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NEWS

POEMS

CROSSWORD

GGS

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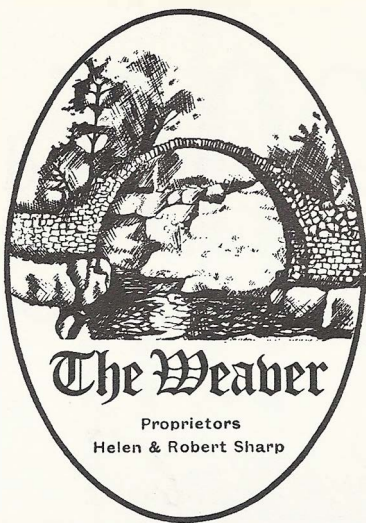
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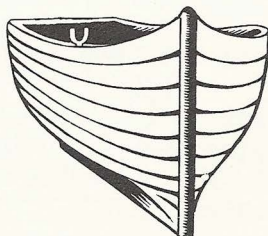
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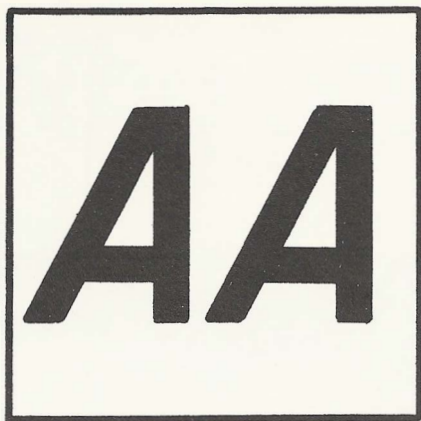
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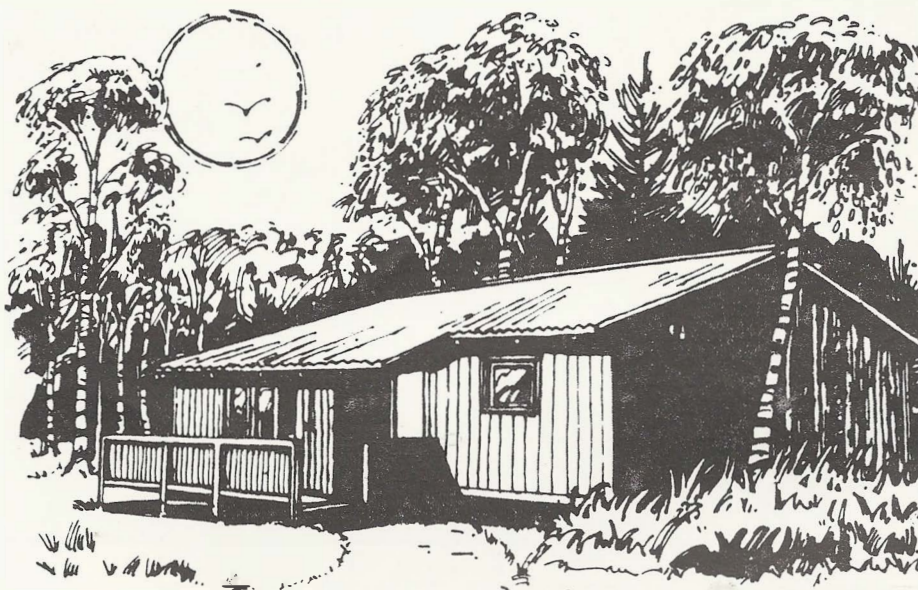
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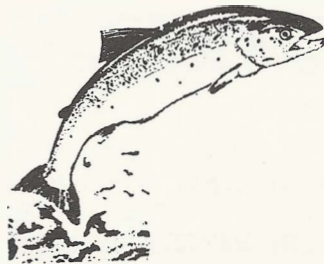
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THE GRANTOWN GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE

1979

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editorial

It hardly seems a full school year since the last edition of our school magazine, yet the last couple of months have been busy with preparations for this issue. The response to the changes in the Golden Jubilee edition was encouraging and several former pupils wrote in with compliments.

Since the last edition of the magazine there has been a lot of staff movement, so we would like to welcome the new staff and thank those who have left for their service to the school.

The response to the 'What's in a Name' competition for the magazine was disappointing, in fact no replies were forthcoming, so we are still open to offers.

We hope that readers will enjoy the articles and illustrations contributed by pupils throughout the school. All that remains is to thank those advertisers who continue to give us their support and to welcome new advertisers.

SCHOOL NOTES

Once again it had been an eventful year at Grantown Grammar School. Throughout the year regular discos have been run by the prefects and supervised by teachers, the music being that of studio 7, our local disco unit. These discos have been very successful and well attended.

The first of four trips to the theatre was made in October to Eden Court, Inverness to see 'A Man for all Seasons' by Robert Bolt. The other visits were to see 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat' by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd-Webber, 'The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie' by Muriel Spark and 'Witness for the Prosecution' by Agatha Christie. Mrs. McDowall and Mrs. Barley took a number of pupils to these performances.

Another performance, attended by fourteen 1st and 2nd year pupils, was that of the Scottish National Orchestra at Eden Court; this was organised by Miss Wray, the new music teacher.

Since the arrival of Miss Wray we have seen a regular junior choir set up, which meets at lunchtimes, and the hope of a senior mixed choir for the future. Various percussion instruments and a music centre have been purchased. In addition a lunchtime guitar lesson is given by Miss Wray.

In the music room which is now situated outwith the school building in a prefab. classroom, three members of our senior pupils bring their guitars, and sometimes the saxophone and drums, on Thursday afternoon for the 1st hour of activities. In the 2nd hour we have music appreciation where pupils bring in and listen to their own taste in music.

At the Kingussie Festival, two choirs, 1st Year and 2nd/3rd Year sang their way to a Distinction Award each whilst Hilary Gray, a former 3rd Year pupil, gained a personal award for piano playing.

Our lunchtime clubs this year include: Guitar, Scripture Union, Swimming Training, Chess and various other board games and Rugby.

Pipe-Major Ventner of the Queens Own Highlanders, to whom we are very grateful, instructed pupils from both the Secondary and Primary to play the chanter and pipes. He visited the school last term on a voluntary basis and we are glad to see him return for this session.

In June the military band of the Queen's Own Highlanders visited the school to put on two concerts, one in the afternoon for the pupils and one in the evening for the public. The afternoon programme was specially chosen to appeal to the young audience of the school and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Also in June, the P.T.A. Summer Fete raised almost £800. The fete was well attended and an enjoyable afternoon was had by all.

Head Boy and Girl for the 1978-79 session were:- Gordon McConachie and Sheila McCulloch.

The Harvey Dux Medallists for 1979 are: Carol and Linda Archibald and Andrew Liggat.

STAFF NEWS

At the beginning of the school session we welcomed several new teachers to various departments. In October 1978 Miss Walis joined the English department to replace Miss Anderson, whom we wish well in her new post at Powes Academy in Aberdeen. Miss Walis became Mrs Bell on her marriage to Lieutenant Bell of the Kings Own Scottish Borderers during the Easter holidays. Unfortunately, her stay with us was short, as Army Postings meant that she had to leave us in October of this year and Mrs Krawczynska joined us.

Then end of April saw the departure of Mr. Jones to take up a new post in the English department of Nairn Academy. Mr. Jones has lived and taught in Grantown since 1973 and we wish him well for the future. Mrs McInnes, the mother of Rhona, John and Rachel, spent the summer term with us as a temporary teacher for the English department, and was replaced at the start of the new session by Miss MacLennan.

Miss Hannan joined the Maths department in the summer term to fill the place Mrs. Jones (who had taught at Grantown three years ago) had temporarily filled. Mr. Mark left us at the end of the summer term to take up a new position in Livingston. He was replaced by Mr. Young at the beginning of the new term.

In August Mrs. Parker joined the Science department to replace Miss Beattie who left to take up a Science appointment in the Orkneys.

Mr. Robb left in the summer to join a community school in Edinburgh and was replaced by Mr. Nicol who will teach Modern and Social Studies.

