



GRANTOWN GRAMMAR

SCHOOL MAGAZINE



DECEMBER
1968

M. FRASER.

No. 40

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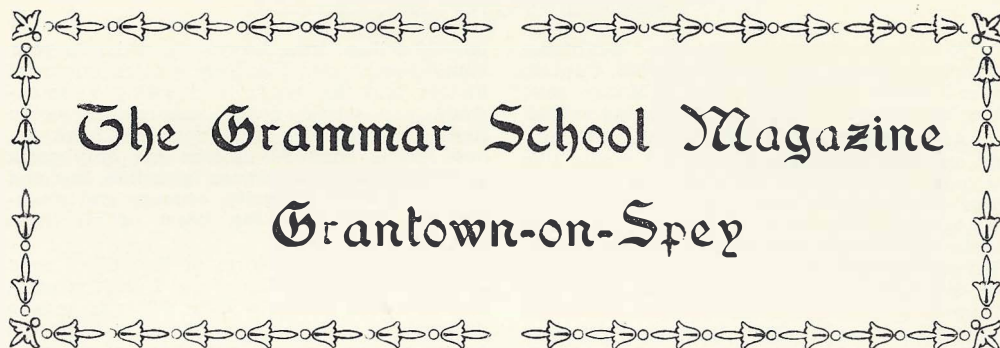
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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 40.

December, 1968.

Editors—Simon Macaulay.
Graeme Stuart.

Staff Adviser—J. Thomson, M.A.

Advertising Managers—
Maureen Gardner.
Pamela Macdonald.

Editorial

"The old order changeth yielding place to new."

THIS, in a sentence, sums up the events which have taken place in the past year in Grantown Grammar School. Never before in one year have there been such sweeping changes. Yet we cannot look back but with regret at some of the old ways which we have lost.

It is fitting that we should celebrate this, the fortieth edition of the Grantown School Magazine, by editing it for the first time in the New School, and we are confident that we can look forward to many more magazines to be edited here in future years. Although we admire and taste the benefits of the New School, we feel that there is still something lacking—a tradition and a heritage which are to be found in the very stones of the old school.

The past year has seen many changes in the staff. Since the magazine last appeared, we have acquired a new Biology teacher, P.T. instructor, Homecraft teacher, Classics master, and last, but by no means least, a new Rector.

But the arrival of new teachers has meant the disappearance of many former ones. They had been so much a part of the school's way of life. Naturally one remembers most of all Doctor Bain, who retired in July after sixteen years' service to the school, and we wish him and his wife many happy years of retirement.

The change in school seems to have been reflected both in the sport and the academic fields. Again the School has excelled itself in ski-ing and has also had considerable successes in golf, football and athletics. The most remarkable results, however, have been obtained in the academic field where this has been a record year for S.C.E. results.

In December of this year the School will stage a Concert. With all the facilities of the new stage which we have not hitherto enjoyed, we can look forward, I think, to a resounding success.

In spite of all such change, the school seems to remain relatively peaceful, and is not, as yet, involved in the student revolts which seem to have broken what tranquillity is left in the world. Whatever criticism may be levelled at us, it cannot justifiably be said that Grantown Grammar School resists change and modernisation.

With this reflection, then, we can look forward with optimism to 1969, wishing all readers, too, a very Merry Christmas and a Guid New Year.

Footnote:—Readers will have noticed that for the first time since its first publication, forty years ago, the cover of the magazine has been changed. Full credit for the new design goes to Mairi Fraser (Sec. VI.)

LAST POST AND REVEILLE

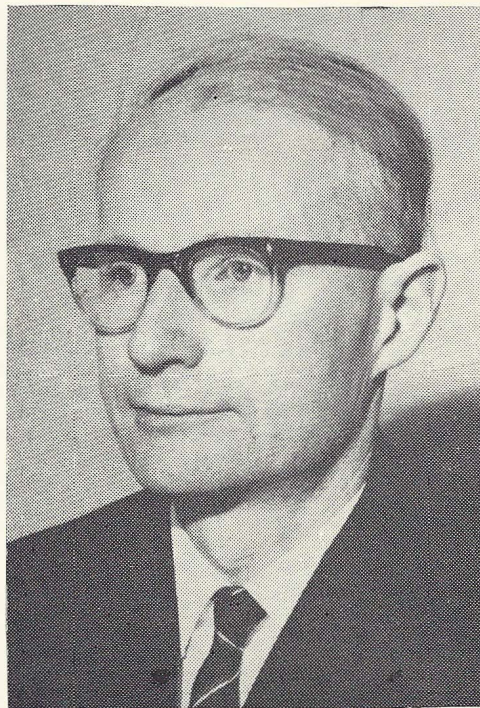
At the opening of the New Grantown Grammar School on 13th March, 1968, Captain Iain Tennant, Lord Lieutenant of Moray, gave the following advice to pupils leaving school:

And to you boys and girls who will shortly go out into the unknown world I would like to quote two passages and make one comment. The two passages could be the sounding of a Last Post followed by a Reveille. The first—the Last Post—was written by Sir Arthur Bryant recently. He says, "A little while ago an overseas correspondent sent me a cartoon from a famous American journal, depicting the back view of a rather gaunt lion, growling a little and gazing wistfully across an expanse of rocky desert, with the caption 'Britain out of Asian bases by 1970.' 'I think,' wrote the correspondent, 'it is one of the saddest cartoons I have ever seen.' After all the hundreds of years establishing a great Empire, whose parallel has never been seen in the history of man and is never likely to be seen again, the old lion sits there, looking a bit tousled and bewildered, watching the sun go down between the rocks of Aden and Hong Kong, or wherever else you would like to imagine those famous old outposts of Empire. One feels like going up to him and saying, 'Come

on, old fellow, time for you to retire to your island home now.' You have written immortal history and the world is changing to something you would never understand, worse luck! But you can hold your old head up, and people from all nations can only point and speak in truth, 'There is justice, law and order. There is integrity, courage and steadfastness. Who else can boast of all these things?'"

And then in the form of Reveille I read this somewhere but I'm afraid I can't remember whom to attribute it to: "This is an age of creation, but the pains of anxiety and the agony of our era are not those of a world that is dying but of a new world that is being born."

My comment is this. When you go out into the world finally, remember what the old lion stood for — justice, law, order, integrity, courage and steadfastness. Let these qualities, at least, be carried on from the old world to the new. They reach far beyond commercial success, balance of payments, Common Markets or technology. They are invaluable and, in the end, shine forth in a priceless way, no matter what walk of life fills the future.



Mr Lewis N. Grant, the new rector.

SCHOOL NOTES

Mr Grant, our new Rector, was formally introduced to staff and pupils by Mr Cruickshanks, Deputy Director of Education, when school re-opened for the present session.

✕ ✕ ✕

Our congratulations to the members of the ski team, who, in March, captured the Boyd Anderson Trophy for the third year in succession.

✕ ✕ ✕

Entries for the Scottish Certificate of Education for 1968 were as follows:—Ordinary 178, Higher 79, Advanced 7, Class VI Studies 6.

✕ ✕ ✕

Over the May long weekend, sixteen pupils from Secondary 2, ten from Secondary 3 and four from Secondary 6 spent a holiday at the Glenmore Hut. Bad weather curtailed walking on Saturday but the party, led by Mr Liggat, Mr Smith and Monsieur Turlin, walked along the Lairig Ghru as far as the Sinclair Hut, returning via the Lurcher's Burn. Thanks are due to all who made the weekend a success, and particularly to Mrs Liggat and Mrs Smith, who were responsible for the cooking.

✕ ✕ ✕

Inter-house rivalry was as keen as ever at Grantown Grammar School Sports, staged on the playing field of the new school in fine, sunny conditions on Tuesday, 4th June. Revack retained both the boys' and girls' championships with 174½ and 98½ points respectively.

✕ ✕ ✕

Allan Cameron, Secondary 4 (now Secondary 5), was our only prize-winner in the Doig Shield golf competition played over the Elgin course in June. He was third in the scratch section, with scores of 82 and 81. In the North District Championships, played at Grantown, Allan was third member of the senior team (428), who were runners-up to Elgin (423). He had rounds of 74 and 73, and is to be warmly congratulated on these results and also on winning the Grantown-on-Spey Golf Club Championship. With a total of 285, over four rounds—76, 67, 66, 76—he becomes probably the first pupil at school to do this.

✕ ✕ ✕

At the beginning of June a careers convention was held in the new secondary school, when fifty consultants, two careers officers and two youth service officers for the North and North-east of Scotland were in attendance. There was a very good turn-out of pupils and parents, and we record thanks to all consultants, careers and youth service

officers, staff, parents and pupils who helped to make the convention a success.

✕ ✕ ✕

Successes gained by local pupils in the North of Scotland Athletic Championships at Lossiemouth were:—Girls' discus (15-17)—1 Doreen Maclean; boys' 100 yards hurdles (15-17)—1 Allan Grant; boys' 80 yards hurdles (13-15)—2 Ian Brown; girls' high jump (15-17)—3 Sarah Coueslant.

✕ ✕ ✕

Mrs Anfield, on her retirement in June after nine years as part-time assistant in the Homecraft Department, was met by her colleagues on the staff and presented with a set of stainless steel dishes. We wish her the very best for the future and also Mr McArdle, who has left us to take up an appointment at Glasgow College of Building.

✕ ✕ ✕

At the beginning of term we welcomed new members of staff. Mr I. Thomson came as Principal Teacher of Classics from a post in Cumbernauld and Miss Geddes joined the Homecraft Department. Mr James Gordon has meanwhile acted as temporary P.T. instructor.

✕ ✕ ✕

Five pupils — Stuart Macdonald, Martin Riley, Jane Riley, Hugh Clark and Ian Dunlop — have been offered ski-training facilities in Switzerland by the Kandahar Club or the Downhill Only Club. It is pleasing to see their previous years of hard work bearing fruit in this way.

✕ ✕ ✕

At the 65th National Mod in Dunoon, Janette MacDonald, Class 2A, was awarded the Skelmorlie and District Highland Association Trophy for former first prize-winners in the learners' solo section and was third for piano playing in the 13-16 section.

✕ ✕ ✕

A party of 70 pupils, accompanied by two members of staff, visited Nairn on October 9th for a concert by the London Mozart Players.

✕ ✕ ✕

A party of 47 pupils from Grantown, accompanied by Miss Shackles and Mr Hendry, enjoyed a cruise on H.M.S. Uganda to Spain, Portugal and N. Africa.

✕ ✕ ✕

For the first time in the history of the School, the Duxship was shared—by Simon G. Macaulay and Roderick J. Matheson.

SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS — 1968

Class VI

Class VI pupils secured the following additional passes:

- Rhona Cameron — English (Sixth Year Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies).
 Grant Cumming—Higher Physics I and II, Higher Chemistry I and II, Higher Biology I and II.
 Elaine Davidson—Higher Mathematics, French (Sixth Year Studies).
 Mairi Grant—English (Sixth Year Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies).
 Anne Jack—Geography, Higher French, Chemistry.
 Neil MacLure—Analysis, Geometry, Dynamics, Higher Physics I and II, Higher Chemistry I and II.
 Michael Moir—Analysis, Geometry, Dynamics, Higher Physics I and II, Higher Chemistry I and II.
 Joan Paterson—Higher Mathematics, French (Six Year Studies).
 Alan Stuart—Higher Mathematics, Physics, Higher Art, Higher Engineering Drawing.

Class V

- Kathleen Dunn—Higher English, Mathematics, Higher French, Higher German.
 Mairi Fraser—Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Physics, Higher Chemistry I and II.
 Maureen Gardner—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Latin, Higher German.
 Allan Grant—Higher English, Geography, Mathematics, Woodwork.
 Alistair Jack—Higher English, Higher French, Higher Physics I and II, Higher Chemistry I and II, Applied Mechanics.
 Valerie Krawczynska—Higher Chemistry I, Higher Biology I.
 Simon Macaulay — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Latin, Higher German.
 Fiona Macdonald—Higher English, Art, Home Management.
 Pamela Macdonald—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher German.
 Jennifer Macgregor—Higher English, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Art.
 Margaret Macgregor—Higher English, Higher History, Higher French, Higher Latin, Higher German.
 Mary MacInnes—Higher French.
 Hugh Mackintosh—Higher English, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Higher Woodwork.
 Doreen Maclean—English, Biology, Higher Home Management.
 Roderick Matheson—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Physics I and II, Higher Chemistry I and II, Higher Engineering Drawing.
 Joan Neilson—Higher English, Higher French, Higher German.
 Ann Robertson — Higher English, Higher French, Chemistry.

- Graeme Stuart—Higher English, Higher History, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Higher French, Higher German.

Class IV

- David Alston—Geography, Arithmetic, French, Latin, Chemistry, Biology.
 Susan Archibald—English, French, Biology.
 Veronica Barth—English, Geography, Arithmetic, French, German.
 Allan Cameron—English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Physics, Chemistry, Technical Drawing, Applied Mechanics.
 Dorothy Carse—English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Art.
 Hugh Clark—English, Geography, Chemistry, Technical Drawing, Metalwork.
 Linda Clark—English, Art, Home Management.
 Sarah Coueslant—English, Geography, Mathematics, French, Latin, German.
 Iain Cumming—English, History, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Chemistry, Technical Drawing, Metalwork.
 Ian Dunlop—English, History, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Kenneth Edwards — English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Woodwork.
 John Gill—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Metalwork.
 Denis Grant—Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing, Woodwork.
 Iain Grant—English, History, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Chemistry, Technical Drawing, Applied Mechanics.
 William Laing—English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing.
 Ian Lamb—English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Technical Drawing, Woodwork.
 Stuart Macdonald—Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Technical Drawing, Woodwork, Applied Mechanics.
 Rachel MacRobert — English, Chemistry, Biology.
 Irene Milne—Home Management.
 Michael Munro—English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Technical Drawing.
 Ruairidh Murray—English, History, Mathematics, French, Chemistry.
 Ian Paterson—Mathematics, Arithmetic, Woodwork.
 Martin Riley—English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, German, Technical Drawing.
 Alexina Scott—English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Home Management.
 Annie Sinclair—English, Arithmetic, French, German.
 James Taylor—English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Chemistry, Woodwork.
 Gordon Walker—English, History, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Chemistry.
 David Watt—English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Physics, Chemistry, Technical Drawing, Applied Mechanics.

TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR BAIN

(by Roderick Matheson, School Captain)

Much has already been said and written about Dr Bain's great service to Grantown Grammar School, but I feel it is my duty as School Captain to pay my respects on behalf of the School to an excellent rector.

