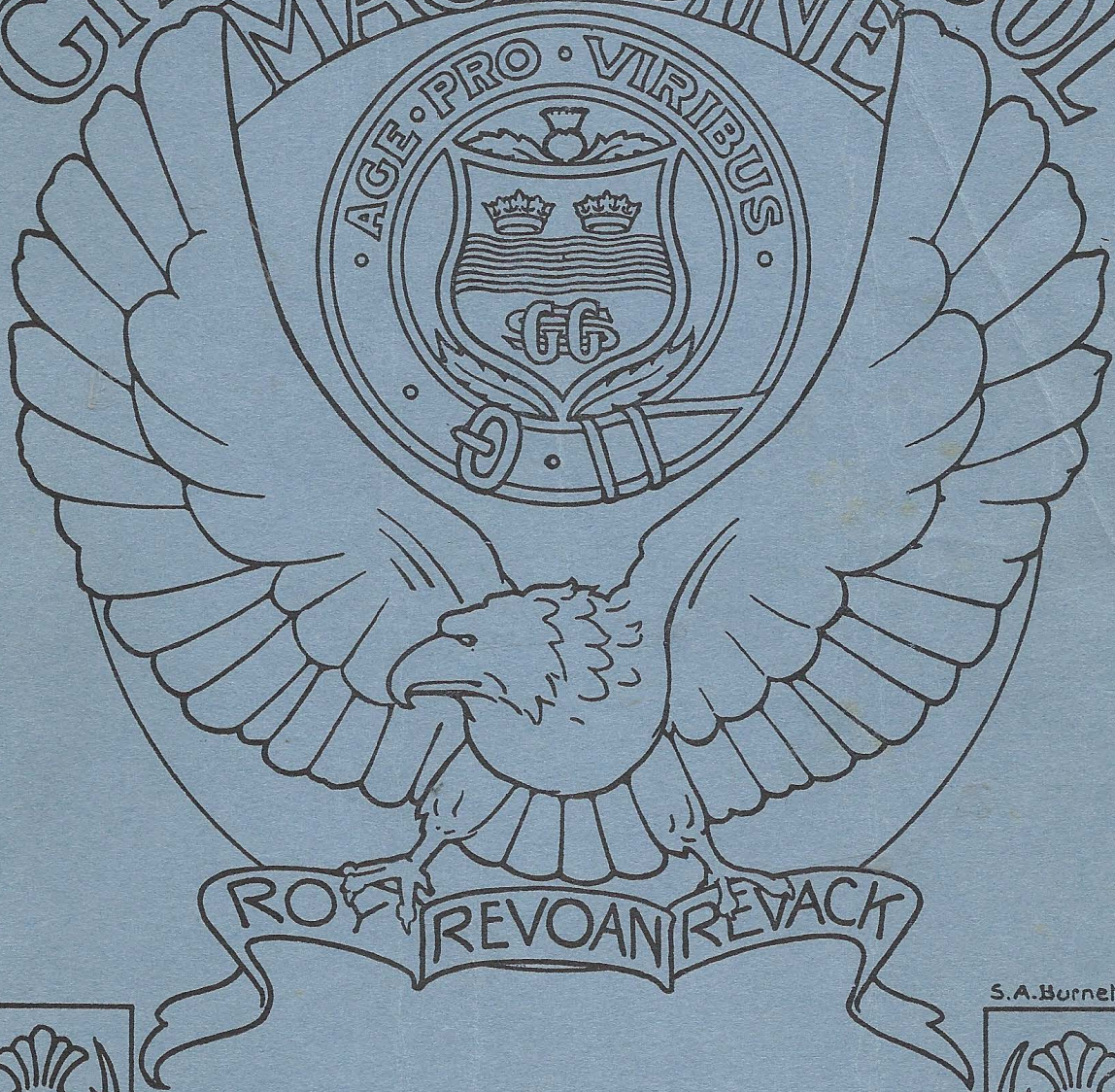


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# The Grammar School Magazine

## Grantown-on-Spey

No. 45

December 1973

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Editor — Eilidh M. R. Murray.  
Staff Adviser — J. Thomson, M.A.

Sub-Editor — Jane E. Marshall

Advertising Managers —  
Alison Hendry  
Barbara Smith

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### . . . *Editorial* . . .

THIS year the magazine has had to be prepared in June instead of during the usual autumn term, which meant a rush to be ready, but we hope the standard has not fallen. As the Primary School printed their own magazine this summer, we have cut their space here to two pages.

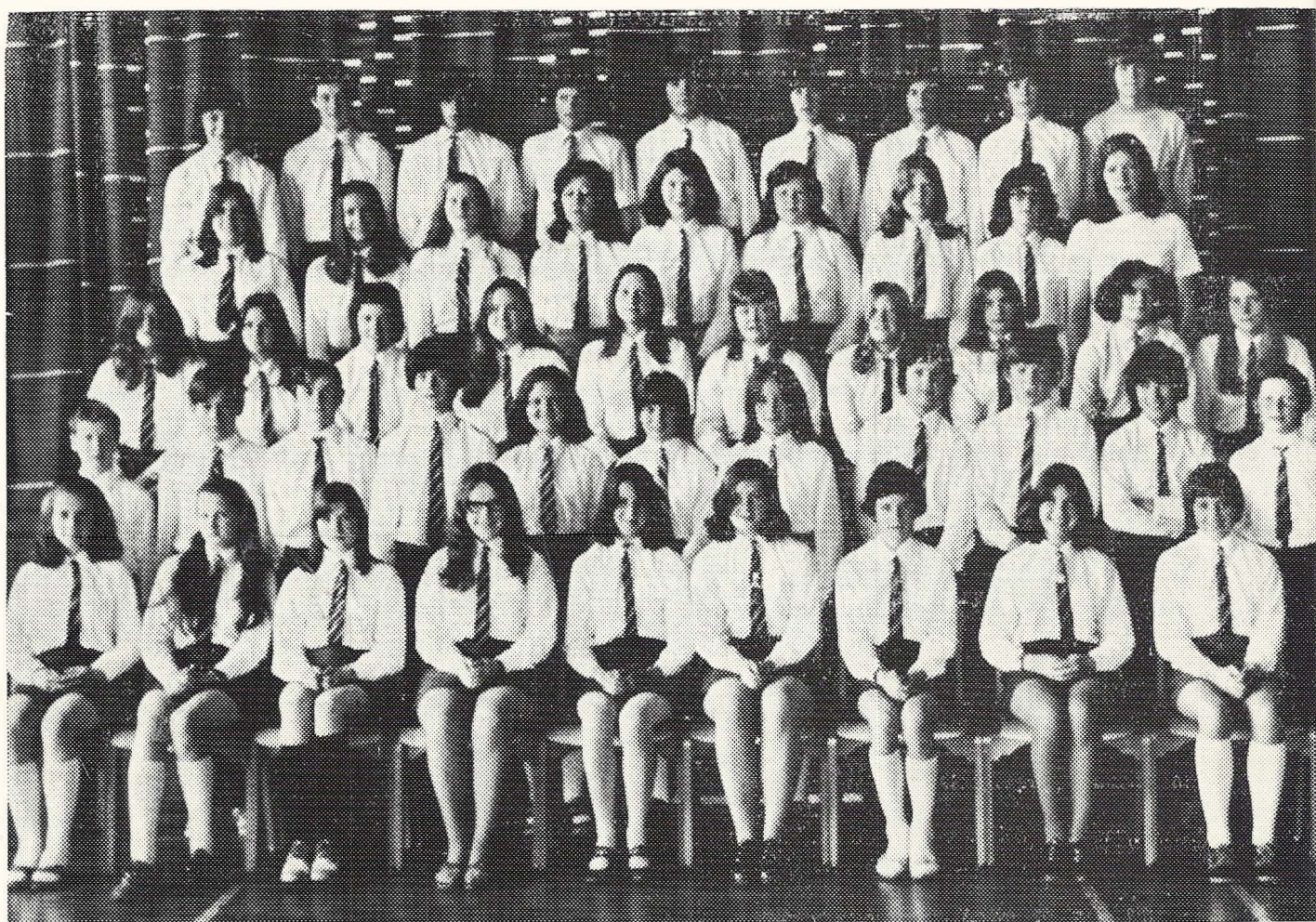
The Secondary Department pupils seemed to be very inventive and original this year, with several interesting articles and very good poems, although some, unfortunately, could not be printed owing to their total lack of literary skill. It was heartening, nevertheless, to receive so many articles, and, since there

was a great deal of variety, there was little danger of repetition.

A job which has to be done when compiling a school magazine is to find suitable quotes for the prefects — a difficult task which requires much debate and argument between pupils present in the library ante-room used for magazine work. These quotes must give outsiders a reasonable idea of a person's character without being too tactless.

We have enjoyed the opportunity of editing a magazine. It is only to be hoped that it makes enjoyable reading.





Prize Winners — June, 1973

## School Notes

Much preparation went into the 1972 School Concert. Pupils and staff alike devoted a great deal of time to rehearsals. The concert was performed for three nights and most pupils appeared in some capacity.

At Easter a party of ski enthusiasts left for Northern Italy with Mr and Mrs McLean. Despite a lack of snow they found the trip most enjoyable.

As usual, many smaller outings were arranged. In October, Primary 3 and 4 enjoyed a visit to Kincaig Wildlife Park with their respective teachers and Mr Campbell-Howes. Miss M. C. Fraser took a party of Class 4 girls to the Ian Charles Hospital, while Class 3 girls went on an outing to Landmark. In March, Miss Kerr and the Rector accompanied Class 4 Latin pupils on a visit by minibus to Antonine's Wall.

The Science Department held an Open Night in May for the Parent - Teachers' Association. Their theme was "the modern approach to science teaching". On this theme Mr Sanders, Mr Turnbull and Dr Tyler answered questions, assisted by representatives from various classes.

Primary 7 held a jumble sale in aid of a classmate, Ernest Findlay, who has muscular dystrophy. Their aim was to raise money for a batric buggy for him. A total of £98 was raised.

William Dobson gained a Duke of Edinburgh award at bronze standard. Pupils from Class 2 upwards have been working on their bronze awards, and several discotheques have been arranged because of this.



Just before Christmas, Elizabeth Stuart and Jean MacGillivray arranged carol-singing in aid of Shelter. Approximately £11 was raised. We thank Mrs Scobie for her help with the singing.

We congratulate Alistair MacDonald, who, in November, won the under-18 singles of the North of Scotland Junior Badminton Tournament.

This year an interest in trampolining has been stimulated by Miss Kerr, resulting in two pupils gaining trampoline awards at silver level, and six at bronze.

Also, twelve girls passed the Red Cross first aid certificate, under the tuition of Mrs Stuart. Dr Burns conducted the test.

