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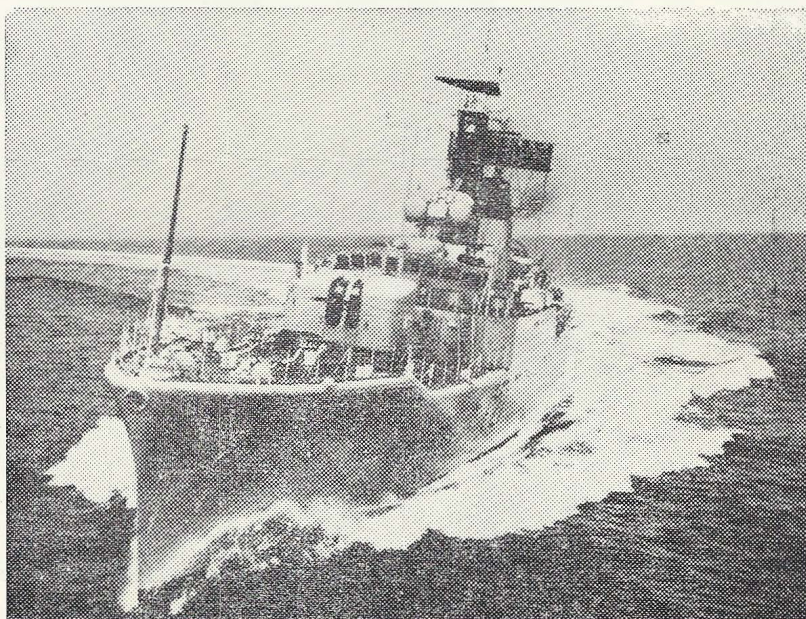
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H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh chats with Grammar School pupils during his visit to Elgin in October. The boys, who are all aspirants for Duke of Edinburgh Scheme Awards, are (left to right):—Andrew Smith, Silver, already holds Bronze; John McInnes, Michael MacGruer and Robert Smith, all of whom are trying for the Bronze. Since the Duke's visit the numbers taking part in the scheme have risen from nine boys to twenty girls and fourteen boys.



Class 3c boys "hard at it," preparing the ski slope in the school grounds for the winter snow.



The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 37.

DECEMBER, 1965.

Editor—Rosemary Mackinnon.

Sub-Editor—Ann Stuart.

Staff Adviser—J. Thomson, M.A.

Advertising Managers—

Elaine Davidson.

Joan Paterson.

Julia Fraser.

Editorial

IT has been my privilege to have been chosen to edit the Grammar School Magazine this year, and I hope that I have succeeded in keeping up the high standard of my predecessors.

As the older readers are aware, it is the fashion for teenagers to take over, and they have introduced many changes in behaviour, in dress, music and even a language which is practically foreign to the earlier generations. I have followed their example in introducing to the Magazine two ink drawings — an innovation, which I hope the readers will enjoy. At the same time the old ideals of the Magazine, which have served the community so well for so many years, are not forgotten, and I hope that the old and the new have made a happy marriage and a pleasing combination.

The School has lost a genial and kindly personality by the retirement of Mr Donaldson after twenty-one years in Grantown Grammar School. There is more on this subject elsewhere in the Magazine. His post

has been filled by Mr J. Thomson, whom we welcome to the School.

Our new School is definitely coming off, but we regret the longed-for swimming pool.

We cannot boast of record results in the Higher Certificates this year, but we can boast of an ex-pupil who won an Aberdeen University bursary against stiff opposition, and our achievements in the fields of academics, athletics and finance! are worthy of note.

Though I do not feel competent to deal with the wider range of subjects outside School, I must pay tribute to that great statesman and leader, the late Sir Winston Churchill.

The general outlook seems much the same as at this time last year—war, rumours of war and division of opinion at home.

I now take the opportunity to thank readers for their support, and to wish all friends of the Grammar School Magazine a Very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

SCHOOL NOTES

Shortly after mid-term, Mrs Hawkesworth resigned, and her place as teacher of P.T. for girls was taken until end of session by Mrs Hendry.

At the end of first term, Mr E. Hutchison, visiting P.T. master, was succeeded by Mr T. McArdle.

The 1965 Certificate of Education examinations began on April 28.

May 10-13 was Glenmore week-end when a party of teachers and younger Secondary pupils spent the usual three days there.

Grammar School entrants, trained by Mrs Calder, Music teacher, were again well to the fore at the Provincial Mod and at Badenoch Musical Festival.

Commonwealth Day was a second time celebrated by talks from senior pupils, on this occasion Elspeth Gow and Jill Hepburn.

In the course of the session, parties from Secondary 3B paid visits to interesting local installations. Pupils in this class also carried out a number of individual projects in Geography under the direction of Mr Hendry.

Elspeth J. A. Gow gained a place in the Aberdeen University Bursary Competition, and was awarded a bursary of £30.

Professor Nisbet, Professor of Education at Aberdeen University, gave the address at the School prize-giving on June 30. Mrs Nisbet presented the prizes. Dr Joseph Grant of Cromdale again presided.

Tributes were paid by Dr Grant and by the Rector, Dr Bain, to Mr G. E. Donaldson, Deputy Rector and Head of the English Department, who was retiring at end of session after 21 years of service in the Grammar School. Mr Donaldson was also the recipient of gifts from the staff, from the pupils and from the L.C. class.

R. W. Bruce Bain was Harvey Dux Medalist for 1965 and the only pupil to achieve the School possible of five Higher passes in Secondary 5.

Cairngorm Badges were awarded to Bruce Bain, David G. Macdonald and J. J. Ward.

At the July graduations at Aberdeen University five Former Pupils graduated — M. Lindsay Stephen in Arts, W. T. Reid in Law,

Torquil McKenzie and Arthur Jackson in Science, and D. D. Chisholm in Medicine.

From Secondary 4, 27 pupils sat O-Level examinations. Once again there was a limited entry for abler pupils. The total number of passes was 127.

From Secondary 5, 11 pupils sat Highers and O-Levels, gaining 25 Higher passes and adding 11 O-Levels to their previous quota.

From Secondary 6, 8 pupils sat additional subjects, gaining 14 Higher passes and also one pass in Dynamics and one in Analysis.

Three Evening Class pupils, instructed by Mr Hendry, gained O-Levels in English.

School resumed on August 24 with a roll of 479, 225 Primary and 254 Secondary.

Two new members of staff were welcomed at beginning of session—Mr J. Thomson as Head of the English Department, and Miss Shackles as P.T. Mistress.

Mr J. Smith took up duty as Deputy Rector in succession to Mr Donaldson, and Miss M. Legge took up the new responsibility of Deputy Head of the Primary Department. Miss Mariel Grant was appointed Lady Adviser.

The School team was placed fourth at the Scottish Schools' Ski Races at Glenfeshie.

Mr Donaldson was the guest of honour at the biennial dinner of the F.P. and Old Guard Associations in the Palace Hotel on March 26th.

We are indebted to Mr Liggat, our art master, for donating a car to the technical department, for instructional purposes.

Ex-Provost George Miller, school convener, donated a trophy for all-round achievement. The first winner was Elspeth Gow, Secondary 6.

At the North of Scotland Secondary Schools' Athletics Championships in Elgin, David McGillivray was first in the intermediate shot, Margaret Williamson third in the discus, and Sarah Coueslant third in the junior high jump.

The School Sale, opened by Provost Sir Thomas Shankland, C.M.G., on 23rd September, was an outstanding success. The record total of £563 6s 8d taken showed excellent team-work between parents, friends, staff and pupils.

Work on the new School started on 4th October.

1965 SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS

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

Dorothy M. George—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German, Maths., Latin, Arith.
 Elspeth J. A. Gow—H. Eng., H. Geog., H. Latin, H. Fr., H. German, Maths., Arith.
 Alasdair F. Grant—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Tech., H. Eng. Dr., Physics, Chem., Geog., Fr., Arith.
 Jill G. Hepburn—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Hist., H. Sc. (Chemistry, Botany), Maths., Arith.
 Mary McDonald—Eng., Arith., Home Management, Geog., Maths., Art, Botany.
 Jane C. McQueen—H. Eng., H. Maths., H. Sc. (Chemistry, Physics), El. Analysis, Geog., Fr., Arith.
 Kathleen E. G. Miller—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German, Geog., Maths., Arith.
 Ann C. M. Stewart—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Sc. (Chemistry, Botany), Geog., Maths., Arith.
 Christobel G. Terris—H. Eng., H. Latin, H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc. (Chemistry, Physics), Hist., Arith.
 John J. Ward—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc. (Chemistry, Physics), H. Tech., H. Eng. Dr., Dynamics, Hist., Arith.
 Margaret E. Williamson—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc. (Chemistry, Physics), H. Art, Arith.

Below are Class V passes over two years:—

R. W. Bruce Bain—H. Eng., H. Latin, H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc. (Chemistry, Physics), Hist., Arith.
 Irene Edwards—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German, H. Maths., Hist., Arith.
 John A. Foy—H. Eng., H. Fr., Maths., Fr., Physics, Arith.
 Julia M. Fraser—H. Eng., H. Fr., Hist., Maths., Physics, Chem., Arith.
 David G. Macdonald—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. Maths., H. Sc. (Chemistry, Physics), Latin, Geog., Arith.
 David M. Macdonald—H. Eng. Dr., Eng., Geog., Maths., Physics, App. Mech., Tech. Dr., Arith.
 M. Rosemary Mackinnon—H. Eng., H. Fr., H. German, Latin, Geog., Maths., Arith.
 Alistair G. Martin—H. Fr., Eng., Maths., Arith., German.
 Ireen M. McCulloch—H. Eng., H. Fr., Hist., Homecraft, Botany.
 John R. Ross—Maths., Physics, Applied Mech., Tech. Dr., Arith.
 Gordon F. Slaughter—H. Eng. Dr., Geog., Maths., Art, Physics, Applied Mech., Tech. Dr., Arith.

THE SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society continued to flourish this session with a satisfactory membership of twenty-five. Jay Ward, who proved to be an excellent choice as President, was assisted by Jane McQueen, Vice-President; Christobel Terris, Treasurer; Elspeth Gow, Secretary, and committee members Bruce Bain, David McDonald; Patrick Grant and Carol Stuart, while Mr Donaldson was once again Honorary President.

Our first full-scale debate, "Television—Is it a Menace?", was followed by a variety of smaller debates—"Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?", "Is there a Place for Monarchy in Present Day Society?", "Should the Voting Age be Lowered to Eighteen?" and "Is Ski-ing Over-developed in the Cairngorms?" This gave our keen debaters plenty of scope, while successful variations in our programme took the form of a Hat Night, two Matters of Opinion, and a highly enjoyable session of Juke Box Jury, which gave us occasion to wonder if we do not have a budding David Jacobs in our midst,

Perhaps the most entertaining activity of all was the session of "First Impressions," based on the popular television programme of that name. The subjects were three brave and sporting staff members—Miss M. Fraser, Mr Matheson and Mr Hendry—who somehow survived a barrage of ticklish questions, and their taped interviews afforded us great amusement.

The Townswomen's Guild once again kindly invited the society to provide an hour's entertainment, and a Matter of Opinion was duly held, with Vice-President Jane McQueen in the chair and Jay Ward, Bruce Bain, Carol Stuart and Elspeth Gow on the panel, answering the Guild's varied and refreshing questions. Our hosts seemed to enjoy listening to our rather frank answers, which both shocked and delighted them. But, on the whole, I think we succeeded in proving that young people's heads are not full merely of current pop tunes and long hair.

The School Debating Society has had a successful second year, and its future looks very bright indeed.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

BOYS

School Captain—David G. Macdonald.
 Vice-Captain—Patrick Grant.
 Football Captain—David G. Macdonald.
 Vice-Captain—Andrew Smith.
 Secretary to Prefects' Court—David G. Macdonald.
 Librarian and Museum Curator—Murdo Mackenzie.
 House Captains:—Roy—Patrick Grant; Revoan—David G. Macdonald; Revack—Thomas Ferguson.
 Vice-Captains:—Roy—Andrew Smith; Revoan—David Anderson; Revack—Murdo Mackenzie.
 Athletics Captains:—Roy—Andrew Smith; Revoan—John McInnes; Revack—David McGillvary.
 Vice-Captains:—Roy—Patrick Grant; Revoan—Fred Anfield; Revack—David Grant.
 Additional Prefects—David Anderson, Fred Anfield, Ronald Laing, John McInnes, Murdo Mackenzie, Andrew Smith, James Stewart, Donald Watt.

