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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown - on - Spey

No 47

December, 1975

Editor — David M. Wilson

Sub-Editor — Kerr I. Wilson

Staff Adviser — J. Thomson, M.A.

Advertising Managers —

Mairi J. Paterson

Shelagh M. Grant

EDITORIAL

It is worth mentioning that the first issue of this publication appeared in 1913, and that it has flourished ever since. Though style and content have changed considerably, the purpose of the magazine remains the same, that is to give pupils an opportunity to display their ingenuity and wit in print while providing the community with an enjoyable magazine.

Once again the contributions we have received reflect a complete pano-

rama of interests, and we have had a difficult task in selecting the articles that best fill the limited space available to us. It is a reflection of the times we live in that, in the interests of economy, photographs must again be omitted, but it is hoped that a return to this lost luxury can be effected by next year.

Our warmest thanks and gratitude are extended to advertisers and contributors alike, and to Mr J. Thomson for the advice received.

School Notes

During the school year 1974-75 there have been only a few changes in staff. At the beginning of the school year we welcomed Mr Hogarth to the Chemistry Department and Miss J. Paterson and Mrs A. McCafferty to posts in the Primary School. October saw the departure of Mr Matheson, who left to take up a position in Forres Academy. Also at this time the vacancy in the History Department was filled by Mr Mackenzie. Early in 1975 Mr Fordyce joined the staff of the English Department, but the vacancy in the Mathematics Department has still not been filled.

Once again the school has been well represented by pupils in a wide variety of sports. The badminton team, in spite of losing some of its senior players, notched up notable victories against the larger schools of the region. Also worthy of mention is the school's good record at swimming. At the County Swimming Gala, Grantown had champions in Michael McCulloch, Jennifer Bruce and the senior relay team, seconds being recorded by Margaret Lawson, Rosemary Masson and Stuart Archibald. Champions of the inter-house swimming were Revack. The school ski team once again retained the Boyd-Anderson Trophy and notable victories were notched up by the junior ski team (John Clark, Colin Grant, Peter Kuwall and Donald Grant). In gymnastics Lesley Bantick of Primary 7 earned her BGA Grade I award, the first to be held by a pupil of Grantown.

Out-of-school activities broke new ground this year when rock-climbing and cross-country ski-ing were added to the list of Thursday afternoon activities available to pupils. Expeditions mounted by Miss Jardine involved walks in Glencoe, Torridon and the Lairig Ghru. Under the guidance of Mrs Stuart nine pupils succeeded in gaining their Red Cross certificates. Congratulations to Shelagh Grant, who gained her Duke of Edinburgh silver award. Pupils of the Primary and Secondary Departments returned from the Kingussie Music

Festival with the Molyneux Shield and the White Rosebowl for solo violin won by Gillian McIntosh.

Mr Liggat in his capacity as assistant head accompanied members of Secondary 5 and 6 to various conferences in the region.

The Harvey Dux Medallist for 1975 was David M. Wilson.

Captain Iain Tennant, Lord Lieutenant of Moray, was shown through the school and addressed pupils assembled in the hall, a final visit before Grantown was "lost" to the Highland Region.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

BOYS

Alex Fraser (Head Boy): Heave Care o'er-side. (Burns).

Archie Liggat (Deputy Head Boy): He would fain fly, but he wants wings. (Proverb).

Stuart Archibald: You're an admirably disposed young man, Sir, I don't think. (Dickens).

Grant Bramwell: Made in Hong Kong. (Anon.).

Robert McAllister: Doctor Williams' pink pills for pale people. (Advertisement).

Michael McCulloch: He'd make a lovely corpse. (Dickens).

Ian Robertson: A leg! a leg! my kingdom for a leg! (Shakespeare—amended).

John Smith: Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith. (Holmes).

David Wilson: A sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity. (Disraeli).

Kerr Wilson: If way to the better there be, it exacts a full look at the worst. (Proverb).

GIRLS

Eunice Allan (Head Girl): Sesquipedalian verboojuice. (H. G. Wells).

Shelagh Grant (Deputy Head Girl): Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. (Matthew).

Aileen Campbell; Gentlemen prefer blondes. (Anita Loas).

Patricia Grant: I couldn't help it. I can resist everything except temptation. (Oscar Wilde).

Sally Grant: Desperate deeds of derring do. (Sir William Gilbert).

Fiona McCafferty: A chapter of accidents. (Earl of Chesterfield).

Alison MacLennan: I'd rather wear out than rust out. (George Whitefield).

Jane Morris: Come, come, come and make eyes at me. (Harry Tilzer).

Mairi Paterson: Come, give us a taste of your quality. (Shakespeare).

Wendy Shand: Everyone lives by selling something. (Stevenson).

SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION RESULTS — 1975

CLASS VI

Class VI pupils gained the following additional passes:

Alexandra A. Burt — Higher English, Higher History, Higher French, Statistics.

Stanley C. Cooke — Higher Biology.

Alison E. Hendry — Chemistry (Sixth Year Studies), Higher Biology, Statistics.

David J. McIntosh — Chemistry (Sixth Year Studies).

Fiona M. MacLennan: Chemistry (Sixth Year Studies), Higher Biology, Statistics.

Rosemary M. Masson — French (Sixth Year Studies), German (Sixth Year Studies).

Audrey M. Murray — Higher French, History, Mathematics.

Douglas A. Robertson — Higher Biology.

Barbara J. Smith — French (Sixth Year Studies), German (Sixth Year Studies).

CLASS V

Eunice Allan — Higher English, Higher History.

Grant E. Bramwell — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Biology, Higher Engineering Drawing.

Amanda M. Dunlop — Higher English, Higher History, Higher French, Higher German, Mathematics, Biology.

Alexander Fraser — Higher Mathematics, Higher Physics, Higher Engineering Drawing.

Elizabeth Grant — Higher English, Higher French, Higher German.

Shelagh M. Grant — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Biology.

Archie M. S. Liggat — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics.

Robert McAllister — Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher Physics, Higher Engineering Drawing.

Helen B. McBain — Higher English, Higher Geography.

Mairi J. Paterson — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher French.

Ian H. Robertson — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Mathematics, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics.

John G. F. Smith — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics, Biology.

Peter J. V. Walkley — Higher English, Higher Chemistry, Biology.

David Wilson — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics.

I. Kerr Wilson — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher French, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics.

CLASS IV

Stuart J. Archibald — English, Arithmetic.

Brian W. Barr — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German.

Diane Beharrell — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Fabrics and Fashion.

Aileen C. Campbell — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Biology, Chemistry.

Daphne E. Duncan — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Art.

George Findlay — Geography, Woodwork.
 Lynda Forbes — History, Biology, Accounting, Secretarial Studies.
 Lorraine M. George — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Accounting, Secretarial Studies, Food and Nutrition.
 Fiona M. Grant — English, Geography, Arithmetic, French, German, Art.
 Jennifer A. Grant — English, French.
 Linda M. Grant — Food and Nutrition.
 Patricia M. Grant — Food and Nutrition.
 Sally N. Grant — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Accounting, Food and Nutrition.
 Colin Gray — Woodwork.
 Ian Gray — Woodwork.
 Stella M. Gray — Food and Nutrition, Fabrics and Fashion.
 Walter Jones — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics.
 Rodena J. Kelman — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German, Food and Nutrition.
 Norman R. Kinnaird — Geography, Chemistry, Woodwork.
 Margaret J. Lawson — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Accounting, Fabrics and Fashion.
 Fiona A. McCafferty — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics.
 John A. McCook — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Physics, Woodwork.
 Brian S. McCulloch — Food and Nutrition.
 Fiona McCulloch — English, Art, Fabrics and Fashion.
 Kathleen Y. McCulloch — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Biology, Chemistry.
 Michael G. McCulloch — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Woodwork.
 John B. MacGillivray — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Engineering Drawing, Woodwork.
 John M. MacGillivray — Arithmetic, Biology, Woodwork.
 Colin Mackenzie — Woodwork.
 Neil M. Mackenzie — English, Geography, Secretarial Studies.
 Ellen McLean — Secretarial Studies.
 Fiona M. MacLean — English, Biology, Fabrics and Fashion.

Alison M. MacLennan — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Biology, Chemistry.
 Evelyn M. McMurray — French.
 Raymond G. McMurray — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics.
 Pamela E. Main — English, Arithmetic, French, Art, Accounting.
 Jane E. Morris — English, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, German.
 Linda Newlands — English, Secretarial Studies, Food and Nutrition.
 Robert A. Paterson — Arithmetic, Biology, Woodwork.
 Charles Ross — English, Arithmetic, Biology.
 Mary J. Ross — Secretarial Studies, Food and Nutrition.
 Wendy M. Shand — English, Geography, Arithmetic, French, Biology, Chemistry.
 P. Gordon Smith — English, History, Arithmetic, Chemistry.
 Barbara A. Taylor — English, Arithmetic, French, Biology, Chemistry.
 Stephen B. Walker — English, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Physics.
 Shona I. Williamson — English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, French, Biology, Chemistry.
 Barry G. Wood — English, History, French, Physics.

CASTLE ROY

Gaunt and grim the ruin stands
 Above the valley of the Spey,
 The guardian keep of Castle Roy,
 Where placid cattle chew their hay.

