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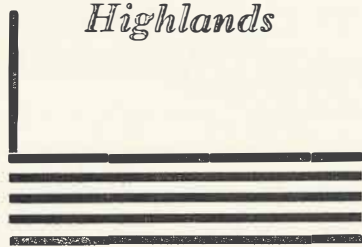
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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 34

DECEMBER, 1962.

Editor—Allan D. Chisholm.

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

Advertising Managers — Christobel Terris,
Ann Stewart, Elspeth Gow, Jill Hepburn.

Editorial

IN a world changing so rapidly as to be bewildering, our readers will note with relief that this magazine still maintains basically its traditional form.

The trend of articles, however, reveals the increasing tendency of modern times to travel to a' the airts.

The skiing holiday in Norway organised by the school best illustrates this. It was, for a school of this size, a mammoth undertaking, but, as one can gather from reading the articles about it, enterprise was once again richly rewarded. The only mishap to mar this holiday was an accident to Mr Corpe, who had slaved to make the project a success, and who, as we are all delighted to see, has now almost completely recovered.

Although the trip to Norway was the highlight of the school year, other activities were not neglected. In the realm of sport the school had varying success, with the golf team, perhaps, having the most encouraging results.

This year the Leaving Certificate examinations were not held until May, and the former Lower Grade was replaced by Ordinary Grade, so enabling fourth year pupils to sit

the examinations for the first time. Unavoidably this complicated matters considerably, but the results were very favourable nonetheless.

While life in the Grammar School is gliding harmoniously along, there is strife in plenty in the world at large. Berlin, and Checkpoint Charlie in particular, continues to be a hot spot, and at home the railways are still a nagging headache for the nation. Dr Beeching's policy is to close lines to make the railways pay; the railway unions will prevent the railways from paying by striking if lines are closed; and the bewildered public sit dismally on the fence.

The Common Market is still a moot point, with every judgment imaginable having been passed on it, and many politicians are still undecided. But, though "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," I do not propose to give my humble opinion here.

After the above sketchy synopsis of current affairs, I now turn to the main purpose of this editorial. In presenting this, the thirty-fourth edition of the Grammar School Magazine, may I wish all its readers a Happy Christmas and Prosperity in the Coming Year.

THE RECTOR'S LETTER

Dear Editor,

At the request of the Editorial staff I have put on to paper the many changes that have taken place over the past ten years.

Gone is the old Science laboratory, and I mean old, and in its place is the present Geography room, while the old Cookery room furnishings (Room 8) have been replaced by more modern science room benches. The Middle Room (Room 4) is now the Biology room (known to the authorities as the classroom with the sink and calor gas container). The new Science Room and Canteen Building was opened on 15th May, 1956, before which time we used to freeze at canteen in winter time in the former South Church hall. This same church hall is now elaborately heated with wall fan heaters and used as the classroom for Primary 4. The roof ventilator cans were removed some years ago to keep the main school warm in winter, and just a week ago we went over from anthracite to oil firing and all ancillary heating has been removed. It is too early yet to decide that our heating problems are over, but the new system has far greater potential and is much more efficient than the old and should prove to be completely effective even in the coldest weather. We now possess a school stage as the result of our concert in June, 1959, and we hope to extend it in the forthcoming concert at Christmas time. The replacement of the Victorian lavatory block at the bottom of the boys' playground by a more modern one and the introduction of hot water geysers and paper towelling in the cloak and staff-rooms complete the structural changes and make for more hygienic running of the school.

There have been changes of staff (only seven members who were here in 1952 remain), changes of school chaplains and of school conveners, changes of holidays, changes of roll and of certificate examinations—and all in a period of ten years. In a decade the roll has not only stepped up by twenty per cent., but the ratio of secondary to primary pupils has risen from 2 to 3 up to 7 to 6. At least one-third of our secondary pupils travel to school each day by bus from the surrounding district, and we now have Dava and Achmarrow pupils attending from Primary I upwards, and all Inverness-shire academic pupils from Boat of Garten, Nethy-bridge, Carrbridge and Duhaig-Bridge come here at the beginning of Secondary I. This year, with the new Scottish Certificate of Education, we have had our first presentation in the 4th year on the new 'O' grade. Before 1962, our presentation, including Arithmetic totalled about 115; this year we had 266—quite a change! Our former-pupils continue to do well in university, college and other institutions, and our best year's results at the first mentioned were obtained in 1958 with three first and two second class Honours Degrees and with representation at all four Scottish Universities.

We have added to our equipment in several departments and to our teaching aids with tape-recorder, portable wireless sets, micro and Aldis projectors, while on the games side our hockey posts no longer have

to be hooked on to the goalposts in the Black Park, but remain fixed on the school field during the playing season. In addition, the school possesses 26 sets of skis, which have been well used during the past three years.

We have had three Sales of Work, and the total amount collected has increased considerably each time—£240 in 1954, £340 in 1958, and the remarkable sum of £500 in 1961.

Our extra-mural activities cover a wide field and have been stepped up in the past three or four years. Our pupils have been abroad as a group three times in the past two years—France in July, 1960, and July, 1961, Norway in April, 1962, as well as taking part in an educational cruise round Scotland in the M/S "Dunera" in 1961. Our efforts in athletics produced the best results for Primary pupils in 1961, when we won the Murray Cup at Kingussie and the Moray and Nairn County Cup at Elgin; while in the Secondary School 1956 was our best year, when we were runners-up to Nairn Academy in the senior section, and joint-champions with Elgin Academy in the junior section. We are just starting our fifth season of swimming at Elgin Baths, and many of our pupils can now swim as a result of those visits. Over the period we have had better team results in hockey than in football, and our ventures in skiing, golf and tennis, in which there has been additional coaching, have been highly successful.

From 1953 to 1962, Cairngorm Badges have been won by fifteen boys and eleven girls. Individuals who have brought honour to the school, while attending it, were George Mc Innes, our football captain, who, in 1957, was chosen as reserve centre-forward by the Scottish Amateur F.A. for the final trial before selecting the final Amateur International team to play Ireland—as the newspapers said at the time—a unique honour for a North of Scotland schoolboy!; Betty Kirkwood for her long jump records in the County sports meetings and, in a different field, for the Travel Scholarship she won in 1960, taking her to Germany, which resulted in the return visit of Wolfgang Markowski from Kunzelsau, Germany; Colin Keith, who was 3rd in the Open Javelin event at the S.S.A.A.A. meeting at Glasgow in 1958—our first pupil to obtain a place at the Scottish meeting—and who then went on to become Glasgow University and Scottish Universities Javelin champion; and David Davidson for the essay which brought the R.N.L.I. Shield for Scotland to Moray and Nairn for the first time in session 1960/61.

I have tried to remember all the important changes that have taken place in school in the past ten years, but will no doubt have omitted something. When I was introduced to the school ten years ago, I said that I hoped to look after the physical and mental welfare of the pupils—I think that the foregoing will substantiate my claim to having done so. Floreat G.G.S.

Best wishes to all our readers for Christmas and the New Year.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES BAIN.

SCHOOL NOTES.

A School Sale on November 30, opened by Lady Reidhaven and well supported by parents, pupils and staff, realised the sum of £500.

Wolfgang Markowski, a German interchange student, left on December 15 after three months at the School. Presenting him with a book on Strathspey on his departure, the Rector complimented him on being "an excellent ambassador for his country."

An Art Quiz on the Art Notice Board has been a feature of school life in late years. The session series were "Odd Man Out" and "Whodunit."

A Burns anniversary entertainment was held in school on January 24.

Miss Glasgow, P.T. mistress, received a presentation on February 22, prior to her marriage.

On March 17 ski-ing tests for First and Second Stars were given at Dirdhu; and on March 24 School skiers took part in open Junior Slalom races on Coire Cas.

On April 1, 23 pupils, 5 F.P.'s and Dr Bain, along with Mr Corpe, Dr Henderson and Mr R. Ross, set out for a fortnight's ski-ing holiday at Geilo in Norway.

At Easter David M. Macdonald, a Grammar School pupil, was awarded a Ski Scholarship of £100 at the Scottish Junior Ski Championships held in Glencoe.

Examinations for the Leaving Certificate, now held in May instead of March, and for the new O-Level Certificate, began on May 7. The Rev. G. B. Johnston again supervised, assisted by Mrs J. B. McLaren. There were 24 entrants from V-VI and 22 from IV.

May 11-14 was Glenmore Week-End, attended by 28 pupils and 6 members of staff. Two parties of 6 attended subsequent County camps at Glenmore.

School golf was resumed in May under the guidance of Mr Hendry; and Primary pupils resumed their visits to the Elgin baths under the direction of Dr Bain and Mrs Reid.

Pupils from the School took part in the Mod held in Grantown, in the Badenoch Musical Festival and in the National Mod held at Oban.

Rev. G. B. Johnston was the Commonwealth Day speaker on May 24.

School pupils also took part in the Badenoch Primary School Sports, the Moray and Nairn Primary School Sports and the Moray and Nairn Secondary School Sports.

Six pupils and Mr Reid attended a School to University Conference at Elgin on June 18.

Grammar School pupils benefited by tennis coaching from the professional engaged by the local club during the week June 29-July 6.

A Trial by Jury, arranged by Mr Donaldson, English Master, was performed by pupils of Secondary V-VI on July 10.

Three members of staff resigned at end of session, namely, Mrs Mackay (Miss Glasgow), P.T. mistress, Mr Hogg, Music master, and Mr Aitken, Technical assistant.

Dr Thomas MacLaren, former Director of Education for Moray and Nairn, addressed the audience at the prize-giving on July 12. Mrs MacLaren presented the prizes. Dr Joseph Grant presided.

Martin R. Jackson was Dux Medallist for the Session, and Alan G. Davidson was Proxime Accessit. Both of them achieved the School possible of five Highers and two O-Levels.

Last year's Dux Medallist, M. Lindsey Stephen, was awarded a £30 bursary at Aberdeen University Bursary Competition.

Marjory Mackintosh, a former Dux Medallist, graduated as B.D.S. at St Andrew's University in July.

The 22 Secondary IV pupils who sat O-Level examinations had an aggregate of 123 passes.

The 24 entrants from Secondary V-VI had 49 Higher passes, 3 passes in Advanced Subjects and 54 O-Level passes. The number of Higher passes constitutes a School record, while the 15 Higher passes in English are also a record for any subject.

Pupils were presented in Geography for the first time, 7 out of 8 pupils achieving O-Level passes.

Anne S. Urquhart, of Secondary VI, was awarded a Cairngorm Badge.

School resumed on September 3 with a roll of 437, 204 Primary and 233 Secondary.

Three new part-time teachers joined the staff at beginning of session, viz., Mrs Waddell (Music), Mrs Arthur (P.T.) and Mr Ingram (Technical Subjects).

Mrs Ross now gives Primary 5-6-7 tuition in Oral French, and Mrs Mackintosh gives instruction in General Science to Primary 7.

The School has been gifted a copy of Roget's "Thesaurus" by Stanley J. W. Buchan.

Oil-heating, with additional radiators, has been installed in school. The system began operating on October 10.

Dr Bain has now completed ten years as Rector of the School.

1962 SCOTTISH LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS

Below are the complete results of Class VI over two sittings, 1961 results in brackets:—

- David R. Davidson—H. Tech., Dynamics (H. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. Sc., L. Tech., Arithmetic).
 Annette M. Dignan—H. Eng., O. Hist., H. Art, O. Arith. (L. Eng., L. Maths., H. Fr.).
 Fiona Donn—H. Eng., O. Hist., O. Maths., O. Chemistry, O. Bot., O. Arith. (L. Eng., H. Fr.).
 Michael J. Forbes—Adv. Geom. (H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Fr., L. Latin, H. German, Arithmetic).
 Morag McGregor—H. Home Management, O. Chem., O. Bot. (L. Eng., L. Homecraft).
 Torquil MacKenzie—H. Eng. (L. Eng., L. Hist., H. Maths., L. Fr., H. Sc., H. Tech., Arithmetic).
 Helen M. Miller—H. Eng., H. Maths., O. Arith. (H. Sc., H. Fr.).
 William T. Reid—H. Eng., H. Sc. (H. Maths., H. Fr., L. Latin, L. Sc., Arithmetic).
 Ian D. Stuart—H. Maths., H. German, O. Hist. (H. Eng., L. Maths., H. Fr., L. German, Arithmetic).
 E. Anne Urquhart—H. Eng., El. Analysis (L. Eng., H. Maths., L. Fr., H. Sc., Arithmetic).

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

- Elizabeth E. Allan—O. Eng., O. Home Management.
 Yvonne A. Clameron—H. Eng., H. Fr., O. Hist., O. Maths., O. Arith., O. Chem.
 Allan D. Chisholm—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. Sc., O. Hist., O. Arith.
 David M. Chisholm—H. Maths., H. Sc., H. Tech., O. Art, O. Arith.
 Alan G. Davidson—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Fr., H. Sc., H. Tech., O. Hist., O. Arith.
 J. Michael Dewar—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Sc., O. Fr., O. Hist., O. Arith.
 Deirdre Donn—O. Eng., O. Arith., O. Bot., O. Home Management.
 Rosemary Dunn—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German, O. Maths., O. Arith.
 Caroline M. Green—H. Eng., H. Fr., O. Hist., O. Maths., O. Arith., O. German.
 Martin R. Jackson—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Latin, H. Fr., H. Sc., O. Hist., O. Arith.
 Karen L. H. Macgregor—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Fr., O. Hist., O. Arith., O. Physics, O. Chem.
 P. Allan MacKenzie—O. Eng., O. Hist., O. Geog., O. Arith., O. Appl. Mechanics.
 Patricia A. Munro—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German, O. Hist., O. Maths., O. Arith.
 Iain G. Sutherland—H. Maths., H. Fr., H. Sc., O. Eng., O. Hist., O. Arith.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

DAVID CHISHOLM (School Captain) looks down with benevolent eye on lesser beings who dwell in lower altitudes.

DAVID GRANT (Vice-Captain) shoulders also the arduous task of captaining the football team, a job to turn anyone's hair grey, though David's vivid locks show no sign of change.

KAREN MACGREGOR (Head Girl) occasionally tries to assume a dignity worthy of her position and even more occasionally succeeds for a short time.

DEIRDRE DONN (Deputy Head Girl) has an air of quiet efficiency as she aids Karen in her duties.

ALAN DAVIDSON (Athletics Captain) is a good trier. He justifies his position by smashing the School-cross-country record.

IAIN SUTHERLAND (Cricket Captain) is a Jack-of-all-sports, but found especial attractions at the tennis courts this summer.

ROSEMARY DUNN (Hockey Captain) sheds her usual demure smile for a ferocious scowl when leading her warlike Amazons into combat.

ALLAN CHISHOLM, since arriving as a resident in Grantown, has become a sort of general handyman. Fitly enough he acts as Secretary of the Prefects Court and edits this magazine.

