Bridge; The Leas, Lossiemouth; civil servant, Ministry of Food, Elgin.
- John Mackintosh (1931-33), Cambrae, Cromdale; 135 Poynders Gardens, Clapham, London, S.W.1; sheet metal worker, Decca Navigation 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; Clunie, Letham, Ladybank, Fife; legal assistant, County Offices, Cupar, Fife.
- Alistair McNicol (1933-35), 85 High Street; 52 Bramber Road, Kensington, London, W.14; Taylors, Ltd. (Electrical Engineers), Battersea Power Station.
- James McPherson (1946-48), The Neuk, Nethybridge; Metropolitan Police, London.
- 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; Schoolhouse, Mosstowie, near Elgin; headmaster, Mosstowie Public School.
- J. Wishart Milne (1935-39), Elgin House, High Street; 9 Woodside Road, Aberdeen; engineer, G.P.O., Aberdeen.
- James G. Mitchell (1941-45), Caledonian House, High Street; third officer, S.S. "Calgary," Elder Dempster Line, Liverpool.
- I. Bruce Munro (1934-38), M.B., Ch.B. (Glasgow), (Bank of Scotland House, High Street); Woodilea, Lenzie, Glasgow.
- Louis C. Mutch (1939-44), (Ivy Bank Cottage, High Street); c/o Wright, Hawthorndene Hill Place, Inverness; assistant pumpman, Scottish Oils and Shell Mex, Ltd., Inverness.
- Andrew Phimister (1932-37), Woodburn Cottage, South Street; clerk, National Bank of India, Colombo, Ceylon.
- H. Roy Phimister (1936-40), Woodburn Cottage, South Street, golf professional, Denmark.
- John Reid (1930-33), L.M.S. Station House; 56 Merchiston Street, Carntyne, Glasgow; radio mechanic, Messrs Reid Bros., 6 Alexandra Park Street, Glasgow.
- \*Ian Ritchie (1950-52), 12 High Terrace, Boat of Garten; c/o Dykes, 124 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, C.2; apprentice chartered accountant, Messrs Wardhaugh & McVean, C.A., West Regent Street, Glasgow.
- \*Frank M. Roberts (1927-32), The Baptist Manse; The Gangway, Renwick, Penrith, Cumberland; assistant, English Electrical Co., Stafford.
- \*Michael G. Ronaldson (1938-40), Rowan Cottage, Grant Road; c/o Martin, 50 Tomnahurich Street, Inverness; technical officer, G.P.O., Inverness.
- John Ross (1926-32), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; 14 Greyhound Road, Philplane, Tottenham, London; engineer, Morgan Crucible Co., Ltd., Battersea, London.
- \*Leslie G. Ross (1927-29), (Ballieward); 2 Westfield Avenue, Edinburgh, 11; export manager and salesman, Deestox Luggage Co.
- Victor J. Ross (1930-37), H.W.C., A.M.I.E.E., Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; Mo Dhachaidh, 37 Dumgoyne Avenue, Bearsden, Glasgow; Scottish Area Sales Engineer, Scottish Cables, Ltd., Renfrew.



- \*William T. K. Sellar (1939-45), M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), The Birks, Advie; Doctor of Medicine, Warneford Hospital, Radford Road, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.
- W. Gordon Smith (1937-43), 103 High Street; police constable, Banffshire Constabulary, Banff.
- \*Angus M. Stuart (1929-36), Dunedin. High Street; 154 Muirfield Road, South Oxhey, Watford, Herts; structural engineer, London Transport Executive.
- Donald Stuart (1928-32), Vulcan Cottage, Market Road; 4 Nayland Road, Mile End, Colchester, Essex; male nurse, Severalls 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, 21 Axminster Crescent, Welling. Kent; Contracts Branch, Ministry of Supply.
- \*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, Castle Grant; commercial traveller, Messrs James Watson, Aberdeen.
- \*Roderick J. D. Thomson (1934-36), 84 High Street; cook, Merchant Navy.
- \*William Thomson (1930-34), 84 High Street; 4 Bellfield Road, Bridge of Don, Aberdeen; grocery manager, N.A.A.F.I., Aberdeen.
- \*Herbert John Wright (1935-41), B.Sc. (Engineering) (Aberdeen), 34 High Street; 15 Dunblane Road, Eltham, London, S.E. 19; specialist engineer, Messrs Babcock & Wilcox, London.
- Stanley Wright (1949-53), 33a The Square; c/o Turmeau, 44a Valetta Road, Acton Vale, London, W.3; 2nd year apprentice engineer (aeronautical), D. Napier & Son, Acton, London, W.3.
- Local Members.**
- Albert Anderson (1932-34), 93 High Street; storeman, No. 24 Command Workshop, R.E.M.E.
- \*James G. Bruce (1924-30), Holmhill, Woodside Avenue; partner, Messrs James Bruce & Sons, Coal Merchants, and hotel proprietor.
- Donald Calder (1941-43), 20 Castle Road; carpenter and joiner, No. 24 Command Workshop, R.E.M.E.
- Frank Calder (1941-43), Ballieward; forester, Seafeld Estates.
- George Cameron (1930-32), 38 The Square; District Clerk and Burgh Treasurer.
- Alexander Clark (1939-41), Dulnain-Bridge; mechanic, S.C.W.S., Ltd.
- Andrew Clark (1940-42), Castle Road; electrician, North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board.
- William Cruickshank (1926-30), (Rosebank, Cromdale); The Square; manager, Ironmongery Department, S.C.W.S., The Square.
- William J. Cruickshank (1933-35), Hazel Bank, Grant Road; District Agent, Prudential Assurance Co., Ltd.
- John A. Cumming (1940-41), 18 Castle Road; electrician's mate, North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board.
- William Dunbar (1937-39), Castle Road; salesman, Messrs Mackenzie and Cruickshank, Ironmongers, The Square.
- Angus Gordon (1943-45), Achnahannet; farmer.
- Douglas Gordon (1943-49), Delachapple; farmer.
- Herbert Grant (1942-45), Topperfettle; farmer.
- William C. Grant (1942-44), South Street; postman, G.P.O.
- George Hamilton (1944-48), Tullochgribban Farm, Dulnain-Bridge; farmer.
- \*Albert M. Hastings (1942-46), 42 High Street; butcher, Messrs J. K. Hastings, High Street.
- Johnston Innes (1945-46), Heathbank; assistant, Messrs Cooper & Co., High Street.
- Gordon W. Jack (1935-37), 16 Kynlra Crescent; postal and telegraph officer, G.P.O.; town councillor.
- 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.
- William J. Laing (1950-52), 17 Castle Road East; cinema projectionist, Caledonian Associated Cinemas.
- Charles J. Lawson (1936-38), Grange Cottage, Castle Road; joiner, Mr Charles Lawson, 18 Castle Road.
- Robert Lawson (1944-45), 18 Castle Road; joiner, Mr Charles Lawson, 18 Castle Road.
- Findlay McAndrew (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 McIntosh (1946-49), 87 High Street; upholsterer, Messrs Beale and Pyper, High Street.
- Ian C. McIntosh (1936-42), National Diploma Mechanical Engineering, Waverley, High Street.
- Lewis A. McIntosh (1934-39), Waverley, High Street; proprietor, Gordon Hall Hotel.
- Alexander Mackenzie, M.A. (Aberdeen), 15 Kynlra Crescent; principal modern languages master, Grantown Grammar School; town councillor and burgh treasurer.



James McLeod (1927-28), 11 Kylintra Crescent; master builder.

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

Ian D. Macpherson (1930-35), (Thornhill, Castle Road); Lynstock Crescent, Nethybridge; storeman, "A," R.A.O.C. Depot.

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

James B. Marshall (1941-47), Elmgrove; District Agent, Prudential Assurance Co.

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), Ivy Bank, High Street; master plasterer, Messrs L. Paterson & Son.

James Rattray (1927), 13 South Street; Grantown Water Manager.

Lewis Rattray (1946-49), 12 Woodburn Place; mechanic, Messrs John Ross & Co., Electrical & Mechanical Engineers, 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, G.P.O.

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

Angus Shand (1940-42), 22 The Square; storeman, No. 24 Command Workshop, R.E.M.E.

Fraser Sime (1950-52), Police Station House; upholsterer, Messrs Beale & Pyper, High Street.

Iain D. Smith (1943-49), 103 High Street; storeman, R.A.O.C. Depot.

\*Ian Grant Smith (1943-46), Auchernack; farmer.

John A. Stephen (1938-41), Connielea, High Street; sales and service representative, Morayshire Motors.

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

Alan Taylor (1942-43), 8 Castle Road; driver, North of Scotland Milk Marketing Board.

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

\*Life Members.

## OLD GUARD ACTIVITIES.

The activities of the past year have been few—due mainly to the consistently poor weather during the summer months. The topic of weather has played a prominent part in this article over the past two or three years, but can one wonder?

After a lapse of several years the annual friendly football match with the school was held. Oddly enough the game took place on a very warm and sunny afternoon last December! The Old Guard XI. included six experienced Welfare League players and it was our intention to play exhibition, labour-saving, man-to-man football. This we did and found ourselves a goal down at half-time! During the interval our defenders had words with the forwards and the upshot was that in the second half the backs and half-backs played forward and the first-half forwards formed the defence. To crown all, the equalising goal was scored by A. Innes, moved from inside-left to right-half, with a rocket shot from all of 30 yards! Eventually our "defensive" forwards managed to scramble in two more goals and the school in a dying bid got a second and so the game ended with the score 3-2 in our favour. The school team played well and would not have been flattered with a draw and we congratulate them on a very plucky display.

It was a different story in our other encounters with the School. At the school sports in June, the school relay team ran us into the ground to win by about 15 yards in the 440 yards relay. Their baton changing and speed was much superior.