Through winter blast and summer heat
 The ancient castle stands four-square,
 Beneath the towering Cairngorm peaks,
 In the Speyside lowlands fair.

In a mass-production world
 That churns out goods that will not last,
 It dreams the centuries away,
 A timeless relic of the past.

Alison MacLennan, Class 4.

GRANTOWN — A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

It had been brought to my notice that a party of geologists based in the town were carrying out a geological survey of the Grantown and Cairngorm area. This in itself was interesting, but of far greater attraction to me was their mode of transport—the much-to-be-admired Bell Jet Ranger helicopter. As the mechanic was an amusing and extremely informative chap, the next two weeks proved to be pleurably edifying and were to culminate in one of the most fascinating of experiences.

Shortly after four o'clock I arrived at the take-off and landing site near the old station, where, probably because of my persisting interest, I was to be privileged to make a short flight in the helicopter. The gleaming orange and yellow machine, now refuelled, sat like a huge insect basking in the bright sun. We wasted no time in clambering in and securing our safety straps. The ease with which the pilot went through the routine cockpit check would have reassured any nervous passengers but I needed no reassurance.

From somewhere behind me there rose from the depths of the engine the steadily increasing whine of the starter motor. The ensuing explosion and blow-lamp-like roar heralded the beginning of a never-to-be-forgotten adventure. As the drooping blades began to swish round, everyone stood well back. In seconds this previously innocuous beast was very much alive and kicking. Almost imperceptibly we were flying, the full 400 horse-power from the Allison 250-C20 gas turbine driving the rotors, each thirty-three feet, and pulling us ever upwards into the spacious void above. Tiny upturned faces, buffeted by the violent downdraught, were all that remained of the ground crew. Tilted forward and flying at 130 m.p.h., we swept across the tree tops before doubling back to the town. My first impressions were those of an infinitely detailed map or an animated aerial photograph in superb technicolour. This rich and complicated carpet below seemed totally flat, a two-dimensional representation that looked as unreal as my situation was unnatural. Nevertheless, I had never seen the town from a more beauti-

ful angle. As we dipped low to a mere 500 feet for a closer inspection, I could plainly see figures stop and cast enquiring eyes in our direction, and, although everything could be identified, its appearance was radically different.

I remember little of how the great wasp re-lighted on its concrete nest: my mind was still fixed on the panorama I had just seen. When I remember Grantown, it will be as I saw it then, beside a sparkling river amid rich country and radiant in the cool, slanting rays of a northern sunset.

Archie Liggit, Class 5.

WHAT TO SAY

I think that the greatest problem is to decide what words to use. It may, perhaps, be of untold value if you glance around before you commence. "Why these precautions?" you may ask. Well, anybody observing you may be totally overcome with shock. You see, there is no accounting for their reaction when they see you talking to a withering chrysanthemum in a last desperate effort to convert it into a flourishing blossom.

Plants can be re-assuring things to chat to, just as re-assuring as budgies or goldfish. Words, however, should be chosen carefully. It is no good telling them in an encouraging voice to make an extra effort to grow because you want to cut them in full bloom to display at the local Church Fete. Perhaps you feel that your sanity will be questioned if you shout abuse at a mass of weeds threatening the survival of your prize begonias, but remember, man has been talking to and swearing at inanimate objects for centuries.

Take, for example, the fuss some people make of their pets. They may give more pleasure than dumb plants, but look at it this way: plants require no exercise save in transferring them from flower-pot to flower-pot. Furthermore, once you have resigned yourself to the fact that roses don't have much to say for themselves, you appreciate them gracing your table or window-box with a mass of flowering blooms (provided, of course, that you speak nicely to them).

Elizabeth Grant, Class 5.

CYPRUS

From up in the sky the island looked very barren and uninteresting. My first impression was that it was a peculiar shape. I could see that on one side of the coast there was a long line of massive white buildings which I supposed were hotels. I hoped we were not coming to another Blackpool. Little did I know how completely different from Blackpool it was going to be and how great an impression this small dot in the sea would leave with me.

Upon arriving at the place where we were staying, which was seven miles from the main tourist resort of Famagusta, I stared in wonder as we went up the drive. The hotel was not a huge concrete monstrosity but a small, villa-type place. It was made of wood and inside one could see the large beams. The floors were made of marble and everything seemed to have a Grecian touch about it.

Two miles along the beach from the hotel were the ruins of a Greek town. Although there was not much left, all the rooms could still be made out. The Greek baths were still there, and they showed how great the Greeks had been at architecture. White pillars shone in the sunshine and bits of remaining mosaic twinkled. I could have spent hours there, wandering through the ruins and imagining what life had been like when the town was inhabited. We also went up to a Greek amphitheatre which had been cut out of a hill not far away. Sitting in the seats which had been cut out of the hill, I was able to get the atmosphere of the place as it had been.

Nicosia, the capital, was completely different. One side of the city was modern and the other part was very old. At one time there had been a wall around the city, and this was now the division between the two parts. The Greeks tended to live in the more modern part and the Turks in the older, poorer part. As we went into the Turkish district, we could feel the difference. Soldiers stood and checked everyone as they went in. We went to a very old Turkish mosque inside which there were mats on the floors where people prayed, the women on one side and the men

on the other. As in most places, the floor was marble and there were many beautiful mosaics. Outside there were open markets where we bought figs, dates and other fresh fruit. The true Turkish Delight was completely different from that sold in England and it took a lot of getting used to.

On the way to Limasol we saw shepherds tending goats and sheep. The land was not at all fertile and very little was grown on it. The shepherds were very poor but seemed quite content to wander about from day to day. In Limasol we went to a sherry factory and it was very interesting to see how sherry was made. Oranges, lemons, and grapefruit grew on every hill and we stopped to pick some. They seemed to taste much better there, in the sun, than they do here.

The local people, especially the Turks, were very friendly. The women wore black and the old men sat outside and talked. No one hurried very much in the Turkish parts and it created a very restful and quiet atmosphere. It was in the Greek 'touristy' part that all the expensive shops were. I enjoyed getting out of the town, away from the traffic and the countless number of priests in their black gowns, pointed hats and white beards, and going into the mountains from which the view was magnificent. We could see from one end of the island to the other. Coming down from a little white church which stood on one of the hills, we stopped at a cafe for something to eat. These cafes were numerous, and the Greek food they served was very much in keeping with the rest of the country with plenty of fruit and salads.

The time when we visited Cyprus, in late October, is undoubtedly the best since people have more time, everything is quieter and one can see Cyprus as it really is.

Trudie Sutton, Class 3.

A LIMERICK

There was a young fellow from Crewe
Who decided to build a canoe.
When out on the river
He found, with a shiver,
That he hadn't used waterproof glue.

Tony Forbes, Class 2.

ODE FOR A SIAMESE CAT

By the fire she lies
 When the day's gone by.
 As the coals grow low,
 She watches the glow,
 And as her thoughts flow,
 She knows she must go.
 But she is not sad,
 Her life was not bad.
 Then her eyes slowly close,
 It will be soon, she knows,
 And she purrs for that second
 Before she is beckoned,
 But being old and expired,
 From life she retires.
 Then in sleep she remembers,
 And dies with the embers.

Carol Y. Archibald, Class I.

DOWN WITH BUN-EATERS

Being the daughter of a high-class, friendly family-grocer, one learns through time to put up with the tourists who wander aimlessly over the Border, pulling their six-berth caravans, which are notorious for sauntering up the A9 at thirty miles per hour. These holiday-makers are commonly known as 'Bun-Eaters' by the staff of several local shops. The name 'Bun-Eater' originated two years ago when tourists repeatedly trailed into our expensive, high-class establishment in their white crimplene cardigans, mauve crimplene dresses and plastic sandals, and said, "'ave you any 'am for our buns, luv? You don't sell any 'am or any buns? Well, back in Bolton OUR grocer gives us stamps with our groceries, 'e does....."

Another characteristic of the average bun-eater is his obsession for collecting English pound notes. When one gives Scottish pound notes in his change, he invariably says, "Wot's this then? Bank of Scotland notes? We want English ones. My grocer back 'ome won't take these". So the by now neurotic shop assistant, who is reduced to a nervous wreck, grapples with their much-fingered Sassenach notes and pushes them into their imitation alligator-skin wallets in a final attempt to get them out of the shop.

The Scots are supposedly renowned for their meanness but I have not yet,

during three years of experience, found a generous 'Bun-Eater'. They amble (usually in groups of two middle-aged couples) and throw the apples around and say, "These 'ere are too dear, an' look at 'em, they're all bruised. I don't think I'll 'ave them. D'you, luv?"

If Margaret Thatcher was the daughter of a grocer, who knows what the future will hold for me. I may become the leader of the Scottish National Party's anti-bun-eater department.

Wendy Shand, Class 4.

