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# The Grammar School Magazine

## Grantown-on-Spey

No. 35

DECEMBER, 1963

Editor—Jas. R. Macpherson.

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

Advertising Managers—Gladys Grant, Irene McCulloch, Bruce Bain, Dennis Hogg, David G. Macdonald, John Ross.

## Editorial

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I HEREBY welcome all readers to this the latest edition of the Grantown Grammar School Magazine, and express the wish that it will succeed in keeping up the high standard attained by preceding issues. As can be noted, "The Mag." is basically the same in form as before.

Though much of our attention nowadays is taken up with world events, and school activities occupy an increasingly wider field of interest, many of the articles have as their subject either historical events or present topics from our own district. It may be noted that even after a considerable number of yearly productions, we are still able to include a number of interesting articles dealing with past events in our own native history, which have not previously been featured. This, I think, adds some distinction to both our district, and to those of its inhabitants who have kept us supplied with such contributions.

Once again, thanks mainly to Mr Smith, our long-suffering head of the Modern Languages Department, the school included another highly successful visit to a foreign country in the year's activities. This was, of course, the trip to Switzerland, which took place during the summer holidays, when several of our teachers, accompanied by a group of senior

pupils, spent what they all declared to be a very enjoyable two weeks in Zurich.

Another highlight of the school year was the visit Grantown-on-Spey received over the Christmas season from a party of French students. Their short spell of residence here was enjoyed by all, not least by the visitors themselves, whose impressions of our district, and of ourselves and our customs, included here, will be found, I am sure, to be of great interest to many of our readers.

Another ski-ing season was participated in by our school enthusiasts and this, together with other sporting activities, and excursions to such places as Glenmore, helped keep our students healthy, both in body and mind.

Having no wish to express my inconsiderable opinions on any of the more important topics outside of school life, I would merely add that public feeling over worldly happenings has been, as usual, as varied as the events themselves. We have felt anxiety over the Cuba crisis, while, at home, incidents such as our failure to enter into the Common Market, and the resignation of our Prime Minister, have left the country in a divided state of mind.

Finally, I would like to thank all those who helped in any way in the production of this, the thirty-fifth edition of our magazine, and may I wish all its readers a Very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

A party of senior boys, with Dr Bain and Mr Hendry in charge, made a hill trek from Auchnagallin to Kirdels School on October 26, returning the following morning.

Mrs Arthur being unable to continue, her post as P.T. Mistress was taken over in November by Mrs Williamson of Boat of Garten till end of session, when she removed from Strathspey.

A very successful School Concert, which made use of most of the pupils, was held in the School Hall on December 12-13-14. Despite very wintry weather, it was well patronised, and the Press report referred to it as "a show to remember."

In addition to the usual cycle of Christmas parties, the season was brightened by the arrival on December 21 of a party of 29 French pupils and three leaders, who were billeted in various homes. The visit was under the auspices of the Organisation Scolaire Franco-Britannique, and the arrangements at Grantown were made by Mr Smith, head of the Modern Languages Department.

The winter of 1962-63 was extremely severe, and the school population benefited greatly from the new oil-heating system. On January 9, one of the coldest days of the winter, the system was put out of action by an electrical defect, which was rectified just in time.

Ski-ing activities were favoured by the protracted winter. In the District Ski Races held on Cairngorm, Sherie Sutton was awarded the Scottish-Norwegian Ski-School Challenge Cup.

School vocalists had a number of successes in the Badenoch Musical Festival in March and in the Provincial Mod at Elgin in May. In the former of these the Primary Choir won the Molyneux Shield.

Miss Mariel Grant and Miss Margaret Legge were the guests of honour at the F.P. Biennial Dinner held in the Palace Hotel on March 29.

Golf and swimming activities were resumed during the summer term.

The School received a comprehensive visitation from H.M.I.s during the session.

The Scottish Certificate of Education examinations began on April 29, and continued during the month of May.

Eight members of staff and 26 pupils spent the week-end of May 10-12 at Glenmore. Several smaller units participated in later Glenmore camps under county auspices.

Mr John Cruickshank, M.A., Assistant Director of Education for Moray and Nairn, was the speaker on Commonwealth Day.

After a lapse of many years, the Osiris Players returned on June 4, and gave a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in in the School Hall.

Allan D. Chisholm, a Class VI pupil, was awarded a £30 bursary at the Aberdeen Bursary Competition.

Alexander Macdonald, of Dulnain-Bridge, and Gay Grant, of Grantown, both graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University in July, while Colin Keith, of Grantown, graduated B.D.S. at Glasgow University.

Mr Robert McGill, County Clerk, was the speaker at the prize-giving on July 4. Mrs McGill presented the prizes. Dr Joseph Grant presided.

Margaret M. Stuart was Harvey Dux Medallist for the session, with four Higher and three O-Level Passes, similar passes being achieved by the runners-up, J. Davis Thomson and Mona E. Grant. Margaret's mother, Marion Paterson in these days, was School Dux in 1929.

Mr John Mackenzie and Mr Norman Ingram, travelling Technical Teachers, both left at end of session. Miss K. MacGregor, M.A., Primary 6 teacher, has retired from teaching. Mrs Waddell, Music Mistress during the session, also resigned.

Karen L. H. MacGregor, Head Girl during the session, and Alan G. Davidson, 1962 Protime Accessit and 1963 Sports Champion, were awarded Cairngorm Badges.

In the Scottish Certificate of Education Examinations, the 27 Class 4 entrants had a total of 142 passes; while the 24 members of Class 5-6 added 30 O-Level passes, 41 Higher passes and seven passes in Advanced Mathematical Subjects to their 1962 O-Level and Higher passes.

Norman Breckinridge, successfully presented by Mr Hendry in Higher Geography, was the first Grammar School entrant in this subject on the Higher level.

A party of 10 teachers, 41 pupils and three students spent a holiday in Zurich at the beginning of July. Mr Smith, Head of the Modern Languages Department, was again responsible for arrangements.

School resumed on August 27 with a roll of 418. 191 Primary and 227 Secondary.

New members of staff comprise Mrs Moodie, M.A., in charge of Primary 6; Mrs Stewart, in charge of Girls' P.T.; Mrs Calder, Music Mistress, and Mr Herd, assistant teacher in Technical Subjects and Mathematics. The Rev. G. B. Johnston also gives instruction in Religious Knowledge in an honorary capacity.



A Medway Hut has been erected in the School grounds as an additional classroom. The former hut is used for Technical Subjects, and the South Church Hall is still used as a Primary classroom.

Mr Ian Clark, M.A., Head of the Mathematics Department, left on September 27 to take up a similar appointment in Annan Academy.

School pupils achieved further successes in the National Mod at Perth in September, Janette Macdonald being first and Vivian Corpe third in the Under-12 Girl Vocalists

Class, and Gillies Campbell winning a first prize for a water colour painting.

Pupils in Secondary 1 are being taught French by Mr Smith this session by the Taver Audio-Visual Method.

Mr J. D. Mathieson, M.A., took up duty as Head of the Mathematics Department on October 21.

During the year the School lost two valued former teachers through the deaths of Mrs Schleppey and Miss Butter. Further reference is made to these in the F.P. Section.

### 1963 SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS

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

- Allan D. Chisholm—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Hist., H. Latin, H. Maths., H. Sc., Arith.  
 David M. Chisholm—H. Maths., H. Sc., H. Tech., Eng., Art, Arith.  
 Alan G. Davidson—Advanced passes in Geometry, Analysis and Dynamics, H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc., H. Tech., Hist., Arith.  
 Deirdre Donn—H. Home Management, Eng., Arith., Botany.  
 Karen L. H. MacGregor—Advanced pass in Analysis, H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Hist., H. Latin, H. Maths., H. Sc., Arith.  
 Iain G. Sutherland—Advanced passes in Geometry, Analysis and Dynamics, H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc., Hist., Arith.

Below is a condensed account of Class V passes over two years:—

- Norman Breckinridge—H. Geog. and 8 O-Level passes.  
 D. Gillies Campbell—H. Art and 6 O-Level passes.  
 David Grant—H. Fr., H. Maths. and 8 O-Level passes.  
 James A. Grant—H. Sc., H. Tech. and 5 O-Level passes.  
 June M. Grant—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German and 4 O-Level passes.  
 Mona E. Grant—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc. and 3 O-Level passes.  
 Brian M. Lamb—H. Maths., H. Tech. and 5 O-Level passes.  
 Maureen M. Macaulay—H. Eng., H. Fr. and 4 O-Level passes.  
 D. Grant MacIntosh—7 O-Level passes.  
 Roderick Mackenzie—H. Eng., H. Fr. and 4 O-Level passes.  
 Seonaid M. MacLure—6 O-Level passes.  
 James R. Macpherson—H. Fr., H. Maths. and 6 O-Level passes.  
 Gillian M. Ross—H. Home Management and 4 O-Level passes.  
 Margaret M. Stuart—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German, H. Maths. and 3 O-Level passes.  
 Neil Stuart—H. Maths., H. Tech. and 6 O-Level passes.  
 J. Davis Thomson—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German, H. Maths. and 3 O-Level passes.  
 Douglas A. Urquhart—H. Sc. and 7 O-Level passes.  
 Jaclynn W. Wood—H. Home Management and 6 O-Level passes.

### THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

GILLIES CAMPBELL, a popular choice for School Captain, was also given the justified post of Football Captain. We wonder if the attacking forwards, whose chances he foils, realise that their stiff opponent also occupies his time in exercising a pleasant singing voice and in painting water colours which can gain a first prize in such festivals as the Perth Mod.

NORMAN BRECKINRIDGE (Vice-Captain and Cricket Captain), although showing enthusiasm in all sporting activities, is chiefly to be found on the golf links. At this time of year, however, he lays down his golf clubs in favour of ski sticks.

RITA STUART (Head Girl), after having her name added to the list of the school's Dux Medallists in 1963, may find time to relax a little this year. However, we can feel confident that all her school duties will still be taken in a serious vein.

DAVIS THOMSON (Deputy Head Girl) has gained some fame for her Highland dancing. From her cheerful countenance one might receive the false impression that she does not pursue her studies seriously enough.

JUNE GRANT (Hockey Captain), though displaying a quiet efficiency in carrying out other school duties, undergoes a change when on the hockey field, where she has shown her opponents that her small stature is deceiving.

JAMES GRANT (Secretary to the Prefects' Court) has amazed many of our teachers by following the latest trend in hair-styles.

JOHN CAMPBELL (Librarian and Museum Curator) and GRANT MACKINTOSH, seemingly inseparable companions, are known to spend their spare time in tinkering about with various mechanical gadgets. Their secret discussions might worry anyone who did not know of their shared interest.

JAMES MACPHERSON (Athletics Captain), who edits this magazine, might, with the help of spectacles, fool the rest of the world into thinking him an intellectual, but not those companions of his who have to humour his eccentricities and tolerate his efforts at reproducing modern lyrics.



ELSPETH GOW (Girls Athletics Captain) justifies her position by past—and very likely future—achievements in this field. Among our common or garden Prefects are:—

ALASDAIR GRANT, who can hold his own on the playing field; JAY WARD, whose resources are spent both in studying and in keeping the senior cloakroom in a jocular mood; KATHLEEN MILLER, who, judging from previous magazine articles, has an aptitude for writing poetry as well as playing hockey, and JACLYNN WOOD, whose energies are also spent in athletics and ski-ing.

Others to be found in the Prefects' cloakrooms are SEONAI D McLURE, a Gaelic singer and a competent hockey player; such well travelled Sixth Formers as MONA GRANT and GILL ROSS, and, of course, our newcomer, the quiet-spoken VIOLET MURRAY; comedienne CATHERINE MACGREGOR, and finally, the quiet and efficient JILL HEPBURN and CHRITOBEL TERRIS.

Among the boys we have the Jack-of-all-trades, GRANT GORDON, who has the ability to fit in anywhere; TONY COOKE, who has the distinction of being the tallest boy-prefect, and finally, the care-free JOHN GEORGE, who finds equal enjoyment in defying the heftiest centre half, and in demonstrating his version of the latest dance craze, though not at the same time, we may add.

These complete the list of our pupils who have the honour of holding a position of some importance in the school.

#### SCHOOL HIT PARADE

The following is a sample of a Hit Parade which might be drawn up in school by various classes:—

1. "Mona Lisa"—Art Class.
  2. "Multiplication"—Mathematics Class.
  3. "Around the World in 80 Days"—Geography Class.
  4. "The Young Ones"—Primary Class.
  5. "If I Had a Hammer"—Metalwork Class.
  6. "Wooden Heart"—Woodwork Class.
  7. "Count on Me"—Arithmetic Class.
  8. "Sweets for my Sweet"—Homecraft Class.
  9. "Danke Schön"—German Class.
  10. "Under the Bridges of Paris"—French Class.
  11. "Telstar"—Science Class.
  12. "As You Like It"—English Class.
  13. "Roses Are Red"—Botany Class.
  14. "Speedy Gonzalez"—P.T. Classes.
  15. "Battle of New Orleans"—History Class.
  16. "A Hole in the Ground"—Music Class.
  17. "A Taste of Honey"—Girls' Cloakroom.
  18. "Twist and Shout"—Boys' Cloakroom.
  19. "The Coffee Song"—Gentlemen's Staffroom.
  20. "Gossip Calypso"—Ladies' Staffroom.
- (One to be watched)—"From Me to You"—Headmaster's Study.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US

(Some impressions by the party of French boys and girls who visited us last Christmas.)

"After a very long and trying travel through England and Scotland we arrived in Grantown on Friday morning, December 21. My first impression was that it is very cold in Scotland. I met my Scottish family in a large room at school, decorated for Christmas by pupils. I soon saw that Scottish people were very friendly and ready to do all they could to make our holiday happy. I shall always remember my Christmas night in Grantown, singing carols in the streets, drinking tea in the Church Hall, coming back to another family who had a French guest also, and going to the midnight service. I soon understood that Christmas is more important here than in France. In fact, it seems that social life is very active in this country, where, nights being very long, people like to sing and to drink tea or whisky in front of a fire in the chimney. Already I have been at several parties. It is very enjoyable to learn local dances with girls wearing tartan-coloured dresses.

Before coming here, I was afraid about the food. But in the family with whom I live food is good. It is not so different from French food as English food. Every morning I eat my porridge with milk. I do like plum pudding (though it is not a real local meal). Food is very well cooked and there are sauces.

Many things in Grantown are to me a matter of astonishment. For example, the Christmas cards. I never saw so many cards on the wall as here. It is a very nice habit that I should like to see in France."

RIoux DIDIER.

\* \* \*

"When we arrived in Grantown-on-Spey, we were very glad to see a pretty village; and when we went to school to be collected by our hosts or hostesses, we were surprised to see how glad they were to have a French boy or girl at home. Mr Hendry (dentist) drove me to his house, which is very nice indeed, showed me my bedroom, and gave me breakfast. I was glad to be with such a family.

Every morning we go ski-ing to Cairngorm. It is a little too far, but it does not matter, to go up to the Chalet from the car park. We boys carry the girls' skis, which is not so amusing.

The Scottish people are very sympathetic with the French, more than the English, I think. They do all they can for us. It is marvellous. The evening party at the Palace was very amusing. We learnt Scottish dances, which for us French, were funny but difficult.