RITA STUART (Games Secretary) has a wide range of interests and does pretty well among them all.

JAMES MACPHERSON (Librarian and Museum Curator) upholds a post of distinction, but is his interest in pop records in keeping with the traditions of his job?

ERIC MACKENZIE, athletic but injury-prone, NEIL STUART, our budding Alfred Hitchcock, and JOCK GEORGE, our fourth year neophyte, figure in some of the minor offices, while JUNE GRANT, petite but game, and JACLYNN WOOD, not petite but also game, do likewise among the girls.

Of our common or garden girl prefects, MAUREEN MACAULAY and SEONAI McLURE shine in the realm of Gaelic song, while DAVIS THOMSON does likewise in the realm of Highland dancing; GILL ROSS and CAROL GREENE figured among our Eastertide skiers in Norway; MONA GRANT still excels in recitation; while the capable and sedate CHRISTOBEL TERRIS represents fourth year.

Of their boy counterparts NORMAN BRECKENRIDGE can still impart fire to a Burns recitation; GILLIES CAMPBELL has varied Celtic gifts, including a fine singing voice; BRIAN LAMB is no wolf in sheep's nomenclature; and these steady-going youths JIMMY GRANT, GRANT MACINTOSH and DOUGLAS URQUHART make up the complement of our prefectorial staff.

WITH THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN NORWAY

(Contributed)

At long last the day arrived, and our ski party, thirty strong, left Grantown-on-Spey by rail for Newcastle, staying overnight in Edinburgh en route. Two former-pupils, John and 'the Admiral', joined the group on the way, and we sailed from Newcastle on 2nd April, to the accompaniment of 'gale warning in the North Sea' from the meteorological office.

A stormy crossing laid many of us low, but we all bobbed up next morning to watch our liner, 'S/S Leda', sail into Bergen. Snow was falling steadily as we disembarked, all keen to get on to Geilo. Luggage and skis moved like clockwork from boat to train, and soon we were on our way up into the mountains. The five-hour journey passed quickly as we travelled through deep gorges, along the sides of frozen lakes and round the mouths of beautiful corries all deep in snow. We stopped at ski resorts, the names of which we knew before we left Scotland—Voss, Mjølfiell, Myrdal, Finse, Utsaøset and finally Geilo. Soon we were settled in the Ungdomsherberge (hostel) — girls in a dormitory, boys and adults in rooms with bunks for four.

Geilo, at 2625 feet, is a first-class winter resort, growing more and more popular every year. It has made full use of its natural potentialities for winter sports, with ski-tows, chair-lifts, toboggan runs and sleigh-rides. It is beautifully situated between central mountain ranges and eastern valleys on the Oslo-Bergen railway, almost equidistant from the two cities.

On our first day we were introduced to our ski-instructor Arne Geilo, who very quickly put us through our paces on the snow slopes above Geilo. The whole group took the ski chair-lift up to Geilohogda (3700 ft.)—what a wonderful view of the surrounding mountains we had, as we ascended in brilliant sunshine! Our first trek was on — over virgin snow to be followed later by a descent on the 'piste' trails over bumpy terrain for two to three miles through woods of birch trees. A fall here and there, as the pace increased, made the run home all the more exciting, and soon we were back on the nursery slopes in Geilo, where we were to spend so many happy days with our instructor.

Here also the party was divided into two groups—advanced and intermediate, and the teaching periods from 10 to 1 and 3 to 5 were alternated so that each group had a free period for practising. Very soon it was obvious to all that concentrated ski-ing day after day was improving every one of us—what a delight it was to see our advanced group "wedelling" down the Geilo snow slopes in 'follow my leader' formation!

At night there was no tiring them, and games of all kinds took place. Our young ambassadors from G.G.S. had, from the first day on the snow slopes, made friends with Norwegian boys and girls of their own age,

and we had lively gatherings every night in the hostel—never was so much 'koke' consumed in such a short time by so few!

The second trek of the trip took place from Kikut (pronounced—sheekoot), a village about three miles from Geilo, to which we went by bus, which carried a vertical rack on the outside at the back specially for skis. This trek was again over fine snow, and, with a cloudless sky and strong sunshine, face-cream was in constant demand. Except for the track and the few prints of a mountain hare, the snow was unmarked, and it was a joy to be out on such an expanse. Then the descent began, through the woods over the 'piste' trails similar to those on the other side of the valley and over which we had skied on our first day.

That night, for variation, we hired half-a-dozen Norwegian sleighs and, in keen frost, but well tucked-up in sheepskins, we drove round Geilo with a member in each sleigh carrying a lighted torch composed of one of the higher paraffins. The trip ended with hot chocolate and luscious cakes—a happy evening was had by all! And so ended our first week.

The weather continued fine during our second week, by which time our advanced group was making quite an impression on the ski-ing fraternity of Geilo, as was our whole group on the Norwegian community there, by the happy friendship between our youngsters and theirs. By this time also names like 'the Arne' and the various Loypas were becoming very familiar, and were popular ski-ing grounds for our experts, who numbered more than half the party. At the beginning of this week also we had our finest trek—one which will be remembered by us all for a long time. It started with the 33 twin chair-lift to the top of Geilohogda and again we were lucky to have a cloudless sky. From the top we trekked on ski for about a mile, and were met by a 'Weasel' or 'Sno-cat', which took six passengers inside and towed ten outside on a circular rope. It took two runs to transport the whole party to a point above Snohovda, somewhere in the region of 5000 feet. The exposed cliffs of the Hallingskarvet, at 6128 feet, one of the landmarks in this region of Norway, seemed only a few hundred yards away, and very closely resembled our own West Ross-shire hills. The run home from Snohovda, over powdery snow, was one of the several highlights of the holiday.

Much gloom was cast over the party on the Tuesday of the second week, when it was learned that Mr Corpe had broken his leg when ski-ing down the 'Ola-loypa' run above the railway station. How fortunate we were in having Dr Henderson with us on the holiday and also that he was with Mr Corpe when the accident took place! We are very much indebted to Dr Henderson for the care and attention he gave to Mr Corpe and to our whole party, and for sacrificing the rest of his holiday in accompanying Mr Corpe to

Oslo and flying from there back to this country.

On Wednesday, members of our group took part in slalom races for which there were over 150 entries. They competed in the intermediate and advanced sections, male and female being separate. Unfortunately, some of our members, who were making very good time, were disqualified for missing the second last gate, but silver spoons were won in the open ladies' section by Hazel Mackenzie (1st), Sherie Sutton (2nd) and Jill Ross (3rd); in the girls' intermediate section by Gillian Henderson (1st), Lindsay Wood (2nd); in the men's open section by Mario D'Annunzio (2nd eq.) and Bruce Bain (5th); and in the boys' intermediate section by Alan Anfield (1st) and Grant Mortimer (2nd)—a really excellent performance by our group!

Practices continued, and members of the intermediate section took their 'star tests' on the second last day. The results were very satisfactory, and were due to excellent teaching and much hard work. After the presentation of 'star badges' in the evening, our group 'threw a party' for their young Norwegian friends. This was another highlight of the trip, and the antics of some of the group will long be remembered — the twist had nothing on the parallel turns, stem-christies and traverses of our group's rendering of a modern quick step. Hot chocolate and cakes at half-time, and the inevitable 'koke' at the finish, followed by 'Auld Lang Syne', rounded off a happy holiday.

Some enthusiasts were out skiing next morning, but most of the group were busy packing for the early departure in the afternoon. We got a rousing send-off at Geilo, and a sadness at leaving was felt by all.

The journey back to Bergen was even more impressive than the outward one, as in brilliant sunshine, the train climbed out of Geilo over snow-clad country to a height of 4265 feet (only 31 feet less than the height of our own Ben MacDhui), then dropped into the valley on the other side and thence to the sea. A memorable night was spent in the luxurious Orion Hotel at Bergen, and next morning we sailed for home. Once more we were favoured with blue skies and sunshine as we made our way among the islets and through Haugesund to Stavanger, where we disembarked for three hours and looked round the city. (Some of our football enthusiasts with a transistor set listened in to the second half of the Scotland v. England International at Hampden, as we sailed in to Stavanger). The sea journey to Newcastle was very pleasant and there were very few 'mal-de-mer' casualties.

A struggle through the customs at Newcastle, a train journey to Glasgow via Edinburgh, a late meal in Glasgow, a noisy run back to Grantown-on-Spey via Aviemore, yet a group 'as bright as a bee' jumped off the train before 5 a.m. to be greeted in an atmosphere of about fifteen degrees of frost by some brave parents and so ended a wonderful adventure. Will they do it again? My guess is—they certainly will!

THE GLENMORE WEEK-END

On Friday night of the long week-end in May, pupils, teachers and kit-bags were loaded into a cattle float, and so began an exciting week-end on the shores of Loch Morlich.

As soon as we arrived food was transferred to the kitchen in case of mice, and beds were hurriedly made. Soon everyone was scrambling down to the edge of the loch for a carefree game of football. After an enjoyable game, we made our way back to the huts where we 'twisted the night away'.

Teachers hesitated to join the 'Twisters', but when the pupils saw them practising in secret in the kitchen, they were soon brought out in the open to join the fun.

On Sunday we set out from the huts and walked up the ski-road as far as the beginning of the chair-lift. As we ascended, the view from the lift was breathtaking, but the air was chilly.

Having reached the end of the lift we proceeded to the top of Cairngorm where we stopped for lunch.

The snow was deep and, as we trudged on through the never-ending white desert, Doctor Bain commented that he had never before taken a party wearing sandshoes up Ben MacDhui in deep snow.

However, after a tedious climb over slippery ice-covered rocks and knee-high frozen snow, we reached the summit, and, as a thick mist was beginning to surround us, we had to begin the descent immediately.

To make matters worse a cold, icy sheet of rain started driving onto our faces. After what seemed like an age, we reached the welcome sight of the ski-road from where we travelled by car back to the huts. Soaked, but having enjoyed the experience, we changed into dry clothing, and, after dinner, we went to church.

Then it was home again for another year and, of course back at school, everyone was told about the marvellous week-end we had experienced and about the 'lovely climb' to the summit of Ben MacDhui.

CATHERINE MACGREGOR, IVa.

THE TRAIN PAIN

Up in the North of Scotland here,
We shudder with great pains,
At the thought of Doctor Beeching's plans,
To starve us of our trains.

The fares to-day are much too high,
I'm sure you will agree!
But Doc. Tom Beeching seems to think,
That they'll do for you and me.

If the choo-choo execution,
Is to be carried out as planned,
What on earth will be the outcome,
In our grouse and deer-stocked land?

And lastly I would like to add,
That if the chance were mine,
I'd really like to tell old Tom,
That he's reached the end of the line.

ORMOND SMITH, V.

The Hole,
Men's Staff-room,
Grantown Grammar School,
31st September, 1962.

Dear Maurice,

At last I've found time to write to you. The school was very quiet during the holidays and I was a rather lonely little mouse. At the beginning of this month, however, the school re-opened, and it has been anything but peaceful since. 'Pon my whiskers, I saw an awful lot of soor faces that morning!

I see many strange things from my wee hole. To see the male teachers strutting about, one would think they were paragons of paramount dignity, judiciousness, intellectualism and sagacity. But in their staff-room, these seemingly walking encyclopaedias squabble over who should do the crossword in the paper, and 'bagze' everything from first shot at ludo to the last sugar lump for their cuppa. They also hold top-secret cricket practices daily. Seems they're out to avenge two recent defeats at the hands of the senior boys.

Going along to the senior boys' cloakroom one interval, I found the future intelligentsia of Britain improving their minds by destroying one another's bodies. Once everything breakable had been broken, those who could walk proceeded to the junior cloakroom, where they cowed the comparatively quiet juniors into absolute silence.

There's one thing that intrigues me, Maurice. If the interval is meant as a break from work, why do the girls usually spend it in their cloakrooms feverishly copying from each other's books?

Once, only once, I ventured into the ladies' staff-room. Being a modest wee fellow, I was awfa shy at going in among all these ladies. So, blushing to the roots of my fur, I peeped bashfully round the door. And what did I see? I saw the ladies standing on chairs screaming their heads off—closely resembling a flock of croaking herons perched on tree-tops. It was hilarious—but I couldn't laugh. I ran.

Yesterday, taking my courage in both paws, I crept into that awe-inspiring study of that awe-inspiring man—the headmaster. But if my preconceived idea of a majestic, exalted and august personage is not to be shattered, I must convince myself that the piles of Dandy's and Beano's in that dark corner were all confiscated.

On my travels round the school I see and hear many strange things. Recently I eaves-dropped on a band of juniors plotting to send the science lab., and as many of the staff as possible, into orbit. The very best of luck to them! It's nice to see the young showing such initiative.

By the way, I believe the culinary art is practised in the science lab. as well as in the homecraft room—"cooking results" is what they call it in scientific jargon, I think.

And speaking of the homecraft room, I wonder why I so often see girls furtively emptying dishes into the dustbin outside it?

I'm always very careful outside the tech-

nical department. Badly mutilated pieces of wood, sometimes preceded by equally badly mutilated pieces of youthful humanity, are apt to come sailing out the window, thrown by an irate teacher.

Do you like seeing the high and mighty discomfited? If so, you should see a teacher when his class is being examined by an inspector. Imagine a little boy trying to explain to his headmaster how he happened to be holding a snowball in his hand and it just kinda slipped out of his hand and through a window. Well, a teacher looks much the same when explaining to the inspector why his class didn't know the moon is made of green cheese.

By the way, if the moon is made of green cheese guess who'll be stowaway on the first rocket to it. Yes, that's right! It will be,

Yours truly,

Mickey Mouse.

ALLAN CHESHOLM, VI.

"OPERATION OSPREY." FALSE ALARM!

[Gillies Campbell spent a fortnight as one of the wardens who guard the nest of the Ospreys. Here is an impression of this type of work.]

Ten forty five p.m. That was the telephone! I dashed out of the caravan into the hut and grabbed the receiver. "The trip wire alarm has just gone off. What will I do?" cried an almost hysterical voice at the other end of the line.

"Wait, we won't be long," was my reply.

Three minutes later four figures were moving silently up the peat track towards the forward hide, and a rather shaken warden. A hasty word and he quietly opened the door, but before we could enter a jarring ring from the far corner of the hide almost made us jump out of our skins. The alarm again!

Leaving one warden in the hide, the remaining four crept out once again into the inky blackness and the eerie whistling wind. Rather a quaint group we must have made as we padded stealthily across the duckboards towards the eyrie tree. We were at it now. A quick inspection of the warning devices showed that all was in order, but we decided to move twenty yards away from the tree and wait for a while.

For half an hour we waited in the intensely cold, now rising wind, till the blood in our veins seemed to have stopped circulating.