THEM

The air was close; the atmosphere was tense; people were either biting their nails or, in some cases, the darkness seemed to overpower them until they finally could not control themselves any longer. Muffled screams were heard while flashes of light flew wildly across the room. The mad twittering of thousands of birds didn't help matters in the least. Strange, threatening shapes loomed about everywhere. As I looked in front of me, I realised that if I made one wrong move I could end up twenty-five feet below with a fate worse than death. Suddenly the flashes of light stopped, the birds were silenced. The people were slightly relieved but the screams returned even louder than before. We stood in amazement, shaking, tense at the sight before us. Everybody seemed to be moving, moving..... We screamed until we thought our lungs were bursting, but it was no use—we wouldn't be heard amongst thousands of others. Nevertheless we didn't give up. I was no longer disbelieving, for I knew that what I saw was real and that I was actually seeing this magnificent and thrilling spectacle. I also realised that we would never forget this event and the telling of it would be passed down through the generations. At the end, when all the screams had died away, a tremendous roar of applause was heard. Some did not even have the strength to applaud. We wandered off into the night, still hardly daring to believe that we had seen the Bay City Rollers. What an experience!

Lorraine George, Class 4.

LONELINESS

Only the lonely sea,
The desolate sea and the sky,
The pale sky tinted with gold,
And the echoing cry of the gull.

Silence envelops all
Except the wash of the waves
Lapping against the rocks
To the echoing cry of the gull.

The rays of the sun are long,
Feeding the earth with fire,
The day grows old and dies
With the echoing cry of the gull.

Jane Morris, Class 4.

THE AMAZING FLYING MACHINE

A series of clangs and bumps had been coming from the shed at the bottom of the garden all morning. My uncle, whom I believe to be slightly mad, had thought up another wonderful invention and set about making it straight away. After about half an hour the banging stopped, the shed door flew open and my uncle walked out proudly dragging a strange contraption behind him. "My flying machine," he said in a proud sort of voice. "Brilliant, isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," I said rather hesitantly. "Are you sure it will fly?"

"Of course it will fly," he said confidently. Seeing the uncertainty in my face he said, "Come on, we'll try it."

He climbed on to a bicycle seat and told me to sit behind him. A clanging of cogs and a whirring of blades began. I wondered where my uncle found the materials for his inventions but I knew that he had nearly everything but the kitchen sink in the shed. Slowly the back wheel of the machine left the ground, then the front wheel, and I found that we were hovering about a foot above the ground. My uncle pulled a lever and we rose further and further into the sky. I could see the whole town below me. We moved forward and I was amazed that the machine could leave the ground let alone move in different directions. Clinging on for dear life I yelled, "What's this thing made of?"

"Oh, an old bike, a pair of helicop-

ter blades, a motor-bike engine and a few bits and pieces," he replied. Although we were only travelling at about ten miles an hour, the flying machine shook and shivered like somebody who had seen a ghost.

"Are you sure it's safe?" I said, knowing full well that it wasn't.

"Of course it is. Don't you think I know what I'm doing?" Just as these words left his mouth, the machine jerked violently and took a headlong plunge downwards. Down it went, gaining speed quickly. "Can't you stop it?" I cried.

"No. It's completely out of control," was the reply. Crunch! Crackle! Thud! We had landed in a small wood and a tree had saved our lives. "Oh well," said my uncle, "back to the old drawing board!"

Robert Macdonald, Class 1.

ON LOLLIPOPS

They come in a varied range of colours, shapes and sizes. Their colours range from black to white and from white to black. The most popular shape is rectangular (with rounded corners) but running close is the spherical one, mainly because of its popular association with the Kojak image, the hard-man detective who has hit the hearts of most 'teeny-pops'. At the end of the stick we have the square and frying-pan shapes.

Some people like to lick lollipops slowly; others prefer to munch them from the top to the base (regardless of the stick). Whichever method you prefer, there is a large barrier to be surmounted — the two pieces of ice which remain on the upper and lower necks of the stick. For me, it is impossible to eat these last remaining morsels. After a rapid race around the stick the flavoured ice usually falls to the ground, down your sleeve or anything else which is hanging in its proximity.

Finally, before entering the shop to purchase a lollipop, it is advisable to choose the size, colour and shape and flavour of the offending object.

Eunice Allan, Class 5.

SPAM

Have you ever noticed how often spam enters your daily routine? Spam salad for lunch, spam and chips for tea, fossilised spam for school dinner, a spam sandwich anytime you're hungry... in fact nowadays life seems to revolve around spam. Supermarkets must be making a fortune on it; at least nine customers out of ten ask for spam. Why? Everyone hates it, yet everyone eats it.

Maybe it's an ancient tradition. Did the Cavemen eat spam? Or the Romans? Maybe the real reason for Caesar's assassination was because he taxed spam. No one can tell. Ask anyone what spam is made of and they will probably say something like, "Spam? Well...it's made of...well, spam".

And how did spam get such a ridiculous name? It's not even in the dictionary, or the abbreviations at the back. (Don't bother—I've already checked).

How could you describe spam? A pinkish meat perhaps? One well-known local celebrity was known to say, "Spam is edible but not eatable". I certainly have never found spam to be very appetising.

Ask a housewife why she buys spam and she'll shout something like "Economy!" before dashing into the nearest supermarket. If spam carries on as it is, I don't think it will be long before we see such things as spam voghourt, spam soup, spam washing-up liquid on sale at our local shops.

In fact, some day spam might even rule.

Shona Williamson, Class 4.

THE GRASSHOPPER

Merrily, merrily hopping along,
From morning to dusk, singing a song,
As soft as a lyre, then as loud as a gong,
Nobody minds, nothing goes wrong.

Out from the forest and into a glade,
Over some stones and into the shade,
Pleasing to look at, like a pretty young
maid,
You're just a grasshopper, one that has
strayed.

Daphne Duncan, Class 4.

SOLILOQUY BEFORE A MIRROR

Tubby or not tubby: that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler to hang in a cupboard

The skirts, the dresses that will never fasten,

Or to take arms against this spread of inches,

And by opposing doff them. To try to eat

No more. But buy a sweet and this way lies

The heartache and the thousand natural wants

That flesh is heir to. To die to eat,
To eat and yet to slim; ay there's the rub;

For in this quest for trimness what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off the first two pounds,

Must give us pause. There's the cream cake

That makes such a calamity of our diet.
And who could bear the whiffs and sniffs of chips?

The books are wrong—the suffering's terrible.

Oh, the pangs of hunger, the meal's delay,

The insolence of slim ones, when standing on

The bathroom scales discouraged makes me.

And I myself might all this problem solve

With one size larger. Who would exercise bear?

Who'd grunt and sweat to make a weary life

But that the dread of something worse than this,

The rotund figure round whose form
No tape measure returns, strengthens the will,

And makes us bear those ills we must
Than bow to cravings that make matters worse.

Thus fashion should make heroes of us all,

And spur our native hue of resolution
So sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Kathleen McCulloch, Class 4.
(with help from W. Shakespeare).

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put under a heat-lamp. Below the heat-lamp was an ordinary cardboard box lined with newspapers, which are both hygienic and warm. So that they would not be hungry, the pups had to be changed every two hours. This was a very boring task as the rota goes on by night as well as by day.

Weaning was the next stage, and was not very difficult except for the fact that the smaller pups were often pushed back and received less food. The pups had to be taken to the house, where they were made to suck from the tip of one's finger or the end of a bone egg-spoon until they were able to lap from a saucer.

After they were weaned, they were almost entirely independent of their mother. Now came the really messy job—taking up the dishes of puppy food.

The whole fifteen would dive for one dish, covering themselves and my legs in the sticky liquid. Probably the first moment that you feel that all your work has not been in vain is when you see the robust, young litter romping around on their first outing in the open air. Even at that early age they are very intelligent and will not stray far from their human companion.

I am not really too sad when I see the ten-week-old bundles of charm leave our kennels. It is amusing to think that those small, docile pups will soon grow into big, energetic, red horrors.

Rodena Kelman, Class 4.

A HOUSE REVISITED

The taxi-driver tooted at the crossing pedestrians, the cyclists and the other taxis as we laboriously wound our way through the bustling main street of the up-and-coming Nigerian town of Lagos. I looked with awakened interest on the mixture of old and new: the rickety, wooden stalls tended by negroes dressed in dirty white and khaki vests and shorts and the smart, African businessman in a well-cut suit entering a modern concrete block of flats. The windows of the European-looking shops and offices reflected the glare of the hot, Nigerian sun, which pierced my eyes with its fierceness. Everything was new,

clean, shining and exciting: the fountains in the middle of the square spouting drops of water that mirrored the lights and colours around, the well-tended palm-trees swaying in the breeze and the new, bronze statues gleaming in the sun. This was Lagos, a city hurrying to catch up on its European rivals.

It was all so very new to me because I had only been three when I had last seen this town and had returned home to Britain. Despite this, I remembered quite a lot about my life in Lagos although the incidents seemed to be spaced wide apart like lights in an underground tunnel and were not in chronological order. My brothers remembered much more because they had been that much older than I. But all my memories were happy. Most of all I remembered the house we had lived in. In my mind's eye I saw the white, shining house, long and low, with the broad sweep of the driveway and the lawn in front. On each side there were trees, all kinds of them: the glorious deep red of the flame-trees in bloom, the mango-trees, the palm-trees and the tree with the tyre hanging from one of its branches. I remembered the man who used to come every so often to climb the palm-tree so as to obtain the juice for making palm-toddy. All he would have as equipment would be a ring of rope which he would slip around his ankles and then he would climb up the tree in no time at all. I remembered the kapoc trees. We used to break open the pods and mummy would make pillows with the kapoc. Then there were the lemon trees, the jacaranda and the pepper bushes. The whole house had been surrounded with a riotous mass of colour. Whenever I thought of the old, white house, it all came back to me: the small, walled garden tucked away in the corner, the shutters on the windows, the domed doors, the spacious, airy rooms and the servants' quarters tucked behind, with the sound of the "mam-mies" thumping the mealies in a wooden tub coming from them.