Another shock was in store for us in the annual cricket battle with the boys, for in it they decisively beat us by five wickets. This was the first time in years, if ever before, that the school have been victorious on the cricket field. We batted first and lost four wickets (including Jock Winchester, of all people, for a "duck") for a mere 10 runs in five overs! Sam Munro did all he could to hold the side together, but when he was out after making 26 the end was in sight and we went in to field with the knowledge that the school required only 52 to win. The school opening pair had a charmed life as no fewer than three easy chances were missed close in at the wicket. This was most distressing as close in fielding and catching is normally a strong point with the Old Guard. The school score was at 28 before a good ball from Jock Winchester took out a leg stump and in spite of the fact that the other opening batsman was quickly disposed of the school bats kept up a good rate of scoring and made the necessary runs for the loss of five wickets. Bowling for the school young Walter Dempster proved a real thorn in our flesh—he took six wickets, three cleaned bowled.

In other fields of sport our members have acquitted themselves well. J. (Tommy) Rattray regained the Grantown Golf Championship, successfully defended the Club's Law Cup (Scratch-Knock-out) and he again



won the Annual Amateur Tournament. In the recent Scottish Alliance Championship Tommy finished 7th amateur with a four round total of 297, which was only nine strokes behind the winning amateur, whose total included a record-equalling round of 64. In the same tournament Charlie Lawson finished tenth amateur and had the honour of playing with John Panton over the last two rounds of the championship.

At shooting, the Winchester brothers continue to score possibles with monotonous regularity. Last year they won the Moray and Nairn pairs competition between them. Angus McLean is, however, the crackshot of the local club. Last year he won the club championship and the Wolfenden Cup. In this year's shooting Angus and Jock Winchester have qualified for the knock-out stages of the Daily Record Dragon Bowl with scores of 299 out of 300 each. The winner of this trophy is recognised as the individual champion of Scotland, so we wish them good shooting!

Our climbing enthusiasts continue to spend many days on the high plateaux of

Scotland. Apart from the usual Cairngorm peaks their "bag" this year includes Ben Alder, Ben Alligin in Torridon and Ben Nevis. A new feature this year was the holding of a joint meet with the school at Glenmore during the September holiday week-end. Old Guard members who attended this greatly enjoyed the outing in spite of the poor climbing weather which kept the parties grounded most of the week-end. We hope a similar outing can be arranged next year.

For future activities the committee plan to hold an Invitation "Coming of Age" Dance next Easter. It was on the 21st September, 1933, that Mr Wilson and the ex-senior boys of that time met to form the club. We also hope to revive the pre-war football tour of clubs in the neighbouring villages such as Dulnain, Nethybridge, Carrbridge and Boat of Garten.

On behalf of the President and Officials of the Club I send the compliments of the season and best wishes for 1955 to all Old Guardsmen at home and abroad.

W. G. TEMPLETON.

## FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1954-55.

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

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Grammar School on Wednesday, 10th November, 1954, at 7.30 p.m. Dr Bain presided.

Apologies for absence were received from Messrs J. Templeton, J. A. Templeton and A. S. Mackenzie and Miss J. I. Munro, secretary.

Dr Bain welcomed those present and before commencing the business of the meeting referred to the loss sustained by the Club in the deaths of two members, Mrs Hannah Davidson and Ex-Provost McGregor. The latter had been an Honorary Vice-President for seventeen years.

The minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting were read by Miss J. Paterson and approved by Mr W. G. Templeton, seconded by Miss E. M. Pyper. Dr Bain reported that the spring outing to the Cairngorms had been cancelled but an autumn meeting had been much enjoyed, five F.P.s. being present. It was hoped to arrange a similar outing in the coming year.

The adoption of the financial report was moved by Mr G. W. C. Jack and seconded by Mr W. J. Cruickshank. A profit of almost £10 was shown on the year's working.

The following office-bearers were appointed:—

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

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Mr T. Hunter, O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc.; Ex-Provost W. A.

Glass, Miss J. M. Paterson, Mr J. Templeton.

President—Dr J. Bain, B.Sc., Ph.D.

Vice-Presidents—Mr W. F. Cruickshank, Mr H. W. Dixon, Mrs J. Schleppey, Miss E. M. Pyper, M.A., B.Sc.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss J. I. Munro.

Committee—Mrs P. Spalding, Mrs A. Grant, Provost H. G. Cumming, Messrs W. J. Cruickshank, W. G. Templeton, A. M. Grant, J. A. Templeton, M.A., and G. Jack.

With regard to the School Magazine it was stated that the secretary had received orders for 30 copies of the 1954 issue and it was agreed that an extra 18 copies be ordered as a reserve. Mrs Schleppey proposed that Provost Cumming be asked to collect news of older F.P.s. for the magazine.

Dr Bain expressed the thanks of the School for the five prizes awarded by the Club. It was proposed by Mr H. W. Dixon and seconded by Mr W. G. Templeton that separate prizes be awarded for French and German instead of one prize for Modern Languages—a total of six prizes to the value of £1 1s each. The Club therefore now donates prizes to the Grammar School for the following subjects:—English, Mathematics, Classics, French, German and Technical Subjects.

Mr W. G. Templeton reported on the 1953 Reunion which had been very successful except that there had only been five tables of whist. It was therefore agreed to discontinue the Whist Drive this year and the matter would be brought up again next year. The 1954 Reunion would be held on Tuesday, 28th

December. The following Reunion Committee was appointed:—

Convener—Mr W. G. Templeton.

Committee—Mrs P. Spalding, Mrs J. Grant, Miss E. M. Pyper, Messrs W. J. Cruickshank, W. F. Cruickshank and G. Jack.

It was proposed by Dr Bain and seconded by Mrs Schleppy that letters of congratulation on behalf of the Club be sent to Mr J. A. Templeton, Alves, and Mr J. R. Stuart, Grantown, who had recently been appointed J.Ps.

A letter was read from the Grantown Old People's Welfare Association asking whether the Club would be prepared to give them a donation. Dr Bain proposed and Mr W. G. Templeton seconded that a donation of £5 be granted this year.

#### At Universities and Colleges.

- \*George A. Dixon, Mhorile, Woodlands Crescent; 2nd year, Aberdeen University.
- \*Sheina M. Donaldson, M.A. (Aberdeen), 32a The Square, Hilton Hostel, Aberdeen; Aberdeen Training College.
- \*Shona G. MacDougall, Monaliadh Bungalow, Boat of Garten; Hilton Hostel, Aberdeen; 2nd year, Aberdeen Training College.
- \*Sheena S. R. M'Intosh, 8 Castle Road East; Hilton Hostel, Aberdeen; 2nd year, Aberdeen Training College.
- \*May D. Mackenzie, 46 High Street; Hilton Hostel, Aberdeen; Aberdeen Training College.
- \*Rita Marshall, Dell Cottage, Nethybridge; Darroch Hostel, East Suffolk Road, Edinburgh, 9; 3rd year Arts, Edinburgh University.
- \*Mona A. Scott (Mountlea, Balmenach, Cromdale); Dailuaine, Carron; 2nd year Science, Aberdeen University.
- \*Julia M. Stuart, Cromdale View, Forest Road; Darroch Hostel, East Suffolk Road, Edinburgh, 9; 3rd year Arts, Edinburgh University.

#### Exiles.

- Jessamine I. Anderson, Wester Laggan, Dulnain-Bridge; 19 Chester Street, Edinburgh, 3; student nursery nurse.
- Margaret R. Anderson, Institutional Management Association Certificate, Wester Laggan, Dulnain-Bridge; Newton Hotel, Nairn; housekeeper.
- \*Mrs Fred E. Anfield (Winifred M. D. Shaw), Diploma of Domestic Science, Aldersyde, Nethybridge.
- \*Mrs George Angus (Ella A. Wood), (Balmenach, Cromdale); Dalrannoch, Fleurs Place, Elgin.
- \*Mrs Howard Aston (Kathleen Mutch), R.G.N. (Edinburgh), D.N. (London), 28 High Street; 50 Hayes Road, Bromley, Kent.
- \*Mrs Robert Balfour (Dorothea M. Smith), (30 Kynlira Crescent); Kampala, Uganda, East Africa; civil servant, Immigration Office, Kampala.

- \*Mrs Robert W. Bass (Christine A. Tulloch), (Dallas Brae, Grant Road); New York, U.S.A.
- Mrs Archibald A. Beveridge (Elizabeth A. Gordon), M.A. (Aberdeen), Lower Dellie-fure.
- \*Mrs Guthrie Booth (Netta R. Hunter), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; Nether Bogside, Elgin.
- \*Mrs James B. Braid (L.D. Pamela Gibson), (The Knoll); P.O. Box 63, 5 Fairlie Place, Calcutta, India.
- \*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; carnation grower, A. F. Dutton, Ltd., Iver, Bucks.
- \*Stanley J. W. Buchan (Grant Arms Hotel); Windyridge, Willow Lane, London Road, Amersham, Bucks; nursery gardener, Aspro, Ltd., Slough, Bucks.
- \*Mary A. S. Butter (The Knoll); 9 Sandringham Terrace, The Esplanade, Greenock; teacher (retired), Grantown Grammar School.
- \*Alexandra Cameron, N.F.F., The Knoll; Bon Accord, Marmion Road, North Berwick; teacher, High School, North Berwick.
- \*Eva M. Cameron, M.A. (Hons.) (Aberdeen), (Willowbank); 4 Victoria Road, Elgin; teacher of English, Duffus J.S. School, Hopeman.
- \*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); 89 Forest Ave., 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); 26 Homefield Rise, Orpington, Kent.
- \*Mrs James F. Duguid (Rhea Pyper), M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), Riversdale, Grant Road; 9 Kent Road, Avondale, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.
- Mrs George Dunbar (Margaret M. M'Lean), Kynlira Cottage; 97 Central Avenue, Beancross, Grangemouth.
- \*James Duncan, 28 High Street; 95 Cromwell Road, Aberdeen; accountant, National Bank of Scotland, 140 Union Street, Aberdeen.
- \*Sine H. Ferguson (Swiss Cottage, Ballindalloch); Balgrave Schoolhouse, Lismore, by Oban; head cook, Craigmount School, Minto, Nr. Hawick, Roxburghshire.
- \*Ian C. G. Forbes (Connage); 32 Seaview Road, Buckie; teller, Bank of Scotland, Buckie.
- \*Duncan Fraser, C.B.E., D.L., LL.D., J.P. (Kynlira Cottage); Braemoray, 6 Woodburn Avenue, Aberdeen; draper, Duncan Fraser (Draper), Aberdeen, Ltd.



