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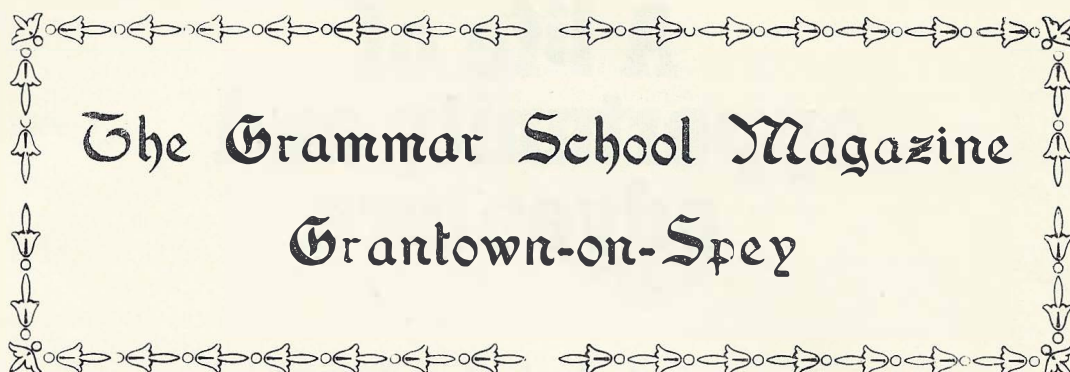
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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 39

December, 1967

Editors—Michael Moir
Grant Cumming
Simon Macaulay

Advertising Managers—
Joan Paterson,
Elaine Davidson.

Staff Adviser—J. Thomson, M.A.

Editorial

FOR the last thirty-eight years the Grammar School Magazine has had its "offices" in the familiar surroundings of the old school. This year we had hoped to edit this, our thirty-ninth number, from the ultra-modern building situated in the north-east of the town. However, owing to circumstances beyond our control, we can only hope to be in residence in that building early in 1968.

The moving into the new school will be for us the beginning of a new way of life. For many years, the children of Grantown and the surrounding district have been taught in the old Grammar School. But now, for the first time, they will have the real benefit of new, good and modern equipment. Our teachers are certain that we shall profit from the use of this modern teaching apparatus and prove that the money has been well spent.

The old era has truly ended with the retiral of Miss Grant and Miss Legge, who, for many years, have taught our brothers and

sisters and fathers, and who have witnessed the steady development of education in Grantown. We wish them a happy retiral.

New School or not, Grantown Grammar School has had a highly successful year in almost every activity. The pupils who took part are never likely to forget the most enjoyable trip to Belgium and Germany or the two "Dunera" cruises in the Spring. In the athletics field, too, the school has excelled this year, whether at ski-ing, curling, football or in the inter-county sports. On the Academic side, too, pupils have been highly successful in Essay Competitions and even more so in Bursary Competitions.

And now, with the echo of these successes and the promise of the new school next term, we take this opportunity to thank readers for their support and to wish all friends of the Grammar School Magazine a Very Happy Christmas and a Guid New Year.

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Today's Royal Navy offers a rewarding career to boys and girls who want more from life than a routine day-to-day job.

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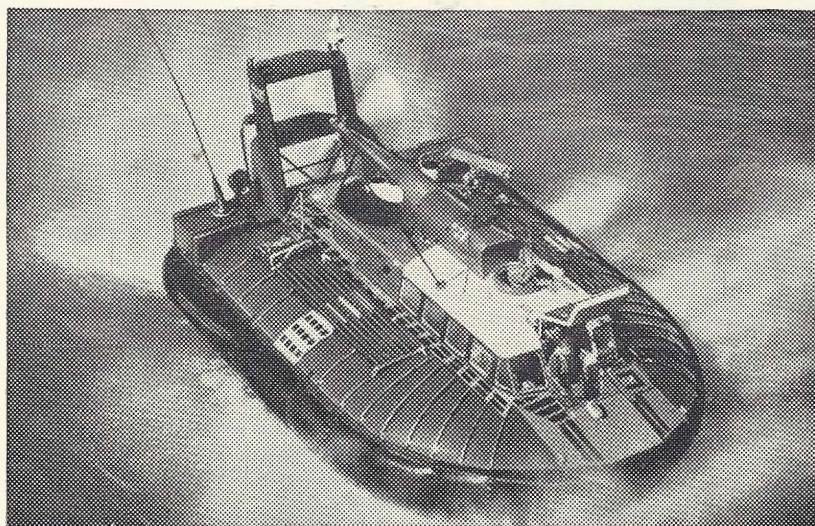
Ratings. The Royal Navy offers ratings a good trade with good pay and excellent prospects. And you can join the Royal Navy at 15, or the Royal Marines at 16.

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SCHOOL NOTES

Sigrid Streit, a German pupil from Hausach in the Black Forest, stayed in Grantown and attended the Grammar School during the Spring term.

Our congratulations to the members of the ski team on retaining the Boyd Anderson Trophy competed for in March on the Cairngorms.

In the Moray and Nairn Youth Badminton Tournament held in Elgin, Pamela Macdonald partnered by John Craig (Elgin) won the senior competition while Iain Cumming partnered by M. Scott (Forres) reached the final of the junior competition.

The school curling team lost to Hutcheson's Grammar School, Glasgow, in the semi-finals of the Scottish Schools Championships at the Haymarket, Edinburgh. The team consisted of Simon Macaulay, Michael Moir, Derek McCulloch and Allan Grant.

Four pupils from Boroughmuir Senior Secondary School and two from the Royal High School, Edinburgh, were entertained by six of our pupils to a ski-ing and skating holiday over Easter. A return visit was made by five of our pupils later on in the year.

Pupils from Class II left from Invergordon on a Dunera cruise to Holland, Denmark and Norway. A second group of pupils from Class I left two weeks later on a different cruise to Poland, Denmark and Sweden.

Mrs A. Oakes, on the occasion of her resigning as teacher of Primary 5, was met by her staff colleagues and presented with a fan heater. Dr Bain made the presentation. We thank Mrs Oakes for all her services to the school and offer her our very best wishes for the future.

William McLeod, Gavin Reid and Brian Morrison represented the school at the County Junior Camp at Glenmore in May. Miss Shackles was one of the four teachers in charge.

The Murray Cup was won by our Primary team at the Badenoch and Strathspey Sports held at Kingussie in June.

The Director of the Observatory at Calton Hill, Edinburgh, gave the Robert Cormack Bequest Lecture to Classes IV, V and VI. His subject was "Artificial Satellites and Space Probes."

On Friday, 9th June, 40 members of the Debating Society attended a performance of "Mr Gillie" in the Pitlochry Festival Theatre.

At the North of Scotland Secondary School Championships held at Inverness on Saturday, 10th June, Allan Grant was first in the 120 yd. Hurdles (15-17), Patrick Grant third in the Discus (over 17), Denis Grant third in the Discus (15-17) and Sarah Coueslant third in the High Jump (13-15).

Margaret Cockburn and Alistair MacDonald, Primary 7, did extremely well in the Aberdeen Morayshire Club Essay Competition. They were first and second respectively.

Provost Sir Thomas Shankland was the principal speaker at the prize-giving ceremony this year, and Lady Shankland presented the prizes. Rev. Dr Joseph Grant was chairman, Rev. G. B. Johnston officiated in his capacity as School Chaplain and Mr George Millar, School Convener, proposed the votes of thanks.

Harvey Dux Medallist for the session was Michael Moir.

Susan MacGregor, Class VI, gained third place in the Modern Languages Section of the Edinburgh University Arts Open Bursary Competition.

School re-opened on Monday, 21st August, with all Secondary pupils in the old school as the new building is not likely to be ready before the end of the year. Some of the Primary classes have been moved up to the new school.

Miss Ralph, Assistant Teacher in English and French; Mrs Hendry, Primary 5, and Mrs Matheson, Primary 2b, were welcomed to the school at the opening of term.

Monsieur Jean-Louis Turlin started as French assistant for the session on Friday, 15th September.

Miss Taylor, Primary 3, was appointed Deputy Head of the Primary Department at the beginning of this session.

Boys of Classes IV, V and VI have started a Radio and Electronics Club, meeting twice weekly with Mr Matheson in charge.

A week before the October holiday Miss Marsh, the new Biology teacher, was welcomed to the school.

At the National Mod in Glasgow Janette Macdonald, Class Ia, won the James C. MacPhee Cup.

On October 18, 40 senior pupils attended a performance of "The Mikado" in His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen.

SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS — 1967

Class VI

Frederick J. Anfield — Dynamics, Higher Physics I and II, Chemistry.
 Patrick Grant — Higher Physics I and II, Higher Chemistry I and II, Higher Biology I and II.
 Susan P. MacGregor—Art.
 James F. N. Stewart—Higher Mathematics, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics), Higher Engineering Drawing.
 Ann G. Stuart—Higher English.
 C. Carol Stuart—Mathematics.

Class V

Rhona Cameron — Higher English, Higher French, Higher German.
 F. Grant Cumming—Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics).
 Elaine J. Davidson—Higher English, Higher French, Higher German.
 Mairi E. Grant — Higher English, History, Higher French, Higher German, Higher Homecraft.
 Valerie A. Grant — Higher English, Higher French, Physics.
 E. Anne M. G. Jack — Higher Homecraft, Physics.
 Neil R. MacLure — Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics).
 Michael J. Moir — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics).
 Joan M. G. Paterson—Higher English, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher German.
 Alan C. Stuart — Higher English, Higher Geography.
 Joyce Telfer—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Science (Chemistry and Physics).

Class IV*

Heather M. Anderson—English, French.
 Nancy J. S. Black — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Homecraft, Biology.
 Alan Boyd — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Technical Drawing.
 Norman Boyd—English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Technical Drawing.
 Judith M. G. Collyer—English, Arithmetic, Homecraft, Biology.
 Kathleen M. Dunn — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French (Alt.), German.
 Mairi M. Fraser — Geography, Arithmetic, Latin, French (Alt.), Art, Chemistry.

Maureen E. Gardner—English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French (Alt.), German.
 Allan J. Grant—English, Arithmetic.
 Helen A. Grant—Art, Homecraft.
 Sheena M. Grant—English, Homecraft.
 Andrew S. Horton—Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Technical Drawing, Woodwork.
 Alistair W. Jack — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Physics, Chemistry.
 Valerie A. Krawczynska—English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology.
 Simon G. Macaulay — History, Arithmetic, Latin, French.
 Fiona M. Macdonald—English, Arithmetic.
 Pamela M. Macdonald—English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French (Alt.), German.
 Derek J. McCulloch—Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Woodwork.
 Brian A. McGillivray — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Physics.
 Jennifer A. MacGregor — English, History, Arithmetic, Art, Homecraft.
 Margaret MacGregor — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French (Alt.).
 Mary J. McInnes — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German.
 W. Rae Mackinnon — English, Arithmetic, Homecraft.
 Hugh C. Mackintosh — English, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Woodwork.
 Doreen B. Maclean—Arithmetic, Mathematics, Homecraft, Biology.
 Patricia M. Martin—Arithmetic.
 Roderick J. Matheson—English, Geography, Arithmetic, French (Alt.), Chemistry, Applied Mechanics, Technical Drawing, Woodwork.
 E. Joan Neilson—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German.
 Marilyn H. Oliphant—English, French, Homecraft.
 Charles D. M. Rennie—Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Woodwork.
 Ann G. Robertson — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry.
 Hamish S. Robertson — English, Geography, Arithmetic.
 Iain Robertson — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Woodwork.
 Graeme A. Stuart—English, History, French, German.
 Frank Taylor—English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French (Alt.), Physics, Chemistry.
 Brenda Telfer—English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Homecraft, Chemistry.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

BOYS

School Captain—Michael Moir.
 Vice-Captain—Neil MacLure.
 Secretary and Curator—Grant Cumming.
 Football Captain—Allan Grant.
 Vice-Captain—Allan Cameron.
 Athletics Captain—Allan Grant.
 Vice-Captain—Neil MacLure.
 Ski-ing Captain—Stuart Macdonald.
 Vice-Captain—Martin Riley.
 House Captains: Roy—Neil MacLure; Revoan
 Alan Stuart; Revack—Michael Moir.
 Vice-Captains: Roy — Stuart Macdonald;
 Revoan—Gordon Walker; Revack—Allan
 Grant.
 Prefects—Alan Stuart, Allan Grant, Alistair
 Jack, Simon Macaulay, Hugh Mackintosh,
 Roderick Matheson, Graeme Stuart.

GIRLS

Head Girl—Mairi Grant.
 Deputy Head Girl—Elaine Davidson.
 Secretary—Doreen MacLean.
 Hockey Captain—Mairi Fraser.
 Vice-Captain—Doreen MacLean.
 Athletics Captain—Mairi Grant.
 Vice-Captain—Sarah Coueslant.
 Ski-ing Captain—Susan Archibald.
 Vice-Captain—Rhona Cameron.
 House Captains: Roy — Rhona Cameron;
 Revoan — Mairi Grant; Revack — Elaine
 Davidson.
 Vice-Captains: Roy — Margaret Macgregor;
 Revoan — Pamela Macdonald; Revack—
 Joan Paterson.
 Prefects—Rhona Cameron, Anne Jack, Joan
 Paterson, Kathleen Dunn, Maureen
 Gardner, Pamela Macdonald, Margaret
 Macgregor, Ann Robertson.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

- MAIRI E. GRANT (Head Girl) finds her duties very trying due to the increase in size of the gaggle of giggling girls in the cloakroom.
- ELAINE J. DAVIDSON (Deputy Head Girl) is Mairi's second in command and, being one of the big girls of the cloakroom, is more able to keep the under dogs within bounds.
- RHONA CAMERON, the "Speedy Gonzales" of Grantown, has now found her Triumph both in the abstract sense of the word and the concrete.
- JOAN M. G. PATERSON has become the school's only indoor "fresh air" fiend. Her tinned "fresh air", however, seems to smell more like fly-spray.
- E. ANNE JACK as an experienced fifth former is now competent to give her fellow pupils advice on how to learn such and such in less time.
- ANN G. ROBERTSON in her quiet way always seems master of the situation and surprises us by remembering maths theories which everyone else seems to forget.
- PAMELA M. MACDONALD shocks everyone, when, in the middle of intelligent conversation, she invariably bursts into fits of extremely contagious laughter.
- MAUREEN E. GARDNER is rarely heard in the prefects' residence and indeed seldom seen, due to the abominable mess accumulated by certain unmentioned culprits.
- MARGARET MACGREGOR, as well as feeding the undernourished girl prefects with a steady supply of "Smoky Bacon Crisps," has become the terror of the town on her "ultra-modern" bicycle.
- KATHLEEN M. DUNN seems to have recently acquired a passion for guitar music, but the 'music' which she produces in the cloakroom often has disastrous results.
- DOREEN B. MACLEAN (Girls' Secretary), who has a great deal of success in the cookery room, is surely a budding Fanny Craddock.
- MICHAEL J. MOIR (School Captain and Joint Editor), accused of being a dictator, has recently been seen distributing little red books in the cloakroom.
- NEIL R. McLURE (School Vice - Captain) looks more and more like a scientist every day as he walks around with his head in the clouds.
- F. GRANT CUMMING (Secretary, Curator and Joint Editor). Cumming? or Going? is disgusted by people who continually make a pun on his name.
- ALAN C. STUART is no longer the pint-sized prefect as he has had his unenviable position taken over by brother GRAEME, who is still trying hard to match Alan's skill in games.
- SIMON G. MACAULAY (Joint Editor). Simon's presence on the football field is greatly missed last period on a Thursday when he gives up pursuit of the ball for pursuit of the classics.
- ALLAN J. GRANT'S physical training seems to be producing good results. Instead of arriving at school two minutes before bell time he now arrives two minutes after.
- HUGH C. MACKINTOSH, trained well in the art of animal management by his father, is quite capable of keeping the young bulls of the junior cloakroom in good order.
- ALISTAIR W. JACK, the "popped up" Segovia of the cloakroom, plays any tune with ease and is always ready to raise a laugh.
- RODERICK J. MATHESON, fed up of cranking his father's car, finds ex-Post Office transport more suitable.

