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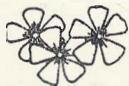
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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey.

No. 32.

December 1960.

Editor—Arthur Jackson.

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

Advertising Managers — Patricia Anderson,
Rosemary Dunn, Karen MacGregor, Patricia Munro, Valerie Wright.

Editorial

THIS being the thirty-second production of the Grantown Grammar School Magazine, I welcome all pupils, former pupils and friends to this year's edition, which I trust contains a varied selection of articles, and attains the high standard of its predecessors. I do not intend to make a detailed summary of the contents, but my endeavour will be to remain faithful to my mandate.

Although the articles are to a great extent a self-explanation of this year's activities, I must touch briefly on certain outstanding achievements of the past year.

Unlike the 1960 summer, which has been of short duration, it cannot be said that the school life in Grantown Grammar School has been at all restricted. On the contrary the past year has been one of remarkable vigour and novel experiences.

Thanks to Dr Bain, Mr Corpe, Eilif Moen, a Norwegian ski-ing instructor, and other anonymous assistants, Grantown Grammar became the first school in Britain to establish a Ski-ing Club of its own.

During the summer holidays, a party of senior pupils, headed by Mr Cullen and Mr Smith, the head of the Modern Languages Department, participated in a short, yet most instructive stay in the Dieppe area of France.

Once again the annual Glenmore week-end, which was extremely well supported by the pupils, proved an enormous success, thanks to all concerned in its organisation and to the convenient break in the weather.

Outside school life, the Olympic Games in Rome absorbed the interest and attention of both young and old, and Mr Kruschew's somewhat vigorous display and the serious situation at the United Nations Conference, provided a problem to those whose interests are that way inclined.

With the thought of the impending Highers, we senior pupils are amply pre-occupied, and I hope that the coming year's results will prove to be as gratifying as those of the previous year.

In conclusion, may I say that in this production, which still preserves approximately its original form with the exception, of course, of the new feature on the year's ski-ing activities, my attempt, above all, has been to suit my tastes to yours. Finally, with the many deserved thanks to those who made the production of this magazine possible, I draw the editorial to a close by wishing all readers a Very Happy Christmas and the greatest prosperity throughout the year which lies ahead.

RECTOR'S LETTER.

Dear Editor,

At the end of my last year's letter, I wrote that the school was to take delivery of skis by early December. Well, they came, and so did the snow in January and February, and very good use was made of them during the second term. Altogether, about 175 pupils used the school skis, and from Primary 1 to Secondary 6 pupils took advantage of the excellent services of the chief Norwegian ski instructor in the district. Our first year's ski-ing was very successful indeed, and we hope to continue the instruction in this sport this winter. At the time of writing, negotiations are still going on for a party of 29 pupils and 5 adults to go ski-ing in Norway next Easter.

During the summer holidays a party of seven girls and two boys, accompanied by Mr Smith and Mr Cullen, spent a very enjoyable fortnight in France. Their headquarters were in Dieppe, but Paris, Rouen, St Valery, and other places in Normandy were visited by the group. We hope to continue these visits, which are of considerable educational value to all concerned.

At the beginning of this session, all Dava Primary pupils were added to the school roll, which, at 489, sets up our first record for this year, despite the fact that the roll of Primary 1 is the lowest for at least thirty years. The primary pupils from Dava, as did the pupils from Achnarrow, have fitted in very quickly to the "set-up" here, and I hope that our secondary pupils from the five "feeder" schools will soon do likewise. This, I think, is where games and other school activities

can help tremendously. The nucleus in the secondary department formed by pupils already in school is of immense value each year in welding the classes into a happy and successful unit, but we could not have our many successes in the academic field or on the sports field without the aid of our pupils from the outlying districts. If we look at the top part of the school, we can see this—I hope that we will soon see it just as readily by looking at the early years in the secondary department.

By the time that this is in print, all of the Heads of the Secondary Department, and myself also, will have attended conferences on the changes taking place in the Leaving Certificate examinations in 1962, when "O" level papers will be set for the first time. We have made changes already for Class 3, starting from the beginning of this session, so that "O" level can be taken in History or Geography by 1962. We would make other changes in the time-table and in the curricula, but I regret to say that, with the present lack of staff and accommodation, we cannot. It is possible, with the courses and classes as they are, for a number of pupils from our middle stream (class "b" now—formerly c1, d1) to take at least three "O" level passes in the L.C. examinations. I hope that many of you will be given and will take this chance, and continue in school at least up to fourth year.

I close with best wishes and a Happy New Year to you all.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES BAIN.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Jane Stewart, of Secondary 5, was awarded the Queen's Badge, the first Grantown Girl Guide to win this award.

* * *

Twenty-six sets of skis (16 for senior and 10 for junior pupils) were delivered to the school on November 13.

* * *

During December, Safety First instruction was given to boy cyclists by Mr Smith, Head of the Modern Languages Department, and by Sergeant Souter.

* * *

After snowfalls in the early part of 1960, ski-ing practice became regular on the Golf Course. Parties of pupils also made use of slopes at Dirdhu, on the Tomintoul Road, and of slopes near the Lecht Road, on Saturdays.

By February 23, at least 150 pupils had used the school skis. On this date, by arrangement of Mr Colin Sutton of Craighlynne, parties of pupils on skis were filmed in colour by Pathe News.

* * *

Miss Ann Clark, M.A., left for Torphins at the beginning of March. Her place as French-English assistant was taken jointly by Mrs Margaret Ross, M.A., and Mrs Marion Stuart, M.A., who also had joint charge of Primary 5. The School was indebted to two retired teachers, Miss Hetty Gray and Mrs M'Laren, for taking Mrs Stuart's place in the Infant Department for short periods.

* * *

L.C. examinations began on March 7. There was a record entry of 23 candidates.

The School was also indebted to Mrs Anfield and Mrs Grant for deputising when Miss Brooks, Head of the Domestic Science Department, was temporarily unfit because of a ski-ing mishap.

* * *

On March 12, after courses of instruction, a number of pupils and members of staff were tested in ski-ing proficiency by Eilif Moen, the chief Norwegian ski instructor in Grantown. The tests took place at Baddoch (altitude 1800 feet) on the Tomintoul Road. 18 pupils and 2 members of staff got "One Star" awards, while Robert Grant, Mario D'Annunzio and Mr Corpe, Technical Master, received "Two Star" awards.

* * *

The School now has a Scripture Union, with Mr G. M'Kenzie, Head of the Mathematics Department, in charge.

* * *

The F.P. Club has kindly donated a prize in Art, while Dr Marr has endowed a popularity prize.

* * *

A party of 35 from the School spent the week-end of May 6-9 at Glenmore.

* * *

At the Glasgow University Sports on May 14, Colin Keith, with a javelin throw of 169 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, broke the university javelin record of 1932 by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Colin subsequently won the javelin event at the Inter-University Sports.

* * *

Mr Corpe, Head of the Technical Department, has been elected a Town Councillor. Mr Donaldson is now Burgh Treasurer.

* * *

The School was again represented by several pupils who took places at the Gaelic Mod at Kingussie on May 20.

* * *

The address on Commonwealth Day, as it is now called, was given by Mr Charles Welch, M.B.E., retired Civil Servant.

* * *

There were 99 passes in L.C. subjects in 1960, the highest number ever. The Higher passes numbered 47, also a record. The Higher passes in English equalled the 1950 record, the Higher passes in Mathematics were the best ever in that subject, and for the first time three fifth year pupils passed in Higher German. There was also a pass in Higher Greek; and John Macphail was the first Grammar School pupil to pass in Higher Art.

* * *

Competing in the Scottish Schoolgirls' Championships at Edinburgh, Margaret McLennan achieved third place in the discus event.

Rev. G. B. Johnston, School Chaplain, is now minister of the new united Church of Scotland charge in Grantown-on-Spey.

* * *

Nine pupils in Primary 6 and 7 were awarded Education Committee Swimming Certificates after tests at the Elgin baths.

* * *

In a national "Daily Express" story competition Allan Chisholm won the first prize of £25 in his section. Elizabeth Lovie took fourth place and gained a money prize in a Commonwealth Essay Competition, also on a national basis.

* * *

Dr Lyon Dean, O.B.E., ex-provost of Lossiemouth, was the speaker at Prize-giving Day. Mrs Lyon Dean presented the prizes. Dr Joseph Grant, chairman of the Education Committee, presided.

* * *

Dux Medallist for 1960 was Betty Kirkwood, who achieved the school possible of five Highers and one Lower. The runner-up, Irene M'Kenzie, had four Highers and two Lowsers and was almost level with Betty on the aggregate of marks. Iris Forbes, in third place, also achieved the school possible of five Highers and one Lower.

* * *

A party of 11, including two teachers, Mr Cullen and Mr Smith, paid a visit to France this summer, with Dieppe as headquarters.

* * *

Seonaid Grant, a F.P. of the School, on completing her nursing training at Edinburgh Infirmary, was awarded the Affleck Special Prize for Medical Nursing and a proficiency prize. Betty Sim, now also a nurse in training at Edinburgh Infirmary, was also a prize-winner. At the Haugh, Patricia M'Millan was awarded the nursing prize for her year.

* * *

School re-opened for the Session 1960-61 on August 23, with a roll of 489, 241 Primary and 248 Secondary—an increase of 16 on last session's record.

* * *

Miss Gray, visiting teacher of P.T., having resigned at the end of session, her place was taken by Mrs Williamson of Boat of Garten.

* * *

Staffing difficulties remain with us, as the post of English-French assistant has not yet been filled. The School has been indebted to Mrs Donaldson and Mrs M'Laren for assisting in temporary arrangements, and to Mrs M'Gillivray, who came back from retirement to fill her old post for a time.

* * *

Betty Kirkwood left in September to spend a term in a West German school on receipt of a Travel Scholarship.

1960 SCOTTISH LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS

Below are the complete results of Class VI. over two sittings:—

- Margaret Campbell—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., L. German, Arithmetic.
 Sheila Cruickshank—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. German, Arithmetic.
 Margaret Donald—L. Eng., L. Hist., L. Maths., H. Sc., H. Fr., Arithmetic.
 Ann Foy—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. German, L. Latin, Arithmetic.
 Duncan Howlett—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Sc., H. Fr., Arithmetic.
 Sandy Macdonald—H. Eng., L. Hist., L. Maths., H. Fr., H. Latin, H. Greek, Arithmetic.
 Margaret McLennan—H. Eng., L. Hist., L. Fr., L. German.
 Nicholas Spence—L. Eng., H. Maths., L. Sc., L. Fr., H. Tech., Arithmetic.

* * *

Below are the results of Class V. in their first sitting:—

- Valerie Dewar—H. Eng., L. Maths., H. Fr., H. German.
 Catherine Douglas—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Sc., L. Fr., L. H'Craft, Arithmetic.
 Iris Forbes—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. German, H. Latin, Arithmetic.
 Gladys George—L. Eng., L. Hist., H. Fr., L. German, Arithmetic.
 Allan Grant—L. Eng., H. Maths., H. Fr., L. Sc., Arithmetic.
 Arthur Jackson—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Sc., L. Fr., L. Tech., Arithmetic.
 Julia Jackson—H. Eng., L. Hist., L. Fr., L. Sc. (H. Sc. in Prelim.)
 Betty Kirkwood—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. German, H. Latin, Arithmetic.
 Harry MacGregor—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Fr., L. Sc., Arithmetic.
 Irene M'Kenzie—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., L. Sc., H. Fr., H. Latin, Arithmetic.
 John Macphail—H. Maths., L. Sc., H. Tech., H. Art., Arithmetic.
 Helen Miller—H. Maths., L. Sc., L. Fr., Arithmetic.
 James Philpot—L. Maths., L. Sc., Arithmetic.
 Andrew Reid—L. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., L. Sc., L. Latin, Arithmetic.
 Jane Stewart—H. Eng., L. Sc., L. Fr., L. H'Craft.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

HARRY MACGREGOR (School and Football Captain) should be weighed down by care. Instead he finds life very rosy.

BILL REID (School and Football Vice-Captains) has always tried to appear a twin to elder brother ANDREW REID. We hear that Paris took notice when the Reid "twins," arrayed in kilts, invaded the city.

IRENE M'KENZIE (Head Girl and Hockey Captain) enjoys the well-earned repose of Class VI. IRIS FORBES is her deputy. We often wonder what those mysterious discussions are in which we see Iris engaged along with her inseparable, VALERIE DEWAR. Probably the citizens of Dieppe also wondered.

ANNETTE DIGNAN (Hockey Vice-Captain) is another of these diminutive left-wing hockey terrors.

ALLAN GRANT (Athletics Captain), slim and lithe, will again find a formidable ally and rival in JIMMY PHILPOT (Athletics Vice-Captain), bulky and lithe.

BETTY KIRKWOOD (Girls' Athletic Captain), with her all-round gifts, has to keep up the prestige of Strathspey in her West German school this term. The standard of Girls Athletics with us is high just now, and we look to ANNE URQUHART (Athletics Vice-Captain) and record-breaker MARGARET M'LENNAN to keep the school flag flying, in support of Betty.

ARTHUR JACKSON (Prefects' Secretary and Editor) has justified his studious aspect by praiseworthy L.C. performance.

LINDSEY STEPHEN (Games Secretary) serves as a general handy-woman in school circles, especially when a piano accompanist is needed.

The bustling and loquacious MICHAEL DEWAR (Cricket Captain) can be relied on to worry opposing batsmen one way or another.

MICHAEL FORBES is Library and Museum Curator. Can it be that antiquities and stuffed objects are promoting a serious bent in the care-free Michael?

DAVID DAVIDSON, English expert, is, we hear, getting plenty of practice these days.

GRAHAM GATTIKER, though on his scooter he looks some sort of space man, is merely an importation from England.

The other prefects, DAVID CHISHOLM, TORQUIL M'KENZIE, DAVID JOY and IAN STUART, represent a series of variations, from David's high altitude and gentle speech to Ian's slight frame and deep voice.

The remaining girl prefects, FIONA DONN, CHRISTINE FOY, JAQUELINE GRANT, GLADYS GEORGE, LORNA MACRAE, MORAG M'GREGOR, HELEN MILLER, and KAREN MACGREGOR hail "frae a' the airts," and so can use all the local dialects on cloakroom offenders.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BEATING

This, as you may have already deduced from the title, is an introduction to beating. It is also a warning to would-be beaters.

