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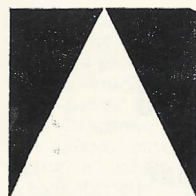
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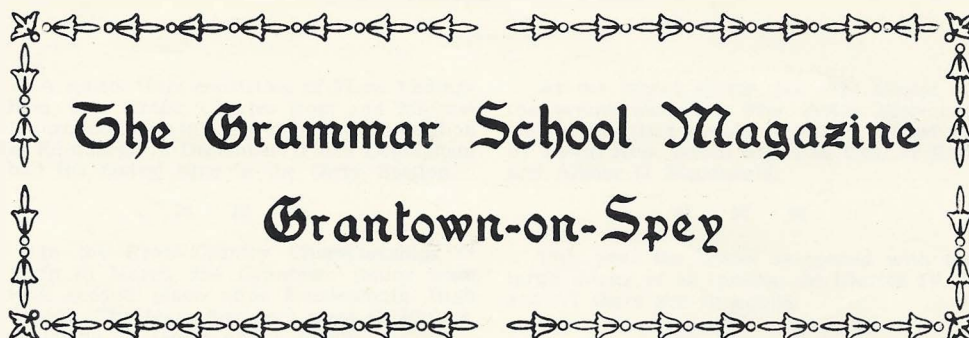
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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 41

December 1969.

Editor—Sarah Coueslant.
Sub-Editors—Fenella Miller,
Jane Macaulay.
Staff Adviser—J. Thomson, M.A.

Advertising Managers—
Catriona Matheson.
Christine Matheson.

Editorial

PERHAPS one of the most important functions of a school magazine is to keep former pupils in touch with the developments and changes which are going on in the school, and it can never be said that the progress of Grantown Grammar School stands still. Last year the school entered the field of drama by staging a school concert, although the more characteristic activities of the school such as ski-ing still flourish.

The school concert was a huge success and the hall was filled with a capacity audience all three nights. Full use was made of the excellent facilities of the school stage, and the lighting arrangements were especially effective. There were items from every class in the Primary and Secondary Departments of the school, and practically everyone had a chance to participate, whether in front of or behind the scenes. This year a Dramatic Society has been formed, consisting of three sections, one in the Primary Department and two in the Secondary Department, and, at the time of writing, three plays are being produced, which, it is hoped, will be performed before the Christmas holidays.

A further development in the history of the school has been the formation of a Parent-Teacher Association, from which resulted the choosing of a new school uniform. This has

been the subject of great controversy, but the outcome has been generally accepted, and the rector now looks down on a sea of blue and grey instead of the former motley assortment of colours.

This year there seems to be a surprisingly large number of clubs, covering a wide variety of interests, ranging from stamps to ski-ing. As usual, skiers from the Grammar School did outstandingly well last year, retaining the Boyd Anderson Trophy for the third year in succession, and many pupils took part in training schemes abroad. In particular, Stuart Macdonald has done exceptionally well in being chosen for the British Team.

However, in spite of the excellent sporting performances put up by pupils, academic work has not been neglected, and S.C.E. results were up to their usual high level. Statistics and Dress and Design were introduced into the curriculum for the first time last year.

We do not forget former members of staff, and we must all feel very proud of Dr Bain, our former rector, who was awarded the O.B.E. in the Honours List last New Year.

And so we go forward hopefully into the New Year, hoping that it will be as successful as the last one.

SCHOOL NOTES

A school team consisting of Fiona Ledingham, Iain Grant, Charles Ross and Michael Munro took part in a dry slope ski competition in Edinburgh in December. Fiona Ledingham had the fastest time in the Girls' Section.

× × ×

In the Cross-Country Championships at Elgin in March, the Grantown junior team took second place after Lossiemouth High School. The team members were G. Phillips, D. Irvine, G. Grant and I. Grant.

× × ×

A Parent-Teacher Association was formed in March and a committee was appointed to look into the problem of school uniform. The result was a new uniform of grey and Air Force blue with the old uniform being retained for special occasions.

× × ×

At the Badenoch and Strathspey Music Festival at Kingussie in April, Grantown had several successes. The Primary I-IV and the Primary Boys' choirs both came first. Ewen Cameron received a first for his violin solo. All in all, three firsts and two seconds were gained.

× × ×

The school was also well represented at the Provincial Mod at Aviemore. Janette Macdonald was awarded the cup in a competition open to former first prize-winners in the Junior Section. Other Grantown prize-winners were David McIntosh, who was placed third in the boys' solo singing (under 13), and Stanley Cooke, who came second equal in the same class and first in the former first prize-winners' class. The Junior Gaelic Choir was placed second for unison singing.

× × ×

Once again, over the May week-end, 25 pupils enjoyed three days of reasonably good weather at Glenmore. We thank Mrs Smith, Mrs Liggat and Mrs Grant for their cooking and Mr Smith, Mr Liggat, Mr I. Thomson and Miss Shackles for organisation and supervision.

× × ×

At the eighteenth meeting organised by the Badenoch and Strathspey Primary Sports Association, Grantown Grammar were clear winners of the Murray Cup. The outstanding athletes from Grantown were Maureen Duncan and Gregor Grant, who broke the record for the 220 yards.

At the school sports this year almost all the events were run over metric distances, and in the field events records were set up by David Keir, Susan Stothard, Charles Ross and Alister D. Macdonald.

× × ×

This year the school re-opened with the large intake of 52 infants. In Classes IV, V and VI there are 75 pupils.

× × ×

There have been several changes in staff. Mr C. Anderson has joined the French Department and Mrs Taylor the Domestic Science Department in the Secondary School, while Mrs Low has taken over Primary IV.

× × ×

At the beginning of this session, the Royal Navy Demonstration Team landed a helicopter in the school playing-field and gave a display of an air rescue. This was followed by a talk to Classes III, IV, V and VI.

× × ×

This year a Dramatic Society has been formed with Mrs Ross in charge of the Primary section and Mrs Liggat and Mr Donaldson presiding over the Junior and Senior sections in the Secondary School. It is hoped that three plays will be performed in December.

× × ×

We must congratulate Stuart Macdonald on being selected for the British ski team training for the World Championships.

× × ×

During Tennis Week Charles Ross and Elizabeth Terris both did very well, being runners-up in the junior singles matches and winning the junior mixed doubles.

× × ×

For the second year in succession the dux-ship was shared. It was awarded to Sarah Coueslant and Martin Riley.

× × ×

At the National Mod of An Comunn Gaidhealach at Aviemore Janette Macdonald won the Silver Medal in the girls' solo singing competition, while Malcolm Wallace was first in the piano section (13-16).

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

BOYS

School Captain—Allan Cameron.
 Vice-Captain—Michael Munro.
 Football Captain—Allan Cameron.
 Vice-Captain—Charles Ross.
 Athletics Captain—Stuart Macdonald.
 Vice-Captain—Sandy Smith.
 Ski-ing Captain—Stuart Macdonald.
 Vice-Captain—Martin Riley.
 Golf Captain—Allan Cameron.
 Vice-Captain—Iain Grant.
 Prefects—Allan Cameron, Michael Munro,
 Iain Brown, Colin Cruikshank, Ian Grant,
 Douglas Matheson, Alistair Praties, Mar-
 tin Riley, Charles Ross, Sandy Smith.

GIRLS

Head Girl—Sarah Coueslant.
 Deputy Head Girl—Susan Archibald.
 Hockey Captain—Sarah Coueslant.
 Vice-Captain—Susan Stothard.
 Athletics Captain—Fenella Miller.
 Vice-Captain—Sarah Coueslant.
 Ski-ing Captain—Susan Archibald.
 Vice-Captain—Fiona Ledingham.
 Prefects—Sarah Coueslant, Susan Archibald,
 Susan Cruikshank, Evelyn Fraser,
 Catriona Johnston, Catriona Matheson,
 Christine Matheson, Jane Macaulay,
 Isobel McKimmie, Fenella Miller.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

Girls

SARAH COUESLANT (Head Girl): She admits that there are two sides to every question—her own and the wrong side.
 SUSAN ARCHIBALD (Deputy Head Girl): She missed an invaluable opportunity to hold her tongue.
 FENELLA MILLER: I do not approve of anything which tampers with natural ignorance.
 CHRISTINE MATHESON: My own business always bores me to death—I prefer other people's.
 ISOBEL MCKIMMIE: My stomach serves me instead of a clock.
 CATRIONA MATHESON: She looked as if her clothes had been thrown on her with a pitchfork.
 EVELYN FRASER: I like criticism, but it must be my way.
 JANE MACAULAY: Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony, but organically, I am incapable of a tune.
 SUSAN CRUIKSHANK: Why is the word "tongue" feminine in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German and Spanish?

CATRIONA JOHNSTON: You look wise—
 pray correct that error.



Boys

ALLAN CAMERON (School Captain): If I repent of anything, it is very likely to be my good behaviour.
 MICHAEL MUNRO (Vice-captain): He liked to like people; therefore people liked him.
 MARTIN RILEY: What I have been taught, I have forgotten. What I know, I have guessed.
 DOUGLAS MATHESON: Why don't you get a haircut? You look like a chrysanthemum.
 SANDY SMITH: I like work; it fascinates me; I can sit and look at it for hours.
 IAIN BROWN: A lover of himself, without any rival.
 IAN GRANT: From the silence which prevails, I conclude that he has been making a joke.
 COLIN CRUIKSHANK: What's on your mind? —if you'll forgive the overstatement.

SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS — 1969

Class VI

Class VI pupils secured the following additional passes:—

- Mairi M. Fraser — Statistics, Higher Art, Higher Biology I and II, Higher Physics I and II.
 Maureen E. Gardner — English (Sixth Year Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies), German (Sixth Year Studies).
 Alistair W. Jack — Higher Mathematics, Biology.
 Simon G. Macaulay — English (Sixth Year Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies), German (Sixth Year Studies).
 Pamela M. Macdonald — French (Sixth Year Studies), German (Sixth Year Studies).
 Jennifer A. MacGregor — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Art, Higher Biology I and II.
 Margaret Macgregor — French (Sixth Year Studies), German (Sixth Year Studies).
 Hugh C. Mackintosh — Higher Science (Physics and Biology).
 Roderick J. Matheson — Statistics, Elementary Analysis, Geometry, Dynamics.
 Graeme A. Stuart — English (Sixth Year Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies), Latin.

Class V

- Susan J. Archibald — Higher English, History, Arithmetic, Higher French, Biology.
 Veronica E. Barth — Higher English, Higher Geography, Mathematics, Higher French, Higher German.
 Allan J. M. Cameron — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher Chemistry I and II.
 Dorothy J. Carse — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher French, Art.
 Hugh M. Clark — Higher Geography, Physics, Higher Metalwork.
 Sarah J. Coueslant — Higher English, Arithmetic, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher German.
 Ian H. Dunlop — Higher English, Higher History, Biology.
 John Gill — Higher Metalwork.
 Iain C. Grant — Higher English, Higher History, Physics, Technical Drawing.
 Stuart A. Macdonald — English, Higher Mathematics, Chemistry, Higher Engineering Drawing, Higher Physics I and II.
 A. J. Rachel MacRobert — English, Mathematics, Higher Home Management, Higher Dress and Design, Higher Biology I and II.
 Michael A. Munro — Geography, Physics, Higher Engineering Drawing.
 Ruairaidh A. C. Murray — Higher English, Higher History, Higher French, Biology.
 Ian L. Paterson — English, History, Technical Drawing.
 Martin J. Riley — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher German.

Class IV

- Iain C. I. Brown — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Technical Drawing.
 Colin C. Clark — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Technical Drawing.
 Peter C. Clark — Geography, Arithmetic, Chemistry, Physics, Technical Drawing.
 Evelyn A. Fraser — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Biology, Chemistry.
 Graham P. Grant — Metalwork, Technical Drawing.
 Michael A. Grant — English, Arithmetic.
 Pamela J. Grant — English, Arithmetic, Home Management.
 Patricia E. Grant — English, History, Arithmetic, French, Chemistry, Physics.
 Caroline R. Jamieson — English, Arithmetic, Biology.
 James A. Knox — Geography, Arithmetic, Woodwork.
 Fiona M. Ledingham — Geography, Arithmetic, Home Management, Dress and Design, Biology.
 Jane M. Macaulay — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, German.
 John M. C. MacBean — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics.
 E. Hazel McCulloch — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Home Management, Biology, Botany.
 Isobel McKimmie — English, Arithmetic, Dress and Design, Biology, Chemistry.
 Catriona A. Matheson — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Chemistry, Physics.
 Christine M. Matheson — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Biology, Chemistry.
 Douglas D. Matheson — English, History, Arithmetic, Latin, French, Chemistry, Physics.
 Fenella A. Miller — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, German.
 Lillias G. Munro — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French.
 Michael G. S. Mustard — English, Woodwork, Technical Drawing.
 Alistair S. Praties — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Biology.
 John A. Rennie — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Applied Mechanics, Technical Drawing.
 Charles S. Ross — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Biology.
 John B. Shivas — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Physics.
 Alexander J. G. Smith — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics.
 Susan E. Stothard — English, Home Management.
 Anne H. M. Stuart — English, History, Dress and Design, Biology.
 Donald G. Taylor — Physics, Metalwork, Technical Drawing.
 Malcolm W. Wallace — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German.
 J. Sybil Watt — English, Geography, French.

THE REBEL OF GLENLEE

When Birkie, the black-faced ewe, was a pet lamb, Robbie, the shepherd, and his wife had pampered her and pandered to her every juvenile whim. Then, when she grew up and was turned out with the rest of the flock on the hills of Glenlee, she discovered that she was, after all, regarded as nothing more than a common, undistinguished sheep. Thus she became stubborn and sullen, took an intense dislike to the shepherd and his collies. Nevertheless Birkie had an uncanny flair for finding the lushest grass, so the flock fell into the habit of following their bullying rebel.

But one day the adventurous Birkie led the flock through a swamp where fifteen of them were lost in the mud. Robbie stamped about in anger. "That infernal old hag is for the Perth sales next year for sure," he said to his wife. "I've had just enough o' her."

Just a week later the first heavy snows came and, unfortunately, Robbie went down with 'flu. Next evening his wife came in and remarked, "There'll be a richt blizzard to-night, I'm sure." Robbie slumped back on his pillow, his mind ranging away to the snow-filled heights of Glenlee. He groaned helplessly, "Lord help ma ewes."

Meanwhile Birkie, who, as usual, had wandered away from the flock, had got herself stuck on a rocky ledge. Just before dark the lean, hungry figure of a mountain fox appeared from behind. Birkie looked hard at the presumptuous hunter, then, slowly she lowered her head and charged. The fox shot from the ledge like a stone from a catapult and Birkie, in the fury of her charge, was unable to stop. Over the edge she went and landed in the soft snow, badly winded but unhurt. As the fox skulked off, Birkie rose and ploughed her way through the snow towards the shelter of a clump of pines. A pair of villainous-looking ravens, who had been viewing this tussle with waning enthusiasm, felt their interest revive. Suddenly the snow beneath Birkie collapsed and she dropped out of sight.

Immediately the ravens swooped down into

the attack and, with a harsh cry, they hurled themselves at her head. Struggling violently, she at last shook them off and lay there motionless. Night, it seemed, had fallen unusually suddenly—blacker than she had ever known before; and in her head she felt an unbearable pain. At last an understanding came: the ravens had blinded her, had destroyed her eyes.

For the first time in her life, the rebel felt afraid. An overwhelming sense of loneliness overcame her and the wind seemed to growl, "Go home, go home." Birkie knew that between her and home lay four miles of wintry desolation. At first she moved slowly and hunger and fatigue made her stop frequently. But always the howling wind and the driving snow urged her on again.

About midnight she blundered on the hungry and frozen flock huddled together under some trees. They, associating her with food, followed in her wake as she floundered on.

Robbie, recovering from his 'flu, sat at his window viewing the blizzard seething out of Glenlee. "Ye needna' think o' goin' to look for them," said his wife. "Naebody could live in that."

