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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 38

December, 1966

Editors—Patrick Grant

Ann Stuart

Staff Adviser—J. Thomson, M.A.

Advertising Managers—

Joan Paterson.

Elaine Davidson.

Editorial

WE should like to extend a welcome to readers of this, the thirty-eighth number of the Grammar School Magazine, and to express our appreciation both to contributors and to staff advisers who have made possible its production.

In the world at large, the Vietnam War causes great concern and unrest, while Ian Smith's refusal to compromise with the British Government maintains tension in Africa. This, coupled with our present national financial difficulties—credit squeeze and pay freeze—must indeed make Harold Wilson wonder if life at the top is so enviable.

We may feel relieved that, with the exception of the influenza epidemic which was rampant in the school in the spring, regular school routine continues harmoniously.

At Christmas, Grantown was again graced by a party of French students who devoted much of their time to ski-ing, while, as a result of Mr Corpe's efforts, a party of

enthusiastic skiers from the school experienced the thrill of skimming over long Alpine pistes during the Easter holidays.

Leaving Certificate results again reflected favourably on much hard work, while, in the realms of sport, our skiers competed with success in inter-school competitions. Despite mixed weather conditions, the Glenmore week-end again proved very popular.

Our new school, so long a product of our imaginations, is now fast becoming a concrete reality, although the comprehensive system of education to be followed there is yet a subject of controversy.

In conclusion, we should like to say that in this number of the Magazine we have chosen articles on their merits, while also bearing in mind the necessity for variety, and wish all our readers a Very Happy Christmas followed by good health and prosperity in the year to come.



Happy in their work — Some of the Primary I infants.



Enjoying themselves at the sand box in the classroom are some of the Primary I infants.

SCHOOL NOTES

Mrs Stuart, Primary II, instructed senior pupils in First Aid for the Duke of Edinburgh Bronze and Silver Awards.

* * *

Moray and Nairn Secondary Schools' Cross-country Championships took place at Grantown on March 16.

* * *

A party of 35 pupils and five adults spent a most enjoyable holiday in Adelboden, Switzerland, last Easter.

* * *

Individual competitors and choirs trained by Mrs Calder, Music Teacher, were again successful at the Badenoch Musical Festival and at the Provincial Mod.

* * *

Former pupil Sandy Macdonald was licensed in April as a preacher of the Church of Scotland.

* * *

Twenty-four pupils and six adults participated in the usual week-end at Glenmore in May.

* * *

The 1966 S.C.E. examinations began on April 20.

* * *

Rosemary MacKinnon was awarded a £30 bursary in the Aberdeen University Open Bursary Competition.

* * *

Mr Andrew Thompson, County Clerk to Moray and Nairn Joint County Council, was principal speaker at the prize-giving ceremony on June 30. Mrs Thompson presented the prizes while Dr Joseph Grant again presided.

* * *

Susan P. MacGregor was Harvey Dux Medallist for 1966 with Ann G. Stuart runner-up.

* * *

Patrick Grant and Brenda Cooke were awarded Cairngorm Badges.

* * *

At the Moray and Nairn Inter-school Sports, we recorded our best results for several years with seven firsts, five seconds, and seven thirds. Allan Grant set up a new record in the Intermediate Boys' 80 yards hurdles, slicing .5 seconds off the previous best of 12.8 secs.

* * *

The school team, consisting of Fred Anfield, Sherie Sutton, Stuart Macdonald,

Martin Riley, Derek McCulloch, Allan Grant and Patrick Wood, carried off the Boyd Anderson Trophy in the Scottish Schools' Ski Race. The team won by a margin of 1.5 seconds.

* * *

At the end of last session we lost two valuable members of staff in Mrs Mackintosh and Mr Corpe. Mrs Mackintosh was retiring after 20 years' service in the Grammar School and Mr Corpe was leaving to take up a new position in Falkirk High School. Tributes were paid by Dr Bain, and both teachers were the recipients of gifts from the staff and pupils.

* * *

Provost Miller's Cup for all-round achievement was won by David Macdonald.

* * *

In this year's S.C.E. examinations 21 pupils from Secondary 4 gained 97 O-Level passes. From Secondary 5, 22 pupils recorded 57 Highers and 24 O-Levels. From Secondary 6, 3 pupils added 3 Highers, one pass in Dynamics and one in Analysis to their previous quota. Two pupils, Susan MacGregor and Fred Anfield, achieved the School's possible of 5 Highers in Class 5, while Patrick Grant, Murdo Mackenzie, Ann Stuart, Carol Stuart and Sherie Sutton each had 4 Highers—a very satisfactory performance indeed.

* * *

This year, at Edinburgh, Martin Jackson graduated B.Sc. with Honours in Pharmacology; David Davidson, B.Sc in Engineering; and Sandy Macdonald, B.D. (Hons.). Lindsay Stephen gained the Diploma in Social Studies, and Annette Dignan obtained her D.A. At Aberdeen, Maureen Macaulay completed her training at the College of Education and Anne Urquhart graduated M.P.S.

* * *

School re-opened on August 23 with a roll of 476—262 Primary and 214 Secondary pupils.

* * *

At the beginning of the session two new members of staff were welcomed to the school—Mr John Cameron as Head of the Technical Department and Mr Robert Anderson as assistant in the Science Department.

* * *

Mr Dugald Strachan, Elgin, took Physical Education classes temporarily during the absence of Mr MacArdle.

* * *

Susan MacGregor and Sherie Sutton are spending a term in German Schools in the Stuttgart and Karlsruhe areas respectively.

SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS — 1966

Class VI

Julia M. Fraser — Higher History, Science (Chemistry and Physics).
 David G. Macdonald — Elementary Analysis, Dynamics, Higher Engineering Drawing.
 M. Rosemary Mackinnon — Higher Geography.

Class V

David J. Anderson — Higher Mathematics, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics), Higher Engineering Drawing.
 Frederick J. Anfield — Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics), Higher Engineering Drawing.
 Brenda M. S. Cooke — Higher English, Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Homecraft.
 Hilary C. Corpe — Higher English, Higher French, Higher Homecraft, Chemistry, Biology.
 Thomas A. Ferguson — Higher English, Higher Geography, French, Art.
 George A. Foy — History.
 Catherine R. Fraser — Higher English, Higher French, Higher Homecraft, Biology.
 Patrick Grant — Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Latin, Higher French, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics).
 Ronald J. Laing — History, Technical Drawing.
 Susan P. MacGregor — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher German.
 Murdo Mackenzie — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher French, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics).
 Ishbel M. Maclean — Higher English, French, Higher Homecraft, Chemistry, Biology.
 John E. McInnes — Higher English, Mathematics, Higher French, Art.
 Sheila A. Scally — Higher English, Mathematics, Higher French, Higher German.
 James F. N. Stewart — Higher English, Higher Geography, Chemistry, Applied Mechanics.
 Ann G. Stuart — Higher Mathematics, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher German.
 C. Carol Stuart — Higher English, Higher History, Higher French, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics).
 Sherie L. Sutton — Higher English, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher German.
 Margaret M. Terris — Mathematics.
 H. Anne Urquhart — English, Geography, French, Higher Homecraft, Chemistry.
 Donald G. Watt — Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics), Technical Drawing.

Class IV

Rhona Cameron — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German, Latin, History.
 G. Grant Cumming — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Physics, Chemistry.
 Elaine J. Davidson — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, German.
 Sylvia Dimascio — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics.
 Alistair W. Fraser — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Technical Drawing.
 Christine Gordon — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Homecraft.

David W. Grant — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Applied Mechanics, Technical Drawing.
 Mairi E. Grant — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German, Homecraft.
 Valerie A. Grant — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry.
 Patricia A. J. Gray — English, Arithmetic, French, Chemistry.
 E. Anne M. G. Jack — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Homecraft, Chemistry.
 David A. MacGillvray — Arithmetic, French, Woodwork.
 Neil R. Maclure — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry.
 Ann McTavish — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Homecraft.
 Michael J. Moir — Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, Chemistry.
 Beatrice G. P. Oliphant — English, Geography, Homecraft.
 Joan M. G. Paterson — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, German.
 Charles D. M. Rennie — Mathematics.
 Andrew Smith — Mathematics, Physics.
 Alan C. Stuart — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Technical Drawing.
 Joyce Telfer — Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

BOYS

School Captain — Patrick Grant.
 Vice-Captain — James Stewart.
 Football Captain — Allan Grant.
 Vice-Captain — Derek McCulloch.
 Athletics Captain — Patrick Grant.
 Vice-Captain — Michael MacGruer.
 Curator and General Secretary — Michael Moir.
 House Captains: Roy — Patrick Grant; Revoan — Fred Anfield; Revack — Allan Grant.
 Vice-Captains: Roy — James Stewart; Revoan — Derek McCulloch; Revack — Michael MacGruer.
 Prefects — Fred Anfield, Neil MacLure, Alan Stuart, Grant Cumming, Charles Rennie, Allan Grant, Michael MacGruer.

GIRLS

Head Girl — Susan MacGregor.
 Deputy Head Girl — Sherie Sutton.
 Hockey Captain — Ann Stuart.
 Vice-Captain — Rhona Cameron.
 Secretary — Sheila Scally.
 Athletics Captain — Judith Collyer.
 Vice-Captain — Helen Grant.
 House Captains: Roy — Carol Stuart; Revoan — Sheila Scally; Revack — Judith Collyer.
 Vice-Captains: Roy — Joyce Telfer; Revoan — Mairi Grant; Revack — Ann Stuart.
 Prefects — Ann Urquhart, Ann Stuart, Sheila Scally, Carol Stuart, Rhona Cameron, Elaine Davidson, Mairi Grant, Valerie Grant, Ann Jack, Joan Paterson, Joyce Telfer.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

SUSAN P. MACGREGOR (Head Girl) is no doubt keeping up the school's honour during her stay in Germany and we hope she returns sufficiently refreshed to practise some new disciplinary methods on the rowdy occupants of the junior cloakroom.

SHERIE L. SUTTON (Deputy Head Girl) is another of our prefects who has departed to Germany. During her absence the cloakroom mirror has begun to show distinct signs of neglect.

ANN G. STUART (Hockey Captain and Joint Editor) appears to be planning a career connected with crime judging by her new taste in 'maigret' type rainwear.

SHEILA A. SCALLY (Girls' Secretary) has requested us to issue a warning to all motorists in the Carrbridge area to beware of what she calls "the lethal scally-wag."

C. CAROL STUART with her recently acquired spectacles endeavours to put on the air of a 'school marm' but is responsible for some of the 'high jinks' which occur from time to time even in the prefects' cloakroom.

RHONA CAMERON (Hockey Vice-Captain) and her inseparable 'twin', ELAINE DAVIDSON, must be plotting to rob the Bank of Scotland because of their furtive communications.

Since taking to Saturday employment JOAN PATERSON has become our connoisseur in confectionery and reminds us repeatedly of her addiction to plum duff.

Meantime JOYCE TELFER has discovered a better though less economical means of transport in her own mo-ped.

Among our common or garden prefects MARIE GRANT excels in Gaelic singing and ANNE JACK produces exotic dishes from the depths of the cookery room,

while VALERIE GRANT of dwarf-life stature completes our devotees of learning.

PATRICK GRANT (School and Athletics Captain and Joint Editor) has a "go" at most school activities, but his classmates are agreed that he not yet worthy of a place in the junior football team.

JAMES STEWART (Vice-Captain) serves as a general handyman, but he must wonder if he is a prefect or a zoo-keeper as he tames the little lions of the junior cloakroom.

ALLAN GRANT (Football Captain) never beats a retreat either with the "Clan" beat group or the Clan Grant pipe band.

DEREK McCULLOCH (Football Vice-Captain) defends the goalmouth, takes any hurdle in his stride, negotiates the ski-slopes and jives après-ski with equal ease.

MICHAEL MACGRUER (Athletics Vice-Captain). We regret his departure but wish him success in his new school.

MICHAEL MOIR (General Secretary) is busy and bustling. His wit is "top of the pops", but preserve us from his "music".

Would technical expert FRED ANFIELD retain his title of tallest boy without his flamboyant hairstyle, or would his rival six-footer, NEIL McLURE, take pride of place?

ALAN STUART is not a contestant for the title but he may yet challenge Roy Emerson. If Santa Claus does not present CHARLES RENNIE with a new alarm clock, we shall have to pass round the hat, but, on his arrival, Charles makes a "tittifalarious" job of imitating Dicky Mint and his friends.

Completing our Prefectorial Staff is GRANT CUMMING, who does not blow his own trumpet—his breath is saved for his bagpipes.

SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY

The School Debating Society, now in its third year, resumed on 18th October for session 1965-66 with a satisfactory membership of twenty-four pupils from Classes IV, V and VI. David G. Macdonald was appointed to the chair and proved himself a reliable and competent President. He was assisted in his duties by Carol Stuart, Vice-President; Patrick Grant, Treasurer; Ann Stuart, Secretary; and Irene Edwards, Sherie Sutton and Andrew Smith, three committee members representing Classes IV, V and VI, while Mr Thomson replaces Mr Donaldson as Honorary President.

Due to bad weather conditions, examinations and an influenza epidemic, meetings of the Debating Society were postponed until after the New Year.

