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LANDMARK DIARY

Reports from the Carrbridge Hotel Bar that Landmark is sinking into the peat are unfounded. We are still afloat. We did, however, ship two feet of water a year ago when a ditch flooded through the fire exit into the basement, and at the opening by the Duke of Edinburgh a boiler in the gents burst so that the whole place was awash when he made his entrance.

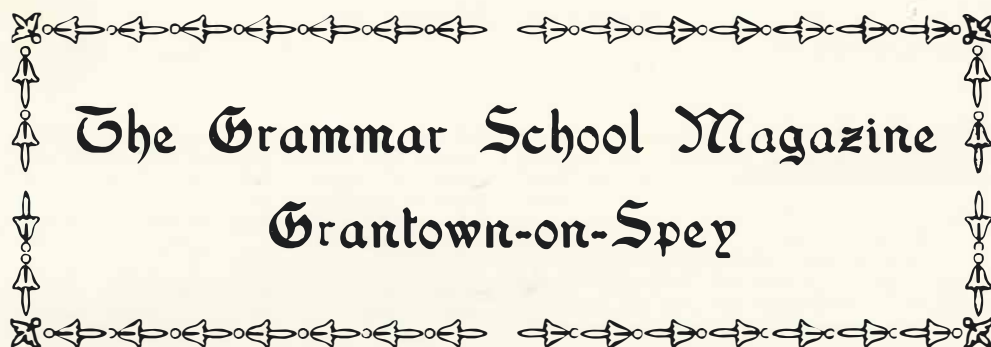
Forecasts from the Carrbridge Hotel Bar that the lochan would dry up were not borne out. Our six ducks are still afloat. They mated continuously and promiscuously throughout the spring, laid two clutches of eggs, hatched eight ducklings and reared one. Sadly, five of their fellows came to grief on the A9 during the winter. The new roadside fence has made life more secure for the survivors, but acts as no deterrent to Bimbo, Karl Fuch's giant ginger cat, who is suspected of having caused grievous bodily harm to more than one duck.

In the wood the squirrels have never had it so good. They soon learnt to hang down and extract the fat which was put out in wire containers for the tits. They have become very tame and virtually ignore the people on the nature trail, which now has a completely new set of notices. Crested tits are quite common and last year a pair nested in a tree beside the car park. The rarest bird to be seen in the wood was a great grey shrike which was observed chasing a coal tit.

In January Landmark was awarded the British Tourist Authority's annual award: a statue of the lately defrocked St Christopher. About the same time a senior member of the staff spent two nights as the guest of Inverness-shire Constabulary for helping to unload an overturned whisky lorry.

The replica Spey coracle in the exhibition has been out on several occasions. A class from the Raigmore primary school in Inverness who were doing a project on forestry took turns to paddle it round the lochan. It has also been afloat on the Spey. It tends to ship water in the rougher rapids as the gunwhale is on the low side. We are planning to make another one soon and take a raft of logs down to the sea from Abernethy.

This summer we published a map on Strathspey and a list of the books we carry in stock. The latter is available free on request. We are planning a three screen programme on life in the Highlands and Strathspey during the last century. Could anyone with interesting old photographs which they would allow us to copy please contact us. Please also let us know if you have any honey for sale. We would like to just sell honey from the valley, but at the moment have to buy most of it from elsewhere.



The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 43.

December, 1971.

Editorial Committee—Helen Fraser, Duncan Grant, Catriona Johnston, Mairi Macdonald and Elizabeth Terris.

Staff Adviser—J. Thomson, M.A.

Editorial

WHEN faced with the task of writing the editorial for this year's school magazine, we looked at those from previous years, hoping to learn from the experience of our predecessors, but, not gleaning any inspiration from their pearls of wisdom, we racked our brains in vain. However, since no inspiration came from that quarter either, we can only offer you a brief resumé of the past school year.

The school has maintained its high academic standards with a high percentage of successes in the S.C.E examinations. Long may it continue!

As a change from previous years, our record in the sports field has not been wholly dismal, six county champions in various events having been produced locally! These results are all the more significant when one considers the greater number of pupils in the other schools of the Joint Counties, compared to our own relatively small one. Next year, who knows?

So, we put the magazine forward for your criticism: what we didn't like we changed, what we did like, we retained! Please bear with us, the "younger generation", and enjoy this annual ritual offering.

SCHOOL NOTES

We congratulate Jane Macaulay, who has been awarded a bursary of £35 per annum, throughout her University career, by Aberdeen University. In the University Bursary Competition she was placed forty-fourth overall.

* * *

Our ski team, consisting of Arne Ross, Duncan Riley, Colin Fleming and Douglas Macdonald, again served the school well.

* * *

Five pupils—Elizabeth Stuart, Sheila Miller, Fiona Ledingham, Maureen McMurray and John Gray—have gained the Award of Merit in Life Saving, for which we offer our congratulations. Sincere thanks must also be given to Miss Shackles, who coached them so successfully.

* * *

A party of Primary and Secondary pupils, accompanied by Mrs Ross and Mrs Oakes, attended a performance by the Nairn Operatic Society of "Die Fledermaus". The show, which was greatly enjoyed, took place in Forres.

* * *

At the end of last term, a sponsored "Hush-In" in aid of Shelter was organised by Christine Matheson and Jane Macaulay. Pupils were guaranteed a certain sum for each quarter of an hour that they could refrain from talking. Apart from being much appreciated by the staff, a sum of £56 was raised.

* * *

Scouting's highest honour—the Cornwall Award—was presented this year to a young, physically-handicapped boy in recognition of his outstanding leadership and fortitude. He is ten-year-old Ernest Findlay of the First Grantown Scout Troop. At a ceremony in the School Hall, he received the "Scout's V.C." from Lord Forbes, the National President of the Scottish Scout Council. We congratulate Ernest on his fine achievement.

* * *

The Harvey Dux Prize this year went jointly to Sheila Harris and Ian C. Grant.

* * *

At the beginning of July, the first residential orchestral course for Moray and Nairn pupils took place in Grantown Grammar School. The course director was Mr Graham Wiseman, the County Music Organiser, and everyone benefited greatly from the experience.

* * *

We offer our congratulations to Mr J. Cameron on his appointment as Principal Teacher of Technical Subjects at Forres Academy and also to Mr C. Anderson and Mr G. Cameron, who have taken up new appointments elsewhere.

Mr J. Herd has succeeded Mr Cameron as Head of the Technical Department, while Mr Fyda, Mr Cooper, Miss Currie and Miss Fraser have joined the staff.

* * *

In June, the school acted as host to 350 competitors from the whole of the North of Scotland for the annual Athletic Championships.

* * *

A dramatic win in the last race led to a victory for Grantown, when they retained the Murray Cup for the third year in succession. The cup is awarded annually in a competition for larger schools which is run by the Badenoch and Strathspey Primary Sports Association.

* * *

This summer, the school had the pleasure of a visit from a party of Japanese teachers. They saw the facilities in both the Primary and Secondary Departments.

* * *

A collection, mainly in the form of "pre-decimal coinage", was undertaken by 3B pupils in aid of Shelter. The creditable sum of £4.10½ was raised.

* * *

Last Christmas, the Dramatic Society and the Senior Church Choir presented a Nativity Play in Inverallan Church. The sum of £24.50 was collected and sent to Christian Aid.

* * *

At the Strathspey and Badenoch Music Festival, which took place in Kingussie, the Senior Primary Choir won the Molyneux Shield. Primary Five and Six were second in their class.

✂ ✂ ✂

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

BOYS

School Captain—Michael Wood.

Vice-Captain—James Fraser.

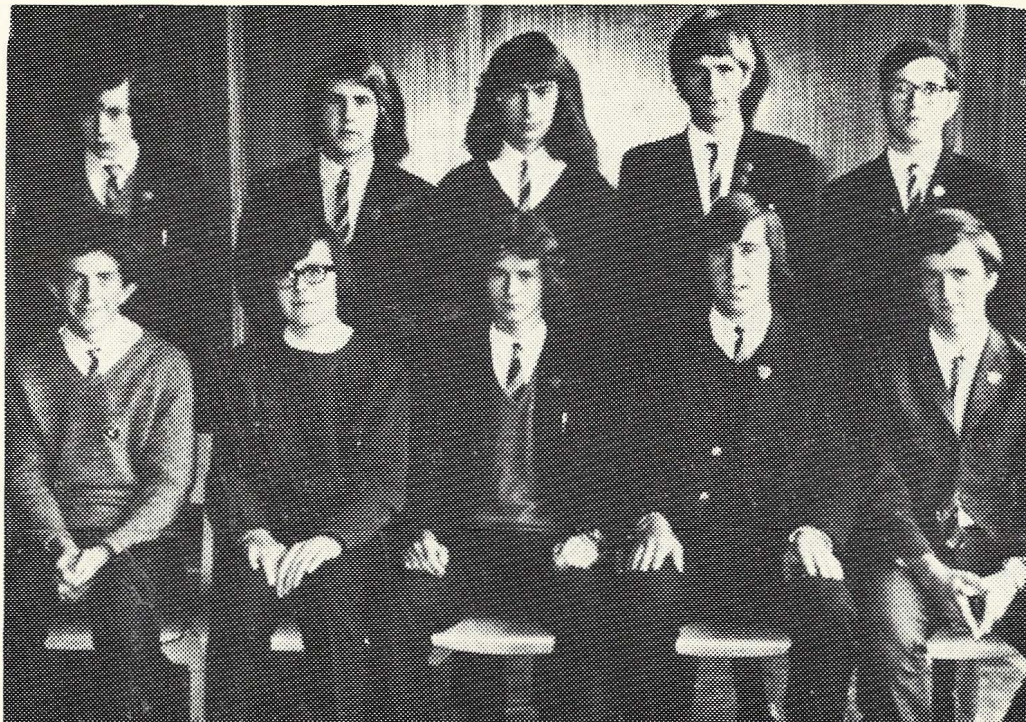
Prefects—Duncan Grant, Ian Grant, Stewart Grant, James Coueslant, Adrian Cooke, Clive Reamsbottom, Graham Clark, John Gray.

GIRLS

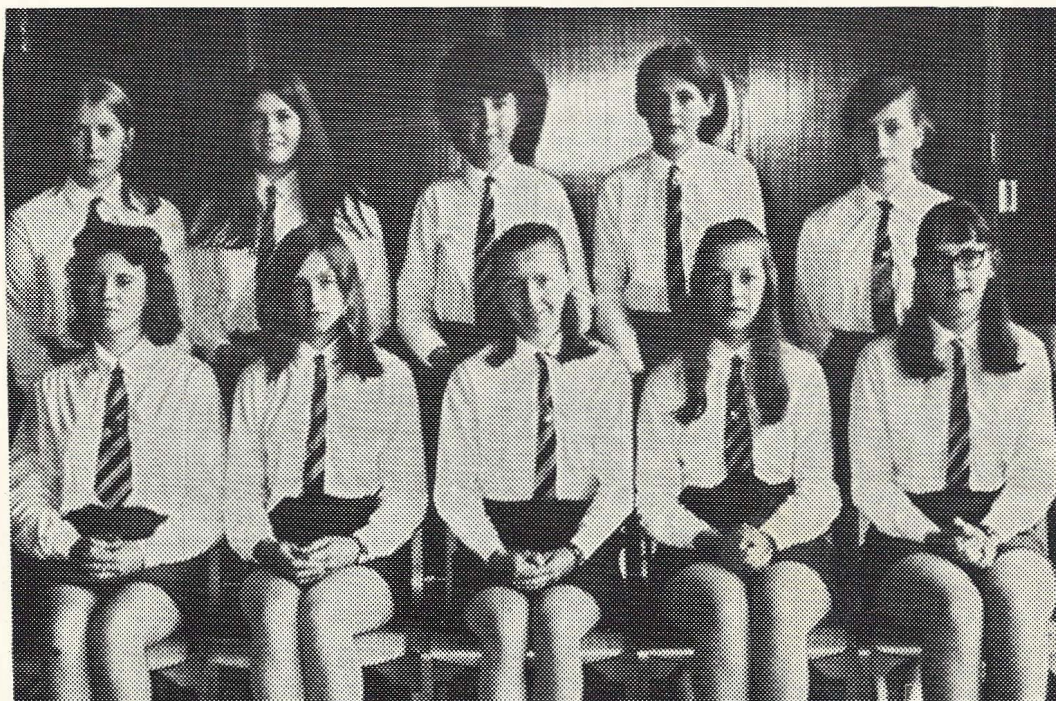
Head Girl—Catriona Johnston.

Deputy Head Girl—Wendy Stewart.

Prefects—Susan Cruikshank, Pauline Bruce, Mairi Macdonald, Maureen McMurray, Elizabeth Terris, Janette Macdonald, Anne Strachan, Ellen Grant.



Boy prefects for the session. Standing (left to right)—Duncan Grant, Stewart Grant, Ian Grant, Graham Clark, Clive Reamsbottom; seated—James Coueslant, Adrian Cooke, Michael Wood (head boy), James Fraser (deputy head boy), John Gray.



The 1971-72 girl prefects. Standing (left to right)—Elizabeth Terris, Pauline Bruce, Maureen McMurray, Janette Macdonald, Mairi Macdonald; seated—Susan Cruikshank, Wendy Stewart (deputy head girl), Catriona Johnston (head girl), Ellen Grant, Anne Strachan.

