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The Grammar School Magazine

Grantown - on - Spey

No 48

December, 1976

Editor — Aileen C. Campbell

Advertising Managers —

Sub-Editor — Kathleen Y. McCulloch

Jane E. Morris

Staff Adviser — J. Thomson, M.A.

Fiona A. McCafferty

EDITORIAL

It seems barely a year since the last issue of the magazine was published, but it has been a year bringing the usual ups and downs for everyone, all of which combine to form a school year. We have lost a few* of our eminent writers, who have chosen to branch out into better things, but summer has introduced a host of new ones, all eager to try to keep the magazine as amusing and interesting as possible. Since the absence of photographs (which once provided a source of amusement)

is again apparent this year, we hope their effort has been worthwhile.

This year, however, we have been able to extend the Primary Section, and the cult this year with the Primary seems to have been "The Bagpipes" and "My Pet". One new entrant in Primary One was curious to know "When do I get paid?", emphasising the changing times.

Once again our appreciation is extended to both advertisers and contributors, and also to Mr J. Thomson for his help throughout.

School Notes

There have been several changes of staff during the past year, affecting several departments. The Mathematics Department was particularly pleased to welcome Mr MacLennan, who filled the vacancy left by Mr Matheson a year previously. We were, however, sorry to lose Mrs Jones, whom we congratulate on the birth of a daughter.

The Art and Science Departments greeted Mr McCann and Mr Dyer respectively.

Mr Mathieson took over boys' physical education from Mr McLean (whom we are sorry to lose) and Mlle Jouy came to us to assist in the French Department.

The Primary Department welcomed Mrs Scobbie, who has been teaching classes four and five, and Mrs Muir, who has been working as remedial teacher.

On the sports field, the school has had an excellent year, with numerous successes in everything from football to golf, and from ski-ing to badminton. Thanks are owed to Miss Jardine and Mr Mathieson, also to Mr Hogarth for his coaching of gymnastics.

Miss Jardine must also be congratulated on her work with the Hill-walking Club. She has organised several enjoyable and instructive expeditions for both juniors and seniors which have been much appreciated by all concerned.

The more musical of the pupils brought credit to the school with their performances at the Kingussie Music Festival in March of this year. Both the primary seven and secondary two and three choirs were awarded first places, and in the solo events Andrew and Colin Falconer were placed third equal in the event for boys of eight years and under.

Pupils have raised quite large sums of money for various charities during the year, including £40 for the R.S.P.C.A. and £13.18 and £10 for Action Research for the Crippled Child.

Primary pupils, with the help of the First Grantown Scouts, sent ten large bundles of wool and cotton to the "Blue Peter Appeal".

The Harvey Dux Medallist for 1976 was Jane Morris.

THOSE WHO SIT IN HIGH PLACES

BOYS

Raymond McMurray (Head Boy): Trappings of a monarchy. (Johnson).

Stephen Walker (Deputy Head Boy): He is crazed with the spell of Arabia.

It has stolen his wits away. (De La Mare).

David Clark: He has no fault, except that he has no fault. (Pliny).

Gilbert Gallie: Describe me who can. (Goldsmith).

James Gordon: People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading. (Pearsall).

Grant McAulay: How does your garden grow? (Nursery Rhyme).

Sandy McCook: The very pink of perfection. (Goldsmith).

Kenneth McIntosh: Your vision is machines for making more machines. (G. Bottomley).

Charles Ross: Cows are my passion. (Dickens).

Barry Wood: Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine? (Nursery Rhyme).

GIRLS

Alison McLennan (Head Girl): The fountain of all goodness.

Wendy Shand (Deputy Head Girl): Not huffy or stuffy, nor tiny or tall.

But fluffy, just fluffy, with no brains at all. (A. P. Herbert).

Aileen Campbell: There's a good time coming. (H. C. Work).

Daphne Duncan: Mrs Do-as-you-would-be-done-by. (Charles Kingsley).

Fiona Grant: One vast, substantial smile.
(Dickens).

Dena Kelman: I desire not the lowest. I am
not capable of the highest. (Anon.).

Fiona McCafferty: All's lost. (Anon.).

Kathleen McCulloch: Sometimes she thought
sadly to herself "Why?", and sometimes
she thought "Wherefore?", and some-

times she thought "Inasmuch as what?",
and sometimes she didn't quite know
what she *was* thinking. (A. A. Milne).

Philippa Parsey: Personally I have a great
admiration for stupidity. (Oscar Wilde).

Sandra Paterson: Not too much zeal. (Talley
Rano-Perigord).

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CLASS VI

Eunice Allan — Higher Physics, Higher
Chemistry, Biology, A.P. & H.

E. Grant Bramwell — Higher Chemistry,
Higher Biology, Higher Engineering
Drawing.

Alexander Fraser — Higher Mathematics,
Higher Physics, Chemistry.

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

Archie M. S. Liggat — Chemistry (Sixth Year
Studies), Higher Mathematics, Higher
Art, Statistics, A.P. & H., Biology.

Robert McAllister — Higher English, Higher
Mathematics, Higher Physics, Chemistry.

Helen B. McBain — Higher Geography,
Higher Art, Chemistry.

Mairi J. Paterson — English (Sixth Year
Studies).

Ian M. Robertson — Higher Mathematics,
Higher Physics, Biology, Statistics.

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

I. Kerr Wilson — English (Sixth Year
Studies), French (Sixth Year Studies),
Higher Mathematics, Higher Chemistry.

CLASS V

Stuart J. Archibald — Mathematics, Physics.

Aileen C. Campbell — Higher English, Higher
French, Higher Biology.

Daphne E. Duncan — Higher English, Higher
Geography, Higher French, Higher
Chemistry, Biology.

George Findlay — Mathematics, Arithmetic,
Physics, Engineering Drawing.

Lynda Forbes — Higher History, English,
A.P. & H.

Fiona M. Grant — Higher English, Higher
Geography, Higher French, Higher
German, Higher Art, Mathematics.

Patricia M. Grant — English, Secretarial
Studies.

Sally N. Grant — Mathematics, Biology,
Secretarial Studies.

Walter Jones — Chemistry, Biology, A.P. &
H.

Rodena J. Kelman — Biology, A.P. & H.,
Secretarial Studies.

Norman R. Kinnaird — Higher Geography,
English, Arithmetic, Physics.

Fiona A. McCafferty — Higher English,
Higher History, Higher Physics, Higher
Chemistry, Biology.

John A. McCook — Higher Geography,
Higher Engineering Drawing, Math-
ematics.

Fiona McCulloch — Higher English, Higher
Art, Arithmetic.

Kathleen Y. McCulloch — Higher English,
Higher Chemistry, Higher Biology,
Physics, A.P. & H.

Michael G. McCulloch — Mathematics,
Arithmetic, Physics.

Alison G. MacLennan — Higher English,
Higher Mathematics, Higher Chemistry,
Higher Biology, Physics, A.P. & H.

Raymond G. McMurray — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Mathematics, Higher Physics, Higher Chemistry, Biology.

Pamela E. Main — History, Mathematics, Biology, A.P. & H.

Jane E. Morris — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher French, Higher German.

Charles Ross — Higher Biology, English, Arithmetic, A.P. & H., Applied Mechanics, Woodwork.

Wendy M. Shand — Higher English, Higher Geography, Higher Biology, A.P. & H.

P. Gordon Smith — Higher History, Mathematics, Physics.

Stephen B. Walker — Higher English, Higher History, Higher Chemistry.

Shona I. Williamson — Higher English, Higher French, Higher Chemistry, Higher Biology.

Barry G. Wood — Higher English, Higher History, Chemistry, Biology.

CLASS IV

Sally M. Anderson — English, History, Mathematics, French, Biology, Art.

David J. Bairstow — English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Chemistry, Biology.

Malcolm Beharrell — Geography, Metalwork.

Jacqueline M. Bruce — Secretarial Studies.

Jennifer E. Bruce — Accounting, Secretarial Studies, Food and Nutrition.

Elizabeth A. Calder — Secretarial Studies.

David J. Clark — English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Metalwork.

Mairghread S. Davies — English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Physics, Chemistry.

George R. Flett — English, History.

Lorna J. Forbes — English, History, Arithmetic, French, Secretarial Studies.

Gilbert Gallie — English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Woodwork.

Dougie Gordon — Metalwork.

James W. Gordon — English, History, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Physics, Chemistry.

Douglas K. Hamilton — English, Food and Nutrition, Metalwork.

Lesley P. Hendry — English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Chemistry, Biology, A.P. & H.

Alan Kennedy — Geography, Arithmetic.

William G. Macaulay — Arithmetic, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Engineering Drawing, Woodwork.

Ewan M. H. McCulloch — English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Metalwork.

Michael J. MacGillivray — Engineering Drawing, Metalwork.

Kenneth I. McIntosh — English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Physics, Chemistry.

Norman W. McIver — History, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics.

Colin Mackenzie — Engineering Drawing, Metalwork.

George Mackenzie — Metalwork.

Alastair I. MacLennan — English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Woodwork.

Margaret Maclean — Secretarial Studies.

Torquil J. Macleod — Woodwork.