- \*Evelyn Geddes, Diploma of Domestic Science, 65 High Street; teacher of domestic science.
- \*Anna B. Gilbert (Strathallan, Grant Road); 55 Morningside Park, Edinburgh, 10; teacher (retired).
- Grace T. Gordon, M.A. (Aberdeen), Lower Delliefure.
- \*Catriona M. B. Grant, M.A. (Edinburgh), Balnagown, Nethybridge; c/o Black, 7 Ardross Place, Inverness; teacher, Tomnacross J.S. School, Kiltarlity, Inverness-shire.
- \*John A. Grant (Reidhaven); 1 Carlton Close, Edgeware, Middlesex; civil engineer (retired).
- \*Mrs Lewis M. Grant (M. Sarah Macdonald), Sunnylea, Aviemore.
- \*Margaret C. Grant, Higher Tullochgribban, Dulnain-Bridge; Elginshill, Nr. Elgin; teacher, Urquhart Public School.
- \*Mrs Peter Grant (Isabella C. Mackintosh), M.A. Ord. (Edinburgh), (Congash Cottage); Ravenscraig, Aviemore.
- \*Mrs Peter J. Grant (Ann Telfer), East Lodge, Castle Grant; Harbour Inn, Burghhead.
- \*Violet Grant, S.R.N., R.M.N., 107 High Street; night sister, Belmont Hospital, Sutton, Surrey.
- \*William Grant, L.R.C.P. & S, Edinburgh, (Briar Cottage, Grant Road); Cairngorm, Lyons Lane, Appleton, Cheshire; medical practitioner.
- \*Mrs George Gray (Barbara Hepburn), (22 The Square); 5 Backyett, Thornhill, Stirlingshire.
- \*Mrs J. Gordon Hall (Georgie Gordon), (Brooklyn, Grant Road); Sunny Bank, Craigellachie.
- \*William Hepburn, Braemoray, Woodlands Terrace.
- \*Mrs William Hepburn (Rita Mackay), Braemoray, Woodlands Terrace.
- \*Mrs John D. Hogg (Jean Cruickshank), 3 Woodburn Place; 24 Polwarth Crescent, Edinburgh, 11.
- \*Thomas Hunter, O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc. (Glasgow), (Rosemount, Woodside Avenue); 54 Devonshire Road, Aberdeen; rector (retired), Grantown Grammar School.
- \*Mrs Thomas Hunter (Rosemount, Woodside Avenue); 54 Devonshire Road, Aberdeen.
- \*Mrs Basil B. Jakeman (Diana F. Mackintosh), Ladysturn, Dulnain-Bridge; Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.
- Elise M. H. Kirk, M.A. (Edinburgh), (Rockmount, High Street); 58 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh.
- \*Grace M. Kirk, R.G.N. (Edinburgh), S.C.M. (Irvine), (Rockmount, High Street); 58 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh; theatre sister, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.
- \*Harold G. Laing, (Craig Revack, Woodside Avenue); 79 Eastbourne Road, Birkdale, Southport, Lancs.
- \*Elizabeth M. Lawrence, Bank of Scotland House; Nurses' Home, Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, C.4; 2nd year student nurse.
- \*Edith M. Lawson, Certificate of Speech Fellowship (London), (Willowbank); Uplands, 254 Leigham 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, O.B.E., 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, Savile Row, London, W.1.
- \*Mrs Hugh Leckie (Marie J. Grant), Higher Tullochgribban, Dulnain-Bridge; 15 Forthview, Bannockburn; teacher, Stirling Education Authority.
- \*Mrs A. Peter Lewin (Edith M. Kyd), (Craggan House); Desswood, 130 Green Lane, Coventry.
- \*Mrs Duncan M'Arthur (Margaret I. Grant), (Grant Cottage, High Street); 8 Maurann Court, Hunter Street, Yeoville, Johannesburg, South Africa.
- \*Elizabeth M. M'Beath, S.R.N. (Aberdeen), (1 Station Cottages); Argyll Mansions, Oban; two years' course for Mental Nursing Certificate, Royal Mental Hospital, Aberdeen.
- \*Mrs John N. M'Callum (Isobel O. M'Beath), (1 Station Cottages); Argyll Mansions, Oban.
- \*Mrs William T. M'Curdy (Alice K. M. King), (3 Woodburn Place); 14 Burnett Place, Nutley, New Jersey, U.S.A.
- \*Sydney G. Macgregor, M.A. (Edinburgh), 46 High Street; The Whins, Banavie, Nr. Fort William; teacher of classics, High School, Fort William.
- Elspit McIntosh, Garlyne, Nethybridge; physical instructress, Falkirk Technical School.
- \*Mrs Matthew Mackenzie (Jessie M. Campbell), (Parkburn); 18 Kingsford Road, Alford; teacher of domestic science, Alford School.
- \*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); Hill View, Inch, Aberdeenshire; hotel proprietor (retired).
- \*Mrs Alexander D. MacLaren (Sheila MacDougall), The Mill House, Craggan; Depto de Comisariatos, Shell Caribbean Petroleum Co., Ltd., Mene Grande, Estado Zulia, 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.
- \*Nancy McLean, Kylintra Cottage; Nurses' Home, Royal Infirmary, Foresterhill, Aberdeen; 2nd year student nurse, Royal Infirmary, Aberdeen.

- Elizabeth McWilliam, Silverdale.
- \*Sheila M. E. Mann, 9 Castle Road East; Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Aberdeen; nurse.
- \*Mrs Frank Mason (Mary H. Tulloch), M.A. (Glasgow), (Dallas Brae, Grant Road); 3 Turnberry Road, Glasgow, W.2.
- \*Heather M. Mathieson, R.M.S.N., S.A. (Aultcharn Farm). Nurses' Home, Provincial Hospital, Port Elizabeth, South Africa; student midwife.
- \*Ruth A. Mathieson, M.Ch.S. (Aultcharn Farm); 8 Mimosa House, Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia; chiropodist.
- Mrs H. J. Mills (Catherine M. Campbell), 4 Station Cottages; P.S.I. Quarters, T.A., Glyndon Road, Plumstead, London, S.E.18.
- Mrs Alexander Milne (Jessie Alanach), M.A. (Edinburgh), (Faebuie, Cromdale); Stronsa, Petrie Crescent, Elgin; teacher, Lossiemouth J.S. School.
- \*Mrs Thomas G. Milner (E. Margaret Templeton), Diploma of Domestic Science (Aberdeen), The Lodge, Castle Grant; c/o P.W.D., Mzimba, Nyasaland, East Africa.
- Mrs Douglas A. Mitchell (Jan Templeton), The Lodge, Castle Grant; The Cottage, Old Port Road, Inverurie.
- \*Elspeth M. Mitchell, Benaigen, 20 Castle Road East; 18 Carse Road, Inverness; clerical officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, Inverness.
- \*Mrs George Morrison (Rachel B. Campbell), M.A. (Edinburgh), (Parkburn); 23 Albert Place, Dufftown.
- \*Mrs Fred Munro (Gertrude A. G. Lawson), S.R.N., S.C.N., (Willowbank); 83 Biddulph Mansions, Elgin Avenue, London, W.9.
- \*Elizabeth D. Mutch, R.G.N., Diploma of Dietetics (Edinburgh), 28 High Street; assistant lady superintendent of nurses, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.
- \*Mrs Michael A. Naughton (Marie A. Shaw), M.A. (Aberdeen), Crowley, Nethybridge; 6 Romsey Road, Cambridge.
- \*Mrs Ollason (Margaret A. S. Grant), R.G.N., S.C.M. (Edinburgh), Dalbuiack, Nethybridge; Roseville, 95 King Harald Street, Lerwick, Shetland.
- \*Mrs Sigvard Olssen (Mary Cruickshank), Diploma of Physical Education (Silkeborg), Seafeld Lodge Hotel, Woodside Avenue, Kungsgaaten, 21 Lindesborg, Sweden.
- \*Ann M. Paton, 19 South Street; c/o 58 Maisondieu Road, Elgin; telephonist, Telephone Exchange, Elgin.
- \*Mrs Myles J. Ritson (Williamina Keith), 6 Birchview Terrace; 1 Argyle Terrace, Inverness.
- \*William A. Robertson, M.A., Ph.D. (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, Overnewton School, Lumsden Street, Glasgow, C.3.
- \*Helen A. K. Scott (Mountlea, Balmenach, Cromdale); Dailuaine, Carron; 190 King Street, Aberdeen; teacher, Middlefield School, Aberdeen.
- \*Mrs William Scott (Mary M'Gillivray), Isla Cottage, High Street; 8 Park Road, Timperley, Altrincham, Cheshire.
- \*Catherine M. Smith, B.Sc. (Hons.), Diploma of Dietetics (Glasgow), Benalder, High Street; c/o Craig, 43 Cartha Street, Glasgow, S.1.; therapeutic dietitian, Royal Infirmary, Glasgow.
- \*Sheila M. G. Smith, B.Com (Edinburgh), Auchernack; 26 Leamington Terrace, Edinburgh; secretary, Royal (Dick) School of Veterinary Studies, Edinburgh.
- \*Mrs Frank Squires (Isa Moyes), (Lilac Cottage, High Street); 164 Hillcrest Avenue, Montreal West, Montreal, Canada.
- \*Mrs Morton Stevens (Meta K. King), (3 Woodburn Place); 9 Slater Crescent, Portknockie, Banffshire.
- \*James A. Templeton, M.A. (Edinburgh), The Lodge, Castle Road; Schoolhouse, Alves; headmaster, Alves J.S. School.
- James Thomson, 104 High Street; c/o Mrs Whittall, 78 Heavitree Road, Plumstead Common, Woolwich, London, S.E.18; junior clerk, Aluminium (Canadian) Union, Ltd., John Adam Street, Adelphi, Strand, London, W.C.2.
- Mrs Alfred G. Threadgold (Elizabeth H. Campbell, 4 Station Cottages, 253 Sundorne Road, Meadows Estate, Shrewsbury, Salop.
- \*Mrs Eric Walling (Isabel Jack), Isla Cottage, High Street; 124 High Street, Colchester, Essex.
- \*Mrs Robert Walmsley (Ella Slater), Diploma of Domestic Science (Aberdeen), (Viewhill, Spey Bridge); 11 Alveston Avenue, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex.
- \*Mrs George Watt (Pearl M'Millan), M.A. (Aberdeen), (100 High Street); 64 Devonshire Road, Aberdeen.
- Wilma Watt, 109 High Street; 3 Hyde Park Gate, South Kensington, London, S.W.7; clerical officer, Metropolitan Police, New Scotland Yard, 60-63 Walton Street, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.
- \*Mrs Robert 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, Lubwa, Chinsali, Northern Rhodesia.
- \*Mrs Herbert J. Wright (Shona Calder), Stonefield, The Square; Barns Thorns, Cobham, Surrey.



