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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 36.

DECEMBER, 1964

Editor—Elspeth J. A. Gow.

Sub-Editor—John J. Ward.

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

Advertising Managers—

Brenda Cooke.

Hilary Corpe.

Ann Stuart.

Anne Urquhart.

Editorial

IN welcoming readers to this the thirty-sixth edition of the Grammar School Magazine I would first like to convey my thanks to all contributors, editorial staff and staff advisers who have assisted in this 1964 publication, and also to all our advertisers, both old and new, who this year boosted our advertising columns so considerably.

Despite the general upheaval of the world at large with Mr Krushchev's sudden departure from the political scene (Siberia bound we wonder?), Sir Alec Home's less unexpected but more dignified departure from 10 Downing Street, Mao Tse-tung's disturbing pre-occupation with atomic bombs and Russia's recent space adventures, at which no doubt the Americans, surveying their mine of Olympic gold, can scoff, life at school is as tranquil as ever. Yet we are not completely immune to the trends of the outside world, for the sudden scarcity of clients in the boys' Junior Cloakroom for the town's hairdressing establishments is causing some concern, and

the influence of the Merseyside cult is also very much in evidence among our literary contributions this year.

Highlights of the past year's activities include the record results achieved by our Higher Certificate candidates, the inauguration of a School Debating Society, and the final plans of the long awaited and highly controversial new Grammar School.

Meanwhile our numbers have recently been increased by the influx of Cromdale pupils, the school hockey and football teams have met with varying success, golf still flourishes under the guidance of Mr Hendry, tennis tuition has again proved popular and the annual Glenmore outing was once more voted a great success.

In conclusion I would like to say that I have adhered to no set plan as regards choice of articles, asking only that they be original and interesting, and to wish all our readers a Very Happy Christmas and every success in the New Year.

THE RECTOR'S LETTER

26th October, 1964.

Dear Editor,

I am happy to say that although the amount of money allocated by the Scottish Education Department for school building in Moray and Nairn has been reduced considerably, the building of our new school is to go on and should start by 1st May, 1965. If your teachers get what they have asked for, then it will be a real pleasure to work in the new school. I may say that your teachers are very much "with it" as far as modern trends in education are concerned, and I hope that we shall be given the tools to do the job and that money will be available for educational projects which are so necessary to deepen the interests of our pupils.

The era of 'talk and chalk' could be ending and the era of the educational machine beginning. We have already seen the benefits to be derived from the right tools in the Technical, Homecraft and Art Departments; and we are proving the benefits to be derived from practical tools in arithmetic by the use of the Cuisenaire rods and the calculating machines, in French and Biology by the use of tape recorder and film, in Science by discovery through experiment, in English by getting into closer touch with the community and its vocations, and in our everyday work in other subjects.

The emphasis in education for the greater percentage of our pupils is on employment, and the vocational bias will become more apparent in third year in the years that lie ahead. You will remember that we had the school used as a Youth Employment Centre at

the end of last session, and you had the use of books from the Exhibition of Careers Books at the local library, to try, among other things, to overcome the haphazard selection of jobs which takes place at present in our area. It is hoped to continue this experiment biennially if not annually, and I hope that more parents will take advantage of the service offered freely to them.

This term we absorbed Cromdale Primary School—a change which I think has been so far most successful; but the real test will come with severe winter weather and the dislocation caused in the work of the classroom. The intake has been largest at the Primary 1 and 6 stages. It has not been possible to alleviate the problem of an overcrowded infant room; but two classes have been formed in the Church Hall for Primary 6, and we welcomed Mrs Macrae at the beginning of this session as our second Primary 6 teacher.

Now that all our Morayshire country pupils are coming up through the Primary School here, the question of divided loyalties for them will no longer exist, as all their school days will be spent in Grantown Grammar School, and this should make for better teamwork.

In work and play I expect a high standard from you all. I am just as disappointed as you when this standard is not reached, be it in work or play. I am not expecting gold medals, but I like to see an effort made. Good luck in work and play this session.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES BAIN,

SCHOOL NOTES

A School Debating Society was formed, on the initiative of the senior pupils, at the end of October, 1963, with Gillies Campbell as president and Seonaid McLure as secretary.

In addition to the normal Christmas parties, the season was again enlivened by the advent of a party of French scholars, domiciled in Grantown over the festive time. Mr Smith, head of the Modern Languages Department, was again in charge of organisation.

Mrs Janet Moodie, M.A., resigned at end of first term. After a month's interim, during which Mrs Matheson helped out, Mrs Amelia Oakes took over as teacher of Primary 6.

A feature of the session was the number of successes achieved in essay and art competitions. David G. Macdonald, Ann Stuart and Patrick Grant had top level awards in the National Anti-Smoking Essay Competition, while Mairi Fraser had a top County Award in the Brooke Bond Essay Competition. In the Brooke Bond Art Competition, Gillies Campbell had a top County Award, while he had a Silver Award for a painting in the Gordonstoun Projects Exhibition.

The Certificate of Education examinations began on April 22.

A party of scholars and teachers again spent the week-end of May 8-11 at Glenmore. Owing to the Certificate of Education examinations, Secondary 3 pupils, instead of senior pupils, benefit by this outing.

Grammar School vocalists and instrumentalists had a large number of successes in the Provincial Mod at Newtonmore and in the Badenoch Musical Festival at Kingussie.

As an innovation, the Empire Day Address was a conjoint lecture in two parts by Gillies Campbell and Davis Thomson, two Higher History candidates, who performed very creditably.

Mr Corpe, Head of the Technical Department, was re-elected to the Town Council in May, and topped the poll. Mr Ligat, who stood for the first time, also polled highly and was elected.

The School was used as a Careers Information Centre for pupils and parents on the evening of June 25.

We gratefully acknowledge the long period of service of Mr Paterson, who was clerk of the Cromdale Area Sub-Committee during its

duration and, prior to that, Clerk of the School Management Committee.

Margaret M. Stuart, Dux Medallist in 1963, was awarded a £30 bursary in the Aberdeen Bursary Competition.

Mr Herd, Assistant Technical Master, received a gift from the staff at end of session prior to his marriage.

Captain Iain Tennant, Lord Lieutenant of Moray, was principal speaker at the prize-giving on July 1. His wife, Lady Margaret Tennant, presented the prizes. Dr Joseph Grant again presided.

Harvey Dux Medallist for the session was Christobel G. Terris, with Elspeth J. A. Gow and John J. Ward close behind. All three achieved the school possible of five Higher passes in Secondary 5.

Elspeth Gow and James Macpherson qualified for the coveted Cairngorm Badge.

Two former pupils of the school, Iris Forbes and Betty Kirkwood, graduated in Arts at Aberdeen University.

In the 1964 O-Level Examinations, the entries were limited in Class 4 owing to the Education Department's recommendation that likely Higher candidates should by-pass the O-Level stage. The 16 entrants thus had only 63 passes.

The 33 Class 5-6 entrants added 63 Higher passes, 28 O-Level passes and one pass in Analysis to their 1963 quota. The number of Higher passes again was a School record; and the passes in English (19) and in French (14) were subject records on the Higher level.

The Rector, Dr Bain, was chosen by the teachers of Moray and Nairn as their new Secondary representative on the Education Committee.

School resumed on August 25 with a roll of 467 — 220 Primary and 247 Secondary.

School numbers were supplemented through the closing of Cromdale School; and the South Church Hall, used as a classroom for the past three years, was partitioned so as to accommodate two classes.

Two new teachers joined the staff in Session 1964-65, Mrs Macrae, from Cromdale, and Mrs Hawkesworth, who succeeded Mrs Stewart as teacher of P.T. for girls.

On September 11 a fashion show organised by McCalls School Service, London, was held in the Homecraft Department.

Members of Class IIIb have had organised visits to establishments outside school to receive vocational guidance, and have also visited the T.V. Booster Site at Laggan Hill to get instruction as to its operation.

Scottish Swimming Badges for last session were awarded to Susan Archibald, Vivian Corpe and Hazel McCulloch, all of Secondary Ia.

Speaker on United Nations Day was Miss Dorothy Wallace, M.A., of Darjeeling.

Six Italian calculating machines have been in use in various stages of school for some weeks.

Thanks to the Dick Bequest and the Moray Educational Trust, Television has been made available in school.

Mr Hendry is to be head of the Geography Department in school, created as from October 1.

1964 SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS

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

Norman Breckenridge—H. Eng., H. Geog., H. Maths., Fr., Phys., Chem., Tech. Drawing, Arith., Appl. Mechanics.
D. Gillies Campbell—H. Eng., H. Hist., H. Art, H. Woodwork, Maths., Arith., Tech. Drawing.
James A. Grant—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Sc., H. Tech., Geog., Maths., Fr., Arith.
June M. Grant—H. Eng., H. Hist., H. Fr., H. German, Latin, Maths., Arith.
Mona E. Grant—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc., Hist., Fr., Arith., Latin.
Seonaid M. McLure—H. Maths., H. Homecraft, Eng., Geog., Botany, Arith.
James R. Macpherson—H. Eng., H. Hist., H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Science, Latin, Arith.
Gillian M. Ross—H. Homecraft, Eng., Geog., Fr., Maths., Arith., Botany.
Margaret M. Stuart—H. Eng., H. Geog., H. Fr., H. Latin, H. Maths., H. German, El. Analysis, Arith.
Jaclynn W. Wood—H. Homecraft, Eng., Hist., Chem., Botany, Arith., Fr., Maths.
Violet Murray added Higher passes in English and Science to passes previously gained at another school.

J. Davis Thomson — 5 Highers & 2 O-Levels.

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

John A. D. Campbell—H. Eng., H. Fr. and 4 O-Levels.
Anthony M. Cooke—H. Eng., H. Tech. and 5 O-Levels.
Dorothy M. George—H. Fr. and 5 O-Levels.
John W. C. George—H. Fr., H. Tech. and 5 O-Levels.
G. Grant Gordon—H. Eng., H. Hist. and 5 O-Levels.
Elspeth J. A. Gow—H. Eng., H. Geog., H. Latin, H. Fr., H. German and 2 O-Levels.
Alasdair F. Grant—H. Tech. and 7 O-Levels.
Jennifer Grant—H. Eng., H. Fr. and 3 O-Levels.
Jill G. Hepburn—H. Eng., H. Fr. and 5 O-Levels.
E. Helen Macdonald—H. Eng., H. Fr. and 5 O-Levels.

Catherine MacGregor—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German and 2 O-Levels.
Grant Mackintosh—7 O-Levels.
Mary McDonald—7 O-Levels.
Jane C. McQueen—H. Eng., H. Maths. and 5 O-Levels.
Kathleen E. G. Miller—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German and 3 O-Levels.
Ann C. M. Stewart—Hr. Fr. and 6 O-Levels.
Carol J. Stuart—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German and 4 O-Levels.
Christobel G. Terris—H. Eng., H. Latin, H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Science and 2 O-Levels.
John J. Ward—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc., H. Tech. and 2 O-Levels.
Margaret E. Williamson—H. Eng., H. Fr. and 5 O-Levels.
K. Lindsay Wood—3 O-Levels.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

CHRISTOBEL TERRIS (Head Girl and Hockey Vice-Captain) struggles manfully to keep order among her more unruly inferior members, aided and abetted by, some maintain, the unruliest of all, ELSPETH GOW (Deputy Head Girl, Athletics Captain and Editor), who finds her lofty stature a decided advantage while attending to her coiffure at the communal cloakroom mirror, over the more petite KATHLEEN MILLER (Hockey Captain and Athletics Vice-Captain), who belies her seeming fragility when leading her formidable forward-line into battle. JILL HEPBURN (Secretary to the Prefects' Court) has of late been seen feverishly scanning a well-thumbed copy of the Highway Code, while ANN STEWART is still reputed to have a strange partiality for "kangaroo petrol." MARGARET WILLIAMSON, when not intent on endangering the lives of her less athletic-prone colleagues with her trusty javelin, is usually producing remarkably life-like caricatures of unsuspecting teachers. Our Inverness-shire representatives include ROSEMARY MCKINNON, who is constantly surprising her less learned colleagues with her ever-expanding vocabulary; the ever-cheerful DOROTHY GEORGE, who, we were intrigued to discover, was blessed with the middle name of

"Matilda"; JULIA FRASER, who with truly admirable competence succeeds in keeping order in that Slough of Despond of our self-respecting prefects—the Junior cloakroom; and the incorrigible JANE McQUEEN, of debating fame, who it appears, is also an aspiring John Lennon. IRENE EDWARDS, our lone Cromdale representative, her namesake IREEN McCULLOCH, a confirmed aniseed ball addict, and the quiet, retiring MARY McDONALD, also add to the general confusion of the Girl Prefects' Cloakroom.

ALASDAIR GRANT (Head Boy) has, of late, assumed a highly dignified bearing in keeping with his exalted position, while his more pensive deputy DAVID G. MACDONALD (Vice-Captain and Football Captain), loses that deceiving air of the conscientious scholar when wielding his trusty golf club along with that other budding Arnold Palmer, BRUCE BAIN (Secretary to the Prefects' Court), who is often to be seen in fierce combat on the golf course with ALASTAIR MARTIN (Library and Museum Curator), the only boy prefect, judging by the usual peculiar noises which issue forth from time to time from the Prefects' Cloakroom, blessed with a fine singing voice. JAY WARD (Cricket Vice-captain), when not adding his own most unmusical version of current pop tunes to the babel of noise which greets the unwary intruder to the cloakroom, can usually be found working out new football tactics with that staunch Rangers supporter SANDY WATT (Cricket Captain) who, we suspect, is conjuring up artful devices for defeating the Staff Cricket XI. His fellow Cromdalian GORDON SLAUGHTER must, we feel, frighten the life out of trembling juniors with his towering height which dwarfs fellow fifth year students. JOHN ROSS, the cloakroom comedian, whose wit is reminiscent of our late editor; DAVID M. MACDONALD, our ski-ing enthusiast; JOHN FOY, an aspiring snooker champion, and our mechanical genius, JOHN A. D. CAMPBELL, complete the list of prefects.