Our first meeting took the form of a

Matter of Opinion, which was highly successful. This was followed by a full scale debate, "Is Sixth Year Worth While?" with two sixth formers, Irene Edwards and Julia Fraser, as the mainspeakers. Irene, for the motion, won by a margin of five votes.

Our programme continued with a general discussion on the "Colour Bar," resulting in a very heated debate, which was perhaps the most entertaining of the whole session.

In conclusion, a successful session of "Does the Team Think?" was held, the panel answering the varied questions put to them by the audience.

The School Debating Society has thus had an eventful year and with the recent addition of several new enthusiasts the future of the Society looks very promising indeed.

ANN G. STUART (Secretary).

"A NEAR MISS"

We had picked the particular resort of Val d' Isère in the French Haute Savoie because of its reputation for being "the experienced skiers' paradise." Indeed its countless, long ski-pistes packed with snow of varied conditions and its plentiful cable-cars, ski-lifts and tows, which made the runs so easily accessible, coupled with the Mediterranean sunshine, made ski-ing a delight out of this world. However, at first my brother and I had not taken into account the remoteness of the village and the complications of arriving there. It was only when all other arrangements were made, that we realised that to reach our destination involved taking a tedious, six-hour bus-trip from Geneva to the mountains. Moreover, and more to the point, this particular bus only made the journey on a Friday and a Sunday. Fortunately our flight was reserved for a Sunday, so this did not daunt us.

We duly arrived in Geneva on a glorious day at noon. The plane flew low the length of the lake, which, a deep colour of blue with the snow-covered Alps in the background, produced an effectively beautiful landscape. The bus for Val d'Isère was due to leave at 3.30 p.m., before which time we intended seeing some of the city. Much to our disappointment, however, the left luggage lockers were not designed to hold skis, so we had to wait with these at the airport.

At 3 p.m. we spotted a conspicuous yellow bus, with 'Val d' Isère' on the front, drawn up at the main entrance. As we approached the bus the driver came to meet us and he loaded our baggage and skis into the boot. We bought our tickets and checked with the driver that the bus departed in half an hour's time. Feeling pleased that we at least had half an hour to walk around, we left the bus and went up the steps to the balcony to view the landing aeroplanes. After twenty minutes we wandered back, stopping at a café near the main entrance for a coco cola. Just as we

were walking out of the door with our drinks in our hands, my brother looked in the direction of the bus stance and exclaimed, "The bus! It has gone!" I was quite incredulous and scoffed at this remark, since the bus was not due to leave for ten minutes, but, sure enough, as we turned in the opposite direction and looked along the road to the city, we caught a glimpse of the yellow bus disappearing round a corner in the distance.

With a cry of despair I dropped my bottle of lemonade and ran up to a nearby policeman crying, "Our luggage! Stop the bus for Val d' Isère." To speak English, of course, was my first reaction but I suddenly realised he did not understand a word, so, in my panic, I called forth what French I could and explained the situation. As soon as he had grasped our predicament he called a taxi for us and left us. I instructed the driver to follow the yellow bus for Val d' Isère. He wasted no time and, although the bus was well out of sight, he seemed to know what direction to go in. We sped along several streets with me frantic in the back seat, shouting, "Vite! Vite!" If we missed the bus, the consequences would be disastrous, for the next one was not till Friday, five days away.

Eventually, however, we spotted the bus at the head of the queue at a set of traffic lights. No sooner did the traffic begin to move, than the driver accelerated and, sounding his horn, overtook the cars in front, one after the other. Before we knew it we were passing the bus. I lowered my window and, sticking out my arm, signalled it to stop. My brother handed the driver a couple of notes, which he hoped was adequate. I blurted out our sincere thanks and we dashed into the bus. Never have I been so thankful and relieved. How near we were to losing our baggage, our skis, and also our holiday in Val d' Isère!

SHERIE SUTTON, VI.

HOW HEAVY IS YOUR BRAIN?

The average brain weighs fifty-nine ounces but the biggest brain ever known belonged to Oliver Cromwell. His brain is said to have weighed ninety ounces yet, in contrast, one of the other heaviest brains was that of Ruston, an ignorant labourer.

The brain of Byron, the poet, weighed seventy-nine ounces while that of Thackeray, the famous novelist, weighed only three ounces above the average.

The brains of women are generally ten ounces lighter than those of men, yet many women are more than equal to men in intellect. This shows that the weight of the brain is irrelevant in deciding who is more intelligent. So you think you're clever or are you just a big head?

ALISTAIR W. JACK, IV.

TOPSY-TURVY

I woke and from my bed did leap
To find I'd never been to sleep.
I went downstairs to the kitchen below,
Then found I lived in a bungalow.
I brushed my hair then, lo and behold!
I found I was completely bald.
I drank a cup of tea so hot
My feet were frozen on the spot.
I arrived at school to find it locked;
I walked straight in: I should have knocked.
"Sunday the thirteenth" the calendar read:
The month was February, or so it said.
I glanced at the clock to see the time;
It waved its hands and began to chime.
Now was I late, or was I early,
Or had the world gone topsy-turvy?

DOROTHY CARSE, 3a.

A VISIT TO A MOTOR SHOW

Last year, on the nineteenth of November, my father and I went to a motor show which was being held in the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow. After a long, tiring journey we arrived at the city. We had some trouble finding a suitable parking place, but after about ten minutes' searching we found a vacancy about half a mile from the hall entrance.

After ascending the steps and passing through the turn-stiles we entered the hall, which seemed to be a forest of highly-polished vehicles of all shapes and sizes. Around the interior walls of the large building I saw at least two hundred different stands advertising all sorts of accessories for cars.

The actual "body" of the show consisted of many European and most British makes of cars and commercial vehicles. The largest vehicle at the show was the massive "Magirus Deutz" tractor-unit, coupled to a fifty-foot-long, treble-axle semi-trailer.

The star attraction was Rolls Royce's new model, the "Silver Shadow." This model has many luxury refinements such as electrically operated windows, electrically operated radio aerials, fully reclining front seats, and, most remarkable of all, "booster" springs, which even up the weight distribution when the boot is fully loaded.

The entry which I found most fascinating was a "Morris Mini Cooper S" with every one of its body panels moulded in perspex. This vehicle was accompanied by a model of a Mini engine. One could see all the working parts of the engine through the transparent cylinder head and engine block.

Reluctantly, we left the show, and returned home after a very enjoyable day.

DAVID WATT, IIIa.

SUMMER HOLIDAY IN AMERICA, 1965

Last summer I flew to America to visit a cousin who lived near Chicago. My mother travelled with me to London and put me in charge of the Personnel Officer at London Airport. He put me on the 'plane, a T.W.A. Boeing 707 Jet. During the flight we were entertained by a film, and arrived at Chicago to a temperature of 80°.

The heat continued during my three weeks' stay there and I practised swimming daily. I played baseball and American football, which resembles British rugby, with boys who liked my Scottish accent. I was surprised by the variety of ice-creams and sandwiches available. During a visit to Decca recording studios I watched my cousin record a record with his clarinet.

On my return journey, my cousins took me to New York, where I visited the World Fair, saw the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty, Broadway, and stayed overnight in a skyscraper hotel. I boarded a B.O.A.C. Boeing 707 jet and, during the flight, I had the privilege of visiting the cockpit of the 'plane. The controls seemed to be very complicated. We landed at Prestwick, where my mother met me.

DAVID MILLAR, Ia.

AN EVERLASTING MEMORY

Tired though we all were after two days of travelling, each one of us was struck by the majestic beauty of the snow-covered mountains towering high into the sky, the deep blue contrasting strongly with the white of the snow. It was just like a Christmas card—the colours, landscape—everything was perfect. I had imagined Switzerland to be similar to Scotland but I know nothing here that has the same awe-inspiring magnificence which can be compared with those mountains and deep ravines.

The farther we journeyed into Switzerland the more impressed I became. Forests and valleys had given way to white fields and picturesque chalets, many of which had balconies, and pictures engraved in the wood.

One of the things which struck me most was that the chalets were dotted anywhere and everywhere. There were no monotonous rows of houses, not even in the towns and villages. Chalets continued all the way up the mountains, in fact, they seemed to become more numerous the higher up they went.

As we journeyed on, I found it was possible to see that even the chalets were becoming modernised. It was easy to distinguish new buildings from old, as they were not made entirely of wood. They seemed to lack the homely atmosphere and quaint appearance captured by the wooden buildings, and we all agreed that the old-fashioned chalets were easily the nicest.

I will never quite forget my first glimpse of Switzerland with its Christmas card appearance and friendly people. I do not think any other country can quite be compared with it, and I am sure that each one of the party lucky enough to have been there cherishes the same wish — to return there some day in the not too distant future.

RHONA CAMERON, V.

* * *

... On the last day in Switzerland we went to Berne. I thought Berne was a beautiful, clean, well-planned city compared to London. First of all we went to see gardens, where there was a pond in the middle of which is the statue of a woman whose head is imprinted on the back of Swiss coins. Above her was a sphere symbolising the world, round which were five children, holding hands. These children are supposed to represent the continents. We also saw the Parliament buildings, and scratched the wooden bear's feet to bring us luck. The bears in the bear pits looked very cute catching the food which was specially prepared for them. We then saw the famous clock tower where a robot man strikes the hour with a hammer. At five to the hour animals go round in a circle beside the clock.

After shopping, we caught the train which took us out of Switzerland into France. Following a rather choppy Channel crossing we caught the night express to Aviemore.

JOAN NEILSON, IVa.

L — THE SIGN FOR "LETHAL" DRIVER

Learning to drive can be one of the most hair-raising experiences one can encounter—especially for the ever-patient driving-instructor. After all, how would **you** feel if you were sitting beside a novice who had never even sat behind the wheel before? This novice, erratic in his approach to driving, turns into a demon at the beginning when asked to start the car by himself; instead of having a smooth take-off there follows a succession of intermittent stalling, better referred to as "kangarooing."

"Take it easy," the instructor pleads, "you have absolutely nothing to worry about. I am quite confident in your driving so why shouldn't you be?" he adds, wondering whether to make a hasty exit before it is too late.

As the pupil progresses along the road, the instructor constantly warns him to keep into his own lane and not to venture too close to that car in front. However, the infallible beginner has other ideas:—

"I wish that slow-coach would speed it up a bit, I'm getting impatient following his tail all the time." So, with these thoughts racing through his head, he decides to surprise his instructor by demonstrating to him how well he can overtake that car in front. Consequently, without a sign of warning to any other vehicles that might be coming behind, he suddenly branches out over to the other lane, ready to overtake. The instructor, by this time, has realised what his pupil's intentions are, so, with the aid of the "dual control," he slams on the brakes and tells the pupil to come back into his own lane to prevent an accident. Whatever patience the instructor might have had has now completely vanished—the pupil is immediately told to stop, before the formerly benevolent instructor comes to the end of his far from complimentary invective. By now, the over-confident pupil who once thought that after a few lessons he was ready for the "ton-up" is waiting for his next instruction, anxious to please his teacher. However, this is not the end of reckless driving as every teacher knows full well.

As soon as he sees that the pupil can start the car fairly well and can manipulate the gears with comparative ease, he decides it is time for the pupil to become accustomed to the traffic in the town. Once again in his driving career he encounters stalling, especially at traffic-lights and zebra crossings, resulting in a chorus of horns behind him as the other drivers are not so patient as the instructors.

"Now don't panic, you'll be all right; just start the car in the usual way and take your time." However, the red light has changed to amber and into green, but there is still no response from the pupil, half-frightened out of his wits at the confusion, wondering whether the tutor would object to his jumping out of the car and attempting a quick retreat; so there is no alternative for the instructor but to brake with the help of the dual control, thus preventing an accident, preserving his sanity and probably giving him a longer lease of life.

After he has recovered from the initial shock of town traffic, he gradually improves and thus becomes more confident, but his teaching days are not over yet! What about reversing and three-point turns? This is indeed a delicate subject as the pupil finds it almost impossible at first to fulfil the instructor's wishes. Instead of reversing slowly in the normal manner, the novice shoots back at a terrific speed, leaving a cloud of dust and a speechless instructor in his wake. However, practice makes perfection, so the teacher has to tolerate hours of reversing, hoping that the pupil will "see the light" one day.

And so to the driving test!

The moment of "To be or not to be" has arrived; the tension indescribable; the pupil fears that his test is a fate worse than death, and now feels further instruction would have been beneficial. Nevertheless the tutor's infinite hours of teaching were not in vain.

My heartiest congratulations go to the driving instructor: but, sir, if you don't mind my saying — you have an unenviable profession!

SHEILA A. SCALLY, VI.

OBITUARY—

Mr X. P. Z. GROZZLES, M.A., B.Sc.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the tragic death of Mr Grozzles, a well loved and deeply respected member of Grantown Grammar School. We cannot feel but horrified at the brutal means by which Mr Grozzles was murdered by a member of Class IVa and his head placed on top of the school gates.

Mr Grozzles will be remembered as the first member of staff to put into practice the "Electric Desk." This was a system devised by certain members of staff by which the teacher could press a switch on his desk which would give a small electric shock to

any misbehaving pupil. (The death of thirteen pupils one morning was not, as was rumoured, due to Mr Grozzles' increasing the voltage, but to an electric fault.) Other members of staff have followed Mr Grozzles' example, and this may be the cause of the increased number of truancies in Grantown School.