First a definition. Beating is the voluntary sacrifice of one's physical well-being to the great God Lolly — otherwise, and perhaps more clear, known as money.

The mention of beating conjures up many images to veteran beaters: an unhappy youth, helplessly waving a faded yellow flag as he stands in a clogged ditch, his boots full of peaty water, and mud rising gradually over his knees; or perhaps one hears the plaintive cries of an equally unhappy maiden, caught in the terrible toils of a barbed-wire fence.

Rain is a great enemy of beaters. To prevent rain from falling is simple. All one has to do is carry a coat. Unhappily this is a hot and tiring solution to the problem. However, every year it becomes a problem of whether to carry a coat and swelter or whether to leave it behind and be caught in a monsoon-like downpour.

At the end of a drive one may have the unpleasant task of picking-up dead or semi-dead birds. This involves—but no—I shall spare you the gory details, for sometimes these bloodbaths break the minds of inexperienced beaters. For example, one became so obsessed with the slaughter that he declared that no bird was dead unless its eyes were shut. As very few grice* fly with their eyes shut, this involved much beating of birds (already dead) by the insane one.

If one listens to the talk of inexperienced beaters, one might come to think that driving birds onto the butts is of secondary importance. This, however, is fallacy, as any gamekeeper can, and frequently does, tell you, in no uncertain language.

Nevertheless, dear friends, if you are still not discouraged after all this, prepare your stoutest boots, and roll-on the "Glorious Twelfth."

* grice: "—ice" is a common plural of English words ending in "—ouse" in the singular; e.g. mouse — mice, grouse — grice.

DAVID DAVIDSON, Va.

MY CONTRIBUTION

They told us, they asked us,
To think of something new,
To try to make it funny
And try to make it true.
I've thought and thought,
I've really tried,
But all's in vain,
For hours I've spent.
It's such a fag
I've written nothing
For the Mag.

DAVID M. MACDONALD, Ia.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE OLYMPICS

I was very interested watching on television many of the events in the Olympic Games held this year at Rome. There were many records broken and many fine performances by athletes from all over the world.

Of those who won distinctions, I was most impressed by Wilma Rudolph, the tall American negress, who won three gold medals. Yet, due to poliomyelitis, she was unable to walk until she was seven. Surely this is a remarkable display of courage. A polio victim—now the fastest woman athlete in the world!

I think that the greatest surprise of the Olympic Games was the winning of the 800 metres race by Peter Snell, the New Zealander, who was never thought of as a likely winner. A final determined burst, which astounded the crowd, brought him victory. Yet the year before, this athlete had been handicapped by a broken leg!

New Zealand gained its second gold medal when Murray Halburg won the 5000 metres by running away from the field. This was another great triumph for an athlete competing under difficulties, for Murray Halburg has a withered left shoulder.

Despite the fact that these athletes had disabilities, they had bravely mastered them, and so had been able to win premier awards for their countries.

BRUCE BAIN, Ia.

THE SKI-ERS

'Twas on a certain wintry morn,
Our ski-ing suits we did adorn,
As we left the warmth of hearth and home,
On Baddoch's snowy slopes to roam.

The runs were just in prime condition,
We were all filled with one ambition,
There was no time to sit and rest,
We had to pass our one-star test.

We sped along at thrilling rate,
With kick-turn and diagonal gait,
Straight down-hill running — filled with
hope,
Then herring-boning up the slope.

Flushed with success, we made for home,
Alas! the mist came swirling down,
We soon looked like some ski-ing ghost,
We had become completely lost.

But, after many weary miles,
Our groans and moans were turned to
smiles,
There was our bus beyond the fence,
Discovered by one Prefect—Spence.

Next day we suffered ache and pain
And thought we'd never ski again,
But now we are all filled with hopes,
To ski—on Norway's snowy slopes.

KATHLEEN MILLER, IIa.

THE WALLACE MONUMENT

The Wallace Monument, which was erected in honour of Scotland's national hero, Sir William Wallace, is among the most famous buildings in Scotland; it is also the most conspicuous. In favourable light, it is visible with the naked eye from points over twenty miles distant, and the view from its top extends east to the Forth Bridge, Arthur's Seat, and the Pentlands, and west to mountains beyond Loch Long.

The building, of freestone quarried on and around the crag on which it stands, is a massive piece of masonry. The architect was John T. Roehead, of Glasgow, and the style is Scottish Baronial. The tower is crowned with an elaborate stone "lantern," and the total height from the ground is 220 feet. The tower is 36 feet square, with walls graduating from 15 feet at the base to five feet at the top.

The Reception Hall, in the base of the tower, is loftily arched, and its dim religious light is supplied by three stained glass windows representing the Scottish Crown and Regalia and Scottish Arms. On the wall is a painting of the Battle of Bannockburn by Sir William Allan, R.A. The acoustic properties of the hall are remarkable.

Up a flight of stairs is the Hall of Arms. On the walls is a collection of medieval and later weapons. The stained glass windows portray the Royal Arms, the Scottish Lion, the Scottish Arms, and the Arms of the Town of Stirling.

A second flight of steps leads up to the Hall of Heroes, represented by fine busts, most of them (as well as the bronze statue on the exterior of the tower) the work of D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A. The heroes are Robert the Bruce, George Buchanan, John Knox, Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, Robert Tannahill, Adam Smith, James Watt, Sir Walter Scott, William Murdoch, Sir David Brewster, Thomas Carlyle, Hugh Miller, Dr Chalmers, David Livingstone, and W. E. Gladstone.

In cases on the walls are replicas of documents associated with Wallace, and a case containing the originals of autograph letters written in 1868 by European Patriots — Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth, Louis Blanc, and Karl Blind—in tribute to Wallace. The subjects of the fine stained glass windows are a medieval Scottish Archer, a spearman of the same period, Robert the Bruce in full armour, and Wallace in like guise, leaning on his sword.

On a ledge, in an inscribed shrine, given by Hugh Robert Wallace, of Clancaird Castle, Ayrshire, a lineal descendant of the hero, is the Wallace sword, a two-handed weapon measuring, from the tip of the pommel to the point of the blade, five feet four inches, and it must be remembered that the blade (which is still four feet four

inches long) has been reduced by fracture and re-welding.

The sword with which Wallace "made great room about him" in the fight always excites the visitors' wonderment and veneration.

On one end of the shrine is the inscription — "Battle of Stirling Bridge, fought 11th September, 1297," and on the other — "Sir William Wallace died for his country, 23rd August, 1305." Along the front of the casket is the well-known quotation — "The sword that seemed fit for Archangel to wield was light in his terrible hand."

From the monument one can see seven battlefields momentous in Scottish History: Cambuskenneth (9th century), where Kenneth MacAlpine "made" Scotland; Wallace's Stirling Bridge and Falkirk; Bannockburn, Sauchieburn, Sherriffmuir, and Falkirk (1746).

ALAN G. DAVIDSON, IVa.

SUMMER, 1960

The farmer kept looking up to the sky,
Hoping the rain was not too high;
But alas! the gathering clouds sent down
Torrents of rain, which made him frown.

But the fisherman grinned by the River
Spey,
When he saw the water dark and grey,
Come churning and tumbling past his gate,
And off he hurried for rod and bait.

Small wonder that the farmer frowned,
His crops were spoilt and strewn around,
The cattle and sheep were ankle deep,
And his hens were losing their beauty sleep.

But down by the river were plenty of
smiles,
As the anglers came from miles and miles;
There were salmon, finnock, and fat brown
trout,
And they worked all the harder to fish
them out.

Fishers and farmers must disagree,
Over weather conditions such as we see.

ALAN ANFIELD, Ia.

THE PENALTY

I've hurried through my homework,
I've had my supper, too;
I rush out to the football pitch,
And there's not a pal in view.

My heart is filled with dreadful thoughts,
Where can my pals all be?
Has the Pied Piper been here
And taken them all but me?

I gaze and gaze about me,
TV aerials come in sight,
The reason for the absence,
Why, Bronco's on to-night.

SANDY WATT, Ia.

A VISIT TO DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE

This castle, situated roughly four miles from Oban, is famous for its great antiquity and profound historical interest. Built on a narrow peninsula, its strategic position is, without doubt, one of the finest in Scotland and the view from its battlements is exceptionally widespread and beautiful.

Some fifteen hundred years ago the Scots landed on the north-west coast of Scotland. They came over from Ireland and with them they brought the famous "Lia Fial" or Stone of Destiny. They placed this palladium in Dunstaffnage Castle, and there it remained till the ninth century, when it was moved to Scone.

Originally the property of the MacDougalls, on their conquest by King Robert the Bruce, Dunstaffnage was given the status of a Royal Castle and placed under the auspice of the then all-powerful Campbells. An ancient tradition decrees that, in order to keep his heritage, the Campbell of Dunstaffnage must spend at least one night every year in the castle. Nowadays this night is spent in a small tower which has been carefully preserved for the purpose, although the rest of the castle is in semi-ruin.

After the removal of the Scottish Court—and with it the Stone of Destiny—from Dunstaffnage to Scone, the glory and importance of this ancient palace sadly diminished. It features again in history, however, as late as 1746. The immortal Flora Macdonald, who helped Bonnie Prince Charlie to escape the clutches of his enemies, was held in the castle for a few short weeks.

As the four hoary old walls of the castle are full to overflowing with National history, it is perhaps surprising that there are no legends of it being haunted—but perhaps this is just as well for the Campbell of Dunstaffnage.

ALLAN CHISHOLM, IVa.

GOLF

Golf, it is a lovely game,
Good or bad, it's all the same,
If at the first you're in a fix,
Do your best to get a six.
Then at the third, if you're in the ditch,
Search it well and you may get rich,
And after the sixth don't forget your code,
Look right and left when crossing the road.
At the ninth, if you hit a tree,
Try to get out in less than three,
And if, at the eleventh, your drive you top,
Be sure that in a ditch it'll stop.
At the thirteenth, if you're out of bound,
For sure your ball will not be found,
At the sixteenth, when almost done,
You always hope for a hole in one.
Then, after the eighteenth up the hill,
The best for you is a strong peggill,
Yet, though you duff or pull or slice,
The game of golf is very nice.

IALN SUTHERLAND, IVa.

THE CUTTY SARK

Near Greenwich in a dry dock lies the Cutty Sark, the most famous of the clippers which brought to this country tea from China and wool from Australia.

The little clipper was built by Scottish shipbuilders for an owner of the same nationality, Captain John Willis. The curious name he gave her was taken from the short chemise of Robert Burns's witch Nannie, who formed the subject of her figurehead carved by a master craftsman, Robert Hellger. This, however, was lost at sea many years ago, and that which she now bears is a later and somewhat crude replacement.

Cutty Sark was launched on the Clyde on the 23rd November, 1869. The clipper was 212 feet in length, weighed 963 tons and had a plain sail area of around 32,000 square feet; and when she was driven at maximum speed of about 17 knots the power developed was equivalent to an engine of 3000 horse power.

Unfortunately for the Cutty Sark the days of sailing were already numbered when she came upon the scene. The doom of the China clippers had been pronounced when exactly a week before her launching the Suez Canal was opened. Thus a shorter route was made available to steamers.

In 1868 a wonderful new clipper had been launched from a yard at Aberdeen bearing the name Thermopylae, soon to become world famous. It was to beat this ship that the Cutty Sark was built.

Only once in their China racing days did the Cutty Sark and the Thermopylae meet on equal terms, that is sailing at the same time and having more or less the same conditions. They loaded at Shanghai and sailed from Woosung on the same day. On entering the Indian Ocean the Thermopylae was leading by one and a half miles. Twenty-six days later, however, when the Cutty Sark was 400 miles ahead, she lost her rudder in a heavy gale. The ship's carpenter, however, performed a brilliant feat and made and fitted a temporary rudder in a heavy sea.

The Cutty Sark encountered many more adventures and weathered many more storms until she was sold to two Portuguese brothers who changed her name to their own, Ferreira. She continued to roam the seas for the next 26 years but the Portuguese did not maintain the ship as she should have been kept.

By 1922 the Ferreira brothers found they could no longer make her pay, and she changed hands again to another Portuguese firm who again changed her name to Maria do Amparo. She retained this for only a few months, however, before Captain Wilfred Dowman bought her back from the Portuguese.

Thus the Cutty Sark came home; and began under the loving care of Captain Dowman and his wife, that chapter of her history that was to bring her in the end to her final berth at Greenwich, in her own home port of London.

DAVID CHISHOLM, IVa.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE IN GERMANY

Withholding from you my opinion of a 4 a.m. arrival in Cologne, I will proceed to give you my impressions of life here in Walldbröl, Nordtheim - Westfalen, after a week's stay.

Walldbröl is built on a hill and still has cobbled streets. It is a busy little town, set in a countryside of orchards, youth hostels and old castles, many of which date back to the fifteenth century. The little villages in the neighbourhood of Walldbröl give one the impression of having been taken out of a child's picture book and scattered at random around the countryside. The houses are built after the fashion of our Tudor houses and the black and white are set off by flashes of the bright red of begonias and geraniums at every window.

Hollenberg Gymnasium (Grammar School) is very modern indeed and has a roll of about seven hundred pupils. As in Grantown, many children from the surrounding districts travel daily to and from the school, which, I may add, favours co-education. The classrooms are spacious and airy, and on the outside of the windows are striped calico shades which are pulled down on a sunny day. In the school library one can find books written in German, French and English. The gymnasium is worthy of special mention, being furnished with every possible form of sports equipment. Unlike the schools in Scotland, Hollenberg Schule begins at a quarter to eight in the morning and finishes for the day at a quarter to one. We have to attend school every Saturday, however. The school hours are divided into six periods per day, one of which is free. After every two periods we have an interval of fifteen minutes and ten minutes respectively.

I find that in the Oberprima, that is, the class which will sit its "Arbitur" this winter, many of the pupils are already twenty or twenty-one years old, due to the fact that in Germany they are later than we are in starting school. The "Arbitur" is, as far as I understand, more advanced than our "Highers" — in my opinion, on much the same level as our first year at University.

I find, also, that the same discipline is not observed in this school. The Oberprima is a well-behaved class, but the younger classes are apt to be noisy, even in the classroom, a fact which does not seem to annoy the teacher greatly. Here, also, teacher and pupils appear to consider each other as equals, and seldom does one hear a pupil addressing a teacher as "sir." From this, you must not draw the conclusion that the German youth is unmannerly. On the contrary, I find that they are, without exception, very mannerly and friendly, and are in the habit of shaking hands with each other when they meet and when they take leave of each other.