Officials outside the prefectorial staff include newcomer ANDREW SMITH (Football Vice-captain), who has heroically undertaken the arduous task of playing goalkeeper; that Bobby Brightwell of the Grantown track, JOHN McINNES (Athletics Captain), and DUNCAN ROBERTSON (Athletics Vice-captain) perhaps more commonly known as "Yogi."

THE TROUBLE WITH GRANTOWN

Come to Grantown, come to Grantown;
It is very, very nice.
If it wasn't for the bobbies,
It would be a paradise.
Build a bonfire, build a bonfire,
Put the bobbies on the top.
Put the teachers in the middle,
And burn the flipping lot.

IAIN GRAY, Ic.

THE SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY

The inauguration of a school Debating Society, run by senior pupils with the able assistance of the Honorary President, Mr Donaldson, Head of the English Department, and numerous past masters in the art of debating among the gentlemen of the staff, has proved a great success.

The brain child of last year's sixth form, the Debating Society, was first established in November, 1963. Its most able President Gillies Campbell was assisted by Vice-President Norman Breckinridge, Treasurer Christobel Terris, Secretary Seonaid McLure, and committee members Jane McQueen, James Grant and David G. Macdonald.

With a promising membership of twenty-eight, the Society, after a somewhat tentative beginning, was soon in full swing with such stirring debating subjects as, "Has Grantown Had It?" "Should the School Leaving Age be Increased?" "Should Married Women Work?" "Should the Voting Age be Lowered?" and "Railway Closures." Highly successful variations in the Society's programme took the form of a Matter of Opinion, a Hat Night and a Story Night.

One of the highlights of our Friday evenings' entertainment was without doubt the enjoyable quiz between a staff team and teams of pupils representing Roy, Revack and Revoan. After an exciting tussle with the Roy finalists, the staff emerged victorious—we suspect much to their relief!

But perhaps the most successful and entertaining of all our activities was our visit to the Townswomen's Guild in January, when four of our most eloquent and skilful debaters—Jay, Bruce, Jane and Seonaid—were the speakers in a spirited and enjoyable debate on young peoples' fashions, with Vice-President Norman Breckinridge in the chair. Due perhaps to the overwhelming majority of fashion-conscious ladies present, the motion was carried against Jay and Bruce, who gallantly maintained that youths' fashions were far superior to those of the fairer sex.

Thus the school Debating Society has proved a highly successful and popular venture, and, it is hoped, will continue to play an established part in school activities. But, perhaps what is most important of all, we of the Debating Society have, I think, shown our ever-critical elders that the youth of to-day still have a spirit of enterprise and their fair share of initiative.

ELSPETH J. A. GOW, VI.

MUSIC IN YOUR EARS

I felt "Glad All Over" when "That Boy John" told me, "She Loves You." Suddenly I felt all "Needles And Pins" because "I Saw Her Standing There," looking like "Sugar And Spice." Just then the "Candyman" appeared and I bought some "Sweets For My Sweet." If you're "Bad To Me" and don't print this, "I'll Get You."

DUNCAN ROBERTSON, IV.

THE NIGHT LIFE OF THE WARBLING YOB

(by a "bird" fancier who cannot tell a boy from a "bird")

The night life of the Warbling Yob, a beast which was non-existent until mankind began to adore and copy a new species of beetle called Ringo-johni-paul-georgious, begins at about nine o'clock. The Warbling Yob, a long-haired effeminate beast, is actually the modern male teenager, who resembles the female of the species so closely that the two sexes are actually indistinguishable.

At approximately nine o'clock therefore, having already washed and home permed his hair, the Warbling Yob has a quick bath, using rose-scented bath salts, dries himself, sprinkles himself liberally with perfume and commences the complicated procedure of dressing. The attire of this strange and doubtless mad creature is a mixture of all fashions since the time of the cavaliers. He wears a coloured, frilly shirt, with elaborate cufflinks and a boot-lace bow-tie. Over this atrocity, he sports a suit, if one may call it such. If his jacket has any lapels, they are extremely narrow and the pockets are in unusual positions. The trousers, with slanting pockets and tight bottoms, only just cover the high-heeled, pointed boots.

His hair tied with a bow, and having extorted money from his "old lady," this demented creature leaves the house and goes to the nearest public bar, where he joins his

friends. He remains there till closing time, when the Yobs form groups of six or seven and head for the nearest café. As all these creatures are by then quite intoxicated, they are rather noisy and argumentative.

When they are told to leave the café, they may do so, but they soon start what is commonly called a "punch up," in reality a vicious gang fight. After this warm up they crowd into a darkened, already packed dance hall, where short-skirted pop fans are shuffling round the floor like so many Zombies. They join in this fiasco which they call dancing but which is more like African witch doctors executing a burial dance.

After several hours occupied in executing these senseless contortions, the Warbling Yobs accompany the female of the species home, with transistor radios shattering the tranquility of the night. Shouts of anger from disturbed sleepers bring forth derisive hoots of laughter.

Thus, his nocturnal sallies over, the Yob retires to catch up on his much needed beauty sleep, anticipating with pleasure the dawning of another day of sleeping, playing billiards, attending to his coiffure and damaging his already shattered lungs with Wills & Sons' highly controversial product.

JOHN G. WARD, VI.

THIRD (RATE) PROGRAMME

- 8- 9—"It's My Party—I'll Cry If I Want To." The Rt. Hon. A. D. Home.
- 9-10—"Big Talk"—C. M. Clay (otherwise known as Mohammed Ali).
- 10-11—"Looking Back on Primitive Man (?)," introduced by Ringo Starr.
- 11-12—"The Party's Over," sung by Harold Wilson (note breathless expectant atmosphere).
- 12- 2—"Foreign Affairs"—This week's romance from the Kremlin.
- 2- 3—"The Good Old Days," introduced by Harry Macmillan.
- 3- 4—A discussion: "This Glorious Britain of Ours," chaired by President Makarios and featuring Nikita Krushchev, Lyndon B. Johnson, "The Vultures" and the members of the six.
- 4- 5—David Jacobs meets "The Atoms" who sing their latest hit, "My World's in Fractions. (Sales are booming.)
- 6- 7—"Wagon Train," starring Dr Beeching.
- 7- 8—Latest "Sergeant Cork" adventure play, "On the Bottle."
- 8- 9—"Silence Please"; this week's programme from the Mitchell Library.
- 9-10—That well known medical programme, "Your Death in Their Hands," starring Dr Kildare.
- 10-11—Late Night Call from the Archbishop of Canterbury, "The Irreverent Adam Faith."
- 11-12—"Big Night Out," followed by Close Down.

LYNN MARSHALL, IV.

"HILLS OF HOME"

Hills of peace and windy loneliness,
Silent sentries of the glen,
Brooding peaks against the skyline,
Brooding o'er the ways of men,
Whose scattered cairns of crumbling stone
The green and brown of heather scar,
While curlews' cries of lamentation
Fading, seem to echo afar,
Where misty corries of lasting snow
Woo Father Time asleep,
With naught to waken him
But the whistling wind
And the lonely bleat of sheep.

ELSPETH J. A. GOW, VI.

"TEACHER'S DELIGHT"

I would really like to know
Where our impositions go,
You must read so very few
Of thousands that are given you.
Do dustmen come for them each day
And take our punishments away?
Or do you wait with much delight
And burn them all on Guy Fawkes Night?
Or maybe when Christmas reigns,
They are used as paper chains,
To decorate your Christmas tree.
One can imagine all the glee
Of teachers dancing round the tree!

BRENDA COOKE, IV.

CROSSING THE FORTH

A dream, an ambitious project, forgotten and discarded, remembered and fought for, that controversial Forth Road Bridge has now become a reality.

What would the crossing have been called, had the bridge existed in Queen Margaret's time? How long would the Golden Age of Alexander III have continued, had his horse been able to canter across it? Would Mary Queen of Scots have escaped imprisonment in Lochleven, had she been able to flee over it? These are but a few fleeting thoughts which raced through my mind as we inched our way towards the bridge, one car in a queue of 25 miles. The anticipation of crossing this great engineering achievement, on its opening Sunday, was an experience without parallel in my life.

Almost immediately after having passed a road sign, indicating that our objective was a mere three-and-a-half miles ahead, we tagged on to the rear of a seemingly never-ending double-line of vehicles. There certainly would have been no justification for a complaint that we had not sufficient time to view the surrounding scenery. Travelling at snail's pace, we saw receding, bridges, junctions of the approach roads, which were also "infested" with cars, and finally the terraced cuttings through which the motorway passed.

After an eternity of expectation, we mounted the crest of a hill, and, gilded by the glowing colours of the setting autumnal sun, lay the panorama of the Forth estuary, spanned by twenty million pounds' worth of achievement—a flimsy structure compared with its cumbersome octogenarian cantilever counterpart. The most conspicuous features of the bridge are the towering flag-bedecked pillars, bearing the slim cables which support the whole weight of the roadway. Here, the Lion Rampant and St Andrew's Cross alternated—symbols of the gaiety and festivity and pomp of Friday's opening ceremony. Between the two roads forming the dual-carriageway is an elevated railing, through which is visible the murky water, far below. The cyclists' lane was not then completed.

Reflections in the water, of hills to the west, were broken by the outlines of ships, diminished, by distance, to midget size. Below, on either side, were the piers and buildings of the now obsolete ferry. To the east, beyond the original Forth Bridge, the estuary widened to a shimmering flame—a pleasant contrast to the disappointment of the fog-bound scene when Her Majesty performed the opening ceremony.

On reaching the south side, our toll of two-and-sixpence became one of the coins in the seven hundred pounds per hour, collected that day. Soon we left the serpent of cars which had snaked along for an hour, and sped towards Edinburgh. For those crawling northwards over the longest suspension bridge in Europe, we had a fellow feeling. Yet, despite the frustrations of our drive, the crossing of the Forth Bridge will remain in my memory for a long time to come.

PATRICK GRANT, IVa.

AN OLD SCOTTISH CUSTOM

The Gaelic word "Ceilidh" means a gathering together of people. In the old days when people were very isolated, ceilidhs used to be held. Usually it was in somebody's barn, and all the neighbouring people used to tramp across moors and through fields to attend the ceilidh, which was usually started by someone playing the bagpipes. This performance was followed by someone else getting up and entertaining the community. By the end of the evening, everyone present would have had a turn of amusing the people.

This old custom is quickly dying out, but has been preserved here in Grantown, although it does not take exactly the same form as in olden times.

Ceilidhs are no longer held in barns, but in halls or hotels. They are open to all who wish to go, but unfortunately are not free of charge. Few ceilidhs nowadays are conducted in Gaelic, because hardly anyone understands the language.

Very often it is still the piper who begins a ceilidh, or sometimes it is the chairman. There is no music accompaniment, only the tapping of feet and the clapping of hands. When a well-known song is being sung, everyone joins in the chorus. Everybody, that is, except the visitors, who do not know the songs as they are in Gaelic. If a performer has been well-liked, he is asked to make a second appearance, later on.

Before a ceilidh finishes, the people responsible for the running of it are thanked.

So the ritual is not the same as in olden times, but a ceilidh still holds the same friendly atmosphere.

RHONA CAMERON, IIIa.

THE LAIRIG AN LUI

The Lairig an Lui, connecting Abernethy with Braemar, is the longest of the Cairngorm passes, involving a total distance of 37 miles. Although much of this is rough going, it used to be considered more suitable for tender calves' hooves than the boulder-strewn Lairig Ghru, used for the mature herds.

The Lairig an Lui track runs from Nethy-bridge through what remains of the Abernethy Forest to Forest Lodge, and from there, on the right side of the Nethy, in fairly rough country, to the footbridge and bothy at the foot of Màm Suim. There it joins up with the path from Ryvoan, and branches east to climb the crest of Bynack More.

After passing through more rugged country, the Lairig sweeps on to the green flats of Glen Derry, and it is here, on the slopes of Derry Cairngorm, that large herds of deer may often be seen grazing. Then the track continues through Derry Forest, breaking out on to the broad grass plain of Glen Lui. Here there are dykes and piles of moss-encrusted stones—"Homes of the silent, vanished races..."

Four miles further on is the bridge spanning the Linn of Dee, and the Lairig an Lui track disappears. This is Dee-side.

I. MACPHERSON, IV.

A CRUEL SPORT

I doubt if I could have experienced so many different emotions anywhere else—excitement, disgust, amazement, admiration, delight and finally, overpowering pity. I had just witnessed the gruesome spectacle of a bullfight in Spain.

Despite the strong and ever-progressing challenge of soccer, bull-fighting is still regarded as the national sport there. Indeed, after Joseph Bonaparte re-introduced this sport at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it became so popular that many bull-rings were built in Spain. There are over two hundred at the present time. Although Madrid and Barcelona house the most spectacular fights, most of the provincial towns stage a contest every Sunday evening throughout the summer. San Feliu de Guixols, on the Costa Brava, which I visited this summer, is one such town and, while there, I took the opportunity of going to see a bull-fight.

The small but well laid-out ring reminded me of a Roman amphitheatre, the only difference being in the change of programme, a few bulls being slaughtered instead of a band of wretched Christians. The atmosphere was becoming increasingly tense as the minutes dragged slowly on, but, after what had seemed to be an interminable half-hour's wait, the massive gates were opened and a horseman, entirely clad in black, whom I presumed to be the Spanish equivalent of our Master of Ceremonies, led out into the arena the colourful procession of matadors, picadors and banderillos. After formally saluting the chief official present, in this case the mayor of the town, the procession made a swift exit, and, with great excitement, I awaited the arrival of the first of six bulls. I did not have long to wait.