"Sheesh a minute," said Robbie. "What was that? Listen!" The sound was repeated—the unmistakable bleating of sheep. A minute later Robbie was staring at a dim, grey shape pushing through the snow. As the leader drew near, the shepherd gasped in bewilderment, then in an awe-stricken voice he whispered, "The auld devil's blind! An' she's brocht them a' hame. . . ."

Birkie had achieved her pet ambition. A pet lamb in her youth, she was a pet in her old age. Overcoming the great handicap of her blindness, she had led the flock home through the raging blizzard to safety. Moreover, Robbie swore a solemn vow that no butcher should ever take a knife to the "Rebel of Glenlee."

ELIZABETH M. STUART, Class III.

THE LOST SHOES

We are a pair of shoes. Our names are Twinkle and Clump. We are very similar, except for one of us being left and the other right. This story tells of an adventure we had one night at the cinema. We knew we were going out because we had been very carefully polished.

When we arrived at the cinema, it was very dark (no wonder—we were flat on the floor). We heard loud, booming noises, then laughter, so we guessed it was a comedy. Suddenly, everything became light, then a few minutes later, I had orange juice spilt over me, while Clump was covered in ice-cream. "This must be the interval," we thought.

Everything went dark again and the loud, booming noise started. We found ourselves

eased off our owner's feet. "She must have sore feet," we thought. The lights went on again. There was a lot of shuffling, then silence, and the lights went off. It was some time before we realised what had happened. We had been forgotten!

We explored for a while, clambering over the piles of sweetie papers. After some time we felt tired, and climbed onto a chair, and fell asleep. The next thing we knew was that we were being lifted off the seat and put on someone's feet. We heard our owner's voice saying, "Thank goodness I've found them!"

The motto of this story is, "Never leave your shoes at the cinema, or you will have to walk home in your stocking soles!"

JANE MARSHALL, Class 2, Section 1.

DIRTY OLD TOWN

"I heard a siren from the dock,
Saw a train set the night on fire,
Smelled the Spring on a smoky wind,
Dirty old town, dirty old town."

Black, soot-encrusted walls; derelict buildings; neglected and ravenous dogs scavenging for food in street gutters; filthy, slow-moving waters; sickly, pale-yellow lights shining through a dense mist of smoke; deserted, potholed side-streets; great metal monsters puffing noisily through the night with a train-load of unsuspecting passengers; small dock-shunters winding their way from quay to quay with a few dilapidated bricks; cumbersome, ocean-going ships, silhouetted against the bright lights of the harbour, awaiting replenishment from these trucks; and blowing through it all, a warm but polluted wind.

One can imagine the writer of this poem standing on the verandah of a house which has a commanding view of the whole scene. He probably sees rows of silvery rails running into the distance, bounded on one side by the docks and the sea, and on the other by tall, ugly buildings. On the docks a scene of busyness reigns—the dock-master going about his strenuous duties; dockers loading and unloading unending quantities of merchandise; little tugs fussing about in the harbour and large ships entering and leaving, at the same time sounding their sirens as if snorting their disapproval at these myriads of tugs. This is what happens throughout the duration of each night.

On the rows of silvery rails are countless numbers of wagons and carriages, while, not far away, on the outskirts of the station, are the engine-sheds where there are locomotives, great and small, awaiting morning, when their wheels and pistons will be awakened into movement with a mass of steam and smoke. Even at this hour of the night there are shunting engines tripping about the yard

and large engines hauling night-expresses, which come bursting out of the darkness as if emerging from a tunnel at top speed. They tear past, releasing steam and smoke, lighting up all around with the glow from their fire-boxes, and the thundering of their pounding wheels on the vibrating rails echoing against the mountains of factories.

On the streets is a scene of solitude, save for a couple of foraging dogs and a solitary figure making his way home. On and on he walks, sometimes being hidden from view by a block of buildings, through each side-street until he eventually reaches the railway tracks. Here he walks along a high wire fence until he comes upon a filthy, sooty footbridge by which he crosses the tracks, vanishing half-way across, in a cloud of smoke rising from a passing locomotive.

A layer of grey smoke sits over the town, refusing to yield to the light wind, but to the east there is a break in the smoke through which shines the golden beauty of the full moon. Its moonbeams dance in all the previously dark corners, transforming the scene into one more palatable to the eyes. But this beauty is transitory as the layer thickens once again, blotting out the moon-light.

One can feel the grip of winter slackening and a new kind of weather hitting the forehead. A feeling that Spring is on the way hangs in the air and in the form of blackened, half-opened buds on the few trees in the park.

From the docks the same hustle and bustle is seen and heard and in the railway yard the same screeching and wailing of wheels and brakes. The shunting locomotives, still not satisfied with their work, jolt wagons from track to track in an effort to complete the task allotted to them, before daylight—before another dawn in that "Dirty old town."

JOHN McBEAN, Class V.



THE HEDGEHOG

Being very interested in the habits of the hedgehog, I love to study it as often as is possible. On a clear, moonlight night, if I can get my parents to go out with me, I like to go to the nearest ditch and listen. After a while, if I'm lucky, I may hear a scuffling, snuffling noise under a hedge. I think he is the oddest looking animal to be found in the countryside. Instead of fur or wool, he has a coat of short, prickly spines, so sharp that you could cut yourself if you tried to pick him up or uncurl him when he has rolled himself into a ball. He does this to protect himself as he is a timid and inoffensive little animal. As he wanders along in the dusk, his spines lie flat against his back, but at the slightest sign of danger he rolls himself up tight with his nose, legs and tail hidden and his spines forming a coat of armour. The spines also act as a sort of cushion and he can roll down a hill or drop a considerable

height without hurting himself.

He sleeps all day and all winter, usually from November to May, and so eats tremendously in the autumn to make himself extra fat. Gardeners welcome him in the garden as he eats slugs, snails, beetles, frogs and insects. He is particularly fond of snakes and will attack an adder without fear and, grabbing it by the tail, he then rolls himself into a ball, while the snake tears itself to pieces by striking at his spines.

An old story goes that gypsies long ago considered baked hedgehog a great delicacy. They covered the body completely in a casing of clay, then pushed it into the red-hot embers of a fire. When the clay is removed, the hedgehog's spines came off with it and the flesh tastes like roast chicken. To me this doesn't sound like a great delicacy!

HELEN M. FRASER, Class IV.

THE STRANGE PETS!

About one year ago, before I came to live here, I went with my mother and father and sister, Laura, to stay in a caravan, outside Dulnain Bridge, near our friend's house. She told us of the two little owls which were lying at the bottom of a felled tree. Their mother had flown away in a fright, and she said that, as it was winter-time, they would be dead of the cold, but she said that if they were still alive she would be very pleased if our mother would let us take them home.

She said that she was going shopping, and she would take us to the place where they were, so Laura and I went to see them. There they were, lying under the tree screeching, so Laura and I picked them up and took them to the caravan.

When we got back, my mother looked at them, and said they were the loveliest things she had ever seen. We gave them some meat we had left over from our dinner, and we gave them milk as well.

The next day we went back home to Oban and Laura wrote a letter to "Blue Peter," asking what to feed them on. They then wrote back and said to feed them on raw liver wrapped

in fur, or feathers, and I had to feed them. Laura got a Blue Peter badge and they congratulated us both on the rearing.

ELEANOR MCGINLEY, Class 1, Section 2.

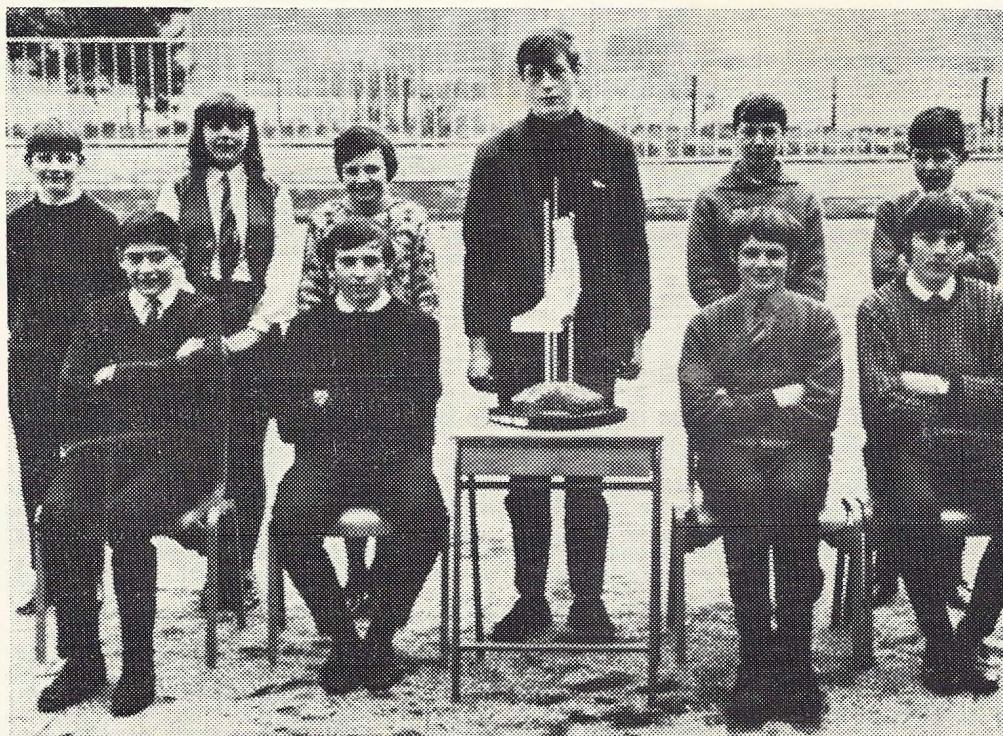
THREE WAYS TO HAVE A WAY-OUT PARTY

Christmas Time:—All the people invited arrive at the party by coming down the chimney (remember to light the fire), singing "Jingle Bells", and carrying their presents for the host.

Spot the Difference:—All the guests leave the room, except for the person who is IT. He, or she, then rips the wallpaper from the walls, glues the T.V. to the ceiling, and paints the window black. The guests then re-enter and try to spot the changes.

Pass the Parcel:—All the guests sit in a circle. . . When the music begins, they pass the black scorpion to each other—the winner gets to keep it.

SHIRLEY C. MORRISON, Class IV.



Members of the school team who retained the Boyd Anderson Ski Trophy, open to secondary schools in Moray and Nairn. Standing (l. to r.)—Douglas Carse, Elizabeth A. Stuart, Ann Ross, Graham Grant, Jane Riley, William Gill; seated—Ian Dun'op, Stuart Macdonald (individual champion for the third year running), Martin Riley, Hugh Clark.



The girls who represented the school in under-15 hockey matches. Standing (l. to r.)—M. Wallace, E. Johnstone, A. Strachan, H. Phillips, E. A. Stuart, E. M. Stuart; seated—A. Ross, M. Campbell, D. Matthew, J. Macdonald, W. Stewart.

A SPANISH VILLAGE

Our donkeys ambled up the steep, narrow path towards the sparkling white village in the hills. On either side of us the orange and lemon trees added to the brightness of the scenery. The smell of heat, dust, donkey and citrus fruit gave me a feeling of timelessness, while the intense heat beat upon our heads. I knew now why the guide wore a wide-brimmed hat. Running parallel to the path was a small stream which flowed on into the valley below. The guide stopped and asked us if we wanted a drink of water. As we were thirsty, this gesture was greatly appreciated. We mounted our donkeys again and continued along the dusty path.

As we approached the small village, I could hear dogs barking and children shouting. The village was spread out upon the side of a steep hill, with a wood on one side and the stream on the other. All the houses had been whitewashed. They had small, square windows and, as we passed by, dark faces appeared. Children and dogs were scattered about the cobbled streets. Outside the shops were displays of hats, large baskets, and rugs hung on the walls. All these rugs had intricate coloured patterns, all of which told a story of some kind. An old shopkeeper came out and invited us to look around. He was dressed in a dark suit, and on his head he wore a tight-fitting cap. He ordered a small boy, who came rushing out of a nearby house, to take our donkeys away. We went through a

low door into the dingy shop. There were huge brasses fixed on the wall. On a table in front of us were tiny rings, and an assortment of bracelets made of silver. On other tables stood beautiful baskets and leather purses. After some hard bargaining, I bought a small, delicate bracelet of thin, filigree silver. We thanked the smiling proprietor, and went out into the bright sunshine. We wandered round the streets, and up narrow steps towards a dark alleyway, leading to the sunshine. We stood on a balcony overlooking the valley. In the distance we could see the blue Mediterranean and some small ships on the horizon. On the other side we saw snow-covered peaks of distant mountains, and below us, the winding path up which we had come.

The sun was setting and it was getting cooler. Large ladies were calling their dirty children to come in and get washed. Weary men were climbing up the long hill back to their homes and families. They were tired after a hard day's work in the valley below. We descended the steps and found the guide, who had groomed and fed the donkeys in preparation for the homeward journey. The guide told us that we had better hurry as there was a curfew at one o'clock. As we went down the meandering path, we left the sleeping village to its peaceful way of life.

AMANDA COUESLANT, Class IV.

WORK IN A SUPERMARKET

Once I thought that work in a supermarket must be practically non-existent. The customers merely help themselves, so what is there for the assistants to do?

Now, having stocked and re-stocked endless shelves with goods which will vanish as rapidly as snow on midsummer-day; having weighed out innumerable pounds of tomatoes for customers, all of whom want nothing but the smallest, firmest, ripest ones; and having mopped up several smashed coffee-jars, new-laid eggs and bottles of strong-smelling disinfectant from the supermarket floor, I find that my opinion has changed.

This was my summer-holiday employment. On the first morning I arrived at the supermarket door, bright and early and full of enthusiasm for the tasks which lay ahead. Still cheerful, I walked in through the maze of tins of meat and fruit and milk puddings, packets of biscuits and butter and cigarettes, loaves of bread and jars of jam and that tropical jungle of grapes and cucumbers, that was the fruit stand.

First, I was sent to work at the till. The experienced assistants added up the bills in seconds, took the money, handed over the change and turned, smiling, to the next customer. Nothing to it—until I tried!

I could never discern the price of any article unless under the closest scrutiny and then would press the wrong buttons on the till and drop the goods on the floor, periodically glancing despairingly round at the ever-increasing queue which stretched to eternity (or at any rate to the other end of the shop).

In this way, I struggled on all morning, making terrible mistakes, and trying not to groan audibly when a laden trolley appeared before my gaze and not to lose my temper with the well-meaning customer who was delivering me a five-minute lecture on the benefits of China tea, while a long queue stood waiting, breathing murmurs of dissatisfaction and impatience.

In the afternoon, more empty boxes were required and I was sent to fetch them from the cellar at the far end of the shop. Heavily laden, I had to force my way through the bustling, jostling crowd. Just as I was nearing my destination, one box fell, but a kind, helpful lady bent to retrieve it. Crash! She had knocked over a pyramid of tins of salmon. Immediately all eyes, attracted by the sound, were turned accusingly on me.

After a few days I found myself, not surprisingly, moved away from the till to occupy a new position at the fruit and vegetable stand. Until now, this corner had seemed a pleasant grotto, among the green foliage of lettuces and cabbages, with ripe, golden bananas hanging down in bunches as from a palm tree.

However, by the time I had been reprimanded by scores of indignant customers for selling the lettuces at such an extortionate price; had been severely wounded by walking into a banana hook, hung by mistake on a low shelf; and had discovered an enormous white caterpillar on one of the cabbages, I realised the disadvantages of the fruit and vegetable stand.

Nevertheless, these articles were bought up so rapidly that I had no time to keep the shelves filled from the store in the cellar and, before very long, I found that they were empty but for two over-ripe Scotch and three under-ripe Dutch tomatoes, a small bunch of grapes, half a rather mouldy cucumber and a great box full to the brim of black, rotting carrots.

The seven weeks which passed were not long enough to convert me into an efficient shop assistant, and I feel sure that I was not the only one to breathe a sigh of relief when the time came for my return to school.

Work in a supermarket is not easy!