GIRLS

Head Girl—Irene Edwards.
 Deputy Head Girl—M. Rosemary Mackinnon.
 Hockey Captain—Julia Fraser.
 Vice-Captain—Ann Stuart.
 Games—Secretary—Carol Stuart.
 House Captains:—Roy—Irene Edwards; Revoan—Susan Croft; Revack—Julia Fraser.
 Vice-Captains:—Roy—Brenda Cook; Revoan—M. Rosemary Mackinnon; Revack—Sherie Sutton.
 Athletics Captains:—Roy—Brenda Cook; Revoan—Beatrice Oliphant; Revack—Sherie Sutton.
 Vice-Captains:—Roy—Christine Gordon; Revoan—Helen Grant; Revack—Catherine Fraser.
 Additional Prefects—Margaret Williamson, Mary McDonald, Susan Macgregor, Sheila Scally, Sherie Sutton, Anne Urquhart, Ann Stuart, Carol Stuart.

A TRIBUTE TO Mr DONALDSON

It is with great regret that we parted from Mr Donaldson, Head of the English and History Department, after his twenty-one years in Grantown Grammar School. All his pupils and friends wish him and Mrs Donaldson a long and happy retirement, and are glad that they are not leaving Grantown.

Few were better fitted for this post, for Mr Donaldson has two degrees—M.A. (Edin.) and an Honours English degree—B.A. (London), and he came to Grantown on 8th August, 1944, with wide teaching experience, having taught in Milne's High School, Fochabers; Portree Academy, Hope Higher Grade School, Orkney, where he was headmaster, and in Stromness Academy.

He had such a great and genuine interest in his work and in young people, that even the most reluctant scholar could not sit in his classroom and not be stirred, while to those who had a natural taste for English and History he was an inspiration.

As well as giving his pupils an excellent grounding in his subjects, he gave them something which will prove as valuable, and which will be remembered and appreciated when some things he taught may have been forgotten—a standard for living.

No pupil has passed through his hands without being affected by his ideals and his kindly, genial personality; his fund of quiet humour has driven home pleasantly many a truth so that he turned out not only good

scholars (he has had approximately 200 Higher English Passes and over 20 Higher History Passes), but also good citizens, as he himself is—witness his valuable service to Grantown as Treasurer to the Town Council and his unsparing work on behalf of the Church.

Some idea of the wide range of his interests can be gathered from the fact that he finds pleasure in things as diverse as crosswords, bowling, drama, motoring and reading. Do you wonder that we feel that Grantown Grammar School has been fortunate these twenty-one years?

Looking back on that time Mr Donaldson can truly say, "Exegi monumentum aere perennius" — I have completed a memorial more lasting than brass.



To mark his retiral in July, after 21 years' service to the school, Mr G. E. Donaldson, deputy rector and English master, was the recipient of gifts from both staff and pupils. The pupils' gift—a tea trolley—was presented by Christobel Terris, head girl, after tribute to him had been paid by Alastair Grant, school captain.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

IRENE EDWARDS (Head Girl)—She is as steadfast as a star. (Meredith.)

ROSEMARY MACKINNON (Deputy Head Girl and Editor)—With just enough of learning to misquote. (Byron.)

JULIA FRASER (Hockey Captain)—A committee of one gets things done. (Joe Ryan.)

ANN STUART (Hockey Vice-Captain and Sub-Editor)—A weary lot is thine fair maid. (Scott.)

CAROL STUART (Secretary to the Prefects' Court)—A voice so sweet was never heard in spring-time from the cuckoo bird. (Wordsworth.)

MARGARET TERRIS—Sober, steadfast and demure. (Milton.)

SHEILA SCALLY—A maiden never bold, of spirit so still and quiet. (Shakespeare.)

SHERIE SUTTON—She coude moch of wandrying by the weye. (Chaucer.)

SUSAN MACGREGOR—A fellow - feeling makes one wondrous kind. (Garriick.)

MARY MACDONALD—First then a woman will or won't, depend on't. (Aaron Hill.)

ANNE URQUHART—How shall we rank thee upon glory's page? (Moore.)

MARGARET WILLIAMSON—Plus painting

from rose-in-bowls to angry abstract. (B. P. Poster.)

DAVID G. MACDONALD (Head Boy, Football Captain and Secretary to the Prefects' Court)—I am monarch of all I survey, my right there is none to dispute. (Cowper.)

PATRICK GRANT (Vice-Captain)—At every word a reputation dies. (Pope.)

ANDREW SMITH (Football Vice-Captain)—Constancy, manliness, frank in a young face debonair. (Thomas Heney.)

MURDO MCKENZIE (Librarian and Museum Curator)—For every why he had a wherefore. (Butler.)

DAVID ANDERSON—I like work; it fascinates me; I can sit and look at it for hours. (Jerome K. Jerome.)

FRED ANFIELD—With the smile that was child-like and bland. (Harte.)

RONALD LAING—A real old master of the game. (Herbert Forjeon.)

JOHN MCINNES—We're none of us infallible. (W. H. Thompson.)

JAMES STEWART—Wearing the white flower of a blameless life. (Tennyson.)

DONALD WATT—I mean to make it understood, that though I'm little I am good (Inscription on an old bell.)

AN AFTERNOON WELL-SPENT

As I passed through Banchory quite recently I noticed a large sign in the centre of the village with the inscription, "Dee-side Lavender by Ingasetter," behind which stood a rather small, unpretentious building, which was the factory where the lavender was made. To my mind, this did not seem to be the kind of buildings where perfume is made. Nevertheless, as I was curious to find out how perfumes are made, my friends and I went nearer to inspect the premises. Just at that point a middle-aged man came forward and asked us if we would like to see round the factory. We were delighted at this invitation, so he led us into a large room where a number of people were already seated. The man, Mr Ingasetter, who was the head of the firm manufacturing the lavender, announced that he was going to show us a colour film and give us a detailed explanation as to how the perfume is made. The film showed that the lavender grew in the fields of Aberdeenshire, not far from the factory, and at certain times of the year, local girls picked the plant when ripe. It is then sent to the factory where about two tons of it are put into separate stills. (This means that large quantities of lavender have to be picked.) The plant is then crushed down into a liquid; this liquid is put into another still in which a certain amount of water has been added. This mixture is then distilled, that is, boiled to a certain temperature, with the result that the

pure lavender comes to the top of the liquid. It is interesting to discover that only a comparatively small amount of pure lavender has collected. The lavender is then extracted and allowed to cool. When it has cooled sufficiently, it is then bottled and stored in a dark place for a number of years, to mature.

"Catriona" perfume is also made here. This is a concoction of indigenous heather, moss, pine and birch—a true fragrance of Highland air.

Among other things that are produced here is "Vitamin Cream," which is supposed to rejuvenate the skin. I noticed that at the end of the lecture many women bought this cream, hoping that it would work miracles.

After the talk Mr Ingasetter conducted us round his factory. The first stop was where the perfumes were distilled. Here he gave us all a sample of hand-cream. I must say some of the men looked rather embarrassed when they were given a sample too.

He then took us through to another room where the perfumes are bottled. Here he gave all the ladies a dab of "Catriona" and warned them to be careful not to use the perfume too liberally, as the men became intoxicated by it!

All too soon it was time to go, so, after having bought some of the products, we bade goodbye to the others and left, feeling very pleased with ourselves.

SHEILA SCALLY, Va.

HEIDELBERG

Heidelberg impressed me as being an old and picturesque city, built on either bank of the River Neckar, a tributary of the Rhine, and surrounded by the forested hills of the Odenwald. Dominating the city on a hillside overlooking it is its castle, a magnificent, partly-ruined building. It can be reached by a small funicular railway, and although there is not much to see inside the castle, a splendid view of Heidelberg and the Neckar valley can be had from its battlements. During the Thirty Years' War, all of Heidelberg was burnt to the ground, excepting one building, the Hotel Ritter. This is still open to tourists, but is especially expensive, due to its historical interest. The main street is incredibly narrow and cobbled for a city of its size. It affords only room enough for the tram-lines and a single line of traffic. The street is characterised by a few department stores and cinemas, and many small, friendly shops, cafés and taverns which add a variety of colour to the scene. At one end of the main street, near the market-place, is the wonderful Gothic building, the Holy Ghost Church. Gay stalls selling souvenirs and second-hand books nestle between its massive buttresses. On the other side of the street are the University buildings, the oldest in Germany, with the famous Students' Prison.

As a result of the charm and beauty of the baroque houses, beautiful buildings and its historical interests, the city has inevitably become a great tourist attraction, especially to the Americans, whom one is sure to meet, equipped with camera and guide-book, in all the places of interest.

SHERIE SUTTON, Va.

**A TWISTED TALE
(THE LAST HALF-CROWN)**

Frank was down to his last half-crown. It had been his idea in the first place—the trip to Paris for a "second honeymoon"—and now this had to happen.

Marie, his wife, was still upstairs unpacking. She could hardly suspect that his stroll down for some fresh air had ended in total ruin for them over a card table. The cheque he'd just written had accounted for everything they owned.

Frank looked up from that last half-crown and saw the slot machine. It was one of the super-duper, special bonus jobs which paid £2,500 for one half-crown to the player who lined up the three correct symbols. That was almost exactly how much he had just lost. With a little luck —!!

Hands trembling, Frank inserted the coin and pulled the handle. If he did not win, he would lose his business, his wife would divorce him, his children would hate him and everyone else would despise him. The reels clicked to a stop with a bell, a cherry and an orange.

So he did, and she did, and they did and everyone did.

BRENDA COOK, Va.

PLUSCARDEN PRIORY

During the summer holidays I visited that well-known monastic house — Pluscarden Priory.

Surrounded by thickly-wooded hills, Pluscarden Priory lies in the secluded Vale of St. Andrew, to the south-west of Elgin.

The Priory, of exceptional beauty with its ivy-mantled towers and impressive thirteenth century architecture, owes its foundation to King Alexander II of Scotland, who dedicated it to St. Andrew, patron saint of Scotland. Originally it was inhabited by the monks of the comparatively small, and almost exclusively French Valliscaulian Order. For more than a century the monks lived peacefully, until the notorious Wolf of Badenoch ravaged the Priory, destroying the marvellous wall-paintings of the transepts. Even to-day marks of extensive damage by fire can be seen. After this, the Priory buildings gradually fell into disrepair, and the cloisters, where the monks had once walked, were littered with rubble.

Life, however, started again for Pluscarden in 1943. Benedictine monks returned and work on the preservation and restoration of the Priory commenced. The choir transepts, cloister buildings and the central tower, which were remarkably intact, were re-roofed, and the bells of Pluscarden once again rang out across the valley.

To-day the monks are completing the restoration of the Priory, in the reconstruction of the Prior's Lodging, the Refectory and the cloister, and also of the Precinct Wall, surrounding the buildings.

At the moment the Priory is a training-place for novices, and also a place of worship, work and reflection. Eventually we shall see a Priory restored to its former glory, yet fitted to be a religious house of the twentieth century.

ANN STUART, Va.

KINCARDINE CHURCH

Along the back road, from Nethybridge to Cowlum Bridge, stands a tiny church called Kincardine Church. It has been there for many years, in fact some of the graves date back to the early seventeenth century.

The lepers of the district all used to come to this church to hear the service. They used to stand at a tiny window, which has now been blocked up, near the door. So that they would not come into contact with the congregation, the lepers used to arrive when the people were seated, and they left before the end of the service.

To-day, this church is seldom used, except for occasional weddings. Long ago, when local girls went to be married here, it was considered unlucky for them to cross the Kincardine Mill Bridge before going into church. As the bridge was just in front of the church, they had to go there by a different route.

Because of its size and age, there is hardly ever a service held there any more; it is still, however, a place of great historical interest.

CATHERINE FRASER, Va.

A TRIBUTE TO A GREAT LEADER

In the following paragraphs I would like to pay my small tribute to one of the greatest men the world has ever known, and to whom we probably owe our freedom to-day, the Right Honourable Sir Winston Spencer Churchill, K.G., O.M., C.H., M.P.

To do full justice to this famous statesman, whose name will forever remain among the greatest leaders of our nation, is impossible. Yet it was as a writer that Sir Winston Churchill originally gained fame, and he has remained one of the greatest writers of this century. Before the turn of the century he was a war correspondent, and it was his fine descriptive letters he sent back to his newspaper that gained for him his reputation as a writer.