After the barrier had been released, a big Spaniard pulled open the mighty door leading to the "condemned cell," and, with a flapping motion of his right arm, induced the bull to come dashing into the ring. I shall never forget the awesome sight of that ferocious, black beast with its mighty horns, charging into the arena.

The banderillos then made a few skilful passes with their purple and yellow cloaks before a trumpet was sounded for the second part of the fight to commence. Then, two picadors mounted on heavily-shielded horses, made their entry to great jeering and shouts of derision from the spectators. I was puzzled at this at first, but the reason became apparent enough in the next few minutes as one of the picadors plunged his steel lance into the bull, causing blood to pour down its side like a gushing mountain torrent. This, in fact, is done to aggravate, tire and bleed the bull.

To my relief, this barbaric torture had to come to an end, and when it did, further shouts of derision followed the picadors as they departed. Once again the banderillos began dodging and sidestepping the bull and one of them, running straight at the beast, jumped past it and, while in mid-air, plunged

two small dart-like spears into its neck. This was done three times, and brought much applause from the crowd, as it took great skill and judgment to carry out this extremely dangerous operation. These darts or banderillas were meant to further aggravate the bull, although I doubt if it could have been further aggravated, having received so much torture already.

While the banderillos were finishing their task, the matador made his appearance, and, after bowing to the mayor, he vowed the bull to the most attractive young lady he could see in the audience. After signalling the banderillos to leave the ring, he made some excellent passes with his small red cloak. The bull was now tiring rapidly, and in one fight the matador was able to pat the bull on the forehead before making an artistic pass, while kneeling on the ground. Finally, after this most skilful spectacle, came the kill, an act requiring great precision and much practice.

The spectators give him a great ovation if he kills the bull with his curved sword at his first attempt. Indeed, to show their approval of his skill, many throw their hats into the arena. Furthermore, the bull's tail and ear are cut off and he throws the latter to the lady of his choice, to whom he vowed the bull previously. If, however, he fails to kill the bull quickly, he is liable to be jeered at by the temperamental Spanish spectatorate.

The final scene is rather an anti-climax, as the bull sags before dropping lifeless to the ground, sometimes vomiting blood before its death. A train of mules then enter by the main gate and drag the dead bull out of the ring.

My reactions to the fight were of a peculiar nature. At some stages I wished that the sport could be abolished, that it should be called "bull-slaughtering" and not bull-fighting. Yet at other times I found it extremely skilful and rather enjoyable. I suppose, however, it is fundamentally a cruel sport, and I think that, given time, it will become a spectacle of the past. Nevertheless, I thought it was an unforgettable experience.

BRUCE BAIN, Va.

A FOOTBALL FAN

I'm football crazy,
I'm football mad,
If there was no football
Oh, wouldn't life be sad?
Of course there's always cricket,
Or even rugby too,
But when I think it over
Only a football life will do.

My favourite team is Hearts,
With Davie Holt and White;
They are the very best,
I'm sure you'll think that right.
I'm in the second eleven,
An honour you'll agree:
We should win every game we play
But for the referee!

ALLAN GRANT, Iib.

THE BELL TOWER OF ARDCLACH

The Bell Tower of Ardclach was originally built, it is believed, by the Laird of Lethen as an estate prison. A belfry rises above one end of the slated roof, underneath which is a carved stone, bearing the date 1655, which must refer, however, to the time of rebuilding the prison house, since such a tower existed long before that date.

Tradition tells of long dispute amongst the folk of the parish who lived on either bank, each section claiming the right of having the church beside them. Naturally, none relished the idea of the steep descent and climb before reaching their place of worship. As a compromise, the church was built half way between them, down in the hollow, just on the north side of the river. It was found, however, that no bell-ringing down there could be heard by the parishioners across the high banks and thus permission was obtained from the Laird to hang their bell on his prison-tower. Thus the old tower became the church steeple of Ardclach—the highest bell tower in Scotland. The church authorities determined to have a bell worthy of its exalted position. The order for its construction was entrusted to a noted firm of bell-founders in Edinburgh. The commission was given on the understanding that nothing but the best bell the foundry could produce would be accepted. The efforts of the master-founder himself and his most experienced workmen were therefore concentrated on its casting.

The metals were being carefully selected, when a mysterious stranger, a tall man of aristocratic appearance and of a commanding presence, suddenly appeared in the workshop. He enquired of the master the reason for such earnest consultation, and was told that the Parish of Ardclach wanted the best bell it was possible to cast in the foundry. The stranger showed great interest in the proceedings. He remained to watch each process, examining minutely each bar of

metal, studying the proportion of each to be used. At last the mixture was complete, and the molten alloy bubbled in the furnace. Drawing near the mouth of the cauldron, the stranger now took from his pocket a handful of gold and silver coins. These he threw into the glowing mass. Before the master of the foundry could discover the object of this strange action he had disappeared as quickly as he had come.

When the bell was finished its tone and resonance were unlike anything the founder had formerly made. It was delivered at Ardclach, to be hung, as arranged, in the tower belfry. There its full beauty was discovered. Its rich, ringing tones were heard over a wide area far past the confines of the parish. Even the citizens of Forres, it is said, could hear the musical chimes of the Ardclach bell on peaceful Sabbath mornings.

Besides calling the people to worship, it was decided to utilise its widespread message as an alarm when cattle reivers were in the vicinity. When the bell was heard at unaccustomed times, it was a signal to the inhabitants to gather their herds to safety. Naturally, this arrangement was not to the liking of the thieving bands from the hills. After having been baulked of their prey in this manner on more than one occasion, the thieves determined to destroy the warning bell. Accordingly, a few of the more daring reivers set out one dark night and dislodged the bell from the belfry. With great satisfaction at accomplishing the deed, the marauders hurled it over the edge of the knoll. Its final plunge was into the waters of the river, where

"The bell sank down with a gurgling sound,
And the bubbles rose and burst around."

There, in some dark pool, it found its last resting place, and, though they searched endlessly, the parishioners never again found trace of their beloved bell.

ALASDAIR GRANT, VI.

"THE REFUGEE"

Motionless he stands by the wire
Shielding weary eyes,
Eyes that tell of pain and fear,
Aged eyes in a young face.
What does he see so far away?
Just wire and sand and space.

Hungry, he thinks of his crust of bread,
Licking dry, cracked lips.
"Water, water," cries his throat.
 Parched throat and heavy eyes,
What do they see, those burning eyes?
Just dirt and sand and flies.

Alone he stands by the wire,
Clutching his aching head.
"Who is God?" he wonders,
"Heaven, where is that place?"
"Up in the sky," they tell him,
"Above the wire and sand and space."

ELSPETH G. A. GOW, VI.

"UP THE 'GERS"

In Scotland is a team they call
"The boys in blue," some short, some tall,
Who keep their opponents on the run,
A tower of strength is every one.

With Willie and Davie on the wings
The forward line then really swings,
Though Hearts and Hibs may endanger
The winning moves of every Ranger.

Then there is the speed of Jim
With nerves of steel and legs so slim
And, being captain of the team,
He is held by all in high esteem.

There is no team they cannot beat,
To watch them really is a treat;
There's Celts and Dons and all the rest,
But Rangers are by far the best.

SANDY WATT, V.

STEPTOE AND SON

Albert Steptoe and his son, Harold, have joined the great company of Cockney characters. If you think this too sweeping a statement, consider how soon they became inseparable from the London scene.

They are as salty and British as jellied eels, Southend Pier, and the Caledonian Market. I cannot remember a series which has made a more rapid impact than has "Steptoe and Son."

What is it about Harold and his Dad, joking and bickering in their incredibly junk-cluttered home, that has caught the imagination? It is, I think, something more than the superb acting of Wilfred Brambell and Harry H. Corbett. In a matter of weeks, such is the skill of their creators, I found myself in sympathy with Harold and his familiar cap, buckled belt and choker, groping for a fuller life. But, dreaming his dreams of wealth and freedom, he is dominated by Dad. I know precisely what Harold is thinking when he casts his expressive eyes to Heaven in a mock agony of supplication. Dad has been exasperating again. Dad, the anxious sparrow, screwing up that elastic countenance, waving mittened hands, boasting about his First World War medals and coughing his First World War cough.

These tales are, in fact, studies in the personal relationship between two people. When Harold plans a Continental holiday or dresses himself up "to go out with a bird" or makes a vain attempt to modernise the shabby Steptoe business, this is British comedy at its best.

The underlying theme, however, is the manner in which the soul of Steptoe, junior, seeks to be independent of the old man of whom he is half ashamed, but to whom he is against his will, wholly attached.

Good television is like gold, and so often those concerned have been tempted to carry on a series until the well of inspiration runs dry. Not so with "Steptoe." I feel that the best has yet to come.

CHRISTOBEL TERRIS, VI.

MURDER MOST STRANGE

It is possible you have read in novels, thrillers and newspapers of some several hundred murders. On studying this subject, one finds it most fascinating.

There are various methods of committing murder, some horrible, some clever and some even amusing, but the disposal of the body is always the deed that the murderer dreads most. The ways of disposing of dead bodies are as varied as the methods of the actual murders. Burning the body, dissolving it in acid, burying it or dissecting it and depositing the pieces throughout the countryside are only a few of the devices which spring to mind.

Perhaps the most original method, however, was devised by a certain butcher, who, after stabbing his wife to death, proceeded to

cut up the body into small pieces, using his chopper. This ingenious fellow then proceeded to mince the pieces in his mincing machine. With this "minced wife" he mixed suet and a proportionate quantity of minced beef. This concoction he then arranged on a tray in the window, and sold at a shilling per pound. Naturally there was a great demand for it, on account of its low price, and many came back for more, saying they had enjoyed its spicy taste, due to his wife having been a peppery old woman—which was why he killed her in the first place.

The butcher was never suspected and thus his clever plan went undiscovered.

DAVID G. MACDONALD, V.

CAREERS

From the age of five to the age of nine,
School days are pleasant, everything's fine;
Unobtrusively then there begins to appear
The subtle enquiries—"A future career?"

Some lucky pupils know right from the start
The occupation on which they've set their
heart,

But others—like me—have no inspiration;
A blankness surrounds their ideal vocation.

I studied the fashions and knew right away
A model I'd be—fine gowns I'd display;
But short-lived indeed were my hopes as to
that,
When with masculine candour I'm told,
"You're too fat!"

An air-hostess then—and see the wide world,
But the thought of such heights—my hair
even curled.

A nursing career was out of the question;
To see people sick gives me indigestion.

I could join the Wrens, and go to the sea;
But a life on the ocean—not my cup of tea.
To join the Police Force I then heard the call;
But too bad, I'm short—you have to be tall.

So just as I'm on the verge of distraction,
There came to the school to give us direction,
From all walks of life to advise and to guide,
The careers representatives to help us decide.

I've chosen at last—I hope I succeed,
And gain all the knowledge I'm quite sure
I'll need.

After counsel so wise as from a preacher,
I've decided I'll try to become—yes—a
teacher!!!

KATHLEEN MILLER, VI.

FATAL STEP

A certain young man from Dunphail,
Whose job was delivering mail,
One day met his fate
When he entered a gate
And stood on a bulldog's tail.

GRAEME STUART, IIa.

THE HISTORY OF SKI-ING

Ski-ing nowadays is a very popular and internationally famous sport; it has been developed so much that one would hardly believe that this thrilling and highly competitive sport has been in existence in Scandinavian countries for hundreds of years purely as a mode of transport.

Ski-ing is believed to have existed nearly three thousand years before the birth of Christ. The earliest mention on record is in the works of the Byzantine historian Procopius (A.D. 526-599) who described the use of skis in the snows of Finland. While scientists probe farther into the future in this space age, archaeologists are literally digging farther into the past and so appreciably more than was previously known about the primitive history of ski-ing has, in fact, been discovered quite recently. There is a remarkable collection of nearly five hundred pairs of skis housed in the unique ski museum under the ski jump take-off at Holmenkollen in Oslo. The skis there are of varying shapes and dimensions, some weighing well over twenty pounds and measuring twelve feet long. The oldest ski there is calculated to be about two thousand years old and is Finnish. The Hötting ski, which was preserved in a peat bog, is the most ancient ski on record; it is believed to be some four thousand five hundred years old.

More proof of the origin of ski-ing is the rock-carving discovered at Rödøy, in the Norwegian province of Nordland, of a man on skis, believed to date from the Stone Age. In those ancient days the Scandinavian sagas had their mythological god and goddess of ski-ing—Ullr and Ondurrdís. Even the early kings of Norway had ski scouts employed in wars and as ambassadors. In those times, without skis, many of the Scandinavians might have starved in winter. They even used this mode of transport to attend social occasions, their doctors and postmen even travelled on ski.

Modern ski-ing originates from the invention, in 1880, of the ski-ing binding by a native of Telemark, where also the first ski turns originated. The world's first ski race took place in 1843 in Tromsø, then with the formation of a ski club the sport spread all over Norway. Soon ski schools and societies were formed and early Norwegian emigrants became the pioneers of ski-ing all over the world. Natives of Telemark living in Canada and the States organised ski competitions in 1856, then the sport was introduced to Australia and New Zealand, and later to South Africa and South America, China and Japan. European countries also showed keen interest in the sport. However, ski-ing was still useful for travelling long distances over snow and ice as Fritjof Nansen and Roald Amundsen proved while exploring the Poles.

With the arrival of downhill ski-ing the British seemed to steal the limelight, as in 1903 the Ski Club of Great Britain was formed, the world's first national ski-ing administrative body. At that time an Englishman had also devised a form of proficiency tests. One of the greatest pioneers of ski-ing was the

Englishman, Arnold Lunn; as well as being a key figure in the introduction of downhill ski-ing he was the inventor of slalom ski-ing, and he also wrote several influential books on the sport.

The first downhill race was held at Montana in 1911 and the first slalom race, a more organised race than the downhill through positioned gates, was held at Mürren eleven years later. The culmination of competitive ski-ing was when, in 1931, at the Winter Olympic Games at Mürren, downhill and slalom races, ski-jumping and cross-country races were included in the programme of events.