Nothing happened, so we retraced our steps in an easier frame of mind, back across the duckboards to our anxious colleague. As he opened the door he asked, "Is there anything?"—His question was cut short by an ominous, almost deafening ring. Five astonished wardens stood rooted to the spot.

"What were we to do now?"

GILLIES CAMPBELL, V.

THE FIRE AT CRAIGLYNNE

[Alan Davidson, who lives behind the hotel in question, recounts his experience.]

Late one Sunday evening, just after the Easter holidays, the relative silence in Grantown was shattered by the wailing of the fire siren. The Craiglynne Hotel, one of the biggest hotels in Grantown, was on fire.

The local fire-brigade was quickly in action, and soon a large crowd had gathered to watch the fire from Woodlands Terrace and from the rear of the hotel.

Many volunteers from the crowd were soon busy removing furniture, ornaments, in fact anything they could get their hands on from the still accessible parts of the hotel, and the front lawn soon began to resemble a sale-room.

At that time, with only one fire-brigade on the spot, it looked as if the fire were out of control, but soon after, two more fire-brigades arrived from other towns, along with a top-ranking fire-chief who had come by fast car from Aberdeen to direct operations.

These reinforcements succeeded in first of all bringing the fire under control, and finally in extinguishing it.

While this was going on, the volunteers were still hard at it shifting the goods, but, at this stage, these were being kept in the hotel, merely being placed at the end furthest away from the fire.

When the fire was finally put out, the crowd started drifting away, but there still remained much to be done.

I attached myself to that incomparable skiing instructor, who needs no introduction to those who indulge in this sport, whose little red beard is universally famous on the ski-slopes—Stanley. Nothing could ever dampen this man's bubbling, effervescent wit, and, for me, the next couple of hours were one long laugh.

We busied ourselves looking for the guests' personal possessions—such articles as clothes, shoes and suitcases—and storing them in one room so that they could be identified and claimed by the guests the following day.

Our search necessitated entering those rooms situated directly beneath those gutted by fire, and the water was still pouring through the ceiling, which meant we were soaked to the skin in as many minutes. On top of all this, we had to work by torch-light, the electricity having been cut off in that part of the hotel. But Stanley made the situation more than bearable with his constant flow of patter.

The other Grantown hotels very generously helped by giving free bed and breakfast to those guests whose rooms were now uninhabitable.

Next day the forlorn guests had to search for their own possessions before setting off home, having had to cancel the rest of their holiday.

In all, about seven rooms were destroyed by fire, but the rooms directly below were also ruined by the continuous flow of water from above.

ALAN G. DAVIDSON, VI.

THE SOLITARY HIKER

A Parody with Apologies to W. Wordsworth

Behold her, single in the road,
Yon solitary hiker lass!
Standing and dripping by herself,
Watching the traffic pass.
Alone she sees the endless train
Splashing through the driving rain—
Oh, heavens! Surely, 'tis enough!
All summer we have had the stuff!

No thunder-clap did ever growl
Round clouds as black as gloomy night,
As round about the gale did howl,
And all men did affright.
A wind so mighty ne'er was felt,
As, downwards bound, the rain did pelt,
Flooding the surface of the road
In such a devastating mode.

Will no-one venture to declare
The meaning of her muttered oath
As round about her she does stare
At heather, bog and stunted growth?
Perchance the Highlands never more
With treasure-hordes of ancient lore
And oodles of this ghastly rain,
Will ever tempt her here again.

Whate'er her thoughts, the Maiden scowled
As motor cars went flashing past.
I saw her standing on the grass
And then, oh, joy! At last
A car slowed down, its brakes did squeal
(The driver was a burly chiel),
Away the hiker lass it bore
From rain and Scotland evermore.

M. ROSEMARY MACKINNON, IIIa.

ISLAND ROAN

Off the North Coast of Scotland lies Island Roan, one of the last of Scotland's islands to be evacuated. Its coast line is rocky and high, while its interior is mostly peat and heather. According to legend the island's first inhabitant was an outlaw banished from the mainland. He was said to be a pirate and was never allowed off the island. By collecting driftwood he soon built himself a boat so that he could raid the mainland. He painted his boat red on one side and white on the other. People watching would see a white boat passing in one direction and a red one sailing along in the other. In this way he baffled his pursuers.

Later the island became the home of a happy thriving community which lived by fishing and crofting. Seal hunting was also organised by the men during the late Autumn. When the drift from the Highlands began after the first world war, life on the island became more and more difficult, so that in 1938 the last of the islanders were evacuated to the mainland.

In recent years a group of research students made Island Roan their home for three months when they tried unsuccessfully to find a cure for the common cold.

DEIRDRE DONN, VI.

TALES OF THREE LOCHS

Every country has its tales and legends of fairies and monsters, and Scotland is no exception. Strathspey itself is a region rich in Celtic folk-lore.

Near my home lies Loch Vaa—'the Loch of the Drowning', frequented by visitors in summer but silent and black in winter. Long ago there was no loch, but a castle. The inmates incurred the hatred of the local witch who laid a curse on them to the effect that the loch rose over the castle roof. In a dry summer there can be seen in the middle of the loch a mound of stones which the fanciful might imagine to be the remains of the drowned castle.

Another loch on which there is a curse is Loch Mallochie, where a man from Boat of Garten lost his bride just after their wedding. She was young and healthy, but as she crossed the stream that runs from the loch to the road she fell dead. The crazed bridegroom cried out that every newly-wed couple that followed in his steps should bear the same fate. Maybe an old wives' tale, but no newly-married couple will cross the stream there, just in case!

A man walking beside Loch Morlich heard the ghostly music of distant pipes. As he drew nearer the music, he heard the roar of the drones and the sweet notes of the chanter, but never a piper could he see. Louder and louder played the pipes till the man was forced to step aside, and as the pipes passed him the wind of the drones beat against his cheek!

Far-fetched tales, perhaps, but they are a very small part of the lore of Strathspey which, in spite of the Common Market and the Twist, will never quite die out.

M. ROSEMARY MACKINNON, IIIa.

LAMENT FOR A 12-BORE SHOTGUN

Oh for my 12-Bore Shotgun,
For the grouse are on the wing;
Oh for my 12-Bore Shotgun,
But I've sold the blessed thing.

I wish I hadn't sold it,
Ten pounds was all I got,
For now that I don't have it,
There'll be an empty pot.

To fill that pot with lovely grouse,
Is what I'd like to do,
Or after a successful night,
To make a rabbit stew.

Or sometimes when I see a hare,
I'd like to have my gun,
When I espied it I'd take aim,
And shoot it on the run.

My gun is missing, but this time,
I'm not so full of woe,
I've bought a pair of skis, and now
It's hurry up the snow.

IAN MACPHERSON, IIa.

AN UNLITERARY DISCUSSION ON THE
UNGLORIFIED SUBJECT OF WASHING
SOCKS

[Let me state that this article must not be taken as a serious example of our true literary standard at Grantown Grammar School as you can see by reading the other more interesting (I presume) articles in this Magazine. Also, let me state that if the contents of the following seem a little mixed up, that is the general idea and only in keeping with the author, as those who are familiar with him will no doubt agree.]

Let us all be quite certain what the subject of our article is about, in case you were not too sure from the title. It is, in fact, perfectly accurate—I am writing about the washing of socks. This I may point out is no humdrum, everyday task. Do not, please, think so for a moment. It is, in fact, an art! Some of you may be surprised at this announcement, some of you may be obstinate enough to disregard it entirely, while there may be a few who are credulous enough to believe it. To the latter, I extend a warm welcome and hope that they will always endeavour to wash their own socks and improve on their past performances.

(At this stage I would like to point out that this dissertation bears no connection with the latest dance craze—namely, the Twist).

There are varied views about our subject. A man I know holds the view that it is not a job for women, and one lady went so far as to say that she encouraged her husband to wear a pair of socks for as long as possible so as to escape washing them too often.

My own idea is that it is quite a pleasant task and that it is an operation one should take one's time over, as, of course, it does not lack in importance. A man should always wash his own socks, and personally I find it inspires me to deep, if slightly wet, thinking. Also let me mention the fact that my preference in colour while washing socks is red.

As a last resort, there is always the automatic washing machine, which, if used with extremely hot water, diminishes the size of the socks, in time, to a size which makes the job much easier, and thus allows your washing machine to last longer—and also brings this effort to a close.

Did someone say, "Put a sock in it?"

JAMES MACPHERSON, Va.

THE ANGLER

When fishing in the Cromdale Burn,
It gave me quite a turn—
The biggest fish I've ever hooked,
With rod and line and worm.

I'd almost got him,
I'd even seen his snout.
A lovely trout,

I played him well—he struggled hard,
And broke away—the boulder!
I hope I'll get him next time I'm out,
Was he a seven-pounder?

JIMMY POWER, Ib.

A SMALL FORGOTTEN PARADISE

If, in the month of May, when Spring has just reached the hidden nooks which nestle in the high mountains around Cairn Gorm, one should happen upon the small valley which lies hidden from the eyes of man between Cairn Gorm and Cairn Toul then one would in all probability see the most wondrous sight they had ever seen, a veritable paradise.

There, hidden among the towering peaks, protected on all sides by hills so steep that they almost resemble cliffs, lies a small completely isolated valley. The valley itself is oval shaped, not more than five hundred yards long and little more than two hundred yards broad.

On seeing the valley for the first time, one is completely amazed to see trees of many different species growing in abundance on the grassy floor of the valley. The comparison between the valley and its surroundings is so great that it cannot be imagined, and only realized after one has seen the valley several times.

The valley is a naturalist's dream, as practically all the wild life seem to find the valley a refuge from man. Fish also abound in the small stream which flows through the valley, and it requires very little skill to catch the unwary citizens of the clear pools.

On climbing out of the valley, when one takes a last look back at this hidden nook, one is amazed at its beauty, which if it were to be frequented by man, would be completely spoiled by his ravages, however well meaning, as the real beauty of the valley lies in its lonely isolation.

JAMES NEUFELD, IV.

THE VILLAGE POST MISTRESS

Most of the business of the district in which I live is transacted in the village Post Office.

The Post Mistress is of medium height, with a fresh complexion, bright eyes and a ready smile. She is an intelligent, kindly person with a cheery disposition who readily makes friends with the young and old alike.

Although she does not handle mail deliveries, parcels and letters are despatched from this office; national savings certificates, insurance stamps, postal orders and postal stamps are sold. In a farming community such as this, the post mistress is kept busy, but she has always a word of welcome or a witty retort for her customers.

On Sunday she serves the community by playing the organ in church. Her help and advice are frequently sought, and it is never too late or too early for her to take a telephone message. What would we do without our Post Mistress?

GRANT MACINTOSH, V.

GHOSTS?

John returned from sailing unexpectedly, so he had to walk to his native village across the dark moor. This did not frighten him; after all he had been all round the world and he was wearing his uniform to prove it. At first his thoughts were of the welcome he would get and what he would do to pass the time during his leave. He would have a good chat with his friends and hear all that had been happening during his absence. He would hear all about any new ghosts which . . . ! He stopped short! He was just nearing a loch which was said to have been haunted.

Pulling himself together he kept on walking. Suddenly he heard a whirring sound. He ran, but he still heard it at his ear. He stopped; and the whirring stopped too. He went on again, and the noise began again too. Then he saw two bright eyes staring through the darkness at him. That was the last straw! Picking up a stone he hurled it at the eyes. There was a startled bleat, and a poor sheep ran off into the darkness.

Then, putting his hand up to wipe his brow, he realized what the whirring noise was. It was the wind blowing the ribbon on his sailor bonnet.

Although relieved at his discoveries, John did not slacken his pace until he reached home. He'd had enough "ghosts" for one night!

M. MACAULAY, V.

THE HILL OF THE HEADS

At the end of the 17th century there was a notorious freebooter, known as Peter, the Priest's son. He was a thorn in the side of Strathspey cattle owners.

One day, when returning in a roundabout way with his loot from the Aird, he camped behind a hill above Duthil.

Lord Lovat informed Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant of this and sought his help for the recovery of stock and capture of Peter.

Sir Ludovick appealed to Mugach More of Carr, to undertake the recapture of the cattle. Mugach was a Cameron and a very brave and powerful man. His family consisted of six sons and a stepson. Mugach recovered the cattle, and Peter fled, swearing vengeance.

A short time later, Peter returned with a strong force to carry out his threat. At night, he murdered two of Mugach's married sons, who lived in different houses, and after a grim and heroic defence on the part of Mugach and his remaining sons, Peter gained admittance into the besieged house through the treachery of Mugach's wife, ending in the slaughter of the whole family.

Peter beheaded the bodies, and piled the heads in a heap on the hill, that runs parallel to the Grantown road, near Carrbridge. Peter escaped to Ireland, and on returning to his homeland, was caught and executed.

JOHN CAMPBELL, IVa.

THE NORWEGIAN TRIP— PUPILS' IMPRESSIONS

When we were three miles out from the shore, the shop on board ship opened, and we began to spend some of our money, which had been converted into Norwegian notes and coins at the purser's office. Much later we went to our cabins. The sea was by now quite rough, and, when we climbed into our bunks, the only thing that prevented us from falling out was the rail at the side. Several of the party were by this time not feeling very well, and Dr Henderson was spending most of his time helping them. In the morning nearly everyone did not rise until it was absolutely necessary.

* * *

At mid-day, the swell ceased, and we all rushed to the decks to have our first glimpses of Norway, as we were now in Bergen Fjord. Sheer, rugged cliffs, covered with a sprinkling of snow, rose from the dark waters of the deep fjord; on ledges on the cliff nestled gaily painted Norwegian houses of wood. Soon Bergen was reached, a clean, impressive port, with tall brightly-painted factories and office blocks towering over the ship, and close by the shopping centre and parks.

* * *

We just had time for a quick meal, which was delicious, and we then boarded the train for Geilo.

On arriving at our destination, we were met by a person (British) who worked at the Hostel. At the Hostel the girls were shown to a dormitory, and the boys were allocated 4-berth rooms. I think we were all surprised at the modern appearance of the Hostel, the food was excellent and, most important, the central heating was very satisfactory.

We started each day with a delicious breakfast, then we went ski-ing. One great advantage about Geilo was that we did not have to climb up the hills, we were pulled up by T-bar tows, which was much better.

One evening we went on a sleigh ride, another night we had a dance. We soon found how nice and kind the Norwegians were. On the last evening, after the badges had been presented to those who had sat and passed their tests, we had a party to which many of our Norwegian friends were invited.

* * *

Everyone was very sad to leave, as we had had such an enjoyable time. We knew, however, that it had to come to an end, and, with a wave of our hands and a cheerful promise to our friends that we would be back next Easter, the train pulled out of the station and Geilo began to be just a wonderful dream.

MARGARET WILLIAMSON, IVa.

ANN STEWART, IVa.