The French department did an exchange of teachers, and M. Audebaud joined us for the 1978 - 79 session whilst Mr. Thom took up M. Audebaud's position in France. Miss Wilson joined us to teach French and German, having taught in a school in Pakistan for the past eight years. The 1979 - 80 session saw the return of Mr. Thom and the support of a French Assistant, Mademoiselle Ollivier.

After many years of sterling service to Grantown Grammar School, Mrs. Calder earned a well-deserved break from teaching Secondary pupils and will now be concentrating her attention on the Primary children in the area. The Secondary department gained a full time music teacher in the person of Miss Wray.

PROFILE

Mrs Calder's long connection with the secondary pupils (some fifteen years) came to an end in June this year when she took over a new post as full-time visiting music teacher in the various primary schools in the area.

At the Prize-giving and also at an informal staff presentation party, the Rector paid tribute to Mrs Calder's many services to the school, and to the fine results she achieved with her choirs at festivals and concerts.

Many pupils will also have happy memories of outings and trips abroad, when she shared most enthusiastically in the pupils' experiences.

We wish her well in her continuing service in her new post.



THOSE IN HIGH PLACES !



MORVEN MACLEAN - The Female of the species is more deadly than the male. (KIPLING)

AMANDA MUNRO - Not Bloody likely. (SHAW)

RHONA McINNES - A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse. (SHAKESPEARE)

KAREN LOW - Thou foster child of silence and slow time. (KEATS)

ALISON FORBES - Discretion of speech is more than eloquence. (BACON)

ALISON GRANT - The female woman is one of the greatest instittocshuns of which this land can boste. (ARTEMUS WARD)

GILLIAN PATON - I was always likeable with children. (KIPLING)

LORRAINE MOCNEY - Good things are wrapped in small parcels. (PROVERB)

ANN FERGUSON - Why tom foolery? Why not Henry-foolery or John-foolery? (BURNARD)

ALISON PAUL - To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand. (HALE, EDWARD EVERETT)

ALAN WRIGHT - To spend too much time in studies is sloth. (BACON)

MICHAEL ANDERSON - Nature made him and then broke the mould. (ARIOSTO)

ANDREW LIGGAT - I have taken all knowledge to be my province. (BACON)

GORDON McCONACHIE - Who's your fat friend?

RUSSELL FERGUSON - Not huffy or stuffy, nor tiny nor tall,
but fluffy just fluffy with no brains at all. (HERBERT)

ANDREW GEORGE - Says he "I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay
deceiver. (CALMAN)

BRIAN WILLIAMSON - My hair is grey but not with years. (ANON)

ALISTAIR MUTCH - I am happiest when I am idle,
I could live for months without performing any kind of labour and,
at the expiration of that time, I should feel fresh and vigorous to go
right on the same way for numerous more months. (ARTEMUS WARD)

SCOTT CLARK - Worldly is this world,
I take and like its way of life. (ARTEMUS WARD)

TIMOTHY POTT - A dreamer of dreams. (DEUTERONOMY)



they took leave of us .

We wish the best of luck to all those who left school this year to start work or go on to Further Education.

CLASS 6.

Andrew Dobson	Glasgow University Naval Architecture
Donald Grant	Aberdeen University Computer Science
Kevin MacKenzie	Trainee Lab. Technician Marshall College Aberdeen
Sheila McCulloch	Aberdeen University French/German

CLASS 5.

David Chavasse	Horticulture Dundee area
John Grant	Farming
Duncan MacLennan	Farming H.N.D. Agriculture
Ian Taylor	Web Enterprises Boat-of-Garten
Jacqueline Allan	Working as a nanny in London
Carol Archibald	Stirling University Biology/Psychology/Philosophy
Linda Archibald	Stirling University French/English/Linguistics
Rena Barth	Inverness Tech. Secretarial Course
Aileen Ferguson	Bank of Scotland Grantown
Mairi Gordon	Typist Grantown Grammar School
Jean Lawson	Inverness Tech. Secretarial Course
Elizabeth MacKenzie	Landmark
Morag McLeod	Craig Mhor Hotel Newtonmore
Evelyn Mooney	Beale & Pyper Grantown
Allison Ritchie	Bank of Scotland Aviemore
Lindy Roberts	Nanny in London until Xmas, then Barclay's Bank
Karen Sawers	Inverness Tech. Hotel & Catering
Jane Walker	
Elizabeth Wallace	Nursing Victoria Infirmary Glasgow in March

CLASS 4.

Arthur Brandie	Syme's Sawmill Carrbridge
Jimmy Burns	Ian MacLean Fencer
Andrew Campbell	Apprentice Joiner Laing's
Gary Fiddess	Farm Work
Andrew Fridge	Apprentice Painter MacKintosh Carrbridge
Stephen Gordon	Apprentice Mechanic John Ross Dulnain
Mark Millward	Bangladesh Trainee Welder
Kenneth Strathdee	Apprentice Painter James Shand
Lorraine Gray	Inverness Tech. Secretarial Course
Sally Gray	Inverness Tech. O.N.D. Cookery
Fiona MacLeod	Trainee Hairdresser Audrey's
Carole Rose	Craig Revack Hotel Grantown
Shona Stirton	Carrbridge Hotel
Christine Strachan	Elgin Tech. Residential Care
Lindsay Walker	Inverness Tech. Nursery Nursing
Andrew Bairstow	Apprentice Joiner Laing's
Bryan Cameron	

Ross Kelman
 Ian MacGregor
 Mark Robertson
 Maureen Buchanan
 Bridget Harrold
 Susan Morrison
 Sheena Stewart
 Suzanne Wilson
 Caroline McCarthy

Apprentice Mechanic Kingussie
 Syme's Sawmill Carrbridge
 Sawmill Boat-of-Garten
 MacKintosh Bros. High Street Grantown
 Nethbridge Hotel
 Pinewood Restaurant Aviemore Centre
 Trainee Cook Station Hotel Inverness
 Receptionist Boat Hotel

The following pupils in classes 1, 2 and 3 left Grantown this year to move to new areas. We hope that they enjoy their new schools.

CLASS 3.

Hilary Gray
 Linda Malcolm
 Tony Nicol

Trinity Academy Edinburgh
 Inverness High School
 Elgin Academy

CLASS 2

Pauline Moffat
 Lorraine Harrold
 Cliff Nicol

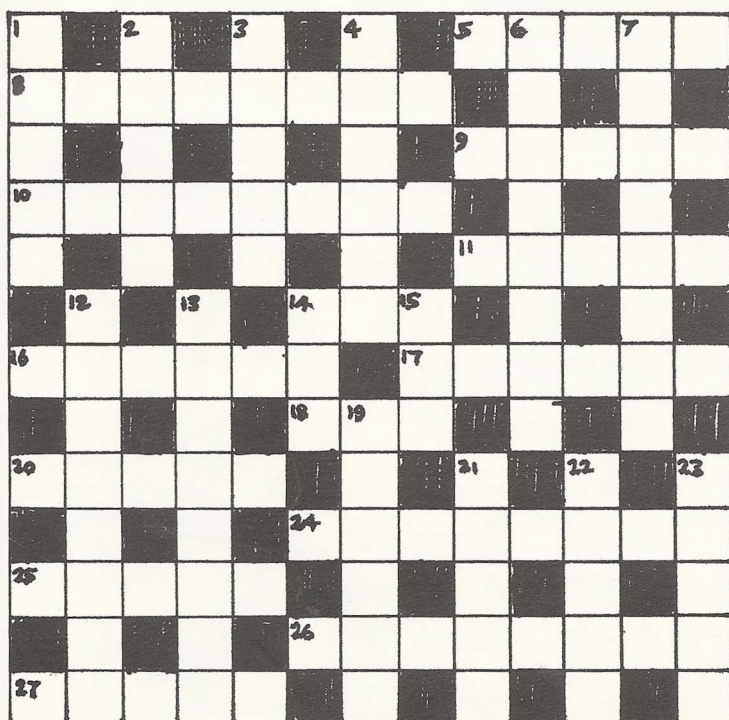
Haslingdon High School
 Hamilton Academy
 Elgin Academy