Ed
Gardner.
ask
WS.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

Boys

- MICHAEL WOOD** (School Captain):
All you need in this life is ignorance and confidence, and then success is sure. (Mark Twain.)
- JAMES FRASER** (Vice-Captain):
Bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-School books. (Twain.)
- GRAHAM CLARKE:**
Slumber is more sweet than toil. (Tennyson.)
- ADRIAN COOKE:**
Thus I live in the World rather as a spectator of Mankind than as one of the species. (Spectator.)
- JAMES COUESLANT:**
Some deemed him wondrous wise, some believed him mad. (J. Beattie.)
- DUNCAN GRANT:**
He dances like an angel. . . . He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. (Addison.)
- IAN GRANT:**
OH H H H H H H H H H H BIKE! (Freewheelin' Frank.)
- STEWART GRANT:**
A man will never change his mind if he has no mind to change. (Spurgeon.)
- JOHN GRAY:**
Cogito ergo sum.
I think therefore I am (???) (Descartes.)
- CLIVE REAMSBOTTOM:**
Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely. (Acton.)

Girls

- CATRIONA JOHNSTON** (School Captain):
I am not arguing with you—I am telling you! (James Whistler.)
- WENDY STEWART** (Vice-Captain):
Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heaven denied of soul, is well compensated in limbs. (Armstrong.)
- PAULINE BRUCE:**
Fond of fun,
And fond of dress, and change and praise,
So mere a woman in her ways.
- SUSAN CRUICKSHANK:**
You see, dear, it is not true that woman was made from Man's rib, she was really made from his funny-bone. (Barrie.)
- ELLEN GRANT:**
Beautiful dreamer. . . . (Foster.)
- JANETTE MACDONALD:**
Ambition is the only power that combats love. (Cibber.)
- MAIRI MACDONALD:**
I grew intoxicated with my own eloquence. (Disraeli.)
- MAUREEN McMURRAY:**
The Hungry Forties. (Mrs Unwin.)
- ANNE STRACHAN:**
The cook was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go, so she went. (Saki.)
- ELIZABETH TERRIS:**
The rest is silence. (Shakespeare.)



CAIRNGORM BADGE

Session 1970-71 saw the successful completion of the course for the Cairngorm Badge (the school's highest award for all-round achievement) by four pupils — Iain Brown, John MacBean, Alistair Praties and Sandy Smith.

To be eligible for this award each pupil has to hold three Higher Grade passes, represent the school in a competitive event, have reached a sufficiently high standard in three athletic events and in the sport or hobby of his choice, and (the stiffest part of the course) climb three peaks in the Cairngorms and spend a night in the open on the mountains.

A number of expeditions were made, the most notable being the climbing of Cairngorm

and the trek thence to the shores of Loch Avon, where the night was spent at the Shelter Stone. The following day saw the ascent of Ben Macdhui and, finally, the trail down the Lairig Ghru to Loch an Eilein. Other expeditions included a walk up Glen Einich and the ascent of Braeriach and Cairn Toul. Map and compass work came to the fore, especially during the periods of mountain fog, when it became impossible to see more than a few yards head.

We thank all the members of staff who participated in various ways, and especially Mr J. Cameron, whom we are sorry to have lost to Forres Academy.

JOHN MACBEAN.

SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS — 1971

Class VI

Class VI pupils gained the following additional passes:

- Iain C. I Brown—English (Sixth Year Studies), Mathematics (Sixth Year Studies).
 Peter C. Clark—Higher Chemistry I and II.
 Evelyn A. Fraser—Mathematics (Sixth Year Studies), Chemistry (Sixth Year Studies), Higher Geography, Higher Art, Physics.
 Iain C. Grant—Higher Engineering Drawing, Higher Biology I and II.
 Patricia E. Grant—Higher French.
 Fiona M. Ledingham—Higher English, Statistics, Higher Biology I and II.
 Jane M. Macaulay—English (Sixth Year Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies), German (Sixth Year Studies).
 John M. C. MacBean—Higher Mathematics, Statistics.
 Christine M. Matheson — Statistics, Art, Anatomy, Physiology and Health, Higher Physics I and II, Chemistry (Sixth Year Studies).
 Douglas D. Matheson — Mathematics (Sixth Year Studies), Chemistry (Sixth Year Studies), Higher Engineering Drawing.
 Alastair S. Praties—Higher English, Higher French.
 Alexander J. G. Smith—Statistics, Higher Biology I and II.
 Anne H. M. Stuart—Higher English, Higher History, Higher Dress and Design, Chemistry.

Class V

- Pauline U. Bruce—Higher Home Management.
 Colin A. Cruickshank—Higher English, Higher History, Chemistry.
 Susan C. Cruickshank—Higher Home Management, Higher Biology I and II.
 Colin Finlayson — Mathematics, Physics, Applied Mechanics.
 Helen M. Fraser—Higher English, Higher History, Higher French, Higher Biology I and II, Arithmetic, Chemistry.
 James B. Fraser—Higher English, Higher History, Higher Engineering Drawing, Mathematics, Physics, Applied Mechanics.
 Duncan H. Grant—Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher German.
 Ian C. Grant—Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Chemistry I and II, Higher Physics I and II.
 J. Stewart Grant—Higher English, Higher Geography, Physics, Technical Drawing.
 Ann L. Guild—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher Physics I and II, Geography.
 D. Sheila J. Harris—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Biology I and II, Higher Chemistry I and II, Physics.

Catriona M. I. Johnston—Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher German.

Brian A. Keir—Higher Engineering Drawing.
 B. Jane MacBeath—Art.

Mairi K. A. Macdonald—Higher English, Higher History, Higher French, Higher German.

Maureen E. McMurray — Higher English, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics.

Alexander W. L. MacRobert—Higher Engineering Drawing.

Moir N. McTavish—Higher English.

Louise M. M. Matheson — Higher English, Higher Geography.

David G. Millar—Higher English, Biology.

Sheila M. Miller—Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher French, Higher German.

Shirley C. Morrison—Higher English, Higher History, German.

Margaret I. Munro—English.

Rita Murray—Higher French, Higher German.

Wendy Stewart — Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Biology.

John L. R. Strathdee—English, Mathematics, Applied Mechanics, Physics, Higher Engineering Drawing.

Andrea J. Taylor—Higher English, Higher Home Management, Higher Biology I and II.

Elizabeth A. Terris—Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher French, Higher German.

Class IV

Alexander R. Allan—Geography.

Gregor D. Allan — Geography, Arithmetic, Technical Drawing.

Ewen A. Cameron — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Technical Drawing.

Graham J. Clark — English, Arithmetic, Biology.

Adrian V. Cooke—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Chemistry, Physics.

James L. Coueslant—English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Chemistry, Physics.

John Cruickshank — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Physics.

Jean E. Gordon—English, Arithmetic, Dress and Design, Biology.

Ellen M. Grant—English, History, Arithmetic, Latin, French, German.

Yvonne C. Grant—English, Arithmetic.

John M. Gray—Geography, Art, Physics.

David W. Keir — Geography, Arithmetic, Applied Mechanics.

Michael A. McCulloch—English, Geography.

Alistair D. Macdonald—English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics, Applied Mechanics.

Janette C. Macdonald — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, German.

Jean M. MacGillivray—English, History, Art, Biology.

Angus MacNaughton—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics.

Clive T. Reamsbottom—History, French.

Anne Strachan—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Home Management, Dress and Design, Biology.

Elizabeth M. Stuart — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Latin, Chemistry, Physics.

Roxanna G. Watt—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Biology, Chemistry.

Michael A. Wood—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Woodwork, Technical Drawing.

**Lines Composed While Writing the
'Ballad of Loch Dallas'**

Today my life just lost another day.
I tried to force some poetry from my mind,
But I could think of no new thing to say,
And so I felt the hours slip behind.
There were a million things I could have done;
So many books to read and girls to chase.
I can't think that I did it for the fun,
Sitting waiting with my biro out in case
Some line should break out from my clogged-
up brain,

Memories of moments when some kind of
light

Dawned on my vision, or some kind of pain.
But now I fear it's very late at night.
But if ever I write anything worthwhile,
I'll think of these sad moments with a smile.

JAMES COUESLANT, Class 5.



The third year Cookery Class line up at the table prior to the Hallowe'en Luncheon which they prepared for their guests and themselves.

"But every season is a kind
Of rich nostalgia. We give names—
Autumn and summer, winter, spring—
As though to unfasten from the mind
Our moods, and give them outward force."

Every season has its own peculiarities which imprint a set of moods and feelings in my mind each time that season comes and goes. There is nothing unhappy in any season, but perhaps a certain gloom comes as I realise, in a moment of happiness in a season's beauty, how few more times that season will come.

Autumn holds the key to many moods. In the trees as their leaves turn to glorious gold and red, in the fields of modest gold-coloured grass waving in the breeze, and in the sunlight touching the last blooms of heather in the evening, bathing the hills in rich gold, there are treasures that will last forever. This is also the season when the great powers of nature can be felt. As the rain lashes down, as the September wind drives the rain still harder, and as, rushing quickly from the mountains, some muddy torrent floods the fields, flattening the crops which were left too late, I feel a power far greater than man's. In autumn, this hiatus left by the loss of summer, I wait for winter to bring spring, to bring summer again. And then what? No, nothing is eternal. As the last fields are left flat and bare, and the last leaves fall from the trees, and the first cold blasts herald the icy winter, the realisation comes that nothing can last.

Winter is soon with us, the season when the river, flowing low and cold between the icy banks, carries the whole frozen countryside in its waters. But winter has its beauties too. Who, when he walks at night, late along some woodland path, and sees the full moon casting the weird shadows of the laden trees on the snow it has touched and textured, when on a cold, frosty morning he sees the

sun, new awakened in a glorious blaze, tinged with pink the sparkling white hills, when he sees the snowstorms opening and closing curtains on the world's stage, can deny this? Meanwhile the hills look on, their pine-wooded heads capped with black cloud, their snowy shoulders beaten by wind and driven sleet, and their heathery beards stiffened with ice.

But soon summer lays siege to the reign of the icy winter and gently, province at a time, destroys its empire. The snow begins to melt and becomes more and more patchy. Winter may throw more snowfalls but each one is more easily broken than the last, and the blasts of winter can no longer blow in snow, but instead they blow in the flowers. Yes, as the fields turn to a young, fresh green, with great promise of life, as the new-born lambs stumble through the first hour or so of their lives, and as all nature opens anew and afresh, spring is here with promise of months of warm and happy days.

But spring is but a moment and summer is soon here, the season when happy are the days. Now you can eat strawberries, now you can smell more and more fresh flowers, and now you can see in the sun things unnoticed before. Here, as only the bees break the drowsy silence of the hot mid-day sun, as all life ripens and matures, and as nature's beauty displays itself openly in the bright sunlight, I see that there can be no moods hidden in summer's beauty. It must be as it is. And the warm and gentle breezes still carry summer late into the night, and seem to make the moon an apprentice to the sun.

And so the seasons turn their cycle, and reveal, with each turn, a new, exciting face to add to the old ones. But when you think, you see that in the towns and cities the voice of nature cries in vain. No changes in the seasons are felt. Trees which shower leaves in autumn become a nuisance, something to waste man-hours of labour cleaning up after. Life is reduced to patches of regulation-length, faceless green grass. If civilisation must go this way, then I am not sure I want to go with it.

JAMES COUESLANT, Class 5.

✕ ✕ ✕

* TO A BUG

Oh beastie, tiny, wee,
How dar' ye crawl on me?
Wi' six wee leggies hangin' doon,
An' twa wee peekers lookin' roon'.

I foun' ye on a leaf ae day,
An' this is fit you mad' me say:
"Oh beastie! Sma', wee, hairy bug,
How dar' ye sting me on ma lug!

Ye are nae a' that muckle big.
In fact ye're awfy sma'.
But, man, the sting ye gi'ed tae me
—It wisna' wee ata'!"

* Ed.: We apologise for this contribution in advance!

SANDY ALLAN, Sec. 4c.

THOSE WHO SIT IN EVEN HIGHER PLACES

how He is an idol whose hands we tie and whose feet we kiss.

happy Bad times have a scientific value.

A book is only excusable so far as it teaches something.

Good To youth I have but three words of counsel: work, work, work.

Donnie bargain is a bargain.

Jan T. I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back anymore.

Genius is 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration.

Myer I have measured out my life in coffee spoons. Every man has a sane spot somewhere.

ed In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Moon struck madness.

Tobacco is the tomb of love.

sooly B.1820, still going strong.

Man has his will, but Woman has her way.

PARIS

As I stood at the window of our hotel room and looked down on the busy scene below, I still could not believe that we were in Paris! It was very hot and even having the windows wide open did not make much difference. Directly across the road was the Gare du Nord and many people laden with suitcases rushed in and out.

It was our first night in Paris and after dinner we prepared to walk to the Sacré Cœur. This lovely building is on the top of a hill and after a few moments I gave up counting the number of steps we had to climb. However, when at last we reached the top, I decided it was well worth it. Below us lay Paris by night, a mass of twinkling lights. After everyone had taken photographs, we returned to the hotel, where we went thankfully to bed.

The next day we went to see Notre-Dame. The size of the building and the beauty of the windows were breath-taking and we wandered round slowly. It was dark and cool, compared to the brightness and heat of outside. After looking round inside, some of us decided to climb the tower. The steps spiralled up and in some parts it was so dark you had to grope along the walls to find out where you were going. On the top there was a slight breeze and below lay the Seine and the roof-tops of thousands of buildings.