Peter K. McMillan — History, Arithmetic.

Colin A. Matthew — English.

Anne J. Munro — English, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Physics, Chemistry.

Audrey G. Mutch — Secretarial Studies, Food and Nutrition.

Sandra W. Paterson — English, History, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Chemistry, Biology.

Patrick J. Pirie — History.

Helen M. Rattray — Biology.

James M. Ross — English, History,
Arithmetic, Biology, Accounting.

Stella Stewart — English, Secretarial Studies.

Kevin R. Strathdee — English, Geography,
Arithmetic, Woodwork.

Trudie K. Sutton — English, History,
Arithmetic, French, Biology, A.P. & H.,
Secretarial Studies.

Roderick J. C. Thomson — Arithmetic.

Ailsa M. Wilson — English, History,
Mathematics, Arithmetic, French,
Chemistry, Biology.

Fiona I. Wilson — English, Geography,
Mathematics, Arithmetic, French,
Physics, Chemistry.

ROCK POOLS

The tiny rock pools are teeming with life,
A small crab or two,
And some depleted seaweed,
Then the sea rolls in and everything is gone.

Lewis Traill, Class 1.

BIRD GLIDING

Swiftly and gracefully the bird glides by,
His wings spread out on either side, motionless,
His beak pointed downwards as if to attack.
He lands on the ground unhurt.

Nicola Bans, Class 1.

THE DEATH OF A SEARCHER

All day he had searched. He had begun to look for his missing father before the dew had dried on the grass outside his home. It was now three days since his father had left to visit his brother, so, ignoring the warnings of his mother, he had gone to find him. His mother had talked of "monsters" ready to pounce and kill anything, but she was paranoid. Ever since all his brothers and sisters had died of the plague she would never allow him out of her sight, but today he had gone. His belief in monsters was non-existent. He knew full well that there were predators that would kill him, but he was more clever

than they. Were not his wits faster than those of his father?

The search for his father brought him to a strange black clearing. The ground was as dark as the night which now closed around him. It stretched away into the evening dusk farther than he could see. He stepped down from the bank of grass into the clearing. It hurt his feet. It was unnatural stone with an unnatural smell. He began to walk slowly down, the stone biting into his naked feet.

Suddenly behind him he heard a noise, a fierce growl that broke the silence of the night. A Grabeneth, the monster his mother spoke of, was the only creature that could utter a cry of such magnitude. He turned on his heels and ran. He heard it grow nearer, and so he ran faster. The stone cut into his feet and they began to bleed, but still the monster gained on him. He turned to check its position and stopped dead, hypnotised by its great eyes which shone out of the night brighter than the full moon. He saw its teeth glisten silver in the moon's light, but still he couldn't move. It bore down on him and killed him, breaking his ribs and snapping his back as if it were match-sticks. He lay there dead.

Inside the car Mr Smith sighed. That was the second rabbit that he had killed in three days.

Stephen Walker, Class 5.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

Today growing numbers of people regard birds as creatures of beauty and inspiration, to be cherished and protected in a world that is becoming increasingly hostile to them. This probably explains why almost everybody has a favourite among our birds of Britain.

For some these will undoubtedly be garden birds: blackbirds and thrushes which fill the summer air with their full-throated song, or agile members of the tit family — a familiar and charming sight throughout the year — or bright-eyed robins closely watching the gardener's spade.

Some find their favourites among the birds of our estuaries and shorelines: waders resting on passage from their breeding grounds in the north before moving on to spend the winter in tropical Africa. Others feel particularly drawn to birds of prey: kestrels hovering above a motorway; tawny owls calling in the winter dusk.

Here in Britain we have always been fortunate in the rich variety of seabirds to be seen around our coasts: clouds of kittiwakes dazzlingly white as they wheel above a shoal, gannets plummeting into the foam, fulmars planing effortlessly over the waves.

But, apart from the beauty of the birds themselves, one's admiration for them is also influenced by their calls and songs. A dawn chorus on a marshland, for example, is particularly striking.

The persistent groaning and grunting of the water rail and the drumming of a few snipe commence just before the old moon sets. They are soon joined by various other birds of the marsh, and the chorus gradually increases in volume. The loud quacking of a group of mallards, the short, musical tone of the teal, the high, whistling note of the male wigeon, the low croaking and guttural cries of goosanders and red-breasted mergansers, the twittering of sand martins, the bubbling song of the curlew and the repeated, penetrating, grating call of the partridge on nearby farmland add to the noisy dawn chorus of the marshland.

For most of us, wild birds represent our sole contact with wild life. This no doubt explains the special hold they have on our affections. By giving colour, movement and sound, birds help to keep our environment alive.

Alison MacLennan, Class 5.

LOCHINVAR

(with apologies to Sir Walter Scott)

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west
In his long tartan socks and his thick woolly vest;
And save his good hairpin, he toothpick had none,
He walked all unshod, and he walked all alone.
So cold were his feet and so cold was his chest.
There stood Lochinvar in his thick woolly vest.

Christine Strachan, Class 1.

THE RAINBOW

I remember the first time I saw a rainbow. Although this was many years ago, I still remember the event vividly. I was about three years old at the time, and at that age everything is so beautiful. It had been a glorious day, and the sun had been shining brightly since dawn. I had been spending the day playing in my sand-pit in the corner of the garden with my friend Natalie. We were very dirty by afternoon, but of course that did not bother us. What did bother us was the fact that at three o'clock it became very cold all of a sudden. At three o'clock every afternoon we were called into the house for milk and biscuits. On this particular day we could not go out again because the rain began to fall. First one drop, and then the whole sky began to come down. We sat at the window watching the large raindrops come trickling down the glass.

After some raindrop races had taken place, and after a few arguments had blown over, the rain ceased to fall. With whoops of joy Natalie and I went out again into the sun. Suddenly I saw a huge arch in the sky.

"What's that thing over there?" I asked my friend.

"Don't know. I 'spect the fairies made it," she answered.

We continued to wonder exactly what it was, but agreed that it was very beautiful. We looked at the arch and saw the lovely colours merging together. I can remember wishing that I could sit up there and play in the soft, colourful "cotton wool". Suddenly I came up with an idea. I told Natalie that I thought the fairies had painted the clouds. She agreed, and we both began running around with our arms outstretched as wings. When we looked back again, we noticed that the colours were not so vivid, and Natalie's explanation was that the fairies were eating it. We both stopped and watched the colours melting away.

It was a wonderful sight watching the azure sky appearing all around the arch. Now all that remained was a small bar of colours. We decided that this was Heaven and that it never

disappeared: it just got covered by clouds.

"When I die I'm going to have a pink room," I said.

"So am I," replied Natalie.

After that the rainbow gradually disappeared from the sky, but it did not disappear from my memory. Many imaginary games were based on that event, but as we grew older our theories changed. I suppose it is like scientific theories — as one gets more experience one changes one's opinion and begins a scientific argument until another theory is reached.

Although I was eventually taught about rainbows, I shall never forget that first time when I noticed that beautiful arch in the sky. Wherever my friend Natalie is now, I hope she, too, remembers that delightful occasion.

Sheila McCulloch, Class 3.

MAGIC MEMORIES OF STRATHSPEY

And still the scene haunts me like a passion.
Even now my thoughts recall
The proud, snow-clad Cairngorms, clear
 against a blue sky,
Reflected in the still, deep waters of the loch.
Even yet the colours of an autumn day burn
 bright.
The reds, scarlets, oranges and gold
Still to my mind their beauty unfold.
Even today I see the trees clad in fire:
The birch, the rowan, and the dark, majestic
 pine.
Still I remember the sweet smell of a forest
 after rain,

Or the mystery and magic of a misty
 September's morn,
The mighty rush of the powerful Spey
Tumbling, gushing over rock and stone.
Now, once more I stand alone
And remember the beauty of the mountains
Clad in a rich, deep carpet of plush, purple
 heather,
The fresh, crisp smell of a frosty morn,
The fairytale beauty of a snow-scene at dawn.
Yes, though many years have passed,
Yet do I remember and love deeply my home
 — Strathspey.

Fiona Grant, Class 5.

SEASIDE WONDER

Tripping over ribs of sand,
Happy to be in such a land.
Cut your foot on broken glass.
Send a post-card to your class:
"See you soon. Be back in May.
Shining sun. A lovely day."
See a crab dry in the sun,
Eyes all shrivelled, his life done.
Feel a tear blur your eye.

Say a prayer; it had to die.
Slip on seaweed, banana skins.
Just a graze, no broken limbs.
To the sea you take a step.
Oil before you reach your depth.
Never mind. Go back to mummy.
She's sun-bathing where it's sunny.

Carol Archibald, Class 2.

A SCRATCH PLAY GOLFER?

It had looked a good day when I set out for my game of golf. I had cleaned my clubs and bought a new golf ball.

I walked up to the tee and placed my ball with the tee into it. Disaster struck — at once my trousers ripped, but luckily I had my waterproof trousers above them.

My first shot was long, smooth and altogether a great drive, apart from one minor mishap: it swung right into the trees on the left of the thirteenth. You may talk of being unlucky, but I still found it and played a beautiful shot out. It must have gone at least ten yards, but the main thing was that it was out.