Primary 7M have had a success with their performance of "William Tell", which they put on at the festival in Elgin in March. They were accompanied by Mrs MacMurray and Mr Cooper.

Harry Harris was Harvey Dux medallist for the session.

Miss Brown left at the end of the session to be married. New appointments in the Secondary Department are Mr Jones (English and Modern Studies), Mrs McDowall (English and French), Miss MacNiven (Mathematics) and Miss Smith (Commercial Subjects).

### THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

#### Boys

WILLIAM DOBSON (School Captain) :

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew (Goldsmith).

DAVID McINTOSH (Deputy) :

We cannot all be masters. (Shakespeare).

GREGOR ALLAN :

My face is pink, my hair is sleek.

I dine at Blenheim once a week. (Anon.)

DOUGLAS CARSE :

I don't suppose there was ever a chap quite like me before. (Wells).

STANLEY COOKE :

Jouk'n hide de fire, but w'at you gwine do wid de smoke? (J. C. Harris).

ANDREW DUFF :

Sing on! Sing on! I would be drunk with life, Drunk with the trampled vintage of my youth. (Wilde).

JAMES FRASER

Since then they called him Sunny Jim,  
(Minnie Maud Manff)

RONALD FRASER :

Pain with the thousand teeth  
(Sir W. Watson)

WILLIAM JOHNSTON :

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter.

Sermons and soda-water the day after.  
(Byron).

ROY PATERSON :

Am I no a bonny fighter? (R. L. Stevenson)

ERIC STEWART :

An unforgiving eye and a damned disinheriting countenance. (Sheridan).

#### Girls

JOYCE CAMPBELL (Head Girl) :

She is the fountain of honour. (Bacon).

SUSAN MCGILLIVRAY (Deputy) :

Maiden with the meek brown eyes. (Long-fellow).

SUSAN GRANT :

You are looking as fresh as paint.  
(F. E. Smedley).

SHONAGH GEORGE :

Be to her virtues very kind;  
Be to her faults a little blind.  
(Matthew Prior).

ALISON HENDRY :

Faultily faultless, icily regular.  
(Tennyson).

MARGERY MACAULAY :

Sober, steadfast and demure. (Milton).

LINDA RATTRAY :

Her voice was ever soft, Gentle and low,  
an excellent thing in woman.  
(Shakespeare)

GAIL ROSS :

Please do not shoot the pianist. She is doing her best. (Wilde).

HELEN ROSS :

Desperate diseases require desperate remedies (Guy Fawkes).

EILEEN STEVENSON :

My speciality is being right when other people are wrong. (Shaw).



## SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS — 1973

## Class VI

Class VI pupils gained the following additional passes:

- Adrian V. Cooke — Chemistry (Sixth Year Studies), Statistics.  
 John M. Gray — Higher Physics, Mathematics, Statistics.  
 Alasdair D. Macdonald — Higher English.  
 Janette C. Macdonald — Higher English, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher German.  
 Jean M. MacGillivray — English (Sixth Year Studies), Higher Biology.  
 Elizabeth M. Stuart — Physics (Sixth Year Studies), Chemistry (Sixth Year Studies), Higher Biology, Statistics, Art.  
 Roxanna G. Watt — Mathematics (Sixth Year Studies), Higher Latin, Higher Fabrics and Fashion, Statistics.  
 Michael A. Wood — Statistics, Art.

## Class V

- Gregor D. Allan — Higher English, Higher Engineering Drawing, Statistics, Biology.  
 Lesley M. Calder — Higher English, Higher French, Mathematics, Biology.  
 Joyce A. Campbell — Higher English, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher Biology.  
 Douglas C. Carse — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher Physics.  
 Kirsty Cumming — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Biology.  
 Andrew R. Duff — Higher English, Higher French, Higher Physics, Higher Chemistry, Biology.  
 James M. Fraser — Higher English, Art, Biology.  
 Shonagh K. George — Higher French, Higher German, Higher Food and Nutrition, Arithmetic.  
 Fiona M. Grant — Higher Food and Nutrition.  
 Harry A. G. Harris — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics.  
 Nicholas M. Harrison — Art.  
 William G. Johnston — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher Physics, Higher Engineering Drawing.  
 Jennifer M. Kuta — Higher English, Higher Art, German.  
 Margery G. Macaulay — Higher English, Higher French, Higher German, Arithmetic, Mathematics.  
 Susan A. MacGillivray — Higher English,

- Higher Geography, Higher French, Biology.  
 Jane E. Marshall — Higher English, Higher Latin, Higher French, Higher German, Mathematics.  
 Patricia A. M. Mitchell — Higher English, Higher French, Higher German, Biology.  
 Eilidh M. R. Murray — Higher English, Higher French, Higher German, Higher Art, Biology.  
 Linda M. Rattray — History.  
 Gail J. Ross — Higher English, Higher Latin, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Biology.  
 Helen A. Ross — Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics.  
 Eileen A. R. Stevenson — Higher English, Higher Geography, French.  
 Eric M. Stewart — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher Physics, Higher Chemistry.  
 Maureen J. Wallace — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher Latin, Higher French.

## Class IV

- Heather M. Allan — Geography, Fabrics and Fashion.  
 Alexandra A. Burt — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin.  
 Stanley C. Cooke — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Physics, Chemistry.  
 William G. S. Dobson — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Physics, Chemistry.  
 Dianne I. Duncan — Food and Nutrition.  
 Ronald A. Fraser — English, History, Arithmetic, Biology.  
 Lisi E. Fuchs — English, Geography, French, German, Art.  
 Gregor C. Grant — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Applied Mechanics, Engineering Drawing.  
 Ian W. Grant — Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Engineering Drawing, Metalwork.  
 Susan E. Grant — English, Geography, Arithmetic, French, Food and Nutrition.  
 Brian Hamilton — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Physics.  
 Alison E. Hendry — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Physics, Chemistry.  
 John A. MacBean — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Applied Mechanics, Engineering Drawing.

Catriona A. MacGillivray — English, History, Arithmetic, Latin, French, Chemistry, Biology, Art.

Eleanor C. McGinley — Food and Nutrition.

Margaret McGregor — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French.

David J. McIntosh — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Physics, Chemistry, Applied Mechanics, Engineering Drawing.

Doris J. McIvor — Food and Nutrition.

Margaret Mackenzie — Food and Nutrition.

Fiona MacLennan — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Physics, Chemistry.

Rosemary M. Masson — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, German.

James G. Mollison — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French.

Audrey M. Murray — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Latin.

Sheilagh C. Ogilvie — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Biology.

Patricia R. Paterson — Food and Nutrition.

Roy A. Paterson — Arithmetic, Engineering Drawing.

Douglas A. Robertson — Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Engineering Drawing.

Malcolm S. Robertson — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Engineering Drawing, Metalwork.

Suzanne E. Robertson — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German.

Ailsa Ross — Arithmetic, Food and Nutrition.

Sinclair Scobie — English.

Anne E. Smith — English, Arithmetic, Latin, French.

Barbara J. Smith — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, German.

John A. Smith — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics.

### PEARL DIVING

A few years ago, I went to the sea with the rest of my family to go diving for pearls with my cousin, who has been diving since he was thirteen.

After our first day's diving we were all very cold, so instead of going up the hill to the hotel, we would stay for dinner at our cousin's on the sea front. After dinner, we all sat round the fire and our cousin started to relate a story which happened when he was my age, diving for pearls.

"It was quite rough as we went out to dive for pearls. My uncle was first to go down. I was to wait for him coming up, then it would be my turn. Five minutes passed and still no sign of him. Then, all of a sudden, there was a shout, 'Row the boat over here. I have a bag full of shells.' I rowed the boat over to my uncle and hoisted up the basket. My uncle clambered aboard and said, 'There's hundreds of shells down there. Let me get my breath back, and we'll both go down next.' A few minutes passed, and in we jumped, both carrying baskets.

"It was dark and very cold at first, but since we were wearing our suits we soon grew warm. After our eyes became used to the dark, we swam over to where my uncle was waiting. It was a large rock virtually covered with shells. We went over and started to pull off

the shells until our baskets were full, so up we came. We pulled off our masks and turned off our oxygen, so as not to waste any.

"We clambered into the boat and started to open all the shells, looking for pearls. There weren't very many for the amount of shells we brought in. After opening all the shells we dived again, but this time we split up after swimming a couple of yards. I saw a large rock, so I went to investigate. On the other side of the rock there was a huge shell lying open.

"I went closer, but tripped on a rock and went head first into the shell. Immediately my hand went inside, the shell closed. I tried desperately to get loose, but couldn't. By this time my uncle was back on the boat, waiting for me. Since there was no sign of me, he jumped in. By this time my oxygen was getting short: another few minutes and it would have been finished.

"All of a sudden, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned round to find my uncle standing there. By this time, my oxygen had run out, and I collapsed. The next thing I remember was waking up in the doctor's, with my uncle holding up a small pearl. He said to me, 'This is what I found in the shell. Hard luck!'

JAMES ROSS, Class 2.2.



## THE FIREBIRD

With a startling, shocking burst of noise, the cloud of tiny, yellow birds flew out of the dense, green foliage of the tree near us, letting the whole jungle know that danger was lurking amongst the undergrowth. They looked extremely beautiful, wafting upwards in the sky, shrieking terror and abuse as they tried to cling to the strong rays of the sun in a hazy mist. But we could not blame them for disturbing the jungle's peace, as we had been unusually noisy in our approach. We were trying to find a particular species of bird known locally as the 'fire-bird', and time was running out. We had only two more hours to look for that elusive bird, and we had been trying for nearly six weeks.

Our leader sat down on a convenient tree-stump, looking miserable and disappointed. "Just till dusk to-day", he muttered, as if speaking to himself. "Just two more hours of nerve-racking clambering to try to see a bird which could sit in my palm and still be invisible."

His depression clung to the thick air and wrapped us all in a malignant cloak. The jungle was expectantly quiet. Danger was still about. Care was needed. Quiet was essential. Sometimes there was a muffled squawk as another life was taken in the thick, steaming tangle of creepers, and then once again, the hush descended. Everything seemed in a haze: a green, thick, hot haze of jungle. What was happening unseen all around us? Death, certainly. But most of all, we had an impression of tense anxiety and fear. Everything was stilled, waiting for the unknown, unseen danger to pass.

I looked up a tree, and after scrutinizing it for many minutes, I could perceive two black, glittering jet-stones following my eyes. The stones were embedded in a circle of ginger fur, with pointed eyebrows above them, forming the queer, yet beautiful face of a tiny monkey. Its hand was clutching the leaf, behind which it hid, and it looked so pitifully human that I inwardly cursed all people, including ourselves, who petrify these entrancing creatures. But as I gazed at the monkey, I became aware that it was no longer looking at me, but at the bush to my right. I was surprised at its intent concentration, and slowly turned to look at the bush.