School Debating Society Report 1966-67

The School Debating Society reassembled for the fourth year on 21st September, 1966, with a membership of 35 senior pupils, an increase of 11 from the previous session, due to the admission of third year pupils.

Patrick Grant was elected President, while Carol Stuart was made Vice-President, Fred Anfield, Treasurer, and Sheila Scally, Secretary. Class representatives of Secondary 4, 5 and 6 were also elected, those being Simon MacAulay, Neil MacLure and Ann Stuart, and, in addition, Jennifer MacGregor was appointed Advertising Manager with a view to promoting the Society, while Mr Thomson remains Honorary President.

Six meetings were held between October and Christmas. Three took the form of a debate:—"A Matter of Opinion"; "Should Christmas Be Abolished?" and an open debate, discussing Scottish Nationalism, a common language for all nations, and the significance of History. The other three were:—"Twenty Questions"; a highly successful Inter-House Quiz where the Revack contestants proved the victors, and an amusing topic called "Shipwreck" in which each pupil had to assume a different occupation and had to convince the audience why he or she should be eligible for a life-belt.

After the Christmas recess, we resumed

once more on 10th February by opening with a "Juke Box Jury", followed by an informal discussion about Germany; a full scale debate—"Is the Money Spent on Space Research Justified?"; a highly entertaining session comprising various items from Fourth Year pupils ranging from a musical programme to "A Matter of Opinion"; and an animated debate about Science versus The Arts, the subject being "Science has contributed more to mankind's wellbeing than the Arts," with Mr Matheson, seconded by Mr Anderson, for the motion, and Mr Smith, seconded by Mr Liggat, for the opposition; the former won by a majority of 22 votes to 11.

The final meeting of the Society took the form of "First Impressions"—based on the popular television programme of the same name.

Finally, a new and enterprising innovation was introduced this session by the Debating Society when 40 pupils, accompanied by Mr and Mrs Smith, attended an evening's performance of "Mr Gillie" at the Pitlochry Festival Theatre on Friday, 9th June. This trip proved to be very successful and we record our thanks to all those who made the outing possible.

SHEILA A. SCALLY (Secy.).

WALKING THROUGH THE LAIRIG GHRU

The Lairig Ghru, from Aviemore to Braemar, is probably the most popular Cairngorm pass. Although twenty-seven miles in length, it can be shortened to twenty miles if a car is taken to Coylumbridge, at this end, and to Linn o' Dee, at the Braemar end. It is very difficult walking, as I discovered, when I walked through it during the holidays. Our party had been warned to expect extreme cold, so, on a lovely August morning, we dressed in our warmest winter clothes and our toughest shoes. A car took us to Coylumbridge, our starting point. We were seven in number, the youngest being an eleven-year-old boy.

On leaving the car, we started walking on a smooth, grassy track beside the River Beanaidh. Soon we reached the junction of the Beanaidh and Allt Druidh and here, our footpath followed the latter. A little further on we went through a pine wood, the last trees we were to see until our walk was almost over. When we left the trees behind, we realised that now we were really in the gloomy, desolate Lairig Ghru. The path was rough, stony and uphill, and great mountains rose steeply on either side. On our left, we saw the awe-inspiring Lurcher's Crag, with its tremendously steep and rocky face. The wet rock, shining in the sunlight, looked like patches of snow. Now the path was strewn with boulders, which completely blocked the narrow pass in some places. We had to scramble over them on hands and knees or leap from one to another. The Allt Druidh

narrowed until it disappeared completely and we knew that we had passed its source. Not much later, we reached the Pools of Dee, the source of the next river which we were to follow. These four pools are almost completely circular and their water is very clear. We rested here to eat our picnic lunch and we were relieved when a cold wind sprang up. Until now, the air had been quite calm and the sun, uncomfortably hot.

After lunch, we crossed the last patch of boulders and then the track became smooth, grassy and downhill. I found it glorious to walk on such an easy path and scarcely noticed how very wet it was underfoot. It was too good to last, however, and soon became rough and stony once more.

We left the Dee and followed the Luibeg Burn. Derry Lodge was our next object and I began to think it would never come. My feet were sore and wet, and my legs were getting tired. We came to it at length and stopped for a few moments. We could see right through the Lairig, through which we had come. It looked dark, gloomy and endless. Here we came on to a wider road but it was still not easy going. It was rough and stony. There were no magnificent mountain views to admire, and I was tired. I found it the worst lap and was extremely thankful when we reached Linn o' Dee and the car.

Exhausted, but triumphant, I flung myself down on the grass, vowing that I would never walk another step.

JANE MACAULAY, IIA.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF SCOTLAND

A dark coat, a bowler hat and an umbrella . . . serious and strict, with little sense of humour . . . following staidly the customs of his country.

This is the general impression we Germans have of the average Briton, and in it we make no difference between Scotsmen and Englishmen. If we are speaking of England, we usually use the word collectively and mean the whole of the British Isles and include Scotland, Ireland and Wales. This is one of the greatest mistakes we can make, for Scotland and England are not only different countries, but the people differ in character and custom.

Never before have I met such kind and charming people as I did in Scotland. How much happier you feel in a strange country if you know you have friends who are ready to help you at any time, and how nice it is to be invited by acquaintances for supper and to hear them say, as I have, "We hope you will come to see us again before you go back to Germany."

Everybody I met did their utmost to make my visit to Scotland as enjoyable and memorable as possible. I had the chance to see the hills around Grantown-on-Spey, including the facilities for ski-ing in the Cairngorms, the moors and the picturesque lochs. All of these left impressions which I shall never forget.

The countryside is so lovely, even in winter, that I can hardly imagine how beautiful it must be in summer, when the sun is shining, the moors are purple with heather and all the flowers and plants are in bloom.

So it seems only natural to me that the Scots are so proud of their country.

There is, however, another thing of which they can be proud, and it is one for which other nations must envy them—their national costume.

I think the kilt must be the most warm and eye-catching of national costumes, for where else do you see a man in a "skirt"! To a stranger, it makes a great impression.

While the kilt is the traditional dress of Scotland, the national musical instruments are the bagpipes and they, too, are an attraction to visitors from overseas. I have heard them played at a Burns supper, held to commemorate the birth of Robert Burns, Scotland's national poet, and at ceilidhs, and I hope, on a future visit to Scotland, to see and hear the massed pipe bands at the Highland Games.

In Germany, practically every home has central heating but I much prefer the open coal fire in Scotland, with the family gathered around it in the evening.

In Germany, we go to school from 8 a.m. till 1 p.m. from Monday till Saturday, but, although we do not attend classes in the afternoon, we do have to study at home. Another difference is that we do not sit examinations until our final year.

I enjoyed attending school at Grantown, where I found the teachers most helpful and my fellow pupils, good companions.

I am looking forward very much to my next visit to Scotland.

SIGRID STREIT.

INTERLUDE ON THE RHINE

On the appointed day we rose bright and early to make a start for Bingen, our destination for the morning. In the afternoon we were to board a steamer, which would take us down the Rhine to Koblenz. Having breakfasted on coffee and rolls, we gathered our belongings together and boarded the 'bus. Even early in the morning the sun shone strongly and it was extremely pleasant to feel the cool breeze wafting through the open windows as we drove alongside the banks of the historic Rhine.

A stop was made at Boppard—a picturesque town, cradled in a curve of the river—and there we stopped for a little, buying knick-knacks to take home. Before Bingen, our only other stop was at the Lorelei—the legendary rock—where souvenirs of the district were available.

On reaching our destination we experienced the sun at its hottest and everyone was glad to sit down in the shade of the trees and eat a packed lunch. About mid-day we boarded our steamer—the Köln Düsseldorf—and soon we were cruising towards Koblenz. Seated on deck-chairs under the hot sun, we were all thoroughly enjoying our sail. Castles

seemed to be continually appearing en route, and hardly was one lost from sight, when another came into view. The banks of the river were impressive — though a little monotonous. Vines grew on the steep slopes and from our vantage point we could see the peasants working among them.

We passed many picturesque villages and towns and were told the legend about the Burg Maus and Burg Katz—so named because the occupants of the former were constantly being attacked by those of the latter.

As we were approaching the Lorelei, we heard a record of a choir singing the beautiful, haunting melody to Heine's words, "Ich weiB nicht was soll es bedeuten." Sailing on was passed Boppard again and then round the final curve of the river before we reached Koblenz. From the boat we had a lovely view of our hotel and also the Burg Stolzentels, in the vicinity of which we had spent many frivolous hours in the swimming pool.

After disembarking we boarded the 'bus and set off on the return journey to Hotel Siechhaustal, happy and content but ready for dinner and a quiet evening.

MAUREEN GARDNER, Va.

SUCCESS

The old van didn't look its twenty years but it had moss and vegetation sprouting from it at various places. This was the result of lying undisturbed for two years. The tyres were all flat and rust reared its ugly head in more places than one (though few for a vehicle of its age) and altogether it looked more prepared for the scrap heap than a treatment destined to breathe new life into its ageing body after much luck, some skill and infinite amounts of patience and perseverance.

After many years of active life it had finally been put out to graze, to let younger stock take over, and, as a result, had somewhat decayed. However, the tyres were once more inflated and the old faithful was moved to fresh pasture for a re-vitalising course.

A seized engine was one of the more serious defects, but a liberal amount of oil poured down the bores soon slackened off the pistons so that the engine turned once more. A complete cleaning and lubrication of the fuel pump, carburettor and distributor was then carried out and all other equipment was cleaned and made to function. After this had all been done, some petrol was poured into the tank and I hoped it would result in power, obtained in a suitable and desired manner at the back axle.

After much persuasion and patience, the engine spluttered, coughed and died, belching forth a thick, black cloud of smoke. This was a hopeful sign, so renewed efforts were put into getting it started and these culminated in a loud, throaty roar, which told of the dormant beast coming to life again. At last it went, under its own power, much to my joy—not amazement, for I had always had some faith in it! This represented what I call success — not of the instant variety — but nevertheless highly rewarding.

RODERICK MATHESON, Va.

LOBSTERS

One evening, during our holidays, we went down to the harbour in Penzance. There, we watched some skin-divers unload their catch of lobsters. The lobsters are stored in pots in the harbour to await shipment to France. Before they are put into the lobster-pots, the divers cut the tendons in their claws with knives, to prevent the lobsters from hurting each other. Any lobsters that are changing their skin, or have just changed it, are put in a separate pot. Sometimes the lobsters die during the operation of changing their shells, so the men lift this basket daily. If one dies it may kill the rest.

Lobster is a delicacy, especially in France, and a good one can fetch thirty to forty shillings. Each lobster may weigh four to five pounds and, when a load of two to three tons has been gathered, a signal brings a small French cargo vessel (like the "Le Leonard") to Penzance, to take them across the Channel.

CATRIONA JOHNSTON, 2A.

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS

What is it that fills Mum's heart with dread,
And nearly sends her off her head,
Tempts her to wish she'd never wed?
School Holidays!

What makes Dad think he's met his doom,
Pop music blares from every room,
Seven weeks of continual Boom, Boom, Boom?
School Holidays!

What makes our home so full of fun,
Pranks and tricks played on everyone,
And parents wish that they were done?
School Holidays!

Although our parents do feel sore,
And long for school to start once more,
They often wish it was time for?
School Holidays!

WENDY WATT, 1A1.

THE ROYAL HIGHLAND SHOW

On Thursday, 22nd June, I rose very early as it was the day we were going to the Highland Show. About 6 a.m. my sister, father and I set out and three hours later we reached the large showground.

The first thing we did was to go to the poultry shed because two of my Cochins had won prizes. The shed was huge and housed about eight hundred hens, but eventually I saw my Cochins.

The horse-judging started at nine o'clock, so my sister and I went to watch it. I have never seen such a collection of well-bred horses in my life. We spent the rest of the morning watching the show jumpers exercise their horses.

After lunch we went straight to the grandstand, from which you could view everything. The Aberdeen-Angus cattle led the parade, followed by all the other breeds, and then came the horses. It was wonderful to see some of the best cattle and horses in Scotland in one ring.

After the parade of the massed pipes and drums, there was a motor cycle display by the Royal Signals, which was all very frightening. The next event was the Rodeo, which was great fun to watch, but I would not like to have joined in.

At four o'clock came the big event of the afternoon—Irish Sweep Stakes Competition. Many famous people were competing and it was nice to see them in the flesh after having seen them on television.

Just at the end of the competition, it started to pour with rain, but my sister and I went to see that my Cochins were all right. Then we ran back to the photograph tent, where we waited for my father. After meeting him we went into Edinburgh, where we stayed the night. It was the most enjoyable day that I had ever had, and I will never forget it.

ANN NEILSON, 2A2.

THE SALMON

Hatched in fresh water, the salmon "runs away to sea" under the urge of some mysterious instinct when about two years old. Another instinct brings the fish swarming back about two years later, to spawn in fresh water. To reach the breeding grounds the salmon will leap six feet or more out of the water to clear waterfalls in their path. This wonderful sight can be seen at the Bridge of Feugh in Aberdeenshire.