Dr Bain embodied all the good qualities of a good headmaster, and took a keen interest in his pupils, at work and at play. The standard of education at the School with Dr Bain as rector was very high, and the School had an excellent pass rate in the S.C.E. examinations at Ordinary and Higher Grade.

Sport was also a great love of Dr Bain's, and he stimulated this interest in his pupils. He pioneered the way for all other Moray schools when he introduced ski-ing into the school curriculum. Although a comparatively small school, Grantown is very competitive in this sport and Dr Bain was very proud—and justifiably so—when the school won the Boyd Anderson Trophy for the third year in succession this year.

In his younger days, Dr Bain played football for Elgin City F.C. as a forward, and was Moray County Golf Champion in 1938. He captained Elgin Golf Club, 1946-47, and did much valuable work for the Club in the years immediately after the war. He has just completed a year in office as president of the North District of the Scottish Golf Union.

Since Dr Bain came to Grantown, he has worked unceasingly for the School, and his ultimate achievement was our new school, a magnificent monument to his 16½ years of endeavour, on our behalf, of which both he and we are justifiably proud.

After this triumph, it came as a shock to learn of his retirement, but, on reflection, does he not deserve it?

Therefore, to Dr Bain and his wife (for behind every good man is a good lady), I would like to convey the sincerest wishes of all his pupils for a happy, carefree retirement, and many happy hours on the golf course and the ski-slopes!

TRIBUTE TO Mr THORNTON

(by Margaret MacGregor, Head Girl, and Maureen Gardner, Deputy Head Girl.)

On the 28th June, 1968, Mr J. S. Thornton, who arrived here on the 5th January, 1942, retired, after giving 26½ years dedicated service to Grantown Grammar School. [Mr Thornton graduated M.A. with Honours in Classics at St Andrews University and started his teaching career at Carlisle Boys' High School. From there he moved to Oban High School and then to Grantown.]

As well as teaching Classics, he also taught History and Bible. He was school treasurer and official starter at the school sports for many years, and was also in charge of the Cairngorm Badge tests in such activities as athletics, climbing and map-reading.

In June, 1945, Mr Thornton led a party of senior pupils on an excursion to the Cairngorms. After ascending Cairngorm and moving downwards as far as the Shelter Stone and Loch Avon, one pupil, now Dr Douglas Gibson, although it was late afternoon, decided to climb Bynack for his Cairngorm Badge. Two ladies (who prefer to remain anonymous), already very weary, tried to dissuade him, but were totally unsuccessful.

On the descent, one young lady pulled a muscle in her leg, which became more and more painful and finally it was impossible to proceed. The boys tried to help out, but

they proved to be more of a hindrance than a help; and, to make matters worse, it started to rain. Then Mr Thornton came to the rescue. He carried the strapping young lady "piggy-back" for several miles down to Revoan Bothy.

A fire was lit for the damp party and a small advance group of boys went to phone for help. However, the local police and search party met them en route. They finally reached home at 5 a.m. to meet their worried parents, who had kept the Telephone Exchange busy with their anxious enquiries. No doubt Mr Thornton took it all in his stride.

Mr Thornton loved to walk in the neighbourhood of Grantown and he spent many hours rambling about. He probably knows this countryside better than we native Grantonians and we wish Mr Thornton a long and happy retirement and hope he will come back often to visit the district he loved and the pupils he left.

To mark his retirement, Mr Thornton was presented with a wallet and notes by Head Girl, Mairi Grant; and Neil MacLure, Vice-Captain of the school, paid a tribute, to which Mr Thornton replied with a very moving speech.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS**BOYS**

School Captain—Roderick Matheson.
 Vice-Captain—Simon Macaulay.
 Football Captain—Allan Cameron.
 Vice-Captain—Roderick Matheson.
 Athletics Captain—Stuart Macdonald.
 Vice-Captain—Hugh Mackintosh.
 Ski-ing Captain—Stuart Macdonald.
 Vice-Captain—Martin Riley.
 Golf Captain—Allan Cameron.
 Vice-Captain—Michael Munro.
 Prefects—Allan Cameron, Hugh Clark, Iain Grant, Alistair Jack, Hugh Mackintosh, Michael Munro, Ian Paterson, Graeme Stuart.

GIRLS

Head Girl—Margaret Macgregor.
 Deputy Head Girl—Maureen Gardner.
 Hockey Captain—Mairi Fraser.
 Vice-Captain—Margaret Macgregor.
 Athletics Captain—Sarah Coueslant.
 Vice-Captain—Pamela Macdonald.
 Ski-ing Captain—Susan Archibald.
 Vice-Captain—Fiona Ledingham.
 Prefects—Susan Archibald, Veronica Barth, Dorothy Carse, Sarah Coueslant, Mairi Fraser, Pamela Macdonald, Jennifer Macgregor, Rachel MacRobert.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES**Boys**

RODERICK J. MATHESON (School Captain):
 "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!"
 —Scott.

SIMON G. MACAULAY (Vice-Captain and Joint Editor):
 "Tear him for his bad verses!
 Tear him for his bad verses!"
 —Shakespeare.

ALISTAIR W. JACK (Secretary)
 "Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!"
 —Wordsworth.

HUGH C. MACKINTOSH
 "Our farmers round, well pleased with
 constant gain
 Like other farmers, flourish and complain."
 —Crabbe.

GRAEME A. STUART (Joint Editor):
 "Slumber is more sweet than toil."
 —Tennyson.

ALLAN CAMERON:
 "He loves the open air, and of a night, he
 will recount his prowess in the field—how
 he achieved the ninth in four, the sixth in
 three."
 —From 1925 Review.

HUGH CLARK:
 "Moderation should be observed in joking."
 —Cicero.

IAIN GRANT:
 "I pledge myself to a new deal for the
 American people." —Roosevelt [—in more
 ways than one!]

MICHAEL MUNRO:
 "Every man has a sane spot somewhere."
 —Stevenson.

IAN PATERSON:

"Good things are wrapped up in small
 parcels."
 —Proverb.

Girls

MARGARET MACGREGOR (Head Girl):
 "A thing of impulse and a child of song."
 —Byron.

MAUREEN E. GARDNER (Deputy Head Girl):
 "If music be the food of love,
 Play on."
 —Shakespeare.

PAMELA MACDONALD (Secretary):
 "I am more sinned against than sinning."
 —Shakespeare.

MAIRI M. FRASER:
 "Come not between the dragon and
 his (her) wrath."
 —Shakespeare.

JENNIFER MACGREGOR:
 "O, I am stabbed with laughter."
 —Shakespeare.

SUSAN ARCHIBALD:
 "Variety is the spice of life."
 —Proverb.

VERONICA BARTH:
 "She dwelt among the untrodden ways."
 —Wordsworth.

SARAH COUESLANT:
 "O! A goddess without a doubt."
 —Vergil.

RACHEL MACROBERT:
 "Her talents were of the silent class."
 —Byron.

HERE WAS I REARED

I stand on the rustic wooden bridge and gaze into the clear, cool water of the River Dorback. It flows slowly and deeply here over a smooth, sandy bed. A little further on there are many stones, over which the water rushes, gurgling ceaselessly. The river bank is lined with alder trees dipping their leafy branches into the water to send up a silver spray. If I look carefully enough, I can see tiny minnows darting here and there to disappear suddenly behind a stone or under the bank.

How many times before have I stood in the same position on the same old bridge? Ever since I was old enough to walk, I have walked up this road and always at this spot not very far from our farmhouse I have stopped, fascinated, to gaze into the river. Sometimes I have come there with friends and played a game of throwing sticks into the water from one side of the bridge to find whose stick appears first at the other side. Sometimes I have scrambled down to the river's edge to play in the sand. Many happy hours have been spent there making sand-pies and sandcastles or bathing in the deep water below the bridge.

I grew up around here and hardly a thing has changed. The bridge is still the same as it was when I was born and around it the green fields change only in the rotation of their crops. Farther from the river are purple moors and hills and in the background the Cairngorms themselves, blue or grey, and usually capped with white snow.

This district naturally provides numerous beautiful walks and I often like to go on foot or on horseback onto the moor behind the house. Several years ago, this moor was

planted with young trees but this did not spoil the beauty of the place. The paths are springy with turf and soft with grass, and often, when I am on horseback, I gallop along them at an exhilarating pace. The thud of my pony's hooves echoes loudly in this silent moorland where usually the only sounds are the cries of peewits or curlews flying overhead or the sudden, "Go back, go back," of a startled grouse rising from a clump of heather.

I could walk all day on this moor, but soon I must retrace my steps. I go down a hill and there at the foot are the farm buildings. I began life in the cottage with its small rooms and low ceilings, but about three years ago we moved to the larger farmhouse standing just beside it. Both buildings are old but to me they are beautiful—they mean home.

The years pass. Some time in the future, I can imagine myself coming back here perhaps from a job in London. I shall wander around all my old haunts. Shall I stand on the old wooden bridge as I have so often done before? Alas no! Already a new bridge is being built of concrete. The old, narrow, winding road is being re-made. It will be broad and smooth and very, very straight. Many old trees are being cut down to clear a way for it, trees in which I have often played and climbed. Probably houses will soon be built along the road and no longer will my home be so peaceful. Still, I shall go onto the moor. The young trees will have grown taller but surely it will still be quiet and lonely. As I look at all the familiar corners, I shall be able to stop and stay, "Here was I reared."

JANE MACAULAY, Secondary 4.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

To my mind the saddest day of the school year is indubitably the last day of term. It was made especially sad last term because, since I was in fourth year, many of my friends, as well as our headmaster and Latin teacher, left.

Before, I have always enjoyed the feeling of release at the end of the school year and the prospect of seven weeks of freedom. The forbidden and somehow sadistic tradition of "ducking" has been made much more convenient in the new school by the presence of the fish pond, as some of the senior boys discovered to their cost! The usual practice, as any member of Grantown Grammar School will tell you, is to fill a basin with cold water to which the unwilling victim is dragged screaming and emitting noises of extreme protestation and their heads are dipped several times beneath the icy water, irrespective of whether they had washed their hair the night before. If lucky, they escape with a broken nose and fractured skull. Preferable to this is to be soaked with water thrown from a milk bottle or, rather, I should imagine that is the case. Dr Bain (no doubt fearing a similar fate) put a ban on this practice.

Another custom is that of collecting autographs of school friends. Years later, on coming across their old autograph book, I wonder if they can even put a face to the signature scrawled inside, or do names stir up memories of girlish giggles in the cloak-room and schoolgirl crushes on the male prefects.

Last year the presentations to both Dr Bain and Mr Thornton were very moving occasions, both making speeches revealing their love for the school and expressing their sorrow at leaving it. On the last day of term Dr Bain took prayers for the last time, at the end of which the school gave three rousing cheers. At lunchtime the school pupils were instructed to assemble outside the main entrance to bid a last farewell to a greatly respected headmaster. After we had sung "For he's a jolly good fellow," many of our voices breaking with emotion of the moment, the boys pushed the car up the drive and out of the school gate for the last time. Walking round the corner to go back into school we were just in time to see "Thorny" disappearing up the path, his suitcase in his hand.

SARAH COUESLANT, Secondary 5.

AN OLD SCOTTISH CRAFT

Golf-club-making is a craft, and nowhere is this more evident than in Fife—the home of Golf. Auchterlonie, Forgan and, perhaps the most famous of all, George Nicoll O' Leven, these names are synonymous with all that is best in the golfer's almanac.

I had the privilege and pleasure of witnessing the creation of a golf club, perfect in lie, beautiful in form, with all the skill and knowledge of a hundred years of craftsmanship embodied in its form.

Stainless steel, this is steel containing nickel and chrome, is used in the manufacture and comes in lengths of approximately three feet, being of a black, scaly colour. This is heated to forging heat in a coal-fired forge and shaped on the clubmaker's anvil. The hammer which is used is about one and a half pounds in weight, and the face of it is very smooth, by dint of repeated contact with the metal. The blade of the iron club is roughly forged to shape and the round hosel forged and cut to length. After a few careful sightings along the length of the club and an occasional tap here, the lie, that is the angle of the blade to the horizontal, is fixed. This part is done by hand, and, although the craftsman seems to do it all in an effortless way, nevertheless the back of his hand frequently wipes away the perspiration from his brow.

The hosel is next drilled to take the shaft and, as the shaft is tapered, the drilled hole is reamed to take the tapered end of the shaft. These two parts must fit perfectly.

The drilling is done by hand on a turning lathe equipped with a chuck, jugged to receive the club head. The operator is very safety-conscious, as are all the workmen.

The black scale is removed by grinding by hand on a grinding wheel, successive wheels of gradually finer grit being used, until the customary high polish of the iron club is attained.

In order that the ball does not slip on the smooth face of the club, grooves are cut to a predetermined shape and depth on a hand shaper.

The shaft is now ready for insertion and it is driven into the hosel, drilled and pinned in position. Leather grips are used and they are specially treated to retain their tackiness. They are carefully wound onto the shafts and fixed by a glued ferrule while another ferrule completes the joint between shaft and head.

Finally the club number is stamped on the sole and the name is hand-stamped on the back of the club. This is only one of a set of clubs, all of different loft, similar in lie, which make up the set, and are made consecutively.

From the little factory in Leven, in the heart of the home of golf, these clubs go to the four corners of the world, wherever the game of golf is played, wherever sportsmen of that grand old game foregather. They carry with them the means of forging lasting friendship, hours of pleasure, national and international honours. They are ambassadors for Scotland.

ALLAN CAMERON, Secondary 5.

INGLISTON

Ingliston has Scotland's own motor racing track and here the Royal Highland Show is held every year. It is near Edinburgh on the Glasgow road. The track was 0.79 miles long but it has been extended to just over a mile. Every month except June and the winter months there is a Sunday race meeting.

One of my family's friends races there. His name is Logan Morrison and he drives a Chamois Imp which was owned by the Alan Fraser racing team. He has a garage at Stirling and I went down to stay with him and his family and went to see the last meeting in August.

We left his house about eight-fifteen and went to the garage. We collected a car which was on the trailer and his mechanic, Tommy Robertson. We arrived at about nine forty-five and went to the paddock to put the car there. The noise is tremendous. I love motor-racing and I love the noise of a tuned-up car.

I went up to see the practice, which is always very good. We came back down and had our packed lunch. Very soon it was two-thirty and the first race cars came out. I was up in the stand.