"Plonk"! I had holed it. Three shots? No, I had played eight shots, some of which had needed minor adjustments such as length, height and distance.

The second hole looked good. The grass had been newly cut, and my drive went without further delay straight up the fairway, into the ditch. My chip-out went very high and I applauded myself for such a good shot, but unluckily it came down on the top of the ditch and rolled back in again.

After chipping out again, I played a ball which was just off the green in four shots. I tried a putt as the fairway was very short beside the green, but, to my dismay, the ball went firmly into the bunker and it took me three shots to get it out. On my third attempt the ball went hurtling non-stop into the hole. A great finish, in on eight shots again.

My next two holes are the two that rank high in my collection. I finished them both on par.

The fifth hole held no happy memories apart from the fact that I finished it in over eight shots.

So here I was on the tenth tee, having finished the last nine in grand style. My card showed a mere sixty-seven shots to my position.

My drive on the tenth was inch perfection right into the heather in front of me. I had not "made" the fairway. After just twelve shots I got out of the heather, and holed out in twenty shots.

The next two holes went through without a mishap, and they gave me a combined total of thirteen, which was among my best.

The thirteenth tee held no problems as far as my shooting went, but the green — that was a different story. Here I was looking for par with a simple putt, but unfortunately I hit it slightly too hard and it went softly into the rough grass on the other side of the green. I finished the hole in seven shots.

Little had gone right for me in that game. I had taken several divots from the fairway and had strewn each green with a ton of sand from my bunker play, but nevertheless I had finished the game with a mere one hundred and thirty-eight shots.

Trevor Stewart, Class 3.

YESTERDAY

I thought I had forgotten,
That it was buried deep
Within me,
And then tonight,
By firelight,
I heard the name,
And dying embers turned into flame.
How sweet the dreams and dear,
So very dear!
I am alone, and yet
Someone is near,
And so, with no pain,
It is yesterday again.

Jane Morris, Class 5.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

One morning as I looked out
 Over the sea so green,
 I saw a lighthouse standing out
 As tall as a stately queen.
 It stood tall over the sea
 Like a keeper over his traps,
 Seagulls swarming like bees
 Over the hive so white.
 The waves splashed over the icy wall,
 Leaving the foam as it fell,
 Like a great big bubble-bath, bigger still,
 But a salty sand as well.
 But underneath the icy water
 Where Neptune's cave unfolds,
 The lighthouse was a monstrous enemy
 And not a humble abode.

Elizabeth Wallace, Class 2.

SIGHTS FROM THE WINDOW

Sunshine through the window,
 Casting light upon the wall,
 Shadows dancing merrily,
 Some thin, some fat, some small.

Winds softly blowing,
 Rustling leaves upon the trees,
 Whistling round the corners,
 The gay and sprightly breeze.

Snowflakes falling softly,
 Carpeting the ground,
 Children building snowmen,
 Their laugh a happy sound.

Raindrops hit the window.
 The sound they make is clear.
 Pitter-patter, pitter-patter
 Is the noise we hear.

Mist is quickly thickening.
 Darkness fills the air,
 Reaching every corner,
 Engulfing trees so bare.

Night is now approaching.
 The mist swirls cold and grey.
 The window show is over now
 Until another day.

Moira Sim, Class 3.

WILL I EVER SEE SKYE?

The saying goes, "See Naples and die", but the version current in our family is "See Skye and die". Last summer I almost reached Skye, the island off the West Coast of Scotland which attracts many people like myself because of its beautiful scenery.

We arrived at Kyle of Lochalsh on a beautiful, sunny and warm day. After settling in at the caravan site, we went to the ferry terminal, where we worked out how much it would cost to take the three of us to Skye for the day. As the sum was not exceedingly high, we decided that we would go the next day. I was looking forward to this trip, but little did I know then that I was to be disappointed.

When we woke the following morning, we looked out of the window, but could not see Skye — which is only a few hundred yards across the water — because of a thick mist. Obviously we could not go as all that beautiful scenery I had been looking forward to seeing would have been obscured from view by the mist. After hearing the weather forecast, we realised there was no chance of the sun breaking through the annoying cloud covering. We then decided to move further east in the search for better weather.

Therefore I have to wait until my next summer holidays before I see Skye.

Rachel Smith, Class 3.

ASPIRATIONS TO INSPIRATION

Inspiration, dedication,
 First attempt, and then frustration,
 Followed by some meditation,
 Then to Keats for consultation.
 Nothing happens but temptation
 To copy out his lamentations.
 O lift me from this degradation!
 Inspire me!

Shona Williamson, Class 5.

INDIGESTION

Have you eaten anything "bad" of late
Like sour milk or "gone-off" date?
Is anything worse than onion and tripe
Or mushy tomatoes—over-ripe?

Has your stomach ever groaned with pain
With onion torture worse than migraine?
Have you ever felt the curry skrew,
Or felt the twinge of rhubarb stew?

I challenge any one of you
To get the best of a canteen brew,
Concocted with the very best
Of spiders' legs and grilled bird's nest.

Linda Archibald, Class 2.

SALAR THE SALMON

As the sun rose above the high bank and shone on the river, Salar moved from his position behind a rock on the bottom of the pool. He was a large salmon, weighing nearly forty pounds, and had spawned many times since he had emerged from an egg in a gravel bed far up the river.

A kingfisher flew away from his perch on a branch of an oak when he was startled by a fisherman walking along the river bank carrying a rod under his arm and a canvas bag over his shoulder. Stopping at the pool in which Salar was resting, he cast out a silver lure, and started to retrieve the line slowly by turning the handle of his reel.

As the lure drifted round in the current, it flashed past Salar's nose. He had seen these "flashing demons" before, and once, when he was a grilse, he had attacked one. Feeling the hooks bite into his jaw, he had dived to the bottom of the river and had taken refuge behind a big boulder. He then rubbed the line on the rock until it snapped. He swam for

many days, trailing several yards of nylon behind him. Then suddenly, after much scratching of his jaw against rocks to try to rid himself of the lure, the hooks finally came loose and it fell away.

Now he knew better, and, although his brain was small, something told him that this creature which looked so inviting was not such an easy prey as it seemed.

Behind him, Salar saw a grilse dart forward and seize the lure. The fisherman tightened the line and jerked the rod back to ram the hooks far into his jaw. In a movement caused by pain and terror, the grilse leaped high into the air, shaking his head to try to throw the hooks. It fled downstream in terror but was hindered by the heavy line. It swam this way and that in terror. Soon it was exhausted and flipped over on to its side. The fisherman lifted it from the water and struck it over the head. It lay on the grass, a lifeless relic of the beautiful fish it had been.

Salar, who had been disturbed by all this commotion, had swum into the next pool and was looking for a place to rest. He swam over to a bit of deep water near the far bank in the shadow of an overhanging tree.

A kelt was also resting there and did not approve of Salar's intrusion. It launched itself at him, sinking its teeth deep into Salar's back. Salar squirmed under the pain, then swam under the kelt, biting it in the neck. He darted round the pool, shaking the kelt as a terrier would shake a rat. He released his grip and the kelt swam away to lick its wounds. As Salar lay under the bank, a dead kelt floated past him. It had died after the efforts of spawning. Little did Salar know that this was to be his last journey, and that soon he, too, would be a lifeless carcass.

Colin Grant, Class I.

WHEN THE END IS NEAR

The smell was nauseating. For a moment everything else evaded my mind and all I remember was the smell of the antiseptic air around me. Soon I became accustomed to the smell, and my thoughts were once more directed to the purpose of my visit.

Outside, the grass now seemed greener than it had ever been before. The sun was shining and the birds sang in the bright blue, cloudless sky. I looked around me. Through these shining windows was an entirely different world—a world to which I belonged.

The door swung shut behind me as it had done countless times before to so many people like me. A sea of white faces met mine and a passing mirror made me conscious of my rosy cheeks. In the far corner—the only place where the sunlight failed to reach—lay my grandfather. I walked towards this dark shadow, being careful not to slip on the polished, grey linoleum tiles. The brass button on my coat knocked against the metal end of the bed, breaking the silence. In fact it wasn't silent, but the slow, rhythmic breathing seemed to create this serene impression. I reached the bed and slipped behind the white screen separating my grandfather from the rest of the world. I sat down on the red plastic chair, which wobbled as a result of its having lost the end of its leg. The white pillow dazzled my eyes, or was it a tear which blurred my vision? Here my grandfather lay dying, unaware of my presence. The flowers beside his bed were dying too. Who would be first? Once they had stood tall and erect, just as he had. I looked at him now. His withered face seemed to merge into the pillow, and only his dark, staring eyes reminded me that there was a face. Everything seemed so white. His withered arms lay helplessly on the blankets, and in my own hands I held his bony fingers.

Outside the screen people lay helpless—waiting for their turn. A young coloured doctor came in with a pretty, bustling nurse.

Two starched figures. I could hear the squeak of the sensible, rubber-soled shoes on the hard floor, and listened to the irrelevant chatter of the nurse, who was making an unsuccessful attempt at cheering up her patients.