Right at the top was perched a golden

bird. My heart raced with excitement, but I willed myself to become calm, and slowly turned to whisper to the others to look at the tiny speck of vibrant life.

Its minute body was slenderly balanced on two fragile, yellow legs which disappeared into the bush onto a twig. The perfect head sat proudly on a graceful neck, and every feather of that bird was alive with colour. Reds, yellows, browns and oranges sparkled in the sun, with an occasional burst of blue and green, giving the impression of a flame. The bird positively glowed with hues and highlights, and it was easy to see why it had been called the 'fire-bird'.

Breathlessly, we waited for it to sing. Each tiny shrug and quiver of the bird was watched by eight pairs of fascinated eyes, but we were to be sadly disappointed. A noise from another animal shattered the magic silence into heavy pieces and one hit our bird, which flew away in a flurry of brilliant fire. We looked at one another, physically unable to utter a sound.

Then suddenly, a few golden notes dropped from the trees — and then some more. It was as if the bird was having a final practice before a major concert. Perhaps, like Joan Sutherland before she sang at La Scala, the bird felt it imperative to have everything perfect. We listened, spell-bound, wrapped in a magic, golden cloak.

I imagined the tiny bird throwing back its head, opening its beak wide — wide — and letting its full, rounded notes soar away like bubbles in a burn to entrance any listeners. The song was happy, gloriously happy, as if the bird knew that the danger which threatened it was no more.

As the final high notes died away, I could see the singer taking numerous encores, and, after much gentle persuasion, consenting to sing another song. This time, our firebird sang a plaintive, sad song telling of its sorrow at having to go, and it flew off, still singing perfectly. When the jungle's haze covered the fading notes, I felt a sharp prod in my side, and crossly asked how anyone could break the spell.

"Wake up! It's our last day here. We must find that fire-bird!" I heard someone say. What, only a dream, after all?

"We will", I said confidently. "We will".

EILIDH MURRAY, Class 6.



## WANDERING

As far back as I can remember, I have been fascinated by the city of Vancouver, sprawling like a tumbled pile of children's blocks on the edge of the cold Pacific. There is no reason and no justification for this fascination; when I was about three or four years old it began, and it has never stopped since.

I was staying in Vancouver for the summer with my Polish godmother, who lived in one of the more secluded quarters of the city, a quiet, leaf-dappled hill with wide, green avenues and private, withdrawn houses, screened by impenetrable hedges. Spread out below was the huge panorama of the city, exciting and forbidden; to me, it was as remote and inaccessible as the blue carpet of the sea beyond.

I was left pretty much to my own devices most of the time, which suited me excellently, and as long as I turned up for meals, I was allowed to do pretty much as I liked. So, early one drowsy, stifling afternoon I set off down the hill, with my new watch strapped securely around my wrist, and a carefully hoarded five pennies clutched tightly in one hot palm, to find the city and the sea.

The hill seemed to descend without cease, until I began to wonder if one really could get to the city from the hill, or did it just go on forever, with tier upon tier of shaded, exclusive terracing, arriving nowhere? I was becoming apprehensive and my feet were beginning to hurt when I turned the last corner and nearly tripped over a pair of blue-overalled legs sticking out from underneath a car.

"Watch where you're going there!" said a friendly voice, and the owner of the legs came into view. He stood up, wiping the grease off his hands.

"Do you know which way the sea is?" I asked him.

"Sure I do," he said. "Just keep going down this road, and you're sure to hit the sea. But don't you think you're a bit young to be going there alone?"

"No, I don't think so", I answered politely. "Thank you. Goodbye."

With that, I turned my face towards the sea and started off down the road, jingling my pennies in my cupped palms and looking at my wrist-watch every now and then to be sure that it was still there, my fears and my feet forgotten.

Buses and lorries passed me on the road, and soon I began to feel hot and tired and very slow. Then, as I stood resting against a

bus stop, a bus pulled up beside me and the doors opened. The driver leaned out and said, "Do you want a ride?"

"Oh, yes please!" I said. Then, recollecting, "How much does it cost to go on a bus?" I asked.

Amused, the driver replied, "You can get on free if you're under five."

Happy that I wouldn't have to spend any of my pennies before I got to the city, and relieved that I wouldn't have to walk any more, I clambered thankfully onto the bus. It was empty except for a few old ladies sitting in pairs and knitting. I sat down in the seat across from the driver.

"Do you go to the sea?" I asked him.

He laughed. "Not exactly, but I'll let you off down at the end of my route in Chinatown, and the sea's only down the hill from there."

I waited, hoping he wouldn't ask if I had anyone with me. He didn't. Apparently he saw nothing wrong in wanting to find the sea alone. I breathed a sigh of relief and looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past three: I still had almost two and a half hours before supper.

The bus driver noticed my action, and looked at his own watch. "Three-ten," he said. "I have another round to go before I'm off. If you're at the end stop around quarter to five, you can get on the bus again and have a ride back. How's that?"

"Oh thank you very much!" I said gratefully, "I'll be there."

We were now past the wide streets and stately department stores and into a quarter of motley crowds and dark, twisting streets that seemed to lead anywhere and everywhere. A strange tongue was spoken in loud, bargaining voices; even the air smelled different: tangy and rather exotic. It was as if we were in another land.

"Do you want to get out here?" asked my driver, seeing how fascinated I was. "You just go straight ahead until you come to the end of the road and a turnaround. Then first down the hill and there's the sea. I'll be waiting for you at the end of the road at about a quarter to five, then. Have fun!"

He stopped the bus at a corner and let me off. Then I was alone, on my own, a stranger in a strange land. So off I went again, jingling my pennies and smiling at everybody I passed, and now and then giving a little jump of pure excitement.

There was a little old man in a wrinkled scarlet cap sitting cross-legged on the sidewalk

and watching the world with bright, lazy eyes. In front of him, on a carpet spread out on the pavement, was a brilliant and fascinating display of mysterious articles. Here, I decided, was where I would spend my five pennies.

"What can I get for five pennies?" I asked the old man.

Under my astonished and wondering eyes, a small heap of coloured items grew up before me, as the man's neat brown hands fluttered over the bewildering array of trinkets. A mom-

ent later, as I stuffed a small, bulging bag into my pocket for future investigation, I turned back and waved to the old man. He was back crosslegged on the sidewalk, as immobile as if he were carved of stone and had never moved, but he waved to me.

A few blocks further on, the road stopped, suddenly and for no reason, and curled back on itself in a turnaround. Beyond it grass sloped down to a small pebbly beach — and the sea.

SHEILAGH OGILVIE, Class 5.

### THE DAVID BOWIE CONCERT

At last, Wednesday, June 16th came. It had seemed a life-time waiting for it. All there was to suffer was a day at school — then —

Excitedly I hurried home at four o'clock, had a cup of tea and a cheese sandwich, and changed into my outfit, which was covered from head to toe with badges and a scarf of the certain gentleman I was going to see.

The bus left Grantown-on-Spey at five o'clock and was there right on time. The party from the school all hurried and bustled to get their seats on the bus, and at about ten minutes past five, when everyone was aboard, we left for Aberdeen. We had a break from the two and a half hour journey at about seven, but we were on the road again at quarter past.

We arrived in Aberdeen at quarter to eight. Some of the party went to explore, but my friend and I went to queue up outside the door of the Music Hall. The show was advertised to start at eight-thirty, but, as we were going to the second show, the first was not finished. Half an hour later we all started moving up the line (about half a mile long), buying posters and programmes being sold at different stages of the queue.

Once the hall was all ready, and everyone was settled in their seats, the commentator came on and introduced the pop star. The lights dimmed; my stomach was going round and round when the group came running on and took their places on the huge stage. The lights came on, the music started, and on came the master himself, David Bowie. The first song they did was "Watch that Man". The music was fabulous, as were David's costumes, which he had specially made for him in China when he was there earlier this year. But I can find no words to describe him; he was absolutely super. Most of the tracks he did were taken

from his current album called "Aladdin Jane" though he did do his single which brought him to fame. When he did do that one, everyone got up in their seats and cheered him, more than ever.

It was all too much for me, seeing my idol live, and I sat through the whole show with tears running down my cheeks. I still cannot believe I have seen him in the flesh.

The interval was at ten, and after ten minutes he came on again. His stage act was much better than I thought, changing about six times into more exotic costumes, doing mimes and also playing the lead guitarist's instrument with his mouth.

It finished after a two-hour show, at eleven o'clock, but when David and the Spiders (the name of his group) left the stage, they had to come on and do an encore. It was one of my favourites of all his music, and that just finished me. I just could not help myself and I just about fainted. When he went off, he did not come on again, but left for the Imperial Hotel in a grey Daimler.

Moving very slowly, we finally got out of the Hall, as we were fourth row back from the front. My brother took me for a bag of chips from a nearby chip-shop, then we made our way back to the bus.

I slept most of the way back, and when I got home I went straight to bed. Even now I sit in my room and play his records, looking at the pictures of him all around me, and think of his concert. Reading cuttings out of the paper about him in Aberdeen brings back many happy memories, and I think about him still doing his tour all over Britain, right through to the end of June. For the rest of my life I will never forget that day.

SALLY GRANT, Class 2.1.



### ORIGAMI

It's a squirrel. It's a salt cellar. It's a turban, two penguins, a church. It's a plain piece of paper intricately folded in the fascinating art of Japanese Origami.

Origami stands mid-way between art and a game. It is art but rules hold it down, rules as in a game. It is a game that produces works of art.

The creation of a work of art requires a great deal of ingenuity and care. Once finished, it is a marvel of engineering — in some ways a triumph. Time and care have been taken over the instructions. Accurate and intricate folds transform a square of paper into a recognisable and beautiful structure.

The beauty of Origami is the beauty of economy. The materials are not too expensive — squares of paper. No tools are needed and there is no mess to be cleared up after finishing.

The ingenuity in Origami explains perhaps the strength of its appeal to those who love cleverness for its own sake; not only engineers, but magicians, puzzle-solvers, computer pro-

grammers, mathematicians — all who delight in the elegant solution.

It is easy to understand the growing popularity of Origami. Folding is a challenging and enjoyable process in itself and the finished product is attractive.

Any beginner usually supposes that there is a vast tradition in China and Japan, and the East must be filled with creators of Origami figures. This is not so. The tradition, though almost 1,000 years old, consists of a few dozen excellent figures, and others less distinguished. Although folding has its place in etiquette, it is considered to be an occupation primarily for children.

Today the great majority of new figures are the work of Western folders. Origami is becoming a recognised pastime in the Western countries and has been televised in England, France, Sweden, Mexico and the United States, and more new organised figures are being produced almost every day.