The second race was the first part of the King Hussein Trophy Race for formula litre cars. Then in event 6 it was Logan's turn. He had to win this to get through to the final of the Hartley Whyte Race, which he also had to win to make sure of winning the Hartley Whyte Saloon Car Championship. He was on the second row of the grid and got away to a good start. I saw him disappearing behind the buildings and trees. He was second. Then, when they came into view again, there was no sign of Logan in the first few cars. Then, when most of the cars had passed, he came round the corner with something wrong with the engine. The throttle had jammed. He went into the pits but came out again two laps behind the leaders, but he worked his way up to fifth position, but this was not enough for the big race. After all the races I went down to see him. "There's always the next meeting," he said.

STEWART GRANT, Sec. 3, section 2.

TELEVISION

Every night at six o'clock
I go upstairs to hear the talk.
What do you think the news will be?
Have people sailed around the sea?

Sunday afternoons are best,
But the news is always a pest.
'Top of the Pops' is good sometimes
But not when the screen is full of lines.

On Sunday I go up stairs at two,
Hoping to watch it all day through.
I soon discover to my disgust
That the T.V. has just gone bust.

How sad I am without T.V.
When there is nothing I can see.
I go upstairs and sit and dream
Of when I shall be watching the screen.

MARGERY MACAULAY, Sec. 1, section 1.

JOURNEY OF A LIFETIME

In April this year I left Aberdeen for Nigeria. The flight to London was uneventful and, after disembarking from the B.E.A. aircraft, I was transferred to the B.O.A.C. building at Heathrow airport to await the V.C.10. On arrival at the departure lounge the other passengers and I learned that the flight was to be delayed because of engine failure in the V.C.10. We were told not to worry but the flight would be about an hour behind schedule. Eventually six hours later, at 4 p.m., we took off after an afternoon tour round London at B.O.A.C.'s expense. This unexpected trip into London boosted our spirits.

Once in the air we flew serenely and silently towards Lagos, duty free all the way. Paris, Geneva and Barcelona disappeared under the wing tips before the sun dropped below the horizon. We even caught a glimpse of Mount Etna before it became too dark. An hour later the Sahara Desert was bathed in brilliant moonlight. How much brighter the moon seemed to be up here above the clouds, I thought. I was just settling down when we were informed that we were going to fly past a thunderstorm. On our port wing there was an immense bank of cloud, which was brilliantly illuminated by vivid flashes of lightning. This amazing spectacle produced rather an eerie effect. Our flight became very rough on the descent to Kano airport in Northern Nigeria, where we were to stop for an hour to refuel.

At eight o'clock in the morning we touched down. There was still a hot blast of air to meet us and remind us we were now in the tropics. At the airport building we found it was one hundred and ten degrees. Inside, which was mercifully air-conditioned, two

Hausa traders had set up a stall and were selling some examples of native craft. Our flight number was called, so I fished for my landing pass to give to the guard. As we climbed into the cabin again, we were welcomed by the charming hostesses. The jets murmured, then began to roar as the white line went by faster and faster as the aircraft sped down the runway. There was a slight bump and we were airborne and on the last leg to Lagos.

Six hours after leaving Heathrow we had covered the three thousand odd miles and were now swooping low over Lagos harbour to land at Ikeja international airport. As the next flight to Benin City was not leaving until the following morning, I was taken along with one or two other passengers to the airport hotel.

On the way to the hotel we saw the first signs that Nigeria was torn by civil war. At every major road there was an armoured car manned by rather tough-looking Nigerians armed to the teeth.

The flight next morning left on time and, as we flew fairly low, we had a magnificent view of the rolling jungle below us. When we landed at Benin City, we were met by a squad of Nigerian soldiers and marched into the lounge, where our luggage was searched.

The last part of my journey involved a trip of about twenty miles through thick bush across the new bridge and into Sapele. This trip lasted twice as long as usual because we were halted at numerous check-points, where we were again searched by the soldiers. Nevertheless I arrived safely but I will never forget my journey of a lifetime.

SANDY SMITH, Secondary 4A.



FISHING IN THE DEEP

While I was in Skye for my summer holidays Mr Stewart, my two brothers and I decided to go and "lift up" the prawn creels. These creels are made of netting across a wire structure. The prawns get into the creel by a narrow hole in each side of the creel.

Next morning we got up early and went down to the boat-shed, where we filled the outboard motor with petrol and got some bait. The bait was salted mackerel. We all took hold of the boat and started to pull it down to the shore. We climbed into the small boat and were making towards the big boat, which was called "The Mairi." After we got all the equipment out of the small boat and had anchored it, we set off for the prawn creels.

It was a beautiful day and you could see everything really clearly. After we had found our buoy, we saw a seal swimming close to the boat, but there was no time for admiring the scenery. We had to get down to work.

Mr Stewart and my elder brother started to hoist in the creels. We pulled a creel out

of the water and put it in the boat. My brother took out the prawns and also took out the bait, for it was starting to smell by this time. After we did that we put in the new bait. I stacked the creels up neatly until the whole "fleet" was in.

After the fleets were gathered in, we had to set them again so we started to throw the creels out one by one in order. Now I realised how important it is to stack them up neatly. After we set them, we headed back home with our day's catch, which was a whole box full of prawns, a crab and two king-fish.

As we entered the bay, the motor stopped dead and we had a long way to go before we would reach the other boat, so we all started to row the boat. It was fifteen minutes later when we reached the shore. We unloaded the boat and put the prawns in a store creel and anchored them out in the sea, so that when we got enough to sell, we could take them out and sell their tails to make various foods.

GREGOR ALLAN, Sec. 2, section 2.

PEOPLE WHO COME TO THE DOOR

"Cally your mammy," said the Indian with the real turban, or at least that was what I thought he said. At first I was too struck with his grisly brown beard and brilliant white suit even to begin to think what he meant. After all it is not every day one opens the door to find a gentleman with his head swathed in a roll of crimson cloth.

What a marvellous cross-section of the community callers at one's door represent! What thoughts they arouse! And how they influence our attitudes! The whistling milkman who clashes the bottles together like cymbals at six in the morning. Think how this simple action affects us all, if he wakens us. We may be irritable and annoyed at being disturbed and turn over on the other side and try to sleep again. But sleep is never quite the same after being suddenly aroused and for the rest of that day we will be looking on the gloomy side of things. Over a period of years, think of the effect, especially in a man of importance. On the other hand we may be glad we have awoken instead of missing the best part of the day. Birds will almost certainly be singing in the trees outside, the sun will be shining with a brilliance peculiar to the early hours and the whole world is happy. But this is an isolated example and does not take into account the immense variety of callers. Who are these people?

Firstly, there are those people who call because it is part of their work: the postman, the man to read the meters, tune the piano, clear the drains, check the telephone, or inspect the place for woodworm. It is easy to ignore them because they look so much in place. The G.P.O. inspector looks as if he was an optional extra supplied with the telephone. He wears black or some other unobtrusive colour, speaks in a metallic voice and becomes almost a part of the wires and dials. How easy it is to step over the man who is hammering in a nail or screwing a switch onto the wall! He is almost not there. Yet if we offer him a cup of tea and a seat by the fire, he suddenly emerges from his shell of black books, ledgers and plungers.

He becomes a human being with thoughts and feelings and emotions. If only we realised it more often.

Then there are relatives and friends, who come under many headings. There are close relatives, who pose no problems and are soon absorbed into the flow of conversation and become part of the family. Then there are the fascinating people who say they are the children of the second cousin of a great-uncle's wife and usually turn out to be completely different or related to the people next door.

Lastly, there is the most frightening group of all—the relatives of a friend whose name you cannot remember. The conversation becomes hinged on a series of gambits to discover his or her identity. The struggle becomes more desperate as time goes on. You try to do a Sherlock Holmes, working on the knowledge that he knows your cousin. Eventually the crisis comes—either your ignorance is revealed or, by some quirk of fate, he reveals the truth.

Then there are a miscellany of first-footers and people who have lost their way and who are always very amiable either because they want information or are in a condition likely to turn a breathalyser bright emerald. These people are interesting but soon fade away into the oblivion of everyday life.

What does create a lasting impression, however, in the unsuspected—the policeman, who tells you that your car, which has been in the garage all week, has just been involved in an accident outside Perth, or the Indian with the white suit and the turban who sells you a tie which he assures you will bring you luck, as it has been specially blessed by a Buddhist priest, and, after he has sold it to you, you find the priest's name, F. W. Woolworth, inscribed on the label.

DAVID ALSTON, Secondary 4A
(at time of writing).

Ed.'s Note: Although David Alston left this school since the essay was written, we feel it to be worthy of a place in this magazine.

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VIEW FROM DREGGIE

I climbed way up to Dreggie
On a lovely summer's day,
And there spread out before me
Lay the valley of the Spey.

From Nethy's Bridge through meadows green,
The sparkling water twines
Through tree-lined banks of oak and ash,
Of silver birch and pines.

With quickening pace it hurries past
The bridges, old and new,
Until at length at Cromdale's Haughs
It disappears from view.

JANETTE MACDONALD, Sec. 2, section 1.

TO A NETTLE

Wee, green, hairy, stingin' nettle,
Ye'll in any gairden settle.
Ye've neither flo'er nor bonny petal,
But jist green leaves.
Yer stem sae straight and roots sae bristle
Scare off the bees.

When I come in contact wi' ye,
Ye sink yer stingin' hairs into me.
I wad be laith tae try an' pu' thee,
Though I'd be fain,
I'd leave ye there, jist whaur I saw ye,
Tae sting again.

ALISTAIR PRATIES, Secondary 4A.
(With apologies to Robert Burns.)

HOME

Deep in the heart of the Scottish Highlands lies a little village. Its name—Tomintoul—means “the hill in the hollow” and describes its situation aptly.

It stretches for half a mile along the summit of a rise, between the valleys of two rivers, the Avon and the Conglass. The Avon, a fast-flowing river and tributary of the Spey, is renowned for salmon, while the Conglass is, in its turn, a tributary of the Avon, but contains little more than sea trout, brown trout, and rainbow trout, as it is too small for the larger fish.

This is the perfect setting for Tomintoul. It would be at home nowhere else. The village is unusually long, but its length is the only property which runs to extremes, for it has but one street. Two lanes run parallel to it, on either side, and many smaller lanes running at right angles, join them to the main road. In all, the village has in the neighbourhood of three hundred and fifty inhabitants. These people are typical Scots, warm, friendly and generous. Any stranger is made to feel welcome in their midst, despite the closeness of the community.

The village in summertime is beautiful, and a paradise for those who come to enjoy the district and revel in the quiet peace and beauty of its charming surrounds. The hills about it provide marvellous walks and, for those who are not so energetic, there are peaceful tracks lined with birch trees, their myriad leaves appearing to shower as golden drops of molten lava from an erupting volcano.

The Highland cattle which one may find by the way seem ferocious, but are, in reality, timid creatures and, although they crowd the fences curiously watching passers-by, the slightest overtures of friendship from human hands will set them lumbering noisily away, looking like so many old English sheep dogs. The calves, indeed, do bear a close resemblance to these dogs, as, with their shaggy coats and pitiful eyes, they peer at the outside world from a protecting fringe of matted hair.

The gushing rivers and hill burns, the sharp, craggy, scree-covered cliffs gouged out millions of years ago by the slow-moving glaciers of the Ice Age, the wild game birds, deer, and all the wonders of the Highlands make Tomintoul quite exceptional.

And not only in summer does it possess this beauty, but in winter also. The snow-covered mountains provide the most excellent ski slopes, and people of all nationalities come to spend a winter fortnight amid the crisp, frosty peaks. Swiss, German, Austrian, Italian and even American—from far and wide they come. The hotels are filled to capacity, and there are boarding houses to cater for the overflow. The Lecht slopes are the most popular for ski-ing, as they are both fast enough and steep enough for the experts, while having more gentle inclines for the beginner.

The village under snow is an overpowering sight. All around are the clear, high peaks of the Cairngorms. They stand out like sentinels, keeping a watch over the inhabit-

ants of Tomintoul. Even the deer lose some of their timidity in winter, and venture down to lower ground to feed. One or two have even been known to accept a tit-bit from a human hand.

I love my village. Perhaps its only fault is its lack of social life for its younger inhabitants. For the teenage boys and girls, who like the bright lights, music and dancing, there is little amusement, and they find the life wearisome. But any enterprising youngster can find or make his or her own amusements.

I have no complaints about my village. Life here is life as I should like it to remain for ever, secure and quiet, amongst the Scottish hills.

FENELLA MILLER, Secondary 4A.

THE SPEY FLOATERS

The River Spey with its source in Badenoch and 98 miles in length is the most rapid-flowing river in Britain.

Centuries ago it was of great commercial importance because it was the only means of transporting the great quantities of timber out of the vast forests of Glenmore, Rothiemurchus and Abernethy.

The trees were floated down river in the form of large rafts to the then famous ship-building yards of Garmouth.

The forests were a bustle of activity with hundreds of men employed, some felling, others snedding, and men with horses dragging the trees to the nearest stream or burn. These streams and burns were dammed up and when the dams were opened the force of the water took the trees down to the River Spey.

Then the task of transporting the trees on their long journey to Garmouth was taken over by specially experienced men known as “The Floaters.”

It was usually in the winter months they set out with their rafts because the river was often in flood at that time. Two men were assigned to each raft and the distance of fifty miles was usually covered in a day.

On their arrival at Garmouth the floaters set out to walk back to Strathspey to await the next flood.

It was hard and wet work, but in that day and age, time was on their side.

JAMES M. FRASER, Sec. 1, section 1.

THE GOSSIPING BIRDS

I counted more
Than twenty birds
Upon my lawn today.
I tip-toed gently
Up to them
To hear the things they say.
They must have heard
My footsteps, but
I don't know what they feared.
At once they stopped
Their Gossiping
And quickly disappeared.

FIONA NOBLE, Sec.1, section1.

PLACES OF HISTORICAL INTEREST

During a recent visit to Khartoum, I was given the chance to visit some historical sites. They were very interesting. I went to see the Palace, which stands on the Bank of the Blue Nile. I was shown the plaque marking the place where General Gordon was murdered. I also saw the armoury containing drums, swords, guns and flags belonging to General Gordon's army. I was taken to see the rooms where Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip stayed during their visit to Khartoum in 1964.

On another occasion I went to the Khalifa's House in Omdurman. Almost the first thing to be seen was the car used by Sir Reginald Wingate, who was the first Governor General of the Sudan. The car was the first ever to enter the Sudan.