CLASS 1

Alison Gillies

Bearsden Academy

CROSSWORD



CLUES ACROSS

5. Emblem of Canada. (5)
8. Cliff jutting out to sea. (8)
9. One of the twelve each year. (5)
10. A Great lake. (4,4)
11. Unit of which the U.S.A. is composed. (5)
14. It occupies nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of the earth's surface. (3)
16. Country of Central Africa. (6)
17. A capital city. (6)
18. It can show you where you are. (3)
20. The area occupied by a river network. (5)
24. The department which produces O.S. maps. (8)
25. Made from trees and right in front of you. (5)
26. Mexican Pacific coast resort. (8)
27. A bay south of Cape Town. (5)

CLUES DOWN

1. A lengthy country in South America. (5)
2. Found along rivers. (5)
3. Mixture of rain and snow. (5)
4. Where shamrocks can be found. (2,4)
6. Home of a deserted nomad. (4,4)
7. Another name for a place. (8)
12. Where you would be if you were north of the U.S.A. (2,6)
13. Trees such as the pine and spruce. (8)
14. Uncle - from America. (3)
15. High mountain. (3)
19. One of the 'southern continents'. (5)
21. A marsh bird. (5)
22. A number of degrees and a bay in South Wales. (5)
23. A fruit from Mediterranean lands. (5)

THE BEST OF THE BUNC

Late to Bed by Craig Walber.

Sitting up late tonight
Watching a film -
It's dynamite.
Someone was killed
Oh! There goes another
Collapsing and falling on top of each other.

Mum's out gardening
Me Dad's in bed
Sister's at Brownies
Me brother's being fed
Nobody knows I'm up all alone
Watching this film about Al Capone.

Me Mum comes in
She's tired indeed
She sees I am here
And tells me with speed,
"Get to bed you lazy twit
You've gym tomorrow so you'd beter be fit!"

"But Mum!" I cried ... but she didn't hear,
Even though I was close to her ear.
She got up and come over to me
She said she was tired: Couldn't I see?
She gave me a clout
On the back of the head
Opened the door, and said
"GET TO BED!"

And so to school.....

Shoving, shouting, surging, screaming,
Grabbing seats and throwing bags,
down the aisle, standing, quarrelling,
reading, laughing, but some just sit

quietly watching, thinking of the day ahead,
finishing their homework from the night before.
Or others, writing on the windows
football slogans, favourite pop stars,

'I love you' and 'I woz 'ere!'
The bus is now slowing down,
"Three to a seat", someone cries
but no one listens, no one moves

to give their seat up or make space.
Again the bus stops, more get on
but have to stand. "There's the school".
"Fab. We're late again today."

Shoving, shouting surging, screaming,
Throwing bags, pulling jumpers,
Jumping off the top step. Laughing,
quarrelling. The bus moves off.

by Lesley
Craig.



The Star

The Star was getting bigger because it was getting nearer. It loomed over the Earth - an awful frightening red mass. It was night now. The stars - well I think they would have been out, but I couldn't see them because of the Star. I had to try and stay indoors, close the curtains, sleep, and be totally oblivious to its shimmering heat radiating everywhere - through walls, doors and windows. Why was it there? What was its purpose? Perhaps it had been meant to go to another planet - not Earth. Perhaps it had made a mistake in its navigation, would realise it and flee silently into the night.

It was still there. Two o'clock in the morning, four-thirty, six-thirty came went. At six-thirty I couldn't stand it any longer - I had to go out and walk to the other side of the earth if necessary, but I needed some fresh, cool air and to be able to see the calming blue, or even grey, of the sky.

Outside, the Star was closer. I thought it had been close last night but it must have travelled miles since then. The silence was almost deafening. I was alone in this dard-red wilderness: this concrete jungle.

I felt afraid. Something was following me. I turned round to look. The Star had let down a golden stair-case beckoning to me to climb up it and into the Star. It leaked gold. The gold made a radiant outerbody to the staircase: we saw rich welcoming golden rays. Almost as though in a trance I went slowly at first stumblingly, then faster, trying not to let my feet drag. I wanted to run. It seemed as though it had been waiting long enough: it had to go: it couldn't wait for me since I'd wasted so much time standing, full of awe.

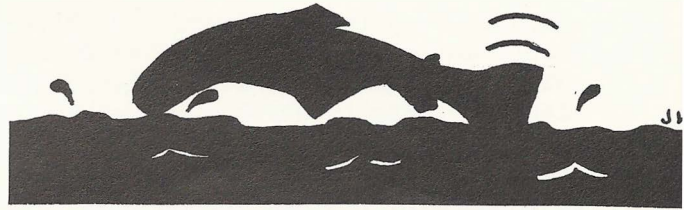


I reached it. I actually reached it. The climb was nothing. I can only remember a feeling of ecstasy as I was carried up on an escalator of my own joy. The atmosphere of the spaceship was glorious. Yes, it was. It was a spaceship. When I reached the top of the escalator, I saw two incredibly different things. On one hand, there were computers and technicians and scientists round the walls of the ship, and in the centre, relaxed in armchairs on rugs (on the beautifully tiled black, shiny floor), were people who looked so welcoming and inviting. I wanted to join them, sitting down chatting and drinking cups of coffee. Someone made me count them. There were twenty-nine.

One of them noticed me standing and came over with a reassuring smile on his face.

"Welcome," said the stranger who did not feel like a stranger but like a friend I had known for years. "As you can see, there are twenty-nine of us: you are the thirtieth. You know why there are thirty people don't you? - because, with the help of some higher-guiding power, we will speed away from this vile planet and start life on some other planet. There is so much evil and wrong-doing on Earth now, - it has lapsed badly since the last time it was made to exist - some hundred million years ago - that it is going to be destroyed. That is why we have been saved - we did not go the way of the evil multitude and we are being repayed for that. All the knowledge collected by the human souls on Earth will be put into a pool of knowledge for us to dip into and learn if ever we either need it or want it". We went over and joined the other twenty-eight. "This is only the beginning," he said as the ship roared off into space. I knew that what he said was true:

Winners of the G.I.T.A. competition IN PRAISE OF SPEY VALLEY

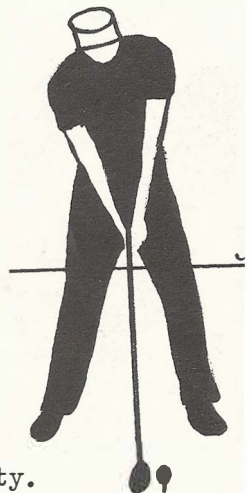
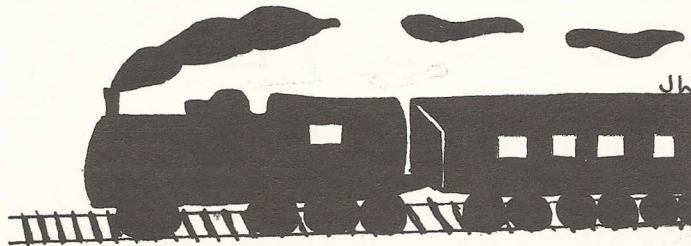


The Spey Valley offers a welcoming hand,
To tourists who venture into this Land
There's plenty to see, loads to do
Hotels and guesthouses cater for you
We've snow-capped mountains and sun-filled glens
Deer on the moorland, pheasants and hens.

Walk in the forest, climb on the hills
Play on our golf course, you won't need your pills.
On our steam railway, go for a ride
Look for the osprey at the R.S.P.B. hide.

by Debbie Nolan

It's healthy, inviting, relaxing as well,
So come up and see us
You'll love it as well!



The golf courses are open once the weather gets fine
A meal at a hotel tastes great with their wine.

There's touring distilleries and sampling their whisky
Then a cool refreshing evening when the river goes misty.

The Ospreys at Loch Garten are a pleasure to see
They bathe in the water, which gets warm, trust in me.

There's fishing for the angler and, if you like,
There's a ski shop in Aviemore, you can here hire a bike.