Something I found curious was to go through the village singing carols at Christmas. We were cold, cold! In France we don't do that. I think it is nice.

We get lessons every morning before we go ski-ing. Teachers in school are very good. They try to make us understand what they are teaching. Mr Hendry, who is

specially over us, is a very good and very amusing teacher.

Really I think we French are very glad to be in Scotland. It is my first visit, but it will not be the last."

ALAIN MARTIN.

\* \* \*

"One of my surprises during my stay here has been the friendship and the kindness of the Scottish people. For example, when I go outside to a social evening, they always say to me that I must not worry if I have no evening dress. Everybody in the street seems to know that we are French, and, if we ask anything, the people help us with pleasure.

The social evenings and parties here are as different as pleasant, and many boys and gentlemen are always asking, "Are you enjoying yourself here?" I was very surprised in the beginning at evening parties when I saw that many Scottish persons went to these and enjoyed themselves like the young ones, even if they were of what I call respectable age. I was surprised, rather shocked, at seeing these persons twisting and dancing; but everybody here seems to think it usual and normal.

Afterwards I decided that Scottish persons are quite different from English ones. They are not so severe-looking; and they laugh, play and drink like jolly, happy fellows. One fault is that they are always laughing at you or teasing you, and you can't answer as well as you would wish."

CATHERINE BOUSSER.

\* \* \*

"I like the family with whom I live very much because the mind of the lady with whom I am staying is still young and she can laugh with me and her two daughters. We never get bored because the two girls are at the university, and we can talk about the same subjects.

I am fond of Scottish landscapes. The glens and moors are not very rich—we must tell the truth—but they are very attractive. If there was some sun, it would be magnificent."

M. MOUCHOTIE.

#### EVENING

The sleepy sun in the darkening sky  
Smiles on the loch below,  
The waters hum their lullaby,  
Ever soft and low,  
To the green-clad birks and heathery moor  
And the bluebells in the glen,  
While far away in the slumbering hills  
The curlew calls again.  
Night is come, for the sun now sinks  
Into the dappled sky,  
Nature sleeps like an innocent child  
To the water's lullaby,  
And save for the sigh of the wind in the trees,  
Silence fills the glen,  
While far away in the slumbering hills  
The curlew calls again.

ELSPETH GOW, Va.

#### A STRATHSPEY ROMANCE

Nowadays, so many novels are written for the consumption of teenage girls, about desolate orphans, or jealous rivals in love, that one wonders if such things really happen. Sometimes they do, as is shown in the following anecdote:—

"Helen Dunbar, an orphan (although not desolate), lived with her uncle, a priest named Innes, at Easter Duthil some time before the Reformation. Because of her beauty, Helen had many admirers, and her two chief suitors were Lewis Grant, the young Laird of Auchernach, and John Dhu Grant of Knockando.

Helen loved Lewis, and the two were secretly engaged.

One day Father Innes and Helen attended a wedding dance at the Mill of Duthil; Auchernach and Knockando had also been invited and unfortunately quarrelled over Helen. Knockando incited Auchernach, who had a quick temper, to fury, and the young Laird struck him with all his strength. After the consternation which followed, Auchernach apologised to the priest, who reprimanded him severely and asked Knockando to see him and his niece home. Infuriated, Auchernach returned home.

A night or so later, a man entered the priest's room through a hole in the thatched roof and stabbed him while he slept. When the murder was discovered next day, suspicion immediately fell upon Lewis Grant of Auchernach, and he was arrested and taken prisoner to the Priory of Pluscarden.

John Dhu Grant attended the old father's funeral and visited Helen several times, at Duthil, but he was not admitted. Finally he announced to Helen that he had a message from the Prior of Pluscarden, asking her to give evidence at Lewis' trial, but she refused to go. He had hardly left the house when the Sub-Prior arrived with an escort and a letter from the Prior. Now Helen knew John Dhu's letter was a forgery.

At the trial Knockando told about the dance episode and accused Lewis Grant of murder, but Helen charged John Dhu with murdering her uncle, and told of the letter he had declared came from the Prior.

Realising he was caught, John Dhu tried to stab Lewis, missed, and killed instead a poor lay brother. He confessed to the killing of Helen's uncle and was hanged on the gallows-hill, but, in true story-book tradition, Lewis and Helen lived happily ever after."

M. ROSEMARY MACKINNON, IVa.

#### THE ISLE OF SKYE

Some folk talk of Sicily  
And some folk sing of Crete,  
While others praise Majorca,  
And bask in summer's heat.  
But for sheer splendid beauty,  
Come weather wet or dry,  
Of all the islands in the world  
Give me the Isle of Skye.  
When the sun over the Cuillins  
Reddens the stone crags high,  
The loveliest place on earth  
Is the misty Isle of Skye.  
M. ROSEMARY MACKINNON, IVa.



**AN AFTERNOON AT THE MACKEREL**

John Masefield, our poet laureate, in his poem "Sea Fever," said:

"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky . . ." I recalled that poem to mind on that July day, which is just as vivid in my mind as if it were yesterday, that day when my cousin Allan, the local doctor and I set out from Cullen for an afternoon at the mackerel. Our boat, "The Jenny," was formerly a small lifeboat, but after adding an outboard motor, the doctor used it for fishing in Cullen Bay.

On this particular day we decided we would venture farther out than normal to see if we could catch any mackerel. So at two o'clock in the afternoon Allan and I set off for the harbour, where we found "The Jenny" to be barely afloat. We boarded her and while I unfastened the ropes which tied her alongside a small fishing boat, Allan assembled the engine in the stern and filled the tank with petrol. Shortly afterwards the doctor arrived, and after he had thrown our main rope, disengaging us from the quay, he climbed aboard and we were ready to "set sail."

There was a stiff breeze blowing, and we knew the water would tend to be choppy, so we decided to put on the clumsy life-jackets, which would ensure our safety in the event of any mishap. Allan gave a mighty pull and succeeded in starting the engine first time. We had soon left the harbour behind and were now encountering the waves, which dashed endlessly against the sides of the harbour walls.

I took over the steering and soon got used to it. In any land vehicle if you want to go right you turn the steering wheel to the right and vice-versa. On the boat, however, if you want to go right, you turn the rudder to the left. After a few uncomfortable moments we were soon back on course again, and in half an hour had reached the mouth of the bay. We passed a line of salmon nets, but found no fish in them.

The sea was calmer on the far side of the bay and we extracted two sixty-foot lines from the locker, and carefully lowered them over the side of the boat. At three o'clock the sun emerged from the forbidding clouds and I was content to let the other two do the fishing, while I lay and sunbathed. Allan hauled in eight mackerel at the end of his line with his first effort, and it was obvious that there was an abundance of mackerel below us.

"Oh, I must try this," I said, as I lowered Allan's line to the sea bed. Before long I felt a tug at the end of my line and, on hauling it up, found five silver-coloured mackerel gleaming in the sun as they dangled at the end of my line. Our biggest single catch, however, was made by the doctor, when to his great delight he pulled up twelve. Whenever there are mackerel around there are seagulls. We soon realised this as they hovered above us, shrieking and calling incessantly. This was the first time I had ever seen a mackerel and was surprised to find it was so red in colour—Allan remarked that mackerel were the fish with the most blood in them.

The doctor brought our attention to what he thought was a porpoise swimming under

the boat. It was hard to see clearly, but we noticed its sleek silvery body glinting under the surface of the water as it encircled us. On one occasion it came in very close, and I got a good view of it as it glided under the bow. We would sometimes lose it for a few seconds, but when we heard it gurgling as it took in air, we soon spotted it again.

It was now four o'clock and we decided we would return to harbour. We proceeded back into Cullen Bay, which looked very picturesque in the sun. In the distance we could see the massive viaduct with a small goods train passing over it, the length of the beach with its golden sand and to our left the end of the harbour itself. The scene now confronting me was one of the most beautiful I have seen and I doubt if I am ever likely to forget it.

After half an hour's sail we again entered Cullen Harbour after a most enjoyable experience at the mackerel. "That's been the highlight of the week," my cousin said to me and I wholeheartedly agreed with him.

BRUCE BAIN, IVa.

**BACK TO SCHOOL**

Crisp white blouse, and navy skirt,  
Polished shoes, no sign of dirt,  
Well-brushed hair, and smiling face,  
Off I go with brand new case.  
Holidays are gone again,  
Couldn't see the sun for rain,  
Might as well just play it cool,  
Now that I am back to school.  
Faces, teachers, lessons new,  
Latin, Science and Geometry, too,  
I think that it will be quite fun,  
This first term in Secondary One.

PAMELA MACDONALD, Ia.

**AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY**

This year I spent part of my summer holiday staying with my relations at Paignton in South Devon, and on Monday, August Bank Holiday, my uncle took me for a sail on the River Dart.

First of all we had quite a long journey in the car before we arrived at the town where we were to get the boat. During the car journey we had a gorgeous view of a part of the river.

Eventually we got to the boat and with great excitement I clambered on to it with the others. At last we moved off.

During the trip my uncle pointed out many places of interest, the first being the noted Naval College at Dartmouth. As we sailed along, a beautiful white house, high up on a hill and surrounded by tall pine trees, caught my eye, and on enquiring about it I was told that it belonged to Agatha Christie, the famous authoress. We passed numerous boat-houses with landing stages, and one of these had, at one time, belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh.

All too soon we came to the end of the trip, and I shall always remember that happy August Bank Holiday.

ELAINE DAVIDSON, IIa.

### GOING TO THE ISLE OF SCARP

The Isle of Scarp is situated in the Atlantic Ocean just off the west coast of Harris. This island is about three miles long and two miles broad. On one side there are high cliffs below which lies the Atlantic Ocean, while on the other side are extensive sandy beaches. In spring these beaches are one of the breeding grounds of the Great Grey Atlantic Seal.

On one October morning we motored from Newtonmore to Dalcross Airport at Inverness where we boarded the plane for Stornoway. As we crossed the Minch, rain was falling heavily with a strong wind rising to gale force.

On arrival at Stornoway Airport, we stepped off the gangway into feet of water and waded across the tarmac to where the car which we had hired was to take us to the Sound of Huisnish, the jumping off point for the journey by rowing boat across to Scarp.

At Huisnish the rain was still lashing down while the fury of the gale had reached new heights of intensity. We waited for some time in a shed before we saw an oilskin-clad figure appearing over the top of the rocks. After scrambling over the slippery surface of the rocks we reached the sixteen-foot open rowing boat which was to take us to the isle. It was equipped with an outboard motor and two pairs of long oars. The crew, five in all, took up their places in the boat, one man controlling the engine while the other four manned the oars. When we were all ready, we set off into the stormy Atlantic. The craft was tossed and battered by the angry sea which at one time threatened to engulf the boat, while on shore the mountainous waves crashed against the cliffs, sending spray hundreds of feet into the air. At one time the boat vanished from the view of the islanders on shore, who were anxiously waiting for the boat to return, and watching its progress. We were feared drowned. They thought the boat had gone down with nine people on board, but, owing to the skill of the men, we landed safely on the island. These men who had mastered the tides and currents of the water round the island knew exactly where to take the boat. The reason why we disappeared was that the crew had taken the boat nearer the cliffs than usual and because of the mountainous waves.

PETER CAMPBELL, IIa.

### STRATHSPEY CATTLE

One of the most important products of Strathspey is its cattle, second only, in money terms, to its whisky.

It must have been important for a very long time, as the early castles of the district were massive stone enclosures into which it was obviously intended cattle would be driven for protection against raids. In 1527,

96 cattle which were being sent by the Laird of Grant to pay his rent to the King were stolen at Braemar. The scarcity of coinage at this time must have made payment with goods common, but one imagines that the Earl of Huntly would have had difficulty in disposing of the fifteen thousand eggs paid him each year as part of his rent.

For the sale of cattle raised there were, in later times, markets at Duthil and Cromdale, from where the animals were driven to the great trysts at Crieff and Falkirk. Both fairs gave way to Grantown market, where not only were animals sold, but the hiring of farm servants took place. The "feeing" was for a term of six months, the wages of a cattleman being, at the end of the eighteenth century, one shilling for each working day.

The second and third quarters of the nineteenth century saw a change in the agriculture of the district which was to catapult it to fame and greatly increase the importance of the market at Grantown—the introduction of Aberdeen-Angus cattle. Hitherto the cattle had been of the Highland variety, though there were black, dun, brindled and even polled cattle of that breed to be seen. Strathspey has always been known as a breeding rather than as a fattening area, and the Strathspey animal, as was noted soon after the Aberdeen-Angus's introduction, "does exceedingly well when taken from there to more favoured localities."

That the term "exceedingly well" is no exaggeration is shown, in the fatstock field, by the breeding, since the last war, of two Smithfield champions from the farms of Mr J. L. Rover and the late Mr G. Cumming. The record price of £500 for a cross-bred animal, paid this year, proves that there is confidence that such successes with Speyside cattle will continue.

In the field of pedigree cattle the name of Ballindalloch bears the premier place among the herds which have made this breed the world's best, but other farms in Speyside have also contributed much towards its success. The most famous single animal in the history of the breed was "Juana Erica" winner of the Supreme Championship at the Highland, Royal, and Royal Dublin Shows, whose "family," the best known in the world of cattle breeding, made her owner a fortune. What is little known is that her sire was Premier of Finlarig, sold for the princely sum of twenty-four guineas, a strange contrast to modern prices. Another Strathspey animal which was to prove itself remarkable was "Prince Pride of Duthil," sire of two Perth Supreme Champions, a Smithfield Supreme Champion, and Scottish National Fatstock Show Supreme and Reserve Champions.

How many more prize animals will the Black Park send forth, or will they be replaced by prize pupils from the new Grantown Grammar School?

ALASDAIR GRANT, V.



**CINDY**

I have a little dog, and Cindy is her name,  
 Everybody knows her, although she has no  
 fame;  
 Her eyes are big and brown, and her nose is  
 always wet,  
 And I love her very dearly, 'cause she's my  
 little pet.  
 She's really very clever, when it comes to  
 doing tricks,  
 But never mention "car," or you're really in  
 a fix,  
 'Cause where my father goes, whether near  
 or far,  
 Cindy goes as well, because she loves the  
 car.  
 When she's going to get a bath, which is her  
 biggest hate,  
 She creeps quietly out the door, and then  
 runs through the gate;  
 But when she has been washed, and is clean  
 as clean can be,  
 She comes along to where I sit, then jumps  
 upon my knee.  
 In the morning when I waken, if I lie and  
 listen hard,  
 I can hear the gentle breathing of my lazy  
 little guard.  
 Then half an hour later, when at last she does  
 awake,  
 I can hear the pitter-patter that her four feet  
 make.  
 Cindy is the nicest dog that I could ever get,  
 And nothing in the whole wide world would  
 make me leave my pet.  
 I only wish that I could spend the whole day  
 long with her,  
 So that I'd be able to stroke her soft, white  
 fur.

RONA CAMERON, IIa.

**THE LAST RISING OF THE CLAN GRANT**

In 1820 Miss Ann Grant of Grant resided  
 with her sister at Grant Lodge, near Elgin.  
 The Earl of Seafield was at that time absent  
 from Scotland.