IAN ROBERTSON, Class 3.

### NIGHT SHADOWS

It was a dark, dark, windy night in November. A few flakes of snow blew about wildly until they disappeared into the darkness or landed on the wet road. The lights of an approaching car dazzled her a bit. It passed, sending a spray of water from a puddle into the air. All was quiet again. She didn't like the dark.

The snow was getting thicker now. It was starting to lie on the road and grass. She shivered a bit. "Oh, no." The wood was just ahead of her. There was a murder there about a month ago. She had never liked walking through trees in the dark. She got a sudden fright from the rustling leaves as a squirrel suddenly darted away. Pulling her coat round her a bit more, she carried on. An owl flying above her gave its eery cry. She entered the wood.

The rotten branches lying around tripped her up. Just as she was about to get up after her fourth fall, she heard a cracking noise, as if someone had stepped on a rotten branch. The noise appeared to come nearer. She tried to scream but the noise stuck in her throat.

A shadow was now visible. It appeared to be a man. She tried desperately to get up, but fell down again. Her legs wouldn't hold her. A hand reached out for her. She cowered away. She could see his face now.

"Dad!" She ran into his arms and cried as if she would never stop. She was safe. There was nothing for her to be afraid of.

FIONA GRANT, Class 2.2

### THE MICROBE

The microbe is a funny thing  
Because it is so small,  
And when it comes to finding them,  
You can't see them at all.

So no-one knows just what they're like,  
Though scientists think they do.  
Some say that they are red and black,  
And others say they're blue.

But I'm the only one who knows  
Exactly what they're like,  
'Cause I've a monster-sized pet one.  
It's yellow and called Mike.

DAPHNE DUNCAN, Class 2.2.



**THE PROWLER**

He slipped stealthily out of the house just as the clock struck eleven. Before him lay a sheet of white, fluffy feathers which had not been there on the previous night. He stretched slowly, straining his muscles until they felt taut, then suddenly relaxed. It was time to go.

Gingerly, he stretched out a paw and touched the whiteness. It was soft but cold, so cold. Quickly, he withdrew his paw. He sat motionless for a few seconds, assessing the situation. After some deliberation he decided that he would have to cross the deceptive whiteness to reach the road.

Briskly, he trotted towards the gate, leaving each paw on the ground only as long as it was necessary. When he reached the roadside, he suddenly realised that he no longer felt cold and ran quickly along the pavement, kicking flurries of snow behind him with each step.

There was no longer any distinction between road and pavement as the white blanket covered both, levelling out any irregularities in the surface, and he did not take his usual care in crossing from one surface to the next. Suddenly, two brilliant orbs of light appeared out of the darkness, illuminating the whiteness with a dazzling white light. Although momentarily dazzled, he shot like a bullet to the right. The large, black tyres missed his tail by about a foot as they slid silently past, spraying him with a shower of water. This incident did not seem to have affected him in the least as he sat calmly drying his coat.

As he sat, he felt something soft and wet touch his coat. He glanced round sharply. Another one touched him. Slowly the sky was being filled by hundreds of floating feathers, each drifting slowly towards the earth where they merged with the whiteness already there. He changed his position slightly, ready to pounce. As though attached to springs, he leapt into the air and clutched at the nearest feather. He caught it and landed softly and silently on the ground. He opened his paw in order to examine this strange thing, but there was nothing there but a drop of water. Worriedly, he turned his paw round. Perhaps it was underneath. But there was nothing. Again and again he tried but with the same result. As he sat wondering about this strange phenomenon, he heard a noise. He turned round and saw behind him an enormous black creature which snarled viciously, its eyes glinting maliciously. He spat and hissed at the black creature which started back slightly. Taking advantage of its fear, he leapt over the nearby fence and ran. The whiteness over the fence was deeper and

almost covered him but he persevered. Beyond him he saw a wood and decided to make for that. His pursuer had now crossed the barrier between them and, yelping loudly, now bounded towards him. Each step was now becoming an effort and the white feathers seemed to be pulling him down, down into their softness. With one last effort he sprang, and slowly hauled himself on to a branch, where he lay exhausted. Below him, his pursuer leapt against the tree, his strong claws ripping at the bark, but he scarcely noticed.

After what seemed like days, the black creature decided to go. Thankfully, he flopped down from the trees. The moon was now out and his fur gleamed as his muscles and sinews rippled strongly beneath it as he moved.

Leisurely, he crossed the field towards the houses. In the shadows of the nearest fence he slunk towards one of the houses.

Agilely, he leapt on to a window-sill, sending a flower-pot flying to the ground with a soft thud. He crept along the length of it, his black footprints contrasting with the whiteness. An icicle tinkled with a watery sound as he lightly touched it. He leapt down from the window-sill and scrambled up the nearby wall. The light above the door lit his way as he crept across the grass. At the door he stopped, his green eyes glinting as the pupils contracted in the light. With a sharp thud, his paw hit the door. Inside, he heard footsteps which grew louder and louder. The key clicked in the lock and the handle turned. The door opened slightly, and he shot in. The girl shouted to her mother as she closed the door.

"It's all right, Mum, only the cat."

ALISON HENDRY, Class 5.

**IMPRISONED STALLION**

Fretting in his stable, his noble head held high,  
His thoughts go back to moorland, gorse and sky.

He arches his neck and tosses his mane,  
Annoyed to be imprisoned in his stable again.  
He cares not for his stable sheltered from the gale,

He wants to be free to gallop over hill and dale,

His friends have gone, he's all alone —  
This brave young stallion's on his own.  
His mind is on his mares far away.  
He cannot begin to eat his hay.  
This horse so beautiful, dark and gay  
Has lost his freedom on this dismal day.

SUSAN GRANT, Class 5.

**THE SASSENACHS**

The tourists are making again for the North,  
 They're coming by Edinburgh, Stirling and  
 Forth,  
 Omnibus, caravans, cars, dormobiles,  
 Thousands and thousands of scurrying wheels,  
 Spreading out over the place like a plague,  
 From Dumbarton to Elgin, from Wick to  
 Mallaig.  
 That their veins hold Scots blood they like to  
 believe,  
 And they buy miles of tartan of every weave.  
 They invade our homes, they snore in our  
 beds,  
 They lay on our pillows their Sassenach heads.

ALISON MacLENNAN, Class 2.2.

**CAME THE HARLEQUIN**

Came the Harlequin,  
 mocked us for what we were, and for what we  
 were not,  
 poised there on the brink of a dive,  
 far into shallow water,  
 axis of blossoming death,  
 frail things making frail clatter above.  
 The Harlequin laughed, clear clarion-call to the  
 stars.  
 In a savage sheet of salt, rain and light he  
 dived,  
 forever etched perfectly,  
 dark sky and still water,  
 silver and night till eternity stops,  
 then a sprawled shadow.  
 shattered into ripples.  
 Strands of salt starlight were falling like tears.

SHEILAGH OGILVIE, Class 5.

**A POEM?**

Another term is over,  
 Another year is done,  
 He wants a school mag. article,  
 And wants it pretty soon.  
 Instead of in October,  
 It's in before July.  
 If I can write a poem,  
 Then surely pigs can fly.  
 It needs imagination,  
 And mine's at lowest ebb,  
 So I'll have to cheat and write one  
 From a poetry book instead.  
 But no, he'd surely notice,  
 And maybe even shout,  
 "If you can't improve on this, boy,  
 You might as well get out!"

BRIAN HAMILTON, Class 5.

**A VISIT TO THE OFFICE**

A visit to the rector's office can be quite  
 bad for the nerves as I once found out. I was  
 in Mr Thomson's class where he was teaching  
 us about the Industrial Revolution. The scene  
 was set. Mr Thomson was saying,

"Now the carronade was a type of naval  
 cannon so called because it was made at the  
 Carron Iron....." He was cut off by Mr Grant's  
 voice through the loud-speaker.

"Would Stephen Walker come to my office,  
 please. Stephen Walker."

I immediately rose up and set off down the  
 stairs. By the first landing I had broken into a  
 sweat. My nerves were completely on edge as I  
 walked slowly down the steps which brought  
 me nearer to a terrible fate. I wondered what  
 he could want. I hadn't done anything wrong,  
 or had I? Terrible thoughts ran through my  
 mind; my pulse-rate had doubled and the  
 sweat was pouring off me. I was in a frenzy  
 by now. I had completely forgotten about what  
 he wanted me for — all I was worried about  
 was my funeral arrangements.

I hadn't noticed that I'd reached the office.  
 Miss Grant's voice brought me back to reality.

"What is it you want?" she asked.

"To see Mr Grant," I replied worriedly.

"Well, knock and go in," she said.

I knocked on the door and a voice replied,  
 "Come in."

That was very merciful because, if I had to  
 wait, my imagination would have completely  
 taken over. At the present moment it had con-  
 vinced me that I was going to be shot.

"Sit down, Stephen."

It was as well he had said that, for at his  
 next words I nearly fell off the chair, and  
 would certainly have collapsed.

"Sergeant Mollison came to see me this  
 morning."

"Oh, no," I thought.

"He came to ask me to give you this 50p  
 you handed in. Nobody has claimed it, so it's  
 yours now."

He handed me the shining coin.

I gratefully accepted it and left the office,  
 praising God at my deliverance.

STEPHEN WALKER, Class 2.2.





### LOST IN HELSINKI

The Uganda Cruise, 1972. This cruise took us to the Baltic Sea. First we visited Bergen, then Visby, then Helsinki. The ship docked in Helsinki harbour on the 29th of May, 1972.

We left the boat just after breakfast and, as our dormitory was in group B 1, we went on a bus run just before receiving permission to go sight-seeing by ourselves. We visited many interesting buildings, parks, monuments, etc. A Church hollowed out of a huge rock with a woven copper roof was perhaps the most interesting.

After the bus run, we went back to the boat for lunch and at one o'clock we left the boat again, this time to do some shopping. The teachers told us that the best store was the Magasine Du Noire and to get there we had to take a No. 5 tram. After our shopping was done, we made our way back to the main street to find a tram. No luck. We would have to walk.

We walked and walked and walked. Still no sign of the boat. We found the statue of

Eternal Flame, so we must be going in the right direction because we had passed it on our way home on the bus in the morning.

We asked a few people the direction but I don't think they were taught English in school, so we gave up. We were always passing harbours but never the one where our ship was docked.

Then we saw her, the S.S. Uganda. We ran all the way there. Our teacher was at the top of the gangway ready to give us a lecture but we didn't mind, at least we were back. We were back just in time. A quarter of an hour after we got on board, the ship set sail for Copenhagen.

We did not go down for dinner that evening; instead we stayed in our dormitory to let our nervous systems recover. The next day we would be docking in Copenhagen, so we bought a map just in case.

SHEILA BRUCE, Class 3.