On our way back to the hotel, we travelled on the Metro, the underground of Paris. I stood gripping one of the seats tightly as advertisements flashed past. When at last the train stopped, I was almost carried by the rush onto the platform. As we all emerged from

the exit, blinking in the sun, I was amazed to find that we were just outside our hotel.

The next place we visited was Versailles. We were led by a guide through the many different rooms. Most of them had beautiful paintings on the ceiling and glittering chandeliers hung down from the roof. The gardens, which could be clearly seen from the first floor windows, were laid out in unusual patterns.

On our last day, we visited the Eiffel Tower, and although we did not have time to go to the very top, there was a wonderful view from the Second Stage. It was possible to walk up parts of the tower using a series of steps, but our group ascended by a lift which sloped at a very strange-looking angle. Mercifully, we arrived quite safely at the top!

During the afternoon we had the choice of going to the Louvre or to a swimming pool. Since I have always wanted to visit it, I chose the Louvre. The first things which my friend and I wanted to see were the Mona Lisa and the Venus di Milo. We found the latter quite easily because of the crowd which surrounded her, but it took quite a while longer to find the room in which the Mona Lisa was located. It was quite warm walking through the rooms looking at the paintings, so my friend and I crossed one of the bridges and spent the rest of our time wandering along the banks of the Seine and looking at the bouquinistes' stalls. These are set up and books, paintings and drawings are sold. By the time we had looked at the stalls, it was time to return to the bus, which took us back to the hotel. Our last day in the capital of France was over.

ALISON HENDRY, Class 3c.



HALF AN HOUR

There was this spotted rhinoceros . . . no, perhaps not.

Have you, the avid reader, ever considered how you entered the room you're in just now, or indeed how you enter any room? Stand-up the one who yelled, "On me, Pogo-stick", and sit down again.

Door knobs! That's how you enter a room. Surely a door-knob is the least-appreciated household accessory. They come in all shapes, sizes and finishes—with various purposes.

Of all the types, the most common appears to be the round-ended version, which turns clockwise (or anti-clockwise) and provides great gripping power even to the sweatiest of paws! But it is not beautiful. Continuing this basic shape, but varying it slightly into a kind of hexagon, we have a more pleasing fixture. These, however, are manufactured in such a way that much ease of grip is lost—one can't have everything!

In the past few years, the design of door-knobs has radically altered and now the lever type is rapidly springing up—it must be the heat??

One need only compare our two halls of learning to see the modern—and I use the term loosely—school favours metal handles,

while the older building retains its conventional knobs. If asked which of the two I prefer, I am bound to answer the levers, mainly because they are less effort.

The lever type, which henceforth I shall call the handle, has, however, one drawback—it is not beautiful. Perhaps it has beauty in its simplicity, but basically it is just plain uninteresting, and who wants an uninteresting door handle?

Furniture designers saw this problem quite early in the handle's development and they tried to rectify matters by designing a very nasty, curly, plasticky thing, the less said about which the better! It suffices to say that this failure is now all but dead and buried!

And so, we are left with door-pulls. You know, them horrible great silver things you push the doors with. How were you to know they are called door-pulls? Obviously they serve their purpose, and were not meant to be attractive, but surely something neater than a miniature fly-over could have been designed, but then what do I know about it? What do I know about anything for that matter?!?!?

DUNCAN GRANT, Class 6.



Principal winners at the annual swimming gala in October.

THE MATCH!

The whistle blows and they're all raring to go, the centre whacks the ball and the game begins. In goals at the far end stands a tall, lanky figure suitably attired in huge pads, and at the near end is the small, dumpy figure of our own goalkeeper. The referee makes sure he is well out of the way, far from the chaos of hacking sticks and yelling teams.

"Ouch!" someone has tripped up a young girl with his hockey stick! Moments later, the ball thuds into the shoulder of one of the pupils, but she plays on regardless, and swipes the ball at the goalposts . . . but no, it is intercepted by a teacher.

One of the schoolboys runs up to snatch the ball, first by running round the teacher, then by passing it smartly to the captain, who aims for the goal—but no, the tall figure dashes out—steady (he nearly tripped, you know)—and kicks the ball hard, sending it flying up the field to be received by a track-suited player who promptly passes it over to his right to yet another team member.

The young player runs up the field until—crash—right into the hockey captain.

Still the game went on, although I think the opponents were hitting each other more than the ball!

Yes, you've probably guessed by now—it's not cage-cleaning time at London Zoo—it's ten minutes of the Staff v. Pupils hockey match!

YVONNE BLAIR, Sec. 3c.

U.C.S.

The shipyards of Clydebank have been closed down

Sealing the doom of this melancholy town;
No more money by the Government is to be lent,

Against the workers' plea and national discontent.

The Queen Elizabeth, and Mary too,
Out of John Brown's huge workshops grew;
The navy's suppliers, the country's pride,
They are no more, John Brown's has died.

The cranes will rust. The yard will rot.
The workers will move south, for work means a lot;

To Australia, the United States, some have tried,

But nowhere is there the magic of the Clyde.

DAVID WILSON, Class 2, Section 2.



EXOTIC BIRDS

In the summer when it's warm
The birds fly here from Spain.
In the winter when it's cold,
They all fly back again.

When the birds were flying back,
They met a flipping hawk,
Who pulled out all their feathers,
And the poor things had to walk.

ALISON MACLENNAN, Class 1 Section 1.

A POP CONCERT

Scenes at pop concerts are all very much the same. Before the music starts, everyone sits quietly and patiently, but in a few minutes the scene will have changed dramatically. Most festivals are held in the open air with a dais for the music-makers in the centre. The stage will be littered with electronic devices, all designed to amplify the music so that the best tone can be obtained. This is the focal point of the concert and all the people sit around waiting and hoping that the music will be up to standard.

There are many different types of people in attendance. The vast majority of the spectators will be in their teens but sometimes much older people are in attendance. There will be hippies—people who are on an endless journey coming from nowhere and going nowhere. There will be ruthless people there trying to corrupt young minds with drugs and the like, and the guardians of the law will be there trying to prevent this happening. Most people will be there for enjoyment but some thugs always come looking for trouble. They are usually skinheads, who come clad in denim clothes and shod with heavy boots. They wield a vast assortment of weapons in usually furtive efforts to bring the concert to a close.

Most of the audience are dressed in brightly coloured clothes or old, faded garments covered in holes and patches. Some people are dressed in really "weird" clothes such as kaftans and lace shirts which are

gaily bedecked with beads. All the garments will be bedecked with chains and designs, and some of the clothes worn look as if a good wash would do them no harm. By this time the musicians have started to tune up and there is a momentary silence before the audience show their appreciation of the first few notes.

Before they have played half of their first number the audience will be on their feet swaying back and forth in time with the music. When the groups' rendering of the tune comes to an end there is a roar of tumultuous applause and, suddenly, the crowd moves forward like an irresistible wave of humanity to get closer to their idols who created the music. The movements of the music-makers are much the same as those of the audience.

They shake violently so that their long, flowing hair descends over their shoulders like a cascade while they play upon their electronic instruments. Time passes quickly and soon the concert will come to a close, generally at about midnight, after a twelve-hour marathon of progression and blues.

Many of the people sleep at the venue for the night and set off for home the next morning, often penniless and near destitute. They hitch lifts and "jump" trains to get home as they have no money while the hippies—the nomads—set off for the next pop extravaganza.

ANGUS MACNAUGHTON, V.



L - DRIVER

This year, I decided to join the 'jet-set', that is, the motorists. As I wished to be independent of other drivers, so taking my life into my own hands, I decided to have driving lessons from a reputable motoring school.

At my first lesson, I was nervous and quite thankful that the car was dual-controlled, the instructress having a brake and clutch pedal as well. For it is a consolation to know that if you get into difficulties, she will manage to control the car and avert any accidents. An example that is brought to my mind is when I was going down a very steep hill I saw her putting on the brake to slow us down to a safer speed. This additional brake, I am sure, has saved many an instructress from a nervous breakdown.

Slowly but surely I began to improve and have more confidence in myself. But a thing I hate is driving down the main street and having all my friends see me as I become flustered in case I make a mistake in front of them and, because of my agitated state, I usually do.

"Practice makes perfection" is a very apt saying, and practice is one thing a learner needs plenty of, so I am lucky in having two brothers and a sister who can take me out. But they are not so lucky because after being so long in the driving seat, it is wearing on the nerves of the members of my family. They

imagine I am driving too close to the grass verge and going to ditch them, or I drive too fast, at the best of times.

I imagine every learner has come across the same thing. And now, the only way I can give everyone peace of mind is to become a fully qualified driver as quickly as possible—if I survive till then!

SUSAN CRUICKSHANK, Class 6.



SILENCE

Sound
And yet no sound.
Silence and noise
Together.
The mind turns
Slowly,
But quicker now,
Faster and faster,
Now it slows;
The sound has died
As my feelings
Have died,
Slowly.
No noise.
Death
Of time.

SANDRA CANT, 4c.

2084?

The nose and whiskers of an abnormally large rat emerged from a hole in the ground, followed by its head. It looked anxiously around for a stray predator or some other animal, but it need not have bothered, for it was the last thing left alive on the Earth.

Its home was a hole in a pile of rubble and rubbish that had once been the Tower of London, but now all that remained of that once great building was a monstrous heap of rubbish similar to others dominating the surrounding landscape. However, this pile was different. Not long ago a large colony of rats, of which this rat was the sole surviving member, had lived in it, and the area around it had been filled with the noise they had made. But now only one was left.

"Today," it decided, "I must go further afield in my search for food." For it had been three days since it had eaten and there was a gnawing hunger-pain ever present in its stomach. Let us, however, review the events leading to this state of affairs.

Back in the year 2,000 the pollution crisis, which had first been realised in the late sixties of the twentieth century, had come to a head. Vast areas of land were unfit for cultivation and a plague was sweeping the world. Martial law had been imposed in most countries and, with the blind stupidity of soldiers, the leaders of the world declared war on each other. This was the final nail in the lid of the coffin for mankind.

The senseless reasoning behind the almost simultaneous decision was that if one captured other countries, more of those very small patches of fertile land would be in one's possession. What everyone failed to see was that in capturing the other countries they would almost certainly destroy the only escape route left open to mankind.

The use of nuclear weapons resulted in the obliteration of all forms of life on the planet except for the rats. The rats hiding underground escaped the holocaust but under exposure to radiation they mutated into many forms.

The race of rats which eventually survived were not, surprisingly, the largest, some of which were fifty metres high, but a comparatively small strain, five metres high. The largest were, as is usually the case, the stupidest, and by fighting among themselves they literally committed suicide for their tribe.

However, all did not go well even for those that were left. At first there was plenty of food supplied by the rotting corpses of man and beast alike but these supplies were limited and it was not long before the rats were turning to cannibalism: this rat was the sole survivor.

This was what the world had come to. Every battle, every victory, every defeat had culminated in this one rat.

It, quite unaware of its unique position, was going about the essential, if somewhat degrading task, for the ruler of the world, of finding food. The rat approached this task from the practical point of view, in searching

every nook and cranny in an ever-increasing circle.

It scuttled along the edge of the open sewer that was once the Thames, when it slipped in some slime, an accident which can happen even to the mightiest of rulers, slithered down into the "water" and was drowned.

ADRIAN COOKE, Class V.

✕ ✕ ✕

MY NEW SCHOOL

(Extracts from Compositions)

I like my new school because you move from class to class and the teachers are nice. A period lasts about thirty-five minutes, and the days pass quickly.

ANGELA WILSON.

All the teachers are very good to you, and they are not bossy either.

You get more attention since you are in separate classes.

ALLISON MORRISON.

The canteen dinners are good, and you get water with your dinner.

LINDA MORREN.

I like the library, that is when you get books to read, or even take one home to read, but you must return it when you are finished.

LINDA MUNRO.

I like some of the teachers and I like gym and swimming.

GAVIN ALLAN.

You do not get bored by getting the same teacher all the time.

I get very tired climbing all the stairs.

COLIN MACKENZIE.

✕ ✕ ✕

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" said the poet, but to me it is more than this. Mists there may be, but they lift and, as they swirl upwards, the glory of the autumn colour is revealed. It is seen in the rowan berries, the changing colour of the leaves, even the dying grass glowing with renewed colour as if dressed for a party before the countryside dons its white winter mantle and sleeps. The air is crisp and sweet, the sky is more blue than in midsummer, and from the earth comes a musky fragrance, the stored-up scents of summer. The tourists are dwindling in number, the shooting parties returning to their town offices, and the moors belong to the grouse again. Autumn means cosy evenings by the fire, roasting chestnuts, toasting marshmallows, planning for future weeks, the tattling-picking week, Halloween and Guy Fawkes and fireworks and, like a crown to the Glory of Autumn, Christmas.

AMANDA DUNLOP, Class 2, Sec. 2.

SUMMER BALLET SCHOOL

In early July I had a most enjoyable experience. I was given the opportunity to join the Summer Ballet School which is held each year at Glenorney Lodge. I was two weeks at the school.

I arrived at Glenorney after tea time one beautiful summer's evening and was taken up to my room, which I was to share with three other girls.