Mr Grozzles is survived by his eleventh wife (and probably by most of the other ten) and by three grown-up sons now residing in a well known establishment in Peterhead.

—A Mourning Pupil.

SIMON MACAULAY, IVa.

PICNICS

Picnicking is not a subject about which one often speaks or writes but it is none the less an interesting one. Rather surprisingly a lot can be said about it and it is difficult to know where to begin in classifying the various types of picnics. Probably the most common is the family picnic. This is the type whereby one sunny Sunday afternoon someone, usually a young son or daughter, annoys his or her father so much that he is glad to emerge from the once peaceful sanctuary of the Sunday paper and drive the whole family, complete with tea and sandwiches, into the countryside, where a suitable place is selected for the picnic to be devoured, usually by the "someone" who first suggested it. Perhaps this is an unfair representation of the family picnic which is often a genuinely happy affair but it has to be admitted, there can be complications, such as wasps falling in the jam, bread and butter being brought without a knife, the baby refusing to sit on prickly heather and squealing loudly for his high chair, and, perhaps most maddening of all, finding an idyllically peaceful spot only to have it invaded a few moments later by another family with the same idea.

The "outing" type of picnic suffers other hazards. This is the type of picnic at which for some reason, unknown even to meteorological officers, it always seems to rain. Wisely the organisers usually provide some mean of shelter at the destination "just in case it rains." As it usually does, the entire company huddle in a dusty barn munching the allocated number of buns and chocolate biscuits, drinking lemonade and generally enjoying themselves, for, despite the hazards, this type of picnic is frequently a success. Still it has to be admitted, the picnic is not in its heyday.

In the Victorian era it had a much more romantic rôle. The idea was that any young lady who had marriage in her eye should dress up most beguilingly in a demure white frock, lavishly pack a wicker picnic basket, if possible with cold chicken and chilled wine, and sit under a shady tree (preferably in June — more chance of the weather and scenery being just right). After a delicious meal the unsuspecting young man was supposed not to lie back in the sun and fall asleep but to propose. Unfortunately there are no records as to whether or not this method was successful.

Nowadays the picnic is certainly less romantic and has in many cases been modernised but equipment for this super up-to-date type of picnic can cost a fortune. The true addicts will, however, go all out to get it. She (picnic planners are invariably women) will acquire folding chairs and tables, a large matching range of plates, cups and saucers (unbreakable, of course!), cutlery down to the last tea spoon, a kettle and small stove, and even a tea pot, before she is satisfied that she is picnicking "properly," although, in fact, she is destroying the essence of the picnic which probably goes back to the days of primitive man, munching away at his raw

meat outside his cave with his family on a sunny afternoon! Since then numerous types of picnics have evolved—beach picnics, farm picnics, spur-of-the-moment picnics, lunch picnics, tea picnics, elaborate picnics, simple picnics, and barbecues. There is something about good food, beautiful scenery and fresh air which is irresistible to almost everyone. Some things may change but picnics go on for ever!

SUSAN MACGREGOR, Sec. VI.

AN EXCITING HOLIDAY

This year, during the summer holidays I went to visit my father in Nigeria. Finally the great day arrived and at four o'clock I rushed home because we had to be in Inverness at five o'clock to catch the plane to London. When we arrived we found that the plane was cancelled. My mother was very upset because it was not the first time that sort of thing had happened. But we took the night train to catch the V.C. 10 to Lagos the next day.

Everything worked out well and we arrived in Sapele after a good trip. Sapele is situated on the Niger Delta in the Midwest region of which Benin is the capital. Sapele is quite a large town and there are quite a few Europeans, many of whom work in the Timber or in the Plastics factory.

I was shown round the Plywood factory where my dad works as an engineer. It was a very interesting experience and it taught me a lot about the making of plywood. Firstly the logs are floated down the river on huge rafts, usually a hundred yards or more long. Then they are taken into the mill to be sawn up into strips. These strips are then glued together and heated to a high temperature to stick. They are then packed and shipped on ocean-going vessels which come right up the river.

I spent most of my time at the Sapele club where most of us met. Really it is the only place to go. There one finds a nine-hole golf course, tennis and badminton courts, table tennis, a swimming pool and a cinema.

Quite a lot of people used to go to Abraca. Abraca was a small township on the banks of a river not more than twenty feet across, but very deep and crystal clear. It was also suitable for swimming in, but very cold.

It is amazing how quickly one's holidays pass and, before I knew it, it was time to go home. My journey took me to Benin, the nearest airport. From there I flew to Lagos. At Lagos we were escorted off the plane by armed guards and on arrival at the airport lounge all our suitcases were opened and searched by soldiers. We heard later that three Africans had been arrested and locked up. Seemingly this happened every day. But we left without trouble the next day, and I arrived at Aberdeen the same day.

Now I have started school after a most enjoyable holiday which passed too quickly.

SANDY SMITH, IIa.

AN AFTERNOON'S OUTING IN THE 21st CENTURY

As it was a fine day, I thought I would go for a walk in my amphibian, so called because it floats along the road and swims in the sky. I started up and drove along the clothes line, which acted as a runway, and took off. As I descended into the sky, I could see the land spread out above me. I suddenly braked because a traffic warden waved a foot at me and told me to stop. A herd of flying-fish crossed the road behind me. I started up again and soon I passed a Zebra fish-crossing. After that the road went up steeply and I soon submerged above the clouds.

When it started raining I put on some sun-tan lotion. A bit further along the road I saw an Air Force Submarine, which was camouflaged with red and white stripes. It looked more like a signal than a submarine. A man was sitting on the deck beside an air-gun, fishing for birds with a piece of cord. He shot a blood-hound missile at us from his gun. It went wide but it soon smelt us out, coming up in our rear and smashing us into smithereens. The amphibian dived up to Earth and we did a perfect kangaroo landing. When I arrived home I put her into bed with some Castor-oil (I use that instead of Castrol). I think she still feels some bad effects from that day.

IAN DUNLOP, 3a.

ON DRESSING A

Read this first:

Work carefully and patiently.
Handle model gently but firmly.
Lay out all parts before assembling.

Note: Subject should be suitably secured at this stage.

Do not use cement at any time.

Instructions

1. Bath subject carefully and thoroughly. Do not immerse completely. A series of gurgling noises will warn you of this. But all shrieks, screams, yells, etc., must be totally ignored.
2. Locate vest. Insert arms through two smaller holes on either side and head through larger hole in centre, ensuring label is to inside back.
3. Locate pants. Slide body of subject through larger hole at top and then insert legs into two smaller holes. (IMPORTANT --If model falls over this means that both legs have been placed in the same hole and the operation must be repeated with more care.)
4. Locate T-shirt. Repeat as for vest. All movement of the subject must be severely restricted at this stage.
5. Locate shorts. Repeat as for pants. If shorts tend to slip then they need new elastic. Do NOT pin to subject.

The model is now complete and should move freely in all directions.

The model is of course a baby brother.

DAVID ALSTON, 3a.

THE TAY ROAD BRIDGE

The latest building project in Scotland—The Tay Road Bridge—has now been completed and is open to the public.

The bridge, which was started three and a half years ago and cost a total of six million pounds, crosses the broad Tay from Dundee to Newport, in Fife, a length of one and a half miles. The bridge is sixty feet wide, has forty-two spans and the deck is four-laned with a central pavement between the dual carriageways for pedestrians.

The building of the bridge involved the knocking down of many buildings in Dundee in order to build new roads leading onto the bridge. One of these many buildings — a famous structure, which the people of Dundee unwillingly parted with—was the Royal Arch, built to commemorate Queen Victoria's visit to Dundee in 1844. Now instead of the Royal Arch and other very old buildings along the banks of the Tay, one sees very modern roads and flyovers.

To make the building of the bridge easier, a temporary structure was built. The temporary bridge was erected in two parts, one part starting from the Dundee end and the other from Newport. When the two parts clicked into position on February 15, 1965, the provosts of both towns met on the centre.

There were several mishaps during the building. Five men were killed while working on the bridge. One man went over with a locomotive, another slipped and fell into the deep, ice-cold water and three were drowned when a section of the temporary bridge collapsed. Probably the biggest set-back was the death of Mr William Logan, the head of the firm building the bridge.

On August 18, a large crowd assembled on the banks of the Tay and at the entrance to the bridge to welcome the Queen Mother, who opened the bridge. In her opening speech the Queen Mother spoke of the great importance this bridge was to play, not only for Dundee but for the whole of Scotland, and we all hope that her words will prove true and the Tay Bridge will be as popular as her fellow bridge, the Forth.

JOAN PATERSON, V.

THE GHOST OF WINDSOR

On lonely nights in winter

When the moon is large and bright

The Terrible Ghost of Windsor

Comes out to haunt the night.

Out of the grave he slowly comes

Out into the night—

The Terrible Ghost of Windsor

With his face a sickly white.

He stealthily creeps in the shadows,

Awaiting there his prey,

And the person he is waiting for

Will not see another day.

He makes his way back to the graveyard,

Into his hole he climbs,

The Terrible Ghost of Windsor

Is back in his lair, 'neath the limes.

LYNDA ROBERTSON, 3a.

"DOORS"

According to the dictionary, a door is "a hinged barrier for closing the entrance to a building," and as we pass a row of houses, each door appearing to resemble perfectly its neighbour, we are inclined to contemplate no aspect of a door other than its composition. We may see small doors, large doors, plain doors or ostentatiously ornamented doors guarding humble dwellings or great mansions, but unless the subject of this dissertation has any particularly unusual characteristic we are apt never to recall to mind any specific door we see. Those we do remember, we see merely as cumbersome blocks of inanimate wood, perhaps painted red, or green. Yet to the inhabitants of the domain to which this door belongs, it holds the key to their comfort and inward satisfaction of home life. Does a nervous infant who has only recently begun his organised education not experience a wonderful sensation of regained security on crossing the threshold of his own home? But should he instead encounter a locked door, how great is his distress. Such is the power of a lock.

Each summer thousands of young adults—the school leavers—shake loose the bonds of their former life to pursue their vocation. They, like the fox cub on first venturing from the door of its earth, tread very warily and cautiously. The wider horizons of their new environment cannot but at least be a little frightening to these inexperienced youths. They are the members of society who benefit most by having an acquaintance, however unfamiliar, in their new habitat, for in this context it may truly be said that "one open door leads to another."

Another occasion in which the juvenile in particular is extremely preoccupied with doors is the ordeal of his first interview with

a prospective employer. In this case the nervous, irresolute student awaits, sick with apprehension, while he stares vacantly at the glass-panelled door marked "Personnel-Officer," until he is summoned. He may be fortunate and secure a remunerative position, or he may not be offered any post, but, if he is not, he may find consolation and regain courage from the old quotation, "where one door closes another opens."

Like the young child whose home is deserted, or the youth who remains unemployed, we all find "locked doors" throughout life's journey, and seeing no solution to our immediate problems, we are inclined to feel somewhat depressed. But let us retain our faith and almost invariably we shall discover that hard work or perseverance or a recipe comprising both these ingredients, surmounts each hurdle as it approaches, and supplies the correct combination to release the intricate lock and allow passage through the formerly "closed entrance."

PATRICK GRANT, VI.

HIS SWEETEST BITE

In 1651 a skirmish was fought at Inverlochy, now Fort-William, between Cameron of Lochiel with thirty of his followers and about two hundred of General Monk's soldiers, who had come to Inverlochy to carry off cattle and cut down trees for wood. In the ensuing skirmish many of the English troops were killed whereas Lochiel and most of his followers escaped.

However, there is a story that, while pursuing some fleeing English soldiers, Lochiel was jumped upon by one of the strongest and bravest of the English officers, who had observed Lochiel's pursuit of the soldiers and had retired behind a bush until he came up.

The combat was fast and furious, the Englishman having the advantage in weight and strength but the young Lochiel exceeded him in nimbleness and agility. They closed upon each other and at close grips rolled upon the ground, all the time fighting desperately to attain the upper hand. At last the Englishman was on top but, while stretching out to grasp his sword, which had fallen upon the ground, he extended his neck over the face of the chief. Lochiel promptly took "his sweetest bite" and the brave officer fell back dead, blood gushing from his throat.

The story goes that some months later Lochiel, while down in London, entered a barber's shop for a shave. On finding out that he was from the Highlands the barber began a tale of woe about his son, who had been posted up north with his regiment. One day while engaged in combat with a small band of Highlanders he had his throat bitten by some wild Highlander, "and," finished the barber, brandishing his razor threateningly, "if I had that wild man in the position you are in now I would slit his throat from ear to ear."

GRANT CUMMING, Va.

MY VILLAGE

When I had to depart from Grantown-on-Spey
To the village of Nethy I came, to stay.
How dull life would be was my speculation
But how very far wrong was my anticipation.

In local history it abounds
Indeed within a castle's grounds
'Tis said that Nethybridge can boast
Of having in its midst a ghost!

Where I live in a crescent there are lots of
people
And over the river we can view the church
steeple.

There's an old rustic bridge where we have
lots of fun
'Cos it shivers and shakes when across it we
run.

But the event for which Nethybridge is well
renowned
Takes place every year in the football pitch
ground.