### TIVOLI GARDENS

I went to the Tivoli Gardens of Copenhagen with the school cruise. The cruise was round the Baltic, calling at the Norwegian port of Bergen, Visby on the Island of Gotland, Helsinki in Finland and finally Copenhagen in Denmark.

The Uganda arrived at Copenhagen in the afternoon. On shore we spent nearly all our money on a bus tour of the city, but after the tour we were allowed to go souvenir hunting. Back on ship we had our meal and afterwards those who wanted to had a short time to change for our visit to the Tivoli Gardens.

The Tivoli Gardens are really just one big fun fair. A restaurant built just like a Chinese Pagoda was the centre attraction in the gardens. The big dipper was the amusement I had the biggest thrill from. At the start it was just a slow, slow climb but after the summit had been mounted we careered down a twisting, turning track.

Suddenly, as we neared the bottom, the car seemed to lurch and head for a tree, but at the last moment, it turned away.

I visited the water boats next. They were small but motor-driven. It was good fun racing each other round the small lake. The big wheel was our next stop; I did not like it as it made me feel sick.

After the big wheel, our party broke up. Lindsay, John, Michael and myself joined some friends from Lossiemouth.

Now our party went to the dodgem-like

cars, only they were more for racing round a track. Time was our only trouble as we had to be back at the Pagoda by half-past ten.

Suddenly, there was a tremendous bang and a series of smaller ones, and the sky was flashing colours. At first we did not know what it was, then we realised it was a fireworks display, so we rushed over to the fireworks area. The display was the most beautiful I had ever seen. This seemed a fitting end to our visit to the Tivoli Gardens.

DAVID MATTHEWS, Class 3.

?

There it sits with the same old face, day after day. Never a word is heard and it keeps the same bewildering expression. The orange colouring of its body is now beginning to have dark patches mingling through it. Its covering has also started matting. Holes are now forming on the top of the body and due to this, small maggot-like threads are protruding. The sides are steadily fraying with fluff coming pouring out the sides. Its big blue eyes stare up at me as if to ask a question or plead with me not to do it, but nothing is ever said. I feel there is no need to keep it, but those eyes — they look as if tears are shortly going to pour out. I must do it today, I must get rid of it. All I have to do is empty it and then — at last I've done it. I've thrown my faithful old pencil-case into the bin.

EILEEN CALDER, Class 3.



**CAR TROUBLE**

I pull the starter button,  
No! not a single sound,  
Not even a small faint noise.  
Indicates the engine going round.

It must be the battery  
that's suddenly gone flat,  
But I recharged it just last night,  
So I'm sure it can't be that.

I push it down the hill  
and put it into gear,  
But the engine doesn't fire,  
So it's exceptionally queer.

I've already checked the petrol  
and it's full right to the top.  
I wonder what the reason is  
that causes it to stop.

If it does not go this time,  
I think that I shall kick it.  
Oh dear! the ignition isn't on.  
I may as well admit it.

ALEX FRASER, Class 3.

**THE TREASURES OF THE GREAT KING**

Tutankhamen is a King whose history can be traced only in broken outlines. His right to the throne was established in accordance with Egyptian protocol through marriage. Tutankhamen was only about nine years of age when he ascended the throne of Egypt.

As Tutankhamen died while he was still a young man, probably about nineteen years of age, it is unlikely that he ever took part in any military operations.

It is thought that his death must have been sudden and unexpected, because his body was not found buried in the Valley of the Kings, but in the tomb of his head Governor A'y. In A'y's tomb the archaeologists found two statues of Tutankhamen, which suggests that A'y's tomb was meant as the tomb for a Pharaoh. But Tutankhamen must have died before the tomb was completed and so was buried where the old man A'y should have been buried. With Tutankhamen were buried his magnificent treasures made of gold.

When archaeologist Davis unearthed the treasures in Tutankhamen's tomb, he saw the golden low bed, the large gilded wooden statue, the chair and chests lying before him.

Deep in the tomb they discovered the mummified body of a king, his head completely covered in a gold portrait mask.

There he lay untouched since the day of burial in a solid gold coffin. Buried beside the

king were found many precious treasures, a wooden statue of the king, a model boat, vases, animal shapes in gold, golden necklaces, bracelets, earrings and a gold dagger and sheath.

Priceless jewels decorated the royal king's vulture collar which hung round his neck. Every little detail of the gold has been remarkably preserved. The gold mask covering the king's face shows an exact replica of his features. His solid gold coffin shaped exactly to fit his mummified body now lies untouched and remarkably preserved even after all those years.

EVELYN MacMURRAY, Class 3.

**A PERSON'S MEMOIRS**

As it was in my day, so to-day, young people do not like to be told that they are much more fortunate than their predecessors; it must be said, however, that as far as what they learn in the Modern Languages classroom goes, they are at an advantage as compared with the pupils of my own generation, in one respect at least. Those pupils who study French today would hardly have recognised the subject as it was taught 15 or 20 years ago. In those days we did not study the language as living speech at all and I can remember when I first saw French children of 5 or 6 able to converse fluently with one another in their native tongue I was annoyed, for at the age of 17 after 6 years of hard toil, I could manage only a few monosyllabic grunts which the native populace invariably failed to understand. On the other hand, I was able to turn into French such useful gems as "Poet, take thy lute; 'tis I, thy immortal Muse!"

Actually, I must confess that we did have a weekly visit from a native speaker of French but we were usually able to discourage this personage into speaking English by the deathly silence and icy stares which were the only replies ever given to a question in French. Two years of University did little to help except that I could now say: "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" in late medieval French.

Such was my ability in spoken French when Dame Fortune plucked me from my Academic asylum in Aberdeen University and set me down again in the middle of Rennes, in Brittany, to be assistant in English at the University there. Never having been away from home for any length of time before, I had neglected to book hotel accommodation for the night of my arrival. (I think I imagined that the British Ambassador would be at the station to welcome me or something). In fact, the local Professor of English had promised to collect



me and to fix up somewhere to stay, but he got the date mixed up.

So, there I was, sitting in a compartment in a French train, surrounded by luggage, wondering what to do next. I decided to exercise my initiative. I unloaded two suitcases and one trunk onto the platform. At this point an aged porter presented himself and said something which I did not quite catch. Not wanting to appear stupid, I replied with the first French word that came into my head. The effect, if not gratifying, was instantaneous, for the porter loaded all my luggage back into the train and held out his hand for a tip. I tipped him, then waiting till he was out of sight, unloaded the bags again and borrowed a trolley to take them to the main exit.

I had never been taught how to say "Where is the left luggage office, please?" I managed to work out, "I have no need of my cases today," but decided against this and instead opened the trunk and rummaged for a large dictionary till I found the desired word. The first person to whom I put my question replied in faultless English. He was a German tourist.

Having got rid of my luggage, I set off in search of a roof for the night. Was it my face, my French accent or a combination of both? No hostelry would have anything to do with me. Naturally, I was upset and I was beginning to feel hungry too. After my experience with numerous hotel managements I feared that in a restaurant I might talk myself into washing dishes all night so I looked around for some other solution. Suddenly, a sign in the window of a fruit-shop stopped me in my tracks. "Pears — 3F the Kilo." I entered, pointed at the sign, held out 3 francs and left with a bag full of pears. The following day I regretted my success in this venture. Till then I had not realised the disastrous consequences of an overdose upon the human frame.

It was nearly midnight when, after being lost several times, I found myself back opposite the station considering whether I should present myself before a policeman, confess to being a Scottish spy, and beg to be deported back home. I gave up this thought when I saw one representative of the Law regard me suspiciously while fondling his gun in its holster. I was on the point of bedding down on a bench for the night when "Chambres" flashed a neon sign across the square. "Rooms" I croaked back in desperation.

The name of the establishment which provided me with the first French roof I had ever had was "Chez Moïse" (Moses' Place). Moses

never reached the promised land, but that night I believed I had reached it when I collapsed exhausted into bed. I did not even mind too much when I discovered three flea bites on my arm the next morning. However, I did not relish the thought of spending an entire year in "Chez Moïse" and next day, on hitting the pavement once again, I decided that I was going to make myself clearly understood to the locals even if it caused an international incident. After a few weeks I either got used to them or they to me, for I usually got what I wanted without too much trouble — in fact when it came for me to leave, I actually emerged unscathed from a battle with the French customs and Railway Authorities over whether I should be permitted to take my luggage back home with me or not. Many natives have ended up on Devil's Island when attempting less!

Today's students of French will experience none of the aforementioned difficulties. Now that we have entered the Community of Europe we will be regarded as half-French anyway and will be able to employ such time-honoured formulae for strangers in strange lands as "Take me to your leader", or "Me friend, you not shoot". Being able to speak the language really is a great help.

#### THE MINISTRY OF WASTE SPACE SAVERS



Badminton Team



## Primary Magazine

### LIFE IN THE SEA

I am Neil, the octopus. I live in the North Sea. I live at the bottom of the sea in a tin can thrown over a ship by a cook. I eat plankton because it is my favourite food. Yesterday I swam to the surface and a fisherman nearly caught me. I go to sleep at night, but to spend the afternoon I play darts with Eddy, and sometimes ludo. The game we like to play is snakes and ladders. Then we go home. On Wednesday we go to drumming lessons and on Thursday we go to piping lessons. We like drumming lessons best. Neil can play the drums better than I can. We learn to play the chanter first, then we go on to the pipes. I do not get much sleep because I start work at seven o'clock and finish at midday.

EDDIE MacTAVISH, Primary 3.

### A STRANGE DISCOVERY

One day I went for a walk in the woods to do some bark rubbing. I came to a tree and when I came to do the rubbing I found I was rubbing over a keyhole. I decided to watch that tree. On that night three men went into the tree and down some ladders. I decided to follow them. When I got to the bottom of the ladder, I found I was in a hall with doors on either side. I went to every door to find out which one the men were in. Every room had something in it. I came to one which was full of money. There had been a few raids in that area, so I thought this was their hideout. Suddenly I was grasped by the mouth and taken to a room in another corridor where there was a table with a glass and a knife and fork on it. The man tied me up and let me free only to eat my food. When he had tied me up and locked the door, I went over to the table, rocked it over and the glass shattered. I coughed to hide the sound. I rubbed the rope against the glass and broke the rope. I sawed a bit of wood off a table leg, put a piece of paper under the doorway, knocked the key onto the paper, pulled the paper back into the room and unlocked the door with the key. I rushed back to the ladder and went to the police station. The sergeant went straight to the tree and arrested the three men. The sergeant gave me a reward and said, "You can use that as a hut for your gang."

TRISS KENNY, Primary 5.

### THE SKY AT NIGHT

The sky at night, the dim moonlight,  
The twinkling stars all shining bright.  
The bats fly round the trees and hedges,  
Clinging to the rooftop edges.  
But most of all I like the moon,  
Shining in an old mill loom.

