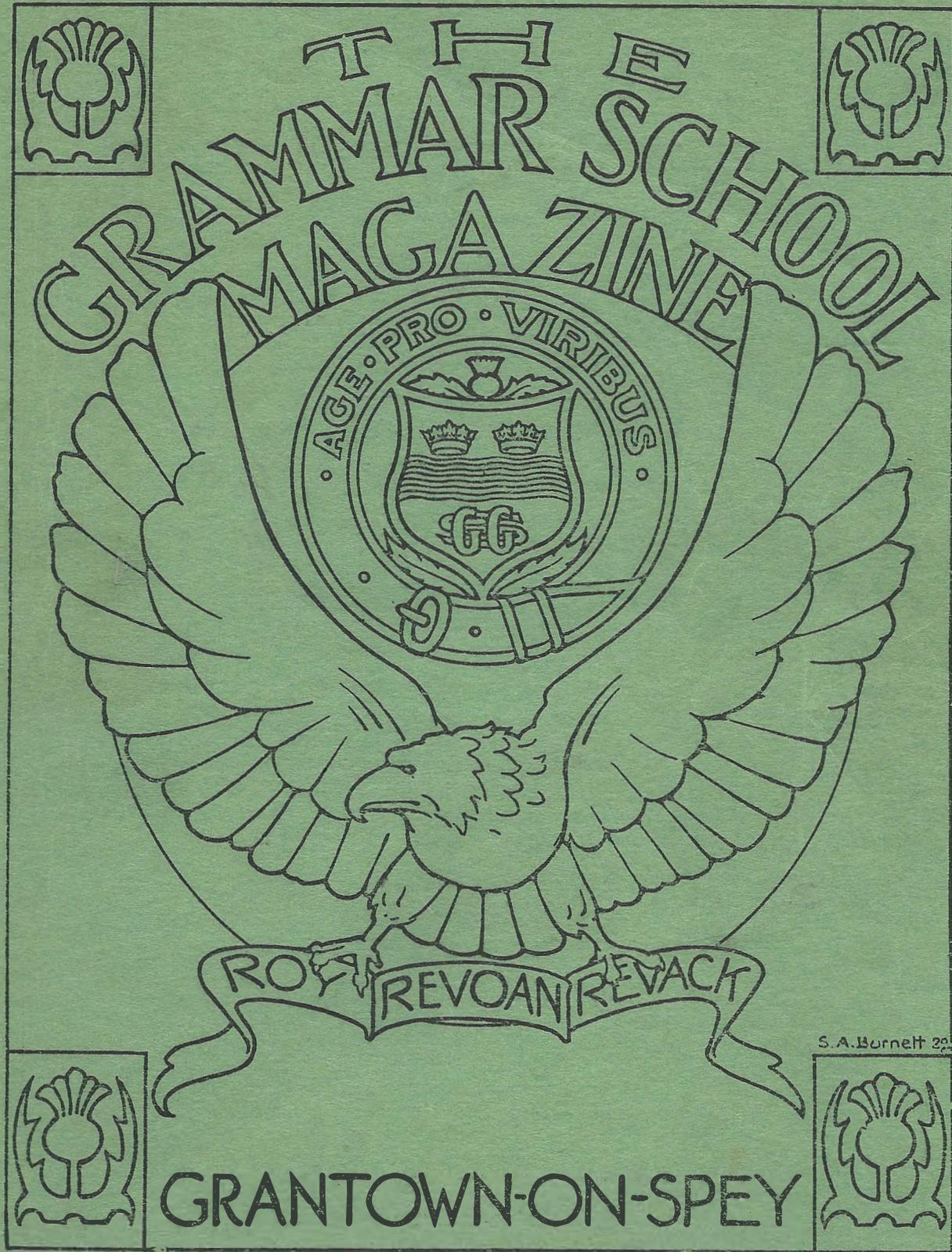


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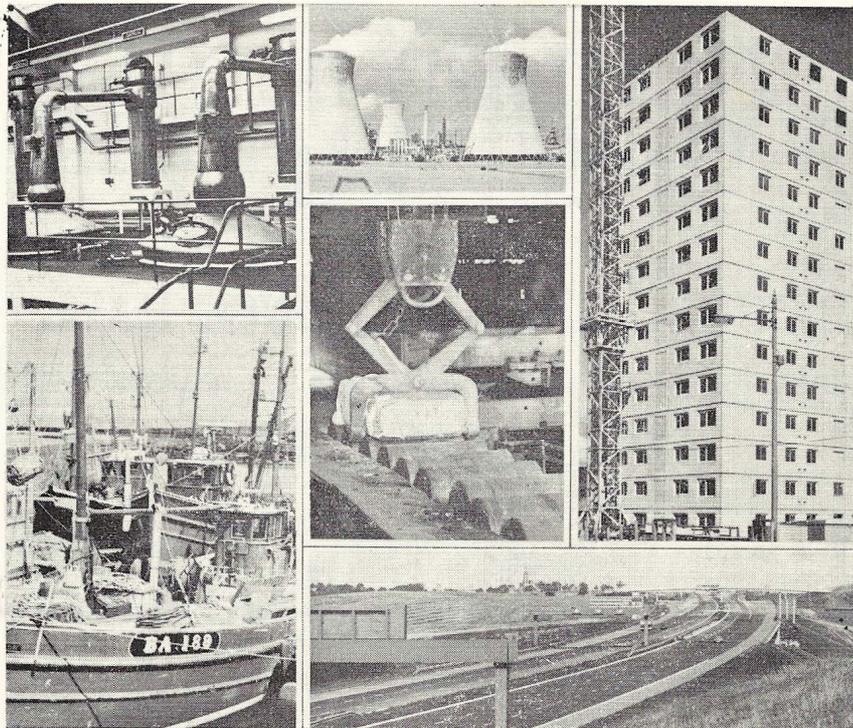
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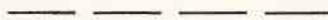


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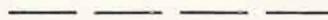


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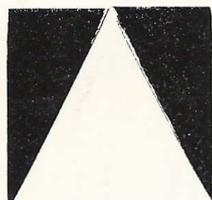
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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown-on-Spey

No. 44.

December, 1972.

Editor — Elizabeth M. Stuart.
Sub-Editor — Jean M. MacGillivray.
Staff Adviser — J. Thomson, M.A.

Advertising Manager—
Maureen J. Wallace.

... Editorial ...

HAVE you ever thought you would like to be an editor? If you have, don't live under the illusion that it is dead easy to please hundreds of people all at the same time.

But that's only one problem. Why, I wonder, didn't everyone rush to display (dare I say it?) their imagination and wit in prolific outpourings of prose and poetry? Were they ashamed to own up to their own inspiration? However, we eventually produced a passable attempt despite the fact that nearly everyone seemed to be obsessed with the 'Beating', the 'Olympics', or 'Where I went for my holidays'.

Since our last issue many changes have taken place in various spheres of school life. Probably one of the most momentous and far-reaching steps in the history of education is being taken — the raising of the school leaving age from fifteen to sixteen.

We are, too, in the midst of an upheaval in

staffing. Six teachers have left for other appointments, while eight have joined us — an extra teacher to both primary and secondary departments.

The School Magazine itself has undergone changes this year. There has been a change of publisher and a few tentative innovations, e.g. our interview with Primary One.

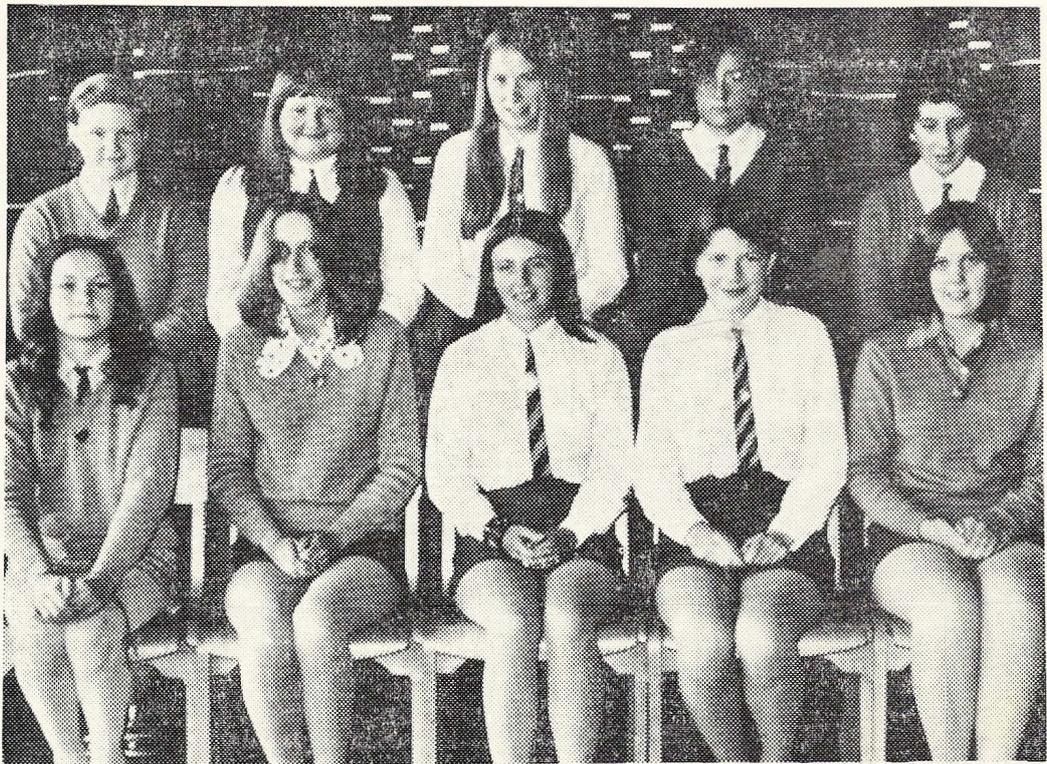
Finally our thanks go to Mr J. Thomson, all contributors, F.P.s and advertisers who have aided in the tireless struggle to bring Art and Culture to the masses of G.G.S. The Grammar School Magazine has never been reviewed by 'The Times' — we can only live in hope!

We wish to acknowledge use of some of the illustrations in the magazine which have been supplied by the Moray and Nairn Newspaper Co. Ltd., Elgin.

Boy prefects.



Girl prefects.



... School Notes ...

Mr Donald, the primary school janitor, retired last November after 24 years' service. He was succeeded by Mr Leonard Grassick.

* * *

In preparation for the raising of the school leaving age this year, some third and fourth year pupils have followed a Brunton Course. Visits were paid to Grant House and the Hospital and Health Centre. Many illustrated talks were also given throughout the term on the Police and Fire Service, banking and local government.

* * *

Classes were engaged in many other extramural activities. Mr I. Thomson paid visits to Castle Roy, Muckerach Lodge and the Highland Folk Museum in Kingussie with his first and second year history classes. Senior pupils attended the public inquiry on the High Street development, while seven senior biology pupils spent a day at Hopeman carrying out biology fieldwork under Mr Noble's supervision. In June, another party of seniors, accompanied by Mr Sanders and the rector, spent a walking and climbing weekend at Ratagan Youth Hostel in Kintail.

* * *

On a grander scale, fourteen pupils, accompanied by Mr Thomson, enjoyed a cruise on the S.S. Uganda to Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark. Another trip abroad is also planned for next Easter — ski-ing in Northern Italy.

* * *

At Christmas, carol singing was organised by Catriona Johnston and Mairi Macdonald in aid of Shelter.

* * *

In view of their forthcoming marriage at Easter, Mr Herd and Miss Shackles were presented with gifts by their colleagues and the senior pupils. Mrs Herd retired at the end of the session.

* * *

A small contingent of 4th and 5th year girls attended the Scottish Opera production of Benjamin Britten's 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' at Aberdeen in June. Primary and Secondary choirs under Mrs Calder's tuition were successful at the Moray Music Festival.

Former pupil Christine Matheson received the Duke of Edinburgh gold award this summer, while Janette Macdonald was awarded her silver at a ceremony in Forres. Catriona Johnstone and Mairi Macdonald are working for their gold award.

* * *

Mr Ronald Macdonald, Director of Education for Invernessshire, gave the address at the school prize-giving. A presentation of a book was made to the Rev. Dr Joseph Grant, who, after presiding at the annual Prize Day for the last 25 years, was making his last appearance as chairman. James L. Coueslant was Harvey Dux Medallist for the session.

* * *

The second residential orchestral course organised by Mr Graham Wiseman, County Music Organiser, was again a great success. To mark the close, a public concert was given in the school hall.

* * *

Alistair Macdonald achieved a place in the badminton coaching course held at the Inverclyde National Recreation Centre in August. Alistair also had football trials for Dundee United and returns in October for another week.

* * *

We congratulate Mr H. Anderson on his promotion to the post of principal teacher of chemistry at Queen's Park, Glasgow, and Mr I. Thomson, who is going to Inverness Royal Academy as principal teacher of classics. Also on the move this year are Mr Noble (biology), Miss Currie (French-English) and Miss Shearer (Primary 3).

* * *

New appointments in the Primary Department are Mrs J. M. Cafferty and Mrs E. Walker, and in the Secondary Department, Miss Y. Kerr (principal teacher of classics), Miss S. Jardine (assistant principal teacher of guidance), Miss P. Rodger (biology), Miss M. Brown (mathematics), Mr G. Henderson (English) and Mr Turnbull (chemistry).

How to make the most of the hard work you've done at school.

There's ample scope in the Navy for young people who want to make the most of themselves.

For Boys. If you're bright at Maths, and Science or English, you can apply for a Navy engineering apprenticeship that will make you a £2,000 plus technician.