One old woman in a pink dressing-gown and green slippers shuffled past me. Her movements were so slow I had time to notice the coffee stain on her left sleeve and the hole in her slipper. I noticed also the tell-tale yellow stains on her fingers.

I stared at the still, mummified figures. Their various coloured bed attire was the only splash of colour present in the room except for the bunch of red roses which stood in the plastic vase on top of the bed-side table at one lucky person's bed.

Two more stiff-faced visitors appeared through the door and made their way shyly to the bed of an old man who I supposed was their father. I noticed how his face lit up when he saw them, and I wished I had seen the same look on my grandfather's face. I could hear them speaking in an almost inaudible whisper as if it were an offence to break the stony silence.

I said good-bye to my grandfather and placed my lips against his still forehead. I ran across the polished floor, through the same door, along the dark corridor and out into the world to which these people once belonged.

Aileen Campbell, Class 5.

PORTRAIT IN A MIRROR

Whose is that face which peers through the silver glass? I do not know her. If I were to ask the world who she is, the replies would be various: "my daughter", "my sister", "a stranger", "an enemy", and perhaps one or two might say "a friend", though none "my best friend" or "a good friend".

As I look at her, I become intensely aware of her insignificance. One might even say she is significantly insignificant, a prime example

its sky-scrapers. When we went round one of the elevators, we were told that over the last five years over five hundred million bushels of grain had been passed through the elevators.

On one of the harbour cruises we saw the Port Arthur Shipyards, various wood products and the iron ore docks. Ships come in from all over the world to collect the grain and the ore. There are two paper mills in Thunder Bay, and the one we visited was the Abikibi Mill, which makes the high class paper for various magazines, including the Reader's Digest.

In past centuries the route of the fur traders came through this area. Once a year traders from the north and west of Canada journeyed to old Fort William to barter and deal with the buyers from the east. Hundreds of canoes lined the banks during the canal rendezvous with merry-making marking the occasion within the palisades. The old Fort William has been re-constructed and is the largest wooden reconstruction of its kind in America. It presents life in those times. The people are dressed as artisans of the time. It has a prison hospital and naval stores apart from all the usual things of a town at that time. Men were making canoes and in the houses the women make bread, which we were given as we went round. The "new" Fort William was opened by the Queen on her visit to Canada two years ago.

THE HEADMASTER

The Heady sits in his office small,
Drinking a cup o' tea.
"O where will I find a good maths teacher
Who'll teach them instead of me?"

Then up spake a bright young teacher
Who sat on the Head's right side:
"I know a good maths teacher.
Your loons will be your pride."

Timothy Pott, Class 1.

There are five major ski areas near Thunder Bay which can be seen from the town, and in winter months they provide the townspeople and thousands of ski-ing visitors with the best mountain ski-ing in Central Canada. Mount McKay to the south of the city is the main ski-ing area, and in the summer is ideal for taking photographs from. At the foot of the hill is an Indian village. We did not see many Indians but they have the name of being lazy and do not look after the things the state provides for them.

All the places we visited on our holiday had large, covered shopping precincts called plazas. In these were shops of every kind. The supermarkets were huge and sold lots of fruit which we do not get here and which I loved along with different varieties of nuts and forty different kinds of ice-cream.

Everywhere we visited was so clean and there were not many buildings over a hundred years old. Canada has many different nationalities living in it, all in their own areas. The largest congregation of Finnish people outside Finland live in Thunder Bay as well as a lot of Ukrainians. We visited eating houses of different nationalities as well as the American hamburger joints.

During our holiday in Thunder Bay there was much to do and we had a memorable and enjoyable time.

Trudie Sutton, Class 4.

THE SPANNER

Where once the throb of machines was heard
And tools were a part of the trade,
Today there are benches deserted
And a building falls in decay.
On the concrete floor now covered in dust
It lies in a rusty state.
The screw no longer turns to the hand,
And the jaws are permanently set.
It is only a wretch—
But it speaks of an age gone by.

James Grant, Class 2.

GYMKHANA

"Will competitors for Class 3 enter the ring", shouted an exasperated Colonel Joyce down the megaphone as a bunch of riders milled aimlessly around the Secretary's tent. Numbers were handed out, papers flapped in the wind and ponies shied at the brightly painted jumps.

Mary Turner, a skinny girl with a brace and a plain face rode awkwardly into the ring, her feet nearly touching the ground. Her mount, a small, fat, rough-looking pony called Rowland, eyed the fences with disgust, and after stopping at each one, took off and somehow managed to land intact on the other side. Mary squinted as her round National Health spectacles fell on to the end of her stunted nose. She completed the round with delight, and a total of sixteen faults.

Sue Holmes, a farmer's round-faced daughter with golden curls and an excessively freckled face, trotted into the ring on her cob. As she altered her hat for comfort, there was a splitting groan as her coat gave way. Sue hurled the pony through a clear round.

A lunch break followed, and from the Bentleys and Jaguars came tables decked with chicken and champagne, while the locals sat on fences munching cheese and pickle sandwiches and brooding over the morning efforts.

Back in the senior ring, Prunella Morgan-Giles was completing a fast but clear round on her horse Tosca, an Arab mare which she claimed cost over seven hundred pounds. She put on a smug smile and stuck her nose in the air as she made her exit from the ring. Her mother, a slim blonde, burst into a shrill voice in between frantic puffing at a cigarette in a long holder. "Absolutely marvellous, darling. Anyone could see you were the best there".

Number fifty-four was called four times before Donovan Sinet, a thin boy but a strong rider, charged into the ring on his stallion Sir Fred. Sir Fred stood and reared, and then ran snorting towards the jump. He gave a wild look at the crowd and headed at a flat-out gallop towards the rope which fenced off the area from the crowd.

Mr Penny was sitting cross-legged in a deck chair, drinking in the sun behind his newspaper. The crowd gave a gasp as Sir Fred seemed to run blindly nearer to him. His forelegs rose in perfect timing and cleared Mr Penny by a few inches. Mr Penny, unruffled and phlegmatic, carried on reading his Times.

Phillipa Parsey, Class 5.

A GRASS SNAKE

It slithered sneakily through the grass,
And sticking out its tongue
It untwisted its body and moved slowly along,
Slowly but steadily along the ground.

Sally Gray, Class 1.

SHOES

Shoes can be high,
Shoes can be low.
If they're too high,
Over you go.

Shoes can have buckles,
Shoes can have bows,
Shoes can have straps
Without any toes.

Shoes can be black,
Shoes can be brown,
Some for the country,
Some for the town.

Rena Barth, Class 2.

UNLUCKY MISTAKE

It was a beautiful day. The sky was a deep blue and the sea was calm. I was lying in a deck-chair in the stern of the liner S.S. Miranda. My family and I were on a cruise of the Caribbean. I had been lying there for about fifteen minutes, thinking and looking out to sea. We had just left Kingston in Jamaica that morning. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up and saw a dark man. He grabbed me and pushed me over the rail at the side of the ship. I screamed as I felt myself fall and hit the water. By the time I had recovered from the shock, people were standing along the rail. A float was thrown to me. I caught it and clung to it. By now the liner was turning back. A boat had been lowered down the side and it was moving towards me. I was picked up and taken back to the ship. Mum rushed me down to my cabin to change.

Afterwards the captain came down and told us that he had contacted the police in San Domingo, which was our next stop, and they would be waiting for us when we arrived the next day. It was afternoon when we did arrive there.

The police were there waiting and they came to meet us in their motor-launch. They questioned me about what happened, and all the dark men on board were questioned too. At last the right man was found. He was called Manuel Contez, and it turned out that he was wanted for a bank robbery in Winnipeg, Canada. He had pushed me into the sea because he had thought I was a person who had identified him as a bank robber. The police took him off the ship and back to the city. The ship set sail on the cruise again.

Alison Paul, Class 1.

WAVES

Swirling and sucking,
Pulling and tugging,
The waves roll up the gravelly sand,
Pounding and bashing,
Grinding and smashing,
Lifting the stones like a terrible hand.

Roaring and shaking,
Jarring and quaking,
The ground is shaking under the strain.
Crashing and jolting,
Suddenly bolting,
Now they move slowly as if in pain.

Whistling and moaning,
Smashing and groaning,
Filling the air with a deafening sound,
Rolling and tumbling,
Sighing and rumbling,
Smoothing the sand and shaking the ground.

Donald Grant, Class 3.

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Primary Section

THE SQUIRREL

One day a squirrel came running up the green and came into the house. It started to jump from wall to wall and then ran through to the sitting-room and jumped on to the organ. It broke a vase, jumped on to the window, then ran out of the door and away.

Colin Calder, Primary 6.

THE ZOO

When I go to the zoo,
I look at the kangaroo.
It jumps up and down
Like a silly old clown.
Then I look at the seals
Slithering down on their heels,
Then into the water
They sink like a motor.

Judy Grant, Primary 6.

MY FAVOURITE T.V. PROGRAMME

My favourite T.V. programme is "The Bionic Woman". I like that programme because it is full of adventures. Janie Sommers is the bionic woman. Her real name is Lindsay Wagner. She nearly always wears jeans, a tee-shirt and base-ball boots. She has a bionic leg, bionic ears, bionic eyes and a bionic arm. In her programme she is a school-teacher. The bionic woman has a sister of thirteen. She lives in a house out in the country. She can solve any mystery of any kind. I wish I was bionic. The bionic woman was parachuting with Steve. She was near the ground when she fell into some trees. Then she had to be sent to a hospital where the doctors said she had to be bionic like Steve. When she came out of hospital she could not remember anything about Steve.