DAVID GUILD, Primary 4.

### SPACEMEN ME

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, blast off," said the man in the space tower.

"Away I go!" said I happily. I saw a bird. It flew so fast I could not see it drop.

I got there soon after to see a big monster just staring at me.

DAWSON KENNY, Primary 4.

### AN ACCIDENT

One day about four years ago in Dundee I was playing with my friends. I suddenly found myself upside down in mid-air about ten feet above the ground. It was my friend's cousin who had hauled me up on a rope over a branch by my foot.

Suddenly I felt my Wellington boot, which was too big for me, slipping. The next thing I remember was waking up to see my sister coming from school.

GAVIN PAYNE, Primary 7.

### THE CUCKOO

The cuckoo is a most peculiar bird. He eats grandfather caterpillars. The farmers like the cuckoo because he eats grubs. The hen cuckoo does not take care of her eggs. When they are born, she puts them in another nest. The mother does not even notice the extra egg. The cuckoo's egg is very small. It flies away to Africa in winter.

PATRICIA LAING, Primary 5.

### DON'T BE SCARED

Edwin walked slowly to the door and opened it. There was nobody there. He stepped on to the porch. Suddenly he screamed. There was a dark figure standing near him. Edwin rushed into the house and told his brothers and sisters what he had seen. They locked the doors and windows. It looked in the window. Jane said, "Why, it's a bear. It must have escaped from the circus that is in the next town." They phoned the circus manager. He said, "Thank you very much." As a reward they got to see the circus free.

ALISON FORBES, Primary 5.



**TEACHERS OF THE OLDEN DAYS**

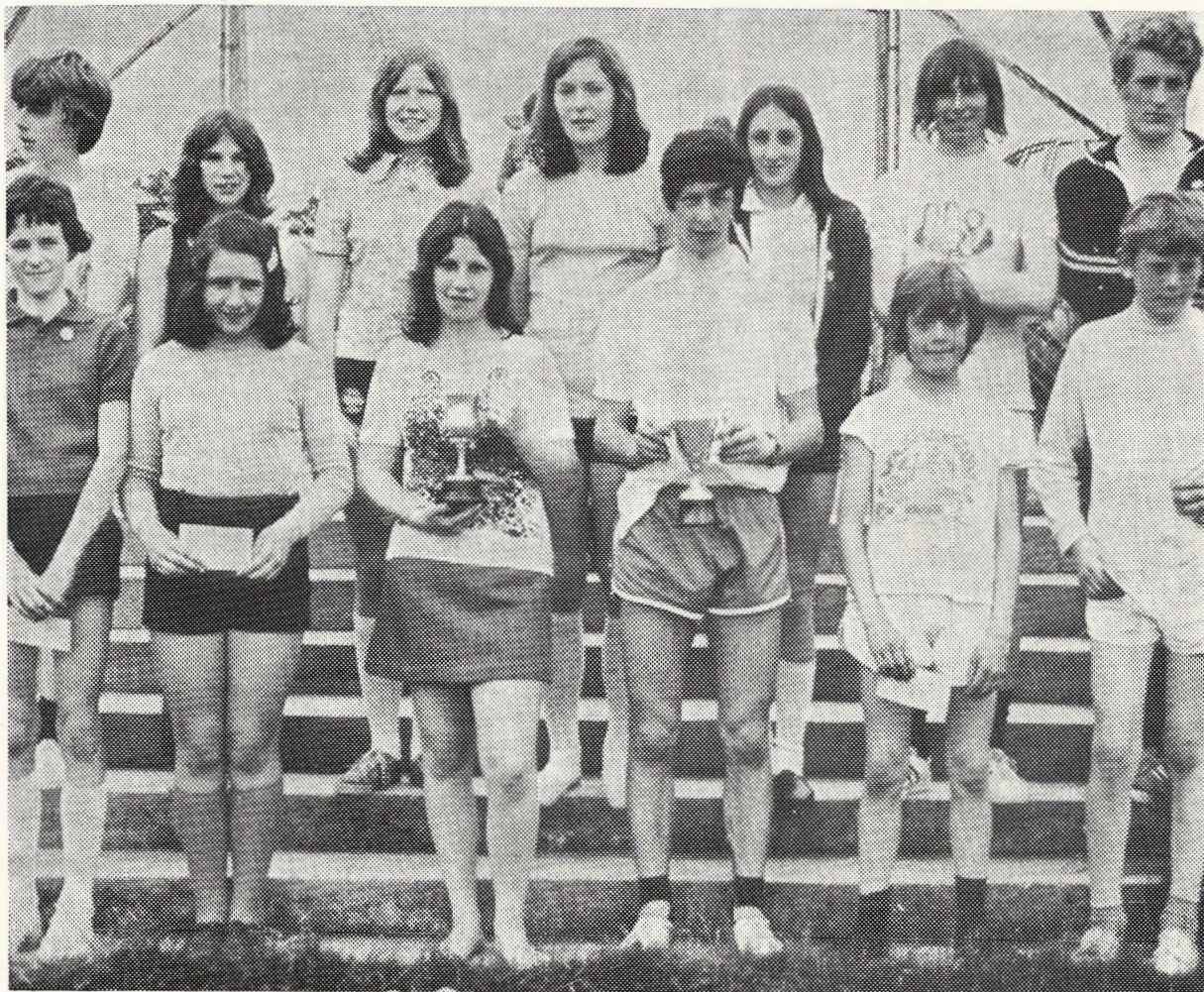
The teachers in Victorian times were cruel  
 You were expected to learn a lot by heart.  
 Good hand-writing was important. Every day  
 they used to practise writing. They used to  
 get Latin and French. Some people played the  
 piano. People who worked in factories went  
 to school for two hours a week. The head-  
 master kept a book of pupils' names. They had  
 reading, writing and arithmetic. The girls had  
 sewing and knitting. There was no law to say  
 you had to go to school until 1880, when a law  
 was passed giving everyone a chance of a good  
 education.

LINDSAY MACAULAY, Primary 6.

**QUIET**

All is silent in the churchyard.  
 All the mourners have gone.  
 All the grave-stones are silent.  
 Only the wind can be heard  
 Making a whistling sound.  
 The grass is moving with the wind but still  
 there is no sound.  
 Leaves are falling from the trees to the ground.  
 There are many grave-stones all silent.  
 Only the wind's whistling is heard.  
 It is still — all is quiet in the churchyard.  
 Not a sound is heard.  
 Soon it will be sunrise.  
 The wind is dying away.  
 The mourners will be back.  
 Silent whispers will be heard.

BRIAN GRANT, Primary 6.



Sports Prize Winners — June, 1973



## Former Pupils' Section

### G. E. D.

It is in the 1953 issue of this magazine that the modest initials G.E.D. appear for the first time at the end of the F.P. Section. From that time till this year George Donaldson has been the benevolent chronicler of the fortunes of our members, and in the past eight years he has also served as Secretary and Treasurer to the Club.

It was with regret that the committee learned in April this year of the setback in health which forced Mr Donaldson to cut down on some of his commitments and to give up these posts. We wish to take this opportunity to record our gratitude to him for so many years of valuable and devoted work. The concern shown by so many F.Ps. on hearing of Mr Donaldson's resignation is a measure of the esteem in which he is held by former pupils all over the world.

We are glad to say Mr Donaldson has recovered well, and at the moment of writing, he will be in Canada visiting Keith and his family. We wish him God speed and many more happy years of retirement.

A.M.G. and J.P.

\* \* \*

It has been decided by the Committee that Mr and Mrs Donaldson will be invited to the forthcoming Biennial Reunion Dinner on Friday, March 15, 1974, in The Waterford Hotel, as honoured guests of the club, and that, on that occasion a token of members' appreciation of Mr Donaldson's services will be presented to him. Members wishing to contribute should send their contributions to the Secretary: Mr J. R. Smith, The Gables, Grantown - on - Spey, PH26 3JR, by mid-February.

### EDITORIAL

The dictionary defines an epigone as "an undistinguished successor of the great" — which sums up exactly our feelings about our adequacy to follow in the footsteps of Bob Wilson and George Donaldson. However, we have set about the task, and perhaps we may be permitted a few words of explanation of the methods employed.

We attempted to contact every F.P. on last year's list, both locals and exiles. This was rather a rush job due to our spending most of the summer holidays on a course in Germany, and we apologise if anyone was omitted. Using the replies and various other sources of information, we have carried out a complete revision of the list of members, combining the Old Guard and F.P. Club lists for ease of reference and in order to save space. We also obtained the permission of the committee to make a contribution towards the financing of the magazine, with a view to being able to restore the full list of addresses of exiled F.Ps. which had to be cut from the last magazine. We have not restored local addresses meantime, until we see how costs work out.

Another change, which we have introduced for practical reasons, is the designation of ordinary members by an asterisk instead of life members, as the ordinary members are far fewer in number. If mistakes or omissions have occurred in the lists, please inform us, so that they may be remedied.

Our thanks are due to Mr Donaldson, to Jean Paterson and to other Committee members for much help and encouragement, to all the F.P's. who returned forms and letters with information and good wishes and to those who have already ordered copies of the magazine.

No articles have been forthcoming this year, and, in view of the pressure on space, we have not solicited contributions. We have however no wish to discourage would-be contributors in the future, but we remind them that the deadline is now mid-September.

### NEW MEMBERS

This has been another good year for recruitment as we have enrolled 20 new members. Of the six school leavers, Adrian Cooke and Harry Harris plan to do science degrees at Strathclyde and St Andrews respectively, while Janette Macdonald will do an Arts Degree in Edinburgh, Elizabeth Stuart medicine in Aberdeen, and Alistair Macdonald has gained entry to Aberdeen College of Education. Meanwhile Graham Clark embarks on a career as an auctioneer with Aberdeen and Northern Marts in Elgin.

Other new life members include Susan Archibald, now in the final year of a Physiotherapy course in Aberdeen; the former Reamsbottom twins, now Clive and Nigel Elrick, students at Elgin Technical College, and living

with Miss Elrick in her retirement at Birnie; D. Shiela Harris who has just successfully completed her second year of a B.Sc. course in Aberdeen; Mrs Susan Kerr (Susan Mann) who is employed in the Bank of Scotland in Grantown; Fiona Ledingham, who is completing her final year of an occupational therapy course in Edinburgh; Fiona Macdonald, R.S.C.N., at present a nursery nurse in Paris; Stuart Macdonald, our former ski-ing champion, who is studying engineering in Paisley, and Rachael MacRobert, now in the final year of her Diploma in Home Economics course.

