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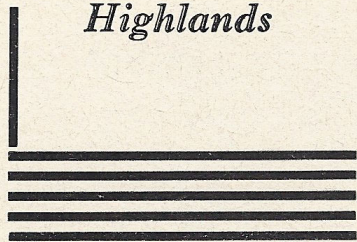
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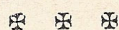
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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey.

No. 33

DECEMBER, 1961.

Editor—David R. Davidson.

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

Advertising Managers—Maureen Macaulay,
Neil Stuart, Rita Stuart, Davis Thomson.

Editorial

IN welcoming all our readers to the 1961 edition of our magazine may I also thank all those who have devoted their time and their energy to assist in its production. Of these perhaps the most worthy of thanks are the contributors who, sometimes willingly, sometimes under coercion, provided the articles.

Now to the year's events, those outside the Grammar School being decidedly more gloomy than those within.

Externally, rain fell on Saint Swithin's Day, and the ensuing "s'mmmer" has reputedly increased the number of believers in the well-known legend. However, this weather was perhaps in retribution for the mild winter and spring. On the political scene, Mr Krushchev and Her Ulbricht have between them managed to increase the tension over the Berlin situation. In addition our Russian friends decided to augment the world's radiation levels, which had been falling off alarmingly. In Britain, Mr Gaitskell has somehow managed to retain his position as leader of the Labour Party

(somewhat in doubt last year) and Mr Mac-Millan's slogan should perhaps be changed to "You've often had it better".

Internally, to get the worst over first, the Senior Football Team's conspicuous lack of success continued, and indeed continues, unabated; while the staff again defeated the pupils, though not quite so completely, in the annual cricket match. On the brighter side, the Leaving Certificate results were well up to those of previous years; the innovations of last year, namely the school's ski-ing activities and the trip to France, have been repeated with much success, while the Glenmore weekend has again been popular.

In conclusion I would like to say that I have adhered to no set plan in the choice of articles and that each has been chosen on its own merits.

Thus I usher in the thirty-third School Magazine, wishing all its readers a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous and Successful Year ahead.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Essays prizes donated by Ex-Provost H. G. Cumming for essays on the Reformation were awarded to Allan Chisholm, Fiona Donn and Christobel Terris.

Miss K. R. Mackay, an uncertificated teacher who had just completed her secondary course at Elgin Academy, took over the post of French English assistant as an emergency appointment on October 17.

December 19-23 was Christmas Party week. Mr Liggat and the Art Department were again responsible for the artistic decoration of the hall and canteen.

Owing to a mild winter, skiing practice was impossible in the vicinity of the school, but bus trips were made on Saturdays to the snow slopes of Coire Cas and Coire na Ciste on Cairngorm. Four members of staff and 44 pupils were present when the Duke of Edinburgh visited the new Ski-Road on March 23, and the Duke watched Grantown-on-Spey pupils going through their exercises.

Weekly visits to the Elgin baths by junior pupils were resumed in March.

L.C. examinations began on March 6. There were again 23 entrants.

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution Essay Competition of 1960 was won by David R. Davidson. On March 29 the School was visited by Admiral Sir Angus Cunninghame Graham, president, and Mr Larnack, secretary, of the Institution. Sir Angus presented the R.N.L.I. Shield and a book token to David, and the shield is retained by the School for a year. It was the first time that this national award had been won in the County of Moray.

Miss Norah F. Brooks resigned from the post of Head of the Domestic Science Department at Easter in view of her approaching marriage. Her place was taken by Mrs M. MacRobert. In handing over a gift on behalf of the staff, the Rector, Doctor Bain, paid tribute to Miss Brooks for three-and-a-half years of competent and conscientious service.

Twelve members of staff and 26 pupils spent the week-end of May 5-8 at Glenmore. The School was also represented by two pupils at the County Junior Camp, and by a member of staff and five pupils at the Moray and Nairn Senior Schools Camp, both at Glenmore.

Mr J. Smith, M.A., head of the Modern Languages Department, was co-opted to the Town Council in May.

On May 13, members of the Elgin Sub-Aqua Club, accompanied by Mr Corpe, Mr Cullen and Monsieur Darchy (French visiting student), canoed down-Spey from Grantown to Blacksboat. Three of the canoes used were made in the Technical Department of the School.

Miss Mackay, temporary French-English assistant, retired on May 15 in order to continue her studies. Mrs J. A. Donaldson, M.A., took over the post till end of term.

The School was again represented at the Badenoch Musical Festival. Sixteen pupils had individual awards.

Iris Forbes and Betty Kirkwood were awarded £30 bursaries at the Aberdeen University Bursaries Competitions.

The address on Commonwealth Day was given by Mr A. B. Lawson, M.A., Depute Director of Education for the County of Inverness.

There were 93 passes in the L.C. subjects in 1961, 45 of them on the Higher standard. In French there were 12 Higher passes, a record for this subject and also a number equal to the record in any subject.

The School's Primary athletes scored two resounding successes, winning the Murray Cup at the Badenoch and Strathspey Primary School Sports, and also taking first place in the Moray and Nairn Primary School Sports.

Miss Susanne McKenzie, youngest member of staff, left at end of session prior to marriage. At her presentation the Rector referred to the very full part she had taken in School life, as pupil and as teacher.

Mr Thomas Hunter, M.B.E., M.A., B.Sc., former Rector of the School, addressed the pupils at the prize-giving on June 29. Mrs Hunter presented the prizes. The Rev. G. B. Johnston presided.

Dux medallist for the session was M. Lindsey Stephen, the only L.C. entrant to achieve the school possible of five Highers and one Lower. David R. Davidson, the runner-up, had four Highers and two Lowers.

At the Law-Medicine Graduation at Edinburgh University on July 19, two F.P.s graduated. Neil McTaggart, M.A., received the degree of LL.B.; and G. W. K. Donaldson, B.Sc., was capped M.B., Ch.B., being awarded, in addition, the Murchison Scholarship in

Clinical Medicine and the Beaney Prize in Anatomy and Surgery.

* * *

Schol re-opened for Session 1961-62 with a roll of 483, 240 Primary and 243 Secondary.

* * *

At the beginning of Session Miss Taylor transferred from Primary 7 to Primary 3, in Miss McKenzie's place. Her place, as control class teacher, was taken by Mrs A. B. Reid, M.A. The Rector also welcomed two new part-time members of staff — Mr Aitken (extra Technical Teacher) and Miss Glasgow (P.T. Teacher in place of Mrs Williamson).

* * *

Mr George McKenzie, M.A., Head of the Mathematics Department for the last four years received presentations on his departure on September 14. Doctor Bain paid tribute to Mr McKenzie's services to the School, as a teacher and in organising the golf section, the Scripture Union, the School Sports, and other school activities. He also referred to Mr McKenzie's services to the community at large. Mr McKenzie left to take up duty as Head of the Mathematics Department in Elgin Academy.

* * *

Mr James Cullen, visiting P.T. teacher, also received presentations on taking leave of the School on September 20, after ten years of service. Dr Bain expressed the School's indebtedness to Mr Cullen for the advances made in School Athletics during that period, and also for his part in organising School trips abroad.

* * *

There were two noteworthy School outings during the year, the first in July, when nine pupils along with Doctor and Mrs Bain, Mr Cullen and Mr Corpe repeated the visit to Dieppe, and the second in September, when eleven pupils joined in a tour round the coasts of Scotland on the S.S. Dunera.

* * *

Mr Ian Clark, M.A., joined the staff on September 25 as Head of the Mathematics Department. Miss M. Fraser, M.A., also joined the staff as an additional teacher in Mathematics and English. Mr E. Hutcheson took Mr Cullen's place as visiting teacher of P.T.; and on October 17 Miss Mona Mackay, M.A., D.Litt., took over the post of assistant in French and English.

* * *

The School was indebted to Mrs Donaldson, Mr H. G. Cumming and Mr Douglas McInnes for interim services during vacancies in the first half term of the new session.

* * *

Owing to over-crowding in the main building, the South Church Hall was hired for use as a classroom at beginning of session.

1961 SCOTTISH LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS

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

- Gladys M. George — H. Eng., L. Hist., L. Maths., H. Fr., L. German, Arithmetic.
G. Allan Grant—H. Eng., H. Maths, H. Fr., L. Sc., Arithmetic.
Arthur D. Jackson — H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., L. Fr., H. Sc., H. Tech., Passes in Elementary Analysis and Dynamics, Arithmetic.
Harry G. MacGregor — H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. Sc., Arithmetic.
Irene M. McKenzie — H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. Latin, H. Sc., Arithmetic.
Margaret E. McLennan—H. Eng., L. Hist., L. Maths., H. Fr., L. German, Arithmetic.
Helen M. Miller—H. Maths., H. Sc., H. Fr., Arithmetic.
James A. Philpot—L. Eng., L. Hist., L. Maths., L. Fr., L. Sc., Arithmetic.
Andrew M. Reid — H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., L. Latin, H. Sc., Arithmetic.

* * *

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

- David R. Davidson — H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. Sc., L. Tech., Arithmetic.
Annette M. Dignan — L. Eng., L. Maths., H. Fr.
Fiona Donn—L. Eng., H. Fr.
Michael J. Forbes—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Fr., L. Latin, H. German, Arithmetic.
Christine M. Foy—L. Maths., L. German, Arithmetic.
Jacqueline R. Grant — H. Eng., L. Hist., L. Maths., H. Fr., L. Latin, L. Sc.
David J. G. Joy—H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., L. Sc., Arithmetic.
Morag McGregor—L. Eng., L. H'Craft.
Torquil MacKenzie — L. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., L. Fr., H. Sc., H. Tech., Arithmetic.
Lorna M. Macrae — H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., L. Sc., Arithmetic.
William T. Reid—H. Maths., H. Fr., L. Latin, L. Sc., Arithmetic.
M. Lindsey Stephen — H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. Latin, H. German, Arithmetic.
Ian D. Stuart—H. Eng., L. Maths., H. Fr., L. German, Arithmetic.
E. Anne Urquhart—L. Eng., H. Maths., L. Fr., H. Sc., Arithmetic.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

BILL REID (School Captain) is, we hear, looking forward to the time when he proceeds to higher studies in Aberdeen.

DAVID CHISHOLM (School and Athletics Vice-Captain) belies his savage mien with a mild art-loving soul.

MICHAEL FORBES (Football Captain) has on a number of occasions had apparently failing vision restored by a visit to a coiffeur's establishment.

LINDSEY STEPHEN (Head Girl) will perhaps find difficulty in maintaining order among the unruly savages who constitute her cloakroom.

ANNE URQUHART (Deputy Head Girl, Hockey Captain and Athletic Vice-Captain), should be of some assistance to Lindsey, but is unfortunately, the inseparable (except on Saturday nights) of

ANNETTE DIGNAN (Hockey Vice-Captain), a budding female Betjeman, although no literary effort was forthcoming from her this year.

IAN STUART (Football Vice-Captain and Prefects' Secretary) despite doubtful political leanings has not yet been banished from the cloakroom.

TORQUIL MACKENZIE (Athletics Captain) seems to derive great pleasure from destroying the Hockey Pitch with a 12-lb. lump of iron.

MICHAEL DEWAR (Cricket Vice-Captain) was one of the principals in the closely contested Pupils v. Staff cricket match.

ROSEMARY DUNN (Athletics Captain) would be thought by some to be "going native" as she pads around barefoot.

KAREN MACGREGOR (Games Secretary) might typify the careworn scholar, but for her cheery smile.

The sun rising twice in one day is no longer an unusual sight in the girls' cloakroom with FIONA and DEIRDRE DONN in residence.

ALAN DAVIDSON (Librarian and Museum Curator) has this year taken over the carefully tended preserves of the aforementioned Michael Forbes.

MARTIN JACKSON will no doubt emulate his brother Arthur's achievements in the L.C. Exams., while IAIN SUTHERLAND can be relied upon to uphold the honour of the school in both golf and tennis.

MORAG MACGREGOR appears to be perpetually engaged in various odoriferous duties connected with the culinary arts.

ELIZABETH ALLAN, after her cruise on the M.S. "Dunera", has, we hope, attained her sea legs.

YVONNE CAMERON seems to have developed in the fairly recent past a deep interest in badminton, although, of her friends, PAT MUNRO appears to have lost a little of her keenness, and CAROL GREENE has evinced little enthusiasm as yet.

ALLAN CHISHOLM, his literary ability unimpaired by lime milk-shakes, continues to write prize-winning essays.

ALLAN MACKENZIE joins his cousin Torquil on Wednesdays in Athletics training while the rest of the cloakroom troop off to savage each other on the Black Park.

HELEN MILLER remains an ardent supporter of the Young Farmers' Club.

MAUREEN MACAULAY and DAVID GRANT are the lowest of the low in the hierarchy of their respective cloakrooms—the fourth year prefects.

Finally DAVID DAVIDSON (Editor and Cricket Captain) must have some of the Highland second sight. His Lifeboat essay, which won a national award, exactly described a rescue that occurred after the essay was written.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION PRIZE ESSAY

(David R. Davidson's essay which won for the School the Institution's Shield in 1961)

Joe Brown was coxwain of the local lifeboat, just as his father and grandfather had been before him. The presence of one of the Browns of Meckitt's Cove in the lifeboat crew was almost a tradition, in fact the lifeboat had never put to sea in this century without a Brown aboard. There were, of course, more of the family than Joe in the crew, his two younger brothers had been there for years and his son Tom had just joined.

One stormy November evening, when the wind was rattling the thick panes of glass in the windows of the old house and squally bursts of rain were drumming on the roof, the phone rang. It was the Secretary of the Lifeboat. "That you, Joe?" he said. "There's a Greek coaster aground round the point on the Dragon's Teeth".

"I'm on my way," replied Joe, and within minutes he and Tom were running along the cliff-top footpath which joined their cove to the one in which the lifeboat was housed.

Five minutes later the "Mary James" slid down the slipway into the sea in a flurry of foam. At once the big diesel engines burst into life and, twin screws churning the water, the boat set off for the harbour entrance.

Joe set at the wheel and steered the "Mary James" through the narrow gap. Once in the open sea he gave the order for full speed ahead, there was no danger here for local men who knew the area around their harbour as we know the area round our doorstep.

As the "Mary James" rounded the point Joe received more information about the stricken ship over the radio. She was a tramp of about five-thousand tons carrying thirty men.

When the lifeboat men came in sight of the Dragon's Teeth the vessel was balanced

upright on the rocks and mountainous seas poured over her with each succeeding wave. "Probably an engine failure," thought Joe—the steamer had obviously been washed broadside on.

Skilfully Joe brought the life-boat alongside the Greek vessel. Although it was pitch dark, the life-boat's searchlights, which had been in action ever since they rounded the point, bathed the scene in a white light. The waves crashing on the rocks made ordinary shouting impossible so, with the flick of a switch, the radio operator changed from his transmitter to a loud-hailer. The booming, distorted, but recognisably human voice seemed to bring the panic-stricken Greek crew partly to their senses.