In 1900 he entered Parliament as a Conservative, but he later went over to the Liberals, and he became First Lord of the Admiralty. It was in this post that he played a prominent part in the First World War. His famous political career had begun. In 1924 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, which post he held until 1929.

In 1940, after the outbreak of the Second World War, he became Prime Minister, following the resignation of Neville Chamberlain. In one of his first speeches in the House of Commons, the new Premier stated that the task of suppressing Hitler would be a difficult

one, and that he had nothing for them but "blood, toil, tears and sweat."

His name will always be remembered as the inspiration of all the nations struggling for freedom from Nazi domination in these times of great peril. It was then his talent as a born leader showed up admirably.

After Britain had gained domination of the skies, as a result of the Battle of Britain, Churchill complimented the few gallant pilots by saying these world-famous words: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Under his inspiring leadership, Britain finally overcame the Nazi régime, and won the war. Winston Churchill then resigned, but was elected Prime Minister again in 1951. In 1955, after he had been made Knight of the Garter, all Parliament assembled to honour Sir Winston Churchill on his eightieth birthday. The following year he resigned the Premiership and was succeeded by Sir Anthony Eden.

Although stamps have been printed, coins minted and memorials erected in memory of this celebrated writer and politician, whose death earlier this year stunned the world, little is required by many to remember the name of Winston Churchill—a great leader of a great nation.

DAVID G. MACDONALD, VI.

AN EVENING TO REMEMBER

One evening, whilst on my holiday in Edinburgh, I was taken to watch the Military Tattoo on the Castle Esplanade. After excitedly having found our seats we waited patiently for the show to begin.

A few minutes later, a blaring announcement was made over the loudspeaker—"Will you please stay in your places." We were all wondering what was going to happen when suddenly James Bond's grey Aston Martin went shooting up the esplanade, over the drawbridge and under the portcullis. The crowd was becoming rather restless during the long wait which followed, but soon everybody was seated and the fanfare was sounded by the Royal Marines. They looked magnificent with their gold trumpets. The spotlight showed them up in their navy blue and red uniforms with gold facings. Their gloves and helmets were white. The massed pipes and drums then played a selection of Scottish songs which included "Haughs o' Cromdale," and "My love, she's but a lassie yet." They made our hearts leap as they marched up and down with their kilts swirling, the pipes playing and the drums rolling. The Fiji Military Forces were a wonderful sight in their red and white uniforms. The jackets were red with gold buttons. Blue tassels were hanging from a blue and gold sash which was draped around their left shoulders. They wore white skirts called "Salus," which were straight, and Van Dyked at the foot. Between the jacket and skirt they wore a blue and white

belt. They also wore white gloves. Their choir sang a selection of Fijian love-songs, accompanied by the music of the "derva," a hollow length of bamboo. The dance they performed was called "Mekes."

It was James Bond's turn next, Goldfinger had to be rescued from Odd-Job, who was keeping her prisoner. The plan was that the Commandos would scale the castle-wall and raid Odd-Job's house, rescue Goldfinger and blow the house up. Then Bond would put Goldfinger in the car and drive off. The plan went wrong, however, and Odd-Job escaped and tried to shoot Goldfinger, but Bond protected her with the bullet-proof shield on his car. He then shot Odd-Job and flew out of the arena at a terrific rate, leaving a smoke-screen behind him.

The Grand Finale was the most splendid sight I have ever seen. All the bands, the Fijians, Royal Marines, Prince of Wales' Dragoon Guards, Seaforths and Camerons, The Royal Scots Greys, The Queen's Royal Hussars, and The Gordon Highlanders made the esplanade seem a splash of colour—red, white, blue, gold, green and yellow, wherever the spotlight was shining.

Last of all there was the solitary piper standing silhouetted on the castle-wall, playing a lament. He was a ghostly figure.

None of us wanted to leave, to return to the quiet flat after our happy evening.

JOAN NEILSON, IIIa.

MUSINGS A LA "HAMLET"

To swot or not to swot: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis wiser through the day to labour
 And thereby win approval from the teachers,
 Or to ignore the mounting pile of schoolbooks,
 And read a hidden novel? To sleep, to dream;
 No more; alas, one cannot in a noisy class-
 room slumber,
 And doing so escape all punishment, 'tis a
 happy day-dream
 That rarely is fulfilled. To sleep, to dream:
 And then to be aroused: ay, there's the rule;
 For who can answer to the wrathful voice of
 Justice
 When guilty conscience checks each frail
 excuse;
 It gives us pause those to respect
 Who wield the leather with a heavy hand;
 For who would bear the stinging, biting
 stroke,
 Rather than teachers' loud commands obey,
 Or hundred lines to write, or extra work,
 Or mission to the study, there to wait
 Until harsh punishment is meted out,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With well-learned lessons? Who would stay
 inside
 On pleasant evenings to do his homework,
 But that the dread of something worse than
 death,
 Some awful vengeance hanging overhead,
 Spurs him to work, although he'd rather be
 Playing at golf or football in the sun,
 Than puzzling over books which make him
 sigh?
 Thus strapping does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native trait of idleness
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,
 And deeds of mischief and of ill-intention
 Because of this rest in oblivion,
 And pupils bend to action.
 M. ROSEMARY MACKINNON, VIa.

MISCELLANEOUS

Melancholy: A passion for melons.
 Oxymoron: A fresh air fiend.
 How do you stop a stampede of elephants?:
 Phone trunks and reverse the charge!
 Dignity: Something you can't preserve in
 alcohol.
 The best way to keep your youth is not to
 introduce him to anyone else!
 Chemist's sign: We dispense with accuracy.
 Café sign: Have a coffee and roll downstairs.
 Butcher's sign: School-leavers wanted for
 butchering.
 Laundry sign: Why have your laundry torn
 to shreds by machinery? Let us do it
 carefully by hand.
 Hint for Debaters: The longer the spoke, the
 bigger the tire.
 Beauty is only skin dope. . . .
 Scandal: Giving someone the benefit of the
 dirt.
 Woman still rules the kitchen: The pan is
 mightier than the sword.
 4 p.m. on Friday: Close down.

LYNN MARSHALL, V.

GRANTOWN GOLF COURSE

Situated in the vicinity of Grantown is the
 golf course, one of the main attractions of
 the town.

The Grantown-on-Spey Golf Club was
 formed in 1890, when a nine-hole course was
 made. It originally stretched over 35 acres,
 but since then, with extensions and alterations
 from time to time, it now stretches over
 approximately 90 acres. This sporting 18-hole
 course is justly popular with both high and
 low-handicap players. The standard scratch
 score is 69, and the length 5,672 yards.

It must seem to the tourist a real Scottish
 course, with majestic pines lining the majority
 of the holes, and the beautiful views of the
 many-coloured Cromdale Hills, and of the
 Cairngorms in the background.

One hole, the ninth, is especially pictur-
 esque, with heather covering a large stretch
 of the fairway—the hiding-place of many a
 good ball.

The greenkeeper and professional, Mr M.
 Mackenzie, undertakes any minor repairs and
 sells any golfing requisites.

Some of the tournaments run for club
 members are the Muckerach Cup in May, the
 Law Cup in August, and for visitors the G. H.
 Darvell Trophy, also in August. These are
 just a few of the attractions of this delightful
 course.

RONALD LAING, Va.

FOUL PLAY

When the crucial moment arrived, he found
 himself paralysed with fear—he was unable
 to do that foul deed—but he had to. Stealing
 himself he groped mechanically for the heavy
 axe, and, as he tested it for sharpness, he
 thought of the consequence his action might
 incur. But it was too late to go back now.
 Creeping up behind his unsuspecting victim,
 he raised the axe and struck. The blade
 whistled through the air and landed with a
 sickening crunch. The ground all around was
 bespattered with red, and his victim lay in a
 crumpled heap at his feet. What was he to do
 now? Filled with remorse and revulsion for
 this heinous crime, he lifted the corpse and
 carried it to a shed where he proceeded to
 pluck the hen in preparation for his Sunday
 dinner.

"Dracula."

MURDO MACKENZIE, Va.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

This year I visited Stratford-on-Avon. We
 arrived in the morning, and after looking at
 the shops we went and had lunch at the
 Royal Shakespeare Theatre. Having time to
 spare, we went and rowed on the river. When
 we came off the river we walked back to the
 theatre to see "The Merchant of Venice," and
 we thoroughly enjoyed it. I waited at the
 stage door for the actors to appear, and
 managed to get some autographs.

FIONA HENDERSON, Ia.

OUR VISIT TO HARRISON'S WOOLLEN MILLS

The weather was fine when I set off in the 'bus, along with my classmates, on an educational tour of Harrison's Woollen Mills in Elgin.

After the journey, which lasted an hour, we arrived in Elgin only to discover that no one knew the way to the mills. When eventually we reached our destination, everyone clambered out of the 'bus and stood waiting for our guides to arrive.

We were split up into three groups, and I was fortunate enough to have Mr Harrison—the owner of the mills—as guide for our party.

First of all we were led into a large storage warehouse and Mr Harrison proceeded to show us many different types of wool, among them the coarse wool of our own black-faced sheep and the lovely, soft Kashmir wool.

From here we were led into a smaller shed from which issued a vile smell. Here the wool underwent several washing and drying processes, involving some complicated machines.

In the next shed we visited, the newly-cleaned wool was dyed and then spun and twisted into yarn. The machines used in this process were fairly simple.

Next we visited a larger shed in which a large number of women worked. Here there was no smell but the noise was tremendous. This process turned the thin, washed, dyed yarn into wool ready to be woven into cloth. We were then told about the weft and the warp threads—and in the large machines which were employed, a shuttle was employed to entwine the two to make plain cloths, patterns and tartans.

Next came a series of smaller processes, where a few experts checked over the cloths for flaws, finished off all the loose threads and did other odds and ends. Lastly the cloths were brushed by large rollers with teasels attached to them, to make the cloth smooth and fluffy, and the garments were then put through a steam pressing-machine, coming out as perfect, finished garments.

Later a pre-selected pupil proposed a vote of thanks to Mr Harrison for a most enjoyable morning.

ALAN STUART, IVa.

AMBITION

My uncle was a liftman.

He intended to reach the top—

It's good to be ambitious

But he should have known where to stop.

He went up and up and up,

Forgot to press the bell—

Where he is, to this day

Nobody on earth can tell.

I wonder who has the best rockets:

Is it Russia or U.S.A.?

I really think my teachers have—

I receive them every day.

PATRICIA GRAY, IVa.

THE GROSS GLOCKNER

While on holiday in the Austrian Tyrol this summer, I went on many sightseeing tours in Austria, Germany and Italy. The tour which impressed me most was the one to the high Gross Glockner mountain.

Since the Gross Glockner was about 100 miles away from Seefeld, where I was staying, it meant that we had to leave at seven a.m. The scenery was beautiful. At ten a.m. we stopped at a lovely little town on the lake, Zell am See. After a short break we continued on our journey.

Soon we arrived at the foot of the 12,460 feet high mountain, where a toll had to be paid. The road was very steep and had many bends, very like a spiral staircase. Although it was July the mountain was covered in hard-packed snow and large icicles hung from the rocks. At the top, it was snowing heavily.

We had a one-and-a-half hours' stop at the summit for lunch, when we took many photographs of the snow-covered mountains and of the wonderful views. After having had our lunch, and buying postcards and souvenirs, we set off down the other side of the mountain.

Going down the mountain was easier. Again the scenery was beautiful. The melting snow had formed huge, fast-flowing waterfalls which ran down the mountain to the road, where they met water-channels built along the side of the road.

At the foot of the mountain we once again stopped to take a few more photographs. Here, helped by our Austrian driver, we climbed a little way, looking for Alpine flowers. Unfortunately we did not find the edelweiss, but we were very happy with our find—the gentian and the Alpine rose.

It was now three o'clock and we still had a three-hour journey in front of us, so we had to leave the mountain. Many miles further on, the snow-capped peaks, stretching high up into the clouds, could still be seen.

I do not think I will ever forget the day I spent on the Gross Glockner.

JOAN PATERSON, IVa.