Of a somewhat earlier vintage, but nonetheless most welcome are: Alexander MacIntyre, M.A., Dip. Geog. who is headmaster of Aviemore Primary School; Mrs Douglas A. Mitchell (Jan D. Templeton) and her brother William G. Templeton, a former secretary of the Old Guard, now manager of the Royal Bank in Kyle of Lochalsh, who complete the tally of the Templeton family as life members; Hugh R. Tulloch, brother of Mary and Christine, a civil servant in Toronto. For at least six of these enrolments we are indebted to the indefatigable Jean Paterson. Finally, we welcome Raymond Davidson, who now runs a well established painting and decorating business in town to the ranks of life members.

#### OBITUARY

The Club mourns the passing of three members in the past year. MRS EDWARD BROOKS (May Smith) late of 18 Castle Road, and Caber Feidh, Old London Road, Benson, died just before Christmas 1972. Although she had not been in Grantown for a number of years, Mrs Brooks formerly paid frequent visits here to her old friend Mrs Davidson (Hannah Surtees). To her daughter Miss Margery Brooks, 12 Compass Close, Cowley, Oxford, who informed us of her mother's death, we extend the sincere sympathy of the Club. MISS MARGARET CAMERON, The Knoll, a former dux of the school, died in the Ian Charles Hospital, on 21st April, 1973. Miss Cameron distinguished herself in the Civil Service open examination, being first in Scotland, and fourth in the United Kingdom out of a total of 1200 candidates. Following this she pursued a career in the Savings Bank, in Somerset House and in the General Registry Office. Besides being an excellent linguist and a wide reader, she had a special interest in people and places in the Abernethy area and was often consulted regarding family trees by those wishing to trace relatives. Our sympathies go to her sisters in their bereavement.

MISS ELLA PYPER, M.A., B.Sc., a member of a well known Grantown family, who died on 30th March, 1973 was also a former dux of the school and a former member of staff.

Miss Pyper came to Grantown at the end of 1948 after varied experience at Elgin Academy, in South Africa and at Morgan Academy, Dundee. She held the posts of Head of the Mathematics Department and Lady Adviser till she was forced to resign through ill-health in 1957. Miss Pyper died in hospital in Edinburgh and is mourned by her sister Mrs Rhea Duguid to whom we express our sincere condolences.

We express sympathy also to Mrs Frank Mason (Mary Tulloch) on the loss of her husband in March, 1973; to Mrs George Dunbar (Margaret Maclean), Angus and Nancy Maclean on the loss of both their mother and father within the space of about a year; to Mrs John C. Grant (Isabella Mackintosh) on the loss of her husband, a former lecturer in the veterinary department of the North of Scotland College of Agriculture; to Mrs Robert Balfour (Dorothea Smith) formerly of Zambia and Salisbury, who has recently lost her husband; and to Mrs George Watt (Pearl McMillan) whose husband died in May of this year.

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and ENGAGEMENTS

We congratulate Sandy and Mrs MacDonald, Old High Kirk Manse, Kilmarnock, on the birth of a daughter, and Mr and Mrs Nicholas Spence on the arrival of a brother for Shona — both arrived in August, while Mrs Arthur Fearnley (Maureen Macaulay) reports the arrival of a sister for Andrew in September, 1972. Congratulations!

Congratulations are in order too for the marriages of Kathleen Dunn who became Mrs Ronald Harris on 4th August and Jaclynn Wood who became Mrs Alexander Innes on 4th May. Kathleen now lives in Brechin and Jaclynn at Auldearn; likewise for the marriage of Ann Stewart to Brian Murray in Elgin in July and that of Elizabeth Reid to John Beattie in Edinburgh on 1st June. The clergyman who married Elizabeth was Rev. J. D. Ross, a former minister of the old South Church.

We extend good wishes also to Mrs T. G. Milner (Edith Templeton) who became Mrs Paul Cropp in London, Ontario on 14th July. The wedding of John Milne's only daughter Rosemary to Paul J. Bennett took place in April. John is of course headmaster of Seafield Primary School, Elgin.

We have been informed of two engagements — that of Ann Guild to Charles Ross on Christmas Day 1972, and that of Sandy MacLure



to Isabel MacPherson of Dornoch who teaches German in Cowdenbeath. Best wishes to both couples.

We hear of at least one impending happy event — but we hesitate to “jump the gun”, and we take this opportunity to apologise, if we have omitted any notable events.

## *News from the Outposts*

Mrs Adam Anderson (Shona Macdougall) reports on her family growing up, the eldest of her three girls is now clever.

Dr Bain, energetic as ever, recently passed Higher German (largely self-taught). He also plays an important role in the Scottish Boys' Golf Championship as Chairman of the Selection Committee, not to mention his Education Committee work and his organisation of skiing.

Bruce Bain meanwhile is to be congratulated on his Honours Degree in Economic History, and the award of a scholarship to study in Yugoslavia for a year.

Mrs Bass and Mrs Mason (Christine and Mary Tulloch) were visiting in Grantown recently.

Mrs Banks (Lorna Stephen) and Mrs Napier (Lindsey Stephen) both spent periods with their mother this summer when she underwent a serious operation. Lorna is now back in Kent, and Lindsey is off to settle in New South Wales.

Stanley Buchan, who sent us a donation to funds this year, is, we hear, to have a reunion with Harry Ross before the latter returns to Australia.

Iain Burgess is now principal geologist at the Institute of Geological Science, Leeds.

A reference in last year's magazine to Miss Jean Abel (now Mrs Shaw) brought a letter from Mrs M. R. Christie (Rachael McCook) in British Columbia who was in Miss Abel's class 2 in 1910. Mrs John Grant (Betty Templeton) passed on the letter to Mrs Shaw.

George Catto keeps in trim with his interests in a variety of sports.

Mrs Chapman (Irene Edwards) is now with the Department of Health in Mansfield.

Congratulations to Allan Chisholm on his appointment as manager of Bredero, Scotland, a subsidiary of a Dutch construction and property company.

Douglas Chisholm is to leave his post in Aberdeen for a year's further study in Canada.

Congratulations to John Clark on his promotion to Warrant Officer; now in Germany, John has just completed a tour in troubled Northern Ireland.

Mrs Michael Clark (Heather Mathieson) came home recently from South Africa and now lives at Eastbourne.

George Coutts reports no change from Fareham.

Mrs Cowan (Wilma Irving) is to accompany her husband on a three year tour in Cyprus with the R.A.F. We hear from Flt. Lieut Tommy Stuart that he, his mother and Wilma and her parents had a great reunion at R.A.F. Colerne, Wilts, last year.

Miss Eva Cameron was one of two F.P.s. to remind us of the days of Mr R. McLennan's Rectorship, the other was Mrs F. Squires, Quebec (Isa Moyes), who wrote on Expo in the 1967 issue. Thank you for an interesting letter.

Mrs Davidson (Betty Kirkwood) holidayed in Grantown in August with husband and son, meeting Elaine before the latter departed to teach in Lambeth.

Walter Dempster reports no change at Arnage Schoolhouse.

Margaret Donald has a promoted post as Ward Sister in the Ophthalmology Unit at St Thomas's, London.

Keith Donaldson will be busy, as we write this, arranging for the arrival of his parents on the visit previously postponed because of Mr Donaldson's illness. We wish Bon voyage et bon retour!

Fiona Donn wrote us an interesting letter about her Scripture Union camp work and her secondment from teaching this year to take a further qualification in Nursery and Infant Education at Moray House.

Mrs Drummond (Kay Hepburn) is to start on a Home Economics Teacher's course at Madeley College next January.

Tommy Edwards has been appointed Chief Engineer in the Service Department of Baker Perkins Ltd.

Mrs Fearnley (Maureen Macaulay) still managed to send in a slip despite the upheaval of a removal.

Our thanks to Ian Forbes for his good wishes.

We see Robin Fraser is now Boots manager at the Mannofield Branch in Aberdeen. Many must remember gratefully Robin's music-making at school parties.

Mrs Friend (Elizabeth Sim) is to move from Oxford to Aberdeen in September, as her

husband has a new post in the Aberdeen Teaching Hospitals.

Mrs Gilchrist (Jean McKenzie) is coming home on leave from Assam, and Mrs Greenwood (Mary Winchester) holidayed in Grantown this summer.

Allan Grant is now a detective constable at Bow Street. We hear he had a chance meeting with Alexina Scott in London which led finally to his being invited to act as usher at her wedding at the Boat in August.

We hear that Sandy Gordon, whom we had the pleasure of welcoming at school last year, is to have a visit from his mother in Canada.

Mrs Allan Grant (Margaret Telfer) is now Head Teacher of Tyrie School.

Patrick Grant called on us this summer. He found little satisfaction in veterinary research projects and has turned to practice at Tarland. He brought the news of brother Alasdair's marriage to Susan Macgregor.

Mrs Greig (Margaret C. Grant) teaches in Macalpine Primary School, Dundee, but lives in St Andrews.

Donald Gunn reports he is now Senior Marketing Assistant, B.P. Marketing, Inverness.

The unfortunate closure of the knitwear factory meant the loss of the talented Harris family to the town. Both Sheila and Harry have embarked on Science degree courses at Aberdeen and St Andrews respectively. We wish them and their parents, now established in Cupar, well.

Tom Hunter writes of prevailing calm (at least meantime) in the Health Service.

Fiona Henderson is in her third year of a degree in Psychology at Edinburgh, while Susan Hendry continues her course at Gray's School of Art in Aberdeen.

Andrew and Duncan Howlett report no change.

Catriona Johnston and Mairi MacDonald figured in a presentation ceremony at Innes House this summer when Captain Tennant, the Lord Lieutenant, handed over their Duke of Edinburgh Gold Awards. They are now second year students at St Andrews and Glasgow respectively.

Mrs Knopping (Ruth Mathieson) wrote of herself and sister Heather coming here as evacuees from Glasgow in 1939 and how her stay here taught her to love the countryside. We thank you for details of Heather's change of address also.

Harold Laing spent a holiday in Grantown this summer.

Mrs Laing (Lindsay Wood) should now be used to the broad accents of the "Broch".

Edith Lawson writes of a glorious six week trip to the North from her place of retirement in Folkestone.

Miss Logie, a former infant mistress of circa 1912, visited Grantown and was much interested in the photo of this year's Guides Golden Jubilee celebrations, as she taught all the members of the original Guide and Brownie Company who attended, including Jean Paterson, Marion Stuart, Catherine Donaldson, Isa Macphail and Mrs Grant (Netta Dufiner).

Elizabeth McClelland (Beth Lawrence) sent good wishes from Greenock.

David and Marilyn (Oliphant) Macdonald are building a house in Grantown.

Congratulations to Ian MacGillivray on his promotion to Assistant Rector in Buckhaven, and to Andrew J. McGregor who has become Money Manager, Royal Bank of Scotland, London.