There's athletics and dancing and lots of side-
shows.

To the Nethybridge Games everyone goes.

SHEILA MILLAR, Ia.

MONTMATRE

While sight-seeing in Paris this summer I was fortunate enough to visit many famous Parisien buildings and monuments. I was greatly impressed by the old quarters, and like most tourists I was particularly attracted to Montmatre, characterised by its world-famous artists, inspired by its picturesque and quaint setting. From the centre of Paris we took the Metro in the direction of Montmatre and afterwards continued on foot through the streets of the less desirable district of Paris, 'La Pigalle,' which comes alive at night with its numerous cafés and night-clubs.

In order to reach the well known 'Place au Tetre' situated on the summit of 'La Butte de Montmatre'—the knoll on which Paris was founded—one must climb the steep, narrow streets and countless stairs of Montmatre. Everywhere the ancient houses are sadly in a state of dilapidation and disrepair.

As we climbed higher we glimpsed, between the houses on our left, the old windmill in the Rue tepic of Montmatre which gives a somewhat rustic appearance to the quarter.

Many famous artists who were brought up and spent their lives in Montmatre featured this windmill in their paintings and even today its beauty is a source of inspiration for the modern artists.

Suddenly the narrow street opens out onto the 'Place au Tetre' where artists have set up their easels around the open-air or rather terrace café and produced palettes and paint-brushes to sketch or paint portraits of any willing customers.

Although I did not have my portrait painted it was fascinating to watch the artists at work, who are in no way embarrassed by

inquisitive tourists but continue with their task.

In the background rises the greenish-white spire of 'La Basilique de Sacré Couer,' which had really been the main object of our visit to these quarters. Therefore we betook ourselves, perhaps somewhat reluctantly, to gaze at the paintings inside this church and climb the dome in the inside to view Paris.

ANN STUART, VI.

A GIRL'S VIEW OF FOOTBALL

Football! I've never seen such a stupid and worthless sport. I honestly don't see how 50,000 football-crazy men, boys and some ladies and girls can stand in the rain and watch such antics. If only they would stop and consider for a while what clowns they are making of themselves. They are all dressed up in the hats and scarves of the team's colours, not to mention the rattle they take just to make a noise when a goal has been scored or their team has had some kind of advantage. Each one is like an overgrown baby in a pram with its rattle making a noise to amuse itself.

What a noise they make! . . . "Shoot! Foul! Penalty! Ref." Instead of having one referee there are 50,000 of them refereeing the one game of football. When a goal is scored the stadium simply erupts, the hats go flying into the air, scarves and banners are waved about as if a hurricane had hit them. Then the crowd burst out singing the team's song. The Church choir is nothing to their singing, or so they think.

As a non-fanatic of this meaningless game to try to win cups and to be at the top of the league, I strongly object to men being paid £100 per week or more. Worse still, the football club has to pay thousands, just to have a so-called footballer in the team. All they do is kick a ball back and fore for ninety minutes on a Saturday afternoon. I also object on behalf of many girls who have to sit on a Saturday afternoon for at least the ninety minutes during which a game of football is being played which our brothers would like to see. This is true especially when Celtic play Rangers, for these teams are supposed to be the best in Scotland.

The general opinion of this game is that footballers themselves are ruining it because they are no longer playing football for the love of sport, but for the money only. This attitude of footballers is keeping many supporters away so I suppose that is the only good thing about it.

CAROL JAMIESON, 2b.

HOCKEY DISASTER

After the ball was centred,

After the whistle blew,
The Fochabers team got started,
And after the ball they flew.

It went from one to another
At such a terrific speed
And before we realised, O brother,
They were one goal in the lead.

Our forwards they were hopeless,
They simply could not score,
Our half-backs were no better,
Our defence was worse than poor.

The goals came in quick succession,
Our keeper was amazed,
There was a really deep depression,
And all our team seemed dazed.

At half-time we were five behind,
By the end that score was doubled,
Our opponents were anything but kind,
And we were sorely troubled.

At last the full-time whistle came,
We all were so relieved,
Fochabers had played a glorious game
And we were sorely grieved.

MARGARET MACGREGOR, IVa.

There was a young fellow called Max,
Who filled his pocket with tacks,
He thought he was clever
Although he could never
Sit down on a chair and relax.

IAN GRANT, Ia.

SWISS HOLIDAY

At last! After many months of eager waiting our big day arrived when thirty pupils and five grown-ups departed from Grantown by bus to the railway junction at Aviemore, the only station which is still open in this area. We boarded the London train in which we all had sleepers. The attendant did not cherish the idea of having thirty school children aboard his section of the train, as we soon all found out. Despite our hushed whispers I am sure very few of the passengers within a radius of two carriages had much sleep that night, thanks to a record-player which was constantly in use during the twelve hours we were on board.

On arrival at Euston Station, London, the next morning we were all beginning to feel the worse of a rather tedious journey. We went sight-seeing in London. The one famous place which everybody makes a point of going to see is Buckingham Palace. Among the other places we visited were 10 Downing Street, Houses of Parliament, The Old Bailey, The Cenotaph, Trafalgar Square with its famous pigeons. We were given several guides to show us over the printing works and offices of "The Evening Standard." We were shown how to use teleprinters, and in the time we were being shown around, there were two editions of "The Evening Standard" printed. We were all supplied free of charge with a copy of each edition.

But however long we would have liked to stay in London, it was Switzerland we were bound for. Once more we boarded the train, this time for Folkestone from where we were to take the boat to Calais. Despite the foregone conclusion that everybody would be seasick, the Channel was very calm and, luckily, nobody was. On arrival at Calais we had a little time to spend before boarding the train for Basle. For this stage of the journey we had couchettes, after which I will never again criticise the British Railways' services. There were six to a compartment. Each bunk had one blanket, one sheet and a very small pillow, but we were all very glad to get some sleep. . . .

ANNE JACK, V.

SCHOOL

School is such a boring place,
Learning every day;
And lessons in the evening
So I can't get out to play.

I wish we had five days off
And only two in school,
But then I'd not learn anything
And I'd only be a fool.

So maybe it is just as well
That we are taught to learn,
Because when we are older
We have to work to earn.

JAMES FRASER, Ia.

STONE AGE GIRL

If I'd a chance I'd go right back
Ten thousand years B.C.
I'd like to be a Stone Age girl
Wild, untamed little me.

I wouldn't have to rise from bed,
There wouldn't be a school,
And I've been thinking over things,
I'd do — be — a — utiful.

To start with I would have a pet,
Dinosaur if you please,
I'd teach it how to wag its tail
Among the apple trees.

Instead of banisters, its back
Would be a special treat.
I'd wear out of my animal skins
The part they call the seat.

I'd make a point of leaving
Some future booby-traps
To catch those archæologists,
Those ancient history chaps.

In time my carvings on the wall
Would lead them foot by foot
To where I'd left a whacking load
Of pre-historic soot.

Yes, I could have a super time
As a little Stone Age nipper.
The one thing that would worry me
Would be the Stone Age slipper.

MARY McINNES, IVa.

"THE SPACE AGE"

Although 'twas only recently
The clever human race
Thought of sending people
Into outer space,
They have made great progress
And many rockets fly
Among the stars and planets
Far beyond the sky.

The astronauts need courage
And plenty patience too,
For it is quite a long time
Before their ordeal's through.
They travel at terrific speeds
And need a head for heights
As they fly above the Earth
Through many days and nights.

Some people find it thrilling
To fly among the stars
Seeing other planets—
Like Jupiter and Mars.
But in the mystic future,
Maybe late or soon,
People will be moving
To live upon the moon.

MAIRI FRASER, IVa.

THE SIX WEEK INVASION

They were first spotted on the seventeenth day of July—six of them in all, clothed all in black with patches of white here and there. Each looked very mysterious and it was a wonder to everybody how they had arrived.

To begin with they just lay there listlessly and of course they were the centre of attraction. Almost everybody in the village came to find out what exactly these invaders were like. Every day they were inspected by someone to see if any change had taken place overnight. Naturally they were kept apart from the rest of the population almost as if they were in quarantine. It seemed to be instinctive to the people in the village to do this—some strange power seemed to govern everybody, compelling them to take care of the intruders.

Then, miraculously, they began to grow and their faces began to straighten out so that they didn't look quite such freaks.

The days passed and still they didn't move around much until one day the people woke up to find all the flowers and plants in their gardens ruined and the newcomers wandering around the village.

Then slowly their minds began to form. If anyone tried to annoy them in any way the oddities attacked—apparently without feeling for any of the human race. Anything they could get their hands on they ruined—cushions, old slippers, clothes, all were chewed and bedraggled by the time these strange creatures had finished with them. The people in the village looked on helplessly as if entranced.

Four weeks passed, and five, and still nothing happened. At last, when they were six weeks old they were separated and each one went to a different family where it would be well looked after. Soon all six puppies were house-trained and seemed quite grown-up.

ELAINE DAVIDSON, Va.

BONNIE STRATHSPEY

The heather is purple, the pines are dark green,

And far in the distance the Cairngorms are seen.

I gaze at the hills and the moors and I say,
"Oh, this is my home, in Bonnie Strathspey."

The curlew is calling, the eagle soars high,
The deer wander free and the startled grouse cry.

A hawk, hovering high, is watching his prey
While I wander ever in Bonnie Strathspey.

JANE MACAULAY, IIa.

LIFE ON THE MOORS

I have been brought up in Dava, a little wonderland about six miles from Grantown. Dava, like many places in Moray, is rich in Nature. A walk across the ocean of purple heather will bring you upon hares, rabbits, grouse, partridges, deer, the rare sight of a fox or a wild cat, and many birds.

If you bother to walk over the moor and to the tops of the hills, a tremendous panoramic view of Lochindorb can be achieved. Lochindorb is a beauty spot which gleams in a summer's day like a diamond set in rich green. There are the ruins of a castle in the middle of the loch, which can be reached by a rowing boat. Lochinelin, a little loch near the roadside, has a small floating island in it, which proves to be a breath-taking sight for passing motorists.

One of the most moving experiences I have had is to walk to a place where you get a good view; then to stop in absolute wonder at the sight of everything—the hills, the burns, the small woods, the few houses and farms, and the winding road which is moving with traffic.

I think a person benefits in three ways if he or she lives close to Nature. They have good health, peace of mind, and are able to appreciate the simple things of life. The humming of bees, the croaking of frogs, the cries of wild cats and foxes are a sort of music to the country man. It is only in the wilds you can see and admire God's work.

In winter Dava is often cut off from the outside world by snow blizzards which sometimes leave drifts ten feet high on the road. It is then you are awakened through the night by someone who is wanting to borrow a spade, a place to shelter, or a telephone, and to give their car a push.

Dava to me is a better place to live than any city or town. It is like a paradise to the honest, hard-working country fellow.

DAVID McDONALD, 3b.

MY OPINION

There is a farmer in the glen,
Black cattle are his hobby,
When I went down to lend a hand
He fed me in the lobby.

He asked me to come back again,
But I to him did say,
Oh, no!—You are the meanest man
In all the length of Spey.

COLIN FINLAYSON, 1b.

A New School for Grantown

With the founding of the village of Grantown two hundred years ago, a serious educational problem was created, as the nearest school lay at Cromdale, three miles away on the other bank of the Spey. Sir James Grant, the founder, could not be ignorant that the void required filling, for two years earlier his close friend and adviser, William Lorimer, had written to him on the necessity of education in the following terms:—

[Sir James]... 'should desire the Ministers to look out for ingenious Boys in their Parishes, that they may be bred for Schoolmasters and Teachers, of which Profession there's a great want in the Country, owing to the great Encouragement that young men have of going abroad — Tho' the Country should not be overstock'd with Scholars, the other Extreme will bring us back again to Ignorance and Barbarism and is equally to be avoided.'

That Lorimer's advice did not go unheeded is shown by a document written a year after the first settlements.

Seafeld Papers: Box 25 (Castle Grant),
Bundle 2.

Castle Grant. July 25th, 1767.

There is to be erected at Grantown in Strathspey an Assylum where all healthy children to [—] Extent are to be received from the time they are Six years old, and prepared for the Linen and Woollen Manufactures. Those who have a Turn for Agriculture are likewise to be instructed in the Theory of that Science.

A Proper decent person is to be provided who shall take care of the Houses, their Cloaths, Victuals, etc.—Everyone who sends his Child is to send Bedding with him or her or to be provided at the Expence of the Parish he resides in, according to the Circumstances.

Every child may continue till Eleven or fourteen years old according to the Age they enter at.—

This Assylum to be maintained in Masters, Schoolmistresses, etc., by Voluntary Subscription; Three Collections at the different Churches in the Estate, and the work of the

children and necessary Attendants, but this last cannot be supposed to produce anything for the first year.

The whole is under Mr Grant's Inspection and Direction.

It is expected the different Boards for the Encouragement of Industry will think this Scheme worth promoting.

Children at this Assylum will likewise be taught reading and writing as far as is necessary for Business — There will be a prize contended for annually — Those who come off victorious to have a Badge of Honour, and a strong recommendation from Mr Grant when they are fit for Business.