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Or you might prefer to be concerned with seamanship. Or communications. Or a more administrative job, like stores accountancy or office management. While, if you're interested in medicine, we can give you a three-year specialist training as a radiographer, physiotherapist, or S.R.N.

In fact, whether your bent is academic or practical, you can go a long way in the Navy. Or with the Navy's sea soldiers, the Royal Marines.

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And of course, you can now join us for a much shorter period, if you wish.

For Girls. If you're a girl, there's a happy, active life waiting for you in the Wrens (the Women's Royal Naval Service). Here you work with officers and men of the Royal Navy. There's a choice of many interesting jobs. You also have the same opportunities to try for a commission. And you may well see something of the world.

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THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

Boys

- MICHAEL WOOD (School Captain):
Holy Deadlock? (A. P. Herbert).
- HARRY HARRIS (Deputy):
I am monarch of all I survey. (Cowper).
- GREGOR ALLAN:
Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people.
(Anonymous).
- GRAHAM CLARK:
Wot's the good of hanyfink?
Why, nufink. (Chevalier).
- ADRIAN COOKE:
He that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets. (Gay).
- ANDREW DUFF:
O remember not the sins and offences of
my youth. (The Book of Common Prayer).
- JAMES FRASER:
Full of beans and benevolence. (Surtees).
- JOHN GRAY:
What an artist dies with me! (Nero).
- ALISTAIR MACDONALD:
Nearly all our best men are dead:
Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Eliot —
I'm not feeling very well myself. (Punch).
- ANGUS MACNAUGHTON:
Life ain't all beer and skittles and more's
the pity. But what's the odds, so long as
you're happy? (Du Maurier).

Girls

- JANETTE McDONALD (Head Girl):
Affection beaming in one eye and calcula-
tion shining out of the other. (Dickens).
- PATRICIA MITCHELL (Deputy):
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and
most divineiy fair. (Tennyson).
- JOYCE CAMPBELL:
That 'ere young lady, she knows wot's wot,
she does. (Dickens).
- JEAN MACGILLIVRAY:
I don't pretend to understand the universe
— it's a great deal bigger than I am.
People ought to be more modest. (Carlyle).
- SUSAN MACGILLIVRAY:
Get thee to a nunnery. (Shakespeare).
- JEAN MILLAR:
Strange how potent cheap music is.
(N. Coward).
- GAIL ROSS:
So buxom, blyth and debcnair. (Milton).
- HELEN ROSS:
Was this the face that launched a thousand
ships? (Marlowe).
- ELIZABETH STUART (Editor):
Blond Bestie. (Nietzsche).
- WENDY WATT:
You called me Baby Doll a year ago.
(C. Harris).

SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS — 1972

Class VI.

Class VI pupils gained the following additional passes:

- Pauline U. Bruce—Higher English, Higher Geography, Biology.
- Susan C. Cruickshank—Higher Geography, French, Physics.
- James B. Fraser—Higher Physics, Statistics.
- Duncan H. Grant—French (Sixth Year Studies), Statistics, History (Sixth Year Studies).
- Ian C. Grant—Mathematics (Sixth Year Studies), Chemistry (Sixth Year Studies), Statistics.
- J. Stewart Grant—Mathematics, Statistics, Art.
- Catriona M. I. Johnston—English (Sixth Year Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies), German (Sixth Year Studies), Biology.
- Mairi K. A. Macdonald—English (Sixth Year Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies), Biology.

Class V

- Maureen E. McMurray—Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher Chemistry, Biology.
- Wendy Stewart—Higher Mathematics, Higher Biology, Higher Physics, Statistics.
- Elizabeth A. Terris—English (Sixth Year Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies), Higher Mathematics.
- Graham J. Clark—History, Engineering Drawing.
- Adrian V. Cooke—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics.
- James Coueslant—Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher Latin, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics, Biology.
- John Cruickshank—Higher English, Engineering Drawing.
- Jean E. Gordon—Higher Dress and Design, Mathematics.

- Ellen M. Grant—Higher English, Higher French, Higher German, Biology.
- John M. Gray—Higher Art, English, Arithmetic.
- Alistair D. Macdonald—Higher Mathematics, Higher Engineering Drawing.
- Janette C. Macdonald—Higher English, Higher French, Higher German.
- Jean M. MacGillivray—Higher English, Higher Art, Arithmetic, French.
- Angus MacNaughton—Higher English, Higher Geography.
- Clive T. Reamsbottom—English, Arithmetic, Biology.
- Anne Strachan—Higher English, Higher Home Management, Higher Dress and Design, Higher Biology, Chemistry.
- Elizabeth M. Stuart—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics, Biology.
- Roxanna G. Watt—Higher English, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Chemistry, Higher Biology.
- Michael A. Wood—Higher Woodwork, Higher Engineering Drawing, Physics.
- Shonagh K. George—English, History, French, German, Home Economics (F. & N.).
- Alistair G. Grant—English, History, Arithmetic, Biology.
- Fiona M. Grant—English, Home Economics (F. & N.).
- Ronald W. Grant—English, History, Arithmetic, Home Economics (F. & N.).
- Harry A. G. Harris—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Chemistry, Physics.
- Nicholas M. Harrison—English.
- Lorna M. Horton—Home Economics (F. & N.).
- Lily M. R. Jamieson—Home Economics (F. & N.).
- William G. Johnston—English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics, Engineering Drawing.
- Jennifer M. Kuta—English, Geography, Art.
- Margery G. Macaulay—English, Latin, French, German.
- Susan A. MacGillivray—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German.
- Gordon J. K. McIntyre—Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Engineering Drawing.
- Jane E. Marshall—English, History, Arithmetic, Latin, French, German.
- Fiona Masson—English, Home Economics (F. & N.).
- Jean Millar—English, Home Economics (F. & N.).
- Patricia A. M. Mitchell—English, History, Arithmetic, Latin, French, German.
- Eilidh M. R. Murray—English, Geography, Arithmetic, French, German, Art.
- Ann A. Oram—English, Geography, Art.
- J. Gordon Paton—Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics.
- Linda M. Rattray—English, Home Economics (F. & N.).
- Anne M. Ross—Home Economics (F. & N.).
- Gail J. Ross—English, Geography, Latin.
- Helen A. Ross—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Biology.
- Sheila A. Sim—Home Economics (F. & N.).
- George W. Thomson—History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Engineering Drawing.
- Maureen J. Wallace—English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Chemistry, Biology.
- David Wasilenski—Geography, Arithmetic, French.

Class IV

- Alexander R. Allan—English, Chemistry, Physics.
- Gregor D. Allan—English, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics.
- Lesley M. Calder—English, History, Arithmetic, French, German.
- Joyce A. Campbell—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Chemistry, Biology.
- Margaret A. Campbell—English, Home Economics (F. & N.), Home Economics (F. & F.).
- Douglas C. Carse—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics, Engineering Drawing.
- Kirsteen A. Cumming—English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Biology.
- Andrew R. Duff—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics.
- James M. Fraser—English, Geography.
- Bruce C. Gallie—English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Applied Mechanics, Engineering Drawing.

CONSERVATION OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

The infuriating thing about discussions of large and all-important problems is that the response they produce is so often useless. We are told that we're systematically destroying the world by millions of tons of garbage, by the haphazard use of chemical pesticides, by harmful noise levels and even by the tremendous population explosion — but what can an individual do? The response of most of us is to hold up our hands in horror and to join the mass of people who are 'concerned' about the state of our immediate environment, without ever going far enough to do anything to help.

Admittedly it is not easy to see how to respond practically to cosmic-doom talk. Occasionally pangs of conscience induce us to send a contribution to Oxfam, yet it is only when a problem becomes personalised that we can really do anything useful ourselves.

Happily the area around Grantown is remarkably pollution-free. Here we still enjoy a pure atmosphere, a relatively clean river and a controlled and balanced landscape. Yet pollution isn't just what Big Business does to the Tees or London does to the Thames, but what each individual's contribution, whether preserver or polluter, is to his own environment as his native Speyside develops rapidly as a tourist and recreational centre. It is in this sphere that we can help by handling small things sensibly and without going into a lot of radical rethinking.

We can treat our main asset — the scenery and related wildlife — with due respect. Few people realise the delicate balance that exists between animals and plants, the havoc caused in the food chain, for example, by the artificial increases and decreases in animal populations by non-selective pesticides, by poisonous fumes from cars and factories, by 'mutagens' when chemicals upset the genetical make-up of organisms.

It is this green belt that must be preserved — the last bastion of hope as more and more people sit back and complacently let technology do its worst in the way of eating up the

countryside, multiplying noise and dirt and rapidly using up the world's natural resources.

Our river, too, is vulnerable. The towns along the valley wash away unwanted waste products via the river. This sewage, in small quantities, acts as a fertilizer, but when mixed with non-degradable detergents, various metals, acids and alkalis, the river begins to choke to death as the lack of oxygen kills fish and aquatic animals and the fungi and algae multiply.

But perhaps the biggest thing we can do to protect the environment is to think three times before becoming a car owner. With the upsurge in tourism, more cars are coming onto our narrow Scottish roads which are more suited to bikes, pedestrians and the horse and cart. Then, will it not be quicker to travel by public transport than to spend frustrating hours behind the wheel? Cars are major pollutants, too, of atmosphere and water because most petrol contains a lead additive which is belched out into the air and falls in rain to harm our drinking water. It gives extra speed and good starts — but it is completely unnecessary. We should bring political pressure to outlaw it; campaign for a non-private-car zone! Cars, too, are major contributors to our global noise level, making town and country life even more unbearable than it would be otherwise.

The problems and their solutions are many and varied yet all interacting with each other. No-one can hope to be aware of them all. Even if our own actions are the ones we should criticise first, we have the right (and duty) as members of the public to report law-breakers, lobby the local council, or bring court actions to preserve what is our heritage, held only in trust for future generations. The time is long past when it was enough to make a few noises about the deterioration of the countryside. A dark cloud has crept upon us unnoticed, and imagined tragedies may turn into stark realities. We want the world to be habitable in thirty years' time? Start fighting NOW!

ELIZABETH STUART, Class 6.

RETURN TO THE FRONT

The old grey train, overflowing with troops, moved slowly out of Berlin station. There were no bands, no happy crowds: these men were heading for the Eastern Front. The train was divided into two sections: behind the engine were the cattle trucks with the ordinary soldiers; at the rear in second class carriages the officers and a few civilians.

In one of these compartments, there were five junior officers and a colonel dressed in an old cavalry uniform. Nobody paid any attention to the fact that he was wearing an antiquated uniform; in July 1943 one did not ask questions about such an affair. The old colonel was speaking:

"So you are off to the Russian Front. It is your first time?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply from a chorus of voices.

"First and last probably," continued the Colonel. He did not appear to have taken any notice of our reply. "I knew a chap once, who served at the Eastern Front, a colonel in a cavalry regiment, young and dashing. This was back in 1916. I remember it well.

It was a cold morning, twenty degrees below zero when we got off the train in that small Polish village. We saw to our horses, then went to see the divisional commander. He was a real madman, one of the old school who believed that cavalry were invincible, a true Prussian. Anyway, when we reported with our orders, he looked us up and down and said: 'So they are sending us babes-in-arms now, scarcely out of their napkins. Still, I suppose that that is all that is left by now.'

We flushed red with anger at this insult but said nothing; it was not for us to question the judgment of a superior. He continued with a few more remarks, shouted for a corporal to show us to our quarters and told us to report to him in one hour to receive orders. We left, fuming, and I am afraid that we took out our anger on our juniors; however such is war, and that major-general was the most pig-headed and self-inflated, pompous oaf that I ever met.

After having seen to our troops' billeting, we returned to divisional headquarters, where our friend was in a quieter mood.

'Right,' he said, 'Five minutes after this briefing is over you and your men will be moving to the front. I have received word that a party of Cossacks has been moved up behind

the enemy lines with the intention of attacking here.' He indicated a small village on the map with his baton. 'Your job is to stop them breaking through. That is all, gentlemen. Dismiss.'

We went outside meekly, but each one of us was thinking the same thing: how were we to tell our raw recruits, who had no battle experience, that within three hours of arriving at the front they would be up against the Russians' crack troops, the pride of their army, their Cossacks.

They took it well. There was no other way they could take it. Out here it was a case of fight or die. The journey was a nightmare. We were travelling along roads that we didn't know in pitch darkness as we dare not show a light for fear of being spotted. However we eventually reached our position and there we relieved two infantry platoons. Their leader, a captain with great experience of front line fighting behind him, was sympathetic, but all he could offer was advice. His orders were to retire; ours to stay. Thus decided the generals above us.

We saw to our horses, posted guards around the village and waited. We did not have long. The Cossacks, under the cover of darkness, had reached a small copse with about three hundred metres between it and the first house of the village. They attacked at dawn with the sun behind them. The first we knew of it was their blood-curdling cry followed by an attack which hit us like a tidal wave. They were among us before we had a chance to mount and I do not think that we recovered from the sudden surprise of that first attack. On all sides there was a slaughter the like of which has never been seen. These men were ruthless professionals amongst boyish amateurs. An attempt was made to make a stand at the church but it failed: everybody in the two companies was killed'

'Not yourself though, sir. How did you manage to escape?'

There was a silence and the room went cold as the cavalry officer melted into nothingness.

At the station we asked the old guard if he knew of the train's ghost, but in the mould of the superstitious he would neither deny nor confirm what we saw, or what we thought we had seen.