From this account of life in Germany as I see it, after a week's stay, I am sure that everyone will agree that, in any case, first impressions are the best.

BETTY KIRKWOOD, VIa.

THE FAIRY FLAG

This summer I spent the first part of my holidays in the Isle of Skye. One of my first outings was to Dunvegan Castle.

It has been said that there is no finer castle in all Scotland than that of Dunvegan in the Isle of Skye. It stands proudly on an eminence, a little way from the village of the same name. From its towers one can gaze right across the Minch and as far as the Coolins.

One of the castle's treasured possessions is the Fairy Flag. Many legends have been woven round it.

The one I liked was the one told us by the Macleod Chieftain, Dame Flora Macleod of Macleod.

Many years ago, a Chieftain of the Macleods, out for an evening stroll among the crags and hills, met a beautiful maiden. He fell in love with her and begged her to become his wife. This she agreed to, on condition that he would release her at the end of twenty years. They lived happily in the great castle until the time came for Macleod's lady to return to Fairyland, the land of her birth.

One day as they stood on the bridge near the castle she reminded him of his promise. The thought of parting grieved him so much that he tried to hold her back. The call of Fairyland in her ears was stronger than the love she bore for her lord.

She escaped, ran into the woods and was never seen again. Macleod was left in sorrow with a scrap of her gown clutched in his hand, and this is said to be the fragment that remains in the glass case, the magic Fairy Flag of Dunvegan.

Whatever its origin, the Flag was known to have supernatural properties. Three times its possessors could wave it and call for help in time of distress. It has already been waved on two occasions.

The flag has yet to be waved for the last time. When that occasion arises, it is doubtful if the fabric will do no more than fall into dust.

Meanwhile it remains for all to see.

JOHN A. D. CAMPBELL, IIa.

MY PET BUDGIE

I have a little budgie, his name is Jimmy Power,

He's a very clever fellow, for he chatters by the hour:

In the morning when I go to school, it's always "Cheerio!"

And in the evening, when I'm home, it's sure to be "Hullo!"

In the evening, when the doors are shut, he loves to fly about,

And often perches on my head, saying, "Jimmy's wanting out."

I could sing his praises all day long, but now I cannot write,

For I hear my little budgie saying, "It's time for bed. Goodnight!"

ELIZABETH POWER, Ib.

STORIES FROM THE TRANSVAAL

Listening to the wireless the other night, I heard the South African national song "Sara Mara" being played. This song brought back to my mind the many South African songs and stories my cousins from the Transvaal related to me.

They told me of the great city of Johannesburg, which is built on the biggest gold reef in the world, and how in the Kimberley diamond mines — not far from Johannesburg — the most magnificent jewel in the Queen's crown was found.

Best of all I liked the animal stories about the Kruger National Park, which extends for over 8000 square miles. People come from all over the world to this reserve to see wild animals in their natural surroundings.

One is allowed to motor through this park, stopping at the many motels to cook a meal and stay the night. It is forbidden to leave one's car unless at one of these motels, as it would disturb the animals and would also be most dangerous.

On one holiday in the Kruger Park my cousin's car was stopped by three lions, one of which actually came close to the car and breathed on the closed windows!

Another animal they saw was the graceful springbok — the national emblem — which literally takes to the air in its 10 foot high bounds over the plains. Alas! millions of them were destroyed some years ago in one of the most extraordinary cases of mass suicide on record. One day countless herds stampeded to the coast, rushed headlong into the waves, drank deeply and died.

Another story they told me was of the world famous hippopotamus, Huberta, who left her home in Zululand in 1928 on a long trek southwards of over a thousand miles. For two years the great creature's wanderlust became one of the amazing animal stories of all time. She lay low by day and moved stealthily through the haunts of men by starlight. One night a native boy passing through a Durban street in the small hours actually saw Huberta with her nose pressed against a chemist's window, entranced by shiny bright red and green bottles.

Public feeling ran high against the men who eventually shot the beloved vagabond, and her stuffed hulk still draws pilgrims to the museum at Kingwilliamstown.

This is a truly remarkable country with magnificent scenery and a vast variety of animal life, richly endowed with gold, precious stones and raw materials. It would indeed be tragic if man should cause blood to be shed in this beautiful inheritance.

NORMAN BRECKINRIDGE, IIIa.

THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE

Above the Garry Bridge on the far side of the river from the approach to the Falls of Tummel lies the Pass of Killiecrankie. Here the River Garry has made a deep bed for itself and flows grandly between tall trees.

The Battle of Killiecrankie was fought on 27th July, 1689, on the hillside a mile north of the Pass.

Half-way down the hill towards the gorge is the "Queen's View," where Queen Victoria is said to have expressed her delight at the view from where she stood when she visited Killiecrankie in 1844.

Another place of interest is the Trooper's Well, where a famous hunter, Iain Ban Beag Mar-rath, after shadowing the troops until he came in easy range of the soldiers, carefully aimed his last remaining bullet at a cavalry officer, who fell dead at the well, known now as the Trooper's Well.

Further on there is a stone slab on the path, known as Balfour's Stone. It is reputed to be the burial place of Balfour, a Brigadier-General in the forces of William led by General Mackay.

At the foot of the Pass is the "Soldier's Leap," where Donald Macbean is said to have jumped a distance of 18 feet from one bank of the River Garry to the other when fleeing from the pursuing Highlanders.

From the leap one can obtain a wonderful view down the River Garry, and standing there listening to the river rushing by, one could almost visualise the battle that was fought there 271 years ago.

JILL HEPBURN, IIa.

'LOOKING FORWARD'

The winter will soon be here once again,
With the frost on the mountain and snow
in the glen,

The little streams frozen, the rivers in
spate,
The white branches creaking with the
snow's heavy weight.

The little brown robin with his blood-red
throat,
Warbling in the silence his cheery, tuneful
note;

The brightly-clad ski-ers zooming down the
long slope,
While some lazy young people stay inside
and mope.

The agile and the timid trying out the
first frost,

On the old, rusty skates which they
thought they had lost;

The wild shouts of the curlers being heard
from afar—

It's a stone 'through the house', and the
skip cries "Awa!"

So the sooner the snow and the ice set in,
The sooner the season of fun will begin.

PAT MUNRO, IVa.

A DAY WITH THE COUNTY CAMP IN GLENMORE

On one of the hottest days of the summer, in June, it was with great pleasure, that a party of four girls competing for the Cairngorm badge, left school with Miss Grant to spend a day climbing in the Cairngorms. On arrival at Glenmore we were welcomed by some of our companions who were spending a very enjoyable week in the County Camp under the auspices of Mr Gilan.

About eleven o'clock a party of about ten of us set out from the lodge with Mr McKenzie as guide—our goal Ben MacDhui. After a somewhat easy climb up the new ski road we branched off and followed the burn for some time. We bypassed the foot of the Lurcher's Crag and reached a lovely spot overlooking the Lharig Ghru Pass. From here we had a magnificent view looking into a long range of mountains including Cairn Toul, Braeriach and the Devil's Point.

After a very enjoyable lunch, we once more set out for the summit of Ben MacDhui, second highest mountain in Scotland. The weather was glorious, and although we were clad very lightly we suffered from the intense heat. Towards the middle of the afternoon we reached the summit of Ben MacDhui. After a few minutes' rest, discussion and scenery viewing, we turned homewards and crossed over on to Cairn Gorm. It was with great pleasure that we met, on the top of Cairn Gorm, an additional member to the party in Doctor Bain. As time was growing late, we made our way down off Cairn Gorm and, on striking the ski road once again, we found it a very easy route home.

On arriving at the huts, despite the fact that we we could be classified as intruders, we were by no means treated as strangers in that we were hospitably invited to a very appetising meal which we appreciated very much indeed.

It was with great reluctance that at about nine o'clock that night we pulled ourselves away from these happy people because we had indeed had a wonderful day with them.

HELEN MILLER, VIIb.

WISHFUL THINKING

My premium bond is worth a pound,
My happiness would know no bound,
If only "Ernie" would do his best,
And pick my number from the rest.

What fun I'd have in gay Paree,
Or cruising on the azure sea,
Dancing here or flying there,
Oh! Boy! I'd travel everywhere.

Created by Dior my clothes would be,
None but the best would do for me;
So far this luck is not my lot,
So I must do with what I've got.

JACKLYNN WOOD, IIIa.

THE WONDER OF THE ARCTIC NIGHT

In the far North, in the Arctic Circle, the sun goes on strike for about six months of the year, and disappears altogether in October. In fact, it is "night all day." This is not as bad as it sounds, for the sun, though unable himself to put in an appearance, sends radiant messengers from below the horizon far up into the skies above, where the air is very thin, or "rarified," and these electrical messengers, or "electrons," cause the atmosphere to glow and gleam in all varieties of colour. These beams of light are the cause of the wonderful Aurora Borealis, one of the most beautiful and inspiring sights on earth. Often the Aurora appears as a great arch, with flickering curtains of many coloured lights hanging like shining gossamer in the sky, with ever-changing form and ever-changing colour, while shafts of light shoot from the top of the arch far into the sky. Sometimes there is no distinct arch, but waving bands or curtains of light appear in many forms, which dance and shimmer and change with such variety and beauty that it is an ever new delight to watch them. These coloured lights play on the pure white snow and icebergs, tinting them with lovely hues till the whole scene is like Fairyland.

It must be a wonderful world the young polar bears see when they first come out of their snow cavern in March, the month in which the Aurora Borealis is generally at its brightest. A little later the sun reappears, and shortly will go to the other extreme, and never set at all, so that for the rest of the summer there is "day all night."

ALLAN GRANT, VI.

THE BEATNIKS

In an underground cellar, in a dimly lit street,
That is where the beatniks meet;
It's usually Saturday, round about 10,
That the weirdies gather at their den.

When once inside, they don't stand and talk,
They kick off their shoes, and they start to rock,
They have got a band and it starts to play,
When they hear that jazz, they begin to sway.

The cellar with candles is dimly lit,
And around the walls the beatniks sit;
No chairs are provided, so they sit on the floor,
And don't seem to mind if they're trampled o'er.

In skin-tight jeans and hairy sweaters,
With long gold chains which hang like fetters,
Dancing to the music about which they rave,
They remind you of men that lived in a cave.

JAMES MACPHERSON, IIIa.

MY PETS

The dog has been a favourite pet from very early days. The Greeks and Romans possessed many breeds of dogs similar to ours of to-day. They trained the larger ones for battle, arming them with spiked collars—and the smaller ones for the chase. They also kept them as we do for guarding the home; where we have the notice, "Beware of the Dog," they had, "Cave Canem."

Old drawings and sculptures show that dogs existed in Egypt four or five thousand years ago, and in some cities in Pharaoh's reign they were worshipped. This is probably why the Jews held them in such contempt and loathing, except two.

Isaiah makes mention of watchdogs, and Job of sheepdogs; so it would appear that even in those days of prejudice, the intelligence and devotion of this most lovable of animals was beginning to make itself felt. Through the years, the dog has so proved its devotion to the human race that to-day it is by far the most popular pet in the world.

Many country people keep goats, for they are cheap to feed and their milk is rich and nourishing. Nanny goats make gentle and amiable pets, and their kids are lively and lovely. In Bible days, goats were kept by almost everybody; the rich people owned flocks, while the poor people only kept one or two. The flesh was eaten, the milk was drunk or made into butter, the hair was woven into cloth, and the skin used for making tents, sails, and water bottles. They were also much in demand for sacrifices; a goat was the recognised offering for "sins unwittingly committed."

According to Jewish tradition, on the Day of Atonement, one goat was sacrificed, and another, dyed with its blood, sent into the wilderness; this was taken as a symbol of pardoned sin. Such practices seem cruel to us, who have become a nation of animal lovers, but in those days the Jews really believed that God demanded blood sacrifices, and that He supplied certain animals for that purpose. Wild goats still roam the countryside and are sometimes hunted for their flesh, which is greatly relished.

Most of us at some time or other have had a ride on a donkey, perhaps at the seaside or in the country. There are very few here now, compared with Eastern countries, where they take the place of a horse, and where, owing to careful feeding and selective breeding, they are bigger and stronger than the ones we know of. Indeed some types of ass are very similar in appearance to the horse. The white variety was thought mostly highly of in Bible days; these were reserved for carrying important people—kings, prophets, and judges. So it would have been a white one which Jesus rode on His last triumphal journey into Jerusalem, but not a small meek beast as it is sometimes depicted.

Among my own pets I can number a dog, a goat, an ass, a rabbit, and a calf, as well as

hens and ducks. The rabbit gets most attention; I feed it on tea leaves, oatmeal, carrots, lettuce and cabbage leaves. The calf is also a great favourite. It lives on milk, oil cake, grass and other foods. The hens and ducks amply repay us by giving us a continual supply of eggs and meat.

MARY MACDONALD, 1b.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

When I wis a fairmer,
That's mony years syne,
There were nae tractors tae ploo,
Nae machines tae milk kyne.
'Twas hard graft an' plenty,
Nae time for the toon,
Nae Pictures or TV
When I wis a loon.

But noo wi combines an' balers,
An' tractors an' trailers,
A horse is a thing o' the past,
The stable is empty
But for a harness or two,
Hanging for show
Wi' naething to do.

We'd sometimes hae
A barn dance wi' tea,
Nae fancy jazz band,
Jist a fiddle or box,
And I've seen us dance,
On to gie near
The crow o' the cocks.

Then up in the morning,
As bright as a bee.
Nae strikes or complaints
In my day, ye see.
Nae fancy fish suppers,
Nae fancy-cooked patties,
We lived happy an' healthy
On meal, milk an' tatties.

F. A. DOWNIE, 11b.

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THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

One of the greatest building achievements of modern times is the Statue of Liberty, which is situated at the entrance to New York Harbour. The statue is a token of gratitude, given by France, for the help given to her by America in many wars and during the French Revolution as well.

The statue, which was designed by a French architect, Bartholdi, is of such immense proportions that it had to be built in France and transported in sections across the Atlantic Ocean. The Americans built the base, which takes the form of an eleven-pointed star, and takes up 40,000 square feet of the island. As interest caught on, money began to come in from both French and American people; and it was dedicated in 1886.

It weighs 500,000 lbs., and the total cost, by modern standards, would be equivalent to 500,000 dollars. It largely consists of copper, over 200,000 lbs. of it being included.