Now with every winter people leave their cosy firesides to flock in their hundreds to the ski-ing resorts of Norway, Switzerland, France, Austria, Germany, Italy and Scotland to prove that ski-ing is really here to stay.

ANN C. M. STEWART, VI.

MILK AND BUTTER

When you sit down to your breakfast, do you ever think about the milk and butter which are on the table?

Both the milk and butter are produced in our own area. At Inverness and Nairn the North of Scotland Milk Marketing Board has creameries for producing these things. The milk is collected from all over the North of Scotland and arrives at the creameries in ten-gallon cans carried on large transport lorries.

When the milk arrives at the creameries, it is first tested and sorted into different groups. Some of it is bottled, some of it is separated and the rest is used for cheese and butter making. The bottling is all done by machine; so the milk is untouched by human hand. The separated milk is sold for pig and cattle feeding, the cream being used for butter making or for table use. Surplus milk is dried and packed into bags and cartons for household use or for cattle feeding.

A lot of work goes into producing a bottle of milk or a pat of butter and this, like so many other things, is just taken for granted.

JOYCE TELFER, IIIa.

THE MOTOR AGE

My Daddy owns a Victor,
Of which he is very proud;
It's washed and polished every week,
To stand out in a crowd.

My Grandad drives a taxi,
Of which he's very vain;
He races through the streets at forty,
To catch the London train.

My Auntie bought a Mini,
She thinks it's simply super;
And, to round off the family transport,
My Granny bought a scooter.

ANNE CAMERON, Ia.

LE MONT ST MICHEL

The village of Mont St Michel is built on a granite rock, about 160 feet high, in the Bay of St Michel. This cove is also well known for its treacherous quicksands and for its exceptionally high tide which sometimes rises up to 45 feet.

The Benedictine Abbey on the top of the rock was built in 708 by the monks of that order, but the present church dates from the 11th century. Most of the architecture is medieval Gothic, but through the centuries other parts were added to the original abbey, so that there is a very fine selection of different types of architecture. During one part of its long history, monks carved the columns which support the cloisters, and today this is one of the most famous parts of the abbey. The monks at this time depicted their every-day life on the stone, where figures can be seen picking grapes and working in the fields.

During the French Revolution the abbey was used as a prison, and being as it was in an exceptional position it was almost impossible for a prisoner to escape. At high tide, the nearest mainland was $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away, so therefore a boat was needed, while at low tide the land surrounding the abbey was covered by quicksands. (There is now a causeway.) Even if a prisoner could overcome these difficulties, he would have been seen from the island, because, from the abbey, land 20 miles away is visible.

When the abbey was being used as a prison, a large wheel was built, and six prisoners walked round inside the wheel to turn it. This mechanism was used to bring up provisions from the boats which came over from the mainland at high tide.

In World War II the Germans occupied Le Mont St Michel and they used it as a headquarters, its wonderful strategic position again being very useful. However, the British succeeded in liberating this sacred place. During the six years of the war, not one bullet or bomb ever fell on this island, and the local people believe that St Michael guarded it from the ravages of war.

Now St Michael's Mount is a place of pilgrimage, which people from all over the world come to visit. The approach road is lined with cafés and restaurants, and cars are parked along the side of the road for at least a mile, and when the tide is out, they are also parked on huge concrete areas of parking ground. It is impossible to go through the steep, winding roads, without sustaining bruises, for the whole place is thronging with people, and courtesy is very quickly forgotten in the race for survival. All that could be seen, to the right and left of the road, were souvenir shops and cafés, but as far as I could see, no one had a chance to enter any of these tourist traps. The peace of the abbey was wonderful compared to the bustle of the narrow alleyways. There were special guided tours round the abbey, and one of these for English-speaking visitors. The thing that amazed me most was the construction of this monument, and I am still trying to work out

how in the 8th century people managed to transport rocks of such stupendous mass from the surrounding countryside to this mount.

Over the last few years most of the abbey has been renovated, but there is still a good deal to be done. Now, of course, many of the relics have been removed, and the stained glass windows broken, but the abbey is still beautiful, and although the very moist air in this part of Normandy has done a great deal of damage to the stonework, the Abbey of Mont St Michel is still very durable and well worth a visit.

HILARY C. CORPE, IVa.

IAN BEAG MACAINDRA

In a little cottage at Dalnahaitnach, on the banks of the River Durnain, a few miles above Carr-Bridge, lived a gallant little archer called Ian Beag MacAindra, or Little John MacAndrew. The legend connected with him, which is fairly well known in Strathspey, begins while Ian Beag was on a visit to Strathdearn.

On his journey Ian Beag encountered a band of reivers led by the Laird of Auchluachrach, driving cattle which they had stolen from the Rose of Kilravock. At this point the raiders, who were looking forward to reaching home in safety, were overtaken by the Rose of Kilravock and his followers.

Knowing of Ian Beag's skill with a bow and arrow, the Rose asked him to join them in attacking the raiders. In the fierce skirmish which followed, the little archer killed many raiders, amongst them their leader. Knowing that revenge would be sought for the death of the raiders' leader, the Rose of Kilravock drew attention to the fact that it was Ian Beag who had killed him.

Ian Beag returned home, knowing that his life would be sought as revenge for the death of the raiders' chief. As a precaution he sought a place of refuge in a great tree near to the door of his house where he placed his bow and arrow.

One day he saw a band of men some distance from his house and immediately guessed their errand. The men, not thinking that puny little fellow was the man they were looking for, asked him the way to the house of Ian Beag MacAindra. As the party entered the house, his wife seemed to read the mind of Ian Beag, and, as his wife entertained the visitors with food and drink, Ian Beag sat by the fireside. Suddenly his wife cuffed him on the ear and told him to go and see if the master of the house was coming. He immediately obeyed.

When he got out, he climbed to his perch on the tree and waited. His wife then told the strangers the master had arrived and was waiting outside. The men got up and went out, and as they did Ian Beag picked them off one by one excepting the last one whom he told to go home and tell his tale.

As from this time no other attempts were made on the life of Ian Beag MacAindra.

ALAN STUART, IIIa.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

Whilst on holiday in Worcester this year, I was taken to Bourton-on-the-Water, a quaint English village in the heart of the countryside.

There were two places of interest which we decided to visit, but, much to my dismay, hundreds of other sun-loving holiday makers had come to the same decision.

The queue for the little model village was almost half a mile long, so we decided to go to the birdland instead, although it too had a long queue attached.

Once inside you are in a different world. The habitats of the foreign birds were reconstructed exactly, in the limited space. One of the first birds we saw was a very tame Cockatoo which clung to my bare arm like grim death — they appear to be very affectionate birds!

Some of the tropical birds had to be kept in specially heated houses, but the heat of the sun on that day would have been enough for anyone. The penguins, all brilliantly coloured, seemed to be enjoying themselves splashing about in the little burn that ran through their playground. The birds were extremely dazzling in the brilliant sunshine, and they truly showed themselves in their best colours. We managed to struggle through the maze of paths in the space of one and a half or two hours.

Very excited and happy, we crossed a tiny little bridge across a very slow, lazy river, which ran through the middle of the village. Little children were in the dirty, slimy water, cooling themselves, but looking at the colour of the water, I could scarcely believe that they found much enjoyment.

After our visit to birdland we queued up again in the fierce sunshine to enter the model village. On entry, I almost fell into a tiny little garden. It was a replica of the village itself with all its old-fashioned houses and churches. There were little models standing and sitting here and there, and the village hall was placed in the middle of the model community. The houses had thatched roofs, but the thatch was decaying, and, because of lack of money, no one was repairing it.

The whole village could have been fitted into the school hall, but it was so marvellous a sight that it couldn't be missed. In the main street stood a little policeman directing toy cars. The exclamation of surprise which came from our fellow visitors filled the humid air.

The guide told us all the things to take note of and having conducted us round the township, showed us out at the door and went to receive another party of ice-cream devouring visitors.

It had certainly been a day of novelties, and our escorts still had one thing of interest to show us on the return journey to Worcester.

In one of the towns which we passed through stood the jawbone of a whale, said to be about eight hundred years old. It was held by wooden supports and looked like a tree because it was green with age. A really

marvellous sight, it stands about forty feet high and is situated in the public park.

After the peace and tranquility of the village, it was a great disappointment to return to the hustle and bustle of the city.

JULIA FRASER, Va.

A (Cautionary Tale (with apologies to Hilaire Belloc)

SEBASTIAN PHUTTIT

(who had to be up-to-date, and ended in a Show-Tent)

Sebastian Phuttit had such hair
It made you turn your head and stare;
Quite shoulder-length when he was liddle
It grew until it reached his middle,
Until when he was twenty-three
It reached down to the heels of he.
His parents wept with irritation
And consternation and frustration,
For he had hidden, it appears,
Their scissors and their garden-shears.
Employers viewed him with dismay,
And weakly quavered: "Go away."
"Betake you to a yeti's lair, do,
"We cannot cope with such a hair-do."

So, after many ins and outs,
He got a job on roundabouts,
To work the engine, start the round,
And lift the Toddlers from the ground.
Now once, when they were having fun,
Sebastian's shoe-lace came undone,
And as he knelt, his hairy sheath
Caught in a wooden horse's teeth,
And round, at supersonic pace,
Sebastian Phuttit needs must race.
The engine roared and screamed and popped,
And nobody could get it stopped.
Our friend continued then to run
Until the petrol was all done
(And since it lasted for two months
His legs were both worn down to stumps.)
And when the roundabouts were still
The foolish lad had had his fill.
Nor was that all. When he did see
Sebastian was at last set free,
The showman came with leaps and bounds
And said, "You owe me ninety pounds
"Since that's your millionth revolution."
Sebastian fainted (on a cushion).

So since he could not find the dough,
Sebastian had to join the show
And he became Exhibit Eight
(A Genuine Hermaphrodite)
And when the show's at Timbuctoo
The natives there will say to you
Fat ladies interest them less;
They go to gaze on Phuttit (S).

So if you wear your hair long—CUT IT!
Remember poor Sebastian Phuttit.

(This mighty epic is dedicated to our long-haired friends by a Member of Staff.)

JAMBORETTE, 1964

In the early part of this year during the month of July, I was selected as one of the five Boy Scout representatives of the County of Moray to attend the Ninth International Jamborette at Blair Atholl. This was to be my first experience of camping under ideal conditions, in one of the most beautiful and interesting localities of our Scottish Highlands, and my first experience of acting as host to scouts from all over the world, some as far afield as Japan and the U.S.A.

As there were approximately six hundred scouts attending from seventeen nations, a great deal of organisation had to be carefully planned beforehand. Their welfare, comfort and entertainment had all to be taken into consideration. This was accomplished admirably, and everybody added his own contribution to the various activities, and fortunately for us, the weather was kind.

I was greatly impressed by the evening we spent round the camp-fire. The soft shadows of the summer evening flickered round the tree trunks, and the dancing flames lit up the faces of the various races surrounding it. The scene was set; the voices hushed as the camp-fire master introduced the first item, which was "Fire-making" by a troop of Danish scouts. This made me think I was participating in some Stone Age ritual, and if I could only learn how to perform the same feat I would never be at a loss to make fire without the use of matches!

Quickly the picture changed to the natives of Libya, dressed in white robes with red sashes. The light of the fire showed up their brown faces topped by the fez of their native land. As they performed a dance which entailed the use of wooden batons and tom-tom drums, it was exciting to watch their intricate weavings in and out, punctuated by the sharp clap of wood against wood.

As the dancers left the arena their places

were taken by a very few very young Swedish boys, who gave a demonstration of "Flame Throwing." You could imagine our surprise as a small thirteen-year-old boy suddenly ejected a twelve-foot sheet of flame from his mouth. In quieter moments, after the evening's entertainment, we practised this and found it was not too unpalatable but rather disconcerting, in fact so dangerous, I had better not give details of how this feat is accomplished in case of accidents to would-be flame-throwers.

The evening's entertainment round the fire quickly moved to a mediaeval Japanese battle scene, in which the participants fought with wooden swords, but, not understanding their tongue, we did not know which side won.

From there the Austrians entertained us with hilarious comic sketches on all the various national idiosyncrasies. We had to laugh at ourselves. At last, with aching sides and fixed grins, we crept to our sleeping bags, and so ended one of many memorable nights.

Daytime activities included deer stalking, swimming in the cold, cold eddies of the tree-fringed River Tilt, playing wide games with all the fervour and roughness of young blood, visiting Blair Castle and learning its history, practising the old art of cooking, learning how to eat the products of our efforts and forcing smiles to our faces when the "mealy puddings" ruptured and turned into porridge!

Reluctantly we withdrew the last tent peg, wrote down the addresses of new-made friends, and, shouldering our packs, trudged dolefully towards the station.

I am only sorry that no more Moray scouts joined in our fun—but roll on 1966 and the next Jamborette.

FREDDIE ANFIELD, IVa.

HYSTERIA

Rushing madly round about,
People everywhere,
Running to the doorway,
Crowds are even there.
Moving by the hundred
Towards the city hall,
Rockers, mods and teenagers,
Five thousand folk in all.
Waiting for the minute,
When everyone'll shout,
Then, here comes the car,
And four young men step out.
They dash into the cinema
And disappear from view,
At last, I'd seen The Beatles!
If only it were true!!!

MAIRI FRASER, IIa.

THE BEATING

I'm home from the beating at last,
And the time didn't pass very fast.
There were midges and mud,
And feathers and blood,
And guns going off with a blast.

IAIN CUMMING, Ia.

There was an old fish from the Spey,
Who saw a fat worm one fine day.
He took a big bite,
And got such a fright,
That he found himself "carried away."

SIMON MACAULAY, IIa.

PRIMARY MAGAZINE

MY TWO PETS

I have two pets—a cat and a rabbit. My rabbit has a small hutch in which he lives, and a run which it uses to get exercise. My cat is called "Mickey." Every morning he comes upstairs and lies on my bed. Sometimes if we leave the hutch door open deliberately Mickey goes in and plays with the rabbit.