JANE MACAULAY, Class V.



BRUCE

Two years ago, we got our second sheep-dog, a liver and white Labrador cross Collie. He was already named by his previous owners, who called him "Bruce". He is a "don't-careish" type of animal, with green eyes and a pink and brown nose. Clearly, he was not born to be a sheep-dog, but a clown.

He showed his desire to do stupid things when he climbed his first tree. He jumped up after me one day when I was going up, because he did not want to be left behind. The tree was next to the garden wall onto which Bruce jumped, and from there he went up into the fork of the tree—quite an accomplishment for a dog!

We had two ponies for the winter, and Bruce enjoyed teasing them, but they had their revenge.

The dog ran behind the ponies, barking all the time. The ponies, naturally frightened, bolted away. Now, Bruce would grab a

swinging tail and lift all four feet off the ground, thus having a few moments' free ride. One dark night, however, Bruce came in, his mouth and paws covered with blood. He had been kicked and a few of his teeth had been chipped.

He was given eight Dispirins and some warm milk, and, of course, he recovered. He did not take a warning and still swings on ponies' tails if he gets the chance. He still has a twisted lip because of his escapade with Alex. and Martin.

Also, he can jump fences, find lost tennis balls, sit on tractor wheels and swing on tree branches.

All his achievements are done with an air of solemnity and complete absorption, even stealing the cats' "Paws".

He is a complete idiot, and we all hope he will never change.

EILIDH MURRAY, Class 2, Section 2.

LITTER

One of the biggest thorns in the flesh of any town or county council is litter. One's mind boggles when one thinks of the cost, the labour and the time which it takes to remove even a small piece of chewing-gum.

Apart from sticky American confectionery, there are innumerable different forms which litter can take. To a forestry worker, litter is broken bottles which can set a forest ablaze, if the sun's rays shine on to a fragment, then on to dry tinder. To a housewife, litter is toys, books and games. To a gardener, litter is weeds and leaves. To a school pupil, litter is the reason why he is not allowed into the cloakroom of the school.

Litter is probably the largest universal domestic problem although its size varies from country to country. In India, the largest piece of litter might be a dead elephant, while on a remote Scottish isle the largest untidy article could be a bottle which has floated from the mainland or from a larger island.

Fortunately, in Britain, the dustmen do not often have to deal with dead elephants, and one wonders if they would know what to do if they did have to. Wrecked vehicles are most likely the bulkiest litter to be found. If a car is driven off the road and down a bank, why is the driver not charged with depositing litter, as, in theory, he is throwing away something he does not intend picking up again immediately.

No local authority wants its surroundings cluttered up with paper bags, newspaper, beer cans, and so on, in an infinite list. The only solution, apart from prohibiting everyone from dwelling in the district, is to place litter bins on every lamp-post in the area.

Of course, every town has done this, but still the problem remains, so garbage cans are fixed on to every available pole or post. Soon the town becomes littered with litter-bins for holding litter. The result is a direct contradiction of the original intention. Instead of

gaining an effect of beauty, all that has been achieved is moral repulsiveness. The council pays out much money and all the litter remains. The percentage of litter may decrease, but only very slightly.

If you are doubtful of the fact that people do drop as much litter, then walk down your town's main street and see if you can find a brim-ful litter bin. I am sure you will agree that a full litter bin is something of a phenomenon.

On giving thought to the expenditure involved, one arrives at the conclusion that the total sum spent on garbage disposal is astronomical. Dustcarts and advertisements, wages and shovels, bill-posters and television commercials must all be paid for, and still the battle is not won.

The cause of this war is the human, the everyday, industrious citizen. He has a car, a nice house, a beautiful wife, and three of the best kids in the world. Not really the sort of person one would expect to be a law-breaker. But what about his picnic last Sunday? Out in the cool, fresh, country air he ate his pre-packed frozen meal, drank his canned beer, and played with the children until it was time to go home. Off he went, and left behind him cans, paper cups, bottles, banana skins, empty boxes, and even perhaps his tin-opener—imagine that stuck in your foot! And still we persist in calling them law-abiding.

There is really not much that can be done, although the arm of the law could stretch out a little further, a little more frequently, and with more force. A policeman is employed to prevent crime, and dropping litter is a crime. Yet very few people are prosecuted. If we have people employed to do a job, then why must we continue to pour money into it because of lack of competence of the employers?

DUNCAN GRANT, Class IV.



MY LITTLE BROTHER'S WORLD

My little brother Charles often imagines he is a great football player. He often imagines he is Billy Bremner—the minute his foot touches the ball he is in a world of his own.

"And now Bremner is trying to score. Will he manage?" yells the excited announcer. "He's done it! He's scored the winning goal for Scotland." The crowds rush onto the field and mob him. He's the hero of the match! In the dressing-room he's congratulated by everyone.

Again, it's Bremner playing for Scotland but this time in the World Cup finals.

"It was Bremner that got them through to the final. But will he manage to get them the World Cup?" says the announcer while the teams are waiting to come on the field. "And here they come," as they actually come onto the pitch. The crowd cheers and yells wildly with excitement. Bremner feels a

happy glow inside him as he hears the crowd shouting his name. "And now it's nearly half-time, with the score at 2-1. Scotland is trailing. What has happened to their great Bremner?" shouts the announcer. "Someone's injured! It's Bremner! Wait a minute. It looks as if he's badly injured! No! He's rising—he's O.K.!" Bremner rises, the ball comes towards him! Will he score? Yes, he's scored—he's drawn Scotland level.

Now, with just three minutes to go, the score is still 2-2. The ball heads for Bremner—he's going to score—he's done it! No-one can score now. Full-time. The whistle's blown! Bremner's won again! Again the crowd rushes onto the field to mob the Scottish team. Now they are going to receive the Cup!

"Charles! Come in for your tea at once!" yells his mother, as she shatters his dream.

HELEN ROSS, Class 2, Section 1.

THE BALLAD OF JOHN McNAB

Now Johnny was a fair po-ate,
But things had gone quite bad of late,
For he had given up his work
To seek the hand of Mary Burke.

Young Mary was the Preacher's daughter
And dearly loved the man who sought her.
But before she'd think of wedding Johnny,
He'd have to write and earn some money.

So Johnny sat down and began to compose
The greatest poem you'd ever suppose.
And for his theme he chose his lover
Who was, he wrote, just like his mother.

The poem was truly the best to date
And his fame reached the ears of the Potentate.
Who rewarded McNab with a large reward
And so his repute was again restored.

So McNab went rejoicing to his fair lay-dee
And again posed the question on bended knee.
But Mary had read Johnny's famous work
So she flatly refused him the hand of Miss Burke.

Poor Johnny went straight to the depths of
despair,
He gave up his poetry and shaved off his hair,
And left his hometown for a monastree
That from women for ever, his life would be free.

MORAL: So young wooers be careful, if you
have a lover,
Don't mention, not once, that she's just like
your MOTHER!

DOUGLAS MATHESON, Class V.

TRIBUTE TO BRIAN JONES

The day before, the grass was green,
Now it was coloured by an expectant crowd.
Eyes turned towards the focal point—
A wooden stage
Floating on a sea of faces.

The day before, the trees were bare,
Now they groaned under the weight of people
Watching and waiting for a tribute—
To a friend
Dedicated to pleasing others.

The day before, the air held silence,
Now at last a voice rang out and music played,
Joining the splendour of the sun—
Warming the hearts
Of the friend of the lost one.

The day before, the group relaxed,
Now they gave their gift of song and music
To their friend, his friends—
To all the world
Who had come to bid farewell.

The day before, no one knew,
Now they knew what their friend meant to
Mick,
To Charlie, Keith and Bill—
He meant Brian
A friend never to be considered dead.

ANN GUILD, Class IV.

MY JOURNEY AT SEA

We set off early in the morning as we had a long journey ahead of us. We were going to Kinlochbervie to see the fishing boats land their catch. It was a long journey from our hotel to the harbour, and it took about an hour and a half to get there. Suddenly, as we reached the top of a hill, there was the harbour.

When we got there, we had to wait until five o'clock before the boats came in. "There's one coming in now!" said my brother. "Let's go over and see it." When we reached the boat, the fishermen were already unloading some of the fish. We watched for some time, then a cry came to our ears, "You've got a familiar tongue. Do you come from Morayshire?" "Yes we do," answered my father. "So do we. Hop aboard."

Getting on to the boat was difficult as it rocked back and forth, but once on, there was nothing to be feared. Then the engines roared into life and the boat started moving. We were off!

The harbour at Kinlochbervie is built on each side of a peninsula. One side is used for landing the fish, and the other side is used for mooring the boats, so, after landing the fish, it was necessary to go round the peninsula to moor the boats, and this was the trip we were just making.

Once in the open sea, the boat was turned at right angles to the current, and rocked violently. This was very thrilling. Now we were on the other side of the peninsula. The boat increased speed, and we were soon in the other harbour.

Getting off the boat was not so easy either, as the boats were tied side by side. As we were last in, we had to walk across the decks of about six other boats. When we were again on dry land, we said good-bye to our friend "Rosebud II."

DAVID McINTOSH, Class 1, Section 1.

AN EXCITING VISIT

It was one bright afternoon that a bus arrived at school, to take us to a farm about one mile from Cromdale. The farm was Dalvey Dairy Farm, which supplies milk for shops in Grantown, Cromdale and the villages around.

First of all we saw the cattle go into the byre to get ready for milking. We then saw the pigs, the calves, and the shed for stacking corn and hay. Near the end of the day, we saw the cows being milked by the electric milking machines.

The most exciting part was when the manager took the Friesian bull into the yard. The bull is kept in a cell-like shed, with cement walls and iron gates. About a week after we visited the farm, we heard that the bull had to be put down because it had gone mad.

It will be a trip we will always remember, as we made a recording of everything we saw and did.

MARGARET MCGREGOR, Class 1, Section 1.

A DYING SPECIES

This is a time when more and more people are taking up fishing in general. And it is also a time when salmon-fishing is being beset with more serious problems than any it has faced in its history. Some of the problems, it is true, are as old as salmon-fishing itself, but it is only in recent years that they have grown to such an extent that they constitute a real menace.

The worst enemy of the salmon is man. No matter how difficult an existence salmon have while they are in the sea, the hardships they encounter there are unlikely to compare with the gauntlet the fish have to run when they enter our rivers. The problems are basically man-made ones — pollution, water abstraction, excessive netting, poaching—the salmon is merely the unwitting creature at the receiving end. That salmon stocks have dwindled away in certain of our waters is not surprising; that they have managed to hold their own in others is remarkable; that they are actually increasing in numbers in rivers affected by one or other of the above four evils, is nothing short of miraculous. But we cannot afford to be satisfied. The upsurge of drift netting in recent years was quickly seen as an alarming danger to stocks of migratory fish.

The red warning light was acknowledged and drift netting activity curbed. Just how much abuse the salmon can stand is open to question. There is no point in allowing depredations to go unchecked, then hoping to recoup the losses by stocking from hatcheries. Artificial hatcheries have been claimed to be an adequate replacement for natural spawning grounds, but at the present time, I cannot see them as anything more than a stop-gap. Only

a handful of adult salmon return, from thousands of fry, and the limited number of hatcheries in existence at the moment cannot produce the huge amount of eggs required to boost the salmon stocks of our rivers. Nevertheless it would be encouraging to see some further hatchery enterprises.

There is no doubt that a great deal more research into the salmon is required.

Good work is being done by scientists and biologists throughout the country, but they are hampered by lack of information. I think it is fair to say that we know more about space travel than we know about the salmon at the moment.

What is true of Scotland is undoubtedly true of other parts of Britain. More investigation—and then still more investigation—is urgently needed.

SANDY SMITH, Class V.

I stood on Caithness cliffs one day,
And looked across at Orkney;
And visions rose of Scapa Flow,
Of Dreadnought ships and Jellicoe;
I thought of that low, sheltered bay,
Filled with a fleet of yesterday;
Then, as the mist came creeping in,
I heard the whistles piping thin,
A'calling men to go to sea,
To meet their German enemy;
And through the mist of yesterday,
I saw that fleet of sombre grey;
I saw them sail in deadly ranks,
To destiny at Jutland's banks.

JOHN STRATHDEE, Class IV.



Members of the school team who won places in the Secondary Schools' Swimming Gala at Elgin. Back row (l. to r.)—A. Praties, M. Wood, A. Cameron, J. Gray, N. Reamsbottom, H. Harris, S. Smith, D. Grant. Centre—M. McCulloch, E. McMurray, Shona Grant, Sheila Grant, R. Cameron, D. Duncan, G. Rattray. Seated—A. Hendry, F. Ledingham, A. Taylor, H. McCulloch, S. Harris, A. Coueslant, A. Ross.

MY VISIT TO POLAND

On visiting Poland I was able to see for myself how destitute and war-ridden Poland really was. Gdynia, for example, was not half as attractive as Copenhagen. Instead, the appearance of Gdynia was derelict and the standard of living very low. Even the dress of the people was dull and uninteresting, using mostly sombre shades of greys, browns and blacks. Could this poor standard of living be due to "the many wars" in which Poland was forced to take part? Surely this is so. Poland, in the past two hundred years, has been over-run by France, Russia, Germany and Austria, all of whom have left their indelible mark on the face of this stricken land.

The approach to Gdynia was unprepossessing but not so the wonderful Olina Chapel, situated in the centre of this ancient seaport. This chapel, with the magnificent twenty-five organs and ornately carved angels superimposed upon the fabric of the church, left the beholder speechless with awe and wonder, especially so on observing the movement of the trumpets on the sound of music. They moved to and from the lips of the heavenly host as the volume echoed and re-echoed through the aisles and transepts of the ancient cathedral.

Perhaps the cathedral is in a way typical of the people. They are musical, artistic and staunchly Roman Catholic and, despite poverty and endless hardships, they never succumb but struggle to rebuild and repair, continuing to praise and glorify God.

MAUREEN MACMURRAY, Class IV.

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IMPLICATIONS OF THE FIRST MOON LANDING

The recent American landing on the moon was, without doubt, one of the greatest moments in man's history. Man has proved himself able to reach, and survive on another world. While we must admire the tremendous skill and technological ability which made this feat possible, we must also ask ourselves some very important questions.

We must decide if man has overcome the difficulties he faces on earth. The problems of over-populated and underfed countries would seem to be more pressing than those of space travel. Surely man must put his own house in order before he seeks to reach other worlds. It would make more sense if man were to unite in an effort to settle his differences and help the under-developed peoples of his world. Such a unity would mean that man could start his exploration of space as one complete race, rather than two politically divided groups. To succeed in a venture so great will take the whole of man's combined knowledge and resources.

Some say that the exploration of the planets will solve the problems of food shortage and overcrowding. If, however, rapid advances are not made in the near future, this solution will be far too late in coming. There have been signs of co-operation between the powers but these have only been tentative agreements. Much more will be needed before we can say that it is the whole of mankind which is making the bid for the stars. That would indeed be "a great step for mankind."

There is the consolation, however, that we have faced the challenge all intelligent races must face sooner or later. We have escaped from earth, our cradle. This is a double challenge, for it depends in turn upon the conquest of atomic energy and the final choice between life and death.

I think we have passed that crisis, even though it has been in an unconvincing way. But let us turn to the more immediate problems of our home planet, while we still feel proud that we have at last started to fulfil our destiny.

IAIN BROWN, Class V.

THE SEA

Down by the sea, by the deep blue sea,
There's a big, long, sandy beach,
With donkeys to ride,
And ships on the tide,
And plenty of fish to eat.

Down by the sea, by the deep blue sea,
There are rocks to climb, on the shore,
And caves which are dark,
And dogs which bark,
As the waves roll in and roar.

Down by the sea, by the deep blue sea,
I love to spend all day,
With thoughts of my own,
I ponder alone,
While the ships sail far away.

SHONAGH GEORGE, Class 2, Section 2.

THE LAST PUTT

The atmosphere was tremendous, almost frightening, as I walked on to the last green which was surrounded by a huge crowd. The green grass shone in the sunlight, that very warm, still, summer's evening. It was a huge green and my little ball, which seemed even smaller than usual, lay on the back of the green, about twelve feet from the hole.