The statue is 305 feet high, and the right arm is 40 feet long, and, at its widest point, 12 feet in diameter. Twelve people can climb 161 stairs in the arm and stand in the torch at the same time. There is also a lift of twelve storeys, which takes them to the head, which is ten feet wide. The statue, which takes the form of a woman having broken out of her shackles and holding forth a torch to enlighten the world, indeed ranks as one of the seven Modern Wonders of the World.

MICHAEL FORBES, Va.

THE ELECTRIC BRAE

"Have you ever gone down a hill, in a car, with the engine full on, or gone up a hill with the engine switched off?"

While on holiday at Ayr two years ago, my family and I were taken by our friends to see the Electric Brae, a few miles from the town.

It is a rather steep hill and before descending it, my father was told to switch off the car engine. He did so, and much to our surprise the car rolled for about five yards down the decline and halted. It then proceeded to inch its way very slowly back up the hill again.

When we had recovered from our surprise, Dad switched on the car engine, and continued down the hill with caution.

We were told to turn the car, start up the brae and switch off the engine once again.

This time, to our astonishment, we **free-wheeled up** the hill at a moderate speed.

A small burn flows up the brae at the side of the road. Even a child's rubber ball will roll up the hill. No-one really knows what the cause of this is. The only other known hill of this kind is in California, in the United States of America.

DAVIS THOMSON, IIIa.

CENTRE OF ATTRACTION

Why were they all looking at me? There were looks of surprise, looks of alarm, and even looks of disbelief. I knew that I just had to ignore them and get on with the business, for it was **my** business. I had to do it and I had to do it alone. So in the silence I went on with it, determined that in spite of all the big wide eyes, I would make a success of it.

Then the fuss began! Laughter and voices raised in excited praise of my great success. You see I was just one year old and I had walked across the sitting-room floor for the very first time.

JEAN MACLEOD, Ia.

TREES

There are elm trees in our garden,
Crab-apple trees beyond—
Four together in a row
And one by the old duck pond.
In Autumn we've a lovely show of yellow,
red and brown;
But when the Winter storms begin the leaves
come tumbling down.

An old plum-tree climbs up the wall,
Shielding a Christmas rose.
A poplar rises straight and tall
Down where the harebell grows,
In Summer they delight the eyes with
brightest green array,
But ere stern Winter shows his face the
leaves are fled away.

Surely the finest tree of all
Is the fir with cones adorned,
For from its boughs leaves never fall,
By chilly breezes browned.
At Christmastide it stands erect, its
branches weighed with snow,
Or all bedecked with Christmas toys beside
the warm fire's glow.

JACQUELINE GRANT, Va.

SKI-ING

As a winter sports resort, Grantown is ideally situated, being surrounded by hills and mountains whose slopes are snow covered early in winter and which are fairly easily reached. Unfortunately, the ski-road, constructed at great cost, had a large section of it washed away during heavy rainstorms. An extra attraction to winter visitors is the ski-lift, which is being built at Coire Cas.

Thus Grantown was invaded by a host of skiing enthusiasts from all over Britain, Norway, Sweden and Austria. The local people, too, took a new interest in skiing, the Grammar School playing a major part. Dr Bain, our headmaster, acquired some thirty pairs of skis with ski-sticks for the use of his pupils, while our go-ahead technical teacher, Mr Corpe, made it possible for some of the senior technical pupils to begin fashioning their own. Then, however, we had to accustom ourselves to them and practise the basic exercises. These practices were arranged and supervised by Dr Bain and Mr Corpe who, like their pupils, took a keen interest in this sport.

The first fall of snow, however, soon melted and disappeared making further practise on the golf course impossible. Then began our expeditions to the foothills of the Cairngorms, accompanied by an expert ski-ing instructor, Eilif Moen who was attached to Craiglynn Hotel, and whose expert tuition was enjoyed by all. To give you some idea of what these trips were like, let me describe the very first one to you.

We left on that Saturday morning by 'bus which, needless to say, was packed with enthusiastic skiers and equipment. On that particular day, we descended from the 'bus somewhere up the Lecht and, after being instructed on how to carry our skis, we made

our way up to the snow-line. On arriving at a fairly large expanse of snow, we, on Eilif's command, donned our skis and prepared to be further enlightened about the sport of ski-ing. We spent most of the morning practising snow-ploughing, turning and traversing under the critical eye of Eilif. For an hour or so after lunch, we continued to practise the above mentioned manoeuvres still under the watchful gaze of Eilif, after which we were allowed to do exactly as we pleased. Left to ourselves we became a little careless, and it was rather a funny sight to see some of the girls, unable to stop and out of control, go careering through the heather screaming and trying to protect themselves from the rather rough ground. Mishaps like these and spills were fairly frequent. On trying to avoid a collision, I turned rather too sharply and went head over heels. While I was disentangling myself, Dr Bain rather hopefully inquired, "You haven't broken your neck, have you?" Anyway, such accidents were part of the fun, and when we had to depart from the scene of so much fun, we did so rather reluctantly.

Although the planned trip to Norway to further our knowledge of this sport has had setbacks owing to expense and lack of accommodation, this venture will probably be executed at Easter.

News of our excursions spread, and shots were taken of the "School on Skis," which were to be part of a film advertising ski-ing in Scotland.

Now, during the summer season, when the snow has been replaced by rain, and a little sun, we film stars of the only school in Britain to receive ski-ing instruction look forward rather impatiently to another season on skis.

HARRY MACGREGOR, VI.

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GRANTOWN SCHOOL—FRENCH TRIP

This summer, nine senior pupils, accompanied by Mr Smith, were fortunate in being able to take part in the trip to France organised by Mr Cullen for pupils from the three Speyside schools (Fochabers, Rothes, and Grantown) which he visits. The Grantown contingent travelled by road, while the main body of the party, with Mr Wilson, headmaster of Rothes, in charge, went by rail. Both parties met at Newhaven for the Channel crossing and the subsequent stay at the Jehan Ango Secondary School in Dieppe. We append some accounts of their experiences.

* * *

1—The Journey to France

On July 13, 1960, nine pupils set out from Woodside Avenue in a Morris Minibus, with Mr Cullen in the driving seat and Mr Smith as co-driver. We were on our way to France.

Between 12.30 and 7 p.m. our only halt was for a meal at Stirling; and eleven very cramped pupils dragged their luggage and themselves from a dusty minibus and struggled up innumerable stairs when we arrived at Wiston Lodge, a beautiful old Lanarkshire mansion nestling at the foot of Tinto Hill. After a supper of sandwiches and tea, and a walk, we settled down for the night.

In the morning, after climbing outside porridge, bacon and eggs, we set off again in our bus. After two-and-a-half miles travelling, however, steam pouring out of the radiator pronounced a sudden loss of water and a breakdown. Fortunately the hamlet of Abington possessed an excellent garage; and we set out again, three hours behind schedule.

Once over the Border we did not take long to reach A1. Then, at 7 p.m., came a halt at an imposing restaurant outside Doncaster. Briefly, the inside did not live up to the standard of the outside.

Presently we were in London, roaring along a never-ending Finchley Road, then to Edgware Road. After buzzing round central London, looking for Baker Street, we at last found our first destination—a hostel for the girls. Alas! it was closed for the night. Desperate search located a luxurious hotel which was persuaded to put up the girls. The two teachers and ourselves eventually found rather humbler lodgings at Macdonald's Hotel. It sounded Highland, but was owned by an Italian gentleman called Ben Banicci.

Next morning we picked up the girls and motored to Newhaven and our next mishap. We missed the morning ferry with the minibus, and Mr Cullen had to stay behind with it until evening. The rest of us had a smooth crossing to Dieppe.

A. & W. REID.

2—The Lycée Jehan Ango

I don't quite know what we had expected the Lycée Jehan Ango to look like; probably something similar to the small traditionally-styled buildings of Grantown Grammar School. Anyway, we were amazed when our bus drew up outside what appeared to be a vast block of flats, in the most modern style, and M. Cerveau, the headmaster, told us we had arrived at the school. From outside, the most striking features were its size, clean, stream-lined appearance, and the enormous number of huge windows. Inside, the first impressions were of spaciousness, cool pastel colours, mainly pale green, and windows everywhere.

Our dormitory, on the second floor, had about forty beds. Here the windows were of double-thickness glass with Venetian blinds between to keep out the strong sunshine. There was a well-equipped wash-room next-door with hand-basins and showers where, at first, the peculiarities of the hot water system caused many shrieks and squeals. One stood under the shower, trustingly turned on the hot tap and received a deluge of cold water which, after what seemed ages, finally became hot. We got wise to this in due course, however!

The canteen, much bigger than ours here, had white walls on which a French artist was painting mural beach-scenes. The chef wore the traditional chef's hat, and his cooking was superb. Breakfast was at eight, lunch at twelve, and dinner at seven-thirty. The interval between lunch and dinner was frighteningly long, but the cakes in the patisseries were wonderful.

One night we had a rather amusing incident. Owing to a faulty switch, one of the dorm. lights could not be switched off, and I was detailed to go and explain this to the concierge. "La lumière, elle ne va pas," I stammered. He looked at me blankly. I pointed to the light, thought frantically and managed, "Elle marche." Ah! that was it. He understood. He plodded along behind me to the dorm. and put off the offending light. A short time later, someone switched that same light on again; and the procedure was repeated, only, this time, I knew the correct formula.

We were very comfortable at the Lycée. I don't know whether our French has improved very much, as our holiday was rather short, but the experience of meeting French people and learning a little about their way of life has been intensely interesting and valuable. It was the happiest holiday I have ever had and I hope one day to have the chance of spending another one at the Lycée Jehan Ango in Dieppe.

SHEILA M. CROWDER.

3—Paris, 19th July, 1960

Tuesday morning dawned bright and clear as we rose from our snug beds at the early hour of 6 o'clock. After the usual French breakfast of coffee and rolls, we all piled into the minibus, accompanied by M. Cerveau, Head Administrator of the School, and, of course, Mr Cullen. At such an early hour we had the roads practically to ourselves and fairly bowled along until we reached the outskirts of Paris.

The first thing to do was to park the minibus, which we did in a car park near the Arc de Triomphe. After having eaten our packed lunches, which consisted of long French loaves, cheese and fruit, we made our way to the Métro, the French underground rail service, on which we travelled to the Eiffel Tower. We crossed one of the numerous bridges over the River Seine and joined the queue waiting to go up the tower.

The first lift took us to the second floor, where we changed, and while waiting for the next lift purchased some small souvenirs and postcards from one of the many kiosks. When we reached the top, at a height of 920 feet, we admired the panoramic view, which stretched for many miles around. As we were now feeling very thirsty we bought some bottles of Coco-Cola for which we paid 120 francs, which we calculated as being 1/8 per bottle. This rather astonished us, as the same bottle in Britain costs 7d. The journey back down was very rapid, and before we realised it we were back on "terra firma."

We then took the Métro to Notre Dame, the inside of which was richly furnished with chandeliers and statues, and as we wandered round the silent shrines we could hear the organ pealing in the background.

Next on our itinerary were the Louvre and Les Tuileries. The Louvre is an enormous building, covering many acres, surrounded by the magnificent gardens of Les Tuileries. Unfortunately, however, the Louvre was closed, thus preventing us from fulfilling our wishes to see the Mona Lisa and Venus de Milo. After taking the usual photographs, we walked to the Place de la Concorde, where we cooled off with the help of an ice-cream, beside one of the innumerable Paris fountains.

From here we made our way to the Champs Elysées, which seemed to stretch for miles in front of us terminating with the Arc de Triomphe. The boys, especially, caused a sensation here, as they were wearing their kilts, and we could hear such remarks as, "Look, boys wearing kilts," but by this time we were really past caring, as our feet were in agony and the sun was beating relentlessly on to the back of our necks. How we ever reached the Arc de Triomphe I do not know, as the more we walked the more it seemed to recede into the distance.

All of a sudden there was a terrific down-pour, and we had to make a mad rush for the minibus, where we digested our second packed lunch.

It had been arranged that we should return via Rouen, in order that we should

see where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. At Rouen we walked through the Cathedral where Joan was tried, but the Cathedral did not look at its best at all since it was in the process of being renovated.

From Rouen we returned to Dieppe, singing en route all the current French songs under the leadership of M. Cerveau, along with sudden bursts of "Viola" from Mr Cullen. We arrived home about 9.45 p.m., a very tired but happy crowd, and were in bed by ten. Were we not thankful that we did not have to be up by six the next morning!

VALERIE DEWAR.

IRIS FORBES.

* * *

4—A Visit to St. Valery

Towards the end of our very enjoyable stay at Dieppe, we were invited by the Mayor of St. Valery to visit the town and to be shown the Scots' Room in the Town Hall, which was opened only a few months ago.

We Grantomans, being included in the first half of the contingent, arrived there first, and, carrying a beautiful bouquet of flowers, climbed up to the French War Memorial, which stands high up on the cliffs on one side of the town to lay the wreath. Then, having admired the view from the top, we retraced our steps to go and explore the town.

Talking to one old lady, we learned of the desperate plight of the townspeople in 1944 when they were stranded on the beaches for almost a week, and it made us realise what a magnificent effort they had made to rebuild their town from a mere shell.

With these thoughts in our minds, we made our way along to the town hall, where, the rest of the party having joined us, we were received by the Mayor and officials in the Scottish Room, to be shown photographs of the unveiling of both French and Scottish Memorials, and to admire one of the walls, on which were painted in pale pastels the coats of arms of all the Scottish towns which contributed towards the rebuilding of St. Valery.

Having enjoyed the best of French refreshments, we returned to Dieppe in our faithful minibus, leaving the other group to lay the wreath on the Scottish memorial on the other side of the town. LINDSEY STEPHEN.

* * *

5—The Return Journey

After our wonderful ten days in France, we were rather unwilling to re-cross the Channel to Angleterre, or, rather, England. Possibly the idea of a much rougher crossing had something, as well, to do with it. For all that, when the English coast came into sight we were all eager to be home.

We travelled overnight to Scotland, arriving about 9 a.m. next morning at the petrol pump at Gretna Green. In another hour we were back at Wiston Lodge for breakfast, bed and lunch (quite a mixture). At 1.30 we were on the road again, soon to arrive in Grantown-on-Spey. A. & W. REID.

6—French Food

Eleven happy Scots folk
On a stay in France,
Tackled all the food there
Leaving none to chance.

The lettuce they discovered
Had too much olive oil,
But the cakes made up for this
And were not left to spoil.