THE BAGPIPES

The music makes me think about the Scottish band, and the way they play is wonderfully fast. I like the fast music. I know the music comes from Scotland, and the instruments are bagpipes. I think I would like to play a pair. I am very fond of bands, and I would like to play in one. I like the sport the people are playing too. It is putting the shot. Lots of people go to it. It usually takes place in the Olympic Games and on sunny days. I would like to play putting the shot.

Andrew Pimm, Primary 3.

WHAT BAGPIPE MUSIC MEANS TO ME

When bagpipe music is happy, I feel like doing the jig. When it is sad, I feel unhappy. The man who leads them carries a pole called a mace. When the pipe band comes to the square, we sometimes go to see it. When we went up the last time, my little cousin Mark got covered in ice-cream. Then we went home to our house and played in the paddling-pool. Then at night we went up again. Then three dancers came on. I love the pipe band because they play lovely music.

Trudi Maclean, Primary 4.

SEPTEMBER

In September
All the birds sing in splendour,
Up in the trees
And flying in the breeze.
In the winter these birds are bold,
And fly away from the winter's cold,
Except the robin who stays at home
And sings his song all alone.
But in Spring
They come back to sing.
You'll see them on your window pane,
Singing their songs again and again.

Mary Fraser, Primary 6.

THE SUN

Bright, dazzling, flaming,
Fiery orange in colour,
Really hot, burning grass,
Forest fires.
Sweltering, unbearable heat,
Dreadful heat. Red hot,
Sizzling.

Grant Paterson, Primary 5.

BACK TO SCHOOL

I am glad to be back at school. I have learned a lot of things already. I have discovered how to do algebra. We get quite a lot of history. We have been told about the marriage of The Thistle and The Rose.

We have to buy scrap books for geography and history. Over the week-end we are going to be looking for pictures of London to stick on our wall. At first I did not want to go back to school, but now that I am back I am enjoying it.

Jennifer Davidson, Primary 6.

EXCITEMENT

Last Saturday night a gunman held up a man at Advie Mains and hijacked his car. Before that he had stolen nine shotguns and two rifles from Tomintoul. He had a hostage but luckily let him go. He went to Cromdale church where he hid in the vestry. The police told him to come out, but he stayed where he was. They gave him a last warning, then threw in a gas grenade. After three minutes he was waving his arms at one of the windows and surrendering. The police broke the window and helped him out.

Derek Robb.

A FLIGHT TO MAJORCA

I am going to Majorca in the October holiday. We are going by plane. My mum and dad said that they had booked a hotel on the north side of the island. There is a balcony to our room which might overlook the sea.

Ian Herd, Primary 5/6.

THE GRANTOWN SHOW

This year the Grantown Show was not as good as usual because it rained very badly and the ground was very muddy. Nearly all the ladies had umbrellas up. Everything was soaking wet. The horses found it hard to run. It was a while before the tug-of-war team got together. The pipe band tried to be happy marching round piping as lots of people had come and were trying to be cheerful.

Wendy MacBeath, Primary 6.

THE CROMDALE CHURCH SALE

Last night I presented a gift to Mr Gordon. He had opened our church sale. For doing this I received fifty pence. My picture will be in the newspaper.

With my fifty pence I bought an ice cream, lemonade and sweets. My sister and my brother and my mum and dad were all at the sale.

Andrew Mackay.

TREES

I planted an apple tree on my farm. My grandfather planted cone trees. They are twelve years old — mine is half a year. Tonight I am going to plant a rowan tree on my farm.

Jane McDonald, Primary 4.

THE HEDGEHOG

Two nights ago our dog was barking very loudly at something, so mum got the torch and went to see what it was. She shone the torch round the garden and saw nothing. Suddenly there was a rustle in the long grass, and when she shone the torch in that direction, there was a hedgehog. Mum took the dog away and left the hedgehog in peace so that it could get its food without being worried. Hedgehogs eat snails, worms, slugs and other garden pests. We hope the hedgehog will stay.

George Delmar.

MY PET

My pet is a kitten named Sandy. She has white paws, a white tummy and a white face. Her back and tail are light brown. She hates food from a can, but likes beef, ham and fish. At night she sleeps in the cellar. When we put her outside to play she climbs trees. Sometimes she sleeps in the afternoons inside the cupboard. Her tail is beginning to get striped. The dogs are used to her and she is used to them. She is fed three times a day. When I go to my bed, she comes too and goes under my blankets. Sadie will soon be getting dressed. She likes chasing string. Her favourite toy is a soft mouse.

Gillian Forbes, Primary 6.

MY HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

On my holidays my family and I went on a picnic to Craggan where my granny used to live. We went to a big field at the back of the garden to have our picnic. After our picnic we all went to the burn to try to catch fish, but did not succeed. After that my brother, sister and I started paddling, and then we went to an old mill where we saw a capercaillie and a snipe. After that we went to the pond to see the wild duck. My mum left us earlier and went to the pond, so we thought we should go to the pond and meet her. We did, and then we all went home.

Morag Ross.

MY HOLIDAY

When I went on holiday it was raining because it was Friday. It rains nearly every Friday. When we reached the ferry boat it was evening. The big boat took two hours. When I got off, it was dark and we had to stop in the car because the camping sites were all shut. The cows were making funny noises. The next morning it was still raining.

Peter McLeod, Primary 4.

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Former Pupils' Section

EDITORIAL

As another school year begins, and the work on the magazine approaches completion, we look back and try to assess the "year that's awa".

Two events spring to mind immediately — the Biennial Dinner in March, and the heart attack which prevented our Honorary President, Dr Bain from attending it. Mercifully he has made an excellent recovery, and is just as full of that restless energy we know so well. It was nice to have him back at the Prize-giving again.

We wish former principal science teacher, Tom Reid, who also suffered a heart attack in August, an equally good recovery.

The Dinner was distinguished by a fine speech (made without a note!) by Betty Mutch and an erudite reply by Bertie Mackintosh. We had known Betty only by correspondence until last Christmas, and we were delighted to meet her in person. The great reward of the editor's job is the number

of good and generous people with whom it brings one into contact. When down in the mouth, one thinks of the F.P.'s and it restores one's faith in human nature!

Following the Dinner, Bob Wilson wrote suggesting that we perhaps hold it too early (it was 19th March last year) when road and light conditions and incidence of "Flu" etc. deter members from attending. Would a later date be more suitable? The date was in fact advanced a week last year, as many local F.P.'s were to be at James Shand's wedding on 26th March.

On the wider stage, the continuing inflation is again reflected in the increased price of the magazine, and the related difficulty in obtaining employment, particularly for the young, is reflected in our columns by the anxieties of some of our F.P.'s who have undertaken teacher training. Let us hope and pray that we have "turned the corner" and national recovery is on the way.

OBITUARY

Brief mention was made in our last issue of the death on 30th September, 1975 of Charles "Chad" Ross. In his youth a well-known athlete, Chad, was a lover of the outdoor life, an enthusiastic hill-walker, a keen angler and small bore rifle shot. Until his retiral in 1974 he was active for 50 years in the family motor engineering business in partnership with his brother Bob. An unassuming man, Chad, nevertheless stood high in public esteem, as testified his appointment as a J.P., and the large and representative attendance of all age groups at his funeral service in the church of his native Dulnain Bridge.

To his wife, his sister and three brothers we offer our sincere sympathy.

On 9th February Mrs Ellen Grant (Nellie Rimmington), Garden Park, died in the Ian

Charles Hospital. A native of Grantown, Mrs Grant trained as a domestic science teacher and taught in England prior to her marriage to Mr James ("Hame") Grant. Highly respected in the town, she is sadly missed by the organisations she served so well, notably the Baptist Church, of which she was organist for many years, the Old People's Welfare Committee and the Red Cross. She remained a familiar figure in school also, as she frequently acted as invigilator in S.C.E. examinations. To the wide circle of friends who mourn her loss we extend our sincere sympathy.

We offer our sincere condolences to Vice-President Sheila Archibald, who lost her husband Jimmy at Christmas 1975. The totally unexpected death of Jimmy Archibald saddened the whole Strathspey community,

for he had an engaging and obliging personality, and was particularly well-known and loved for his stage appearances with the Clachan Players. As he was the possessor of a fine tenor voice, and a nice sense of comic timing, his performances were always greatly enjoyed. F.P.'s last heard him sing Mr Donaldson's "Bonnie Strathspey" at the Biennial Dinner in 1974. Our sympathy goes out also to his son Stuart, and his daughter Susan.