HILARY CORPE, IIa.

GILL ROSS, IVb.

SPACE TRAVEL

Three-two-one-zero, off goes another space ship out into the unknown. For a few years now the news that the Americans or the Russians have launched a space ship or a satellite has become quite familiar.

There have been all shapes and sizes of satellites shot into the atmosphere. They have contained instruments for measuring this and that, monkeys, mice and all sorts of creatures, but the most important step of all was when the Russians announced that they had launched a space ship containing a man.

Since that day the Americans have launched four space ships containing men, and the Russians another three.

The last two which the Russians have launched were put up one after another, and the two men were able to communicate with each other from their space ships.

Although these flights are going to tell us more about the other planets, it brings the threat of war between Russia and America closer. Whichever is first to land a man on the moon is obviously going to be the most powerful country, and would almost certainly try to stop any other country from attaining such great heights as she herself has already achieved.

With this thought in mind, it makes you wonder if it is worth all the trouble and money just to reach a piece of green cheese.

DOUGLAS URQUHART, V.

THE JOYS OF ANGLING

During the summer months, anglers, while checking their tackle, can often be heard muttering this prayer:—

“Lord, give me grace to catch a fish,

So large that even I,

When talking of it afterwards,

May never need to lie.”

Although my prayer has often gone unanswered, I still think fishing is an excellent form of relaxation. Once settled down on the bank of a burn, one forgets all about the naggings of parents and teachers. From his first pitiful efforts in casting a fly or minnow (which usually end up in lashing the water to a fury, or else in hooking the opposite bank), the angler really enjoys his sport. His determination is something to be wondered at, as he will fish for days on end without so much as getting a bite, but he always goes back next day for more punishment. He is never short of excuses either, as this Scottish Angler's Lament illustrates:—

“Sometimes ower early,

Sometimes ower late,

Sometimes nae water,

Sometimes a spate.

Sometimes ower dirty,

Sometimes ower clear,

There's aye something wrang

Fan I'm fishin' here.”

MURDO MACKENZIE, IIa.

CLURY

Clury is situated on the Carrbridge, Dulanain road, three miles from the latter. It is one of the largest farms on the Seafield Estate (150 acres in area), and also one of the oldest.

Probably owing to its age the older generations believed it was haunted, and several people have not only imagined but **are** convinced that they have seen strange lights and heard ghost-like noises. Of this no-one can be sure, but by legend there was what was known as "The Curse of the Man of Clury."

The legend tells of a Laird of Clury, Alan Mor was his name, who, when journeying to the neighbouring farm of Duthil, observed a supernatural vision near the Saint's Well. On approaching it, he perceived a blazing fire under a large cauldron. Inside the cauldron he saw what appeared to be a flock of birds, but on closer inspection he found the birds to be small children. Filled with pity he implored the fire to let him have the cauldron and was at last given it, after he had accepted a curse.

For three generations there were no sons in Clury, as was stated by the curse, but now all curses, spells, and witchcraft have been broken, and Clury now under its present owner, Mr George Waddell, a famous breeder of top quality Aberdeen-Angus cattle, is one of the most prosperous farms in Speyside.

GRANT GORDON, IVa.

A HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE

During the Christmas holidays I received as a Christmas present a grand new crisp one pound note.

I thought to myself, wondering how I would spend my money. I suggested a few things, but I was not really needing them. Actually the note was so attractive, I really would have been sorry to part with it; so I made up my mind to put it away for a rainy day.

A few days later my mother came home from her shopping with a one pound Premium Savings Bond, which if you are lucky can win you up to five thousand pounds; or, if you think it is a failure, you can withdraw from the Bonds, and your money will be returned. I thought about saving my money to buy one, then I remembered my stowed away pound note.

So I collected my money and went along to the Post Office and bought a Premium Bond.

Then about six months later, when the school was on summer holidays, I received word that Ernie had picked my number and that I had won twenty five pounds.

So it just shows you there is no point in rushing to buy something when it is worth while waiting.

MOIRA McANDREW, IVb.

THE TELEVISION AT THE BEATING

This year, as we assembled at Dalrachney Lodge to commence our first day's beating of the year, one of the announcements made was, "The TV is coming to film you next week." There was great excitement and even arguments as to the size of the cameras, but the final answer was, "We'll see them when they come."

On a Wednesday, it was rumoured that the cameras were to come that day. By dinner-time the left wing had still not seen any sign of them, but when the right wing reached the dinner-spot, we learned that the B.B.C. people had arrived and filmed the right wing as they paced out the last drive.

While we ate our lunch, the cameramen busied themselves in taking us. Some shots were made of the main company, along with a few close-ups.

During the drives after dinner, the cameramen went with the shooters to the butts, where they focussed the camera on grouse flying over the butts, the shooters shooting at them, and the beaters as they came up to the butts at the end of the drives. This process was carried out for the rest of that afternoon, along with some retrieving of grouse by the dogs after the drives were over.

The next morning, instead of accompanying the shooters to the butts, the cameramen stationed themselves about halfway between where we lined out and the butts. As we moved on, they filmed us as we passed by the camera in a long line. The second day, they stayed only until dinner-time, having filmed mostly, that day, the whole line, and also one of their men asking questions of one of the shooters.

When they departed, the word was left that we would be on the Television on Monday, September the tenth, at eight-thirty p.m., but that only a small extract of what was filmed would be televised. It was on the air, as said, at eight-thirty on Monday. The film did not last for more than five minutes, but it was a thrilling five minutes for the Dalrachney beaters.

PATRICK GRANT, IIa

THE RECIPE

Mix toughness and good humour,
With cunning and clear sight,
Then add a nip o' whisky,
And stir with all your might.

Add a thrifty mind and a kindly heart,
Aye, and courage too,
To pride in work and faith in God,
And loyalty brave and true.

Throw in a sprig o' heather
A breath of mountain air,
A wee bit o' the tartan,
And a blessing if you care.

Then when all is at an end,
Before you there will be,
As good a trusty Scotsman,
As Scotia will ever see.

ELSPETH GOW, IVa.

THE RABBIT

Of all the wild creatures of our countryside the one best known to you all must surely be the rabbit. It is to be found almost everywhere, especially where the soil is light or sandy, and where it can burrow into the soft ground to make its home. It is a timid and inoffensive animal, and it is very interesting and amusing to watch a group of them on a summer's evening, in some quiet corner of a field or hedgerow, feeding or playing with each other near the entrance to their burrows. These burrows are sometimes of great length, and the rabbits are always most careful to make more than one entrance, really a back door as well as a front door, by which they provide an escape if hunted by an enemy—and the rabbit has many enemies; so many that if it were not for the large number of babies they have during each year they would very likely become extinct. The front paws are the digging tools, and the loosened earth is thrown back by the kicking of the hind feet.

The male rabbit is called a buck and the female a doe, and the nursery is always in a blind alley leading from the main passage of the burrow.

The old rabbits do not use any bedding material, but nest on the bare earth. The female rabbit does make a sort of bed for her young ones by using the fur which she pulls out from the underside of her own body. The young ones are born blind and deaf and do not move about until the tenth day, when the eyes open, and in a few days they begin to run about. Before they are a month old they are able to look after themselves.

The chief food of the rabbit is grass and the tender shoots of furze, but when the burrows are made near farms or gardens they do much damage by destroying the cultivated plants and roots, often causing very serious loss to the farmer or gardener and generally becoming a great nuisance.

In the ordinary way the rabbit is a silent animal, but when attacked by a stoat or weasel it finds its voice and utters a loud scream of agony.

Its chief enemies are stoats, weasels, owls and hawks, which account for a large number, especially the young, but where there is plenty of food and its enemies are not too numerous the rabbit manages to live and bring up its babies safely.

DENNIS HOGG, IIIa.

MICE

Some are white and some are blue,
Some are cross between the two,
Some are tame and some are not,
But all the same I like the lot.

Some folk hate them, some don't mind.
Some are cruel, and some are kind.
Some are nasty, and some are nice,
But everyone likes my pet mice.

ALAN STUART, Ia.

THE ISLAND OF LEWIS

The Isle of Lewis, as you may know, lies off the North-West coast of Scotland. With the district of Harris, it combines to form the largest island in the Outer Hebrides. It is separated from the mainland by a stretch of water called the Minch, an ideal fishing ground.

The island consists mainly of moorland, from which the islanders obtain peats, which are their main source of fuel supply. There are few trees to be seen inland, but the Forestry Commission have recently started to plant belts of young trees at many points round the coast, to protect the livestock, while grazing, from high winds. On the wide expanses of moorland, a blaze of colour in the summer when the heather is in full bloom, can be found numerous fresh water lochs bearing trout and salmon.

There are few mountains or hills of any importance, the highest being the Olisam (2622 ft.) in Harris. The biggest and most important river on the island is the Ràver Creed, a good salmon-fishing river.

Nowadays many farmers are reclaiming the moorland and planting grass seed for grazing, an idea which is being copied in many parts of Northern Scotland. As a living cannot be earned solely from crofting, many people have looms on which they weave tweed for the mills in Stornoway, which is the only town on the island.

Fishing is another of the island's industries, and the deep natural harbour of Stornoway offers shelter to ships of many nationalities when gales rage and the wind whips the sea into a frenzy. Many drifters and trawlers from all over Britain fish in the Minch and the rough waters round the Butt of Lewis. Most of them land their catches at Stornoway, where there is a freezing plant and curing station. The majority of the catch is herring. The fish are salted and packed in barrels, or smoked as kippers.

Life in Lewis is full, but entirely free from the mad hustle and bustle of the city life, and many would not change it for anything in the world.

DAVID G. MACDONALD, IIIa.

RESOLUTION

I rang the bell and entered,
Into the waiting room;
I bit my nails and lingered,
In a state of fear and gloom.

I mounted the chair of torture,
And obeyed his "open wide";
I suffered drill and needle,
Till the tooth was filled inside.

But twenty minutes later,
Now feeling not so sad—
I'd done my duty nobly,
After all it was not too bad.

The dentist says sweet things are good,
But make your teeth decay;
So I've resolved henceforth to take,
Plain food for every day.

ANN STUART, IIa.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

While touring in Ireland this past summer I visited the Giant's Causeway. This huge geological structure is located on the coast of County Antrim in British Northern Ireland, eight miles from Portrush.

The Giant's Causeway is the remnant of a huge overflow of basalt lava which has cracked up like dried mud into columns or pillars. This immense assemblage, probably the most curious and extensive in the world, consists of unequally shaped prisms of rock of different sizes.

There are about 74,000 distinct and perfect columns besides many that are broken and scattered about in the vicinity. They are mostly hexagonal or pentagonal prisms of equal dimension through their whole height, which ranges from fifteen to thirty-six feet, and are perfectly joined together.

There are three main portions, which are called the Little, Middle, and Grand Causeway. The latter extends five hundred feet out into the sea, and it is sixty to one hundred and twenty feet broad.

All the parts have names associated with the giants, namely, Giant's Punchbowl, where there is a well at the bottom of which can be seen the pattern of the shamrock, the emblem of Ireland; Giant's Coffin, Giant's Loom, Giant's Organ, etc.; but to me the most impressive was the Giant's Amphitheatre, a perfect half circle, said to be the most beautiful cirque in the world, not excepting any in Rome or Greece.

There are many legends about the Giant's Causeway. It has been said by some, that

the giants who lived in this part of Northern Ireland planned to build a raised road between Ireland and Scotland but their causeway was never finished. Other people have attributed the geological upheaval to Fingal, who planned to build a bridge from Antrim to Staffa.

Yet it was fire which furnished these rock formations in most parts along the North-West Coast of Ireland, and in the Giant's Causeway we have a monument to one of the great geological upheavals of prehistoric times.

BRUCE BAIN, IIIa.

WHEN I'M OLDER

When I grow up, I'll buy a car,
And go to distant countries far;
Then I'll buy an aeroplane,
And travel to countries, sun or rain;
Then I'll get myself a wife,
And lead a happy pleasant life.

Then I'll go and find some gold,
Which shall make me strong and bold;
Then I'll build a temple tall,
And use it as a dining hall.
But I'll travel every day,

Till my hair is very grey.

But I won't give up my travel,
When I'm buried under gravel,
Because I'll travel up to the sky,
And to the earth I'll say goodbye;
Then I'll be an angel handsome,
Looking down upon my grandson.

ROBERT SUTHERLAND, Ib.

MORRISON & SON

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SUMMER

In the dim and distant past, Spring, Summer (especially Summer), Autumn and Winter came round every year, with the same regularity as Easter Eggs, Birthdays, and Christmas, and everyone took it all for granted, but nowadays, in this age of Man orbiting the Earth every eighty minutes, and Flights to the moon being booked up daily, such a thing as Summer would never dare to raise its timid head. Thus we now have a much less variable climate, consisting of Winter—lesser Winter—much lesser Winter—and Winter again!

Of course, this state of affairs has many advantages, the most important being that there is now no need for an extensive wardrobe. A Spring outfit is a highly unnecessary luxury, and only the very foolish would consider buying Summer Dresses.

Those people who indulge in Winter Sports are also delighted with this state of affairs, and the adverts which, from November to April, say, "Come to the Cairngorms for your Winter Sports," will soon quite truthfully be able to say, "Come to the Cairngorms any time you like for your Winter Sports."

I only pray that the Ski Road and the new Chair Lift will be able to cope with such a heavy demand, and it would be really disastrous for the Tourist Boom if Summer were to desert us altogether and the mountains were worn away under such continuous traffic.

J. DAVIS THOMSON, Va.

THE CHICKEN THIEF

He was handsome and friendly, a lovely cat,
Not too lanky and not too fat,
But he couldn't resist the neighbour chicks,
So he got me into a terrible fix.

The neighbours grumbled, as well they might,
For he went off foraging every night.
"If you don't get rid of that terrible cat,
We shall do it ourselves," they said. "That's flat."

I was worried to death, for I loved my Peter,
In spite of his being a chicken eater,
Till I thought of a friend who lived far away,
So I wrote her and asked her to come and stay.

"Of course, you must give him to me," she said.

"No chickens to steal, but he'll be well fed."
Now he's happily settled with her at Ealing
With no temptation to chicken stealing.

TONY COOKE, IV.

THE FORTH ROAD BRIDGE

When the Forth Rail Bridge was completed in 1884, the designer thought, "That is the finest bridge I have ever built. It will last for a hundred years at least and it provides a direct rail communication between ———. Oh, by thunder! I have forgotten to put a road on it!"

The next morning he was found dead in his room. He had committed suicide.

Since that date the question has been asked many times, "Will we build a road bridge?" but it was not until 1960 that work started.

The work was scheduled to last two and a half years, but what with inclement weather and an occasional strike it is now expected that the bridge will be completed late in 1963.