These reminiscences ended abruptly as the taxi finally broke away from the stream of traffic and we drew into the quiet, shady, residential streets. Not far now, I thought, not long until I'll see

the old house again. The taxi approached the driveway leading up to the house and, asking the driver to stop, I stepped out into the hot sun and started walking up the drive. I turned the corner and stopped. There, before my eyes, was the old, white house. My first feeling of joy soon vanished as dismay filled my heart. The house was still there ... but the white-wash was faded and peeling, the white ants had done their worst, and the shutters were hanging on their rusted hinges. However, many of the scars of neglect were hidden by the spreading bouganvillea hibiscus and other creeping plants. As I neared the house, I saw more signs of neglect and misuse, not only in the house. The drive was overgrown and the lawn and garden had reverted to jungle. Yet, despite all this, there remained an aura of dignity and happiness. I turned away and started on my way back to the taxi, taking with me the memory of the old, white house unshattered by the truth of time.

Amanda Dunlop, Class 5.

WEATHER

Yesterday was windy,
Today the weather is wet,
Tomorrow will be sunny
According to the Met.

The Ice Age is coming,
And then we'll all be dead,
Or the world will turn tropical,
And we'll dehydrate instead.

Isobars and cyclones,
Anti-cyclones too,
Another five days won't go past
Before there's something new.

Look at the map at tea-time,
All those lines and dots,
All the stars and triangles,
You can't tell what is what.

Maybe they'll be truthful,
And say there's rain instead.
Then I will not get up at all,
And just lie back in bed.

Donald Grant, Class 2.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

I had inherited Compton Manor when my aged Uncle Ebenezer died. Why he had chosen me as his heiress I have no idea since I had only met him twice. When I tried to sell the manor, I had great difficulty in finding a buyer so I went to see my solicitor. He told me that the reason why people were not interested in the house was because of the supernatural happenings that had occurred there. Annoyed by his apparent belief of these rumours, I left, slamming the door behind me and promising him that I would be quite willing to stay in the manor until the end of the month. The next morning I drove out to Compton Manor. It was a pleasant house to look at both inside and out, and I could really see no reason for nobody wanting to buy it.

After a few days I tried to get some information from Mrs Barret, the elderly housekeeper. All she would say, however, was to stay away from the West Wing on Sunday nights. Determined to discover the truth about the rumours, I waited impatiently for Sunday.

When Sunday night came round and the servants had gone home, I made my way to the West Wing. I went confidently up the main corridor, but when I turned into the next corridor I was surrounded by darkness. As I became accustomed to the darkness, I noticed a strange, green light at the end of the passage. As the light grew stronger, some unknown force began to pull me towards it. I tried to pull myself free but could not. When I reached the light, I felt as though something was trying to enter my body and sap my energy. I became weak and desperately cold and at the same time I heard someone whisper over and over again, "I hate you. Let me go. Let me go." Soon after this the light began to fade and I began to get strength back; at the same time I noticed that the passage had become very light, and, on looking at my watch, I saw that it was just one o'clock. When I turned round, I saw the reason for the light: a young woman, dressed in a long, red, jewelled velvet dress of the Hanoverian period was walking to-

wards me. Her whole body, from her golden hair to her white-satin-slipped feet, glowed. I could not move for fear as she came nearer and nearer. Instead of stopping when she reached me, she just walked right past and faded away. I found that I was able to move again and I took to my heels and ran to my bedroom.

Surprisingly, I went straight to sleep, and the next morning when I woke I determined to find an explanation for these happenings, so, when I saw the gardener pruning roses, I went to see if he could help. At first we talked about the weather, roses and other everyday things. Then he said, "Come to ask me about what you saw?"

"How did you know that?" I exclaimed.

"I knew you would go to the West Wing. Anybody who is curious would," he replied.

"What do you know about it then?" I asked.

He then proceeded to tell me the reason for the happenings. One of my uncle's ancestors had brought a young woman to the house. When the girl tried to leave, he caught her as she was trying to get away and, drunk at the time, murdered her in the West Wing passage.

It was the ghost of this woman that I had seen in the passage, and I decided that the only way to rid the house of the ghost was to take away the whole corridor. I rang up the local mason and the next day he came around with his men and knocked out the corridor.

It is now three months since all this happened and there is now a new room in place of the corridor. I soon found a buyer for the house now that there was no ghost.

Rachel Smith, Class 2.

MY FIRST TIME ON PARADE

I managed to 'wangle' my way out of work that Sunday, for I was going to play in the pipe band on their first appearance of the season and my first ever appearance. It did not take me long to get dressed and soon my father came back and collected me to go to the meeting-place (the Craiglynn Hall)

where the pipers would tune up and where we would have a practice. By the time we started to march down the road I was beginning to feel nervous. The leading drummer said we would start with a two/four, which I was not very sure of but managed very well. On the road up we were followed by a troop of children, a common sight when a pipe band is in town. When I passed my friends, I just put my head down in embarrassment and marched on past them, but after a while I got used to it and settled down. It was not a very long parade but it was my first, so it was long enough for me. People always say that the first is the worst.

John Calder, Class 2.

FATIGUE

Time is moving ever so slowly,
The clock is standing still,
My fingers are sore
And my head is hurting,
I believe it's because I'm in school.

Robert Macdonald, Class I.

CASTLE OF BONE

In the middle of the jungle in Burma half a regiment of British troops were waiting for the rest of the regiment to join them. After waiting for nearly three hours, the troops decided to move off. Half a mile down the road they came to a river, where the captain ordered the men to stop for a drink. While they were drinking, the captain went for a stroll. While he was walking, something white caught his eye and, on looking through his binoculars, he saw what he thought was a castle. He ordered the troops to make for the castle. When they reached it, they found that it was a huge pile of skeletons dressed in British uniforms. After examining it, they decided that they would be best to stay there for the night.

That night, as the troops lay sleeping, the Japanese crept up and massacred them all with saw-like bayonets. More bones for the "Castle of Bone".

John Grant, Class 1.

ODE TO MR X

This is the tale of Mr X,
 Who decided to help the fairer sex
 In their fight for equality,
 But how to help he could not see.
 At last he saw the only way
 Was to join Women's Lib, that very day.
 He studied magazines and books
 (And got the very strangest looks
 From librarians when he did ask
 For them to help him in his task).
 After many months and days
 Of study in so many ways,
 He decided it was time to fight
 To help women in their plight.
 He wrote to newspapers and M.P.s,
 But they all thought it was a tease.
 "This is nonsense! What a tale!
 A Women's Libber who's a male!"
 Poor Mr X sees his mistake,
 And not another will he make.
 He's fighting for equality again,
 No, not for women, but for men!

Fiona McCafferty, Class 4.

THE WEATHER

The weather can never make up its mind
 Whether to be cruel or to be kind,
 In winter it's cold both day and night,
 Which, in my opinion, is quite all right.

But in summer, when we're so close to
 the sun,
 It rains and is dull for everyone,
 And when you're supposed to be sun-
 burnt and red,
 You've gone and caught cold and are ly-
 ing in bed.

In winter the snow comes unceasingly
 down.
 If it were rain, you'd probably drown.
 When the summer sun tries to get rid of
 the clouds,
 They hide it again and look o-so proud.

Carol Massie, Class 2.

SUBJECTS

Learning theorems and solving
 equations,
 Plotting mappings and comparing
 relations,
 Further addition and multiplication
 Are all subjects of mathematical
 creation.

Lines of verse, old and new,
 Grammar and spelling through and
 through,
 Comprehension and interpretation
 All give English some variation.

The laws of science cannot be ignored
 Even if they make people bored.
 All the necessary experimentation
 Still leaves the question,
 "What is an action?"

The shape of the world, the lie of the
 land
 Are facts which are always near at
 hand.
 Climate, vegetation and navigation
 Can be found without hesitation.

David Clark, Class 3.

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Former Pupils' Section

EDITORIAL

Greetings to all our readers at home and overseas!

It seems to us as we pen this year's editorial that the Clubs are in good heart. Response to our circulars and magazine orders have been maintained, recruitment to the clubs is good, our recent functions have been well attended and well enjoyed, further functions on the same lines are planned (see details below), our subsidiary clubs, the Fishers and Swimmers, continue to flourish, and not only to provide a welcome addition to our income, but also to perform a useful public service in catering for Non-F.P.'s by allowing associate members to share their facilities.

We regret the mounting cost of the magazine in these inflationary days, and we thank those of our exiles who generously added a donation to funds which

we have used to defray the cost of postage, now also a considerable item.

As already mentioned, plans are in hand for the traditional Christmas Reunion Dance, and for the Biennial Dinner, which is to be held in the Waterford Hotel on Friday, 19th March 1976. We shall be pleased to welcome as Guest of Honour and principal speaker on that occasion, Miss Elizabeth Mutch, and we would ask members to note the date and venue and to resolve to be present.