Automatically, I took my putter from my caddy and thrust my golfing glove into a hip pocket. I made my way towards the back of the green and to my ball, which seemed to be waiting for me. The silence was nerve-racking and I could feel every heart-beat pounding against my chest. I was sure that everyone around the eighteenth hole could hear it.

Crouching down behind my ball to line it up, I found that it was impossible to concentrate on this putt which just had to fall. My big chance had come and, if this one went in, I would win the Open.

It seemed an awfully long way to that metal can stuck in the ground. I was lying face down on the grass, and each blade seemed magnified out of all proportion. How could the ball possibly remain in a straight line going over all these huge strands? I forced myself to look at the line, and I found that there was absolutely no borrow in it and that all I had to do was to hit the ball straight up to the hole.

I was conscious all the time that every eye around that green was on me, and I was determined that this putt should drop. I tried my utmost to play this stroke as I had every putt up till then but it was just impossible. This one was different, so much more important. I stood up to address my ball, and my

legs almost gave way under me. I had never been as nervous as this before, and the noise of the silence was making things much worse.

I stood by my ball and had a couple of practice swings. I looked down at the ball, which was glowing white with the reflection of the sun. The dimples stood out as craters on the moon, and again my mind began to wander. I closed my eyes to take myself back to reality and moved forward to play the most important stroke of my life.

I was remembering that my line had to be dead straight, so I lined the ball directly on the back of the hole. I stood looking down at the ball with the putter head lying behind it on the line of the can. I swung the putter back and struck the ball gently. I couldn't bear to watch it as it made its way holeward.

I knew I'd struck it well, and it was on line. "Was it too hard? Too soft?" The thoughts raced through my head as the ball trundled onward. The little white sphere approached the hole dead on line and stopped an inch short of the hole—I'd missed it.

MICHAEL A. MUNRO, Class VI.

A SCOTTISH EXAMPLE TO MANKIND

One of our Scottish scientists in the seventeenth century set a great example to mankind which is little known today. The Rev. John Gregory, who lived in Aberdeen, made a great invention which would have enormously increased the destructive power of artillery. Exactly what this was we do not know. He had a model made of his invention. The model-maker, an Aberdeen clockmaker, was given the plans of all the parts, but the assembly plan, and the purpose behind the model were withheld from him. When the inventor had assembled the model, he was completely satisfied with the results of the experiments which he had carried out with it and was so confident that it would give victory to Britain, in her war against France in Flanders, that he made preparations to go there with his invention. However, he felt some qualms about using it and sent the model to his son, David Gregory—then Professor of Astronomy at Oxford—asking him for his own, and Sir Isaac Newton's, opinion of it. His son, concealing the inventor's identity, showed it to Newton, who was so appalled at the destructive powers of this new weapon, that he begged David to destroy the model and advise the inventor to keep secret his invention. Newton recognised that although this weapon might bring immediate victory to Britain and great honour to its inventor, other countries could soon copy it with the consequence of great human slaughter. Newton's advice must have been taken to heart, for nothing further was heard of the model or of the invention. Many scientists and inventors since Newton's days must have wrung their hands in despair because they lacked the humanity of the Gregories and Newton.

CHRISTINE MATHESON, Class V.

THE WORLD

Even if you live in a small, quiet, peaceful village, you cannot get away from the fact that this world is full of cruelty. You just need to look around, right now, and you are bound to see someone even standing on a harmless spider, or fly. You may say that is not being cruel, sometimes it is impossible to avoid, but when it comes to killing and standing on your fellow-men, I am sure you will agree something is wrong somewhere.

You do not need to go to Vietnam to see killing or murder. It is happening in this country today, at this very minute. A football match is a good example of this. A group of men, celebrating or drowning their sorrows, get drunk no doubt. They start waving empty, broken bottles about, until someone gets them in the face or in the back. This is an example of cruelty when under the influence of drink. There are, of course, the people in this country whose job it is to make bacteria, for germ warfare. To my mind, this is wrong.

Russia with the press of a button can destroy the world. It would be a good idea, I think sometimes, not to destroy the world, but, like the great flood in the Bible, to wipe out all evil, because, when you think of it, when is it going to end?

JANIE McBEATH, Class IV.



Junior football team. Standing (l. to r.)—G. Grant, G. Reid, A. Shand, D. Keir, J. Fraser, R. McLeod, J. Cruickshank, N. Stewart. Seated—G. Taylor, G. Clark, R. Milne (captain), A. MacDonald, D. Irvine.

A TRAIN JOURNEY

The cold, icy wind whistled down the platform at Aviemore station, which, I think, must be the coldest in Britain. I was almost frozen solid waiting for the train to arrive. I asked a porter when the train would arrive, and he told me that it was only twelve miles away. Ten minutes later the train pulled in.

My elder brother, Tony, and I got on board and found some empty seats. We sat down and in a short time we were off. Tony started to read a book, but I had forgotten to take anything to read, so I had to amuse myself by looking at the countryside which was flashing past. We were in the middle of nowhere, when the train suddenly screeched to a halt.

The cause of the stop was soon made clear—sheep were on the line. It took ten minutes to get rid of the flock, but eventually we resumed our journey. It was when we were under way that we noticed the heating system was broken. The driver stopped the train, and went to trace the fault to see if he could repair it. Finally, he decided he did not have the right tools for the job, and that it would have to be repaired at Perth. Therefore we started on our way again to Perth.

If we could have bought hot tea or coffee, that might have warmed us up, but the fault had also put all the train's cooking facilities out of action. When we arrived at Perth, we were all told that there would be a delay of

an hour, so we had to wait. Finally, an hour and a quarter later, we were told that the fault had been rectified, and we started the last lap of our journey.

I, personally, thought that the fault had been mended a little too efficiently, as, after a few miles, most people were roasting. However, the train sped on its way and at eleven thirteen p.m. we pulled into Waverley Station after the worst journey I have ever had.

ADRIAN COOKE, Class III.

A NIGHT VISIT

The wind whistles through the trees, while the crescent moon dances and floats in the dark velvet sky. Far in the distance, a clock sounds—ten - eleven - twelve o'clock. The barn door creaks and a downstairs window rattles. Silently, a dark, streamlined shape creeps stealthily into the kitchen. Gliding across the floor, it comes to the glowing embers of the previous day's fire, where it pauses to warm itself. Without glancing left or right, it ascends the stairs. It slides through an open door as silently as any ghost could. Now it utters a single sound—a soft purr of satisfaction.

My Persian cat is paying me a night visit.

HARRY HARRIS, Class 2, Section 1.

A DISGUISE

It all started when I went into a theatrical costume shop in Aberdeen. This shop had every conceivable form of outfit from a mouse's to an emperor's. My aunt had given me five pounds to hire a costume for the school play—we had to provide our own costumes. It was to be a Knight of the Round Table, so I was provided with a clanking, aluminium, Bastille-like structure, with hundreds of buckles and different bits, known as a suit of armour.

I decided to enjoy myself with this weird garb before I had to hand it back, the school play not counting as enjoyment. The first thing I did when we all got home from our little outing to the metropolis was to put on my armour, then I informed my mother that I was going out for a walk. Surprisingly she raised no objections. Perhaps she did not hear my armour. So I went out for a walk....

It is really amazing what happens when a knight in shining armour clanks his way through the High Street of Grantown. Everyone looked nervously over their shoulder as I, in my Sherman tank, came thundering down upon them. It is even more amazing when you go into a certain shop and, in a moment of elation, say, "Prithee, fair damsel, hast thou a copy of ye Beano?" just like one of the characters therein. It is yet more amazing what a noise one makes when forcibly ejected onto a road surface, clad in aluminium. (It was perhaps just as well that I was

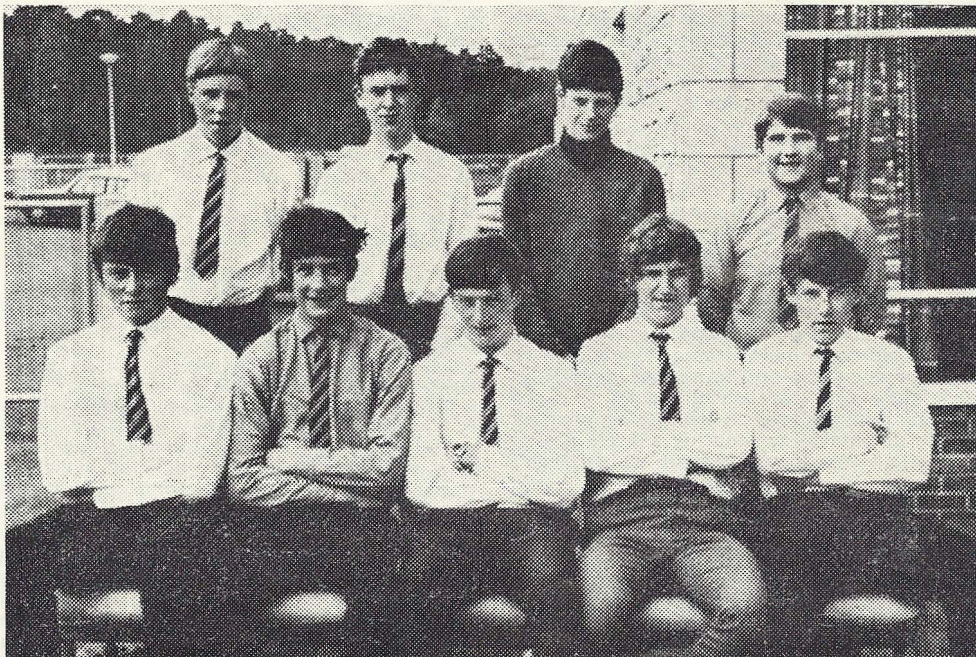
thrown out, because I didn't have any pockets to keep money in anyway, so I couldn't have paid, which, I suppose, could have caused an interesting conversation between irate shopkeeper and fourteenth-century knight.)

Luckily, just as I was feeling rather depressed, I met one of my school friends lounging about as usual and we went into the café and had a bottle of lemonade each. He paid. Holes in the visors of armour must have been made for straws to be poked through in order to imbibe lemonade. I had needed a drink as I was feeling rather thirsty, cooped up in my new suit, which reflected my body heat.

It was beginning to get dark now, so I set off to plod home again, but not until I had had some fun, so I walked home along as many dark short cuts as I could find, frightening pussies and old ladies out of their skins, making them think they were going mad or having hallucinations. It just wasn't possible that a knight in full dress uniform could be walking past their windows.

The school play was a roaring success as you may have guessed with me in it. It really pained me to give my marvellous suit back to the shop but often it comes and haunts countless pussies and old ladies in their sleep.

DUNCAN McGARVA, Class III.



Grammar School golf team: Standing (l. to r.)—Donnie Taylor, Ewan Cameron, John MacBean, Stewart Grant; seated—Michael Munro, Ian Grant, Allan Cameron (capt.), Colin Clark, John Gill.

At the beginning of this session I returned to school to further my studies, and also to deepen the depression of several members of staff, who shall remain nameless. Those to whom I refer may, however, be recognised by their baleful, long-suffering countenances.

Full of anticipation, I entered the door, which swung shut behind me, ensnaring my foot—this was a most painful experience! I extricated myself from this predicament, wondering what had caused the unexpected closure of the door. Finally, I concluded that the presence, behind the litter bin, of three giggling juniors was in some way connected with the incident. I restrained my desire to execute what I considered just punishment, and proceeded, suffering still, to the prefects' cloakroom.

Here, all my old acquaintances were gathered, discussing noisily all the trivial affairs which young ladies are wont to talk about. The silence which greeted my arrival was soon broken by a chorus of "Oh no!" and I believe one or two actually swooned. I disregarded this unenthusiastic reception and struck up a conversation with the one girl whom I knew to be my friend.

She was very depressed, as she had been crossed in love during the first week of the holiday—the local butcher's boy had spoken to her best friend—and she had spent the past seven weeks bemoaning her solitary state, grieving for her lost love, and indulging in long, solitary walks! Exactly what the butcher's boy did say to her friend I never did discover.

At this point the bell rang for prayers, and we all trooped to the hall, cheerful in the hope that all the teachers might have resigned, or that the G.T.C. might have raised its fee to an astronomically high figure. Our optimism was soon shattered, however, and it was with inexpressible dismay that we viewed the twenty hard, unsmiling faces of our mentors.

We could almost see the ideas forming in their minds as they viewed us with horror—only rivalled by our own—and contemplated new and ghastly torments. With each new arrival to the hall their features twisted into progressively more worried expressions until finally one of them had to be escorted from the hall, writhing, clutching his stomach, and groaning, "Save me! Save me! She's back again!" So it is reported, at least.

Prayers over, we wended our way through corridors, up stairs, and in and out of class-rooms, till, fifteen minutes late, we reached our destination on the ground floor, where we were met with stony stares from our class teacher. When he considered that he had bored us for a sufficiently long period of time with his silence, he proceeded to delight us with his verbosity in explaining our timetables for the session. We closed our ears to this oratory, showing signs of life only when we could think of questions which would irritate him!

Eventually, we were released from his clutches, and we went our respective ways. I dawdled along to the Latin room, running the last few yards, as a gesture of enthusiasm, I was presented with a heap of grammar books and jotters, and told to take down the note on Consecutive clauses, which was on the board. "Then we'll get down to real work," he said, grinning sadistically as is the custom of all teachers when they have a helpless pupil in their clutches.

I bent my head and my hair swung in front of my face. Looking through the strands at the teacher, who was sitting chuckling silently, I felt a twinge of compassion for all teachers. They all go the same way, driven to desperation by years of unruly pupils—poor creatures!

I began my Latin, laughing a little myself.

FENELLA MILLER, Class V.

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SCHOOL THOUGHTS

At the end of term the school cloakroom was filled with the voices of happy children saying cheerio to one another. For eight weeks the school would stand there, bare and empty-looking. The cloakroom floor would be clean for once and not be strewn with litter. For eight weeks the school would not echo with the prefects' voices telling the younger girls to go outside or shouting "Single file up the stairs!" The usual hubbub of children's voices would no longer be heard. All would be quiet.

But the children were very happy except, that is, for a few senior girls who were now crying, leaving behind them their happy schooldays. There were some leavers who were overjoyed at the thought of leaving school, who now had to face the outside world and earn a living. No more homework, no more books to cover, no more boring periods of whatever subject they did not like to sit through, they sometimes said. At a time like

this, the "lucky" ones would be hauled into the cloakroom where they would be "ducked", much to the enjoyment of everyone but the unfortunate victim.

Many children would come out of school to start their holiday jobs in shops, hotels, cafés, and in the later months many would go to the beating. But all too soon the holidays would come to an end. Mothers would soon start buying school clothes and the beginners would come to school — some with mixed feelings.

Meeting new people and seeing old friends is the enjoyment of the first day back at school. Writing out timetables and covering books is now in the past. Pupils have now settled down to the routine of class work. For many this will be the year of their O-levels or Highers. Some, however, are already thinking of the Christmas holidays.

RITA MURRAY, Class IV.

DOWN AND UNDER

I was about to take on a task which I have never performed before, that is, dipping sheep.

I was dressed in an unfashionable manner in an oilskin which was double the size I was and a pair of leggings which covered my feet and handicapped me from moving around. I wore this protective clothing because, if the dip splashed onto my skin, I would be burned and that is not a laughing matter.

The sheep were gathered together and they were thrown in one by one. I raised the stick for putting the sheep down and under the dip. It was a very hard job to put some of those ewes under. I don't know who suffered more, the sheep or myself. When the sheep were thrown into the dip, there was a tremendous splash. . . . I was absolutely drenched!

Some sheep were very stubborn about going in the right direction. The shepherd was very quick at throwing the sheep in, but they were piling up, some wanting to go one way, and others another way. What a jam-up! I heaved, pushed, and pulled at the sheep, and, eventually, after a great struggle, they were freed.