In order to build the bridge and the immediate approaches three of the largest building companies in Great Britain formed a company to tackle the project, which was to cost about six and a half million pounds. A recent report said that the cost of the road approaches was underestimated by one million pounds.

A very remarkable feature about this suspension bridge is that the cables which hold the bridge are being spun into position on the bridge itself. This involves two wheels, one of which starts from the north side and the other from the south. As they make their way across the River Forth, they leave a strand of thin wire which the steelmen bind on to the cable which is made up of the thin strands of wire left by the wheels on previous journeys.

The approaches to the bridge are dual carriageway, and another remarkable feature is that the shale bottoming is taken from a nearby shale bing. So near in fact that the new road was cut through one side of it.

The north approach to the bridge was the hardest to make, and work is still in progress in making the largest cutting in Britain. This cutting involved the removal of one and a half million tons of rock at St Margaret's Head. From there to the bridge itself the road is carried on large reinforced concrete archways which, believe it or not, are hollow inside!

The road bridge stands higher than the rail bridge and has to have a beacon shining on the north and south towers to warn aircraft landing or taking off at Turnhouse airport to keep clear.

When work has been completed and toll booths set up, the bridge will be the largest suspension bridge in Europe, and a credit to British civil engineering.

N. BRECKINRIDGE, V.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN MACKINTOSH, 1962

Usually, for such a big occasion as the gathering of a clan and all its septs, a definite date and place would be arranged months in advance. Then, on the appointed day, the chieftain, resplendent in his tartan kilt and hose, with his lady by his side, all adorned in the clan tartan, would welcome all their guests to the function. Here, set in a beautiful wooded valley with heather-clad hills and the background, beside a river murmuring and flowing over rocks on its way to the sea, they would listen to the haunting and stirring strains of a piper and thoroughly enjoy themselves as one big happy family. What a beautiful spectacle of tartan kilts and skirts, and the full Highland regalia!

Alas, in 1962, there was no invitation sent out, no specific date or appointed place for the gathering of the "Clan Mackintosh."

It just seemed to happen any day during the seven week's vacation from school. I shall take the day of the Grantown Farmers' Show, for instance. Farmers, with their wives and children and friends came to the showyard to exhibit their stock or produce. In no time at all, however, MACKINTOSHES had to be put hastily on. What a varied scene there now appeared! Some mackintoshes were white, some blue, red, green, black, brown, or just any colour. Some were made of nylon, some of plastic, some were oil-skins, some waterproof. What a change from the tartan blaze of glory!

Church fêtes and such-like fared no better. Holidays were a wash-out. Holidaymakers complained because they could not get out and about and view the countryside except with mackintoshes on. Everywhere people went, mackintoshes were the order of the day, all because it rained and forgot to stop raining. No wonder the children chanted, "Rain, rain, go to Spain."

ISHBEL MACLEAN, IIa.

LOCH MORLICH AND THE MOUNTAINS

This is a loch set in the hills,
With its water moving in ripples and rills;
There's a hut and a hostel with a camp site
there,
And more and more tourists arrive every year.

It's surrounded by mountains which come
into view,

As one sails around in boat or canoe,
These snow-capped monsters with silvery hue
Are Cairngorm, White Lady and Larig-Ghru.

The whole of the district is steeped in folk
lore,

For the more energetic there's lots to explore,
The climb to the top of the mountains is hard,
But the wonderful view there is ample reward.

Why go abroad to these foreign parts
When there's scenery like this to gladden
your hearts?

Come to dear Scotia, lake, mountain and
river,
And holiday memories will last you for ever.

KATHLEEN MILLER, IVa.

THE NAUGHTY RABBIT

I had a little rabbit,
Which had a naughty habit
Of leaving its warm, cosy hutch.
One day I got a fright,
When it disappeared from sight.
This made me think it didn't love me much.

I ran to and fro,
I hunted high and low,
But I never saw my Snowy any more.
I miss it very much,
When I see the empty hutch,
And the broken catch on the guilty door.

RHONA CAMERON, Ia.

PRIMARY MAGAZINE

THE CIRCUS

One Friday last month I went to Elgin to see Bertram Mills' Circus. At a quarter to eight the show started. Horses with their trainer were acting "Roman games". After half-time the puma, four tigers, four leopards and two cheetahs were on. Then there were horses parading round the ring. The horses were numbered from one to eight, and number five did not come on. But it found its place when it did. There were musical clowns, horses, elephants, midgets and doves. I bought a jig-saw. On the way home I thought about all the wonderful things I had seen.

MALCOLM WALLACE, Primary 5.

WHIPSNADE ZOO

On the 17th July, 1962, our family went to the Zoo. When we arrived we went to a shop to buy animal food. As we were now going to the Elephant House, Gillian and I ran on. We saw the doors shut, so we ran back and told Peter. He was very disappointed and asked if we could go and see the monkeys. So off we went. There was a tiny one with its mother. Peter heard the seals, so we had to go and see them. After that we went to the children's part, where there was a Shetland foal. It was sweet, but we could not stay there very long because we were all dying for lunch. After that we had a ride on a camel. Unfortunately it was then time to go home.

FIONA HENDERSON, Primary 5.

A TRIP TO LONDON

We departed to London from an airport called Turnhouse, in a Vanguard of B.E.A. When we arrived in London, we went to our hotel called the Paramount, a very nice hotel. Next day we went to Buckingham Palace because my Dad was going to receive a medal, the M.B.E. There we saw the Queen Mother. On Wednesday we went to the Tower of London and London Bridge. In Trafalgar Square I fed the pigeons and got my picture taken. Later we went to the Zoo. On the way back one of the engines stopped. So we landed on three engines. A fire engine and an ambulance followed us along the runway. It was very exciting, but I thoroughly enjoyed it all.

SANDY SMITH, Primary 5.

MY FRIEND

I have a friend called Douglas. He has fair hair. Douglas and I play with each other a lot. A while ago we were in the woods climbing trees. Douglas became stuck up a tree. I had a great deal of trouble getting him down. Douglas and I often make huts in the woods near his house.

IAIN BROWN, Primary 5.

LONDON

October last year
I'll never forget,
The most wonderful holiday
I've ever had yet.
To London I went,
To the capital city.
I saw sights so wonderful
And pigeons—so pretty.
I sailed down the Thames
So deep and so broad,
Viewed Buckingham Palace,
Explored Madame Tussaud.
The Houses of Parliament,
Crown jewels so grand!
I think London must be
The best place in the land.

ANNE CAMERON, Primary 6.

MY PONY

I have a little pony,
I bought her in the Spring;
The name she has is Trixie,
And tricky she has been.
I wanted her from Santa,
But daddy said "No, no,
She can't come down the chimney,
The soot would fly like snow".
I ride her in the garden,
And down the Castle Lane;
Away we go at a canter,
With gently shaking mane.
I love my little pony,
She's very sweet, a dear,
Her tricks they are so funny.
I cannot tell them here.

RACHEL MACROBERT, Primary 6.

MY FAVOURITE PONY

My favourite pony is called Pickwick. He is chestnut brown and his eyes are brown. He goes very fast, and is good at jumping. He is not one of the Grantown ponies. He is one of Miss Henschel's ponies. She stays about a mile from Aviemore. I go there every Saturday and I enjoy it very much. Sometimes I spend some holidays there, but usually only a few days.

HAZEL McCULLOCH, Primary 6.

WHAT I PLAY AT

My favourite game is swinging on our big lilac tree. I have a marvellous time. Sometimes I pretend that I am a trapeze actress, and swing from branch to branch. There is a medium-sized branch, and I go upside down, with one hand clinging on to a part of the branch. To be an actress I wear a little green skirt with silver slippers. I shall be very sad when my dear old tree falls down. Sometimes I am an Indian with war paint, or even Tarzan, the wild man of the jungle.

LINDA CLARK, Primary 6.

VISIT TO MAJORCA

Last year my mother, father, brother, and I went to Majorca for a fortnight. Majorca is the largest of the Balearic Islands, the names of which are Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza. We went on June 16th to Glasgow, and there stayed the night with my god-father. The next morning we went to Renfrew airport and flew to London in a Viking. From there we flew to Palma, the capital of Majorca. We stayed in a lovely place called Camp de Mar, at a hotel called "The Gran", about thirty miles out of Palma. I was there on my birthday, and that afternoon I went in a boat for a sail round an uninhabited island called Dragonerra. It was just like a dragon. On the last day of my stay we went to Palma to see a bull fight and I enjoyed every minute of it.

SUSAN HENDRY, Primary 6.

THE PUPPIES

My uncle's dog has just had pups,
Five lovely little Labradors;
At times they're cuddly little balls,
But at others they're little terrors.
There's Charlie, Buster, Bob and Spey,
And little sister Honey;
They love to romp about and play,
They really are so funny.
They sleep in a basket warm and round,
And seem always to be hungry;
And when they try to take her bone,
Their Mummy gets quite angry.
The pups are naughty when they fight,
But to me they're really fine;
And though they sometimes scratch and bite,
I wish that they were mine.

MAUREEN GARDNER, Primary 7.

THE WOODS

One wanders through the woods at night,
To hear the birds all singing bright;
The shadows of the evening sun,
Make them awake and think it's fun.
We gather cones along the way,
They make the fire go grand and gay;
We watch the squirrels at their play,
This makes it all a lovely way.

BARBARA CRAMB, Primary 7.

MY TORTOISE

I have a tortoise as a pet,
He is a lucky chap;
He has his house upon his back,
And never does get wet.
He hibernates in winter,
Sleeps the season through;
And therefore never sees the snow,
That we go plodding through.

PATRICIA MARTIN, Primary 7.

TRAPALANDA

Our dear old Pluto went there one day,
To the horses' heaven so far away;
Where there are large green fields and
shady trees,
Running water and a soft cool breeze.
He was very old and the winter was cold,
We always said he would never be sold;
He was so faithful and so kind,
The very first pony we ever did ride.
He was put to sleep one wintry day,
We kissed him before he walked away,
To the horses' heaven so far from here,
Where all are happy, and free to roam
In that wonderful horses' home.

JUDITH COLLYER, Primary 7.

THE SHIP OF FANCY

I stood on a mighty mountain,
Looking over the sea;
There I spied a ship at anchor,
And she beckoned to me.
Then she signalled with white flags,
With flags green and blue;
And the captain sent me out a little boat,
Sent me out a little leaping, jolly, boat,
With the pick of the ship's crew.

ROBERT SMITH, Primary 7.

THE SAD PONY

He stood in the field looking sad,
While all the others were prancing like mad;
He went over to the willow tree,
Looking with sorrowful eyes at me.
He came to the fence where I stood nearby,
And looked at me from the corner of his eye;
He nosed my pocket where he felt a bump,
All he wanted was a sugar lump.

BARBARA ALEXANDER, Primary 7.

SPORTS SECTION.

FOOTBALL

Michael Forbes' team of 1961-62 tackled a less ambitious programme than that of preceding years. Perhaps it was just as well, as a very severe winter extending from November to April severely curtailed both practice and games.

The usual team positions were as follows: —D. Macdonald or M. Jackson in goal; D. Davidson and B. Reid as backs; D. Chisholm, D. Grant and M. Forbes at half-back; the forwards from S. Wright, I. Stuart, A. Davidson, R. Green, A. Chisholm, M. Sutherland and I. Sutherland.

The brief season opened with a home game against Nairn. Grantown led 3-2 at half-time but lost 4 goals in the second half. Our scorers were A. Davidson (2) and M. Sutherland.

Against Forbes we lost 5 goals in the first half, though we managed to score a couple in the second half.

Our only win was in a home game against Milne's. Though a goal down after a few minutes, the School team made it 4-2 eventually. The scorers were S. Wright, A. Chisholm, A. Davidson and M. Forbes.

At Elgin, with a weakened team, we lost 0-7, a score which represented the relative merits of the teams.

Finally, after a lay off because of bad weather, we played a return fixture against Milne's at Fochabers, and were beaten 5-4, one Grantown goal being gifted by the home goalie.

In the New Year, continuous hard weather put paid to a brief and rather unsuccessful season.

The Junior Football teams also had their programme severely curtailed by wintry weather. The Intermediate team gained only one point from five games played, though all the games were keenly contested and the winning margin small. The Second Year team had a great run, winning six of seven games played. The First Year team lost the only game played, being beaten by Forbes.

* * *
HOCKEY

Anne Urquhart, the new hockey captain, found a fairly promising team ready to hand. The new team members, Rita Stuart, Davis Thomson and Seonaid McLure fitted in well.

For all that, the season began badly with a 0-3 defeat at Forbes and a 0-4 defeat at home against Elgin Academy.

Then came a couple of wins. We beat Inverness High School 2-0, Pat Munro and Anne Urquhart claiming the goals; and we beat Milne's 3-1 at home, the scorers being Annette Dignan (2) and Rosemary Dunn.

Then came a three months lay off because of snow; and perhaps lack of practice might partly excuse our 3-2 defeat at the hands of Elgin Academy.

Next came another defeat in our return game with Milne's at Fochabers, a 2-2 draw with Kingussie, and 1-4 defeat by Inverness

Academy. Rita and Annette scored against Kingussie, and Anne against Inverness.

This practically closed our programme, but six School players along with five F.P.'s, took part in an Eastertide game against Elgin Ladies, losing 1-3.

The Juniors, showing great enthusiasm, had a reasonable season, winning two games against Forbes and Kingussie, and drawing one at Elgin.

* * *

SKI-ING

The severe winter, which militated heavily against football and hockey, made Strathspey a skiers' paradise. Runs were available during most of the winter on the golf course or Dreggie; and there were also the bus tours, conducted by the Rector and Mr Corpe, to Dirdhu and Coire Cas. Once again the pupils and staff benefited from the expert tuition of Eilif Moen, chief instructor of the Scottish-Norwegian Ski School.

Ski-making is quite a big business in the Technical Department. In March the J. Arthur Rank film organisation visited the School and took film of boys making their own skis.

In February the School had entered for the Scottish Schools Ski-ing Championships. On the week-end of the competition, Dr Bain had a brief indisposition; and this, combined with a blizzard which partially blocked the roads south, led to the cancellation of our entry.

On March 17, 31 pupils of School and two members of staff were given tests at Dirdhu. 17 first stars were awarded and 3 second stars. A week later 17 pupils took part in Junior Slalom races on Coire Cas in the first ever Junior Ski-ing Championships organised by the Cairngorm Winter Sports Development Board. Though the two best competitors were from Kingussie and Boat of Garten, the Grammar School fared well in the all-over results. In the 15-16 age group Ormond Smith was third. In the 13-14 age group Fred Anfield was first, David M. Macdonald second, and Mario D'Annunzio third. In the under-13 group Sherie Sutton was second. In the over-all competition, Fred Anfield was third, while Sherie Sutton had the best time of any girl. The course included 25 gates and a 300 feet vertical descent in a distance of about 500 yards.