Also in the same room was the wheel of the ship that took Kitchener and his men down the Nile to Khartoum. In the next was the organ played by General Gordon while he was waiting for the arrival of the relieving army. In a special glass case is the suitcase and uniform of General Gordon. The Sudanese treat this with great respect.

Near the Khalifa's House is the Mahdi's tomb, a building which is "out of bounds" to all except the closest of the Mahdi's family.

ANDREA TAYLOR, Sec. 3, section 1.

MY HOLIDAY IN IRELAND

The first time I went to Ireland was in 1966. As I got off the ferry, I felt very excited. While we were going along, we saw a few thatched cottages and about one donkey and cart.

As soon as we crossed the border into Eire we saw advertisements advertising sweets, cigarettes, and other such things, much cheaper than in Britain.

I thought, however, that the sanitation was more primitive than ours, for, in some places, people had no inside toilets, and the water for some houses was beside the road.

While we were staying with my grandmother we met a boy, who was on holiday from Dublin. He told us he could speak Irish as well as English and when he was at home he spoke Irish all the time.

In Drogheda there is a church which is a copy of St Peter's in Rome. It was built in commemoration of a saint called Oliver Plunket. They have got his skull in a glass case on one of the five altars.

Usually when I had nothing to do, I would go over to the fishermen. To get to them you had to walk along the stones till you came to a kind of island. This is how they fished. A man would stand on the side holding the net while the other went out on the boat up river, letting out the net as he went. They would then pull it in and take out any fish inside it. After we had stayed for two weeks, we started for home. It took us a day to get home from Stranraer.

CHARLES McLAUCHLAN, Sec. 2, section 2.

MY FIRST PONY

It was quite a cold morning, the twelfth of July. This was the day of a pony sale in Inverness, where, though I did not know for sure, I was to get my first pony. As the sale began at about twelve, we set off at eleven, picking up a friend on the way.

The sale started at twelve sharp, and the first horse, a grey mare, was led in. Pony after pony came in, till sixty-two had been sold. The sixty-third was a chestnut pony. He had four white socks, a white blaze, and flaxen mane and tail. This pony had a stout and sturdy look about him, and he had strong, neat hooves.

My father made a bid and, after a very long pause, the hammer banged down. At about eight that evening, a large horse-box came up our farm road and out stepped Flicka. I was delighted, and at once took the halter rope as Flicka had started to graze the short grass. We spent many happy days together, but, at the sale this year, we sold my pony as he was too strong for me. I hope, in the spring, that I will get another pony, and wherever Flicka is now, I hope he is happy.

EILIDH MURRAY, Sec. 1, section 2.

THE POOR OLD GARDENER

A poor old gardener said, "Ah me!
My days are almost done.
I've got rheumatics in my knee
And now it's hard to run.
I've got a needle in my foot
And chilblains on my nose,
And bless me if I haven't got
Pneumonia in my toes.
All my hair has fallen out,
My teeth have fallen in.
I'm really getting far too fat
Although I'm far too thin.
My nose is deaf, my eyes are dumb,
My tongue is tied in knots,
And now my barrow and my spade
Have both come out in spots."

JANE CANT, Sec. 3, section 2.

THE KING OF THE BIRDS

Soaring majestically from his eyrie in the
skies,
The King of birds sweeps over the Highland
Glen.
He glides, the sole inhabitant of the lonely air,
And reigns, the master of the moor and fen.
His fledgelings, clam'ring with hunger, must
be fed;
So, keen eyes searching every inch of ground,
He wheels, his solitary beat without a sound,
His beak so cruel, unlike his noble head.
A sudden movement in the heather far below,
A flutter of wings, a squeal in vain,
His talons flash, as once again
The eagle claims a rabbit for his own.

DOUGLAS MATHESON, Secondary 4A.

THE OLD FIRM CLASH

The football season was coming to an end once again. Only a few games remained to be played. One of these games was the Rangers-Celtic game at Ibrox. Celtic only needed to draw to win the league championship.

As I was on holiday in Glasgow at that time, I decided to go to the match. There was torrential rain as I left the hotel in which I was staying and boarded a bus into the city centre. I had to join a long queue for the underground train, which had broken down, because of lightning. When I arrived at the station, I followed the crowd to the ground. A newspaper man stood on the corner of the street shouting out "a sensation in the team selections." A few yards along a man was selling rosettes of green and white, and also of blue and white. I passed through the turnstiles and took up my place amongst the crowd. I was rather unfortunate to be standing directly beneath a drip from a rone-pipe on the roof and as the crowd was so packed I could not avoid it. There was a tremendous roar from the crowd as the two teams came on to the field. I was surrounded by Rangers' supporters and for the afternoon I was a staunch Rangers fan.

The singing took place all the time—each

side trying to drown the other. Celtic took the lead after half an hour, but five minutes later Rangers equalised. At half-time Celtic were 2-1 up. I enjoyed a hot pie and a cup of tea.

The game restarted with Celtic kicking off. The Celtic fans began chanting, "Celtic! Celtic!" Fights began among the Rangers' supporters and the game was stopped for about five minutes. At least twenty people were carried away on stretchers. After the police had everything under control, the game started again.

Time was getting on and there was only a quarter of an hour left for play and Rangers were getting a little bit anxious for a goal. Through the last fifteen minutes they piled the pressure on the Celtic defence. Then, with only five minutes to go, Rangers centre-forward scored a spectacular goal and the whole of Ibrox Park erupted. Blue flags and banners everywhere, hats were thrown in the air. There was a sigh of relief from the Celtic fans as the final whistle went. I walked out of the ground absolutely soaking, but I was satisfied that I had just watched the best game I had ever seen.

IAN PATERSON, Secondary 5.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

When I was going to America for a holiday, I flew in a T.W.A. Boeing 704 jet. It was a very big plane carrying about 100 passengers.

Just before take-off an air hostess came round with chewing gum. We were then told over the loudspeaker to fasten our seat-belts and there was to be no smoking. As I was sitting beside the window, I had a good view of something below me, which I thought was a shed of some sort, but when we started to move, it came with us. It was then I realised it was the wing. It was a great sensation as we started to rise almost vertically.

On the aeroplane we were shown a film and were given a succulent meal, and as many free drinks as we wanted. The gentleman beside me asked the head steward if I could be shown round the cockpit. This I was allowed to do. The cockpit is really very small and there were three men in it. The sides of it were literally covered with dials and knobs. At this time the pilot had it on automatic control and it was funny to see the joystick (which is really like half of a steering-wheel) moving itself. The pilot told me that we were cruising at a speed of 615 m.p.h. and flying at a height of 25,000 feet. He also explained to me that the shuddering, which we had felt earlier, was to clean out the engines.

On the return journey I flew in a B.O.A.C. Boeing 707 jet. This aeroplane was slightly bigger. We were half an hour late in taking off as there were seven planes in front of us.

My first flying experience is something I will never forget.

DAVID G. MILLAR, Sec. 3, section 2.

"A LETTER TO THE EDITOR"

Dear Sir,

I wish to bring to your notice, and I hope you will pass it on to your readers, that I am intending to form a 'Games Dodging Advice Bureau'. We (the bureau) think that such a thing is very much needed in this school and we are sure that many people would be able to use it.

We would be very willing (for a small fee, of course) to supply bandages, sticking plasters, slings, bloodstained cotton wool and any other articles which might look convincing. We could even supply the excuses if necessary to counteract the effects of a rather frail bandage, etc. We have a great supply of excuses, many of which have been tried out in our many years of experience in this field. If you have had too many physical and/or mental injuries lately, do not despair. We could supply appointment cards for the dentist, eye specialist, or anyone else who might be suitable. We could even give you a few bruises here and there if necessary.

Finally, if you have tried every possible excuse, we could supply gloves, scarves, extra jerseys, socks, etc., to try to keep you warm if you have to take Games. However, we are confident this will not be often.

Yours faithfully and sincerely,

The Experienced Game Dodgers, Sec. 2.

P.S.—For rather obvious reasons we are staying anonymous but, if you are interested, send a stamped, addressed envelope containing 10/- to Box No. 9651817239274632790012976 and we will forward particulars.

A HOLIDAY ENCOUNTER

During my stay in Edinburgh in the summer holidays a film company were making "The Prime of Jean Brodie," starring Gordon Jackson. In order not to disrupt the traffic all the filming was done in one street and on a Sunday.

The street was not far from where we were staying, so my father and I went round for a look. The filming was stopped but many old cars and even a corporation bus of pre-1920 were parked in the street. I was taking pictures when suddenly my father snatched the camera from me and snapped a man who was walking along the street towards us.

He was casually dressed with a pullover draped across his shoulders. His face broke into a beaming smile, and then I recognised him—Gordon Jackson, the famous Scottish actor.

Mr Jackson came up to us and said to my father, "That won't come out well, you're facing the wrong way. Have you any film left? Let's take a good one while we're at it. Come on, son," and he put his arm around me and told my father to take a close-up photo.

At home, with pride of place on top of the T.V., sits the photo which will always remind me of a holiday encounter.

DUNCAN GRANT, Sec. 3, section 1.

COUNTRIES I'VE VISITED

When I was young, my family and I emigrated to Australia. On the way to Australia we visited France, which was very warm at the time. France was the only place I remembered well.

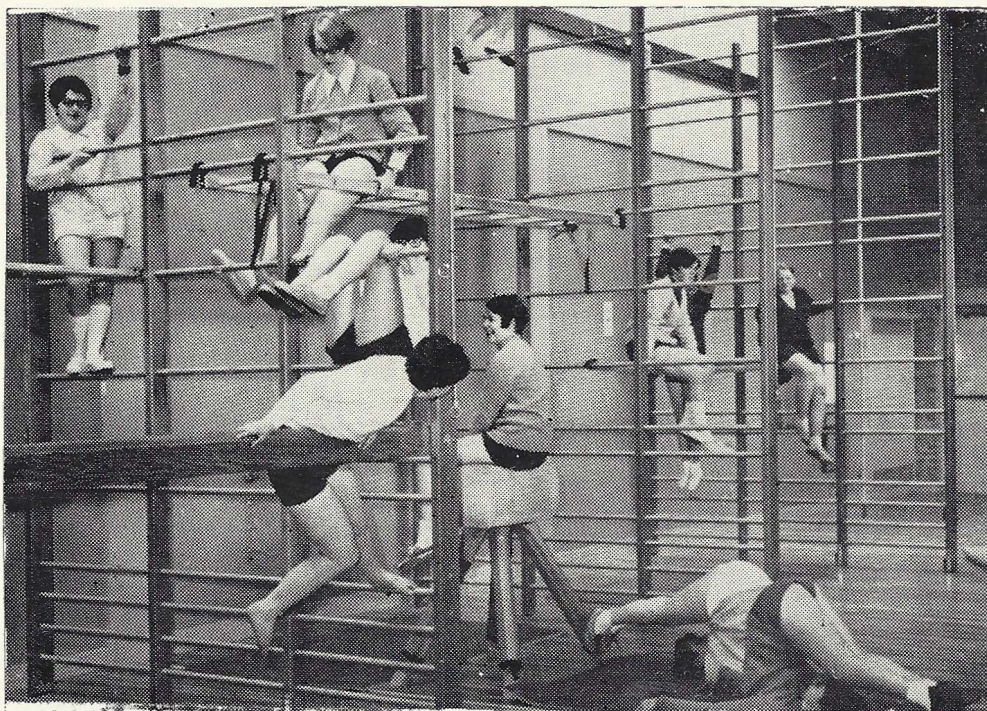
Life in Australia was enjoyable as we often visited its beaches, which had lovely golden sands. I lived in Melbourne. A year later I started school, which was much different from any British school. We had no canteens. Instead we took packed lunches, with a prefect in the centre of each group to keep us in order.

We stayed in Australia for two years before coming back. On the way back we had many interesting stops. Ceylon was most interesting as we had a conducted tour of the tea plantations showing how they grew and dried tea, and many other things. In India we visited a temple, where we had to take our shoes off and were led by candle light and saw the idols.

Aden was nice and warm so we took advantage of this and visited a market and houses made of stone. We also saw on board ship a volcano erupting and jumping fish. Mecca I remember nothing of. Egypt and Greece we passed.

We visited Naples in Italy, Rome, Turkey, Gibraltar, where we saw the "Rock of Gibraltar," Portugal and then to France. England was now in sight and I had a feeling of happiness as we got into England.

ANN ORAM, Sec. 1, section 2.



A work-out in the gym.

THE LANGUAGE LAB.

One of the most expensive parts of our new school must be the language laboratory. "It is the most modern method of teaching languages and the most efficient," says our French teacher. He does not mention it is the most modern and efficient way of driving a pupil up the wall. I refer, of course, to oral exams sat in the new lab.

In the old written tests you are given a certain time to do the whole exam, not so in the new type of test. You are timed on every single question; easy or hard you are only allowed a certain time, and usually a very short one too. Whereas in a written exam you can rub out a mistake, in the oral test the infernal machine is straight on to the next question. You cannot rub out what is on the tape. To show what I mean I will describe an imaginary test.

The first part of the exam is reading, which is the easiest bit and is like any ordinary exam. The next thing is the question section. The so-called simple question in French is shot at you; you don't quite catch it; you panic—say the wrong thing—realise your mistake and try to start again. By this time you are in the middle of the next question and, of course, you have missed half of it. Never mind—wait for the next one. Here it comes—take your time. What was that? Wait!—come back—missed again! So it goes on, until, at last, the questions come to an end.

After the questions comes the composition. This you have prepared for—you will show the machine. Four minutes' solid French on a subject you know and have prepared—you have been looking forward to this. You start confidently. The familiar lines are trotted out perhaps a little faster than usual in your excitement. You look at the clock; there should be about half a minute to go. What! Another two minutes! You realise you have made a grave error of judgement. You come to the end of your prepared passage despite efforts to string it out. As you sit there dumb, you hear the tape roll on quite unemotionally, absolutely not caring. You realise the gap on the tape with no sound on it must be getting longer. The only thing to do is to start and make it up. What a mess! It would, you realise, have been better not to attempt home-made French and to have remained silent.

After an age of fumbling around for half-remembered lines and unfamiliar words, the teacher stops the machine. You take off your earphones. You get up. You walk out. Thank goodness that's over, you think.

The one thing I have to be thankful for is that it is a human, with some understanding and not another unshakeable machine, who marks the tapes or I would, I am sure, have got very little in my last oral French exam.

IAIN BROWN, Secondary 4A.