An innovation in the F.P. Section this year is the feature "Echoes from Yesteryear". We thought it might be of interest to use our back numbers for this purpose, culling some snippets which might stir a nostalgic chord. We would be pleased to hear your reactions.

We apologise in advance for any mistake or omission in the notes or lists and hope you enjoy reading them.

OBITUARY

On October 6th, 1974, HARRY ROSS died in Narrandera, Australia. Mr Ross emigrated to Australia in 1926, and carried on a tailoring business there, till his retirement in 1969. A keen sportsman, he won trophies for golf in his native Grantown, and in Australia, and also for bowling. He was besides an enthusiastic fisherman and an active Mason. Mr Ross last visited this country in 1973. We extend the sympathy of Club members to his widow and brothers, and also to his friend, Mr Stanley Buchan, to whom we are indebted for furnishing us with information about Mr Ross's illness and death.

MRS ARCHIBALD MUTCH (Elizabeth Duncan) also died in October 1974 at the home of her daughter Elizabeth in East Lothian. Mrs Mutch was the last surviving member of the family of the late John and Elizabeth Duncan of Grantown, and the widow of the late Archibald Mutch, M.A., schoolmaster, who died in 1918 in

Aberdeen. To her daughters, Miss Elizabeth Mutch and Mrs Kathleen Aston we express our sincere sympathy.

Only brief mention of the deaths of Mr Ross and Mrs Mutch was made in the last issue, as they occurred when the magazine was already in proof form.

The Clubs mourn the passing of two former members of staff in the past year. In January MISS KATHLEEN E. MCGREGOR, M.A., died at the Ian Charles Hospital, after being in failing health for some time. Miss McGregor was a daughter of the late Provost and Mrs McGregor of Grantown and was educated at the Grammar School and at Glasgow University. She taught in Glasgow and Lossiemouth, before returning to Grantown to take up an appointment in the Primary Department, from which she retired in 1964. Of a quiet and unassuming disposition, Miss

McGregor was well-liked by her pupils and colleagues. The Club's sympathy goes out to her two brothers in Fort William and Glasgow.

MISS HETTY GRAY of Boat of Garten also died in the Ian Charles Hospital on July 11th. Apart from her first appointment at Achnarrow School, and a period at Advie School, her entire teaching career was spent at the Grammar School, where she was held in high regard by pupils, teachers and parents. Her 40 years of service to education in Morayshire ended with her retirement in 1959. The standards, particularly those of good manners and good behaviour, which she achieved with her classes were much admired by those of us privileged to be her colleagues. To her two brothers in Pitlochry and in Canada we express our sincerest sympathy.

LESLIE GRANT ROSS, formerly of Balcha, Ballieward, died at his home in Edinburgh on December 12th 1974, after an illness lasting some months. Mr Ross was employed in the King James Hotel as cellar-man, and maintained contact with his early days through his interest in the F.P. and Old Guard Clubs. He is survived by his wife, two daughters and a son, to whom we send our sincere condolences.

MRS HARRY DOUGLAS (Connie Winchester), formerly of Northholme, died in Raigmore Hospital, Inverness, in July, after suffering indifferent health for a number of years. A member of a well-known and respected local family, Mrs Douglas was popular in the town, where she was supervisor in the telephone exchange prior to her marriage. She also took an active part in amateur drama and badminton. We offer our sympathy to her husband, two brothers and two sisters.

Our sympathy goes out also to Mrs E. Walling (Isabel Jack) on the loss of her brother Mr W. Jack, and also to Mrs Chisholm and family who mourn the death of husband and father. Mr Chisholm was headmaster at Duthil for 30 years before retiring in Grantown and subsequently moving to Aberdeen. His remains were laid to rest in the New Cemetery in February.

We send our condolences also to Dr Bill Sellar on the loss of his mother and to the Surtees family who suffered the same loss.

BIRTHS

We are pleased to record the following "happy events":

- A son to Mr and Mrs D. Templeton (Dorothy Templeton) in Cape Town on 15th January.
- A son to Walter and Isobel Ross in Kent on 31st March.
- A son to Peter and Davis Robertson (née Thomson) in Alexandria on 7th April.
- A daughter to Allan and Anne Chisholm in Edinburgh on 19th May.
- A daughter to Murray and Elizabeth Beattie (née Reid) on 30th May.
- A daughter to Arthur and Maureen Fearnley (née Macaulay) in Northallerton on 29th June.
- A son to Sandy and Wendy Macdonald in Kilmaronock on 26th July.
- A son to Neil and Grace Stuart in Edinburgh on 5th August.
- A daughter to Angus and Margaret McSween (née Ross) in Lancashire on 13th August.
- A son to Anthony and Jill Twist (née Hepburn) in Irvine on 14th August.

And we offer our congratulations to one and all.

MARRIAGES

Best wishes on their marriage in March to Sherie Sutton and Kenneth Walker.

Likewise to Judy Collyer and Stuart Hutcheson, married at Advie in August.

To Nancy Maclean and Erwin Abromeit, married on 28th June in Canada.

To Ann Stuart and Peter Perk, married on 19th August, also in Canada.

Congratulations also on their silver wedding to Mr and Mrs J. D. Hogg (Jean Cruickshank).

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the ranks of life members: Mrs D. Templeton, Cape Town; Lachlan Stuart, former police inspector, now with Moray District Council and living in Portgordon; Gordon Jack of Grantown G.P.O., and a former bailie; Iain Brown, who, having gained some experience in the Civil Service, has decided to return to Glasgow University to study English; Hugh Mackintosh, stock manager at Edderton Mains, Tain, due to return shortly from an exchange visit to U.S.A. studying farms and ranches; Douglas Macdonald of Carrbridge, one of our best skiers, and a member of the British Men's Ski Team, Pool; David McIntosh, last year's School Captain; Barbara Smith (our first contribution to the ranks) who, after a summer in Germany, goes to study Modern Languages at Aberdeen; Elizabeth Terris, who, having completed her M.A., is doing a post-graduate course at the College of Commerce, also in Aberdeen; Angus Maclean (another of Jean Paterson's recruits!); Alistair Jack, M.P.S. (the son of Gordon, listed above) and Diane Duncan, who is now personal secretary to J. P. Grant the Younger, of Rothiemurchas.

ECHOES FROM YESTERYEAR

Some forty years on the magazines for 1934 and 1935 make absorbing reading. We noted: the Infant Room and the Primary Playing Field date from 1934: the hockey, cricket and rugby team photos included Margaret Ross (Davidson), Margaret Fraser, Winnie Anfield (Shaw), Frances Cooke, Angus Stuart, Ian McPherson, David Winchester, Tom Hunter, Victor Ross, Frank Macaulay and James

Templeton; there was a vivid account of one of Bob Wilson's expeditions to Braeriach, and another of a production of "She Stoops to Conquer" by Mr Morrison: a report of Joe Beange passing his pharmacy finals: mention of the award in 1930 of the Gold Medal for General Nursing at Glasgow Royal Infirmary to Mrs Stephen (Helen Byers): an article about the Old Town Hall which was burned down in 1933, a most interesting article by Mr J. D. Rose, Rector from 1893-1898, describing the restoration of secondary education in Grantown in these years; mention of how part of the former Gasworks became the Sports Changing Room. an article by John Stuart Grant describing how there existed three separate schools in Grantown in the 1870's, the Grammar School (now the Primary Department), the West End School, which stood where Waverly Villa now is, and the "Female School" at Burnfield: in 1935 there is news of Alex. McKenzie succeeding Miss Boyd in the languages department: and the abstract of Club accounts was signed by Jean Paterson in her capacity as treasurer.

Let us close this backward glance with a particularly apt quotation from an article on the school in the 1890's by former pupil W. A. Robertson, H.M.I., "the school magazine will contribute more perhaps than regular instruction, to give meaning to the flight of time, and the efforts that are made to control and direct its flight."

May the editor be permitted one more quotation from the 1934 issue: "Anything and everything will be grist to the mill of the F.P. magazine, and will be gratefully received by the editor." Please keep this in mind when you complete your information slips!

News From The Outposts

The editor's blessing on all those who wrote him such interesting letters, and returned well-filled information slips, thus making this column possible. For future reference, would those who returned either a blank slip, or none at all, please see the quotation from the 1934 magazine in 'Echoes from Yesterday'! Now to business!

Mrs Evelyn Allan and Mrs Shona Macdougall reported no change from Kirkcaldy and Forres respectively.

Mrs Howard Aston (Kathleen Mutch) gave details of her three daughters and her grandchildren. Her daughter Alison is an Honours Graduate of Oxford in Mathematics, now married with two children, while Madeleine, a Cambridge graduate in Biology and Economics, and formerly a senior civil servant, recently married a French civil servant related to the late Albert Schweitzer, and now lives in Paris, and Lindsay, a B.A. of Cambridge in Music, married last year, her husband being also a Cambridge graduate and at present Concert Manager of the Wigmore Hall. A talented family!

Bruce Bain has taken up a post as a marketing executive with Dunlop, and is meantime in Gateshead, but is to renew his connections with Eastern Europe after an initial training period.

Mrs Bahzad (Christobel Terris) continues her work as a gynaecologist in New York, and has gained a Fellowship in Gynae Malignancy at the Sloan Kettering Cancer Memorial Hospital.

Mrs R. Balfour (Dorothea Smith) is still in Rhodesia.