THE DEFENCE OF MOSCOW

All through the day and far into the night
the French guns hammered at our city,

While every patriot ran to fight

Rather than hide or beg for pity from those
who dared to crush us 'neath their tyrant
feet,

Or in a surge, to try and rush us from our
posts above the street:

Then as we rallied for the final blow, a man
rushed in and cried, "They're on the run!"

We all rushed down into the freezing snow,
And at a glance we knew we'd won.

For where those mighty French had held the
hill,

The dying bugler's "Full Retreat" came loud
and shrill.

JOHN McINNES, Va.

A VISIT TO THE TELEVISION CENTRE

One evening this summer, two friends and I had the marvellous opportunity of being shown around the B.B.C. Television Centre in London.

On driving into the car-park, our view was dominated by a huge curved building with hundreds of glass windows and doors. Immediately in front of us when we went inside was the reception-desk, where we were able to obtain a programme showing us the times of the various rehearsals, and which studios we were allowed to see. We took the lift up to the third floor where there were some viewing rooms. These were small rooms with a window the size of one wall, looking on to a studio below. The first studio we looked into was divided into different sections to represent rooms. There were vast numbers of lights, cameras and people. People with scripts, people rushing around telling others what to do, people acting and people shifting scenery—so much activity that I almost felt guilty to be on holiday. The viewing-room across the corridor looked on to an empty studio which was all prepared for the next day's work. Lights and wires were hung up tidily and cameras were in position, but everything looked bare and lifeless, in stark contrast to the activity across the way.

From the roof of the centre there was a view of the roof-tops for miles around, with all the high buildings standing out. The slender G.P.O. tower was especially noticeable, despite its distance. White blocks of newly-erected flats looked out of place among the black, grimy slates and chimneys, and directly below us the cars looked like coloured beetles scuttling to and fro. All too soon it was time to go, and we left behind us something that we would always remember—the Television Centre.

ELAINE DAVIDSON, IVa.



TO A SCHOOLBOY

Now listen to my story if you want to waste your time,

To the non-existent metre and the ridicULous rhyme.

'Tis the story of a schoolboy who for meagre wages tried

To work from dawn till midnight till he very nearly died.

Now you've heard my rhyme and metre, and you've guessed—the spelling too,

So with only three more verses you may get the whole way through.

'Tis the story of a schoolboy, whose first job was to beat

The purple heather moorlands, which gave blisters to his feet.

He drove grouse to the shooters where they they fired a shot—Hard Luck!

Though they failed to hit the quarry, the beaters had to duck.

So he worked hard through the summer till the school-bell rang once more,

But he laboured still on Sat'day till he found this work a bore.

Thought he'd try the tattie-picking 'cos he thought that only meant

Picking little tatties, but—his back was sore and bent.

He worked hard during holidays till he could do no more,

For I told you just three lines ago—his back was bent and sore.

Moral:

Now here's my little moral, the best you'll say you've seen,

NEVER write a poem for the old School Magazine.

SIMON MACAULAY, IIIa.

THE SCHOOL ALPHABET

A is for Algebra, all x's and y's.

B is for Biology, all bluebottles and flies.

C is for Chemistry all test tubes and gases.

D is for Drawing (Just can't miss these classes).

E is for English with its phrases and verbs.

F is for French (Sounds funny, queer words!).

G is for Geography, for lands, mountains, mines.

H is for Homecraft, best left for the "quines!"

I is for Inkies, a blot on the week-end.

J is for Jumping we do at term end.

K is for Knowledge—shows us clever or dim.

L is for Lines, borne bravely, but grim.

M is for Music (How some of us suffer!).

N is for Nature (the going gets tougher).

O is for 'O'-levels we need for a career.

P is for P.T., "the four minutes" should be near.

Q is for Questions we're asked every day.

R is for Reports (They seem destined to stay).

S is for Ski-ing, every day if we could.

T is for Techy work in metal or wood.

U is for Using our imagination.

V is for Viewing the School TV Station.

W is for Werk (We do it. We must).

X is for Corrections, for crosses and losses.

Y is for Youth, its laughter and worry.

Z is for Zest, shown at four (p.m.), such a hurry!

STUART MACDONALD, IIa.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER

The first thing that caught my eye at the Nethy Games was the fortune-teller's little tent. It was just the same as always; the tartan rug still hung over the doorway and the large yellow board outside still explained that Madame Parlo was a gipsy and that she had been born in Yugoslavia. But no longer was I afraid of this mysterious woman. Instead I could not wait to meet her. I stepped forward boldly and, pulling aside the rug, I walked in.

She was seated on a plain wooden stool. In front of her was a low bench covered with tartan rugs. As I sat there it came to my mind that this woman had great personality. It is true, I am sure, that she was a gipsy because she was just as I have always pictured them. Her hair was very dark, but not much of it could be seen as she wore a grey turban-like scarf around her head. Her eyes were a very dark brown and glinted rather wickedly. Long ear-rings of tarnished bronze adorned her dark, sallow skin. As she put out her hand to collect my money, I noticed that her hands had a worn look, perhaps a sign of hard work. She wore a pink, woollen shawl over her blue cardigan and her ankle-length black skirt was made of a silky material.

As she spoke to me, never once did her eyes meet mine. In fact, she seemed to be looking everywhere except into my face. There was a nasty frown on her face whenever a noisy or laughing child passed by.

Above the noise of the pipe bands and the crowds I heard her say to me that soon my family and I would be going to a wedding and that I would be going to travel across the sea. I was glad to know that I would have plenty money and a bright future. She then produced the crystal ball, saying that if I paid five shillings extra, I could be told the initials of my future husband. I could not afford that doubtful luxury so I hastily got up and quickly left her to tell someone else's fortune.

NANCY BLACK, IIIb.

SEASONAL SCENERY

In spring the snow is melting and the dainty flowers appear.

It's getting warm in England, but it's still quite cold up here.

In summer-time it's warmer and the hills are purple-blue;

The scenery's quite beautiful, the streets and buildings too.

In autumn every tree turns a deep shade of brown,

The red and rust leaves fall gently, down, down, down.

In winter there's a contrast when the landscape is white;

All the land is beautiful in summer, winter and at night.

VALERIE GRANT, IVa.

CASTLE ROY

Castle Roy is situated on the east side of the Parish of Abernethy. It is a Norman castle, and was built in the reign of David I. Four walls are all that is left of it, but centuries ago it was one of the strongest fortresses in Scotland—or as they were called in those days, fortalices. It was protected on all sides, on the one side by the river and marshlands. It was situated on top of a hill, and was surrounded by a moat.

The castle was occupied by the Cummings until the year 1545, when a plague was said to have wiped out all the inhabitants. This, of course, is only legend, and no record has been found to answer the questions how or why it was abandoned. From the castle, secret underground passages are said to run to various places. One passage runs from the castle to the large house at Coulnachiele, now uninhabited. On the ground in the middle of the enclosed space there is a well, now blocked-up for fear of sheep falling into it. It is said that it leads to the entrances to the passages. Legend has it that if anyone should try to disturb the peace of the passages, the plague will be set free and will infect the village and kill the inhabitants. The plague is also supposed to guard a treasure left there by its last victims, but no one has yet ventured to find the truth in the legend.

To-day the castle is made up of four walls and stands about fifteen feet high, only the skeleton of what it once was.

ANDREW SMITH, IVa.

IN THE SADDLE

Oh, it's pleasant to be in the saddle,

When the wind blows hard in your face;

And you walk; and trot, and gallop,

While against the wind you race;

Where the harebell blooms by the roadside,

And the trees are green, for it's Spring,

And the bright-eyed birds in the hedgerows

In a tuneful chorus sing.

JANE MACAULAY, Ia.

MY DOG

Just a black, furry coat and two bright shining eyes,

An expression of love or a look of surprise;

A tiny black nose on a little round head

That somehow arrives at the foot of the bed;

A small smiling mouth at the end of a snout,

With a set of white teeth, and a tongue flashing out;

Four short, sturdy legs that must walk in the bog—

All of this, with a tail, is my fluffy black dog.

HEATHER ANDERSON, IIIa.

LIFE IN ADEN

The native people of Aden are nearly all Arabs. There are also a number of Somalis, Yemenis, , Indians and Jews. The language spoken by these people is Arabic. During the fifteen months we were there I learned quite a lot of Arabic words.

Their religion is Mohammedan, and Muslim fasting and festivals are still held throughout the year. At certain times of the day, the men must pray, and to do this they kneel down, facing the east.

Many of the women are still in purdah, as it is the custom, although many are changing to stylish Western dress. Purdah calls for black cloaks and veils. I thought it strange at first, seeing the women in the streets wearing these, but after a while I got used to seeing them. I would not like to have to wear this sort of clothing every day, as it would be too hot and stuffy.

During May and October little rain falls, but when it does rain it pours down. I was very glad to see the rain, as everything looked dry and sandy. It is quite a change from all the sand to see green trees and grass.

From May to September the climate is hotter owing to the high humidity; the temperature rises to 107 degrees. The heat did not bother me, but friends of mine were sent home after being in Aden for only one month, because the heat was affecting them. In October the temperature and humidity fall, and the days and nights are much cooler than they are in the summer months. The school I attended started at a quarter past seven and finished at twenty-five to one. During the morning there were two intervals. During the first one we could buy lemonade, crisps, biscuits or dough-nuts from the tuck-shop, and during the second one we got milk. Every Thursday we got either chocolate, banana, raspberry or strawberry-flavoured milk. In the afternoons I went swimming in the open-air pool beside our flat. Swimming was prohibited after six in the evening. They closed early because of the dangers of drowning. Many people were drowned while we were there because of their own stupidity in going swimming during the night. They were taking a big gamble and many of them lost their lives.

LYNDA ROBERTSON, IIA.



WAR HEROES

If it wasn't for our soldiers,
If they'd let our country fall,
Would Hitler be our ruler?
Would we be here at all?

We would have no pleasures,
We would not be free—
Oh! what would have happened
To us and our country?

With courage on the battlefields
And skill upon the sea,
The heroes of the last war
Fought for you and me.

They risked their lives in aeroplanes,
Faced danger every day,
But neither thought of giving in,
Nor tried to run away.

Not all of them are with us now,
Not all of them got free,
But they are somewhere watching
The results of their bravery.

They watch the wars in India,
The fighting near and far,
With pain and terror in their hearts
They read the Third World War.

MAIRI FRASER, IIIa.

SMELLS: A PARODY

Why is it that the poets tell
So little of the sense of smell?
These are the odours I love well.
The smell of cat food from a tin,
And sulphurated hydrogen,
Or refuse in a full dust-bin.
Rotting sea-weed on the shore;
An old forgotten apple core;
A mouse, dead for a week or more.
Sulphur, skunks and T.C.P.,
The odour of a tannery,
These are whiffs of gramarye—
A byre smells best of all to me.

DAVID ALSTON, IIa.

THE LADDIES O' THE DAY

Parents are obviously square,
What have they got against long hair?
In good King Charles the Second's age
Long hair and high heels were all the rage.
Fashions jig about like reels—
Again it's long hair and high heels,
Leather jackets, shiny black,
Tight jeans, they seem to be back,
And even man's best friend, the hound,
Appreciates the Mersey Sound!
Come on, folks, let's get live,
Beatlemania starts at five.
I'm sure that dear old Rabbie would
Appreciate these changes for the good.
The men of to-morrow, by future's sway,
Are the laddies of to-day.

CAROL STUART, Va.

THE BIG QUESTION

Oh! what can I write about,
What can I say—
Shall I make up a poem
Or think up a play?

Or compose a concerto,
Write a new song,
Or just try an essay?
No, that is too long.

I sit and I ponder,
It's an annual routine,
Writing this piece
For the school magazine.

What a trial! what a torment!
What a nerve-racking job.
I pick up my pen—
All I get is a blob.

I sharpen my pencil
Two or three times;
And rack at my brains
To think up some rhymes.

But nothing will come,
My mind is quite blank;
I might as well give up—
No tiger in tank!

PAMELA MACDONALD, IIIa.

PRIMARY MAGAZINE

A RIDE TO DREGGIE

One lovely summer afternoon my friend Catriona and I went a pretend ride on Catriona's pretend horses. We went up Dreggie and took a picnic with us. On the way, Jess, a sheepdog, followed us. Near a gate Catriona found a piece of string. She said, "We will use it for a lead." When we arrived at another gate, we threw a stick around and the dog had to fetch it. When we were playing with the dog, we tied our horses up. We were walking, trotting and cantering. After we had finished our piece we went to the dog's owner to return the dog. Then we went back to our own houses and put the horses into the paddock.