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AN IMPORTANT EVENT IN A SHEARLING'S LIFE

An important event in a shearling's life is the sale in Perth, where they are sold every year for very high prices. The rams go through stages of grooming, filing and dipping. The first of these is filing as it takes a day or two to smooth away the rough ridges with a heavy rasp, but we also use an electric buff.

After the filing comes dipping. It is very important not to have the dip too strong and not to add too much colour, as we like the sheep in a nice, quiet, orange hue. They are dipped in a large bath with steps leading into two pens, where they stand until we hose the dip out of them with water. After the sheep have been hosed down, they are let out into a clean field to dry. The following morning, when they are dry, my brother clips the fluffy wool off their legs and face. He also clips down their chests and tails.

About two days before they leave home and once the clipping has been completed, the job of branding the horns begins. A very hot fire is needed to heat the branding-irons. These irons are long, thin and at the bottom of each is a number. When the irons are glowing hot, they are removed from the fire and are stamped upon the ram's horn. This is not cruel as the iron is only on the horn for a few seconds. The sheep does not feel it when it leaves an impression of the number on the horn.

When all the rams have been branded we now brush them and then put a shed down their spine, and stitch a bag over this to keep the shed in place. They are now all ready for the journey to Perth and we are all sure that our time and efforts are not wasted if we obtain a fair price.

SUSAN CRUIKSHANK, Sec. 3, section 1.

PRIMARY MAGAZINE

OUR COUNTRY LONG AGO

Long ago the people lived in little huts in the wood they had to build walls around the little huts to keep the wolse away from the huts thay made little boats to go out Fishing they did not go very thar away incase there was a storm and the little boats maybe capsize.

ERNEST FINDLAY, Pr. IIIM.

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN

One day when the Britons were minding there own business they saw a boat of Romans coming to fight the Britons. The Britons ran into their hut and got their bows and arrows and the captain of the Romas was Julius Caesar but the solders were afraid to go to fight but a brave man jumped into the water and held a golden eagle in his hand and said if you dont come you will get it tooken from you so the soldiers jumped into the water. And fougth with the Britons at last the Romans won the fight and teachet the Britons to write and build houses forts to keep the enemies away.

GRAHAM STRACHAN, Pr. IIIM.

AUTUMN

Now it is autumn
The leaves have fallen.
The farmers are taking in corn.
The swallows have gone now.
The Mothers are baking.
The hedgehogs are looking
For a cosy bed.
The flower are withering.

MAIRI GORDON, Pr. IIIM.

MY FATHER

My father is a chemist he works from morning to night he givs people medisin to cure ther colds away he likes to chec the staf and he likes to see if every thing is aright befor he goas home.

IAIN H. BEANGE, Pr. IIIT.

CINDY MY DOG

I have a dog
Her name is Cindy
She loves to play
When it's dry and windy.
She jumps at the kites
As they fly in the air
Cindy and I
Are a happy pair.

DOUGLAS HAMILTON, Pr. IV.

GRANTOWN

Before Grantown was built there was only Castle Grant in this area. One day a clan of Grants were being chased by the Clan Macdonald. They took refuge in the Castle and two of the Grants, Sir Ludovick Grant and Sir James Grant, set about building a town near the Castle. With the help of about a hundred people they built a town and named it Grantown, the town of the Grants. At first there were only about a hundred people in Grantown, but it rapidly grew and thus became the town we know today.

JOHN SMITH, Pr. VII.

MY RABBIT

I have a little rabbit called Tiny,
She is black and white and shiny.
She likes dandylion leaves best,
But she likes her cosy nest.

If she is hungry she does eat,
The first little thing that she does meet,
And when I leave it, it will run,
Until it sees a little sun.

DAPHNE DUNCAN, Pr. 5.

MY PET

My pet is a dog and her name is Pip. She is a cairn and she was born on the 4th March 1965. Now she is three years old. She can do a few tricks, beg, give a paw, and do a few more. Every time she meets anybody she rolls over to get her tummy tickled. She loves a ball and loves a game of football too, so when I have nothing to do I give her a game. It's great fun. When we have played for 15 minutes we pretend it is half time and go in for something to eat and after that we play for another 15 minutes and then stop and go running into the house puffing and panting.

SALLY GRANT, Class 5.

MY GARDEN

Roses in my garden grow
Though none of their names I do know.
Gold fish in my pond swim round,
Their home is deep below the ground.
I feed them every night at five
With ants' eggs to keep them all alive.
My brother too will do his share
And feed the fish when I'm not there.
Sometimes he is as bold as brass,
Feeds the sparrows on the grass.
Mother says this he must not do,
As sparrows are a menace true.
To all gardeners keen and able
Birds are best fed on a table.

EVELYN McMURRAY, Pr. VI.

TWO OF BURNS' HOUSES

This year during our holiday when we were in Ayr one afternoon we went to Alloway to see the house Robert Burns was born in. It is situated on the main road when you enter Alloway. We got in to have a look round. A lot of things belonging to Burns or some of his family are shown in a museum not far from the house. After having a look at that we went to see the Brig o' Doon. It is an old-fashioned bridge and very stoney. We also went to see the house he died in in Dumfries. It is a bit more modern and has been turned into a sort of museum. It has old-fashioned beds and shows the table at which he had his breakfast. All together both visits were most interesting.

BARBARA SMITH, Pr. VII.

"GLENN"

I have a little puppy
It's black and white all over.
It plays with me everywhere
Especially in the clover.
It was his birthday yesterday
I gave him a bowl of milk
But he spilt it over my party frock
Which is made of light blue silk.
I'll never give my puppy away
Not for all the money I could spend
But sometimes he really does
Drive me round the bend.

HELEN McBAIN, Pr. VI.

THE FIRE-BRIGADE

A new fire station is being built in Grantown-on-Spey as many of us already know and it has lately been completed. The fire-engines were transferred from the old station to the new one last week. It is a part-time station just like the old station.

Today when we, Primary 7 boys, were coming back from music lessons we saw a new fire-engine drawing up beside the new fire-station. It had a turn-table ladder, a blue flasher on the top and was silver in colour.

MALCOLM ROBERTSON, Pr. VII.

A WET DAY

On a wet afternoon I have to stay in.
Not getting out is such a sin!
I stay in all morning and afternoon
And I get bored oh so soon.
I play with my soldiers and cannons and things.
I try to fly men with cardboard wings.
I make things with Lego and wreck them again.
I also do jigsaws and count up to ten.
I play with my toys till I go to bed.
I hope you've enjoyed the poem you've read.

ARCHIE LIGGAT, Pr. VI.

MY HOLIDAY

I went to Mosney Butlin's in Ireland for my summer holidays. We drove by car to Glasgow then we put the car to an inside carpark. After that we went on a ship over night. In the morning we disembarked and had our breakfast. From there we had to go a two hour run by train. When we got off the train we went on to Puffing Billy, which is a whole lot of carriages joined together driven by a tractor. This took us all round the camp. There was an inside swimming pool and an outside one, an amusement park, ten pin bowling, roller skating and lots of other enjoyable things. I really did enjoy my holiday and would love to go back again.

HAZEL CANT, Pr. VI.

DURNESS

In Scotland Durness is famed afar,
For practice bombing for the war.
Near a village there is a cave
With a river running through.
There also are some other caverns and they
number two.

If you're feeling like a long, long walk
To Farret Head you should go,
For puffins can be seen there
Down on the rocks below.

DAVID McINTOSH, Pr. VII.

MY PET

My pet is a dog. It is twelve months old. Her name is Lassie. Lassie is about the best footballer in Dulnain Bridge. My Mother takes Bed and Breakfast so all the visitors take photos of her. I am very proud of my dog Lassie.

PATRICIA GRANT, Pr. V.

BIRDS

Beautiful birds up in the sky
Oh how I wish I could fly.
You fly with such elegance
As if you were doing a fairy dance.

You fly so high and don't make a sound
From the time you leave the ground.
You can fly so fast as fast as a plane.
Oh bonny bird come back again.

JAMES MOLLISON, Pr. VII.

ANIMALS

I wish I was a Rabbit
How lovely it would be
No school—just playing all day long,
And sleeping 'neath a tree.
But I don't think I'd like the daisies
Or buttercups for tea,
So I think perhaps I'll change my mind.
I'd rather just be me.

ELLEN THOMSON, Pr. 5.

MY HOBBY

I have a dolly called Jill she has blue eyes
her dress is white her carding is white and
socks are white her shoes are red her coat
is brown and white her pram is green and
white the inside is white every day I pay
with Jill.

JACQUELINE BRUCE, Pr. IV.

MY BICYCLE

I have a little bike
Which is red and white
and when I get home from school each night
nothing gives me more delight
than to go for a spin and get my hand signals
right.

TORQUIL MACLEOD, Pr. IV.

WEEKEND HOLIDAY

I love to go to Findhorn
and play beside the sea.
There are lots of other children there,
which makes jolly fun for me.

TRUDIE SUTTON, Pr. IV.

MY GOLDFISH

I have a goldfish and his name is Sammy
He lives in a bowl with his brother Tommy.
One day Tommy died,
Sammy was left and how he cried.

LYNN JARVIS, Pr. VI.



Primary Infants.

SCHOOL CLUBS

SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

The School Debating Society reassembled on October 20th, 1967, with a membership of about 25 pupils from Classes IV, V and VI.

Officials for the year were as follows:—President, Neil Maclure; Vice-President, Roderick Matheson; Secretary, Joan Paterson; Treasurer, Simon Macaulay; Advertising Managers, Jennifer Macgregor and Alan Stuart. Class representatives elected for Classes IV, V and VI were Iain Cumming, Maureen Gardner and Alan Stuart. Once again Mr Thomson was elected Honorary President.

The Society this year tried to hold as many full-scale debates and discussions as possible. The first debate was held on November 3rd, the motion being, "That the Government has gone too far by introducing the breathalyser". Three further debates were held: "That corporal punishment in schools should be abolished", "That women should have equal rights" and "That Scotland should be given dominion status". The subjects discussed were "The influence of the Church on the younger generation", "The value of Latin in the modern world", "Television" and "The colour bar". A Matter of Opinion was held in November, followed by an Inter-House Quiz in December, when Revack proved winners. A highly amusing meeting was staged in February, taking the form of a trial to find the person guilty of stealing a statuette from the Art Room. The final meeting of the Society, Juke Box Jury, was held on February 23rd.

The school was represented by Simon Macaulay and David Alston in the Scottish Schools Debating Tournament in Inverness. The Society also entertained the Church Guild to a full-scale debate on Immigration.

Once again the Club completed its session with a trip to Pitlochry Theatre. Accompanied by Mr Smith, 35 pupils attended the evening performance of "Hamlet" on Wednesday, 19th June. This trip was again enjoyed by all and we record our thanks to all who made the outing possible.

JOAN M. G. PATERSON (Secy.).

FOOTBALL

Because of weather conditions only a few matches were played this season. Although we had a lack of players, three teams—Junior, Intermediate and Senior—were raised.

The first match of the season was played at Kingussie. Here only the Senior Team played, winning by eight goals to nil. In the second match played at Forres the three teams performed, the Seniors winning by five goals to two, the Intermediates losing 5-2 and the Juniors winning 7-5.

Our next game at Elgin proved hard opposition for the Seniors, although we pulled through by three goals to two while the Juniors drew five all.

The Juniors were the only team to play at Fochabers, being beaten by a thirteen goal margin.

The following game, although the first at home, was the last of the season. Forres fielded their strongest Senior Team and, although it was a very hard and exciting game, we managed to draw three all, while the Intermediate won 2-1 and the Juniors 1-0.

Senior Team: G. Walker, R. Matheson, S. Macdonald, M. Moir, A. Grant, D. Grant, I. Brown, I. Cumming, A. Stuart, A. Cameron, K. Edwards. Reserve—H. Mackintosh.

Intermediate Team: W. Strachan, J. Rennie, C. Ross, S. Smith, P. Clarke, R. Mann, I. Brown, D. Taylor, S. Philips, C. Clarke, J. Shivas. Reserve—A. Macdonald.

Junior Team: S. Grant, C. Finlayson, N. McKinlay, D. Grant, D. Krawczynski, R. McLeod, A. Macdonald, R. Moren, D. Milne, D. Millar, E. Cameron. Reserve—P. McCulloch.

ALLAN GRANT (Capt.).

HOCKEY

The hockey season, after the match with Elgin was cancelled, got off to a good start on 30th September, when the 1st XI had a 6-3 win at Kingussie. Unfortunately the 2nd XI, most of whom were playing their first game, lost against the more experienced opposition.

It was the 21st of October when we met our next team, Milne's High School, Fochabers, and, although the score 2-5 for the 1st XI does not suggest it, it was a very even match. Our Junior XI once again suffered a defeat.

The following week we had another home game, this time against Lossiemouth. We had a much happier result, when, after a gruelling struggle, we came out on top with a 2-1 win. The 1st and 2nd Year XI put up a good fight and lost by a small margin.

On the 18th of November, when we next encountered Lossiemouth, the result was slightly less cheerful. Both teams lost but, undaunted, we played at home to Forres the following week, when the 1st XI had a powerful win and the Junior XI were delighted with their first and only win of the season.

The following week saw the last match of the season at Fochabers and once again we suffered defeat.

Our vice-captain, Doreen MacLean, who held the team together throughout the season, went to the county hockey trials at Elgin as Grantown's representative.

MAIRI FRASER (Capt.).

SKI REPORT

The late thaw of May brought to an end a most successful ski-ing season for both novices and experts. For nine weeks pupils made trips to the Cairngorms accompanied by Mr Herd. Conditions this year were said

to be, at certain periods during the season, the best ever known. There were three groups for instruction: beginners, intermediate and advanced, the latter ones joining with pupils from schools in the surrounding district to form classes for race-training.

The school was well represented in many races at Glencoe, Glenshee and the Cairngorms. Ian Dunlop won the Convener's Canter and came second in the Thistle Race; Stuart Macdonald came first in the Open Dendix and was first junior in the Bon Accord, and Martin Riley was third in the Cairngorm Juniors. The school team succeeded in retaining the Boyd Anderson Trophy. In the team were Stuart Macdonald, Ian Dunlop, Martin Riley, John Croft, Fiona Ledingham, Jane Riley, Susan Archibald, Iain Cumming, Hugh Clark and William Gill, the first six having the winning times. The school was again runner-up to Kingussie in the Scottish Schools' Race.

In addition to this, several pupils raced for the first time this season and thus the school has a bright future in the racing world.

SUSAN ARCHIBALD (Capt.).