They stood by to receive the line. Bill Williams, the acknowledged marksman, brought the gun to his shoulder. Bang! the line snaked out and landed on the steamer's deck. Eager hands clutched at it and just prevented it from sliding back into the sea. The thin line was pulled aboard, bringing with it a thicker rope for the breeches-buoy to slide on. Hardly had this rope been fastened to a stanchion, however, when an extra big wave smashed against the port side of the steamer, where the "Mary James" was, and sent the bigger vessel heeling over to starboard, snapping the breeches-buoy line.

With cries of terror the Greeks ran or slid down the now gently sloping port side of their hull, and, without waiting for instructions, jumped into the life-boat fifteen feet below. Very few of them timed it properly. In fact, when the majority of them landed, the boat was coming up to meet them with tremendous speed. One poor fellow, who broke his leg on landing, was thrown into the cabin against Joe who, caught off balance, was hurled against the cabin wall and broke a couple of ribs.

Momentarily devoid of control the life-boat swung out from the steamer, round its bow, and was smashed sideways onto the rocks. Despite his intense pain, Joe staggered to his feet and took control again. With the engines just turning over enough he brought the "Mary James" away from the rocks and set his course for home. Amazingly enough, in their wild scramble none of the Greeks had missed the life-boat and fallen into the sea. The gaping hole in the life-boat's side was to the landward, and, although half under water, the engines continued to function perfectly.

At length the "Mary James" reached the calmer harbour waters, kept afloat by her buoyancy tanks. The rescued men were landed safely and Joe, the hero, was taken to the doctor to have his broken ribs strapped up.

Joe himself was surprised at the praise he received. He considered that he had only been doing his job. He was even more surprised when his deed was recognised by the presentation of a medal for gallantry to him. He said that he didn't approve of all the fuss, and a few weeks after his injury, he was back on the job; coxwain of the life-boat—saving lives at sea.

OUR SCHOOL JANITOR

Before I came to school, I had in my mind, a detailed description of what the janitor would look like. He would be a rather old, white-haired gentleman and would wear glasses. He would also have a greying moustache. I imagined that every time I would see him, he would be carrying a brush, even when he was ringing the school bell. However, when I eventually began to attend school, all my visions were shattered at the first sight of our school janitor.

He was not, however much I stretched my imagination, an old man; nor had he white hair and a greying moustache, and worst of all he did not wear glasses or carry his brush around with him all day long.

He is, in fact, a not-very-old gentleman, with slightly greying hair and, as I have already said, clean-shaven. He wears the usual black uniform, consisting of waistcoat, jacket and trousers, the jacket being adorned with silver buttons.

He goes about his daily work, always cheerful and with a smile or kind word for everyone. I meet him most mornings in the paper-shop, where he goes to collect the paper for the school staff, and he generally chats to me about the usual things, for example the weather and such like. Then he is off back to school to wait for "bell-time."

After four o'clock when the school is deserted, the janitor is still there, going about his chores. He works silently but diligently, never singing or whistling to himself.

He always has a cheery "Hello" for any of the pupils who speak to him during breaks, and whereas some janitors couldn't tell one of the pupils from the school in which he works, our janitor knows them all.

At Christmas time when the snow comes, our janitor is out with a shovel and many willing helpers among the boys. He, along with his helpers, clears the snow after every fresh fall without any grumbling about the cold, which is, I am afraid, the sole reason why the girls don't help. We would help our janitor in a minute, if it were not for the severe cold in this part of the world.

The Girl Guides meet in our school hall once every week, many of them being pupils from our school. Before the actual meeting begins, quite a number of the girls search through the school buildings for the janitor, with whom they can chat, while he does his work, until it is time for the meeting to commence. The only things he objects to are the pupils trying out the piano in the hall, which is used for morning assembly, and people standing up on the platform where our rector, Doctor Bain, stands in the mornings. If he sees any of the pupils committing either of these crimes, he chases them and gives them a serious ticking-off which is then forgotten, and all is well once more.

Indeed we are very lucky to have such a fine janitor in our school. I am sure we would all agree, that he is one of the best, and we would not change him for "all the perfume in Arabia".

ROSEMARY DUNN, Va.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A VISITOR FROM GERMANY

I am an interchange pupil from Germany. I shall be a pupil at Grantown Grammar School for three months. My home town is Kuenzelsau situated on the River Kocher about 62 miles from Stuttgart, the capital of Baden-Wuerttemberg, one of the ten states of the German Federal Republic.

In my country children usually begin school at the age of six. There are two main types of school, namely, the Volksschule, which is similar to your Primary School, and the Gymnasium, or Secondary School.

Children who wish to learn a trade or to attend later a commercial school pass through the Volksschule, and leave it at the age of fifteen. They get there a complete education. Those children who are learning a trade have to attend on one day a week special "trade schools", where they learn the theoretical side of their trade.

Children who wish to get a better education or who intend to go to the university change after the fourth year of the Volksschule to the Gymnasium. They have to pass an entrance examination; if they fail they have to attend the Volksschule for another year and try it again.

The Gymnasium has nine classes and is divided into three stages, the third being rather the most difficult. A pupil may leave after six years with a leaving certificate which gives you a certain advantage over the Volksschule leavers. If you complete nine years you sit your "Abitur" in your final term. Those who pass get their leaving certificates, which entitle them to study at any university.

Now for some differences I have noticed. A very important one is in school hours. We start school every morning, including Saturday, at 7.30 a.m., and finish forenoon lessons at 12.5. We attend afternoon school on Monday only, and then for two periods. We thus have 32 fifty-minute periods every week, and five free afternoons. We have, however, to work more at home for ourselves. We may also join a group of interested pupils for extra work, for example, learn another language or do experiments in Science.

I think it is a good idea when pupils bear as much responsibility as possible. I like your system of Houses, Captains and Prefects, and your pupils seem eager to offer their services. At our school, for the last two years, we have had a Scholars Committee. Each class elects its representative, and these representatives then elect a representative for the whole school. A member of staff is also chosen by the Scholars' Committee to advise them.

We also have a School Magazine, but it is edited and run by the pupils, especially the committee, themselves. It appears four times a year.

We do not have examinations at the end of term. We write small class exercises during school hours, and these are spread out over the year. Our report cards are based only on these exercises.

In the Gymnasium all the pupils follow the same syllabus. Those pupils who do not

reach a certain standard have to repeat the class. If this happens twice in succession they have to leave.

All pupils of the ninth class (the last one) have to do the same examination, the "Abitur". There are only two possibilities: to pass or to fail the whole examination. The mark in the individual subjects, there are about twelve, is based on three things, namely, the half-year report card, the written examinations and the oral examinations. We do not continue at school, after passing the examination, to get more Highers or Lowers.

Here are some smaller differences. In our school we have no desks: we sit at tables, always two pupils together. Each class keeps a diary, and one pupil each week has to look after the classroom. The strap is unknown.

For all that I think the relation between teachers and pupils is more familiar here. I am thinking of the games between staff and pupils and the kind greetings outside school hours.

WULFGANG MARKOWSKY.

A VISIT TO EUENNY POTTERIES

One day during my recent holiday in Wales I went with my friend to visit a very old potteries, the oldest in Wales, about twenty-five miles away.

I had imagined a huge, clean, well-staffed building, but when we eventually got off the bus I found myself in the country with only an old house and a shack in sight. Above the old shack was a sign which read — "Euenny Potteries".

We entered the building by a little passage which passed through a room containing the ovens in which the pots were baked. Everything was very ancient-looking even to the old man sitting on a stool by the potter's wheel. Many people were gathered around the old man, who was shaping some pots for one of the large stores in Cardiff.

He began by throwing a piece of clay onto his wheel and eventually moulding it into the required shape. The clay, we were told, gets more difficult to mould with age, so that the pots have to be made as quickly as possible. This old man was making one pot in about every two minutes, which he said was quite good.

After being moulded, the pots were taken through to the ovens to be baked. Then they were passed on to the old man's son who painted them in brilliant colours.

We were asked to go upstairs and have a look at the finished articles. Arranged on shelves all around the room were hundreds of differently shaped and coloured pots, all, I may say, containing a price-tab. The pots ranged in price from about five shillings to thirty shillings and sixpence.

After purchasing one of the cheaper pots, I descended the stairs and made my way out of the badly lit shack into the bright sunlight.

YVONNE CAMERON, Va.

MY CHILDHOOD

I wonder how many of you, like me, are the youngest member of a family. This position can be either a unique distinction or a singular misfortune—usually the latter in my case.

My childhood was very blissful. I used to lie in my cot, and when adoring relatives visited our house I would coo and gurgle up to them, while they did their apparent utmost to look foolish, which caused great amusement. If you don't believe me, watch carefully the next time you see anyone trying to speak to a small child.

Not only my relatives, but also my parents adored me. If I did anything wrong, or broke anything, I had only to point to one of my elder brothers, and indignant yells would follow. Alas! This was not a good, long-term policy. I forgot that I would grow up, with the constant threats of "Let's get the little beast!" or "Beware, smug odious child!" in my ears.

Now my fortunes have waned. My big brother is the family favourite. He appears suddenly, at odd intervals, and takes possession of the house, filling it with cigarette smoke. All his wants are ministered to, and I have to take second, no third, place, for my other brother is now grown up and is stronger than I. Worst of all he is a PREFECT. But I hear he is also to start working soon. Will I then regain my former prominence and glory?

MURDO MACKENZIE, Ia.

AN INTERESTING FIND

Last Spring, when cleaning out the loft, my father and I took down an old wooden cradle from the rafters. It was in good condition, and inside was a number of books thick with dust. We cleaned them up, and saw they were school books of over eighty years ago. They were History, Geography and English books; and inside each was the pupil's name and school. This school was beside Tullochgorm Farm, and was known as Tullochgorm School. To-day only a few stones remain where once the children of the district got their first lessons.

We gave the books to the owner's descendants and, when the cradle was returned to the rafters, I placed two old school books of mine inside and wondered just who might find them.

ROBERT RYAN, Ib.

HOLIDAYS

Our holidays have come and gone,
As back to school we go.
We've had a very happy time;
Enjoyed it as you know.

Of course, we had a lot of rain,
But still we had our play;
But now that we are back again,
The sun will shine all day.

SUSAN CROFT, Ib.

THE DUKE'S VISIT

Last winter the members of the school Ski Club were allowed a day off school, in order to perform in front of the Duke of Edinburgh, who was paying a short visit to Glenmore and surrounding districts.

The school party, which arrived at Glenmore early in the morning, spent the six hours before the Duke's arrival skiing on the higher slopes of the Cairngorms, as there was very little snow further down. However, even higher up there were many bare patches, and here the ptarmigans were strutting about.

After lunch the school moved further down the hillside and received instruction from the school instructor, Eilif Moen. However, this did not last for long.

When the Duke arrived, followed by reporters and cameramen, the school skiers took up their place. The visit lasted only a short time, but the Duke seemed to enjoy the excellent performance given by both Swiss and Norwegian instructors. The highlight of the performance was when a small six-year-old skied down the steep slope and stopped in front of the Duke.

As the Duke moved down the hill, a herd of reindeer wandered down to the road, and gave a decidedly Norwegian touch to the scene.

CAROL GREENE, Va.

THIRTEEN

When I was twelve, I used to dream
Of the day when I would reach thirteen,
Of all the things that I should do,
Before the age of twenty-two.

I'd study hard, at school to be
A credit to my family,
And, lessons o'er, I'd be allowed
To step out with the "Teenage Crowd".

I'd dress up smart in high-heeled shoes,
Wear powder and paint and tartan trews;
When I reached thirteen I'd be so glad,
Viewing Perry Mason and the Trad Fad.

Alas for me, I've reached the "Teens",
But woe betide my lovely dreams.
I'm not allowed to do as planned,
Late night viewing still is banned.

Too young for that, too old for this,
My hopes and plans have gone amiss.
Cosmetic aids are never seen,
I'm just an awkward "In Between".

KATHLEEN MILLER, IIIa.

TO MR McKENZIE

To Mr McKenzie we give our thanks,
And ask forgiveness for the pranks
We played on him when we were bad,
But now he's gone we're feeling sad.

I hope he liked his presentation,
And safely reached his destination.
I hope he'll think of us now and then,
Oh, will he no come back again?

LORNA CALDER, IIa.

A SECOND TRIP TO FRANCE

1—First Impressions Of France

What do you imagine France and the French to be like? I was never really certain; but I had a vague idea of what I thought it should be like. I expected it to be a quiet place, with little villages and quaint shops and markets, except for Paris and some other large towns which I thought would be like many of our own cities. On the beaches, too, I expected to see nothing but miles and miles of golden sand and inviting blue sea.

However, I found France was, in some ways, quite different; for, during the holidays I spent a fortnight there with some of my friends and a party from other neighbouring schools.

After a very rough crossing land was a welcome sight. Dieppe, our destination, did not give me the impression of being either small or quiet, and I found out that it was not. In fact none of the villages I visited were particularly quiet. The countryside was sometimes as busy as the town.

The shops were mainly like those in Britain, and there were also some large stores like those found in the cities; but there were a few of the kinds of shops I had imagined where you could buy pretty souvenirs and gifts. On a Thursday there was a market. It was held in a square in the centre of the town and along the main streets. There the stall-holders bargained and shouted, each vying with his neighbour.

The agriculture was not all like that of this country. There were no modern implements and machinery but only old fashioned tools. The fields had no visible divisions between them, and crops simply grew side by side. As there were no fences, cattle and other animals were tethered by chains in the fields.

They grew mostly the same crops as we do, but on the whole their farms were much smaller than ours.

My biggest disappointment, however, was on the beach. Instead of sand there was nothing but stones and pebbles; and, although the water was warm, it was impossible to stand because of the rough sea bed.

The people, although they were not all as I had imagined them to be, were very nice. The young people were dressed in styles similar to our own, while the older generation preferred clothes that were not quite so modern.

Perhaps some of my first impressions disappointed me, but if they did I still enjoyed being in France with the French.

MONA GRANT, IVa.

2—Dieppe

During the past summer holidays I was fortunate enough to spend ten days of them in Dieppe, which is situated on the French coast, overlooking the English Channel. Dieppe dates back to Norman times and

Dieppe Castle was built between the 14th and 15th centuries.

In 1942 Dieppe was raided by a Canadian Division, but they were slaughtered as they landed on the beaches. The Germans who had access to the cliffs above Dieppe, had numerous gun emplacements there, and as the Canadians landed, it was an easy job for them to shoot the invaders down. Such was the loss of Canadian lives at Dieppe that a large memorial has been erected in commemoration of them.

Nowadays, like most French towns, Dieppe is very modern with outdoor cafes, new and large high-roofed buildings, and swimming pools and tennis courts, etc., at the beach. However, during my ten days holiday there, market-day was undoubtedly the most interesting. Every Saturday in Dieppe, French shopkeepers rise between four and six o'clock in the morning and take a large stock of goods on to the street, which they sell in the course of the day. Outside some poultryers' shops are live geese and other birds which are kept in baskets, and they too are for sale.

But it is in the square that the market activities are the most prominent. An enormous variety of articles from cowboy hats to washing machines are sold in stalls there, and such a crowd is milling about that it is very easy to get lost.