In July two former pupils suffered bereavements in tragic circumstances: on 3rd July former Head Boy Michael Wood lost his father as a result of a drowning accident at Broomhill Bridge. We express the Club's sincere sympathy to Michael, and younger brother Barry. On the following Saturday former pupil Mairi MacDonald lost both her younger brothers, Duncan and Ronald, in a car accident near their home in Crawford, Lanarkshire. In the accident Mairi herself was seriously injured. Prior to the family's move to Crawford some three years ago, Mairi's father, Mr Donald MacDonald was headmaster at Duthil School for 10 years. We send our sincerest sympathy to the family in their great loss, and our best wishes to Mairi for a good recovery from her injuries.

Our sympathy goes out to the Philip boys, Raymond, Bob and Ron whose mother died in September 1975. Even after her departure from the Strathspey Hotel, Mrs Philip maintained a keen interest in Grantown affairs, including those of this club, right to the end of her life.

We extend sympathy also to Alistair Masson on the death of his brother Eric in Kingston-on-Thames in August.

:to James Thomson on the early death of his wife in Kent, in May.

:to Mrs Harra (Christina Cameron) and Mrs O'Connor (Dorothy Cameron) on the loss of their mother in June.

Belatedly we record with regret the death of Arthur (Fraser) Innes which took place suddenly in the Royal Infirmary in Paisley in

May 1974. To his family and in particular to his sister, Mrs Christine Jones, who supplied us with details of his death, we extend the sympathy of the Clubs.

We are also somewhat late in recording two further deaths; that of Harold Laing, who died in Southport in April 1975. Harold left Grantown in his teens and worked chiefly in England as a hairdresser. He did return to Grantown in 1950 and remained for about a year. Latterly he worked in the Income Tax Office in Southport. We send our sympathy to his widow and daughter.

The other death we regret to report is that of Mrs Michael Naughton, M.A., (Marie Shaw) last year. Mrs Naughton spent a considerable period in the U.S.A., but had visited Grantown in the past two years, during which time she had been in indifferent health. We extend our sympathy to her mother and her husband and family.

BIRTHS

Congratulations are in order for the following "happy events":

a daughter to Peter and Ann Perk (née Stuart) in Canada in December.

a daughter to Ralph and Irene Chapman (née Edwards) in Mansfield on 17th January.

a son to Peter and Mona Rae (née Grant) in Inverness on 17th May.

a daughter to Stewart and Judy Hutcheson (née Collyer) in Oban on 7th June.

a daughter to Sandy and Ishbel Maclure in Bury St Edmunds on 22nd June.

a daughter to Andrew and Pat Reid in Edinburgh on 24th June.

a daughter to "Paddy" and Sheila Wood in Inverness on 12th August.

a daughter to John and Christian Cumming in Inverness on 12th August.

MARRIAGES

We send good wishes on the occasion of their marriage to: Allan Grant who married Diane Hay in Grantown on 16th October, 1975, John Ross who married Cheryl Garden

in Grantown on 6th December, 1975, James Shand who married Diane Matthew in Grantown on 26th March, Robbie McLeod who married Moira Maclean at Laggan on 5th June.

ENGAGEMENTS

Congratulations and best wishes to: Catriona Johnston and Stewart Harvey who became engaged in April. Stuart MacDonald and Carol Blackwood. (Carol is an air hostess with B.E.A., and a former member of the Olympic Ski Team).

NEW MEMBERS

Seven school leavers join the ranks of Life members this year. They are: George Findlay, who plans a career in engineering with the Hydro-Board or the Royal Navy; Sheila Grant, who enters first year at Edinburgh University; Robert McAllister, who goes to do Business Studies at Edinburgh; Peter McMillan, who enters the R.A.F.; David Wilson, who is to follow a Law course at Edinburgh; John Smith, who intends to do a Science Course at Harrow or Oxford Polytechnic, and Kerr Wilson, who is to do Business Studies and Law at Edinburgh.

New life members also are Mrs Butler, (Dorothea Syme) who joined at the Biennial Dinner; Mrs Laing (Katherine Templeton) who is a part-time staff nurse in an Edinburgh hospital; Alexander Gordon, M.B., Ch.B., M.D. a neuropathologist and lecturer in Edinburgh University, who was recruited by Jean Paterson; Douglas McInnes, whom the editor collared when he brought a badminton team to Grantown from Millburn School, Inverness, where he is a Principal Guidance Teacher, W. D. McTaggart and Hugh Tulloch, both

ordinary members for many years, who sent us their subscriptions from the other side of the Atlantic; both Oliphant girls: Beatrice, now a midwife at Raigmore Hospital, and Marilyn, who is married to David Macdonald.

ECHOES FROM YESTERYEAR

We were not overwhelmed by the response to this column last year, so we have reduced it this time to note form to save space. Here are some snippets from the 1936 issue then, forty years on: Duncan Davidson and Sandy Phimister were editor and manager — Mr Morrison produced "Quality Street" with Tom Hunter, Mabel McWilliam, Margaret Davidson (Ross), Winnie Shaw (Anfield) Victor Ross and Margaret Templeton. A picture of R.L.S.S. winners showed Provost Glass with Lachlan Stuart, Vera Campbell, Donald and the late Colin Mackintosh and Sheila Macpherson (Archibald) — Ian Macpherson reported on the third year of the Old Guard's existence — Frank Macaulay enthused about camping in the Cairngorms — there was a report of a Sunday cycle trip to Tomintoul. Isa Moyes (Squires) recorded Events of the Year — it was the year of the accession of Edward VIII — Betty Mutch entered nursing. John Stuart Grant contributed an interesting article about the 1860's mentioning the "floaters" (whose navigational activities on the Spey have been used in the arguments about canoeing recently), the dry-stane dykers and the thatchers—all vanished species. The secretary notes with a wry smile this final quote: "As usual the A.G.M. was attended by the loyal few who carry on the business of the club year in, year out." Plus ça change! Yet thank the Lord for the "loyal few!"

Fiona Grant enters third year nursing in Edinburgh this September.

We hear that June Grant hopes to be home from Australia in October.

Mr V. Greenwood and Jim Winchester called at The Gables to deliver Mary's slip during the holidays.

Donald Gunn had no change to report from Dingwall.

Sheila Harris enjoyed her first year teaching biology and chemistry in Haddington, and brother Harry enters his honours year in Botany at St Andrews. The family are now happily established in Dunbar.

Mrs Harris (Kathleen Dunn) starts her sixth year of teaching in Brechin this year.

"No change" reported by Albert Hastings.

Susan Hendry did not go to Mexico after all, but to Spain, where she had a visit from her family this summer.

Mrs Hepburn (Rita Mackay) has moved south to a flat nearer to where her daughter Kay (Mrs Drummond) lives.

Mrs J. D. Hogg (Jean Cruickshank) is still in Edinburgh.

Thanks to Tom Hunter for an appreciative letter and a donation to funds. Like many another exile, he keeps up to date with his "Strathie."

John Irvine continues as usual in Bolton.

Alistair Jack, M.P.S. is now Pharmacy Manager of Boots in Perth. We have quite a network of F.P. connections in Boots nowadays — besides Alistair, there is Robin Fraser in Aberdeen and Iris McIntosh's (Forbes) husband in Elgin. Our nephew, an itinerant manager, keeps tabs on them for us. Alistair's namesake (and uncle) sent an immaculately typed slip from Twickenham.

Mrs G. Johnson (May McKenzie) reports meeting and reminiscing with Donald McDonald (also resident in Aberfoyle) as well as Nancy Forsyth at S.N.P. gatherings.

Bill Johnston is to have a year "out" from Heriot Watt University working with the Scottish Special Housing Association as part of his town-planning course.

Catriona Johnston is just completing five months in France including a term at Pau University as part of her French Honours course.

Grace Kirk sees Fiona Grant from time to time in Edinburgh and enjoys sharing her enthusiasms for the various stages of her nursing course.

Mrs Laing (Katharine Templeton) is working as a part-time staff nurse in an Edinburgh hospital.

Edith Lawson and her sister Gertie (Mrs Munro) sent good wishes from Folkestone. Since leaving for London in 1962 she has kept in touch by annual visits and by means of the "Strathie".

Fiona Ledingham is active in the Andrew Duncan Clinic in Edinburgh as a Group Psychotherapist in addition to her Occupational Therapy Work.

Mrs Lewin (Edith Kyd) reports a change of address.

Mrs Lugg (Jean Burgess) met Agnes McDougal at a Watch-night Service last Christmas. The latter now lives in Fort William. She also regularly sees Mrs Kyd (Jean Jack) in her home in Gretna, "a fine half-way house on trips to England".

After her successful year at Kansas University, Jane Macaulay is occupying herself with free-lance writing (and occasional farm labouring!) We noticed her eye-witness report of the Carr Bridge forest fire and the operations to support the fire-fighters in the Press and Journal. She hopes to find a more permanent job in journalism before too long.

Her cousin Margery enters 3rd year at Aberdeen College of Education, hoping that the position regarding teacher employment improves by next year.

Meanwhile Simon Macaulay counts himself lucky as one of the few Moray House graduates to obtain a post this year. He goes to Harris as itinerant French teacher in three secondary schools. One conjures up a picture of Simon striding purposefully between his

three schools with a rucksack on his back containing his lunch, a tape-recorder and a "Whitmarsh"!

Mrs McClelland (Beth Lawrence) had no news from Greenock.

Alistair Macdonald also completes his technical teacher training next year.