ADRIAN V. COOKE, Class 6.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

In the world today, there is a great deal of cruelty to animals. No one country is better than another, as all men are born with a certain amount of cruelty in them, although some people can control it better than others. Evidence of this can be seen in many places. From time to time, we read, in the headlines of a paper, about some cruel suffering which animals have been put through.

One of the most cruel practices, in my opinion, is keeping Battery Hens. To be cooped up in a limited amount of space, without ever seeing the light of day, is a horrible and tragic life. I don't think it is worth living. There are a number of reasons for my opinion of this. It is only greed on the part of the humans who carry this out and, for the more callous of us, the results don't taste good anyway. I also think fox-hunting and seal-hunting are horribly cruel. After watching a programme on T.V. about the latter, I was shocked and could hardly believe that a fellow-human could do such ghastly things. These animals are only carrying out their lives in the normal and natural way; and in the case of foxes, doing what is instinctive to them. How would we react if great big people came chasing after us, with intentions of killing us? I think that there should be rules against all these things, although I agree they would create a great deal of trouble. I'm sure many people would rather buy eggs and chickens which had developed naturally and without pushing than

the kind we buy today. As for fox-hunting, I'm sure the problem of missing hens could be solved in a different, more humane way. What about fences round the hen shed, which give slight electric shocks to any intruders. The act of killing seals is so pointless it is sickening. There should be a law against it.

Now I turn from legal cruelty to animals to illegal cruelty to animals. We all heard in the news a few weeks ago of the heart-breaking story about the little animals which had arrived in a plane dead from suffocation. This was caused by insufficient care while packing. We can imagine the suffering these poor wee animals went through. The packing of animals should be supervised to see that it is humane and comfortable. Unwanted pets are an increasing problem. Only last year, I saw the bodies of three tiny puppies with bound paws float down the river in a sack. Pet shops should not be allowed to sell animals to anyone without proper evidence that the animals will have a good home. Maybe an inspector could go round houses to see that all animals are being cared for properly. Unfortunately, this would probably cost a great deal of money and time.

These are not the only problems. There are many thousands of cases of cruelty to animals every year and many cruel practices which I haven't mentioned. But I have taken a small percentage of these to try to show the readers the awful cruelty which animals suffer from.

MAIRI PATERSON, Class 3c.

THE CARPET BAG

The small, golden moon twitches in the dark sky as the hairless toot-aim paint brush rounded yet another smooth, oily corner. The cool, cruel mouth grimaced as it stretched from ear to ear. The artist bent sideways to reach a small coconut shell full of yellow ochre, while humming yet another ancient Nursery Rhyme.

The on-coming sandstorm whistled in the offing as the artist lifted a dainty, hairy, paint-smearred hand to shade its calm eyes from the blazing sun while it gazed into the shimmering distance.

Topping a large, nearby sand dune — to the rear, a grotesque, black, shiny Whip Scorpion raised its huge open claw to protect its weak eyes from the brilliance of the expansive,

red distance. Espying the painter deftly streaking away at some colourful mixture across a dark area of canvas and noticing the intense glazed look in the artist's far-away eyes, the beast slithered downwards, its hard, shiny body hissing softly against the hot sand.

The artist turned as an immense shadow crossed its work just in time to meet bodily with the creature's venomous sting.

The stunned, dying human slid to its knees and flopped on to the near finished canvas, spilling long ranks of half-coconut shells across the smooth, well trodden sand, moaning with the great pains searing through its sand-bitten body while its killer loped off, between its close-pincers a tattered, old carpet bag.

CATRIONA MacGILLIVRAY, Class 4c.

NEAR DISASTER

The glider was nicely trimmed and flying well, when the meter showed green, indicating that I was rising. I eased the stick over to stay in the thermal and rise up with the heated air. Below, the ground was slowly receding and the green fields in the valley became duller as the height increased. I had left the ridge below me and was quickly being enveloped in the blue of the sky. I still circled in the thermal, making slight corrections to keep in it, while watching the variometer flickering in the green. The altimeter read four and a half thousand feet, enough for a glide of some sixty miles. The glory of winning a "Silver C" at my age tempted me greatly. I looked at the map on the empty seat beside me and worked out the range and bearing of the next airstrip. Carefully I guided the glider out of the thermal and set course.

After ten minutes, I reckoned I had travelled twelve miles and had lost one thousand feet of altitude. Minutes later the "vario" went into the red and the glider started to sink like a stone. I searched in vain for another thermal, but lost another precious seven hundred feet doing so. With the hilltops only a thousand feet below me, the future looked dim. At that rate of sink I had only another seven minutes of safe flying time. I decided to look for a landing site before it was too late, but everywhere

there were hills and steep slopes. Looking at the map, I saw that there was a flat area to the west. I would have to turn into the sun's glare and would probably lose some more height doing so, but it was my only chance of salvation, so I did it. The brightness of the sun blinded me, making it difficult to see my target amongst the greys and purples of the hillsides.

I spotted my landing site in front of me and not very far below. This meant that I would have to get down on to it first time. There would be no second chances. The part below and in front of me was forested, and with one hundred feet to go, I manoeuvred over the trees, making every effort not to lose height. The treetops looked dangerously close as they slipped out of view beneath the wings. I had to stop myself from easing back on the stick in an effort to gain more height as I knew this would stall the aircraft. The wind howled over the wings as the plane narrowly missed the last trees. It floated on across a fence and into a rough field to settle on the ground with a thump. It bounced back up and shook me some more, then the port wingtip fell to the ground and the plane slewed round to an abrupt halt. Dazed, but unhurt, I undid the straps and clambered out of the cockpit to inspect the damage.

ERIC STEWART, Class 5.

NEAR CALEDON EAST, ONTARIO

I saw a road in a picture once
 just sweeping through it from the sky and
 disappearing out of the bottom corner as
 though owning the place,
 sky fleecy blue with clouds,
 sun somewhere else at the time,
 countryside unbelievably green with
 crooked, fairy-tale fences around,
 and a shiny-roofed building somewhere half
 masked by trees,
 and rocks in a field and a single telephone
 pole on the turf verge,
 and blond piles of hay over green, spiky
 grass,
 and back near the sky a tentative, verdant
 fringe,
 and through this whole, secure, permanent
 scene the free, grey, gravel road dancing on,
 following the sun and the stars.

SHEILAGH OGILVIE, Class 4c.

VACATION

This summer primary seven, all set for vacation,
 Met on the platform of Aviemore Station.
 The train at six thirty promptly departed,
 Leaving mothers behind, alone and sad-hearted.
 That night the children slept little in bed,
 So great the excitement of the two weeks
 ahead.
 Even further than London was their destination,
 For Stubbington Centre was to be their recreation.
 Once there, great fun was had by all,
 The Isle of Wight was their port of call.
 This place they reached by no ordinary ship,
 'Twas the transport by hovercraft — a memorable trip.
 Their visit to Plymouth brought great glee,
 For there the "Victory" they all did see.
 With shopping and dancing and plenty of sport,
 The children came home with lots to report.

TRUDI K. SUTTON, Class 1.2.

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH

Charlie, the grouse scout, was rather anxious. He had just seen a string of shining, colourful cars arrive at the lodge down the glen and something told him that an event was about to take place. With a frown on his face, he glided swiftly to his home, a large clump of white heather behind an old boulder. He landed at his back door and waddled inside to consult his family and friends who were gathered there to help him eat a large dish of succulent cranberries.

After he had pecked a few of the berries, he told them what he had seen. He remembered clearly, he said strutting around the room, that the previous year, the cars had brought men, dogs and guns, and that was why the whole grouse-family had to go on holiday earlier. He realised, of course, that Grandma Grouse could not be expected to move now, but what were they to do?

A long, noisy debate followed. Several birds were in favour of staying, but with more scouts on guard. Others wanted to go to the lodge and see what was happening, while Robbie, the official leader of the family, decided to go to some distant relatives further north. Naturally, when Robbie said this, most of the grouse agreed, except Charlie, his twelve brothers and Grandma Grouse.

When the remaining fourteen grouse could not see their fellows any more in the clear evening sky, they sat round a flat stone and thought. After a while, Charlie got up, and without a word, launched himself into the sky.

He flew down the glen and landed on a fence-post in the lodge grounds. A gruff voice asked him what he thought he was doing, and Charlie looked round to see a large, rough gun-dog. They looked at each other and then slowly and with much dignity, Charlie flew up to the lodge roof. He could hear human voices, talking eagerly. He listened, and became rather frightened as he realised what the humans were going to do the next day, the twelfth of August. He shook his feathers and quickly flew home.

The grouse decided what to do. As the shooters were to leave at seven in the morning, the birds would have to be under the large juniper bush ten minutes earlier. Grandma Grouse was to be put on Charlie's motor-bike and she was to drive there carefully. All went well. The grouse watched the shooters leave the lodge, while the keeper locked the door behind them and put the key in a flowerpot. Charlie turned to one of his brothers with a wicked grin and pointed to the flowerpot. The other nodded and silently drifted down, collected the key and opened the door. With much laughter, the watching grouse flew down and into the lodge, where they examined every object in every room. After an hour, Charlie gave the signal for them to depart for their hideout.

Once there, they settled back to watch the shooters search for non-existent grouse, while the sun made their apparently dull feathers gleam with unexpected lights of gold, blue and green.

EILIDH MURRAY, Class 5.

IS IT WORTHWHILE?

In great wedge heels and platform soles
They strut along the street,
Vainly trying to forget
About their aching feet.
In pedal-pushers topped with smocks
They dance for hours on end,
Although their flapping trousers
Nearly drive them round the bend.
Whenever something new appears
Upon the fashion scene,
They all dash out and snap it up
To make their neighbours green.
Is all this worthwhile— you may ask —
Worrying about one's dress,
But ask a fashion follower —
She's sure to answer "yes".

JANE MARSHALL, Class 5.

"MY FRIEND FLICKA"

I have a little foal called "Flicka". She is three months old, and is chestnut in colour.

She is quite small and has one white sock.

We take Flicka and Copper (her mother), out for walks, but as we start to cross the road, she gets slower and slower and stops in the middle and will not move.

In the field at night I canter Copper round and the foal likes showing off by chasing round and biting her tail.

I took them to the Grantown Show and when we were waiting to go into the ring, the foal took off and my father was hanging on to the end of her leading rope.

The judges thought it quite funny, but in the end she won a first and her mother a second prize.

DIANE DUNCAN, Class 4b.

SPLICE THE MAINBRACE

Just recently my father built a boat and during the summer holidays we often went sailing in it.

Our sailing expeditions begin always with the hoisting of the boat on to the roof of the car. In an advertisement for our type of boat, two people were shown taking the boat off the car roof with the maximum of ease, but we puff and pant and there are four of us!

The next job, after reaching the loch, is rigging the boat. This took us an hour on the first occasion as we had to keep referring to the instructions, but we are gradually speeding up as we all learn how to attach the different pieces and to tie the right kind of knots. Before we hoist the sails, we carry the boat down to the water's edge, while Dad shouts in great agitation, "Don't drop the sails in the water", "You are scraping the bottom of the boat", etc. Once all the boat is rigged, we then put on our lifejackets (although with our standard of navigation I would feel safer with a rubber ring and arm bands also).

The next thing that should happen is that the helmsman (Dad) should get in while the crew (Barbara) holds the bow, but in our boat this happens the other way round because, if I tried to board the boat just as it was leaving, I would probably be left behind on the shore

THE HUNT

The crow sat on the fence post preening its feathers, unconscious of the slender black barrel being pointed in its direction. The rifle moved slightly forwards and the sights crossed on the gleaming black body.

A slight movement and the crow was on its guard. Although it looked unconcerned, it was scanning the surrounding area. Anything out of place, an unusual object, a slight movement, and it would be off, cawing loudly about the hidden danger lying below, but no, the hunter could not be seen, only the hunted.

As the crow continued its last rearrangement of its feathers, the grip on the rifle tightened and the fingers curled round the trigger, which was quickly pulled.

The bullet made the familiar sound as it thunked into the crow. A little flurry of feathers and the body was on the ground and, as the last nervous spasms ran through the now perforated body, a figure appeared — a figure of death.

GREGOR GRANT, Class 4c.

while the skipper sailed away shouting unrepeatable curses.

Once we get away from the shore, it is usually plain sailing till we get to the other side, where, unfortunately, you have to turn round or, to use the technical term, 'go about'. When we approach the other side, I always yell, "It is getting shallow. I can see the bottom", but father never takes any notice. Finally, he pays attention, seconds before we would have run aground and pushes the tiller over. This is when the fun really starts. As the boat begins to heel, your heart misses a beat, but you have no time to worry as you are too busy crouching so as not to be decapitated by the boom at the bottom of the sail as it swings across.

After a few tacks here and there on the loch, we usually begin to feel peckish and we therefore decide to head for the shore. Unfortunately this is not as easy as it sounds as the wind always seems to be blowing us in the opposite direction, so we really are famished by the time we arrive.

Although I have to put up with a lot from the helmsman, the suntan one gains while sailing is really worthwhile!

BABARA SMITH, Class 4c.

DRIVING

"WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING. You'll never make it round this corner . . . That car! You're going to hit that car! . . . No, the other way. Eeek we've got someone on the back. Ah! he's off! Here! we're going round in circles. WATCH the steering! You're going round the wrong way! Oh Help! I'm putting on this safety belt. Slow down while I put it on.

"Ouch my head! Watch that wee kid! My hat! It's come off ahhhh!!! That other car's gone over it. That's four quid down the drain!

"Watch! You're going too fast! We're going to crash! Phew! That was close. Eeeee the steering wheel's going to come off. Look at it! It's loose!