BARBARA SMITH, P.IV.

MY COUSIN'S DOG

My cousin has a little dog
Who's as frisky as can be,
And when I go to see him
He jumps and barks at me.

ALISON HENDRY, P.IV.

THE BOWLING PIN

I am a big white bowling pin,
I'm tall and very thin,
I have a number painted blue,
Which indicates I'm number two.

We are standing in our rows,
We're up and down like ten yo-yos,
I sometimes wish they'd pity me
And try to aim for number three.

Just imagine how I feel,
When the ball begins to wheel.
The ball goes flying down the lane,
Then the pins crash down in pain.

CHARLES ROSS, P.VIa.

THE TRIP

When we were in Amsterdam we were camping in a place beside the Olympic Stadium. One morning we went into the city but it was pouring rain. We went down a side street to a small place called "Jonnie's Snacks"—an American shop. There we bought a hamburger and roll. When we came out it still was not fair, so we went for a trip on the canals. There was a Dutch student who spoke nine different languages. We started off at two o'clock. The first thing that he told us was that there was a law that you pay on the amount of steps leading to your house. After a little while he showed us the smallest house. It was two storeys high and had two rooms. It was between a hotel and a cafe.

BILL JOHNSTON, P.V.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

When I was on holiday in Harris in July, I was most interested in the movements of the young herring. These are hatched by the million during the spring months and by the summer are about an inch in length. Each tide carries enormous shoals of these small fish, and on the way they are preyed upon by their enemies—dogfish, mackerel, saithe and all types of sea-birds. The larger fish pursue the shoals and gorge themselves upon small ones. I used to watch this procedure regularly when out in a boat, fishing.

JANETTE MACDONALD, P.VIa.

MY CAT

I have a big black pussy cat
Who loves to sleep upon the mat.
He likes to eat both meat and fish
And always leaves a nice clean dish.

SANDRA CARSON, P.IV.

AT THE SPEY

One very warm and sunny day,
I went with mummy to the Spey.
When mummy had our picnic laid
We played in the sand with pail and spade.
The sun was hot, our backs grew red,
We hurried home and went to bed.

LINDA RATTRAY, P.V.

"DANMARK'S AKVARIUM"

While on holiday, we visited "Danmark's Akvarium" near Copenhagen. We saw many sea-anemones in the first tank. They were very colourful—pink, yellow and brown. In the next tank were lobsters, shrimps, prawns, crayfish and crabs. I was surprised to see that they were quite a different colour than when they are cooked!

We also saw some eels and catfish; they were very ugly. Then there were lovely brightly-coloured coral fish and many small striped ones which looked like a football team. Lion-fish were in the next tank. They have poisonous spines which can wound a man fatally.

The tiny sea-horses which were in a smaller tank, looked as if they were from a fairy-tale and I bought a dried one to bring home with me. We saw a turtle being fed and it dived very gracefully to the foot of the tank to catch a bit of fish. I saw so many different shapes and sizes of fish that I cannot remember any more. After our tour of the aquarium we had our lunch and I thoroughly enjoyed some shrimps!

DUNCAN McGARVA, P.VIa.

A TRIP ON THE RHINE

During our summer holidays we went to Germany. We stayed in a little town called St Goar with friends of my father. As the house overlooked the Rhine we decided to take a trip down to Bacharach. One afternoon we went along the side of the river to the place where you get on the pleasure-craft. First we went on to the deck, where we had a drink of Coca-cola. As the steamer sailed away past the town, a record started playing which told us the story of the "Lorelei" which we were passing at that time. The "Lorelei" is a huge rock that juts out into the water. It is said, in days of old, passing ships were lured on to the rocks because the sailors thought they could see fair maidens on the "Lorelei" and they took their minds off their work and their vessels were dashed to pieces. As the river bed is all rocks, the captain of our steamer took on a pilot to guide the craft. After an enjoyable visit to Bacharach we sailed back to St Goar, once more passing "Die Lorelei."

CATRIONA JOHNSTON, P.VII.

THE MAN OF BOMBAY

There was an old man of Bombay,
He swallowed a mouthful of hay.
When asked, "Does it tickle?"
He answered, "A little,"
That stupid old man of Bombay.

AMANDA COUESLANT, P.VII.

MY BROTHER

My brother ain't a fool,
He does his lessons at the school.
He's sometimes good and sometimes bad—
He is an awful, awful lad.

MOIRA STRACHAN, P.VII.

A DRIVE TO DULSIE BRIDGE

One Sunday afternoon Mummy and Daddy decided to go for a run. So we all got into the car and set off. We went by the Dava Moor and over Glenferness Brae. We stopped to pick wild raspberries growing by the roadside. When we arrived at Dulsie Bridge we looked down to see the River Findhorn far below among the rocks. On the way home we saw two young roe deer grazing by the roadside.

BRIAN HAMILTON, P.IV.

MY HOLIDAY

During the month of July
We went to the Isle of Skye.
By river, glen and vale
We crossed to Armadale.

We motored many a mile
Exploring that lovely Isle.
We so enjoyed our stay
We'll go again one day.

FIONA GRANT, P.V.

A BEATLES' SHOW

The curtain goes up, the fans go wild
As John rocks into 'Little Child.'
'Roll Over Beethoven' George then sings—
This little number really swings.

The audience quietens for Paul to say
'How are you all to-night?—O.K!'
'All My Loving' is Paul's next song,
Followed by John's 'It Won't Be Long.'

There is little Ringo with his drumming,
Gorgeous George his guitar is strumming.
The curtain goes down as they play out
That fabulous rocker, 'Twist 'n' Shout.'

ELIZABETH STUART, P.VIa.



Provost Sir Thomas M. Shankland is presented with a box of golf balls by head girl Irene Edwards after he had opened the School sale of work in September. Also on the platform are Lady Shankland and Dr J. Bain, rector.

SPORTS SECTION

FOOTBALL

With only a few experienced players at his disposal, this year's football captain, D. G. Macdonald, had the unenviable task of finding new players from the junior classes to fill the ranks.

The season began on a bright note for Grantown, who gained a convincing 6-1 victory over an Aberlour-Dufftown select.

In the first three league games, decisive and heavy defeats followed at the hands of Forres, Milne's High and Nairn, bringing out the fact that hard endeavour does not replace skill and teamwork.

We found, however, a successful blend in our next home match against Elgin B. After a creditable display in the first half, we turned round at half-time with a two-goal advantage. Grantown managed to hold on, and finally emerged 3-1 winners. Scorers for Grantown were B. Bain, D. McGillivray and M. Irvine.

Our success continued in another home game against Milne's High. After dominating the second half, we won a well deserved 3-1 victory against much heavier opponents. Our scorers were D. McGillivray (2) and B. Bain.

In our last game we were convincingly beaten by Forres Academy.

Of the eight games played by the Second Year, two were won, one drawn and five lost.

The First Year team won one and lost one game.

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HOCKEY

Though handicapped by the loss of senior players, Kathleen Miller's team settled down to steady practice, and a junior eleven was formed to cater for the younger hockey enthusiasts.

Our senior team, however, started badly with two home defeats, losing 5-0 to Milne's High and 7-0 to Nairn.

We won our next match against Lossiemouth by 3-1, and we lost our return match with Nairn by 1-0, the winning goal being scored in the closing minutes of the game.

A match at Grantown against a combined Aberlour-Dufftown team was also narrowly lost, the game being played in a continuous downpour.

Several other matches were cancelled on account of bad weather.

The rather inexperienced junior team had a rough journey, losing heavily to Milne's High, Nairn and Elgin. A 2-0 win against Rothes brought some consolation, but at Lossiemouth we ran into a 10-0 defeat. It was lucky that the first team won their game. Several other junior games were cancelled.

GOLF

Although there was rather a shortage of 18-hole competitors, the number of 9-holers was very encouraging, and enthusiasm was high.

Our thanks are again due to Mr Hendry for devoting considerable time and energy to coaching beginners and arranging competitions.

Due to lack of numbers we had to rely, for our golf team, on six players, viz., Bruce Bain, D. G. Macdonald, David Anderson, Ronald Laing, Grant Cumming and Derek McCulloch. In our first match against Forres we lost 1½-4½, but the games were all well contested. Our second and last match, against Nairn, resulted in a disastrous 6-0 defeat.

The usual stroke and medal competitions were held. By defeating A. Martin in the final, R. Laing won the 18-hole competition, while J. Stewart was the winner of the 9-hole competition over D. Grant.

This year the Doig Shield took the form of a stroke competition. Teams from six schools played two medal rounds over the Grantown course. The Grammar School team consisting of B. Bain, D. G. Macdonald, R. Laing and D. Anderson finished third behind Nairn Academy, the winners, and Forres.

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SKI-ING

Despite the fact that some of the younger skiers seemed to have lost the enthusiasm shown for the sport in previous years, 1964-65 turned out to be an excellent season for those who did ski.

On the lower nursery slopes of the Golf Course and Dreggie, periods of good ski-ing were enjoyed at the end of the Christmas holidays and later in January, when several P.T. periods were spent in the snow. On three consecutive Saturdays there was an encouraging turn-out, and, on one day, 61 pupils had instruction from three of the instructors from the Scottish-Norwegian Ski School.

When the snow melted from the local runs, the keener skiers made an exodus to the Cairngorms, where conditions were never adverse enough to prevent ski-ing on any week-end throughout this excellent season. Despite Mr Corpe's encouragement it was difficult to get enough pupils for school excursions, with the result that the bus went up to the ski slopes only four times. Unluckily one of these excursions was clouded by the fact that Vivian Corpe broke her leg in a bad fall. (The Corpe family seem to be accident-prone!) Martin Riley also joined the ranks of the wounded when he, later, broke his leg, so putting himself out of the racing ranks.

Later in the season a school team travelled down to Glenshee to compete in the Scottish

- 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; relief postman.
- Angus Gordon (1943-45), Achnahannet; farmer.
- Herbert Grant (1942-45), Topperfettle; farmer.
- Hugh J. B. Hogg (1944-49), Burnfield; coalman, Messrs James Bruce & Son, 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), Kylintra Crescent; linesman.
- *Alexander Ledingham (1936-39), 1 The Clachan; photographer.
- Peter McGregor (1942-43), Castle Road; blacksmith.
- R. Grant MacGregor (1949-52), Grange Cottage; motor mechanic, S.C.W.S., Grantown-on-Spey.
- *James McLeod (1927-28), The Beachan; master builder.
- Alistair McLeod (1956-59), Ivybank, High Street; partner, 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), Parkburn, High Street; master plasterer.
- *George J. Paton (1943-45), 19 South Street; insurance agent, Pearl Assurance Company.
- *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, Seafield Estate.
- John R. Stuart (1933-38), 1 Spey Avenue; bookseller, Messrs Angus Stuart, High Street.
- Alan Taylor (1942-43), 8 Castle Road; telephonist, G.P.O., Grantown.
- *Roderick J. D. Thomson (1934-36), 8 Kylintra Crescent.
- *James Winchester (1924-26), Glengyle; manager, local Ministry of Labour and National Insurance Office, Grantown.

* Life Members.

LOCHINDORB FISHING COMPETITION

For yet another year I report the main Summer activity of the 'Old Guard' . . . which was the successful fishing competition at Lochindorb.

Attendances were good for this ever-popular outing, and competition keen, in fact so keen this year that the decision rested on the final half-hour's fishing.

Ian MacPherson was again the champion, though by the narrowest margin yet, only four fish between Ian and the runner-up, Robert Grant, Spey Bridge, with his brother, A. Grant, a close third.

The consolation prize went to our good

friend Jock Paterson with a number of fish of which I make no mention. I think, however, it is only fair to say that Jock missed two nights of the competition, and, like the good sportsman he is, he accepted his prize cheerfully, and, with his usual few well-chosen apt remarks, replied to the friendly 'ragging.'

Guards and visitors alike thoroughly enjoy these outings, made all the more pleasant by the help and encouragement we receive from Simpson Shaw, who I know looks forward to the night's fun as much as we do.

A. M. GRANT.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1965-66

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

The Club's Annual General Meeting was held in the Grammar School on Wednesday, the 10th of November, 1965, at 7 p.m.