Miss Ann Grant of Grant, who was a lady  
 of great personal beauty and accomplish-  
 ments, was looked upon with great pride by  
 the Grants of Strathspey.

In that year, there was an election in Elgin,  
 when the Earl of Fife's party, opposed to  
 that of the Misses Grant, gained considerable  
 popularity, resulting in the young ladies  
 being unable to appear in the streets without  
 being hooted and hissed at. They reported  
 this annoyance to the Factor for Strathspey,  
 who soon spread the news over the district.

On a Sunday morning in April, 1820, the  
 only news discussed was that Miss Ann Grant  
 of Grant was a prisoner in her home in  
 Elgin. It was decided in Grantown that a  
 descent should be made on Elgin.

The cry of "Craigellachie" was once again  
 heard over Duthil, and every male inhabitant  
 between sixteen and sixty years of age on  
 the lands of Grant in Strathspey was pro-  
 ceeding along the shortest way to Elgin. On  
 Monday morning their rendezvous was just  
 outside the town. There was great alarm in  
 Elgin when the threatened invasion was  
 known. The Provost and Magistrates calmed  
 the people, had all shops and public places  
 closed, and had special constables appointed  
 to see that order was kept. The town was  
 also made to look as if on holiday. The  
 Highlanders were admitted and allowed to  
 march through the streets without molesta-  
 tion, to the house of the Misses Grant. When  
 they saw their ladies were well and were  
 convinced of their safety, they were finally  
 prevailed upon to return to Strathspey.

JOHN CAMPBELL, V.

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There are those who say that the strange animal, on which the following story (if that can be considered the suitable word) is based, does not exist. I feel sure however, that the reason for this is that they have neither seen one, nor have they heard of one being seen, alive. The reason for this strange phenomenon, any fool would know, is that the animal never travels abroad but at night, owing to a strange and mysterious fear of daylight, which is supposed to have originated in ancient days when it was persecuted by such cruel invaders of our land as the English, the Portuguese and the Tian Shan, a barbarous tribe living in the mountains of the same name in Outer Mongolia. Another theory, however, expounded by the bearer of that memorable name in the world of politics, horticulture and modern jazz, John Smith, is that daylight has the weird effect of changing the animal into a human being. If such be the case, I do not think anyone can blame it for remaining concealed during the hours from dawn to dusk.

At this point I would like to state that here our author is writing about a very strange chase he found himself involved in one night. If anyone has a question important enough to warrant a sensible answer, then assuredly let it be put forward. However, one point we must state is that the author himself can give no reasonable explanation of why the Cairn Gorm mountains were floodlit on the morning of Friday, 13th September, 1963.

I stopped and, shaking a little with excitement, took careful aim and for the first time that night I saw a gleam of hope. Was this the moment for which I had been waiting? Watching it sitting there, unsuspecting, on the hillside, I knew I could not miss. My finger began to tighten on the trigger. Suddenly it sprang up, and, emitting a sound reminiscent of a dying crow, delivering a blessing to its children, disappeared from sight and the top of the hillside. I sighed deeply, a long weary, frustrated sigh, and for the eleventh time that night, lowered the rifle from my shoulder. I shook my head sadly and after a moment's hesitation, I slowly began the ascent of the hill.

I was about twenty yards from the top of the hill, when a ptarmigan rose from my path, and with a flurry of wings left its covert and flew off to my right. Rather startled, I watched it as it winged its way over the hillside. Suddenly shots rang out and puffs of smoke appeared over the butts over which it had unwittingly chosen to fly. The bird, however, was not hit, and it continued its flight, reaching the line of beaters on the opposite side of the shooters from me. Their frantic waving of flags had no effect on the feathered missile, but its luck was fast coming to an end. The smallest of the beaters, on an impulse, dropped to his knees and, picking up a rock, threw it at the fugitive, and was delighted to find his hasty aim

It was some time before I again sighted my prey, this time balancing precariously on a branch of a small tree, growing out from a cliff face. Though still some distance away I decided to try a shot from where I stood, feeling that to go any closer might startle it and thus spoil my chances again. As I began to take aim, I looked around expectantly, but saw nothing that could break the peace of the surroundings and cause my quarry to take flight yet again. With new confidence I turned again and steadied my rifle for the all-important shot.

Many things could have happened, but the incident which did occur will remain one of the most surprising I have witnessed. I think I can safely say that I heard the shout "Fore!" at the exact moment when the small, round, white object flew past my head, just missing me. Too startled to move for a second, I stood there, dazed, and was just conscious of wondering who on earth it could be. I could hear voices behind me and as I sensed a familiar ring about them, I turned hurriedly to see our school golfing enthusiasts advancing, accompanied by Mr Hendry. He was actually in the act of admonishing one of his team, a certain Norman Breckinridge, for slicing the ball, causing it to veer off to the right and thus spoiling my chance. For by now my target, formerly sitting in a relatively still position, had vacated the spot, and I could see no sign of it. Leaving the assorted members of the golf team, who had not even apologised for their untimely interruption, I set off again in pursuit of the beast.

I reached the spot where I had last seen it, but was still at a loss as to where it had

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disappeared. I sat down and began to turn the problem over in my mind, and as I was resting thus, a strange noise reached me. Intrigued, I stood up and began to search for the spot from where it was coming. My search ended at a large, flat rock, and as I bent down to lift it up the sound of music became clearer. Summoning up my strength, I raised it from the ground and there, before my incredulous eyes, were several groups of small beetles, all carrying guitars and twisting and shouting to the wild music they were playing.

This was the end. Up till then I had been quite determined in my quest, which was, of course, namely, to shoot a haggis, but somehow my determination seemed to have ebbed away. In stupendous horror I turned and fled. As I did so everything went black and I heard the strange, harsh call of the animal once again. It echoed in my ears as I bounded

down the hills, stumbling over strange forms and shapes in the darkness.

I reached the foot of the hills and collapsed on the ground in a shivering heap. Everything was quiet. I looked up and, to my relief, saw the dawn beginning to break. Then I knew I would never again be able to have the chance of shooting a haggis, even if I wished it. Perhaps it is, after all, an impossible task.

JAMES R. MACPHERSON, VI.

If any readers would like to express their views on the subject, they are invited to pass them on to the author of the above article. Their letters should be sent to the following address:—

Mr James R. Macpherson,  
(Class VI),  
c/o Grantown Grammar School,  
Grantown-on-Spey,  
Moray.

#### CASTLE GRANT

Castle Grant is situated on the rising ground above Grantown and is the ancestral home of the chief of the Clan Grant. It is one of the most historic castles in the Highlands. As far back as the fourteenth century the family of Sir John Grant lived in Castle Freuchy, as it was then called, for about this time Sir John received, as a gift from the King of Scotland, part of the Strathspey lands of the Cummings. In the year 1694 William and Mary sent a charter to Ludovick Grant stating that the Castle of Freuchy was to be called the Castle of Grant.

The House of Freuchy or House of Grant, now always known as Castle Grant, is a stately, four-storeyed building. The towers, of which there were four originally, are the oldest part and date from around the year 1200. One of the towers is called "Lady Barbie's Tower," and it is alleged that the ghost of Lady Barbara, who was walled-in alive there for some misdeed, haunts the tower. In the eighteenth century the castle was added to, and the front of the building was made the back. There is no garden beneath the castle, and, looking out, only grass fields and trees are to be seen.

Inside the castle was a fine organ which Queen Anne presented to one of her ladies-in-waiting when she married the chief of Grant. The hall is full of weapons. One enormous musket is known as "Lady Anne Grant's Pocket Pistol." There is also the Lochindorb Beam, made of pine and erected centuries ago, from which prisoners were hanged for sheep-stealing.

There is a tradition that in the seventeenth century a piper, known as the family piper, walked, piping all the way, to Castle Grant, but, as he was approaching the castle and being cheered by his supporters, dropped

dead. It is said that a cross marked the spot where he fell.

Unfortunately in recent years there have been two fires, and part of the castle was destroyed. Now it is completely shut up and deserted, and the Seafields, who are at present chiefs of the clan, reside at Cullen House.

SHERIE SUTTON, IIIa.

#### GHOSTS

I've read and heard many tales of ghosts, but the only one I know to be true was told by my late grandfather, a watchmaker.

One afternoon he cycled past Nethybridge to Tulloch, calling at a few farms in order to mend clocks. At his last call he had supper; then the farmer, a renowned violinist, played tune after tune so that, by the time Grandfather left for home, it was late, with snow falling gently. Midnight was drawing near when he got to the Grantown road. The snow had stopped falling and the moon was now out.

Suddenly out of nowhere it seemed, a huge horse with a rider who also seemed large glided forward. Jumping off his bike, Grandfather drew into the side, as he felt very uneasy. He could see by now that the rider was dressed in black and that the horse also was jet.

Very afraid, but at the same time wondering why he had not heard the sound of hoofbeats, he went to look after the disappearing horse and rider. A slight covering of snow lay on the ground, but not a sign of the print of horse's hooves. All he could see was his own bicycle tracks. Really frightened now, he made for home as fast as the bicycle of that day would carry him.

ROBERT RYAN, IIIc.

## HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SWISS TOUR

### THE ROYAL PROCESSION

At approximately 12 noon on Tuesday, 9th July, pupils of the school, en route for Zurich, assembled along Victoria Street, London, waiting the arrival of King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece.

Policemen, in their old-fashioned ceremonial uniforms, maintained law and order. At frequent intervals, on either side of the street, soldiers were standing at attention, while others, at a short distance, were counter-marching, under the rather hoarse instructions of the sergeant-major.

Excitement rippled through the crowds as they waited expectantly, stirred by the music of the marine band, playing under the bright summer sun. From their balconies which overlooked the street, many people watched and waited.

Their patience was not taxed, for shortly the procession began. The marine band, playing a lively tune, marched past. Then a troop of soldiers attracted our attention. They were followed by a body of cavalry dressed in their magnificent black coats and silver helmets, and riding beautiful black horses. Two horsemen, in their turn, were followed by a second body of cavalry, likewise resplendent.

Approaching, we could see coaches preceded by five police motor cycles.

In the first horse-drawn coach sat King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece. They waved graciously to the crowd during the fleeting moments they were within view.

They were followed by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. and the Duke of Edinburgh. The third and final coach was occupied by the Lord Mayor of London.

Several Rolls Royces swept past bearing eminent personalities of the land, but unfortunately the only one I recognised was Mr Harold MacMillan.

The procession past, the army again counter-marched, regardless of the shouts of some students, which to me sounded like—"Democri's dying for peace, and you don't care!" They continued their protest until some policemen hustled them away.

The pageantry gone, we became aware of an aching void and were glad to leave Victoria Street for lunch. The music of the brass band vied with the chatter of wagging tongues exchanging opinions of a unique experience.

PATRICK GRANT, IIIa.

### ZURICH

My introduction to Switzerland was Zurich, one of Switzerland's largest cities. The railway station was a busy bustling place. It seemed to be full of railway employees, rushing about in little motor vehicles, which dragged as many as six trailers after them, each overflowing with luggage. I must admit that, at the time, they called to mind my young cousins, playing with a favourite toy.

After taking up residence in the Tourist Hotel, we were shown the main shopping districts, and the cheapest stores. Within a short time we could make our way about the city, knowing that there was a reasonable chance that we would not become lost.

Zurich, we discovered, was transected by a river, along the banks of which was a peaceful park. A lake, bigger than any I have ever seen, was situated at another side of the city. On each side of the lake there were numerous outdoor swimming pools. On the lake you could hire paddle-boats, with seating for three people, for a very modest sum. We spent several happy hours on the lake, basking in the glorious sunshine, hoping to attain a sun-tan. A cable car ran from one side of the lake to the other, and we could easily distinguish the people who passed by some fifty feet above us.

Switzerland is a very popular centre for tourists, and we discovered French, Dutch, Canadians, Germans, Italians, Americans and Yugoslavs—in fact people from practically every country—in the streets of Zurich.

The shops were bright and tempting, and we found an amazing variety of goods. There was an abundance of the traditional Swiss articles—lovely little musical boxes, which played Swiss tunes, embroidered lace handkerchiefs, inkpots the shape of bears, and other ornamental pieces. Switzerland is famed for its jewellery, and the jewellers' shops displayed lovely watches in remarkable styles, rings set with precious stones of all shapes and colours, and brooches of the most intricate design. All were at moderately low prices, and most of us made a few purchases.

The city itself was clean and tidy, in fact far cleaner than any British city. Some of the buildings were really beautiful, especially the Grossminster, the large church in the centre of Zurich. It could be seen from practically any point, and on each side of the tower, which projected far into the sky, was a large clock face. The new stores were modern in design and all of them were equipped with escalators.

To tell the truth, Zurich was completely different from what I expected. It is a modern, industrial city, whereas I had imagined it as quiet and old-fashioned. I know that all of us thoroughly enjoyed our short but pleasant stay there, and I, for one, will make a return visit, if it is ever possible.

CHRISTOBEL TERRIS, Va.



## RIGI KULM

This year a school party travelled to Switzerland for a holiday, the highlight of which was a visit to Rigi Kulm beside Lake Lucerne. We left Zurich, where we were staying at Simmat Haus Hotel, and travelled to the foot of the Rigi. There we went by funicular railway to the summit. On the ascent the whole group was taking snapshots of memorable views. The small red carriages crept up the side of the hill, looking like small caterpillars. The view was magnificent and we were lucky in having good weather. The mountains were a pale grey-blue in the distance, and many lakes sprawled lazily below these towering masses. Herds of cattle wandered beside the railway, their cow bells tinkling in the distance. Chalets dotted the hillsides. The gleam of varnished wood and the wide wood-slatted roofs could be seen all over the slopes. The Swiss people build chalets in places where we Scots would never dream of building, on the very summits of their hills for instance. The brightly-painted shutters lent a gay look to these beautiful toy-like constructions.

At last we gained the summit of Rigi Kulm, and were pleasantly surprised to see a hotel situated in a sheltered hollow in the hillside. The tables of the outdoor cafeteria were all coloured red, brightening even more the delightful morning.

The beaming sun shone out of an azure sky, burning all below it, especially a certain Scottish group unaccustomed to so much sunshine. Out came the cameras again, and many were the photographs taken of the staff sitting leisurely drinking the strong Swiss coffee, while we ate our packed lunches. Soon everyone rushed to the small souvenir shop beside the hotel, buying everything from postcards to miniature Alpine horns.

The Swiss countryside is very green compared with that of Scotland. Where the tops of our hills are covered with the soft hazy purple of heather, their Swiss counterparts are brilliant emerald green.

The snowy white clouds resembled soft wisps of cotton wool gently floating across the sky in the breeze.

The view from the other side of the Rigi was that of blue lakes scattered in all directions, far, far below. The pale green and blue of the distant countryside seemed unreal, a vast panorama stretching as far as the eye could see.

After this short space of time spent at the summit of the Rigi, we descended by the funicular railway again, but the route going down was not the one by which we climbed to the peak. All held their breath, the creaking of the wooden cogs was the only thing to be heard in the carriage. The side of the Rigi about three or four yards from the rails was a sheer drop to the lake below. Many of us tried to look down from this terrific height, but only became dizzy.