"It isn't my imagination! Look! I'm shutting my eyes. There's going to be a smash-up. Oh thank goodness we're stopping. It's about time!" You can say that again because it's the last time I'm going on the dogems with my mother in the passenger seat!

SHONA WILLIAMSON, Class 2.2.

REACTIONS ON VISITING A FOREIGN COUNTRY

The day that the news came I was overjoyed. Months ago I had completed a quiz on the back of a cornflakes packet. I had long since forgotten about it, but now it all flooded back. As I reread the letter, my hands were shaking as I read that I had won a holiday for myself in Tangiers with £1000 expenses!

My immediate reaction was to cash the cheque, which made it seem more real when I saw the money in my hand. The rest of that day was spent tidying the cottage and cancelling milk and newspapers, turning off water and electricity and generally making my house burglar-proof. In bed that night I could hardly sleep for excitement and anticipation of the best time of my life.

The next day I spent in stores, shops and offices, buying clothes and arranging passport and other documents. That afternoon I picked up my ticket and by 11 p.m. that night I was walking across the tarmac of the airport to board my plane. The competition had been given a lot of publicity in the newspapers and so there was quite a crowd of people to see me off. I landed a few hours later, and after some formalities at the customs, I stepped out into the streets of Tangier.

My first impressions were of amazement at the fruit which we see only in greengrocer's shops, growing wild on trees, the vivid colours of the clothes and goods on the market stalls.

My hotel was a new one and everything was neat and very comfortable — the service, though, left much to be desired. I spent my first morning sleeping as I was very tired after my journey. I had my lunch sent up to my room and ate it in bed. It consisted of some food of which I probably will never know the name. Of course it tasted good but, if I knew what it was, it would have sickened me as I always think of foreign food as frogs, snails, octopi and various creatures' brains. By the time I had finished lunch, it was 2 p.m. and so I went for a walk. I did not see many white people in the street and this was one of the things I remember which made me feel an intruder in the market. The markets or bazaars were very colourful and sold copperware, rugs, hats, fruit and various materials and things of that nature. I went to my hotel for a change of clothes after visiting the markets, for I had found that I had not adapted to the climate and had been wearing too many clothes. So in sandals, shirt and shorts I wove my way through the gibbering hordes of

pedlars to the beach, carrying a towel containing swimming trunks and mask.

The beach was a sight which stunned me. There were miles of silver sand and a deep green coloured piece of water lapping up on it. The beach gave me my first view of white people in any large number since my arrival. I spoke to a few of them but most of them were Americans. I swam for most of the afternoon in the warm water, noticing all the brightly coloured fish which milled around under the surface.

For the rest of the week I explored Tangiers in a hired Ford Cortina. The cream coloured buildings, white villas and dark, shady natives all fascinated me. I came to know several British people in the course of these excursions and so I spent most of my time and money on travelling.

The day came when my return to Britain was due and after leaving my hotel with a few souvenirs I left the gaudy-coloured world which had been my home for a week and returned to the normal, humdrum way of life. I left it but I will never forget it.

BRIAN HAMILTON. Class 4c.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT

Having visited Edinburgh many times and never having had the chance to go to the top of Scott's Monument, I was so pleased this year to be allowed to go with my brother on our own.

On arriving there, we discovered one had to be fourteen to get up to the top without adults. After that difficulty was over, we paid our five pence and the climb began.

On the first landing there was a museum telling all about the Monument and the people of Edinburgh at the time it was built. I found this very interesting, almost forgetting about the climb facing me.

Ten minutes later I was still climbing, legs sore, and beginning to get dizzy, wondering if the top would ever come.

Suddenly daylight, and the most beautiful view I have ever seen. It was a clear day and I saw for miles. The Forth Bridge seemed to be so close (Six miles away really).

All aches of my climb up were forgotten and I saw a view I will always remember.

NORMAN KINNAIRD, Class 2.1.



Class IVB testing their Go-Kart.



1st XI football team.

GOLD AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM!

The long, straggling queues of bleary-eyed people stretched for what seemed miles down the tree-lined avenue. People with deck chairs, vacuum flasks and large food hampers were there for just one thing . . . a glimpse at the fabulous and now world-famous treasures of Tutankhamen. Even early on a chilly Sunday morning the bleak stone walls of the British Museum were lined with people hit by Tutankhamen fever, such was the attraction of this long-dead Pharaoh . . . and his gold.

Although I took my place in the queue before nine o'clock, it was well after midday before I managed to enter the huge hall leading into the special sector which houses the priceless treasures.

Comprehensive security arrangements were visible as I passed the partition which separates the specially constructed, mock-up tomb from the dour walls of the museum. As I entered the first stage of the "tomb", a picture library showing how the intrepid Carter discovered and preserved the treasures, a feeling of expectancy was evident among the group of which I was one.

In true dramatic fashion, the lights were low. The lesser items came first in glass cases, into which a bright light shone. The pieces are kept in the rooms or chambers that they were originally found in. So in a stifling atmosphere we slowly filed past these glamorous gold articles glinting in the soft light. People gazed

THE BABY SITTER

"You will remember to look at George at ten o'clock, won't you, Jane?" . . . "Yes, Mrs Munro," was the answer. The door shut and Jane breathed normally . . . "What does she think I am? Stupid?"

Jane switched on the television. Good, it was a western film. She watched the film till it finished. It was about nine o'clock now. She played cards until nine forty-five. She went to look at George. He was all right. Good! She went back into the sitting room — when she slipped on the carpet and grabbed the mantelpiece and pulled the head off a little doll, of which there were two, a Zulu and his wife. Jane had pulled the head off the wife. The Zulu held a sword — an assagai. Jane went to sleep . . . and when Mrs Munro came back, Jane was dead, the Zulu's sword red with blood!

GRANT MacDOUGALL, Class 3c.

in wonderment at these pieces of perfect craftsmanship. The Renaissance style could barely match the splendour of these treasures, all over 3,000 years old.

As we passed the fourth ante-chamber, what a sight met our eyes! There lay the spectacular deathmask of the boy King, solid gold with semi-precious jewels and priceless.

It is amazing to think that until fifty years ago, that very same, perfect mask had lain on the preserved head and shoulders of the dead King, undisturbed and unknown. It was a unique experience for me and the hundreds of thousands of people who went there.

DAVID WILSON, Class 3c.

THE PINK TICKET

For some wish fame and fortune,
And some crave strength and health.
While others go for beauty,
Some are content with wealth.
But give me not your trophies,
Your medals and the rest,
The height of my ambition
Is to pass my Driving Test.
I've swotted up my signals,
Road signs are clear to me,
My clutch and brakes and gear box
All work in harmony.
I always use my mirror
Before I move away,
While starts and stops on steep hills
I practise every day.
The tester comes on Tuesday.
With him I must agree,
For if he should dislike me
He can fail me easily.
And when my test is over,
One thing I'd like to think
That the ticket which he hands me
Is the one that's coloured PINK!

Editor: And he did too!

JANETTE McDONALD, Class 6.

CASTLE TIORAM

Came back a long time since
from an old forgotten story,
Castle in the sea along the sand,
The story rose again to choke the eyes
with unknown, unwanted, inexplicable tears.

I. M. T.

WATCHING AND WAITING

During the holidays I was watching for poachers. Salmon poachers! For this job I left our house about eleven o'clock at night, just as it was becoming dark. With me was a young friend, whose father was also a watcher but not on the same river.

To reach our "beat" we drove without lights, and, as we approached the river, we switched off the engine and free-wheeled down the hill. Leaving the car where it could be seen, so as to let the people know we were there, we climbed out and walked to a small bend in the river. This is a favourite place for setting nets. From here we walked along a path, with many holes in it, to the estuary where the salmon lie during the summer.

After sliding across the rocks, we flashed our torches horizontally across the water, looking for the floats which would be holding the nets up.

At this point the tide was fully in and all the salmon that were going up the river were already up. Our job now was to walk up the shore to where the tide had reached, and then walk back down the river with it. We did this because the poachers could not lift their nets until the tide went out. Nothing exciting was happening, so we sat down on the bottom-boards of an old boat to have a cup of tea.

With the coming of the dawn, we walked back to the sea to make sure there were no boats in the bay laying what they call "flounder nets" at surface level! The only boat was over at the other side of the bay and that was not "our" water.

Just then we heard a splashing noise like a fish in a net. Further investigation found a fish stuck in the shallow water after the tide had gone out. Chasing the fish, we reached a pool about two feet deep. There were rocks on either side of the pool and a large stone and some smaller stones in the pool itself. The fish hid under the big stone, so we tried to shift it with stones but it wouldn't move.

We took off our socks and shoes and waded in, one ready to tickle its belly, the other with a torch.

A fish will not stay in the beam of a torch but will be attracted by it.

We shone the torch near it. It stayed where it was and Calum Murdo, my friend, started to tickle the fish's belly. As he tickled, he moved his hands slowly forward until his fingers were just behind the fish's gills, then, when the fish opened its gills, he slipped his fingers in. He

pulled out a beautiful silvery salmon still covered with sea-lice. This fish weighed eight pounds exactly.

Although we did not catch any poachers, we managed a fish instead.

The reason for "watching" is to stop people from taking fish wholesale and selling them to the "markets". If this "poaching" was allowed, then after five to seven years there would be no salmon left in the river in question.

WILLIAM DOBSON, Class 4c.

BACK TO SCHOOL

"Have a nice holiday," says the teacher,
As we rush out the door,
But we've only got just nine weeks,
—I wish we had some more.

In the holidays I work so hard,
It really is so cruel,
How do I spend my cash?
—on books and things for school.

The holidays are over now,
It's back to school we go,
The days have passed so quickly,
But at school they pass so slow.

The leaving age has just gone up
—Another dreadful year!

That's an extra fifty-two weeks,
That I've to stay in here.

I hope you readers sympathise,
And think I am no preacher,
Unless, of course you happen to be,
One of Grantown's teachers.

ALICK FRASER, Class 3c.

THE COMING OF WINTER

The ground is red with the blood of the trees,
The seas have darkened the sky,
The yellowing leaves of the sycamore trees
Are beautiful to the eye.

The wind builds up and the sun dies down,
And the trees bend double with pain,
And the frost bites through their branches,
For winter is coming again.

The clouds go black with the weight of their
load,

And soon they will break with the strain
Of the snow, so pure and so perfect,
And the coming of winter again.

STANLEY COOKE, Class 4c.

A DAY AT THE BEATING

I usually heave myself out of bed at about half past seven, have a light breakfast and depart at eight, having ample time to catch the lorry at half-past.

This lorry which I speak about was rescued from an old army surplus depot and was "done up" by workers at the Estate garages. Having four-wheel drive, it is an excellent vehicle for transporting beaters up and down the old hill tracks of the Dava Moor.

After we arrive at wherever the first drive is to be, we are supplied with strong (I will not say straight) sticks and large, filthy rags which were once (before the beating started) clean, white flags.

When the drive starts, the thirty or so beaters are lined out about forty yards apart in a horseshoe shape. As the drive goes on, this horse-shoe tightens until the ill-fated grouse, who are frightened of the beaters waving their flags, are forced to fly over the "guns" who shoot them out of the sky. The "Guns," as they are called, are usually described as "toffs" by the beaters and are usually rich English or American sportsmen. But wait! All is not as simple as it seems. Although we are successful in driving grouse, we also drive hares, rabbits, sheep, capercaillies and frogs! Yes, frogs! Often a frog which has been frightened by my flag waving over its head has hopped along in front of me for several yards.

Although beating seems an easy way of earning quite a bit of money in a short time, it also has its disadvantages. When a flock of grouse fly over the guns, the sound resembles machine guns firing and as these thousands

(there may be up to one hundred pellets in one cartridge) of pellets whizz up into the air so they must also come down again. As these shot-guns have a comparatively short range, the pellets usually fall in the near vicinity of the advancing beaters and occasionally one unfortunate beater receives a shower of painful pellets on the head. This I know, for I, too, have gone through the experience of being hit on the head by a fast-moving missile. The beaters are all insured and sometimes receive compensation. Another disadvantage is the amount of really hard slogging uphill through bogs knee-deep and heather up to your waist which pulls and holds back your weary feet.

A common hobby for beaters is collecting different kinds of used cartridges. I have a collection of over forty, some of which are very rare.

The beating usually ends at five o'clock, five drives having been completed. By the time all the grouse have been counted and the old lorry has taken us home, it is about six o'clock.

Looking back on the beating, one is impressed by the views which one can see from the top of some of the local hills. On one occasion I could see from Inverness to the Beaulieu Firth and from there to the Cairngorm mountains.

The wisest thing for a beater to do when he gets home is to have his tea and go to bed early ready for the next hard day.

ARCHIE LIGGAT, 3c.

MALTA

Malta was a small island. It was very hot and dry but it was quite nice. The hottest day of the three years I was there was a Sunday in August when it was 120°F.

There were four surrounding islands: Gozo, Comino, Comineto and Filfla. Gozo was the biggest of the four and there were about two hundred people living on it. Comino was next biggest and there was only one hotel on the whole of the island — and no houses!

Comineto had nothing on it. Filfla, however, was quite interesting. It has a very rare lizard — the only place in the world. Filfla was used by the R.A.F. for bombing.

COMMENT?

I work in a shop and it is not as easy as it may seem.

One day a very insistent customer came into the shop wanting a pair of black shoes, size six, then departed half an hour later with a pair of red shoes, size five! Needless to say I was surrounded with shoe boxes.

Last week a French fisherman came in. It was a case of "Voulez vous un permit monsieur?" And I'm still wondering if a "line" found under a stone is a worm. Well, is it?

RODENA J. KELMAN, Class 2.1.