JOHN CRUICKSHANK, Pr. 5.

A FUNNY BUNNY

I have a pet rabbit,
With a very funny habit,
I'm sure you won't guess—
It's playing chess!

WENDY WATT, Pr. 5.

HEAVY HAIRSTYLE

I here once was a girl from Port Said,
Who had pigtailed made of lead.
In windy weather,
They banged together,
And sparks came out of her head.

ELIZABETH STUART, Pr. 5.

MY PET

My pet is a bantam with one leg. It lost the other leg when it was caught in a mouse-trap. My father made it a wooden leg, but it kicked it off and now it hops about on one leg.

ANN TELFER, Pr. 6.

THE SEASONS

Some people like the Winter
When the snow is crisp and white,
Others like the Spring time,
The evenings long and light.
Children love the Summer
When the sand is warm and brown,
But how I love the Autumn
'Cause I don't live in town.

FIONA LEDINGHAM, Pr. 7.

AN OUTING

One day we went away,
Upon a sunny day,
To a place called Crathie, near Braemar,
To see the Queen in her big car.
To Ballater we next did go,
The scenery was great so we went slow,
But when we came back in sight of the Spey,
We soon made the miles go whizzing away.

DUNCAN GRANT, Pr. 6.

A MOST AMAZING MEAL

We visited our French girl's parents in Paris while we were on holiday and we had a most amazing meal. We sat in their living-room for half an hour talking to Madame Dayant and we were offered champagne or tomato juice. We, of course, had tomato juice and little savoury biscuits. Madame Dayant then took us to their dining room for dinner. To begin with I had a bowl of soup and three bread biscuits, followed by half a water melon and a glass of iced water. We took this for we were very hungry. Two delicious plates of hot roast veal, tomatoes, and mushrooms were next on the menu.

The slices of goose meat that followed came from the South of France where Madame Dayant's mother lived.

We were given a plate of lettuce in oil, which was very nice. Madame Dayant finally rose and treated us to a plate of biscuits and cheese and a plate of peaches and greengages. The greengages were home grown at their country house in Normandy. In all, this wonderful meal took us from one o'clock till four fifteen!

CATRIONA JOHNSTON, Pr. 6.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAY

For my summer holiday I went to Hertfordshire.

One day my uncle took me in to London. We went, first of all, to St Paul's Cathedral, then to the Monument, and then to the Tower where we saw the Crown Jewels.

In the afternoon we sailed up the Thames to Westminster, seeing many interesting things on the trip. We then walked through St James' Park to Buckingham Palace where we saw the changing of the guard, and then to St James' Palace where we saw the Horse Guards leaving. Afterwards we took the underground to my uncle's works and drove home.

Another day we went to London Zoo and in the afternoon to Madame Tussaud's.

Altogether it was a very enjoyable holiday.

MALCOLM WALLACE, Pr. 7.

MY KITTEN

I had a little kitten,
Her coat was soft as silk,
And every time I fed her,
It was with creamy milk.

My kitty's name was Darcy,
Oh, I did love her well,
But now she's gone and left me,
It is so sad to tell.

My kitten was run over,
Her mistress was so sad,
I've lost her now for ever,
But my pup is jolly glad!

JEANETTE C. MACDONALD, Pr. 5.

SPIDER IN THE BOWL

During the cold weather last winter I had the most extraordinary experience. The water in my dog's water bowl had frozen solid, and firmly wedged in the ice was a medium-sized spider. Only about a quarter of its body was clear of the ice, the rest of its body was completely wedged in. I expect its body liquids were also frozen.

I decided out of curiosity to thaw it out. I placed the ice and the spider very carefully in a sieve, with a large plate underneath to catch the water. After about two hours the ice had melted, and the spider was still alive and none the worse for the experience. I was amazed that such a small creature could survive such a low temperature.

CHARLES SCOTT ROSS, Pr. 7.

ROTORUA

When we were on our way home to Scotland from New Zealand, we had to stop at Rotorua for a few days.

One day, after we arrived at Rotorua, we went to see the thermal region. There, we saw bubbling mud and geysers and boiling hot water pools. All round these pools are large deposits of sulphur. Later we bought some souvenirs from some Maoris in native dress.

DOUGLAS MATHESON, Pr. 7.

A DAY FISHING

One day my little brother was fishing and lost a hook. Another hook was put on the line. He caught another fish and when he came home he opened it and the hook which he had lost was inside it. We have never been so lucky since.

WALTER STRACHAN, Pr. 7.

A VISIT TO CAPTAIN COOK'S COTTAGE

When we were sight-seeing in Melbourne, Australia, we went to Captain Cook's Cottage which was transferred to Melbourne, stone by stone, from England.

In the cottage the caretaker showed where Cook and his sisters used to sleep. We also saw his boots, some books, a bed, a sea chest, his log and some maps. His cottage was white and had a thatched roof. Several articles of clothing were there, along with a pistol preserved in a glass box.

CHRISTINE MATHESON, Pr. 7.

MY BEDROOM WALL

My bedroom wall is covered with pictures; Pictures of aeroplanes, boats and all.

I have football teams, rugby teams, and pictures of horses,

And also a picture of my little dog, Jess.

On the shelves I have models of all different kinds.

I have spitfires and hurricanes, battle-ships and tankers.

And to round off the lot, a picture of HEARTS.

IAIN BROWN, Pr. 7.

SKI-ING

Give to me the slopes I love,

Let the leaves go by me,
Snow flakes in the heaven above,
Instructors all around me.

Give me ski-sticks, skis and glove,

Food I'll get in the shieling,
Off to the slopes that I just love,
Oh, for that wintry feeling!

FIONA A. HENDERSON, Pr. 7.

SPORTS SECTION

FOOTBALL

Gillies Campbell's team of 1963-64 was a team of hard but unsuccessful triers. The chief trouble was that Gillies had to recruit too many of his players from junior classes and the team lacked weight.

The results sound depressing—double and decisive defeats at the hands of Elgin, Forres and Fochabers, a solitary win against Nairn Second XI and a defeat in a hard fought game against Nairn First XI.

The intermediate team played five league matches, losing four and gaining their only success against Hopeman.

The first year boys looked a promising side to begin with. In all they played nine games, winning three and losing four with two drawn.

Six first team players—Gillies Campbell, John George, Norman Breckinridge, James Macpherson, Grant Gordon and Donald Macleod—have left; and the new captain, David Macdonald, tackles an onerous task of team-building.

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HOCKEY

The hockey story of June Grants' First XI is also rather depressing. The season started with high hopes; but double defeats also marked the hockey encounters with Forres and Fochabers. The only notable success was a win against Kingussie.

The chief performances of the junior team might be classed as average—a 3-3 draw with Rothes, a narrow defeat at the hands of Fochabers and a narrow win against Kingussie.

The team has lost a considerable number of veteran players; but the record of the younger girls suggests that the new captain, Kathleen Miller, has reasonable material to draw from.

• • •

GOLF

Our Golf Section was weakened by the loss of several good players; and a somewhat junior team failed to win a match in the Doig Shield County Competition. The team's only success was in the annual six-a-side friendly match with Huntly, which we won 3½-2½.

Mr Hendry again devoted much time to the organisation of competitions, both 9-hole and 18-hole, the former section being re-introduced this year for the beginners and the girls. Efforts to arrange coaching by the Nairn professional, Gregor McIntosh, were successful, and some twenty pupils received

tuition. As a result of this, more enthusiasm was shown than in previous years, and altogether the session can be regarded as one of great advances for young players.

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SKI-ING

As it was a comparatively mild winter, it follows that it was a poorer ski-ing season. Mr Corpe, back in action after his Norwegian mishap, was again keen to encourage the sport; but he found greater difficulty in getting sufficient numbers to hire a bus to take a ski-ing party to the Cairngorms.

For all that, ski-ing proficiency was high; and Grammar School pupils took part in the Cairngorm Junior Challenge Cup, Scottish Junior Championships, and some other races. In the Girls' Section of the Scottish Junior Championships, Sherie Sutton was first in the Downhill and Gill Ross first in the Slalom.

• • •

SWIMMING, CRICKET, TENNIS

The autumn and summer bus trips to Elgin baths again produced a number of swimming certificates. The cricket season this year was short and uneventful. Grammar School pupils again received tennis coaching at the local courts.

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SCHOOL SPORTS

School Sports were again organised very efficiently by Mr Liggat; and pupils, teachers, helpers and spectators enjoyed a pleasant afternoon in the picturesque little sports field.

In 1964, Revack annexed the Boys' Championship Cup, and Roy the Girls'.

James Macpherson, speedy on the track, was the Boys' Champion with 12 points, and Gillies Campbell the runner-up. Gladys Grant, light and fleet, was Girls' Champion with 14 points, and Elspeth Gow the runner-up. The Intermediate Boys' Champion was David McGillivray with Patrick Grant second, while Moira Grant was Intermediate Girls' Champion, with Beatrice Oliphant and Helen Grant close behind. The Junior Champions were Denis Grant and Judy Collyer. The Primary Champions were Johnnie Grant and Patricia Praties, while the Under-10 Champions were Michael Cruickshank and Yvonne Grant.

Among many keenly contested events the obstacle races, always marked by new ingenuities, were spectacular; and so were the relay races, in the last of which, the Senior Boys' House Relay, James Macpherson put in a terrific sprinting finish.

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS

Almost as a matter of routine, our Primary team was second to Rothiemurchus in the Badenoch and Strathspey Primary School Sports. Our Primary team also competed in the Moray and Nairn Primary School Sports.

In the Moray and Nairn Secondary School Sports at Lossiemouth the following pupils obtained places:—Seniors—Margaret Williamson, Jill Ross, Mary McDonald, James Macpherson; Youth—Christobel Terris, Elspeth Gow, Anne Urquhart; Intermediate—Mabel Stephen, Beatrice Oliphant, Jane Ross, Patrick

Grant; Junior — Barbara Alexander, Judy Collyer, Denis Grant, Allan Grant and Michael Macgruer.

Really outstanding were the performances of Margaret Williamson, who was first in the discus and, as in 1963, first in the javelin event; of Mabel Stephen, so outstanding a runner in her Primary days, who was first in the Intermediate javelin event; and of Barbara Alexander, who was first with the Junior cricket ball and third in the hurdles.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

BOYS

School Captain—Alasdair Grant.
Vice-Captain—David G. Macdonald.
Football Captain—David G. Macdonald.
Vice-Captain—Andrew Smith.
Athletics Captain—John McInnes.
Vice-Captain—Duncan Robertson.
Cricket Captain—Sandy Watt.
Vice-Captain—John Ward.
Secretary to Prefects Court—Bruce Bain.
Librarian and Museum Curator—Alistair Martin.
House Captains: — Revack — Bruce Bain;
Revoan—David G. Macdonald; Roy—
John Ward.
Additional Prefects — John Ross, Gordon
Slaughter, John Foy, John Campbell,
David M. MacDonald.

GIRLS

Head Girl—Christobel Terris.
Deputy Head Girl—Elspeth Gow.
Hockey Captain—Kathleen Miller.
Vice-Captain—Christobel Terris.
Athletics Captain—Elspeth Gow.
Vice-Captain—Kathleen Miller.
Games—Secretary—Jill Hepburn.
House Captains:—Revack—Kathleen Miller;
Revoan—Dorothy George; Roy—Elspeth
Gow.
Additional Prefects—Mary McDonald, Ann
Stewart, Ireen McCulloch, Jane
McQueen, Rosemary McKinnon, Julia
Fraser, Dorothy George, Irene Edwards.
M. Williamson.



Granttown Grammar School girl prefects. Standing (l. to r.)—Anne Stewart, Mary Macdonald, Margaret Williamson, Julia Fraser, Ireen McCulloch, Irene Edwards, Rosemary Mackinnon; seated —Dorothy George, Jane McQueen, Christobel Terris (head girl), Elspeth Gow (deputy head girl), Jill Hepburn, Kathleen Miller.



The 1st XI hockey team. Standing (left to right)—Ann Stewart, Margaret Williamson, Dorothy George, Christobel Terris, Moira Grant, Mary Macdonald and Ishbel Maclean; seated — Jane McQueen, Elspeth Gow, Kathleen Millar, Julia Fraser, Irene Edwards and Ann Urquhart.

THE OLD GUARD

OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1964/65

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), 7 Boswell Terrace, Portree; accountant, Nat.-Comm. Bank of Scotland, Portree, Isle of Skye.

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

Alan Anfield (1959-62), Aldersyde, Nethy-bridge; Army Apprentice School, Beachley, Chepstow, Monmouthshire; A/T.

John S. Clark (1956-59), 130 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey; R.E.M.E., 9b 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. Valley, Anglesey, Wales; 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; corporal technician.

Ian Walker (1950-54), 1 Kylintra Crescent; 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, Caterham Barracks, Surrey; sergeant, Scots Guards.

Exiles

John L. Beaton (1944-49), Schoolhouse, Dulnain-Bridge; "Hove To," 10 Wayside, Mendip View, Worle, Weston-Super-Mare; navigation instructor.

*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.

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; 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; Glenfinnan, 17 Donview Road, Woodside, Aberdeen.

*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.

William J. M. Hair (1943-48), 10 The Square; 5 Ian Road, Billericay, Essex; Customs and Excise, London.

*John Holmes (1939-40); technician, Fairey Aviation, Sidney, Australia.