During the first week I attended classes each morning and afternoon. Our teachers were from ballet schools in Lausanne and London. It was a wonderful experience being taught by them. Included in the company were three girl professional dancers and two men professionals. We were able to see the "other side" of what goes on in a ballet company.

Each evening during the second week we gave performances and we beginners had the unique experience of dancing alongside the professional dancers. It really was wonderful.

I danced in one excerpt from *Giselle* and was in a very minor role in a ballet called *The Legend of the Market Place*. This was based on a story written by Hon. Mrs Bruce, mother of our ballet teacher, and it was one of the most thrilling ballets I have ever seen. It was a personal triumph for Miss Bruce. Each night the little theatre at Glenorney was filled to capacity and the audiences were most receptive.

I was sorry when my stay at Glenorney came to an end, but I hope very much to be included in next summer's company at Glenorney.

SHELAGH GRANT, Class 2, Sec. 2.

LANDSCAPE

I am certain that nobody would dispute the fact that the view from my bedroom window is breathtaking. In the early morning, following a night of light rain, I like to throw open the window and allow the room to be filled with the unique aroma of turnip tops. Unfortunately, I have never had the pleasure of seeing this vegetable growing from this angle, as the rather tall, elegant Brussels sprouts obscure it from my view. The latter give me unending pleasure as I gaze for hours, when I should be doing my homework, at the gracefulness of the leaves blowing in the breeze.

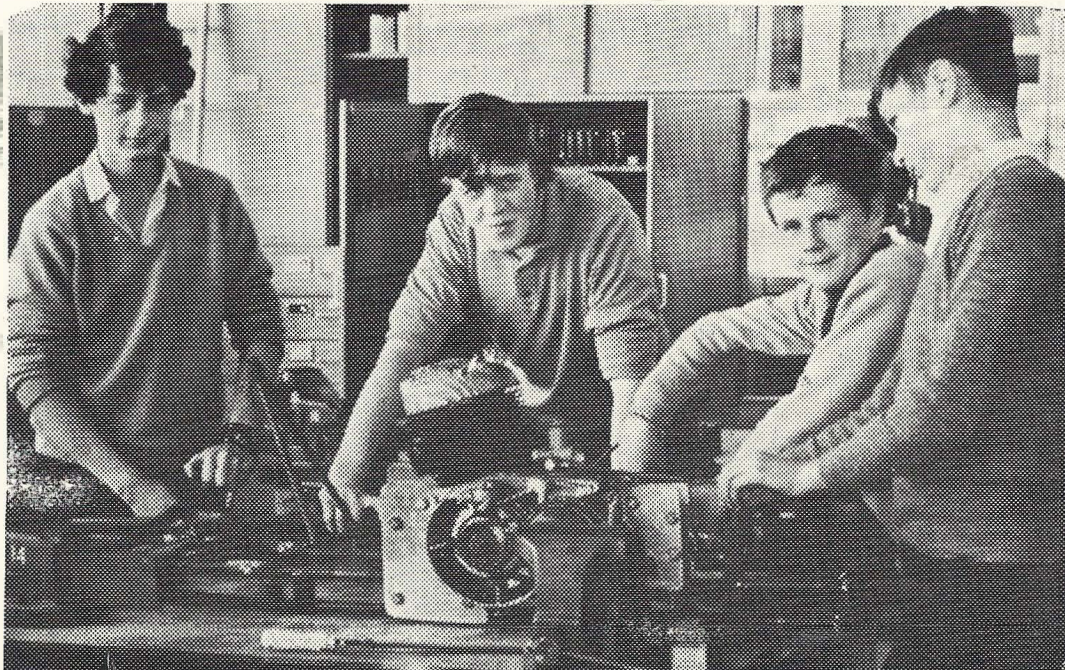
Not far away grows its half-sister, the curly cabbage. This well-groomed evergreen reminds me of a lady who has just emerged from the hairdressing salon. On second thoughts, it reminds me even more of some of the modern male population.

Swamped by these large plants is half a row of carrots. Owing to someone's forgetfulness, no more seeds were bought. Here and there, to break the monotony of semi-parallel lines, can be found, growing quite undisturbed, a fiery nettle. Also there is enough chickweed to supply all the budgerigars in Morayshire with superb nourishment.

But, alas, I am soon to be deprived of all these wonders of nature. I must move into another room with an entirely different view. Now I shall be looking on to a bed of roses with a varied selection of trees and shrubs in the background.

So much for progress, I suppose!

GORDON PATON, Sec. 4c.



Class 4b boys working on the Go-Kart they are making in the Technical Department.

A CONFESSION

It took me only a few months to obtain the amount I wanted. Innocent as a baby, it stood in its bottle, clear as water. The sun shone through it like a filtered rainbow onto the floor. I had only to wait a few hours.

I had always liked science. The teachers were my favourites, perhaps because they weren't so strict as the others. I felt quite guilty every time I poured the shimmering liquid into a bottle marked lemonade.

Nobody noticed the decrease in the volume. Science now had a new appeal for me. Excitement and danger wandered aimlessly alongside interest.

The time passes quickly. Everything is ready. With Divine aid I'll achieve my goal.

It's so easy really. The plague of my life, my sister, will die. Inverness is such a big place. There's always an immense number of people there. Especially in summer. Summer is such a beautiful season: sunshine pours like warm, heavy, melted butter on the brown-toast people.

I don't want her to die cruelly. Basically I'm a humane person. A pinprick, no more, no less. A small amount of blood. Virtually painless.

SIR JOHN EXPENSE

The Mayor sits in Grantown toon,
Drinking the blude red wine;
"O whare will I get a skilful goatherd
To lead this herd o' mine?"

Then up and spake the nearest man
Sat at the Mayor's right hand;
"Sir John Expense is the very best
Goatherd in all the land."

Our Mayor has written a brave letter,
He canna see too well,
And sent it to Sir John Expense,
Was walking doon the dell.

"To Dulnain Bridge, to Dulnain Bridge,
To Dulnain, up the road."
And as he read he understood
And did as he was told.

They hadnae gone a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely one,
When a car sped past and scattered them
And they began to run.

The vicar standing in the road,
Was trimming unaware,
When many goats rushed up behind
And sent him in the air.

And on, and on, and on they went,
Through Dulnain like a train,
And neither they nor John Expense
Were ever seen again.

Half-owre, half-owre, to Aviemore,
'T is in a quarry deep,
And there lies gude Sir John Expense,
Wi' the poor goats at his feet.

And if by now, you're wondering,
The moral of this story,
Then here there comes a big upset,
There isn't one, I'm sorry.

HARRY HARRIS, Class 4c.

The wax was dry on the bath now. The drains and pipes were well insulated. My preparations stood by. It was so simple. So simple.

Poor sister. So young. She'll never see her boyfriend again. He'll be the excuse for her disappearance. So convenient he vanished. So convenient my parents disliked him.

"Eloped," they'll say. A note in my sister's hand writing. I tricked her into writing it.

Was it appropriate that I thought of Shakespeare's Macbeth? . . . perhaps not.

A noise?

"You're home early," my voice said.

"I told you I would be," her voice replied, peevish in her exhaustion.

"So you did. I forgot." How I hated her! I had to force myself to take her coat, every cell in my body thrilling with excitement and revulsion.

"You must be hot and dirty after tennis. Shall I run a bath for you?" my voice continued, its tone kindly.

"Oh yes, please!" Her response clung like pincers to my ears. "Put some foam-stuff in the water too, please! I'm just going to change."

I ran to the bathroom and turned on the cold water. My bedroom was a haven . . . I ran there. I leant against my Paul Newman poster, shivers of fear running up and down my spine.

"Dear heart, give me strength," I moaned.

The box! I mustn't forget the chloroform. Ah! She's coming up. Suppressed hatred congealed in my very soul. My body ached. My teeth clenched together.

I walked to the bathroom and pulled the curtains to dim the room. I stood a little way from the door.

I took out the pad of chloroform. I felt very calm.

She ran swiftly into the bathroom, humming some vile pop-song—give me Wagner any time. Like a lamb to the . . .

I must stop thinking on those lines.

"You silly cat," she cried in disgust. "I don't need the curtains closed. For Heaven's sake who's goi . . ."

I pressed the wad over her nose and mouth and held her firmly.

How she struggled! But finally, with a convulsive heave, she fell heavily against me.

I located my tapering, miniature lance. The hat pin plunged deep into her heart. A few drops of blood stained her dressing-gown, but that was all.

Rubber gloves lifted her carefully. A curious sigh and gurgle escaped her. She was dead. I pulled and heaved her into the bath, tears of exhaustion welling into my eyes. I poured the silvered droplets of the hydrochloric acid in until it covered her and then turned away, unable to look at the final phase.

I returned four hours later. I rid the room of all evidence.

The cobalt sky stretched eternally. No-one knows.

JEAN MACGILLIVRAY, Sec. 5.

MORAL

There was once a wise old hermit who had the reputation for knowing everything . . . which wasn't exactly difficult in the days when he was around, because there wasn't much worth knowing anyway. But the locals all thought of him as being a soothsayer and a wise man and, saying sooths not being much in demand, they relied on him to dispense words of wisdom when things started puzzling them. Especially the local lord. This bold, bad baron was a right old ignoramus, but, because he had a sort of social standing in the district, he found it convenient to go to the hermit for advice when a clout on the noggin proved an insufficient expedient to settle more subtle questions of protocol and diplomacy.

One day, Ethelred the Unready—the aforementioned baron — arrived at the hermit's cave looking chagrined, mortified, and not a little peeved.

"Hermit," said Ethelred, "I require to know why I am failing to satisfy my large appetite. I am, as you will remember from the time you treated me for dingle ditus, a large lad . . . but my lady wife never seems happy with my ministrations at the table."

"Hmrrrrrrrr," replied the hermit, sagely (and with a touch of onion). "To tell you the truth, you've come to the wrong man. I've been living alone in this cave for so long, I've completely forgotten all I ever knew about large feasts . . . and food, except in its most rudimentary and humble form such as berries and tasty roots. Give me twenty-four hours, M'Lord, and I will get out my scroll and do a little revision."

So Ethelred the Unready rode away, promising to return the next day and to lop off the hermit's digits if the worthy old man had failed to find an answer to his problem.

But came the next day, and the hermit was full of answers. He described in salacious detail 42 titillating varieties, and 57 different mouthwatering delicacies. The baron was beside himself with despair at the thought of what he was missing.

One week later, the baron's wife, Heloise the Ever-ready, visited the hermit's cave.

"Hermit," she said, "for seven days my worthy husband has been demanding that I should prepare the most wondrous feasts ever set before man's eyes. Therefore, he wishes to reward you for your excellent advice."

"My advice," said the hermit. "Verily 'tis so, I trust that M'Lady finds no cause for complaint?"

"Well," mused Heloise, "the suggestions are good ones, but Ethelred is rather an uncouth man. He has lost all manners owing to the complete joy of seeing new dishes and fruits placed before him. Verily, 'tis most degrading."

"About this, I can do nothing," pleaded the hermit.

"Oh yes, you can," riposted Heloise. "I have brought six of your masterpieces from the kitchen to demonstrate your prowess in attaining dignity whilst filling your stomach."

Being a wise man, and knowing when he was on six good things, the hermit immediately leapt into action. He gave demonstration after demonstration to Heloise, who watched with an inquiring and learning eye.

After sixteen hours of feasting and drinking, Lady Heloise rode home replete with knowledge . . . and the old hermit died.

Moral: Knowledge isn't everything. True wisdom is knowing to delegate responsibility to a younger man with a bigger stomach fit for rich feasts, and not berries.

MICHAEL WOOD, Sec. 5.



THE PIGEONS OF LONDON

"Pigeons, pigeons, pigeons!" That was the scene at Trafalgar Square on a bright afternoon in August. One-armed Nelson stood aloft on his high stone pillar, looking down upon the fountains, pigeons and people. The roar of the nearby traffic was virtually drowned by the shrieking and the flapping of wings from the lazy grey birds. Handfuls of seed, bought from persons selling it at the foot of the column, were being thrown to the greedy birds who were so blown-up with seed they became exceptionally vulnerable to the feet of passers-by and had to keep running and dodging (being too heavy with seed to fly) to save their own necks.

Pigeons swarmed over the stone lions like ants on an ant-hill, while the people snapped away with their cameras.

Suddenly, without warning, a pigeon would come screaming down and choose to land on some innocent onlooker's head, causing some panic in the crowd, although the few dauntless folk took great delight in having a pigeon dive down onto their head, I don't know why!

Although it was great fun, the atmosphere was very polluted and exhaust fumes from the bustling traffic created a cloud which hung over the streets like some ghost waiting to plunge down on the man in the street, although the pigeons did not seem to mind and plunged even if there were no victim in sight.

ARCHIE LIGGAT, Class 2, Section 2.