During the Easter vacation David M. Macdonald took part in the Scottish Junior Ski Championships held in Glencoe, and was awarded a Ski Scholarship of £100 for a holiday in Switzerland.

The climax of the ski-ing season came in the first fortnight of April when 23 pupils, five F.P.'s and Dr Bain, Mr Corpe, Dr Henderson and Mr R. Ross crossed the North Sea for a ski-ing holiday at Geilo, in Norway. The trip was a great success, and the Grantonians got on famously with the Norwegian villagers. They also excelled themselves in the slalom races for visitors. In ski test, 3

first stars were awarded, and 11 second stars.

The tour, however, was clouded by one incident, an accident to Mr Corpe, who broke his leg on a steep ski run. Luckily Dr Henderson was with the party and was able to give expert aid. Mr Corpe was conveyed to hospital in Drammen, flown to London and Renfrew, and then motored by Dr Henderson to hospital in Inverness.

* * *

GOLF

Because of Mr G. McKenzie's departure golf activities were under the supervision of Mr Hendry. Great interest was maintained, and the standard of play improved.

The first tournament was a stroke one, Michael Dewar winning in the scratch section and David Anderson in the handicap one. Another handicap stroke competition was won by Bruce Bain. A knock-out tournament in two sections was arranged, Allan Chisholm winning the Senior section and David G. Macdonald the Junior one. The runners-up were Michael Dewar and Ian Anderson.

Matches were played with Huntly, Elgin, Nairn (2) and Forres (2). The team lost both games against Forres; but the final tally of two wins, three defeats and one draw suggests a number of keen contests. The teams were various permutations from Bill Reid, Michael Dewar, Martin Jackson, Alan Davidson, Iain Sutherland, Allan Chisholm, David Davidson, Norman Breckenridge, James MacGregor, David Anderson, David MacDonald, Bruce Bain and Ian Anderson.

* * *

CRICKET

The brief cricket season must have been a happy one for Michael Dewar, the School Cricket Captain. In the first match against the Staff, the School, sent in first, scored enterprisingly and made 41 runs against steady bowling by Mr Hendry, supported by Mr Hutchison, with the Rector keeping wicket. The Staff reply was 36. Mr Aitken was top scorer, and Mr Hendry stayed a long time; but the remainder of the Staff failed to settle.

In a return game, the Staff, without Mr Aitken and Mr Hutchison, ran into greater trouble. The School declared at 41 for four; but the Staff reply was only 28. In this match, Mr Corpe, usually the most polished batsmen of the masters, tried to play with his leg in plaster but was bowled before he got his eye in. The slip fielding of the boys was very good, and Bill Reid, Michael Forbes and Michael Dewar bowled well.

* * *

TENNIS

Thanks to the Grantown-on-Spey Tennis Club, school pupils received professional coaching in tennis once again during the second last week of term. In the August tournament both Bill Reid and Iain Sutherland put up a promising display in the Men's Open Section.

SWIMMING

The weekly visits to the Munro Baths in Elgin resumed on May 4. At end of term, three pupils swam tests of two lengths, four pupils tests of one length, and four pupils tests of one breadth. Three pupils were awarded Scottish Schools Swimming Association badges.

* * *

SCHOOL SPORTS

The School Sports were again held in uncertain conditions, with a strong gale blowing across the sports ground. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that only one record was broken. In the senior boys' shot Torquil MacKenzie's putt of 40ft. 9½in. easily surpassed the previous best.

In 1962 the Sports were supervised by Mr Liggat, with the assistance of Mrs Mackay, Mr Hutchison and the Rector; and everything went off very smoothly.

The new Senior Boys' Champion was Ian Stuart, closely followed by David Chisholm and Alan Davidson. Anne Urquhart was again the Senior Girls' Champion, with Annette Dignan in second place.

Frank Stephen won the Intermediate Boys' Championship, with Michael Sutherland second. Elspeth Gow, the 1961 runner-up, won the Intermediate Girls' Championship.

The Junior Boys' Championship was won by John McInnes, closely followed by Geoffrey Smith and Brian Williamson. Mabel Stephen, who did so well in the Primary Sports of 1961, was the Junior Girls' Champion.

In the Primary Department, David Grant was a very convincing Over-10 Boys' Champion, while Helen Grant was the corresponding Girls' Champion. Of the Under-10 sections, Iain Gray was the best of the boys, and Jean Rafferty of the girls.

In the House competitions Revoan was in great form and collected both cups.

* * *

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS

Our Primary team, consisting of Judy Collyer, Una Hogg, Helen Grant, David Grant, George Green and Derek McCulloch, was second to Rothiemurchus in the Badenoch and Strathspey Primary School Sports. We also competed, with small success, in the Moray and Nairn Primary School Sports.

In the Moray and Nairn Secondary School Sports, the School was represented in all divisions with moderate success. The most successful was that of the Senior Girls, who collected three seconds and three thirds.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

BOYS

School Captain — David Chisholm; Vice-Captain—David Grant. Football Captain—David Grant; Vice-Captain—John George. Athletics Captain — Alan Davidson; Vice-Captain—Eric Mackenzie. Cricket Captain—Iain Sutherland; Vice-Captain—Neil Stuart. Secretary to Prefects' Court — Allan Chisholm. Librarian and Museum Curator — James Macpherson.

House Captains: — Revack—D. Grant. Revoan—N. Stuart. Roy—Eric Mackenzie.

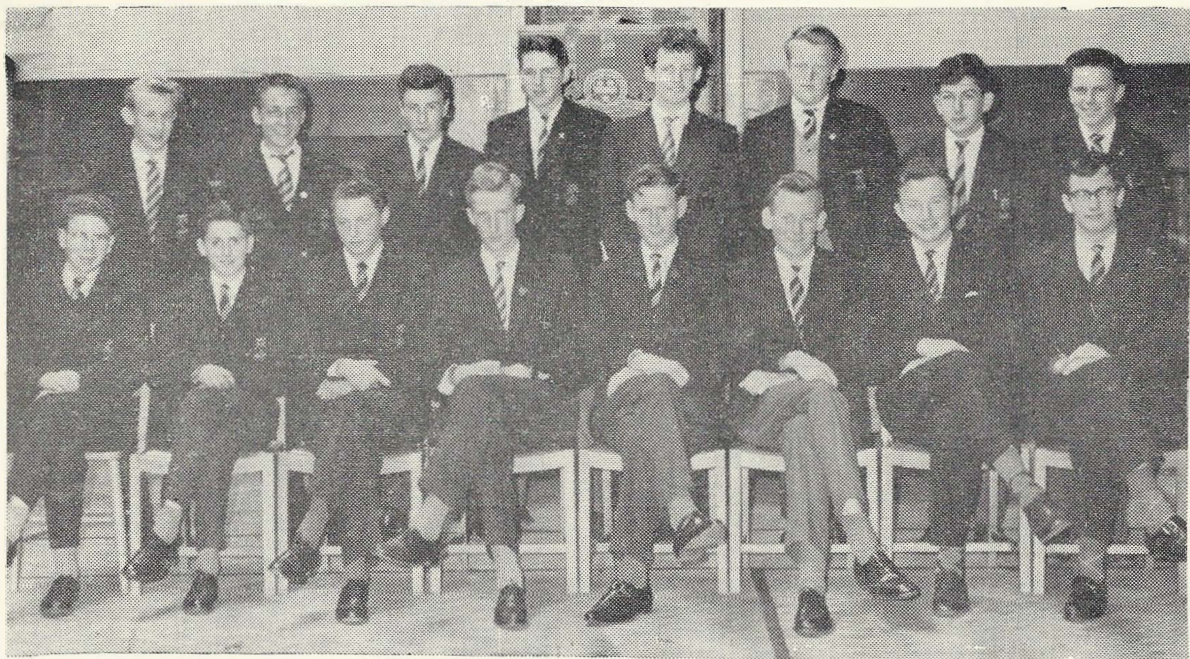
Additional Prefects—N. Breckenridge, G. Campbell, J. Grant, B. Lamb, G. Macintosh, O. Smith, D. Urquhart.

GIRLS

Head Girl — Karen MacGregor; Deputy Head Girl—Deirdre Donn. Hockey Captain — Rosemary Dunn; Vice-Captain — June Grant. Athletics Captain — Karen MacGregor; Vice-Captain — Jaclynn Wood. Games Secretary—Rita Stuart.

House Captains: — Revack — Rosemary Dunn. Revoan — Gill Ross. Roy — Karen Macgregor.

Additional Prefects—C. Greene, M. Grant, M. Macaulay, S. McLure, J. D. Thomson, C. Terris.



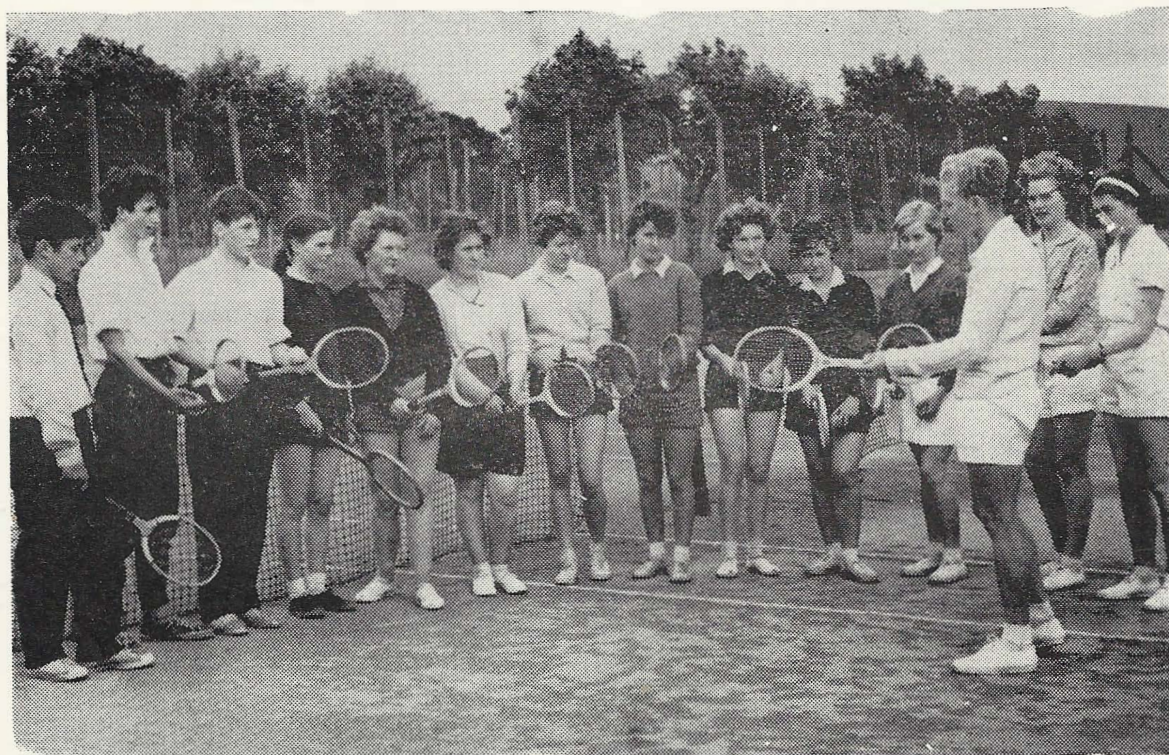
Boy Prefects for the 1962-63 session. Seated (left to right)—Ormond Smith, Douglas Urquhart, Alan Davidson, David Chisholm (captain), David Grant (vice-captain), Iain Sutherland, Allan Chisholm, Neil Stuart. Standing (l to r.)—Norman Breckenridge, John George, James MacPherson, James Grant, Eric Mackenzie, Grant Mackintosh, Gillies Campbell, Brian Lamb.



Grammar School's senior football team. Standing (left to right) — Gillies Campbell, Norman Breckenridge, Kenneth Mackenzie, Alan Davidson, Allan Chisholm, David Grant; kneeling—Brian Lamb, Michael Sutherland, John George, David Chisholm, Iain Sutherland.



The School party photographed at Grantown railway station before leaving for the ski-ing holiday in Norway.



Tennis coach Mr. Woodcraft, Dundee, gives advice during an instruction period for Grammar School pupils on the local courts. During his week's stay in Grantown, Mr Woodcraft gave tuition to 122 pupils of the school.

THE OLD GUARD

OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1962/63

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; 58 Sqd., R.E.M.E., Crompton Barracks, Chatham, Kent, England.

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

Brian McKerron (1955-59), Ivybank, High Street; R.A.F., Waddington, Lines; junior technician.

*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; Officers' Mess, Scots Guards, Kahada, Kenya; sergeant, Scots Guards.

At Universities and Colleges.

George S. Coutts (1951-57), Bank Cottage, Dava; veterinary student, Glasgow University.

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

*Ronald G. M. Philip (1945-46), Strathspey Hotel; 37 Machise Road, London, W.14; medical student.

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. Oatto (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; 43 Ladysmith Road, Edinburgh; junior lecturer, Edinburgh University.

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

*Robin J. Fraser (1951-57), Ph.C., Belville Cottage, Boat of Garten; 137 Garthland Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow; chemist.

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

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1962-63

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

In the unavoidable absence of Dr Bain, Mr G. E. Donaldson was appointed to act as chairman at the Annual General Meeting held in the Grammar School on Monday, 12th November, 1962, at 7.30 p.m. Mr Donaldson welcomed a very small attendance of members and was asked to convey the good wishes of the meeting to Dr Bain for a speedy recovery from his illness. Apologies for absence were received from Dr Bain, Dr Duncan Fraser, Mr J. A. Templeton and Mr and Mrs A. M. Grant. The secretary read a letter from Dr Fraser, Honorary President, in which he expressed his best wishes for the continued success of the Former Pupils' Club.

Mr Donaldson referred to the loss sustained by the Club by the recent death of one of the oldest and most distinguished members, Dr William Robertson, Chief Inspector of Schools (retired). Dr Robertson had reached the top of his profession and was a member of whom the Club might well be proud.

The secretary read the minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting and their adoption was moved by Miss J. M. Paterson, seconded by Mrs J. D. Archibald.

The financial report showed a credit balance at 31st October of £103 6s 8½d and its adoption was moved by Mrs J. Grant, seconded by Mr A. MacLure.

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 138 magazines had been sent out by the secretary in December, 1961, and it was again unanimously agreed that the practice of sending a free copy to all exiled

life-members would continue. Miss Paterson paid tribute to Mr Donaldson and Miss Munro for their work in connection with the magazine.

A letter was read from Dr Bain expressing the thanks of the Grammar School to the Former Pupils' Club for the seven prizes awarded in 1962. Unanimous approval was given to the award of these prizes for 1963 for the following subjects:—English, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Art, and Technical Subjects.