Dr Bain, who presided, read apologies from Mrs Archibald and from Messrs Duncan and Calder. He also referred sympathetically to the deaths of five members:—Mrs Cairns, Mrs Leckie, Dr William Grant, Roderick Rattray and Colin McIntosh.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read by Mr Donaldson, acting secretary, and were approved. Mr Donaldson also read the financial report, which showed a balance of £75 15s 3d. This favourable position was due to a surplus from the F.P. Dance, and to the fact that the School had paid for the F.P. gift magazines. The report was approved.

Dr Bain referred to the Club's loss in the departure of Miss Jeannette Munro, the secretary, to Aberdeen. She had been met, prior to leaving, by a small deputation and had been presented with a work stool and a Tomintoul brooch. On that occasion, he had referred to Miss Munro's excellent record of work on behalf of the Club and to the loss sustained by the Club on her resignation.

Dr Bain also referred to the recent start made on the foundations of the new school.

The following office-bearers were then appointed:—

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, M.M., M.A., B.Sc.

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—Mr G. E. Donaldson, M.A., B.A.

Committee—Miss J. D. Donaldson, Messrs F. Calder, J. Duncan, A. M. Grant, J. J. Grant, G. Jack, A. Ledingham and J. A. Templeton, J.P., M.A.

The Secretary reported that about sixty Former Pupils had ordered School Magazines, some for a period of years. It was hoped that that this support would continue. The price for sending a Magazine was 2s 6d.

It was unanimously decided that seven prizes would be presented to the Grammar School for English, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Art, and Technical Subjects. Dr Bain thanked the F.P. Club on behalf of the School.

With reference to the Christmas Reunion, Mr A. M. Grant reported that it would again take place in the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, the 28th December. They would have the

same band and the same price of ticket, 15/6. Dr Bain expressed the Club's thanks to Mr Grant for his work in this matter.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

G. E. DONALDSON,
Honorary Secretary.

Exiles

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

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

*Mrs Adam Anderson (Shona G. MacDougall), Monaliadh Bungalow, Boat of Garten; Dunira, Cuninghill Road, Inverurie.

*Mrs George Angus (Ella A. Wood), Baimenach, Cromdale; Dalrannoch, Fleurs Place, Elgin.

*Mrs Howard Aston (Kathleen Mutch), R.G.N. (Edinburgh), D.N. (London), 28 High Street; 50 Hayes Road, Bromley, Kent.

*Mrs Robert Balfour (Dorothea M. Smith) (30 Kynlira Crescent); P.O. Box 170, Ndola, Zambia.

*Mrs Robert W. Bass (Christine A. Tulloch), Dallas Brae, Grant Road; U.S.A.

*Mrs George J. Beaton (Sheena S. R. McIntosh), 8 Castle Road East; Ness Castle, Inverness.

*Mrs Douglas A. Berry (Elizabeth M. McWilliam), M.A. (Edinburgh), Silverdale, South Street; Aultmore, 83 Balvenie Street, Dufftown.

*Mrs Archibald A. Beveridge (Elizabeth A. Gordon), M.A. (Aberdeen), Lower Dellieure; 240 Old Castle Road, Cathcart, Glasgow, S.4.

*Mrs Robert Birrell (Jean I. Donald), Silverdale, South Street; 75 Wester Road, North Mount Vernon, Glasgow.

*Mrs Guthrie Booth (Netta R. Hunter), Rosemount, Woodside Avenue; Nether Bogside, Elgin.

*Mrs John Boyne (Doris J. Cameron), Willow Bank; 237 Auldhouse Road, Newlands, Glasgow, S.3.

*Mrs James B. Braid, L.D. (Pamela Gibson), The Knoll; Ashstead, 89 Hepburn Gardens, St Andrews.

*Mrs William J. Bremner (Elizabeth M. R. Mackenzie), Gowanlea, Woodside Avenue; The Larig, Sheriffbrae, Forres.

*Mrs Edward Brooks (May Smith), 18 Castle Road; Caberfeidh, Old London Road, Benson, Oxon.

*Stanley J. W. Buchan, Grant Arms Hotel; Windyridge, 16 Willow Lane, London Road, Amersham, Bucks; gardener, Ian Fraser Building Operatives.

BIRTHS

BEATON.—On April 21, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Beaton (Sheena McIntosh), Inverness, a son.

BREMNER.—On June, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Bremner (Elizabeth Mackenzie), Forres, a daughter.

CHAPMAN.—On September 4, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald), Bedford, a daughter.

CLARK.—On October 2, 1965, to Mr and Mrs John Clark, R.E.M.E., Hants., a daughter.

COWAN.—On July 28, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Cowan (Wilma Irving), Gloucestershire, a son.

CRAIG.—On June 4, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Craig (Dorothy Calder), Aberfeldy, a son.

DEMPSTER.—On June 17, 1964, to Mr and Mrs W. Dempster, Echt, a son.

FRASER.—On October 15, 1964, to Mr and Mrs Robin Fraser, Aberdeen, a daughter.

FRASER.—On December 5, 1964, to Mr and Mrs W. Fraser (Elma Mitchell), Beaulieu, a son.

FRIEND.—On March 3, 1965, to Dr and Mrs Friend (Elizabeth Sim), Edinburgh, a son.

GORDON.—On April 29, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Gordon (Jessie Laing), Dullie, a daughter.

GRANT.—On August 28, 1965, to Mr and Mrs G. Grant (Jane Stewart), Tomdhu, a son.

JOHNSON.—On March 12, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Jim Johnson, Kingston-on-Thames, a daughter.

KEITH.—On July 5, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Colin Keith, Glasgow, a son.

McINTOSH.—On June 6, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Donald McIntosh, late of Rosehall, a son.

MACKENZIE.—On December 5, 1964, to Dr and Mrs A. S. Mackenzie, Banff, a son.

McLEOD.—On September 29, 1965, to Mr and Mrs McLeod (Elizabeth McGregor), Aviemore, a son.

McTAGGART.—On December 3, 1964, to Mr and Mrs Alan McTaggart, Easter Gallovie, a daughter.

McTAGGART.—On August 18, 1964, to Mr and Mrs Neil McTaggart, Edinburgh, a daughter.

PATON.—On June 8, 1965, to Mr and Mrs George Paton, Grantown-on-Spey, a daughter.

ROSS.—On May 2, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Ross (Margaret Anderson), Ardlach, twins (a son and daughter).

SHIACH.—On February 14, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Shiach (Margaret Smith), Edinburgh, a daughter.

SUTHERLAND.—On February 19, 1965, to Flt.-Lt. and Mrs Sutherland (Elspit McIntosh), Gloucestershire, a daughter.

VICKERMAN.—On June 18, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Vickerman (Seonaid Grant), Edinburgh, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

DONALDSON — SPENCER. — At Cramond Kirk, Edinburgh, on July 31, 1965, G. W. Keith Donaldson, M.B., Ch.B., B.Sc., to Gay Felice Spencer, of Edinburgh.

McCLELLAND — LAWRENCE. — At the High Church, Rothesay, on July 3, 1965, William McClelland, of Port Glasgow, to Elizabeth Margaret Lawrence.

McLEOD — GREEN. — At Nethybridge Church, on July 1, 1965, Alistair McLeod to Helen Green, of East Culreach, Nethybridge.

McCOOK — LEWIS. — At Cromdale Church, on March 29, 1965, Stuart McCook to Janetta Lewis, of Kyle of Lochalsh.

PARROTT — DOUGLAS. — At Inverallan Church, on July 15, 1965, Rev. Harry Parrott, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Catherine Douglas.

SPEER — MACKENZIE. — At Pocklington, on August 26, 1965, R. G. T. Speer, to Morna Grant Mackenzie.

SURTEES — HAZELTON. — At All Saints' Church, Belvedere, on November 7, 1964, Alistair Surtees to Molly Hazelton, of Belvedere, Kent.

WHITE — MACKINTOSH. — At St John's Church, Dundee, on August 14, 1965, Nicholas John White, of Basingstoke, Hants., to Marjory E. Mackintosh, B.D.S.

DEATHS

CAIRNS. — In London, Ontario, on August 1, 1965, Violet, beloved wife of Hugh Cairns and elder daughter of Mr Donald Grant and the late Mrs Grant, 107 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey.

GRANT. — At Warrington, peacefully, on August 20, 1965, William Grant, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. (Edinburgh), and L.R.F.P.S. (Glasgow), formerly of Briar Cottage, Grantown-on-Spey.

LECKIE. — At Stirling Royal Infirmary, on February 28, 1965, Marie J. Grant (of Higher Tullochgribban), wife of Hugh Leckie, Bannockburn.

McINTOSH. — At Bicester, Oxfordshire, on October 2, 1965, as the result of an accident, W. Colin McIntosh, formerly of Rosehall and 44 High Street.

RATTRAY. — At Brookwood Hospital, Naphill, Surrey, on June 21, 1965, Roderick M. Rattray, formerly of 12 South Street, Grantown-on-Spey.

**Dr BAIN'S F.P. RE-UNION TRIBUTE TO
Mr DONALDSON**

(With apologies to Chaucer)

An Orcaidian there was, and that a worthy man,

That from the time that he first began
To learn he loved English
Poetry and prose, sonnet and essay
Were meat and drink to him the livelong day.
To teach them well he soon made up his mind,
So that thereby he could assist mankind.

He went to Edinbro' when he was young,
And there he sought to learn the English
tongue
Of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden,
And other well-known literary men.
Of study he took most care and most heed;
Sometimes he spoke more words than there
was need.

He was always a model in his speech,
And gladly did he learn and gladly teach.

To Fochabers he went long years ago,
And there he met his Jean when quite a beau.
'Twas there that silently did Cupid strike;
Young George had found the girl that he did
like.

Strange that a lady, a Master of Arts,
Should take a fancy to a Bachelor of Arts;
But they together were a happy pair,
Who well enjoyed the social life down there.

Now, as it happened, twenty years ago,
To Grantown they came, with family also,
And well-beloved they speedily became
For worthy service in this town's name.
The welfare of the school was his first thought,
And pupils taking English were well taught.
And oft they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

The School Debating Club he did begin.
There pupils learned to argue and to win.
At home he often had at his bed's head,
Full many books all marked with blue or red.
But though he liked this way his books to
read,
At bowls he also liked "the wee short heid."
But bowls and other things have gone to
lobby,
Since car-driving has become his hobby.

The F.P. Magazine is his delight,
Especially the link which he does write.
Much has he written, and written well.
Who wrote THE RIPPLE? Dare we tell?
Yet truly ever can we say of him,
The matter that he wrote came from within.

At church he sings the service divine,
And cheerfully his wife does keep in line.
Full rich he is of holy thought and work,
He is a learned man, our Session Clerk.
At Sunday School devoutly he could teach,
And other times the gospel he would preach.

He is a very popular Burns speaker,
My Deputy Rector, my English teacher;
He is Strathspey's well-versed discourser,
Our guest, our playwright, poet, producer.
Since he in English-making is the best,
Pray God to give him now a well-earned rest.

THE RIPPLE

[Readers will again recollect that, because of a mysterious underground force controlled by Professor Black, the Grammar School has been evacuated. Two foreign Secret Service agents are investigating.]

At 9 p.m. that evening Mihailovitch and Martoff stood on the fifteenth tee and eyed the Grammar School closely. They had reason to wait, as Mr Corpe, playing a friendly game with Mr Hendry, had pulled his drive and was trying to locate his ball in the rough. Eventually he found it and, with a lucky recovery shot, found himself with a putt of six inches. Mr Hendry was hard put to chip up within reasonable range and to secure a half in three.

Meanwhile a solitary figure was walking up and down the school sports field. It was Professor Black, and no one would have guessed that the old walking stick that he carried was really a delicate instrument for measuring earth tremors. The professor's face wore a happy expression. At last, he felt, the vibrations of the force he had created were subsiding. Soon the Grammar School would be safe from THE RIPPLE.

(Continued on next page)

11 Springfield Gardens,
Aberdeen.

Dear Mr Donaldson,

May I, through the F.P. Section of the Grammar School Magazine, express my very sincere thanks to all members of the Former Pupils' Club who contributed so generously towards the presentation which I received before leaving Grantown-on-Spey. The beautiful work-stool and Tomintoul silver-craft brooch will always remind me of many happy years, not only as a pupil in the Grammar School, but also in my long association with the F.P. Club.