Finally we reached the village by the lakeside. There we boarded a white-painted

paddle steamer, which took us across Lake Lucerne to Lucerne itself.

The brilliant orange of the sun shades on a nine-storey hotel by the shore seemed to welcome us back to earth from the dizzy heights of the Rigi.

The steamer plunged through the calm, shimmering, pale blue of the water, and as we drew nearer Lucerne, the massive mountains rising straight up from the lakeside seemed to close in on us. On our left was Mount Pilatus, where we would have gone if we had not gone to Rigi Kulm. The lake was so calm that long after the boats which sailed gracefully past us had disappeared round the end of the lake, we could still see the white wakes of these vessels like thin trails of white fluorescent paint.

We glided into the harbour of Lucerne, there to disembark. By this time many of us were feeling envious of the people we had seen swimming in the sparkling coolness of the lake as we crossed it. It was terribly warm, and as we walked along the streets of Lucerne we wondered if it could be much hotter.

After shopping for about an hour (we all bought souvenir badges), we finally took the train back to Zurich, thinking of the ice-cold Coca-Colas awaiting us at the end of that wonderful day.

MARGARET WILLIAMSON, Va.

## A WORD OF THANKS

"Oh yes! and remember when we were in Switzerland..."

That phrase has occurred, and will occur, many times in the future. It is only one stock phrase which goes to show that the Swiss trip has given many happy memories to those who travelled to Switzerland with the school.

In a school trip such as this, which involves taking a party of schoolchildren through Europe, a great deal of organisation is necessary.

Mr Smith, our modern languages teacher, spent a great deal of time writing abroad to arrange our accommodation and transport, and deserves a tremendous amount of thanks for the work he has put in this summer.

On the trip itself our thanks are recorded to Mr Gordon Campbell, M.P., for Moray, and his wife, for conducting our tour of the Houses of Parliament, and to Mr Surtees, a former pupil of this school, and an inspector in the Metropolitan Police Force, who acted as a guide on our trip round London.

Last, but certainly not least, is Mr Corpe, our technical subjects teacher, who, along with Mr Smith, seemed always on hand during the tour to cope with any unusual situation.

NORMAN BRECKINRIDGE, VI.

### THE TARTAN

The very thought of the tartan is enough to gladden the heart of a Scotsman in a distant land. Be he Highlander or Lowlander, he feels a glow of emotion when he beholds the dress he may have worn when he roamed the lonely glens or climbed the heathery hills of his beloved country. To the Highlander especially, there is no name so dear as that of his clan, no garb so beautiful as that in which his ancestors fought against the invader in the olden days.

To the true Celt the tartan is far more than the brave trapping of warlike ceremony. It is the symbol of an ancient and respected state of society, when to be head of a clan was to be known and loved as a kind and considerate father by every dependent, however poor and lowly.

It is impossible to fix the date of its origin, there is reason to believe that the Highland dress is of extreme antiquity. There are sculptured resemblances of it to be found on ancient stones in various parts of the country. The dress in its oldest form was kilt and plaid in one.

The original population of the Scottish Highlands and Islands consisted of tribes who occupied extensive districts and were governed by powerful chiefs called Earls. The head Earl, or supreme King, was called Ard Righ.

A clan was a family which had branches called septs or descendants, who, although they were poor, claimed equal ancestry with the chief. During the time of battle they wore Highland dress and were distinguished by the markings on the cloth from which it was woven. They had their distinctive badges, usually some native plant or flower in their headgear.

After the '45 Rebellion the clansmen were forbidden to wear the tartan or carry arms. If they broke this law, they were either imprisoned or banished. In 1782 the Duke of Montrose fought nobly to break this law and he finally succeeded in doing so.

During the period when the Government banned the tartan, between 1763 and 1775, over 20,000 Highlanders found a refuge in America and Canada.

The flood of emigration again began to flow freely westward in the opening years of the nineteenth century. Although exiled, the "Children of the Mist" had still a longing for the homeland they had left behind them. They inspired their children with stories of the clans in the days of their greatness.

When the pioneers had gone to their long rest, their sons and daughters still cast a longing look towards the old clan country from which they drew their origin. Instead of being the forbidden garb of the outlaw, the Highland dress won renewed favour in the new home. Clan societies grew up and multiplied in the New World and in Colonial Britain. Gradually, wherever Scotsmen dwelt, the sympathetic feeling of kinship was kindled, and the tartan became symbolic not of the Highlands alone, but of Scotland as a

whole. Many Scotsmen began to inquire if they were not historically entitled to wear the tartan of a clan from which they might be descended. Minor families had lost their identity, and the riddle of the correct tartan for clan, for sept, and for dependant, was not an easy one to solve.

From the chaos of the past the tartan has been restored to its rightful place of honour, and the interest which it evokes is both national and world-wide. There are still many Scottish men and women who still wear it for love of the long-gone days. Its beauty is unequalled; it is the imperishable badge of bravery; it is the dress that has won a deathless renown.

SHEILA SCALLY, IIIa.

### TEENAGE TWISTING

Every Friday at eight o'clock,  
In slinky slacks or pretty frock,  
Grubby jeans and chisel toes,  
To the twistin' everyone goes.

We all troop in, in latest style,  
In double or in single file,  
Ready to start the evening's pleasure,  
Twistin' and jiving at our leisure.

The little hall is brightly lit,  
And round about the twisters sit,  
Listening to the latest discs,  
And eating Smith's potato crisps.

The music starts, we twist like mad,  
No single person could feel sad.  
We do the "Beeje" and "Shake" about  
To the Beatles singing "Twist and Shout."

We swing to the beat of Brenda Lee,  
And listen to dreamy Bobby Vee.  
The floor is crowded, everyone dances,  
To the lovely voice of Connie Francis.

All too soon the dance must finish,  
And through the doors the crowds diminish.  
The lights go out, the hall is bare,  
Next week again we'll all be there.

CATHERINE MACGREGOR, Va.

### WHERE?

Where have all the flowers gone,  
Long time passing?  
Where have all the flowers gone,  
Long time ago?

Where have all the summers gone?  
Always we have rain.  
Can't we ever see the sun?  
Do we ask in vain?

Where have all the trains gone,  
Grantown, Dava and Dunphail?  
Where have all the trains gone,  
Right off the rail?

Where have all the stations gone?  
Closed by Beeching everyone,  
Never more to run in state.  
Now we'll have to hibernate.

KATHLEEN MILLER, Va.



### THE WATER KELPIE OF LOCH PITYOULISH

Most of the lochs in this district are connected in some way with something mysterious or supernatural, Loch Pityoulish being no exception.

Loch Pityoulish lies in the shadow of Craigowrie, directly south of Boat of Garten, and has, within a five-mile radius, Loch Garten, Loch Morlich and Loch-an-Eilean.

The story goes that for years The Water Kelpie of Pityoulish had "existed" in relatively subdued notoriety until it appeared one day to the son of the Baron of Kincardine. Accompanying the Baron's son were six other boys of about his own age.

It was the youngest of the group who was first to spot the intruder, which took the form of a snow-white pony, harnessed in saddle, bridle and stirrups of pure silver studded with sparkling gems, while everyday leather was replaced by crimson velvet edged with gold. To add to the tragedy of the incident, the animal seemed very tame and inoffensive as it grazed quietly a few yards away.

The temptation, however, was too great, and the boys began to advance cautiously. The pony allowed them to come closer before tossing its head and moving a little closer towards the waters of the loch. Finally the pony gave in and allowed one of the boys to grasp hold of the bridle. Amazed at the simplicity of the operation, the others did likewise.

No sooner had they all seized hold, than the pony tossed its head in a triumphant manner and dashed straight towards the water. Suddenly the boys realised the gravity of the situation—they were unable to release their holds!

The Baron's son, having only an insecure grip with two fingers of his left hand, was able to reach for his dirk and sever the offending fingers. As he fell back on the grassy shore, he saw the snow-white pony submerge, dragging with it its six victims.

During the last century it was generally believed that a Kelpie was indeed present under the dark waters of Loch Pityoulish. The belief, ironically, was disposed of by a well-known sportsman, Colonel Thornton, who succeeded in landing a huge pike, measuring over five feet and weighing nearly sixty pounds.

JAMES A. GRANT, VI.

### MY BUDGIE

"Time for tea!" and "Ship Ahoy!"  
I've taught you now to say,  
"Clever Ernie, clever boy,"  
You say to me each day.  
So if you are my budgie, dear,  
Such a clever guy,  
Come down and whisper in my ear,  
How I can learn to fly.

ROSEMARY MORRISON, Ia.

### THE LOCH GARTEN MONSTER

Loch Garten is a small, shallow loch which lies in the heart of the Abernethy Forest in Strathspey. This loch has recently become well known because of the Osprey, which came to nest there, but many years ago, or so the legend goes, it was a very different kind of animal which made Loch Garten famous.

It is said that a huge flesh-eating animal, a cross between a large bull and a huge stallion, used to haunt an area near where a small burn flows from Loch Garten to Loch Mallachie. The burn is about a quarter of a mile long and flows through thick, black woods. This horrible creature left the depths each night in search of prey, and its blood-curdling roars could be heard echoing amongst the surrounding hills. The ugly beast was said to have a large head, a broad back, a jet-black mane, wicked glistening eyes, and to feed on children and lambs.

Legend has it that an old farmer from Nethybridge decided to end the terror caused by the prowling monster, and, with the intention of capturing it, set out one afternoon for the loch. On arriving there he fixed a gaff-hook, baited with a lamb and appropriately weighted, to a long length of rope. He then tied the other end of the rope to a huge boulder, weighing several tons, which was lying by the loch-side. This done, the old man put the baited end of the rope into a boat and rowed out towards the centre of the loch. When the rope was fully stretched out, he dropped the hook overboard and quickly made for home, because dusk was drawing near.

During the night a tremendous storm arose and the local inhabitants were terrified to hear the fiendish snarls of the infuriated monster above the roar of the thunder and the noise of the tempest.

When it was calm once more, the old crofter returned to the loch and could find no trace of the boulder. All that could be seen was a long deep rut in the sand leading down to the water's edge, where the boulder had been dragged into the inky depths by the monster, which has not been seen or heard of since.

CAROL STUART, Va.

### DONALD'S POEM

There went for a walk one night,  
Three men who lived in a house,  
They wandered down a dark lane,  
Where they tripped and startled a mouse.

They chased it and chased it,  
Till they were almost dead;  
And all they then could see was  
The mouse going through a hole to its bed.

So the three men made their way  
Back to their little house,  
And as they rested in their beds  
They thought of the little mouse.

DONALD MACLEOD, IIb.

**HOUSEWORK WITHOUT TEARS**

"Where shall we go to to-day?" I ask, standing poised at the controls.

"The moon, please," the three voices chorus.

"Right! The moon it is," I agree, and press the switch of the vacuum cleaner.

The expedition, composed of me and three young cousins aged between three and six, sets off to explore the caves leading off the landing. I take them under great overhanging cliffs shaped just like beds, and then investigate the deep chasm that drops in a series of steps from the upstairs landing to the entrance hall. As my party follows me, exclaiming loudly at each new discovery, I wonder how I ever found housework dull.

It had started quite by accident one day when little Lucy informed me that the vacuum cleaner I was using sounded just like a space ship she had seen on television the night before.

"Let's take off then," I had said, and the idea had grown from there.

Making beds is simplicity itself. We are all doctors, nurses and patients, and I am sure that everybody knows how doctors, nurses and patients hide under bedclothes, roll under beds and leap about on them as if they were trampolines, so I won't bother to explain. However, some of the cures prescribed for certain maladies are revolutionary. There are five beds in our "hospital," and with the assistance of my three-man (or should I say three-girl?) medical staff, I can have the beds made in 90 minutes flat.

Polishing day is the day the Queen is coming to visit us, or someone else very important, like the lady who reads "The Listen with Mother" stories, or the man who delivers the gas. In any case the whole house must shine before the V.I.P. arrives, and the sight of three young ragamuffins fighting to see who can first see her face in the polished floor is a fascinating sight indeed.

Their efforts at polishing were excellent, but how I wish I could say the same about the washing up. I think there are still four or five cups with handles, and there are still plenty of saucers with only very small chips out of them.

So to anyone to whom, like me, the very thought of housework brings a shudder, my suggestion is to try it our way. It may be slower and more expensive, but it's a lot more fun. However, if it is still not to your liking, the only other alternative is to employ a reliable housemaid.

JACLYNN WOOD, VI.

**DR MACKAY'S ODE**

O Donal', loon, I've watched ye sook your neive,  
An' hodge an' fidge an' sough an' claw your heid.  
An' noo the poem. Man, Donal', as I live,  
Fyle ye are here, McGonagle's no' deid.

**MY FOX**

It was when I was a little girl of six my father brought home what was to me a lovely little puppy. For about two years I believed that it was a dog, but as I was getting older my mother told me that this so-called puppy was a fox!

She went on by telling me that the fox was found on a Deeside estate and was taken home in a shoe-box. He was reared by a collie dog until he was able to fend for himself.

Well, now we had to change his name, so we all decided to call him "Foxy." As he was very small, he stayed in a kennel at night and a run during the day.

Foxy, I am afraid, was very spoilt by us all, and he was allowed to do as he liked. One day while my sister and I were playing with old shoes, a sandal belonging to me happened to get into his reach. Well, in a few minutes there was no sandal to be seen, just chewed pieces of leather.

Another "great day" in Foxy's life was when I took him on a lead into the Grantown Show, and there he was awarded a special prize.

For the next few years of his life Foxy was happy until a man who lived on a neighbouring farm gave him a dead chicken. Of course, after getting the taste of the one chicken, he would eat more, so my father had to destroy him.

But this was not the story our parents told us. They said that Foxy had run away. So my sister and I went out that night and searched for ages for Foxy, but, alas, he was not to be seen! Many tears were shed that night, but they didn't help to bring back our beloved Foxy.

BEATRICE OLIPHANT, IIa.

**WINTER**

Now that winter's on its way,  
The wind gets keener every day.  
Soon the skiers begin to arrive,  
Feeling that it's good to be alive.

Soon there will be ice and snow,  
The sportsman's perfect paradise,  
Curling on the frozen pond,  
Ski-ing on the hill beyond.

Ski-ing on the snowy slopes,  
Making friends and cracking jokes;  
No place just now for one who mopes,  
At night there's dancing and record hops.

In the golf course or up in the hills  
One can be sure of plenty of thrills,  
Experts queuing for the tow,  
Beginners sprawling on slopes below.

When the snow begins to melt at last,  
Alas, the ski-ing season's past!  
When the grass peeps through the snow,  
The tourists pack and homeward go.

IREEN McCULLOCH, IVa.



**A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE**

One night last week, after a large supper, I suddenly remembered I hadn't finished my homework. I decided that I'd do it in bed, "so as not to annoy my parents," I thought.

After jumping into bed I opened my Comprehension book and read "Assignment with an Octopus."

"Once its scores of suckers rimmed with hooks hold their prey, nothing but death will break their awful hold..."

I was living in a lonely South Pacific island with about a hundred natives. One of this island's chief industries was pearl-diving, and many of the stronger and more experienced divers practised a dangerous sport—catching octopuses.