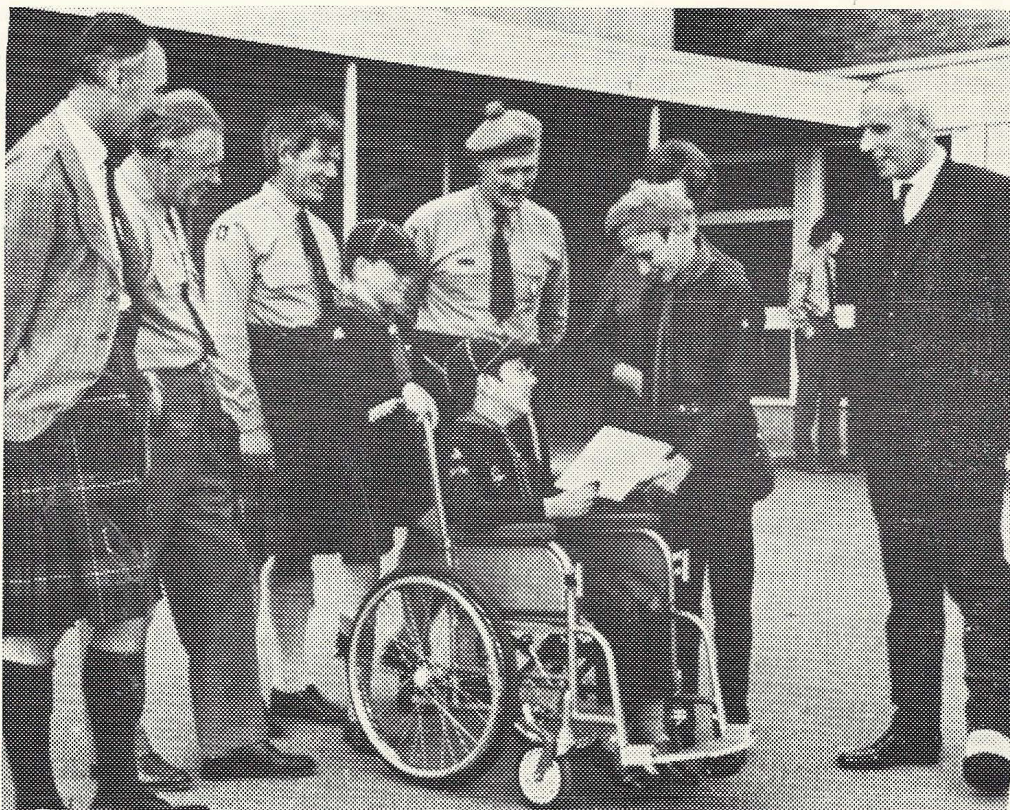


The rain splashed, lightning filled the sky
With light. By the church so cold, and damp
A wicked eye watched.

And before the time the earth was still,
Nothing stirred. Among the dead in the
Yard, an element of fear was heard.

But now, when time no more was passing,
I heard a shadow loudly laughing,
And, by the church, the cross upturned.

STEWART GRANT, Sec. 6.



Ernest Findlay, a physically handicapped Cub Scout leader, proudly shows to his brother George the Cornwall Badge—the Scouts' "V.C."—which he received at a ceremony in the School in June.

THE SINKING OF THE "BISMARCK"

It was on the H.M.S. "Fearless" that we saw it, huge, massive and breath-taking—it was the "Bismarck". The grey hulk of metal suddenly lit up through the morning mist spitting out fire upon the practically defenceless "Fearless", and almost immediately holes appeared on the structure, sending white-hot pieces of metal ricocheting off the body, but sometimes finding flesh to bury itself in. The sirens wailed pitifully as if they were making a forecast of the battle.

It seemed hopeless, but then . . . through the sound of battle, I heard the radio operator give an exclamation of joy, for he had heard that the "Bismarck" was almost immobilised and was holed below the water line! This was broadcasted through the ship's loud-speaker, and sent through our hearts a feeling of joy and excitement, giving every man a spirit to fight—and to fight well!

The battle was now at its terrible height, and, although the "Bismarck" was stationary, a never-ending shower of lead streamed from it. Not satisfied with bullets, they changed

to torpedoes and anti-aircraft guns which tore great hunks of metal off our ship. At one point we thought we had scored a direct hit, for flames came forth, but nothing came of it, as the Germans quickly smothered it with foam.

Then, in the middle of it all, a well-directed torpedo struck us, damaging us badly. We heard the captain's voice through the loud-speaker: "Abandon ship!"

I ran to the nearest life-boat and tried to collect as many people as possible.

In the water, we watched silently as "Fearless" slid slowly beneath the waves, almost gracefully.

But then, a new terror arose—Nazi snipers shooting and successfully hitting their mark. Their target—us, and one bullet caught me in the shoulder. I pitched forward, seeing the grey water coming up to meet me—then darkness.

I opened my eyes to see a nurse listening to the radio. The announcer said simply: "The 'Bismarck' has been sunk!"

LEICESTER 1962

'Bitter the December day,
Streets and sky an equal grey.'

These lines describe well the city, that long, cold winter. Usually the winter was much the same as the summer; the sky would stay the same shapeless, dirty white colour and the streets the same dirty red of the brick that built the city. But now dirty snow and sludge covered the brick and concrete. Dark lumps moved in the sky. Sometimes we could have a winter with no snow. But this was, for a change, the real thing. The man on television said that it was the worst winter for a long time.

Hard though it probably was for many people, for me and my friends it was an unrivalled opportunity to add a new dimension to our lives. While the Electricity Board, who usually cut power because they said they couldn't cope in winter, were having a disaster, we could be Scott of the Antarctic, some Northern explorers, or a band of soldiers fighting among Russian snows. We could tunnel into snow drifts blown up by passing cars. We could slide for miles along the frozen canal. Not once were we stopped walking along railway lines, through private woods or fields, or along the banks of any river or stream we chose to explore.

Sometimes we could leave the city to go to the rocks and hills of Charnwood Forest. We could climb through the snows to the lofty heights of Bardon Hill, or take our sledge to Bradgate Park and slide for miles down from the top of Old John's Hill.

But now much of Charnwood Forest and its hills are gone forever, crushed into chip-pings and spread for miles along the M1. We call it progress. No longer are there wild hilltops in Leicestershire, no longer can they hold rock-climbing classes on some small out-crop. We are even running out of hilltops for the most ancient hobby of English eccentrics—folly building.

And always every winter in Leicester there would be the smog. This would come down at mid-day and then wait until the evening when, together with the dark, it

would slow down all the traffic, make everyone bad-tempered and blot out everything. I remember on one occasion not being able to see one side of the road from the other side's kerb. As the sky grew dark and the rush-hour traffic built up, it was as though some great diabolical power had thrown a blanket of evil all over the earth.

Later that winter there was the slow thaw. It was so slow and unpleasant that it seemed the dirt had at last defeated the pure whiteness of the clean snow which had invaded the city. The dirty slushpiles at the sides of the road grew bigger, undergoing a strange metamorphosis from snow to mud. As the snow thawed and froze again in regular cycles, it soaked up all the soot from the air and grime from the ground.

As the city returned to its old state of dirty buildings under a dirty sky, with the occasional demolition site making a brick and rubble scar on the town's grey face, it seemed impossible that anything could ever change the dirty town. But the other day I heard someone from Leicester talking. The old brick and stone centre has been knocked down for a new concrete town. If ever I return, then the town of my childhood will have gone, but with only memories I can keep it as I like.

J. COUESLANT, Class 5.

× × ×

DREAM

I dreamed a dream not long ago.
The memory still lingers
Like a tune
Sweet and low
Drifting onwards—
A stream of thought that
Should mean happiness
But does not.
I saw a castle, high in the air
Surrounded by mist,
Until at last
It was no longer there.
It had been swallowed,
Engulfed in time,
And just like my memory
It became blind.

PATRICIA MITCHELL, Class 4c.

× × ×

DEAD LOVE

Sadly our eyes met,
We knew for the last time.
Then she brightened up
And we thought of the past,
Of the past fourteen years;
Many happy times, running free.
But now it was a sad time,
For she closed her eyes slowly
And then I cried.
She was dead—
My dog was dead.

HELEN ROSS, Class 4c.

FEELINGS

Sunshine or rain
We cannot choose.
Like our moods
Rain comes and goes
But not together.
The sun can shine
When we're sad.
It helps us forget
When times are bad,
But not always.

The rain comes down
But we don't mind,
For we are happy,
Feeling good and kind
Are our feelings inside.

SANDRA CANT, 4c.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ELF

The little elf skipped gaily through the forest. It was a sunny day, and patches of sun lit up his person through chinks in the trees. He was happy because it was sunny and he was full of bright ideas of how to amuse himself. He arrived, at last, at the end of the wood and stood still for a moment, stunned by the brightness and gayness of everything around him.

Suddenly a group of mice came scuttling along. They were chattering nervously and excitedly, but they stopped when they reached him and proceeded to tell him their ideas for amusing themselves. "We're going to the cinema," they declared in high-pitched squeaks, but the little elf thought that on a lovely day like this, it would be a great pity to stay inside. "This sunshine really turns me on," he said to himself.

Then, because he began to feel hot, the elf decided to buy himself a new summer outfit at the newly-opened boutique in the forest. He dashed back to his house and collected his savings and skipped happily away to the forest boutique. On arriving at this place, the elf could hardly believe what he saw. Everything was so expensive (as is sadly often the case) that the elf could not afford anything. Sadly he walked back through the forest, his head down and his feet dragging behind him.

It was while he was walking thus that an idea formed itself in his mind. Leaping into action, he snatched some leaves from nearby trees and dashed home. At last he persuaded his "old woman" to make these leaves into some swimming trunks and so it happened that he was the first elf ever to have green "wet-look" swimming trunks.

By now it was time for dinner, and, feeling very gay and proud of himself, the elf decided to "blow" his savings in the local health food shop. After a satisfying meal of carrot juice and yoghurt, he decided to go for a swim in his new trunks.

The only swimming pool in the area was about three miles away, so the elf decided to "hitch it". With no success whatsoever the elf at last reached the swimming pool, but he was too early, because the pool was not yet opened. To pass the time he decided to have a walk round. Once more skipping through the trees, he fell into a deep pit, from which he found it impossible to get out, and, eventually the poor little elf starved to death.

The little elf would probably still have been alive today if he had not finished his dinner so early and thus arrived so early at the swimming pool, so the point of the whole story is that it is dangerous to eat too quickly.

JANE MARSHALL, 4c.



Football 2nd XI.



Junior Hockey Team.

JESTER

I have always loved horses and when I was small my father used to say, "When you are fourteen you will maybe get one." My dream was to own a pony and I longed to be fourteen, which seemed a lifetime to me at the age of eight.

As I got nearer fourteen, I started to help at Craiglynn Riding School. I enjoyed it very much and, while I was there, I longed even more for my dream to come true. At the Riding School I was taught lots of very interesting and useful things.

At the Riding School there were many different horses and the owner often bought a young pony, broke him in and sold him. One pony she had was a three-year-old Connemara cross-Irish, his sire being the Connemara. When he had first come he was inclined to kick if he got the chance. The owner of the Riding School, Mrs McNaughton, with the help of the groom, changed him into a very reliable pony.

The months flew past and soon came the time to sell some. I was now fourteen and keeping a look-out for a suitable pony if my

dad would relent and buy one. Then Mrs McNaughton told me the ones she was selling and among them was Jester, the three-year-old Connemara cross-Irish pony.

I rushed home to tell dad and waited to hear what he would say. He asked if I could take the pony up to see him and the next day, which was Tuesday, 17th August, 1971, he came to visit the family. I was very excited and rode him very hopefully back to our home. Dad liked him and at six o'clock that evening phoned to say we would buy him. I had saved some money but that was to buy necessary things for him, including buying hay for him through the winter.

He arrived four days later and I rode him to our auntie's farm. I put him in the field and left him to settle. It still hadn't sunk in that I had my own pony! Two days later I rode him in the woods. We had a few disagreements on which way to go but in the end he went my way. After five weeks he still tries it on but, I wouldn't change him for the world.

SUSAN GRANT, 3c.

PRIMARY MAGAZINE

PRIMARY 2

When I grow up I shall be a pipere and I am going to where a Black woch tarten kilt a pipere bloes the bag pips.

CHARLES WHITEFORD

When I grow up I am going to be a har dresr.

WENDY HAMILTON.

When I am big I will driveing a diggir.

EDDIE McTAVISH.

When I grow up I am going to be a plumir.

NEIL MUTCH.

When I grow up I wod like to work in Kopers (Coopers!) and I will give the Mothers ham.

JULIE PATON.

I am goign to be a ofven mon poos votsf van. (!??)
(Ed. The author wisely remained anonymous!)

When I grow up I am going to be a mother.

VALERIE McRITCHIE.

PRIMARY 3

LIFE ON THE MOON

If I was on the moon I would pout up a tent and sleep in a sleeping-bag and every soo often I would go down to get food and play with the Space monsters and I would war one of my dreses. I could not go to school. Pipill could not go to work.

MAIRI SHAW.

If I was on the moon I would live in a space rocket. I would eat moon rock. At night I would try to catch stars and go to the milky way to get some milk. In the sunny mornings I would go to my moon garden and plant some moon flowers. Then I would look for my moon cat and get her some milk from the milky way.

SENGA COYLE.

When I grow up . . . I am going to be a hair dresser and before I start I am going to go to the university at Aberdeen. And before I go to the university I am going to stay in the new School and try to get my sums write and my sewing write.

KAY ROSS.

SCARECROW

I am a Scarecrow in the field in the corn. Today I saw a hare and a crow in the field and I saw a field mouse and a squirrel. The farmer is coming to cut the corn and to take me out of the corn. The crows will not get it.

STUART McLEAN.