- George Cameron (1930-32), 38 The Square; district clerk and burgh treasurer.
- William Dunbar (1937-39), Castle Road; salesman, Messrs Mackenzie & Cruickshank, Ironmongers, The Square.
- *John Duncan (1942-47), Dunallan, Woodside Avenue; bus driver.
- Angus Gordon (1943-45), Achnahannet; farmer.
- Herbert Grant (1942-45), Topperfettle; farmer.
- Hugh J. B. Hogg (1944-49), Burnfield; coalman, Messrs James Bruce & Sons, Grantown.
- Johnston Innes (1945-46), Heathbank; Mohar Cottage, Boat of Garten; Automobile Association patrol.
- Gordon W. C. Jack (1935-37), Silverdale; postal officer, G.P.O.
- John A. Kennedy (1945-48), The Dell Farm, Nethybridge; farmer.
- William Kerr (1943-45), Kynlra Crescent; linesman.
- *Alexander Ledingham (1936-39), 1 The Clachan; photographer.
- *T. Donald McIntosh (1934-39), Rosehall; hotelier.
- *W. Colin McIntosh (1934-39), Rosehall; civil servant, 24 Command Workshop, R.E.M.E.
- Angus Maclean (1941-42), Westwood; forestry worker.
- Peter McGregor (1942-43), Castle Road; blacksmith.
- R. Grant MacGregor (1949-52), Grange Cottage; motor mechanic, R.E.M.E., Grantown-on-Spey.
- *James McLeod (1927-28), The Beachan; master builder.
- Alistair McLeod (1956-59), The Beachan; clerk, Messrs James McLeod & Sons, building contractors.
- Ian D. Macpherson (1930-35), Lynstock Crescent, Nethybridge; foreman in charge, R.A.O.C.
- *Alan McTaggart (1952-56), S.D.A., Easter Gallovie, Dulnain-Bridge.
- James B. Marshall (1941-47), Homefield; clerk, Post Office, Nethybridge.
- Ian R. Mortimer (1932-35), Ettrian, Grant Road; plumber.
- *Edwin M. Munro (1928-33), B.E.M., B.Com. (Edinburgh); proprietor, Coppice Hotel, Grant Road.
- John L. Paterson (1927-29), Ivy Bank, High Street; master plasterer.
- *George J. Paton (1943-45), 19 South Street; driver, R.E.M.E.
- *Charles E. Ross (1924-26), Ivy Cottage, Dulnain-Bridge; partner, Messrs J. Ross & Co., Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Dulnain-Bridge.
- David Ross (1936-37), Benmhor Hotel; hotelier.
- Robert Ross (1928-32), Monadhliath, Spey Bridge; partner, Messrs John Ross & Co., Dulnain-Bridge.
- Angus Shand (1940-42), Mackay's Hotel; storeman, R.E.M.E.
- *Ian Grant Smith (1943-46), Auchernack; farmer.
- James Angus Shaw (1951-54), Lochindorb, Dava; gamekeeper, Seafeld Estate.
- John R. Stuart (1933-38), 1 Spey Avenue; bookseller, Messrs Angus Stuart, High Street.
- Alan Taylor (1942-43), 8 Castle Road; postman and telephonist, G.P.O., Grantown.
- *Roderick J. D. Thomson (1934-36), 8 Kynlra Crescent.
- *James Winchester (1924-26), Glengyle; manager, local Ministry of Labour and National Insurance Office, Grantown.

*Life Members.

OLD GUARD NOTES

Another year has passed, another magazine about to be published, as I again rush to report the main sporting activity of the "Old Guard," the Fishing Competition at Lochindorb.

This year the attendances were better than ever before, with a goodly number of visitors joining in the fun, and along with the regulars they enjoy it so much that all vow to return next year. From past experience many do, it is therefore flattering to think that our humble night's fishing is encouraging visitors to return to the town.

There are, of course, the usual fishy stories one could tell. Conditions not ideal, fish slow to take, just didn't have the right type of fly, etc., etc.; but it did happen one evening that certain fishers were so keen they did not hear the final gun being fired at 10 p.m. and turned up at 11 p.m. Ahem! this establishes the fact

that trout take much better after 10 p.m. (my apologies, gentlemen). Ian McPherson was again a worthy winner of the trophy, much to his wife's disgust—she has to keep it clean for yet another year. Ian's sideboard has been free of this trophy only three seasons since the competition began, quite a record, and a definite pointer to Ian's prowess as a trout angler.

In conclusion, while again we offer our congratulations to Ian, may I thank those who took part so sportingly in this competition and helped to make it such an outstanding success; and to our good friend Simpson Shaw may I express the thanks of the club for all his help and the tolerance he extends to us during the nights the "Guards" and friends take Lochindorb by storm.

A. M. GRANT.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1964-65

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

Dr Bain presided over the Annual General Meeting which was held in the Grammar School on Wednesday, 11th November, 1964, at 7.30 p.m. Apologies for absence were received from Mr and Mrs Hunter, Mrs Archibald, Mrs Chapman and Messrs J. G. Bruce, J. J. Grant and F. Calder. A letter expressing good wishes and greetings from Mr and Mrs Hunter was read to the meeting.

The president referred to the loss sustained by the Club in the deaths of two of its older members, Mrs J. G. Macdougall and Mr Charles Munro.

The secretary read the minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting and their approval was moved by Mr A. M. Grant, seconded by Miss J. M. Paterson. Arising from these minutes Dr Bain informed the meeting that it was hoped that the building of the new secondary school would commence in the spring of 1965 and although no final decision on the swimming pool had yet been reached, the pool could actually be added to the building at any time. Regarding Further Education, the president reported that classes were being held in Grantown this year although objections were still being raised against the increased fees.

The final report showed a credit balance of £68 6s 5½d, but this reflected a loss of £13 6s 6d on the year's working. The adoption of the report was moved by Miss Paterson, seconded by Mr A. M. Hastings.

All office-bearers were re-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. Cruickshank, 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.

It was agreed that the price of the Grammar School Magazine should be 2s and the secretary reported that free copies have been sent to 142 exiled life-members in 1963.

After considerable discussion it was reluctantly agreed that owing to the greatly increased costs involved no free copies could be sent out by the Club after 1964. The 1964 magazine would contain a letter to this effect and exiled members would be able to order copies of the 1965 and succeeding issues from the secretary on payment of 2s 6d post free. The 1965 questionnaires would also include a reminder to this effect. The meeting very much regretted that this decision had become necessary but the Club's finances could not continue to bear the very high expenditure involved.

It was unanimously approved that seven prizes would be awarded to the Grammar School in 1965 for English, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Art and Technical Subjects. Dr Bain expressed the school's thanks to the F.P. Club for these prizes.

Mr A. M. Grant reported that the Christmas Reunion would be held in the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, 29th December, 1964, and the ticket would again be 15s 6d. Mr Grant was reappointed Reunion convener and was empowered to call on the assistance of members as required.

It was agreed that a Biennial Reunion Dinner be held in 1965. All arrangements, including the date of the function, would be made by the following committee:—

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

The question was raised as to whether it was desirable to continue the Former Pupils' and Old Guard Clubs as two separate organisations. The F.P. Club members present were agreeable to an amalgamation and it was proposed that the matter be considered at a meeting of the Old Guard Club early in the New Year.

Dr Bain expressed the Club's indebtedness to Mr Donaldson and his assistants for their work in compiling the magazine and also to the secretary and treasurer. A vote of thanks to Dr Bain was proposed by Mr A. M. Hastings.

JEANNETTE I. MUNRO,
Honorary Secretary.

- *Elizabeth C. Phimister, Woodburn, South Street; postal and telegraph officer, General Post Office.
- *Mrs Ernest W. Oakes (Amelia Edwards), Market Road; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- *Mrs Thomas S. Robertson (Mary E. Hastilow), Achnagonaln.
- *Alison Ronaldson, Strathallan, Grant Road.
- *Jessie D. Ronaldson, Strathallan Grant Road; postal and telegraph officer, General Post Office.
- *Sheila M. G. Smith, B.Com. (Edinburgh), Auchernack; secretary, F. A. Ritson & Co., C.A., 117 High Street, Elgin.
- *Mrs Peter G. Spalding (Isobel M. Gunn), 6 Macgregor Avenue.
- *Mrs John Stuart (Marian N. G. Paterson), M.A. (Edinburgh), 32 Kylintra Crescent; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- *Mrs Colin Sutton (Catherine M. MacKay), The Hotel, Nethybridge.
- Dorothy H. Templeton, Grant Cottage, 104 High Street; typist, 24 Command Workshop, R.E.M.E.
- *Netta Templeton, Gladstone Cottage, Castle Road.
- *James Williams, M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), Stonefield, The Square; medical practitioner.
- *Mrs Jack Wood (Joan Cruickshank), Seafiel Lodge Hotel, Woodside Avenue; hotel proprietrix.

* Life Member.

BIRTHS

- ANDERSON.—On 15th August, 1964, to Mr and Mrs Adam C. Anderson (Shona G. MacDougall), Dunira, Cuninghill Road. Inverurie—a daughter (Lorna Catherine).
- BERRY.—On 31st May, 1964, to Mr and Mrs Douglas A. Berry (Elizabeth M. McWilliam), Aultmore, 83 Balvenie Street, Dufftown—a daughter.
- BIRRELL.—On 3rd November, 1964, to Mr and Mrs R. Birrell (Jean Donald), 75 Wester Road, Mount Vernon, Glasgow—a daughter.
- CLARK.—On 22nd April, 1964, to Mr and Mrs Robert M. Clark (Janet G. Barclay), Strathspay, 3a James Street, Carnoustie—a daughter (Maureen Alexandra).
- HAMILTON.—On 6th March, 1964, to Mr and Mrs George Hamilton (Evelyn G. Mackintosh), Tullochgribban Mains, Grantown-on-Spey—a son (William Ramsay).
- McLEAN.—On 20th December, 1963, to Mr and Mrs Ian McLean (A. Helen Calder), 33 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey—a son (Colin).
- SCOTT.—On 8th June, 1964, to Mr and Mrs James Scott (Alison D. Stuart), 3 West Delfer Cottages, Alvie, Kincaig—a daughter (Alison).

THREADGOLD.—On 24th January, 1964, to Mr and Mrs Alfred G. Threadgold (Elizabeth H. Campbell), 14 Station Road, Condover, Shrewsbury—a son (David John).

WESTON.—On 11th April, 1964, to Mr and Mrs Roy F. Weston (Sheina M. Donaldson), 49 Hummersknott Avenue, Darlington—a son (Ian Richard).

MARRIAGES

BREMNER—MACKENZIE.—At Inverallan Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 23rd July, 1964, William J. Bremner, B.Sc.(Hons.), Portsoy, to Elizabeth Mary Robertson Mackenzie, Gowanlea, Woodside Avenue, Grantown-on-Spey.

CAIRNS—GRANT.—At Chelsea Baptist Church, London, Ontario, Canada, on 9th April, 1964, Hugh Cairns, Paisley, to Violet Mary Grant, R.M.N., R.G.N., 107 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey.

DRUMMOND—HEPBURN.—At Inverallan Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on 9th September, 1964, A. Craig Drummond, Glasgow, to Kay Scott Hepburn, Braemora, Woodlands Terrace, Grantown-on-Spey.

FRIEND—SIM.—At Advie Church, on 4th April, 1964, Dr James A. R. Friend, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth Mary Sim, R.G.N., Advie Mains, Advie.

GILCHRIST—MACKENZIE.—At Argyle Place Church, Edinburgh, on 5th October, 1964, James Gilchrist, Gifford, East Lothian, to Jean Laing Mackenzie, Birchview, Woodlands Crescent, Grantown-on-Spey.

GRANT—STEWART.—At Abernethy Church, on 20th January, 1964, George Allan Grant, Tomdhu, Boat of Garten, to Jane Erica Margaret Stewart, Inverallan, Grantown-on-Spey.

McLEOD—MACGREGOR.—At Cromdale Church, on 10th October, 1964, Donald Alexander McLeod, Aviemore, to Elizabeth Roberta Macgregor, 2 Cambrae, Cromdale.

O'CONNOR—CAMERON.—At the Holy Name Catholic Church, Ketchikan, Alaska, on 17th November, 1963, John Charles O'Connor, Everett, Washington, U.S.A., to Dorothy May Cameron, Dunira, South Street, Grantown-on-Spey.

DEATHS

MACDOUGALL.—At her home, The Mill House, Craggan, Grantown-on-Spey, on 29th February, 1964, Jessie A. MacLennan, widow of John G. MacDougall.

MUNRO.—At the Ian Charles Hospital, Grantown-on-Spey, on 28th June, 1964, Charles Munro, Woodlands Hotel, The Square, Grantown-on-Spey.

THE RIPPLE

[Readers will recollect that, because of a mysterious underground force controlled by Professor Black, the Grammar School has been evacuated. Two foreign Secret Service agents have been sent to Grantown to investigate.]

It must be admitted that the two agents were not at all lucky in their quest. The first piece of ill-luck was when a young lady entered their compartment at Perth.

In the author's youth, the young lady's appearance would have evoked disapproval. Floppy sandals, tartan trews, a lemon sweater, a snub nose, heavy-rimmed glasses, a mop of untidy hair—these were the chief features of her personal appearance. Yet, in a modern way, she had a definite attraction, of which more will be heard anon. Actually she was Miss Susan Black, daughter of our friend the professor, and a senior student of anthropology at Edinburgh University. She deftly swung her case into the rack, sat down in a corner and was soon absorbed in a textbook on her chosen study. The journey to date had been a dull one, and Martoff decided that the time had come for diversion. Employing an immaculate English accent and a smile of studied charm, he remarked, "Your scenery in Scotland is magnificent." In some undefinable way he seemed to imply that Miss Black was responsible for the beauty of the scenery.

Susan Black dropped her textbook into her lap and looked across at her fellow travellers. She was deaf to accent and impervious to charm; but she was a keen student of racial differences. In a moment she had identified the men opposite her as brachycephalic, paucicapillarious, Euro-Slavic types. Her reply was incisive.

"I hope you two gentlemen are enjoying your holiday in Britain."

Martoff started; but his reaction was swift. "You are mistaken," he said smilingly. "We are British. We come from Plymouth."

He had selected Plymouth as being just about the most remote city he could think of.