The salmon fry are at first known as alevins. Each carries a yolk-sac under its body. For about six weeks the alevin hides among stones. During this time the small fish eats nothing until the yolk-sac is nearly absorbed. The fry are decimated by predators and lack of food, and only a handful of adult salmon return to the river from the thousands of fry which are hatched. The smolt, as the salmon is known as after eighteen months, now begins to drift down to the sea.

In the sea, the salmon feeds greedily, all the time increasing in weight and size, and storing body fats in preparation for its return to the river.

The salmon leaves the ocean when it is about four years old, and returns to the river where it started life. The fish is now in splendid condition, a large, beautiful, "clean-run" fish, with dark blue back and silvery black, spotted sides. It may weigh anything from ten to forty pounds and upwards. It eats nothing after entering fresh water, and consequently its condition deteriorates. Far up the river, the salmon and its mate choose their "redds", which are the spawning beds, with great care, and after spawning the fish is now called a "kelt".

The kelt may perish in the river, or it may return, thin and worn out, to the sea, where it falls easy victim to larger fish, seals or other predators. Nevertheless, a few salmon do return from the sea to spawn a second time, and continue this amazing cycle of life.

SANDY SMITH, IIIA.

THE RIVER

Slowly and peacefully, murmuring along,
O'er rockfalls and shingle it gurgles in song,
Past buildings and ruins it goes on its way,
Ne'er stopping for sleep in nighttime or day.

It trickles o'er meadows, meanders through
woods,
But rushes in torrents in springtime with
floods.

It swells with the rainfall and melting of snow
But nothing can alter its eternal flow.

Down from the mountain, into the vale
It goes steadily onward till in sight of sail.
Then—there's a liner!—the open blue sea.
Now there's no boundaries—the river is free!

MAIRI FRASER, V.

THE DAY WE FOLLOWED SIR FRANCIS CHICHESTER UP THE THAMES

During the summer holidays we went to London for a week, and during that time Sir Francis Chichester was to sail up the Thames and be knighted by the Queen.

There were boats going up the Thames to meet Sir Francis Chichester on his return from Greenwich. My father bought five tickets. We went aboard very excited, for this was our first trip down the Thames.

The boat started and, as we left the pier, we saw the Tower of London and the entrance called the Traitors' Gate. We then passed under Tower Bridge and then carried on down river for about half an hour. All the way, people lined the river-side, and waved flags and streamers. Then one of the many police launches told the captain to pull in to the side, as Sir Francis Chichester was on his way. By this time, we were all getting very excited.

Suddenly round the bend of the river came lots of boats, big and small. Heading them was Sir Francis Chichester in 'Gipsy Moth IV.' All the boats were honking and blowing their hooters. One man was sitting in a bucket at the top of a large crane, but his was not one of the cranes that were lowered in welcome.

After Sir Francis had passed, the boats followed him up the river until he reached Tower Pier, where we watched him being greeted by the Lord Mayor, and where the fire boats gave a display. Sir Francis then left for lunch at the Mansion House.

ANDREA TAYLOR, 2A1.

THE EXPULSION OF 4A

Nine boys in 4A, none of whom were late, Martin stole a Maths book, then there were eight.

Eight boys in 4A, awaiting ten to eleven, Munroie juked a period, then there were seven.

Seven boys in 4A, playing dirty tricks, Grannie wrote upon a desk, then there were six.

Six boys in 4A, 'twas buzzing like a hive, Ruairaidh got expelled that day, then there were five.

Five boys in 4A, the total is getting lower, Wattie wrote on a teacher's car, then there were four.

Four boys in 4A, Kenny, Gordon, Davy, me, Gordon took a gun to school, then there were three.

Three boys in 4A, time it fairly flew, Kenny tore the teacher's coat, then there were two.

Two boys in 4A, having lots of fun, Davy's fun went far too far, then there was one.

One boy in 4A, having no fun, Went out to get a job in life, then there was none.

ALLAN CAMERON, IVa.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon,
While the heavy ploughman snores,
All his weary task fordone.

The golden moon shone down with a pale golden yellow glow over the forest. Its meagre light silhouetted the sturdy, spreading branches of the pines and cast an almost indiscernible shadow on the snow beneath. The thin, green, needle-like leaves quivered with every brief gust of the icy wind. Now and then one would detach itself from a high branch and fall slowly—slowly, as if eternity would wait—down towards the ground, spiralling in greater and greater circles until it landed noiselessly on the hard, crisp snow beneath.

Not far away, below another tree, the grey outlined figure of a wolf could be seen crouching in the shadows of the tree towering far above him. His soft fur was flecked with white flakes of snow. With even the slightest movement, powerful muscles rippled under his flesh. His eyes glinted wickedly in the pale light. Suddenly he threw back his head, stretching his magnificent neck, and let forth a long, loud, wailing cry which broke the silence of the woods for miles around. From somewhere in the far distance another howl sounded, almost as if it were an echo of the first. And then again from yet another quarter of the forest. Without uttering another sound the wolf trotted off, with the gentle pattering of his feet on the snow the only noise, to join the rest of the pack.

Far away, in another clime, in another land but beneath the same pale moon, a lioness was stalking her prey — a young, slender antelope, completely unaware of the approaching danger. Slowly, with even the smallest and seemingly unimportant movements perfectly co-ordinated, the lioness glided noiselessly forward. Gradually she edged nearer and nearer. The antelope did not move. Closer and closer through the thick grass. Still the antelope stood. Only the spring had now to be made. The antelope snuffed the air. The lioness crouched. The antelope pricked up its ears. The lioness sprang. There was a flurry of fur, a flash of ivory-white teeth, a spurt of blood, a cry of pain—and all was still.

In the distance the lioness could hear her mate roaring. He was hungry. A trickle of blood ran around her foot. She answered the call and then, with the carcass hanging from her mouth and the body dragging in the dust between her forepaws, she trotted off to the place where her lord and master would be waiting.

By this time the pack had killed and somewhere in the great forest the huge, voracious beasts were tearing to pieces the mangled body of a deer. The blood dripped from their foaming mouths. As they ate, morsels of raw, red flesh fell to the ground. There was no sound save the clashing of teeth in the sides of the deer and the continual pants of heavy breathing. They ate until every bone had been gnawed clean, every morsel devoured, every drop of blood licked up and swallowed

like some rare wine. Then, exhausted, they sank down beside the bones and slept. The forest was silent once more.

And all over the world, beneath the same pale yellow moon, was man. Man—in some places he seemed very close to nature, living off the land, sleeping in a mud hut; in others, far away. Far away, secure within four walls of brick and plaster. With his inventions, turning night into day, combating disease, travelling with speeds far beyond any animal. Not part of nature. Not part of the world where tooth and fang reigned, where only the fittest survived.

And yet, but a brief million years ago, he had been part of that very same world of nature. Then, to kill was right; to show mercy was to be weak; to think of anything save the present was useless and pointless, for all that mattered was the present—what could the future hold but the very same as the present and the past?

But somewhere and somehow, in that brief fraction of eternity, something called man appeared. A being with concepts of love and beauty developed and, though remaining part of nature and depending on nature, became something above the world where the only law was "kill or be killed."

"The heavy ploughman snores

All his weary task fordone,"

and man may think this change is finished and that he has left this world behind. But is the law of 'tooth and fang' completely gone? Does man no longer kill? Or could he not so easily, perhaps without even noticing, retrogress to the world of the wolf and the lion?

DAVID ALSTON, IVa.

WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN

On April 19th, when we went on our educational cruise, the city which appealed to me most was Copenhagen.

Copenhagen is a wonderful city. The scenery is beautiful. It is quite different from Amsterdam, where the countryside is flat. In Copenhagen it is hilly.

One of the attractions in Copenhagen is the "Little Mermaid," which overlooks the ships in Langelinie Harbour, and is a great attraction to tourists.

The real reason I went on this cruise was to see my pen-pal, Wibeke Haas, who lives in Valley Copenhagen. She invited me to tea with her parents.

The food, I noticed, was something like our own. Mrs Haas said that most Danish people do not usually like milk in their tea.

One of the most beautiful castles is Frederiksborg. Inside were the most wonderful tapestries and paintings and plaques, on which were names of famous people, like Winston Churchill.

Copenhagen is full of wonderful places to visit and see, but one thing about Denmark is that the people are wonderful.

PATRICIA PRATIES, IIIc.

"DUNERA" CRUISE 154

I was one of the lucky pupils who secured a place in "Dunera" Cruise 154, which left Invergordon on April 19th. ("Dunera" was an old troop carrier, which had been converted for the purpose of taking pupils on educational cruises.) We first boarded her at 16.00 hours on Wednesday. Painted mainly white, she floated and rose and fell with the swell of the water, as if impatient to leave. At approximately 17.30 hours we cast off and, almost immediately, I was sick—not seasick, as you might think, but because I ate too much on the bus going to the ship. Our last memory of Scotland was the rain, which lashed down on us for the next few hours. Leaving the Moray Firth, we set course for our first port of call, Amsterdam.

We arrived at Amsterdam on Friday at noon, very glad to have left the choppy North Sea. After a meal we left the ship and immediately stepped into a water bus. More water! But this proved to be a most gratifying way of seeing the sights of the city (no sore feet). On this trip we saw Rembrandt's house and we passed through the Old Town, where houses were so narrow that furniture could not be taken through the door, so a pulley was fixed to the roof and in this way the furniture was hoisted up and taken through the windows. The Dam was the large square in the town centre and the Royal Palace is at one end. Other places of interest were the Nieuwe and Oude Kirks (New and Old Churches), and the University. There was also the National Museum in which Rembrandt's painting, "The Night Watchman", hangs. When we were dropped off at the Rokin, the main shopping centre, to do some shopping, a rather funny incident occurred to my three friends and myself. We went into the main station to look at the engines and,

on the way out, the ticket collector stopped us and started jabbering away in Dutch, trying to tell us, as far as I could make out, that we couldn't leave without a platform ticket. After words flying in two different languages, we were allowed out. We left at seven o'clock for Copenhagen.

On the way to Copenhagen we passed through the Kiel Canal and took on a pilot to manoeuvre us under the seven bridges over the canal. As a matter of interest, the first time "Dunera" went through, six feet of her mast was knocked off. We arrived at Copenhagen on Monday at 6.00 p.m. From the pier we could see the statue of the Little Mermaid. The next morning we went on a bus tour, which included a visit to Frederiksborg Castle, which one of the breweries kept as a National Historic Museum. We were fortunate in having lovely weather here, in fact most of my money was spent on ice cream. Here, we also visited Grundtrig's Church—a large church in the form of organ pipes, built by nine men and taking nineteen years. We left after a very enjoyable two days.

Our last port of call was Bergen, but on the way we stopped for a Regatta, which was most enjoyable. We reached Bergen just as darkness began to fall and, after an uneventful night, we had a look around the town in pouring rain. We (two of us) had a snack in a restaurant overlooking the fish market. In this market the fish are kept alive and are therefore fresh when bought. In the afternoon we went on a bus tour and visited Fantoft Stave Church—an ancient church, built during the Vikings' time. We left on Sunday morning at 13.00 hours and sailed for home, after a most enjoyable holiday, which I shall never forget.

MALCOLM WALLACE, IIIA.

PORPOISES

Contrary to general belief, the porpoise is not a fish but a mammal. It is of the whale family and is closely related to the very intelligent dolphin.

Unlike the dolphin, which is usually found in mid-ocean, the porpoise frequents the coasts and estuaries of the British Isles. They feed, to a large extent, on mackerel and herring and are always to be found where these fish congregate. They propel themselves through the water in a series of leaps, exposing their bodies in a graceful curve. Like their close relative, the whale, they breathe through a single nostril (or blow-hole) located on top of the head and, like the whale, the tail flukes are horizontal and not perpendicular as in fishes.

I had an opportunity to study these animals in detail during the past summer on the East coast of the Outer Hebrides. Mackerel and herring were concentrated in a narrow sea loch, when over one hundred porpoises arrived at the mouth of the loch. Fanning out in a straight line, they advanced

up the loch driving the terrified fish before them, and no doubt taking a tremendous toll. This was repeated during the daylight hours for three whole days and then the hunters disappeared as quickly as they had come. Possibly the supply of food was becoming exhausted, and they decided they would look for better hunting grounds.

JANETTE MACDONALD, 1A1.

SCHOOL

To Grantown School we love to go,
Through wind and hail and driving snow.
Our headmaster's a real hamdinger,
Although his belt's a swinging stinger.
We love all teachers—big and small;
In all classrooms we have a ball.
But one thing causes discontent:
On homework, too much time is spent.
An evening off? Not on your nelly,
Not even time to watch the telly!

JOHN STRATHDEE, 2A2

BEINN EIGHE NATIONAL NATURE RESERVE

While visiting the famous beauty spot of Loch Maree, I chanced upon the nature trails on the Beinn Eighe National Nature Reserve. The Reserve supports about 150 red deer, also roe deer, fox, wildcat, pinemartin and mountain hare. The eagle, buzzard, sparrowhawk, grey lag goose, black-throated diver and ring ouzel are the more spectacular birds of the Reserve. One of the nature trails runs through the "Coille na Glas Leitire" or the Wood of the Grey Hillside, one of the few remaining fragments of the old Caledonian forest. The other trail runs along a small part of the shore of Loch Maree.

The first trail starts by the road up the hillside and circles back down to the road. At the beginning the trail follows a rough track, made when extracting timber thirty years ago. A tree stump on the right of the trail shows the annual growth ring. A chart of historical events had been placed on the growth rings, going as far back as Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Further up, the footprints of animals, which may be seen along the trail, were displayed. Ascending still further, a soil section on the left displayed a thin charcoal layer, caused by a great forest fire about 300 years ago. The exhibit further up was a device used by loggers of thirty years ago. This was a part of a horse-drawn sled; the spikes impaled the ground and prevented a forward slide and possible injury to a horse's legs.

At the top of the trail a cabin of wind-blown pines was constructed in 1966 by the Warden and the Conservation Corps of the Council of Nature. Outside the cabin was a plinth made up of the different rocks, representing the formation of the actual hillsides, with the younger rocks on top of the older. The top layer was Cambrian Quartzite, 600 million years old; the second layer, Torridonian Sandstone, 800-1000 million years old; the third layer was Lewisian Gneiss, 1200-1600 million years old; and the last was Moire Schist, over 2000 million years old. From the plinth the golden eagle may be seen through binoculars, as a tiny spot soaring high over Slioch, and, likewise, small herds of wild

goats may be seen on the rocky slopes above the loch.

Descending from the cabin, you cross the Alltan Torrach (or the fertile stream). Beside the stream, a dead birch trunk supports many growths of the bracken fungus. At the bottom of the trail, a raised footbridge takes you across a bog in which can be seen frogs, newts and an occasional lizard. Four species of dragonfly also breed here.