One morning I decided to help the divers, and so set off towards the oyster-beds in a canoe. Soon after leaving shore the canoe capsized, flinging me into the lagoon. I sank down, down, down, till I was almost touching the sea bottom. I swam a few yards and discovered a huge cleft in the rock face, and, ignoring the teachings of the natives, I de-

cided to investigate a shadowy movement in the depths of the crevice.

Realising I was in danger, I tried to make for the surface, but I was too late! A huge tentacle pinned my arms to my body. I was trapped! There was no escape! Panic seized me as I saw the octopus's huge horny mouth gape open in front of me. I kicked out, but it had no effect on the beast. The mouth instinctively felt for my throat, a man's most vulnerable part; the mouth closed round my jugular vein; I felt my senses swimming as the grip tightened. I was about to be eaten by an octopus! I cried out.

"Help! Help! I don't wanna be eaten! Help!"

"What's wrong, son? Why are you lying on the floor?" It was my mother.

"What, where's the octopus? I don't want to be eaten!"

"It's all right," she said, "you've been dreaming!"

MURDO MACKENZIE, IIIa.

**MY TEACHER**

He is an old man,  
A cheery man,  
A nice-natured man.  
He wears spectacles,  
He has grey hairs,  
No wonder!  
He has to deal with kids like mares.

DAVID McDONALD, Ic.

## PRIMARY MAGAZINE

### MY DOG

I have a dog called Goldie,  
The best dog ever known,  
And when I'm walking in the street,  
I never am alone,  
For she is always by my side—  
A watch dog she should be,  
She barks at every passer-by;  
But harm them? No, not she!

SHEILA MILLER, Pr. 5.

### MY PET

I have a dog called Judy. She is a Labrador and is very fat. She is five years old. When she sees a cat she chases it. She does not like other dogs. When I come home from school, she jumps on me and nearly knocks me over. She is a good watchdog. I sometimes take her a walk to the woods. She always goes to the front of the fire, and she sometimes gets scolded. She then goes and sits on the rug and goes to sleep.

SYBIL WATT, Pr. 6.

### A RIDING LESSON

Every Saturday I go to Toby Liesing's Riding School. One Saturday I was put on Tango, a small brown pony. While I was waiting to leave with him, he cantered round the field, but I soon managed to control him. I was, however, very glad to come off.

ANNE GRANT, Pr. 5.

### WHY?

Can anybody tell me, please,  
Why getting wet should make me sneeze,  
And why upon a rainy day  
I can't go out of doors to play.  
Why?

ANNE THOMSON, Pr. 5.

### OUR GARDEN

In early spring beautiful snowdrops grow in our garden. Later on daffodils and other flowers bloom and make a lovely sight. When summer comes, lovely rock roses and pansies grow. Different kinds of heathers and heaths grow in autumn. In every season a garden is a joy.

ELIZABETH TERRIS, Pr. 5.

### A HOLIDAY TO ENGLAND

In the summer holidays Mum, Peter and I went down to England. We got on to a train at six o'clock on a Sunday evening. When we got into the train we went straight to our sleeping compartment. At half past ten I climbed up to the top bunk and mum went on the bottom one, and we made a bed with cases for Peter. In the morning we arrived at Euston Station, and we had breakfast there. After that we took a taxi to King's Cross Station, where we took a train to Radlett where my uncle stays.

My uncle owns a hotel and an outdoor swimming pool. In the afternoon I played football with Peter and my cousins Andrew (5) and Alison (3). Another day we went to London Zoo, and we also went to many museums. At her mansion house I got the Duchess of Bedford's autograph.

After a week we visited my granny's house, and then caught the train at Euston. We left London on Monday and were home on Tuesday. It was my twelfth visit to England.

FIONA HENDERSON, Pr. 6.

### MY PET

My pet is a bunny,  
He is very funny,  
He begs for food,  
And if he should  
Be very good,  
I'd take him out when sunny.

IAN GRANT, Pr. 5.

### MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

For my summer holidays I went to Abergystwyth in Wales. We stayed at the Borders the first night on a pig farm. There were some nice kittens there. In the morning we heard a great noise because the old boar had broken loose and was attacking the young one. We went to Robert the Bruce's cave too. After that we went down the M5 and the A5, both dual carriageways. By nightfall we were less than 50 miles away. The next morning we arrived.

MALCOLM WALLACE, Pr. 5.

### A TRIP TO MADEIRA

Madeira is an island off the north-west coast of Africa. My parents and I visited it on our return journey from West Africa. At ten o'clock our ship, the Accra, docked outside the harbour, then we were transferred to a launch. On shore we went to a wine shop first, and the man gave me a glass of wine to sample. My mum nearly fainted! We took a taxi to the top of a hill, then we tobogganed down a cobbled road. Half-way down we stopped at a shop called the Half-way Shop. There I bought a yacht and two cars. We then rambled around till it was time to go back to the ship at six o'clock.

SANDY SMITH, Pr. 6.

**MIKE**

There was a boy called Mike,  
Who rode on a bike,  
He came to a hill  
And had a spill,  
And that was the end of Mike.

MICHAEL MUNRO, Pr. 7.

**THE NEW SCHOOL**

I, like most other people, expect to have a swimming pool built in the new school. I also expect a playing field for football and hockey, and a pavilion to change in. The school will be about two storeys high, with lots of windows. It will have the same radiators and janitor, I hope.

Mrs Mackintosh will feel much safer in her new science room, with no danger of falling ceilings. The old school will probably be used for Civil Defence. I just hope I won't have left school before the new one is built.

IAIN GRANT, Pr. 7.

**ADVIE SALE OF WORK**

The Woman's Guild of Advie Church decided to hold a sale of work on September 7 in aid of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign and church purposes. Everyone must have worked hard; and stalls were laden.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, on holiday at Tulchan Lodge, declared the sale open at 7 p.m. It was an unexpectedly exciting moment for me, as I presented her with a lovely bouquet, the most beautiful one I have ever seen. The youngest member of our Sunday School was well prepared to do the presentation, but at the last moment she was too shy. I remember someone placing the bouquet in my arms and giving me a push towards the steps of the platform. The happiest moment was to hear the Duchess say, "Thank you very much," and what a lovely smile she gave me!

LORNA GRANT, Pr. 7.

**LOPPY**

I have a little rabbit, Loppy is her name,  
She has long white ears and big pink eyes,  
Eating cabbage is her favourite game.  
I also have two goldfish,  
Their names are John and Hank;  
They eat ants' eggs for breakfast,  
And live in a big green tank.

LINDA CLARK, Pr. 7.

**THE WEE MAN**

There was once a wee man who lived at Revoppie. His name was Alex. He was two feet eleven inches in height. When people in the neighbourhood needed a haircut they went to wee Alex. They had to sit on the floor so that he could reach to cut their hair. He died in 1920. Those who knew him will never forget Wee Alex, as long as they live.

JEAN GRANT, Pr. 7.

**THE CIRCUS**

Down in the valley there's a circus making ready,  
A bare-back rider and her horse called Peggy;  
The big white bears eating their honey,  
A man at the door collecting the money.

All the elephants in a row,  
Monkeys playing with the mistletoe;  
Tigers and lions in their cage,  
They seem to be in a terrible rage.

The horses prancing round and round,  
Artists performing above the ground;  
The dogs jumping, up and down;  
Children laughing at the clown.

ANNE CAMERON, Pr. 7.



## SPORTS SECTION.

## FOOTBALL

With only a few experienced players at his disposal, our captain, David Grant, was faced with the problem of finding new players to fill the ranks in the senior team.

In our first game at Elgin our inexperienced team dominated in the first half but could not score. In the second half our play became ragged and we lost command, eventually going down by three goals to nil.

At Nairn we deservedly lost 5-0—due to bad play generally and defensive blunders in particular.

In our third match, against Milne's High, Fochabers, we were unlucky to lose 3-1. Our team, though weakened, gave a spirited display, while two of the opposition's goals came from questionable penalty awards. Jock George was Grantown's scorer.

We at last found the scoring touch in a home match against Elgin. In the first half, however, it was the old story—Grantown pressing strongly without scoring, while a defensive blunder gave Elgin the lead. But just after the interval Alan Davidson scored with a long range shot and the spell was broken. From then on a cocky Grantown team was in complete command, and it was only a matter of how many. We eventually finished winners by six goals to one, our scorers being A. Davidson, E. MacKenzie (2), M. Sutherland (2) and I. Sutherland.

This team, undoubtedly our strongest, was K. MacKenzie; G. Campbell, B. Lamb; A. Davidson, A. Chisholm, D. Grant; J. MacPherson, M. Sutherland, E. MacKenzie, D. Chisholm, I. Sutherland.

Then, after a long lay-off due to the severe winter, we fielded a weakened team against Milne's High. Though short of match practice we played fairly well in the first half. But once again weak finishing and lapses by an otherwise strong defence proved our downfall, and we lost 3-0.

During the season we "blooded" several youngsters such as D. MacLeod, B. Bain, and G. Smith, while others like G. Campbell, B. Lamb and D. MacDonald will now be experienced campaigners.

Our intermediate team played eight league matches, losing five, winning two and drawing one. The matches were with Elgin (2), Rothes (2), Hopeman (2), Nairn and Fochabers.

Our first year team was least successful, losing all four matches played. Better teamwork could make a big difference at this stage.

1962-63, from the weather point of view, was one of the most difficult seasons on record, and from late November till late March, practice was almost impossible.

## HOCKEY

Despite the fact that the majority of the 1st XI had left school, the season opened not too badly with a 3-2 win over Kingussie.

The next game, on September 22, against Elgin Academy resulted in a 0-9 defeat. We gained revenge, however, by a 7-1 victory in the return match on December 8.

Our morale was then deflated by a 1-10 defeat at Fochabers.

There followed three months of bad weather and cancellations, during which our captain, Rosemary Dunn, left school. June Grant took over in her place.

Our end of season games were disappointing, as we lost heavily to Forres, Fochabers and Nairn.

The record of our Junior team was also disappointing, an initial win against Kingussie and defeats at the hands of Inverness Academy, Elgin Academy, Forres Academy and Nairn Academy.

The season was disappointing. We can only hope to do better this time, as we have retained the majority of our players.

\* \* \*

## GOLF

Although there was a shortage of numbers in the school golf this year, there was no lack of enthusiasm.

Mr Hendry again devoted considerable time and energy to coaching the girls and beginners and to organising matches and competitions.

Efforts to arrange coaching by the Nairn professional, Gregor McIntosh, have so far been unsuccessful.

The golf team of eight was usually on the following lines:—A. Davidson, A. Chisholm, I. Sutherland, B. Bain, D. Anderson, D. MacDonald, N. Breckinridge, D. Urquhart, with B. Lamb, N. Stuart and A. Martin as reserves.

In the first match at Huntly we lost 3½-4½. The return match was cancelled due to rain, and our hopes of revenge dashed.

At Elgin we were beaten 8-0, but in the return match at home we halved 4-4.

In an away match against Forres we lost 5-3, but reversed the score at Grantown to win 5-3.

There were three medal competitions. In the first (over nine holes), Bruce Bain took the scratch prize with 40 and Norman Breckinridge the handicap prize with (48-18) 30.

Alan Davidson won the second (over eighteen holes) with a 79 and Allan Chisholm with (86-13) 73 took the handicap prize.

Allan Chisholm's 78 won for him the third medal competition, and the handicap winner was David G. Macdonald with (82-15) 67.

David Anderson won the annual handicap knock-out competition by beating Iain Sutherland in the final.

An Eclectic Competition was held this year for the first time, the winner being Allan Chisholm (62½) and the runner-up David G. Macdonald (65½).

**SKI-ING**

A winter of exceptional severity, which began in November and then lasted, except for two short thaws, till the end of March, made Strathspey a skier's paradise for the second year in succession. The golf course, the Dreggie slopes and the slopes of Cairngorm were fully used. Pupils again had the benefit of expert tuition.

Tests held at the end of February resulted in the award of two second stars and twelve first stars, some of the latter to very young pupils.

This year, in spite of inclement weather, a number of our school skiers managed to reach Glenshee for the Schools Ski-ing Championship. Our entrants were unlucky, nearly all of them leaving the course at some point, with resultant penalisation. Weather conditions on the actual day were also very unpleasant.

Our pupils, however, competed very successfully in the District Ski Races on Cairngorm on May 6. In the 14-16 age group Fred Anfield was first and John Neufeld third. In the 10-14 age group Sherie Sutton was first. In the under-10 age group William Gill was second. In the over-all result for all three age groups, Sherie Sutton was first, and was awarded the Scottish-Norwegian Ski-School Challenge Cup. Fred Anfield was third.

**SCHOOL SPORTS**

The School Sports, again organised by Mr Liggat, with assistance from the Rector, the P.T. teachers and the Staff generally, were held in good conditions, and provided a pleasant afternoon's entertainment. The standard of performance was reasonably good, the highlights being the obstacle race, with fresh novelties, the very slick House relay races, and the excellent performance of Margaret Williamson, who broke the Girls' Javelin record by 7 feet 3 inches with a throw of 80 feet 1 inch.

Alan Davidson was Boys' Sports Champion, and Alan Chisholm runner-up. Elspeth Gow was Girls' Champion. Intermediate Boys' Champion was John McInnes, Patrick Grant being runner-up. The Intermediate Girls' Champion was Gladys Grant. The Junior Boys' Champion was David Grant, with David McGillivray runner-up. Helen Grant was Junior Girls' Champion, with Beatrice Oliphant close behind. Champion of the Primary Boys was John Grant, and of the Girls, Wendy Collyer. Finally, Charles Ross was best of the Under-10 Boys, and Fiona Henderson, with Ann Mathieson close behind, of the Under-10 Girls.

Revoan again annexed the Boys' House Cup, but lost the Girls' House Cup, which was won by Roy.

**INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS**

In the Badenoch and Strathspey Primary School Sports, the Grammar School team, as in 1962, was second to Rothiemurchus. Our team also competed, with moderate success, in the Moray and Nairn Primary School Sports.

The highlight of our participation in the Moray and Nairn Secondary School Sports was Margaret Williamson's winning javelin throw of 84 feet 2 inches. Margaret was also third in the discus event. Second places were obtained by Elspeth Gow (Senior 220 yards), Mary Mackenzie (Intermediate 150 yards) and Beatrice Oliphant (Junior 150 yards). Third places were gained by Allan Chisholm (Senior Discus), Neil Stuart (Youth Discus), John McInnes (Intermediate Long Jump), Duncan Robertson (Intermediate Hurdles), Derek McCulloch (Junior Hurdles) and David Grant (Junior 100 yards and 220 yards).

\* \* \*

**SCHOOL OFFICIALS****BOYS**

School Captain—Gillies Campbell; Vice-Captain—Norman Breckinridge. Football Captain—Gillies Campbell; Vice-Captain—David G. Macdonald. Athletics Captain—James R. Macpherson. Cricket Captain—Norman Breckinridge. Secretary to Prefects' Court—James Grant. Librarian and Museum Curator—John Campbell.

House Captains:—Revack—John George. Revoan—James Macpherson. Roy—Gillies Campbell.

Additional Prefects—A. Cooke, G. Gordon, A. Grant, G. Mackintosh, J. Ward.