Dieppe, now famous as a cross channel station, is one of the best holiday resorts in the North of France, and is always alive with tourists of British, French and German nationalities.

BRUCE BAIN, IIa.

3—Paris

It was six o'clock one Sunday morning when we left the Lycee Jehan Ango for a day in Paris. At the beginning of the journey all was quiet in the bus as we were still half asleep, but by the time we reached the suburbs of Paris everybody was wide awake, eager to catch a glimpse of "La Tour Eiffel," looming up into the misty sky.

Our first visit was to the Arc de Triomphe, where we saw the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior and the Eternal Flame. Next on the programme was a quick visit to Napoleon's Tomb, so after we had piled into the bus we drove down Les Champs Elysees — reputed to be one of the most beautiful and well-known streets in the world. We passed by La Place de la Concorde and over one of the beautiful bridges of Paris to Napoleon's Tomb. The inside had an awe-inspiring beauty and richness of colour about it.

After this brief visit the bus took us again to the Eiffel Tower. Luckily we did not have long to wait before a lift took us to the second floor where we had to change lifts. Eventually we reached the top where we admired the breathtaking view of Paris. After what seemed an incredibly short time we

descended to where the bus was waiting to take us to the gardens of the Notre Dame, where we were to have our packed lunches.

After lunch we were taken round this lovely old church built in the centre of L'Ile de la Cite, which is the oldest part of the city.

While walking along the Seine, Mr Cullen caught sight of a notice advertising pleasure trips down the Seine. Soon we were sitting comfortably in the pleasure boat resting our aching limbs. The boat took us under the bridges of Paris and round L'Ile de la Cite.

From there we hurried along the banks of the Seine, past the open book-stalls to the Louvre, where we saw among other things, the Mona Lisa, and Venus de Milo.

Our last excursion was a visit to the Church of Sacre Coeur up in Montmartre. Although we were exhausted by the time we reached the church, it was worthwhile seeing.

We had our second packed meal in a little hamlet and arrived home at half-past eight after a wonderful trip.

RITA STUART, IVa.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT

There we were packed like sardines along the side of the Square on Monday, the 14th of August, awaiting the Queen's arrival. "She'll be here soon," said someone, but as minute after minute passed slowly we kept looking at our watches. Half an hour passed, and suddenly the crowd began to cheer, for there, escorted by police cars, was Her Majesty the Queen. The Queen was escorted up to the stand by the Lord Lieutenant of Moray.

How lucky we were in the Guides to have such a fine view of Her Majesty. The minutes flew by while Grantown officials were presented to the Queen. She disappeared from view into the Grant Arms Hotel, where she visited the bedroom where her great-great-grandmother slept in 1860.

Out into the sunshine she came. With a final wave she drove away from the cheers of the crowd.

ANN STUART Ia.

SPACE AND THE MOON

Russia and U.S.A. were having a race,
To see who would shoot the first man into space.

Russia won, and next if you please—
She means to find out if the moon is green cheese!

Yuri and Titov, their names will be known,
More hist'ry to learn, just hear the kids groan!

The astronauts all, so brave and so bold,
I wonder if in space, they ever felt cold.

At night when the moon shines down, laughing to see,
Next of the cosmonauts—in my dreams it's me!

MARGARET ROSEMARY MACKINNON, IIa.

A TRIP ON THE DUNERA

On our first morning aboard the luxury liner we were awakened at seven o'clock by the strains of a rock 'n' roll record, blaring over the loud speaker. A glamorous young stewardess entered and informed us of the daily routine—make our bunks, hang up our towels, brush the floor, polish the mirrors, etc.

Later, with chores all done, we passed along in a procession to the ship's cafeteria, to receive grape fruit, cereal, bacon, egg and liver, rolls and a mug of steaming coffee. This was only breakfast! Lunch and dinner on an even more sumptuous scale were to follow.

In between all this shameless gorging, the ship was taking us to some of the most remote islands of Scotland. Places such as Foula Island, Fair Isle and Lerwick, where a concert party came on board. We were also shown two films, "Whisky Galore" and "Rockets Galore," during our voyage, and spent an evening watching TV.

The next morning we were to have had a shore visit to Lerwick, but, as the sea was too rough, we turned and sailed away again.

We had lessons, including two periods a day of games such as tennis, hockey, netball and swimming in the swimming pool; two periods a day in the Assembly Hall where we were shown slides of the appropriate islands we would be passing; and two periods a day of ordinary lessons.

The second half of our voyage was by far the most interesting—passing Cape Wrath, down The Minch, through Canna Sound, past Rum, Troddy and Lismore to Oban. At Oban we held a regatta in the lifeboats, our boat being the winner.

From Oban we steamed down the Firth of Lorne, through the Sound of Islay, and out into the grey waters of the Atlantic. It was a home-coming journey after we rounded the Mull of Kintyre, past lovely Arran, and up the Clyde to Gourock.

There are many outstanding moments in an unforgettable voyage—the time when we were taken up to the bridges, and shown the steering wheel, the various charts, the means of signalling to other ships, the compass, and the engine rooms—and the moving scene as nine hundred voices sang "The Song of the Clyde," while we were sailing towards Gourock.

I suspect there are many passengers like myself who, if given another chance of a cruise on the liner Dunera, will willingly accept it.

ELIZABETH ALLAN, Vb.

THE SEA

The sea is a racing torrent of foam,
It rolls and plays all day,
And when a ship sets sail for home,
It sends it on its way.

The sea has many secrets,
They are hidden in the deep
There are far too many beatniks,
Couldn't we send them there to sleep?

JOHN FOY, IIa.

IN NORTHERN WATERS

(An Extract)

Our first morning on the Dunera found us approaching Wick, but well out to sea. I was looking out anxiously for the Castle of Mey, the Queen Mother's northern residence, but unfortunately I did not see it. I did see a fleet of fishing boats, however—proof of the harvests of the North Sea.

All the dormitories on board ship were named after famous sailors. Ours was named after Sir Henry Keppel, son of the fourth Earl of Albemarle.

After breakfast we went up on deck and saw Fair Isle. Among the many birds I saw gannets, fulmars and eider-ducks. Fair Isle looks the kind of place where you would need an eider-down! My impression was of a rocky isle against whose shores the waves lashed in fury, truly a stormy scene!

During the morning we went to Chaucer, our classroom, afterwards to the swimming-pool, and then to a lecture on the civilizations of Jarlshoff, a place on the Shetland Isles. I was interested to know of the three civilisations which had flourished there—the men of the Bronze Age, those of the Iron Age and the Vikings—also of a certain Earl Robert, to whom the archaeologists owe a grudge for having built his castle on the sites of the previous civilisations and used the stones which they had trimmed. Nearby stands a modern house, contrasting greatly with the crude huts of the primitive civilisations.

Jarlshoff is one of the few places where, if you see an interesting bone or stone, you can pick it up and take it with you. There was to have been an excursion to Jarlshoff and to the fish canneries at Lerwick the next day. Soon after the lecture we put in at Lerwick harbour.

That night a party of Shetlanders came aboard to give a concert, while about fifty older boys and girls went ashore to see the Shetlanders in their homes.

The concert started with a selection of tunes, played on fiddles. There were very many fiddlers and they played very well.

After this, a young man sang a song of his own composition, another played a fiddle solo, yet another fixed a horn to his fiddle and played a tune which sounded as if he was playing an old gramophone record. A choir of girls sang two songs, "I'll row mesel' back into Skerry" and a Shetland lullaby. They all wore beautiful hand-knitted jumpers and cardigans made in the Fair Isle style. Dancers performed two Shetland dances, and two men sang "bothy ballads." There was a poem in the Shetland dialect, "The Binged Tinnie," or "Dented Mug," and then the fiddlers ended up with another selection of tunes. It had been a very enjoyable evening.

The next day was the day during which we should have gone ashore, but alas, it was far too stormy, and our hopes were dashed. We were, however, near enough to Lerwick to see quite clearly the Town Hall with the Union Jack flying from its flagstaff, and the Ander-

son Institute where children from the surrounding isles stay during winter so that they may attend school.

Lerwick is quite a big town, nearly as big as Elgin, and we saw houses, shops, and here and there a tree, though, to tell the truth, they were very stunted. We left Lerwick earlier than was intended because of rough seas.

We passed Cape Wrath and entered the Minch. Cape Wrath lived up to its name! The only remedy was sea-sickness tablets, and in some cases even that was not enough! It was just another experience, however, and was soon over.

MARGARET ROSEMARY MACKINNON. IIa.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO

The Rose of Jericho is also known as the Resurrection Flower, for it is supposed to have the property of dying and coming to life again. How it came to be called by this name is described in a very pretty legend.

When the infant Jesus fled from Bethlehem with His mother Mary and Joseph to avoid the massacre of all the young children by King Herod, the party is said to have crossed the plains of Jericho. When Mary alighted from the ass on which she was riding, this little flower sprang up at her feet to greet the infant Saviour whom she carried in her arms, and it is said that flowers sprang up at all the places where the Holy Child rested.

All through the Saviour's life on earth the little Roses of Jericho continued to flourish, but when He died upon the Cross these flowers withered and died. Three days later, however, our Lord rose again from the tomb and at the same time the Roses of Jericho came to life, and sprang up and blossomed as an emblem of the joy of the earth because Christ was risen.

CHRISTOBEL TERRIS, IIIa.

MY CONTRIBUTION

I'll make a list of items,
And put them in a bag,
Then dip in and pick one,
For the Grantown Grammar Mag.

I'm very good at poetry,
Though I do not wish to brag,
But my muse is not at home to-day,
No verse for the Grammar Mag.

Perhaps I'll tell the tale
Of the time I stalked a stag;
But he turned round and chased me,
That's no story for the Mag.

I could tell of the time I went fishing,
But to that tale there is a snag;
For all that I caught was a cold in the head;
I could not put that in the Mag.

Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall it be?
My spirits start to flag;
So these few lines are all I have
To offer to the Mag.

DONALD WATT, Ia.

PORPOISES, SHARKS, AND A BABY SEAL

On an excursion to Nairn during the summer holidays I was fortunate enough to make a pleasure trip in a motor boat into the Moray Firth. We were not far out of the harbour when a school of porpoises was seen in the distance.

When we neared the porpoises they came along side the boat and swam parallel to us, jumping high out of the water at frequent intervals. There were about four or five of them and the largest must have been all of seven feet long.

Every now and then we were further entertained by their diving under the motor boat and jumping out of the water on the other side. It was amazing that they were not injured by the propeller, but the captain of the boat informed us that in his thirty-seven years of sailing in the Firth not one porpoise had been injured. This shows what a high sense of intelligence these mammals must have.

The porpoises continued playing around the boat until it neared the harbour, when they then swam off and were soon lost to sight in the distance.

On the same day, some relatives and I motored to Fort-George. We stopped there for a few minutes to see if we could catch sight of any of the sharks which inhabit the waters near Fort-George. We had not waited long when a school of sharks came into sight round the headland. By using binoculars we could easily see their wicked-looking fins knifing through the water. At intervals the sharks, like the porpoises, would jump out of the water, and their skin glistened and sparkled in the bright sunlight.

I was idly scanning the water with my binoculars when I saw a baby seal basking near the shore. The sharks had evidently seen it too because they set off in hot pursuit, but the seal dived under water, and both seal and sharks were soon lost to sight.

The seal probably escaped as, generally speaking, seals are faster than sharks; at any rate we hope this was "one that got away."

ALAN G. DAVIDSON, Va.

THE SILHOUETTE

A gently swaying silhouette
It stands against the sky
Which is a flaming crimson now
That night is drawing nigh.

The branches bend and tremble
Breaking up the brilliant hue.
Like cracks on some huge window
They divide and split the view.

At twilight 'tis a pretty sight;
But soon the darkness falls,
And the beauty fades and dwindles
Till there's nothing left at all.

But when once more the dawn appears,
The silhouette I see;
Then as the morning sun shines forth,
It reveals a lovely tree.

FIONA DONN, VI.

THE BONNET STONE OF KINVEACHY

Not far away from where I live lies the small hamlet of Kinveachy with Kinveachy Lodge, the property of the Countess of Seafield, towering above it.

Kinveachy Lodge was not always the property of the Seafields. It once belonged to a certain Colin Grant, who was young and handsome. One dark night a poacher, Ian Dhu MacGregor of Tulloch, succeeded in killing a fine stag on Colin's ground, and, considering it too cumbersome to carry, he severed it and hid the hindquarters at the bottom of a pool in a nearby stream.

The next day the laird Colin came along that way, looking for a foal which had gone missing. He found its mutilated body buried under a landslide. As it was rather a messy job retrieving it, he went to the burn to wash his hands, but in doing so he noticed the hindquarters of the deer in the pool.

Having a shrewd idea of the poacher's identity and being his sworn enemy, he thought of a good trick to pay him back, and in a few minutes it was the hindquarters of the foal and not of the stag that lay at the bottom of the pool.

That evening Ian duly returned to retrieve his spoils. As he was dining with his best friends that night he wished his fare to be of the best.

"Who killed the meat," they asked after having taken the first bite of the haunch. "I did, on the land of Colin of Kinveachy," was the boastful reply.

"Then you must have driven it to its death," was the verdict.

Then and only then Ian Dhu MacGregor arose, realising he had been tricked at Kinveachy.

Daylight found him in Colin's pasture. The laird greeted him with a smile, but soon Ian saw him leading away his horses from the pasture.

"Why are you doing that?" asked Ian.

"Oh, I've heard tell no deer is safe while you're around," was the reply.

"Are you trying to tell that I can't tell the difference between a deer and a horse?"

"So I've heard tell," said Colin, and walked away, but he only went a few strides before Ian was wiping his dirk on his kilt.

He buried his victim deep down in the ground where no one would find him, and as a final gesture to signify that Colin would never be found he put the dead laird's bonnet on an old standing stone nearby. From that day to this, the stone has been known as the Bonnet Stone.

N. BRECKINRIDGE, IVa.

A MORNING WALK

One day I took a walk
Along by Fishers' Row,
What else would you expect to find
But fishes roe on roe

COLIN LAWSON, Ib.

HOW THE ISLE OF MAN WAS FORMED

The Isle of Man is a large and beautiful island, lying in the sea between Scotland, England and Ireland. Once upon a time, there was a red-haired giant who lived in Scotland and was always boasting that he was the strongest man on earth, but there was a Giant who lived in Ireland who challenged him, so they met at Loch Neagh to find who was the stronger.

There was a terrific struggle, but the Scottish giant came off second best. In his flight he jumped into the loch; and as he started to swim towards England, the conqueror decided to send him a parting gift. Thrusting his gigantic hands into the earth, he tore up a huge rock and clay, and threw it at the Scottish giant; but he missed him and the rock sank and became an island. King Man afterwards lived there; so it was called the Isle of Man.

MARGARET TERRIS, 1a.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HENCE

Living in the year 1986 seems to us an extremely frightening thought, due to the strife, fear of nuclear war and Trades Union Congresses, which prevail with alarming immensity to-day. Let us assume, however, that, through the brilliance of modern medicine, I still inhabit this wonderful world of ours.