When finished, I was amazed at the variety and beauty of the trail, and I think this part of Loch Maree is well worth a personal visit.

IAIN CUMMING, IVB.

A MAGAZINE ARTICLE

During the course of my third week as a Grantown Grammar School pupil, I was presented with a large sheet of paper and told to "write a magazine article."

At first I was overjoyed at this unexpected opportunity to display my literary genius. However, after the next English lesson, I was left in great doubt as to whether I had any genius of any description. The English master didn't appear to think I had! I'm sure I'm not the only person to have compressed the word "shipwrecks" into seven letters—and one of them an 'x' at that!

Undaunted by my shocking display at spelling, I determined to write a gripping piece, to show what the imports from Tomin-toul can do, and to redeem myself in the eyes of the English teacher, who had been eyeing me with a peculiar bloodlust for the past day or so! Having progressed so far on the road to fame, a slight technical hitch developed. What was to be the subject of my masterpiece?

I decided on something original — a character sketch of one of the teachers was my first idea, but that soon petered out. After fifty years or so of initiating youthful little fiends into the mysteries of the three R's, teachers have very little, or no, character left! Nothing suitable for display in a school magazine, at any rate! (I'm sorry, sir, I didn't mean it. Please put down that desk!)

I spent several evenings touring the metropolis of Grantown in search of inspiration but my expedition was fruitless, although I did have several ideas as I passed the dentist's surgery! A visit to the new school did provide a little excitement when a workman emptied a barrow-load of bricks on the foreman's left foot, but the ensuing dialogue was drowned by the untimely intervention of a slightly rheumatic-sounding crane, which swung into operation at precisely the wrong moment!

Nowhere was I able to unearth an interesting, captivating subject, worthy of a place in the magazine. Having searched unsuccessfully for days, I was faced by the apparent hopelessness of such a formidable assignment — or rather by the fact that I am not the genius I thought I was!

With that sobering thought, I leave you.

FENELLA MILLER, IIIa.

SPORTS REPORT

"Spurs have signed a Martian!"
Or so the rumour goes.
The fellow has three heads, six arms,
Six legs and thirty toes.
This one-man, half-back line could be
An asset in a way.
"He's out of this world" is surely
What the football fans would say,
Though other teams may have their share
Of foreign stars, it's clear
That Spurs have hit upon a most original idea.
To tell us why he joined the "Spurs"
This Martian star piped up,
"Since I've a flying saucer
Now all I need's THE CUP!"

MARY McINNES, V.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE

In the mercenary modern world, God is money. Like the Israelites of old we bow down and worship the golden calf and, like the Israelites of old, we will have to drink the bitter brew — drink, drugs, juvenile delinquency and other vices.

Nevertheless there are still things which cannot be bought by money and these become more precious. Riches are no compensation if a man suffers ill-health, and no amount of money can make up for this lack.

Although millions of pounds are spent by dowdy women in an effort to look beautiful and graceful, none can give them again the fresh innocence of a child, and the dirtiest street urchin may possess the beauty and grace these women would sacrifice their wealth to gain.

Money brings troubles, and it is not the giants of the moneyed world who have peace of mind. It cannot buy friendships or loyalty since true friends cannot be bought and all the money in the world cannot buy the wonders of Nature—sunrise, sunset, the lark's song and the whistling wind.

Money can destroy a man's self-respect and bought servants are loyal only as long as their wages are paid regularly — the real fundamental values of the world are priceless — beyond the purchasing power of any dollar, mark, pound or yen.

Certainly money holds an integral place in our lives. Without it life would be very uncomfortable, although the savage tribes of the Australian outback and darkest Africa appear to many, quite well without it; but there is no denying that it can buy things men value highly indeed. The power of money depends on the value of the men who possess it—one may be content to take his fill of the material goods of this world, but a more discerning man will feel some lack in his life — pleasures and experiences which money cannot buy.

Since I am not in the upper income bracket, it is fortunate that things I value in life are free—the sight of a lovely flower, the smell of freshly cut grass, the taste of pure, cold water on a hot day. No wealth can buy a baby's smile, my friend's esteem or the joy of belonging to a family.

I am quite aware of the value of money and the part it plays in our civilisation, but I maintain that the things which really matter to me—and I think to anyone of feeling—are these moments precious beyond all money.

How often one sees pictures of poor peasants whose figures are bent and contorted with a lifetime of toil and struggle, but whose faces shine with a serenity which arouses envy in the hearts of those who can spend more on one meal than these earn in one week, but who, at the same time, must swallow tranquillisers and ulcer pills.

As I see it, the best things in life are free and are simple, natural but yet the most pleasing things in life and one should live by them.

RAE MACKINNON, V.

TRAVEL

Travel has speeded up immensely in the last hundred years. In 1820 it took three weeks to cross the Atlantic by sailing ship from New York to Liverpool. Fifty years later steamships were running regular schedules of eight-day passages. The steamship enabled people to travel to foreign countries, as well as carrying goods to other countries. In a similar way the railway has made continents smaller. In Britain, the first public railway in the world was opened between Liverpool and Manchester. This was in 1830.

The completion of the transcontinental road was in 1869, and was the first rail link between the States. In Russia, the trans-Siberian railway was not completed until 1915. The first airliners started their regular London-Paris flights as recently as 1919. Since World War II, the regular twelve-hour services across the Atlantic have become a more popular method of travelling than by sea.

In 1886, America was linked to Britain by an electric telegraph cable, laid on the bed of the Atlantic. The "Penny Post" began in Britain in 1840 to replace the old system of payment when the letter was delivered for an average fee of 8½d.

Books have greatly influenced the rapid spread of ideas. News travelled slowly until the first newspapers were published. They were normally single sheets, published weekly, and sent to wealthy individual subscribers or groups. The railway made possible the nation-wide distribution of daily papers, and the telegraph cable put foreign news quickly on the front page.

By the 1890's, films were being shown publicly, and their realistic effect was greatly increased by the addition of sound track in 1928.

In 1936, the B.B.C. began its first television service, and after the Second World War a great network of transmitting stations sprang up across the world.

In 1957, the first man to be launched into outer space was a Russian, who made one flight round the world in his space-ship. I am quite sure that in the near future men will be landed on the moon.

HUGH MACKINTOSH, V.

THE GOALKEEPER'S LAMENT

The winger hurtled down the pitch,
He passed two men without a hitch.
He paused a moment, tried to score.
He did it, that was number four.

The whistle blew for the half-time,
The players went off to suck their lime.
They came out looking fresh and ready
Although the goalkeeper looked unsteady.

The enemy had them on the hop
When the whistle blew the game to stop.
The score was plain for all to see:
United eleven, Rovers three.

ADRIAN COOKE, 1A1.

THE BEATING

Thirty shillings a day! It was the thought of all the money I would earn in just a week that led me to go to the beating. After all, I thought, what could be easier than walking across a few fields, waving a white flag for a day—and all that money! I knew that I wasn't a world champion walker. After all, who would walk if a lift in a car was available? But if my younger brother and sister could manage it, I certainly could.

On Monday morning bright and early, we set off. I had been informed by my experienced brother and sister that there were five drives in a day and that we received a free bottle of lemonade at lunch time. The first drive of the morning was all right, although I was disillusioned about the "fields". They consisted of knee-deep, soaking-wet heather. I waved my flag up and down occasionally, wondering if I was doing it the right way, and smiled brightly at the "toffs" as we reached the end of the drive, but I received the shock of my life when I was asked to pick up the bird in front of me. I was absolutely horrified at the thought of touching a dead grouse! Quickly slipping on a glove I wondered desperately whether to pick up its head or feet. I grabbed its feet and ran as quickly as possible to the smiling man in front of me. He thanked me and I ran off to join the others ready for the second beat.

On the second drive I was really frightened and it sank home that we were not only expected to be experienced hill-walkers, but also mountaineers. We started off, a straggling line, up what seemed to me to be, not a gently sloping hill in the Cromdales, but a mountain equal in steepness to the Eiger or Matterhorn at least. I panted along and said hopelessly to myself under my breath, "Please let me stop next. I can't go on any further." All the others, I was extremely annoyed to see, seemed to be enjoying themselves, making jokes and fighting, their laughter resounding round the hills. I was getting further and further behind, and my sister, terrified of being disgraced, hissed at me completely unsympathetically to hurry up. I was really getting desperate and felt like fainting—on purpose, so that everybody would stop and have a rest. It was a real blow to my pride to discover that I was not as capable as I had previously imagined. At last, when I was ready to drop, the gamekeeper tossed me a scornful glance and said that I could stop there, I sank thankfully on to the soft cushion of soaking-wet heather, regardless of the water seeping through my jeans.

So far, it had only threatened to rain, but now it really began in earnest and I sat miserably on my clump of heather getting wetter by the minute and wondering when the whistle would go so that I, at least, could get moving. After what seemed about two hours, the whistle blew and I stood up to face my next scramble up and down the Cromdales. After having clambered up and over the first hill, I discovered that I had now to descend a steep slope in order to cross, not a stream, but a raging torrent. I slithered

down the slope straight into the water, which was at least knee-deep and very cold. Above me I could hear the sound of angry voices. The gamekeeper was shouting and swearing, asking where on earth I was. I slipped and scrambled up the slope on the opposite side, grabbing at the heather and, at last, reaching the top, where the whole line had stopped to wait for me.

How I lived through the rest of the day I do not know, but I do know, that that was my first, and last, day at the beating, however much my brother and sister might tease me. Even for the handsome prize of thirty shillings and a free bottle of lemonade, I could not go through that again.

SARAH COUESLANT IVa.

MY SCHOOL

The building so old
And the windows so tall,
The first time I came here
I was ever so small.
It seemed like a monster
To a dwarf like me.
Was it here you did lessons?
Could it really be?

Eight years have passed,
It doesn't seem long.

In laughter, lessons,
Sport and song.
Primary to Secondary
Brings changes galore,
Languages and Science
Now come to the fore.

But more changes still
Are about to take place.
In the very near future
We'll have to face
Taking up our abode
In a new school so smart
—But the old school will ever
Be dear to my heart.

SHEILA MILLER, 2A1.

THE DANCING LESSON

Boys in kilts and girls in frocks,
We've changed our shoes and straightened
our socks,

Miss Shackles ready to assist
In teaching us to do the twist.

Ready to start now, one, two, three,
Swing back your leg and swing your knee;
Twist to the left and twist to the right,
Everybody trying with all their might.

Cha cha now, more easy-going,
To a number smooth and flowing.
Watch the time and keep the beat,
Glide along, but lift your feet.

Last of all a Highland dance
Gives us all a chance to prance;
Dainty steps or comic lope,
For one and all there's plenty scope.

YVONNE GRANT, Sec. 1A1.

A FIRST VISIT TO HAMPDEN PARK

Last Easter, I was down in Glasgow staying with relatives. It was just at the time when the Scottish Cup semi-finals were being played and I was interested to hear that my favourite team, Clyde, were playing the mighty Celtic at Hampden on the first Saturday of my stay. I was very excited when my Uncle Ian, a Clyde supporter, offered to take me to the game, Hampden being just over the hill from Reonston Drive, where my Uncle lives.

On the day of the match we started off early to dodge the crowd, but we found all the streets near the stadium full of cars and people. On the way we saw many people selling Celtic and Clyde rosettes. As we got nearer the park, it became only too obvious which team commanded the greater support, as for every fan wearing the red and black of Clyde, there were fifty wearing the green of Celtic!

Soon we reached the ground and we passed under the towering floodlights. We were lucky and got tickets for the front of the stand. We went in through the turnstiles and, after going up many flights of stairs, we reached the entrance to the stand. I just stood and gaped at the sight before me! I don't think I have ever seen anything to match Hampden for size, colour, or just the way it hits you when you see it first. I could see the other stand away in front of me. The pitch was very bright green and looked wonderful. Perhaps what struck me most, however, was the crowd, for over at the Mount Florida end, traditionally the Celtic end, there was a solid wall of green! There must have been forty

thousand people over there alone, and all Celtic supporters. My uncle said the sixty thousand crowd was really very small and this was because Rangers were playing at home that day. But all the same, I had never seen so many people in a crowd in my life before. The King's Park end of the ground, behind which lesser Hampden lies, was filled with neutrals and a few Clyde fans, though most of the Clyde fans were in the stand across from us. We saw a replica of the Scottish Cup being brought into the stand by some Celtic fans, who were sure of victory. Irish flags and shamrocks were to be seen all over.

When the teams came out, the noise greeting Celtic was terrific and almost drowned out the cries of "Bully Wee", Clyde's nickname. The Celtic fans, however, did not keep up the applause, for, in the end, it was the Clyde fans who had the most to shout about. Their team had held the Champions of Europe to a draw!

IAIN BROWN, IIIA.

THE 2nd WORLD WAR

Hitler beat us at Dunkirk,
But our duty we did not shirk,
'Cause we came back to Normandy
After the year '43.

We crossed the Rhine in '45.
To stop us, Hitler's army tried
But they failed!
So he committed suicide.

JOHN CRUIKSHANK, 1A2.

REVOAN CRAFTS

(Mrs Edith Munro)

THE OLD BAKEHOUSE

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PRIMARY MAGAZINE

OUR SUMMER HOLIDAY

For our Summer holiday this year we went to Lochgoilhead, a small village in Argyllshire. We left home at two-thirty and arrived there about half-past eight. We were just in time for supper. Afterwards we went upstairs to our bedrooms and had an early night.

During the next few days we went pony-riding, shopping in Inveraray, touring the countryside round about and sitting on the beach sunbathing. We went along a single track road quite a lot and twice we saw some deer.

Most of our second week at Lochgoilhead was spent out in a boat fishing. Altogether I caught three cod and one pollock. We used hand lines to fish with.

There were two dogs at the guest house, one called Glen and another, Meg. There were also four fantail doves and a tame baby robin.

The time flew, and before we knew it, it was time to leave for home. It was sad to leave as I had enjoyed myself thoroughly.

MAUREEN WALLACE, Pr. 7.

MY GARDEN

In Spring, I buy a packet of seeds
And dig and hoe out all the weeds,
And that is what my garden needs,
To keep it neat and tidy.

In Summer, the flowers are all in bloom;
I bring lots in to cheer the room;
The coloured flowers, the yellow broom,
Will make my garden tidy.

In Autumn, I tidy up the flowers,
And there I work for hours and hours
Cutting down bushes and withered flowers,
To keep my garden tidy.

In Winter, the flowers are warm and snug,
With snow wrapped round them like a rug.
There's nothing to be cared for and dug,
To keep my garden tidy.

MARGERIE MACAULAY, Pr. 7.