What with cheese (liked 'by some)
And the chips (so good),
There was really no end
To this amazing French food.

But what! I hear you asking—
No frogs' legs, no fried snails?
From what these Scots folk gathered—
These are but travellers' tales.

Some dishes to the table
Incognito came,
Caramel pudding? Sure'y not!
But wait—it's Chestnut Cream!

ANNETTE DIGNAN.

A Break from Lessons



A game of dodge ball provided a welcome break from lessons for these Secondary I girls.

PRIMARY MAGAZINE

SHOP WINDOWS

Not so very long ago as I stood gazing into a grocer's window, I began to realise how this everyday action was actually thrilling. I saw a big basket of lovely oranges. My thoughts turned to Spain and the orange groves where they have been picked and packed by sun-tanned men and women wearing picturesque clothes and hats. Beside the oranges was a bunch of black grapes. Here my thoughts turned to the vineyards of sunny Italy, where the people are picking, packing and sending them to other countries.

On another shelf was a bunch of ripe bananas which made me think of the West Indies, especially Jamaica, where the negroes sing while they are picking them. They pack them and send them all round the world. Next to the bananas was a pyramid of apples, which took my thoughts to the orchards of Canada. There, when the apples are nice and rosy, they are picked, packed and sent to Britain for us to eat.

It is strange to think that apples grow so well, when it is very cold in winter, and very hot in summer. On the top of the shelf were sections of honey, which brought my thoughts to the moors or our own Scotland, where the bees busily collect it.

I went next door to the butcher's window—There I saw a roast of beef which made me think of the Aberdeen-Angus cattle. Beside it was a leg of mutton which took me to the hills and glens where the sheep roam. Hanging above it was a roll of venison which made me think of the deer that roam the high hills of Scotland. Near the counter was a roll of bacon which took me in my mind to the pigs on a farm. I saw four chickens hanging on a rack. This reminded me of the farmyard and lovely fluffy yellow chicks. This has taught me that there is something interesting in the ordinary things we see in the shops.

JOAN PATERSON, Primary 6.

MY BROTHER

I have a little brother,
He is only six years old.
He loves to play at cowboys,
And soldiers tall and bold.

He plays with little motor cars
That run along the road,
And has a little jumping toy
Just like a little toad.

He doesn't care for dollies,
'Cos they are girls' toys.
So Mummy always says to me,
"He is just like proper boys".

VALERIE KRAWCZYNSKA,
Primary 5.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I hope to join the Royal Air Force and fly to different countries of the world. I will fly through night and day and I will even try and be promoted to a Squadron Leader. When training, I would practise parachute jumping and engineering, but I'd like flying best, I think.

ALISTAIR JACK, Primary 5.

A VISIT TO THE CIRCUS

Once I was at a circus. A clown had a hose and he squirted water over some of the people. But he did not catch me. Ha. Ha. Ha.

FIONA HENDERSON, Primary 3.

MY PET

My pet is a dog. She likes to chase rabbits and hares. She likes to go down their burrows but when she comes out she is black and my mother has to bath her.

PETER CLARK, Primary 3.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up, I am going to be a garage worker. Sometimes I go over to help my daddy at Nethybridge, and sometimes I get to sell petrol. But other times I don't get to sell it.

CHARLES ROSS, Primary 3.

AUTUMN

I like Autumn when the berries are red. The birds sing their song in the cool breeze, and the swallows, the larks and the nightingales fly off to a warmer land.

IAN BROWN, Primary 3.

WINTER

In winter when the snow lies deep,
The farmers carry hay to sheep,
The cattle shiver in the icy blast,
And hope the winter storm won't last.

But spring comes round again once more,
Calves and lambs are to the fore,
The tractors plough the land all day,
Preparing for the corn and hay.

JOHN RAFFERTY, Primary 5.

THE BIRD'S FUNERAL

A very long time ago I found a dead bird on the road. It had been hit by a car and it had a broken wing. I put it in a hole in the wall and I put some grass in for a little bed for it.

JOHN CROFT, Primary 3.

MY PET

I have a pet budgie. His name is Billy. He is green and yellow with a black tail feather. He is very talkative, and, when he wants to get out, he squawks. When we let him out we sometimes put a table-tennis ball on the floor, and he kicks it with his feet.

VIVIAN CORPE, Primary 4.

AT THE ZOO

During my holidays I went to the Edinburgh Zoo. There I saw lots of animals. Those I liked best were the penguins. They walk like funny little men.

SUSAN ARCHIBALD, Primary 4.

FARMING

Farms are very useful because you get food from the cows and sheep. The cows that you usually see up in the north of Scotland are the Aberdeen-Angus cattle.

SIMON MILLER, Primary 4.

OUR PONIES

Pluto, a war horse is getting quite old,
We love him so much he will never be sold.
Olga, the Norwegian, is fresh and is bold,
But very often does not do what sh's told.

Dawn is the mother of a handsome son.
Dusky's his name and he loves lots of fun.
Diane loves to chase me and play hide and seek.
She's still very fat, but one day she'll be sleek.

Louise owns the chestnut; his name is Chubby.
He runs far too fast, although he's so tubby.
They all are good ponies, as you'll all agree.
If you don't believe me, then just you come and see.

JUDY COLLYER, Primary 5.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I'm going to be a hair-dresser and cut girls' and boys' hair. When you cut the girls' and boys' hair they sit on a chair until they get their hair cut, and when you are finished you brush the hair off their backs.

PATRICIA PRATIES, Primary 3.

MY GOLDFISH

I have a goldfish called Peter. During the potato holidays I went to Aberdeen, and I bought a packet of toy fishes to put in the goldfish bowl. At home my goldfish kicks them about and thinks they are real.

ALISTAIR GRANT, Primary 4.

MY PET

I have a little kitten, the nicest I have seen,
He sits upon a cushion of red and blue and green;
He's good at going stalking and catches many a mouse,
And if you do not watch him he takes them in the house.

And when he sees me coming, he hurries round the bend,
To greet me with his welcome, for he's my little friend;
We always call him Smoky, for that's his shade, you see,
And when he's tired of romping he sits upon my knee.

RODNEY GARROW, Primary 6.

THE ELF

While walking through the woods one day,
A little elf I spied,
It hopped and danced among the leaves.
"Hooray! Dance on," I cried.
But then it stopped and looked at me.
"Hullo!" it said so quietly,
Then ran across the plain,
Alas! I looked—but all in vain.

KATHLEEN DUNN, Primary 5.

SAFETY FIRST

He didn't look to left or right,
He ran across with all his might;
He met a car, the car met him,
There's nothing more to tell of Jim.

So children, let us make it a rule,
Look out for cars when going to School;
Because these cars go very fast,
And boys and girls, we wouldn't last!

PATRICIA A. GRAY, Primary 6.

TEACHERS

There are all kinds of teachers in this world of ours,
 There are good teachers, bad teachers, and ones who preach for hours;
 There are men teachers, lady teachers, young teachers and old,
 And some who spend the whole day long doing little else but scold.
 There are Maths teachers, English teachers, Geography teachers too,
 And they're all bent on one purpose, pouring knowledge into you.

ISHBEL MACLEAN, Primary 7.

SNOOZY

She lives in a cage of red and blue,
 Has two beady eyes of the darkest hue;
 A little pink nose and the shortest of tails,
 Four little feet and quite long nails.
 When all is dark and still in the house,
 Out she creeps to fill up her pouch;
 With nuts and seeds and a little green food,
 All of these things to keep her health good.
 Who is this creature? you ask one another,
 She is the hamster of my big brother.

FREDDIE ANFIELD, Primary 7.

THE SNOWMAN

In winter, when the snow's upon the ground,
 I make a snowman big and round;
 With hat and gloves and umbrella too,
 He may look just like me or you.

Now, on a warmer day,
 I see my snowman's gone away;
 Where he is I do not know,
 But all that's left is a heap of snow.

JOYCE TELFER, Primary 6.

FISHING IN THE SPEY

Sometimes ower early,
 Sometimes ower late;
 Sometimes nae water,
 Sometimes a spate;
 Sometimes ower dirty,
 Sometimes ower clear;
 There's aye something wrang
 When my dad fishes here.

MAUREEN NICOLSON, Primary 6.

SPORTS SECTION.**FOOTBALL (1959-60)**

At the beginning of this football season, the new captain was faced with the problem of getting together some sort of team. Out of the team which represented the school during the previous season, only two players, H. MacGregor, the new captain and J. Macphail, the new vice-captain, took the field on behalf of the school, the remainder having left school. Thus this season was spent in building up a team in preparation for next season. The same situation, however, will probably be met with next season, though on a smaller scale, as at least three of the team will be leaving between now and next season.

At the commencement of this season, then, the team consisted of five 5th year boys, two 4th year boys, and four 3rd year boys. During this season, several different permutations, which included at least twenty-two players, were tried. At last, however, on the advice of Mr Hendry, our English teacher, the following team was settled on:—A. McDonald (I); R. Fowler (III), D. Grant (II); D. Chisholm (III), B. Reid (IV), J. Macphail (V); I. Stuart (IV), H. MacGregor (V), A. Grant (V), H. Grant (III), J. Philpot (V).

The first game was against Elgin Academy, whose senior boys outnumbered those of the

Grammar School by about, we believe, 12 to 1. Thus it was not surprising that the team was defeated 5-0. About a fortnight later, the team again played Elgin, this time holding their total down to two goals. In this game, the Grammar School defence was outstanding.

We travelled to Inverness to play the Technical College second eleven and, indeed, they were lucky to hold us to a 1-1 draw. The Grammar School defence dominated the field and the home team's goal was, as we say, "jammy." Our goal came through a combined effort by H. MacGregor via J. Philpot to J. Macphail who netted the ball.

After this match, Mr Hendry took us in hand, and when we were not playing against other schools, we had practice matches under his supervision. As a result of this coaching, we succeeded in defeating Nairn by three goals to two. In this game, the team was rearranged, H. MacGregor playing at inside-right instead of centre half, and J. Macphail playing left half instead of centre forward. In his new position, the ex-centre half scored twice. The third goal was scored by J. Philpot.

Earlier in the season, Forres had defeated us by a fairly wide margin. On this occasion, however, three of the regular players, including the captain, who was injured, were unable to play. Further proof of Mr Hendry's practices and coaching was seen

when, on again playing Forres, we were defeated only by the odd goal in nine. In our last match of the season, we played Forres Academy at Forres. In this match, the latest addition to the team, Alistair McDonald, the first year goalkeeper, saved everything that the home forwards offered him, and it was only in the dying minutes of the game that a shot from one of the forwards flashed past Alistair after being deflected by one of the lunging defenders.

We have not had a brilliant season; but we feel that there will at least be the makings of a reasonable team for next session.

* * *

HOCKEY

Although we lost two good players in Kay Hepburn and Pat Bell last year, the hockey season was quite successful.

The first game, played against Elgin Academy, at home, resulted in a 5-3 victory for our opponents, our goals being scored by Catherine Douglas, Betty Kirkwood, and Annette Dignan.

Our next match, against Inverness High, was the first of a series of victories for the Grammar School. We won 3-1, the scorers being Margaret MacLennan, Julia Jackson, and Catherine Douglas. This win greatly boosted the hockey team, and thanks to this and extra coaching from Dr Bain, we beat Fochabers 4-0 in the next match. This time the goals were scored by Rosemary Dunn and Pat Anderson, two juniors who were proving very worthy of a place in the 1st XI.

The match with Kingussie on 3rd October was cancelled due to rain, but in our next game we beat Kingussie 6-0.

On November 21st we played a fiercely contested match against an Inverness Academy 2nd XI. Thanks to the good performance of goalkeeper Isobel Rogie, we managed to keep the score at 1-1.

In our return match with Elgin on 28th November, we succeeded in holding our own again, the result was a one-all draw, Betty Kirkwood scoring our goal.

Then followed a match against Inverness High in which we won 3-0. In previous matches, the Junior XI was not very successful, but a 2nd year team beat an Inverness High junior team 3-0. These matches, played at home, gave cause for much hilarity due to wintry conditions.

The last game before Christmas was at Nairn, where the 1st XI won 3-2, but the juniors lost 3-0.

After Christmas we were unfortunate in losing Isobel, our goalkeeper, but we found a keen substitute in Helen Skinner, whose small form belies her ability in goals. Three matches were cancelled due to the snow.

Our next match was against Forres, at home. The score was a two-all draw, scorers being Catherine Douglas and Rosemary Dunn. In our return match with Forres, we

won 2-0, in spite of keen opposition from the Forres girls.

This year we played two matches with Elgin Ladies, being beaten in both. The games, however, gave us an idea of just how fast and skillfully hockey is played. At the hockey trials, Margaret MacLennan and Betty Kirkwood were chosen as reserves for the Highland Hockey team.

* * *

CRICKET

The cricket season was again brief, though enjoyable. For the first time a complete staff team played the boys, winning by 59-31. The masters owed much to the steady bowling of Mr Cullen and Mr Hendry, while Mr Cullen and Mr Corpe shared in a first-wicket stand that left the issue in no doubt.

* * *

GOLF

Keen enthusiasm has been maintained by senior and junior boy golfers, under the tuition of Mr G. McKenzie. Winners in stroke competitions were James McGregor (senior), and Harry Moir (junior); and in elimination tournaments Michael Dewar (senior), and Kenneth MacLean (junior).

* * *

TENNIS

During June, school players received expert coaching from Hanif Khan, the Pakistani player hired by the local club. In the Grantown Tennis Tournament Iain Sutherland and Bill Reid were well to the fore in the juvenile section.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

BOYS

School Captain—Harry MacGregor; Vice-Captain—Bill Reid. Football Captain—Harry MacGregor; Vice-Captain—Bill Reid. Athletics Captain—Allan Grant; Vice-Captain—James Philpot. Cricket Captain—Michael Dewar; Vice-Captain—Arthur Jackson. Secretary to Prefects' Court—Arthur Jackson. Librarian and Museum Curator—Michael Forbes.

House Captains—Revack—Allan Grant. Revack—Arthur Jackson. Roy—Harry MacGregor. Additional Prefects—D. Davidson, G. Gattiker, D. Joy, T. McKenzie, A. Reid, I. Stuart, D. Chisholm.

GIRLS

Head Girl—Irene McKenzie; Deputy Head Girl—Iris Forbes. Hockey Captain—Irene McKenzie; Vice-Captain—Annette Dignan. Athletics Captain—Betty Kirkwood; Vice-Captain—Anne Urquhart. Games Secretary—Lindsey Stephen.