Susan Black retaliated with a lightning riposte. "Plymouth!" she said. "How interesting! Do you know of my old friend, Sir Francis Drake?"

Martoff was out of his depths, but he made an attempt to meet the question.

"We have not met the gentleman you mention," he said.

Susan Black smiled for the first time. "I am not surprised," she said enigmatically, and returned to her textbook. The pair opposite sensed uneasily that something was wrong, and for the next two hours they mulled uncomfortably over newspapers in which they had no interest. At Aviemore they made sure of getting into a compartment some distance away from Miss Black's.

At Grantown Miss Black was met by a young man whom she did not recognize.

"Excuse me," he said. "I think you must be Miss Black. You strongly resemble your father. He is busy and asked me to meet

you. My name is Brown, and I am an old pupil of your father."

"Thank you so much," said Susan; "and, if my father is playing his hush-hush games, I am sure there are two Secret Service types on the train. I think they would be worth looking after."

* * *

Martoff and Mihailovitch were still more unlucky in their encounter with Hamish Grant.

Hamish Grant, by the way, was recognised as the most difficult pupil who ever attended the Grammar School. Combining a complete lack of concentration with a complete unwillingness to learn, he made his way through school like a destructive tornado, reducing teacher after teacher to a state of nervous prostration. Legend has it that a rather young inspector once attempted to teach him simple subtraction and was eventually led away, completely unsuccessful and begging for a refreshment which the school could not provide.

Eventually Hamish Grant left school. He was apprenticed to a plumber, who went out of business a year later.

At the time of our story, he was assistant porter in the Glenbeg Hotel, and, as such, was carrying Martoff's cases up a fairly steep stair.

It was unlucky that Martoff noticed the rather careless way in which Hamish was swinging one of his cases—a case which contained two bottles of Skodka, a rare and precious liquor unprocurable north of London. To Martoff, Skodka was a daily necessity; and he said sharply to Hamish, "Be careful with that case, boy."

Now, all his life, Hamish had had a bitter dislike of rebuke of any kind, and his reaction was violent. The case flew out of his hand, it hurtled down the stair and it crashed on to the landing. As it happened, Donny Mackay, the senior porter, was on the spot; and he quickly retrieved the case. In a matter of moments, the two visitors were alone in their room, and, with trembling fingers, Martoff investigated the damage. It was irreparable. Both bottles were broken, and the precious fluid was spilt.

Martoff's command of the English language was unrivalled, but the catastrophe was so shattering that he felt that only his native tongue could match the occasion. Fervently he fulminated upon the iniquity of Hamish Grant. In his agitation, he did not notice a knock on the door; and, a moment or two later, Mr Murray, the proprietor, entered.

His words rocked the two agents to the cores of their being. "I am sorry you two foreign gentlemen have had this trouble. Is there anything I can do?"

Martoff pointed to the door. "Go away," he said. "Go away."

Mr Murray discreetly withdrew, and Martoff turned to his companion with a despairing gesture.

"That girl!" he said. "That boy! My

Skodka! What are we to do? We cannot stay here."

Mihailovitch's reply came quickly.

"I have a plan," he said. "I have studied a map of Grantown. The alarm is not yet given. At once we shall reconnoitre the school, and we shall soon find out if some-

thing important is there. Next morning we shall return to London before suspicion is aroused."

[And so, gentle reader, our tale rises to a climax of mystery, adventure and (I know you have guessed it) romance. Is another instalment necessary?]

TOURISM RUN RIOT

Once upon a time, before the coming of ski-roads and chair-lifts, the Cairngorms were a challenge. Those who had penetrated their fastnesses had achieved something of which to be proud. The climbers of those halcyon, pre-boom days really climbed, and walkers really walked. There was no cheating. Will-power and physical fitness were as necessary as strong boots.

From the old Glenmore Lodge one looked upon the northern corries and wondered if the day would be long enough. Between the Lodge and the Cairn lay miles of lung-bursting, leg-wearying, lonely miles. Lonely because, incredible as it may now seem, the hills did not then give the impression of having been taken over by Billy Butlin.

Where curlews once glided and called hauntingly "transistors" now dispense the frenzied wailing of long-haired extroverts. Where determined enthusiasts once struggled over cruel terrain blasé youngsters now glide effortlessly to the high tops by car and chair-lift. Where trout fishers once cast their flies on tranquil waters canoes and sailing dinghies crewed by amazonian schoolgirls now monopolise the loch.

Big Business, having lifted its covetous eyes to the hills, has moved in. Which means the beginning of the end so far as our beloved hills are concerned. Each year the itinerant population increases phenomenally. More roads and ski-tows are planned, with tentacles reaching farther and farther into the hills, opening them up and destroying the peace of ages in the process. Soon even the remotest corrie will be bursting at the seams and the last bewildered stag will have fled forever from his ancestral sanctuary.

While the speculators are making money, the hills are becoming known, superficially, to ever increasing numbers. But simultaneously a precious heritage is melting away before our very eyes.

Those enthusiastic "developers" who show such a touching regard for the welfare of our youth are not entirely altruistic. They are businessmen who hear in the sighing of wind through heather the rustle of banknotes.

The bandwagon is already overloaded, but still they come, the Big Boys, jockeying for position, dangling their grandiose plans before our incredulous eyes, each one threatening to build a bigger and better hotel than his rival's.

Only the everlasting hills remain, for the present at least, comparatively unaffected.

But even they will eventually succumb and be debased—the victims of tourism gone mad.

From bitter experience we know that there will be no reprieve, that when the flood-gates are opened the trickle will soon become a torrent. There will be no happy medium. And in the long run only those who gain financially will gain anything at all.

The hills, until very recently, were areas of recuperation where one found peace in solitude. Where the madness of a nuclear age could be forgotten and one's personal worries put into perspective.

True, there are still unexploited places. But they are doomed. Sooner or later someone will "discover" them and realise their financial possibilities. Those inevitable mechanical aids to modern mountaineering will be brought up lest the darlings of the ski-tow be exposed to danger or fatigue. The goose that lays the golden egg must be kept healthy and contented, and its every whim indulged, lest it go elsewhere. That its going might be a blessing in disguise is not generally realised.

The foregoing off-beat comments might suggest a certain bitterness on the part of the writer. But frustration and regret might be nearer the mark. I suppose one should be philosophical about such things and bow gracefully to the inevitable. But I find it hard to turn a blind eye to vandalism on such a titanic scale.

Those enduring hills which have withstood the ravages of time have been scarred and despoiled more by three years of tourism than a thousand years of erosion. They have been subjected to all sorts of indignities and more are planned for them. They are being "popularised"—an ugly word with ugly associations—and we are the impotent, often uncaring witnesses of the tragedy.

All is not quite lost yet, however. The flood may be uncontrollable, but it will take some time to reach the remoter areas. This is our meagre but infinitely welcome period of grace, an opportunity for all of us who loved the hills before their relegation to the status of a holiday-camp to make the most of what still remains. There are still unspoiled glens, silent corries and imposing crags where the eagle reigns unchallenged. We must store up the precious memories and store them well, because all too soon *memories* are all that we shall have, of those incomparable hills whose wild beauty and age-old solitudes were their own undoing.

IAN D. MACPHERSON.

FORMER PUPIL PROFESSOR

Donald B. McIntyre was dux of our school in 1941. His presence in Grantown was through the curious chances of war: he was evacuated from Edinburgh to Boat of Garten in 1939, and later his brother and he stayed with Mrs Paterson at Parkburn. Was it the influence of the Strathspey mountain country, one wonders, that embarked him on his career as a geologist?

At any rate, he took his degree as B.Sc. at Edinburgh University, followed up with doctorates in science and philosophy, served on the teaching staff of Edinburgh University from 1948 till 1954, and then, while on research study in California, was made Geology Professor at Pomona College.

Professor McIntyre, eminently practical in his chosen study, has received generous financial support at Pomona, and has surrounded himself with "a host of expensive, sophisticated geological gadgetry." In 1961 he did a gravitational survey in Newfoundland by aeroplane, during which he discovered a round lake in a crater of rocks that were strangely fused together as if by nuclear explosion. As he said, "Discounting the possibility that Newfoundland was the Bikini of some previous civilization, I concluded that the crater was formed by a massive meteor

smashing into the earth. Now the Canadian government is going to drill 4000 feet into the bottom of the lake to test my theory."

More recently Dr McIntyre has conducted a study of rock formations in the San Bernadino Mountains in Southern California. He has also published papers on the nature of faulting in large earthquakes. In 1962 he was one of three recipients of the £1000 Wig Distinguished Professorship awards.

To turn to the more human side, we quote: "Proud of his Scottish nationality, he still wears a kilt dress for formal occasions and blows a wild bagpipe." He is married with one child.

Professor McIntyre's latest work has to do with statistics and computers, and he is doing research work in chemical analysis by X-ray fluorescence. Naturally he is in demand for special lectures and consultations in various parts of the U.S.A.

F.P.s, I am sure, will be interested in the story of the 1939 evacuee, who loved the rocks and mountains of Strathspey, and who has gone so far in the career of his choice; and we are much obliged to his mother, Mrs McIntyre of Nethybridge, for making information about his career available to us.

"BAGPIPES IN THE BAHAMAS"

For most people, the word "Bahamas" conjures up pictures of golden beaches, blue sea and palm trees, the happy hunting-ground of American millionaires and of modern mythology's supreme hero, James Bond. It is easy to understand, therefore, that when offered a chance to go there with all expenses paid, Glasgow University O.T.C. Pipe Band showed a certain amount of interest. The band was to be the mainstay of a 28-strong Highland Games party which had to perform in Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, for two months in the summer of 1964. The Highland Games are, of course, a complete novelty in that part of the world and this was one factor which was hoped would appeal to the tourists, the majority of whom were from the Florida region of the U.S.A. The programme comprised most of the orthodox items found in games at home; piping, dancing, Cumberland wrestling, caber-tossing and throwing the weight for height, but there was the additional attraction of go-karting, a Scottish champion having been brought over to race the Bahamians who are very efficient at this sport. And so it was with high hopes that the group left Renfrew Airport, Glasgow, and later Heath Row, London, on a cold, wet Sunday morning at the end of June.

There used to be a tendency for school geography books to say that in the tropics and sub-tropics it is very warm during the day and cool in the evening. Since nearly all of the party believed this, it came as rather a

shock when, five minutes before the Boeing 707 touched down in the pitch dark night at Nassau Airport, the captain announced that the ground temperature was 81°. So much for stories of the cool of the tropical evening! The following day was very much a case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire," since it had been arranged for the band to play with the local police brass band in Bay Street, the main street of Nassau. For some unknown reason this took place at around 2 p.m., just when the sun is at its hottest. The temperature, lower than normal, was 94°. One still shudders at memories of standing at attention in an Army piper's uniform with the pavement burning through the soles of one's shoes, and with the great Highland warpipe emitting the most horrible dying noise in a vain attempt to produce "Scotland the Brave." Curiously enough, the music received great acclaim and prospects of good attendances at the evening shows seemed bright. These prospects, however, did not materialise and audiences were very small numerically, despite what was a very good performance. One principal reason for this was lack of publicity, for only a very small portion of the population of New Providence and of the tourists had even heard about the Highland Games. This instigated a mass do-it-yourself publicity campaign, some aspects of which seem worth remembering.

The writer, for example, on the one night when he had managed to get to bed on the

same day as he had got up, found himself summoned by telephone, around midnight, to appear dressed and with bagpipes so that the U.S. Consul could be entertained and hear about the Games. This measure invited retaliation, and it is with delight that one recalls a group of Americans in tails and evening dresses collapsing in a heap after a rather fast eightsome reel.

One of the most effective methods of publicity was simply to wear the kilt all the time. Most of the band had civilian kilts with them and these provided a pleasant change from the very heavy, dark MacKenzie cloth issued by the Army and estimated to last a hundred years. The civilian kilt, in fact, proved to be the most comfortable clothing in the Bahamas, the only disadvantage, of course, being the fascination it held for that obnoxious creature, the American tourist, who, with the aid of his inevitable camera, tongue and genealogy, made it well nigh impossible to travel ten yards without being photographed, interrogated, wondered at or merely insulted. In spite of the indignity which national pride suffered as a result of this, the audiences did increase in size, but, unfortunately, not greatly enough to warrant continuing the show for its expected nine weeks.

In a last frantic effort for publicity, a

radio commercial was produced, three pipers and the girl dancers gave gatecrash performances in night-clubs (to the great delight of all except the steel bands who ceased abruptly to be the centre of attraction), and it was announced that the show was on its last three days. This had amazing effects, not only on a local policeman who could only stand and gape when he was passed at midnight by the "night-club troupe" giving an inspired rendering of "Highland Laddie," but also on the evening performance attendances which increased fourfold. In the end, however, it became clear that owing to the bad preparation in Nassau for the Highland Games, return to Scotland would be soon (the announcement of this happened to coincide with the publicity manager finding himself swimming fully clothed in the pool of the Nassau Beach Hotel). Many of the group were happy to be on the plane back home, but, on the other hand, everyone was loath to leave the palm trees, the golden beaches, the warm coral sea and the relaxed atmosphere which symbolises the Bahamas. Thus ends a tale which had its beginning, for the writer, not in June, 1964, but fifteen years ago on a Saturday evening in Grantown Square, when first he came under the spell of the bagpipe.

GILBERT MACKAY.

FORMER PUPIL ON THE WOOLSACK

In a year in which the Rector of the Grammar School has taken note of our "direct contact with the Woolsack" and in which there has been a Parliamentary General Election, it may be of interest and appropriate to recall an incident of an Election year of long ago.