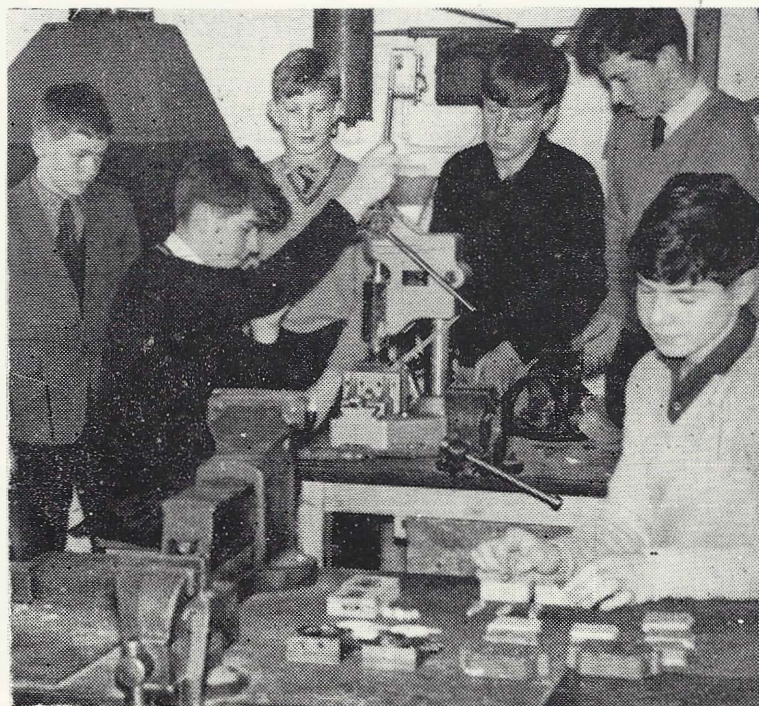
**GIRLS**

Head Girl—Margaret R. Stuart; Deputy Head Girl—J. Davis Thomson. Hockey Captain—June Grant; Vice-Captain—Kathleen Miller. Athletics Captain—Elspeth Gow. Girls' Secretary—Margaret R. Stuart.

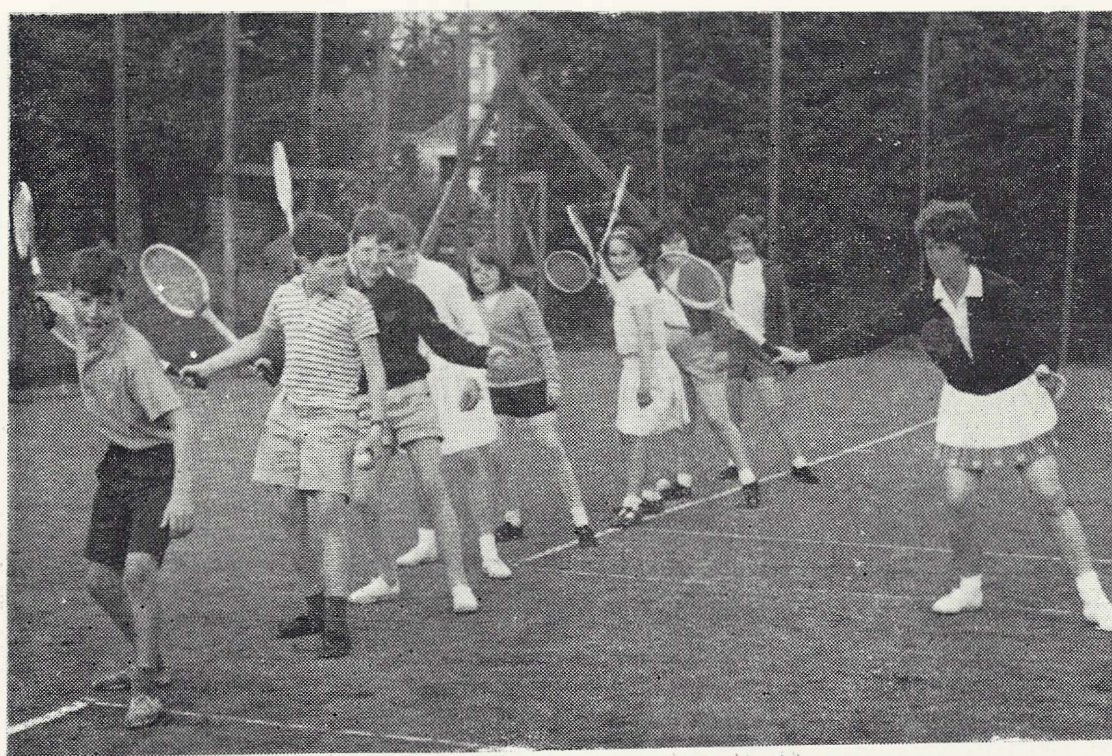
House Captains:—Revack—Davis Thomson. Revoan—Dorothy George. Roy—Jaclynn Wood.

Additional Prefects—Mona Grant, Jill Hepburn, Catherine MacGregor, Seonaid MacLure, Violet Murray, Gill Ross, Christobel Terris, Jaclynn Wood.





Some of the 3a boys making angling minnows with the plastic injection moulding machine which the School had on loan from Dr Horace Thompson, Elgin.



Miss Audrey Brown, Dundee, gives instruction to some Primary 7 (now Secondary 1) pupils during a coaching session on the local tennis courts.



# THE OLD GUARD

## OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1963/64

### 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, Nat.-Comm. Bank of Scotland.

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

### Secretary—

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

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

## WITH THE FORCES

John S. Clark (1956-59), 130 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey; R.E.M.E., 25b Shaw Close, Weyhill Road, Andover, Hants., England.

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

Brian McKerron (1955-59), Ivybank, High Street; R.A.F., Waddington, Lincs.; 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; R.A.F. Station, Watton, near Norwich, Norfolk; junior technician.

Ian Walker (1950-54), 1 Kylintra Crescent; Officers' Mess, Scots Guards, Kahada, Kenya; sergeant, Scots Guards.

## Exiles

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

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

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

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

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

George S. Coutts (1951-57), Bank Cottage, Dava.

\*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., Morven, Grant Road; 4 Doune Terrace, Edinburgh; junior lecturer, Edinburgh University.

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

\*Robin J. Fraser (1951-57), M.P.S., 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.

Alexander Gordon (1947-53), M.A. (Hons., Modern Languages), Achnahannet, Dulnain-Bridge; Apartment 5, 6 Roslyn Road, Winnipeg, Canada; lecturer, University of Manitoba.

\*John Grant (1928-33), B.Sc. (Agriculture), 14 Victoria Drive, Inverness; North of Scotland College of Agriculture.

\*Donald Gunn (1933-36), 6 Castle Road E.; 13 Fingal Road, Dingwall accounts section, Mackay's Garage and Agric. Co., Ltd.

## FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1963-64

### MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Grammar School on Wednesday, 13th November, 1963, at 7.30 p.m. Dr Bain, who presided, welcomed a very good attendance of members. Apologies for absence were received from Mr and Mrs Hunter, Miss Lorna Stephen and Messrs J. A. Templeton and F. Calder. In a letter to the secretary, Mr Hunter expressed the good wishes of himself and his wife for the continued success of the Club in its activities which are invaluable to former pupils and also to present pupils of the Grammar School.

Dr Bain made sympathetic reference to the deaths of three members. Mrs Schleppy, who died so tragically, had been not only a former pupil but also a former teacher of the Grammar School and as a vice-president of the F.P. Club had always been greatly interested in its activities. Miss Butter had been a teacher in the Grammar School for 27 years until her retirement and would be remembered by many former pupils. Of Mr Jack Cameron, Dr Bain said "he had been a good citizen who had rendered good service to the town."

The minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting were read by the secretary and their approval was moved by Mr G. E. Donaldson, seconded by Mr J. Duncan.

The financial report showed a credit balance of £81 12s 11½d and its adoption was moved by Mr J. G. Bruce and seconded by Miss J. M. Paterson.

Office-bearers were elected as follows:—

Honorary President — Ex-Lord Provost Duncan Fraser, C.B.E., LL.D., D.L., 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, Mr J. G. Bruce, Mrs J. D. Archibald.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss J. I. Munro.

Committee—Miss J. D. Donaldson, 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.

At this point Dr Bain thanked the secretary and treasurer for her work on behalf of the Club.

One hundred and forty-two free copies of the Grammar School Magazine had been sent out to exiled life-members in 1962 and it was agreed that this practice be continued for a further year. As there had been a deficit of £5 12s 6d on the Grammar School Magazine

Account for 1962, the meeting approved the increase of the price of the Magazine to 2s per copy. This deficit had been paid by the Club. Dr Bain paid tribute to Mr Donaldson for his splendid work in compiling the Magazine each year.

It was unanimously agreed that seven prizes would again be awarded to the Grammar School in 1964 for the following subjects:—English, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Art and Technical Subjects. On behalf of the school, Dr Bain thanked the Club for its continued generosity.

Mr Martin Grant reported that the 1962 Christmas Reunion had been up to its usual standard and quite successful in spite of weather conditions. The 1963 Reunion would be held in the Palace Hotel on Friday, 27th December, and it was agreed that the price of the ticket be 15s 6d. The president thanked Mr Grant for organising the Reunion so efficiently each year and also Mr J. G. Bruce for all his assistance. The following Reunion committee was appointed:—Mr A. M. Grant (convener), Mrs Archibald, Dr Bain, Messrs J. G. Bruce, A. M. Hastings and F. Calder.

Dr Bain said that the Reunion Dinner held on 29th March, 1963, at which Miss Grant and Miss Legge were the guests of honour, had been a most successful function and a very happy reunion. A company of 81 had been present but there had been a deficit of £2 17s 6d. The question of the next biennial Reunion would be discussed at the next Annual General Meeting.

The cost of the swimming pool at the new secondary school which is to be built in Grantown was the subject of some discussion. Since there had been considerable difference of opinion during the past months regarding the amount which should be contributed by the local Town Council, the Former Pupils' Club members present wished it to be known that they unanimously considered that the cost should be divided proportionately between the Burgh of Grantown, Moray County Council and Inverness County Council on a basis of the numbers of pupils from each of the three areas.

The meeting expressed its regret that the minimum number of members required to form a Further Education Class had been raised by the Moray Education Authority and as a result there were no classes in Grantown for the first time for many years. It was hoped that steps would be taken to remedy this matter.

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

JEANNETTE I. MUNRO,  
Honorary Secretary.

### NOTES

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

Remember the 1963 forms.



- \*Mrs Colin Sutton (Catherine M. MacKay), The Hotel, Nethybridge.  
 \*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

- BEATON.—On 6th September, 1963, to Mr and Mrs George J. Beaton (Sheena S. R. McIntosh), Ness Castle, Inverness — a daughter (Aileen Jean Smith).  
 CUNNINGHAM.—On 26th November, 1962, to Mr and Mrs R. Lindsay Cunningham (Mona A. Scott), Hitherbury, Hillside, Montrose—a daughter.  
 FRASER.—On 23rd February, 1963, to Mr and Mrs William J. Fraser (Elspeth M. Mitchell), Balvullich, Kilmorack, Beauly—a daughter (Lynne Mhairi).  
 GRANT.—On 24th July, 1963, to Mr and Mrs John Grant (M. Elizabeth Templeton), Glencairn, Grantown-on-Spey—a daughter (Alison Elizabeth Templeton).  
 JOHNSON.—On 12th September, 1962, to Mr and Mrs George Johnson (May D. McKenzie), Blighty, Aberfoyle — a daughter (Susan).  
 LITTLEJOHN.—On 11th August, 1963, to Mr and Mrs James C. Littlejohn (Elizabeth L. Young), Cairngorm, 170 Addison Road, Rugby—a son (Bruce Curtis).  
 MACGREGOR.—On 11th September, 1963, to Mr and Mrs A. John Macgregor (Patricia A. Lawrence), 4 Mount Avenue, Harold Park, Romford—a son (Andrew Lawrence).  
 ORFORD.—On 22nd February, 1963, to Mr and Mrs Bryan Orford (Isobel Calder), Polebrook House, near Peterborough—a son (Mark Calder).

SHIACH.—On 13th February, 1963, to Mr and Mrs Gordon I. W. Shiach (Margaret G. Smith), 8 India Street, Edinburgh, 3—a daughter (Katherine Jane).

TEMPLETON.—On 16th May, 1963, to Mr and Mrs William G. Templeton (Rita Marshall), Cairngorm, 2 Branstane Drive, Edinburgh—a son (Andrew Stephen).

WILSON.—On 9th November, 1962, to Dr and Mrs David L. Wilson (Ada R. Imray), 247 Wigton Road, Carlisle — a son (Iain Cuthbert).

### MARRIAGES

- BIRRELL—DONALD.—At Inverallan Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 24th August, 1963, Robert Birrell, Glasgow, to Jean Inglis Donald, Silverdale, South Street, Grantown-on-Spey.  
 CHAPMAN—McDONALD.—At Inverallan Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 17th August, 1963, Richard John Chapman, Sheringham, Norfolk, to Elizabeth Margaret McDonald, 89 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey.  
 HAMILTON MACKINTOSH.—At Carr Bridge Church on 16th January, 1963, George Hamilton, Tullochgribban, Dulnain Bridge, to Evelyn Grant Mackintosh, M.A., Gowan Brae, Dulnain Bridge.  
 OAKES—EDWARDS.—At Cromdale Church on 24th August, 1963, Ernest W. Oakes, Grantown-on-Spey, to Amelia Edwards, The Firs, Balmenach, Cromdale.

### DEATHS

- BUTTER.—Suddenly, on 29th May, 1963, Mary A. S. Butter, 9 Sandringham Terrace, The Esplanade, Greenock (The Knoll, Grantown-on-Spey); teacher (retired), Grantown Grammar School.  
 CAMERON.—Suddenly, on 23rd March, 1963, John Innes Cameron, Dunira, South Street, Grantown-on-Spey.  
 SCHLEPPY.—Suddenly, on 1st January, 1963, Elizabeth Caroline Meldrum, widow of Joseph Schleppy, Granite Villa, Woodside Avenue, Grantown-on-Spey; teacher (retired), Grantown Grammar School and Vice-President, Former Pupils' Club.



## THE START OF IT ALL!

A small boy was fishing the Mossie Burn. Six years old and all of three feet tall, his equipment was starkly simple. A Rowan stick, a penny hank of soft brown line and a Stewart Tackle. In his pocket was a cocoa tin of small pink worms and in his heart utter contentment and a boundless optimism.

The burn was so small that only here and there did a gap in the overhanging vegetation allow a hook to be carefully lowered into the amber water. Occasionally the boy's concentration was distracted by the explosive flurry of an outraged bird. But only momentarily. He fished with vibrant anticipation, oblivious to all else.

He had never actually caught a fish, but he knew that they were there because, when the high summer sun penetrated the peaty water, he could see them—dark and speckled and mysterious, and tantalisingly inaccessible.

The "falls" on the Mossie are scarcely imposing; indeed they are scarcely falls. But where the water tumbles over a series of rocky ledges it has formed small pools of broken, aerated water beloved of the trout. And it was in one of those that the incredible happened.