House Captains—Revack—Margaret MacLennan. Revack—Irene McKenzie. Roy—Betty Kirkwood. Additional Prefects—Valerie Dewar, Fiona Donn, Christine Foy, Jacqueline Grant, Gladys George, Lorna Macrae, Morag McGregor, Helen Miller, Karen MacGregor.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1960-61

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

Dr Bain presided over a small attendance of members at the Annual General Meeting which was held in the Grammar School on Wednesday, 9th November, 1960, at 7.30 p.m. Apologies for absence were received from Mrs H. Grant, Mr and Mrs H. W. Dixon, Messrs J. A. Templeton, J. J. Grant and A. M. Hastings. Mrs Grant had also stated that she did not wish to be re-elected to the committee.

Dr Bain made sympathetic reference to the death of the oldest member of the Club, Miss J. S. Duncan, who had been a teacher in the Grammar School from 1898 to 1933 and a Vice-President of the Former Pupils' Club from 1937 to 1949.

The Minutes of the last Annual General Meeting were read by the secretary and their approval was moved by Mr A. M. Grant, seconded by Mr F. Calder.

The adoption of the financial report was moved by Mr A. Ledingham and seconded by Miss J. M. Paterson. The credit balance at 31st October was £110 9s 5d. The president expressed the Club's indebtedness to the Secretary and Treasurer, and also to the Convener of the Reunion Committee for the addition to Club funds of the profit on the Reunion.

The following office-bearers were appointed:

Honorary President — Ex-Lord Provost Duncan Fraser, C.B.E., D.L., LL.D., J.P., Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.

Honorary Vice-Presidents — Mr T. Hunter, O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc.; ex-Provost W. A. Glass, Mr J. Templeton, Miss J. M. Paterson, ex-Provost H. G. Cumming.

President—Dr J. Bain, B.Sc., Ph.D.

Vice-Presidents — Mr W. F. Cruikshank, Mr H. W. Dixon, Mrs J. Schleppie, Mr J. G. Bruce.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss J. I. Munro.

Committee—Mrs J. Archibald, Messrs J. A. Templeton, J.P., M.A.; G. E. Donaldson, M.A., B.A.; A. M. Grant, A. M. Hastings, A. Ledingham, F. Calder and J. Duncan.

It was unanimously agreed that a free copy of the Grammar School Magazine should continue to be sent to all exiled life-members. The secretary intimated that a total of 131 copies had been sent out in December, 1959. The president thanked Mr Donaldson, Mr A. M. Grant and Miss Munro for their work in connection with the Magazine. It was decided that an advertisement be inserted in the

"Strathspey Herald" for the purpose of informing intending purchasers when the Magazine was ready for sale and also that more copies be ordered this year.

The award of seven prizes to the Grammar School in 1961 was unanimously approved. These prizes would be for the following subjects: — English, Mathematics, Classics, French, German, Technical Subjects and Art. Dr Bain expressed the thanks of the School for these prizes and also to Mr Bruce for his History Prize.

Mr A. M. Grant reported that the 1959 Reunion had been very successful in spite of a decrease in numbers attending. It was felt that this decrease was largely due to the fact that the function had to be held on a Monday evening. The 1960 Reunion would be held in the Palace Hotel, on Thursday, 29th December, and Donald's Band from Forres had been booked. The following Reunion Committee was appointed:—

Mr A. M. Grant (Convener), Mrs Archibald, Dr Bain, Messrs J. G. Bruce, A. M. Hastings and F. Calder.

It was agreed that a Biennial Reunion Dinner be held in 1961, possibly in March, and the following Committee was appointed to make all arrangements:—

Dr Bain (Convener), Miss J. M. Paterson, Mrs A. M. Grant, Miss J. I. Munro, Mr G. E. Donaldson, Mr J. J. Grant and Mr J. G. Bruce.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by Mr A. M. Grant.

JEANNETTE I. MUNRO.
Honorary Secretary.

Exiles.

*Mrs John Allan (J. Evelyn Geddes), Diploma of Domestic Science (Edinburgh), 18 Dundas Street, Edinburgh.

*Mrs Thomas D. Allan (Mona M. McLean), N.D.D., N.D.P. (Aberdeen), Croftallan, Nethybridge; Loanfoot, Thankerton, By Biggar, Lanarkshire.

*Mrs Adam Anderson (Shona G. Mac Dougall), Monaladh Bungalow, Boat of Garten; Burryhillock, Inch, Aberdeenshire; teacher, Inch J.S. School.

*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.

BIRTHS

GORDON.—On 6th June, 1960, to Mr and Mrs David C. Gordon (Jessie W. M. Laing), Lower Delliefure—a son (James William).

HAMILTON.—On 27th July, 1960, to Mr and Mrs Louis W. Hamilton (Margaret I. Hogg), 54 Port Street, Stirling—a son (Douglas).

SUTTON.—In February, 1960, to Mr and Mrs Colin Sutton (Catherine M. MacKay), Craiglynn Hotel—a daughter.

WALMSLEY.—On 25th May, 1960, to Mr and Mrs Robert Walmsley (Ella Slater), 41 Moor Park Road, Northwood, Middlesex—a son (Malcolm Robert).

MARRIAGE

SUTHERLAND—McINTOSH.—At Nethybridge Church, on 16th July, 1960, Flying Officer Gordon Sutherland, B.Sc., Glasgow, to Elspit McIntosh, Garlyne, Nethybridge.

DEATH

DUNCAN.—At Kingussie, on 7th June, 1960, Janet S. Duncan, Dundhonnachie, Castle Road East; teacher (retired), Grantown Grammar School, and former Vice-President, Former Pupils' Club.

A LETTER FROM NEW CALEDONIA

Noumèa.

July, 1960.

Dear Reader,

You may be forgiven if your first reaction on hearing of New Caledonia is to wonder where it is. Few seem to know of the existence of this island of the western Pacific, situated some seven to eight hundred miles from Brisbane, and lying just to the north of the Tropic of Capricorn. Even Australians have seldom heard of the place, even although it is their nearest "foreign" neighbour. It is a long, narrow mountainous island, discovered in 1774 by Captain Cook on his second voyage; but although visited by Sydney traders in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, it was not until 1853 that it became attached to any of the European powers. In this year it was annexed by France, primarily with a view to becoming a penal colony, and convicts continued to arrive until the end of the nineteenth century. The island is now a prosperous mining area, with coffee and copra as subsidiary exports.

My arrival here was accomplished only with difficulty. The flight from Sydney was supposed to take five hours or so, but as the plane approached New Caledonia it was learned that the weather had closed in, and landing would be impossible. Four hours later we landed at Nandi airport in Fiji, some seven hundred and fifty miles beyond New Caledonia. Even on returning we found the weather still poor, but the pilot had probably had enough of diversions, and succeeded in finding the runway.

New Caledonia's airport is at Tontouta, some fifty kilometres from the capital,

Noumèa. The run takes a little over an hour, and brings one through country that is quite typical of the western side of the island. The characteristic tree of New Caledonia is the "niaouli", a distant relative of the Australian Eucalyptus and found nowhere else in a natural setting. It is a tough tree, whose dominance in the Caledonian scene is in part explained by its ability to survive the frequent bush fires which sweep over large areas. Here and there a few "pins colonnaires" are to be seen, tall and slender trees as the name suggests.

The first part of Noumèa to come into view is the industrial sector. Nickel is the main export, and at Noumèa is situated the processing factory which partly refines the crude ore. From here most of the treated ore goes on to France for its final processing. Beyond the factory is the town proper. One is irresistibly reminded of a small French provincial town, with this difference, that the roofs instead of being of red tiles are of corrugated iron—painted red. It was laid out in the 1850's by military engineers, and the names of the streets bear eloquent testimony to this—Rue d'Austerlitz, Rue de Sebastopol, and so on. Much of the level land on which the lower town stands was sea at one time, but by the use of convict labour a small hill was levelled away, and the debris used to extend the shore.

What a mixture of races can be met in the course of a short walk around the town! There are people of French descent, and they make up half the island's population. There are Melanesians of New Caledonia stock and these make up most of the rest of the people, but the remainder include Indo-Chinese and Indonesians. Occasionally one sees people that are recognisably Polynesian. The native peoples have invaded all spheres of New Caledonian life. They are nickel workers, farmers, bus drivers, shop-keepers, café owners, and even professional men. It is true that until comparatively recently the Melanesians were largely confined to the areas of reserve that were allocated to them, and it may well be that their equality in society stems from the fact that the white population had only limited contact with them before the after-war years—a period when segregation was a less likely development than it would have been fifty years earlier. Be that as it may, it is true that although most of the lower paid and unskilled workers are natives or Asiatics, it is possible for a coloured person to rise to a level which bears some relationship to his ability.

The town is scattered among a number of small hills, and it is possible to climb one to get a view over the town and beyond. The sea lies all around, except to the north, and there are many islands. The mountains of the main ranges are capped with blue-grey cloud, and the evening sun lights across the slopes, picking out the ridges. One is irresistibly reminded of the west coast of Scotland—but why not? It is New Caledonia after all.

Yours sincerely,

W. DONALD McTAGGART,

The Lodge,
Grantown-on-Spey.
October, 1960.

Dear Mr Editor,

As one of the oldest members of the Former Pupils' Club I felt it might be of interest to some of the younger members if I were to write you giving some memories of my schooldays.

My schooldays started over seventy years ago in 1887. At that time the Primary Department of the Grantown Grammar School was housed in Burnfield House. This Burnfield School was known throughout the district as the "Teuchie School." The father of one of our teachers owned Burnfield, and Miss Burgess, who taught class 2, stayed in the house connected to the school. The infant teachers were Miss Grant, Willowbank, and Miss Gracie Stuart of Elmgrove. Miss Stuart, later Mrs McCulloch, died recently.

The lady teachers of those days were strict disciplinarians, and while in class our behaviour was always exemplary. Outside on the playground—known as "The Greenie"—things were quite different! In those days our favourite sport was the game of Shinty. We had matches between the "Back Streeters" and the "East-Enders" on most evenings. On Saturday we would have a real "do"; and, with piles of jackets at each end serving as goal-posts, play would go on for as much as two hours non-stop. Generally these games were played in quite a friendly manner, but on the odd occasion tempers would become frayed and a bout of fisticuffs would break-out between two players. In no time at all all the players would be involved, and invariably the outcome would be that the "East-Enders" would be stoned home. By the following Monday, however, the hatchets would be buried and the nightly games resumed.

Golf was another favourite pastime—we used our shinty sticks for clubs and our course was the inevitable "Greenie". The clubs were mostly made from juniper—the roots making the rounded head and the branch the shaft. Some of the boys were more ambitious and would get an old barrow wheel from the joiner and cut the wooden rim some 4 to 5 inches long, bore a diagonal hole about an inch from one end, then cut a birch branch about 3 feet 6 inches long and fit this into the hole. A piece of old boot leather tacked onto the face made this a very serviceable "golf club". For a tee we would get a round stone and bury it except for a small part left above ground. The ball was placed just behind the stone, and this served to give a higher flight to the ball when struck hard. Some of the boys were able, by this means, to hit the ball the whole length of the "greenie." The East-End boys had, at one time, a miniature Golf Course in the grass between Lethendry Lodge and The Garth. There were no motor mowers in those days, and, with the grass being cut with a scythe, it was not surprising that our putting was none too good.

Marbles was yet another very popular game with us. Each boy had a small cotton bag

filled with marbles, and the "Big Close" in the "Back Street" was the principal "pitch." In the evenings some of the young men would join the boys in their various matches. In these days this "Big Close" housed some well known characters—Angie McGregor—the "Gunner," Jonah Jack, Sandy Poddy, Big Sandy, and others. Most of these young men played shinty for the big Grantown team.

After two years at Burnfield my class was transferred down to the "big" school—The Grammar School. Miss Burgess continued to live at Burnfield, but about a year later, around 1890, the Primary School there closed and all the pupils attended the Grammar School from then on. Miss Burgess' brother, who was a senior teacher at Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh, used to take parties of his pupils up to Grantown for part of their summer holidays, and they stayed in Burnfield. Sir Hugh Turnbull, Reidhaven, and his two elder brothers were among the party. The Edinburgh boys were very keen on golf, and we East-End boys used to caddy for them on the Grantown Course, which in those days was a nine-holer. I can remember that on one occasion we protested that 2d per round was insufficient as we could not afford to buy Emery paper to clean the clubs. We were promptly told to get hold of a wet rag, and use this with sand from the tee boxes to clean the clubs.

My memories of the Grammar School started with Miss MacGregor's class. Miss MacGregor was one of the best loved teachers in school and was a great favourite with all. On the playground she was affectionately referred to as "Old Speckie." She had a strap which was used to punish the boys who misbehaved, and we used to pretend that we suffered great pain from such a strapping. Once outside, however, we would say that "Old Speckie's" strap was made of chamois leather and that it did not hurt a bit. Then there was Mr Walters, who taught classes 5 and 6. He was assisted by Mr Cumming, a local man whose parents had Tombain. Our pet name for Mr Cumming, by the way, was "Old King Cole." Mr Walters kept his strap coiled up in his jacket pocket, and if any boy was seen not to be paying attention in class he would throw the strap onto the culprit's desk and tell him sharply to "bring it here, boy". I can assure you that Mr Walters' strap was not made of chamois leather!

What I remember most of this class was Mr Walters' keenness on singing lessons. He taught most of us to read the Sol fa notation, and long after leaving school I found that this teaching enabled me to join the Church Choir and to become a member of all the various musical associations formed in the town since the beginning of the century.

Another teacher I remember is Mr Cheyne. He taught in the Senior Department, and he was responsible for organising the first school play—at least it was the first so far as I know. It was called "Playmates", and I had the honour of playing the part of Jack

Goose. I can well remember standing on the edge of the platform waiting for the curtain to rise for the first performance. When the curtain went up, I had to stroll onto the stage and make a short speech of welcome to my "playmates"—the choir—who were seated in tiers at the back of the platform. After this I had to turn to the audience and sing my song:—

"I am the only son of Mother Goose,
Jack's my name, a very common name,
There's nothing in a name
But mother all the same,
Is very fond of Jack, her darling boy."

The only other characters I remember were Mother Goose, the principal part, played by a sister of Miss Boon, the French teacher, and Simple Simon, played by David Miller. This part caused great fun among the audience. The play was performed on three successive nights in the old Strathspey Public Hall—to a packed house each night.