GOLF REPORT

Numbers remained fairly constant throughout the season and there was much enthusiasm amongst the younger players.

We again thank Mr Hendry for arranging the matches and competitions and also for giving tuition to some of the enthusiastic girls from Classes I and II.

The weekly medal competitions were most successful and well attended throughout the season. The annual match play competition again attracted many competitors and the eventual winners were I. Paterson (9-hole) and A. Cameron (18-hole), the runners-up being E. Cameron and I. Grant (9-hole and 18-hole respectively).

The inter-school matches were again unsuccessful although the defeats were marginal. Elgin defeated us twice and Gordonstoun once. In the other three matches we beat Forres 6-0 away and $4\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$ at home, and Gordonstoun $3\frac{1}{2}$ - $2\frac{1}{2}$ at home.

The team was picked from the following pupils: A. Cameron, I. Cumming, M. Munro, W. Laing, A. Stuart, N. Maclure, J. Gill, E. Cameron, A. Macdonald. In the Breckinridge Trophy the victorious house was Revonan, with Revack and Roy finishing second and third respectively.

In the annual schools' competition for the Doig Shield, which was played over the Elgin course, the school finished fourth overall. The only prize-winner was A. Cameron, who finished third in the scratch section.

A. CAMERON (Capt.).



Alastair Jack (left) and Simon Macaulay, our representatives in the School Debating Tournament held in the Grammar School.



The platform party listening to the choir at the official opening of the New Secondary Department.



Boy Prefects. Seated (left to right) — Ian Paterson, Roderick Matheson (captain), Mr L. N. Grant (rector), Simon Macaulay (vice-captain), Allan Cameron; standing—Graeme Stuart, Iain Grant, Hugh Mackintosh, Hugh Clark, Michael Munro, Alistair Jack (secretary).



Junior Football XI. Standing (left to right)—Alistair Shand, David Millar, Stuart Grant, Robert McLeod, Ewen Cameron, Graham Taylor; seated—Robert Morren, George Grant, Alistair Macdonald (captain), James Grant, Robert Milne.



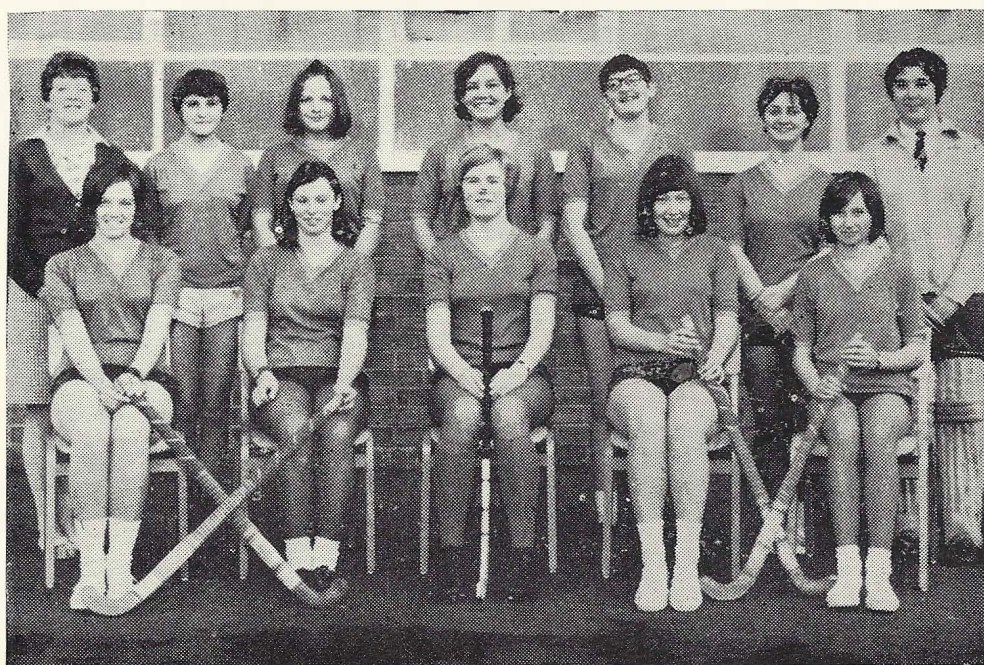
Girl Prefects. Standing (left to right)—Veronica Barth, Rachel MacRobert, Mairi Fraser, Sarah Coueslant, Pamela Macdonald (secretary); seated—Dorothy Carse, Margaret MacGregor (head girl), Mr L. N. Grant (rector), Maureen Gardner (deputy head girl), Susan Archibald.



Junior Hockey XI. Standing (left to right)—Diane Matthews, Hazel Philips, Elizabeth M. Stuart, Ann Telfer, Pamela Grant, Jane Loader; seated—Janette Macdonald, Elizabeth G. Stuart, Eileen Johnstone, Ann Strachan, Jane Cant.



Senior Football XI. Standing (left to right)—Hugh Clark, Roderick Matheson, Stuart Macdonald, Peter Clark, Denis Krawczynski (substitute), Hugh Mackintosh, Graham Grant; seated—Ian Paterson, Charles Ross, Allan Cameron (captain), John Rennie, Iain Brown.



Senior hockey XI. Standing (left to right)—Miss B. Shackles (P.T. teacher), Evelyn Fraser, Jennifer Macgregor, Fiona Ledingham, Margaret Macgregor (vice-captain), Isobel McKimmie, Carol Jamieson; seated—Pamela Macdonald, Hazel McCulloch, Mairi Fraser (captain), Susan Archibald, Wendy Stewart.

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

EDITORIAL

These notes are being written in Epsom, Surrey—appropriately enough, we think, in view of the many Grantonians who reside in and around London.

Looking back, we feel that there have been two big events in the year, one the opening of the New School, the other the retirement of Dr Bain.

Below you will find the customary miscellany of news. It has been imperfectly culled from various sources; but I am most indebted to the 130 or so F.P.s who returned their forms, many with a friendly message.

NEW MEMBERS

We again welcome newcomers, who are as follows:—Fiona Donn, late of Carrbridge, now teaching in Inverness; Kathleen Dunn, embarking on her teacher's training after leaving school; June Grant, of Spey Valley Hotel, now a computer programmer, of all things, in London; Susan Hendry, who tackles A-Levels at school in St Andrews; David M. Macdonald, of Carrbridge and of skiing fame, who has passed his Nautical College examinations and is now at sea in a tanker; James Macpherson, of Nethybridge, a notable school footballer of twenty years back and now in the Metropolitan Police; Joan Pateron, beginning at Aberdeen University; and James Stewart, of Inverallan, now tackling an architecture course at Gordon's College.

We also welcome members who have become life members:—Sergeant John Clark, promoted from corporal and back in England after many travels; Walter Innes, one of a notable golfing family, who won the Darvel Cup on the Grantown Course this autumn; Michael McTaggart, whose views of Grantown are now from the air, as he journeys to and from Dounreay; and Shaw Mortimer, whose forestry activities are transferred from Argyle to Galloway.

EXILES

Strathspey will miss Mrs Anfield (Winnie Shaw), who, now that her soldier husband is back in England, resides at Yarm, in County Durham.

Bruce Bain enters on an economics course at Edinburgh University.

We congratulate Mrs Boyne (Doris Cameron) on her daughter's graduation as B.Sc. with Honours in micro-biology.

Stanley Buchan has retired. We wish him the happiness he deserves.

Gillies Campbell, whom we remember as a founder of the school Debating Society, has completed his School of Art Course and is now at Aberdeen College of Education.

We were interested to hear from Mrs Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald) that she still hears from Ross Graves, the Acadian whose forbears hailed from Cromdale and who spent a sentimental pilgrimage at the Grammar School some ten years ago. He is now married with two children.

We congratulate Duncan Chisholm on a first child—a son.

Mrs Cowan (Wilma Irving) now has three boys.

Mr and Mrs Davidson (Betty Kirkwood) have moved from Alsager to pastures new in Bucks.

Valerie Dewar recently took up an interesting post as school secretary at Aberlour House.

George Dixon carries on as research student, with occasional returns to the field of Grantown local politics.

Janet Dixon still holds the fort in Zambia as a V.S.O. training sister.

Mrs Craig Drummond (Kay Hepburn) has moved to Hove, Sussex, where her husband has a new post as hotel manager.

Tom Edwards was married this summer. His bride, Anne Urquhart, was a notable school athlete in her day and is a qualified pharmacist. We wish them happiness.

Ian Forbes was also concerned in a marriage this year, that of his daughter.

Mrs Friend (Betty Sim) is now in Oxford where her doctor husband has a post.

Elsbeth Gow was back on a visit to Grantown lately, still brimful of energy. She continues at Aberdeen University.

Jill Hepburn, her course at Strathclyde University completed, takes up a business post in Carlisle.

We congratulate Grace Kirk on further promotion in her nursing career.

Mrs Littlejohn (Elsie Young) and her husband have taken over an inn in Rugby. We wish them success.

We are indebted to Mrs McCurdy (Alice King) for her picturesque U.S.A. vistas.

Gilbert Mackay pursues his career as psychologist. He will presently take up a post with the Shetland Education Authority.

Nancy McLean is now in Ottawa, not quite so remote as New Britain.

We congratulate Mrs McLennan (Louise Dixon) on the birth of a daughter.

Sandy McLure, safely back from Sierra Leone, pursues his forestry training at Spean Bridge.

Mrs Mills (Catherine Campbell), now resident at Hindhead, Surrey, was home on holiday this summer.

Also on holiday from Surrey were Mr and Mrs W. A. Mitchell (Judy Stewart), both looking well.

Anne Munro, we note, has been getting around in the U.S.A.

We congratulate Jeannette Munro on her success in promotion examinations.

Jeanette also revisited Grantown this summer, as did Mrs O'Connor (Dorothy Cameron) from far Seattle.

We condole with the Ogilvie farm at Dore in their bereavement.

Mrs Parrott (Catherine Douglas) was also able to revisit Strathspey from far Ohio.

Andrew Reid was married this summer in one of the Scottish churches in London.

Mrs Ritson (Billy Keith) sent a daughter this summer from Vancouver to visit the home of her forebears.

Mrs Simpson (Lesley Dixon), in Singapore, has had a second son.

Catherine Smith finds the broadening subject of dietetics a more and more rewarding career.

Mrs Speer (Morna Mackenzie) has now two baby sons.

Lorna Stephen, after a holiday romance, is now engaged.

Rita Stuart, after graduating in Arts at Aberdeen University, commences a business course at Strathclyde University.

Mrs Gordon Sutherland (Elspit McIntosh) has now a more secure domicile in Bucks.

Mrs Squires (Isa Moyes) writes to tell us that the Montreal Expo is not quite wound up.

We wish Dorothy Templeton success in her new business career in Cape Town.

Hamish Templeton has lately celebrated a daughter's marriage.

We convey our sympathy to Mrs Templeton (Rita Marshall) on the death of her father, one of the great figures in Strathspey in his day. We congratulate her on the birth of a son.

Christobel Terris has, without mishap, completed the first half of her medical course at Aberdeen University.

Davis Thomson commences her teaching career in Glasgow.

Mrs Walmsley (Ella Slater) writes to recall a tough and memorable excursion to the Cairngorms in 1945, of which Mr Thornton, then a redoubtable hill man, was the hero.

We congratulate Mrs Weston (Sheina Donaldson), of Kendal and Epsom, on the birth of a second son.

OLD GUARD EXILES

We were again pleased to hear from Mr Hunter, who, now that Dr Bain has retired, must feel in the position of a grandfather to the School.

We also saw Mr Robert Wilson, still interested in the magazine, which owes so much to his pioneer work.

We congratulate Billie Templeton on his early appointment as Bank Manager in Kyle, also on golfing success in Portree.

Donnie Calder now lives in Aviemore, where his work lies in the great Aviemore Centre.

George Coutts' success story continues. After helping to cope with the Foot and Mouth outbreak, he is now married and settled in Dundee.

We congratulate Robin Fraser on well-deserved promotion to a Boots managership.

Douglas Gibson, with a crowded practice in Bradford and a summer by summer record of unusual adventure, visited Grantown this summer, as did Sandy Gordon from Winnipeg.

We congratulate Andrew Howlett on passing his third and final secretarial examinations.

John Irving and Colin Keith are both to be congratulated on family events.

Alistair Jack is now a Detective Inspector and has moved to a new address.

Sandy Macdonald was inducted to Kil-marnock Old Kirk this spring. With his outstanding speaking ability and his spirit of

service, Sandy is making his impact in Ayrshire.

Ronald McIntyre has transferred from Edinburgh to the west and to a more specialised type of engineering activity.

Bert Mackintosh has returned from a tour of Canada. Book 3 of his "Living Geography" is now in hand.

Alan McTaggart, in the adventurous family tradition, has emigrated to Australia.

We congratulate Neil McTaggart on becoming a partner in his law firm in Edinburgh.

We wish Raymond Philip the same success in matrimony as he has achieved in business.

We heard from Ian Ritchie this summer after a lapse of time. Ian is now married in Windsor.

Dr Billy Sellar has had another holiday safari, this time in Turkey.

Nicholas Spence's article will give further guidance to his Guided Missiles activities. Nicholas also became engaged this year.

We were pleased to hear from Alistair Surtees that all was well with the Grantown colony in his area. Alistair was recently promoted Higher Executive Officer with the Ministry of Defence, while his brother Robert is now a Chief Inspector in the Southend-on-Sea police.

Jimmy Thomson, who has never abandoned the habit of study, passed his O.N.C. in business studies in June.

Stanley Wright is to be doubly congratulated—on promotion to Senior Fuselink Development Engineer and on the birth of a baby son.

Herbert Wright, also recently promoted, was home on holiday with his wife from Mexico City.

LOCAL

We again congratulate Walter Cruikshank on his continued run of successes as a cattle breeder at shows and sales.

Hamish Dixon, the spearhead of the opposition to the new development plans in the lower High Street, has entered the Town Council and functions as Dean of Guild.

The Misses Fraser excelled themselves in holiday enterprise this year with a sentimental journey to relatives in New Zealand.

To Mrs Gaston we wish happiness in her new abode.

We congratulate Mrs Grant (Jane Stewart) on the birth of a daughter.

J. J. Grant has had an eventful year with the marriage of his elder daughter Gay.

Miss Grant and Miss Legge, on holiday in Switzerland, profited by experience on the winter Speyside road when caught by a snowstorm in the wilds of St Moritz.

We thank Doris Laing for a poetic contribution.