WENDY STALKER, Class 2.1.

"DEAR MADGE AND MABEL . . ."

Problem:

- 1 I am a hypochondriac.
- 2 A hypochondriac is a person who thinks he is ill when he is not.
- 3 However, doctors say that hypochondriacs are mentally ill.
- 4 If I am a hypochondriac, I am mentally ill.
- 5 If I am mentally ill, I am not imagining that something is wrong, because something really is wrong.
- 6 If something is wrong, I am not a hypochondriac at all.
- 7 If I am not a hypochondriac, then there is nothing else wrong with me.
- 8 If that is so, then I must just be imagining it.
- 9 If I am imagining that there is something wrong, then I must be an hypochondriac.
- 10 See propositions 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, etc. That is my problem. Worrying, isn't it?

A. Cooper.

Madge and Mabel suggest:—

- 1 This is nothing to be ashamed of.
- 2 If you're ashamed of it, then you must consider yourself to be a hypochondriac.
- 3 If you consider yourself a hypochondriac, then you should be worried.
- 4 If you are worried, then you must be mentally ill.
- 5 If you are mentally ill, you have no right to write (BOOM! BOOM!) to this column and ask us to answer a question you have answered yourself.
- 6 Kill yourself!!! Life isn't worth living!!!

Problem: Approximately 250 of them.

Mr McLean.

Madge and Mabel say — RETIRE!

Problem: Approximately 23 of them.

Sixth Year pupil.

Mabel: Wait for the revolution!

Madge: It is obvious this boy or girl or thing has only read 23 of them — psalms, that is. Mabel seems to think it's teachers.

Problem: One man in three is 1.80 metres or more in height. What is the probability that two out of five men, chosen at random, are in this category?

G. Clark, Class 6.

Madge and Mabel: We have not got enough beads to calculate this most atrocious, silly problem!

Problem: The constant struggle to see all sides of a question and to maintain an objective and tolerant view of life and its multitudinous idiosyncracies.

F. Saunders.

M and M reply.

Mabel: The inextricability of your anxiety is undoubtedly a problem.

Madge: That Mabel has not grasped the problem by the big toe is obvious. My most reliable answer would be to ignore the trivialities caused by considering anything, so I can only suggest that you should start considering nothing at all worth considering.

PUPPY WALKERS

I have two Aunties who live in Huntly, who are 'puppy walkers'. They have had four puppies to look after.

The first two have both passed their exams and one is in Teeside and the other in Glasgow. Their third one is still at the guide-dog college being trained and they have their fourth one just now. She is a golden labrador called Shuna.

Puppy walkers get their pup when it is eight weeks old and then it has four meals a day, two of meat and two of cereals. The pups have to have 2.4 miles exercise a day and the mileage increases as they get older.

Shuna goes everywhere with them, as she will have to go everywhere with her blind owner. She has been to church six times and has been in trains, cars and buses. When crossing the road, they have to go straight across and not diagonally.

The puppy walkers have just to teach them four words as the trainers at the college do the rest. The first word is 'sit', the second word is 'come', the third 'down' and the fourth 'stay'.

When the pups are one year old they go to the training college in Forfar to be trained.

I admire these people very much, because if I had a pup for a year I would be very sad having to part with it.

SALLY GRANT, 2.1.

WARNING

See them making smoke rings,
As they puff away the fags.
See me in my fine things,
While they are all in rags.
See their empty purses,
While I have all the wealth.
See, they're ill and need the nurses,
While I'm the picture of health.

LINDA GRANT, Class 2.1.

OLYMPIC FEVER

I'm trying to write an article for our school magazine,
 But the Olympic Games, brought to us by the television screen,
 Are preventing me from doing so, I cannot keep my eyes off
 The power and fantastic speed of men like Russia's Bortsov.
 Little Olga Korbut excelled on floor and beam.
 Mark Spitz, the American swimmer, oh, so easy makes it seem,
 With six gold medals gained so far and six world records smashed.
 This is itself a record, all former feats surpassed.
 Poor David Bedford at the last couldn't keep up the pace.
 No gold was his, no medal — he finished in sixth place.
 But hurrah for Mary Peters, the queen of pentathlon!
 She tried her best, she stood the test, and so the gold she won.
 Great Britain's team have once again deserved equestrian fame,
 Ann Moore and Psalm, how very near to winning gold they came,
 But like so many others, how gallantly they failed
 And therein, too, lies honour which through ages has prevailed.
 The Games are only halfway through, another week's to come,
 Of thrills and spills and records being broken one by one,
 But I meantime must make a start in this annual verbal race
 Of writing for the magazine, hoping to win a place!

MAUREEN WALLACE, Class 5.

MY GOLDFISH AND MY CAT

My cat's name was Tiger as you may know because I've written about it in a school magazine before. Well, I had a goldfish called Timmy. When I came home one night after school, I saw Tiger with its paw in the goldfish bowl stirring the fish round. That night Tiger played with the fish again but by accident flicked the fish out of the bowl. Next morning I found Timmy dead.

JENNIFER BRUCE, Class 1.2.

"AND SO TO THE GRAVE"

The day is born,
 Watch a blade of grass,
 The human child,
 The dew-touched bud.
 The sun travels.
 Look to the lush, green fields,
 The young boy to man,
 The full, bright bloom.
 The daylight ebbing,
 Leaving the scythed hay.
 Human force drained from a tired body.
 Petals fall through the evening air.
 And so to the grave.

ANNE SMITH, Class 4c.

THE BOX

Caged once again like an animal.
 The black lid is shut, and the light has gone.
 My legs are cramped,
 My head
 Swims in a pool which is
 Bottomless, dark, and cold.
 I try to change my position, but to no avail!
 I am caught.
 There is no fight left within myself,
 Almost no air left within
 The Box 10 . 9 . . 8 . . . 7 6.

GAIL ROSS, Class 5.

MY PET HAMSTER

My hamster's name is Toby,
 He is patchy brown and white,
 And oh it is a sheer delight,
 To take him out at night.

He is very Tiny,
 With beady eyes so shiny
 A tail that's very small,
 And he does not bite at all.

Now Toby is a new arrival,
 I bought him from a pal,
 And we have lots and lots of fun,
 Though he's so very small.

TORQUIL J. MacLEOD, Class 1.1.

UGANDA CRUISE — a selection of articles
from some of those who enjoyed a cruise on
the S.S. Uganda last spring.

S.S. UGANDA

We left Dundee on the S.S. Uganda, for some of us the first time ever on a big boat. S.S. Uganda weighs 17,000 tons, has a top speed of 17 knots and was built in 1952. The ship's company consists of 355 officers and ratings, including a Director of Education, two deputies, two surgeons and nursing sister, seven matrons, five masters-at-arms, two bank representatives, as well as Protestant and Roman Catholic Chaplains to look after the spiritual welfare of the passengers.

There was a common room, verandah, assembly hall, all of which we had access to. The longest time we had at sea was three days. It was more than enough because, after seeing nothing but water for three days, it is a bit much. I liked the ship but I would not be a sailor.

JOHN BARRIE, Class 4b.

A TRIP TO REMEMBER

In May and June of this year I was fortunate enough to be one of the thousand pupils from all over the North of Scotland who travelled to four Scandinavian ports on the cruise ship S.S. Uganda.

It was a ten-day voyage and it was not without a little apprehension that I boarded the liner at the Dundee docks. However, this was soon dispelled and we headed for the Orkneys, and Lerwick, where we were to pick up the remaining one hundred and twenty-eight pupils to join the cruise.

Our first port of call was Bergen, a beautifully situated city on the West coast of Norway. It was my favourite of all the places we visited, with its contrasting styles of buildings ranging from ultra-modern churches to an ancient Gothic church, which dated back to the twelfth century. The roads were nearly all cobbled and the houses pleasantly surrounded by hilly woodland. One of the highlights of our tour in Bergen was a journey in a cable car— one thousand feet up. This cable car service struck me as being the equivalent of a rail service to the inhabitants of Bergen as it offers them quick and easy transport to and from their homes on the lower slopes. Another tourist attraction we visited in the city was the

huge aquatic life centre, where, among other things, we saw a shoal of man-eating Pirahana fish — behind cover thankfully. One thing I noticed especially in Bergen was the high standard of cleanliness, especially in the shops, as one could sniff the fine smell of fruit, and fresh baking yards before reaching the actual shop.

The next port we visited was Visby on the Swedish Island of Gotland, and, although it was Sunday, there were plenty sights to be seen. It is a quaint little town with very decoratively styled buildings which in some ways are very appealing. The Botanical Gardens, formerly the old harbour, normally beautiful, were particularly enhanced that day by the brilliant sunshine. Later in the day we went a couple of kilometers out of town to a beach, known as the Nordestrande pier, and after swimming in the Baltic we came out, chilled to the bone, but exhilarated and refreshed. This will always remind me of Visby.

Our farthest North stop was Helsinki, capital of Finland and the largest and busiest of all four cities we visited. Strangely it had least appeal to me and, although it was beautiful in its own right, the former Russian influence seemed to dominate architecture, statues and such like. One thing I will always remember about Helsinki was our visit to a typical Finnish Sauna bath. Although many other countries now have them, they originated in Finland. There are no words to describe the fresh feeling one has left after it, and it will remind me I think better than anything of my visit to Helsinki.

Copenhagen, our final port of call, is very picturesque with its numerous statues and fountains, the most attractive of these being the 'little mermaid'. The highlight of our Copenhagen tour was definitely our evening at Tivoli Gardens. With its beautifully designed and illuminated Chinese Pagoda, Tivoli must surely be one of the most beautiful fairgrounds in the world. From the big wheel one could scan Copenhagen in its entirety, with a glimpse, although on the big dipper one would preferably keep one's eyes shut.

All in all, it was a completely enjoyable time and one I will never forget.

JAMES M. FRASER, Class 5.

TIVOLI GARDENS

On the 23rd of May I was making my way to Scandinavia on board the S.S. Uganda. We set sail from Dundee at twelve midnight after a boring train journey from Elgin. The first place we were to visit was Lerwick in the Shetlands in order to pick up another hundred school children.

Shetland was only the first of the countries we were to visit. Among them was Denmark and the famous Tivoli Gardens of Copenhagen.

The other countries we visited were Norway, Sweden, Finland and then Denmark. All these countries we visited were beautiful and interesting but, in my opinion, Denmark was the most picturesque and most interesting.

With Copenhagen having such a lot to show through the day, we thought by nighttime that we had seen everything. We were flabbergasted to see that Copenhagen had changed colour and was a mass of red, blue, green, yellow, purple and orange. As we boarded the bus and made our way to the centre of Copenhagen, our excitement grew as we were getting closer to a new, brighter and funfair world of Tivoli.

As we clambered off the bus, we raced to the gateway, being greeted by the sound of screams coming from the big dipper echoing round the funfair. As we entered, everyone was

turning round, looking to see if their favourite amusement was there. All were satisfied — the selection was fantastic. There were Dippers, Waltzer Boats, Dodgems, a Car Racing Circuit, Big Wheel, Ghost train and a Tunnel of Love.

The colour scheme was out of this world. You noticed a flash of yellow disappearing under a mass of rocks as the big dipper wound its way around the course; the screeching of brakes as the colourful bumper cars banged into each other; the giant Chinese pagoda reflecting its colours of yellow, red and black into one of the Tivoli's ponds. Inside the pagoda you can taste Danish food or view the Tivoli from the pagoda's top room. It was impossible to miss the pagoda because of its towering position over the garden.

Tivoli is only partial funfair — the rest is a Garden. In this garden there were ponds, tropical fish, waterfalls, fountains and all were illuminated. Around the water gardens there were flowers, shrubs, grass, trees and rockery plants. To be able to take in all the beauty of the gardens, there are seats and a restaurant in wonderful positions overlooking the fantastic beauty of the wonderland of colour.

RAYMOND McMURRAY, Class 2.2.



1st XI hockey team.

... Primary Magazine ...

ABOUT A SQUIRREL

I saw a squirrel.
The squirrel spoke to me.
He said his name was squirrel Nutkin.
He told me that he lived up in a fir tree.
He asked me if I would help him,
I said yes.
I helped him gather nuts.
Then I went home.
Cheery-oh Mr Nutkin!

GILLIAN McINTOSH, P.4w.

IN MY CAVE

I wish I
lived
under the
sea beside
a lot
of
fish in
a cave
with a
mermaid
and a dragon
to guard
my treasure.

STEWART McLEAN, Class P.4w.

MY PETS

I have a lot of Pets. I have two rabbits, two hedgehogs, two cats and a little puppy. I feed them on a lot of food. I give the rabbits pellets, lettuce and carrots for their dinner at night. And in the morning I let them free to roam round the garden and eat the grass. My rabbits are called Thumper and Bunny Kins.

JANE DUNLOP, Class P.4f.

IN THE WOODS

Once there was a big tree.
It looked taller than me.
Once there was a squirrel that ran up the tree
Much faster than me.
Once there was a boy
Who liked the big tree
Just like me.
The boy's name was Bill
He lived up a hill.
Once there was a man
Who cut down the tree.

SENGA COYLE, Class P.4f.

THE SEA

The sea is rough when the wind blows hard. The sea washes up shells all different colours, bright and dark. The sand gets wet and sludgy and my feet get wet and sludgy too.

SHIRLEY MASSON, Class P.4w.

EXCITING ADVENTURE

About fifteen years ago fifty men went out in a fishing trawler from Britain, heading for the Atlantic Ocean. Their ship was caught in a hurricane and sank. All the crew drowned apart from seven. They swam until they reached the shore on an uninhabited island. No sign of any ships, no food! Five weeks later they saw a dinosaur and brontosaurus. Later a ship came closer and closer. In a few minutes they were aboard and heading for home. They were home in a week.