He had cast into the white water and watched his line sailing round with the currents. Then suddenly he had realised that it was unnaturally stationary. His heart thumped. Infinitely slowly he had raised the point of his rod until the line was taut and he could feel, for the very first time, that succession of sharp tugs which could mean only one thing. A fish was biting! Petrified, in an agony of indecision, he had stood for long

moments scarcely daring to breathe. Then, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he had heaved mightily. A trout had flashed ten feet over his head to fall kicking in the bracken. He had pounced upon it and extracted the hook with trembling fingers, and only then realised what he had done. Alone, unaided, he had caught a trout! A wild, uncontrollable elation had gripped him.

Muddy water had splashed him from head to foot as he raced headlong through the boggy field, tumbled frantically over a restraining fence, sped past the Hospital and burst into "Thornhill"—the proudest, most excited, muddiest boy in the whole Highlands! His sisters and parents were suitably impressed—and too kind to point that the trout—all three inches of it—should have been put back!

Small it undoubtably was, but that trout set my feet inexorably upon a path which was to lead to high hill burns and lonely lochans, to turbulent rivers and elegant chalk streams, to muddy canals and secluded meres, to the chocolate waters of the Tigris and the crystal streams of Persia, to the sombre pike loughs of Ireland and the translucent depths of Madagascar's bays, to the richly clad banks of South Africa streams and the much trodden banks of the Seine.

And yet . . . when healing sleep repairs the ravishes of less pleasant things, it is of "the Mossie" that I dream—the small, unspectacular, familiar Mossie. And a tiny, unfortunate, illegal trout!

IAN MACPHERSON.

## PACIFIC JOURNEY

[Below are some extracts from letters written home by Mrs Lugg (Jean Burgess) about a tour of Japan and Hawaii.]

Nagoya.

"This is being written in the Hotel New Nagoya where we spent the night. We went to bed early and could hear the wind and rain all night. The room was Western style but had screens dividing a seating area. We were supplied with kimonos and slippers to wear. In the baths the hot water was from the Hot Springs. I had three baths in 12 hours! The meals are very nice, all Western style, of course, and everything spotless and the service perfect. We were given hot wet towels to wipe the hands before the meal and again at the end. There was a ten per cent. service charge and definitely no tipping to anyone. The people are so polite that one automatically finds oneself bowing in return. I'd say every employee in the hotel speaks English. It is compulsory in the schools. Taxis, stores, etc., all seem the same."

Osaka.

"Our hotel is up on a hill behind the town. The guide came at 9.30, but, as it was pouring rain, he postponed our trip till the afternoon. After 2 p.m. it suddenly cleared and we had a lovely afternoon. I saw wild monkeys in a national park, and then we drove to the 'Boiling Hills' or hot mineral springs. One, because of its colour, was called 'Bloody Boiling Hill.' Some erupted at 30-minute intervals, while others are sulphuric or throw up boiling mud."

\* \* \*

Shimabara.

"I wish you could see me. I'm sitting on the floor—or rather on a cushion—in my bare feet, wearing a kimono and writing at a table 12 inches high. This morning we left by train for Kuminato on the other side of the island. The chief event of the day was a visit to the crater of Mount Aso. We climbed and climbed over 4000 feet and got down into the crater. The crater rim is 75 miles round

like a circle of mountains, but the whole centre was cultivated — 400 square miles, 60,000 inhabitants. Mount Aso is always active at one spot, but we could not see the smoke because of the mist."

\* \* \*

Nagasaki.

"We are living in the New Hotel, Nagasaki, which started on the sixth floor of a building. All the area round about had been wiped out by the Atom Bomb. After lunch we went on a tour. The guide took us to see the Peace Memorial and to the Atomic Centre to see relics of the bomb blast, including plaster casts of twisted limbs and pictures of victims. Next day we went out to do some shopping. Later we walked round the Peace Park. Everywhere there are monuments and memorials to the atomic victims. Only one original building is left — damaged — as a memorial, and but for that there would be no sign of bomb damage. But there is an atmosphere, hard to explain, about the place. Atomic Research, Atomic Museum, etc.—so many terms had Atomic; and there were the phrases, 'before the Atom Bomb,' 'after the Atom Bomb'."

\* \* \*

En route for Hawaii.

"I am writing somewhere between to-day and yesterday, as we left on the 28th and arrive on the 27th. We are finding the sky highways rather bumpy and our safety belts are fastened. At the moment all we can see is blue sky and blue sea. The trip to yesterday takes seven hours. After leaving Kyoto we got to Tokyo in the middle of one of their worst storms. Lightning was flashing everywhere, the rain was torrential and the cracks of thunder made us jump. I believe they had  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches of rain in two hours. Luckily our guide got us a taxi to the hotel. Next day, Monday, we went shopping. On Tuesday evening we went to a theatre to see a combined film and dance show. We only saw the latter, and it was wonderful. It was done by 500 young dancers, all girls, and they were really most spectacular. Then back to the hotel in a Kamikaze taxi (suicide driver). Twice we had a near collision, but they seem to have a seventh sense which makes them

stop with an inch to spare. We left Tokyo for Hawaii on Wednesday."

\* \* \*

Hawaii.

"The trouble with Hawaii is that most people who can afford to come here are retired and rather aged, and some of the figures are terrible. Think of the most shapeless people you know and imagine them in swim suits.

"On Saturday we had a swim lunch and off to Pearl Harbour. We were taken right past the sunken battleships Utah and Arizona. The former could just be seen, and the Arizona has a memorial built on to the bridge which is above the water level. The captain had been an eye-witness and told us the story. It was sad to think of all the bodies still down there. Back at our hotel we went down to listen to the musicians—men this time, with one Hulu dancer. The music is lovely, and the setting too, sitting out on the terrace at sunset, was beautiful. After dinner we went out to hear a chorus of Hawaiian grandmothers, all big and hefty, but with lovely voices, and all capable of doing a good hula.

"On Wednesday we drove to Hilo to visit the gardens. The flowers are unbelievable. The orchids are as big as saucers. We then drove to the volcano crater and right round the edge. The crater is a vast place—it could make you think of Hell. Everything is black lava for miles around, and you can look down from a platform 500 feet to the lava, which is still moving and sending up puffs of smoke."

\* \* \*

The Philippines.

"At last I am writing a letter on a table in my own home. On our last day in Hawaii we packed, had lunch and then returned to our room to find a lei (garland) of flowers for each of us from our room girl. When our taxi arrived, there was another lei. Finally at the airport Mr Hanson arrived with two huge carnation leis. So we went on board the 'plane bedecked with flowers. Our flight was to Manila, with a halt at Guam; and, as we crossed the Date Line again, we had a very short Wednesday."

[Extracted by courtesy of Miss Annie Burgess.]

## OLD GUARD FISHING COMPETITION

The activities of the Old Guard are these days restricted to the annual pilgrimage to Lochindorb for a fishing competition.

The "Old Faithfuls" again turned up this year and, complete with all necessary equipment, did battle for the trophy.

Over five nights we fished in all types of conditions, whatever the weather, and though catches on the whole were good, some of us firmly believe there are no fish in Lochindorb. Not so Hamish Shaw; he was clear winner with an excellent catch, and was a worthy winner of the trophy for 1963. Ian McPherson was runner-up; he was forced to second place this year by his great rival Hamish.

Writing about the same expedition each year leaves me with little new to relate, but I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who so faithfully turned out to help make the outing the success that it undoubtedly is. I could not conclude without, once again, thanking our good friend Simpson Shaw, as his encouragement, help and genial sense of humour go a long way in adding to the enjoyment of our competition. We would also hope that, when we meet at Lochindorb in 1964, there will be a goodly number of new faces, come along to enjoy the fun.

A. M. G.



## THE RIPPLE

(Continued)

[Readers will remember that Mr Brown, a master in Grantown Grammar School, became aware of a curious sound below his classroom. Professor Black, under whom Mr Brown had studied, turned up at the school, and showed great excitement over the mysterious sound.]

Suddenly, Professor Black wheeled round and began to speak earnestly.

"Brown," he said, "you are an old and valued student of mine. I know I can trust you. I am going to tell you something that must be kept absolutely secret. You must not breathe this to a soul. Promise me."

"I promise," said Mr Brown.

"For some years," said the professor, "the unkind suggestion has been made that Britain is no longer a first rate nation. The reason is that, in a military sense, we have fallen behind Russia and America. But, Brown, thanks to a great discovery of mine—one of the great discoveries of all time—Britain will again take the lead. I have found a subterranean force which can be directed to any specific locality. I call it THE RIPPLE. My first experiment made it act in a fen in the Chiltern Hills; my second exerted its power on a marsh in the Cleveland Hills; my third and final experiment was to have had its outlet in a bog near Grantown. Unfortunately, Brown, due to some unpredictable factor, the force is being exerted just below your school, which is in danger of total destruction."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mr Brown. "What are we to do about that?"

"We can do nothing," said the professor.

"The experiment must go on. We shall try to restrain the force, but we may not succeed."

"But you'll have to evacuate the school," said Mr Brown. "You can't run the risk of exterminating an entire school population."

"We must," replied Professor Black. "Just think, Brown. Every scientific move we make is watched with the utmost closeness by foreign intelligence services. The sudden evacuation of your school would amount to an advertisement of something that should be investigated. Better that a handful of teachers and a number of surplus children should perish than that a secret vital to the security of Britain should attract investigation."

Mr Brown's expression registered such dismay that the professor made an endeavour to make the situation appear less serious.

"Let us view it mathematically, my dear Brown," he said. "The school has a 50-50 chance of survival. More than that, the pupils only spend a quarter of each school day in school. This gives them, all over, a 90 per cent. likelihood of safety. We may well leave it to fate."

"I don't like it," said Mr Brown.

"I don't like it either," said the professor, "but I see no alternative. We must do nothing to imperil the secrecy of our great experiment. All the same, Brown, I am a humane man. I value your life. You must leave the school at once."

Mr Brown drew himself up to his full height of five feet eight inches. "I will not leave the school," he said. "I will share the fate of the others, whatever it may be."

The professor's eyes filled with tears. "You are a noble character, Brown," he said. "You must not perish. There must be a solution."

For some time he paced up and down, deep in thought, and then he suddenly ejaculated, "Eureka."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr Brown.

"I have got it," said the professor. "We shall evacuate the school as an educational experiment. It will be the greatest piece of camouflage in the world's history. And now, Brown, I must phone my friend the Prime Minister."

\* \* \*

For what actually followed we may refer our readers to certain headlines in the "Daily Informer," perhaps the most popular of our present-day newspapers. Below such captions as TERRIFIC EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATIONAL RE-SETTLEMENT and FANTASTIC TRANSPLANTATION OF A SCHOOL the columnist went on to refer to the high place in the educational world held by the rector, teachers and pupils of Grantown Grammar School, with highly complimentary references also to the County of Moray and its educational system, and to the people of Grantown. There followed an account of how, as an educational experiment, the Grammar School had been turned, temporarily, into a rest home for mental cases, and the school population had been housed elsewhere—elementary classes in the Victoria Institute and two church halls, technical classes in the Scout Hut, domestic science classes in Inverallan Hall, secondary classes in huge marquees in the Market Green and the Black Park. Teachers, where necessary, had been provided with scooters for quick transport between classes. In a twinkling of an eye, as it were, the school population had been re-housed and work was going on normally.

Professor Black was delighted. Meeting Mr Brown a couple of days later, he exclaimed, "We have done it, Brown. We have fooled the world. Little do they know that these mental rest cases comprise the best scientific brains in Britain. Now we can conduct the final experiment with THE RIPPLE at our leisure."

But for once the professor was wrong. On that very day two smooth-faced gentlemen, with brand new fishing gear, boarded the train for Grantown. Ostensibly they were Mr Mitchell and Mr Martin, business gentlemen bound for a fishing holiday in Strathspey. Actually they were Mihailovitch and Martoff, agents of a foreign power, hot on the trail in consequence of certain hints received from inside sources. Their information was vague; but the question was whether or not the professor's camouflage would stand up to expert investigation.

[Now, gentle reader, you will realise the importance of THE RIPPLE. Need I suggest that the 1964 instalment of this serial will be even more thrilling than the two initial numbers.]



## BRISTOL AND AVIATION

Bristol is a community which was founded on, and which has been developed by, commerce. For nearly one thousand years, from the Saxon Settlement at the confluence of the Avon and Frome Rivers to the bomb scarred city of 1945, it has been an important link in Britain's trading activities, first with Ireland, then with France and the Mediterranean peoples and, nearer our time, with the new world.

In world history, Bristol's place has been moulded by men of bold character, men such as Earl Robert of Gloucester, who held Bristol against King Stephen; John and Sebastian Cabot, the voyagers and explorers; Sir William Henry Wills, of tobacco fame; but future history will probably record that it is to the last named—Sir George White—that Bristol, Britain, the British Empire, and indeed civilisation itself, owes most.

Sir George White gave Bristol an industry which has overshadowed all previous enterprises connected with the city, while the output of fighting aircraft from his factory during the First World War and the mass production of aero-engines and aircraft by the vast Bristol Aeroplane Company during the Second World War, have played a major role in plucking democracy from the grasp of the Nazi hordes.

Starting as a subsidiary company of Bristol Tramways in 1910, within four months the first Bristol designed aircraft, the "Boxkite," was completed and entered for the Bournemouth aviation meeting. Sir George soon had two flying schools in operation, one at Brooklands and the other near Stonehenge. By the end of 1914 Bristol aeroplanes were being demonstrated all over Europe and the Far East.

Various types of aircraft were produced between the two World Wars until 1936 when we find the prototype aircraft which was to become famous throughout the world, the Bristol 'Blenheim.' This aircraft was used extensively by the Royal Air Force during the last war, and it is also to be noted that the first decoration of the last war was won by Flying Officer Macpherson, who carried out a complete photographic reconnaissance of the major German ports in a Blenheim Mk. IV of No. 139 Squadron.

During the war the factory at Filton, Bristol, suffered from the effect of numerous raids by Hitler's Luftwaffe, but this did not deter the men and women from keeping up a high rate of production.

After the war, Bristol's designers tried without success to turn the military designs into economic commercial enterprises. It was

then decided to start from scratch and so we find the Bristol 'Freighter' coming into being, and this aircraft is still in service to-day with such airline companies as the Cross Channel Air Bridge.

Perhaps the most important event in the whole history of the Bristol Aeroplane Company occurred in the summer of 1944 when an order was placed for the largest aeroplane to be constructed in Britain—an airliner of over 100 tons weight. This was the Bristol 'Brabazon,' an aircraft which was before its time but of such revolutionary design that its fuselage shape was incorporated in the design of most of the later aircraft, including the first turbo-prop powered airliner in the world, the Vicker's 'Viscount.'

The next aircraft we find rolling off the Filton production line was the Bristol 'Britannia,' which is still in service with civil airlines and the Royal Air Force Transport Command. This aircraft is known as 'The Whispering Giant' because of the noise it makes as it passes overhead. Remarkable perhaps, because it is powered by four turbo-prop engines.

Since the last 'Britannia' was constructed, the British Aircraft Corporation has come into being and no one factory builds an aircraft from start to finish. It is considered more economical to split up the production of components amongst its various factories. At present the most important civil airlines in production are the VC10 and the BAC1-11. An example of how the companies in the BAC share production can be illustrated by the fact that in Bristol the following components are made:—

VC10—1 Engine nacelles. 2 Wing elevators. 3 Engine mounting.