In a letter to the secretary, Mr A. M. Grant reported that the 1962 Reunion Dance would be held in the Palace Hotel on Thursday, 27th December, at 9 p.m. Donald's Band from Forres had been engaged. It was possible that there might have to be an increase of 6d in the price of the ticket but this would not be done unless it was absolutely essential. The following committee was appointed and would elect a convener from its members:—Mr A. M. Grant, Mrs Archibald, Dr Bain, Messrs J. G. Bruce, A. M. Hastings and F. Calder.

It was unanimously decided that a **Reunion Dinner would be held in March, 1963, if possible on the 29th**, and the following committee was appointed to make all arrangements:—Dr Bain (convener), Miss J. M. Paterson, Mrs A. M. Grant, Messrs G. E. Donaldson, J. G. Bruce and J. J. Grant.

On the call of Miss Paterson a vote of thanks was expressed to Mr Donaldson for presiding.

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; Parkhouse, Biggar, Lanarkshire.

*Mrs Adam Anderson (Shona G. Mac Dougall), Monaliadh Bungalow, Boat of Garten; Dunira, Cunninghamhill Road, Inverurie.

*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.

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.

- *Mrs Thomas S. Robertson (Mary E. Hastilow), Achnagonlan.
- *Alison Ronaldson, Strathallan, Grant Road.
- *Jessie D. Ronaldson, Strathallan, Grant Road; postal and telegraph officer, General Post Office.
- *Mrs Joseph Schleppie (Elizabeth Meldrum), Granite Villa, Woodside Avenue.
- *Sheila M. G. Smith, B.Com. (Edinburgh), Auchernack, Elgin.
- *Mrs Peter G. Spalding (Isobel M. Gunn), 6 Macgregor Avenue.
- *Mrs John Stuart (Marion N. G. Paterson), M.A. (Edinburgh), 32 Kylintra Crescent; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- *Mrs Colin Sutton (Catherine M. MacKay), High Street.
- *Netta Templeton, Gladstone Cottage, Castle Road.
- *James Williams, M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), Stonefield, The Square; medical practitioner.
- *Mrs Jack Wood (Joan Cruickshank), Seafeld Lodge Hotel, Woodside Avenue; hotel proprietrix.

* Life Member.

BIRTHS

- ANDERSON.—On 27th April, 1962, to Mr and Mrs Adam Anderson (Shona G. Macdougall), Dumira, Cuninghill Road, Inverurie—a daughter (Susan Grant).
- BEATON.—On 3rd March, 1962, to Mr and Mrs George J. Beaton (Sheena S. R. McIntosh), Ness Castle, Inverness—a daughter (Ruth Isabella Mary).
- COWAN.—On 6th September, 1962, to Mr and Mrs Thomas M. B. Cowan (Wilma Irving), Kirkton Cottage, Grantown-on-Spey—a son (Alisdair).
- GORDON.—On 9th April, 1962, to Mr and Mrs Donald M. Gordon (Ann M. Paton), 6 Rose Place, Elgin—a son (Alan Donald John).
- HAMILTON.—On 3rd June, 1962, to Mr and Mrs Louis W. Hamilton (Margaret Hogg), 11 South Street, Grantown-on-Spey—a daughter.
- MITCHELL.—On 12th September, 1962, to Mr and Mrs William A. Mitchell (Judy Stuart), 13 Ballechroisk Terrace, Killin—a daughter (Anne).

BIRTHS Continued

- NAUGHTON.—On 1st February, 1962, to Mr and Mrs Michael A. Naughton (Marie A. Shaw), 5318 Hillen Road, Baltimore, 12 Maryland, U.S.A.—a daughter (Kathleen Mary).
- SELMAN.—On 18th April, 1962, to Dr and Mrs Geoffrey G. Selman (Elsie M. H. Kirk), 74 Macdowall Road, Edinburgh, 9—a son (David George).
- SPALDING.—On 5th June, 1962, to Mr and Mrs Peter G. Spalding (Isobel M. Gunn), 6 Macgregor Avenue, Grantown-on-Spey—a son (Neil Gunn).

MARRIAGES

- CLARK — BARCLAY. — At Inverallan Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 20th October, 1962, Robert Marshall Clark, Carnoustie, to Janet Galloway Barclay, 9 Macgregor Avenue, Grantown-on-Spey.
- MACLEAN — CALDER. — At the South Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 24th November, 1961, Ian MacLean, 5 South Street, to Helen A. Calder, Waterford Hotel, Grantown-on-Spey.
- SCOTT—STUART.—At Inverallan Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 3rd March, 1962, James Scott, Edinburgh, to Alison D. Stuart, R.G.N., Aird House, High Street, Grantown-on-Spey.
- SHIACH—SMITH.—At St Andrew's Parish Church, Edinburgh, on 10th April, 1962, Gordon Iain Wilson Shiach, Edinburgh, to Margaret Grant Smith, M.A., Gladstone House, Castle Road, Grantown-on-Spey.
- TETLEY—HOGG.—At the South Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 24th March, 1962, Malcolm Tetley to Mary Hogg, 11 South Street, Grantown-on-Spey.
- VICKERMAN — GRANT. — At Inverallan Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 24th March, 1961, William Justice Vickerman, Edinburgh, to Seonaid Mairi Grant, R.G.N., C.M.B., Comely Bank, Seafeld Avenue, Grantown-on-Spey.
- WESTON—DONALDSON.—At Argyle Place Church, Edinburgh, on 27th July, 1962, Roy Francis Weston, B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., Northampton, to Sheina Margaret Donaldson, M.A., 32a The Square, Grantown-on-Spey.

DEATH

- ROBERTSON. — In hospital, on 25th May, 1962, William Allan Robertson, M.A., Ph.D., H.M.C.I.S. (retired), Ramornie, Elton, Aberdeenshire (Lower Delliefure, Grantown-on-Spey).

FISHING COMPETITION HIGHLIGHTS

The main event of 'Old Guard Activity' for 1962 was the annual pilgrimage to Lochindorb for the ever popular fishing competition.

As usual — I spin the fisherman's tale — conditions were never quite right. Too windy, too calm — always some excuse for bringing in a poor catch.

Ian Macpherson again came out on top and annexed the cup from his close rival Hamish Shaw. Ian seems to cast a spell over Lochindorb trout. They always rise to his fly, while all around him others just try, without the same success.

The highlight of this year's competition, however, was the night my good friend, Jock Paterson, fell into the loch. We were fishing quite near each other when suddenly I heard a loud splash. On looking round, all I could see was Jock's head. He managed to splash his way to the bank, with breast waders full of water. If he had been in

danger of drowning, I should have had great difficulty in pulling him out, being helpless with laughter. I can still picture him shivering on the bank, reel broken, and orating loudly in some foreign tongue which I failed to understand. I got him to the car as quickly as possible and back to the Lodge for dry clothes. When all the lads returned, poor Jock became the target for some friendly ragging. He looked quite unique in Simpson Shaw's trousers, which came nearly to his neck. However, he took it all in good part, like the good sport he is, seeing the funny side of it along with us; and I know that when we line up again next year Jock will be there as keen as ever.

I conclude by thanking all who took part in helping to make this ever-popular expedition the undoubted success it is. I particularly express our gratitude to our good friend Simpson Shaw, without whose help the competition could never be what it is.

A. M. GRANT.

SKI-ING

I imagine that, what with the heavy falls of snow that Grantown experienced over the winter months, and the very successful trip to Norway in April by a party, of which I was very fortunate in being a member, this issue of the school magazine will be devoted a great deal to Ski-ing.

However, as most people will be telling of their personal experiences, I feel that something ought to be said with regard to the origin of this sport, hence the following account.

Ski-ing is essentially a twentieth century sport, but it has been used in countries as far apart as Tibet and Scandinavia, where the vast snow covered regions impeded movement at the high speeds which were needed for hunting and fighting.

It was, however, the Scandinavians who forsook that ski-ing, then only used as a means of travel, might develop into a sport, and so we find that by the latter part of the nineteenth century they had started holding cross-country and jumping competitions.

The sport soon caught on in other countries, and by the turn of the century an Austrian, Mathias Loharsky, had set up a ski school just outside Vienna, where he branched away from the conventional type of Scandinavian ski-ing and taught his pupils downhill turns.

The first race was won by the first Britishman to take the prize at Bormio.

Richards, who, on arriving at Davos with a pair of skis he had used in Norway, impressed the locals with his skill. Thus a type of downhill running became very popular in the Alps.

Most people, whenever the subject of ski-ing is brought up, tend to immediately think of Norway, Austria, Switzerland and the Alps as being the place where ski-ing, as we know it to-day, was started.

In actual fact, an Englishman, Sir Arnold Lunn, was the first person to lay down a set of rules for slalom racing and downhill running, and in 1903 the Ski Club of Great Britain was formed and is now the largest ski club in the world with a membership of well over 14,000.

During those early days of ski-ing the British played a major role with many of the prominent skiers coming from Great Britain, but unfortunately, due to fierce competition from Scandinavia and the Alpine countries, our last success was Miss Eva Pinching's winning of the World Championships in 1936.

With the opening up of resorts in the Cairngorm area, and other Scottish ski-ing facilities being made available to tourists, we can look forward to the future when we may again see a member of the British team take home the World Championship. Who knows, it may be one of you.

— NATHANIEL A. J. D. JENNIE

and the Tomb of Lazarus at Bethany. Miss Fraser describes the hazards of venturing on the back of a camel, and also the hazards of the steep and winding road from Jerusalem to Jericho, made famous by the kind deed of the Good Samaritan.

"Scattered over the hills were Bedouin tents made of goatskin. The Bedouins generally possess one or two camels and a few goats and sheep. How they are able to make a living is past my comprehension. They possess none of the commodities of life which we take for granted".

After traversing this wild area, they reached Jericho beside the Jordan, where there is now a refugee camp, and beheld the desolate shores and buoyant water of the Dead Sea. They then returned to their quarters in Jerusalem. Later they experienced the thrills of shopping in the narrow and odoriferous streets of the old city.

On their return journey they spent a night in Amman, the Trans-Jordan capital, in a hotel well equipped except for the lack of water. Thence they flew to Damascus, then via Lebanon to Naples, in all its beauty, and home to Britain over the Swiss Alps.

"So ended our Pilgrimage, the memory of which and the friendships made will remain with us throughout the years to come.

To the Holy Land our thoughts will turn and return, and in memory's lane we will again and again tread in the Steps Of The Master".

THE RIPPLE (A Serial Story)

"And now," said Mr Brown, the Psychology Master, fixing his class with a comprehensive look, "what is a psychological block?"

The class settled down to the problem with the thoroughness characteristic of our school. There was no hurried response, no unpremeditated decision. For three solid minutes the whole class cogitated silently except for the Macnab twins who, being incapable of sustained thought, quietly dismembered their birros.

It was in this impressive silence that The Ripple was first heard. It was a faint impalpable sound; but Mr Brown heard it and he glanced in the direction of Green. Green's response, as usual, was swift.

"It isn't me this time, sir," he said.

Green's remark was characteristic of the happy understanding that exists between pupils and staff in our school. Green acknowledged that his conduct was sometimes at fault, but he claimed innocence on this occasion. Mr Brown nodded to show that he understood; and both teacher and class continued to listen intently.

"Perhaps it's a time bomb," exclaimed Angelo, whose imagination is apt to run riot. "Rubbish!" said McGinn, "a time bomb ticks".

Mr Brown realised that the discipline of the School was in danger, and he dealt with the situation in the incisive manner so characteristic of the School Staff.

"I asked you a question ten minutes ago,"

he said. "I think that by now I am entitled to an answer".

The class looked reproachfully at Mr Brown, as if to deprecate this show of impatience. Luckily Rose, whose mind seems capable of phenomenal speed of thought, rose to the occasion. She put up her hand.

"Well," said Mr Brown.

"Please, sir," said Rose, "it's when you don't understand something because you just think you can't".

Mr Brown smiled, and a sigh of relief drowned The Ripple. Indeed, but for the exceptional silence, it could not have been heard. By mutual consent, it was forgotten for the remainder of this, the last period of the day, and at 4 p.m. the class was dismissed. Mr Brown remained behind to correct exercises. The faint sound of The Ripple revived, and affected his concentration. At last he gave it up, and left the school.

As Mr Brown turned westwards from the school gate, he beheld a figure approaching. Anywhere else an elderly gentleman in bowler hat, green blazer, shepherds' tartan trousers and zipped boots might have attracted attention; but Grantown is so used to kenspeckle summer tourists and skiing monstrosities in winter that Professor Black's appearance seemed merely conventional. Mr Brown, however, recognised his former professor of Metronomics and, with a little hesitation, he ventured to say "Good afternoon, sir. Are you on holiday here?" The professor stopped and looked keenly at him. "Perhaps you don't remember me," said Mr Brown, "but I was in your class five years ago. My name is Brown".

The professor smiled, "Ah, yes," he said, "I remember you well. You showed great promise. And what are you doing in Grantown, Smith?"

Mr Brown ignored the professor's slip. To make a long story short, ten minutes later he was conducting the professor round the school, the tour ending in the Psychology Room. As they stood in silence viewing the Mental Charts, The Ripple again made itself heard.

"Do you hear that?" said Mr Brown, and then, in explanation, he related the curious incident of the afternoon.

The professor's reaction was, to say the least, terrific.

"I have found it," he exclaimed. "I have found it. Green. This is the greatest thing you have ever done. Have you a phone in school? Harold must know of this at once".

"We have a phone," said Mr Brown, "but our Rector doesn't approve of its unauthorised use".

The professor laughed discordantly. "My dear Smith," he said, "if I don't use the phone, there may be no Rector, no School, no Grantown. Lead me to it at once".

There was something so compelling in his voice that Mr Brown made no further demur.

[What was the meaning of the professor's remarks? What was the sinister significance of The Ripple? This thrilling serial will be continued in the 1963 magazine. Order your copy now].

G. E. DONALDSON.

HERETIC'S WARNING

What we call progress has a lot to answer for. Some of its benefits are undeniable, but others are doubtful in the extreme and have been secured at a terrible price.

Our once peaceful countryside is peaceful no more. Gone are those halcyon days when a man could wander at will over his native moors and fish his ancestral streams undisturbed; when the climbing of Cairngorm was something of which to be proud; when our woodlands were fresh and clean, unmarred by tourists' litter.

There are those in influential quarters who say that the future of the Highlands lies in tourism. Certainly it has brought a considerable prosperity to hoteliers and kindred opportunists, shopkeepers are selling a little more, and "the season" has been extended. But where will it all end? The band-wagon, already overloaded, creaks louder every year.

Already it is planned to stud the hills with chalets, to provide easy access to even the remotest sanctuaries, to instal ski-tows and chairlifts, to make things as easy as possible, for as many as possible. No one has mentioned juke-boxes so far, but no doubt they will follow.