One final point I can call to mind, Mr Editor, concerned our own brand of "Tuck Shop". There was a dear old lady, Mrs Maclean, whom we called the "Gundie Wife." She lived in a house next the school, and she used to boil treacle candy in a big pot. When it was cooked, she would pour it out onto big trays to cool, and once cooled she would break it up into small pieces with the handle of her poker and make up little "pokes" in paper leaves taken from old school copy books. These she sold to us for a penny per "poke". Ah, those were the days!

With all good wishes to the staff and pupils and to all Former Pupils wherever they may be.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES TEMPLETON.

THE CYPRUS PATROL

Although the state of emergency in Cyprus was officially over, January, 1960, saw Her Majesty's Ship "Zest", an anti-submarine frigate of the Fourth Frigate Squadron, sail from her Mediterranean base of Malta, and head almost due east for Limassol, a distance of 1000 miles, to take over "the Cyprus patrol."

The object of the cruise was twofold; firstly to patrol the coastal waters of the island to frustrate any possible weapon smugglers, and secondly to carry on the age-old naval custom of "showing the flag". Limassol was duly reached and was to be our base port for the first half of our stay in Cypriot waters. Both day and night patrols were carried out, and of these the latter proved the more interesting. The pattern of the exercise was quite simple; we cruised at a distance of approximately three miles off shore at a steady fifteen knots, and any radar and/or visual contacts between us and the coast were investigated. Any suspicious looking vessel was ordered to heave to, and a boarding party was sent out by motor boat while our searchlights shone down blindingly

on her. Several such boardings were effected, but in each case the only haul was some fresh fish for the wardroom pantry!

Our next port of call was Famagusta, where we went alongside for a week for self-maintenance. As everyone knows, all work and no play makes Jolly Jack, if not exactly a dull boy, at least a little dry, and so liberal leave was granted during this period to allow for a few sight-seeing trips and many "wets." I personally spent one very illuminating evening with our shore patrol whose function was to ensure that Jack was not (a) misbehaving, (b) over-drinking, or (c) visiting establishments of which his mum might not approve!

While the ship was berthed at Famagusta, I was lucky enough to spend three days at a forces' leave centre in the Troodos Mountains. These mountains are some 6000 feet high, and, with pine trees growing freely and a few inches of snow underfoot, the scene reminded me rather nostalgically of Glenmore and the Cairngorms. Under the watchful eyes of Army instructors most of our party spent the time enjoying the first thrills (and spills!) of skiing—a novel but most enjoyable experience. Our First Lieutenant rather excelled himself by appearing on skis at Troodos one day and on water skis in Famagusta harbour the next. Any takers for a similar double on Corrie Cas and Loch Morlich?

Just before we sailed I took the opportunity to visit the nearby remains of the ancient Roman city of Salamis, which of course brought back memories of the Latin classroom in the Grammar School!

From Famagusta we returned to Limassol, where we were officially relieved by the destroyer "Battleaxe," and then set off on the return trip to Malta.

As I stood on the bridge watching the coastline recede into the distance, I could not but contemplate (and rather guiltily, I confess) that in future years my happy memories of Cyprus would be in great contrast to those of two of my former classmates who had served there during the unfortunate days of the EOKA emergency.

ANGUS D. MACKINTOSH.

5th February, 1960.

FROM THE BLACK COUNTRY

It has been a long time since I racked my brains for an interesting subject for the school magazine. At last I think I have got one, and, successful or not, these are my impressions of the differences between life in English and Scottish small towns. My comparisons will, I hope, be quite impartial—merely my observations from first hand knowledge.

First of all, let me recommend to anyone wishing to join the Sassenachs, an interpreter—otherwise you may as well stay in Scotland or speak Chinese. Taking the plunge into a different dialect is quite a feat. One can understand, "Faur've ye been?" but when

you are asked if "Yaw bin ont cut?" you can understand the need for an interpreter. By way of enlightening the ignorant, the vital question was, "Have you been on the canal?"

A word of warning to Madame Housewife on the simple art of procuring milk. Merely asking, "A pint of milk, please," would be a waste of breath. One must be far more explicit and try for "A bottle of Pasteurised or Sterilised," Pasteurised being the commodity as we know it in Scotland and Sterilised being milk treated to further chemical operations so as to ruin the time-honoured cuppa.

In the homeland the baker would be excused for gaping if you asked him for a "brick or a tin," but if you want an English loaf these are the passwords.

There are many more everyday phrases which one must learn, to be understood; but after the first few months of "ehs" and "pardons," one finds it is much easier to learn the language.

I wonder if doctors in Scotland have as many cases of Televisionitis as their English counterparts. No wonder the trend of fashion is turning to square spectacles—to suit the square eyes gazing incessantly at the little square green eye in the corner. A house with no "radar masts" is exceptional; and the shapes and sizes have really to be seen to be believed. Nothing so common as an H or an X—we must be one better than the Joneses next door, and combine them both with a few A's and T's thrown in. There is no need to teach children nursery rhymes in this land of television. It is far more important for them to hear the praises of anything from champagne to soap powder, with promises of fantastic results. How did folk live in the 20's without all these "necessities"?

Modes of transport are vastly different. An English housewife would never dream of walking for the messages—beg pardon, ladies, the shopping. (My messages don't half get me pitying glances.) What is the sense of walking when you can get there in half the time for 2d? I still prefer to walk—not because I'm a canny Scot, just plain habit. Anyway, it takes less effort than standing 10 minutes for a 'bus, shoving your way on, being thrown on to someone's lap, pulling the bell cord as you grab aimlessly for support, and jumping off sharpish at your destination before the conductor can get his bell finger on the go again.

Prices are definitely to England's advantage. There is more assortment, providing more competition. But coal is the real money saver—you can buy three bags with what you buy two in Scotland.

A word of comfort to any poor long-suffering Scots boy or girl whose parents emigrate South—don't worry about school. Homework is practically unheard of, and the holidays seem to have a way of running into one another, quite forgetting there should be a school term in between.

Finally (do I hear a sigh of relief?) let me console any immigrants to the Midlands. You will be sure to find a kent face within travel-

ling distance; and, from what I can gather of F.P. addresses, I'm sure that applies all over the world. In London the home of Richard Surtees is well known to all homesick and unhappy wanderers as the meeting place. In Brum (Birmingham to any ignorant) we also have our Tribal Gatherings, in increasing numbers, at 214 Fat Bank Road, Oldbury, the home of Mrs Fred Gaugh—alias Jean Mortimer. In spite of differences between English and Scottish ways of life, the welcomes you receive from all the Jean Mortimers and Richard Surteeses of this world are a truly wonderful uplift to the weary wanderers.

WILMA GARDINER.

BUT THE GLENS MOURNED

"Jamie Grant, will ye come oot o' that?"

It was a command, really, and Jamie came "oot o' it" as fast as his stubby little legs would carry him. So quickly, indeed, that mud and water splashed to the roots of his thick red hair, and his harassed mother told him in no uncertain terms exactly what would happen if he didn't behave himself for the rest of the day.

But she soon regretted her outburst. She knew that Jamie wasn't really bad, that boys have a habit of being boys. Admittedly the wee de'il had a genius for getting into mischief; but she loved her wayward son just the same. Woe betide any teacher who belted him without good reason!

After all, it wasn't his fault that the summer holidays lasted too long, that three weeks had still to go before the old yellow school 'bus would stop at the end of the road and add one more newly-scrubbed boy to the hilarious cargo of unusually clean-faced bairns.

Mrs Grant sighed for the peace which would come to the glen when the bairns were all safely back at school.

Jamie knew of his reputation but protested his innocence. There were always extenuating circumstances.

Consider, for instance, the time that he went shoulder deep into the peat bog. How was he to know that a bank which had withstood a thousand storms would give way when he stood on it? And it was just bad luck that he happened to have on his best breeks that day.

Then there was the salmon episode. He had agreed to help his bosom pal Geordie to relieve the Laird of one of his fish. A typically emaciated back-ender it was, lean and black and full of spawn. But technically it was a fish, and the keeper had caught them. So they were for it! But Geordie, to his eternal shame, had run away, leaving Jamie to face the music.

His fertile imagination and boundless energy kept his parents on tenterhooks, until one evening his exasperated father went so far as to shut off the Scottish Country Dance

Music and threaten to give him a good hiding.

Jamie was hurt—not by the hiding, which he didn't get anyway—but by the fact that his father who was usually so understanding should threaten punishment for what Jamie considered "a pure accident." He had forgotten to shut in the old sow who had ambled along to Donald's garden, found the gate open, and dined royally upon his prize blooms. And the gardens were to be judged that very afternoon. Donald's language had been somewhat lurid!

Jamie was incapable of swotting. Not because he disliked learning, but because the school books seemed to be crammed with unimportant details. Folk kept telling him that he would "regret it later on." Well maybe he would. But maybe he wouldn't. Jamie's instinct told him that his future was not in jeopardy just because he couldn't remember a string of musty old dates. So he was not unduly perturbed by his teachers' ominous predictions.

Besides, they didn't know so much themselves. How many of them knew how to set a snare or outwit the cunning pigeon, or what to do when the trout were coming short? Maybe they knew a lot about the past; but Jamie was concerned with the future—his future—as a gamekeeper. That was the life for a man, the most worthwhile occupation in the whole wide world.

At the tender age of eleven he already knew every burn, bog, flat, gully and fox hole between Cromdale and Nethy. Even men who had grown old from boyhood, in the district, came to Jamie for information. The keeper came for news of the distant coverts or the whereabouts of a marauding hawk. And when Willie Forbes lost some sheep Jamie was able to direct him to the birch woodie where the wise beasties had found grass sweeter than the croft's.

Seldom indeed was Jamie stumped. He had an enquiring mind and took nothing for granted; not even his teachers' pronouncements.

For instance, Miss Rose was describing the Creation. "God made the hills, the seas, the moors, the forests."

"Aye," said Jamie, "but it was the Toon Council that made oor road!"

The big trout that lay under the banks of the burns were a challenge. He loved to pit his wits against them.

Anyone could catch them in a spate, of course, but when the water ran thin and clear in high summer it became a skilled operation.

Jamie's secret was to fish fine—dangerously fine—with gossamer casts and tiny Stewart Tackles and a single pink worm not more than an inch long. Fishing upstream and stalking his quarry with infinite patience he would make consistently good catches where the uninitiated had given up in despair. He had learned the hard way, by years of failure, perseverance and experiment.

The hills, of course, were his boyhood's heaven. They stretched as far as the eye

could see, and farther, calling unceasingly to him with the voice of the wandering winds.

He asked no more of life than freedom to wander as the spirit moved him.

The outside world held no appeal. The wireless told him what was happening out there beyond the hills and seas, and he was not impressed.

He knew nothing of the intricacies of international politics. But it seemed to him that the nations of the earth had been stricken by some dreadful malady which had clouded their reason and warped their souls.

The news bulletins were depressing to a boy who found it hard to believe that so much evil existed. So he consoled himself with the thought that maybe the B.B.C. considered ordinary goodness too commonplace to mention. Evil had more news value.

In some strange way Jamie felt that he must make the most of life. Nothing must be allowed to spoil the happiness which was theirs—his parents' and his own—here in the wild yet peaceful glen where birds came for sanctuary and the wind's song was one of freedom.

Jamie had known boys like himself who had grown up with the scent of pinewood in their nostrils, boys who loved, as he loved, life in the shadow of great mountains, boys who had vowed never to forsake their ancestral lands. Yet they had gone and the outside world had benefited by it. But the glens had mourned.

So Jamie savoured the sweetness of every fleeting moment, and gave thanks every morning for the privilege of having been born to such a heritage.

He was up at the crack of dawn lest he should miss anything—the soaring flight of an eagle or the graceful bound of a deer, the mystic shapes of morning clouds or the unfamiliar shadow shapes cast by the rising sun.

Such things were the breath of life to the lad, and carefully he stored them away in his mind. They would remain evergreen while life itself remained.

Life was good because it had a purpose. He was resolved not to let down the fraternity of gamekeepers, and determined that when the time came to take over his moors he would be fitted in every respect for the task.

But poor Jamie never did become a gamekeeper—not a head gamekeeper, anyway. Because war came.

He volunteered at once, of course, and not long after, in a shell-torn vineyard in France, a mortar bomb hissed into the ground between him and a fellow Seaforth Highlander.

They died together, mutilated beyond recognition.

And now a new race of keepers is tramping the moors.

From morning to night they go about their tasks in all weathers, bound by no rigid rules, having no set hours.

It's a hard life, but they would have no other because, above all, they love the sweet taste of freedom.

And in them the spirit of Jamie lives on.

IAN D. MACPHERSON,

A VISIT TO BERLIN

This summer I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of spending part of my holiday in Berlin. Not only did this experience improve my knowledge of German, it also gave me an idea of what it means to live in this divided city.

Berlin is a fascinating mixture of old and new, of ruin and reconstruction, of town, countryside and sandy shore, and, of course, of West and East. Although West Berlin is absolutely cut off from its hinterland, it does contain within its boundaries woodland and open country, corn fields and several lakes, some of which have lovely stretches of sandy shore.

In the western sector of the city much of the war damage has been repaired, and there are now many excellent broad streets, lined with large modern stores, office blocks, banks, cinemas and restaurants. The main business street of West Berlin, Kurfurstendamm, has parking down the centre, parking at each side of the street, and there is still plenty of room for three lanes of traffic in each direction! There are also new housing schemes and new blocks of flats going up all around, one of the most notable of these being the "Corbusier House," designed by the famous French architect. There is also the "House of the Future," a tall block of flats in which each dwelling has been designed by another country. Berlin has its skyscrapers too—but because of the sandy nature of the soil, the highest of these cannot have more than twenty-one storeys, which is the height of the "House of Electricity," administrative headquarters of one of the electrical firms in West Berlin. Some of the newly-built churches, too, are quite startling in their modernity—one which I saw had a glass-sided pulpit and glass canopy overhead. Another bore on one wall a modern version of the fourteen Stations of the Cross. In contrast to these, there is the ruin of the Emperor William Memorial Church which stands at one end of Kurfurstendamm. This church—now known to Berliners as "the hollow tooth"—was bombed out during the last war, and only the blackened shell of the tower remains. It has been left there in this condition as a reminder of the war and in the hope that there will be no further world wars.