Mrs Adrian Banks (Lorna Stephen) was in Grantown in June and sent us a slip for sister Lindsey (Mrs Ian Napier), now in Australia.

Mrs Murray Beattie (Elizabeth Reid) reported the birth of her second daughter from Selkirk. Congratulations!

Mrs Guthrie Booth (Netta Hunter) reports she is now a grandmother, regretting only that Mr Hunter did not

live to enjoy being a great-grandfather. She and brother Tom Hunter have generously continued the prize for Sixth Year which Mr Hunter donated annually.

We were pleased to hear again from Mrs John Boyne (Doris Cameron), who, through ill-health has not been in Grantown since 1964, but hopes to be back one day. She included details of her daughter Elizabeth, an Honours Graduate in Microbiology, now married to a Biochemist and teaching in Yorkshire.

Mrs James Braid (Pamela Gibson), whose mother presented the Prizes for us on Prize Day 1975, reported no change from St Andrews.

Mrs William Bremner (Elizabeth Mackenzie) had been busy supply teaching since February when she wrote her slip, but was longing for the end of term. (Who doesn't?!)

Mr Stanley Buchan, definitely one of our five star correspondents, is always among the first to return his slip with a letter full of news and reminiscences. Most recently he described his early days in Grantown, when there were no cars; one came by brougham or trap, and sleigh in winter, with the horses all a-jingle, as they tossed their heads. He has memories of the Hastilow family, Dr Barclay, the Winchester family and Anderson's tool shop in the Square.

Eva Cameron is still in Elgin.

We described Rhona Cameron as a globe-trotter last year, and, as if to justify the term, she sent us an account of her movements for the year. It reads like a travel agent's entire stock of brochures, for she will have been everywhere from Norway to Africa, as hostess on a Greek cruise liner. It sounds like a taxing job though, with everything done in at least three languages, plus responsibility for entertaining the passengers as disc jockey, cine projectionist, dancer and bingo-caller!

George Catto records no change from Port Elphinstone.

Mrs John Chapman (Irene Edwards) predicts her resignation from the Civil Service for the happiest of reasons. We will watch the Press early in the New Year. Best wishes!

Mrs Richard Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald) has been in New Zealand since February, living in sight of Mount Egmont and only five minutes from the sea, but had to wait till July for her household goods to arrive! Thank you for your interesting letters—and stamps!

Mrs H. Clark (Heather Mathieson) has now completed training and is teaching Art and Craft in Eastbourne. Her daughter Nicky (18) is embarking on a B.A. (Hon.) in Fine Art and Alizanne (17) is doing 'A' levels.

Mrs R. Clark (Janet Barclay) is still in Carnoustie.

We were pleased to meet Walter Dempster when he called at The Gables early in the year.

Charles Cooke sent greetings from Glasgow.

Mrs Thomas Cowan (Wilma Irving) was not evacuated, but remained in married quarters at Akrotiri during the coup last year — "an experience," she says, "very few of us would care to repeat." The family is due to return to the U.K. in August 1976.

Janet Dixon was back in Grantown this summer, after spending some three years in Zambia as tutor in charge of the Nurses' Training School at St Francis Hospital, Katete. She has now returned to the Princess Mary's R.A.F. Nursing Service as a Flight Officer at the R.A.F. Hospital, Ely, Cambridge.

William Dobson is completing a year's practical in Peeblesshire before embarking on a B.Sc. (Agri.) at Aberdeen.

Margaret Donald is busy obtaining an Ophthalmic Nursing Diploma, having been seconded from her post at St Thomas's. Glad to learn her Higher French still helps her guide lost tourists around London!

We met Fiona Donn on the shores of Loch Morlich this summer, where she was coping efficiently with shipwrecked canoeists and exhausted moun-

taineers in the course of her duties as a leader at the S.C.M. camp at Nethybridge. She had news of Torquil Mackenzie's appointment as headmaster of Millbank Primary, Nairn, and of Mrs Owens' (Julia Jackson's) activities in New Jersey. Fiona also merits five stars as a correspondent!

The Elrick twins report that Clive is an assistant librarian at Elgin Technical College, while Nigel is a pupil S.E.N. at Dr Gray's Hospital.

Mrs Arthur Fearnley (Maureen Macaulay) always seems to have a removal to report! This year, having just installed her lares and penates in Northallerton, she writes that there is now a possibility of a move to Aberdeen! In spite of this, and the arrival of the third member of her family (Congratulations!) she still manages to send in her slip!

Sine Fergusson is still in Edinburgh and Ian Forbes, now retired, is still active on lots of committees in Buckie.

David Fraser is still with the Inland Revenue in London as an Inspector (Higher Grade).

Robin Fraser, M.P.S. is still looking for the right formula to improve the state of his golf!

Mrs William Fraser (Elspeth Mitchell) had no fresh news from Beaulieu.

Fiona Grant now enters second year nursing training in Edinburgh.

We wish success to Stewart Grant, who was jub-hunting when we saw him, after completing his Photography qualification in Glasgow.

Sandy Gordon, we hear, was back in Europe in July, visiting Paris—and Grantown!

Mrs Allan Grant (Margaret Telfer) in Fraserburgh is proud to be a grandmother.

Best wishes to Allan Grant (Vice-President Martin's son) who is to be married in October to an Australian girl, Diane Hay, whom he met in London. We were indebted to Allan and to Walter Ross again this summer, as they formed our now traditional police escort when we passed through London with 28 pupils, en route for France.

Mrs V. Greenwood (Mary Winchester) records no change from Todmorden, as also does Donald Gunn from Dingwall.

Sheila Harris sent lots of news: her parents are now licencees of a Public House in Dunbar, while Harry has completed second year B.Sc. in St Andrews, and Sheila herself takes up her first teaching appointment in Haddington, having completed her course in Aberdeen, and gained a Dip. Ed.

Mrs Ronald Harris (Kathleen Dunn), as infant teacher in Brechin, is keeping up her French with the children of French workers on the pipe-lines.

Fiona Henderson has spent a varied year including research at Craig Dunain for six months, and travel in Canada, and all round America by Greyhound bus. Now she becomes a trainee Social Worker in Oxfords, Edinburgh for a year, before secondment to the university for professional training.

Congratulations to Susan Hendry who has completed her course in Weaving and Silversmithing in Aberdeen, and has won a scholarship to continue her studies in Mexico.

Mrs John Hogg (Jean Cruickshank) recorded no change from Edinburgh while Andrew Howlett reported a change of address in London.

Tom Hunter's roots in Strathspey are obviously still strong after 25 years in England. He reminisces about "The Old Guard Occasionals", in which he played the drums, and goes on to prove that heredity will out. His son, Scott is at present leading his own dance band in the Reading area, and is "a much better drummer than ever I was". Scott has just finished school and is awaiting 'A' level results.

The Illingworth brothers recorded no change, as also did John Irving and Alister Jack.

Catriona Johnston has entered the honours French Course at St Andrews University, while brother Bill is in the second year of his B.Sc. in town-planning.

Mrs Johnson (Mary McKenzie) says she is "growing old gracefully" in Aberfoyle.

Colin Keith had no fresh news from Glasgow, but Grace Kirk reports a new appointment as In-Service Education Officer. Congratulations!

Ruth Knopping, an ex-editor of the magazine, wrote from Natal with some suggestions to help with its production. These I have duly passed on. She also relates how last Christmas was the first one she and sister Heather had spent together since 1948.

Mrs J. M. Laing (Katherine Templeton) is still nursing part-time in Edinburgh.

Thanks to Edith Lawson for an appreciative letter. Her sister Mrs Munro (Gertie Lawson) has now taken up residence with her.

Mrs Littlejohn (Elizabeth Young) has nothing fresh to report, nor had Mrs Lugg (Jean Burgess) nor Mrs MacArthur (Catriona Grant).

Mrs W. McClelland (Elizabeth Lawrence) wrote of her husband's work with Scott Lithgow where he has been involved in the design of large tankers built in halves for joining when afloat.

Alistair Macdonald is entering his third year at College of Education. David Macdonald, now a 2nd engineer on B.P. tankers, has recently been accompanied by his wife Marilyn (nee Oliphant) on trips to Russia and Poland.

Mairi Macdonald has become engaged to a History graduate, Alec Ritchie by name. Marriage, she says however, is "not imminent"! We send our best wishes.

Stuart Macdonald has completed his third year at Paisley and is working in power stations at Hunterston and Rugby during the holidays.

Alexander MacIntyre has moved home in Aviemore.

No news off note from Keith McKerron, Alexander Mackintosh nor Angus Mackintosh.

Bertie Mackintosh reported his imminent retirement and his intention to visit New Zealand this winter. Bon voyage!

Donald McLean has a new appointment as Director of Administration, Fife Region. Congratulations!

Nothing noteworthy was reported by Isobel MacLean, Mrs Elizabeth McLeod (Elizabeth MacGregor), James Macpherson and Peter Macpherson.

Congratulations to Jane Macaulay, who has been awarded the Kansas Scholarship, an exchange scholarship, which allows her to spend a post-graduate year at Kansas University. She is to study at the school of journalism there. This award depended on the possession of "ambassadorial qualities" as well as academic ability, so it is a real distinction to be chosen for it.