If the present rate of "progress" continues our beloved hills will soon be hopelessly overcrowded, our rivers ridiculously overfished, and our wild life thinned out to the point of near extinction. It has happened before, it is happening now, in many parts of the world. And all the signs point to its happening here, because it has been realised that "there's gold in them thar hills". One would have thought that the sad ruins of what were once boom towns 'way out West might have been a warning.

There is one ray of hope. The congestion may become intolerable, or the novelty fade, before irreparable damage is done. Then there will be a general trek back to the bingo-halls, and peace will return to the glens.

This will not mean the end of the Highlands' dream of prosperity. In the long run, inevitably, industry will have to come, or be brought North, in order to stop the drift from the Highlands. A district's geographical location should not debar it from contributing to, and sharing in, the wealth of a country.

I know that "industry" is a swear-word to many people with financial security; but

it would be infinitely more beneficial to infinitely more people, and it would do much less damage to the character of the Highlands than unbridled tourism. I mean, of course, carefully selected industry sited with an eye to the amenities of the district.

It is good to know that our countryside is appreciated, to see people enjoying themselves in glorious surroundings. But the word "tourism" has come to have unfortunate associations: it reeks of commercialisation. If the publicity is overdone, and the response too great, the goose which lays the golden eggs will surely die. To strike the right balance, that is the difficulty.

Remote and beautiful places which were once the only reward for hours of hard slog-ging can now be reached effortlessly by car. All the thrill and sense of achievement have gone. True, there are still inaccessible spots where only the hardest venture; but if the current opening-up process continues, even those few remaining sanctuaries will be overrun, and the proud hills will have become just another overcrowded playground. A goldmine for a handful of speculators but a tragedy for the Highlands in general.

Nowhere is the curse of uncontrolled tourism more apparent than on the banks of the Spey. The recent phenomenal increase in the popularity of fishing has resulted in its becoming anything but the leisurely pursuit of old. Now it is all rush and worry, and a hectic scramble for the best pools. Gone are the days when we could wander unhurriedly along the banks, taking time to admire the scenery and savour the peace of it all. Nowadays, nearly every fisher you meet is in a hurry to reach his favourite pool, hoping against hope that it will be untenanted, but fairly sure that someone will have beaten him to it.

Recalling nostalgically those far off days when an old bike transported me to secret, and usually distant trout streams, I am not sure whether pity or envy is uppermost in my mind as I watch the cavalcade of luxurious cars disgorging their cargoes of resplendently clad fishers at the Old Bridge. How well equipped they are! Rod varnish gleams and chrome gaffs sparkle. Super game bags bulge with expensive accessories. Dutiful wives tote massive lunch-baskets. Children in jeans and jockey caps disport themselves in fish-scaring abandon, while father, grave and uncomfortable in the full regalia of a Salmon Fisher, plods ponderously towards his place in the queue at Clachnastrone. It's a far cry from the ragged urchin who used to find an ecstasy among the high mossy headwaters of the Shennach burn.

Tourism, like slavery, degrades men to the extent of making them love it. There are too many easy pickings. A bird in the hand is all very well, but it will take more than ski-caps and fishing rods to ensure a sound

economy for the Highlands. Carefully regulated, tourism could contribute something, albeit to a relatively small section of the community. But, if allowed to get out of hand, it could do lasting harm to a priceless heritage.

Dear reader, if this heresy shocks you, please be tolerant. It springs not from selfishness, but from my conviction that tourism is not, and never will be, the solution to "the problem of the Highlands". The danger is that, in the flush of a partial and temporary solution, the need for something more permanent may be forgotten. It is vital that that should not be allowed to happen.

The fear which haunts me is that when our children and their children's children grow up, they may never know the peace of mind and infinite happiness experienced by their fathers who could retreat for brief periods of mental recuperation to the quiet glens, lonely hilltops, and "vacant wine-red moors" which, down through the ages, have meant life itself to the inhabitants of the Highlands.

IAN MACPHERSON.

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NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

EDITORIAL

Your editor usually heaves a big sigh of relief at this stage. To follow up the activities of Grantown F.P.s is a world-ranging task. We receive repeated assurances that these notes are appreciated; and we hope that our brief references will recall happy memories.

We thank our contributors — Nicholas Spence, Ian Macpherson (what would the Magazine be like without his contribution?), and Margaret Fraser.

We again welcome a number of new recruits—Janet and Louise Dixon, Catherine Douglas, Valerie Dewar, Tommy and Amelia Edwards, Iris Forbes, Betty Kirkwood, David Joy, Miss Kathleen MacGregor, Mrs Ross (Patricia Macdonald), Mrs Springall (Jessie Stewart) and the three Ross's — Walter, Margaret and Alick. Thus we go from strength to strength.

LOCAL

A word first about our helpers, Jeannette and Martin. We congratulate Jeannette on her promotion to the post of Chief Clerk in R.E.M.E. Martin, in addition to usual business, is in charge of the new Shell petrol station just west of Grantown. Very soon he expects to experience the fabulous hospitality of Shell on a short course.

In Grantown itself tourism booms. The Ski-Lift, busy in winter, has also operated in summer to facilitate the ascent of Cairngorm. Hotel extensions in half-a-dozen hotels suggest expanding trade.

Craiglynn, product of Mrs Mackay's enterprising genius, has had an adventurous season. First a fire in Spring (described elsewhere), then a change of ownership, and now extensions.

In Seafeld Lodge and the Strathspey the handsome additions show the same constructive taste as was shown in Craiglynn.

There are many distinguished local characters who merit a word of comment—so many that we propose to ignore them, and turn the searchlight on Staff F.P.s. We congratulate the Rector on the completion of ten strenuous years at the helm. Senior in service these days, of course, are Miss Grant and Miss Legge. Young in spirit as ever, they have toured the continent these two summers, negotiating Alpine passes with the same sang froid as Miss Campbell and Miss Jack exhibited in Scandanavia.

The vivacious Ross family (Mrs Ross, of course, being the bright-eyed Margaret Davidson) are now domiciled in Grantown, where your editor too hopes to occupy a new bungalow.

Which reminds me that Sandy Ledingham now lives at the Clachan, and that Miss Cameron, retired from teaching, takes up residence at The Knoll.

OF THE FORCES

With the passing of National Service, this section diminishes. Of our senior servicemen Sergeant Ian Walker is now in Kenya, and Johnny Stuart, based on Cyprus, has moved around to Aden, Kenya and Bahrein, in the course of his duties. Of the others we seem to have no news.

It is noteworthy how many of our young school leavers join the services. Four did so in 1962. Mostly these lads do well. We learned with pleasure that David Robertson was one of five young R.A.F. cup-winners. John Clark, whom we remember as a quiet sensible lad at school, did very well in the Boys' Service. He won the leadership prize and a bronze medal for swimming. He is now a Regular at Chatham, where, at the end of his training, he gained the award for the best all-round sapper.

OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

Elsewhere in this Magazine Jeannette has duly recorded happy events associated with Mrs Naughton (Marie Shaw), Mrs Beaton (Sheena McIntosh), Mrs Selman (Elsie Kirk), Mrs Anderson (Shona McDougall), Mrs Gordon (May Paton), Mrs Spalding (Isobel Gunn), Mrs Hamilton (Margaret Hogg), Mrs Cowan (Wilma Irving), Mr and Mrs Mitchell of Killin, Mrs Johnson (May Mackenzie) also has a baby girl.

Our F.P. bevy of brides include Helen Calder, Seonaid Grant, Alison Stuart, Mary Hogg, Margaret Smith, Sheina Donaldson and Jannie Barclay.

We are less confident in our reports of the Old Guardsmen. So far as we know, John Innes, Keith McKerron, Gordon MacGregor, Shaw Mortimer and Willie Cruickshank have been presented with daughters. Iain Burgess, George Catto and Hugh Hogg have had sons. It must have been an exciting year in the Hogg family, all three of whom are mentioned in this column.

To our knowledge, three Old Guardsmen have married. Robin Fraser found his bride in Elgin, but Ian Smith's marriage to Edna West, and David Ross's to Betty Macdonald both represent local romances.

OF STUDENTS AND LEAVERS

We begin by congratulating those who have finished courses. At St Andrews, Marjory Mackintosh graduated in July as B.D.S., thereafter accepting a post with a dental firm in Melton Mowbray. In Aberdeen, Lorna Stephen also graduated in July as M.A., and proceeded to train as a secretary in London. In Aberdeen also Robin Fraser qualified as Ph.C. He has married and found a post in Glasgow. Barbara Jackson, in Edinburgh, and Betty McGregor, in Aberdeen, completed College of Education courses. Barbara goes on to take a Froebel Course, but Betty is now teaching. Torquil

B. MacKenzie, university and college courses completed, now teaches in Inverness. Kay Hepburn, hotel management course completed, has taken a post in London. To these and to any others whom we do not know about we extend our best wishes.

With Marjory's graduation we have now no representative at St Andrews, but we have at least half a dozen students at Edinburgh University. In Arts Sandy Macdonald achieved merit certificates in two subjects in his second year. Michael Forbes enters the Arts Course. In Science, George Dixon, returning to university, has gallantly surmounted the first year hurdles. In Medicine, Lindsay Grant forges towards her Second Professional, while her brother Graham, in spite of a non-Science course at school, has passed his First Professional. Martin Jackson is a freshman in Medicine. David Davidson enters the Engineering Course. Duncan Howlett, by the way, has switched from university to insurance.

In training as teachers at Edinburgh, in addition to Barbara, we have Gladys George and Jacqueline Grant (second year) and Yvonne Cameron, Fiona Donn and Helen Miller (first year). Catherine Douglas continues at Athole Crescent. Pat Munro enters a Commercial Course at Skerry's, and Annette Dignan enters the School of Art. We also have our bevy of nurses at the Infirmary, supplemented this year by Morag McGregor.

At Glasgow University we have George Coutts finishing off his veterinary studies. Colin Keith has passed his Fourth Professional in Dentistry. Elizabeth Lovie, like Graham Grant, a language student at school, has successfully covered her first two years in medicine.

As to the Glasgow colleges, we have Valerie Dewar pursuing her Commercial course, and Douglas McInnes (our emergency stand-in at the Grammar School) and Anne Foy continuing their respective courses at Jordanhill.

Aberdeen University is also well stocked with Grantonians. D. D. Chisholm passed his Second Professional in Medicine in Spring. Andrew Reid and Arthur Jackson continue their medical studies. Arthur took the harder first year Science course instead of the Medicine one, and emerged successful. In Arts, Betty Kirkwood had a bunch of merit certificates, and Iris Forbes also surmounted her hurdles. Lindsey Stephen joins them in Arts. Bill Reid, in Law, and Torquil Mackenzie (another Torquil) are the other newcomers.

Margaret Campbell and Sheila Cruickshank enter their final year at the College of Education, while Irene Mackenzie and Harry McGregor study Pharmacy at Gordon's College, where Anne Urquhart is a newcomer. Julia Jackson and Margaret McLennan are at P.T. College.

A word of congratulation is due to Tommy Edwards in Peterborough. He won prizes to the value of 21 guineas for performance in the Diploma of Engineering.

David Joy entered the Customs and Excise

service in 1961. Ian Stuart is due to join him this year. Allan MacKenzie was accepted for a bank in Inverness.

These notes, necessarily incomplete, suggest how some of our pupils try to forge ahead in the wider world of education.

OF EXILES

Quite a number of our exiles have been back in Grantown on holiday this year; and we could compose a formidable list of pleasant, though brief, renewals of acquaintance.

Perhaps the most distant of these visitors are Mr and Mrs Lugg (Jean Burgess) from the Philippines, Mr and Mrs H. Wright from Mexico, and Andrew Phimister from Ceylon.

We had a note from Mrs Naughton (Marie Shaw) recalling her 1961 visit to Grantown. Her husband is an associate professor at a medical school in Baltimore.

We had indirect news of Mrs Orander (Mary Cruickshank) in Sweden. Our adventurous Norwegian fans, Vera Campbell and Margaret Jack, revisited Bergen this summer, then on by car to Oslo, Stockholm and Malmo, and then on across Denmark to Esbjerg, and back to Britain. In Stockholm Vera rang up Mary, and heard the dramatic switch from a Swedish to a Grantown accent. Thereafter a visit was arranged, and there was much talk of old times.

We note that Jean Mackenzie has a post as House Mother in Kent. A far cry from Elchies!

We also heard of Roddy Rattray, who varied life this summer by a holiday in southern Spain.

From Mrs Squires in Canada comes a curious story. On the highroad from Montreal to Toronto, they gave a lift to a kilted pedestrian. When they admired his red Ross kilt, he said, "Father had it made for me at Robert Burgess, The Tartan Shop, Grantown-on-Spey". The father had been on holiday in Nethybridge. May the fame of the Burgess Tartan Shop continue to circle the earth!

Alex. Mackintosh tells us that he has disposed of his Pharmacy business. We hope he will enjoy the less strenuous days ahead of him.

Now for some Old Guard news — Keith Donaldson, hospital practice concluded, now holds down a post as junior lecturer in Medicine at Edinburgh University.

Sandy Mackenzie is now established as partner in a medical practice in Banff.

Billy Sellars, returned from Malaya, has found his niche, also as partner in a medical practice in Edinburgh.

Gordon Jack is now definitely settled in this country, having acquired a business and the post of sub-postmaster in Brechin.

Keith McKerron has been home on leave but has returned to his post in Tanganyika, to which Andrew Phimister is now also directed.

From Bertie Mackintosh, still in Edinburgh, we learn of a meeting with the Reids

(formerly of Heathfield), whom he presented with a school magazine as a fitting gift.

Angus Mackintosh, his three years in the R.N. concluded, has a post as technical adviser to an American business firm in this country. Angus is acquiring a new home in Penicuik.

Raymond Philip, still a business consultant with an American firm, is now located in this country.

We note that Shaw Mortimer has moved to Inverary and William Thomson to Banff.

We congratulate Jimmy Thomson on his promotion to a post of responsibility, and Stanley Wright, back in Civity Street, on his appointment to a post as Assistant Technical Adviser in Guildford.

OBITUARY

We record the death of former Chief Inspector of Schools for Scotland, Dr W. A. Robertson, at the age of 82. Dr Robertson, a Gram-

mar School F.P., son of a Cromdale farmer, graduated in Arts at Aberdeen University in 1902, and gained the degree of Ph.D. at Marburg, in Germany, in 1906.

After holding a number of teaching posts, he joined the Scottish Education Department in 1909. When he retired in 1943 he was Senior Chief Inspector.

We think of him with pride as a local boy who reached the very top of his profession.

We also regret the comparatively early death of John Mackintosh, once of Cambræ, Cromdale, and the death of Robert Whyte, Margaret Macpherson's husband.

IN CONCLUSION

Once again we remind our members to return the forms in 1963 without delay.

Meanwhile, to you all, on behalf of all we represent, we send our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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