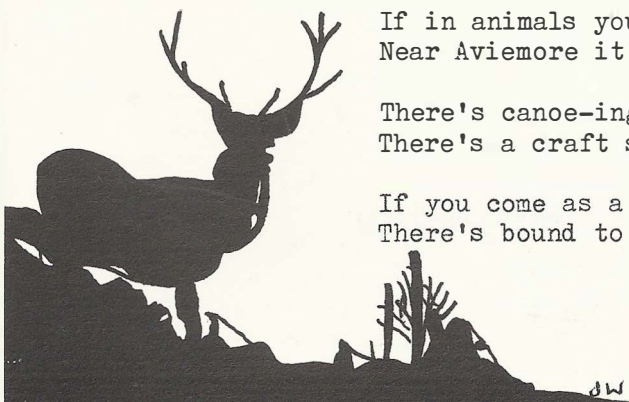
There's tennis courts and bowling, but if you find that a bore,
You should go into Aviemore - there's amusements galore.

If in animals you're interested, there's a great Wildlife Park,
Near Aviemore it's situated, you could stay till its dark.

There's canoe-ing at Loch Insh, sailing as well,
There's a craft shop in Aviemore where hand-work they sell.

If you come as a tourist, in a Hotel or camp site
There's bound to be something that you're going to like.

Mark Sanders

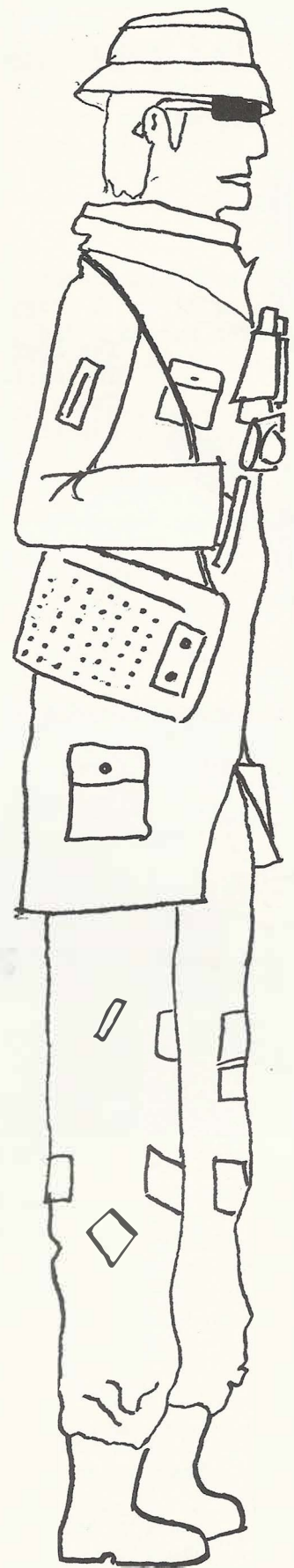


Mr. Grimbledyke *by Fiona Walker*

Mr. Grimbledyke ambled up to the reception desk to sign the visitors book. He was a youngish man, but peculiar. His binoculars, camera and cassette recorder were flung round his neck and he wore a large jacket with many pockets which were bulging at the seams. His woven sun-hat drooped over one eye and his glasses had a bluey tint to them. His patched denims were tucked roughly into his green wellington boots which constantly dropped mud onto the carpet. His eyes were narrow and his mouth small but definite. Altogether he looked one very suspicious man. Not only did he look suspicious, he acted that way too.

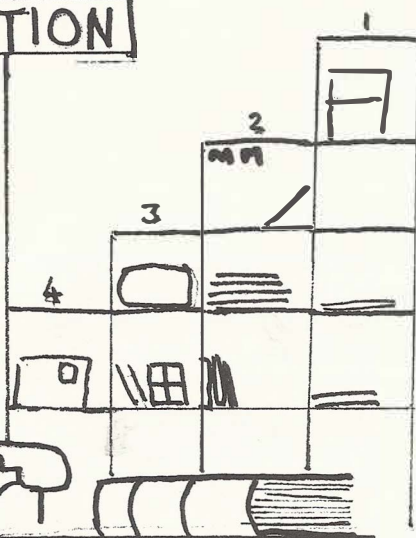
Mr. Grimbledyke had been staying in the Poster Arms Hotel for only a few hours of his one-week visit when he began to get a few funny looks from other visitors. When dinner-time came Mr. Grimbledyke came tramping down the stairs - still with his camera and binoculars round his neck. He sat down at a table beside the window and stared out as if trying to pinpoint a piece of land or something of that sort. He even looked through the binoculars for a few minutes until the waitress came for his order. "Nice scenery isn't it?"

"Eh? Oh yes I-I-I'm a keen bird-watcher" he stammered. Mr. Grimbledyke ate his dinner considerably faster than the other visitors and rose from the table hurriedly and left the room. A few minutes later the barman saw him leave the hotel with note-book, pencil and a magazine - but as he left he tripped over an electrical wire, and sent his book and magazine flying. The waitress picked up the things for Mr. Grimbledyke but he wasn't at all appreciative. The magazine was entitled - "Hints for the Advanced Fisherman". "Keen fisherman as well?" the waitress asked enquiringly. "No, there's a bit about the heron and the kingfisher I was interested in" he snapped. He left the hotel and the next time he was seen was by another guest by the river, fishing. He was very self-conscious and made sure that no-one was watching what his actions were. He went to a small sandy part from where fishermen could cast and went to a very small stream going into the land and picked up a strange-shaped parcel wrapped in a waterproof material and slung it over his shoulder and went back to his car about one hundred yards away.



SEAN MACGOWAN

CEPTION



Mr. Grimbledyke arrived back at the hotel quite late that night and wasn't seen until the following morning at the breakfast table. Again he went through the same routine - out with the binoculars, quick breakfast and away. He then asked one of the housemaids if the hotel had any drying facilities. He sounded quite pleased when the answer was yes. He put the black plastic bag in the room - the neck of it was tightly bound.

Meanwhile downstairs, the rest of the staff were beginning to get worried about Mr. Grimbledyke's strange behaviour and had gone as far as to call the police and they were waiting for him coming down the stairs. When he appeared, he was surprised to find so much activity. "Well, well, what's going on here?" he asked. "We'd like to ask you the same question Mr. Grimbledyke - we'll have that black bag please".

"There must be some mistake - I will admit that I've got the bag, full of ten pound notes for that matter, but what you don't understand is that I am an 'under cover' detective and I stopped a gang of thieves getting the money - I got it instead - by secret information. Of course, I'm sorry about the mix-up but I hope I haven't caused you any trouble or inconvenience. Must get back to my work. Good-bye".

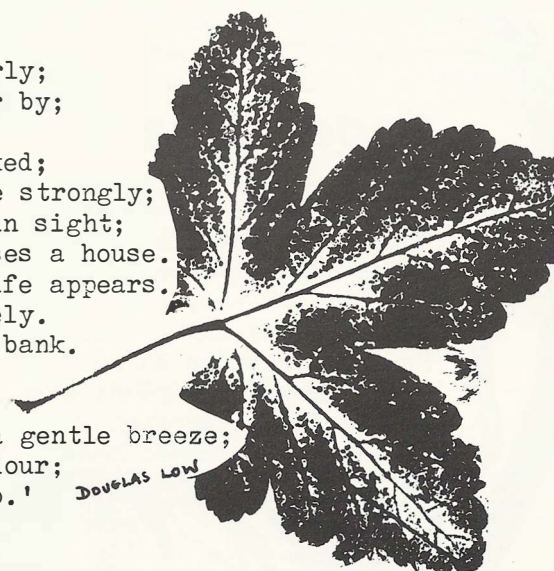


Autumn Sonnet

The early morning wind blows bitterly;
The leaves of sullen Autumn flutter by;
Wild animals hibernate for winter;
The sky is becoming fierce and wicked;
Trees are swaying from side to side strongly;
The streets are empty with no-one in sight;
A bird flies, swerves and just misses a house.
And new lights come on - at last life appears.
The river is cold and wild yet lonely.
Soon ice will begin to form at the bank.

Suddenly the sun becomes visible;
The blustering gale calms down to a gentle breeze;
The sky turns to a bright azure colour;
Existence is now full of 'up and go.'

DOUGLAS LOW



The Wreck by Graeme Walker

The lifeboats were creaking and groaning in unison with the scraping of the rock against the hull of the now listing ship. On deck the howling wind drove the ice full speed gouging all unprotected skin and making normal walking impossible. The stokers and engineers didn't have to worry about that now, as the dark icy waters of the Atlantic, gushing in from a jagged hole in the engine-room, made sure of that.