This Assylum to be confined to Strathspey, with this exception that any neighbouring County or Parish subscribing to such an Extent as to make it practicable, may send Children accordingly — The Foundation will be enlarged as it is found to answer.—

This is a rough Draught of a Scheme that it is hoped will be of great Benefit to this Country. The sooner the Subscriptions are begun the earlier it can be put in practice and every year lost in the proper Education of youth is an infinite prejudice to Society.

This Scheme is only intended for the benefit of those who have not Opportunity nor Ability to educate their Children.

But the most substantial are equally interested in the bringing-up an Honest Industrial set of Inhabitants, and will, it is hoped, subscribe accordingly.

This plan, archaic in many ways, yet modern in its stress on vocational training, was not fully adhered to. Within a few years, however, Grantown had not only a school for boys (presided over by a master whose salary of £30 was partly paid by Sir James and partly by the parish), but also a 'dame's school.' There a schoolmistress began the teaching of younger pupils and trained older girls in reading, writing, sewing and knitting. In a time when it was abnormal to educate girls, Grantown provided one of the best educations available. We may hope the school now under construction may make it possible to continue to do so.



PRIMARY MAGAZINE

THE FOUNDING OF GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY

In 1765, over two hundred years ago, Sir Ludovic Grant and Mr James Grant founded a new town. It was to be the centre of all agricultural marketing in the countryside around.

Before it had been a "castle-town" built around Castle Grant, the home of the Seafields. The older settlement was removed and its place taken by the new "Grant-Town."

Grantown is situated on a small hill above the Spey, a mile south of the castle, and is the same plan as most of the 'new-towns' of that period. It has a long High Street broadening into a picturesque square. There are also two smaller back roads running parallel to the High Street and a few lanes joining the main street with them.

Some of the earlier houses in Grantown still remain. Such are the Freemasons' Hall and the Orphanage, situated in the middle of The Square, formerly the Charity School, founded in 1824. This year to mark the bicentenary of Grantown the Countess of Seafield handed over The Square to the people of Grantown.

ELIZABETH STUART, P.VII.

While I was on holiday at the Isle of Sheppey in Kent, some of our friends took us out for the day to visit Margate and Ramsgate.

At Margate we went to Dreamland, which is a large fair-ground beside the beach.

Then we went on to Ramsgate, which is further down the coast. We had our tea and then went to the Hovercraft Station, where the next pleasure trip was due in ten minutes. Only two of us went on. Colin and myself. The tickets cost 12/6 and it lasted twenty minutes. We went round the coast for a few miles and were travelling at a speed of fifty miles an hour.

Afterwards we went to the model village, which was very well made and set up. It had boats which were attached to wires underwater and they went up and down the river. It had model cricket matches and tennis matches, windmills, shops, small bridges which you could walk over, and many other things, including an airport with large passenger 'planes and helicopters. It was all very interesting.

ALISTAIR MACDONALD, P.VII.

THE YOUNG CAVALIER

There was once a young cavalier
Whose saddle was pierced by a spear.
When he sat on his horse,
He said, "But, of course,
I will never sit down for fear. . . ."

JOHN CRUICKSHANK, P.VII.

CRAIGTON PARK

Last summer my family and I went to Craigton Park near St Andrews. We decided to go to the 'Dutch Village' and when we were finally there we all wanted to explore. We walked across the small square and opened a door, which led to a small boat-house. Then we went to the 'Fairy Greenhouse.' Inside I threw some pennies into the wishing well and made a wish. I was very sorry to leave the greenhouse, but when I saw the Italian Gardens I cheered up. There were flowers of all kinds and the paving stones were blue, white and red. Finally we went to the Fairy Station and Bill, my cousin, and I had five rides to Fairy-land on the train. Soon it was time to go back to our caravan in St Andrews, but I shall never forget the lovely time I had at Craigton Park.

ALISON HENDRY, P.V.

THE NEW SCHOOL

I often sit and wonder
What the new school will be like,
It's far away, so every day
I'll ride there on my bike.

Will there be lots and lots of stairs,
And lovely polished floors,
And will our teachers have their names
Upon the classroom doors?

What fun and games we're sure to have
In our new shiny gym,
And then there is the swimming pool
Where I must learn to swim.

I hope they make the Music Room,
The finest one of all,
Where girls can sing so sweetly
And boys can shout and bawl.

And as we pass 'The Old School,'
Our thoughts will backward fly
To the happy times we had there
In the days gone by.

JANETTE MACDONALD, P.VII.

MY SUNFLOWER

One day, as I was giving my hamster food, I found some black seeds in it. I asked and was told that they were sunflower seeds. Thinking it over I decided to plant one to see if it would grow. After some time it did, to about six inches in a pot in the garden. It grew many green leaves but without any flowers. Then it began to wither and die. I was disappointed that it had died but I was very glad that it had grown at all, as I had never expected it to.

Perhaps I'll have better luck next time.

JANE MARSHALL, P.VIa.

MY CAT

I have a cat called Tiger. He is brown, black and white. He likes cooked sole with warm milk. He has a basket with 'Tiger' on the side of it. When he is sleeping he curls himself into a large ball. If the tap is dripping and he is thirsty he will catch the drips in his mouth.

STANLEY COOKE, P.V.

GOD

God is always beside you,
No matter where you go,
And if you do anything bad
God is sure to know.

JOHN SMITH, P.V.

THE HOUSE AT CHRISTMAS

In the house I can see,
Tables, lights and a Christmas tree.
Up above the window sill
Three balloons stand quite still.
Coloured ones, red, green and white,
Hanging round the shining light.
So we have a happy day,
Lots of fun and games to play.

DAVID McINTOSH, P.V.

There was a young man of Redmyre,
Had a puncture in his spare tyre,
He looked at his mum,
Who just twitched her thumb
To beckon a car for a hire.

BILL JOHNSTON, P.VIa.

MY SISTERS!!!

My sisters are a terrible pair,
They fight and pull each other's hair.
One is called Ann, the other Rita,
And both try to slim by eating Ryvita!

ELIZABETH STUART, P.VII.

Henry went to have a bath and took the newspaper with him to read. He started to run the bath and while doing so sat on the chair and began to read. He did not realise when the bath was full.

Henry's wife called, "What are you doing in there?"

"Nothing, dear—just having an overflow!"

REGINALD CROFT, P.VIa.

Editor's Note: This young lady has a very vivid imagination like most young sisters!



Obviously happy at their lessons are these Primary I pupils of Grantown Grammar School.

SPORTS SECTION

FOOTBALL

Adverse weather conditions again curtailed this year's football fixtures, only half the matches being played. As in previous years there was a shortage of experienced players, and several juniors were tried.

The season kicked off with a home game against Forres. The smaller Grantown team were not daunted by their bigger, heavier opponents, and had an equal share of the pressure; but in the end we lost by the only goal of the game. Defeats in the next two games, against Fochabers and Nairn, away, were not serious and it showed that with a bit of luck and some training our team could be successful.

In the last match of the season against Nairn, at Grantown, the school team did not take the chances offered to them, and we had to settle for a 1-1 draw, our goal being scored by D. McGillivray. A happy note to end on!

The team throughout the season was selected from the following:—

Defence—A. Smith, G. Green, G. Foy, A. Grant, D. Macdonald, D. Robertson.

Forwards—H. Robertson, J. Oakes, J. McInnes, D. McGillivray, D. Grant, I. Cumming, D. Watt.

Our First Year team, however, enjoyed much more success, with a 4-0 win against Nairn, and a 3-0 victory over Forres.

SKI-ING

The interest shown amongst the pupils last season was keener than the previous year. Almost every week-end between December 12th and the Easter holidays the ski-bus was filled with about thirty pupils, accompanied usually by two members of staff. Grantown, as well as other schools in Moray and Nairn, took advantage of the ten weeks of instruction and equipment offered by the Moray and Nairn Education Committee. Eight of our best skiers, along with other promising young skiers from Speyside, received special racing training from the pick of the ski-instructors in the area.

A team of twelve: F. Anfield, S. Sutton, T. Ferguson, D. McCulloch, D. Ross, J. Stewart, S. McDonald, M. Riley, F. Henderson, P. Wood, A. Grant, V. Corpe, succeeded in winning the Boyd Anderson Trophy. This race was held for the first time between the schools of Moray, Nairn and Banff. Two boys from Secondary II, S. McDonald and M. Riley, distinguished themselves in several competitions. They finished first and second respectively in the Falkirk Bairns Race. M. Riley also won the Highland Ski Club Kelly Cup, and S. McDonald was first overall in the Cairngorm Race sponsored by the Winter Sports Development Board.

An exhibition of pre-ski exercises and dry-slope ski-ing was given by twelve pupils to the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir John Hunt in November when they came to the Elgin Town

Hall to inspect the activities in Moray for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. The outcome was that ski-ing was introduced in this area by way of an experiment as one of the pursuits for the badge.

The highlight of the ski-season was the trip to Adelboden, Switzerland, in the Easter holidays. A party of thirty-five pupils and five adults left on March 3rd and returned on April 1st, with a day in London on the outward journey for sight-seeing. Despite the stormy weather, the long steep pistes and the variety of snow conditions were appreciated by all.

It is thanks to Mr Corpe for his excellent organisation that this trip was so successful. Due to his enthusiasm and encouragement during his years at Grantown a high standard of ski-ing was reached and the school was able to produce a team which won the Boyd Anderson Trophy. We skiers are very sorry to see Mr Corpe go, and we are very grateful for all he has done to encourage ski-ing in the school.

GOLF

Numbers continued to increase and this year saw keen competition in both the 18-hole and 9-hole sections.

We are again indebted to Mr Hendry for devoting so much time to school golf and for arranging competitions. Our thanks are also due to Gregor Mackintosh, the Nairn professional, for giving twice-weekly lessons during the summer term.

In the medal competitions held throughout the term, the standard of play was high and prizes were evenly distributed. The annual match-play championships were also held. N. McKinley beating N. McLure in the final of the 9-hole section, and R. Laing winning the 18-hole section with a victory over I. Cumming.

In inter-school matches the school did not have much success with double defeats at the hands of Inverness, Forres and Gordonstoun. In the last home match of the season, however, we regained some glory with a well-deserved draw against Elgin.

Our team throughout the season consisted of six of the following players:—David Anderson, David G. Macdonald, Ronald Laing, Grant Cumming, Derek McCulloch, James Stewart, Ian Cumming and Donald Ross.

In the Doig Shield, seven schools played two medal rounds over the Moray Golf Course, Lossiemouth. The Grammar School team consisting of D. Anderson, D. G. Macdonald and R. Laing finished fourth behind Nairn, who retained the trophy, Forres and Elgin. Special mention should be given to D. Anderson, who gained a handicap prize in his age group in this competition.

Highlight of the year was a hole in one by First Year pupil Colin Clark at the 143-yard 16th during a school competition.

SCHOOL SPORTS

We were favoured by excellent weather conditions for the school sports which, again under the competent organisation of Mr Liggat, provided a pleasant afternoon's entertainment. Inter-house rivalry again proved an added stimulus to maintain high standards, with Revack capturing both Boys' and Girls' House Cups.

Three records were broken and one equalled. Allan Grant's time of 13.1 seconds in the Inter. Boys' 80 yards hurdles bettered any previous effort, while Sarah Couesland raised the Inter. Girls' high jump record to 4 ft. 1½ ins. The Revack Junior Girls' relay time produced a new improvement in standard, while Lynnda Robertson equalled the 1965 record of 22 seconds in the Inter. Girls' 150 yards.

John McInnes, the 1965 runner-up, was Senior Boys' champion with Patrick Grant second. The Inter. Boys' title went to Stuart McDonald while Johnny Grant and Billy McLeod were joint runners-up. Charles Smith had a clear lead over his nearest rival, John Rennie, in the Junior Boys' section. In the Primary over-10 section Michael Cruickshank and Robert Wilson tied for the championship while Robert Morren and Geoffrey Philips were first and second respectively in the under-10's group.

Anne Urquhart and Helen Grant shared the Senior Girls' title, while the Inter. Girls' champion and runner-up were Judy Collyer and Barbara Alexander. Leader in the Senior primary section was Yvonne Grant with Eileen Johnstone half a point behind. To complete our list, under-10 girls' champion was Alison Hendry who triumphed over Maureen Duncan, the runner-up.

In the last event of the day, Andrew Smith's supreme effort for victory in the final

leg of the Senior Boys' relay race provided a spectacular grand finale.

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INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS

Our primary team competed in the Badenoch and Strathspey and at the Moray and Nairn primary school sports.

At the Moray and Nairn secondary school sports our senior team produced better results than any other school team in recent years. The highlight of our athletic activities at Forres was Allan Grant's record-breaking run in the Inter. Boys' 80 yards hurdles. In this event, Allan set up a new county record of 12.3 seconds, slicing .5 seconds off the previous best.

First places were gained by Sheila Scally (Senior Girls' discus), Doreen McLean (Inter. Girls' discus), Sarah Couesland (Inter. Girls' high jump), Patrick Grant (Youth Boys' discus), David McKenzie (Inter. Boys' shot and discus), and Allan Grant (Inter. Boys' hurdles). Other school pupils who gained places were:—Seniors—Anne Urquhart. Youth—Beatrice Oliphant, Helen Grant, Relay team comprising Beatrice Oliphant, Mairi and Helen Grant and Joan Paterson, Andrew Smith, David McGillivray. Junior—Eric Matthew, Stephen Philips.