MY NEW DOG

Two years ago, we saw an advertisement in the paper about a puppy. It was a golden retriever and that was what we wanted, so my father sent a letter saying that we would like one. The puppy was put on the train in the guard's van. The next morning, my father went to Aviemore to meet the train and to collect the puppy on it. All the way home she lay on his lap and, when the car stopped, my father took it up to my bed. We put her on the floor and she rolled over on her back and asked for her tummy to be tickled.

GILLIAN MCGREGOR, Pr. 6.

A VISIT TO PLUSCARDEN ABBEY

One day last Autumn, I visited Pluscarden Priory, which lies in wooded countryside about six miles from Elgin. As I arrived, the monks, who were dressed in long white cloaks with cowls, were going into prayers. I listened for a time, then went into their little shop.

One of the monks came in and asked me if I would like to see the Abbey. He showed me the new stained glass windows and also a model of the Abbey as it was many years ago. They hope to restore it. He also pointed out the little wooden mice carved on to the end of each pew. It was a very interesting visit.

SHELAGH GRANT, Pr. 5.

POOH BEAR

Pooh and Pigglet are very good friends. If Pigglet has trouble, Pooh always mends. Says Kanga to Roo, "You're a kangaroo!" Says Roo to Kanga, "You're one too!" Owl and Eeyore get on very well. Says Owl to Eeyore, "You mustn't tell. This is what you mustn't tell. Trigger and Rabbit are not very well!"

ARCHIE LIGGAT, Pr. 5.

SCHOOL

I go to school each day,
And I don't get any pay.
I work so hard from nine to four,
At night, my head is often sore.
At four we can go out to play,
Then we are all happy and gay.
At nine o'clock I go to bed,
Only after I've been fed.
I wake again at eight o'clock,
And wear, once more, my old school frock.

EUNICE ALLAN, Pr. 5.

JUMPING

On Sunday, 3rd of September, I had booked a ride at the Craiglynn stables. I arrived there just in time and found that, instead of riding, I was going for jumping lessons in the paddock. I have been riding for five years, but had never jumped before.

I was put on my favourite pony, Sovereign. I jumped the log a few times without a refusal. There were a few other girls there. After a while, when we went up to the field for a canter, I asked Mrs McNaughton if I could jump the cross-bar for the last few minutes. I tried it and nearly fell off. Then we dismounted and went home.

SUSAN GRANT, Pr. 6.

AT NAIRN

The sun shone bright on a summer's day,
When, to the "links", we went to play.
First we went on the round-about;
You could hear the children laugh and shout.
Now to the swings; we went so high,
My sister shouting, "My, oh my!"

A race was held in the paddling pool,
With a potato balanced on a spoon,
A boy's nearly fell, so he held it on,
Though that was against the rule.
He had nearly won when he heard a shout,
But he didn't know what it was all about.
"You must not cheat!" the umpire said.
"Play up, and play the game instead."

FIONA MASSON, Pr. 7.

ORIGINAL LIMERICKS

There was a young hippy called Dot,
Who lived in a pink flower pot.
She gathered some flowers
And watched them for hours,
And whatever they did, they did not.
There once was a donkey called Ned,
With peculiar things on his head.
He called them ears.
They lasted for years.
That funny old donkey called Ned!

ANDREW McGARVA, Pr. 7.

RHODESIA

I wish I were back in the land of my birth,
Where life for me was so full of mirth.
Oh, I wish I were back in the land of sun-
shine—

Rhodesia, it calls me; for it I do pine.
Instead, I'm in Scotland, 'mid grey hills and
skies,

But my love for my homeland still never dies.

FIONA NOBLE, Pr. 7.

MY RABBIT

I have a little rabbit
That's as frisky as can be,
And when I go to feed him,
He bites and nibbles me.

After school is finished,
I take him out to play.
He sometimes eats the grass so green,
And then he runs away.

DIANNE DUNCAN, Pr. 6.

A MAN FROM TREWE

There was a man up from Trewe,
Who went to visit the zoo.
The monkeys said, "Fine,
We're just going to dine
And we've got lots for you too!"

FRASER GRANT, Pr. 7



Primary 5.

SPORTS SECTION

FOOTBALL — SEASON 1966 - 67

Adverse weather conditions yet again curtailed this year's football fixtures and only a few matches were played.

The only team raised this season was an under-fifteen team. A senior team could not be raised because of the lack of older players.

The season kicked off with a home game against Elgin. This was a very even game but the Grantown team pulled through, winners by the only goal of the match. Fochabers were our next rivals at home. They proved to be the stronger team in the first half, but the home team settled down in the second half to leave the field winners by two goals to one.

Success yet again with our next two games, one at home against Forres and the other away to Elgin.

The last match of the season, away to Forres, proved to be a tough, thrilling game, where we drew six all.

The team for the season was the following: —Defence—G. Grant, S. Macdonald, W. Laing, B. McLeod, A. Grant, D. Macdonald. Forwards —D. Irvine, B. Morrison, K. Edwards, A. Cameron, I. Cumming. Reserve—I. Grant.

GOLF

Numbers remained fairly constant this year, though there was much enthusiasm amongst the younger players.

Our thanks are again due to Mr Hendry for arranging our matches and competitions throughout the season.

The weekly medal competitions were most successful and well attended throughout the season. In the annual match play competitions S. Smith won the 9-hole section by beating D. Taylor in the final. In the 18-hole section Allan Cameron beat Graeme Stuart in the final.

In the Inter-School matches the school did not have much success, being defeated by Elgin and Forres twice and by Gordonstoun once, our only victory being a 4-2 win over Gordonstoun at Grantown.

Our team throughout the season was made up from six of the following players:—Allan Cameron, Grant Cumming, Iain Cumming, William Laing, Derek McCulloch, Michael Munro, James Stewart and Alan Stuart.

In the H. R. Spence Trophy held at Elgin we were represented by Allan Cameron, Michael Munro, and William Laing. Special mention should be given to Allan Cameron, who gained first scratch prize in his age group and fifth place overall, and also to William Laing for gaining first handicap prize in the same age group.

SKI-ING

Owing to stormy weather at week-ends, the School Ski Club did not have so many Saturdays of instruction this season. Several times the trip had to be cancelled, and once, having arrived there to find the conditions

impossible, the bus took us to the Aviemore Centre, where skating and swimming could be enjoyed instead.

Instruction this year was divided into three groups, so that the different levels of experience could be catered for. In all, there were six advanced skiers, nineteen at intermediate standard and twenty-two beginners.

In competitive ski-ing the school have been very successful this year. We managed to retain the Boyd Anderson Trophy, which is competed for by schools in Moray and Nairn. The senior section was won by our team and our junior team came second to Gordonstoun. In the combined results we beat Gordonstoun, with Nairn lying third.

The following week at Glenshee our team were runners-up to Kingussie in the Scottish Schools' Ski Race, in which fourteen schools from all over Scotland took part. Kingussie were fortunate in having three skiers, who had trained on the continent, to represent them. The best three times of our team of six, which won us second place, were gained by Stuart MacDonald, Sherie Sutton and Frederick Anfield.

Stuart MacDonald and Martin Riley, both of Secondary Three, have done well in gaining places in some of this year's ski races. Stuart came third in the Kelly Cup Race, second in the Californian Race, seventh in the British Juniors, and third in the Cairngorm Juniors Race. A very commendable performance. Martin gained third place in the Californian Race.

Despite the unfavourable conditions, it has been a most successful ski season, and it is hoped that next year the conditions will match up to the club's enthusiasm.

SCHOOL SPORTS

Inter-house rivalry was as keen as ever at the school sports this year, with Revack again emerging victorious for both the boys' and the girls' cups. Four records were broken and two equalled—four of those in the senior section. Doreen Maclean's putt of 22 ft. 9 ins. was a new record in the Senior Girls' shot, while 134 ft. 9 ins. was a best throw by Patrick Grant in the Senior Boys' discus. David Millar set a record 174 ft. 4½ ins. in the Junior Boys' cricket ball, and, completing our list of new records, the Revack boys had a time of 56.7 secs. in the Inter Boys' relay race. The two equalled records, both in the Senior Boys' class, were 5 ft. 2 ins. in the high jump by Derek McCulloch, and 14.9 secs. by Allan Grant in the hurdles event.

Senior Boy champion was Patrick Grant, with Derek McCulloch second. Graham Grant and Ian Cumming were Intermediate Boy champion and runner-up, while David Millar was first and Duncan Mackenzie second in the Junior Boy section; Senior Primary champion was Alistair Macdonald with Robert Wilson second, their counterparts in the Junior Primary section being Ian Grant followed by Archie Liggat.

In the Senior Girl section, Judy Collyer

was most successful, her nearest rival being Mairi Fraser, while only half a point separated Veronica Barth and Sarah Coueslant in the Intermediate Girl championship. Even closer were Jane Loader and Mary Alston, who tied for honours in the Junior Girl section. Primary over-10 leader was Eileen Johnstone with Yvonne Grant second, while the final names on our list are Maureen Duncan and Margaret Lawson, who were first and second respectively in the Primary under-10 section.

The school sports again proved to be a stimulating entertainment, and I am sure that everybody who enjoyed the afternoon joins me in thanking Mr Liggat for his efficiency as organiser.

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS

Our Primary team did well this year at the Strathspey and Badenoch Inter-School Sports, when Michael Cruickshank (captain), Alistair Macdonald, Ewen Cameron and Eileen Johnstone won the Murray Cup.

Several of our pupils brought honour to the school at various meetings—our most outstanding athlete again being Allan Grant. At the North of Scotland Schoolboys' championships at Inverness, he won the Youth

Boys' 110 yards hurdles, and then went on to represent the school at the Scottish Schoolboys' championships at Dunfermline. At Inverness, our three other entrants all gained thirds—Patrick Grant and Denis Grant in the Senior and Youth discus respectively, and Sarah Coueslant in the Intermediate Girls' high jump. In Sarah's event, the first three girls all broke the old record of 4 ft. 6 ins.

At the Moray and Nairn Secondary Inter-School Sports, we gained three firsts and seven thirds. Our winners were Derek McCulloch (Youth Boys' high jump), Doreen Maclean (Youth Girls' discus) and Patrick Grant (Senior Boys' discus), while others who gained places were:—Youth—Allan Grant, Judy Collyer, Relay team comprising Patricia Praties, Joan Paterson, Lynnda Robertson and Mairi Fraser; Intermediate—Sarah Coueslant, Graham Grant; Junior—Colin Cruickshank.

Three of these pupils played their part in Moray and Nairn's victory over Banff and Aberdeenshire at a triangular contest at Fochabers. Derek McCulloch and Doreen Maclean gained firsts in the Youth high jump and discus, while second was the best Patrick Grant could achieve in the Senior Boys' discus.

STAFF versus FIRST XI HOCKEY MATCH

On Tuesday, 3rd October, an expectant crowd of laughing school children lined the hockey pitch at the Old School. The reason . . . the big match! Well advertised by Mr Liggat, the notices had served their purpose, and now the crowd waited impatiently for the staff team.

The First XI were already on the field and, as usual, were making a poor show of practice. At last, however, the "auld yins" (average age 49) made a dramatic appearance. Mr Liggat and Mr Cameron seemed to be the only brave ones, looking very debonair in their "Bermuda shorts." Mr Thomson strode on to the field cricket-fashion, while his opposite number, Mr Smith, seemed to think that he was competing in a bicycle race (trousers tucked into socks). The rest of the men appeared very dull in trousers and sandshoes. The ladies, apart from Miss Shackles, who wore a purple mini-kilt, arrived, late as usual, dressed in slacks and jerseys.

The whistle blew. "Wee Wullie Henderson" of the forward line bullied off against that famous scholar, rally driver and player, Rhona Cameron. A pass to Mr Anderson on the right wing, who, as was proved as the game progressed, had great difficulty in hitting the ball with the right side of the stick. He seemed to prefer the wrong side and this led to a great many fouls. In fact, play on the right wing seemed to be composed of fouls. He did, however, try and, after trampling half a dozen girls under-foot, neared the vicinity of the goal only to hit the ball with the wrong side of the stick! Readers will be pleased to know that Mr Anderson did hit it the right way once, when he scored.

Supporting him at right half was Mr Thomson, who, looking rather "natty" in white plimsolls, proved a hard block to the opposing forwards. Mr Cameron, at right back, was in his element, slicing into the middle of the pitch as usual, while his golfing companion, Mr Hendry, was, however, the dominating spirit of the staff team and, without him, they would surely have lost. Or would they? For with Mr Matheson in goals and acting with supreme confidence and competence, there are many doubts.

The most recent addition to the staff, Miss Ralph, seems to like playing hockey in a sitting position, or was she just unlucky? Mr Smith, as left half, we feel had a load on his mind at the time, for he certainly did have a load on his feet. Nearing the end he was getting the feel of the game and making himself useful up and down the wing. On the left wing we had Mrs Hendry, who, spurred on by the threats and shouts of her husband, made many valiant sallies towards the goals. Mr Liggat, as inside left, proved a valuable link between the centre forward and the previously mentioned Mr Anderson. Last, but not least, we have the two P.T. teachers, Mr McArdle and Miss Shackles, who played as was expected, Mr McArdle scoring two of the three goals. The girls put up a magnificent fight, but were unable to hold back those battling giants. At the end of the match, the staff team were carried off to the tune "Here the Conquering Heroes Come."

As a direct consequence of this degrading result, it has been decided that, next term, the boys will take up hockey, while the girls will be taught the elements of football.

H. O. KEY (Sports Reporter).

MISS GRANT

" and were you taught by Miss Grant, too?" So often this remark has been made by former pupils of Grantown Grammar School, who, perhaps finding little else in common to discuss, can recall the teaching days of Miss Grant. For there are people all over the world who have been taught, at some time, by Miss Grant and, whenever they come together, the conversation usually turns to the subject of Miss Grant. When an emigrant comes home to Grantown his first question about the school invariably concerns Miss Grant.

She has, at one time or other, taught nearly all the Science subjects. When she arrived in August, 1927, she was appointed assistant in Mathematics and Science. Mr Hunter, who was then rector and head of the Maths department, worked in partnership with Miss Grant for many years.

As well as a scientist and mathematician, she was an extremely able artist, and, after dropping science teaching, she became the school art teacher. Miss Grant's teaching career has been a very varied and successful one so by 1957, when a new art teacher had

arrived, she found herself teaching more Mathematics and Biology. It was at this time that she started to teach Biology at Ordinary grade and Higher standards. She spared herself no effort in this field, and her list of successes is indeed great.

Like Miss Legge, she had many responsibilities outside the subjects she actually taught. She acted latterly as Lady Adviser, and will be remembered for her responsibilities in concert work, sales of work, milk distribution and in the annual trips to Glenmore.