Then the last sheep, a big Cheviot ewe, was thrown in. I placed the stick on the back of its neck, and pushed with all my remaining strength, but my arms felt like lead, so I let the sheep off with just a swim. Well, what is wrong with letting one sheep out of five hundred off without a proper dip?

GREGOR ALLAN, Class III.

A HAIR RAISER

My job started at nine a.m. The first task to be done was the filling of the numerous empty bottles. So I then waited sleepily—after all it was only nine o'clock—for my first victim. Within a few minutes, number one had arrived. After wrapping her up carefully, the first stage was started. This had to be done with great care in order to prevent total immersion. If this stage was completed without mishap, after a thorough rub, number one would proceed to the next stage.

Although I did not take charge of this stage, my assistance was still indispensable. Next number one passed on to the third stage, which was, in my opinion, the most painful, as it includes baking for at least half an hour. After this, she would emerge (we hoped) with a lobster-like appearance, for the completion of the operation.

This final process did not require my assistance, so I awaited the arrival of number two, whereupon the whole process was repeated, with the same care and attention.

You will no doubt have guessed by now my job—an assistant hairdresser. I believe that business is now improving greatly since I have returned to school. Please note, I will still be there on Saturdays should anyone be willing to take a risk, but we regret to say that we do not award compensation for scalding.

SUSAN ARCHIBALD, Class VI.

THE DAY I MET CELTIC

It was a cool and misty July morning, when our bus drove up to a big, red, brick building. As we came out of the bus, the cool air came rushing in on us. We were standing by the players' entrance at Parkhead. First we saw a gold-coloured Jaguar coming up and out stepped Jimmy Johnstone. Everybody made a mad rush at him to get his picture and autograph, then the rest of the players came, and, finally, Jock Stein arrived.

After the players had gone in, we all gathered and went inside to see the ground. Everyone was tensed-up, as the players came out. We watched them train very hard; they were going over high stiles. Most of us gasped when the smaller players leaped them.

After two hours' hard training, they came off the field and we went down to meet them. We spoke to one who got up at seven o'clock and went for a run, trained in the morning, and played golf in the afternoon.

Afterwards, having met the players, we went through into the showroom. Sitting in the middle was the European Cup, and beside it was the Scottish Cup, League Cup, and the Glasgow Cup. Then Jock Stein gave us lemonade and ice cream before we journeyed home.

DAVID KEIR, Class III.

THE NECKLACE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Before Mary, Queen of Scots, was executed in 1587 she gave much of her jewellery to friends but over the years its whereabouts became a mystery.

One day in 1911, while cycling in Scotland, a London lady accidentally broke the chain attached to her spectacles. Little did she know that this incident would indirectly lead her to a great discovery and a fortune.

She cycled to a nearby village and entered a small shop where she hoped to find something to replace the broken chain. She remembered having seen beads and similar articles in the shop window.

However, she found nothing suitable and was about to leave, when the old assistant held out a necklace of dark-looking beads. The lady was intrigued by the curious workmanship of the clasp and she bought them for twelve shillings and sixpence.

Back in London, she had almost forgotten her purchase in the Scottish village, when a friend expressed admiration for the "beads". Then a dealer in antiques showed great interest in them, asking her where she had acquired them.

Urged to make further inquiries, she eventually took the beads to a recognised expert on antiques and ancient jewellery. A brief examination was enough. "This, madam," he explained, "is the string of black pearls worn by Mary, Queen of Scots, on the day of her execution! I am prepared to offer you sixteen thousand pounds for them!" The lady accepted the offer, and generously posted a cheque for a thousand pounds to the old lady in the shop up in Scotland.

WENDY WATT, Class III.

A VISIT TO ABERDEEN AIRPORT

One afternoon during our stay in Aberdeen last year my sister and I were invited to go with our aunt to meet our uncle at the airport. My uncle is a clerk with B.E.A. and was on the return flight from Kirkwall in Orkney.

When we arrived at the airport, we were just in time to see some passengers boarding the plane which was bound for Glasgow. The mechanics made some last-minute repairs. The steps up to the plane were removed and the great propellers began to turn as the plane moved slowly down the runway. The noise was tremendous as it gathered speed and gradually lessened as it took off. We watched it disappear over the horizon, a tiny speck in the blue sky.

The plane from Kirkwall was due to arrive next, and, after standing for a quarter of an hour, we heard the faint hum of the engines. As it drew nearer, I prepared myself for the noise. However, it did not seem so bad the second time and I stood and watched the passengers come out. One steward came out carrying a baby in a carry-cot. It was handed to a nurse, who took it to an ambulance waiting at the gate. My uncle told me later that the baby had an enlarged heart and was being taken to the Sick Children's Hospital in Aberdeen.

My uncle left the plane with another man. We were introduced to the latter and learned he was the Flight Captain. He then asked us if we would like to go inside the plane. We first went right through the plane to the cockpit. The front part was covered with dials of all different sizes. These, we were told, were for checking the fuel, speed and distance. After visiting the galley and thanking the captain for showing us the plane, we went home to tell our grandmother about it.

ALISON HENDRY, Class I, Section 1.

WORK DURING THE HOLIDAYS

This year, I decided to save money rather than spend it during the summer holidays. So I took a holiday job.

I was to work in the Spey Café with three other girls of about my own age.

On my first day, I felt very nervous but everybody was very nice to me, and I soon settled into the routine. Every day we had to wash and dry mountains of dishes, butter six or seven loaves of bread to make sandwiches with, serve customers, set trays, sweep the floor and many other little jobs. What a relief it was to get off our feet for even a short time because we were so busy. But, for all that, it was great fun and we reaped many benefits from it—one being a heavier purse!

This job brings you in contact with many people, bad and good. You learn that you can get a smile from even the grumpiest-looking person if you just give them a smile yourself. But, on the other hand, some very nice-looking people complain about almost nothing. This made some of us feel angry at times, but, of course, it would not have been very mannerly to show this in front of other customers.

As the summer holidays gradually came to a close, the shop became less busy and we did not have such aching feet at the end of the day. Nowadays, we are hardly ever busy, except for short rushes at lunch-time and tea-time.

Now all the girls who worked at the café with me have gone home and I am all that is left of our little group. But next year I hope we will all be back at the café again because it was well worth the sore feet to have such a wonderful experience.

ELLEN GRANT, Class III.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DENTIST

I am a dentist. We dentists are thought to be professional sadists. This is not true, although we do have the peculiarity of having the hardest hands in existence. Our eagerness may be partly due, though, to the fact that we are paid eleven shillings for every tooth we remove, no matter how much pain or how many shattered teeth we manage to cause. To illustrate my hard life; hated by many, loved by few, I will tell you what happened in my surgery today. Though all teeth are much the same, I have many different kinds of patients.

The first patient was a schoolboy, the type who belligerently asks his teacher to let him out in the middle of the lesson. He then slowly puts all his books into his bag and walks out of the room, grinning smugly at all the other pupils. I made sure his grin would never be the same again!

The next patient was a dental hypochondriac. He was just a conventional hypochondriac who had been put off doctors at an early age by his mother. (If you don't drink your lovely milk, Tommy, I'll call the doctor to come and stick a Big Needle in you.) I needlessly took out one of his teeth. This would keep him happy until I was hard-pressed for another eleven bob.

My third patient was the boring type of person who comes every six months regularly for a check-up. Though these people take great care of their teeth, they seldom have

better teeth than anyone else. I put in a filling and she went away quite happily under the complacent illusion that her pampered teeth were eternal.

Patient number four was a coward—I kept him in the waiting-room as long as possible and watched him squirm. I especially enjoy worrying cowards. I then led him through to the hungry arms of my chair and started clanking heavy instruments around behind his back, casually mentioning the time when I had, by accident, taken all of someone's teeth out in one go. By this time sweat was pouring off him and, as I cannot really stand the sight of people suffering, I gave him gas before he had a routine check-up.

My fifth patient, and the last in the morning, was a man who had had toothache all night and had been waiting in patient agony to have the awful pain removed. Being rather bored, I pulled the offending tooth out with a sudden jerk and nothing to remove the pain. He went away as quickly as possible and I suppose he changed his dentist. I felt sorry for him as he was actually quite nice enough.

My afternoon went on much the same as the morning as I waded through what seemed an endless sea of bad breath and dirty molars. Probably the only factor that keeps me working as a dentist is that I am a professional masochist as well as a professional sadist.

JAMES COUESLANT, Class III.



Some of the Primary 1 infants in their class library.

PRIMARY MAGAZINE

MY CAT

I have a cat who is called Nimrod. He is coal black and has yellow eyes but he just won't go out in the daytime unless someone else is out too. He spends all his time sniffing and chewing the flowers. You see he is very fond of flowers. He likes them so much that he sits and sniffs and chews at the petals. He just loves to sit on the settee and watch the birds out of the window at our bird box. When he sees a rook or a crow, he meows at them. He eats our dog's food, "Jock" and "Winalot", as well as "Whiskas" and "Kit-e-kat". He has a board with a carpet tacked to it to sharpen his claws on but he hardly ever uses it. He plays all day long with my dog Bess, who invites him to play by rolling on the ground beside him. Both of them are on time when it comes to grub!

ARCHIE LIGGAT, Pr. VII.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Riddle-de diddle-de dido,
My little dog's name is Fido.
I bought him a dragon
And hitched up a wagon
And off we went for a ride-oh!
Riddle-de diddle-de pinkie,
My little pig's name is Winkie.
I washed him quite clean
In the washing machine
And rinsed him right off in the sinkie!

JANE MORRIS, Pr. VI.

AUTUMN WONDER

Leaves are falling to the ground,
Wind whirling round and round,
Yellow, brown and green leaves are seen.
What is this sign? What could it mean?
On the ground they lie so still
Until the wind blows them up a hill.
Is this a warning or is it a wish
That these poor leaves are blown in a swish?

CATRIONA JANE MACDONALD, Pr. VI.

WHAT WILL I BE?

Will I be a sailor and sail the Seven Seas?
Will I be a soldier and fight the foreign foe?
Will I be a pilot, high in the sky?
Will I be a diver and dive into the sea?
Well, I think I'll just be me!

STEPHEN WALKER, Pr. VI.

THE HIBERNATING ANIMALS

In the autumn some animals are busy collecting food for the winter. The squirrels collect hazel nuts and store them in different places for the winter. The tortoise rolls himself in a pile of leaves and goes to sleep. The spikes help the hedgehog, who rolls over and over with the leaves attaching to the spikes. The bee relies on the honey to help him survive through the winter.

JAMES GORDON, Pr. V.

A VISIT TO LONDON

When I was in London I saw the life Guards and I was on 5 trains and we went to buckingham palaces and we saw the Guards and we saw the houses-of-Parliament and I cut my finger with a pen-knife and I fed the pigeons in trafilgar square and I was taking to the Hospital to get my finger stish.

MICHAEL FERGUSON, Pr. III.

AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT

One day my budgie Jockie was playing on his swing, when he jumped onto the perch above the water holder and looked into it. Then the swing swung back and knocked him headfirst into his water dish. We all laughed but Jockie.

WALTER JONES, Pr. VI.

LITTLE RAYMOND

Long, long ago there lived a little boy called Raymond. It was Christmas Eve and Raymond had a good idea. He was going to cut a hole in his stocking and Santa would keep stuffing toys in his stocking. So Raymond cut a hole in his stocking and went to bed. In the morning Raymond looked in his stocking. There was nothing there but a little parcel and a letter. He gave the letter to his mother to read and this is what it said,

"Dear Raymond,

There was a hole in your stocking, so here is a pair for you to hang up next year.

Your friend Santa."

COLIN GRAY, Pr. VI.

A HORSE

You cannot ride a sea horse,
No matter how you wish,
As he is not a horse at all
He's just a little fish.

MAUREEN DUNCAN, Pr. VII.

SOMEONE

I know someone who knits, knits, knits,
For me and my family of course,
She knits all day while we're away.
She sings all day and dances away.
Of course it's Granny!

LINDA H. MORREN, Pr. VI.

SPRING TIME

Spring-time gay is here at last,
So we forget about the past.
Little lambs with eyes that gleam
Skip beside the gurgling stream.
As we walk, beside our feet
Grow tiny yellow primroses sweet.
Hazel catkins, yellow and long,
Join in with the blackbird's song.

HELEN McBAIN, Pr. VII.

THE LITTLE DOG

There was a little puppy who was called Lucy. She was a little dog and she never grew up. So at night she asked the fairies if they would make her grow bigger. So that was just what happened. She said thank-you to the fairies and was very happy.

ISOBEL GORDON, Pr. III.

MY BICYCLE

I have a bicycle which is blue and white and it was made in Nottingham, England. I got it for my Christmas two years ago. About every Sunday I give it a check up. Sometimes I go for a run to Nethy Bridge (with my brother) to see my granny.

KENNETH McINTOSH, Pr. V.

AUTUMN

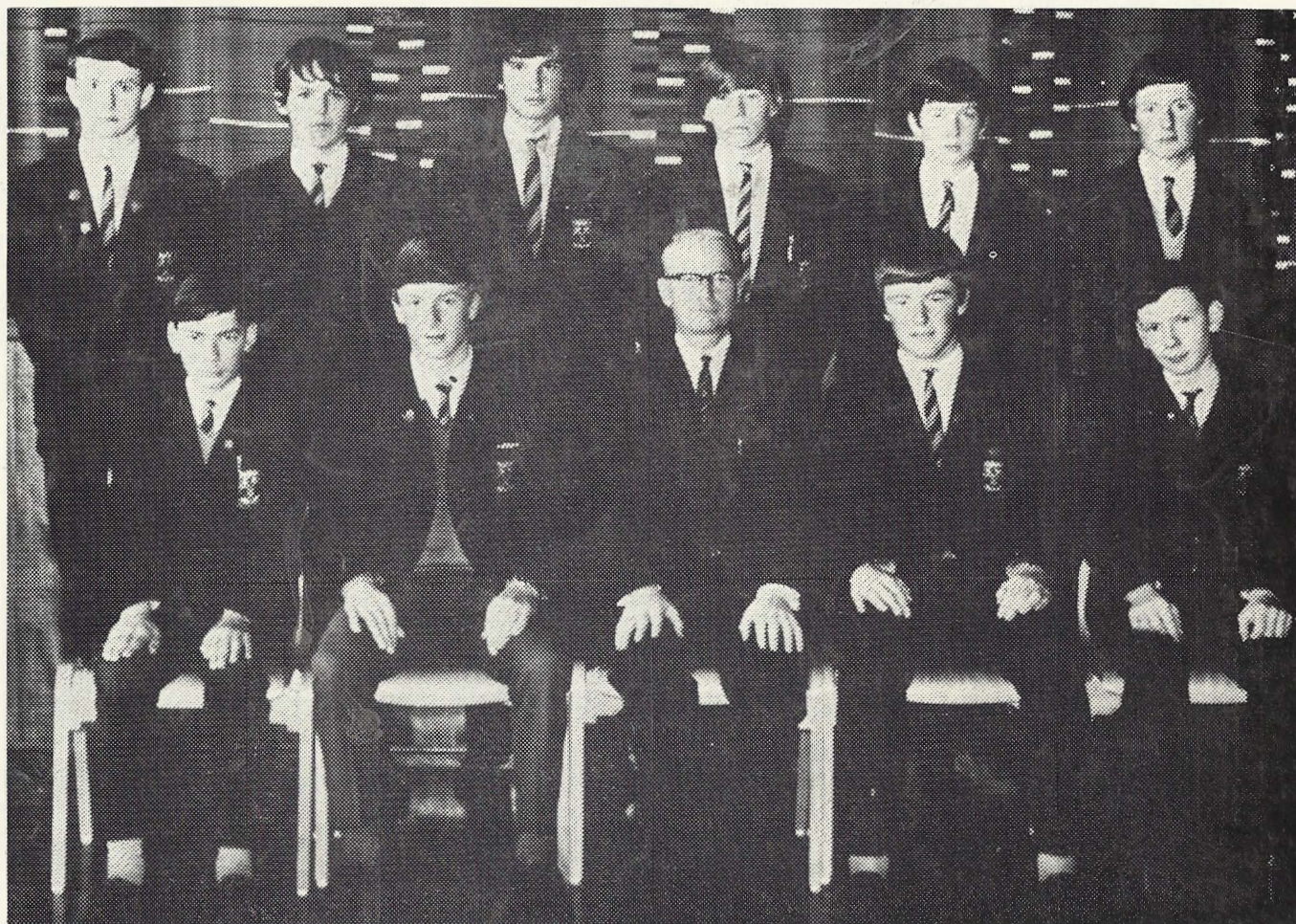
Now it is autumn and the birds are flying to another country. The farmer has to cut the corn so tall for the baker to bake. The hedge-hog is rolling into a ball for the winter.