Dawn breaks on a lovely spring morning in 1986. By means of an involved system of mirrors, a buzzer sounds in my ear, and I spring out of bed, refreshed, as usual, and ready for whatever the day holds. Having picked myself up, I gaze in awe at the magnificent array of paintings, a selection from the Moscow Art Gallery, a portrait of Albert Finney, and even a copy of the Pilkington report on colour radio. To quench my thirst, I reach out for the steam-driven leather kettle hanging on the wall, and quaff from it two pints of molten water. I then press one of the switches on the wall in front of me, and there, right in front of me, lies a second-hand edition of the Leningrad Morning Spon, a must for those unending hours of boredom. On pressing yet another button, the lilting strains of Adam Diabolikov playing his naughty Welsh balalaika drift through the room.

I then cross to the window, look out, and see the sun shimmering on the glass dome surrounding the town, as this is on the moon. One must therefore have air-pressurised glass domes, to protect the air-pressurised glass people who live there. A magnificent vista stretches in front of me, spoilt, however, by the bars on the window. How I rue the day I'd chased that baseball into Russian territory!

I am grateful, however, for one or two things which I have escaped, amongst which I number the biennial visits of our Conservative M.P. in Stepney, Sir Fred M'Z Fitzplin, known locally as the "Schizophrenic Suscept-

ible Sprot". To boost my spirits, however, I press the last button on the panel, labelled "Anglo-Soviet Relations." There is a whirling sound, and out comes a card, blown out by the winds of change. My hopes soar. "The British flag!" I exclaim with glee. "Yes, fifty-one stars! Three cheers for Home Rule and the Lone Ranger. You're never alone with the Stars and Stripes!" On turning over the card, my cup of delight overflows, on seeing the oft-repeated, and much-maligned words—"Are you sure you've never had it so good?"

Advertisers Note: To obtain an autographed copy of this story, send three used tickets from the Conservative-Socialist Conference of 1962 to this address:—

The M.P. for East Grinstead,
c/o Mrs Fred Nurge,
The Embankment.

MICHAEL FORBES, VIa.

SKI-ING

I am looking forward to the winter months with great excitement, as this year I hope to be one of a party going to Norway to ski.

Grantown is excellent for skiing as it is very near to the hills and mountain ranges. The Golf Course is ideal for beginners, who can learn easily and safely on the gentle slopes.

Coire Cas and the White Lady are among the two most popular runs in the Cairngorms.

Access to the slopes is now much easier since the ski-road has been built, and the whole sport will be enhanced by the erection of the chair-lift and a shieling, which should come into operation this season.

HILARY CORPE, 1a.

THE ANGLER

Standing waist-high in the water,
The angler waits with line cast out,
Waits with patience never-ending
For some sign of grilse or trout.

He has no eye for all the wonders
Of piny woods and rushing Spey,
He does not hear the curlew piping,
He does not heed the time of day.

Suddenly his rod is bending,
Signs of tugging at the bait,
But the patient angler winding
Does not panic—he can wait.

On they struggle, neither yielding,
Fighting fiercely to the last.
But soon the gallant fish grows weaker—
His strength and will are ebbing fast.

With one deft twist he lies defeated,
A streak of silver bathed in light,
And as the river tumbles onward,
The setting sun sinks out of sight.

ELSPETH GOW, IIIa.

WAR!

Pandemonium! Girls screamed, boys shouted, desks overturned. Inkwells, pens, pencils, rulers and books all clattered to the floor. The teacher shouted, "There's nothing to be frightened of!"—and dived under his table. What had been an orderly class was now a frenzied mob. Arms flailing, ducking and dodging desperately, the children fought each other in their wild panic. Then a young hero grabbed the tawse from off the table, and went forward to face the fearsome foe. Bracing himself to meet the onslaught, he took a terrific swipe with that terrible weapon. Smack! But it was a classmate's agonised screams that rent the air. The enemy swooped in for the kill. Another boy raced to the rescue. Now the whole class was making one last, desperate stand. Again and again the enemy darted in, only to be driven back by a barrage of books. The door burst open. "Anything the matter here, Mr —?" Thud! The newcomer collapsed under a pupil's misguided missile. Half the class now lay on the floor, wounded by the other half. They could not hold out much longer. But now the teacher appeared from under his table. He started to creep up softly in the rear of the enemy. With jaw set and steely eyes fixed firmly on his prey, he slowly inched closer and closer. Would he be noticed? Nearer and nearer he drew. The class held its breath. The suspense was terrific. Then the Shorter Oxford Dictionary was slowly raised aloft. Crash! And that was the end of the wasp.

ALLAN CHISHOLM, Va.

GLENMORE—TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

My father was a gamekeeper at Glenmore for 19 years and he had a wealth of stories to tell about what happened during that time.

One winter the frost was so severe that Loch Morlich was frozen to such an extent that a lorry was able to cross over it.

In those days before there was a ski-road, climbers usually reported to him before they made the ascent. Two such climbers were Mackenzie and Ferrier, whom my father advised not to go on. It was on Hogmanay that these two climbers set off heading for the Shelter Stone, intending to spend New Year's Day on the mountains. On the return journey a storm overtook them, and both lost their lives. Had they stayed at the Shelter Stone, all would have been well with them.

In the Corrie Cas there stands a wooden hut called Jean's Hut, which affords rest and protection to wanderers and skiers on the mountain. It was built in memory of a girl named Jean, who lost her life while skiing there by hitting a stone.

During the last war the coming of the Norwegians made Glenmore a busy place.

At the present day the ski road makes it possible for old and young alike to enjoy the clear mountain air, and the building of the ski-lift and the chalet there is making Cairngorm, grim and foreboding in storm, a playground for winter sportsmen. A big change from the Glenmore of yesterday!

KENNETH M. MACDONALD, Ic.

MORRISON

**BUTCHER, LICENSED GAME DEALER,
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85 HIGH STREET

GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY

PRIMARY MAGAZINE

MY PETS

I have two goldfish. They are two years old. I feed them on ants' eggs. My mother changes their water every second day. They live in a big glass tank which is near the window. They swim about in the tank all day. I got them at the fair. I had four at first, but the other two died some time ago.

SHONA FRASER, Primary 4.

BEDTIME

When mother says it is time to go to bed, do you want to play with soldiers like a naughty little boy? Or do you want to go to bed like good boys should?

IAIN BROWN, Primary 4.

MYSELF

My name is Elaine, I have fair hair and blue eyes. I am wearing a kilt and a green jumper. In school we have plenty to do, but when I go home I have nothing much to do. When daddy comes home he helps me with my homework.

ELAINE RHIND, Primary 4.

THE MONSTER

On Saturday, the 8th of October, 1961, the Henderson family were going to Kyle of Lochalsh. When we got to Castle Urquhart we stopped to see if we could see the Loch Ness Monster. We got out of the car and were looking down at the Loch when suddenly we saw something sticking out of the water. It was dark grey, we thought it was the Loch Ness Monster. My sister Gillian took some pictures of it because four more times it rose but never as far as the first time. Wasn't that exciting!

FIONA HENDERSON, Primary 4.

THE TRADESMEN

The tradesmen are working at our house just now,
How Mummy can stand them I don't know how;
The sawdust, cement, dust and lime,
She is certainly having a terrible time.
But when they are finished and everything's done,
I know we are going to have lots of fun,
Putting things in order. Oh, won't it be fine,
To have everything ready for Christmas time!

ELAINE DAVIDSON, Primary 7.

IN THE WOODS

One afternoon last winter my sister and I went for a walk in the woods. It was cold, and the trees were covered with frost. The woods looked like fairyland. As we walked along the narrow path we saw a young deer. It ran when it saw us as if it were afraid. We waited to see if it would return, but as we were hungry we had to make for home for tea and a seat by the fire.

JANETTE TEMPLETON, Primary 5.

MY DOG

I have a little dog called Shandy. He is black and white and has blue eyes. One day he nearly followed me to school. The next day he would stay at home. Each night when I go to bed he comes up too and sleeps cosily at my feet all night through. In the morning he licks my face as if to say it is time to get up and play with me.

ANNE CAMERON, Primary 5.

ROAD SAFETY

One day John crossed the road without looking left and right. He was run-over by a car. Poor John! Now children, when you cross the road, look right and left. Mothers are very worried if you are run-over by cars and buses and lorries.

IAIN GRAY, Primary 5.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

How quick the summer seems to pass!
Whenever I'm off school,
I go picnics somewhere nice
And parties as a rule.
I love to go to London City,
Or Blackpool's famous sands.
I am not keen to travel far and see the foreign lands.
I like to sit and watch the sea lapping on the shore.
But all too soon the dreaming ends,
And back to school once more.

JO CLARK, Primary 5.

THE BUSY BEE

Little bee, little bee,
Will you come and visit me?
I'm a flower small and red,
Growing in the garden bed.
And my seed I want to make,
So your help I'd like to take.
Bring me pollen, little bee,
From a flower just like me.

VALERIE KRAWCZYNSKA, Prim. 6.

MY PET

My pet is a Cairn terrier dog. He is small and his coat is light brown. He has a disc attached to his collar with his name Toby on one side and my name on the other side. I give Toby bones, dog biscuits and scraps of meat to eat. He likes to bury the bones, and to chase my sister's cat Snowy.

JAMES TELFER, Primary 4.

MY LITTLE KITTEN AND PUP

I have a little kitten,
Also a tiny pup.
Now isn't it a pity,
That they will soon grow up
When they have really grown up,
They'll never want to play
All they'll want to do
Is sleep upon the mat all day.

LORNA GRANT, Primary 5.

AUTUMN

In Autumn, ere the leaves fall down,
They change their colour from green to brown;
Then children go running around the trees,
Turning somersaults in the fallen leaves.
The busy squirrels scurry to and fro,
Gathering their winter food as they go;
Up and down the trees so tall.
We wonder, do they ever fall?

MAUREEN NICHOLSON, Primary 7.

THE SQUIRREL

I saw a little squirrel,
And I wanted very much,
To catch and care for him,
And put him in a hutch.
But although I tried to catch him,
I think he must have guessed,
For he ran right up an oak tree,
And snuggled in his nest.

GILLIAN HENDERSON, Primary 6.

CHRISTMAS

Father Christmas comes then,
And fills my stocking to the brim.
My mother, father, sister and me,
At Christmas time we laugh with glee.
Last Christmas, a pair of skis I got,
And from an aunt a dolly's cot.
Christmas time is really good,
Lots of presents, tons of food!

KATHLEEN DUNN, Primary 6.

A DAY'S OUTING

One day while I was on holiday at Keiss, friends came to visit us for the day. We went for a run to Scrabster in the afternoon, and it so happened that it was the launching of the new life-boat.

There were swimming races, water ski-ing, and life-saving events. We saw the rockets going up from the ship in distress. Then the life-boat, going to their aid, rescued them by breeches buoy.

There was also a sale of work in aid of the Life-boat Society, which is a most worthy cause when you think of the lives which are saved in the sea.

It was a most enjoyable day, and I think we all learned to appreciate the work the Life-boat men do.

UNA HOGG, Primary 7.

A GREAT DAY

At school I'm very happy,
The five days of the week;
But how I long for Friday,
When I have a special treat.
I board a bus with all my class
And we are far from grim;
For our journey is to Elgin,
Where we are taught to swim.
The instructor always welcomes us,
With a cheery smile;
And I'm sure he often wonders,
If we'll ever swim a mile.
And when the class is ended,
We board the bus for home;
Happy and contented,
For next Friday to Elgin we do roam.

JOAN PATERSON, Primary 7.

MY LITTLE DOG

I have a little doggy,
His name is Boswell Brown;
And when I put my feet on chairs,
He always pulls them down.
He yelps, he licks, he jumps on me,
When I come home from school;
And if I am not careful,
You can't tell what he'll do.
He'll sit up nice for titbits,
You can take his bone from him;
He'll bark and whine at the door,
When he himself wants in.
My little dog is four-years-old,
His birthday's in December;
The eleventh day to be exact,
And that I'll always remember.

NEIL MACLURE, Primary 7.

SPORTS SECTION.

FOOTBALL

Harry MacGregor, in his second term as Football Captain, had a more experienced team, the most serious loss being that of the thrustful John Macphail. The number of senior players from whom a team could be drawn was, however, limited to the following pool — A. McDonald, A. Reid, W. Reid, A. Grant, D. Grant, A. Chisholm, D. Chisholm, A. Davidson, D. Davidson, M. Forbes, H. MacGregor, J. Philpot and I. Stuart; and this made replacements difficult.

The season began with a home defeat against Nairn Academy, the score being 1-2, and ended with a 2-2 draw at Nairn. These results indicate the character of the season, struggling and not very successful.

Against Forres the team lost twice in hard games, and against an Elgin Academy team they were soon in arrears but fought back to finish 2-5.

A friendly match with Inverness Academy resulted in a 2-2 draw.

The North of Scotland Cup provided some excitement. We entertained Keith at home in the first round; and possibly the visitors were disconcerted by having to play on a Black Park with a miniature lake in the centre. At anyrate we won 3-1, goals being scored for Grantown by MacGregor and Philpot, and finally just before full-time by A. Davidson. In the second round, however, Grantown was well and truly ousted by Elgin Academy, with a score of 5-0.

A promising feature of the year's football was the entry of an Under-15 team in the Morayshire Schools Intermediate League. The team played well to finish runners-up after defeating, by two goals to one, Hopeman School, the eventual winners.

Teams from first and second year played in a number of friendly games with refreshing enthusiasm and encouraging indications of football skill and team sense. Of the first year team's eight games, no fewer than five were drawn.

These junior activities should give some encouragement to Michael Forbes and Ian Stuart, the new Football Captain and Vice-Captain.

* * *

HOCKEY

Irene McKenzie, the Hockey Captain, had a reasonably welded team at beginning of session, and the season opened not too badly with a 2-0 win against Inverness Technical School, a 1-1 draw at Forres, and a 3-3 draw at home against Nairn Academy. The last game before Christmas, however, against Inverness Academy, at Inverness, produced a most disconcerting 8-0 defeat.

Bad weather led to a three months blank till near end of season and the cancellation of several games. Then came a narrow 4-3 defeat at Nairn, a 1-1 draw at Kingussie, and

a second disaster at Fochabers, where we lost 7-0.

In our last match, against Elgin Ladies, we included four juniors and lost 2-1, not too bad a finish. Except for the two land-slides, it was a satisfactory season.

Our Junior Hockey Team also played in a number of matches. Though twice beaten by Nairn Juniors, they won against Inverness Technical and Rothes, and drew against Inverness Academy and Kingussie.

In the new season, Anne Urquhart and Annette Dignan, though without three or four of last year's stalwarts, should have a reasonably experienced team.

* * *

CRICKET

The season was again brief and glorious. The one big match — pupils v. masters — resulted in a 50-49 win for the masters. Messrs Cullen and Hendry disposed of the school side after some enterprising batting and unblushing stealing of runs by J. Sutherland, A. Davidson and M. Dewar. The masters then faced some hostile bowling by Dewar and tight bowling by W. Reid. Mr Corpe fell after a promising start, but Messrs Cullen and Hendry scored briskly, and Mr Hogg finally saw the innings through with some less expert assistance from the masters.