PRIMARY 3

THE WITCH

The witches are very cruel and she scratches you with her big long sharp nalse and she poots you into a pot and she poots the pot ontop of the fayer and she poots all sorts of things into it and she has got a nagic wond and she changes pepil into frogs snaces cats fish rabets and all sorts of tings and she scars pepel awy.

COLIN McLEAN.

PRIMARY 4

THE RABBIT

Once upon a time there was a rabbit called Cherrie. She was cheeky because she was going into people's gardens and pinching their carrots. One day when Cherrie went into a garden a man shot Cherrie.

GARY FIDDES.

MY DAD'S CAR

My dad bought a new car.
Mam drove but never got far.
She drove into a fence.

My dad has no sense.
For letting my mum drive his car.

CHRISTINE STRACHAN.

PRIMARY 5

DAD'S GARDEN

Then the snow goes away and spring comes. Dad and I dig the garden and plant the potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, and flowers. In a few weeks they start to grow, then in another few weeks, my mother lifts the vegetables for dinner, and picks flowers to decorate the house.

HELEN ROSE.

THE GHOST

As I was going to the farm,
I met a man that wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today.
I wish that man would go away.

ALAN HAWKINS.

PRIMARY 6

SNOW

Snow,
Icy snow,
Powdery, wet stuff,
Makes you feel cold,
Feel ever so very cold,
Horrible, cold, wet stuff,
Makes you shiver,
Horrible stuff,
Snow.

MARGARET SHAW.

THE LOST DOG

One day as I was playing in the woods I found a little dog that lived near me and took it to its master and got a cake.

RICHARD THOMPSON.

MODEL-MAKING

My hobby is model-making. I have seven models—two planes, two ships, a cannon, a lorry and a model man. I enjoy making models at night. I have model forts and soldiers for them.

OWEN HOGG.

MY LIFE

I am a boy who is in a wheelchair. I am handicapped. I am ten and I get on very well at school and at home. I have got a three-wheeler bike. George Grant is my pusher. I go on my knees and I crawl up the stairs. I was awarded the Cornwall Award and I am a Cub Scout.

ERNEST FINLAY.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEES

My grandfather, when he was alive, lived in Ireland. He was a great bee-keeper. He had well over ten hives and every night he used to watch them working. One night when he came home from work two swarms were fighting to get into one of the hives since all the other hives were full, so he built another one. While he was doing so, my grandmother took out a white sheet and put it down on the ground. This attracted the bees' attention and they landed on it, giving grandad time to make another hive. He was at an Exhibition at Longford on hives where something queer happened. He had made a glass hive to show you what went on inside, but the bees were so busy they covered the inside with wax. That shows you how clever bees are.

IAIN BEANGE.

PRIMARY 7**THE MIND READER**

I'm fed up with this transistor. I know, I'll take it to pieces. Gosh! what funny parts it has. This blue bit has funny white pieces on it.

I took the queer bit out and held it in my hand. "Come in, Trudie, I know you are there," I said. Trudie appeared and said,

"How did you know I was there?"

After Sunday School I went to see Trudie. We went for the papers. I said to the girl, "That is thirty-three pence, isn't it?"

Looking amazed, she answered,

"Yes."

At school the following morning I put the blue object in my desk. It had made me know everything people were thinking for the past two days. Well, we were given ten sums and instead of usually getting four wrong, I managed to get them all correct. In the afternoon we went on a Nature Trail. Without asking, I wrote down the questions the teacher was going to ask. This blue object certainly was queer! As we came home, it must have slipped out of my pocket. I looked—but there was no sign of it. Now I cannot read peoples' minds. It must have been MAGIC.

LESLEY HENDRY.

MY WORST DAY

I overslept yesterday morning because I was awake half the night with my dog biting me. I got soap in my eyes when I washed, which was a bad start to the day. When I dressed, I was in such a vile temper that I broke my shoe-lace. When I eventually found one in my brother's toy-box, I didn't realise it was so late. When I was pouring my tea, it was a case of "more hurry, less speed," because I spilt it. As I entered the school gate I saw the playground was empty, and so I knew I was late for school. My knees were knocking as I came nearer and nearer to the classroom door because, if the teacher caught me, I'd be given an awful row. I opened the door quietly and went in stealthily on tiptoe. Then a loud voice boomed,

"Come out here, Anne Munro!"

My face turned white and my blood froze. When I came back from the teacher's desk I had a tingling feeling in my hand. Nothing went right that day. First of all I was dreaming about our netball team winning 12-0 when the teacher said to do the essay in pencil instead of in pen. It was then I realised I had forgotten my pencil. I didn't half get a telling-off. Also my sums went all wrong, my spelling was poor and my writing worse than usual. At long last the bell sounded for dinner-time. After dinner we played netball against Tomintoul. I gave an own goal to the other team. At break I got a telling-off. That was the last straw. That day was like a dog's life.

ANNE MUNRO.

* * *

HOWLERS

My father is going to be in command of Elgin till the manager comes back.

When I was passing Alison Forbes, I saw an ancient castle in the middle of a field.

In the United States, the cavalry was surrounded by patches.

I heard a loin roar at the zoo in Aberdeen.

The people with big heads do not live very long.

I did not want to depart with my rudder, for it was bouncy.

On the 25th of January it was Robbie Burns day. There was not a burned supper at Cromdale.

When men are climbing cliffs, it is very dangerous if one slips down.

When I went to the cinema, someone tickled me.

I went out in a boat and we were sunk by a currant.

My granny has a thimble for sawing.

A squirrel has a busy tail.

An express train carries males and goes very fast.



Football 1st XI.



Senior Hockey Team.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

HOCKEY

Our list of hockey fixtures was, this year, greatly affected by the unfavourable weather conditions. Our opening match was against Elgin on their home ground and resulted in heavy defeats for both XI's.

However, at home, we put up a better show when the 1st XI beat Kingussie 4-0. Unfortunately, our 2nd XI suffered the first of many defeats.

In late October we acted as hosts to a party of Glaswegian schoolgirls who were staying at Glenmore Lodge. Once again, we lost by a small margin.

Our concluding matches were against Lossiemouth—an away fixture which resulted in a 3-1 win for the 1st XI and a 2-0 defeat for the 2nd XI—and Milne's High, yet another away fixture which resulted this time in defeat for both teams.

This year, because of an extreme shortage of players, our 1st XI remained unchanged and the players were:—E. Stuart, E. Fraser, A. Strachan, S. Miller, F. Ledingham, C. Matheson, H. Philips, E. Johnstone, S. Harris, J. McDonald, W. Stewart. Our junior team had a larger pool for selection. The 2nd XI was chosen from the following players:—M. Fraser, F. McLennan, M. Wallace, S. Miller, M. Campbell, W. Watt, S. MacGillivray, C. McMillan, A. Ross, A. Hendry, F. Masson, L. Calder, A. Oram, S. Sim, E. Grant, P. Paterson, D. Duncan, B. Smith, D. McIvor, E. McGinley.

FOOTBALL

Altogether ten senior games were played, excluding several evening games against Cowlumbridge Hotel. We also played and beat Lenzie Academy.

The only other successes were draws with Elgin Academy, Kingussie (twice), and the staff. We also played Milne's High, Nairn and Forres but we were well beaten.

For the first time the junior team played Tomintoul, winning one game but losing the other.

We should like to thank Mr MacLean, who arranged all the matches, as well as Mr Cameron, Mr C. Anderson and Mr I. Thomson, who refereed and travelled with the teams to away matches.

BADMINTON

The first match of the 1970-71 season took place at home against Forres and resulted in a narrow 5-4 defeat for our school. However, in the return match in Forres Academy we showed better form, winning by 6 games to 3.

In the Moray and Nairn Junior Tournament, several pupils were successful. Janette Macdonald and Alistair Macdonald were winning finalists in the Junior age group, while Elizabeth Terris and Wendy Stewart were successful in the Senior Section.

At the end of the season, the pupils had an enjoyable match against the staff, who were beaten 9-7 for the second year in succession.

SKI-ING

Ski-ing suffered from the abnormally mild winter and on few occasions were the conditions really top-class. Of the eleven scheduled Saturdays four had to be cancelled, but nevertheless 18 primary and 49 secondary pupils received instruction in their respective classes.

Large numbers again undertook the British Junior Alpine Ski Tests and a high percentage of passes was obtained.

The School team, consisting of Anne Ross, Duncan Riley, Colin Fleming and Douglas MacDonald, gained a £50 B.P. scholarship after being placed third overall in the Scottish Schools' Race at Glenshee in March.

They were rather unfortunate in the British Schools' Race at Hillend, Edinburgh, where they finished in 25th place. Misfortune again overtook them in the Boyd Anderson Ski Trophy on Cairngorm, where they failed to qualify, but we obtained some consolation from the fact that Duncan Riley took first place in the Junior Individual Class.

The Inter-House Trophy was won by Revack, with Revoan runners-up.

Duncan Riley, Colin Fleming, Anne Ross and Douglas MacDonald were our outstanding competitors, the first named having been chosen to race in the Austrian Junior Championships, where he finished 17th. Anne won the North of Scotland Championships, while Colin was second in the East of Scotland Under-14 class. Douglas topped the juniors in the Bairns' Bucket and was second in the Glenshee Juniors.

Ski colours awarded for this season were:

Full Colour—Duncan Riley and Anne Ross.

Half Colour—Colin Fleming and Douglas MacDonald.

Merit—Graham Clark and Janette Macdonald.

We are most grateful to Miss Shackles, who took over the responsibility of organising the excursions at the beginning of the season.

CAMERA CLUB

Although numbers were small, enthusiasm was keen. We learned the basic camera controls and their functions, and then proceeded to the dark room work of printing and enlarging negatives. This was followed by processing of negatives and further enlarging work. A basic lighting set-up for portraits was demonstrated and we were able to photograph each other and use the prints as Christmas cards when mounted in appropriate folders. Marco photography was explained. We are most grateful to Mr Cameron for running the club.

ATHLETICS

The School Sports were held this year in very cold, wet, windy conditions, as were the other two major athletic events for which Grantown acted as the host venue, namely, the Moray and Nairn Inter-School Sports and the North of Scotland Athletics Championships. Despite the extremely adverse conditions, the standard of competition was very high in all three events, and the new field and track lay-out was generally highly commended.

The School Sports resulted in a run-away victory for Revoan House (295 points) who scored over 50 points more than the runners-up, Revack. Eight new records were set up, with Gregor Grant and Sheila Harris producing doubles in the 1500 metres and javelin, and 100-metre and 200-metre sprints respectively. School champions were:—

Senior Girls—Jean Gordon.

Senior Boys—David Millar.

Intermediate Girls—Suzanne Robertson.

Intermediate Boys—Alan Gordon.

Junior Girls—Helen McBain.

Junior Boys—Duncan Macdonald.

The best of the school's athletes represented it at the County Sports, where the Junior Girls distinguished themselves by winning their section and hence the Teachers' Trophy. Outstanding in her performance was Helen McBain, who won the Junior Girls' 80-metre and 150-metre sprints.

In the North of Scotland Championships, a small group of senior pupils represented the school and congratulations go to Ewan Cameron and David Keir for gaining places in their respective throwing events.

GOLF

There was a large drop in the numbers playing golf this year although there were a few beginners, mostly from the junior classes.

The match-play champion, over 18 holes, was James Mollison, who beat John Strathdee 5 and 4 in the final. In the Inter-House Championship the Breckenridge Cup was won by Revoan, with Revack and Roy second and third respectively.

In the Doig Shield at Lossiemouth, the only success for the school was gained by James Mollison, who was second in the Under-15 Scratch Competition over 18 holes.

In inter-school matches the school was not as successful as in previous years. At home

we drew with Gordonstoun and lost to Elgin and Forres, and away we lost to Elgin and Nairn but beat Gordonstoun. The team was picked from the following:—E. Cameron, S. Grant, A. MacNaughton, W. Lawson, J. Mollison A. Macdonald, S. Cooke, J. Strathdee and W. Johnston.

We are again grateful to the teachers who assisted us during the season and hope that there will be more enthusiastic juniors and seniors playing golf next season.

SWIMMING

Competition was extremely high in this year's Inter-House Swimming Gala, where Revack House came out on top, eight points ahead of the runners-up, Revoan. The standard of swimming was extremely high as the swimmers had undergone a rigorous training programme under the careful supervision of Mr MacLean and Mr Smith. For some weeks before the event there were training sessions twice a week immediately following school, and for those who were really keen there were two morning 'work-outs' before school began.

The ultimate aim was, of course, the County Swimming Gala in Elgin, where Grantown achieved three first places: Rosemary Masson (Under-14 Backstroke), Michael McCulloch (Under-14 Backstroke) and Sandy Smith (Over-16 Freestyle). Several others were also placed in their events, so that overall the school put up a very creditable performance, considering the time the school has had its swimming pool.

STAMP CLUB

The membership of the club increased this year with many juniors joining the ranks of the regular members. Several short talks were given by senior pupils on various aspects of philately, and juniors were encouraged to make full use of the books and catalogues in the club's possession. An auction was held with many interesting stamps being sold. Mr Liggat is thanked for running the club, his efforts being appreciated by all.

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club started off well with a good membership of beginners and players. Competitions were organised, a league being played on Tuesdays and a tournament on Thursdays. The organising was well carried out by John McBean.

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

EDITORIAL

Once again we greet all our members and hope that the information supplied in this section of the magazine will justify the efforts made to obtain it.