\*Elizabeth L. Young, Fairview, Boat of Garten; 78 Regent Street, Fife-Keith, Banffshire; teacher, Newmill J.S. School.

\*Mrs Ivor C. N. Young (Mary M. Y. MacDonald), D.A. (Glasgow), Laurel Bank, Aviemore; 51 Union Street, Greenock.

#### Local Members.

\*Mrs James D. Archibald (Sheila S. Macpherson), 22 The Square.

\*James Bain, B.Sc. (Edinburgh), Ph.D., Tighnacaille, Spey Bridge; rector, Grantown Grammar School.

\*Mrs Barclay (Margaret L. Hastilow), Dulnain House, Dulnain-Bridge.

\*Janet C. Barclay, 9 McGregor, Avenue.

\*John B. Burgess, The Larches, Grant Road; tailor, High Street.

\*Mrs John B. Burgess (Winifred F. O. Pyper), The Larches, Grant Road.

\*Isobel Calder, 46 High Street.

Dorothy M. Cameron, Dunira, South Street.

\*John I. Cameron, Dunira, South Street; clerk, No. 24 Command Workshop, R.E.M.E.

\*Margaret Cameron, The Knoll; civil servant (retired).

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.

\*Herbert G. Cumming, M.M., M.A., B.Sc. (Edinburgh), Moniak; teacher (retd.), Paisley Grammar School; provost of Grantown.

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

\*Hamish W. Dixon, Mhorile, Woodlands Crescent; painter and decorator, Messrs Dixon & Bain.

\*Mrs Hamish W. Dixon (Beatrice R. Reid), M.A. (Aberdeen), Mhorile, Woodlands Crescent.

\*Anne F. Donaldson, Diploma of Domestic Science, Garth Hotel, Castle Road.

\*Catherine I. J. Donaldson, S.R.N. (Wind-sor), Garth Hotel, Castle Road.

\*George E. Donaldson, M.A., B.A. (London), 32a The Square; principal English master, Grantown Grammar School.

\*Mrs Harry Douglas (Constance A. Winchester), 10 Mackay Avenue.

\*Jennie S. Duncan, Dundhonnachie, Castle Road East; teacher (retired).

\*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.

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

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

Mrs A. Martin Grant (Christina Calder), 2 Kylintra Crescent.

Mrs Allan M. Grant (Margaret C. Telfer), East Lodge, Castle Grant; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.

\*Evelyn C. Grant, Ballinluig, clerkess, Messrs Beale & Pyper, High Street.

\*James J. Grant, Dunedin, High Street; draper, Messrs Mackintosh & Cumming, High Street.

\*Mrs James J. Grant (Netta Duffner), Dunedin, High Street.

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

\*Mrs John Grant (Mary E. Templeton), Dun-alastair, Heathfield Road.

\*Mariel Grant, M.A., B.Sc. (Aberdeen), Woodberry, Spey Bridge; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.

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

Mrs Ralph M. Harra (Christina A. Cameron), 7 Mackay Avenue.

Margaret I. Hogg, 11 South Street; bakery assistant, Seafeld Bakery, High Street.

\*Christine M. Innes, Carndearg, 17 Kylintra Crescent; telephone operator, No. 24 Command Workshop, R.E.M.E.

Kenina J. Innes, Carndearg, 17 Kylintra Crescent; clerkess, S.C.W.S. Garage, High Street.

\*Wilma Irving, Kirkton Cottage; junior clerkess, North of Scotland Milk Marketing Board, High Street.

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

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

\*Jessie M. Laing, 113 High Street; telephonist, General Post Office.

\*Margaret M. Legge, Woodberry, Spey Bridge; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.

\*Mrs Kenneth J. Lugg (Jean Burgess), Rose-hall Hotel, The Square.

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

\*E. Donald M'Gillivray, Isla Cottage, High Street; postman, General Post Office.

Mrs R. M'Gillivray (Morag Gray), Brunswick Cottage, Nethybridge.

\*Elizabeth R. Macgregor, 2 Cambrae, Cromdale; shorthand - typist, Mr Gordon McCulloch, Solicitor, The Square.

\*Mrs Alexander MacKay (Isabella B. Grant), Braemoray, Woodlands Terrace; proprietrix, Craiglynn Hotel.

- \*Alexander Mackenzie, M.A. (Aberdeen), 15 Kylintra Crescent; principal modern languages master, Grantown Grammar School; town councillor and burgh treasurer.
- \*James S. Mackenzie, Gowanlea, Woodside Avenue; draper, Messrs Alexander Mackenzie and Son, High Street
- \*Mrs James S. Mackenzie (Elizabeth Robertson), Gowanlea, Woodside Avenue.
- \*Alexander MacPhail, Hillview, High Street; painter and decorator.
- \*Isa MacPhail, Hillview, High Street.  
Anne Munro, 5 Kylintra Crescent.
- \*Charles Munro, Birchview, Woodlands Crescent; banker (retired), South Africa.
- \*Jeannette I. Munro, 38 Kylintra Crescent; civil servant, No. 24 Command Workshop, R.E.M.E.
- \*Mrs Archibald Mutch (Elizabeth Duncan), 28 High Street.
- \*Jean M. Paterson, Parkburn, Woodlands Crescent; partner, Paterson & Co., Shoe Specialists, 23 High Street.
- \*James Philip, Strathspey Hotel, High Street; proprietor, Strathspey Hotel.
- \*Elizabeth C. Phimister, Woodburn, South Street; postal and telegraph officer, General Post Office.
- \*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.
- \*Mrs Thomas S. Robertson (Mary E. Hastilow), Achnagonlan.
- \*Alison Ronaldson, Rowan Cottage, Grant Road.
- \*Jessie D. Ronaldson, Rowan Cottage, Grant Road; postal and telegraph officer, G.P.O.
- \*Mrs Joseph Schleppe (Elizabeth Meldrum), Granite Villa, Woodside Avenue.  
Mrs Robert A. Sinclair (Beatrice Shand), 23 Kylintra Crescent.
- \*Mrs Peter G. Spalding (Isobel M. Gunn), 6 McGregor Avenue; hairdresser, Messrs Mackintosh & Cumming, High Street.
- \*Mrs John Stuart (Marion N. G. Paterson), M.A. (Edinburgh); Achnarow Schoolhouse; head teacher, Achnarow School.
- \*Mrs Colin Sutton (Catherine M. MacKay), Craiglynn Hotel.
- \*James Templeton, Croix de Guerre (Gold Star), The Lodge, Castle Grant; electrician and plumber, Seafeld Estates.
- \*Netta Templeton, Gladstone Cottage, Castle Road.
- \*Georgina M. Turnbull, 3 Grampian Crescent, Boat of Garten; teacher, Dulnain-Bridge School.
- \*James Williams, M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh); Stonefield House, The Square; medical practitioner.
- \*Mrs Jack Wood (Joan Cruickshank), Seafeld Lodge Hotel, Woodside Avenue.

\* Life Member.

## BIRTHS

- GRANT.—On 4th October, 1954, to Mr and Mrs Lewis M. Grant (M. Sarah Macdonald), Sunnylea, Aviemore—a son.
- GUNN.—On 27th July, 1954, to Mr and Mrs Donald Gunn, Lemlair Cottage, Dingwall—a daughter.
- LEDINGHAM.—On 23rd July, 1953, to Mr and Mrs Alex. (Sandy) Ledingham, 20 Bailey Street, Salford, 6—a daughter (Fiona Margaret).
- MACLAREN.—On 18th March, 1954, to Mr and Mrs Alexander D. MacLaren (Sheila MacDougall), Venezuela, South America—a son (Iain David Hamish).
- THOMSON.—On 4th May, 1954, to Mr and Mrs R. J. D. (Derek) Thomson, 24 Kylintra Crescent—a daughter (Christine Anne).
- WALMSLEY.—On 17th April, 1954, to Mr and Mrs Robert Walmsley (Ella Slater), 11 Alveston Avenue, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex—a daughter (Fiona).