BRIAN GRANT, Class. P.6.

MISTER DUNLOP

Mister Dunlop came to talk,
About a little tree,
He talked and talked and talked,
and talked Until the clock struck three.

ALLSTAIR MUTCH, Class P.5.

A CAMPING HOLIDAY

In the holidays I went a camping Holiday to Tummel Bridge beside Pitlochry. There is a power station just up the River Tummel. It rises to four or five feet. There are two bedrooms and a big room. There is a shop, lounge, seats outside the lounge and a putting green and toilets. I won two combs at rolling balls into holes. My father won an ashtray at the shooting.

GRAHAM GRANT, Class P.5.

HIDDEN TREASURE

One day Doreen and I went up the woods. We crossed the railway and went up the other side. Suddenly Doreen fell down a deep hole, then down I went too. We saw a lighted passage which we followed to a room full of treasure. We left it, then came to a door and opened it. There were a lot of steps. We climbed up them and there we were out of the underground world. I can't say we were glad to be out of it.

LILLIAN ROSS, Class P.6.

MY PET

My pet is a cat. His name is Sandy. His colour is sort of Sandy. He eats kitty cat and he drinks milk. He sleeps most of the day and goes out at night. I know two of Sandy's friends. One is Smoky and the other is Tib.

DEBBIE ALLAN, P.4f.

MY HOLIDAY

In my holiday my Daddy found telephone wires being tangled by trees.

We had to chop trees or the wires would break.

I had to chop the tree down, I chopped it down with an axe.

GRAEME WALKER, Class P.4f.

THE CAT AND THE DISTILLERY

One day I met a cat
And it just sat and sat.
It ran in between the barrels.
The manager said it was Carol's.

The cat it was black and furry.
The owner was called Carol Murray.
The cat scratched me. It was sorry
And it nearly got run down by a lorry.

I love that cat which
Sat and sat and sat.
But it had to be sold.
That's what I was told,
So I never would see it again.

CHRISTINE STRACHAN, Class P.5.

AN ADVENTURE

School holidays; Peter Jenkins and Alison Grant decided to hire two caravans near an old castle. One day they set off to a lovely big castle nearby. They had great fun. Next morning Peter woke up, washed and dressed. He went to Alison's caravan, knocked on the door, and went in. Alison was up and had made breakfast. They went up to the castle again. The door was open and a man ran past it. Alison and Peter followed but he disappeared. They walked on until they saw a boy tied up, so they untied him. They said to him that they had seen a man run past the door. He said they were jewel thieves and whoever caught them would receive a thousand pounds each. Alison and Peter decided to catch them and they did!

JANE WALKER, Class P.6.

MY STICK INSECTS

About a year and a half ago my mother brought home four Stick Insects. When I first saw them they were about one inch long, and looked very like sticks. As the days went by they grew bigger and bigger. Their food was getting less and less because the winter was coming on. It was getting desperate when my mum helped out by bringing food home. Just then one of them drowned. A week ago a baby one was born, so again we have four.

ANDREW LIGGAT, Class P.6.

MY PUSSY

There was a little pussy
Whose coat was silver grey.
He lived down in the meadows
Not very far away.
Although he is a pussy,
He'll never be a cat,
For he's a pussy-willow
Now what do you think of that?

JULIE STEVENS, Class P.6.

THE SEA

Splashing, dashing against the rocks,
Clouds so black,
The sea so rough.
The wind ablowing so strong
Until the storm blows over.
Then so calm and peaceful
With boats sailing
And people a-swimming
That's what I like to see.

RAYMOND McINTOSH, Class P.6.

WHEN I GET INTO THE BATH

I gingerly put my toe in
I sit down in the bath to get used to the
water
I get the soap and throw it up in the air and
let it come down
I sit at one end and push myself down and all
the water comes back
I look over the bath and see the water on the
floor
I get told to hurry up
I wash myself and start playing again
I start playing again when I am told to get
out again
I let the water out and I try to stop the water
but I can't stop it

KENNETH KINNAIRD, Class P.7.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRIMARY ONE!
(Teacher: Mrs McCafferty)

TRUDI McLEAN.

T: What's your name?

P: Trudi McLean.

T: What do you like best at school?

P: Em, playing with the Lego.

T: And what do you do at playtime?

P: Em, play and eat ma thing.

T: Oh! you eat your playpiece. Very good.

NEIL SMITH.

T: Tell the folks what daddy does!

P: He's at the hay just now.

T: And do you like Mrs McCafferty. Do you think she's a good teacher?

P: Yes.

T: That's a clever boy. Go and sit down now.

ALISON McINTOSH.

T: Do you like school Alison?

P: Umhum.

T: Say yes.

P: Yes.

T: Who do you come to school with in the morning?

P: In the taxi.

T: Who drives your taxi?

P: Louis.

CALUM McDONALD.

T: Where do you come from?

P: Tormore.

T: Do you like your school dinner?

P: Umhum.

T: And what d'you like best for your dinner?

P: Cabbage.

T: Oh! Aren't you lucky!

GRANT HAMILTON.

T: Where do you live?

P: Dul'n Bridge.

T: And what does daddy do?

P: Eh — milk cows.

T: And what does mummy do when he milks the cows?

P: Eh — she helps him.

T: And who makes your breakfast?

P: Mam.

T: She milks the cows too?

P: Yes.

T: At the same time?

P: Not at the same time.

T: Oh — different times. What do you like doing best at school?

P: Eh — drawing.

T: And what do you like to draw?

P: A picture.

PAULA HUNT.

T: What did you get home to your house this week?

P: A baby.

T: And what's his name?

P: David John Hunt.

T: And is he a good baby?

P: Yes.

T: Does he cry a lot?

P: Yes.

ALAN McDUGALL.

T: What do you like playing the best?

P: Plastirseen.

GORDON FISH.

T: What's your name?

P: Gordon Robert-a-Fish.

T: Where do you live?

P: Just up there. Up that lane.

T: Do you have any pets?

P: Yes. A dog and a cat.

T: And what are their names?

P: Pussykins and Mandy.

T: Mandy's the Dog? What kind of dog is it?

P: Black!

SUSAN.

T: Has daddy got a holiday on Monday?

P: No.

T: Are you coming to school?

P: Yes.

T: So am I worse luck.

PAULINE MCGREGOR.

T: What do you want to be when you grow up?

P: A mummy.

LYNNE BRAZIER.

T: What do you want to be when you grow up?

P: A Ballet dancer.

T: Margot Fontaine had better look out I think.

WENDY McFARLANE.

T: And where does daddy work?

P: Coopers!

T: And what does he do there?

P: Works!

T: And what's your daddy's name?

P: Bertie!

T: His name is Bertie . . . well well!

SCHOOL

School has started.
 Lessons begin.
 What a din!
 School has started.
 History, Maths,
 English and Art.
 Oh what a way
 For the day to start!
 Now the bell rings,
 Joyous sounds!
 When the children enter
 The playgrounds.

PAULINE RITCHIE, Class P.7.

PETS

My pet Rabbit is called "Buttons". He is black and has big ears. His favourite foods are tea leaves in milk, bread in water, carrots, and any kind of leaves. My next door neighbour has a guinea pig and another friend has a tortoise. Every day we let our Rabbit out and every third day we change the gold Fish's water. The gold fish belongs to Susan, my sister, and she calls it Nick Tam. I don't know why but it is a nice Fish despite its queer name.

SANDRA SMITH, Class P.7.

QUESTIONS?

Question: What's got eyes but can't see?
 Answer: A potato.

Question: What's got legs but can't walk?
 Answer: A table.

Question: What birds are Indians afraid of?
 Answer: Tomahawks.

CLIFFORD WILLIAMSON, Class P.7.

A DAY WITH MY FRIEND GEORGE

One night Geordie's mam let me sleep with him. Next morning we rose up early, had our breakfast, then we went to my place but nobody was up, so George wheeled me up to the blacksmith's. The blacksmith's name was Peter and he took me up to his farm. First of all we went down to Peter's father's to have a cup of tea. We went for the tractor to plough a field. George and I played with Peter's dog Patch. Then we went back to the farm and my dad came up and took George and me home for our dinner.

ERNEST FINDLAY, Class P.7m.



Members of Primary One.

PRIMARY 2**"WHEN I GROW UP . . ."**

I want to be a fire-engine man. Must wear a helmet. COLIN McBAIN.

I do riding and I do teach to riding and I do have a lot riding. KATIE WHEELER.

Went I grow up I am going to be a footballer and I be wearing a footballer suit. DOUGLAS COYLE.

I want to be a nurse and am going to sort them. GWEN HOGG.

"MY FAVOURITE PROGRAMME . . ."

I watch the flying carpet every week and this week in the flying carpet Tom called for bob and do you now what Bob did he worked mayek. CRAIG WALKER.

This is my favorite program and this is what he did. GWEN HOGG.

Scubidoo, it's funny things. NORMAN NEWLANDS.

I watch 'vision on' and My Mother hates 'vision on'. HAZEL PATERSON.

I like the circus best ALEXIS McKAY.
I like virginian men ride horses. JOHN REGAN.

I watch Mikey Mouse he funny people. CATRIONA.

WHEN I GET INTO THE BATH

I gingerly put my toe in
I jump in and sit down
I do not wash till the end
I spill the water over the sides
I make a dam of bubbles
I dive into them
I sink the loofah with a pumice stone
I make writing on the steamy walls
I start washing when my mum tells me to get out
I let the water out and it pulls my fingers into the hole
I get out when every drop of water has gone. DONALD GRANT, Class P.7.

. . . School Activities . . .**Debating Society**

The Debating Society meetings began in October with a fairly large membership of pupils from Classes IV, V and VI.

Officials for the year were as follows: President, Catriona Johnston; Vice-President, Mairi Macdonald; Secretary, Wendy Stewart; Treasurer, Duncan Grant; Advertising Managers, Jean McGillivray and John Gray. Class representatives were John Smith, Harry Harris and Elizabeth Terris.

The Meetings took the form of a discussion period during which many topical subjects were raised. Full-scale debates, a Matter of Opinion and an Inter-House Quiz also received much support from members.

Athletics

Once again this year we had a very cold, wet and windy day for our school sports but nevertheless a very high standard was maintained with eight records being broken. The sports ended with a win for Revoan House with fifty points more than the runners-up, Roy. Since the weather had deteriorated by the end of the afternoon, the prizes were presented in the school hall by Mrs Wood, mother of the school captain.

The champions were as follows:—

Senior Girl — Wendy Watt
Senior Boy — Alistair McDonald
Intermediate Girl — Helen McBain
Intermediate Boy — Gregor Grant
Junior Girl — Patricia Grant
Junior Boy — Irvine Ellis.

At the County Sports the school did very well, winning a first, five seconds and seven thirds.

In the North of Scotland Championships Helen McBain and Shelagh Grant distinguished themselves, capturing second place in the Discus and third place in the High Jump respectively.

This year the County Primary Sports were held at Grantown and no fewer than 26 schools were represented.

To all our competitors we offer our heartiest congratulations.

Badminton

Although not many school matches were played during the season, many successes were obtained in tournaments held in Elgin. Two matches were played against Forres, which resulted in a win a piece for Grantown and Forres.

Successes at Elgin included Moray and Nairn titles for Alistair Macdonald, Catriona Johnston, Elizabeth Terris, John Smith, Gary Rattray, Stuart Archibald and Linda Rattray in their respective age groups.

Also in a triangular county contest between Moray and Nairn, Banff and Inverness-shire, Alistair Macdonald, Catriona Johnston and Elizabeth Terris represented their county.

A convincing win for the pupils over the staff rounded off the season.

Golf

This year there was a large number of beginners, and the more experienced golfers were as keen as ever.

In the Doig Shield Competition, held at Nairn, the school was unplaced, but Angus MacNaughton came in a very creditable third and Stuart Archibald came in first in the under-15 section with George Bain runner-up.

The matchplay champion over 18 holes was Angus MacNaughton, who defeated James Mollison 5 and 3.

In the foursomes with senior partners, George Bain and C. J. Lawson were the winners with Stuart Archibald and W. P. Lawson runners-up. James Mollison and J. Hendry were third.

Revack won the Breckenridge Trophy with Roy second and Revoan third. James Mollison won the Cameron Trophy with the best scratch score over the four rounds with a total of 299.

Inter-school matches were unsuccessful, the school being beaten by Inverness and Forres.

The team was picked from the following: J. Mollison, A. MacNaughton, M. Wood, B. Smith, S. Cooke, G. Bain, D. Riley, I. Grant, S. Archibald.

We must thank Mr Grant for arranging the school matches and Mr Hendry for taking beginners for tuition.

Football

This season the seniors played three games against Kingussie, winning two and losing one. In their matches against Coylumbridge Hotel fortune varied.

The junior team also beat Kingussie twice and lost the third match. They also lost to Elgin and Tomintoul.

We would like to thank Mr Maclean, who arranged the matches, and Mr I. Thomson, who refereed and travelled with the teams to away matches.

Ski-ing

In direct contrast to last year, ski-ing conditions were excellent and fifty pupils took advantage of instruction during the year. Large numbers again undertook the British Alpine Ski Tests and a high percentage of passes was obtained.

In the Scottish Schools Ski Race held at Glenshee in March, the school team, consisting of Duncan Riley, Douglas MacDonald, Anne Ross and Lisi Fuchs, gained the Lawson Shield.