We acknowledge three articles—all of which arrived when we had almost given up hope. We never cease to marvel at Ian Macpherson's perennial fountain of inspiration, and we were greatly taken with young Ian's very contemporary poem. While we knew of Bertie Mackintosh's success in producing a series of "Living Geography" books, now almost completed, we were frankly unaware that he too was a modern poet who had mastered the magic of words.

We finally thank all who have helped us by returning forms, supplying information, or ordering copies of the 1971 number.

NEW MEMBERS

We tremble to think what would happen if all F.P.s decided that they would join our Club. As it is, we have a very good cross section of Grantonians, and we feel that, every year, these notes give a progress report.

This year we welcome six new members. Gillian and Fiona Henderson had their early education in Grantown, and finished school in Edinburgh and St Andrews respectively. Gillian now studies physiotherapy at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, while Fiona enters Edinburgh University as a student of sociology.

Nigel Elrick—one of the two popular Speyside House twins—is training in Elgin as a male nurse, after leaving school.

Sherie Sutton, studying languages at St Andrews University, has just spent a year abroad at Heidelberg University. We wish her success in the final lap.

Mr and Mrs Peter McGregor are welcome local additions to our list of Life Members. Peter is a well-known local craftsman, and his wife, Mary Telfer, belongs to a family that we remember as producing many good pupils.

BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

Last October Mr and Mrs John Cumming began their family by the birth of a daughter, and in November Mr and Mrs Arthur Fearnley (Maureen Macaulay) began with a son.

Mr and Mrs George Coutts had a daughter in January, while in February Mr and Mrs David Davidson (Betty Kirkwood) had a first-born boy.

In February, Mr and Mrs Hamish Stuart (Joyce Telfer) and Mr and Mrs Harry MacGregor also began families with a son and a daughter respectively.

The birth of a daughter to Mrs Gardiner (Wilma Watt) has suspended her career ideas.

In March, Mrs White (Marjory Mackintosh) balanced her family with a daughter, while Keith Donaldson, in Kamloops, was blessed with a third daughter.

In June, Mrs Masson (Margaret Stuart) acquired a son.

In May, Raymond Philip also balanced his family when his son was born, while his brother Ron, still in the Bahamas, started his family with a daughter.

We recently record the birth of a son to Mrs McLeod (Elizabeth MacGregor), of Aviemore, while Charles Gall adds a daughter to the little son of a year or two back.

We hear of some very interesting expected events but we hesitate to anticipate these. Our apologies also for any omissions.

To our knowledge there are six marriages of Former Pupils.

Christobel Terris, on completing a very successful medical course at Aberdeen, married a fellow student, and at present has a post as house officer at Woodend Hospital.

More local in flavour was the marriage of Andrew Howlett to Isobel Miller in Cromdale Parish Church this April.

Jill Hepburn's wedding to Anthony John Twist took place in Edinburgh in July.

Bill Reid's wedding to Catriona Houston, a charming function which we were privileged to attend, took place in the McCheyne Memorial Church in July.

In August, in Roslin Kirk, Neil Stuart was wedded to Grace Avent.

As we go to press we hear of Jimmy Calder of Waterford's marriage in Portree to Flora Keir, lately employed in our telephone exchange.

To all these young folks, the first-named of whom have all been our pupils, we wish great happiness.

ONE OF OUR FORMER PUPILS

Writing to our former Rector, Mr Hunter, some months ago, Alfred Morrison recalled the help he got from him when preparing for examinations to join the services. He also claimed that being a pupil of the Grammar School had often helped him in getting jobs, though he said that his academic career was quite undistinguished.

We have with us a newspaper article on "Ted" Morrison's career, and it really made us open our eyes. He joined the Royal Navy a few years before World War Two began, and was on board H.M.S. Achilles in the famous action against the Graf Spee in 1939. Transferred to destroyers, he sailed on the dreadful Murmansk and Malta con-

voys, being mentioned in dispatches after one Malta run.

As if this were not enough, he became a deep sea diver after the war and helped to clear mined and wreck-tangled harbours in North Africa. Later he trained in frog-man diving along with Buster Crabbe.

Now, after 16 years as a probation officer in Wickford, Essex, he joins the health and welfare department of Barking Council, having, as he says, an interest in this type of work.

Ted Morrison writes nostalgically of teachers who are now scarcely remembered in Grantown and of his debt to their teaching. The Old Grammar School is also proud that it could send out into the world pupils of this calibre.

F.P. EXILES

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

We had a happy letter this summer from Mrs Anfield (Winnie Shaw), who finds the North Riding a lovely place. We were sorry later to hear of her mother's death.

Dr Bain is as active as ever in matters educational and sporting. Bruce has had another good year at university, plus a curious mixture of work and travel in Yugoslavia and the adjacent states.

We have notes from Mrs Balfour (Dorothea Smith) in Zambia, and also from Mrs Birrell (Jean Donald), Mrs Beaton (Sheena McIntosh) and Mrs Braid (Pamela Gibson).

Mrs Banks (Lorna Stephen) retires from B.B.C. work for family reasons.

Mrs Brooks (May Smith) sends her best wishes from Oxfordshire, and Miss Eva Cameron from Elgin.

We are indebted to Stanley Buchan for his constant interest and his frequent dispatch of "Beautiful British Columbia."

Mrs Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald) still flourishes in Newark.

We congratulate Douglas Chisholm on being made Senior Registrar (Child Psychiatry) at the Royal Aberdeen Children's Hospital. He is also a clinical lecturer in Mental Health at the University. Allan and Duncan Chisholm report no change; but we congratulate Allan on his recent B.B.C. showing.

We wish Judith Collyer success in her hospital training.

Mrs Cowan (Wilma Irving) reports a move to a larger house, no doubt a welcome move for a growing family.

We also appreciate a friendly letter from Charles Cooke in Milngavie.

Fiona Donn reports a busy life as infant teacher in Inverness.

George Dixon's talent for research has recently been directed towards the story of Kingussie. Janet Dixon functions in Lerwick, while Lesley Dixon (Mrs Simpson) has a mobile life with a husband in the R.A.F.

We congratulate Margaret Donald on yet another step in her nursing career, to

the post of deputy night superintendent in the Harley Street Clinic.

We acknowledge forms from Mrs Douglas (Connie Winchester), Sine Fergusson, Mrs Forsyth (Nancy Gray) and Mrs W. Fraser (Elma Mitchell).

We congratulate Kathleen Dunn on graduation at the Aberdeen College of Education and on obtaining a post in Brechin.

Tommy Edwards is now based in the London area, where his sister Irene still works, though in a new address.

Bank manager Ian Forbes is now on the brink of retirement.

Mrs Friend (Elizabeth Sim) is now in Seattle, where her husband has a temporary research appointment. Elizabeth has added an adopted child to her family of two.

Mrs Gilchrist (Jean Mackenzie), still in Assam, has bought a house in Advie.

We appreciate forms from Mrs Gordon (May Paton), Mrs Grant (Isabella Mackintosh), June Grant, still in Edinburgh after the family emigration to Australia, and Mrs Gray (Barbara Hepburn).

Susan Hendry commences a second year at Gray's School of Art.

Mrs Hogg (Jean Cruickshank) reports a notable advance—her husband's promotion to the rank of Chief Inspector in the H.Q. of Edinburgh police.

We again record a letter from Mr Hunter, showing, as usual, his keen interest in all the news recorded in this column.

We also record replies from Grace Kirk, Mrs Laing (Katherine Templeton), the Lawson sisters in Folkestone, Mrs Littlejohn (Elizabeth Young), Mrs Lugg (Jean Burgess) and Mrs McClelland (Beth Lawrence) in troubled Clydeside.

David Macdonald sails as 4th Engineer in another tanker. There are whispers of romance when David is on leave.

Pat and Johnny McGregor seem happily settled in Edinburgh. Another McGregor, Sidney, of Fort William, is celebrating his retirement with a trip round the world.

Mrs Matthew Mackenzie, in Aberlour, is also, we believe, retired.

We acknowledge forms from Mrs McIntosh (Iris Forbes), Sandy McLure, Mrs McSween (Margaret Ross) and Mrs Mills (Catherine Campbell).

We saw Mrs Mitchell (Judy Stuart) on holiday from Croydon this summer, her happy brood mingling with their Fraser cousins from Beaulieu.

It was good to get news of Jeanette Munro settling in to life in Kent.

The far-travelled Anne Munro has now become a civil servant and is settled, with her mother, in a flat in Chelsea.

Elizabeth Mutch retired last January after 13 years as matron at Roodlands Hospital. According to a well-known newspaper, "she made Roodlands the happiest hospital in Scotland." Special reference was made to the garden of friendship she created there, and the final sentence was, "But, sweet as it's sure to be.

I know it will never match the fragrance of the memories the beloved matron of Roodlands has left behind."

Mrs Napier (Lindsay Stephen), still in London, contrives to combine a life of busy social work with a busy social life.

We heard from Mrs Parrott (Catherine Douglas) in Holland.

We congratulate Joan Paterson on her graduation as M.A. She now trains for a teaching career.

We wish Mrs Rae (Mona Grant) happiness in her new home.

We often see Jessie Ronaldson home at weekends, happily recovered from last year's operation.

Margaret Ross reports a London holiday enlivened by visits to the Royal International Horse Show.

Victor and Dorothea Ross are now the grandparents of a Canadian-born grandson, Colin Suttie.

We report all well with Andrew Reid in London, Elizabeth Reid in Selkirk, Mrs James Scott (Alison Stuart) and Mrs Shiach (Margaret Smith) in Edinburgh, Mrs Spalding (Isobel Gunn) in Aberdeen, and Mrs Speer (Morna Mackenzie) in Harrogate.

Mrs Springall (Jessie Stewart) has retired from the Schools Meals Service. We wish her husband and herself happy retirement.

We wish James Stewart success in his Quantity Surveyor job in London. Anne Stewart still teaches in Prestonpans.

Ann Stuart gallantly continues her V.S.O. work in Nigeria till next April.

Rita Stuart now works as a graduate secretary with U.N.E.S.C.O. in Paris.

Dorothy Templeton's home, Cairngorm, imparts a Scottish flavour to a Dutch area.

Hamish Templeton has no changes to record.

Jimmy Thomson, who visited Grantown this autumn, has been promoted to the post of systems analyst, quite a job, with an American firm that demands efficiency.

Georgina Turnbull is now Senior Woman Assistant at Merkinch.

Mrs Walker (Helen Scott) still teaches in Aberdeen.

We congratulate Mrs Walling (Isabel Jack) on her young son's graduation and on his subsequent marriage.

Mrs Weston (Sheina Donaldson) is happily settled in the charming Notts village of Keyworth, but has still memories of the Lake District.

Mrs White (Marjory Mackintosh), now a busy mother of two, was on holiday here this summer.

We congratulate Margaret Williamson on winning the Smither's Gold Medal in Anatomy—this after an unlucky car accident and also a period of family illness when her mother had an operation.

OLD GUARD EXILES

We report no change for Alan Anfield and John Stuart, but we congratulate John Clark, now in Germany, on promotion to

staff sergeant and Iain Walker, back in England, on promotion to colour sergeant. David Ross seems to have been all over the Old World continents with his Air Display Team; we even saw him and the other Falcons pictured along with an Arabian sheikh.

We have news of Iain Burgess, George Catto and Donald Collie, and, in George Coutts' case, of a move from Dundee to Hampshire to a post as poultry pathologist.

We also chanced to hear of Willie Cruickshank, whose home in London, we understand, dispenses hospitality to Grantonians.

Keith Donaldson, with wife and three little girls, had a happy month's sojourn in the Old Country this autumn from distant B.C.

We report all well from Robin Fraser, Douglas Gibson, Allan Grant, Donald Gunn and Albert Hastings.

Sandy Gordon, we believe, is doing a year of post-graduate study in France, sorting out the vexed question of modern poetry.

We had a slightly nostalgic letter from Surgeon Tom Hunter, who has now celebrated his silver wedding. According to Ted Morrison, Tom Hunter's reputation in Hornchurch stands very high.

Alex. McIntyre has returned to Strathpey as headmaster of Rothiemurchus School.

Keith McKerron, in his new chalet project, Dr Sandy Mackenzie, Bertie Mackintosh, Pat Maclean and Billie Mitchell report all well.

Among four Norbury policemen who were awarded certificates for distinguished conduct for the Preservation of Life from Fire was James A. Macpherson, once of Nethybridge. They had rescued ten people who had been trapped in a house which was in flames. Well done!

We have received forms from Shaw Mortimer, the Philips boys, the Phimister boys, Victor Ross in Glasgow, and the Ross and Surtees boys in London.

This year we visited the fantastic shop run in St Andrews by Raymond and Bob Philip. In our experience it is unique.

Roy Phimister returns to Moray as golf professional to Nairn Dunbar, while Andrew is now with Grindlays bank in London.

Dr Billie Sellars reports all normal, and refers to a pleasant return visit to the University of Pennsylvania last August.

We congratulate Jock Winchester on his appointment as Head Postmaster at Fort William.

Who would believe that Bob Wilson is now contemplating retirement, or that he has a son studying Economics in Aberdeen, and a daughter studying medicine in Edinburgh?

We finally congratulate Herbert Wright on his promotion from a good job in Mexico to a more desirable one in Ontario.