## MARRIAGES

- BEVERIDGE—GORDON. — At Nethybridge Hotel, on 19th May, 1954, Archibald Allan Beveridge, B.Sc., Rutherglen, to Elizabeth Anderson Gordon, M.A., Lower Delliefure, Grantown-on-Spey.
- CATTO—GRAY.—At Inverurie, on the 19th September, 1953, George Catto (late of Ivy Bank Cottage) to Winifred Gray, Inverurie.
- GRANT—TELFER. — At Waterford House Hotel, on 9th October, 1954, Allan Morton Grant, Aalsmeer, Dulnain-Bridge, to Margaret Calder Telfer, East Lodge, Castle Grant, Grantown-on-Spey.
- GRANT — TEMPLETON. — At Inverallan Parish Church, on 10th December, 1953, John Grant, Aalsmeer, Dulnain-Bridge, to Mary Elizabeth Templeton, The Lodge, Castle Grant, Grantown-on-Spey.
- HAIR — STUART. — At Inverallan Parish Church, on the 23rd September, 1954, W. James M. Hair, The Square, to Lilian M. Stuart, Cromdale View.
- INNES—DICKSON.—At Old Kirk, Bo'ness, on 3rd April, 1954, Patrick Innes, Kylintra Crescent, to Anne Dickson, Bo'ness.
- NAUGHTON — SHAW. — At Nethybridge Church, on 30th December, 1953, Michael Arthur Naughton, Blackpool, to Marie Ann Shaw, M.A., Crowley, Nethybridge.

## DEATHS

- DAVIDSON.—At Cairngorm View, Dulnain-Bridge, on 14th January, 1954, Hannah Mary Davidson, retired headmistress, Dalnaspidal Public School.
- MCGREGOR.—At his home, 46 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey, on 13th February, 1954, William McGregor, saddler; Honorary Vice-President, Former Pupils' Club.



## SWEDISH RHAPSODY.

"Why Sweden?" was the question most often put to me when the conversation came round to my coming visit to Scandinavia. Such a question demanded a clear answer, and I replied that I intended learning the language and something of the institutions and culture of that country. Within, however, a little voice whispered that holiday frolics would not be excluded from such a trip.

And so, my motives clarified and all superstition discarded, I sailed from Newcastle on Tuesday, 13th July, bound for Denmark. A twenty-four-hour voyage brought us to Denmark, a country of great charm and the home of many cows, more pigs, countless bicycles and a few Danes.

I spent a memorable day in Copenhagen and fell completely under the spell of that "wunnaful, wunnaful" city. There tall gables, slender windows, narrow streets, canals and a palace so magnificent that felt slippers had to be worn to spare the splendour of the marble, formed the fairy city of my Hans Christian Andersen inspired childhood.

From Denmark to Sweden across the Oresund takes only one hour and a half, and from the South of Sweden to Stockholm nine hours. A Finnish lady and her son who conversed in German kept me company and told me of their country, the "lakiest" in the world. After a journey past lakes, forests and red wooden houses we arrived in the early morning in Stockholm. Sweden's capital has been called the "Venice of the North"; and in the early light of that July morning it must have looked at its best. Everywhere there was water and boats and bridges, and, dominating the scene as we glided into the Central Station, the Town Hall, its tower surmounted by three golden crowns, the royal emblem of Sweden.

It was with some trepidation that I alighted from the train, for I was to be met by the family who were to be my hosts for the first three weeks of my visit. They were complete strangers to me, having only corresponded through the medium of the Swedish Institute for Cultural Relations. In a letter telling the time of my arrival I had described myself as tall and dark and so easily recognisable. To my dismay, however, I found that my 5 ft. 10 ins. was only average height in Scandinavia, and that my raven locks were no mark of distinction among a people who were by no means the fair-haired Viking warriors of our youthful history books. Like the Prodigal of old I was lost but was soon found by my hosts, a kindly-looking lady and her bespectacled son.

My first impressions were correct—the Ludwigs family, as they were called, were a kindly family and two of the most cultured people I have ever met. Fru Ludwigs was the widow of a Swedish lawyer and her son, Folke, was a student in Stockholm University. Both spoke English, German and French and had a reading knowledge of Danish and Nor-

wegian. Folke was studying history and plied me with questions as to whether Mary, Queen of Scots was guilty or innocent, while Fru Ludwigs used to spend her holiday spare time reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or painting china, an art which she had learnt with the late Crown Princess Martha of Norway and the late Queen Astrid of Belgium. At china-painting she was an adept, and a cup and saucer which she painted for me in a pattern based on a German model in the National Museum in Stockholm will be one of my life-long treasures.

The Ludwigs family took me with them to their idyllic little holiday cottage in the Stockholm archipelago. The cottage was situated along with many others on the birch and pine-covered island of Hoeloe. I well remember the first day we went there—Fru Ludwigs had gone on ahead, and when Folke and I arrived there was the whole pretty scene dominated by the yellow and blue of the Swedish flag flying in honour of the guest from Scotland.

Our days on Hoeloe began with the strains of the bagpipes of Scotland as the gramophone from England poured forth the melody of some weird Strathspey which Fru Ludwigs had selected to make me feel at home. Immediately after breakfast Folke and I would cycle to the village for the day's provisions, and the rest of the morning we would spend stretched on deck-chairs reading newspapers or absorbing the hot Swedish sunshine. In the afternoon we used to go sailing in and out among the islands of the archipelago in Folke's yacht or motor-boat, depending on the weather. Sometimes too we would go picking blaeberries in the forests in preparation for dinner.

Dinner was the highlight of the day—such a meal! We took plenty of time to enjoy the new potatoes and the giant strawberries and cream of which the family garden had an almost inexhaustible supply. Always we talked: Fru Ludwigs used to tell how she had read that, because of Scotland's poverty, the Romans had refrained from conquering the Caledonians, and Folke professed a great interest in the "Big Grey Man of Ben Macdhui" and the Kinsey Report.

No description of my Swedish visit would be complete without reference to the Swedish Institute's course which I attended for a week. The course, in itself rather dull, dealing as it did largely with economic problems, began marvellously. Our party, which consisted of many nationalities, but mostly of elderly and bow-legged American ladies, were treated to lunch at the Town Council's expense in Stockholm's Town Hall. I have no idea what the calory value of this lunch was or the amount of vitamins it contained, but the content certainly were intriguing—mushrooms, sardines, horrible raw herring which I had more than once in Sweden, eels (these were declared very sweet by a gushing Americanness of French extraction who had been to Tangier and who feared poisoning from Coco-Cola) and a great delicacy, raw

reindeer, which tasted like rabbit without myxomatosis. This was washed down with beer, biscuits and cheese, and schnapps, a horrible concoction made, I believe from potatoes. Then followed the main dish—wienerschnitzel with fried potatoes, anchovies, lemon and salad.

On this course I met many people who were exceptionally interesting. There was a mysterious gentleman from Italy who turned out to be the secretary of an organisation for European federation; Jean, a Dutch lady with a huge sense of humour and a lofty altitude. Worthy of mention too is Mr Richardson, a London Welshman, who knew about black magic, Dylan Thomas and colour cinematography. Above all I remember Ahmed from the Sudan, who told me about his country's longing for independence, about the wicked rule of the big, bad English and who urged me to read the Koran if I sought true beauty.

Up till the end of the course I had still been very largely in the Stockholm area, but in the next two weeks I was to see a little of almost the whole populated area of Sweden. I visited the north where peasant culture is best preserved, and slept there on a straw bed. It was there too that cows as well as men inhabited the towns and that a peasant woman asked me whom Princess Margaret was likely to marry. I visited Gothenburg and there went on a ride on the biggest scenic railway in Europe. I also admired the illuminated toad-stools in the Lissaberg pleasure park, the town theatre which has the best stage machinery in northern Europe, was called a Spaniard in a flower shop and succeeded in being locked out from my lodging in the wee sma' oors of a draughty Gothenburg morning. Other places I visited were Vadstena, the home of St Bridget of Sweden and Kalmar, where I met a gentleman who talked about French politics and where I went to see a Renaissance Castle with black swans in the moat.

Lastly I sailed across the Baltic to Gothland and must mention this paradise in a special paragraph. An enchanting little boat with a tall funnel and the brave name Tjhelvar (a sea cousin, no doubt of the Enid Blyton train on the Speyside line) bobbed about on the Baltic for ten hours and finally at 7 a.m. tied up at the quay in Visby, Gothland's biggest town. Visby, with its walls all round, its narrow cobbled lanes and many rose-covered ruins, still preserves its mediæval character. The countryside of Gothland was no less beautiful than the capital itself. The farms seemed to have come right out of a child's picture book, and indeed the whole Gothland scene was somewhat unreal—peasants jogged along in traps drawn by diminutive ponies or moved from place to place in the dear little trains little bigger than a Hornby Dublo. Fruit trees laden with great luscious apples, pears and plums hung invitingly over garden walls, and merry little children called out "Hey" as they flew past on their bicycles. Even the language was different, being a dialect akin to ancient

Gothic with many German, Danish and Russian words to flavour. I left Gothland as I arrived, by night, certainly the most fitting way—dreams after all should begin and end within the hours of darkness.

Gothland was the last place I visited in Sweden and is a far cry from Scotland. The question now is "Will I go back again?" but this time I have no clear answer. If, however, anyone else would like to go, here is some advice: adopt a pronounced West Highland accent, speak German without the gutturals and as if with a monster bun in the mouth, and all will be well! Bon voyage!

A. L. GORDON.

### DUSK IN THE DOLDRUMS

Throughout the day the ship has been steaming onwards in a blue world: the mirrored surface of the tropical sea reflecting faithfully the unsullied azure of the sky above. Only when a shaft of scintillating sunshine penetrates the lucid depths and lends perspective does it seem at all tangible.

And so after this monotonous monochrome of tropical day, the subtle changes which come with the dusk are all the more appreciable.

First, as the sun loses altitude, the blue gives place to a yellow effect. The heavens are soon no longer blue, except in the zenith, but rather the soft delicate of a lily in full bloom. The sun, which has all day shone remorselessly from above, now assumes a more benign appearance as its shape is disturbed by atmospheric refraction. Momentarily it seems to pause, a flaming, quivering orb, and then as the links of the sun slide beneath the horizon, the yellow light fades quickly to an eerie rose pigmentation all over the western concave.