BAC1-11—1 Tailplane. 2 Fin. 3 Rudder Assembly.

The other parts of the factory have been taken up with development work on supersonic aircraft such as the all steel type 188 which is the only one of its kind in the world, and with the building of the 'Bloodhound' ground to air guided missile.

In conclusion, may I say that Bristol Aircraft, Ltd., have been given the privilege of building the larger version of the world's first supersonic transport aircraft, the 'Concord,' orders for which have already been received from America as well as from Great Britain. This is perhaps fitting, as Bristol has given so much to the British aircraft industry over the years.

NICHOLAS SPENCE.

## NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

### EDITORIAL

Again we try to follow some of the activities of our large family of F.P.s.

First of all, I thank the contributors—Ian Macpherson (always with a new idea), Nicholas Spence, obviously happy in aircraft production, and Mrs Lugg, for her flashlights on Japan and Hawaii, of which we have selected a few.

Elsewhere we record some sad losses; but we welcome as new members Lorna and Lindsay Stephen, Mrs Robin McGillivray, Flora Marshall and Dorothy Templeton.

### LOCAL

First of all comes the 1963 F.P. Dinner-Social in the Palace Hotel, held on March 29, with Miss Mariel Grant and Miss Margaret Legge as guests of honour. It was a very happy function, as both ladies hold a high place in the regard of old pupils, many of whom came a long way to attend the reunion. Dr Bain, as chairman, paid sincere tribute to the guests of honour, with a few humorous quips thrown in; and Miss Grant, replying, had a few quips also mingled with her expressions of appreciation. Your editor, even, waxed lyrical with an original poem addressed to Miss Grant.

A sword of Damocles hangs over Grantown these days in the form of the Beeching proposals to close the Aviemore-Forres railway branch which has conveyed so many tourists to Grantown. The town's case has been put forward by the Town Council, but we must commend the clarity and incisiveness of George Dixon's letters on the subject, both to the local Press and to "The Scotsman." The fight to preserve our amenities is on.

A few references now to our local members. Angus Shand (Mackay's Hotel) and Hugh Hogg (Burnfield) are now in hotel business. Colin McIntosh has joined the clerical staff of R.E.M.E., and also exercises his musical gifts at the church organ on Sundays. John Duncan, after the disposal of the family bakery business, acts as catering manager with the Winter Sports Development Board.

We feel that, in this epoch of house erection in Grantown, George Paton deserves special commendation for his new home, built on the "Do It Yourself" principle.

We hear that Cathie and Anne Donaldson, of The Garth, have had a great visit to New York.

### OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

Here I must refer our readers to a number of interesting notices, carefully compiled by Jeannette and mostly concerned with ladies whose maiden names seem much more familiar than their married ones.

My information as to Old Guard births and marriages is less exact; but there are at least four of the latter to record. Ian Mortimer, rather later than some, is now happily settled in double harness. Dr Billy Sellars, too, has made the plunge, very happily we hear.

Stanley Wright, as we hinted last year, has found a bride in Surrey. Finally, one of our young Servicemen, John Clark, was wed in Edinburgh during the year.

Of our Old Guard fathers, Angus Mackintosh has been blessed with a son, while Shaw Mortimer, in Argyle, and Donnie Calder, in Grantown, now rejoice in balanced families of two.

I shall refer finally to Dorothy Cameron's long standing romance. Dorothy is off to America with her husband; but of that more another year.

### OF STUDENTS AND LEAVERS

Perhaps the chief pride of a school lies in the progress of its former pupils in later life. We of the Grammar School derive great satisfaction from watching the successes of our young men and women; but, with continual increase in numbers, we find greater difficulty in keeping in touch with all.

It is perhaps easiest to keep tabs on our students. At Edinburgh University, Sandy Macdonald and Gay Grant both graduated as M.A. in July. Sandy now continues his studies at Divinity Hall, while Gay, who has also completed a Commercial Course, goes into the world of business.

At Glasgow, Colin Keith graduated at the same time as B.D.S. He has now a post in Rutherglen, and his engagement to a young lady has also been reported.

A considerable number of our girl students have finished at various types of college. Margaret Campbell and Sheila Cruickshank from Aberdeen College of Education, Barbara Jackson from Moray House, Ann Foy from Jordanhill, and Julia Jackson from the College of Physical Education have all finished and have been launched into the world of teaching.

At Jordanhill also Douglas McInnes has completed his course as a technical teacher, in addition to gaining the Article 39 qualification in Mathematics, but now undertakes a further year of training.

Lorna Stephen, who graduated as M.A. in 1962, has successfully taken the course leading to the Diploma of Private Secretaries, and has obtained a secretarial post with the B.B.C.

Pat Munro, fresh from school, distinguished herself in a Commercial Course at Skerry's College and has obtained a post with the medical faculty at the Usher Institute, Edinburgh.

We now turn to our students in the various areas.

At Aberdeen, D. D. Chisholm has surmounted his Third Professional. Betty Kirkwood has had a successful second year in Arts, with a bunch of Merit Certificates. Iris Forbes has also completed her second year in Arts. In Medicine, Arthur Jackson and Andrew Reid are forging ahead, while Bill Reid has had a stern but successful first year.



in Law. In Science, Torquil McKenzie passes on to his second year, while in Arts, Lindsay Stephen has had a distinguished first year. In Pharmacy, Harry MacGregor and Irene McKenzie pass on to their third year. Margaret McLennan enters her third year in Physical Education. Anne Urquhart enters a second year at Gordon's College. Maureen Macaulay begins her teaching course at the College of Education, while Allan Chisholm reinforces the Arts Faculty at the University.

Grantown is also well represented in Edinburgh. Michael Forbes has completed a year in Arts, and George Dixon two years in Science. Of the medical brigade Lindsay Grant has passed her Second Professional and Martin Jackson his First. Graham Grant has completed his second year in Medicine. David Davidson had a good first year in Engineering, and Iain Sutherland now joins him in that Faculty. Karen MacGregor commences an Arts course.

At Moray House, Gladys George and Jacqueline Grant enter their final years, and Yvonne Cameron, Fiona Donn and Helen Miller their second year. Catherine Douglas enters a final year at Atholl Crescent. Annette Dignan is still at the College of Art. Then there are our Infirmary trainee nurses, Margaret Donald, Jane Stuart, Elizabeth Reid and Morag McGregor. Margaret is now an R.G.N. The McMillan girls, Pat and Elano, are also doing well as nurses, though not in Edinburgh.

At Glasgow, Elizabeth Lovie in Medicine, Douglas McInnes in Technical Subjects, and Valerie Dewar in Commerce represent our school, along with a newcomer in the person of Alan Davidson who enters the Faculty of Engineering.

Of last year's L.C. leavers, Neil Stuart is now with Ferranti's in Edinburgh, and Brian Lamb with an engineering firm in Glasgow. Douglas Urquhart has entered the Civil Service, and, by the by, Allan Grant of Advie has now got into the Customs and Excise after a long wait.

I forgot last year to mention Michael Dewar's entrance into Accountancy in Elgin.

The Services continue to absorb a number of our boy leavers. Some of the more recent entrants have been Frank Stephen, Alan Anfield and James Neufeld.

We also have the many leavers who tackle useful jobs in their own area and who, in that sense, are still with us. These, if they achieve notability, are mentioned elsewhere.

### OF EXILES

We see many returning exiles in the course of a year. Referring to some of our less frequent visitors, we record visits to Grantown by Mrs Christie (Isobel Bain), Misses Ella and Mabel Pyper, back as visitors in their old home, and the Duncan group—Willie Duncan, Mrs Mutch and Elizabeth Mutch—who all seem very happy in their new environment in Haddington.

Re-visiting the old school we had Mary Tulloch and Elsie Young, both of whom must have seen great changes in the Grammar School set-up.

We must congratulate Janet Dixon on her progress in R.A.F. nursing circles.

Ian Forbes has been promoted manager of the Buckie branch of the Bank of Scotland, in which important post he has our best wishes.

We hear Kay Hepburn is now engaged. So it goes on.

We have recorded Mr and Mrs Lugg's journeys elsewhere. After the hazards of Cuba, they seem to have settled in pleasant places.

We congratulate our distinguished F.P., Miss Mabel Lawson, on yet another distinction.

Morna Mackenzie seems to have landed a wonder job in Bermuda. We hear that Mr and Mrs Mackenzie hope to visit this holiday paradise in November.

Nancy Maclean, now nursing in Australia, is now one of our most remote members.

There is again news from Isabella Squires or Mrs Moyes, whose son John was married this year.

A few notes now about our Old Guardsmen.

We hear that Iain Burgess was speaking at one of the British Association sessions in Aberdeen this year.

Dr Keith Donaldson has been awarded the Sir David Wilkie scholarship, for two years, in medicine.

Another doctor, Sandy Mackenzie, is settled in his own house in Banff where he is partner in a practice.

We hear that Keith McKerron is returning to this country in November.

Angus Mackintosh is now domiciled in Hampshire, and is back as Lieutenant Instructor in the R.N. Events have moved fast for Angus in the last few years.

We hear that the indefatigable Bertie Mackintosh has started a Young Farmers' Club. He may even organise a descent on Strath-spey.

Neil McTaggart is now with the firm of Dundas & Wilson in Edinburgh. We learn of his recent marriage, as we go to press.

Billy Mitchell, whose golfing prowess is well known, has become golf professional at Killin. Judy Mitchell exercises her musical gifts as singing teacher in Killin School.

We note that our old friend Tommy Stuart is now on location in Cyprus with R.E.M.E.

Now a word or two about the Grantown colony in London. Mr Smith has eulogised the services rendered by Richard and Alistair Surtees and also Walter Ross in showing the tourists to Switzerland round London. It is grand to have such services available.

Duncan Howlett has expanded the number of London Grantonians. He and brother Andrew share a flat in Hornsey.

Jimmy Thomson and family, by the way, paid a visit to Grantown this summer after a lapse of years. Jimmy seems to get around a good deal as a business representative.

Recently we saw John Stuart, of Aird House, in Grantown with a charming young lady from England. No doubt John now wishes to abandon his travels in the Near East for a posting at home.

## OBITUARY

Several outstanding Former Pupils died during 1963.

On New Year's Day, Mrs Schleppy, of Granite Villa, died of suffocation when a fire broke out in her bedroom. A frail old lady, with fading eyesight, she had lived alone since her husband's death four years earlier, though she had neighbours who called in fairly regularly.

Mrs Schleppy, a native of Grantown and a Grammar School pupil before taking her training as a teacher in Aberdeen, taught for some time in London, where she met her future husband. They made their residence in Grantown during the Second World War. For some years Mrs Schleppy used to take the preparatory Infants' Class during the summer term. She also took an active interest in public affairs, served on the Town Council and was Grantown's first woman Dean of Guild. Failing health then led to a more retired form of life.

Mrs Schleppy was a lady of strong personality. She was a keen Grantonian and a very interested member of the F.P. Club, of which she was a Vice-President. We remember gratefully her strong attachment to the School.

\* \* \*

Another very sudden death, from natural causes, was that of Jackie Cameron, in March. Jackie had been for many years a clerk at R.E.M.E., and his quiet, genial, friendly nature had made him generally popular. He had a number of interests, among them country dancing, golf and bowls, but perhaps his most outstanding leisure occupation was acting as stage manager for the Clachan Players, whose colourful performances brighten the Grantown winters.

Jackie's death, at a comparatively early age, threw a gloom over the community.

Charles Marshall Smith, of the Dulaig, who received part of his education at the Grammar School, died in May at a ripe old age, marked by an active interest in affairs to the very end.

It is difficult, in short space, to give an impression of his varied career. He served abroad in the Bank of Africa, after a training in the National Bank in Grantown; he was in business on his own account in Vancouver; he served in World War One with the 6th Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders, with the rank of Captain; he returned to Canada; and he finally retired to Grantown, where he occupied himself with literature and public affairs. His books, perhaps erudite rather than popular, covered a wide range of interests; and his long run on the County Council was finally associated with the commencement of an Old People's Home in Grantown.

We remember Marshall Smith as a visitor to the School on Empire Days. He was a polished speaker; and, having visited many parts of the Empire, he could speak from first hand experience. We felt latterly that he had not the same enthusiasm for the British Commonwealth of Nations, for he had been brought up in the days of Victorian Imperialism.

His death removes a Grantonian of great culture, varied gifts and adventurous disposition.

\* \* \*

Miss Butter, who died in Greenock in June, was Infant Mistress at the School for 27 years till her retirement in 1949. Miss Butter was a colourful personality; we still remember her valedictory address to the pupils. She had a warm regard for the school and, from afar in retirement, maintained a close interest in its doings.

## IN CONCLUSION

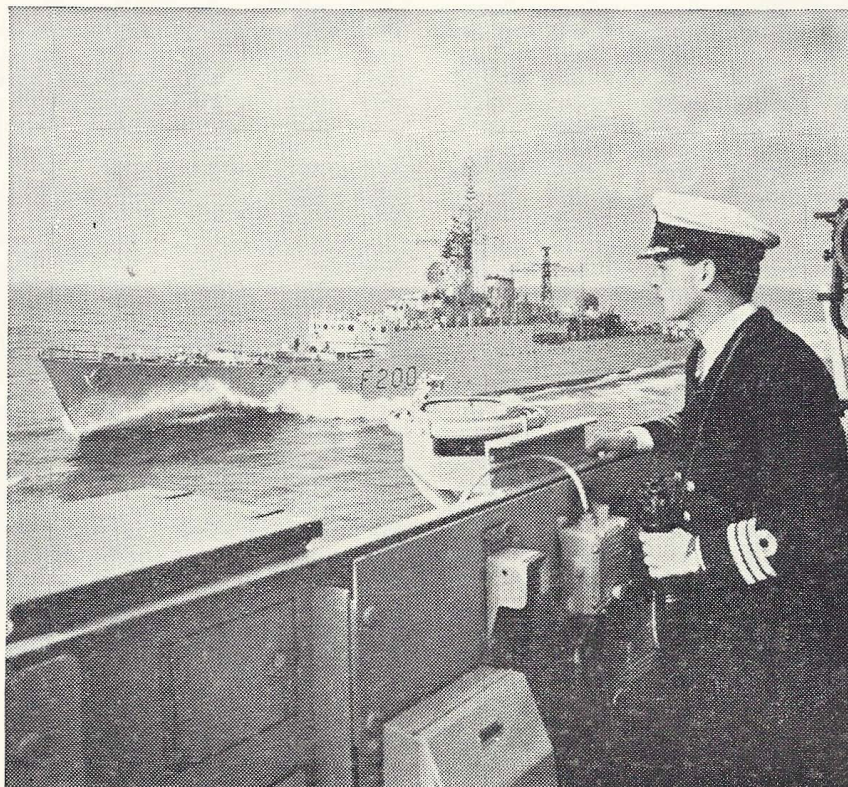
We do hope that our 1963 number will hold interest for you all. It happens to be the twentieth number with which I have been personally associated. How time does fly!

I again acknowledge the debt I owe to Jeannette, Jean and Martin, without whose research this number could not be compiled.

Also, from us all, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



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