MARK WILSON, Pr. II.

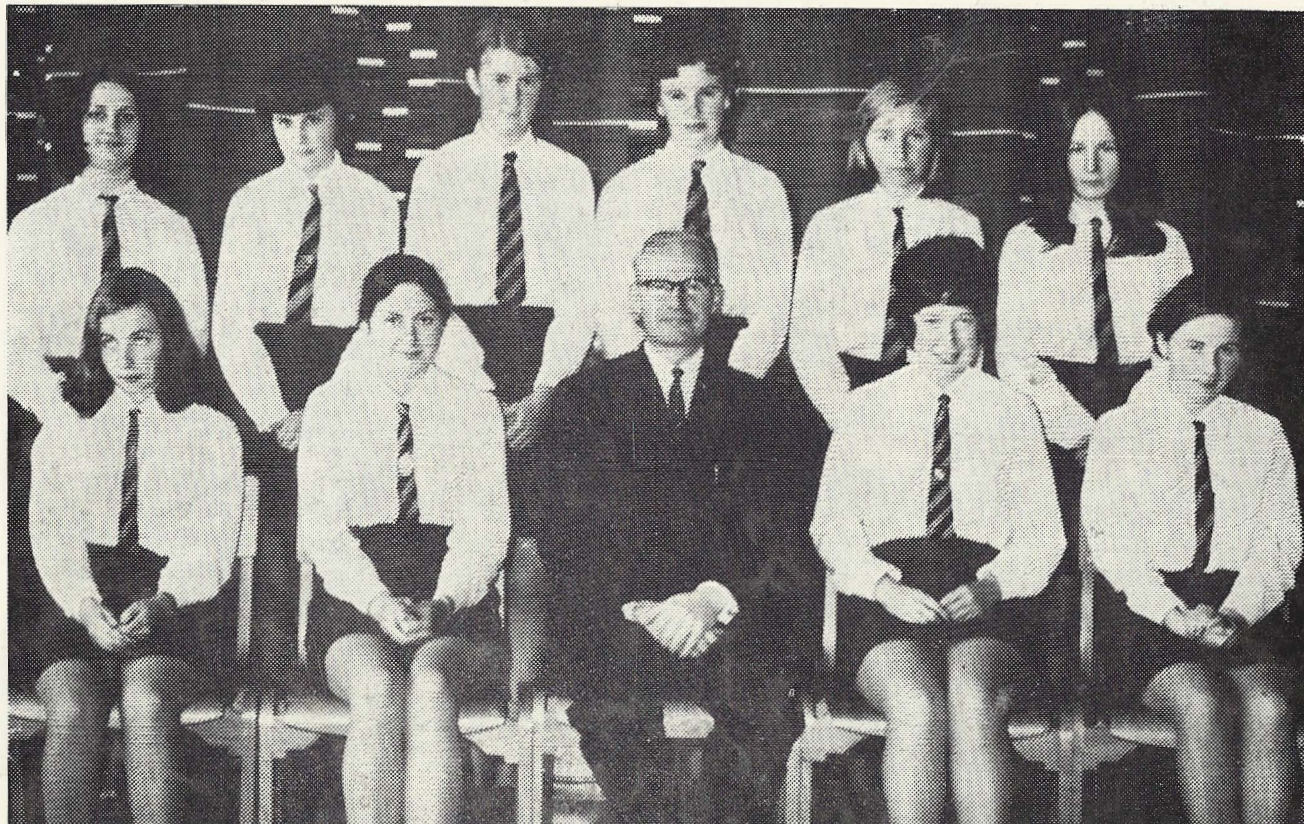
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Primary 3 in "Mr Moon."



Boy Prefects, 1969-70: Standing (l. to r.)—Sandy Smith, Martin Riley, Charles Ross, Iain Brown, Douglas Matheson, Alistair Praties. Seated—Ian Grant, Allan Cameron (school captain), Mr L. Grant (rector), Michael Munro (vice-captain), Colin Cruickshank.



Girl Prefects, 1969-70: Standing (l. to r.)—Isobel McKimmie, Evelyn Fraser, Jane Macaulay, Susan Cruikshank, Catriona Johnston, Fenella Miller. Seated—Catriona Matheson, Sarah Coueslant (head girl), Mr L. Grant (rector), Susan Archibald (deputy head girl), Christine Matheson.



The pool from which the school football 1st XI is drawn. Standing (l. to r.)—Peter Clark, Michael Munro, Charles Ross, John Shivas, Gordon Walker, Hugh Clark, Iain Grant, Sandy Smith, Stuart Grant; seated—Iain Brown, Colin Clark, Allan Cameron (capt.), John Rennie, David Miller.

SCHOOL CLUBS

DEBATING SOCIETY

This year's membership rose from an initial seventeen to twenty-nine after the society was thrown open to Third Year.

At the first meeting on 21st October, Mr J. Thomson was re-elected Honorary President and the following office - bearers were appointed:—President — Simon Macaulay; Vice-President—Roderick Matheson; Secretary—Maureen Gardner; Treasurer—Alistair Jack; class representatives—Sandy Smith (Class IV), Sarah Coueslant (Class V) and Graeme Stuart (Class VI); joint advertising managers—Jennifer MacGregor and Evelyn Fraser.

The society sported a varied programme during the session, debates being predominant. At the staff debate Mr Grant and Mr Cameron moved "That students are revolting." They were defeated by their very able opponents, Mr I. Thomson and Mr Urquhart. Other debates were on the following motions: "That politics should not be involved in international sport"; "That public schools should be abolished"; "That Enoch Powell has gone too far"; "That advertising is a powerful evil" and "That science is in the process of destroying 2000 years of civilization". We were treated to A Matter of Opinion and a lively debate by Fourth Year, while Third Year gave the audience many laughs with their performance of First Impressions.

At Grantown on 15th November, the school was represented in the Scottish Schools Debating Tournament by Simon Macaulay and Alistair Jack. "That Christopher Columbus went too far" was the motion and the standard of debate was extremely high. Unfortunately, our two speakers did not qualify for the next round.

Earlier this year a debate took place between Kingussie Senior Secondary School and the Grammar School. The latter, represented by Roderick Matheson and Sarah Coueslant, triumphed.

Yet again we made a trip to Pitlochry Festival Theatre, this time to see "Arsenic and Old Lace." The party of forty, accompanied by Mr I. Thomson and Mrs Ross, were highly delighted with the performance. Our thanks go to all who helped to make the outing so successful.

MAUREEN GARDNER (Secretary).

ELECTRONICS CLUB

The club this session had a completely new membership. Notwithstanding their rawness the members built many circuits during the session and, to everybody's amazement, the circuits all worked. Most club days, two or three circuits were under construction. We wish to thank Mr Reid for the loan of his cathode ray oscilloscope, which proved very helpful.

HOCKEY

This year the hockey teams had the pleasure of playing on the new pitch beside the new school, and although larger and decidedly better than the old pitch, it certainly lacked character and we all found it strange playing on the level.

The matches got off to a discouraging start with a home defeat by Milne's High School—our greatest rivals. We narrowly lost our next two games and had our only win at Lossiemouth, where we won 6-0.

The 2nd XI and First year teams were successful against Kingussie, who did not field a senior team. On the same day the 1st XI played Forres and lost.

Owing to weather conditions only a few matches were played and on the whole the results were not very encouraging.

The 1st XI fielded this year was chosen from the following: Carol Jamieson, Jennifer MacGregor, Evelyn Fraser, Susan Stothard, Margaret Macgregor, Isobel McKimmie, Hazel McCulloch, Pamela Macdonald, Susan Archibald, Mairi Fraser, Wendy Stewart, Fiona Ledingham and Pamela Grant.

MAIRI FRASER (Captain).

FOOTBALL

The football season was again unsuccessful from the Grammar School's point of view but all the games were thoroughly enjoyed by the players. Only two teams were raised this year, senior and junior. The only game postponed because of bad weather was against Elgin at Grantown. Our opponents came from Milne's High School, Elgin Academy, Lossiemouth and Kingussie, and in the course of the season both junior and senior teams won three matches, drew one and lost three.

I should like to thank the members of the staff who accompanied us on the away matches, especially Mr Cameron, who took a keen interest in the teams.

Senior Team: P. Clark, J. Rennie, R. Matheson, C. Ross, H. Clark, S. Macdonald, I. Brown, H. Mackintosh, G. Grant, I. Paterson, A. Cameron. Reserves: M. Mustard, M. Munro, I. Grant.

Junior Team: S. Grant, A. Shand, D. Millar, R. Macleod, E. Cameron, G. Taylor, R. Morren, G. Grant, A. Macdonald, J. Grant, R. Milne.

ALLAN CAMERON (Captain).

CHESS CLUB

This club has a small membership, though all are enthusiastic. During the summer term a chess ladder was started but, owing to exams and school sports, the competition was not completed by the end of the session. Next term we hope to have new chess sets and books for our members.

SKI-ING

Although there was still snow in the middle of June, the school ski-ing season ended at Easter after ten successful weeks. This year sixty-five pupils made trips to the Cairngorms accompanied by Mr Herd, to whom we are much indebted, and several members of staff, Miss Shackles taking over the actual instructing of some beginners because of large numbers.

The first British Junior Alpine Ski Tests were held in the Cairngorms this year, certain pupils of Grantown Grammar School being the first ever to take them.

In the Scottish Schools Race, sponsored by B.P., we won the Lawson Shield and an £80 B.P. scholarship, after being runners-up to Kingussie for the past two years. The members of our team were Stuart Macdonald, Martin Riley and Hugh Clark, who all obtained B.P. medals. Stuart Macdonald was the all-round winner, winning the Liddell Cup.

The school again retained the Boyd Anderson Trophy for the third year in succession.

More pupils than ever received training abroad this year. These pupils took part in many races in Scotland also with excellent results. Jane Riley was first in the Special Winter Festival Race, Anne Ross was second in the Bairns' Cup and Stuart Macdonald was fourth in the East of Scotland Championships. Martin Riley was first in the Kandahar Junior Championships which took place at Mürren.

An inter-house race for the trophy presented by Dr Bain was won by Revack House.

SUSAN ARCHIBALD (Captain).

GOLF

The number of school golfers rose slightly this year and enthusiasm was maintained amongst the players throughout the season.

The number playing in the annual match-play competition was up. The eventual winner was D. Taylor, runner-up being A. Cameron. There was no 9-hole competition, all players having reached a high enough standard to be put into the 18-hole section.

School matches were again unsuccessful, the school winning one, drawing two and losing four. Our opponents came from Nairn Academy, Elgin Academy, Forres Academy and Gordonstoun.

In the annual competition for the Doig Shield, the school finished third overall, the prize-winners being S. Grant, who was first in the scratch section for boys with handicaps of over 18, and A. Cameron, who finished second overall.

The Breckinridge Trophy was retained by Revoan, Roy and Revack finishing second and third respectively.

The team was picked from the following pupils: A. Cameron, M. Munro, I. Grant, J. Gill, S. Grant, J. Macbean, D. Taylor, E. Cameron, A. Macdonald, C. Clark.

ALLAN CAMERON (Captain).

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

A table tennis club was formed for pupils in Classes IV, V and VI during the session. Attendance was good and there was a noticeable improvement in standard. It is hoped that a few friendly fixtures with other clubs in the area can be arranged next session.

SWIMMING

This session swimming has been included in the regular Physical Education curriculum for all pupils from Primary Five upwards. In addition, classes for beginners and swimmers working to gain their Water Safety Awards were held on Saturday mornings and after school. Forty-one pupils were successful in obtaining a Water Safety Award of the Royal Life Saving Society and our thanks are due to Mr Burns, who very kindly came to examine the candidates.

A team of Primary pupils was entered for the Moray and Nairn Primary Schools' Swimming Gala. Several competitors reached the final of their particular events and Michael McCulloch and Diane Duncan were placed first and second respectively in their Breast-stroke events.

HILL-WALKING

A hill-walking club was formed shortly before Christmas and so its activities were very quickly curtailed by the weather. One walk, however, was accomplished in December, along the Cromdale Hills, when an earlier map reading session was put into practice. During the summer term one expedition up Càrn Bàn Mór and along the Sgoran ridge took place. Another expedition into the hills above Glenfuinan in search of a particular flower was also successful.

Since Easter all pupils in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd years have been on combined botanical and hill-walking expeditions with Mr Urquhart, Mr McLean or Miss Shackles, and the girls in Classes IV, V and VI went for an afternoon's walk up to and past Dreggie, finishing on the road from Dulnain to Carrbridge at Balnaa.

Next session we hope to explore further afield if the transport problem can be overcome.

STAMP CLUB

Committee: Simon Macaulay, Christine Matheson, Evelyn Fraser, Colin Cruickshank.

A number of stamp-collectors in the school formed the club during the first term. The weekly lunch-time meetings have been regularly attended by a band of enthusiasts who spend a lively half-hour haggling over prices and "swops". In addition to these regular exchange sessions, brief talks on various aspects of the hobby have been given by Mr Urquhart, a highly successful auction was held and three competitions were run. Competition winners for the year were: 1st, Duncan McGarva; 2nd, Evelyn Fraser; 3rd Christine Matheson; 4th, Gregor Allan.

It is our intention to build up a small library of catalogues and we are indebted to Constable Mollison for the donation of a number of stamp collecting periodicals.



First hockey XI. Standing (l. to r.) — Catriona Matheson, H. McCulloch, S. Stothard, F. Ledingham, J. Cant, Christine Matheson; seated—S. Harris, S. Archibald, S. Coueslant, S. Miller, E. Fraser.



Secondary 1 in "Ship Ahoy."

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

EDITORIAL

We again thank the many exiled F.P.s, who have encouraged us by the return of our forms and by the supply of information. We have also been touched by the many expressions of good will we have received. It makes our task a more heart-warming one.

NEW MEMBERS

As we shall refer to the Swimming Club Memberships later, we shall confine ourselves here to new Life Members.

We welcome three new members from distant places. Judy Collyer, of Tormore, is near the completion of her course of training as a nurse in the Princess Margaret Rose Orthopaedic Hospital in Edinburgh. Allan Grant, Martin's younger son, at school an athlete of no small prowess, is a cadet with the Metropolitan Police. Mrs Victor Ross (Dorothea Geddes), who belongs to an earlier generation, is also a welcome addition to our Glasgow contingent.

We have also added a number of distinguished locals to our ranks. Joe Beange, after a successful career as a chemist in London, returned to Grantown some six or seven years ago, and has built up a very attractive business in his home town. His success has created an opportunity for a much younger chemist, Harry MacGregor, who has brought a youthful wife back with him, and is now Joe Beange's right-hand man.

John Cumming, transferring the energy which marked his football into the realm of gardening, has now one of the most attractive gardens in town.

Sandy and Muriel Dick have also had their success story—in the outfitting line, and have opened attractive new premises near the Palace Hotel.

Lewis and Sheila Rattray have also joined the ranks. Lewis, whose cheery exuberance is carried on in the next generation, runs his own motor repair business.

From Nethybridge, we welcome Mrs Dorothy Mustard, whose professional skill is an asset to Strathspey.

Last, but not least of the new life members is Mr Lewis Grant, the school's new rector, who has taken a firm and efficient grip of the reins at the Grammar School.

EXILES

We acknowledge friendly messages from Mrs Allan (Mona McLean) and Mrs Anderson (Shona MacDougall).