The sea is rose too, reflecting the coloured sky in a darker opaque way. The long, low swell, betraying the effect of some tempest in a far off southern latitude, and perceptible only by the gentle heaving of the vessel's bow against the horizon ahead, seems to catch bands of this colour, and sweep them towards us across the placid bosom of the ocean.

The minutes pass. We stand entranced as night steals in from the east, seeming thick and tangible as though a blue-grey curtain were being drawn slowly over the heavens.

Abeam of the ship, the rose and grey effects merge, and things assume an unreal stereoscopic effect. Some of the flying fish escaping from the inexorable bow wave, dart into the grey half of the ocean, seeming like vague shadows flitting on a dull wall. However, when a shoal flies into the sunset the scene is vastly different. The vibrating transparent wings and tails flash and glitter, while the shiny bodies of the fish glow in the reflected light like red hot poker heads.

Now as though to balance the approaching dusk, puffs of cumulus cloud appear



mysteriously in the western sky. They are indescribably beautiful, in texture ethereal and tenuous, charged with rainbow colouring.

Finally the night merges round like a fragrant mist, the creamy wake of the ship loses its lustre, while the effervescence under the bows turns to a leaden colour. Night engulfs the lonely ship, but yet sweeps on, chasing the remaining glow of daylight in the west. The last filtered rays of the sun die quite suddenly, snuffed exactly like an altar candle. With the death of the day, everything is hushed, even the characteristic noises of an ocean liner under way seem subdued. The atmosphere seems ghostlike, sacred, unreal.

Perhaps, at this moment, we have a taste of Fairyland. Now the stars begin to appear. First Venus, low to the west, then the glowing glory of Mars—over there Saturn, then Sirius, Vega and Arcturus. Soon galaxies and constellations all shine with unnatural brilliancy in these clear equatorial heavens.

Thus reality returns to us, and one realises that it is now but another starlit night typical of the tropics.

Later, as one lies awake marvelling that so much awe-inspiring beauty can be seen even 2000 miles from land, the ship steams steadily on into the night, towards another dawn, and towards another day.

SINBAD.

#### EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LETTER

Dear Mr Editor,

Edinburgh calling Grantown—at long last! Now that we three have reached our final year, we deign to honour you with a letter.

This year we welcome to "Auld Reekie" two additions—one, an unfledged young medical, fresh from G.G.S.; the other, although new to the veterinary profession, quite worldly wise in other matters. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of one of our more senior representatives, Michael McTaggart, deeply engrossed in the intricacies of Honours Physics (some of us appear to have brains!) Grantown is also represented at Atholl Crescent and Moray House in the persons of Norah Brooks and Joan Fraser. It is pleasing to note that after a lull in the number of representatives from Grantown, they are now coming forth in strength once more.

To those who are contemplating a University career, we strongly advise you to come to Edinburgh. Here you will find plenty scope for all your talents—intellectual and otherwise!

The hub of University activity is the Old Quad, the home of the Arts faculty. Here you will find the main lecture theatres, libraries and reading rooms, and perhaps most important of all—at least, where we spend most of the day—our headquarters, the Students' Common Room. Amid the

wreaths of smoke, the clatter of coffee cups and the inevitable student discussions, one perceives the card-sharpers intent on the game. We are happy to intimate that the Common Room has recently been re-decorated and extended into Exam Hall A—a much more delightful arrangement we think. Science and medical students are more familiar with the New Quad, and new science departments at King's Buildings, where facilities are also available for all kinds of sport.

Saturday night sees the entire student population converging on the various Unions and colleges for dancing. Saturday night's motto is "Eat, Drink and be Merry," and the general theme "Wine, Women and Song."

This term promises great excitement in the form of our forthcoming rectorial election, other highlights of the year being Charities Week and occasional visits from our Chancellor, the Duke of Edinburgh.

But, alas—degree exams!

We remain,

Yours faithfully,  
EVELYN MACKINTOSH.  
RITA MARSHALL.  
JUDY STUART.

#### UNIVERSITY LETTER FROM ABERDEEN

Dear Mr Editor,

All the Grantown students going up to Aberdeen University for the first time in October, 1953, arrived in Aberdeen a few days before Term commenced to attend a Freshers' Course run by the Students' Representative Council. The course was designed to give the new student a broad outline of University life outside the purely academic field and included an introduction to the various societies which are run by the students for the students. There were film shows, a dance, a party and a debate among other things laid on for the Freshers.

Those first few days in Aberdeen passed quickly and pleasantly but, suddenly, one Tuesday morning the cold truth that work was about to commence brought things up with a jerk. The task which we had set ourselves was about to become clearer to us. We had left a school full of folk whom we knew and liked—now it seemed almost like being back at the very beginning. Ignorant, knowing no one save a handful of our fellows, we walked into a new world of strange rooms, long corridors and many new faces.

In the assembled class there were the confident city types who seemed quite at home, the rather bewildered and not very confident folk from the country, the silent Colonials, the Englishmen bent on self advertisement (and some like-minded Scots as well), the more adult members of the class, serious, thinning on top and obviously very keen, and the admittedly small group of last



year's failures who held a noisy reunion at the back of our first lecture room.

The first few weeks seemed like one mad rush but gradually things came in to perspective, work and play finding their proper places. This tempo of life went on undisturbed until the sudden realisation that the Term Exams were fast approaching somewhat interrupted the pattern of our existence. Over and above the day to day tasks the business of swotting had to be dealt with.

That first Exam was a very trying affair. In school, one knew one's position and abilities, but, untried among many others of unknown calibre, what was one to expect? The chilly atmosphere of the great examination hall with its rows of numbered tables was not encouraging, but the ordeal was soon over. The first was the worst and, after it, all exams became routine affairs—all exams, that is, save the finals for the year, which were rather longer and more impressive affairs, upon the results of which hung our future.

Life wasn't all exams, however, and University life does have its lighter moments. Various social functions are held throughout the first two terms—the third being reserved for intensive study and the burning of much midnight oil!

The Aberdeen winter with its biting cold winds, lack of snow, and not infrequent sea fog gradually went by, and Easter came round bringing with it Charities Week. Preparations for Charities campaign had been going on for a long time beforehand, and the resulting functions, gala day and theatre show, raised a considerable sum of money to help local good causes. The fact that Charity begins at home was not forgotten by the organisers, however, and so the Outlying Districts Campaign took place during the Easter vacation. Grantown had its own campaign, the first for several years, and the committee of local Aberdeen Students, ably directed by Mr Gordon Macgregor, organised several functions, the success of which was due in no small part to the generous support of the people of Grantown-on-Spey. All moneys raised by our local campaign, though added to the central total, are devoted to charities of our own district. The Committee were very grateful for the assistance given them by students in other Universities, and hope to make this successful campaign an annual event in Grantown.

Though it appears this year that the new Grantown Students have overlooked the fact that Aberdeen possesses the best University, it is hoped that next year the Grantown community in Aberdeen University will be strengthened.

"Timor domini initium sapientiæ."

Yours etc.,

A. S. MACKENZIE.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ST ANDREWS

St Andrews, the oldest, the most respected, and the first and foremost University in Scotland, makes a deep impression on every bejant (or first year student) as soon as he arrives there. He enters the town by the ancient West Port and sees the hallowed buildings of St Salvator's College before him; and further on the ruins of the centuries-old Cathedral.

Thus he is not unduly surprised to learn that tradition is almost worshipped in St Andrews. The University is invested in tradition. Outside the massive entrance to the St Salvator's College Quadrangle on the cobble stones are inscribed the initials "P. H.," standing, of course, for that distinguished undergraduate of former times, Patrick Hamilton, who suffered martyrdom by burning for his faith. Tradition originally held that any student daring to tread on these initials would meet a premature death; the present tradition, on the other hand, is that he will fail his exams. The bejant also learns about Kate Kennedy Day held in April; this is a festival several hundred years old. The scarlet gown worn by all students is the traditional St Andrews dress. (This garment has a great practical use in that it affords us protection against the gusty North Sea breezes which often sweep through the town.) Yet another tradition of the University is the Pier Walk. After church each Sunday the male students march down to the pier and walk back along the narrow wall. This ceremony dates back from the time when women were first admitted to St Andrews. As a protest, the men marched in procession down to the pier and threw their trenchers into the water. Ever since that date, trenchers have been worn by women only.

Another point which strikes the bejant is the cosmopolitan nature of St Andrews. Apart from the many students from all parts of Scotland (including numbers from Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen who desire to enter the premier University of Scotland and reject the University of their native cities) there are large numbers from England, also Welshmen, Americans, Canadians, Africans, Indians, Swedes, Norwegians and at least one Manxman.

The student life in St Andrews is unequalled anywhere. It centres around the Students' Union, which, incidentally, was originally the home of the Admirable Crichton. The St Andrews Union is unique in that it is the only completely student-run Union in Great Britain. In it are held the Saturday night hops, the debates, gaudies and many other social functions.

Although bejants are encouraged to stand on their own feet, the University is not entirely unaware of the fact that they may feel a little lost at first. Thus each bejant chooses for himself a Senior Man (that is, a student in his third year or above) who acts as a kind of big brother to him and answers the numerous queries which the ignorant bejant has to



ask. In return for this service on Raisin Monday, in November, the bejant gives his Senior Man a present; this was originally a pound of raisins, but now usually takes the form of a packet of cigarettes or a box of chocolates. Before he does so, however, he has to sing to his Senior Man several verses of "the Gaudie" and then receives from his Senior Man a chit written in flawless Latin testifying of his ability to sing "the Gaudie." On Raisin Monday any Senior Man can stop a bejant and demand to see his chit. If he cannot produce it, and cannot sing "the Gaudie" he then must pay the Senior Man a fine.