* * *

GOLF

Golf again flourished under the guidance of Mr G. M'Kenzie, who supplied instruction and organised tournaments. Junior players showed marked progress. Enjoyable matches were played against Forres and Elgin, though no team wins were achieved.

* * *

TENNIS

The number of persons who used the local courts last summer was very encouraging. Of our senior pupils, Pat Munro, Andrew Reid, Lindsey Stephen and Ian Sutherland played creditably in the big Grantown tournament in August. Lindsay and Iain narrowly lost the final in the junior pairs, and Iain had the distinction of winning the boys' section.

* * *

SCHOOL SPORTS

The school sports were again held in rather uncertain weather, and, by running them without interval, the promoters just managed to complete the last events—the relays—as rain began to fall. The prize-giving was held in the hall.

Nine new records were established and two were equalled. Notable performances were those of Allan Grant, who set up a new record

of 56.8 seconds for the 440 yards, and of Allan Chisholm whose throw of 121 feet, 10½ inches in the discus event far exceeded any previous throw.

Allan Grant won the Senior Boys' Championship for the third successive year, with Graham Gattiker a close second. His brother Ian Grant won the Intermediate Boys' Championship, with Raymond Green next to him. Graham Souter won the Junior Boys' Championship, while, among the Primary Boys, David Grant was first of those over 10, and another Allan Grant of those under 10.

Anne Urquhart was Girls' Champion, with Margaret M'Lennan a close second. Rosemary Dunn was again Intermediate Girls' Champion, with Elspeth Gow a point behind. Helen Bennett was Junior Girls' Champion, with Margaret Downie runner-up. Of the Primary Girls Ann Urquhart was first of those over 10, and Heather Anderson of those under 10.

Revack triumphed over Roy and Revoan in both the Boys' and the Girls' House Championships.

* * *

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS

A Primary team represented the School in the Badenoch and Strathspey Primary School Sports and scored a resounding victory, winning the Murray Cup, after a six years' interval, with 31 points, 11 points ahead of the runners-up. The team, a well-balanced one—consisted of Sherie Sutton, Mabel Stephen, Mary M'Kenzie, Brian Williamson, Fred Anfield and Donald M'Leod.

Our Primary team also took first place in the Moray and Nairn Primary School Sports, with 13 points. The star performer was Mabel Stephen, who not merely won her two races but also played a big part in the winning of the Girls' Relay Race.

Our pupils also performed creditably in the Moray and Nairn Secondary School Sports at Fochabers. The Intermediate Girls were

runners-up, and the Junior Girls third in their respective sections, and points were collected in all sections. Perhaps the most outstanding individual performance was Allan Grant's winning of the Senior Boys' 440 yards race; but the all-round achievement of Torquil Mackenzie also deserves mention.

We were also represented in the North of Scotland A.A.A. Schools' Championships at Inverness, where Allan Grant and Torquil Mackenzie had places in the 440 yards and in putting the shot.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

BOYS

School Captain—William T. Reid; vice-Captain—David Chisholm. Football Captain—Michael Forbes; Vice-Captain—Ian Stuart. Athletics Captain—Torquil M'Kenzie; Vice-Captain—David Chisholm. Cricket Captain—David Davidson; Vice-Captain—Michael Dewar.

House Captains:—Revack—David Grant. Revoan—Torquil M'Kenzie. Roy—Michael Forbes.

Secretary to Prefects' Court—Ian Stuart. Librarian and Museum Curator—Alan Davidson. Additional Prefects—Allan Chisholm, Martin Jackson, Allan MacKenzie, Iain Sutherland.

GIRLS

Head Girl—Lindsey Stephen; Deputy Head Girl—Anne Urquhart. Hockey Captain—Anne Urquhart; Vice-Captain—Annette Dignan. Athletics Captain—Rosemary Dunn; Vice-Captain—Anne Urquhart.

House Captains—Revack—Annette Dignan. Revoan—Morag M'Gregor. Roy—Anne Urquhart. Games Secretary—Karen MacGregor. Additional Prefects—Elizabeth Allan, Yvonne Cameron, Fiona Donn, Deidre Donn, Carol Greene, Maureen Macaulay, Helen Miller, Pat Munro.



Presentation of the R.N.L.I. Shield to David R. Davidson by Admiral Cunningham Graham.

THE OLD GUARD

OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1961/62

Office-Bearers.

*Honorary President — Thomas Hunter, O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc. (Glasgow), 185 Forest Avenue, Aberdeen; Rector (retired), Grantown Grammar School.

*Honorary Vice-President—Robert Wilson, M.A. (Aberdeen), 37 Braeside Terrace, Aberdeen; classics master, Aberdeen Grammar School.

President—

*Albert M. Hastings (1942-46), 42 High Street; partner, J. K. Hastings, Butchers, Grantown.

Vice-Presidents—

William G. Templeton (1942-48), Cairngorm, 2 Brunstane Drive, Joppa, Midlothian; teller, National Bank of Scotland.

Frank Calder (1941-43), Elmgrove; forester, Seafeld Estates.

Secretary—

Treasurer—A. Martin Grant (1931-35), High Street; cycle agent, High Street, Grantown.

Committee—Messrs G. W. K. Donaldson and I. C. Burgess (University representatives); Messrs J. C. Bruce, J. Duncan, J. McLeod and I. MacPherson.

WITH THE FORCES.

John S. Clark (1956-59), 130 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey; R.E., Old Park Barracks, Dover, Kent; cadet sergeant.

*P. McNicol (1933-35), 85 High Street; chief petty officer, R.N.

Brian McKerron (1955-59), Ivybank, High Street; R.A.F., Halton, Aylesbury, Bucks.; aircraft apprentice.

*Angus D. Mackintosh (1949-54), B.Sc. (Hons. Chemistry), 5 Castle Road E.; Maryfield House, Torpoint, Cornwall; instructor lieutenant, R.N.

*David Ross (1948-53), 4 Station Cottages, Dava; No. 4 School of Technical Training, R.A.F., St. Athan, Glamorgan, S. Wales; P.T. sergeant.

*John H. Stuart (1954-57), Aird House, High Street; 43 (F) Squadron, R.A.F., Nicosia, Cyprus; B.F., P.O. 53; junior technician.

Ian Walker (1950-54), 1 Kylintra Crescent; Wellington Barracks, London, S.W.1; sergeant, Scots Guards.

At Universities and Colleges.

George S. Coutts (1951-57), Bank Cottage, Dava; c/o Morrison, 2 Turnberry Road, Glasgow, W.; veterinary student, Glasgow University.

Duncan S. Howlett (1954-60), The Hawthorns; 40 Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh; Faculty of Science, Edinburgh University.

*Colin R. Keith (1952-58), 23 High Street; Dentistry, Glasgow University.

*Ronald G. M. Philip (1945-46), Strathspey Hotel; Medical Student, West London Hospital Medical School.

Exiles.

John L. Beaton (1944-49), Schoolhouse, Dulnain-Bridge.

*Iain C. Burgess (1946-52), B.Sc. (Hons. Geology), F.G.S., The Larches; Geological Survey Office, Ring Road, Halton, Leeds, 15; geologist.

*D. James Cameron (1935-38), 37 The Square; first assistant county officer, Cowdenbeath.

*George M. Catto (1935-38), 16 Ladeside Road, Port Elphinstone, Inverurie, Aberdeenshire; storekeeper, Aberdeen County Council.

*Donald C. Collie (1934-39), B.Sc. Agriculture (Aberdeen), Tullochgruie, Aviemore; 4 Carden Terrace, Aberdeen; assistant inspector, Dept. of Agriculture for Scotland.

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

W. J. Cruickshank (1933-35), 61 Park Avenue South, Hornsey, London, N.8; sorting clerk, Western District, G.P.O., Wimpole Street, London, W.1.

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

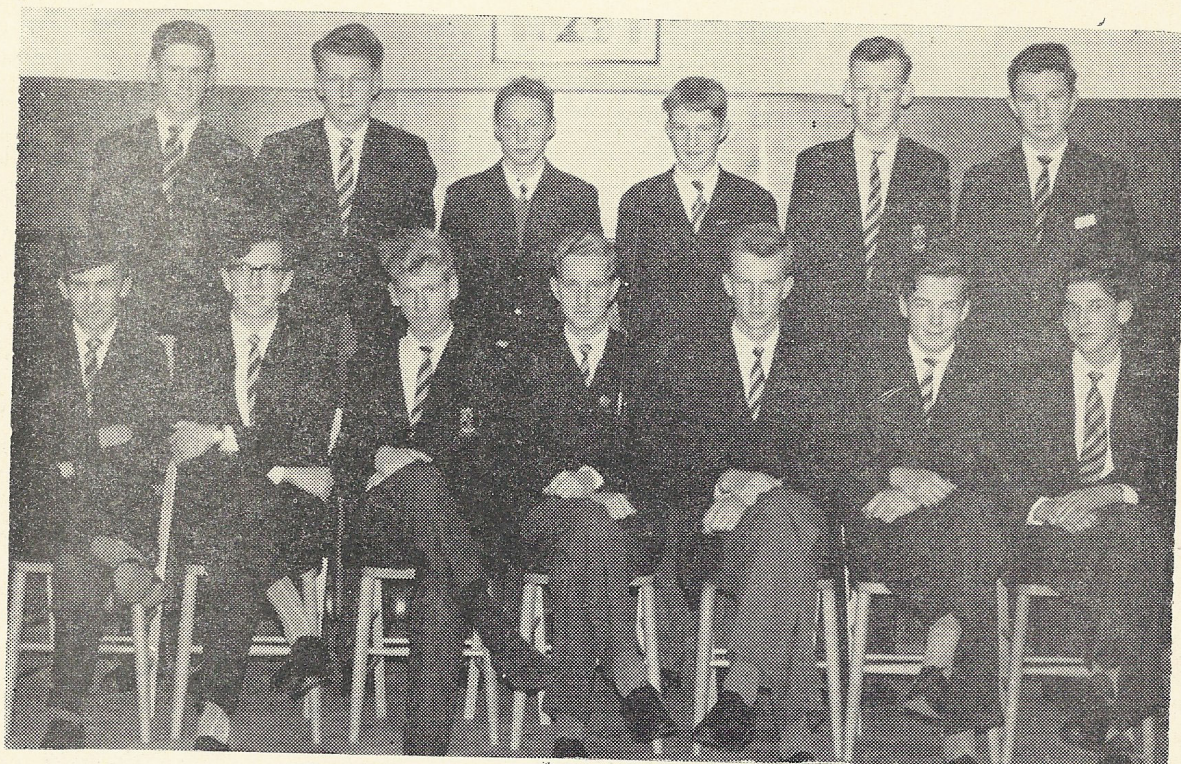
*Walter Dempster (1949-55), M.A., Allt Druidh, Aviemore; c/o Garrow, 74 Rosemount Place, Aberdeen; teacher Echt School, Aberdeenshire.

*G. W. K. Donaldson (1949-54), B.Sc. (Hons.), M.B., Ch.B., 32 The Square; The Residency, Edinburgh Royal Infirmary; house doctor.

*David D. Fraser (1948-53), 74 Grigor Drive, Inverness; Tax Officer, Inverness.

*Robin J. Fraser (1951-57), Belville Cottage, Boat of Garten; 10 Balmakeith Drive, Nairn; apprentice chemist.

*R. J. Douglas Gibson (1940-45), M.B., Ch.B., Glenwhern; Victoria Villa, Allerton, Bradford, 9; medical practitioner.



Boy prefects for 1961-62. Standing (l. to r.)—David Grant, Michael Dewar, Alan Davidson, Alan Mackenzie, Ian Sutherland, Alan Chisholm; seated—Ian Stuart, David Davidson, Michael Forbes, William Reid, David Chisholm, Torquil Mackenzie, Martin Jackson.



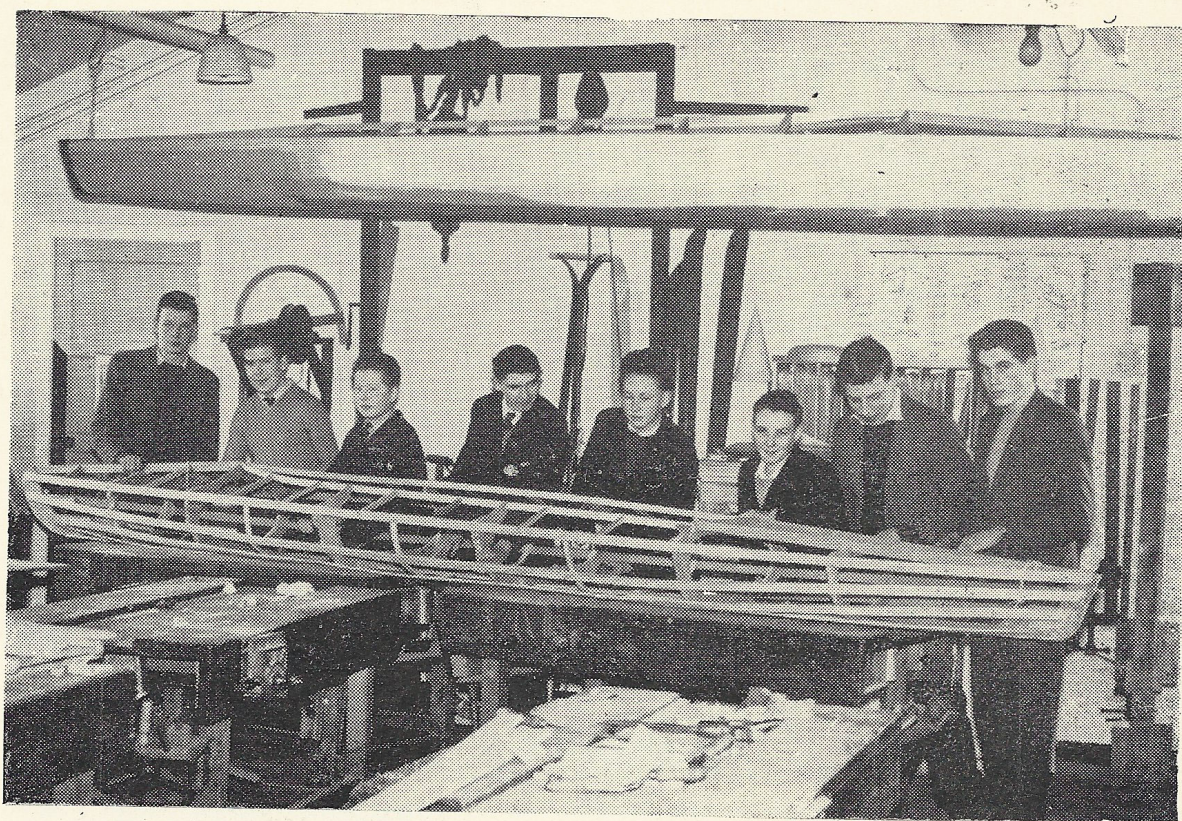
1st Football XI. Standing (l. to r.)—David Davidson, William Reid, Martin Jackson, Michael Forbes (captain), Alan Chisholm, David Grant; kneeling—Sandy Wright, David Chisholm, Raymond Green, Alan Davidson and Ian Sutherland.