The Boyd Anderson Trophy Competition again took place on Cairngorm, and the school team took second place to Gordonstoun. Duncan Riley won the senior individual prize and Douglas MacDonald the junior one with Lisi Fuchs a close second.

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

Our outstanding competitors this year were Duncan Riley, Douglas MacDonald, Anne Ross and Lisi Fuchs. Douglas was second in the North of Scotland Championships while Anne was second girl in the same race. She was also first girl in the Scottish Championships. Lisi did extremely well, being first girl in the West, East and North of Scotland Races. In addition to the races at home, these four competed in France, Italy and Switzerland.

Ski colours awarded for this season were as follows:—

Full colour—Duncan Riley, Anne Ross, Douglas MacDonald, Lisi Fuchs.

Merit—Graham Clark, William Johnston, Stuart Archibald, Walter Jones, Jane Morris, Donald Grant.

We are again most grateful to Mrs Herd for her part in organising the Saturday outings.

Swimming

For the third year running, competition was again extremely keen at the Inter-House Gala, where Revoan were worthy winners over the runners-up, Revack by 12 points.

The standard was high again this year as training sessions under the supervision of Mr Maclean and Mr Smith took place after school and also, for the early birds, before school.

The training eventually paid off in the Inter-School Gala at Elgin, where Rosemary Masson won the under-16 back-stroke, and three second places and six third places were also achieved.

Primary 7 football team.



Champions at the school's swimming gala, held in October.

... News From The Outposts ...

EDITORIAL

This year's magazine has been a rush job. When our former printers were unable to serve us any longer, we were faced with a possibility of closing down. Luckily, John Mitchell, printer, Keith, came to the rescue, but required early delivery of script.

In the busy period that followed, we decided to make a drastic cut on the lists of members. We ourselves retain addresses, which are available on request; but the details published have been greatly reduced, and the names of some ordinary members with whom we have lost touch have been dropped. The saving in space and cost will be very considerable.

We are again grateful for many orders, much interesting information, and many kind messages. Our F.P. clubs have a big and far-flung membership; and our NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS will, we hope, illustrate the diversity of activity of old Grantonians.

NEW MEMBERS.

The new recruits, as often, form a rather mixed grill. Three — Catriona Johnston, Mairi Macdonald and Elizabeth Terris — are school leavers, embarking on university courses at St Andrews, Glasgow and Aberdeen respectively. Another — Patrick Grant — had decided to defer joining till he had made his mark. He has certainly done so, having qualified as a vet, and been accepted as a research student in the Faculty of Veterinary Science at Edinburgh. Robert Grant, a precocious skier of some years ago at school, and now a partner with his father, Martin Grant, has also joined us after due reflection. Still more of a veteran is Gordon Templeton, one of a famous Grantown family, who joined the ranks at this year's Re-union Dinner. Mrs Robert Ross (Margaret Davidson), a brilliant student in her day and a colourful and popular teacher, has long been with us in spirit and has now become a life member. With her she brings her daughter, Gillian, married to a Kingussie graduate and the mother of two small children, and her two sons, John, a formidable skier in his schooldays, and Charles, a gifted all-round sportsman. Our latest recruit is Jock Paterson's son, Ian, now in his fourth year as apprentice mechanical engineer at the Paper Mills, Bucksburn.

BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES.

So far as our information goes, we are able to congratulate the following:—Mr and Mrs Banks (Lorna Stephen), on the birth of a daughter in December, Mr and Mrs Tommy Edwards on the birth of a son in August, Mrs McArthur (Catriona Grant) on the birth of a son in June, and Mr and Mrs McSween (Margaret Ross) on the birth of a son in June. Mrs Parrot (Catherine Douglas) was blessed with a son in January, while Bill Reid's son, Mrs Rae's (Mona Grant) and Mrs Simpson's (Lesley Dixon) daughters all arrived in July. Alex. Ross, Margaret McSween's brother, began his family just ahead of her with a daughter in June. Perhaps most to be congratulated is Dr W. Sellars, in Edinburgh, who trebled his family this summer when twin boys were born. We express regret for other events which have escaped our notice.

The romance we hinted at in the 1971 magazine blossomed in November when David Macdonald and Marilyn Oliphant were wed. Since then we have had three brides in our numbers — Christina Grant, of Tullochgribban, wedded to W. J. Greig in Dundee, Irene Edwards, of Cromdale, wedded to J. R. Chapman, of Chesterfield, and Gillian Henderson, of Grantown, wedded to Dr David Anthony Yates, of Stoke.

F.P. EXILES.

Mrs Anfield (Winnie Shaw) will leave the pleasant Catterick milieu next year when her husband retires from army life.

Mrs Bahad (Christobel Terris) now functions as obstetrician and gynaecologist in New York.

Bruce Bain pursues his studies in Edinburgh. Dr Bain's ranging activities included a visit to Greece, with all its glamour of past glory.

The Booths (Netta Hunter) are settled happily near Alford. Their son has a diploma in Agriculture, and their daughter secretarial qualifications — both grown up.

Mrs Bremner (Elizabeth Mackenzie) is freer now for activities with the Moray Choral Union and the Forres Culbin Singers.

Our veteran supporter, Stanley Buchan, who had a nasty burning accident with an oil heater during the power cuts, is back to normal.

Mrs Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald) again entertained the Ross Graves Acadians this summer (Ross Graves once taught at Grantown). Elizabeth may start a Scottish Country Dancing class in Newark this winter.

Allan Chisholm still appears on B.B.C. Duncan Chisholm, with considerable qualifications, plans a still higher degree. We congratulate D. D. Chisholm on passing the difficult membership examinations in Psychiatry and on a prospective session in the U.S.A.

Mrs David Davidson (Betty Kirkwood) reports a new type of job for her husband, and a move to Braintree in Essex.

George Dixon keeps at his hobby of historical research. Janet Dixon, we hear, is returning to Zambia.

Gillies Campbell, of whom we had not heard for years, is now established as art teacher in Whitburn.

Fiona Donn, teaching in Inverness, finds energy for Scripture Union camping.

Mrs Drummond (Kay Hepburn), after a fleeting and disappointing hotel experience in Pitlochry, finds a happier hotel milieu in Stoke.

We congratulate Tommy Edwards on promotion and return to Northampton, as well as on a family event.

Ian Forbes, in Buckie, enjoyed many warm tributes on his retirement.

Mrs Gardiner (Wilma Watt) is now domiciled, with husband and family, in the Transvaal.

We congratulate Mrs Gordon (Ann Paton) on her husband's promotion to bank manager at Alford.

Mrs Greenwood (Mary Winchester) revisited the north from Lancashire this summer.

Fiona Henderson, as against her sister's matrimonial success, enjoyed a successful first year in Social Science at Edinburgh.

We are again indebted to Mr Hunter, in Aberdeen, for moral support and material items of news.

Grace Kirk records a visit to Jeanette Munro in Sidcup. Their ways have diverged, but they have kept up a friendship that began in first year at school.

Mrs Laing (Lindsay Wood) and her husband are now established in the Mariner's Bar in Fraserburgh.

Our callers this summer included Mrs Grant (Margaret Telfer), teaching in Fraserburgh, Mrs Johnson (May Mackenzie), teaching near Aberfoyle, and Mrs Lewin (Edith Kyd), whose present job, weight-watching supervisor

in the Midlands, has diminished the weight there by many tons.

We also met Mrs Munro (Gertie Lawson) on a rare return visit to Grantown.

David and Marilyn Macdonald find life afloat on a B.P. tanker very pleasant.

Mrs McClelland (Beth Lawrence) reports a revival of memories in Rothesay. Mrs MacGregor (Pat Lawrence) reports a return to Chelmsford, where Johnny rejoins the Royal Bank.

Mrs McSween (Margaret Ross) was back recently for her boy's christening.

Mrs Mitchell (Judy Stuart) still does part-time teaching. This included — of all things — a production of "Iolanthe" with nearly 100 juniors. Good show!

We congratulate Ernest Oakes on being chosen for a course as trainee manager in Montrose.

Mr and Mrs Ian Napier (M. Lindsey Stephen) are at present journeying to Australia via — of all places — Leningrad, Moscow, Siberia and Japan.

Mrs Naughton (Marie Shaw), back from Australia, has a temporary teaching perch in Aviemore.

Mrs Parrott (Catherine Douglas) and her husband have gone from Holland back to the U.S.A.

Joan Paterson makes her teaching debut in Forres.

The Reids, Andrew, Elizabeth and Bill were back to support Tennis Week, and Mrs Robertson (Davis Thomson) to support the Bowling Gala. Bill Reid is now a partner in his law firm.

We wish Mrs Simpson (Jessamine Anderson) success in the new hotel venture in Dunphail.

Mrs Squires, in Quebec, reports retirement, but, withal, a busy life.

We congratulate Anne Stewart on her engagement, and Ann Stuart on her happy return for further study after two years of voluntary service in Nigeria.

Neil Stuart, teaching in Newbattle, reports meeting another Grantonian teacher, John McPhail, of Bonnyrigg.

Mrs Gordon Sutherland (Elspit McIntosh), also a summer visitor here, now resides in N. Wales.

We congratulate Sherie Sutton on her Honours degree in German, and wish her success in her Edinburgh secretarial course.

Margaret Williamson, after completing the vital fifth year in Medicine at Aberdeen, can relax in her quieter final year.

OLD GUARD EXILES.

We have had less direct news from this section, thought quite a big number of forms.

John Clark, now stationed in Germany, has, we believe, further promotion prospects.

David Fraser, we note, has removed from Inverness to Glasgow.

Sandy Gordon, after his sabbatical year of leave in France, returns to duty in Winnipeg.

Edward Illingworth, again on holiday in the north this year, has been transferred from Kent to Glasgow.

Alistair Jack has retired from his post of detective inspector.

Sandy Mackenzie, already a medical force in Banff, enters the legal field with a recent appointment as J.P.

We congratulate Angus Mackintosh on his promotion to secretary of the Scottish Universities Council on Entrance.

We congratulate Peter Macpherson on family successes. Stewart graduated B.Sc. in Pharmacy, with honours, at Edinburgh, while, at Dundee, Malcolm gained an M.A. with honours in Philosophy and Political Science.

There is some news of the McTaggart family. Alan, out in N. Queensland, enjoys ranching as a vocation and is also involved in the local Art and Musical Festival. Donald's work lies in the Department of Geography, Arizona State University, with many leisure activities as well. Michael is still in Basingstoke. I apologise to Neil, the Edinburgh McTaggart, for burdening him with family forms, and he quoted, with his former ready wit, "They are no burdens, they are my brothers".

Shaw Mortimer, a useful scout in bygone days, tells that his son Allan has been selected to represent Dumfriesshire in the Cub-Scout Games in Edinburgh.

The two St Andrews Philips still prosper. Ron Philip, still doctoring in Grand Bahama, had an unexpected re-union with Bill Mitchell, who was attending an invitation golf tournament there.

We met Alex. Ross, on holiday here, lately. Walter Ross has been promoted to the rank of Police Inspector, again at an unusually early age.

Robert Surtees, lately retired from the police, has a new job as Superintendent of Security with the Bank of England.

Bob Wilson speaks of impending retirement in October.

We met Jock Winchester on holiday here,

looking well but not the athletic figure we used to know.

Stanley Wright also revisited Grantown on a fishing holiday; while Mr and Mrs Herbert Wright, now in Canada, were here as well.

LOCAL.

There seem few local items to report. Some of our number have been away on interesting holidays or cruises. John Burgess, for example, joined Iain Burgess and family in Majorca for a novel and pleasant holiday.

Jim Mackenzie's annual spring concert in aid of Cancer research was again a musical treat.

Jimmy McLeod is finishing off his remarkable new housing scheme beside Seaford Avenue.

Jimmy Grant looks much better these days and carried off many prizes at the local Flower Show.

Mrs John Grant (Betty Templeton) supplies an interesting news item. Her mother, Mrs J. Templeton, had a visit this summer from a Mrs Shaw, now resident in Craigellachie, who, as Miss Jean Abel, taught in the Grammar School for a few years prior to the 1914 war. Who remembers these days?

Martin Grant's service station was awarded the Shell Shine Territory Plaque for a Highland area which included 60 Shell stations. Said the donor, "Appearance and cleanliness go hand-in-glove with efficiency". Martin also topped the poll in this year's town council election.

As we go to press, the findings on the public inquiry over the re-development of the S.W. area of Grantown's High Street have been published. The result is a recommendation to widen the street and set the new houses — presumably built by private enterprise — 60 feet back. This may well end a most dramatic phase of six years of controversy in local politics.

BIENNIAL RE-UNION DINNER AND DANCE

This function, held in March, was attended by a company of 56. Dr James Williams was the guest of honour, and in his speech he recalled the efficient but limited set-up of his own schooldays, when much emphasis was laid on the classical studies, and the science side of education was in process of development. Mr J. R. Smith, who replied, spoke of present day conditions. The chairman was Mr Lewis Grant. Mr Smith acted as M.C. at the dance, and music was supplied by Billy and Eileen Mutch. The gathering, held in the pleasant milieu of the Palace Hotel, was brightened by the attendance of quite a fair number of F.P.s from a distance.

OBITUARY.

We record five deaths in our F.P. Club, those of Mrs W. R. Mackenzie (Alma Laing), Anne F. Donaldson, Mabel G. Lawson, John A. Grant, and Mrs William Christie (Isobel C. Bain).

Of these ALMA MACKENZIE, living all her life in Grantown, was closest to most of us. Alma was a gifted singer, and gave pleasure at innumerable functions. Kindly by nature, she got on well with children, put herself to pains to organise children's concerts and, in her latter days in "The Sweet Shop", spared no pains to cater for their small needs. She was very much part of Grantown life; and her sudden death this spring, when she seemed to have recovered from last winter's illness, was a shock to us all.