One of her colleagues writes of her: "She taught pupils at the supposedly difficult teenage stage and was able to inspire them all with respect and even with affection." There can be few pupils and teachers who have not expressed that opinion at some time or other.

Miss Grant spent forty years teaching at Grantown Grammar and the gratitude of all was truly shown by the tumultuous applause of pupils, parents and teachers at the school prize-giving.

MISS LEGGE

It is a view commonly held that the most important years in a child's education—especially in the formation of character—are the first years at school. Thus many children, now grown men and women, owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to Miss Legge, infants teacher, who retired at the end of last session.

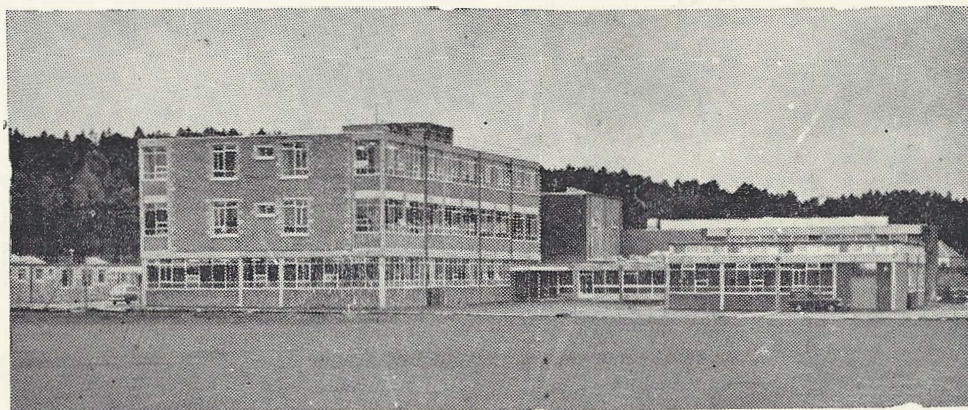
With the exception of four years in Fochabers, her entire career was devoted to the infants of Grantown School, for whom the transition from home to school life is often so difficult.

Pupils and members of staff will remember her for her wider responsibilities. For almost

twenty years she was head of the Infant Department, and latterly she was the Rector's deputy in the Primary Department.

Before the arrival of a School Secretary Miss Legge had great responsibilities in the running of the school canteen, and in several other duties which are rarely within the compass of an infant teacher.

Thirty-four years devoted to teaching is indeed a formidable record, and even more formidable when we remember that the character of a generation and a half of Grantonians has been moulded by her in the first years of their education.



The New School.

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

EDITORIAL

Up until recently we expected that the two editorials in this number would have much to say about the opening of the new school. The opening, however, has been deferred to a rather later date.

These last few weeks, we have been trying to bring the F.P. lists up to date. There are some doubtful items; but we do thank all those who returned circulars or supplied information. We had an additional point of contact in advertising the presentation to Miss Mariel Grant in view of her absolutely unique record of service; and the readiness and warmth of the response was touching. Many of you must find it difficult to imagine the Grammar School without Miss Grant. Perhaps that will make a new school more appropriate!

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome an unusual number of new Club members.

Alphabetically the first are James and Margaret Calder. James trained as a plumber—a useful trade to have behind one—but returned to the family business on the much regretted death of his father. Margaret, on the contrary, has left Waterford Hotel and is training as a hairdresser in Glasgow.

Three Chisholms have joined our ranks. Allan, with a fresh degree in Economic Science, is with a business firm in London. Duncan, having gained his H.N.C. some time ago, is married and settled as a test engineer in Glasgow. Douglas, a boxing star at Aberdeen University in his day, graduated in medicine two years ago, married a year ago, is a registrar in Psychiatry in Aberdeen, and has passed the first part of his membership in the subject.

Irene Edwards and Mona Grant are young recruits. Irene is a civil servant, while Mona is beginning her career as a teacher in Stirling.

Three rather older recruits are Mrs Grant, now teaching in Fraserburgh, who, as Margaret Telfer, was a pupil whose work was a teacher's delight; Alfred E. Morrison, a qualified probation officer in Essex, who resumes his connection with the school after many years; and Flora Marshall, now in Lossiemouth, who has become a life member.

Other welcome newcomers are Sandy Macdonald, who officiates in the Auld Kirk of Ayr; Maureen Macaulay, who lives at home and teaches in Dufftown; Mrs Simpson (Lesley Dixon), who is with her R.A.F. husband in Singapore; Ann Stewart and Anne Stuart, who are both training in Aberdeen, Ann at the College of Education and Anne at University; Neil Stuart, who is well on his way to an engineering degree in Dundee; the Terris girls—Christobel getting along very well in her medical studies at Aberdeen, and Margaret functioning in the local Royal Bank; and the three Woods of Seafeld Lodge.

Jaclynn studying Domestic Science at Athole Crescent, and Lindsay and Patrick at home.

Other members who have become life members are Mrs McLennan (Louise Dixon), consultant Tom Hunter of Romford, Angus Shand, our well known marksman, and Stanley Wright, who has removed to Frome.

Newest member of all is Mrs Robertson (Barbara Jackson) one of the Durnain Bridge Manse family and now herself a lady of the manse in Dingwall.

STUDENTS

Since retiring, we have found it much harder to keep track of the careers of our young leavers. There are, however, a number of student successes in Finals that bring credit to Strathspey. At Aberdeen, Allan Chisholm took Honours in Economic Science, Violet Murray gained her B.Sc., and Davis Thomson graduated in Arts. At Edinburgh George Dixon added to his already formidable attainments by taking an Honours B.Sc. in Psychology. At Glasgow George Coutts passed as B.V.M.S. and M.R.C.V.S.

From Aberdeen College of Education Mona Grant, Helen Macdonald and Carol Stuart qualified to swell the ranks of the teaching profession.

Our numerous up-and-coming students have many successes to record; but we leave these till finals have been passed.

EXILES

Proceeding alphabetically, we congratulate Mrs Anderson (Shona MacDougall) on the birth of a daughter. The Andersons now reside in Forres.

We also congratulate Mrs Berry (Elizabeth McWilliam) on the arrival of a daughter, and Mrs Beaton (Sheena McIntosh) and Mrs Fraser (Elma Mitchell), who have each had a son.

We appreciate a kind message and a long-term magazine order from Stanley Buchan.

We note that Mrs Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald) now has her home, still with her favourite name, in Newark.

Mrs Chart (Margaret Mackintosh), one of our distant friends, was home from Kenya this summer.

George Dixon, apart from his successful studies, has been keenly interested in local problems. In the matter of railway closures, George strongly urged that the authorities should be made to see that the cheapest and best solution was to run the main railway line to Inverness through Grantown and Forres. Most people would agree; but George has not failed to express his dissatisfaction with those who do not. Recently George has been associated with the criticism of the new development plans with regard to the rather derelict West End of Grantown. This is a pressing matter still under consideration.

Janet Dixon is nursing under conditions of some difficulty in Zambia. She does this under the V.S.O. scheme at remuneration far below her R.A.F. pay. All credit to her.

Tom Edwards is still literally flying round Europe on his firm's business.

We note changes of milieu in the cases of Sine Fergusson, Iris Forbes and Mrs Gardiner (Wilma Watt). Wilma has also been amusing herself by passing O-Levels.

Mrs Gilchrist (Jean Mackenzie) has been home on leave from Assam.

A schooldays romance has resulted in the marriage of David Davidson and Betty Kirkwood, who are happily settled in Alsager, already the home of a former valued staff member, Mrs McGillivray.

Mrs Grant (Isabella Mackintosh) has retired from her Guest House in Aviemore, and, following her marriage to John C. Grant, is settled in Aberdeen. We wish them happiness.

We understand that Edith Lawson was back in Grantown on a holiday visit.

Mrs McLaren (Sheila MacDougall) has settled at Rothiemoon and is unlikely to return to the uncertain conditions of Colombia.

Isobel McLean has moved to a more responsible hotel job, while Nancy Maclean is back from far New Britain.

Sandy McLure still works under V.S.O. in Sierra Leone. His article is illuminating.

Mrs George Morrison (Rachel Campbell), one of our senior members, has given up her home in Dufftown and gone to live in Oxford.

Anne Munro, who seems fated to a life of new enterprises, undertakes child-nursing in Palm Beach, Florida, of all places.

Mrs Naughton (Marie Shaw) will take up her abode in Australia this winter.

We read of Mrs O'Connor (Dorothy Cameron) welcoming Andy Stewart to Seattle. No doubt she enjoyed the breath of home, and thought of the Clachan Players.

Mrs Ross (Patricia Macdonald) was home from Toronto, where she does a big job in catering.

We congratulate the Dixon girls, Mrs McLennan (Louise) and Mrs Simpson (Lesley, and their former neighbour, Mrs Speer (Morna Mackenzie) on first family events.

Mrs Springall (Jessie Stewart), who was here on holiday this summer, has moved to another post as cook-in-charge.

Mrs Squires (Isa Moyes) has had a busy season with the Montreal Expo. We enjoyed her account of it.

In Edinburgh we note changes of residence by Mrs Scott (Alison Stuart) and Mrs Shiach (Margaret Smith); while Catherine Smith, now chief dietitian at Glasgow's Royal Infirmary, has moved to the new wonder town of Cumbernauld, where she has a fine panoramic view of the hills of central Scotland.

Mrs Sutherland (Elspit McIntosh) is safely back in this country from the hazards of service life in Aden.

Rita Stuart, after a year in France, resumes her studies at Aberdeen University.

Davis Thomson, now an M.A., had a very interesting summer assignment as an au pair girl in Normandy. She now tackles her College of Education course.

We congratulate Margaret Williamson on a successful first year in Medicine.

As we go to press, we extend our best wishes to Mrs J. M. Laing (Katherine Templeton) on her marriage.

OLD GUARD EXILES

First of all, our services' representatives have been getting around.

Both Peter McNichol and Brian McKerron are back in civvy street, Peter with a shipping company, and Brian in civil aviation.

John Clark is back from Aden; John Stuart is in Singapore, where, with the typical Stuart flair for music, he functions additionally as pipe-major; and Iain Walker is in Germany, where he got married this spring. David Ross narrowly missed a posting to Aden. John Stuart, by the way, is also a proud father.

John Beaton, having adopted a daughter, was blessed with a son very soon after.

For George Coutts the past year has been a success story. Returning to Glasgow after a three years' break, he justified the confidence of his Rowett Institute advisers by completing his veterinary degree.

Classmates Walter Dempster and Keith Donaldson have acquired a son and daughter respectively. Keith was also recently appointed an Honorary Senior Registrar.

Robin Fraser, now established in Aberdeen, has also got a son.

Sandy Gordon gets around. From far Winnipeg he was back to the Old Country, and to a summer's residence in Central France.

We congratulate Andrew Howlett on passing the second of his three sets of secretarial examinations.

Marr Illingworth, we hear, was home from the U.S. with wife and two children. The three Illingworth boys revisited the north this summer.

John Innes, appropriately, has been captain of the Strathaven Golf Club this year.

1967 was a sad year for the Mackenzie family. Shortly before his mother's death, Dr Sandy Mackenzie, setting out on his rounds after a disturbed night, had a serious car accident which has very badly affected the sight of one eye. We are glad to say that, even with this handicap, he is back on full duty again.

Angus Mackintosh will soon be domiciled in St Andrews, where he undertakes the new job of assistant secretary to the Scottish Universities Entrance Board. It sounds a nice post. Angus now has a second son.

Bert Mackintosh, we hear, has a new Geography book in publication. Bert's difficulty has always been to find time for his ranging activities; but this was probably a labour of love.

Peter Macpherson is still established in Auchinblae. His daughter Pam is now teaching. Stewart is at Edinburgh University, while Malcolm took five Highers this year.

Billy Mitchell has also taken a big step—from Harwich to the Addington Golf Course in Surrey. This represents further promotion in the golfing world.

Ron Philip is back in London as Anaesthetics Registrar.

Sergeant Walter Ross is now married. We wish the young couple happiness.

Richard Surtees is retired from the police and, with a new address, functions as vehicle examiner.

We find Jock Winchester established in a more permanent address in St Andrews.

We congratulate Herbert Wright, in far Mexico City, on promotion to assistant general manager.

His namesake, Stanley Wright, is also achieving promotion in Somerset.

LOCAL

Grantown-on-Spey, though in certain respects it has now to play second fiddle to the new Aviemore Centre with its remarkable amenities, seems to have had quite a good tourist season.

The town is still expanding both as regards municipal and as regards private building. Of late the Town Council has tackled the pressing problem of the dilapidated areas of the burgh. Though opinions may differ as to the exact character of renovations, the move is undoubtedly a great step in a necessary direction.

As to our local members, we note that Emily Campbell, now Mrs Butler-Lee, has changed her name, and Mr and Mrs Hamish Dixon their address.

As we go to press, Alison Ronaldson's marriage to Fred Clark is imminent.

Mrs Hamilton (Evelyn Mackintosh) is to be congratulated on a family event.

The retirement of Miss Grant and Miss Legge, each a tower of strength in her own department, will be well publicised elsewhere. They are looking very fit after their celebration holiday in Teneriffe.

We wish Mrs and Doris Laing happiness in their new home.

Mrs Oakes, now with family responsibilities, will be greatly missed on the Grammar School staff.

Jimmy Bruce, the genial host of Holmhill, has shed his contracting business, which is now in the hands of Hugh Hogg. At time of writing, we anticipate that wedding bells will soon be ringing at Holmhill with the marriage of Shona Bruce and Ian Donald.

Gordon Jack is back to Town Council and Town Re-developing worries.

Jimmy McLeod, we believe, is thinking of a trip to Rhodesia. Curling will miss him.

Ian Macpherson now serves the R.A.O.C. in Perth. His article suggests he will be back some day.

Alan McTaggart, so long the static member of a roving family, is emigrating to Australia next year. We wish him luck.

Edwin Munro has reduced his fairly wide business interests by selling the Coppice Hotel and concentrating on the family grocery business.

With the latest addition to his family, Jock Paterson's curling will be restricted this winter.

Robert and Margaret Ross must feel life much quieter now, with Gill established as cook supervisor in the School Meals Service at Perth, and Johnny doing a practical Marine Engineering course at Grangemouth, after completion of his college course in Glasgow. Still, no doubt there will be lively week-ends when the ski slopes call Gill and Johnny back.

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LATE NEWS

Since sending our M.S.S. to press, we have received a generous donation from Mr Percy Williams, of Dundee, one of our veteran F.P.s. We appreciate his interest.

We also welcome to the Club the three members of the Reid family. Elizabeth, we hear, is very popular as a youthful-looking district nurse in Selkirk. Andrew, now in the Civil Service, figures in the activities of Scottish exiles in London. Bill, the youngest, who is a graduate in Law, works with a law firm in Aberdeen.