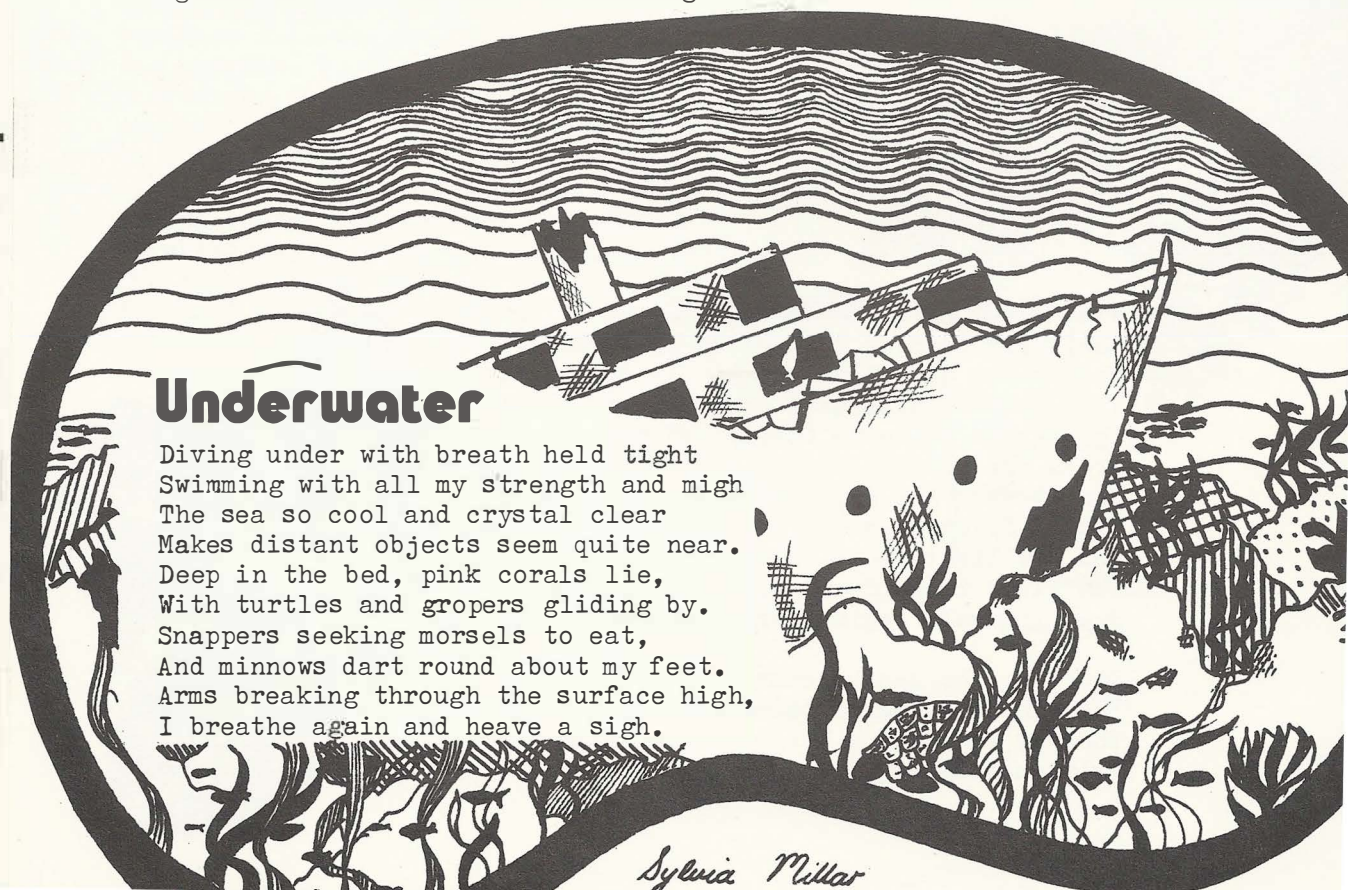
Some of them jumped - the fools. The water, rising up to their descending prey, either smashed them to pulp on the rocks or froze them to death in a matter of minutes. The lifeboats may as well have been made of matchwood for what good they did, but it was the thrusting blood-stained propellers that finally gave the surge that sent it to the bottom - a watery grave, a hundred fathoms down.

Fifty years later it still lay there - forlorn, dark and mysterious. Its giant funnels loomed out of the murky depths harbouring shoals of brightly-coloured fish, darting quickly here and there. The cargo had long since rotted away, along with most of the objects in that ill-forsaken ship. One could see, litter about, personal possessions keeping their dark secrets secret. The once-rich, luxurious gambling room lay with the last bits of thick carpet scattered here and there. The roulette wheels now provided entertainment for the fish, who knew nothing about the round bits of yellow metal.

On one side there was a half-lowered lifeboat that was once loaded with screaming woman and children. Most of them had died the same way as the ones that preceded them.

Some time, probably shortly after the collision, a huge barnacle-encrusted rock had tumbled from the light above and shattered another jagged hole in the poop deck where a large unfriendly octopus waited, just like in the movies, for any unsuspecting John Wayne that might be exploring.

Over the fifty years, the plant life had captured even the tiniest of cracks. Sea currents made the sea-weed stretch out like the arms of the long-since dead reaching out for the empty void that loomed above them. There was a sinister atmosphere to it all - the rotting wood, white bones and its executioner, the huge brass screws at the end mocking it all.

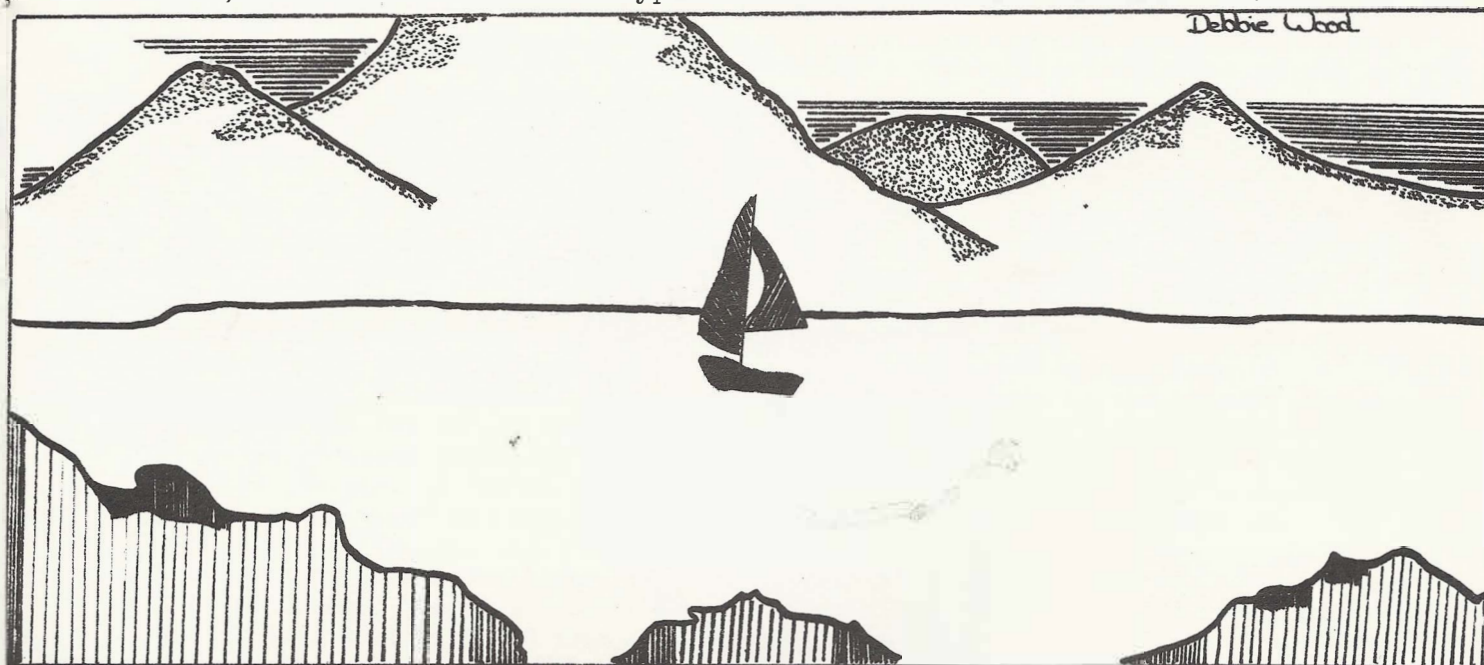


LAKE CONISTON by Susan Goddington

We visited it two years ago and stayed there for about a week. In those days I was still crazy about "Swallows and Amazons".