Mrs Anfield (Winnie Shaw) is now based on Stirling, within better reach of Strathspey. The chief family event of the year, however, was her soldier son Alan's marriage in July.

Dr Bain, who keeps up his wide sporting interests, often makes a return visit to Grantown while on a more distant journey. His many friends were gratified with his receiving a well merited O.B.E.

Bruce Bain, enjoying improved health after a harassing spell of disc trouble, has had a very distinguished début at Edinburgh University, with a couple of medals to his credit.

We are indebted for information to Mrs Beveridge (Elizabeth Gordon), Mrs Birrell (Jean Donald), Mrs Braid (Pam Gibson) and Mrs Brooks (May Smith).

Mrs Bremner (Elizabeth Mackenzie) flourishes on increased responsibility—a baby daughter.

Stanley Buchan, another who enjoys well earned retirement, has a faithful companion in his dog Caesar.

Gillies Campbell, now a qualified Art teacher, was married this July.

We acknowledge greetings from Eva Cameron, still enjoying retirement in Elgin.

Allan Chisholm is now in Edinburgh, working as economist with the Scottish Council in Development and Industry.

His doctor brother Douglas, who has moved from Cove to a romantic address in Aberdeen, is now with the Ross Clinic in that city.

The third Chisholm, Duncan, reports no change.

We congratulate Mrs Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald) on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs Harry Chart (Margaret Mackintosh) has now moved to Mombassa.

We thank Mr Charles Cooke, in Glasgow, and Mrs Cowan (Wilma Irving), in Wiltshire, for their interest.

We note a change of address in the case of Mrs Cunningham (Mona Scott).

Margaret Donald, still at the Middlesex Hospital, has been transferred to the Nurses Teaching Department—a job of considerable responsibility.

We were pleased to meet Mrs Douglas (Connie Winchester) and Mrs Craig Drummond (Kay Hepburn) on holiday in Grantown.

Irene Edwards, despite a rumour of emigration, still functions as a civil servant in London.

Tom Edwards, moving from one responsibility to another, is now the district engineer of his firm in the London area.

Sine Fergusson, one of our most faithful correspondents, still assists in the catering department of George Heriot's School.

Iris Forbes, who married this spring, is now settled in Stonehaven, where her husband has a chemist's business.

Mrs Forsyth (Nancy Gray) has blossomed out as a keen and eloquent supporter of the S.N.P.

Mrs Gilchrist (Jean Mackenzie), after a visit home, returns to a new address in Assam.

Wilma Watt, now Mrs Gardiner, took part in the family re-union at the time of Davis Thomson's wedding. Wilma is now sufficiently free to hold down a part-time office job.

Elspeth Gow, we hear, now enters her final year in Honours English Literature.

Margaret Grant has found pastures new in Dundee as a teacher, but is resident in St Andrews.

Mona Grant, now Mrs Rae, was another of our summer brides. She is now resident in Renfrewshire.

Mrs John Grant (Isabella Mackintosh) takes up residence with her husband in a bungalow in Nethybridge. We hope the dwelling lives up to all that its name connotes.

Mrs Barbara Gray still teaches in the new town of Cumbernauld.

We were pleased to locate the new address of Mrs Harrison (Grace Gordon).

Jill Hepburn, we hear, now has a business post in Edinburgh with Marks & Spencer.

We appreciated hearing again from Mrs Hogg (Jean Cruickshank) in Edinburgh.

Mr Hunter, after seventeen years of retirement, continues to express his interest in the Grammar School in the impeccable English which has always been one of his assets.

Mrs Knopping (Ruth Mathieson) has moved to a new address in Rhodesia.

Mrs Laing (Katherine Templeton) is to be congratulated on twin daughters.

We appreciate the continued interest of the Misses Lawson, in distant Folkestone, in our doings.

Mrs Lugg, we hear, still appreciates the charm of Bonnie Galloway.

Maureen Macaulay, married in spring to Arthur Fearnley, is happily and conveniently settled in Elgin.

Mrs McLelland (Beth Lawrence) had a busy and anxious spring with her mother's illness.

David M. Macdonald, after examination success, sails the high seas on a B.P. tanker.

Johnny and Pat MacGregor are still in Chelmsford, where Johnny has switched from banker to business registrar.

Gilbert Mackay, who married this spring, will take up his Shetland psychology assignment round about Christmas. They will find Lerwick a live place.

We note that Mrs McSween (Margaret Ross) has moved to a new address in Cheshire.

Mrs Mills (Catherine Campbell) writes to say that she and her husband have now entered the licensed trade in the fine old town of Chichester.

Billy and Judy Mitchell looked well on their holiday switch from busy Croydon to rural Strathspey.

Jeannette Munro has now had a posting from Aberdeen—regretfully, we fear.

Mrs Naughton (Marie Shaw) is now settled in Sydney, Australia.

Anne Munro, who was touring the U.S.A. last year, is now based on London, from which she has visited Denmark, Holland and Ibiza. Anne gets around! In the U.S. she contacted Dorothy Cameron in Seattle and Mrs McCurdy (Alice King) in New Jersey, both by phone.

Mrs Parrott (Catherine Douglas), another roving F.P., is temporarily resident in Holland.

We congratulate Andrew Reid on promotion to the instructional side of his job, and Bill Reid on his admission to a law business in Ellon.

Mrs Ritson (Williamina Keith) has had yet another daughter married this year. Linda,

the new bride, visited Grantown last year.

Margaret Ross, once of Broomhill, has been moved to a new Primary School, in a nice Glasgow district, as senior woman assistant. These new schools are pleasant places.

We congratulate Mrs Scott (Alison Stuart) on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs Simpson (Lesley Dixon) returns to Kinloss from Singapore.

We acknowledge the usual faithful returns from Mrs Selman (Elise Kirk), in Edinburgh; Sheila Smith (now teaching in Lossiemouth); Mrs Spalding (Isobel Gunn), in Aberdeen; Mrs Springall (Jessie Stuart), in London; and Mrs Squires (Isabella Moyes), in Quebec.

Mrs Springall's husband was presented with a clock on his retirement after 45 years of service with British Railways in April.

Mrs Squires has moved to Quebec. One of her latest interests is an Italian racer bike, with four gears, on which she survived the traffic hazards of the busy Canadian highways.

The Stephen girls, Lorna and Lindsey, were both married this August. Lorna met her future husband, Adrian Banks, while on holiday in Austria, while Lindsey met her fate in London, where she has added a diploma in mental health to her qualifications. Her husband, Ian Napier, is descended from the famous inventor of logarithms, and is an architect. Lorna's husband is an optician.

We congratulate Anne Stewart on completion of her College of Education course, and James Stewart on his progress at Gordon's.

Neil Stewart has achieved an Honours Degree in Production Engineering at Dundee. Neil's performance does him the highest credit.

Christobel Terris enters her vital fifth year of Medicine at Aberdeen.

Davis Thomson, now Mrs Robertson, was one of four classmates to be married this year.

Dorothy Templeton, by marrying a cousin in South Africa, has achieved a change of status without a change of name.

Hamish Templeton, having given up the Schoolhouse at Alves, now motors to work from a convenient abode in Elgin.

Mrs Vickerman (Seonaid Grant) is now domiciled in Glasgow, where her husband is now working.

We were grateful for information from Mrs Walker (Helen Scott), still teaching in Aberdeen.

Mrs Weston (Sheina Donaldson) has lately added a third boy to her family.

Mrs White (Marjory Mackintosh) is also to be congratulated on the birth of a boy, her first.

OLD GUARD EXILES

We noted Alan Anfield's marriage elsewhere.

Sergeant John Clark is now stationed in Durham.

Reference is also made to Sergeant David Ross and Sergeant John Stuart's paratroop activities elsewhere.

We congratulate George Coutts on the birth of a daughter.

Walter Dempster, we are pleased to say, is now headmaster at Arnage.

Keith Donaldson, whose second daughter was born in January, emigrated to British Columbia in March, and now functions as one of a clinic of doctors in Kamloops.

We recently met Albert Hastings on one of his periodical return dashes to the north.

We congratulate Andrew Howlett on a new business appointment.

Duncan Howlett recently completed a rehabilitation course at Farnham Park.

Edward Illingworth, we hear, revisited Grantown this summer.

John Irving has achieved promotion to collector grade in the Civil Service.

Donald McIntyre is spending a year in Edinburgh, having been awarded a Guggenheim Scholarship to study 18th and 19th century letters of Scottish geologists and to consult on the use of computers in geology and the design of data banks.

We acknowledge magazine orders from Douglas Gibson, Bertie Mackintosh, Keith McKerron, Peter McPherson and Wishart Milne.

Alan McTaggart is now doing tropical pasture research in Queensland. Temporarily accommodated in a caravan, he is having a house built.

Ian Ritchie, we hear, was married in 1968, while Ron, Philip, now holding a medical post in the Bahamas, was married this June.

Alexander Ross was also recently married. His brother Walter, getting promotion at a phenomenal rate, is now a station sergeant.

Dr Billy Sellar, established in a new home in Edinburgh, has been blessed with a daughter.

Nicholas Spence was also married this spring and, incidentally, has been promoted to Systems Trials Engineer.

Angus Stuart, we hear, has now a son reading English at Cambridge.

We appreciate messages from Alistair Surtees in his home in Kent, and from Richard Surtees, who seems to be enjoying his new work as vehicle examiner.

Billy Templeton, as we call the Kyle bank manager, received mention as a "good citizen," after putting the police on the track of a housebreaker.

LOCAL

Our local membership has been sharply boosted by the formation of an F.P. Swimming Club which has added some forty new members to our local strength.

John Duncan functions as president of the Club committee, and Mrs Main and Miss Joyce Telfer have acted as secretary. Other committee members are Mr J. R. Smith, deputy rector; our old friends Martin Grant and Sandy Ledingham, and Betty and Sandra Grant. The formation of the Club, we feel, was due to the initiative of the new rector.

A striking local event of 1969 has been the establishment of a small knitwear factory in Grantown. Does this herald the dawn of an industrial era in our town?

The town council elections this year were again adverse to sitting members, probably because of distrust of the High Street development scheme. The poll was topped by Joe Beange, a new candidate, and J. R. Stuart, who seems to be again becoming involved in civic activities. Perhaps, with his daughter's marriage and his sons at college, John feels his family responsibilities diminishing.

Hamish Dixon now functions as Dean of Guild on the Council.

John Burgess and Donald McGillivray both retired this year, and both seem to enjoy the unaccustomed freedom. Donald, by the way, was awarded an Imperial Service Medal.

The recent death of the Countess of Seafield removes a notable figure from Strathspey. The restriction of her powers and the dilapidation of Castle Grant made the Countess a more remote figure than her predecessors; but she had a great interest in Strathspey.

Grantown is just concluding another successful tourist season. Whatever the future brings forth, the scenic and sporting facilities of the area still make tourism its main industry.

OBITUARY

Since last October, we have lost two senior members. On November 29, 1968, Miss Mabel Pyper died in a nursing home in Edinburgh after a period of illness. Many years ago, after the First World War, Mabel Pyper did much useful public work with the young, and enjoyed painting and music. We also remember her in Riversdale as a gentle and kindly hostess. Her last years were spent in Edinburgh.

Mrs Gaston (Katherine Grant) spent many years of retirement in Grantown after the death of her doctor husband. For a number of years she did valuable public work as secretary of the O.P.W.A., from which she retired in 1960. She was a kindly lady, who will be missed in her own sphere. She died in April, 1969.

APOLOGY

In the 1968 Death column, we referred to Mrs Whyte (Margaret Macpherson) as Daisy Macpherson. We hope that this has not caused any confusion.

We also apologise for making the wedding of Ian Forbes's daughter seem to take place rather earlier than it did.

IN CONCLUSION

We again hope that many of our readers will find some welcome items of news among these notes.

To you all we send the best wishes of our Committee in Grantown. Enjoy your Christmas, and may 1970 be kind to you all.

G. E. DONALDSON.

THE OLD GUARD

OLD GUARD MEMBERS, 1969/70

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, Royal Bank House, Kyle of Lochalsh.

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

Secretary—

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

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

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

WITH THE FORCES

Alan Anfield (1959-62), 19 Middlemuir Road, Forthside, Stirling; 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; 3 Westmorland Way, Newton-Aycliffe, Co. Durham; 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), 45 Sopwith Road, R.A.F., Little Rissington, Gloucestershire; sergeant technician, "Red Arrows."

Iain Walker (1950-54), 1 Kylintra Crescent; 23229684, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards; B.F.P.O. 17; sergeant.

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; 50 Oxfangs Road, Fairmilehead, Edinburgh; Department of Agriculture.

*George S. Coutts (1951-57), B.V.M.S., M.R.C.V.S., Bank Cottage, Dava; 1 Eden Street, Dundee; veterinary surgeon.

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; Schoolhouse, Arnage, Auchnagatt, 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; 235 Greenstone Drive, Kamloops, B.C., Canada; internal physician, Burris Clinic.

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

*Robin J. Fraser (1951-57), M.P.S., Ph.C., Belville 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.

*Allan J. Grant, Dreggie View; cadet, Metropolitan Police Training College, Ashford, Kent.

*John W. 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; marketing assistant, Shell and B.P., Scotland, 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), Cairnmore Hotel, Newton Stewart; hotel proprietor.

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

“THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OF GRANTOWN”

About the first century of the school's existence very little is known. The Old and New Statistical Accounts are flickering candles in the darkness, but most of the story remains hidden. Even the date of the school's foundation is unknown, though it can now be narrowed down to some time between June 1765, when building began in the new town, and 1768, when Alexander Taylor's splendid “Plan of New Grantown” showed the school as standing on the north side of Castle Road, directly opposite the end of Market Road.

A bright beam of light, however, is thrown upon the eighteenth-century school by a letter written in April 1789 by the founder, Sir James Grant of Grant. It was addressed to John Elliott, formerly of Canonbie in Dumfriesshire, who had recently been appointed schoolmaster at Grantown, and it survives in the form of a copy written out, with the addition of a few trifling errors, in one of the Good Sir James's voluminous letter-books (Scottish Record Office ref.: GD 248/1542).

Perhaps the most interesting point to emerge from it is the co-existence within the one building—which, by the 1780's, stood on the site now occupied by Speyside House—of what one might almost term two schools. First, there was a fee-paying boys' “Grammar School”, which at least two of Sir James's sons attended: James Thomas and, as another letter* of the time tells us, Francis William (later the 6th Earl of Seafield). And second, there was a section which was financed, as were many other schools in the Highlands, in those days, by the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, and which was “under the review” of the Presbytery of Abernethy. For some, at least, of the “Society Children”, the education provided was free.

The decision by the Good Sir James, himself a product of Westminster School and Cambridge, to transfer his second surviving son from the High (now the Royal High) School of Edinburgh to the Grammar School of Grantown throws an interesting, if indirect, light on the standard of education provided by the school nearly two centuries ago.