David Macdonald is to be congratulated on passing his competency certificate as first class engineer (motor). Marilyn does not now accompany David on his voyages; the reason for this is due to appear in November — best wishes!

Janette Macdonald is to be congratulated both in the achievement of a Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award, presented last December, and her graduation as B.A. at Edinburgh. She has now entered teacher training at Moray House.

Congratulations to Stuart Macdonald on his B.Sc., his engagement, and his job with Bovings Ltd. in The Strand. "It's out with the bowler and rolled umbrella!" he says.

Ian MacGillivray added a nostalgic "many years ago" to the Grantown address on his slip.

The Macgregors, Andrew and Pat (Lawrence) had nothing to report from Essex.

David McIntosh called to see us before starting on a spell at the beating. He now enters the second year of his Electronics course at Heriot-Watt University.

Mrs McIntosh (Iris Forbes) is to be doing some relief teaching in Llanbryde.

Alexander MacIntyre continues as head of Aviemore Primary School.

Dr Sandy Mackenzie had no fresh news from Banff, nor had Mrs Mackenzie (Jessie Campbell) from Aberlour.

We noticed Keith McKerron had been playing his fiddle at the Mod last year. He reports a visit from America by his sister Connie (sports champion 1938/39) whose son and daughter were both married this year.

Angus Mackintosh has been on business trips to Bonn and Saudi Arabia and was interviewed on T.V. His boys seemed to be

developing a keen interest in golf while in Grantown this summer.

Alex Mackintosh still lives in retirement in Croydon.

Hugh Mackintosh, besides lots of experiences which he has been sharing with the local young farmers, also brought back an unfortunate souvenir from his study tour of the U.S.A. — a broken ankle! This didn't stop him moving on to a new post as Farms' Manager based in Ellon.

Bertie Mackintosh hopes to set out for the Antipodes this November, carrying out the trip postponed because of a spell of ill-health last year. Bon voyage!

Isobel MacLean sent us some most attractive brochures of the Gosforth Park Hotel of which she is now Joint Deputy General Manageress.

Mrs McLeod (Elizabeth MacGregor) is still in Aviemore.

Ian Macpherson is "still impatiently passing the weary years, while waiting for that blessed day when I'll return home to Strathspey". Typically (and justifiably) we noticed he took up that fluent pen to defend Scotland's native heather, when a contractor proposed to import Danish heather to embellish the new A9. Ian now operates at the Ordnance Depot in Stirling.

James Macpherson had no news from Surrey.

Peter Macpherson is enthusiastic about the suitability of Blairgowrie for the keen gardener — he has almost an acre and "can grow almost anything". He still plays the pipes too.

Mrs MacSween (Margaret Ross) had no news this year.

Alan McTaggart has a new address, for he has moved from management of a cattle property to that of a motel. "The scene has changed, but the management problems have a certain similarity," he says, "however, complaints from customers have to be treated differently!"

Michael McTaggart says he remains fairly static in Basingstoke, but admits to having done "a quick flip to Japan and the U.S. in January and the occasional outing to a hill or a rock".

Commenting somewhat ruefully on "growth" in his legal firm, as evinced by the assumption of four new partners, brother Neil sighs: "Small was beautiful!"

John Milne's slip arrived a little late "and I can't even blame regionalisation!" he quipped. John was a "reserve" speaker for this year's dinner and we are retaining him "on a long line" for a future date!

Wishart Milne had no special news.

Mr and Mrs Bill Mitchell (Judy Stuart) enjoy a full life in Croydon.

Mrs Mitchell is now Infant Mistress in charge of the Lower School at St David's, West Wickham a job she took over "temporarily" two years ago.

Mrs Douglas Mitchell (Jan Templeton) recently spent 6 weeks visiting her only daughter Janice and family in Lesotho, South Africa.

We received a slip from Shaw Mortimer in Lockerbie.

Ed Munro is still in Elgin. His son Michael married Anne Strachan in Grantown this summer.

Jeannette Munro is off to Vancouver this August for a month with relatives in British Columbia. Thank you for the donation to funds!

Mrs Murray (Ann Stewart) has retired from teaching meantime to await a new arrival. Best wishes!

Mrs Murren (Fiona Macdonald) R.S.C.N. is living and working in London since her marriage.

Betty Mutch records a hilarious reminiscing session with Nessie Macdougall and also a further grandson for her sister Kathleen (Mrs Aston).

Thanks to Mrs Napier (Lindsey Stephen) for a thoughtful letter with some reflections on social change — and the place of the

school magazine! "It really is important to keep in touch", she says, "even if only on paper. I like the feeling of continuity." She finds Australia "cruel at times in its individualism, but exciting in its potential for the future."

Sheena Ogilvie has a new teaching post at Deshar school.

Mrs Orander (Mary Cruickshank) was home from Sweden for a visit this summer.

Mrs Parrot (Catherine Douglas) is kept busy by her boys "going through the usual routine of dog, fish tank etc. — can't wait for the white mice and snake stage!" she says. The editor's experience is relevant here — segregate the white mice sexes rigidly by double glazing or stainless steel — failure means a population explosion! Catherine has recently been hostess to the minister from Wellington, Glasgow and hopes to see Seonaid MacLure soon. Other F.P.'s in the area are Ann Perk, Duncan Chisholm and Grant Calder. She suggests a local reunion, as they keep missing the Christmas Dance!

Ian Paterson has started a new job with the recently established Engineering Works in Aviemore.

Ron Philip likes seeking out expatriate Grantonians when on holiday and suggests rearranging the member lists to facilitate this. Would this find support?

Mrs Rae (Mona Grant) gave birth to a son and heir to the Rae fortune this year — "All we need now is the fortune" she says.

Andrew Reid wrote a nice letter from Edinburgh, where he continues with the Scottish Education Department. See also births column.

Bill Reid has a new address in Edinburgh.

Ian Ritchie is still in Saffron Walden.

Jessie Ronaldson sent her slip while in the throes of a move nearer home — to Inverness in fact.

Alex Ross had no change to report from Kent.

Charles Ross, having passed his examinations, is still employed by the

Physiology Department, Edinburgh University, working in animal research.

Margaret Ross (late of Broomhill Station) was all set to come to her first Biennial Dinner but was prevented by a throat infection. Better luck next time! Margaret reminisces in her letter about her certificate year (1944-45) with Mr Hunter dashing in and out of the class to bring in reports from the radio about the D-Day landings. "We were a small band of certificate pupils in those days", she says. "Douglas Gibson was dux".

Mr and Mrs Victor Ross were in Canada in July visiting their daughter Carole and her husband and two children.

Mrs Scott (Alison Stuart) has a new appointment as Ward Sister in Leith Hospital.

Dr Bill Sellar had nothing of interest to record from Edinburgh.

Mrs Selman (Elise Kirk) is active as a nursery school teacher, also in Edinburgh.

Mrs Shiach (Margaret Smith), yet another of the Auld Reekie contingent, has a new address.

Barbara Smith enters second year Arts at Aberdeen, after a summer spent "au pair" in Brittany.

Mrs Smith (Elspeth Gow) had to return from the Middle East with her small daughter as the latter suffered badly from the heat. Elspeth is now living in Huntly.

Catherine Smith still has a host of interests and finds the days of her retirement too short.

Mrs Speer (Morna Mackenzie) is now a third year Arts student at the Open University.

Mrs Springall (Jessie Stuart) visited Grantown in July. She is due to retire this October.

Mrs Squires (Isa Moyes) records the arrival of her 75th birthday and says she keeps well and busy. She is Reporter for the Senior Citizens' Club, and sent details of her stepson's appointment as Nordair airline supervisor. The magazine, she says, "is like a transfusion to a sick man"!

Mrs Stevens (Meta King) sent regards from Kirkintilloch.

Lachlan Stuart sent a greeting from Portgordon.

Neil Stuart has a new appointment as Assistant Principal Teacher of Technical Education at West Calder High School.

Alistair Surtees has had trouble with the delivery of his magazine — I hope we have rectified this.

Though nominally an exile, being domiciled in Forres, Billy Templeton has been appointed to the Grantown Golf Club Committee.

Gordon Templeton has moved house in Aberdeen.

Elizabeth Terris has now added a post-graduate diploma in Secretarial Studies to her M.A. degree.

Hugh Tulloch informed us a little belatedly last year of a meeting of three "duces" (plural of dux for non-classicists!) when his sister Mary joined them to visit Shona and John Wright in Oakville. Unfortunately spiralling costs preclude adopting his suggestion of printing old class photographs — or even a street map!

Mrs Twist (Jill Hepburn) has a new address in Ayr. Yes, slips have been sent to mother and sister Kay! Thank you for the addresses!

Mrs Vickerman (Seonaid Grant) is still in Bearsden.

Mrs Walker (Sherie Sutton) has a new address in Penrith — "as near Scotland as we can get" she says, with her husband being an English solicitor! Sherie herself is working for a large hotel in Carlisle as a marketing executive. They have also been enjoying converting an old farmhouse.

Mrs Walling (Isobel Jack) was in Grantown in September. Her son Adrian is now in general practice in Sittingbourne, which facilitates family reunions. Isobel ordered an extra magazine for her cousin Mrs George Kyd (Jean Jack).