From the top of the Old Man of Coniston it looks like a map spread in front of you, and the lake all shining and blue with its two islands marked so clearly beneath the deep blue. You can even see the Isle of Man, a flat grey line on the horizon.

When you look up at the mountains from the lake they look huge and overpowering and yet at the same time old and delicate with the silver streams running down them, roaring, splashing, pushing, plunging, until they come to the flatter land, and finally the lake. On one side there are very steep hills, not mountains, covered in thick pine forest and an occasional farm appearing with small fields on the tiny plateaux. On the other side the hills, right beside the lake, are as tall as the ones opposite but not as steep and some how more rugged, covered in grass, with outcrops of rocks every so often, like some giant hand has gone tearing up the grass and letting the real earth peep through. There are not many trees on those hills, just a few birches and an odd rowan. Down beside the lake, and for about a mile inland, the ground cannot be seen for rich, thick, green forest, of a kind we never get up here, with oaks, beeches, birch, elm, rowan, cedar and all the other types that I don't even know the names of.



The island, in mind is perfect. It has a tiny harbour at one end that is just the right size for a small boat, and that has rocks running out on either side to protect it from gales. The island itself is covered in a forest although it is not very large. The trees at about twenty feet up begin to lock together so forming a canopy through which hardly any sunlight gets, so the earth is hard and bare, and the roots of the trees lock together as well, and are bare and shiny from people walking on them.

On a tree, in the centre of the island, there is a plaque, 'In memory of Arthur Ransome!' That itself left a deep impression on me. Another thing that did that was on a walk through the woods by the lake. The trees were so big and old and gnarled and the undergrowth so thick and the birds making such a noise that I honestly felt I was in the Amazon Jungle.

One night I was sitting on a tree stump at the edge of the water and watching the place grow darker and darker, and every so often I'd turn and look at the mountains against the starry sky, and then I'd sit and look at the lake again until it was almost black. While there I thought how really beautiful it was and how calm and peaceful and quiet it was and the thought of anybody spoiling it, in any way, brought tears to my eyes, and I thought how lucky I was to live and be able to see such beautiful places.

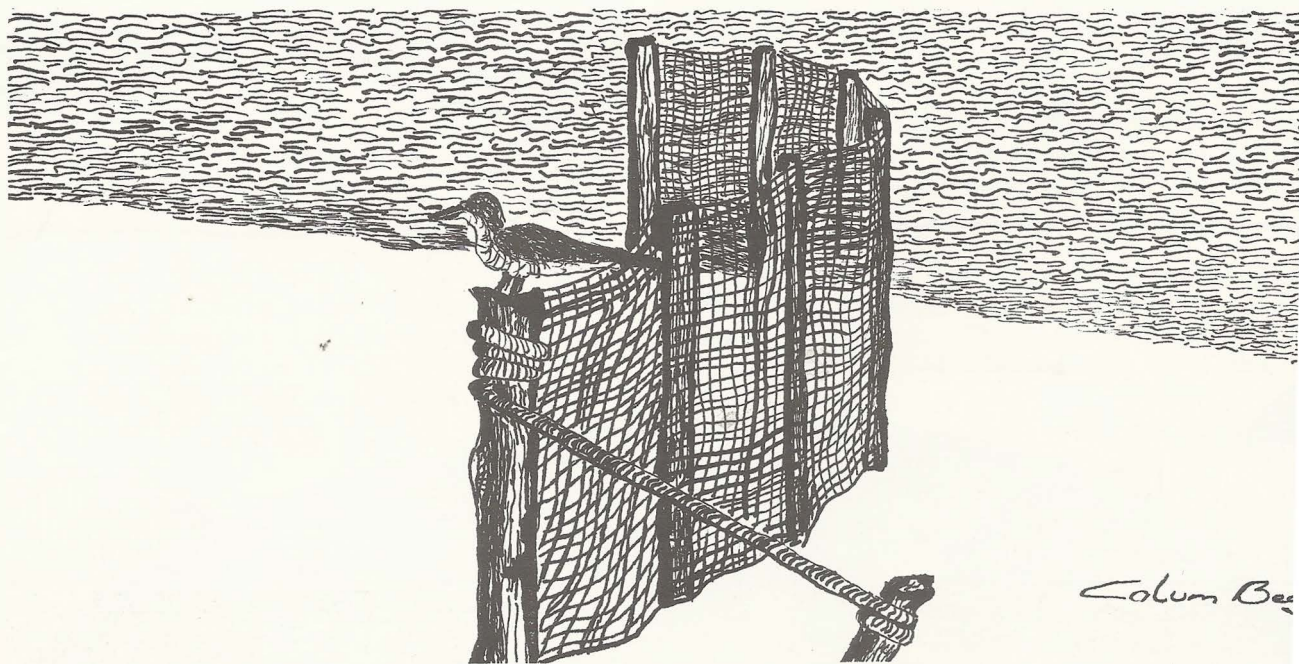
It made me realise what people see when they sigh and say, 'Oh, for the beautiful, English countryside!'

FINDHORN

Ten o'clock in the morning on a cold, hazy day. I stand there on the soft wet sand, staring into the thick grey clouds which hang gloomily over the coastline. The strong sea breeze, rustles the marram grass which sprays silver droplets of rain-water out in all directions. Suddenly! a huge and powerful wave tumbles up the beach in anger. It changes from its blue-greys into a surge of white-foaming terror as it steadily advances towards me. Like a tall pillar it rises in all its glory and then comes crashing down onto the cold, grey rocks, splashing and gurgling. The dying wave gives a sizzling-hiss of disgust and then slowly retreats back into the Atlantic Ocean.

Seagulls swoop and dive in the hazy sky, lungeing downwards now and again to pick up a morsel of food. The tremendous smell of fresh fish that lingers in the air attracts birds, or scavengers, of all kinds. Shells, of rainbow colours sparkle and glisten in the sunlight which has now managed to seep its way through the soft grey clouds. A new world appears as the darkish brown sand is instantly turned into particles of white gold. The sea now boasts a beautiful blue-green colour which is clear and fresh.

The true splendour and beauty of the coast now shines out as people can be seen slowly making their way towards its soft clean sand. This is Findhorn beach, a place of enjoyment where one can forget one's troubles and take in the fascination of nature.



DESERTED BEACH by James Scobie

In the distance the sand dunes lay. Further off were the hills, and even further, the mountains. To the other side lay a desert, a desert of water continually pounding the sands, with the huge breakers. The vastness of the sand plains at low tide is tremendous. Small pools lay shimmering in the evening rays of the sun as it sank into the water leaving a silver path towards it in the static dusk.

No living thing moved - in the air or on the land. No customary gulls cried over the water; no man walked on the sands. There was just the sea and the land as it was in the beginning, but the cans and bags lay on the deserted beach and rusting old bikes lay half covered by sand. All the litter looked like the remnants of another, long-forgotten civilisation.

There could have been nothing left alive on the earth. Everything had gone out of this world. It, itself, is a small stone surrounded by the endless waters of space which are surrounded by more oceans of space and then in their turn bordered by more oceans - an endless infinity of nothingness, empty, alone, unreachable by the creatures who inhabit this

Triumph *By Debbie Noble*

It was a lovely day: warm and sunny. The sun shone gently in an azure sky. I lay dozing on a mossy bank. There was peace everywhere. Suddenly into the peace broke a baying and barking. I leapt to my feet, noting the sound that had brought death to so many of my forbears. For the sake of my mate and her helpless cubs, I knew I could not risk the hounds reaching my earth.