ANNE F. DONALDSON, though retired to Dulnain Bridge of late, was also well known in Grantown through the family shop. Her early adult years, however, were spent elsewhere—a period at a domestic science college, war service in the W.A.A.F., responsible posts in Aberdeen, before her return to Grantown in 1960 to be with her parents in the Garth Hotel and later to run the business. Her life, indeed, was one marked by a sense of duty; but she also found pleasure in her love of music and in her love of flowers.

MABEL G. LAWSON, in terms of achievement, was one of the Grammar School's most distinguished former pupils. She was dux of the school in 1911, qualified as a doctor and also in Arts at Aberdeen University, practised for nine years, qualified as a nurse (being also gold medallist of her year) at St Thomas's Hospital, and then embarked on a nursing career that brought her a variety of top nursing posts and involved travel and advisory duties in her own country, in Europe, in Australia and in America. She was spoken of, in later years, as "the elder statesman of the nursing world". Those who knew her spoke of her as being wise but humble. Many honours, including an O.B.E. in 1952, came her way; and, though she nominally retired in 1957, she was involved in her nursing interests as long as she had health and strength.

Mr JOHN A. GRANT, Lady Turnbull's brother, belonged to a very distinguished Grantown family, though his vocation of engineer took him to far places. He was involved in the construction of the Aswan Dam in Egypt, and

was resident engineer in charge of the cutting operations and building of the Makwar Dam in the Sudan. During World War I, he was a captain in the Royal Engineers, mainly at Lemnos in Greece.

A talented pianist, he derived great pleasure from music.

Born in 1888, Mr Grant must have been one of our oldest F.P.s. He was predeceased by his wife many years ago, and spent his latter years in Middlesex.

As we go to press, we learn of the death, early in September, of Mrs Christie (ISOBEL C. BAIN). Mrs Christie was one of a brilliant family and was herself dux of the school in 1919. After taking the degree of M.A. at Aberdeen, she taught in Fraserburgh and Aberdeen, before marrying an Aberdeen schoolmaster. Through the years she kept up her association with Grantown and was a lifelong friend of Mrs Donald Grant (Annie Burgess). Mrs Christie was a good churchwoman and social worker, and did much hospital visitation.

To all the relatives of the above, we express our sympathy.

IN CONCLUSION.

We apologise for any omissions or errors in our notes and lists, and will be grateful for any necessary corrections.

To all our F.P.s and to all who find interest in their doings, we again send our best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year.

G. E. D.

OF THIS AND THAT

The late Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, who found tranquility in a lifetime of high adventure, once wrote, "There is no angler in the world who has ever lived as good a day on river or loch as the one he dreams by his winter fire-side".

And there is nothing which appeals so much to an exiled Highlander as reading, writing, thinking and dreaming of things Highland.

Not that Moray is even in the Highlands according to our administrators. They have decreed that the Highlands comprise the seven counties of Argyll, Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, Orkney and Shetland. But try telling that to a Morayshire man born within earshot of the menacing, blood-curdling roaring of stags during the season of the Rut.

Memories are so sweet, of things seen, experienced, read

Once in late autumn I happened upon a spot where several deer tracks converged. It was one of those paths used by deer for a thousand years, when, led by the old hinds, herds migrated to the seashore in search of the life-giving hindweed. As they rested in caves, grey seals lay contentedly among the weary stags and hinds.

Nearly 200,000 Red Deer still roam some 3½ million acres of Highland hills and glens. But their days are surely numbered.

Insatiable exploiters are even now despatching bulldozers even deeper into the hills, preparing the way for the inevitable "skiing bonanza". Vandalism on a vast and increasing scale is not only condoned, it is actually encouraged. Those of us who dare to protest are labelled as "reactionaries". Ours looks like becoming just another lost cause, of which Scotland has had many in her long, troubled history.

I never hear the pipes without thinking of the MacCrimmons of Skye — the greatest and most gifted composers, teachers and players of bagpipe music this world has ever known.

The MacLeods of Dunvegan were as proud of their hereditary pipers as the MacCrimmons were of their Chief. "Seven years of piping", they said, "and seven generations of piping ancestors" made a good piper.

No imperfect piping ever reached the ears of the Chief. It was at Borerraig, eight miles away on the other side of the loch, that the practising was done. And only when he had attained perfection was the young piper permitted to play within earshot of Dunvegan.

It is said that a fairy princess who lived near the pipers' hollow at Borerraig fell in love with one of their clan and gifted him a silver chanter, ensuring that the MacCrimmons would be the finest pipers of all time.

And this they surely were, although many worthy disciples have followed them. Artists like the great John MacDonald of Inverness; Malcolm (Calum) Macpherson, son of Angus of Invershin, himself grandson of the peerless Calum, piper to Cluny Macpherson: P/M G. S. MacLennan; William Ross; Robert Reid; P/M Donald MacLeod, the two Roberts — Nicol and Brown of Balmoral.

Great names and gifted artists, some of whom have now played their last haunting piobaireachd, their last stirring March, Strathspey and Reel. But as long as the Cèol Mór and Cèol Beag are played in our land their names will be revered.

Pipers are traditionally sound judges of a good dram, and a good dram quite naturally leads one to think of Balmenach Distillery; and the founding of Balmenach makes an interesting story.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century James MacGregor, accompanied by his sister and two brothers, walked across the hills from Tomintoul to start a farm at Cromdale. In their spare time they distilled whisky, as every self-respecting Highlander did in those days although (or because) the English had declared it illegal after the Forty Five.

James MacGregor's skill as a distiller soon earned him fame and his trade increased so much that it inevitably attracted the attention of the gauger, whereupon MacGregor deemed it prudent to take out a licence. That was in 1824, making Balmenach one of the two oldest licensed distilleries in the north of Scotland. Glenlivet is the other. Blessed with an ample supply of the essential ingredients — good barley, good peat and good water — Balmenach now enjoys a worldwide reputation and is a fitting memorial to the skill and industry of James MacGregor, farmer and distiller extraordinary.

A hundred years before the MacGregor family trekked across the hills from Tomintoul a young schoolmaster farther up the Strath was busy collecting from cottages and shielings traditional songs and stories about those legendary heroes, the Feine. Here he gathered the material for his "Ossian" which influenced and inspired many of our greatest poets and entranced the literary world of the eighteenth century. James Macpherson's origins were humble. He was born at Ruthven and taught at the village school. But when he died he was given a last resting place in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

When still a schoolboy I used to make the long slog up Strath Nethy to Loch Avon to fish for the dark green little trout which came flashing up from unknown depths to engulf my home-made flies. I would sleep in the Shelter Stone until dawn and then, if luck was with me, catch trout for breakfast.

Once, when lying curled up, trying to stifle a loneliness which I hated to admit, and shivering in the utter darkness, I heard footsteps approaching and rose gratefully to greet my visitor. But there was none. Only the sound of dragging footsteps growing fainter and fainter. Bewildered and shaken I sought in vain the blessed haven of sleep.

Years later I learned about Am Fear Liath Mór (The Grey Man of Ben Macdhui) and knew then that the identity of my nocturnal wanderer. Others, since, have encountered the Grey Man and have recorded their experiences. At least one other writer describes an experience at the Snelier Stone almost identical to my own.

In our heart of hearts we know that change is inevitable, that we can do nothing to stem the advance of what is laughably called progress.

The vast tracts of oak, birch and pinewoods that once covered the Highlands to a height of 2000 feet have fallen into indiscriminate felling and burning; the lush grass has been usurped by fog and bracken, following gross overstocking with sheep whose selective feeding ate the very heart out of the hills; burns which from time immemorial have nurtured a race of hardy hill trout have been denuded of their native population and stocked with young salmon which are already doomed to extinction.

Everywhere we see the unheeding work of exploiters going on unchallenged. Development is the word they use, but vandalism is the end product of their efforts. Grotesque eyesores like the Aviemore Centre and Cairngorm Chairlifts are but the thin edge of the wedge. North Sea oil will accelerate the destructive processes, and the intangible beauty of the Highlands will disappear forever — unless . . . but there I go, dreaming again!

The sad fact is that sentiment counts for nothing in these materialistic times.

Soon the deer will be extinct and the hills as accessible as a supermarket. Hordes of tourists will scatter their money, and their litter, over the land. The Highlands will flourish and prosperity will be there for all to see. But the poor, prosperous Highlanders will have lost something precious which the world's wealth could not redeem.

How would you set about evaluating that mystic charm which has beguiled men since the dawn of time? What price would you put on the peace which once reigned in Coire Cas?

IAN MACPHERSON.

ST MAGNUS

St Magnus Cathedral has been in the news these days, and the publicity it has received reminds me of the two years during World War II when I worked in the Kirkwall Post Office and lodged in close proximity to the Cathedral.

In these days I used to send off telegrams at the rate of 100 per hour, and on busy days the number threatened to reach 1000. Many of these telegrams were from servicemen in Orkney who used telegraphy to send money to their wives. There were nights when I left my teleprinter at 5.30 a.m., and the office night-watchman was unwilling to allow me to cross the street to my lodgings in the black-out.

One sad telegram delivered to myself brought news of the death of my Seaforth Highlander brother. It was brought me by a lady postal worker whom I had met earlier when we were both working in Lossiemouth, and who had told me at that time that I would soon receive news of a death. Was she a medium?

St Magnus Cathedral must have witnessed many scenes of wartime activity, and among its monuments is a plaque in memory of those who died when the Royal Oak was sunk in Scapa Flow. May it long survive to witness the activities of peacetime and to serve as a place of worship.

DORIS LAING.

THIRD YPRES

Aye, lad, 'twas nineteen seventeen, a long,
long time ago;
Full fifty years have passed since then, another
age, you know.
By then I'd seen three years of war, and aged
about eighteen,
Involved in such a conflict as the world had
never seen.
Yes, son, there's not so many now who'd listen
like you do —
It's easy to forget with time, the things our
boys went through.
I wasn't really old enough to go and join the
fight,
But like so many others then, I did what I
thought right,
And added on another year to win my uniform,
And leave my weeping mother at the station
one fine morn.
In Flanders, all the glamour soon wore off us
raw young troops —
A generation, stuck in holes, like muddy
chicken-coops.
Yon awful wire, I see it yet, like rollers on
the sea,
That stretched between us and their lines, just
boys the same as we.
They must have heard with dread the whine of
mortars like oursel's,

I'm sure they trembled just as much amidst
the bursting shells.
Then over the top, through mud and wire, and
bodies all around,
The blinding smoke, the rasping breath, and
dying's awful sound.
Yes lad, but I was lucky to be out of it so soon,
(So many of my comrades never saw another
moon).
I wonder if yon shrapnel somehow saved my
sanity,
For months I lay in hospital and blessed my
injured knee.
Nay, nay, it wasn't cowardice, three years I'd
stuck it out,
If you'd seen what the gas could do, my words
you wouldn't doubt.
At first you didn't think too much when stung
eyes filled with tears —
You'll mind old Tam, he lived without his sight
for fifty years.

The medal lad? a token, yes, a token and just
that;
Mine must have been among the names they
pulled out of the hat.
Who was to say one man was braver than the
next in line?
You wouldn't leave your best pal, who'd been
wounded by a mine.
Don't get me wrong, we had great times as
well as bad, back then,
But yon third Ypres business took an awful
toll of men.
Three quarters of a million dead, just think
about it lad,
Not many families didn't lose a brother, son
or dad.
Upon the tears which flowed back home, a
battle fleet could sail,
Aye, all real heroes, every one, that fought at
Passchendaele!

I. J. MACPHERSON.

... Former Pupils and Old Guard Club ...

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O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc.

Honorary Vice-Presidents — Dr J. BAIN,
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Mrs Adam Anderson (Shona G. Macdougall),
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Mrs Fred E. Anfield (Winifred M. D. Shaw),
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Kent.
Mrs Robert W. Bass (Christine A. Tulloch),
U.S.A.

Mrs George J. Beaton (Sheena S. R. McIntosh),
Inverness.

Mrs Douglas A. Berry (Elizabeth M. McWil-
liam), Forres.

Mrs Archibald A. Beveridge (Elizabeth A. Gor-
don), M.A., Glasgow.

Mrs Robert Birrell (Jean I. Donald), Glasgow.

Mrs Guthrie Booth (Netta R. Hunter), Alford.

Mrs John Boyne (Doris J. Cameron), Glasgow.

Mrs James R. Braid (Pamela Gibson), L.D., St
Andrews.

Mrs William J. Bremner (Elizabeth M. R.
Mackenzie), Forres.

Mrs Edward Brooks (May Smith), Oxon.

Stanley J. W. Buchan, Bucks.

Mrs D. C. Butler-Lee (Emily Campbell), Fort
William.

Eva M. Cameron, M.A. (Hons.), Elgin.

D. Gillies Campbell, art teacher, Whitburn.

Mrs John Chapman (Elizabeth M. McDonald),
Dip.H.M., Newark.

Mrs John R. Chapman (Irene Edwards), Mans-
field.

Mrs Harry Chart (Margaret Mackintosh), Kenya.

Allan D. Chisholm, M.A. (Hons.), economist,
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 James Winchester, manager local Ministry of Labour.

IN CONCLUSION

We regret that we have not been able to report the A.G.M. of the F.P. Clubs, the activities of the Swimming Club, etc., because of the necessity for early despatch of material. However, we hope for an early issue of the Magazine, and we again wish all our readers all the best at Xmas and in 1973.

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