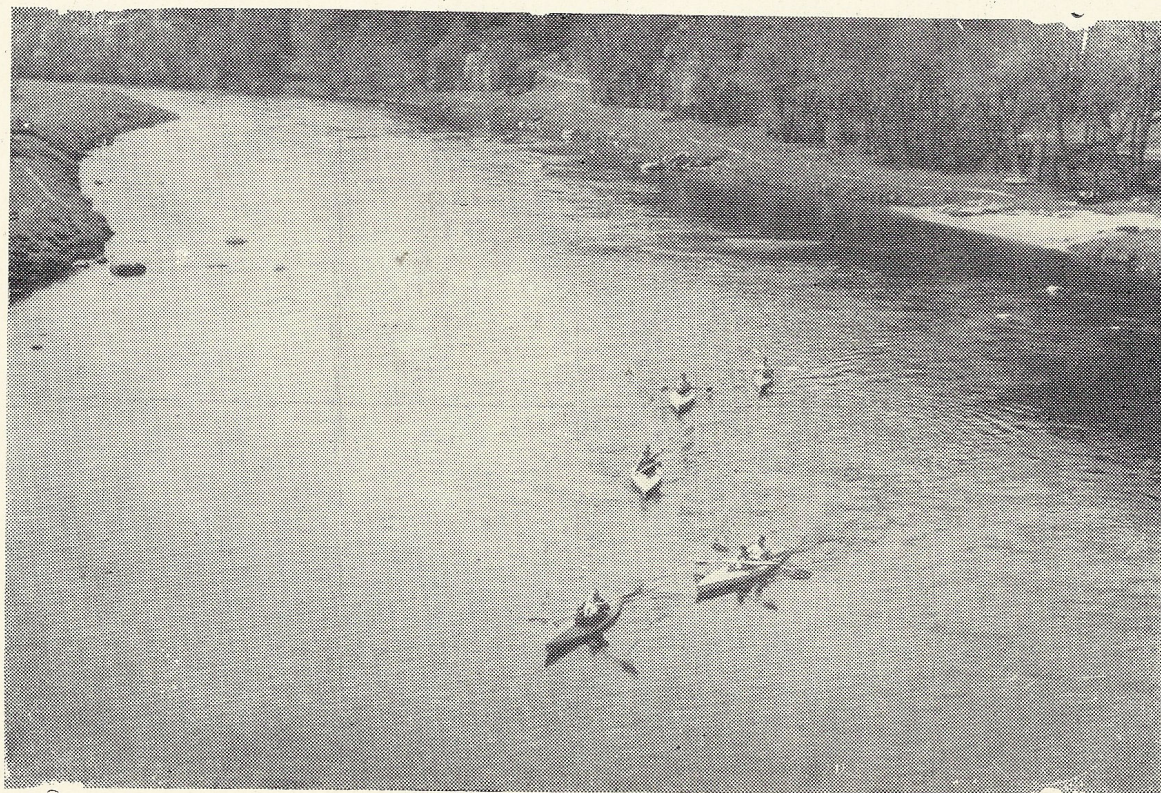
Girl prefects for 1961-62. Standing (l. to r.)—Deirdre Donn Pat Munro, Yvonne Cameron, Karen Macgregor, Carol Green, Maureen Macaulay, Rosemary Dunn; seated — Morag Macgregor, Elizabeth Allan, Helen Miller, Lindsey Stephen (captain), Anne Urquhart (vice-captain), Fiona Donn and Annette Dignan.



Hockey team. Standing (l. to r.)—Maureen Macaulay, Karen Macgregor, Anne Urquhart, Helen Miller, Seonaid MacLure and Lindsey Stephen; kneeling — Rosemary Dunn, June Grant, Rita Stuart, Annette Dignan and Pat Munro.



Members of Class C 111 at work on a group project, a two-seater canoe for school use. (L. to r.) David Love, Bruce Watt, Brian Johnstone, Ian Grant, George Coupland, Kevin Crossey, Robert Love and David Rennie.



The Canoeists set off.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1961-62

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

At the Annual General Meeting held in the Grammar School on Wednesday, 15th November, 1961, at 7.30 p.m., Dr Bain, who presided, welcomed a good attendance of members. Apologies for absence were received from Mrs Spalding, Messrs J. J. Grant, J. Duncan and A. MacLure.

Dr Bain referred to the loss sustained by the Club during the past year by the deaths of Mr James Templeton, Mr Norman Buchan and Mr William Hepburn. Mr Templeton had been one of the oldest members and an Honorary Vice-President for many years. He had always shown the greatest interest in the Club and his fondness for it and for the Grammar School had been especially evident in the splendid article which he had written in the last issue of the magazine on the subject of his schooldays. His death had been a very great loss not only to the Former Pupils' Club and the Grammar School but also to the community at large.

The secretary read the minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting and their adoption was moved by Mr J. G. Bruce, seconded by Mr A. M. Grant.

The financial report, which showed a credit balance at 31st October of £105 15s 9½d, was considered very satisfactory, and its adoption was moved by Miss J. M. Paterson and seconded by Mr G. E. Donaldson. The president paid tribute to the work of the secretary and treasurer, and also to conveners and members of committees, particularly Mr A. M. Grant and Mr G. E. Donaldson.

All office-bearers and members of committee were re-elected as follows:—

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; 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.

A total of 134 copies of the Grammar School Magazine had been sent out by the secretary in December, 1960, and it was unanimously agreed that a free copy would continue to be posted to all exiled life-members. As the

postage on each copy amounted to 5d, and might possibly be more on the 1960 issue, it was agreed that in future the postages would be paid from the School's magazine fund whenever possible. It was also decided that an advertisement would again be inserted in the "Strathspey Herald" when the Magazine was ready for sale. Dr Bain thanked Mr Donaldson and his committee for their work in connection with the Magazine.

Unanimous approval was again given of the award of seven prizes to the Grammar School in 1962 for English, Mathematics, Classics, French, German, Art, and Technical Subjects. Dr Bain expressed the very grateful thanks of the School for these prizes and for Mr Bruce's History Prize.

Mr A. M. Grant reported that the 1961 Annual Reunion Dance would be held in the Palace Hotel on Thursday, 28th December, and that Donald's Band from Forres had again been engaged. The 1960 Reunion had been most successful and all tickets had been sold. Mr Grant did not anticipate any increase in the price of the ticket but could not be absolutely certain until further arrangements had been completed.

Dr Bain reported that 74 members and friends had attended the Biennial Reunion Dinner held on Friday, 24th March, 1961, and the function had been very successful. The next Dinner would be held in 1963.

The following committee was appointed to make arrangements for the 1961 Christmas Reunion:—Mr A. M. Grant (convener), Mrs Archibald, Dr Bain, Messrs J. G. Bruce, A. M. Hastings and F. Calder.

Mr Grant was given power to co-opt members to this committee if necessary.

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

JEANNETTE I. MUNRO.
Honorary Secretary.

Exiles.

*Mrs John Allan (J. Evelyne Geddes), Diploma of Domestic Science (Edinburgh), 67 High Street, Stornoway.

*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), Monaliadh 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 (Continued)

GARDINER.—On 14th April, 1961, to Mr and Mrs Terence H. Gardiner (Wilma J. F. Watt), 71 Friary Crescent, Rushall, Walsall, Staffs. — a daughter (Terry Catriona).

GORDON.—In July, 1961, to Mr and Mrs David C. Gordon (Jessie W. M. Laing), Lower Delliefure—a daughter.

GRANT.—On 23rd July, 1961, to Mr and Mrs William B. Grant (Margaret Cruickshank), Mains of Garten, Boat of Garten—a son (Alexander).

LITTLEJOHN.—On 5th August, 1961, to Mr and Mrs James C. Littlejohn (Elizabeth L. Young), Cairngorm, 170 Addison Road, Rugby—a son (Thomas)—baby died on 6th August.

SUTHERLAND.—On 19th April, 1961, to Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs Gordon Sutherland (Elspit McIntosh), 99 Mill Lane, Albrighton, near Wolverhampton — a son (Colin William).

TEMPLETON.—On 17th February, 1961, to Mr and Mrs William G. Templeton (Rita Marshall), Cairngorm, 2 Brunstane Drive, Edinburgh, 15—a son (David William).

THOMSON.—On 3rd April, 1961, to Mr and Mrs James W. Thomson, 347 Plumstead High Street, Plumstead, London, S.E.18—a son (Sonny Kinnaid).

WILSON.—On 1st November, 1960, to Dr and Mrs David L. Wilson (Ada R. Imray), 247 Wigton Road, Carlisle — a daughter (Christine Shearer).

MARRIAGES

BEATON — McINTOSH. — At the Baptist Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 1st April, 1961, George J. Beaton, Inverness, to Sheena S. R. McIntosh, 8 Castle Road East, Grantown-on-Spey.

COWAN—IRVING.—At the East Church, Inverness, on 2nd September, 1961, Thomas M. B. Cowan, Inverness, to Wilma Irving, Kirkton Cottage, Grantown-on-Spey.

MACGREGOR — LAWRENCE. — At Woodlands Church, Glasgow, on 8th July, 1961, Andrew John MacGregor, 6 Woodburn Place, Grantown-on-Spey, to Patricia Ann Lawrence, 13 Woodend Place, Aberdeen (Bank of Scotland House, Grantown-on-Spey).

DEATHS

BUCHAN.—At Upton Hospital, Slough, on 31st July, 1961, Norman W. E. Buchan, Windyridge, 16 Willow Lane, London Road, Amersham, Bucks. (Grant Arms Hotel, Grantown-on-Spey).

HEPBURN.—At Blackpool, on 10th December, 1960, William Hepburn, husband of Rita Mackay, Craiglynne Hotel, Grantown-on-Spey.

TEMPLETON. — At his home, The Lodge, Castle Grant, on 3rd June, 1961, James Templeton, Croix de Guerre (Gold Star), Honorary Vice-President, Former Pupils' Club.

OLD GUARD FISHING COMPETITION

That ever-popular function, The Old Guard Fishing Competition, took place as usual at Lochindorb during the past season.

In spite of weather conditions which adversely affected catches (the angler's tale), five nights of keen competition were enjoyed by the 'Guards' and the many visitors who joined in the fun.

Having won the trophy for three years in succession, Ian Macpherson started an odds-on favourite, but this was not Ian's year, he took his place among the also-rans, sportingly joining in the congratulations to the ever-popular Hamish Shaw, worthy winner of this year's trophy.

Now winter with its various social functions is upon us, but as we wade through the enjoyments of what may be called the social season, we anglers of the Old Guard look forward eagerly to next season at Lochindorb.

However, before signing off, I take this opportunity of recording our grateful thanks to the Seafeld Estates and to Mr Simpson Shaw, without whose help the competition could not possibly be the outstanding success it is.

A. M. GRANT.

NOTES

Subscriptions for membership and life-membership remain at 3/- and 21/- respectively. These should be paid to Miss Jeanette Munro or Mr A. M. Grant.

Remember the 1962 forms.

The PINES HOTEL

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Mr and Mrs S. A. COOKE

STRATHSPEY CURLERS IN SWITZERLAND

As they say in R.A.F. parlance, "chocks away," and in the short space of fifteen minutes the giant jet Comet was flying at a height of approximately twenty thousand feet.

Yes, the Strathspey Club was one of the four fortunate Scottish clubs to be picked to take part in the British European Airways Curling Cup Competition in Wengen, and, I was one of the four fortunate club members.

Seventy-five minutes after take-off, we found that we were actually gliding down on to the runway of Zurich Airport. There, customs were a mere formality, and the organisation of the B.E.A. from then onwards was in the first "flight." From Zurich, the complete Scottish party, comprising rinks from Dundee, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and ourselves, was conveyed by luxury coach, via Lake Lucerne to Lauterbrunnen. Wengen, our destination, is inaccessible by road, and, from Lauterbrunnen, the journey by mountain railway takes about fifty minutes.

There, at a height of 4260 feet, is the largest winter sports resort in the Bernese Oberland, and snow and ice conditions are normally good from December to April. A cable way of the most modern type, constructed by the world-renowned firm of Von Roll, was recently erected up to the Mannlichen, 7320 feet above sea level, thus providing easy access to the start of a ski-run which is generally acknowledged to be one of the finest in any of the Swiss regions. For the technically minded, the cable length is 5330 feet, the capacity of the cabins is forty persons, and the travelling time is seven minutes. Once on top of the Mannlichen the vista of the 13,000 ft. peaks of the Bernese Oberland, the Lauterbrunnen valley, Grindelwald and the Central Swiss mountains is a sight unique in its splendour.

From the curling point of view the rink did not really excel—nor did we expect to. In the B.E.A. Cup competition, which was the competition highlight of the week, we played four, won one, drew one, and lost two games, thus comparing very favourably with the other Scottish entrants.

As guests of the B.E.A. we were admirably entertained, and, in addition to the curling, our company did not hesitate to take an active part in, and appreciate the various evening entertainments that had been specially arranged for us, and we left Wengen in the knowledge that in our club we have at least one member who revealed some latent talent as a Hawaiian dancer.

J. J. GRANT.

[Editor's Note.—The party comprised Dr and Mrs Williams, Mr and Mrs Grant, Mr and Mrs Jimmy M'Leod and Mr R. Grant, along with Mrs A. M. Grant. As to the potential Hawaiian dancer, I don't think readers will have any difficulty in guessing.]

P.O. Box 356,
Iringa, Tanganyika,
17th July, 1961.

Dear Mr Donaldson,

During my last leave I promised that, on my return to Tanganyika, I would try to write an article for the Grammar School Magazine. That was nearly two and a half years ago and I am still "scratching around" for ideas. My conscience has now begun to prick me because, only the other day, I finalized arrangements to fly home for another leave in a few months' time.

This current tour of duty has again been one of much travelling. We commenced the tour at Tanga, on the coast, where we spent three months. The next stop was at Arusha, in the Northern Province, for one month. We then went on to Tabora, in the Western Province, for fifteen months, and from there to our present station, Iringa, in the Southern Highlands Province.

Our stay at Tabora was highlighted by several incidents which could, no doubt, have been written-up as articles for the Magazine, but by the time that I had furnished lengthy reports to my headquarters I regret that I had lost interest in the subjects.

One of those incidents, in which Mary was also involved, occurred last June. I set out on one of my safaris to check the accounts at one of our Post Offices about 100 miles from Tabora. At approximately the half way mark two of the tyres on my car "blew-out" and as I only carried one spare I found myself stuck in the bush many miles from the nearest village.

The road I was on was closed to heavy traffic at that time of year because of the rains, and most travellers took their cars by train over this particular stretch. I therefore could not hope to be picked up by another vehicle so had to set out and walk to the next village, which I estimated was 50 miles away.