I very much enjoyed the work of secretary and it was well rewarded by the receiving of letters from former pupils in all corners of the globe. Although no longer in a position to play an active part in the affairs of the Club I shall always have its interests very much at heart and look forward to the arrival of my copy of the Magazine. As an exile I shall find it more interesting than ever.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Dr Bain for all he has done for the Club, and in particular, for his very efficient organisation of the Biennial Reunions. To you, Mr Donaldson, I would express my very sincere appreciation of your splendid work in connection with the Magazine over a period of many years, and also to all who helped in many ways during my seventeen years as secretary.

With all good wishes for the continued success of the Former Pupils' Club and with very grateful thanks to its members for their generosity.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JEANNETTE I. MUNRO.

Just then a golf ball whizzed past his ear. Martoff, playing after his comrade, had neatly sliced his drive into the school field. The professor stood still, and indicated the ball with grave courtesy as the two agents approached. Martoff took the initiative.

"You reside up there?" he inquired, pointing to the overhanging mass of school buildings.

The professor smiled simply and inanely. "I am having a little holiday here," he said. "I find the change refreshing, but the accommodation is rather primitive after Lambeth Palace."

"Yes," he added, "you may not recognise me, but I am the Archbishop of Canterbury. That gentleman there" — he pointed to a figure leaning over the wooden railing up above — "is actually the Bishop of London, though, very strangely, he hates being reminded of his identity."

Martoff took a long look at the professor, who returned his gaze steadily.

"Quite so," he said finally, then, addressing the ball, he hit a neat iron to the green. It seemed an omen of success to him, and he strode off, followed by his colleague.

Over the fence, he stopped and spoke with decision.

"That man was obviously deranged," he said. "We are wasting our time here. We return to London to-morrow morning."

And so, for weal or woe, the two agents pass out of our story.

Two minutes later, two figures moved on to the fifteenth tee. They were Mr Brown and Susan Black. Their golf had been of a standard to make any self-respecting golfer weep;

but they had been very happy.

"Tell me," said Mr Brown, "do you ever get bored with anthropology as a study?"

Susan Black looked down with a blush as she replied, "I used to find man as a species interesting; but I am beginning to realise that the individual can be much more interesting than the species."

Mr Brown's heart leapt in his breast; and somehow his eager glance met hers as she looked up. They both blushed, and, to ease the tension, she said quickly, "Isn't this a lovely setting? I think your golf course is the most beautiful I have ever seen."

"I couldn't agree more," said Mr Brown, "but, honestly, I have never seen it more beautiful than it is to-night."

* * *

And so, gentle reader, my story ends, without murder, without violence, without even sorrow. THE RIPPLE subsided. Grantown Grammar School returned to normal. So skilfully was the whole affair stage-managed that it was soon forgotten. One reason for this is that the Grammar School is always up to something new, and against experiments like the mass exchanges with Bergen and Avignon, the temporary evacuation we have described seems of trumpery importance.

By the way, Professor Black has now retired. His semi-detached house adjoins that of a young Psychology lecturer whose wife occasionally lectures in Anthropology. On such occasions the professor is a useful, though not wholly reliable, baby-sitter. However they all seem happy, and so we leave them.

They've Got Their Troubles—We've Got Ours

For people who live in glass houses we are remarkably addicted to throwing stones. At teenagers.

The very word has changed dramatically in meaning. Nowadays it has all sorts of extravagant associations, due mainly to the merciless spotlight which plays continuously upon our youngsters. Modern communications make it possible for teenagers' escapades to be known to millions within hours. And every incident is seized upon and blown up to ludicrous proportions by gentlemen of the press who debase their profession by becoming mere retailers of scurrility. Guilty men contrive to conceal their own infamy by throwing a smokescreen of vilification around the young ones.

Teenagers are spoken of as if they were a separate race; their world as if it were a jungle of strange sounds and speech, of strange clothes and hairstyles, of strange customs and cults, of strange loyalties and morals. Strange to us, that is; but entirely normal and logical to the teenagers themselves.

We allege that they are different from the youngsters of our young days. But of course they are different. Their world is different. We have made it so, and they must suffer accordingly.

They have inherited a nerve-wracking planet which teeters on the brink of annihilation. They have no choice but to reap what we have sown. And yet we wonder that they are "different"!

It was not their choice to be born into an age when man's technological know-how has outstripped his ability to adjust himself to the inevitable consequences of his scientific achievements. They are bewildered and appalled by the ruthlessness of the rat-race, and sickened by the ineffectual efforts of their elders to combat the disease of rampant materialism. So they retreat into a world of their own from which adults are barred. And who can blame them?

They are staggered by the sheer magnitude of our hypocrisy. Was it teenagers who blasted Hiroshima, razed Lidice, shepherded little children into the gas ovens, beat negroes to death in Alabama, or caused the carnage of the Congo?

They are bewildered by such ludicrous laws as that which decrees that they are too young to vote against war, but old enough to bear arms when war breaks out.

Their outbursts of violence are deplorable but understandable in a world which is essentially violent. They are sceptical about the howls of protest which their vandalism

causes, while their elders commit heinous crimes against humanity with immunity. They witness the unscrupulous manoeuvring of highly respected national leaders, the devising of policies which can only lead ultimately to a nuclear holocaust. They see ambitious men risking whole nations for personal aggrandisement, the exploitation of brave new nations fighting against the effects of the heady wine of liberty. They marvel at the folly of spending millions of pounds on attempts to reach the moon while the toll of deaths on our roads soars.

No one condones senseless vandalism or "doing the ton" on busy highroads; but such indiscretions are utterly trifling when seen against the backcloth of adult crimes. And there are extenuating circumstances in the case of the young ones who are mere novices in the game of life. We adults on the other hand, can offer no valid excuses. Our actions are premeditated and their consequences known.

The eyes of youth are keen. They see often what they are not meant to see, facets of our society of which we will not even admit the existence. They see us as we **are**, not as we wish to be seen.

Even in this Highland oasis insulated by distance from the less pleasant effects of overpopulation, not everything in the garden is lovely. Let us switch the spotlight from the youngsters to ourselves.

One of the first things which youngsters hear is what is euphemistically termed "harmless gossip." Seldom is it harmless, but more often cruel, damaging and vicious. Every village, including ours, has its quota of "gossips": I am sure that you, dear reader, could call a few to mind. But are you sure that you do not feature upon someone else's list of gossips?

Then there is the old-fashioned "class distinction". We are told that it no longer exists. Don't you believe it. It exists alright! Have you never been passed over at the

grocer's (or baker's or butcher's) because someone wealthy or influential caught the manager's eye? There are still folk who believe that wealth or title puts them just a little lower than the angels.

Hypocrisy is another unpleasant fact of life. Those who preach at youth are not always blameless themselves. Human failings are easily spotted in a small community, and hypocrisy is particularly harmful because it is so obvious.

Regarding the myth that juvenile delinquency is more rampant than it was in "our young days", this is simply not true. Incidents went unnoticed in those days which would to-day be flashed on TV screens as indications of the depravity of modern youth.

Our doctors, lawyers, clergymen, bakers, carpenters—even our Police Inspectors—are the delinquents of yesteryear who have made nonsense of the forebodings of psychologists and moralists; just as our present teenagers will do—those who are not unduly influenced by the bad example of their elders.

The point I am trying to make is that whereas you, dear reader, are no doubt entitled to pour scorn upon the young folk from your lofty pinnacle of righteousness, the vast majority of us are **not**. The follies of youth are exceeded only by the follies of age.

A modicum of wildness is only to be expected in children of the atomic age who have been pitchforked into a society which, they are told, owes its very existence to the "nuclear deterrent" — a weapon of such frightening potential that only a madman would use it.

Remember always that the young folk will be left "holding the baby" after we are gone. The peace of the world—their world—will be based not upon mutual love, but upon mutual fear. Hardly a pleasing prospect for our youngsters. Can we blame them if they sometimes shrink from looking too far ahead?

IAN D. MACPHERSON.

VISIT TO UGANDA, 1965

In April this year we left Edinburgh for Uganda. The flight to London was uneventful, and from the B.E.A. terminal at London Airport we were taken to Gatwick to await the VC 10. We gathered it had left South America but was behind schedule. Eventually the night flight was postponed, and we spent the night at a famous hotel on the Promenade at Brighton. On the phone wives and fiancées queried the cause for the week-end at Brighton, but our deflated spirits were boosted by a bracing stroll along the promenade in the morning. The VC 10 departed at 2 p.m. on Sunday, and we flew serenely and silently to Uganda, duty free all the way. Nice, Sardinia, and the North coast of Africa were spotted before the sun literally dropped over the horizon. Seven hours after leaving Gatwick we had covered the 4000-odd miles and come down over Lake Victoria to land on its shore at Entebbe, only a few miles from the Equator. At midnight there was still a hot

blast of air to meet us, and remind us that we now were in the tropics.

We were to spend three months in Kampala, the capital of Uganda — a modern, spacious city. There is a beautiful new hospital there, built in 1962 as an Independence gift from the people of Britain to the people of Uganda. We worked there and in the nearby research buildings of Makerere University Medical School. The city also boasts a national theatre, an impressive new parliament building, many good shopping centres, restaurants and a few night clubs. Parking is not quite as great a problem as in the U.K., but at rush hours the Ugandans are beginning to have to suffer frustrating traffic queues.

The climate is ideal. The temperature varies from 60°-90° F. It is never too hot to be oppressive and certainly never cold. The rainfall is considerable and there is usually a shower a day, blown in from Lake Victoria

ten miles away. But the rain never lasts and the sun is always close. In three months we did not miss a day at the open-air pool. The climate is equable because of the altitude; Kampala is 4000 feet up. Perhaps because of this it was surprisingly hard to become tanned. Europeans there are not very brown—a week on the Costa Brava would achieve a far better colour than a month in Uganda. The countryside is surprisingly green. The abundant sunshine and sufficient rainfall make for luxuriant vegetation and only in a few parts is the land arid and barren. The staple diet of the Ugandan is Matoke, made from steamed, green bananas and tasting surprisingly like potato. The more usual type of yellow banana is abundant and in the expensive shop costs 3d for a bunch of a dozen. All fruit and vegetables are cheap. The meat is excellent and comes from neighbouring Kenya. Goods imported from Europe are expensive so that tomato sauce, canned foods and breakfast cereals cost more.

Overall the standard of living of Europeans and the better-off Africans is at least as high as in this country. Everyone has servants and it is only too easy to become wholly dependent on them. Many are well-trained and their cooking would not disgrace any table. The Ugandans are happy individuals, content for the most part with a simple life. But the country is an emergent territory, and the stirrings of political consciousness rumble occasionally in areas other than parliament. However, Uganda, situated at the north-western corner of Lake Victoria, has an enviable record of political stability which augurs well for its future. One of the many problems facing the Government is the welding together of tribes, traditional enemies, into a united people. The newspapers have many reports of spear fights between neighbouring tribesmen, and the hospital wards in the outlying districts bear witness to the considerable morbidity and mortality caused by violence. It must be stressed that such violence is never against white people and also that with increasing education the tribesman is rapidly becoming a Ugandan in thought and action. There can be no doubt that the country has rapidly advanced since Uhuru or Independence in 1962. It must also be acknowledged that the excellent roads, sanitation, civic amenities and many educational facilities testify to the industry of British expatriates before Uhuru.

As a developing country Uganda has much need of skilled men, of technicians and of professional men. The Africans are now producing considerable numbers of professional men who are taking over from European expatriates. There is still a real need for technical experts and for doctors, and teachers. The African seems happy to see such men in his country provided that it is accepted that he will take over when he is equipped to do so. The expatriate enjoys a high standard of living and remuneration often well above the level he would obtain at home; he has excellent opportunities for travel and sport. His wife has servants and can entertain freely. His children go to excel-

lent schools, certainly up to the age of eleven.

Among our most pleasant memories are those of the two safaris we made to Game Parks. Safari means "journey," and ours were made in the comfort of a car with excellent hotel accommodation. The Government has a chain of hotels throughout the country; these are of high standard, and prices are reasonable. The vast Game Parks provide magnificent opportunities of seeing wild life—elephant, crocodile, deer and hippopotamus abound; vividly coloured birds make the lakes and rivers a paradise for the ornithologist. We were reminded of the harsh realities of the animal kingdom by the sight of bloated vultures, too heavy to fly, staggering away from the carcase of a deer. The lion and cheetah are more difficult to see; and we saw only where lion had been a fortnight before, where they had been the day before, and where, doubtless, they would be in a week's time! It is unfortunate that it is not safe to bathe in the lakes and rivers because of animals or disease. Uganda will indeed become a tourists' paradise if the waters can be freed of the many parasites, and safe swimming ensured. But animals in their natural surroundings and the vast panoramas of scenery afforded in the clear tropical air make such safaris unforgettable now. It seems incredible to recall that, less than a century ago, this land was unknown to the civilised world, and books such as "The White Nile" accentuate one's interest in the parts of the Nile such as the Murchison Falls and the Ripon Falls which were seen by a European only sixty to seventy years ago.