Sir James's letter is printed below as given in the letter-book:

Mr John Elliott Schoolmaster at Grantown
Sir

Considering that your coming to Grantown was voluntary, & that I have certainly done much more for your Accommodation than I was under any Obligation of doing, I own to you I was surprized at the Contents of your Letter. In Answer to your Queries I have only to tell you that the School of Grantown is not upon the Footing of the Parochial Schools, but is entirely dependent upon me. (This you was certainly told before you left Canonby). I never did however remove any Schoolmaster who was settled there, except

by their own Choice — Mr McGregor died there, Mr Duff got the living of Monymusk, and the two late Masters came there only as a temporary Establishment, and demitted for other pursuits in life. Secondly you are under the same Regulations as to the Society Children which your predecessors were and no others. They taught those Children gratis who were not able to pay, and were paid by those whose parents were in such Circumstances as to admit of it. Thirdly as far as depends upon the Society Schollars, you are certainly under the review of the Presby where you reside, as all Society Schools are. But as to the Grammar School of Grantown, you are perfectly independent of them, & fourthly The Grammar School Fees are entirely under my power & to be regulated as I see proper according to Justice. Some time previous to the receipt of your Letter I had exoneratled you as to any blame in regard to my Son James's deficiency in Grammar, wch. was entirely owing to Mr Mavers [Mr Elliott's predecessor] neglect after James left the high School**, & his own Giddiness. The same Complaint as to the ignorance in the fundamental Rules of Grammar was made to James McGregor [probably the then Factor's son] at Elgin which they say can hardly be repaired As he must be kept up with those of his own Standing in the Classicks, but I do not consider this as in the least to be imputed to you As it must be an Error in his first Marks. It is proper however to acquaint you with these Matters that you may be upon your Guard to prevent boys with you from passing over their Grammar superficially. I own to you I am much for the early hours & that your hours shd. be fixt & regulated by the boys in the Town. If those at a distance do not or cannot accommodate themselves to your hours let them either board in Grantown or go to other Schools. Fix your Regulations with propriety, and others will accommodate themselves to them, whereas If you vary upon every representation, it is impossible to go on with Success or prosperity. Let your School be attended because it is the best, not because you yield to every fancy. I most earnestly recommend Cleanliness to your Schollars. Let no boy enter the School with the Itch and as little as possible with filth about him. Make them all wash themselves & appear wt. clean hands & faces & let your own set the Example. If this should offend some at first you have only to say you are sorry for it—If they are not pleased wt your Method They must try others who may have the happiness of pleasing them tho you cannot. Be steady in everything that your Mind dictates to be right and your School will thrive in the end. tho' a few may leave you at first. Having I hope satisfied you in your Queries I have only to add, that if you

find other prospects more inviting do not let any delicacy prevent your Acceptance.

Yr assured frd

Signed [i.e., by Sir James].

It should perhaps be added, by way of postscript, that the slight frost detectable here and there in the letter had thawed by the time Sir James next wrote to Mr Elliott, on the 23rd of May, 1789: "The Minister of Cromdale acquainted me when last at C G. that You had lately an Examination very much to Yr honor and that of many of Yr Scholars, particularly these in the English Grammar. He assured me at same time that his great wish, & that of all who attended the Examination was to support & aid so good a man. You & Mrs Elliott have both the happiness to be much liked in Strathspey."

* GD 248/359/2.

** That this was in fact the High School of Edinburgh is confirmed by a letter which James Thomas's tutor, William Cruickshank, one of the masters there, wrote to Sir James in May 1786 (GD 248/359/3).

G. A. DIXON.

F.P. PARACHUTISTS (From a letter of David Ross)

"I was speaking to Wilma Irving a few weeks ago, at R.A.F., Colerne, when our 'Free Fall' team was giving a display there. She now has three boys, and has been at Colerne for nearly six years, where her husband is a parachutist with the R.A.F. Regiment.

"Another F.P. whom I see often is John Stuart. He introduced himself to me at Rheims. I had not recognised him as he now wears glasses. With John being a member of the 'Red Arrows' ground crew and with my being a member of the 'Falcons', we often stay at the same hotel on the Continent and often meet up at different places in the U.K. As a matter of fact, John and I had lunch together in the mess at R.A.F., Chivnor (North Devon), last Saturday, and then went our separate ways to Ravenna (North Italy). There, on Sunday evening, we found ourselves at the same table at the reception after the show."



Dr James Bain, Elgin, former rector of Grantown Grammar School, shows to his wife and son Bruce, the insignia of the O.B.E. which was presented to him by the Queen at a ceremony in the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh.

THE HARDY ONES

Long before I was old enough to accompany them on their nocturnal fishing expeditions my father and "DD" had already ensured that night fishing for seatrout would become and remain always the greatest joy of my life.

Their meticulous preparations fascinated me. The binding of spliced greenheart, the tying and testing of knots, the inspection of hook points and barbs, the greasing of line, the studying of wind and sky. And the checking of the tackle bag to make sure that nothing had been forgotten.

I listened spellbound to their tales, relived with them moments of triumph and tragedy, and watched enviously as they savoured the sweet anticipation of a good night's sport.

I used to fall asleep longing for the day when I would be old enough to go with them, to discover at last what went on there down on the river at night. And next morning, while the rest of the family was still asleep, I would steal downstairs to the kitchen where I knew the sink would tell the tale of the night's fortunes. When a plump and silvery seatrout lay there it filled my young heart with pride and an intense longing. If only I were old enough!

Then one glorious day something happened which gave a new meaning to my life. My father announced casually, as he had done a thousand times before, that he would be "going to the seatrout" that night. But this time he added, "would you like to come with me, son?" Would I! No reply was necessary or expected. The years of waiting were over.

While the sun was still high I was already trembling with impatience and excitement, although I knew that many hours would pass before the first cast would be made. The golden rule was never to start fishing until the far bank had almost disappeared. I had been told of so many promising evenings ruined by the fisher who "just couldn't wait any longer".

When we arrived at The Saddle—as fine a night seatrout pool as there is on the Spey—it was still too early to start operations, although the light was fading fast. This for me has always been the most difficult part of night fishing—to wait those fifteen minutes which can mean the difference between success and failure.

Upstream a local lad who should have known better was already waist deep in a fine seatrout run which would hold no fish for the rest of that night; but who could blame a young enthusiast tempted beyond endurance by a steadily rising trout?

How slowly darkness came. But at last it was time. I marvelled at the extreme care with which my father waded so as to cause the minimum disturbance. For all his six-foot frame and heavy waders, scarcely a ripple

marked his steady progress out towards a submerged sandbank from which a long cast could just reach the seatrout feeding steadily under a fringe of trees on the far bank.

I could see nothing in the blackness. But my ears were tuned to pick up every tell-tale sound.

I could hear line being stripped from the reel as dad lengthened his cast, and the long hissing sound of line cutting the night air. Silence while the fly swam down and across stream, tempting the big fellows. But nothing happened.

As time passed, my eyes grew heavy as I struggled hard to stay awake. After all, I was still a very small boy who would normally have been sound asleep hours ago!

Suddenly I was wide awake with a thumping heart. Somewhere in the darkness a reel was screaming and down near the tail of the pool the black water splintered into a million shining fragments. I heard the slow winding of the reel as line was recovered, and an occasional splash. Then nothing. Utter silence for nerve wracking minutes. I panicked. Had the hook torn out?

But after what seemed an infinity of suspense the reel started to sing again—and with it my heart! And my ears told me that the gallant trout's efforts to escape were becoming ever weaker.

At last a blurred figure materialised, wading shorewards as carefully as he had gone in, holding clear of the water an excitingly bulging landing net.

Reverently I laid the handsome trout on the cool wet grass and abandoned myself to sheer rapture. I gazed in wonder at it and dreamed of the day when I would be big enough and experienced enough to wade waist deep, in total darkness, through strong, treacherous, boulder-strewn runs difficult enough to negotiate even in daylight.

A lot of water has run under the old Spey Bridge since that night. I have fished the high hill burns with little pink worms and dark moorland lochans with gaudy little flies. I have been lucky enough to catch fat trout from the Spey with wet and dry fly, and even a few salmon—the latter more by accident than design! I have trundled a worm under spate-washed banks, and even spun for pike in the teeming water of Avielochan.

But I am convinced that while life lasts I shall never experience a greater happiness anywhere than that afforded by going after seatrout at night on a Highland river where your companions are the hardy ones of the fraternity—men who can wade courageously and surefootedly in water swirling to within an inch of their wadertops, or tie intricate knots against the glimmer of a star.

IAN D. MACPHERSON.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS, 1969-70

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

The above was held in the old Grammar School on Wednesday, November 12th, at 7 p.m.

Mr Lewis Grant, who presided, made reference to the loss of two club members through death. He expressed the meeting's good wishes to Mr J. J. Grant, who was in hospital in Inverness, recovering from an operation. He also spoke of the general pleasure felt at the award of an O.B.E. to Dr Bain, his predecessor as rector.

The minutes of the 1968 meeting were read and approved, and also the financial report, which showed an increased balance.

The office-bearers for the ensuing year were re-elected en bloc as follows:—

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

Honorary Vice-Presidents — Dr J. Bain, O.B.E., B.Sc., Ph.D.; Miss J. M. Pater-son, 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 that, in view of his work as F.P. Magazine Editor, Mr Donaldson might, if possible, be relieved of his duties as secretary.

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

It was decided to hold the ANNUAL RE-UNION DANCE in the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, December 23rd, and Mr A. M. Grant was warmly thanked for making the arrangements.

It was decided to hold the BIENNIAL RE-UNION DINNER on FRIDAY, MARCH 20th, the arrangements to be made by the re-union committee.

Mr A. M. Grant reported on the five Old Guard angling competitions held at Lochindorb during the summer. The over-all winner was Donnie Calder, with Jimmy McLeod runner-up.

Mr John Duncan, Swimming Club president, reported on the great success of the new F.P. Swimming Club. In their first session they had 84 members, and they now had 101, with a waiting list of nine. It was decided to re-appoint the Swimming Club Committee, except that Mrs H. Stuart would replace Mrs D. Main as secretary. Mr Duncan and his colleague, Mr J. R. Smith, deputy rector, were thanked for their work for the new club.

A number of members raised the question of a union of the F.P. and Old Guard Clubs, which, in effect, worked very harmoniously together. It was decided to bring this up at the next Annual General Meeting.

The meeting concluded with votes of thanks to the secretary and the president.

G. E. DONALDSON.
Honorary Secretary.

Exiles

*Mrs John Allan (J. Evelyne Geddes), Diploma of Domestic Science (Edinburgh), Berisay, 26 Raith Gardens, 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); 19 Middlemuir Road, Forthside, Stirling.

*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; Lee House, Pollock Halls of Residence, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh, 9; student, Edinburgh University.

*Mrs Robert Balfour (Dorothea M. Smith), (Gladstone House), P.O. Box 187, Kitwe, Zambia.

*Mrs Adrian Banks (Lorna M. Stephen), M.A., The Larches; 12 Lullarook Close, Biggin Hill, Kent; B.B.C. school broadcasting.

*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 Dellie-fure; 240 Old Castle Road, Cathcart, Glasgow, S.4.

*Mrs Robert Birrell (Jean I. Donald), (Silverdale, South Street); 75 Wester Road, North Mount Vernon, Glasgow, E.2.

*Mrs Guthrie Booth (Netta R. Hunter) (Rose-mount, Woodside Avenue); Nether Bog-side, Elgin.

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

- *Mrs George Watt (Pearl McMillan), M.A. (Aberdeen); Bene Valla, Grant Road, Grantown-on-Spey.
- *James Williams, M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), Stonefield, The Square; medical practitioner.
- *Patrick G. C. Wood, Seafield Lodge.

* Life Member.

SWIMMING CLUB MEMBERS

- Isobel Calder, Octobeg, Lynemacgregor; shop assistant.
- George S. Coupland, Home Farm Cottages, Castle Grant; grocery manager.
- Margaret K. E. Cruickshank, Hazel Bank; shop assistant.
- J. Fraser, Auchnafearn; shop assistant.
- Lynda M. Freeborn, 5 Mackay Avenue; clerkess.
- Duncan Grant, Dunira, South Street; insurance agent.
- Mrs Duncan Grant (Dolly Appleby), Dunira, South Street.
- Mrs J. C. Grant (Sandra Mackintosh), Struan.
- Anne Jack, Rhuarden; student.
- George Laing, 111 High Street; postman.
- Mrs George Laing (Evelyn Farquhar), 111 High Street.
- Hamish Macdonald, Ballintomb; motor mechanic.
- James MacGlashan, Mid Port; shop assistant.
- James McLeod, Beechwood, Woodside Avenue; builder.
- John McLeod, Silverstone, Woodside Avenue; builder.
- Mrs D. Main (Elizabeth McGillivray), Kinruve.
- Alistair Masson, 18 MacGregor Avenue.
- Mrs A. Masson (Margaret Stuart), 18 MacGregor Avenue.
- George Grant Mortimer, Umaria; shopkeeper.
- W. G. Mutch, Dunedin; plumber.
- Mrs W. G. Mutch (Eileen McKenzie), Dunedin.
- Mrs Robertson, Seafield, Dulnain Bridge.
- James Shand, Faebuie, Cromdale; apprentice painter.
- W. D. Sim, 6 Cambrae, Cromdale.
- Ian Smith, Bridgend, Cromdale; ghillie.
- J. R. Smith, M.A. (Hons.), The Larches; deputy rector, Grantown Grammar School.
- Shirley Stewart, Braeview, Glaschoil; shop assistant.
- Hamish Stuart, 47a High Street; butcher.
- Peter Taylor, 27 Kynlra Crescent.
- Joyce Telfer, Rowan Cottage, Dulnain Bridge; civil servant.
- Robert A. Wilson, 23 Kynlra Crescent; P.O. mechanic.

BIRTHS

- BREMNER.—At Forres, on March 9, 1969, to Mr and Mrs W. Bremner (Elizabeth Mackenzie), a daughter.
- CHAPMAN.—At Newark, on April 16, 1969, to Mr and Mrs R. J. Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald), a son.

- COUTTS.—At Dundee, on January 30, 1969, to Mr and Mrs G. S. Coutts, a daughter.
- DONALDSON.—At Edinburgh, on January 29, 1969, to Dr and Mrs Keith Donaldson, a daughter.
- LAING.—At Edinburgh, on February 28, 1969, to Mr and Mrs J. Laing (Katherine Templeton), twin daughters.
- ROSS.—At Abingdon, on March 27, 1969, to Mr and Mrs David Ross, a daughter.
- SCOTT.—At Edinburgh, on January 9, 1969, to Mr and Mrs James Scott (Alison Stuart), a son.
- SELLAR.—At Edinburgh, on March 27, 1969, to Dr and Mrs W. Sellar, a daughter.
- WESTON.—At Kendal, on September 20, 1969, to Mr and Mrs R. F. Weston (Sheina Donaldson), a son.
- WHITE.—At Basingstoke, on January 30, 1969, to Mr and Mrs R. J. White (Marjory Mackintosh), a son.

MARRIAGES

- ANFIELD—BROWN.—In London, on July 19, 1969, Alan Anfield to Elizabeth Brown.
- BANKS—STEPHEN.—In Grantown, on August 30, 1969, Adrian Banks to Lorna M. Stephen.
- CAMPBELL—WALKER.—At Cookney Church, on July 11, 1969, Dugald Gillies Campbell to May Nicol Walker.
- FEARNLEY—MACAULAY.—In Grantown, on April 5, 1969, Arthur H. Fearnley to Maureen M. Macaulay.
- McINTOSH—FORBES.—In Grantown, on April 12, 1969, Harry D. McIntosh to Iris Forbes.
- MACKAY—SPENCE.—In Uddingston, on March 29, 1969, Gilbert F. Mackay to Isobel H. Spence.
- NAPIER—STEPHEN.—In Bearsden, Glasgow, on August 22, 1969, Ian Napier to M. Lindsey Stephen.
- PHILIP—HALL.—In London, on June 21, 1969, Ronald G. M. Philip to Barbara D. Hall.
- RAE—GRANT.—In Grantown, on July 12, 1969, Peter A. Rae to Mona Grant.
- ROBERTSON—THOMSON.—In Grantown, on August 16, 1969, Peter J. Robertson to Janette Davis Thomson.
- ROSS—GEORGE.—In Nethybridge, on September 26, 1969, Alexander Ross to Dorothy M. George.
- SPENCE—SCOTT.—At Dulnain Bridge, on March 22, 1969, Nicholas Spence to Valerie Scott.
- TEMPLETON—TEMPLETON.—At Kenilworth, Cape, South Africa, on December 7, 1968, David Templeton to Dorothy H. Templeton.

DEATHS

- GASTON.—At Ian Charles Hospital, on Wednesday, April 23, 1969, Catherine E. C. Grant, wife of the late Andrew Gaston, M.C., M.B., Ch.B., Firlands, Heathfield Road.
- PYPER.—In a nursing home in Edinburgh, on November 29, 1968, Mabel M. Pyper, late of Riversdale, Grant Road.

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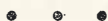


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