Slowly and resolutely I made my way to the place where instinct told me that my paths would cross. The land had grown uncannily quiet but I was absorbed in my own troubles and did not notice. Then as a storm cloud approached, the pack drew nearer and then burst upon me.

Reeling as if in blind fear, I darted in between the legs of a bay horse. The silly thing reared and its rider fell off. The other people all crowded round the fallen man and nobody but the hounds seemed to know that the chase was on!

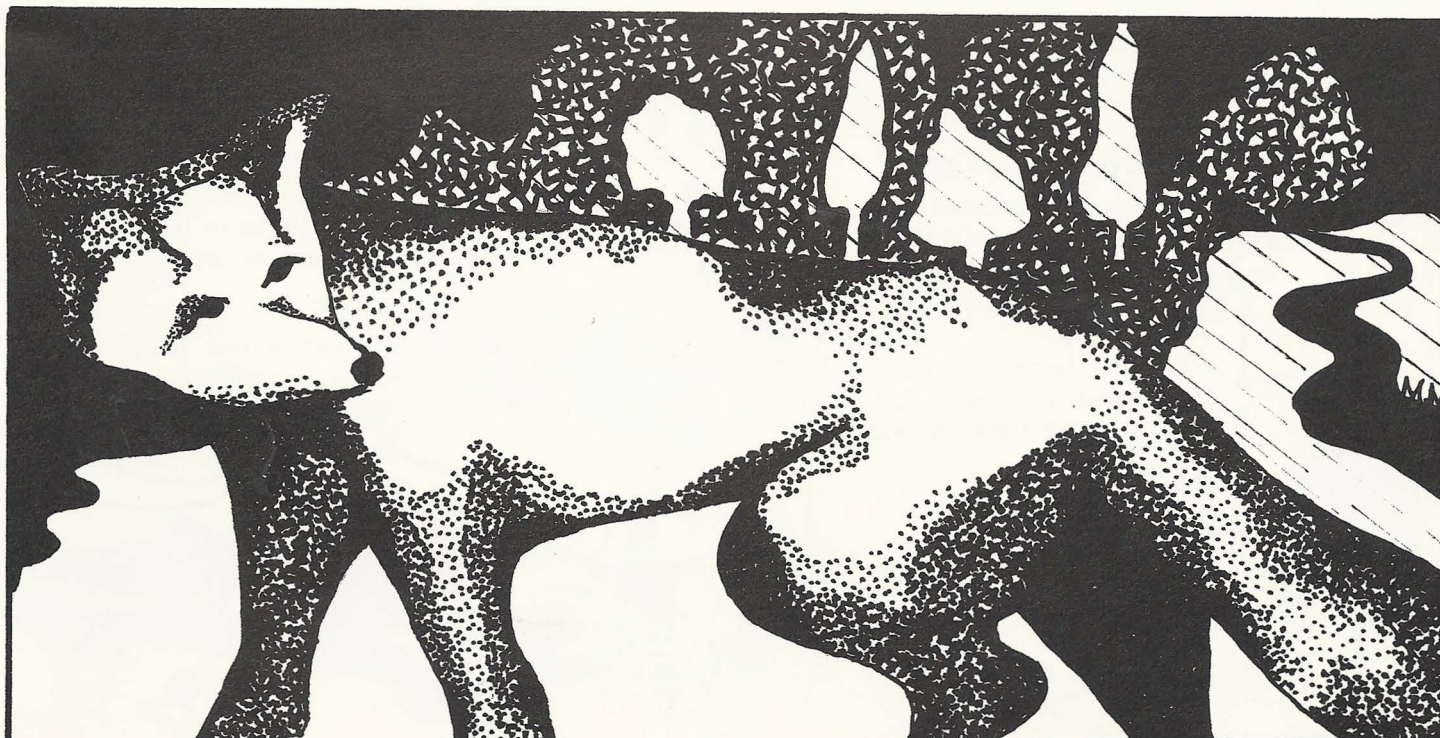
For a few seconds the hounds cast around trying to pick up my scent. Then the clamour broke out again. Rejoicing in my speed and freshness, I led them over the roughest ground. Through the deepest bogs, over the widest and deepest streams I went. Then feeling the need for a short breather, I led the way to an old mill pond. I jumped over, turned in my tracks, jumped back and then retraced my steps and leapt into a clump of dense juniper.

I could hear the hounds now crashing through the bushes. As they came to the mill pond they stopped short but were too tired to make more than a feeble attempt to cry out. Sides heaving and tongues hanging out they cast around in growing bewilderment. It was as if I had vanished into thin air.

But fate was hovering near by and to my dismay the wind changed direction. At once the hounds caught my scent and sprang forward with new life. I was off, belly to the ground, a reddish brown missile zooming across the turf.

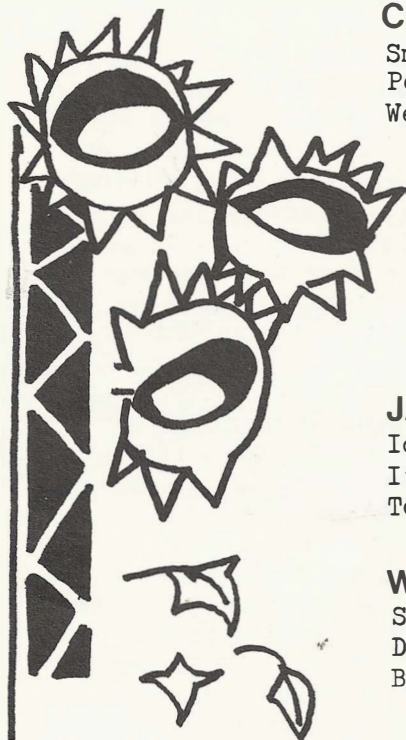
Presently, though the pace began to tell, my lungs began to burn and I was obsessed with a desire to run and get away from those messengers of death behind me. I forced myself to make a short trip up stream in the hope of losing them and then ran on, on and on over ground that I had never covered before. I stumbled, dragged myself up and ran blindly on. Suddenly I felt myself flying through the air. I landed with a crash that shook my bones in their sockets and I just managed to crawl beneath a ledge before blackness enveloped me.

I came to several hours later. My body ached all over and I had bruised my left hind leg. There were hoof prints near my hideout but they had not found me. I was still wild and free.



HAIKU

This is a Japanese style of poem in which the writer attempts to create a word-picture. Haiku do not have to rhyme, but must be of three lines, of 5, 7, and 5 syllables respectively. Because of their shortness, they cannot afford a lot of detail, so what detail there is has to be significant and important to the description. The following Haiku are all the unaided work of 1st and 2nd year pupils.



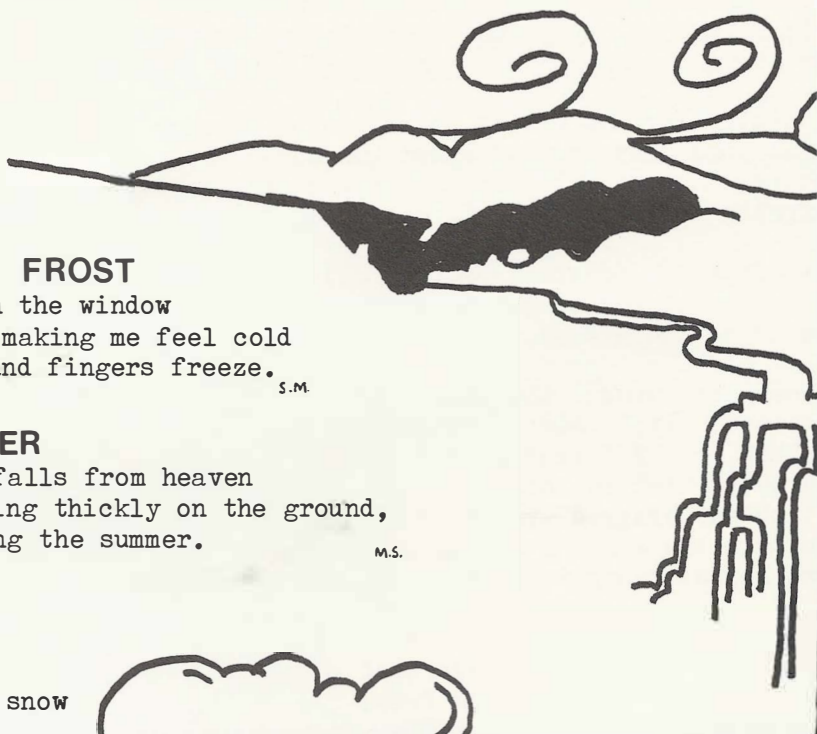
CONKERS

Smooth goldeny nuts
Peep out from spikey cases
We gather them now.