I must stress that we did work hard during our three-month stay. The facilities for medical research were excellent and the opportunities for worthwhile investigation abounded. We were particularly interested in patients with large spleens; this is very common in Uganda and seems to be due to a mild but chronic form of malaria. These large spleens themselves give great discomfort to the patients and cause considerable anaemia. Our research elucidated to some extent the effects on the body of the big spleens and pointed, we hope, to the best ways of treating such people.

The working day was 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. and when work was done there was still much to do. In the University campus there was a magnificent open-air swimming pool with squash courts and tennis courts nearby. A fine golf course is centrally placed in Kampala. We found the people most hospitable, and our problem was to limit sociability rather than to find it. Uganda offered us three fascinating and enjoyable months. It offers a look at the Africa of the past and of the future. There is a chance of doing something really worthwhile in a short time in a country with a fine climate, excellent amenities and wonderful opportunities for travel. Britain can and should be proud of this member of the Commonwealth and of the continued help afforded to it by the Ministry of Overseas Development.

KEITH DONALDSON.

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

EDITORIAL

We have been greatly encouraged by the number of forms returned and by the number of orders for Magazines, some for several years. We are sorry that it is impossible to refer to everybody, but we shall try to keep up with some of the changes in place and condition.

First of all, we welcome new members in Katherine Templeton, now in process of qualifying as a nurse in Edinburgh; Charles Cooke, Glasgow banker, erstwhile of Cromdale; John McGregor, who presides over the T.V. shop at the top of High Street, and Rita Stuart, another of our Aberdeen University students. We also welcome Sandy Gordon, Robert Philip and Victor Ross as Old Guard life members.

At the moment we are not precisely sure of what articles will be to hand, but there should be a fair number. At any rate we hope you get value for your half-crowns. From us all at the 'nerve centres' of the Magazine, best wishes and all the best in the New Year.

Miss JEANNETTE MUNRO

There have been radical curtailments in the R.E.M.E. staff at Grantown, and one of these involved Jeannette's transfer to Aberdeen, where we all wish her happiness. The F.P. Club has lost a most competent secretary. At present I am acting as secretary; and, after making about 150 alterations in the F.P. lists, I began to realise what a job our former secretary used to do. A presentation for her was hurriedly organised by Dr Bain; and, at a small farewell function in the Benmhor Hotel in July, representatives of the two Clubs met in order to express our goodwill in gifts of a Tomintoul brooch and a work-stool. Never were tributes of esteem better earned.

F.P. RENUION

The fifth bi-ennial Reunion dinner and dance took place in the Palace Hotel on March 26, the guests of honour being Mrs Donaldson and myself. There was a full turnout of F.P.s and friends; and Dr Bain, as chairman, rather excelled himself by toasting the guests in the poetical style of Chaucer. His effusion is printed elsewhere; and I leave it to our readers to decide to what degree his generous tribute is deserved. At any rate, the audience found it entertaining; and my wife and I had the pleasure of "one crowded hour of glorious life." I must also thank F.P.s for their personal expressions of good wishes to my wife and myself in our retirement.

OF STUDENTS AND LEAVERS

Of recent years I have not been able to keep track of the doings of our numerous students. 1965, however, has been the most

memorable of all for Grantown students at Aberdeen University, with Douglas Chisholm graduating in Medicine, Arthur Jackson and Torquil McKenzie in Science, Bill Reid in Law, and M. Lindsay Stephen in Arts. In addition, Irene McKenzie and Harry McGregor have qualified as M.P.S., also at Aberdeen. Five of our ex-pupils entered the teaching profession in 1965:—Iris Forbes, Betty Kirkwood, Fiona Donn, Yvonne Cameron and Helen Miller.

I believe we have about nine students going from school to University or College this year. At no time in the history of the school has it been more widely represented in the central educational institutions and in the general field of instruction than at present.

OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

If you turn, gentle reader, to the column headed BIRTHS, you will find that the record (necessarily incomplete) is about two dozen. As to MARRIAGES, we can congratulate four of our Old Guardsmen and also four gentler members of the F.P. Club.

OF EXILES

Glancing down our F.P. lists we find that Mrs Beaton (Sheena McIntosh), Mrs Bremner (Elizabeth Mackenzie), Mrs Craig (Dorothy Calder) and Mrs Cowan (Wilma Irving) have all celebrated happy events. So has Mrs Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald), whose new home, Lynebreck, in Bedford, has a distinctly Strathspey sound.

Mr and Mrs Christie (Isobel Bain) keep up their ties with Grantown. We wish them happiness in their new home.

George Dixon, our local authority on matters antiquarian, had an interesting article in the "Scots Magazine" the other month on the stone that commemorated the supposed miracle when the waters of the Spey parted. We hope to see more from his pen, and also from the Grantonian, Mr Noble, whose article on Grantown appeared in the October number.

Janet Dixon, as a nurse in Aden, must be living close to danger and adventure.

Mrs Parrott (Catherine Douglas) still teaches in Edinburgh. Iris Forbes makes her début in Perthshire and Betty Kirkwood in Penicuik.

We congratulate Mrs Fraser (Elma Mitchell) and Mrs Friend (Elizabeth Sim) on family events.

We congratulate Mr and Mrs Hogg (Jean Cruickshank) on the husband's rapid promotion to inspector in the Edinburgh police force.

We hear that Mrs Johnson (May Mackenzie) is back to teaching in Aberfoyle.

Beth Lawrence was married in Rothesay in July. Visiting the town on the occasion, we

heard high praise of her qualities as a sister in the local hospital.

Mrs McGinnis (Sheila Mann) also finds time for work in the Aberdeen Hospital for Sick Children.

Mr and Mrs Lugg, after many wanderings and adventures, are now retired in Stranraer.

We wish Gilbert Mackay success in his final year at Glasgow University.

Morna Mackenzie was married in August. Beginning with Jean last October, all the Mackenzie girls have married within the year. Does this constitute a record?

Though her employment there was dental, Marjory Mackintosh found romance on the Badminton courts in Melton Mowbray. The romance and the badminton have now been transferred to Basingstoke.

We acknowledge a very kind donation from Mr Alexander Mackintosh, Marjory's uncle.

Isobel Maclean, moving around, now extends welcome in St Andrews.

Nancy Maclean, whom we remember as a gentle maid at school, now nurses in New Britain and is perhaps the most remote of our F.P.s.

Mrs Mills (Catherine Campbell) is back from Germany to her own country.

Billy and Judy Mitchell have transferred to Suffolk where Billy has secured a minor golfing plum.

Mrs Naughton (Marie Shaw) is due a spell in Australia where her husband is on a business mission.

We congratulate Mrs Ross (Margaret Anderson) on the birth of twins, a boy and a girl.

Mrs Alison Scott (Alison Stuart) is back in Edinburgh after a short sojourn in Strathpey. Regrettably none of the Stuarts now dwell in Grantown.

Mrs Shiach (Margaret Smith) and Mrs Vickerman (Seonaid Grant) join the ranks that swell our BIRTH columns.

We are glad to hear from Mrs Squires (Isa Moyes) in Montreal and to note her order for Magazines.

Lorna Stephen is still with B.B.C. Her sister, Lindsey Stephen, takes up a year of training in social service in Edinburgh.

Mrs Sutherland (Elspit McIntosh) is another of our young mothers. We hear that the family will soon be moving to Aden.

Mrs Weston (Sheina Donaldson) now resides in the charming dale country near Kendal. I am actually penning these notes at her new address.

* * *

We now turn to Old Guard exiles.

John Clark, now on service in Britain, has an addition to the family.

Walter Dempster is again in the news, as a father.

His classmate Keith Donaldson spent three months on medical research in Uganda, whence he returned to find a bride in Edinburgh and a home in the historic White Horse Close.

This has been a culminating year for Sandy Gordon who has achieved a Doctorate in

French Literature with very honourable distinction at the University of Paris and who is now an Assistant Professor at Winnipeg.

Robin Fraser, though based on Aberdeen, is a relief pharmacist. He also has family responsibilities.

Albert Hastings has launched into a new line as mine host at the Jerdans Hotel, Newton Stewart. We noted that his hotel received praise in the "Sunday Post."

Edward Illingworth has gone places in Insurance, and is now an Assistant Branch Manager. His brother Marr was in this country in May while travelling to a business conference in Madrid.

We congratulate Stuart McCook on his marriage and Jim Johnson, Colin Keith and Dr Sandy Mackenzie on family events. Colin's latest feat was to emerge second out of some five thousand entrants in police manoeuvre-ability tests.

Peter Macpherson is now in business in Auchinblae.

Donald McIntosh has moved from Rosehall to a hotel post in Dundee. There is also a birth to record here.

Donald McTaggart hopes to be on leave soon from his university post in Malaysia. His family now numbers five. We note that brothers Alan and Neil have also had happy family events.

Bob Philip now figures in the world of business. Speyside and Cairngorm Sportswear, Ltd., begun as a sideline by Raymond Philip, is expanding.

We were pleased to receive a personal message from Dr Billy Sellar, who is now a Rotarian and is fresh from a holiday in Northern Sahara, of all places.

Sandy Smith is now Welfare Officer in East Lothian.

We note that Alistair Surtees is now married and settled in Kent, where he hopes to be for a long time.

* * *

LOCAL

There has been a good deal of movement among our locals this year. R.E.M.E. curtailments have involved the transfers not merely of Jeannette Munro, but of Albert Anderson to Stirling, of Mr and Mrs Spalding (Isobel Gunn) to Aberdeen and of Dorothy Templeton to Edinburgh. In addition George Paton, with a home and new family in Grantown, has switched to insurance.

Angus Maclean now has a forestry job in Buckinghamshire.

The attractive Garth Hotel is now in other hands, and the Donaldson family has moved to Dulnain Bridge.

Mrs Harra and Donald McGillivray have erected new homes in Grant Road, and Jimmy Grant's new domicile in Woodside Avenue already reveals the owner's gardening skill.

Alistair McLeod, whose marriage we record, has also been fortunate in securing a house at Ivybank.

Jock Paterson is back in the family home at Parkburn.

We extend congratulations to Mrs Gordon (Cissie Laing), Mrs Grant (Jane Stewart) and Mrs McLeod (Elizabeth McGregor) on happy events.

We must also refer to a late adventure of Mr John Stuart, who sprang after a lorry to warn the unwitting driver that his load was on fire. Fishing keeps one fit.

Grantown, as Donald Noble's article reminds us, is completing its second century of existence. The railway opening in 1865, saw the close of a century of minor trading activity and the dawn of the tourist era. Now, in 1965, the Aviemore-Forres line is closed, though a compensatory bus service has been set up. Meanwhile the hotels go up at Aviemore, where a ski-boom is envisaged. What pattern will evolve for Grantown in its third century of existence? At the moment, a good season has ended, and, at long last, Grantown's new school is being commenced. For some time, at least, it seems we shall continue to entertain the tourists, and prepare our young people to win a livelihood elsewhere.

OBITUARY

There are five names to record this year.

Dr WILLIAM GRANT, once of Briar Cottage and lately retired in Cheshire, died full of years after a distinguished career in medicine.

Mrs HUGH CAIRNS, whose marriage we recorded only a year ago, has been cut off untimely.

Mrs HUGH LECKIE, who had much to live for, has also died in her prime.

RODERICK RATTRAY, badly wounded in the Second World War, lived bravely for another twenty years before succumbing to his war injuries.

COLIN McINTOSH, till recently a familiar figure in our midst as church organist and Clachan Players' pianist, was transferred from R.E.M.E. to Bicester in May. His sudden death in a street accident has been sharply felt by the whole community.

IN CONCLUSION

Once again, members, remember your forms next year. Intending members, remember the 3/- for membership and the guinea for life membership. And, till next year, all the best.

G. E. DONALDSON.

A. & M. DICK

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