Rachel MacRobert has left teaching meantime, and is enjoying producing some "haute cuisine" for the Earl of Seafield at Old Cullen House.

We had hoped to manage a day on a loch with Ian McPherson this year, but it looks like being next season now Ian!

John Milne met us while we were both getting our feet wet turn judging at the Moray Primary Swimming Gala. At the same event James Templeton was at the receipt of custom, as treasurer of the association.

Mrs Douglas Mitchell (Jan Templeton) had nothing to report.

Mr and Mrs Bill Mitchell (Judy Stuart) send a nice cheerful letter from Croydon where Bill is a golf professional. In one day recently he found himself teaching guests from Sweden, Germany, Italy and Japan! He goes on an annual pilgrimage to the "Open" and this year met there: Mr and Mrs Hugh Grant, Mr and Mrs David Ross, Scotty Morrison and Dr Ron. Philip. Apparently Bill's last meeting with Ron. (in the Bahamas) was cut short when the latter had to dash off to deliver a baby! Bill also met at the "Open" a well-prepared chap carrying his own step-ladder—this turned out to be Raymond Davidson!

It was nice to see Jeanette Munro on holiday in Grantown in August.

Mrs Brian Murray (Ann Stewart) has moved to Inverkeithing and now commutes by train to her job in Lorne Primary School, Edinburgh.

We unfortunately missed meeting Elizabeth Mutch when she was on holiday in Grantown in May. We look for-

ward to her visit in March for the Biennial Dinner however.

Ernie and Amelia Oakes (Amelia Edwards) report all well from Alness where Amelia is still doing supply teaching, almost full-time.

We were pleased to hear from Mrs Harry Parrot (Catherine Douglas), whose boys are now $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 year old. They and her church work are keeping her busy.

Mrs Peter Rae (Mona Grant) has moved from Paisley to Inverness. Her removal led her to believe she must be a Womble at heart, as shown by her tendency to collect bits and pieces!

Andrew Reid reports having "torn myself from the miseries of London to the delights of our Scottish Capital". He is working in the Scottish Education Department while brother Bill, also in Edinburgh, is now a partner in his legal firm. Bill maintains his musical interests with the Edinburgh Royal Choral Union, of which he is Treasurer and a Director.

We congratulate Ian Ritchie on a new appointment as Finance Director of International Distilleries and Vintners Home Trade Ltd.

Mrs P. Robertson (Davis Thomson) described herself as "a retired school-teacher and full time mother" on her slip, but, when we talked to her last, she was being pressed to resume teaching, at least part-time.

Jessie Ronaldson is still with the Post Office in Wick.

Alex. Ross sent good wishes from Kent.

Charles Ross continues successfully in the field of Animal Technology in Edinburgh and is proceeding to his Associateship.

Margaret Ross hoped to be in Grantown in August.

Mr and Mrs Victor Ross (Dorothy Geddes) reported from Glasgow. Victor has been holding office as Chairman of the Institution of Electrical Engineers (S.W. Scotland).

We have appointed Walter Ross to the (unpaid) post of "London Director of G.G.S. Continental Tours" as he was again of invaluable help to the school party as guide, comforter and friend.

Congratulations also on the birth of a son in March.

Bill Sellar reports that Barry, the elder of his twins, is turning out to be a swimmer, even before reaching the age of three!

Mrs Shiach (Margaret Smith) sent greetings from Edinburgh and also supplied details of sister Dorothea (Mrs Balfour).

Catherine Smith says she has never a dull moment in her retirement which she enjoys thoroughly. She still lectures on Nutrition occasionally, and has interests in Archaeology (including digging!) and Scottish Castles. She also made a trip to the N.W. Highlands in June to study Wild Life, etc.

Mrs Louis Smith (Elspeth Gow) is off to Dubai, where her husband is now a Mud Engineer. They are to be there for two years, and Elspeth hopes to teach.

Mrs Peter Spalding had no fresh news from Aberdeen.

Nicholas Spence looked well when he called with his slip. Now with Panavia, he is in the management team working on the Multiple Role Combat Aircraft in Munich, and is wishing he had had the opportunity to do some German in school.

Mrs Springall (Jessie Stewart), now an Assistant Warden at the Ada Lewis Women's Hostel in London, hoped to visit Grantown in July. She has now ten grandchildren, including five boys and a girl in the Grammar School.

Mrs Squires (Isa Moyes) finds that the magazine "rolls back the years". The Countess to whom she was Secretary and Companion died last year.

Mrs Stevens (Meta King) is still in Kirkintilloch.

Congratulations to James Stuart, who has passed his finals as a Chartered Surveyor.

Lachlan Stuart is taking up a post with Moray District Council in July. He has two sons in the police, and a daughter a social worker with the Grampian Region.

Rita Stuart, who is still with UNESCO in Paris, enjoys a good re-

putation as hostess and courier to intinerant Grantonians. We were pleased she managed to track the school party down in spite of confusing changes of address.

Neil Stuart has had a worrying time, as his newly born son contracted pneumonia and jaundice after a difficult birth. We wish him and Mrs Stuart good health in the future. Neil, now in his 5th year at Newbattle High School, has entered teacher politics as the representative of Midlothian on the National Council of the E.I.S.

Alistair Surtees holidayed at Nethybridge in early summer, being there for the freak snowstorm on 2nd June (which incidentally caused postponement of the Primary Sports!). He reports that Richard and Bobby have both been in Grantown this summer; Bobby relived old days with a swim in the Spey!

James Templeton says he is still "soldiering on" at Alves.

William Thomson still manages the Co-op Grocery supermarket at Corby.

Mrs Twist (Jill Hepburn) has moved to Ayr, where her husband is Deputy Director of Parks.

It was nice to see Mrs Nicky White (Marjory Mackintosh) and family looking well in Grantown in August.

We were pleased to hear from Margaret Williamson, who is to do two years as Psychiatric Registrar in the Royal Edinburgh Hospital.

David Winchester is still postmastering in Fort William.

Having gained an O.N.D. in Building at Kirkcaldy, Michael Wood now begins a 4 year course in Technical Education at Moray House.

John and Shona Wright are due to holiday in Grantown in September.

Mrs Yates (Gillian Henderson) is to leave for South Africa in August, driving overland with her husband. There, they intend to work in Johannesburg for a time, then they "may make it back to Scotland eventually!"

Of our Services members we have heard that John Clark has had a spell in Alberta, Canada as Q.M.S.I., before

becoming Squadron Sergeant Major of 32 Field Squadron in Ripon.

Flight Lieutenant Thomas Stuart is now Commanding Officer of the Engineering Squadron at R.A.F. Gatow, Berlin.

Parachutist David Ross, now Flight Sergeant i/c the R.A.F. Falcons Parachute Display Team, hopes to complete one thousand descents by the end of the year! Quite an achievement! We wish him Happy Landings in all his attempts to prove that Newton was right! David expects to move to Brize Norton next year.

LOCAL

As we approach the end of this sunny summer, (which began so inauspiciously with snow on June 2nd and a heavy frost on June 27th), we try again to select the striking events of the past year. Regionalisation, inflation and industrial action (even in School!) are writ large of course, while, in the town itself, the development area is still a gaping void in the High Street; the new houses in South Street are nearly complete; the Sports Pavilion in the Black Park is in use; the old Fire Station has found a new use as a small engineering plant; the new telephone exchange ought to be in use within the next year, with the consequent change to dial telephones. In the surrounding area, the landscape is being transformed by major public works on the A9, and by the replacement of the picturesque, but thoroughly inadequate, 174 year old Ballindalloch Bridge at the expense of the loss of some fine trees. Nearer home, the by-passing of Gaich Bridge, for so long a notorious traffic hazard, is most welcome.

Let us pass on however to the doings of our local F.P.'s: Johnnie Burgess, nearly always kilted, often acts as courier for sight-seeing visitors both on foot and by bus, as also does George Dixon, under the auspices of the Grantown Society.

It was nice to see the local pipe band putting up a good performance at the Show this year, with Frank Calder (band president) and son John both beating their drums.

Vera Campbell and Margaret Jack received presentations on their retiral from a joint total of 50 years Sunday School work.

Along with Sheila Smith (vice-captain) Vera and Margaret are stalwarts of the Ladies Golf Section, but they do seem unduly secretive about their scores!

Best wishes for a happy retirement to George Cameron, a devoted, knowledgeable and efficient public servant for 33 years, who retired from the post of Burgh Chamberlain on regionalisation. We admired George's steadiness in his many years as Angling Association Secretary too, and we were tickled to see him termed "gynaecologist" for his work in connection with the birth of the new Badenoch and Strathspey District Council. We can imagine his blushes!

Our best memory of Mr Donaldson this year was seeing him at the Kirk Door looking bronzed and fit, just back from another trip to Canada to visit Keith, and in conversation with Bob Wilson, also looking bronzed and fit, in Grantown for a June holiday in his caravan.

Those enterprising travellers Jessie and Margaret Fraser contented themselves with the Channel Islands this year.

Martin Grant continues to be active in many spheres. He is now president of the Curlers, and was an efficient Town Treasurer till the new administration took over. He always seems to manage to produce a handsome profit for club funds from the Christmas Dance and the Fishing Competitions too!

Miss Grant and Miss Legge are still as lively and cheerful as ever.