Dr Margaret Williamson gained the first part of her M.R.C. Psych. last September.

Bob Wilson's daughter Ailie (Mrs Bell) graduated M.B. Ch.B. in June.

David Winchester sent regards from Fort

John Wright has a new appointment with the Ontario Government as Director of the Boiler and Pressure Branch, and Chief Boiler Inspector. We hear John's mother has just gone into hospital (early September) and we wish her a speedy recovery.

We have only two items concerning our Services members and those are: an apology to Alan Anfield, who is a staff sergeant with the R.A.O.C., and who had inadvertently been removed from our lists. We have pleasure in reinstating him, and belatedly congratulating him on his B.E.M. award; and we noticed David Ross has now completed his thousand parachute jumps within six years. He is coach of the R.A.F. Falcons Free Fall Team and was due to jump at Fochabers this summer in connection with the bicentenary celebrations.

LOCAL

Grantown seems to have offended the Clerk of the Weather, for during another dazzling summer, the only really wet day was the Grantown Show day, and as we are writing today, the day of the fete to raise the £6,000, which is the town's contribution to convert the Victoria Institute into a Community Centre, it has dawned with a steady drizzle.

It is the favourable financial climate however, rather than the weather, that has encouraged an unprecedented number of foreign tourists to holiday in Scotland this year. May this increase the need for modern languages teachers and provide some of our young hopefuls with jobs!

Another consequence of the heat and drought has been the prevalence of forest fires, and Strathpey has had its share, including the big one at Badengorm, Carr Bridge, which laid waste 1500 acres.

The railways are creeping back in one way and another. Industrial developments further north are leading to the restoration of double

track in parts of the Highland line, and railway enthusiasts are opening a stretch from Aviemore to Boat of Garten with vintage rolling stock. They have plans to extend it as far as Broomhill eventually.

Woodside Avenue has become a duller place with the change to Subscriber Trunk Dialling at the new exchange. This has entailed of course, the disappearance of the "hello girls" and the husbands and boy friends who fetched and carried them. The new system seems to work well, but we miss the warmth of the old one. It was nice to be fetched from "down the garden" to answer a call, or to be rung up from across the road to be told that the dog had escaped!

On, however, to the doings of our local members: Mrs Anfield (Winnie Shaw) continues to help out (part-time) in the Homecraft Department.

Joe Beange presented new Colours to the Scouts. They were dedicated at a special service in Inverallan. His financial skill as Football Treasurer has seen that the Black Park pavilion is now fully paid up.

Jimmy Bruce still has his ups and downs in health, but has quickly created a smart and productive garden at his new house.

Frank Calder is President of the Scout Supporters and also a stalwart of the Pipe Band. (Exiles may be interested, by the way, in the pipe tunes record the band has produced). We noticed Vera Campbell had been talking to the Young Wives Group at Nethy about Infant Methods.

Mrs Clark (Alison Ronaldson) has a new appointment as assistant registrar.

Raymond Davidson is Vice-Captain of the Golf Club this year.

Mrs Hamish Dixon (Beatrice Reid) is a notable producer of shortbread for charitable causes.

Mr Donaldson, the elder statesman of the Kirk Session, is also frequently to be seen on the bowling green and at the Bridge Club. John Duncan is still the genial president of the F.P. swimmers.

These intrepid travellers Jessie and Margaret Fraser again holidayed in the Channel Islands this year. They have now visited every island in the group.

Duncan Grant, now assisted by Duncan junior in his butcher's business, was one of the window display competition winners last Christmas.

Martin Grant keeps busy as president of the curlers, but still finds time to look after the Christmas Dances and the finances of the fishing competition, providing substantial boosts to club funds. Son and partner Robert now sports a handsome beard.

School secretary Evelyn Grant has a hectic life coping with sick, enquiring and distressed youngsters (and teachers!) in her wee glass box (due to be extended soon) outside the Rector's door. After one particularly chaotic spell she remarked: "It's not Evelyn Grant I should be called—it's Evelyn Home!"

Jimmy Grant, whose horticultural skill has to be seen to be believed, has given long service to the Horticultural Society and still carries out the essential job of Show Manager.

Mrs John Grant (Betty Templeton) and Mrs John Duncan were two of those involved in the highly successful flower festival held in Inverallan Church last September.

Miss Grant and Miss Legge remain as lively as ever; the latter has made an excellent recovery from a broken leg sustained in May this year.

Doris Laing helped us keep up to date on Mrs Hepburn's (Rita Mackay's) move south to Cheshire.

We wish a good recovery to Jim MacKenzie, who has just undergone an operation in Aberdeen.

The "sporting McLeods" are as usual to the fore. The family firm is busy on the £92,000 conversion of the Victoria Institute into a Community Centre, besides many other housing developments. Alistair is president of the tennis club. Billy was interviewed on the B.B.C.—and spoke about curling of course.

Jimmy's absence from the Staff v Old Guard "friendly" at Lechindorb was no doubt a considerable factor in the win for the Staff this year!

The fishing cup was again won by Associate Member Eric Robb.

Jean Paterson was also on the B.B.C. "From Lerwick to Lauder" programme in July. She really deserves the title of assistant editor for her continuing contribution to the production of these columns. She is also one of the keenest supporters of the Grantown Society which ran another successful exhibition this summer. Other F.P.'s engaged in this worthy work are Frank Macaulay, George Dixon, Marion Stuart, Sandy Ledingham, Mrs Stephen (Nellie Byers). Jim Mackenzie, Johnnie Burgess.

Joan Paterson is to be married in October. "Jock" Paterson helps keep that useful organisation G.I.T.A. running.

We get a cheery wave from Betty Phimister sometimes as we pedal by on the way to and from school.

We hear that Johnnie Ross is an expectant father. Watch the Strathie in early spring!

Mrs Stuart (Marion Paterson) came out of retirement (as she frequently does when someone needs a hand with something) to open the P.T.A. sale in the Primary Department. Later she and "Ginger" visited Rita in Paris, landing there in the July heatwave.

John "Bookie" Stuart has given up the newsagent's business run by his family since 1879, and moved from the familiar corner site to the shop next door where he still supplies fishing tackle (and advice!). May and he are savouring the delights of freedom from the newsagents' ties which gives them more time for the family and grandchildren. The Grantown Society benefited from John's clear-out as he was able to give them some interesting items from the days when the local paper, posters, etc., were printed there.

SWIMMING CLUB MEMBERS 1976

G. Allan; Robert Allan; Mrs Maureen Anderson (Martin); Mrs Linda Beveridge; Sheila Bruce; Mrs Edith Cruickshank; John Cruickshank; Mrs Caroline Duff (Bruce); Duncan Grant; Mrs Edith Grant; Yvonne Grant; Harry Green; A. Gordon; Billy Laing; Margaret Lawson; William Lawson; Alistair Little; Brian McCulloch; David McCulloch; Michael McCulloch; Peter McCulloch; George McInnes; Sylvia McKenzie (DiMascio); Mrs Pat McLean (Martin); Ian McLeod; Alistair Macson; Margaret Masson (Secretary); David Matthew; Mrs Isobel Middleton; Leslie Middleton; Brian Oakes; John Oakes; Duncan Rose; Donald Ross; Mrs Linda Ross (Taylor); Gordon Slaughter; James Slaughter; Peter Taylor; Mrs Margaret Thomson (Oakes); Mrs Irene Warner Cruickshank; Robert Wilson (Jnr.).

LATE NEWS EXTRA

Since the above was written we have received the following items:

News of the approaching marriage of Bruce Bain to Mirjana Paviović, an economics graduate of Belgrade University on 27th November; an interesting article about Munich by Nicholas Spence; greetings from Charles Cooke and Stanley Buchan.

Joan Paterson was married to David Macarthur of Nairn on 14th October. Congratulations — and best wishes also for her new post at Millbank School, Nairn.

CONCLUSION

We thank you for your interesting letters and slips and for your donations to funds which help with the over-mounting postage bills. If you find any mistakes in the notes or lists, please let us know, so that they can be rectified. Finally we send you every good wish for the coming year.

Former Pupils and Old Guard Club

Honorary President — Dr J. BAIN, O.B.E., B.Sc., Ph.D.

Honorary Vice-Presidents — Miss J. I. MUNRO; Miss J. M. PATERSON; Mr R. WILSON, M.A.; Mr G. E. DONALDSON, M.A., B.A.

President — Mr LEWIS GRANT, M.A.

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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 Erwin Abromeit (Nancy Maclean), R.S.C.N., R.G.N., S.C.M. Kylintra Cottage; RR4 Evergreen Tr. Pk., Box 59, Prince George B.C. V2N 2J2 Canada.

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 Park-house, 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.

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; 49-22 Beacon Lane, Windpoint, Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

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

Deputy Director, FADIP I.F.C., Yugoslavia. R. W. Bruce Bain, M.A. (Hons.), Morlich; Deputy Director Fadip I.F.C., Yugoslavia.

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; 1 The Paddock, Vigo Village, W. Meopham, Kent, DA13 0TE.

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, Ruallos, Ness Castle, Inverness.

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

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

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