We wish Margaret Calder, now Mrs Lawson, and Lindsay Wood, now Mrs Laing, happiness.

Sandy McPhail, whose decorative artistry is so well known in Strathspey, excels himself from year to year as stage manager of the Clachan Players. John Duncan assists him.

Jim Mackenzie has revived his famous

Male Voice Choir, which seems better than ever.

We condole with Mrs Robertson (Mary Hastilow) in the loss of her husband, a popular figure in the district.

Martin Grant's new service station in Spey Avenue will, we hope, improve both the appearance and the amenities of that area.

We congratulate Willie Dunbar on his return to Mackenzie & Cruickshank as manager. It seems his proper sphere.

Billy Kerr gets around as telephone linesman and also on the Cairngorms, where he occasionally mans a first-aid post.

We congratulate Roy MacGregor on new family responsibilities.

There has been an impressive extension in the Bookie Stuart premises this year; and its owner has passed on his printing service to Eric Macdonald, a returned Grantonian.

* * *

As we go to press we learn that Dr D. D. Chisholm has successfully completed his post-graduate examinations for the degree of D.P.M. We congratulate him.

OBITUARY

Mrs J. B. BURGESS (WINIFRED PYPER) belonged to a gifted Grantown family. In her later years she endured a long spell of increasing illness, which, in spite of much care, must have been hard to bear.

WILLIAM A. GLASS, who died in Nethy-bridge, was our oldest former pupil. He had a phenomenal list of accomplishments, athletic and artistic, and a remarkable record of public service. To the last he retained his fine erect bearing and courtly manner.

Mrs ALLAN GRANT (MARY CUMMING)

was also a member of a distinguished local family and, as school teacher and minister's wife, had a fine record of public service.

EVAN MACKINTOSH was for many years proprietor of Craigard Hotel and had been in retirement for over twenty years. He belonged to a well-known and distinguished Strathspey family.

Mrs ROBERT WHYTE (DAISY MAC-PHERSON) died at a comparatively early age. Grantonians will recall that she worked with Mr Ledingham, photographer, and also served in a photographic unit in World War Two. She was predeceased by her husband and leaves a son.

PERCY WILLIAMS, who had a great affection for his boyhood Strathspey, spent much of his life as a chartered accountant in Calcutta with a jute firm, of which he later became a director. In retirement he was a pillar of St John's Church, Dundee, for which he worked courageously and selflessly while in declining health.

Mrs JACK WOOD (TOTTIE CRUICK-SHANK), cut off very suddenly this autumn, was a well-known local personality, whose energy and initiative were felt in the old Amenities Association and also in her life as proprietrix of Seafeld Lodge Hotel.

IN CONCLUSION

We hope that these notes will remind many of you of former friends and associations. More might have been said, but space forbids.

It is difficult, in a summery October, to think of Christmas, but to you all we wish a Happy Christmas and joy and success in 1969.

G. E. DONALDSON.

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(Mrs Edith Munro)

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THE OLD GUARD

OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1968/69

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), manager, Nat.-Comm. Bank of Scotland, Kyle of Lochalsh.

Frank Calder (1941-43), Elmgrove; forester, Seafield 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), 593 Yarm Road, Eaglescliffe, Co. Durham; 5 Platoon, 3 B.A.P.D., R.A.O.C., B.F.P.O. 40.

*John S. Clark (1956-59), 130 High Street, Grantown-on-Spey; c/o R.E.R.O., Ditchling Road, Brighton, Sussex; sergeant, 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; corporal technician, R.A.F.

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.

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

*Donald E. Calder (1941-43), 33 Milton Park, Aviemore; joiner, Aviemore Centre.

*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; 1 Eden Street, Dundee.

W. J. Cruickshank (1933-35), 20 Clovelly Road, 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; 110 Morningside Avenue, Aberdeen; manager, Boots Chemist, 475-477 Great Western Road.

*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.

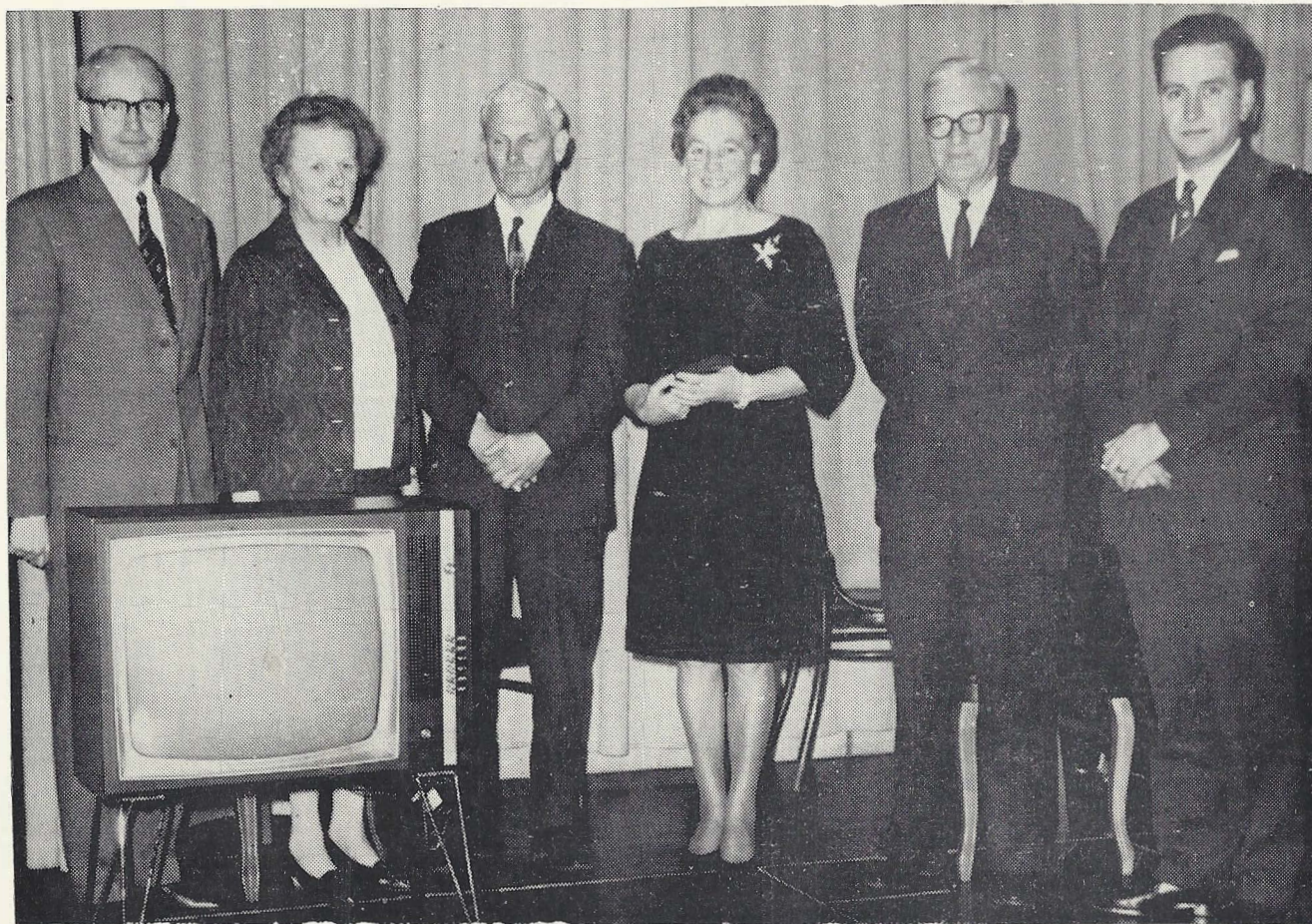
*John Grant (1928-33), B.Sc. (Agriculture), 14 Victoria Drive, Inverness; North of Scotland College of Agriculture.

*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.



Honoured by Grantown Grammar School Former Pupils' Club and friends at a social evening in the Palace Hotel were Dr and Mrs J. Bain, who now stay in Elgin. Rector for 16 years until he retired at the end of last session, Dr Bain was also president of the F.P. Club. He was presented with a television set and Mrs Bain with a Cairngorm necklace.

F.P. PRESENTATION TO Dr BAIN

Dr and Mrs Bain made a happy return to Grantown on November 1, when they were presented with gifts from members of the Former Pupils' Clubs and friends at a social evening in the Palace Hotel.

The gifts, a television set for Dr Bain and a Cairngorm necklace for Mrs Bain, were presented by Miss J. M. Paterson, an honorary vice-president of the F.P. Club.

Mr G. E. Donaldson, who presided, referred to Dr Bain as "a great rector to whom Grantown owed much." He stressed what he had done in order to provide the town with a splendid new school; and he claimed that Dr Bain had maintained the school's tradition of sound scholarship as well as showing the keenest interest in all the new methods and extra-mural activities that make school a better place for the average pupil.

Dr Bain, he said, was never a man who courted cheap popularity. He was always firm, fair and impartial, and considerate, in his dealings with pupils and staff. He earned their respect, and he earned their love.

Mr Donaldson spoke finally of Dr Bain's interest in all his pupils and of the many cases where the rector had shown concern in the welfare of individual pupils.

With regard to Mrs Bain, Mr Donaldson said that she had played her part in several aspects of Grantown life, and would be greatly missed for her own sake.

Mr A. M. Grant, president of the Old Guard Club, sent a tribute from Majorca,

where he was holidaying. This was read by Mr J. R. Smith. Among other things Mr Grant wrote:—

"We have had an all too short but happy association with Dr Bain, both as president of the F.P. Club, and as rector.

"I feel sure I speak for all when I say how happy we were to know our children had a headmaster who gave his all for his pupils, who spared no effort on their behalf and who was always ready to discuss any problems with us, their parents."

Replying to these tributes, Dr Bain spoke with feeling of his associations with hill-climbing in the Cairngorms, with the Grammar School, and with the fine body of F.P.s who had always given him their support. He said that the new senior secondary school could provide education equal to the best in the country. He welcomed his successor, Mr Lewis Grant, and his wife, who were both present at the function, and said he was sure Mr Grant would take the school to greater heights in work and play. He concluded with the hope that the Grammar School and its Clubs would long continue to flourish.

A company of about 70 was present to do honour to Dr and Mrs Bain. Entertainment was provided, after tea, by Mr and Mrs Mutch (instrumental) and Mr J. S. Mackenzie (vocal). Votes of thanks were proposed by Mr G. Mackenzie, rector of Buckie High School, who was taught by Dr Bain at Elgin Academy and was at one time on the staff of Grantown Grammar School.

LETTER FROM Dr BAIN

Dear Former Pupils, Parents and Friends of the Grammar School, I take this opportunity to thank all of you who have contributed to the magnificent television set which I was presented with at a social gathering on Friday, 1st November, in the Palace Hotel. It is something which I will always treasure; it will remind me of sixteen happy years in Grantown-on-Spey — some of the happiest years of my life—years in which I have seen many of you do so well in all walks of life, in all parts of the world.

To all pupils, past and present, I extend my very best wishes for the future.

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES BAIN.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1968-69

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

The 1968 Annual General Meeting was held in the old Grammar School on Wednesday, November 13th, at 7 p.m.

The chair was taken by Mr A. M. Grant. The minutes of the previous meeting and also the annual financial statement, which showed a balance of over £84, were read by Mr G. E. Donaldson, secretary, and approved.

Miss Jean Paterson made sympathetic reference to seven club members who had died in 1968.

Two letters were read from Dr Bain, the first one of resignation and of thanks to the Club for all the support he had received, and the second one of appreciation of the gifts received—a television set to himself and a Cairngorm necklace to Mrs Bain—and the very happy social function in their honour, all organised under the auspices of the Club.

Mr Lewis Grant, the new rector, was unanimously chosen president of the Club in Dr Bain's place, and Dr Bain was unanimously appointed an honorary vice-president in place of Mr W. Glass, who had died. The Club office-bearers for the ensuing year were appointed as follows:—

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

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Dr J. Bain, B.Sc., Ph.D.; Miss J. M. Paterson, Miss J. I. Munro.

President—Mr Lewis Grant, M.A.

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 Thursday, December 26th, at the same time and the same approximate charge. It was agreed to defer the Biennial Dinner-Dance for a year.

The Old Guard members present decided to re-elect their committee en bloc. Mr A. M. Grant, reporting on the Lochindorb fishing competitions for Mr Wilson's Cup, said they had had five successful sessions and that the winner was Hamish Shaw, with Jimmy McLeod and Frank Calder second and third.

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

G. E. DONALDSON,
Honorary Secretary.

Exiles

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

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

*Mrs Adam Anderson (Shona G. MacDougall), Monaliadh Bungalow, Boat of Garten; Ardoyne, Alexandra Terrace, Forres.

*Mrs Fred E. Anfield (Winifred M. D. Shaw), Diploma I, Domestic Science (Edinburgh); 593 Yarm Road, Eaglescliff, County Durham.

*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.

*James Bain, B.Sc. (Edinburgh), Ph.D., 7 Wittet Drive, Elgin; rector (retired), Grantown Grammar School.

*R. W. Bruce Bain, 7 Wittet Drive, Elgin; student, Edinburgh University.

*Mrs Robert Balfour (Dorothea M. Smith), (Gladstone House), 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 James B. Braid, L.D. (Pamela Gibson) (The Knoll); Ashstead, 69 Hepburn Gardens, St Andrews.

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

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

*Stanley J. W. Buchan (Grant Arms Hotel); Windyridge, 16 Willow Lane, London Road, Amersham, Bucks.

*Mrs D. C. Butler-Lee (Emily Campbell), 5 Bruce Place, Fort William.

*Mrs John Stuart (Marian N. G. Paterson).
M.A. (Edinburgh), 32 Kyntra 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 prac-
titioner.

*Patrick G. C. Wood, Seafeld Lodge.

* Life Member.

* * *

BIRTHS

CHISHOLM. — At Bearsden, Glasgow, on
March 25, 1968, to Mr and Mrs Duncan
Chisholm, a son.

COWAN.—At Chippenham, on January 4,
1968, to Mr and Mrs Thomas Cowan (Wilma
Irving), a son.

GRANT.—At Ian Charles Hospital, on May 13,
1968, to Mr and Mrs G. Grant (Jane
Stewart, a daughter.

IRVING.—At Bolton, on January 31, 1968, to
Mr and Mrs John Irving, a son.

KEITH.—At Glasgow, on August 31, 1968, to
Mr and Mrs Colin Keith, a son.

MACGREGOR.—At Ian Charles Hospital, on
December 31, 1967, to Mr and Mrs Roy
MacGregor, a daughter.