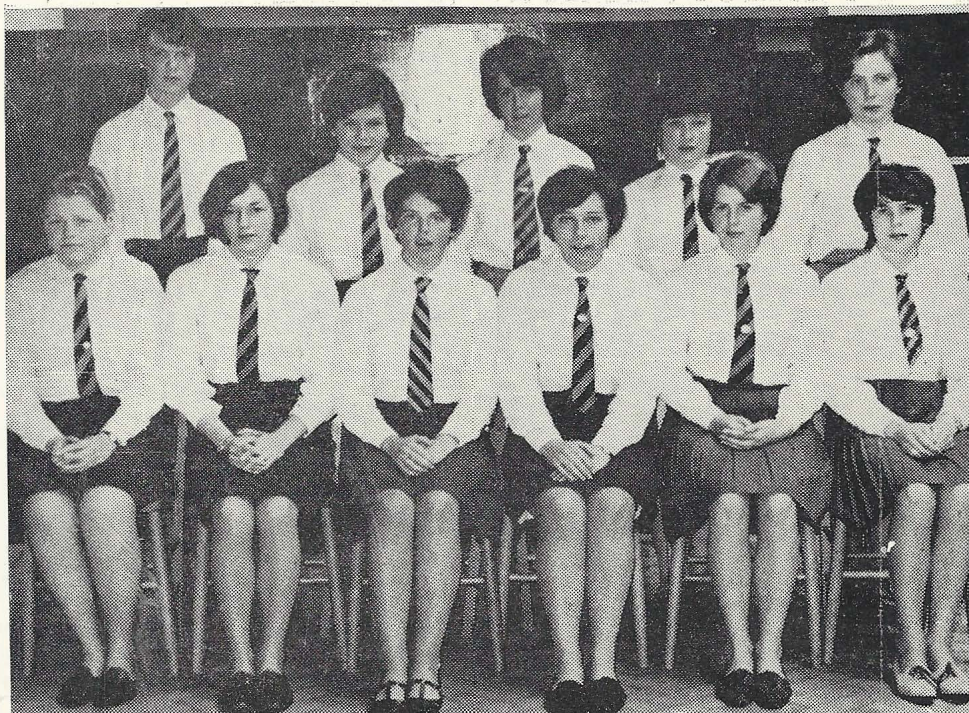
Of these, four pupils helped Moray and Nairn on to victory in a triangular contest between Banff, Aberdeenshire, and Moray and Nairn at Huntly. At this meeting, Sarah Couesland in the Inter. Girls' high jump and Patrick Grant in the Youth Boys' discus gained first places. Sheila Scally was awarded a second in the Senior Girls' discus, similar placings being captured by David McKenzie in the Intermediate Boys' shot and discus.



Boy prefects for the 1966-67 session. Standing (left to right)—Allan Grant, Alan Stuart, Grant Cumming, Charles Rennie, Michael Moir; seated — Michael McGruer, James Stewart (vice-captain), Patrick Grant (captain), Fred Anfield, Neil MacLure.



Football 1st X1.—Standing (left to right)—Brian Morrison, Billy McLeod, Ian Cumming, Graham Grant, William Laing, Iain Grant; seated—Stuart Macdonald, Derek Macdonald, Kenneth Edwards, Allan Grant (captain), Derek Irvine, Alan Cameron.



Girl prefects for the 1966-67 session. Standing (left to right)—Elaine Davidson, Joan Paterson, Rhona Cameron, Valerie Grant and Joyce Telfer; seated—Ann Jack, Sheila Scally, Ann Stuart, Carol Stuart, Ann Urquhart and Mairi Grant.



Hockey 1st XI. — Standing (left to right) — Jennifer Macgregor, Doreen Maclean, Margaret Macgregor, Mary McInnes, Helen Grant, Brenda Telfer; seated — Rhona Cameron, Shirley Stewart, Ann Stuart (captain), Margaret Oakes, Judy Collyer.

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

EDITORIAL

Once again we greet all members and friends with best wishes from the Old School. We were pleased to have about 140 forms returned, along with some oral replies, and also to receive over 60 orders for magazines. We have also been gladdened by many messages of appreciation of the news this F.P. Section conveys.

We again welcome a number of student recruits to our Club ranks. Their varied studies illustrate the complexity of modern life. Bruce Bain is now studying with an actuarial firm in Edinburgh. Elspeth Gow has made a promising beginning in Arts at Aberdeen. We regret that the Gow family is leaving Grantown; but we hope to keep in touch with Elspeth. Jill Hepburn is studying business and administration at Strathclyde University. Margaret Williamson commences the study of Medicine in Aberdeen. We also welcome George Coutts as a Life Member.

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OF STUDENTS AND LEAVERS

Of the students who have completed courses this year, a number seem to have broken new ground. There is great local interest in the career of Sandy Macdonald, of Dulnain Bridge, who has achieved the degree of B.D. with Honours this year, and is now an ordained minister. Martin Jackson, leaving his medical studies for a year, is our first to have achieved a B.Sc. with Honours in Pharmacology. Annette Dignan is the first for many years to have won the D.A. at the Edinburgh School of Art. Lindsay Stephen has also blazed a trail by completing a course in Social Studies in Edinburgh.

In addition to these pioneer performances, we have to congratulate David Davidson on his B.Sc. in Engineering, Anne Urcuhart on qualifying in Pharmacy, Maureen Macaulay on completing a College of Education course leading to teaching, and Seonaid McClure and Gill Ross on completing Atholl Crescent courses.

Elsewhere we have recorded the progress of students in the mid-stream of their studies. This year — a most successful one for the Grammar School—again sees a considerable inflow of students to University and College. A number of our lads have entered engineering firms, where, as noted elsewhere, some of our young recruits to industry have done very well. This year, again, at least a couple of our boys have entered the Services. There was a time when we could find space to enumerate details of all our senior leavers, but it becomes increasingly difficult to keep track of them all. We do feel, however, that school life in Grantown can open many gates; and that is the main thing.

OF EXILES

Most of our exiles, I am glad to say, remain fairly static; but I shall try to record below some of the changes. I begin with the senior club.

Mrs Balfour (Dorothy Smith) spent a holiday in Scotland this summer from distant Zambia.

We congratulate Mrs Berry (Elizabeth McWilliam) and her husband on his promotion to Forres.

We appreciated kind notes from Stanley Buchan, now one of our most senior members, and from Mrs Cowan (Wilma Irving), who now resides in Wiltshire.

We congratulate Valerie Dewar on promotion at the High Range Hotel.

Janet Dixon, back from Aden, is also to be congratulated on promotion.

Margaret Donald has a responsible post in the splendidly equipped Middlesex Hospital.

We congratulate Mr and Mrs Drummond (Kay Hepburn) on a first family event.

Tom Edwards has gone places in a double sense with his firm. This summer he was flying out to supervise work in Italy. At present his job entails visits to France.

Mrs Gardiner (Wilma Watt) is embarking on a course of training for teachers. They are all needed.

Mrs Gordon (Ann Paton) has moved to Elgin, her husband having been promoted from Huntly.

We send our best wishes to Mrs Gray (Barbara Hepburn) in her new milieu in Cumbernauld.

Mrs George Johnson (May Mackenzie), now with a family of three, has temporarily dropped teaching; but she still has the interest.

We extend our best wishes to David Joy on his marriage.

We congratulate Mabel Lawson on yet another honour in a career of long distinction.

Mrs Littlejohn (Elizabeth Young) resumes teaching after a break of nine years.

Mrs Lugg (Jean Burgess) dispenses hospitality in her new home in Stranraer. Among her visitors this summer was Mrs McCurdy (Alice King), along with husband, son and nephew, on holiday from the U.S.A.

We congratulate Mr and Mrs Johnny MacGregor on a happy event—followed, sadly, by bereavement when Pat's father died in Aberdeen.

Gilbert Mackay has crowned his studies with an Honours Degree in Psychology. He now practices Clinical Psychology in a Dumfries hospital, in quest of a diploma.

We express our condolences to Alex. Mackintosh on the loss of his wife.

Mrs McLaren (Sheila MacDougall) again spent a leave in Strathspey from S. America.

Isabel MacLean now receives in the Angus Hotel, Dundee, while Nancy McLean still exercises her nursing skill in New Britain.

We extend our good wishes to Mrs McLennan (Louise Dixon) on her marriage.

Sandy MacLure has gone to a forestry post in Sierra Leone. This assignment, under Voluntary Service Overseas, is adventurous rather than lucrative. All praise to modern youth!

We congratulate Bill and Judy Mitchell on a family event.

Jeannette Munro should now be in her new home in Aberdeen. We heard from Jeannette—and also from Mr Hunter, who spent some time with the party—of a small F.P. re-union in Aberdeen organised by Donnie McBeath in the Queen's Hotel. Also at the party were the three McCurdys, Mrs McBeath, Mrs Spalding (Isobel Gunn), Mrs Ewen (Betty Robertson) and Inspector John McDonald. It sounded a charming re-union of old school friends.

Returning from a spell in Australia, Mrs Naughton (Marie Shaw) re-visited Strathspey, but found the time all too short.

Another returned exile, looking as fresh as ever, was Mrs O'Connor (Dorothy Cameron) from Seattle.

Mrs Parrott (Catherine Douglas) has now set up home in the U.S.A.

We congratulate Margaret G. Ross on promotion in her nursing career in Dundee.

Mrs Scott (Alison Stuart), like her two sisters, can boast a happy event.

We note a slight change of address in the case of Mrs Speer (Morna Mackenzie) and of appointment in the case of Mrs Springall (Jessie Stewart).

Mrs Squires (Isa Moyes) writes to inquire of Father Robertson who, we believe, still functions as a parish priest. When Montreal holds a World Fair in 1967, she hopes to participate officially.

Lindsay Stephen has now completed her Social Welfare course in Edinburgh and starts work in London, where her sister Lorna still works at E.B.C.

Rita Stewart, after two successful years at Aberdeen University, spends a residential year near Paris.

Mrs Sutherland (Elsie McIntosh) is now overseas with her R.A.F. husband at Khor-maksar.

We congratulate Katherine Templeton on completing her nursing course. She is now a staff nurse at the City Hospital. Dorothy, her sister, who shares her flat in Edinburgh, has taken up a post with a building firm.

We wish Mr and Mrs Tetley (Mary Hogg) joy in their new home, and congratulate them on the birth of a son.

Davis Thomson, after a successful second year and a working holiday, resumes her Art studies in Aberdeen.

Jimmy Thomson, along with his wife and two children, re-visited Grantown this summer. Jimmy has achieved promotion in the business world; but he had the curious experience of not being recognised by several former acquaintances in his native town.

Just lately, Mr and Mrs Vickerman (Seonaid Grant) have welcomed a second daughter.

Another returning exile was Mrs White (Marjory Mackintosh), who is settled in a new house in Basingstoke.

We were pleased to hear of Percy Williams, who is still active, in his retirement, as a director in several companies.

Finally, we note that Herbert and Shona Wright were on holiday in Britain this summer, re-visiting familiar haunts.

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Now for some **OLD GUARD** gleanings.

We were pleased to hear from Mr Hunter in Aberdeen, and also from Mr Wilson, who still, it seems, responds to the lure of the hills.

We saw Billy Templeton on holiday from Portree, where, characteristically, he has had much of the burden of supplying Skye with a new golf course.

Alan Anfield is now an acting corporal, perhaps a full one. Last winter he was skiing in St Mortiz and Austria, and later, in March, he was one of a team of four—including Jimmy and John Neufeld—to win the Junior Ski-ing Slalom Championship in the Cairngorms.

John Clark, after a promising junior career in the Army, is now a corporal in the R.E., married and with family responsibilities.

We are pleased to note that Brian McKerron is now an R.A.F. corporal. Since his form came in, I hear he has been posted to Aden.

We were pleased to hear from David Ross, who is now a parachute jumping instructor in Wiltshire—quite an exciting form of P.T.

Ian Walker had a decision to make this spring, whether or not to sign on again. He is still in the Scots Guards.

We had lost track of George Coutts for a year or two; but we find he has been with the Rowett Research Institute in Aberdeen.

We had a friendly note from Walter Dempster, still in Echt.

Keith Donaldson, following his marriage, has had a remarkable year. He is now a lecturer in the Department of Medicine at Edinburgh University, has performed the very unusual feat of gaining an M.R.C.P. of Edinburgh and of London in the same year, and has won two research prizes. He recently removed to a new home.

Another O.G. doctor, Douglas Gibson, was again on holiday in Grantown this summer—away from the pressure of a busy Bradford practice.

Our doctor of letters, Sandy Gordon, teaches in the University of Manitoba. He has a namesake, from Cromdale, a doctor of medicine, who got his degree of M.D. this year.

Jim Hair, transferred to Edinburgh, will not regret the long journeys of London days. This family has also had its happy event.

We wish Albert Hastings prosperity in his re-named hotel.

Andrew Howlett is to be congratulated on business promotion, and also on a pass in the Part One of the Final Examinations of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries. His brother Duncan is still battling towards full recuperation.

Among our O.G. reminders is a very distant one—from Marr Illingworth in the U.S.A.

We congratulate John Irving on his marriage.

General sympathy is felt for Laurence Jack in the loss of a child.