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OBITUARY

We record with regret the deaths of Mrs Robin MacGillivray and Mrs J. S. Mackenzie.

Mrs MacGillivray, endowed with great personal charm and a zest for community activity, for a time played a leading part in the social life of Nethybridge. More recently, she was a popular figure in the T.V. shop in Grantown. She was cut off in her prime after a comparatively short illness.

Mrs Mackenzie, with her family business connections, was well known to the Grantown public, and very popular. It was in her home, however, as wife and mother, that she had her real sphere. In her illness, which was protracted, she was tended with great care. She, also, will be greatly missed.

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IN CONCLUSION

These notes are being written during an early October snowfall that makes Christmas seem near.

Again we send best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Good New Year to all; and we hope to hear from you in 1968.

G. E. DONALDSON.

THE OLD GUARD

OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1967/68

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.

*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; 34 Squadron, R.A.F., Seletar, Singapore; corporal technician.

Iain Walker (1950-54), 1 Kylintra Crescent; 2nd Bn. Scots Guards, B.F.P.O. 24; 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), B.V.M.S., M.R.C.V.S., Bank Cottage, Dava.

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

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

*Walter Dempster (1949-55), M.A., Allt Druidh, Aviemore; 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; drug manager, Boots Chemists, Aberdeen.

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

*Alexander Gordon (1947-53), M.A. (Hons., Modern Languages), 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.

*Albert M. Hastings (1942-46) (42 High Street), Cairnsmore Hotel, Newton Stewart; hotel proprietor.

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

Presentation to Miss A. Mariel Grant

Miss Mariel Grant, who retired from teaching service in June, had a record that was quite unique in the recent annals of the Grammar School—she had spent her whole teaching career of 40 years there. To mark this record—and also in recognition of Miss Grant's outstanding personal qualities — a presentation was organised by the committee of the Former Pupils' Club; and, on October 20, 1967, the committee met Miss Grant in the Palace Hotel and handed over to her gifts of an amethyst and pearl necklace, set in gold and a cheque.

The Rector, Dr Bain, who presided, said that the committee's decision to honour Miss Grant had been unanimous, and that the former pupils of the school had responded right nobly to the appeal. Mr Donaldson, the secretary, had received a great many letters of goodwill along with the donations; and Dr Bain read three of these to illustrate the respect and affection with which Miss Grant was regarded.

Mr A. Martin Grant, President of the Old Guard Club, then spoke on behalf of the former pupils. He said that it was a great honour to be asked to do so. They all owed a great deal to Miss Grant, and they were proud that they passed that way when she was at school. Many of them were also proud that their children had had the benefit of her instruction and influence.

He remarked humorously that, when he and his friends went into the Higher Grade,

they were quite big fellows in their own estimation. But Miss Grant had other ideas. They fell—and they did not rise so quickly either. For all that, they were proud to have known Miss Grant as a teacher and a friend. He knew he spoke for all former pupils when he wished Miss Grant—and also Miss Legge—a very long and happy retirement. They were all very pleased that Miss Grant and Miss Legge were not leaving the district, but staying in Grantown.

The gifts were then handed over, with similar expression of good wishes, by Mr J. G. Bruce, who had been Captain of the School in Miss Grant's early days.

In replying, Miss Grant said that when she first heard a whisper about a presentation she was touched, but that when she realised the magnitude of the gift she was overwhelmed. She thanked Dr Bain, Mr Grant and Mr Bruce for what they had said. She also expressed her thanks for the kindness and consideration she had received in her early days at school, for the friendship extended to her over the past forty years, and for the loyalty which had inspired so many former pupils as parents to encourage their children so that the latter, in their turn, had given her the respect and friendship she had, she was afraid, come to expect.

At the conclusion of the meeting Dr Bain proposed a vote of thanks to Mr Donaldson, who, as secretary, had been in charge of the organisation of the presentation.



Miss Mariel Grant (centre) with members of the F.P. Club Committee at her presentation in the Palace Hotel.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1967-68

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, 8th November, 1967, at 8 p.m.

Dr Bain, president, after welcoming those present, made sympathetic reference to the two valued members who had died during the year, Mrs J. S. Mackenzie and Mrs Robin McGillivray. Their loss was felt in the district. The Former Pupils had been represented at both funerals.

Mr Donaldson, secretary and treasurer, then read the minutes of the 1966 Annual General Meeting, and the financial statement, which showed an increased balance of £82 9/-, this increase being due to a profit on the Re-union Dance and to the accession of about twenty new members. These were approved.

The same office-bearers were re-appointed:

Honorary President—Mr Thomas 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, Mrs J. D. Archibald.

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

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

It was agreed to follow the same procedure as in recent years with regard to magazines and prizes.

Mr A. M. Grant intimated that the Annual Re-Union Dance would be held in the Palace Hotel on Friday, December 22nd, a rather earlier date. The arrangements would be as usual and the charge would again be 17/6.

Mr Donaldson also read minutes of several committee meetings with reference to the Re-Union Dinner of March 17th, and the presentation to Miss Grant on October 23rd. Dr Bain paid tribute to the work done by the Club secretary in connection with all the Club activities.

Speaking with reference to the Old Guards Mr A. M. Grant reported another successful summer fishing competition. The funds, he said, had improved, thanks to the coming of some new members. He intimated that there was a supply of Old Guard ties in stock, in case these were needed.

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

G. E. DONALDSON,
Honorary Secretary.

LETTER FROM MISS MARIEL GRANT

Dear Former Pupils,

The simplest way in which I can reach very many of you, both near and far, is through the medium of the Magazine. I should like to express to those who subscribed so generously to my presentation, most sincere thanks.

I am very proud to possess your beautiful necklace and shall have great pleasure in wearing it, remembering as I do so, not just this gift but the gift of friendship from all the pupils who have come and gone in the forty years between 1927 and 1967.

To all of you, at home and "exiled", I send my best wishes for good health, success and much happiness.

Very sincerely,

A. MARIEL GRANT.

Exiles

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

*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), Monaladh Bungalow, Boat of Garten; Ardoyne, Alexandra Terrace, Forres.

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

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

*R. W. Bruce Bain, Morlich; 21 Northumberland Street, Edinburgh; actuarial student.

*Mrs Robert Balfour (Dorothy M. Smith), P.O. Box 187, Kitwe, 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; Mortlach, 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.

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

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

- *Mrs McLaren (Jeannie B. Nicoll), Hazel Bank, Grant Road; teacher (retired) Grantown Grammar School.
- *Mrs Donald McLeod (Elizabeth R. McGregor), 2 Cambrae, Cromdale; Birchview, Kinveachy, Aviemore.
- *Alexander MacPhail, Hillview Cottage, High Street; painter and decorator.
- *Isa MacPhail, Hillview, High Street.
- *Jean M. Paterson, Parkburn, Woodlands Crescent; partner, Paterson & Co., Shoe Specialists, 23 High Street.
- *Elizabeth C. Phimister, Woodburn, South Street; postal and telegraph officer, General Post Office.
- *Mrs Ernest W. Oakes (Amelia Edwards), Laggan View, Cromdale.
- *Mrs Thomas S. Robertson (Mary E. Hastilow), Achnagonaln.
- *Jessie D. Ronaldson, Strathallan, Grant Road; postal and telegraph officer, Grantown Post Office.
- *Mrs John Stuart (Marian N. G. Paterson), M.A. (Edinburgh), 32 Kylintra Crescent; teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
- *Mrs Colin Sutton (Catherine M. MacKay), The Hotel, Nethybridge.
- *Netta Templeton, 21 The Square.
- *Margaret M. Terris, Strathview; bank clerkess.
- *Mrs George Watt (Pearl McMillan), M.A. (Aberdeen); Bene Valla, Grant Road, Grantown-on-Spey.
- *James Williams, M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), Stonefield, The Square; medical practitioner.
- *Mrs Jack Wood (Joan Cruickshank), Seafeld Lodge Hotel, Woodside Avenue; hotel proprietrix.
- *K. Lindsay Wood, Seafeld Lodge.
- *Patrick G. C. Wood, Seafeld Lodge.

* Life Member.

BIRTHS

- ANDERSON.—At Aberdeen, on January 30, 1967, to Mr and Mrs Adam Anderson (Shona MacDougall), a daughter.
- BEATON.—At Weston-Super-Mare, on March 9, 1967, to Mr and Mrs John Beaton, a son.
- BERRY.—At Forres, on November 4, 1966, to Mr and Mrs Douglas Berry (Elizabeth McWilliam), a daughter.
- DEMPSTER.—On August 2, 1967, to Mr and Mrs Walter Dempster, Echt, a son.
- DONALDSON.—At Edinburgh, on January 11, 1967, to Dr and Mrs Keith Donaldson, a daughter.
- FRASER.—At Aberdeen, on March 17, 1967, to Mr and Mrs Robin Fraser, a son.
- FRASER.—At Inverness, on July 24, 1967, to Mr and Mrs William Fraser (Elma Mitchell), a son.
- GORDON.—At Grantown, on January 25, 1967, to Mr and Mrs Angus Gordon, a daughter.

HAMILTON. — At Grantown-on-Spey, on April 25, 1967, to Mr and Mrs George Hamilton (Evelyn Mackintosh), a son.

MACKINTOSH.—At Arbroath, on March 11, 1967, to Mr and Mrs Angus Mackintosh, a son.

McLENNAN.—On January 29, 1967, to Mr and Mrs E. McLennan (Louise Dixon), a son.

OAKES.—At Grantown-on-Spey, on August 7, 1967, to Mr and Mrs Ernest Oakes (Amelia Edwards), a daughter.

PATERSON.—At Raigmore, on October 14, 1967, to Mr and Mrs J. L. Paterson, Parkburn, a son.

PATON.—At Grantown-on-Spey, on June 6, 1967, to Mr and Mrs George Paton, a son.

SIMPSON.—On July 23, 1966, to Mr and Mrs Sidney Simpson (Lesley Dixon), a son.

SPEER.—On February 15, 1967, to Mr and Mrs Robert Speer (Morna Mackenzie), a son.

STUART.—On August 11, 1966, to Corporal and Mrs J. H. Stuart, R.A.F., Singapore, a son.

MARRIAGES

BUTLER LEE—CAMPBELL.—At Grantown-on-Spey, on March 18, 1967, David Charles Butler Lee, Fort William, to Emily Christie Campbell, Grantown-on-Spey.

CHISHOLM—MACPHERSON. — On September 5, 1966, Duncan Chisholm, late of Carrbridge, to Shena R. MacPherson, Kirkintilloch.

CHISHOLM—DOYLE. — At Aberdeen, on October 6, 1966, Duncan Douglas Chisholm, late of Carrbridge, to Rosemary Galloway Doyle, Aberdeen.

CLARK—RONALDSON. — At Grantown-on-Spey, on October 21, 1966, Alfred Clark, Whitehills, to Alison Ronaldson, Grantown-on-Spey.

DAVIDSON—KIRKWOOD.—At Boat of Garten, on April 19, 1967, David Ross Davidson, Grantown-on-Spey, to Elizabeth Watson Kirkwood, Nethybridge.

GRANT—GRANT.—On May 29, 1967, John C. Grant, Aberdeen, to Isabella C. Grant, late of Aviemore and Congash.

LAING—TEMPLETON. — At Aviemore, on October 7, 1967, James M. Laing, Edinburgh, to Katherine Templeton, Grantown-on-Spey.

ROSS—DARGIE.—At Dartford, on September 9, 1967, Walter Ross, London, to Isobel Ferguson Dargie, Dartmouth.

WALKER—EAVES.—In Germany, on March 18, 1967, Iain Walker, Grantown-on-Spey, to Margaret Eaves, Warrington.

DEATHS

MACGILLIVRAY.—At Ian Charles Hospital, on June 3, 1967, Morag Gray, beloved wife of Robin MacGillivray.

MACKENZIE.—At Gowan Lea, on March 21, 1967, Elizabeth Robertson, beloved wife of James S. Mackenzie.

EXPO 1967

An F.P. friend has suggested that I should write an article on Montreal's World Fair. A complete account would be an immense task, and I can only touch on some of its highlights.

Expo has an ideal natural setting, the two islands on which it is built being plumb in the middle of the broad, mighty St Lawrence River, covering over 1000 acres. One island is the Isle St Hélène, a natural island; the other, Isle de Notre Dame, is entirely man-made. Two bridges connect the islands, one being the "Cosmos Walk" and the other having rails for the Expo Express. Yet another bridge to the Isle de Notre Dame is the lovely "Bridge of the Isles". In the background tower the high sky-scrapers of the city, which is yearly growing more like New York. At night, either by starlight or by floodlight, it is a veritable fairyland.

In the four channels one can view all manner of water craft—canoes, motorboats, the "bluenose", yachts with white sails and coloured ones, too, Venetian gondolas, Chinese sampans, etc.

The islands themselves are the site of those famous pavilions representing the nations of the world—displaying their history, their crafts and their treasures. One's first look at the Expo buildings is a bit of a shock, as there are seventy-one buildings and no two are alike.

As most of my own time has been spent in the counselling room of "Sermons from Science", I have only visited seven or eight of the more important ones, and about each of these I shall say only a few words. As a matter of statistics, millions of people have gone through the turn-stiles, and we have already beaten the record of the Brussels Fair. We have admitted kings, queens and eastern potentates with their retinues (plus their pets, such as pumas, leopards and lions on golden chains). Canada has really celebrated her hundredth birthday.

The huge British pavilion has a Union Jack built of solid coloured stone. It is three-dimensional, and its roof is unfinished, meaning there is no end to Britain and her colonies. Once inside, you are in semi-darkness, while an escalator carries you past huge rocks, with real sea water crashing against them. As you mount, a hidden camera throws on the rock-face the pictures of Britain's past from 1066 on — warriors in armour slashing off each other's heads and arms, then, with more light as the centuries advance, pictures of industry, trade, famous men, modern implements and machinery.

Germany's pavilion is like a string of tents of varying heights and made of plaited or woven steel. You see inside all the industries of Germany — little rivers spanned by miniature bridges, chemical labs, where experiments are going on, beer gardens, flower gardens, etc. All the officials there are born Germans in uniform.

The Japanese pavilion, as you would expect, is dainty and beautiful, with shrub trees, gay Geisha girls in fabulous silk kimonos, tea served on little bamboo mats, and Japanese music playing.

The pavilion of Jerusalem, the Holy City, displays old brick walls, scrolls and the oldest humanoid skull in the world, said to be nearly two million years old.