By four o'clock in the afternoon (I broke down at 11 a.m.) I had walked about 20 miles and came to a river which was in flood. On the far bank of the river a lorry was stuck in the mud. The driver had obviously disobeyed the local law regarding "no heavy traffic on this road" and was well and truly bogged down. However, I felt sure that if I could get to the other side of the river I could use my 14 stones to help free the lorry, and I would then obtain a lift on it to the next village.

Just as I was preparing to wade across, a party of Africans, who had apparently been watching me from the bush, walked out in front of me and barred my way. They were evidently not going to allow me to cross, but it was some minutes before I was able to understand that they were warning me that there were crocodiles in the river.

The Headman informed me that there was a railway station only ten miles away, and I could reach it by walking across country on a narrow track through the bush. This did not appeal to me as it would soon be dark, but I was eventually able to persuade two of

the men to make the trip and to ask the stationmaster to send a signal to Tabora for help.

The men set off and I prepared to spend the night in the African camp and await help in the morning.

Some time later, as darkness was falling, I heard a voice calling to me in English from the far bank of the river. He was an Indian and had just arrived in a landrover and discovered that he could not cross the river. The lorry driver had evidently told him that a European was in the African camp, so he wanted to know if he could help me. The man was apparently familiar with this part of the country, and he persuaded me to attempt to cross the river at a point where he reckoned the water was only a few inches deep. In five minutes I was across without even wetting my knees, and to my amazement I was closely followed by ten Africans.

We travelled in the landrover fifty miles to the next village, and that night I slept on the counter of an Indian shop. Next morning I obtained a lift on the footplate of a goods train going to Tabora.

This, however, was not the end of the adventure.

On reaching home I found that Mary, with one of our engineers and a messenger, had gone out on the previous night to bring me home and they had not returned. A party was preparing to go out and search for them so I hopped on the truck and went along too.

We eventually came upon them at a spot only two miles from where my car had stuck on the previous day. In the dark their truck had struck a rock, protruding from the middle of the road, and the sump of the vehicle was smashed. They had had to stay in the vehicle all night because, had they attempted to walk, there was a danger of them being attacked by wild animals.

Needless to say, since then I always carry two spare wheels, and Mary has vowed that she is not going to go searching for me if I ever break down again.

This is a momentous year in the history of Tanganyika, with the attainment of Internal Self Government on 1st May and full Independence to be granted on 9th December. It is to be hoped that the present peaceful state of the country will prevail after Independence.

A week after Independence Day we fly home for what may well be our last leave from Tanganyika. I hope that I shall be asked to return because I do not relish being a "pensioner" at my age?? However, we shall just have to await the pleasure of the "powers that be."

Well, I must end this epistle now. I will try to do something for the magazine next year as some incident of interest may occur in the interim.

Regards to all.

Yours sincerely,

GORDON JACK.

Some Famous Visitors To The Grantown District

Her Majesty's visit to Grantown in August was but one of many visits to this district made by famous people who have secured a place in the pages of history for very varied reasons.

Although Agricola and his Roman legionaries reached Fochabers on their advance up the east coast of Scotland nearly two thousand years ago, it was not until the sixth century that central Strathspey received the first notable visit about which evidence has survived. In the year 564, St Columba made his celebrated visit to the Pictish king, Brude, at Inverness to plead for his Scottish kinsmen, and it was probably on this journey that the saint visited "Fuaran Columkillie", the well in Glenbeg which appears to be the most easterly site in Scotland associated with him. About the same time, the great Irish missionary, St Moluag, whose journeys spanned the Highlands from Skye to Aberdeenshire, gave his name to "Sgire-Moluoc," now the parish of Cromdale. St Moluag's well may still be seen close to the river bank, a few yards downstream from Cromdale Bridge.

The first royal visit to Strathspey may well have occurred as long ago as the thirteenth century, because it is possible that Alexander II used the "Via Regia" when on his way north to punish the people of Caithness for roasting their bishop alive in his own kitchen. This "Royal Road", the first road in Strathspey, was constructed by Alexander's orders to provide an alternative route to Moray from the south, and part of it remains clearly visible near Congash.

Less than a century later, Edward I of England, the "Hammer of the Scots", captured Lochindorb Castle from the Comyns and made it his headquarters for the greater part of September 1303, while he was receiving the submissions of neighbouring nobles. His hunting expeditions from Lochindorb appear to have led him as far as the immediate vicinity of what is now Boat of Garten. Lochindorb again fell into English hands when Edward III, after a hurried march down Strathspey, raised Sir Andrew Moray's siege of the castle in 1336.

The first traveller to write his own account of his impressions of this district was John Taylor, the "Water Poet", an eccentric contemporary of Shakespeare. One of the numerous challenges which he found it impossible not to accept was to sail down the Thames in a boat made of brown paper, using two fish tied to canes as oars — and he actually covered three miles before the paper bottom fell to pieces and he was nearly drowned. Another challenge led to his "pennyless pilgrimage" to Scotland in 1618. While in the Highlands, he visited Balloch Castle (now Castle Grant), "a faire and stately house". "Our cheere," he wrote,

"was more than sufficient and yet much lesse then they could afford us. There stayed there foure dayes, foure Earles, one Lord, divers knights and gentlemen, and their servants, footmen, and horses; and every meale foure longe tables furnished with all varieties. Our first and second course being threescore dishes at one boord; and after that alwayes a banquet; and there if I had not forsworne wine till I came to Edenborough, I thinke I had there dranke my last".

A generation after Taylor's visit, Strathspey several times saw Scotland's noblest, and probably greatest, soldier — James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. During the Civil War he was in command of Charles I's army in Scotland. In 1644 he marched down the valley of the Spey as far as this district, but the unco-operative attitude of the laird, James Grant of Freuchie, led to his withdrawal to Badenoch, where he almost died of fever. A few months later, however, the laird yielded to the pleading of his wife (who was a grand-niece of Mary Queen of Scots and an ardent Royalist) and joined the Royalist army.

After his defeat in the south of Scotland, Montrose retreated to the Highlands, and the end of 1645 found him at Castle Grant. There followed some of the most wretched months in his life, while, with a starving army, he conducted ineffective guerilla war up and down Strathspey. It was here that, on 31st May, 1646, Montrose received the famous letter from Charles I, who had just surrendered to the hostile Scottish army. "You must disband your forces," the King wrote, "and go into France". This was the last, overwhelming blow to all that Montrose had fought for. The final tragic scene in his career was not played until 1650, when the hanging, drawing and quartering of the returned exile brought such unholy joy to the hearts of the Scottish ministers.

Early in the eighteenth century, another minor poet, Aaron Hill (one of Pope's victims in the "Dunciad"), visited Strathspey on several occasions. After inspecting Abernethy forest in 1726, he persuaded the York Buildings Company of London, with which he was connected, to buy 60,000 trees for shipbuilding from Sir James Grant at a cost of £7000. It was Hill who introduced the use of rafts in floating timber down the Spey.

This district received some rather unwelcome visitors during the last Jacobite Rebellion. Lord George Murray (Prince Charlie's chief lieutenant) and a force of Jacobite soldiers captured Castle Grant a month before Culloden, but they did not occupy it for long.

Forty years later, the "Good Sir James", founder of Grantown, welcomed Robert Burns to Castle Grant, which had recently

been extended by the addition of the north front, built to the plans of Robert Adam, the great Scottish architect. Burns brought a letter of introduction from the author Henry Mackenzie (who had married Sir James's sister, Penuel) and a box containing "such light materials as poets sometimes present ladies with" for the laird's youngest sister, Elizabeth.

Burns wrote in his diary: "come to Sir James Grant's — dine — company — Lady Grant a sweet pleasant body — Mr and Miss Bailie Mrs Bailie Dr and Mr Grant Clergymen". The poet's visit was not, however, as uneventful as this short entry suggests. The dinner party in the ancient dining-hall of Castle Grant on that Monday evening in September, 1787, was, in fact, of considerable interest, for it was there that Burns met the young Miss Bailie whom he called "the most beautiful, elegant woman in the world" and whom he later immortalized in his song, "Bonnie Lesley".

Although Burns, who must have passed through Grantown (it was then twenty years old), thought Strathspey "rich and romantic", the next poet to visit it called Grantown "a dull uniform village, not quite so uniform as Rothes, but duller". This unfavourable description was written by Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, as he sat beside a "beautiful peat-fire" in the original Grant Arms inn, on another September evening thirty-two years later. Although he admitted that he had never seen a better fire, he does not seem to have warmed to his surroundings in general, for he wrote that the inn was "no better than a village ale-house". He added that it was kept by an ex-sergeant and his wife, "a forward, vulgar, handsomish woman, from Portsmouth" who "held Grantown in great contempt" and bought her bread in Nairn, "for she never depended for anything upon this place".

Staying with Southey in the "Grant Arms" was Thomas Telford, the greatest engineer of the early nineteenth century. Telford had come to inspect the road which he had recently built between Ballindalloch Bridge and the Old Spey Bridge. The latter bridge had, even then, "tremendous cracks in two of the arches," but Telford "preserved it from the ruin which must otherwise speedily have befallen it".

Many eminent Victorians visited Grantown during the second half of last century. Among them were the poet Swinburne, the scholars Jowett and Spencer, the Liberal leaders John Bright and Sir Henry Camp-

bell Bannerman, and the novelist Marie Corelli. By far the most important to visit Grantown, however, was paid by Queen Victoria herself, in September 1860. To this visit and the very favourable account of it which the Queen later published, Grantown owed much of its initial popularity as a holiday resort.

Travelling incognito as "Lord and Lady Churchill", the Queen and Prince Albert drove up to the door of the old Grant Arms hotel (the original inn was still in existence then) on the evening of Tuesday, 4th September 1860. On alighting, they were shown upstairs to their "very small, but clean" bedroom. Opposite was a "very tidy and well-sized" room in which their dinner was served. This was done by a ringletted maid, because John Brown, who should have waited on them, was "bashful". Although the Queen "did not much relish" the mutton-broth with vegetables, she found the rest of the meal more to her liking — especially the cranberry tart. After dinner, she wrote up part of the day's entry in her diary, while Prince Albert played patience.

The following morning, the royal guests enjoyed a breakfast of "good tea and bread and butter, and some excellent porridge." Outside, in the Square, "it was perfectly quiet, no one stirring except here and there a man driving a cart, or a boy going along on his errand." General Grey, who was accompanying them (as "Dr Grey"), went out for a walk and, on returning, announced that he had bought a watch for £2.

After breakfast, the royal party drove up to Castle Grant, but did not get out because "it was drizzling almost the whole time". When they passed through Grantown again at the start of their journey back to Balmoral, they found that "the murder was out," as the Queen put it. The streets were crowded with people, Mrs Glass, the landlady of the Grant Arms stood waving her handkerchief and the maid who had served them could be seen, her hair still in curl-papers, waving a flag from one of the windows of the inn.

Since Grantown's future prosperity will continue to depend very largely on the tourist trade, it is to be hoped that many more visitors will agree with Queen Victoria's summing-up of her visit to Grantown as "this very amusing and never to be forgotten expedition, which will always be remembered with delight".

G. A. DIXON.

When The Wanderlust Grips

Every schoolboy dreams of one day penetrating a treacherous twilight world of piranhas and crocodiles, snakes and jaguars, and savage natives, where dense forests harbour secrets never revealed to man. Even blasé globetrotters whom the wonders of the world have left unmoved, return from the Amazon with incredible, fascinating tales. So it is no wonder that youngsters put exploring the Amazon high on their list of "things to do".

But alas! for every one who will eventually see Manaus a million will drift, or be manoeuvred by the relentless hands of destiny, into those mundane pursuits which keep society ticking. Most of us have to make do with our dreams.

But we need not despair entirely. We can do our exploring in less exotic surroundings much nearer home.

After all, what is the point of knowing the Amazon before we know the Spey, of looking for crocodiles before we have seen an otter? Here in our own Highlands a man could spend a lifetime investigating a thousand fascinating things and still only reach the perimeter of a hidden world.

Take the Cairngorms, for instance. We scarcely trouble to glance at them, looming darkly against the southern sky. But there is more to them than hikers and ski runs.

Millions of years ago their story started when they were thrown up by titanic subterranean movements. Then they were as high as the Himalayas. For countless ages water, ice and wind did their work until the once towering ranges became a vast, flat tableland. Then came the Ice Age to shroud the hills in a sheet of ice. Slowly, inexorably, the gigantic ice masses moved down the slopes, grinding and gouging and leaving scars which we see to-day as corries. And the process of erosion has never halted. Yet the Cairngorms are still the "highest and wildest compact mountain area of Britain".

Lovely Loch Morlich is famed for its golden sand and crystal waters. But did you know that it was created by a gigantic block of ice which had slid down from the high tops and come to rest in the valley, where it gradually melted, leaving the water-filled depression which we now call Loch Morlich?

Living as we do in the most heavily wooded area of Britain we are inclined to take trees for granted. But they are worth thinking about.

In days gone by, the entire Highlands were a vast area of pine forests which covered even the highest hills, while lower down massive oak trees flourished. The high glens still bear evidence of those once spectacular forests. Glen Gensachan is quite treeless, but its very name means the Valley of the Pines; only crumbling roots and

bleached stumps remain to remind us of its pristine glory.

Only in comparatively recent times did the hills become barren—or at the best, scantily covered by bracken and heather. And the fault was man's. He felled vast areas of prime timber to create poor arable ground, burned whole forests as a means of defence during the Viking raids, destroyed them indiscriminately because they offered sanctuary to wolves and thieves, and sent them up in flames to open up grazings for sheep.

The Forestry Commission is still working to repair some of the damage, to ensure that our descendants will still have the incomparable beauty of wild forests to gaze upon.

The forests teemed with bears and wolves, giant elk and wild boars, wild cattle and deer. And only the deer have survived, to become creatures, not of the forests, but of the high hills. Reindeer have recently been imported, but those pathetic little creatures bear little resemblance to the splendid specimens which once roamed the highest ground.

Not so long ago, even the highest corries were richly clad in clover and sweet grass. Crofters walked knee-deep in herbage where there is now only sour and barren soil; and black-faced sheep brought about the tragic transformation.

Sheep farmers drove out the crofters and turned into their fields sheep which ate the country bare, taking the heart out of the ground and giving nothing in return. The fair hillsides were ruthlessly exploited.

It was a sad day for the Highlands when the first Border farmers were brought north to teach the Highlanders how to farm sheep. They taught them alright—but at what a price!

Much of the glory has gone, but much remains still, to charm and beguile us. The bigger animals may be extinct, but there is still teeming life out there beyond the garden fences where wild creatures go about their business much as they did in days gone by.

Red and roe deer, wild cats, mountain hares, stoats, foxes, pine martens, otters and badgers, golden eagles, peregrine falcons, buzzards, ptarmigans and snow buntings, dotterels, golden plovers, curlews, green-shanks, sandpipers, goosanders, crossbills, caper-caillies, ravens and oyster catchers, salmon, pike, trout, char—all these, and many more creatures besides, are a challenge and a protection from boredom.