LOCAL

Hamish Dixon is now retired. He was also narrowly defeated at the polls in this year's town council election. Hamish was a good Dean of Guild and made history by his opposition to the original West End Development Scheme.

John Duncan featured in the presentation of a memorial seat to the town, presented in memory of his uncle, Willie Duncan, one of the great Grantonians of another generation.

Miss Grant and Miss Legge missed their car ferry across France to Lugano because of a strike. Undeterred they motored across Europe, crossed the St Gotthard Pass, and returned via Austria and the Engadine. Bravo!

We had expected an article from Alma Mackenzie on her colourful visit to Assam; but, at time of writing, she is in hospital. Her many friends wish her a good recovery.

We wish Elsie Keith and Jean Paterson happiness in their new homes in Cairngorm Avenue and Shankland Court respectively. We also wish Lindsay Laing and Marion Stuart happiness in the new homes they have built.

Jimmy Grant has had a bad year, but a very successful second operation has done wonders for him.

This year, Jimmy McLeod and his firm have tackled the biggest private building enterprise ever undertaken in Grantown. It is only fitting that the first of some thirty handsome new bungalows off Seafeld Avenue should be occupied by Jimmy's son Alistair.

AN M.B.E. FOR DR WILLIAMS

Those who read last year's account of Dr Williams' presentation will not be surprised that he was recommended for a decoration. We hope his December visit to Buckingham Palace will be a great occasion.

OBITUARY

Our Club mourns the passing of two members, both of them from well-known Grantown families.

One of these, James Duncan, began his career as a banker in Grantown, but thereafter served in many parts of Scotland before moving to Aberdeen, where he completed his banking service and remained after his retirement 15 years ago. Strangely enough, the three Duncan brothers, Willie, James and Jack, all died within little more than a year. James Duncan died in July.

Walter Cruikshank, who died earlier in the year, spent his life in Grantown, and was one of the best known figures in his native town. As butcher, dealer and farmer Walter was a good business man; but, as a cattle breeder, he was outstanding, as constant successes at Grantown Shows and cattle sales testified. In himself he was a pawky and engaging character; and the attendance, from far and wide, at his funeral, bore testimony to his widespread popularity.

As we go to press, we learn of the sudden death this autumn, in hospital in Dunfermline, of Mrs Gordon Hall. We remember Georgie Gordon as one of a bright and gifted bevy of third year girls in our first year at Grantown; and many of us unite in sympathy with her husband, son and daughter in their untimely loss.

* * *

IN CONCLUSION

We hope that these notes and the accompanying lists are reasonably complete.

Again, on behalf of the now united local committee and of myself, please accept our best wishes for a happy Xmas and a prosperous New Year.

G. E. D.

LATE NEWS

We are happy to announce a November birth, that of a son to Mr and Mrs Alfred Clark (Alison Ronaldson), also a November wedding, that of David M. Macdonald to Marilyn Oliphant. We also welcome our latest recruit in the person of David Ritchie of Carrbridge.

X X X

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Like many other Highland townships Grantown has been caught up in the tide-race of "progress" and has suffered grievously because of it. Gone are most of the old landmarks, the old ways of life, the old characters who once graced our rustic scene. We are an insipid lot nowadays, with precious little individuality left in us. Everything has to be organised and made easy for us. We have lost the ability to improvise. We have been brainwashed and bombarded with bureaucratic edicts to such an extent that we actually dislike having to make decisions for ourselves. Even in our own beloved home-town few men can resist jumping on the band waggon. So many worthwhile things could be preserved and so many damaging decisions avoided if only our community leaders were not so ready to dance to the tune of distant trend-setters.

Supping a pint of beer in Dunvegan Hotel, it suddenly dawned on me that on this very spot, some three feet below my chair, forty years earlier, I had found my first lark's nest. The happiness we experienced among the flowers and grasses in what was then an empty field is a memory which has never faded.

Across the road the Black Park (which will never be anything but the Black Park to real Grantonians) stirred a host of memories of epic battles on an ice-hard pitch when, as a young and slightly overawed outside-left, I played alongside such stalwarts as Jimmy Bruce (surely the most talented forward ever produced by Grantown), George Chalmers, Duke Grant, Louis Rattray, Jimmy Grant and the irrepressible Grimshaw, whose red hair in no way belied his fiery temperament.

The first time I turned out for Grantown, with a heart almost bursting with pride, Chalmers, Duke and Louis let it be known that I was not to be bullied. When an over-robust Burghhead defender put me up in the air, nothing was said; but that same misguided gentleman spent the rest of the game praying for the final whistle. He paid dearly at the hands (or rather, feet) of my guardians for his indiscretion.

A coldly efficient-looking new school now straddles what was once our rugby field. Here Bob Wilson introduced us to the mysteries of scrums and tries and conversions. I recall that the long legs and boney knees of Alastair Mackintosh (Auchnafairn) made tackling him a hazardous venture. We all funked it. I solved the problem by simply lying down in his path so that he fell over me. It was ungraceful, but it worked, and Alastair's immunity was ended.

We thought that we were a reasonably good side until Inverness High School beat us 45-0. It was back to the drawing board for us!

Here, too, I was privileged to see Jack Cook of Cromdale running the mile as only he could. A superb athlete, Jack would

sprint round the track until he had built up an unassailable lead, then cruise home in his own stylish, effortless way. What a joy it was to see him show a clean pair of heels to the might of Elgin Academy.

My most vivid memory of school cricket is of a match against Forres Academy when Hamish Templeton, a peerless stonewaller, went in as an opener and was eventually Not Out for two runs. The renowned Forres bowlers almost wept with frustration as they tried every trick in the book to dislodge him. But Hamie had the temperament and the straight bat for the occasion. Such an exhibition of monumental restraint I have never since witnessed.

"The Mossie" called me back undeniably, but it bears little resemblance now to the peaceful wilderness where once we chased roe deer and caught dark little trout.

The Mineral Well was our starting point for many a boyhood exploit, and the pungent smell and taste of its water fascinated us. But it is now a sad, uninspiring place. I suppose folk must have houses, but Jimmy McLeod has a lot to answer for!

It was down by the river that the ravages of time were most evident. Not that the river itself had changed much, although some good pools had been ruined by excessive bank clearance. But the atmosphere is so different. The homely old characters who used to haunt their favourite pools with home-made greenheart rods have passed on, and their places have been occupied by less worthy enthusiasts.

Nowadays the riverside is ablaze with gaudy anoraks and gleaming equipment. The talk is of shooting heads and sinking tips, auto-synco drag and slipping clutches.

Listening to the jargon of the modern experts, my thoughts went back to the unassuming old masters whose skill was matched only by their kindness to a young lad desperately eager to learn. I realised with a great sadness that "progress" had invaded even this most pleasant of all human pursuits and was threatening to deprive it of the simplicity which had always been the very essence of its fascination. I pray that there are enough reactionaries left to save our beloved sport from becoming merely a mechanical process, to prevent the art from degenerating into a science.

Exiles returning home are struck by the number of "new faces" they see and sometimes experience an illogical feeling of resentment against "outsiders", especially if they appear to be advocating too many changes too soon. Alien accents grate upon ears straining to catch and treasure the dear, familiar cadences of home.

But resentment is, of course, unwarranted. Incomers inject fresh blood, fresh ideas and fresh enthusiasms into a community. They deserve our gratitude when they serve our town. We ask only that they acknowledge our sincerity when

we resist change for change's sake. An idea is not necessarily good because it is new.

It is easy for a Highlander to be parochial and to resent intrusion into his own little world. But he reminds himself that we are all "Jock Tamson's bairns"—even those who have the misfortune not to be Highlanders.

The damage sustained by Grantown has been considerable, but it is as nothing compared with the fate which has befallen Aviemore and the Cairngorms. When the Big Boys moved in, the village was rudely awakened from the peace of centuries and became overnight a pawn in the feverish game of moneygrabbing.

That there is no limit to the avarice of so-called developers is amply demonstrated by their exploits in the Cairngorms where, although the hills are already desecrated and cruelly scarred, they plan to extend their vandalism into the very heart of the

hills. Let us not be fooled into believing that the latest proposals are in the interests of tourists or skiers or the general public. They are in the interests of the sponsors.

The forests, hills, lochs and moors are a legacy for which our forefathers were willing to die if necessary. We are not asked to die, or even to make great sacrifices. No heroics are called for. Just vigilance to resist the planners and developers and other opportunists who smell rich pickings in the desire of overcrowded citizens to "get away from it all."

We must surely give our support to those farseeing individuals and organisations who seek to preserve what is left of a fast diminishing heritage. We owe it to the yet unborn Highland folk who will otherwise be deprived of their birthright. We owe it to ourselves, to prove that a tiny flame of old-fashioned pride still flickers in our souls.

IAN MACPHERSON.



GUITAR GODS

Way-out sounds
Thundering from a dark alcove shrine
Pulsing with beat-dazed youth.
Slaves of weird, insistent rhythms
Cascading from vibrant strings
Plucked by shaggy extroverts
No different from their disciples,
But worshipped by them for what they preach—
Independence!
Independence? but they are themselves
Utterly dependent
Upon their fans' allegiance
And the whims of avaricious agents
Extorting fat percentages.
Rebels who dare not rebel,
Bound, as they are, by terms which
To rebel against would mean
Swift return to obscurity.
"Freedom" shout cavorting minstrels
Who know no freedom.
Protected, like rare animals,
From the hysteria of fans
Stimulated by a raucous, candy-floss culture.
Weep for them—those youths
For whom there is no escape
From unreality.
Everywhere and always they are idolised,
Screamed at, plucked at,
Subjected to relentless stresses,
Never daring to remove their sad masks
Of indifference,
Hiding their insecurity
Behind the with-it,
Casual image
Of reluctant gods.

IAN MACPHERSON, Junr.

THE TORCH BEARER

I wonder why
Man has no will
To strive for peace
With all the might
He never fails
To consecrate
To holocaust.
I wonder whence
Came that hell-fire,
His fiendish ire,
The torch he bears
To set ablaze
his pyre.
I wonder which
Of Earth's Archæan storms
Quenched the lamp
Of embryonic love,
Trimmed to fan
Into a gentle flame
Life's smouldering faggots,
Damp and cold.
Whither sped the fleeting barque
Bearing that ethereal light?
To yon dark shore
Whose barren rocks
May yet immure
In Cambrian chains
Man's stark remains?
I wonder where
Life next may spawn.
I wonder when
Its morn will dawn.
I wonder who
Thought homo
Sapiens.

R. D. MACKINTOSH.

(By courtesy of "The Inquirer.")

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB MEMBERS 1971/72

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GRANTOWN GRAMMAR SCHOOL FORMER PUPILS AND OLD GUARD CLUB

The above was held in the Old Grammar School on Wednesday, November 10th, at 7 p.m.

Mr Lewis Grant, president, referred to the passing of three members, Mr James Duncan, Mr Walter Cruikshank and Mrs Gordon Hall.

A letter of resignation from the Committee by Miss Jessie Ronaldson, now in Aberdeen, was read.

The minutes of the 1970 meeting were read and approved and also the financial report, which showed an increased balance, mainly due to the successful Re-Union Dance.

Consequent on the 1970 decision to amalgamate the two clubs, the following office-bearers were elected:—

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. I. Munro, Miss J. M. Paterson and Mr R. Wilson, M.A.

President—Mr Lewis Grant, M.A.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs J. D. Archibald, Mr J. G. Bruce, Mr F. Calder and Mr A. M. Grant.

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

Committee — Mr J. Duncan, Mrs A. M. Grant, Mr J. J. Grant, Mrs John Grant and Mr A. Ledingham.

It was agreed to donate £7.50 to be used for School Prizes.

A successful Old Guard Fishing Competition was reported, Hamish Shaw again being the winner, with Frank Calder runner-up.

Mr John Duncan reported the successful continuance of the Swimming Club.

It was intimated that this year's RE-UNION DANCE would be held in the Palace Hotel on MONDAY, DECEMBER 27th, the ticket being £1.50.

It was agreed that the 1972 BIENNIAL DINNER should be held on FRIDAY, MARCH 17th, if feasible, and that a committee of six should look after the arrangements.

The meeting concluded with the usual votes of thanks.

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; Mains of Moy, Forres.

*Mrs Fred E. Anfield (Winifred M. D. Shaw), Diploma I, Domestic Science (Edinburgh); Aldersyde, Nethybridge; Ordnance House, Leyburn Road, Catterick, Yorkshire.

*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.

Mrs Bahzad (Christobel Terris), M.B., Ch.B.; Strathview, Flat No. 2, Woodend Hospital, Aberdeen; house officer.

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

*R. W. Bruce Bain, 7 Wittet Drive, Elgin; 26 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh; 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, Northheads Lane, Biggin Hill, Westerham, Kent.

*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); Ruailios, Ness Castle, Inverness.

*Mrs Douglas A. Berry (Elizabeth M. McWilliam), M.A. (Edinburgh), Silverdale, South Street; Mortlach, Forres.

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

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

*Mrs Guthrie Booth (Netta R. Hunter) (Rosemount, Woodside Avenue); Ednie House, St Fergus, Peterhead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Eva M. Cameron, M.A. (Hons.) (Aberdeen) (Willowbank); 4 Victoria Road, Elgin; teacher (retired), Alves J.S. School.

*D. Gillies Campbell, Schoolhouse, Strathy, Sutherland; art teacher.

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