One morning, at the time of the "Landslide Election" campaign of 1906, Mr Roderick MacLennan, Rector of the Grantown Grammar School, was busily copying Latin prose on to the blackboard, as his pupils trooped into his room. They were settled in their seats and the lesson had begun, when the door burst open and Mr George Harvey hurried in, followed by two tall men, who seemed to fill the small room. Mr Harvey, donor of the Dux-Harvey Medal, was the local Liberal Party agent and those pupils who had been at the Election meeting on the previous evening recognised his companions, Mr Archibald Williamson, the good-looking, popular Liberal candidate for the constituency and his supporter, Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar, the distinguished Member of Parliament for Leith Burghs.

When the visitors had chatted for some time with the Rector, Mr Munro-Ferguson asked if he could hear a little Latin. The Rector turned to the boy nearest the blackboard and said, "Douglas, will you read that Latin on the board." It was an excellent choice. The reading of the Latin passage in

the clear, deliberate tones of Ross Douglas called forth an exclamation of pleasure from Mr Munro-Ferguson of "That was cha-aming," pronounced with an attractive lisp. It was a pleasant interruption of the Latin class.

With their initial advantages one would expect two such able men to obtain high honours. Mr Williamson was eventually raised to the Peerage as Baron Forres of Glenogil. Mr Munro-Ferguson, after filling with distinction several important posts in the House of Commons, was appointed Governor-General of Australia and, later, Secretary for Scotland. He was raised to the Peerage as Viscount Novar of Raith and became a Knight of the Thistle.

With ability, application, perseverance, will and a certain amount of luck, no one is debarred from reaching a high position in this country. The schoolboy, Francis Campbell Ross Douglas, took a degree at Glasgow University, became a journalist and partner in a firm of solicitors, entered Local Government, became Mayor of Battersea, was elected to Parliament in 1940, became Governor-General of Malta in 1946, a K.C.M.G. in 1947, and was raised to the Peerage in 1950 as Baron Douglas of Barloch. He was recently appointed Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. Hence the contact of the Grantown Grammar School with the Woolsack.

F.P.

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

EDITORIAL

We extend our best wishes to all our readers and hope that the following gleanings of news will be of some interest.

We welcome several newcomers to our numbers—Alan Anfield, one of our promising young soldiers; Davis Thomson, now studying Art at Aberdeen; Gillies Campbell, now an Art student in Aberdeen; Mrs Friend (Betty Sim), whom we mention elsewhere, and Gilbert Mackay, formerly of the Baptist Manse, who retains happy childhood memories of Grantown. We feel sure that many other old Grantonians toy with the idea of joining the Club. Why not? The more, the merrier.

We are also grateful for articles received. Ian Macpherson's comments on the latest developments in the Cairngorm area are most apposite. Miss Cameron's flash-back to the early days of one of our most distinguished F.P.s is also pertinent. Gilbert Mackay's article illuminates one of the many facets of the modern student's life.

As to my own serial, written mainly for my own diversion, I hope readers still remember what it is all about.

* * *

OF STUDENTS AND LEAVERS

We have tried hard, throughout the years, to follow the fortunes of young Grantonians in distant places, particularly the seats of learning; but, in 1964, the numbers seem to be too great for detailed coverage.

We wish, however, to congratulate those who have successfully completed courses.

Iris Forbes and Betty Kirkwood have both achieved creditable M.A.s at Aberdeen University.

Gladys George from Moray House, Margaret McLennan from the P.T. College, Douglas McInnes from Jordanhill, and Catherine Douglas from Athole Crescent, have all taken up teaching posts.

We are pleased to hear of Duncan Chisholm's A.M.I.C.E., of Pat McMillan's gold medal on completion of her nurse's training at Stirling, and of Mary Noble's qualifying as a nurse.

We must have nearly two dozen students at the Scottish universities, dispersed through Arts, Science, Medicine, Law and Engineering.

Some seven Grantonians represent us at the Colleges of Education for Training of Teachers.

Pharmacy and Art each have two students from Grantown.

Industry, the Army, Banking, Domestic Science, Nursing and Secretarial Work have all claimed others of our leavers.

There are others, fortunately, still with us in Strathspey; but so many of our leavers must, of necessity, seek their fortunes elsewhere.

OF EXILES

Let us first glance at our F.P. lists.

We congratulate Mrs Anderson (Shona McDougall), Mrs Birrell (Jean Donald) and Mrs Berry (Elizabeth McWilliam) on happy events.

Mrs Bremner (Elizabeth Mackenzie) has had an eventful year. Her move to Kinloss brought romance and a summer wedding.

Mrs Cairns (Violet Grant), also married this year, takes up residence in Ontario.

Mrs Clark (Jannie Barclay) has been blessed with a daughter.

Margaret Donald, who qualified as R.G.N. in 1963, seeks further qualifications in Glasgow Royal Maternity Hospital.

Mrs Drummond (Kay Hepburn) graced Grantown with an autumn wedding to a fellow hotelier.

Mrs Friend (Betty Sim) has married another member of the medical profession. We remember Betty as a rather tiny school-girl, and then as a local bank clerkess, before she found her chosen profession in nursing.

Mrs Gilchrist (Jean Mackenzie), recently married, takes up life with her husband in Assam.

We congratulate Mrs Gordon (Ann Paton) on her husband's promotion to be accountant at Huntly.

Mrs George Grant (Jane Stewart) has married back into Strathspey.

Margaret Grant of Tullochgribban now teaches in Lossiemouth.

We congratulate Mrs Hamilton (Evelyn Mackintosh) on the birth of a son.

Fresh honours have come to Grace Kirk, awarded a scholarship to tour Scandinavia two months in order to study nursing problems and techniques.

Dr Mabel Lawson, still active in retirement, had the honour recently of handing over prizes and awards to out-going nurses at Aberdeen Royal Infirmary.

Mr and Mrs Lugg (Jean Burgess), whose adventures in Cuba and the Far East have been recorded in our numbers, plan retirement in this country.

Morna Mackenzie was on holiday here recently, but has returned to her dazzling life in the Bermudas.

We learn, belatedly, of Mrs Matthew Mackenzie's transfer from Alford to Aberlour. Her brother, Charles Campbell, also once at this school, died in Inverness this spring.

From Inch we hear from Evan Mackintosh, who thinks he must be one of the oldest F.P.s.

Marjory Mackintosh has transferred to London and to school dentistry.

Sandy McLure is now a Forestry student in that charming Snowdonian nook, Betws-y-Coed.

Mrs Mitchell (Judy Stuart) thrives in Killin, teaching Music and the Control Class, while her husband supervises the golf course.

Mrs John O'Connor (Dorothy Cameron), after being whisked romantically away to the north of America and to marriage, is now settled in Seattle.

Margaret Ross, whom we remember as a member of the delightful 1945 L.C. class, has been promoted Senior Woman Assistant in a Glasgow School. She has to deal with welfare; and, as she says, it is a challenge.

Mrs Scott (Alison Stuart), recently blessed with a daughter, is now a near neighbour at Kincaid.

We have a note from Catherine Smith, who rejoices that Cairngorm developments enable her to ski in this country.

We also have news from Mrs Squires (Isabella Moyes), who tells us of the creation of an artificial island at Montreal in preparation for the World Fair of 1967.

Mrs Tetley (Mary Hogg) has set up a hair-dressing establishment in Kingussie.

We congratulate Mrs Threadgold (Elizabeth Campbell) and Mrs Weston (Sheina Donaldson), each of whom has been blessed with a son.

* * *

Now for a few notes on Old Guard Exiles.

We heard lately of Mr and Mrs Hunter, both looking well, at the National Mod in Aberdeen, where some of our school vocalists did well.

We were pleased to hear more directly from Mr Wilson, whose keen interest in the Magazine we appreciate.

We congratulate Mr W. Templeton on his promotion to be accountant in the Portree branch of his bank.

John Clark, after a spell of service in Aden, is back in Britain.

Walter Dempster has joined the ranks of the married, and Keith Donaldson of the engaged.

Duncan Howlett, we hear, after slow initial progress, is recovering from his severe motorcycle accident.

We congratulate, very belatedly, members of the Innes family of Carndearg on promotions and successes. Walter is a regional transport supervisor with Wimpey, Arthur is a transport supervisor, and Fraser has recently acquired his own business. John, now the father of four, loves to holiday on the Grantown golf course.

Gordon Jack, after an adventurous and not unprofitable roundabout, is back in Grantown Post Office.

Gordon MacGregor is now settled in Alyth.

Keith McKerron, another returned colonial, has set up as hotelier in Findhorn.

Angus Mackintosh has moved yet again, to Arbroath, still as R.N. Instructor.

Donald McTaggart, we hear, is now a Geography lecturer in Kuala Lumpur University.

His brother, Neil, is, of course, also married.

We congratulate Ron Philip on attaining his Medical Degree. His hospital year is being spent in the sunny Bahamas, with facilities for all kinds of sport.

Alex. Ross follows in brother Walter's footsteps and is now a trainee policeman in London. There is a prospect that Walter may be posted to Scotland in the New Year.

We congratulate another policeman, Gordon Smith, on promotion to sergeant.

Nicholas Spence is now a sales engineer with British Aircraft Corporation (Guided Weapons).

John Stuart, now settled in this country, has had an eventful year, with marriage at the beginning, a son at the end, and promotion as well.

We also congratulate William Thomson on promotion to manager in the S.C.W.S.

Ian Walker, after an enjoyable spell in Kenya, was recently on leave here. He is now stationed in Surrey.

Stanley Wright has landed a nice job as electrical laboratory technician in the West Country and now resides in Somerset.

LOCAL

A few brief notes here.

We congratulate Sandy Calder on being allocated a council house in Grantown.

John Duncan, with a change of abode, looks like entering the hotelier ranks.

Congratulations to Mr and Mrs Angus Gordon on the birth of a daughter.

Jimmy Grant's new home looks like improving the appearance of Woodside Avenue.

Mrs Edith Mackintosh and Ian Mortimer have both erected new houses in Grant Road. Ian's is ingeniously named Ettrian.

Congratulations to Mrs Maclean (Helen Calder) on a happy event and to Mrs McLeod (Elizabeth MacGregor) on marriage.

Roy MacGregor, recently married, sets up house at Grange Cottage.

We condole with Mrs MacLaren (Jeannie Nicoll) in two heavy bereavements, and with Isa and Sandy MacPhail in their sad loss.

Edwin Munro and family also experienced bereavement this year, though it ended on a happier note with Pat Munro's marriage.

OBITUARY

MR CHARLES MUNRO

A familiar summer figure in Grantown was that of Charles Munro, the retired banker. A degree of difficulty in hearing made him a rather solitary figure, but his step was light, as befitted a former all-round sportsman, his quiet greeting was friendly, and he had a way with children.

He began his bank service in the National Bank in Grantown, but spent most of his service with the Standard Bank in Durban.

His health failed rapidly this year, and he died in hospital at the age of 82.

MR CHARLES H. CRUICKSHANK

Charles Cruickshank, of Leantack, died in Freemantle, Western Australia, on 1st August, at the age of 53.

It was 35 years since his emigration to Australia, where he had a varied career,

serving as manager on a sheep farm, serving in the Australian Air Force, teaching in an agricultural college and running his own sheep farm.

MR FINLAY CUMMING

Finlay Cumming was educated at Paisley Grammar School, but, like his father, Mr H. G. Cumming, he loved the mountains of Scotland and especially of Strathspey. The climbing accident which involved his death seemed a blow to the whole community, the premature end of a promising career.

MRS JESSIE A. MACDOUGALL

Mrs Macdougall, who died this year, was one of a distinguished local family, the MacLennans of Craggan, and, in her own right, a sweet and gracious lady. She also will be remembered in Grantown.

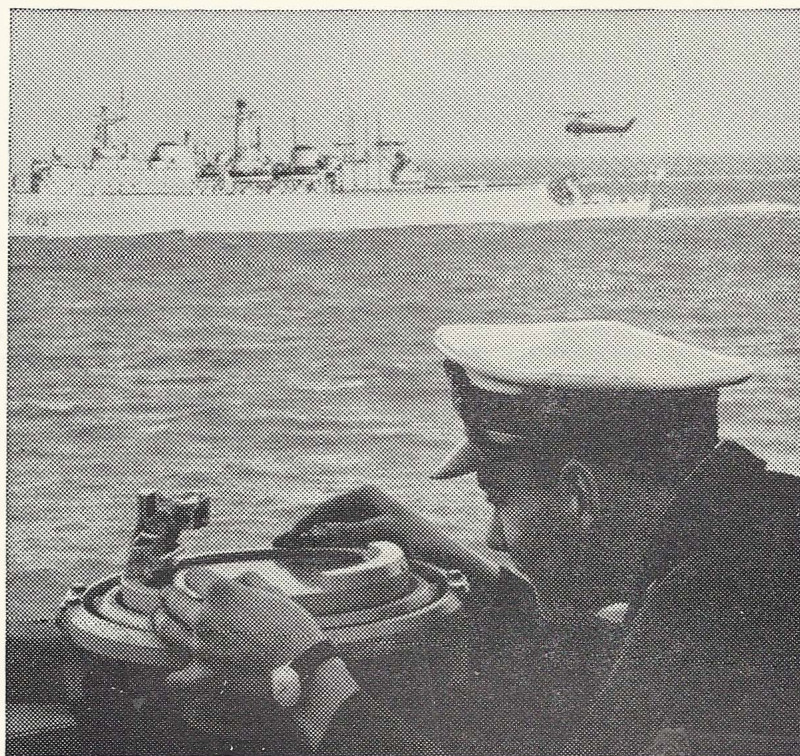
IN CONCLUSION

I again acknowledge our great debt to Jeannette, Martin and the others who have helped in producing the Magazine.

If you want to join us, remember the subscriptions—3s 6d for a year, a guinea for life membership.

And, once again, from us all, best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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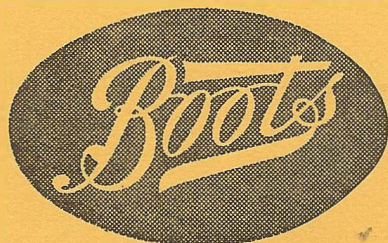
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