The practice of a bejant having a Senior Man, and a bejantine having a Senior Woman, is strictly official, as is also the practice of having a Rejent, i.e., a member of the teaching staff who acts as a personal friend to the bejant.

There is also the custom of a bejant having a Senior Woman; and a bejantine having a Senior Man. This practice is unofficial, and I have not yet discovered fully its real significance, but doubtless I shall not remain long in ignorance!

On arriving for the first time within the Quadrangle of St Salvator's College, the bejant finds himself inundated with requests to join various clubs and societies. Many unwary students stump up immediately and sign on the dotted line; but others more subtle prefer to wait and go to the first meeting of the club or society and sample the free feed laid on afterwards in Joe's or Pat's or Pete's, before (if ever) joining.

One question which every bejant, without exception, asks himself, is "Where does the money go?" Money at the beginning of one's first term seems to go like water. There are Residence fees, Class fees, a Matriculation fee, Club Membership fees, the cost of a gown, a tie, a scarf, a blazer . . .

Finally a word about the residential system in St Andrews. St Andrews is essentially a residential University; and to my mind that is a good thing. In St Andrews there are four residential Halls for men—St Regulus Hall ("Regs"), St Salvator's Hall ("Sallies"), Hamilton Hall and Hepburn Hall; and two for women—McIntosh Hall and University Hall.

Though the Grantonians in St Andrews are few in number (there are at the moment apart from myself only Mr Raymond Philip, Mr Ronald Philip, and Mr Donald McTaggart) we are expecting reinforcements in the next few years. And just a few words to any considering entering St Andrews. When you come to St Andrews you come to the premier University in Scotland; a place where students enjoy their life and know how to mix fun with work; a place where the staff is respected and where the Rector, who is, of course, elected by the students, is a person really worthy of the honour.

All the best to the Grammar School and all connected with it.

"Civis Universitatis Sancti Andree."

ANGUS D. MACKINTOSH.

## THE PHANTOM LOCH OF LEVIATHAN

Schooldays, they say, are the happiest days of our lives. Well, they had their moments, I'll admit but **Saturday** was the day that made **our** schooldays happy! Monday and Tuesday were enriched by recalling the exploits of the **past** Saturday—Wednesday, Thursday and Friday by planning for the **next**! Sundays flattered to deceive. Certainly there was no school; but the long subdued hours were frustrating to high-spirited youngsters who felt ill at ease in a Sunday suit and clean shirt, so that when involuntary outbursts of un-Sundayish boisterousness brought the stern reminder that the Sabbath was the **Lord's** day—we were inclined to think that He was welcome to it!

But Saturday was **our** day, when we were happy as only old clothes and a dirty face can make a boy. The merry laughter of schoolboys off the rein caused more rejoicing in Heaven, I am sure, than all the ponderous piety of the Sabbath. Saturday meant freedom—the glorious freedom of moors and those hills which beckoned, oh so alluringly, as we trudged to school. In those far off, golden days, the simple things of life kindled an ecstasy which was never to be recaptured once childhood was gone.

This is the story of one such Saturday.

A diminutive schoolboy sat on a massive shelf of rock high up a Cairngorm hill-face. Beside him squatted a huge, gaunt man, aged but virile still, with clear wise eyes tired by looking out on seventy years of the world's time. Behind the two figures towering rock-masses piled up towards the clouds while, a thousand feet below, a slender strand of white water thundered unheard down to the sombre depths of Loch A'an.

My companion was that mystery man of the hills whom men called Callum of the Craggs, a man loved and respected. Aye, genuinely respected in spite of the tattered clothes and unkempt appearance; and loved for the kindness which shone through dark eyes almost hidden by great busy eyebrows. We were kindred spirits, Callum and I, sharing a love for the high, lonely places where nothing changed much down through the centuries, where a man—or a boy—might lie on a cool rock and dream his dream, while the Wee Folk went about their business unafraid, and the breezes sighing through the heather played their age-old melodies to which a thousand years had listened.

"Callum," said I, "it's a grand day for a story."

The old man's eyes twinkled. He pondered a while, then, "A story, is it? Well now, I've a story here that I've kept to myself these five years. You'll maybe no' believe it. But it's true, Ian lad, every word o' it—true and mysterious."

He relit his stubby pipe, and, gazing far along the hillside, continued.

"Five years ago, it was, in these very hills. I'd been haein' a cast on Loch A'an, here, withoot ever seein' a decent troot, when I

minded o' a wee lochan that a 'keeper had once told me aboot. Fair hotchin' wi' muckle troot, he'd said it was, and though I didna quite credit that, I thoct it might be worth a try. So I reeled in, waded ashore, and set off in the direction the 'keeper had indicated. It was a hot day, and anticipation kept eggin' me on at a pace that soon told on my spindly old legs. But I kept on, just the same. Then just as I topped yon crag there, the mist cam' doon — and no' the kind o' mist you'll see swirling about the crags any day o' the year. A great heavy blanket o' cloud it was, so thick that I couldna see my han' before my face. In no time at all I was lost—aye lost, and mighty peeved aboot it I can tell ye, for I'd prided myself on knowing every boulder and clump o' heather between Nethy and Deeside.

"Callum," says I, 'ye'd better keep going,' for when I stopped for breath, and to think things over, the cold struck into my marrow like a knife. 'This'll no do,' I thought, so on I went, blindly now, until my old legs were like to buckle under me. 'Callum,' says I, 'ye canna keep this up much longer'; but just then, without any warning, the mist lifted, and the sunlight was suddenly stretched for miles before my eyes. But **what** moor?—it was completely strange to me, as were the hills beyond. Then I spied a wee lochan, sparklin' like a diamond in the distance, and my tiredness evaporated like the mist, as my fisherman's instinct got to work. I fair galloped to that lochan, where I flapped doon in the heather to see if there was anything doing.

"Glory be!" I cried, "'tis Heaven itself.' For the troot were risin'. And no' the wee skinny chieles o' Loch A'an, but great speckled beauties that set the whole surface o' the loch dancin' when they louped.

"Wi' shakin' hands I got doon to business. Off came the gossamer cast, and on went a stout nylon one, wi' a fair-sized Greenwell on the tail. I waded in, atremble wi' anticipation, and flicked a tentative cast to get some line oot. And the water exploded! The reel shrieked—and I was fast in something strong and savage. I could only keep the point o' my poor wee rod up, and hope for the best. Then that troot, or whatever monster had engulfed the flee, proceeded to gie me a lesson. For a rude Highlander he was a mighty sophisticated lad. He knew every trick in the book and a few o' his own invention besides. He sounded the depths o' the

Lochan, shakin' his muckle head like a terrier wi' a rat, skittered along the surface wi' his dorsal fin cuttin' the water like a shark's, and sulked for long agonisin' minutes that were like hours. He stood on his tail and opened wide his great toothy mouth, as if to laugh at the puny creature who was hopin' to land him. And, just when I thought he was tiring and I began to fumble for the landing net, he decided to run through his entire repertoire once again! So it went on for the better part o' an hour, and me a deal more tired than the troot.

"But at last I began to see an occasional flash o' his belly as he twisted and turned, frantically tryin' to rid himsel' o' the thing that was stuck in his mouth. 'He's mine!' I thought—optimist that I was! He took a wee rest, a long run, and hurled himsel' a good two feet clear o' the water. Losh man, he was a whopper—twelve pounds if an ounce. The great body arched, seemed to hang in the air for moments on end, then fell wi' a resounding smack fair across the cast. The cast was never made that could have withstood **that**. The wee rod straightened, and he was gone."

Poor old Callum! He sat staring into space, and I knew that he was experiencing all over again the agony of shattering disappointment.

"Would you show me this lochan, some day?" said I.

"Ian, lad," said he, "I wish I could, but it's gone, vanished into thin air, and no man but myself believes that it ever existed. I've scoured these hills, every inch o' them, and questioned everyone who knows the hills, but there's not a scrap o' evidence to show that my experience was anything but a bitter-sweet dream. No evidence, that is, except my own conviction, and this broken cast"—he fished it out of his pocket—"and the warp in this wee rod that was caused by no ordinary quarter-pounder." A far-away look came into his wise old eyes, and he was speaking almost to himself, as he continued:

"But I'll no' give up, for there'll be no peace of mind for me until the mystery is solved. And maybe some day before I die the Wee Folk will take pity on me, and will guide me back. . . ."

In silence, each busy with his own thoughts, we scrambled down the hillside.

IAN D. MACPHERSON.



## NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

We sincerely apologise to F.P.'s and Old Guardsmen whose activities are not referred to below. We tend, on the whole, to record the activities of younger members, and to neglect the sober and established citizens. If, however, you feel neglected, fill in the relevant portion of the annual form, and we shall try to do our duty by you.

Mr Hunter, retired rector of the school, paid us a flying visit in June, and was warmly welcomed by Dr Bain, staff and pupils. Mr Hunter, who was looking very well, had as chauffeur Dr Tom Hunter, of Romford.

Mr Cumming, provost of Grantown, gave the Empire Day address in May. Mr Cumming's remarkable physical fitness defies the attacks of advanced years, and Grantown is lucky to have a man of his calibre as civic chief.

Our Old Guard president, "Jock" Winchester, continues to register bull's eyes in rifle-shooting circles. He and his brother Jim are towers of strength in the local club.

Jimmy Bruce was conspicuous by his absence on the golf course this year. This was due to the claims of his new venture, Holmhill boarding-house. We congratulate Jimmy and his good lady on their successful start.

Mrs Lugg (Jean Burgess) made a successful debut in the same line at Rose Hall. Grantown, however, has had a good tourist season. Did the stunt advertisements of last Spring produce results?

John Beaton made an unexpected appearance at the A.G.M. of the Old Guard. Only a few days before, the secretary had received his magazine circular saying he was en route for Australia. John, however, had returned from down under, where, on shore leave, he met another F.P. in the person of Lewis Kinnaid, who seemed to be enjoying life in Australia.