Likewise to Mrs McIntosh (Iris Forbes) whose husband was promoted to the manager-ship of Boots' Elgin branch, and to John Milne who became F.E.I.S. this year.

Ed Munro writes that he has opened a small shop in Edinburgh, and Janette Munro, whose characteristic hand we recognized from the Minute Book, reports that she was unable to come North due to her mother's illness, but hopes to do so next year.

Anne Munro, who has travelled a great deal, writes appreciatively of the value of past magazines. She is now settled in Paddington.

Ian MacPherson (another unmistakeable hand) wrote feelingly about the fishing competitions. Ian's letter reminded us of the persuasive epistles he penned in connection with the Nethy Burns Suppers.

We note Angus Mackintosh received high praise for his work in connection with a report on the transition from School to University.

Sandy Mackenzie, we see, has added the job of Deputy Chairman of the Children's Panel for Banffshire to his varied medical and musical activities.

Bertie Mackintosh, amid his other activities, has run a Young Farmers' Club at his school for more than ten years and derived much satisfaction therefrom.

We congratulate Patrick McLean on advancement to Senior Legal Assistant with Fife County Council and Isobel Maclean, now Personal Assistant to the General Manager of the Angus Hotel, Dundee.

Nancy McLean leaves her post as Assistant Matron in Slough to take up a new post in British Columbia in September.



Sandy MacLure has moved from Spean Bridge to Hexham.

Neil McTaggart reports no change from Edinburgh, while Bill Mitchell, we hear, has been appointed Golf Professional at Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead in succession to the late Harry Weetman.

Shaw Mortimer covers all of Scotland and Northern England as a forest surveyor with one of the largest private forestry companies in the country. His base is in Moffat.

Thanks to Elizabeth Mutch for returning nicely detailed forms. Her mother, Mrs A. Mutch must be one of our oldest F.P.s, having attended the school before the turn of the century.

Ernie and Amelia Oakes are still in Montrose where Ernie continues in his training for distillery managership.

Mrs O'Connor (Dorothy Cameron) came home from Seattle this summer to visit her mother and sister.

Mrs Orander (Mary Cruickshank) came over from Sweden to attend her niece's (Jaclynn Wood's) wedding.

Mrs Harry Parrot (Catherine Douglas) whom we remember as a forceful forward in staff v pupils hockey matches, also crossed the Atlantic this summer to visit her family.

Ian Paterson recently qualified as a mechanical engineer with Wiggins Teape and is busy on a further course at college in Aberdeen. Joan continues to teach in Forres.

Ron Philip's boy and girl are now 3 and 2 respectively. Ron practises medicine in the Bahamas.

Mrs Rae (Mona Grant) still manages to fit in some relief teaching in Renfrew since the birth of her daughter last year.

Bill Reid and his wife were here for Tennis week — Andrew reports no change from Surrey.

Mrs Myles Ritson (Williamina Keith) reports a change of address in Canada. She works as a bank teller in Burnaby, B.C.

Mrs Robertson (Davis Thomson) teaches at Waverley Comprehensive in Clydebank. It seems like yesterday she was a regular and most efficient baby-sitter for two young Smiths.

Jessie Ronaldson pursues her work with the P. O. Telephone Department in Wick now, having transferred from Aberdeen.

Alex. and Walter Ross continue their police work in London. We have a particularly soft spot for the Metropolitan Police contingent, past and present, having so often been indebted to them (especially Walter and Alex and Richard Surtees) for willing assistance with school

parties passing through London en route for the continent.

Leslie Ross reports he is now employed in the King James Hotel, Edinburgh as cellarman.

Mr and Mrs Victor Ross are still in Bearsden.

At the end of last year Mr and Mrs Hamish Stuart (Joyce Telfer) left Grantown for Alness. Hamish was active in the Clachan Players and Army Cadets while Joyce served as an efficient secretary and treasurer to the F.P. Swimming Club. We wish them well in their new sphere.

Mrs Stuart (Marion Paterson) paid a visit to daughter Rita in Paris this year. Rita works with UNESCO and came to meet us last time we were in Paris with a school party.

Sherie Sutton, who suffered severe injury in a car crash near the Spey Bridge about a year ago, has recovered slowly, but reports a fine new appointment with a hotel consortium. Her task will be to "sell Scotland" abroad. We wish good luck and a continuing recovery.

Nicholas Spence, whom we once knew as the "Admiral", comes home in October to be reunited with his now increased family. Nicholas writes interestingly about villa life in Zambia and considerable travels in Africa and Europe. Now a Rotarian, he has been organizing debating competitions in schools.

Bill Sellar has two new appointments to record as Deputy Chief Medical Officer with the Standard Life Insurance Co. and with the British Airports Medical Authority in Edinburgh.

Mrs Simpson (Lesley Dixon) is now in Cirencester with her four children, a boy and three girls. Her husband is stationed at Brize Norton.

Catherine Smith is chief dietitian with the Glasgow Royal Infirmary Group.

We had the pleasure recently of welcoming Mrs Louis Smith (Elspeth Gow) (another former baby-sitter!) back to our class-room as a student teacher. Elspeth is starting teacher training in Aberdeen College of Education.

A welcome addition to the staff this August was Sheila Smith, who has taken up her post as Head of the new Commercial Department and Guidance Teacher in the school.

Mrs Springall (Jessie Stuart) spent a holiday in Grantown this summer.

Neil Stuart still teaches Technical Subjects in Dalkeith.

We hear all three Surtees boys visited their mother this summer and took her off for a month's holiday in the south.

The oil boom provides opportunities for James Thomson, now established in Kent, to

visit Aberdeen regularly on business. He has also visited U.S.A. and the Bahamas this year.

William Thomson now manages the Co-op Grocery Branch in Corby. His address testifies to the considerable Scottish colonisation of that part of Northants.

We congratulate Georgina Turnbull on appointment to the post of Assistant Head Teacher in Merkinch Primary School, Inverness and Mrs Twist (Jill Hepburn) on her promotion to staff manageress of Marks and Spencers' Perth branch.

Mrs Weston (Sheina Donaldson) reports no change.

We had the pleasure of seeing Mr and Mrs N. White (Marjory Mackintosh) in August while they holidayed at Bracklinn and meeting their ebullient young son and demure little daughter.

After a six months appointment at the London Hospital, Margaret Williamson returns to Foresterhill, Aberdeen in February 1974.

Mr and Mrs Herbert Wright (Shona Calder) Oakville, Ontario had a three week visit in May from Mr and Mrs Wright sen., who celebrated their Golden Wedding earlier this year.

Bob Wilson records his retirement from teaching in October of last year. We wish many happy years.

Congratulations to Mrs D. Yates (Gillian Henderson) on passing the final Physiotherapy exam to become M.C.S.P.

### LOCAL

Local members are fewer in number than exiles — our definition of local, by the way, is within the present catchment area of the school — e.g. Tomintoul is local, but Aviemore is not — and there seem to be only a few items of local news.

In the sphere of local politics, Tommy Gordon resigned after a useful term as Provost, and has been replaced by Gordon McCulloch who was town clerk for 19 years up till 1971. Gordon, who now sports a fashionable beard,

topped the poll in the election this spring and will probably be the last Provost before the Wheatley reorganisation takes place. Jock Paterson successfully held his seat in the election also, and is now Junior Bailie, John Stuart is Senior Bailie and Martin Grant, Treasurer. Joe Beange and Harry Macgregor also continues as council members.

Mrs Anfield (Winnie Shaw) has returned to Nethybridge on Fred's retirement from the Army. Welcome home both

Joe Beange claims to be the only F.P. drawing the old age pension and children's allowance simultaneously!

As we write, Jimmy Bruce is in hospital in Inverness. Jimmy's health has been poor for some time and we wish him a good recovery. We hear he has sold Holmhill to Mr MacNaughton, manager of Craiglyne, and intends to build a small bungalow.

Sandy Calder and family will be moving to Inverness soon, where Sandy has finally succeeded in finding a house. The reason for this move was a promotion within the telephone service. Our good wishes go with you.

Hamish Dixon's kenspeckle figure is often to be seen emerging from the natty little three-wheeler in which he circulates these days.

Local F. P. Club members are as usual well to the fore in sporting activities. Jimmie Grant is president of the Curling Club, while Martin Grant is junior vice-president, and the McLeod family are well represented among the skips. Jock Paterson and Jimmie McLeod were members of the winning rink in the Haig National Seniors Championship.

John Grant (husband of Betty Templeton) is this year's captain of the Golf Club.

Jim Mackenzie has had a new "McLeod" house built alongside Gowanlea, and has just moved in.

The Sutton family are to move their Grantown headquarters, but only the short distance from Bieldside to Rynaie. We wish both families happiness in their new abodes.

## Former Pupils and Old Guard Club

**Honorary President** — Mr THOMAS HUNTER, O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc.

**Honorary Vice-Presidents** — Dr J. BAIN, O.B.E., B.Sc., Ph.D.; Miss J. I. MUNRO; Miss J. M. PATERSON; Mr R. WILSON, M.A.

**President** — Mr LEWIS GRANT, M.A.

**Vice-Presidents** — Mrs J. D. ARCHIBALD; Mr J. G. BRUCE; Mr F. CALDER; Mr A. M. GRANT.

**Secretary and Treasurer** — Mr J. R. SMITH, M.A.

**Committee** — Mr J. DUNCAN; Mrs A. M. GRANT; Mr J. J. GRANT; Mrs JOHN GRANT; Mr A. LEDINGHAM.

### Exiles

Mrs John Allan (J. Evelyn Geddes) Dip. Dom. Sc., Berisay, 26 Raith Gardens, Kirkcaldy.  
Mrs Thos. D. Allan (Mona M. McLean) N.D.D., N.D.P., Croftallan Nethy Bridge; Parkhouse, Shankerton, Biggar, ML12 6ND.



**SWIMMING CLUB**

President John Duncan informs us that the Club continues to flourish three nights a week. Membership was somewhat reduced last year, but the Committee and new secretary, Mrs Margaret Masson, are striving to reverse this trend. A list of 1972-73 members is appended. Sylvia Dimascio; Jean Fraser; Duncan Grant; Alan Gordon; Hamish Jack; William Lawson; Pat McConnachie; George Macdonald; Edward McTavish; Hamish Marshall; Alistair Masson; Margaret Masson; John Oakes; Donald Ross; Linda Ross; George Ross; Alex Smith; James Smith; Walter Strachan; Peter Taylor.

***In Conclusion***

We apologise for any omissions or errors in our lists and notes. We have tried to make the best use of the information available and we hope it brings pleasure and interest to those who read this section. The clicking typewriter in the next room reminds me that the "we" is here matrimonial rather than editorial. I acknowledge a considerable debt. Best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Good New Year to all our readers.

I. S.



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