Have you ever watched a golden eagle in flight? If not, you have missed something really worth-while. Maybe you think that they are a rarity and that your chances of seeing one are remote. But the estimated eagle population of the Highlands and Islands is about fifteen hundred, and there is no more inspiring spectacle than the effort-

less soaring of this great bird or its plummeting hundreds of feet with closed wings in pursuit of a red grouse. The sight is more than worth a few hours' scrambling over rough ground. And it would be an appropriate way to start the exploration of your ancestral land.

Leave your cars and bicycles at home, because the unexplored places are accessible only on foot. Be proud of your Highland heritage. Don't take for granted the wonders spread around you. Get up among the hilltops where the winds are austere and pure, and you will benefit in body and in mind.

I know that it is fashionable nowadays to "go abroad". But those who for some reason or other cannot do so need not nurse an inferiority complex.

Norwegian snow is no whiter than Cairngorm's; a Hebridean love lilt is as moving as a Swiss yodelling song; our rolling moorlands have no counterpart on the continent; and, in any case, love of our native land surely urges us to get to know **it** intimately before looking for fresh fields to explore.

It is surprising but true that on the Cairngorms one meets more foreigners than natives; because we do not realise what our own land has to offer.

So I shall be happy if this article encourages even one Highlander to get off the beaten track, to spare more than a fleeting glance for the hills of home, to stop yearning for faraway places, and to feel proud and privileged to be a native of the Highlands of Scotland.

IAN D. MACPHERSON.

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

EDITORIAL

As I again greet our far-flung company of F.P.'s I must pay my usual tribute to those who have helped in compiling this section, and especially to Martin and Jeanette. They have both done nobly in collecting the statistics. Those who returned their forms have also helped us immensely, as much news would otherwise have passed us by.

I am also indebted to our contributors. I have already articles from Gordon Jack in far Tanganyika, from George Dixon, who is the local authority on the Grantown of the past, and from Ian Macpherson, whose fertile fancy seems always able to conjure up something new and wonderful. I expect further efforts from Jimmy Grant and Martin; and who knows what else may turn up? I feel that it will all be worth your perusal.

Finally may I welcome the five new recruits of the year, Mrs McLaren, Jane Stewart, George Coutts, Johnny Stuart and Alistair McLeod. I trust a great many more will rally round in 1962.

LOCAL

We had our third bi-ennial F.P. Dinner and Social Evening last March, and on this occasion the guests of honour were three retired lady teachers, Miss Hetty Gray, Mrs McGillivray and Mrs McLaren, each of whom, in different spheres of teaching, had given most valuable service to the School. Tribute was paid to them by Doctor Bain, and Mrs McGillivray replied. At this function we also welcomed a number of distant F.P.'s who rejoined us for the evening.

In spite of a very indifferent summer, following a mild winter, Grantown has had a good visiting season. The ski-slopes used were remote, but they were busy. The delightful new ski-road has done yeomen service, and the new ski-lift is progressing.

It has also been a "royal" season. In March the Duke of Edinburgh visited the skiing grounds and met the officials concerned. In August Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by the Duke, paid a brief and charming visit to Grantown. Several of our F.P.'s were among those presented; and it was interesting to see the Duke having a long chat with Mrs Mackay of Craiglynn, and also conversing with our esteemed veterans, ex-Provost Glass and ex-Provost Cumming.

I wonder how many know that Doctor Bain, our present rector, coached Prince Philip in Science in his Gordonstoun days.

Our curlers again visited Switzerland this spring—and took their wives with them, except that Martin's wife accompanied her father-in-law. We hope Jimmy Grant does justice to the expedition.

Margaret Fraser has recently joined her sister in the School, a suitable arrangement now that their home is in Grantown. The two sisters toured the Holy Land this sum-

mer, and perhaps we shall hear more of that anon.

Doctor and Mrs Williams, after their Swiss outing, had another happy occasion this summer when ex-rugby star Doctor Hugh Williams married the sister of another rugby star.

As we go to press, we hear that Craiglynn, remarkable product of Mrs Mackay's planning genius, is for sale. It is difficult to imagine it in other hands.

OF THE FORCES

With the passing of National Service, the numbers in this section diminish, though I note that three leavers of 1961, John Grant, David Robertson and John Templeton have joined the R.N., the R.A.F. and the Army respectively. Grantown must now have many young lads in the services.

We are pleased to see John H. Stuart, along with John Clark and Brian McKerron, among our Old Guards. Johnny, now in Cyprus, was pipe-major of the R.A.F. Halton Station Pipe Band and also has his photo on the cover of the R.A.F. recruiting folder, "Highway for Youth". We congratulate John Clark on his promotion to sergeant. Brian is still at Halton.

We must also congratulate David Ross and Ian Walker on becoming sergeants. David is back from the Persian Gulf, to Wales.

We congratulate Angus Mackintosh for another reason. The fascination of a pair of Irish eyes has induced him to forsake his single state.

Alexander D. Smith has retired from the navy after 22 years of service which he can look back to with satisfaction. He has found a job with the N.S.P.C.C.

Stanley Wright will have finished his spell of National Service soon, when he returns from Soissons to be demobbed. Stanley was on leave this summer in Grantown, escorting a charming young lady from the South.

OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

Elsewhere in these pages the reader will note happy events connected with the Craigs (Dorothy Calder), the Cunninghams (Mona Scott), the Frasers (Elma Mitchell), the Gardiners (Wilma Watt), the Gordons (Jessie Laing), the Grants (Margaret Cruickshank), the Sutherlands (Elspit McIntosh), and the Wilsons (Ada Imray). Jimmy Thomson in London has also added to his family responsibilities, while Billy and Rita Templeton are also blessed with a son.

We shall mention more specifically the Old Guardsmen who have extended their commitments. Frank Calder has a son (John), Douglas Gibson, a second son (Guy McGrigor), Doctor Sandy Mackenzie, a son (Alistair James), John Duncan, a son (Edward John), and Ronald McIntyre, a son (Ronald Ewen). By way of contrast Jock Winchester has had the gift of a daughter (Margaret Anne).

Elsewhere too are recorded the marriages of Sheena McIntosh, Wilma Irving and Pat Lawrence. Pat's marriage to Johnny MacGregor is the culmination of a romance that began at school.

We have already referred to Angus Macintosh's marriage to Sheevann Cook.

Iain Burgess's bride is M. Anne Steven, a young lady from Thornhill.

Jim Johnson has found a bride and happiness in London.

Alan McTaggart's life partner, Josephine Thomas, hails from Lismore.

Finally, Donald McIntosh of Rosehall has wed Patricia Mary Aitken, a bride from Aberdeen.

To all these young folks we wish health and happiness.

OF STUDENTS AND LEAVERS

In these days when students are increasingly aided with grants, but increasingly expected to justify the support they receive, it is good to be able to report further successes of some of our F.P.'s.

Our senior student at Edinburgh, Keith Donaldson, acquired two further degrees in July when he graduated M.B., Ch.B., thus closing a distinguished university career. Keith made his mark in 1957 by achieving a distinction in Physiology and Biochemistry in his Second Professional. In 1958 he took a First Class Honours B.Sc. degree in Physiology. Back in his medical course in 1959, he won four class medals, including that for best student of the year. In his final year he won the Murchison Scholarship in Clinical Medicine, and the Beaney Prize in Anatomy and Surgery. He is now doing his hospital year at Edinburgh Infirmary.

At the same July graduation Neil McTaggart, who graduated M.A. in 1959, received the additional degree of LL.B. Neil's career is also one of which we are proud.

A younger Former Pupil, Torquil MacKenzie, graduated in Arts at Aberdeen after three years at Aberdeen University. Torquil now goes on to his T.C. course.

A success comparable with these is that of Billy Grant, who left school three years ago to join the firm of Baker Perkins. Billy achieved his Higher National Diploma in Engineering.

We also note the success of Amelia Edwards, who, T.C. course at Dundee completed, takes up a teaching career at Aberdeen.

The above are the most outstanding successes of the year that have come to our knowledge; and we hope there may be others coming along in the near future.

Now for the Grammar School personnel at the universities.

Aberdeen has been strongly reinforced. Andrew Reid and Arthur Jackson follow the footsteps of D. D. Chisholm in Medicine, while Betty Kirkwood and Iris Forbes join Lorna Stephen in the Arts Faculty.

At St Andrews, Marjory Mackintosh is now a lone representative.

At Edinburgh we still have several

students, the newcomers being George Dixon, now in quest of a Science degree, and Graham Grant in Medicine.

At Glasgow, we are still represented by George Coutts in Veterinary, Colin Keith in Dentistry, and Elizabeth Lovie in Medicine.

We have no fewer than ten students at the ordinary Training Colleges for teaching, plus two in training at Athole Crescent. The latest recruits are Margaret McLennan, in P.T., and Jacqueline Grant and Gladys George at Moray House. One of the students, Douglas McInnes, "helped out" at the Grammar School in September.

Grantown recruits to nursing are so numerous that we feel unable to list them all. There are at least five at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, where Betty Sim is now qualified and a staff nurse. We recently heard glowing reports of these nurses from an inside source.

Then we have Valerie Dewar doing a Commercial College Course in Glasgow, and Kay Hepburn still on her Hotel Management Course.

At Gordon's College Harry MacGregor and Irene McKenzie embark on the very testing course which leads to a Diploma in Pharmacy.

One of our fourth year boys, James Grant, secured entry to the Civil Service, while two of our fourth year girls, Valerie Wright and Christine Foy, qualified to enter the Telephone Exchange.

Readers will also be glad to know that John McPhail, who left for Kelso in 1960, has completed his Highers Group and now enters the Art College at Edinburgh.

There are others of our leavers who are awaiting developments, and there are also the younger leavers who have found employment locally. Space forbids a full round-up on these.

OF EXILES

We must congratulate Mrs John Allan (Evelyne Geddes) on her husband's appointment as Sheriff at Stornoway.

Mr and Mrs Braid (Pat Gibson) have been seen quite often in Grantown this summer. Mr Braid is also in on the organisation of the Dunera cruises. They have bought a new home in St Andrews.

Among those back on holiday in Grantown this summer were Mrs Boyne (Doris Cameron), Mrs Christie (Isobel Bain), and Miss Butter, looking very much as she was when she left us ten years ago.

Welcome guests at our Re-Union Dinner were Mr and Mrs Angus (Ella Wood), and Mr and Mrs Ian Forbes, all from Elgin.

Seonaid Grant's nursing career may soon terminate in view of her approaching marriage.

Another summer visitor was Mrs Greenwood (Mary Winchester).

Mrs Lugg was back from the Phillipines for a brief visit in September.

We note the appointment of Mrs Mackenzie (Jessie Campbell) to Aberlour. She paid a visit to Grantown this summer with her sister, Mrs Morrison, widow of the famous universities M.P.

Grace Kirk, by the way, was one of those presented to the Lord High Commissioner at General Assembly and attended the Garden Party at Holyrood.

Mrs Fred Munro (Gertrude Lawson), now in Folkstone, will be nearer her sisters there.

Mrs MacLaren (Sheila MacDougall) was again home on vacation from S. America in 1961. Mrs Naughton (Marie Shaw), recently in the U.S.A., was also on a visit here.

Mrs Orander (Mary Cruickshank), revisited her home town from distant Sweden.

Margaret Smith's engagement was also announced this summer. We congratulate both parties.

Mr and Mrs Wilson (Ada Imray), are now settled, after some vicissitudes, in Carlisle.

Mr Percy Williams, who still retains his business interest in jute, was on a fairly extended holiday with Doctor Williams this summer.

John Beaton is now teaching in the R.A.F.

Iain Burgess has set up home in Leeds, where he works for the Geological Survey of Great Britain.

Robin Fraser is doing his practical year in Pharmacy at Nairn.

Sandy Gordon recently took up an appointment as lecturer in French at the University of Manitoba.

We are glad to hear that Marr and Edward Illingworth are well and to have got their addresses straight.

We congratulate John Irving on his promotion.

Rumour has it that Gordon Jack may return from Tanganyika. If so, we are glad to have got an account of at least one of the adventures of a postmaster in tropical Africa.

We hope Laurence Jack is recovered from illness.

Johnny and Pat MacGregor have set up home in Essex, on the fringes of London.

Doctor Sandy Mackenzie, one of a famous trio, is settled in as assistant at Rhynie.

Keith McKerron is still in Tanganyika. We congratulate him on his promotion.

Bertie Mackintosh seems always to be drawn into the swirl of extra-mural school activities. This summer he was cruising with the Dunera in Scandanavian waters.

Raymond Philip, business consultant in the U.S., still makes an occasional homeward dash across the Atlantic.

Bob Philip has finished with St Andrews and is due to enter the business world. You never know what Bob is up to — candidate as red-headed publicity piper, TV appearance, and recently one of a Grantown party that—believe it or not—beheld the Loch Ness Monster.

A special word of congratulation to Victor Ross, who has been appointed assistant regional manager of Scotland to British Insulated Callender's Cables, Ltd.

The Surtees family have all achieved promotion. Alistair is now an Executive Officer in the War Office, to which he was transferred in 1959 from the Ministry of Supply. Robert has been promoted Inspector in the Southend Police. Inspector Richard Surtees has been

transferred to Traffic Patrol duty from Southwark Police Station.

Dr Billy Sellar is to be congratulated on his new degree. We hear he is not returning to Singapore.

Nicholas Spence is now a student apprentice engineer in Bristol.

David Williamson, transferred to Inverness, is no longer overseas.

We occasionally see Jock Winchester back in Grantown, though the new member of the family must now be considered in travelling.

OBITUARY

One of the most attractive Magazine articles we have received was that contributed last year by Mr James Templeton. In it he called up a vivid picture of his school days in Grantown. School days past, Mr Templeton took up life in Grantown, and from 1912 till 1954 he was employed by the Strathspey Estate as electrician and plumber at Castle Grant. He served with distinction with the Seaforths in World War I., rose to the rank of Company Sergeant Major, was awarded the Croix de Guerre, and was severely wounded.

On resuming civilian life, he took an active part in the community—in the church, in musical circles, in masonic matters and in bowling. He was keen, eager, friendly and humorous, an extremely live and likeable personality, a citizen of natural distinction.

Mr Templeton was a loyal Former Pupil. His own children all played their part in school life; two of them became graduates, and Billy, a banker, did inestimable service as secretary of the Old Guard. Mr Templeton sometimes regretted the fact that he himself left school fairly young; but he was an F.P. of whom the Grammar School could well be proud. He will be greatly missed.

Former Pupils will also learn with regret of the passing of Norman Buchan, who died peacefully in hospital at Slough, Bucks. Though long removed from Grantown, he had kept up the connection with the town and our club.

Another untimely death of a club member was that of Willie Hepburn, so well known in badminton circles in this area in former days.

We condole with Mrs Milner in the loss of her husband at a comparatively early age, and with Dr Robertson in the loss of his wife.

Younger club members who remember Elsie Young at school will grieve to hear that she and her husband lost their little baby, who was born and died in August.

We also condole with Nicholas Spence, whose year at college was clouded by his mother's illness and death.

IN CONCLUSION

We conclude with the usual apology to all whose ups and downs we have failed to record. Please remind us for another year, as our F.P.s are a big family to keep an eye on.

Meanwhile, to all, far and near, mentioned and unmentioned, we send our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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