McLENNAN.—At Glasgow, on July 26, 1968,
to Mr and Mrs E. McLennan (Louise
Dixon), a daughter.

SIMPSON.—At Singapore, on December 19,
1968, to Mr and Mrs S. Simpson (Lesley
Dixon), a son.

SPEER.—At Leyburn, Yorkshire, in March,
1968, to Mr and Mrs Speer (Morna Mac-
kenzie), a son.

TEMPLETON.—At Inverness, on January 25,
1968, to Mr and Mrs W. Templeton (Rita
Marshall), a son.

WESTON.—At Kendal, on November 29, 1967,
to Mr and Mrs R. Weston (Sheina Donald-
son), a son.

WRIGHT.—At Frome, Somerset, on Decem-
ber 17, 1967, to Mr and Mrs Stanley Wright,
a son.

MARRIAGES

COUTTS — MACLEAN. — At Craigiebuckler
Church, Aberdeen, on May 3, 1968, George
S. Coutts to Catherine Maclean.

EDWARDS — URQUHART. — At Carrbridge
Church of Scotland, on June 1, 1968, Thomas
J. Edwards to Anne Urquhart.

LAWSON—CALDER.—At Inverallan Church,
on January 27, 1968, Ernest Lawson to
Margaret Calder.

MACSWEEN—ROSS.—At Inverallan Church,
on September 26, 1968, Angus MacSween
to Margaret G. Ross.

REID—FOUNTAIN.—At Crown Court Church
of Scotland, London, on August 3, 1968,
Andrew M. Reid to Patricia A. Fountain.

PHILIP—TAYLOR.—At University Chapel,
St Andrews, on June 15, 1968, J. Raymond
Philip to Carol Taylor.

DEATHS

BURGESS.—In hospital, on July 5, 1968, Mrs
J. B. Burgess (Winifred Pyper).

GLASS.—At Nethybridge, on January 10,
1968, William A. Glass, retired draper.

GRANT.—At Nethybridge, on September 22,
1968, Mrs Allan Grant (Mary Cumming).

MACKINTOSH.—At Inch, on March 7, 1968,
Evan Mackintosh, late of Craigard Hotel.

WHYTE.—At Paisley, on April 17, 1968, Mrs
Robert Whyte (Daisy Macpherson).

WILLIAMS.—At Dundee, on September 13,
1968, Percy Williams, of Grantown-on-Spey
and Calcutta.

WOOD.—At Woodend Hospital, Aberdeen, on
September 30, 1968, Mrs Jack Wood (Tottie
Cruickshank).



TRIAL AND ERROR

A light sea mist hangs over the Cardigan Bay coastline of West Wales as the traffic comes to a halt on the Aberystwyth road, to allow Dai Jones to take his herd of dairy cattle back across the road to their pasture.

"Oh, my head! Do you have to rev the engine so much?" moans Dave, the latest edition to the Trials Team.

"You should have gone to bed when I suggested it and not gone out celebrating with the locals," retorted Bob, the team leader. "You young lads will never learn."

Eventually the mini-bus turns into the main gate of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Aberporth, and a great deal of struggling ensues as the occupants delve into pockets to find their security passes. At last all is settled and the vehicle proceeds through the range to the Contractor's area where they de-bus and straggle in to be briefed concerning the day's activities. Mr MacGregor, the Company's Trials Sponsor, is looking quite pleased as he announces that a slot has been arranged for mid-day. (A slot is an allocated period of time for a trial and slots are arranged daily by the Range Controller.)

"You look as if you enjoyed yourself last night, Dave," he says with a grin on his face. "I think we will fire No. 3 today, so we had better set up for condition Bravo."

By now, everybody in the team has been involved with range activities long enough to know exactly what to do. The team leader gathers his senior trials engineers around him and makes certain everything is in order and then retires to his office, there to sort through the masses of paperwork involved with the trial. In addition, range personnel have to be liased with and the factory informed of the latest developments. Keys are collected from the boards and the members of the team pile into transport to go about their various tasks.

Roger, who is an ex-Serviceman, is concerned with getting the missile prepared for firing, and so is taking Dave along with him to the preparation area to show him the procedure. Peter, Kevin and Dick are instrumentation engineers and they go immediately to the launching area in order to switch on all the monitoring equipment and carry out the daily check procedure. John goes along with them, in case his capacity as a repair and test engineer is required for rectifying any faults. The launcher is the responsibility of the only Scot, apart from Mr MacGregor, in the team, Jock (!). He has to get the launcher ready and checked out very quickly, so that Roger can put the missile up and carry out ON-launcher checks.

Everything is running smoothly, the missile has been in the fuelling area and is now on its way to Boost Prep., where the boost motors will be fitted and the missile given a safety check. The launcher has been uncovered, the oil levels checked and a check carried out for leaks. The motors have been switched on and the launcher operated in azimuth and elevation, checking that the servo-mechanical controls are automatically switched off when the safety firing arcs are

exceeded. This is very similar to the poles one sees in the butts on the moor, to prevent the shooters from aiming across one another.

During all this frantic activity, inter-communication between the launcher, the range services and the preparation areas, is carried out by means of an intercom system. This has various channels, and allows individual firms to communicate between their buildings without interfering with each other. There is one fixed channel to which all the range services are switched, and this is controlled by a gentleman known as the Ground Controller.

"Ah, I needed that," says Kevin, sipping his tea and grinning at the lady in the canteen van.

"Borra da!" she shouts, as the van drives off to the next group of parched individuals.

"It is a pity we can't join the holiday trippers at Poppit Sands, this afternoon, instead of being cooped up in this stone hot-house. I bet it rains at the week-end," moans Jock, as a seagull sweeps in to gobble up the crust of his cheese sandwich, thrown onto the grass.

The missile has been put onto the launcher and the various cables are being connected up under the watchful eye of the range launcher officer and a member of the range safety section.

"How are things downstairs, lads?" asks the launcher officer. "Ready for checks yet?"

"Yes," replies Peter, "ready when you are."

The intercom crackles.

"Launcher to Sponsor, ready for checks, over."

Mr MacGregor is now coming down to the launcher, accompanied by Bob, to carry out checks between the missile/launcher complex and his own instrumentation in the concrete block-house.

"Switch on supplies and standby," echoes the intercom.

"Supplies on, master switch made," comes the reply.

"Launcher clear and ready, test circuit No. 1."

Every system and circuit is checked out to a written schedule until the launcher officer and safety officer are satisfied. A great deal of emphasis is placed on safety, and each man is briefed very carefully before he is even allowed onto the range. Personnel who are concerned with the missile may have to attend courses on explosives and fuels. No instrument containing dry batteries is allowed near a primed missile and, it goes without saying, no smoking is allowed.

"Ground Control calling Sponsor."

"Sponsor listening."

"Ready for checks with range, Mr MacGregor?"

"Yes, telemetry and radars ready."

Bob, in his capacity as team leader, takes his place at the telemetry monitoring desk. Here, he is faced with two round screens like the tubes of a domestic T.V. set. Telemetry is a method whereby indicators show such things as oil pressures, velocity, vibrations,

etc., in fact any measurement, and these are converted in the missile, to radio signals, and transmitted to a receiver on the ground. The desk at which Bob is seated, shows these indications on the screens, on an "ON", "OFF" basis, before, during and after, the missile firing.

In addition to these signals being received at the launcher monitors, they are received on very sensitive instruments in the range telemetry receiving building, where their variations can be converted, by electronic means, into a form which can be read and interpreted by a computer. A further facility, provided by the range, is a method whereby each signal is printed onto a moving strip of film, and can therefore give a "quick look" indication of what is happening in the missile.

"Ground Control calling sponsor, telemetry and radar OK."

"Thank you, ground control, standing by."

The atmosphere is now quite tense. Bob is at the control desk watching his screens. Peter, Kevin and Dick are standing by their instrumentation, watching the dials and checking the recorders. Roger, Dave and John have gone into the room at the end of the launcher block-house and are listening to the situation on the intercom. Their job is now finished unless there is a last minute adjustment to be made, so they are keeping out of the way of the monitor room personnel, who have an important job to do.

Mr MacGregor, who is now in overall control of the firing, is having one last look at the sky to see whether there are any low clouds, into which the missile could disappear and so prevent the cine cameras from filming the complete flight. No, all is well.

In view of the vast number of instruments involved with taking measurements, it is imperative that they start together, and so the range has a central timing device, an electronic clock, which will start all the recording equipment at a pre-set time during the countdown. A normal countdown is either five minutes or three minutes, not like an American space shot which can take up to six hours. It all depends on how many things have to be done during the countdown.

"Three minutes to go."

All eyes in the monitoring room are glued to individual pieces of equipment. Mr MacGregor is watching the clock indicator in the far corner. A siren wails outside, warning personnel to get under cover. Jock has accompanied the range launcher officer and the safety officer to a concrete blockhouse mounted on the roof of one of the buildings. From here, all the area can be surveilled and a large flashing beacon is controlled. This warns personnel approaching the launching area from the main gate, that a firing is imminent. This concrete blockhouse has also got indicators on a panel and these are watched over by the safety officer, who, if

he saw something wrong, could stop the firing by pressing a large red button.

"Two minutes to go."

The range surveillance radar is swinging to and fro, making certain that no ships or aircraft have entered the firing zone. Air control are also keeping a close watch on their screens and have contacted any aircraft in the vicinity to keep away.

"One minute to go."

The launcher has now had its power switched on by the central timing clock and has swung round to take up its azimuth and elevation positions. Bob checks his screen and notes that the indications are correct. A recorder in the corner has just come on and is measuring the launcher positions, hydraulic pressures and vibrations continuously. Jock, in the tower, has a last look outside and reports the range clear. The telemetry transmitter in the missile is now switched on and the range receivers are continuously recording.

"Thirty seconds to go."

A number of green lights have come on in the monitoring room and two more recorders are pushing paper out onto the floor. Mr MacGregor casts a last quick look round, everything is in order. The safety officer, in the tower, also has green indications, and nods to the launcher officer.

"Fifteen seconds to go."

By this time all the recorders are switched on and the final phase of firing has begun. Everybody is keyed up and has eyes glued to dials and lamps. A slight flutter in Bob's heart as one of his indications flickers but returns to normal.

"Ten, nine, eight . . ."

Everything still functioning correctly. Surely nothing can go wrong at this late stage, but no relaxation of concentration.

"Five, four . . ."

The final safety switches have been automatically made and the indicator panel shows all green lights.

"One, Zero . . ."

The silence of the monitor room is broken by a roar, as the motor ignites and Mr MacGregor runs to the viewing hatch just in time to see the smoke clear and the brilliant glow of the rocket motor as it hurtles the missile out over Cardigan Bay.

Plus nine, plus ten . . . the clock is still functioning, adding the timing marks to all the recorders which will continue to read the various parameters until the missile is destroyed at the end of its useful flight. This is achieved by means of a missile "Break-up" system which consists of a small explosive device, sufficient in size to break the missile into a number of pieces, which fall into the sea. Failure to break it up could result in some very irate Irishmen!!!!

NICHOLAS A. D. SPENCE.

From New Jersey to North Carolina

At the end of September last year we were able to arrange our trip to North Carolina to visit Marr Illingworth and his charming wife and two lovely children. As the journey was over 600 miles, we stopped overnight in Charlottesville, Virginia, in order to visit Monticello, the home designed and built by Thomas Jefferson. The setting is beautiful in the rolling foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. We also visited the University of Virginia, the original rotunda and buildings of which were also designed by Jefferson, who founded this beautiful university.

Next morning we headed south on the Blue Ridge Parkway, a magnificent road right up on the mountain tops, with "overlooks" every few miles where one can pull off the road and enjoy the marvellous views. However, as Marr was expecting us to dinner and as speed was limited because of the curves, we had to transfer to the speed highway at Roanoke.

Marr lives at Asheville, a glorious spot located in the foothills of the southern end of the Blue Ridge chain and also the eastern slopes of the Great Smokies. Old Marr knew what he was doing when he found this spot. The Vanderbilt family chose Asheville out of the whole of the eastern section of America to

build their estate. Built after the style of the French Renaissance palaces, it is now a National Foundation and is open to the public.

We were disappointed that we were too late for the summer theatre group, which plays in a beautiful amphitheatre in the mountains. The play, depicting the tragic history of the Cherokee Indians, who were dispossessed by the westward movement of the white settlers, is called "Unto These Hills."

On our way home we drove right across the state to the famous "Outer Banks," famed for the first experiments of the Wright Brothers with flying machines, for Blackbeard the pirate and his notorious wreckers, and, of course, for the Lost Colony of 1585 which had disappeared without a trace by the time Sir Walter Raleigh returned on his second trip to the New World. It is a most interesting place. The original fort and earthworks have been rebuilt, and once again there is a summer theatre in a beautiful setting, depicting the story of the Lost Colony and of the birth of Virginia Dare, the first white child born in America. History really comes alive when one visits all these national historical sites.

From a letter (ALICE McCURDY).

• • •

A Glimpse of Wyoming

As you will see, my address has changed from Palm Beach to Long Island; but at the moment, I am staying at a ranch in Wyoming. It is a most beautiful place, located in the Big Horn Mountains, which rise to 13,000 feet, though here we are 7,500 feet above sea level.

The people here are so completely different from those in the Eastern States, and they say you don't know America until you have gone out west. For my own part I find everyone here so warm, friendly and full of fun.

So far, I have managed to see prong-horned antelope and moose; and there are also buffalo, elk and bear in this region, though I am not so sure that I want to meet them. I hardly knew one end of a horse from the other when I came here; but I am progressing as a horsewoman and no longer ache all over at the end of a day.

Tomorrow there is a big Rodeo in Sheridan which is just thirty miles away. It is a big event which lasts for three days; and I am looking forward to it.

I don't know how long I shall be here; but my stay in the U.S.A. is supposed to be for a

year. Sometimes I get real homesick, for, of all the places I have been to, there is none more beautiful than Speyside and, of course, my heart will always be there.

From a letter (ANNE MUNRO).

EXTOLMENT IN STRATHSPEY

Reflections on the Mountain being established high to God

Impel precious climbs to Speyside hilltops
To view the modern ploughshare
Converted from the sword.

Peace flows through Highland valleys;
Highways are clean and clear.
Spey's body glittering in the sun
Unites to praise the Holy One.

The atmosphere of peace and love
Conducted by the willing river
Is ripe to enter life's true ocean
When all moves in perfect motion.

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