Another landmark of West Berlin is the broadcasting tower of the Free Berlin Radio. This tower stands in the midst of a large expanse of beautifully laid-out grounds, known as the "summer garden." There is a lift right to the top of the tower, and from here the sightseer has a marvellous view of the whole of Berlin. The presence of a telescope in each corner of the platform makes identification much easier.

Two visible expressions of the desire for freedom and unity are to be found in West Berlin. One is the "Freedom Bell," presented to Germany by the American people. This bell is hung in the tower of the main administrative building in West Berlin and is rung every day at noon. In a small wooden chest

in the "documents-room" are the signatures of the seventeen million American citizens dedicated to the "defence of freedom." The second is a small memorial for the reunification of Germany. It consists of a stone pedestal, with the words "Freedom, Right, Peace" carved on the front, which bears in a shallow bowl on top an ever-burning flame, which will never be extinguished until Germany is reunited.

To enter East Berlin is to find oneself in a different world. Here the war damage has hardly been repaired at all, and the streets are very empty, both of vehicles and of people. It is hard to believe that these streets belong to the same city as the bustling, animated, crowded streets and shops that one has just left. Nearly all the shops here bear the sign H.O., signifying that they are run by the "Trade Organisation" of the East German government. Private businesses and shops are almost non-existent, and one can see streets lined with empty premises that were once busy little shops.

Before the present crisis, entering East Berlin was quite an easy matter. Travelling by rail, one could go across the border usually without any police check, although one always carried a passport just to be on the safe side. (All Berliners carry their passports practically all the time.) Travelling by road, however, one's passport would be checked by both Western and Eastern police. The only exception to this rule was when a bus crossed into the East, carrying people on a sight-seeing tour of the city. Such buses were allowed to pass freely.

One of the show-places of East Berlin is the Russian war cemetery, which anybody could visit. This was not at all our idea of a cemetery—there were no individual graves and no atmosphere of peace prevailed, such as we expect to find in a cemetery. Instead, eight gravestones ranged along each side marked the mass graves of all the Russian soldiers killed in Berlin. These large square stones were carved with scenes from the war on each side, and on the front of each stood extracts from speeches of Stalin. Five enormous mass graves down the centre were only symbolic—nobody was buried under these. At the far end of the cemetery there was a memorial to those who had died in the fighting in Berlin.

The museums of East Berlin deserve to be mentioned. They have all been restored, and very beautifully too, and contain many beautiful and ancient treasures. The "Museum of German History" is used mainly for exhibitions depicting various stages in the history of Germany, and it is very interesting to see and read their version of the story of modern East Germany.

All these things, and many more, I could not have seen had it not been for the kindness of the friends with whom I was staying. Indeed, I found all the people with whom I came into contact very friendly and anxious to help, and I look forward to being able to revisit this fascinating, yet tragic, city of Berlin.

LORNA M. STEPHEN.

OLD GUARD FISHING COMPETITION

The fishing competition took place as usual at Lochindorb this summer, and was thoroughly enjoyed by Guards and visitors alike. Ian MacPherson again successfully defended his title, taking the trophy for the third successive year.

A goodly number of visitors to the town accepted our invitation to join in the fun, and, though not eligible to compete for the trophy, they were invited to a competition of

On each alternate Wednesday night,
Our town can see an unco sight.
The Guards are off to Lochindorb,
Though orra dressed, a cheery crowd,
That wha frae seven until ten
Will flog the loch like supermen.

But what of them we've left at hame?
Na! ne'er a sulky, sullen dame.
They congregate wi' ane anither,
Their night rares on wi' right good blether,
But Simpson Shaw, they'd bless your name,
If ye wad chase us early hame.

"Ah, gentle dames, it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises."
Yet see them brighten when assured,
That their guid men are well insured.

"But to our tale." Here's Bookie John,
Wi' rod set up and waders on,
Topped wi' a bonnet fu' o' flees,
That was his grandpa's, if you please.
He says that in it he was drooned.
We hope that John won't be so doomed.

their own, with novelty prizes which added to their enjoyment and the night's merriment.

We were honoured this year by a visit from the B.B.C.'s TV cameras, but to date have not seen the results of their labours—perhaps just as well. However, here's looking forward through the dreary days of winter to next year's competition, which I feel sure will be as enjoyable as ever.

I have written the following, with apologies to Robert Burns for quotation, etc.:—

Now there's Macleod, a frien' o' mine,
A chap who casts a crafty line.
Wi' flees he's treated at the nappy,
An' oft he's no' himsel' unhappy.
He swears that on the stroke o' nine,
The troots will tak' Vat 69.

Jock Paterson's in a' his glory,
Aye ready wi' the parlour story.
An' though wi' rod he's had no fame,
He aye does very well at hame.
But Pete M'Gregor tears his hair,
He says he'd sooner shoe Tam's mare.

An' when the gun is fired at ten,
It marks the coming of two men,
What dinna fish, but like a dram.
Ye're richt, it must be Jim and Sam.
But, never mind, they aye turn up,
To see Macpherson lift the cup.

The ither lads I'll merely mention,
Though a verse to each was my intention.
So Hamish, Ian, Sandy, Frankie,
Though out o' you I've made no monkey,
Tak' it frae me, ye'll be fair game,
Should I again tak' up the pen.

A. M. GRANT.

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

EDITORIAL

I am again grateful to the F.P.'s who have contributed to the 1960 number. The articles supply a variety of interests—from Ian Macpherson's article, again redolent of his love for the natural heritage of Strathspey to articles on several interesting areas known to some of our F.P.'s. I must not forget Martin's poetical account of the Fishing Competition; and, in this connection, I must again mention our great indebtedness to both Martin and Miss Jeanette Munro, without whose painstaking researches this part of the Magazine would not come into being. I am also obliged to Miss Jean Paterson for collecting news. I am hoping for belated articles on the curlers' trip to Switzerland and on this school as it was 60 years ago.

May I again urge F.P.'s to use their forms to keep us up to date; and may I also urge many of our younger F.P.'s who have not joined either of the clubs to do so. If you do, I am sure you will not regret it; and please don't put it off.

LOCAL

Last winter saw Strathspey develop still further as a venue for winter sports. Ski-ing was the rage; and at dusk you could regularly see weather-stained and weary batches of skiers returning to the warmth and comfort of the local hotels. This summer saw a great grey gash on the side of Cairngorm—the new Ski Road; and the less energetic were able to reach hitherto unsought elevations by car. Then came a terrific July spate, part of the new road was washed away, a burn was diverted so as to leave a bridge with no water beneath, and a few unlucky car parties were even cut off on the slopes of Cairngorm till they could be guided to safety. Ski-ing amenities have thus received a severe (if temporary) set-back. For all that, this winter will probably see increased numbers of skiers.

Grantown curlers went from strength to strength last winter. A party of five, including some of our notabilities, actually spent a curling holiday in Switzerland. The enthusiasts comprised J. Grant, R. Grant, J. Macleod, E. Munro and Dr Williams. Though they left their wives at home, the party enjoyed the trip.

We believe Grantown has had a fair season so far as visitors were concerned. As regards weather, it broke for good after St Swithin's day.

Elsewhere in the magazine, there is some account of summer holiday-making. Miss V. Campbell and Miss Jack, by the way, repeated

their trip to Norway, which by now they must regard as a second-home.

A summer event of some interest was the party thrown by Lord Reidhaven near Castle Grant when he came of age. The party was a great feat of organisation; and the Old Guard Vice-President, Frank Calder, in his new capacity as Head Forester, is to be complimented on the bonfire erected for the occasion.

Our lists show that most of our local friends carry on as usual; but a few of the young and venturesome may be mentioned later when we speak of marriages.

OF THE SERVICES

With the passing of National Service there are fewer of our F.P.'s in the Forces.

There are still a number of Grantown boys who are making a career for themselves in this way. We missed John Clark last year. He is a cadet with the Royal Engineers in Kent, and was recently promoted corporal. Alec Burns has also found a niche in the Forces, in the Royal Navy. We must say that these and other lads look well when they appear on leave.

Peter M'Nicol and Alex. Smith are older R.N. regulars. David Ross is also becoming a veteran. After a long posting at Stranraer, he now finds himself on the shores of the Persian Gulf.

Angus Mackintosh, as a Lieutenant Instructor in the R.N., has seen a good deal of the world and looks very much on top of it. Angus is in for three years.

Stanley Wright is now doing his National Service spell in Royal Signals. France is rather an unusual peace time posting; but Stanley has found military duty in Paris and in Soissons.

Roy Macgregor, Charlie Gall, David Williamson and Donald MacTaggart are now demobilised. Of some of these, more anon.

OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

We note that the adventurous Elspit M'Intosh has embarked on the big adventure. Three Old Guardsmen, Hugh Hogg, Johnstone Innes and David Fraser, are also married. Hugh remains in Grantown, where his stalwart form can be seen behind the big drum of the Pipe Band; Johnstone is settled in Boat of Garten; and David is settled in Inverness. We congratulate Mr and Mrs Sutton on the birth of a daughter, while Mrs Gordon, Mrs Hamilton and Mrs Walmsley, whom we remember better as Cissie Laing, Margaret Hogg and Ella Slater, are also to be congratulated. Keith M'Kerron, in far Tanganyika, has been blessed with a son; and Albert Hastings, our Old Guard President, has been blessed with a daughter.

OF STUDENTS AND LEAVERS

Relatively to the last three years, this was a quiet year at the Universities. One student, Andrew Howlett, was due to complete his course, and he duly graduated as M.A. (Ordinary) at Edinburgh. With luck, there should be a number of graduations next year.

At Aberdeen University Lorna Stephen, in Arts, and Douglas Chisholm, in Medicine, had successful first sessions. Torquil Mackenzie has completed his second year in Arts.

At Edinburgh University Keith Donaldson again had a successful year in Medicine. Gay Grant enters her third year in Arts. Duncan Howlett, in Science, and Sandy Macdonald, in Arts, swell the numbers.

At Glasgow University Iain Burgess will soon conclude his post-graduate researches, while George Coutts pursues his veterinary studies. Elizabeth Lovie, after a language course at school, gallantly attacks the Medicine course. Colin Keith, while completing his second year in Dentistry, continues to dominate the field in University sports with the javelin. He established a new record at Glasgow University sports.

At St Andrews University Bob Philip, in Science, and Marjory Mackintosh, in Dentistry, continue their studies. Ron Philip continues his medical training at the West London Hospital Medical School.

We are still well represented at the Training Colleges for teachers. Evelyn M'Ivor has finished at Aberdeen and is now teaching at Fordoun; but Betty MacGregor carries on, and is joined this year by Margaret Campbell, Sheila Cruickshank and Ann Foy. Amelia Edwards has now done two years at Dundee. At Edinburgh Effie Macdonald has concluded her course, while Barbara Jackson has completed her first year of training at Moray House. Barbara's younger sister Julia commenced this session with the Dunfermline College of Physical Education. At Glasgow Douglas M'Innes enters Jordanhill to train as a teacher of Technical subjects. Joyce Mackay, who finished at Jordanhill, is now teaching in Glasgow. This gives a total of eight F.P.'s in training for the teaching profession, the largest number we can remember from the School at one time.

Now for the other types of training. At Gordon's College, Aberdeen, Robin Fraser, studying Pharmacy, enters his third year. Nicholas Spence tackles an Engineering course at Gordon's. Billie Sharp is now doing a diploma course in Agriculture at Aberdeen. Alan M'Taggart, course completed, has returned to Strathspey.

Athole Crescent is a hub of F.P.'s. Isobel Ferguson has completed her year's course there; but Margery Thomson, Elizabeth M'Donald and, we imagine, Margaret Nelson, are still in training, reinforced by newcomers Catherine Douglas and Jane Stewart.

Seonaid Grant concluded her nursing training at Edinburgh Infirmary by winning the Affleck Special Prize for Medical Nursing and a proficiency prize. She continues further training in Belfast. Betty Sim, at a more

junior stage at Edinburgh Infirmary, was also a prize-winner. Pat M'Millan, at the Haugh, Elgin, was first in her year. Margaret Donald is now commencing her nursing training at Edinburgh Infirmary.

Kay Hepburn looks as if her course in Hotel Management in Glasgow was much to her liking.

We also recollect that Eric Urquhart, thanks to his Highers passes, is now in the Civil Service.

There are a number of other young students or trainees, with whom we seem to have lost touch. We are always indebted for a reminder.

One final word. There is no royal road to learning; and every student course requires aptitude and endeavour. As the years go by, the numbers of aspirants increase; and only your best enables you to face up to the rigorous demands of modern study.

OF EXILES

Here are a few gleanings from distant sources, though we fear much has passed us by.

After an experimental stay in Essex, Mr and Mrs Hunter are back in Aberdeen. As Mr Hunter puts it: 'I think we have lived too long in the North-East of Scotland to be able to settle elsewhere, and we are very happy to be back.'

There are occasions when our F.P.'s are affected by upsets in this present turbulent world. It was so with the Luggs two years ago in Cuba. Since then the situation in Central Africa has compelled the return to Britain of Ada Imray and her husband, Dr Wilson. Dr Wilson, a descendant of David Livingstone, had done a great work in his ancestor's sphere of Livingstonia. He had to give it all up, and return. He is now an Assistant Medical Officer of Health in Carlisle. We also condole with Mrs Wilson in the loss of her father.

Similar considerations caused the return of Elizabeth Gordon and her husband Mr Beveridge from Iraq. They are now happily settled in Warwickshire, where Mr Beveridge has a job as housemaster. The other Gordon twin, Grace, or Mrs Harrison, is still in Nigeria.

Mrs Boyne (Doris Cameron) spent her usual holiday in Grantown this summer.

The Braids (Pamela Gibson) are now back permanently in this country; and Grantown has seen much of them this summer.

We learn that the Buchan boys still remembered, with flowers, an old friend, Mrs Davidson, who worked for their parents, when Mrs Davidson was in hospital this summer.

Jean Donald is now working in a Glasgow branch of the National Bank.

Mrs Duguid (Rhea Pyper) is now settled with her two sisters in Edinburgh, and has found a post there.

Sine Ferguson is a regular visitor to

By chance the writer of these notes experienced great kindness from Mr and Mrs Jock Winchester in Kyle. Jock has started a rifle club there, and the two have quite a vivid life in the live community of Kyle.

Miss Duncan lived to a great age, and, though she kept going very pluckily in her house in Castle Road East, she found it necessary to retire, this spring, to the St Vincent Home, Kingussie, where she died. Her passing severs an important link with the Grammar School of last century.

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