Donnie McGillivray received a special award as a donor of over 50 pints of blood.

Chemists Joe Beange and Harry McGregor are both interested in finding the right prescription for Grantown's football team.

Mrs Mackintosh continues to dodge the Grantown winters by visiting Marjory and Angus, but always returns to tend the garden at Bracklinn in summer.

Jimmie McLeod and family are as prominent as usual in sport. Jimmie organised the first outdoor bonspiel on

the skating pond since 1970, with 136 curlers taking part—and there were 3 McLeod's in the top rink! Jimmie is also a formidable opponent in the fishing competitions, as the staff team discovered this year. We challenged the Old Guard to a "friendly", and Jimmie almost beat the five of us single handed! Another McLeod—Donald—is captain of the football team.

Hamish Marshall is a keen and useful member of the swimming club committee.

Congratulations to Jock Paterson on his recent appointment as a J.P. (J.P.J.P.!).

Lewis Rattray provides, from his service station, a variety of transport for pupils coming to and from school and going on activities outings.

Chad. Ross has now retired from active participation in the family garage business, due to ill-health. Johnnie has joined the firm now as a junior partner with father Bob. Mrs Bob Ross (Margaret Davidson) was happily able to return to teaching in June after a long absence through ill-health.

Mrs J. Stuart (Marion Paterson) is one of the organisers of the new trolley shop in the hospital.

We met Billy Templeton swimming in Lochindorb on one of these brilliant summer days. It certainly has been a marvellous summer for the great outdoors.

Jim Winchester retired from his office of the Department of Employment through ill-health in March. Like George Cameron, Jim had followed in his father's footsteps. We wish him better health in the days ahead.

SWIMMING CLUB MEMBERS 1975

Jean Anderson (Fraser); John Barrie; Hazel Cant; Jane Cant; John Cruickshank; William Gill; Duncan Grant (Senr.); Duncan Grant (Jnr.); Ian Grant; Pat. Grant; Raymond Green; Lindsay Jack; William Laing; William Lawson; Pat. McConnachie; David McCulloch; Michael McCulloch; Peter McCulloch; Gordon McIntyre; Jacqueline McLean; Myrna Manifold; Alistair Masson; Margaret Masson (Secretary); David Matthew; Dianne Matthew; Iso-

bel Middleton; Margaret Middleton (Munro); Brian Oakes; John Oakes; Lynne Ross; Sandra Sellars; Michael Shand; Patricia Shearer; Brian Smith; Ian Smith; John Smith; Sandy Smith; Walter Strachan; Peter Taylor; Myrna Wilson; Robert Wilson (Senr.); Robert Wilson (Jnr.).

LATE NEWS EXTRA

Mrs O'Connor (Dorothy Cameron) has been home on holiday this summer. We hear that she has been putting her Clachan Players experience to good use working as an occasional film extra.

Mrs D. Harrison (Grace Gordon) says she looked nostalgically at the old school when in Grantown this summer. The family held a reunion at Delliefure.

The McTaggart boys' news is as follows: Alan was home from Australia for a short visit and found "the strath seemed smaller, but the people as big-hearted as ever". Michael is still occupied with scientific research and administration, and finds being a J.P. "interesting and demanding". Neil, also on a short visit, was pleased to see changes and improvements all round, and also "how much and how many people stay the same". William continues his lecturing and research in Arizona.

Mr and Mrs Andrew Macgregor (Patricia Lawrence) sent details of the award of a Public School scholarship to their 12 year old son Andrew, one of six awards to some 250 contestants. Well done!

George Coutts, Wishart Milne and Mrs McIntosh (Iris Forbes) had no news of note.

Since the above was written we have also received letters or slips from Albert Hastings, Simon Macaulay, Mrs W. Forsyth, Hugh Tulloch, Mrs Jessie Mackenzie, Ian Macpherson and Mrs Betty Davidson.

DEATH

We record with regret the death in October of Charles ("Chad") Ross, whose retirement through ill-health is reported above. A fuller obituary will appear in our next issue.

CONCLUSION

We wish all our readers health, happiness and prosperity in 1976.

I.S.

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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, Thankerton, Biggar, ML12 6ND.

Mrs Adam Anderson (Shona G. Macdougall), Monaliadh Bungalow, B. of G., Mains of Moy, Forres.

Mrs Geo. Angus (Ella A. Wood), Balmenach, 9 Wiseman Road, Elgin.

Miss Susan Archibald, M.C.S.P., S.R.P., 1A Spey Avenue, 26 Filton Avenue Horfield, Bristol.

Mrs Howard Aston, R.G.N., D.N., (Kathleen Mutch), 28 High Street; 50 Hayes Road, Bromley, Kent.

Mrs Bahzad, M.B., Ch.B. (Christobel Terris), Strathview; 89-45 135th Street, Jamaica, New York, 11418.

James Bain, O.B.E., B.Sc., Ph.D. Morlich; 7 Wittet Drive, Elgin. Rector (retired).

R. W. Bruce Bain, M.A. (Hons.), Morlich; 7 Wittet Drive, Elgin. Marketing Executive, 48 Horsley Avenue, Ryton, Tyne and Wear.

Mrs R. Balfour (Dorothea M. Smith), Gladstone House; 25 Luangwa Terrace, Montague Avenue, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Mrs Adrian Banks (Lorna M. Stephen), M.A., D.P.S. The Larches, The Paddock, Vigo Village, W. Meopham, Kent.

Mrs Robert W. Bass (Christine A. Tulloch), B.Sc., Dallas Brae, Grant Road; Teacher Donaldson's School for the Deaf, 3 West Catherine Place, Edinburgh 12.

Mrs G. Beaton (Sheena S. R. McIntosh), 8 Castle Road East, Ruailos, Ness Castle, Inverness.

Mrs J. Murray Beattie (Elizabeth A. Reid), R.G.N., S.C.M., Q.N., "Byntack", Philiphaugh, Nursery, Selkirk.

Mrs Douglas A. Berry (Elizabeth M. McWilliam), M.A. "Silverdale"; "Mortlach", Forres.

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

Mrs Robert Birrell (Jean Donald), 15 Castle Road East; 75 Wester Road North Mount Vernon, Glasgow.

Mrs Guthrie Booth (Netta R. Hunter), Rosemount, Whiteside, Tullynessle, Alford.

Mrs John Boyne (Doris J. Cameron), Willowbank, 237 Auldhouse Road, Newlands, Glasgow S.3.

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

Mrs William J. Bremner (Elizabeth M. R. MacKenzie) "Gowanlea"; "The Larig", Sheriffbrae, Forres.

Iain Brown, "Brierlea", Mossie Road; Civil Service.

Stanley J. W. Buchan, Grant Arms Hotel The Square; "Windyridge", 16 Willow Lane, Amersham, Bucks, HP7 9DW. Retired Nurseryman.

Iain C. Burgess, B.Sc., (Hons Geology), F.G.S., The Larches; Institute of Geological Sciences, Ring Road, Halton Leeds, LS15 8TQ.

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

Alexander Calder, 5 Kyntra Crescent; 63 Aird Avenue, Hilton, Inverness, Telephone Engineer.

D. James Cameron, 37 The Square; first assistant County officer, Cowdenbeath.

Eva M. Cameron, M.A., (Hons.) (Aberdeen), "Willowbank", 4 Victoria Road, Elgin, IV4 1RG Teacher (retired).

Rhona Cameron, M.A., Kinrara Woodside Ave.

D. Gillies Campbell, Schoolhouse, Strathly, Sutherland. Art teacher, Whitburn.

Dorothy Carse, Rhubaan, Carrbridge, Pony Stud Groom; Glen Aln, Alnwick, Northumberland.

Douglas Carse, Rhubaan, Carrbridge; Student, Paisley College of Technology.

George McAllan Catto, Ivy Bank Cottage, High Street; 4 Ladeside Road, Port Elphinstone, Inverurie, AB5 9UT. Storeman, Aberdeen County Council.

Mrs John R. Chapman (Irene Edwards), 17 The Haughs, Cromdale; 64 Church Drive, Ravenshead Nr, Mansfield, Notts., Civil Servant.

Mrs Richard J. Chapman (Elizabeth M. McDonald) Dip. H.M., 20 Kyntra Crescent; 4 Pomare Place, New Plymouth, New Zealand.

Mrs Harry Chart (Margaret Mackintosh), The Larches, Dulnain-Bridge; P.O. Likoni, Mombasa, Kenya, East Africa.

Allan D. Chisolm, M.A. (Hons.) "Shalamona", Grant Road; 8 Buckstone Row, Edinburgh, EH10 6TP., manager Bredero (Scotland).

Duncan Chisholm M.Sc., C. Eng. M. I. Mech.E., Schoolhouse, Carrbridge; Unit 27, 4351 Bloorstreet West, Toronto Canada. Turbine design engineer.

Duncan Douglas Chisolm, M.B., Ch.B., D.P.M., D. Psychotherapy, M.R.C., Psychotherapy, "Shalamona", Grant Road; "Figures", 3 Mile-end Place, Aberdeen, Child psychiatrist.

Graham Clark, 12 The Haughs Cromdale; c/o Mathieson, Auchnacollie, Duffus Road, Elgin, Trainee Auctioneer, Aberdeen & Northern Marts, Elgin.

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