We note that Kenneth McCabe pursues his firm's business in the expanding town of Cumbernauld.

Donald McIntosh has been appointed to the management of the Esplanade Hotel, Whitley Bay.

Professor Donald McIntyre, we hear, has been back in the Old Country.

We congratulate Dr Sandy Mackenzie, now a popular medical practitioner in Banff, on his operatic début in "The Mikado," where he played the major part of Ko-Ko.

Angus Mackintosh has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander. Angus, from Arbroath, is a fairly frequent visitor to Grantown.

Louis Mackintosh can also rejoice over a happy family event.

We welcomed a note from Bert Mackintosh, who always seems to find occupation for an active disposition.

Pat Maclean is another who finds relaxation in a holiday home, near Nethy Bridge.

We had a few words recently with Peter Macpherson. He now has his own business in Auchinblae, and his family are doing well in the educational world.

After misdating a birth last year, we hope we have Neil McTaggart's second daughter right. Neil is now with another law firm.

Wishart Milne has been promoted to Lanarkshire area, where, we gather, his parents are now also resident.

Shaw Mortimer—a useful scout with an axe in the old days—is now head forester in the Argyll Estates.

Raymond and Bob Philip have a change of premises in St Andrews, where they continue to boost the export trade in sportswear. Some day, we hope, there will be a success story about what Raymond began as a sideline.

Ron Philip was based recently at Craigtoun Hospital in St Andrews as a Senior House Officer.

The Ross lads—Alex. and Walter—are doing well in the London police. Walter's early promotion to sergeant in the Metropolitan Police seems phenomenal.

Dr Billy Sellar, still practising in Edinburgh, where his home is near that of Keith Donaldson, recently became a member of the College of G.P.s.

Nicholas Spence has to do with Guided Weapons in a new firm in Bristol. Rather apprehensively we read that Nicholas is a member of the British Interplanetary Society.

We were pleased to meet Tommy Stuart, home on leave from Cyprus, where he is due to spend another three years.

We were also pleased to hear from Alistair Surtees who also re-visited Grantown earlier in the year.

We must finally congratulate Stanley Wright on a family event. Stanley's link with Grantown is now more tenuous, since his parents moved to Bicester; but we expect to see him back by and by.

* * *

LOCAL

Prior to the restrictive measures on spending money abroad, continental travel has attracted many of our F.P.s. Vera Campbell, for example, must feel almost as much at home in Norway as in Scotland. Alexandra Cameron has fared widely in Middle Europe. Mariel Grant and Margaret Legge—the latter now a fully fledged motorist—must find the Swiss roads very familiar. Elsie Keith has lately succumbed to the lure and, with Ailie Keith, recently holidayed in the Bernese Oberland. Majorca attracted Mr and Mrs Martin Grant last fall, and Dr and Mrs Bain this summer. Mr and Mrs David Ross plan to holiday in Malta. Even your editor caught the bug in his first year of retirement; and my wife and myself did a round tour with Venice the furthest point.

It was no surprise when the supreme honour in the cross cattle section at Grantown Show again went to Mr Walter Cruikshank, with a fine black stot calf.

We express our sympathy to the Misses Fraser, Zealandia, in their bereavement.

Grantown has lost its nonagenarian motorist with the departure of Mr William Glass, so long a visible exponent of the art of keeping fresh and fit.

Mrs Hamilton (Margaret Hogg) has also had a happy family event.

Mrs Edith Mackintosh has retired after a spell of varied and conscientious teaching service in Grantown. We wish her a happy retirement.

Miss Isa MacPhail presides over a new and most attractive gift shop.

Miss Flora Marshall is now employed in Lossiemouth, in consequence of the R.E.M.E. dispersal.

Anne Munro is presently a dental receptionist; but may spread her wings again now that her family duty has been done. Her grandmother died this summer.

Mr and Mrs George Watt (Pearl McMillan) are now settled in Grantown. We trust their stay here may be happy.

Jimmy Bruce has shed one of his many activities by selling his coal business. Though he has been off delivery for some time, Grantownians will remember Jimmy's cheery and obliging way of getting around.

We note changes of occupation with Donnie Calder, Willie Dunbar and John Duncan.

Ian Kennedy, aided by a sense of humour and a good tenor voice, features regularly in

"Showpiece," the annual entertainment by the Clachan Players.

Alistair McLeod now has a son to care for, in addition to business and badminton.

Ian MacPherson, one of the props of the live Nethy Bridge community, still finds a subject to provide us with a nostalgic article.

We congratulate Angus Shand on the Colours tie awarded him for services in small bore rifle shooting.

Ian Smith (Auchernack) is another happy father of the past year.

Jim Winchester has added bowling skill to his shooting and curling proficiency.

In Strathspey, generally, tourist developments go on apace. The Rank Coylum Bridge Hotel was opened last December by the Duke of Edinburgh. At present the shape of Aviemore is being modified by another huge hotel development. We gather, however, that it has been a busy tourist season for all.

In June, Grantown celebrated its bicentenary with a minimum of fuss. On June 17, at a function in The Square, the title deeds of The Square were handed over by the Countess of Seafield to the Town Council; and the provost, Sir Thomas Shankland, made suitable reference to the rather vague historic information as to the foundation of Grantown.

In a matter about which so little seems to be known and about which sources of information seem to differ, we owe a debt to our local historian and antiquarian, George Dixon, who has spent much time in checking statistical sources of information. One salient fact seems to be that the first advertisement of the project of founding Grantown appeared in the Aberdeen Journal of April 15, 1765; and another seems to be that the actual founder was Sir James Grant, whose father, Sir Ludovic, was still alive but had handed over the management of his estates to his son. We have no sure record as to when the first houses were built, and we can understand the difficulties of the city fathers in deciding on a bicentenary date.

George Dixon, by the way, has already done much good service in the interests of

historical accuracy; and, as his former teacher, we should dearly wish to see George in some sort of historiographer post where his talents could be suitably used.

• • •
OBITUARY

We in Grantown have always been proud that one of our former pupils, Dr Duncan Fraser, held, for some years, the post of Lord Provost of Aberdeen. Duncan Fraser exemplified one of the best traditions in Scottish life: he began as a grocer's message boy in Grantown, and he eventually established, by diligence and integrity, his own draper's business in Aberdeen. In civic life in Aberdeen, he was widely respected simply because of his character. He was fond of this area, and visited it frequently. He valued his connection with the Grantown Grammar School, and was Honorary President of our F.P. Club. In his later life many honours came his way; but he remained very approachable and unassuming. Perhaps needless to say, he was also a deeply religious man. We mourn his loss.

There are two deaths of individuals who were not F.P. Club members but who were closely associated with the school. Mr A. B. Simpson, once English Master here, and later Rector of Forres Academy, died at sea on his way to New Zealand last December. A. B. Simpson had a touch of literary genius about him, and a personality that endeared him to all. His many pupils will long remember him. The other death was that of Norman Breckinridge, another with a character that endeared him to all, who was cut off in his early youth. His classmates and teachers will remember him also.

• • •
IN CONCLUSION

We wish all our members and readers joy in the year to come. We hope you have found something of interest in these pages. One final word—NEW MEMBERS ARE WELCOME.

G. E. DONALDSON.

JUST EARLY IS TOO LATE

There is fascination and magic in a summer dawn, and utter stillness. Trees, grass and flowers stand motionless in their sleep. Nothing stirs. Not a leaf, not a blade of grass, not the slenderest stem of the most delicate flower. It is as if, during the brief summer night, all living things had been petrified. But it is an illusion. They are very much alive.

When the morning breeze comes whispering through the fir tops it is the signal for which they had been waiting. Soon bird-song rings through the woods, daylight creatures take over from their nocturnal kin; and trees, grasses and flowers tremble and sway ceaselessly.

But not just yet. Stillness and silence still reign. Only the irrepressible stream rushing over its granite bed has movement and sound. And softly though it sings on its way to join the wide waters of Spey, its voice carries far in the infinite silence of nature's last moments of sleep.

It is a mystic time when even the most familiar places seem different and unreal. It is a time for solitude and reflection. It is a time to go fishing.

To fish a stream like the Nethy on a June morning is to experience a joy which might possibly be equalled but which could never be excelled. Provided you are early—**really** early. Earlier than the proverbial early bird. Earlier than the first shaft of sunlight. Earlier than dawn itself.

Two o'clock a.m. is the deadline. So many fishers leave it too late. They believe that 6 a.m. is quite early enough. But they are wrong. By then they have missed the boat and the day is over so far as really good fishing is concerned.

It is surprising how many life-long anglers have never experienced the thrill of this first half hour of near-daylight when the trout are really "on." No need to lure them from their holts. They are already out in the streams, dashing about frenziedly in search of food; and when they spot your fly or worm they are upon it in a flash, utterly devoid of their legendary caution.

Can those impetuous creatures be the same trout that torment us later in the day with their extreme caution and fastidiousness?

There is one snag. The mood of reckless abandon does not last long. By the time the first cock has crowed the golden moments

are almost over and the trout are beginning to resume their normal characteristics.

Rising in the middle of a warm June night entails no hardship and the rewards are great—so great that having once taken the plunge you will never again look upon early rising as a symptom of insanity.

You will be ridiculed, of course, and accused of having a bad conscience, and there will be times when you will be sorely tempted to turn over and have a few more hours in your comfortable bed. But, ignore the ridicule and resist the temptation, and you will never regret it.

Unfortunately you will be unable to enjoy dawn expeditions on the Spey. The Association rules forbid fishing before 6 a.m., which is a great pity and a mistake, I believe, for by then the sun has already been shining for hours and the best of the fishing is long since over. Let us hope that in view of the ever increasing congestion on the river, and the meagre catches in relation to the number of fishers, the Association will soon amend their rules to allow fishing from dawn. In addition to the pleasure provided and the easing of congestion, this change would have another important effect in that it would greatly curtail the activities of poachers, as every legitimate fisher is an unpaid watcher. The knowledge that there are no fishers on the water between midnight and 6 a.m. must be very comforting to the poaching fraternity.

However, although the Spey is out of bounds, there are burns galore, and to be on the banks of a Highland stream at dawn is surely one of this life's most enchanting experiences.

But remember this—to be merely early is to be too late! If dawn has already arrived by the time you awaken, you have overslept and the opportunity is gone, for that day at least.

You must be in position at the water's edge, with everything prepared, **before** the first grey light of dawn creeps into the sky.

And this I promise—that the experience will be a revelation to you. You will rejoice at the realisation that a new world has been opened up to you. A world which, mercifully, will never be overcrowded. For wise providence has seen fit to bestow upon mankind a gratifying reluctance to "get up early!"

IAN D. MACPHERSON



THE OLD GUARD

OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1966/67

Office-Bearers

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

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

President—

A. M. Grant (1931-35), Dreggie View, High Street; proprietor, Grant's Service Depot.

Vice-Presidents—

William G. Templeton (1942-48), 7 Boswell Terrace, Portree; accountant, Nat.-Comm. Bank of Scotland, Portree, Isle of Skye.

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

Secretary—

Gordon W. C. Jack (1935-37), Silverdale, postal officer, G.P.O.

Treasurer—A. M. Grant (1931-35), Dreggie View.

Committee—Messrs J. G. Bruce, J. Duncan, A. Ledingham, J. Macleod, I. MacPherson.

WITH THE FORCES

Alan Anfield (1959-62), Aldersyde, Nethy-bridge, 63 C., B. Coy., A.A.S., Beachley, Chepstow, Monmouthshire; A/T.

John S. Clark (1956-59), 130 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey; 9b Shaw Close, Weyhill Road, Andover, Hants., England; corporal, R.E.

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

Brian McKerron (1955-59), Ivybank, High Street; S.S.F., R.A.F., Kinloss; corporal, R.A.F.

*David Ross (1948-53), 4 Station Cottages, Dava; 51 Spey Road, Abingdon, Berkshire; sergeant parachute jumping instructor, No. 1 Parachute Training School, R.A.F., Abingdon.

*John H. Stuart (1954-57), Aird House, High Street; R.A.F. Station, Watton, near Norwich, Norfolk; corporal technician.

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

Exiles

Albert Anderson (1932-34) (93 High Street), Stores Supervisor, Command Ordnance Depot, Stirling.

John L. Beaton (1944-49), Schoolhouse, Dulnain-Bridge; "Hove To," 10 Wayside, Mendip View, Worle, Weston-Super-Mare; Education Officer, R.A.F.

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

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

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

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

*George S. Coutts (1951-57), Bank Cottage, Dava; 7 Devanha Terrace, Aberdeen; laboratory technician, Rowatt Research Institute, Aberdeen.

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

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

*Walter Dempster (1949-55), M.A., Allt Druidh, Aviemore; 1 Fareview Cottages, Echt, Aberdeenshire; schoolmaster.

*G. W. K. Donaldson (1949-54), B.Sc. (Hons.), M.B., Ch.B., M.R.C.P. (E), M.R.C.P. (L), Morven, Grant Road; 112 Clerwood Park, Edinburgh, 12; lecturer, Department of Medicine, Edinburgh University.

*David D. Fraser (1948-53), 74 Grigor Drive, Inverness; Inspector of Taxes, Inland Revenue.