Also back from Australia are the Calder family, Mr and Mrs Calder, Isabel and Sandy. After due trial they decided that Strathspey was preferable to the Antipodes, and they look happy to be back.

Another traveller to visit us this year was Keith McKerron, home on holiday from Aden. Unfortunately for Keith, his arrival date coincided with the end of the fishing season. Maybe this is just as well, as Keith is no mean angler, and the Strathspey Angling Association have no wish to restock the river every year.

Roy Phimister took up a post as professional golfer in Denmark this year. We wish him good fortune in this friendly land.

Roy's brother Sandy is due home for a spell of leave from banking in Ceylon around the beginning of next golf season. We look forward to seeing Sandy regain his old touch and hand in a few "birdies."

We believe that Ada Imray is due home this Christmas from the mission station where she and her husband carry on the Livingstone tradition.

Kenneth McCabe, resplendent in blazer and white sweater, struck awe into members of the School cricket team last June. Appearances were deceptive, however, as Kenny returned "quacking" after facing only two balls.

After a lengthy spell of city banking, Frank Macaulay has taken up duty in Dingwall branch of the Royal Bank. Frank feels much more at home in this centre of Ross-shire farming.

Mrs Squires (Isa Moyes) continues to figure in useful public activities in Montreal. She reports meetings with banker Donald Lawson (cousin of Edith Lawson), and Jas. McCook, late of Cromdale and now in the Press Gallery of the Houses of Parliament, Ottawa.

Our congratulations go to Bill Sellar on graduating M.B., Ch.B., at Edinburgh. Dr Bill is now concocting mysterious cures for the innocent people of Leamington Spa.

Quite a number of our F.P.'s took up the teaching profession this year. Mary Shand practises at Dunfermline, Elizabeth McWilliam at Macduff, and Jessie Macdonald at Burghead. May Mackenzie teaches at Aberfoyle under the romantic shadow of Ben Lomond, where she and her class figured as extras in "Geordie."

We have now a junior F.P. community in London, where Stanley Wright, Jimmy Thomson and Wilma Watt are carving out their futures. Both Wilma and Jimmy figure in pipe bands; in fact, Jimmy figures in four, and has to be careful not to appear in mixed tartans.

Nursing seems to claim more than its quota of Grantonians. Of our nursing F.P.'s, Elizabeth M. Mutch is now assistant lady superintendent of nurses at Edinburgh Infirmary. Heather Mathieson has now completed her general training. Nancy Maclean has completed her Sick Children's training, and now undertakes her general training. Sheila Mann has also passed on to her general training, while Beth Lawrence is in her second year of training at Glasgow Infirmary. The Dixon twins are coming along in the junior ranks.

Grantown students are sprayed about in all the Scottish Universities; and we have it, on trustworthy authority, from each University that it is the best in Scotland. We therefore shall take them alphabetically.

One of our students, Sheina Donaldson, graduated M.A. at Aberdeen last year, with distinction in the subjects of her final year. We congratulate her.

Three neophytes, Sandy Gordon, Sandy Mackenzie and George Dixon, have done very

well in their first year; Sandy Mackenzie in Medicine, and the other two in Arts. Sandy Gordon won a scholarship entitling him to a holiday in Sweden.

Gordon MacGregor figured on the Aberdeen S.R.C. this year, and devoted his organising ability to Grantown's first Students' Charities Week.

Sheena McIntosh and Shona Macdougall are at Aberdeen T.C.

At Edinburgh Michael McTaggart is in his final year of Honours Physics. Tender distractions should not affect Michael unduly.

Rita Marshall, Evelyn Mackintosh and Judy Stuart have sent us their greetings from Edinburgh, where all enter their third year of Arts. Judy deserves special congratulations for overcoming three degree subjects and a tonsillitis trouble in one year.

Maxwell Smith strikes out a new line at Dick's Veterinary College, where, incidentally, Sheila Smith is secretary.

Keith Donaldson, in Medicine, takes up the mantle of the departing Bill Sellar.

Nora Brooks is in her final year at Atholl Crescent, and Joan Fraser in her second year at Edinburgh T.C.

At Glasgow, Ian Burgess and Michael Pauli pursue their studies in Science. Ian had a bright summer as floating photographer in Rothesay, while Michael returned to Grantown in September to figure in an interesting ceremony, in which he acted as best man to James Hair on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Lilian Stuart.

Robert Mackenzie is a new recruit in the ranks of our Glasgow scientists.

At St Andrews, Raymond Philip enters his final year of Honours Physics, and Ron Philip his second year of Medicine. Raymond, after his American tour, is unofficial 'mine host' to American students, male and female.

Donald McTaggart enters his fourth year at St Andrews. We seem to have lost track of Donald's ranging activities. We heard of his mountaineering in Norway. Possibly he has exhausted the Scottish peaks. We believe he presides over the Mountaineering Club at St Andrews.

Angus McIntosh is now studying Science at St Andrews. We understand that Angus has already attracted notice in St Andrews football circles.

Quite a flock of our Old Guardsmen figured in local football this year. John Cumming, we regret to say, chipped a bone in his ankle while playing. John's sterling and sportsman-like play at full back had made him a favourite with fans in the Strathspey League area.

Sandy Clark captained Dulnain's football team last summer. Last winter he was a star turn in Dulnain amateur drama.

Dulnain seemed to have a draw for Grantown players, as, in addition to Skipper Clark, Bill Templeton, John MacGregor, Angus Mackintosh, Ian Mortimer, Lewis Rattray,

Tommy Rattray, James McMillan, Allan Taylor and Stephen Anderson, all played for Dulnain-Bridge. In fairness to Dulnain, however, we must add that these players were not all used at the same time.

In the Strathspey League, H. Grant, Ian Smith, Douglas Gordon and Lewis Sutherland, as well as John Cumming, represented Grantown.

Lewis Rattray, undaunted by North Koreans and Mau-Maus, and Douglas Gordon both played in Inter-League games. Douglas has now teamed up with Inverness Thistle. Douglas packs a terrific shot as compared with the tiny school left-winger of ten years ago.

Councillor Gordon Jack, in spite of many duties, finds time to brighten the Annual Reunion with the smoke of his cigar.

We remember James Johnson in his school days as a shy young boy in shorts. The mature James has developed into a decided asset at a social gathering, where his fund of humorous stories keeps the party going.

Big Ian Kennedy seems to be out to beat the Gordon brothers at the Highland Games in their special cycling event. This is the natural deduction to make as regards Ian's weekly run to Nairn and back.

Ian Charles Hospital seems to have a great attraction to the Calder cousins, Frank and Donnie. Happily their visits are of a purely social nature.

It has been suggested in certain circles that the Amenities Association should make a toll charge for the use of one particular seat in the vicinity of Grantown (after dances). The Association's fund might benefit, but what about the 'pru's' petty cash allowance?

As suggested in these notes, several of our serving members have returned safely to their normal occupations. Others, posted in this country, we see from time to time on leave.

Douglas Gibson, after the perils of Korean waters, now serves much nearer home.

We hear of Billy Mitchell purchasing valuable curios while serving in far Pakistan.

Jimmy Macdonald, when last we heard, was en route for British Guiana.

Donald Macdonald, erstwhile anchor of tug-of-war teams and now a military policeman, visited us last spring, and expressed his satisfaction with army life. Rumour tells us that Donald has got a far eastward posting.

When we went to Press last year, Jimmy Macpherson was in the danger zone of Korea as a military policeman. Korean campaign over, Jimmy is now happily demobilised and a member of the Metropolitan Police Force.

We sincerely congratulate Elise Kirk and Albert Hastings on restoration to health.

Jean Paterson's new business venture seems to be going well.

The Old Guard secretary desires us to convey his apologies to Ian Macpherson. In last



year's magazine Ian was designated "heating engineer," and seemingly this was responsible for causing him many disturbed nights, as the good folk of Nethybridge were making demands on his skill in this line. Ian, however, in his inimitable way, denied the trade through the columns of the "Strathspey Herald," and we learn now that Ian has no nocturnal visitors seeking advice on rumbling hot water pipes.

John Stuart and Hamish Templeton (Alves School) were recently added to the list of Morayshire J.P.'s.

Late News Flash.—In spite of the fact that Martin has proved himself a bit of a dark horse by the remarkable performances he has put up on the cricket field, we wish to deny the rumour that Len Hutton is sending for him to strengthen the M.C.C. batting.

Our community lost a former dux medallist on the death of Mrs Davidson (Hannah Surtees), last winter. Retiring after a long spell of teaching at Dalnaspidal, Mrs Davidson did not enjoy the best of health. She will be greatly missed in her own circle.

Ex-Provost William MacGregor also died last winter. He was a living repository of knowledge of the Grantown of days gone by, and his demise leaves a gap that no one can fill. His well-known figure will be missed in the town which he served so well and of which latterly he might have been called the Grand Old Man.

We seem to have compiled a sufficient quota of these annual notes, and we again apologise to those whose activities we have passed over. We send our sincere best wishes to all readers for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

G. E. D.  
J. I. M.  
W. G. T.

#### NOTES.

Subscriptions for membership and life membership of the two F.P. clubs remain at 3/- and 21/- respectively. These should be paid to Miss Jeannette Munro or Mr W. Templeton.

Members are again reminded of the desirability of early return of the 1955 information circular. The secretaries would be greatly obliged for exact details as regards births and marriages; otherwise much work and time have to be devoted to getting full details.

At its Annual General Meeting the Old Guard decided to continue to send magazines to exiled life members free of charge. We regret that the F.P. funds are not sufficiently healthy to enable F.P. exiles to receive the same benefit.

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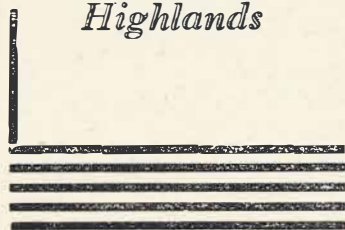
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