The Ethiopian pavilion is manned by real ebony-black natives, such as the eunuch who took the gospel message to Queen Candace. On the roof top is the golden Lion of Judah.

The Iran pavilion has a fine portrait of the present Shah; but the exhibits carry us back to Bible times when Cyrus the Great ruled from India to Greece, and there are carvings and samples of the old Persian cuneiform writing.

The United Arab pavilion presents the famous memorials of ancient Egypt. Veiled ladies, all dressed in eastern fashion, act as guides.

Tunisia, I think, had the most lovely exhibition of all. We saw a polished marble paved floor, the mosaic paving transported completely from an ancient Tunisian villa. Tapestries lined the walls, rare jewels gleamed from silver cases, and stuffed peacocks were set here and there in Tunisian gardens while incense burned and strange music played.

India and Ceylon also had beautiful pavilions. Saris were exhibited and even sold, with a lovely Indian girl to model them. We could also buy Ceylon tea.

The Judah pavilion has a wonderful model of Herod's temple, while also on exhibit are the Koran, the Dead Sea Scrolls and the Torah. There is also the "Diary of Anne Francis", victim of Nazi brutality.

The U.S.A. pavilion, a huge steel bubble that almost blinds one in the sun, is given over mostly to space achievements. One can see the actual chair of John Glenn, astronaut, and his capsule and dinghy.

The U.S.S.R. also concentrates on space triumphs.

Finally—for it is impossible to cover all seventy-one—Burma has a wonderful exhibit, its front encrusted with gems of all colours set in silver and bronze.

All I have described—and much more—shows only what Man can do. We, at our pavilion, try to explain to seekers after the Truth what God can do in their lives. After all, in the final analysis, the things of this world vanish away, but the things of God remain unchangeable. We have had thousands of decisions from people of all tongues and nations, and feel the hours we spend with them are not wasted.

I met Mr and Mrs David Ritchie of Carrbridge, and it was a real joy to hear the Scottish tongue again.

ISABELLA SQUIRES.

HOMETOWN

A Cockney's love for London Town is no less intense than a Highlander's for his native glen. It is natural for us to believe that our own city, town or village is "the greatest".

Maybe Grantown is not **really** so different from other towns. But to us it is unique. Wherever we are, thoughts of home tug at our heartstrings. We yearn for the sound of familiar voices, for the sight of "weel kent" faces.

Neither time nor distance ever dims the memories of home accumulated over the years to shed a glow of nostalgic pleasure over dreary prospects and lighten our tread on alien streets.

When cares push us to the edge of despair we find solace in the idyllic realm of memory. Then it is not of the Parthenon or Taj Mahal that we dream, but of a familiar, humble, hometown street.

It is not the face of a Caesar or Voltaire that flickers before our mind's eye; but the homely features of some beloved old character who was born in, and will die without ever leaving the precincts of his "ain toon".

It is not the important things which live most clearly in our memories, but trivialities which have no significance save that they are associated with the far off, carefree days of youth when the world was seen through eyes as yet undimmed by the disillusionments of experience.

We are often accused of being impractical dreamers obsessed with the past, unwilling to "move with the times". And there could be an element of truth in it. But there is nothing to be ashamed of in clinging forlornly to the memory of traditional things which are disappearing at a sickening pace. Sadly we acknowledge that what men call progress means the loss forever of much that was precious.

Buffeted by the winds of change, we see dimly through the mists the shape of things to come and tremble at the prospect. Soon there will be nothing left of a way of life which, although desperately hard at times, was enriched by interludes of such happiness as man shall never again experience. If there was a never ending struggle with thistles and bracken there was also sweet hill grass at the high summer shielings.

Now the shielings are gone and transistorised radios drown the curlew's call.

Yet still we have our memories. Of congregating in the Big Hall of the school to meet a fresh-faced young man who had just taken over as Headmaster [Mr Hunter]; of tea in the shade of lofty larches during a break in the annual Past Primes v. School cricket match; of being severely mauled by "Big Evan" during a painful introduction to the mysteries of rugby; of an inspiring young classics master who coached us patiently, and successfully, in the finer points of cricket, rugby, soccer, hockey, athletics, hill climbing, et cetera [Mr Wilson]; of weekly excursions to the Elgin Baths in pursuit of Life Saving Society medallions; of Dolly Duncan's band luring us to the Craiglynne Palais on Saturday evenings where Bill Geddes played the sax as one inspired; of the mad escapades triggered off by our summonses to go off to war; of Ralph, Tony and Teresa struggling to maintain some semblance of order in their bedlam of a café; of a mountain of steel helmets tipped on the roadway outside the Drill Hall; of dewy-eyed girls kissing their warrior swains farewell; of an unheralded return some 6 years later when the click of a garden gate at last convinced a mother that her son had survived the tragedy of Dunkirk; of sea trout splintering the dark waters of Balliefurth; of village folk getting up from warm beds to wave a welcome to the Edinburgh Boy Scouts trekking tiredly towards Ballieward; and of the innumerable incidents and familiar faces which are enshrined forever in the storehouse of memory.

Grantown has changed, of course. Green fields have become the sites of trim bungalows. An energetic breed of colonisers is steadily replacing the native stock. The old place is fast succumbing to the inroads of "progress".

But there are still enough of the old haunts, still enough of the old folks left, to make us feel for our hometown a love which will never dim.

Whatever the future holds, wherever a capricious fate may take us, there can be but one ultimate aim. To end our days where we started, in the most beguiling spot on earth.

IAN D. MACPHERSON.

SIERRA LEONE

On August 10th last year I left Gatwick Airport at 7.30 a.m. Five hours later I arrived at Freetown, capital of Sierra Leone, the country whose government I was directed, by the Voluntary Services Organisation, to serve for the next twelve months.

Sierra Leone is one of the smallest of African countries, equivalent to Wales in size and population, the basic industry being agriculture. From the air the country gives the impression of lush fertility, but, although the

soil supports a very dense jungle type of vegetation, it is too poor to support a crop for more than one year at a time.

The method of farming is very primitive. After Christmas the men select their piece of jungle, cut all the trees and bush, and then leave it while the Harmattan blows. This is a very dry wind blowing down the west coast from the Sahara. Its approach is easily identified by the dramatic drop in humidity in the space of a few hours. The duration of the

Harmattan ranges from two days to six weeks, and, after it has blown itself out, the felled areas are burned.

The women folk then arrive, and a farmhouse, or "skimbeck", as it is called, is constructed. This is in the shape of a tent six feet high and about six to eight feet wide at the base, open at the ends. The main construction is made of poles thatched with palm leaves. The thatch becomes waterproof after the first one or two downpours of rain.

The whole family will stay in this dwelling during planting and harvesting, which are done by the women. The main crop is upland rice as opposed to swamp rice, and there are two harvests per year. Swamp rice is planted if there is a swamp available. This gives a much higher yield than upland rice. Yams, cassava and beans are also grown. Every village has a common patch of ground for growing bananas, oranges, coffee and cocoa.

A typical Sierra Leone village consists of

mudwalled huts with high thatched roofs. A house with a corrugated iron roof denotes the home of a wealthy owner. During daytime most of the dwellings are closed up, as the women are in the fields and the older men are probably in the Barvie—an open-sided shelter, usually with a fire and fitted with several hammocks. Here the elders sit and discuss village affairs. A common sight is women pounding rice in what looks like outsize mortars with equally outsize pestles, to the accompaniment of rhythmical singing.

The Sierra Leonians are in general very tall and elegant, particularly the women. Their chief garment is a long, bright coloured skirt, or rather a piece of cloth wrapped round the waist. A bodice worn on top gives the appearance of a short dress worn over a very long one.

Development in Sierra Leone is very slow, though the country is potentially rich.

SANDY McLURE.

• • •

DUNERA CRUISE

The trick, I find, is to keep the knees straight to prevent them buckling completely under the weight, and to concentrate all my attention on the little splashes on the end of the box as the sweat drips off nose and chin. Presumably Hector is still supporting the front end of the box, but to lift my eyes enough to make sure might reveal how far off yet lies the gangplank and the square black hole in Dunera's side, towards which we have been crawling for seeming hours. Better to close the mind to the abrading roughness of the rope handle, to ignore the bumping of the box against knee and shin, the pouring sweat, the blinding light, etc., etc. Keep the head down and the mind blank. Left, right, splash, splash, left, right, splash.

Of course this does not sound a bit like Invergordon, 1967, nor is it. It is Africa, 1942, and, please Heaven, is it not enough to be hung around with big pack, small pack, water-bottle, respirator, rifle and bayonet, steel helmet, pith helmet, and two kitbags, without having to take an end of Hector's infernal box as well?

Hector is the troop's A.A. Bren gunner, and rumour has it that he actually, before Dunkirk, shot down a 'plane with the very gun which now reposes in its long green coffin, slowly pulverising my kneecaps. It is also said, with little regard for Hector's feelings, that the 'plane was one of our own Lysanders, but both tales are probably untrue, and Lysanders were never much cop anyway.

His Majesty's Transport Dunera, together with her sister ship Dilwara, formed part of a very small convoy preparing to leave Durban, Natal, for an officially undisclosed destination which everyone knew to be Bombay. It was also widely known, at common soldier level at any rate, that the waters immediately outside Durban harbour were stiff with Japanese submarines, and that the

last convoy to run the gauntlet had lost two ships before they were out of sight of land. Good, morale-building stuff.

At long, long last we were aboard, our accoutrements stripped off and stowed. We had been sung out of harbour, as we had been sung into it three weeks earlier, by the Lady in White (who was she, anyway, I wonder), and we were able to inspect our surroundings. We were not impressed.

The messdecks were like those of any other troopship. Imagine a large room filled with long narrow tables extending from the walls to a central aisle about five feet wide. On each side of each table there is a bench, with men sitting shoulder to shoulder along the whole length. The backs of the men at one table practically touch those at the next. That was the scene on a messdeck at mealtimes, its capacity as many as could be seated at the tables. But those men had not only to eat in that amount of space, they had to sleep there too—on the tables and under the tables, as well as in a solid mass of hammocks slung above them, so close together that when one swung, they all swung.

In reasonable weather, many could sleep above decks, relieving the congestion considerably, so that the seasick did not have to tread on quite so many faces as they bolted for the heads. Alas, we were not destined to have reasonable weather.

Each messstable supplied two orderlies each day to stow the hammocks, serve the food, wash the dishes, and scrub and polish everything in sight. Unfortunately, the mess I found myself in consisted mostly of the upper classes of society, that is, N.C.O.'s, batmen, and regimental policemen, all of whom were excused orderly duties. This left Hector, Les Richmond and me to share the duties between us. Richmond promised to be a fat lot of help, for he had become violently seasick while our previous floating home was

still tied up to the quay at Liverpool, and had remained more or less that way ever since, even ashore.

On decently conducted troopers, the hammocks were stowed in racks on the messdecks, but in Dunera they had to be deposited each morning in a store down so many flights of stairs from our deck, already on the waterline, that it must have been dragging on the bed of the ocean. This meant repeated weary trips and much queuing for the orderlies, laden with hammocks and blankets, and the same in the evening to fetch them back.

After breakfast, everyone was chased up on deck, except the mess orderlies, who washed up, then queued at the cleaning store to draw their day's ration of so much Brasso, so many ounces of bathbrick, Vim, soap powder, holystone, and so on, with which everything that was not scrubbed had to be polished, and everything that was not polished had to be scrubbed. Thereafter, the orderlies could loaf in idleness until it was time to queue at the galley with their great, and now gleaming, cans and buckets, to collect the next meal.

It was not hard to find the galley. It was where the Smell was strongest.

I never really identified the Smell, but it, with its companion Flavour, pervaded everything edible on that ship, from the gluey rice to the watery tea. At least I am persuaded that it was a clean smell, some sort of disinfectant no doubt, for even the bit of meat that Richmond fished from his stew one day—the bit with the fur on—looked scrupulously clean.

On the second or third day out, we emerged from our hammocks to find that our escort, a cruiser and four destroyers, had vanished without trace, and our little convoy had the entire Indian Ocean to itself. At least we fervently hoped so. Come mid-afternoon, having succumbed to neither torpedo, mine, nor bomb, we were beginning to think we might just see the day through, when seven sinister smudges of smoke appeared on the horizon ahead.

To the landlubber, things generally seem to happen very slowly at sea, but this time, within seconds apparently, the smoke could be seen to emanate from six wee boats and a big one—a very big one. Now who would have a battleship in these waters? The answer was all too obvious, and the only mystery was why we had not already been blown out of the water. Clearly, said the experts, of whom the ship was suddenly full, the Japanese admiral did not consider us worth expending 16-inch shells on, and was closing the range to where he could polish us off with his secondary armament.

For a non-swimmer, with little faith in his kapok lifejacket as anything more than a comfortable pillow, there seemed nothing left but to pray, and to prepare to drown in as decent and gentlemanly a fashion as possible.

Ten minutes later, the prospect of continued life had returned in all its sweetness. Our new escort, the aged but still noble battleship, Royal Sovereign, and attendant destroyers, had taken station.

They did not stay with us more than a few days before being in turn relieved by something considerably less imposing—I forget just what. In any case, I cannot speak for the actual change-over, for by then I was busy dying again. It happened like this.

One of my messmates had a tin of pears he had been hoarding since the ship's canteen gave up the ghost, which it had done after two days of brisk trade, and one day, when the food was even more nauseous than usual, he proposed to give us a treat. Alas, when he opened the tin, he declared the contents to be bad. I, detecting nothing wrong, expressed at some length the opinion that it was better than the galley food anyway, and, to prove my point, scoffed the lot. I was quite, quite wrong.

At reveille next morning a very worried N.C.O. had me carried in a blanket to the sick bay, where a supercilious medical orderly said, "Bring him to Sick Parade at ten o'clock. I don't suppose he'll die before then." My N.C.O. was so sure, and, for my part, I was pretty well convinced that I had already departed.

The next few days were spent inert in my hammock by night, and equally inert on the hard deck by day. My mates were very good about helping me from the one resting place to the other, dressing and undressing me, and periodically propping me up in the heads to be sick, for I was as weak, as they used to say, as NAAFI beer. But all the time they cursed me mightily for not doing my share of the fatigues.

And so eventual recovery, and arrival at Bombay, the Gateway of India, land of the Sahibs. Some pretty odd things lay ahead, but that is another and longer story.

Dunera had one last shaft to fling at me, however. Halfway down the gangplank, festooned once more like a Christmas tree, and lugging that benighted box, I realised that I had left on the messdeck an unfinished letter to a girl. For weeks, months after, I squirmed with embarrassment whenever I thought of someone finding and reading it. I was a shy, innocent, and rather stupid young man, you see, in those distant days when Dunera and I were both twenty-five years younger.

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