*Robin J. Fraser (1951-57), M.P.S., Ph.C., Belleville Cottage, Boat of Garten; Glenfinnan, 17 Donview Road, Woodside, Aberdeen; relief manager, Boots Chemists, Aberdeen area.

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

*Alexander Gordon (1947-53), M.A. (Hons., Modern Languages), Docteur d'Université (Paris), Achnahannet, Dulnain-Bridge; 4-C, Pasadena Court, 220 Hugo Street, Winnipeg 9, Canada; Assistant Professor, French Dept., University of Manitoba.

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

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

William J. M. Hair (1943-48), 10 The Square; 12 Woodhall Terrace, Juniper Green, Midlothian; Customs and Excise.

Stanley Wright (1950-53), 33 The Square;
St Mawes, 56 Whitstone Rise, Shepton
Mallet, Somerset; development technician.

Local Members

*James G. Bruce (1924-30), Holmhill Hotel;
hotelier and coal merchant, Grantown.

*Alexander Calder (1940-43), 18 Castle
Road E.; telephone linesman, G.P.O.

Donald Calder (1941-43), 17 Castle Road;
storeman, Bovis, Aviemore.

George Cameron (1930-32), 38 The Square;
district clerk and burgh treasurer.

William Dunbar (1937-39), Castle Road;
porter, Craiglynn Hotel.

*John Duncan (1942-47), Dunallan, Woodside
Avenue; bus driver.

Angus Gordon (1943-45), Achnahannet;
farmer.

Herbert Grant (1942-45), Topperfettle;
farmer.

Hugh J. B. Hogg (1944-49), Burnfield; coal-
man, Messrs James Bruce & Sons,
Grantown.

Johnston Innes (1945-46), Heathbank; Mohar
Cottage, Boat of Garten; Automobile
Association patrol.

Gordon W. C. Jack (1935-37), Silverdale;
postal officer, G.P.O.

John A. Kennedy (1945-48), The Dell Farm,
Nethybridge; farmer.

William Kerr (1943-45), Kylintra Crescent;
telephone 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, Grantown-on-
Spey.

Alistair McLeod (1956-59), Ivybank, High
Street; partner, Messrs James McLeod &
Sons, building contractors.

*James McLeod (1927-28), The Beachan;
master builder.

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 Com-
pany.

*Charles E. Ross (1924-26), Ivy Cottage,
Dulnain-Bridge; partner, Messrs J. Ross
& Co., Electrical and Mechanical
Engineers, Dulnain-Bridge.

David Ross (1936-37), Benmhor Hotel;
hotelier.

Robert Ross (1928-32), Monadhliath, Spey
Bridge; partner, Messrs John Ross & Co.,
Dulnain-Bridge.

Angus Shand (1940-42), Mackay's Hotel;
storeman, R.E.M.E.

*Ian Grant Smith (1943-46), Auchernack;
farmer.

James Angus Shaw (1951-54), Lochindorb,
Dava; gamekeeper, Seafeld Estate.

John R. Stuart (1933-38), 1 Spey Avenue;
bookseller, Messrs Angus Stuart, High
Street.

Alan Taylor (1942-43), 8 Castle Road;
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.

OLD GUARD NOTES

The Old Guard held its Annual General Meeting along with the F.P. Club on the 9th of November. All the office-bearers were re-elected en bloc.

Mr A. M. Grant, President, reported on the main Old Guard activity, the Angling Competition. This event, he said, had taken on even more in recent years, and some

visitors to Grantown had shown great interest in it. The 1966 competition had been very successful, the only snag being that it seemed to be difficult to oust Ian Macpherson as the annual winner. Perhaps, he suggested facetiously, they would have to frame the rules differently.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1966-67

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, 9th November, 1966, at 7.30 p.m.

Dr Bain, who presided, paid the following tribute to three distinguished Club members who had died during the year:—

"Each year our membership is being depleted by deaths; and this year I regret that the Club has sustained very great loss by the deaths of Dr Duncan Fraser, Mrs Hunter and Mr Herbert Cumming.

"Dr Fraser was our only Honorary President and the first Prize Day speaker in my term as Rector. I always remember his great affection for the School and his emphasis in his address on loyalty to the old school and the upholding of its traditions. A distinguished Former Pupil who became one of Aberdeen's best-known provosts, he will be missed from our list of office-bearers. His widow has donated to the School a very fine painting in oils of Dr Fraser, and this will have a place of honour in our new school to be opened next year.

"Mrs Hunter, wife of my predecessor, died early last month; and her ashes were laid to rest in the place she loved best, Granttown-on-Spey. I can still see her at our F.P. reunions, surrounded by her F.P.s, for that is how she looked on them. She loved the School as much as did her husband. We will miss her.

"Mr Herbert Cumming, one of our four Honorary Vice-Presidents, was an active octogenarian up to the day of his sudden death in Inverness. He took a very great interest in all things pertaining to Granttown-on-Spey, and was an authority on Granttown Grammar School. I often had occasion to tap his unlimited knowledge of the old school. Until a few years ago, when his sight became impaired, he was a constant help to me in the Mathematics Department in the absence of members of my staff. Others have paid tribute to his service to his country and his home town: his death is a great loss to the F.P. association."

Dr Bain also paid tribute to Mr A. B. Simpson, a former English Master in the Grammar School, who died last December, and to Mrs Phyllis Thomson, who gave valued service for years on the Canteen Staff.

Mr Donaldson, secretary, then read the minutes of the 1965 meeting, and gave the financial report, which showed a balance of £75 4s 4d. These were approved.

The following office-bearers were then appointed:—

Honorary President—Mr T. Hunter, O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Mr W. A. Glass, Miss J. M. Paterson, Miss J. I. Munro.
President—Dr J. Bain, B.Sc., Ph.D.

Vice-Presidents—Mr W. F. Cruikshank, Mr H. W. Dixon, Mr J. G. Bruce, Mr J. D. Archibald.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mr G. E. Donaldson, M.A., B.A.

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

It was agreed to have the same arrangements as before for Magazines and F.P. Club Prizes.

Mr A. Martin Grant reported that the Annual Christmas Re-Union would be held in the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, 27th December, with the same band and a charge of 17/6.

It was unanimously decided to hold THE BIENNIAL RE-UNION DINNER IN MARCH—on FRIDAY, 17th MARCH—and a committee consisting of Dr Bain (chairman) and Mrs Archibald, Mrs A. M. Grant, Mr Bruce, Mr Donaldson, Mr J. J. Grant and Miss Paterson was appointed.

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

G. E. DONALDSON,
Honorary Secretary.

Exiles

*Mrs John Allan (J. Evelyn 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.

*R. W. Bruce Bain, Morlich; 9 Mentone Terr., Edinburgh, 9; actuarial student.

*Mrs Robert Balfour (Dorothea M. Smith) (30 Kylintra 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; Morlich, Forres.

*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.

BIRTHS

- CALDER.**—At Inverness, on November 13, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Frank Calder, Elmgrove, a daughter.
- DRUMMOND.**—At Sheffield, on February 17, 1966, to Mr and Mrs Craig Drummond (Kay Hepburn), a daughter.
- HAIR.**—At Edinburgh, on May 7, 1966, to Mr and Mrs W. J. Hair, a daughter.
- HAMILTON.**—At Inverness, on November 10, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Hamilton (Margaret Hogg), a daughter.
- JOHNSON.**—At Aberfoyle, on June 9, 1966, to Mr and Mrs George Johnson (May Mackenzie), a son.
- MACGREGOR.**—At Romford, Essex, on March 23, 1966, to Mr and Mrs A. J. Macgregor, a daughter.
- MACKINTOSH.**—At Inverness, on May 13, 1966, to Mr and Mrs L. W. Mackintosh, Onich, a son.
- MCLEOD.**—At Grantown-on-Spey, on September 16, 1966, to Mr and Mrs Alistair McLeod, a son.
- McTAGGART.**—At Edinburgh, on September 20, 1966, to Mr and Mrs Neil McTaggart, a daughter.
- McTAGGART.**—At Ian Charles Hospital, on September 28, 1966, to Mr and Mrs Alan McTaggart, Easter Gallovie, a son.
- MITCHELL.**—At Harwich, Essex, on March 4, 1966, to Mr and Mrs W. Mitchell, a son.
- SCOTT.**—At Edinburgh, on June 20, 1966, to Mr and Mrs James Scott (Alison Stuart), a son.

IN MEMORIAM

It was with very deep regret that we learned of the death, during the summer holidays, at the early age of 20, of former school vice-captain, Norman Breckenridge.

We remember him from his earliest days at the Grammar School as a bright cheerful young lad, always willing to do anything for the good of the school, whether it was on the football or athletics field, on the golf course, or playing a part in a school play. He was a founder member and vice-president of the debating society in 1963-64, and from Class I to Class VI contributed annually to the School Magazine. His articles showed his love of his native heath and his most appreciative nature. His "Word of Thanks" in the 1963 Magazine, after the school trip to Switzerland, was typical.

Banking claimed him after he left school, and there he showed enthusiasm in all things pertaining to his work. His transfer from Edinburgh to the Grantown branch of his bank gave him great pleasure for he was among his friends again.

His illness came as a great shock to us, but his courage and cheerfulness during the weeks in hospital were an example for all. His passing was a great loss to the community—we will remember him.

(Contributed by Dr J. Bain.)

SMITH.—At Grantown-on-Spey, on December 15, 1965, to Mr and Mrs I. G. Smith, a son.

TETLEY.—At Inverness, on November 19, 1965, to Mr and Mrs Tetley (Mary Hogg), Kingussie, a son.

VICKERMAN.—At Edinburgh, on September 29, 1966, to Mr and Mrs W. Vickerman (Seonaidh Grant), a daughter.

WRIGHT.—At Shepton Mallet, Somerset, on January 29, 1966, to Mr and Mrs Stanley Wright, a son.

MARRIAGES

IRVING—WISE.—At St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Bolton, on March 26, 1966, John Irving, Kirkton, to Sheila Hill Wise, Bolton.

JOY—MACKAY.—At Inverness, on September 3, 1966, David J. G. Joy, Grantown-on-Spey, to Isobel Ross MacKay, Fearn.

McLENNAN—DIXON.—At South Church, Grantown-on-Spey, on March 19, 1966, Edward McLennan, Elgin, to Louise Dixon, Mhorile.

DEATHS

CUMMING.—Died suddenly, in Inverness, on the 24th of October, 1966, Herbert Grant Cumming, M.A., B.Sc., M.M., beloved husband of Mary Findlay.

FRASER.—At 6 Woodburn Avenue, Aberdeen, on February 18, 1966, Duncan Fraser, C.B.E., LL.D., Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.

HUNTER.—At Romford, Essex, on October 6, 1966, Janet Wilson Lawrie, dearly loved wife of Thomas Hunter.

LATE OBITUARIES**Mrs HUNTER**

Early in October, we learned with regret of the death of Mrs Hunter, wife of the Grammar School's former rector. During his twenty-five years in Grantown Mr Hunter was well supported by his wife; and Former Pupils and Grantonians in general will remember the gentle and engaging personality of the Rector's wife. Mrs Hunter played her own part in a number of good causes—the Guides, Soldiers' Comforts, the R.S.S.P.C.C., the Church. We extend our sympathy to her husband in the loss of his life's partner, and to her son and daughter in the loss of a devoted parent.

Mr HERBERT GRANT CUMMING

There was a general sense of loss in Grantown when, late in October, Mr Cumming died suddenly. His career had been a remarkable one, and he was a sort of Grand Old Man in his native town.

He had been school dux in the early years of the century; and thereafter had taken the degrees of M.A., B.Sc., at Edinburgh University. Before and after the First World War he taught in Australia. During that war he

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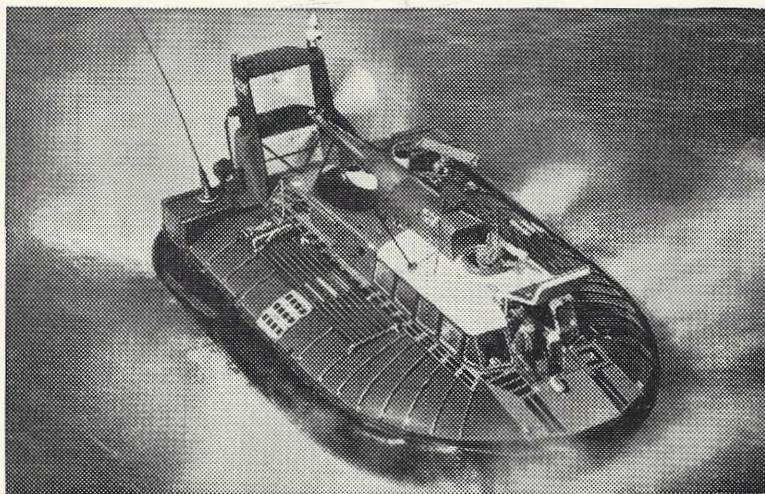
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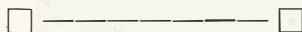


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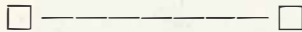
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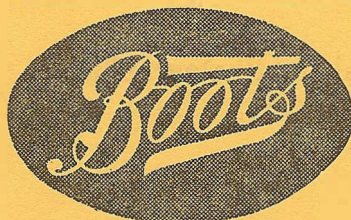
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