D.N.

THE WIND BLOWS

Flowers sway slowly
While the insects sing their
And the leaves rustle.



JACK FROST

Ice on the window
It is making me feel cold
Toes and fingers freeze.

S.M.

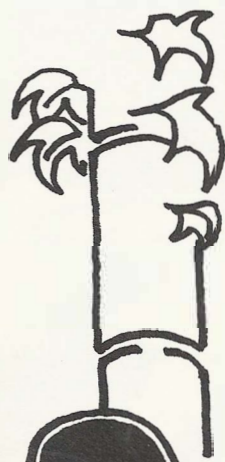
WINTER

Snow falls from heaven
Drifting thickly on the ground,
Burying the summer.

M.S.

BLIZZARD

The snow is falling.
The wind howls and blows the snow
Whirling and drifting.



SLEEPER

Down in the hollow
A lily of the valley
Rests beneath an oak.

AUTUMN

Autumn's here, leaves fall
The trees are bare for a while
Till spring comes again.

E.L.

RAINDROPS

Gracefully dancing
Raindrops trickle down the rones
Into the puddles.

M.G.

WATERFALL

Trickling down the hill
Soon it will have no n
Crashing and swirling.

PEBBLES

Jagged when waves pour
Erased by Neptune's ca
Smooth when tide recee





WHITE HORSES

Nobly striding
With foaming white manes and tails
My swift white horses.

K.D.

MORNING MARE

Her shining mane flows -
Gentle soft eyes glint kindly.
A galloping gem.

K.W.

FREEDOM

Flying mane and tail,
Freedom is his for ever,
Beautiful wild horse.

C.W.

HIS MAJESTY

The eagle now soars up
Into the brilliant blue sky,
Silent, beautiful.

OWL

A small mouse runs past
And with a slight wink the owl
Swoops and flies away.

SUNSHINE

Hot rays beating down
From the sky to planet Earth
Shoot down to the ground.

G.G.

TRAVELLING BROOK

Flowing so quickly
With white froth floating on top
Tripping over stone.



TIGER

The colours, the speed,
The monstrous yet the most graceful-
This is the tiger.

C.V.

BLOSSOM

Apple tree blossom
Spills fragrantly down below
Petals on the ground.

D.N.

DOLPHIN

Diving, surfacing,
Smoothly speeding on their way,
The graceful dolphin.

M.S.



Night

The evening mist shrouds the sleepy town;
The greyness of dusk is coming down;
The pale, placid moon begins to fall.
While a gentle breeze howls an eerie call.

The blackness draws in and covers the street,
Sings all the inhabitants softly to sleep:
Then dawn appears to open our eyes
And all signs of ghosts are exorcized.

Amanda Summerville



spell

Stirring, stirring in a big, black pot
Three black crows and a bat caught.
Two broody hens I stole from a coop
Bubbling, and gurgling into a soup.
Add to that the eyes of a sheep
Carrots, peas and mouldy old neap.

Boil it up for a good three hours
Until the smell it overpowers.
Add to that a little spice,
If that's too hot add some ice -
Next you add a pint of blood
If you haven't that instead use mud.

Put in rotten eggs if you please
Next to it add a dozen fleas.
Boil it 'til it's very hot
Then leave it in the pot to rot.
Give it to all your mates
And just leave them to their fates!

Sally Farquhar



Sounds

A skylark singing, climbing
Higher and higher:
The crackling flames of a good log fire:
The lapping water on a moonlit sea:
These are the kinds of sounds for me.

The grunts of a pig penned up in his sty:
The annoying buzz of a dirty house fly:
The boasting of someone who thinks they're great:
These are some sounds I simply hate.

Jean Guthrie

AN INTERPRETATION OF "SEA INTERLUDES" BY BENJAMIN BRITTEN

The sea is calmly rolling like a rocking horse gently carrying its rider over the sea-bed to the shore where it gently sets it down. All the time the birds are wheeling and crying overhead. Then suddenly the sea boils with fury and the wind howls round about and just as suddenly drops back to its calm, placid self.

Then it becomes joyful and frolics on its way to the shore where it gleefully drops shells and animals which it has stolen from their place on the sea bed. The gannets dive and surface triumphantly with shining fish in their beaks.

The air is thick with sounds of a brewing storm and the rain is slowly falling. The storm breaks and what was a quiet peaceful motion is now boiling with fury and is throwing itself against the cliff as though it were trying to demolish what has tried to stand in its way.

The storm gradually subsides and all that can be heard is the plaintive cry of the seagulls.



The greeny blue water gently laps against the golden sand of the beach. It's early morning; noone is about and the quietness is almost unreal.

It's now mid-day and the sea is thrashing the shore. Dark clouds are building up in the sky. The atmosphere that is being created is one of nervousness and fear. With a clap of thunder, the sea becomes dark and the waves become bigger and bigger. A monstrous billow hits the beach senseless.

Denise Lyant

The sea is easing. Everything is getting back to normal as the clouds disperse.

FAMILY IN DANGER!

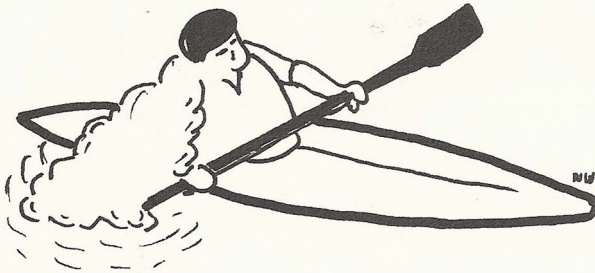
by Helen Paul

The earth dug in the soft ground
Is so well hidden it can hardly be found.
The ground round about will not hold the smell
Of the vixen and cubs who in the earth dwell.
The dog fox was killed by a hunting party
Who had returned to the village red-faced and hearty.

Then, the cubs had been only a few weeks old;
Now they were becoming boisterous and bold -
They would not wait when the vixen said to stay
But tried on their own and learned the hard way.
Three cubs had been killed a short time age
Leaving the mother full of woe
And the other two watching the sky
For the predators that can fly.
Soon they will leave their mother's side
To find a place for them to hide.



sports and club reports



CANOEING ...

Canoe club has not been very active during the last year because it does not have a trailer. However, the pupils who remained keen through the year have been on the Spey and Dee with various members of staff. They have also been to slaloms at Tev Bridge, Seaton Park and Comrie.

BASKETBALL

Some 18 pupils took part on a Monday evening from 4 - 5 p.m. in this year's basketball club. The hour long sessions were spread out over 20 weeks where participation and competition were found to be keen and lively. Hopefully the club will resume next session, with the possibility of a few matches with other schools.



VOLLEYBALL ...

The senior volleyball club was made up of 13 senior members on a Monday during their lunch-time break. Although levels varied greatly, individual performances did improve through the year, with everybody managing to inject enthusiasm to the many inter-school matches. Possibly the only sad record would be the lack of external competition with other schools, the result of high transport costs.

LIFESAVING

During the course of the year pupils underwent regular practice to obtain the standard needed to achieve the award they were aiming for.

The training sessions took place during lunchtime and also on Thursday afternoon activities. The awards included Bronze Medallion, Award of Merit and the highest able to be obtained in this course, the Distinction Award.

There were seventeen pupils in all, ten gaining the Bronze Medallion, six the Award of Merit and one the Distinction award. These pupils are named as follows:

Bronze Medallion - Lorraine Mooney, Jane Anderson, Claire McCann, Shirley Masson, Debbie Allan, Jane Dunlop, Shirley Robb, Susan Stevenson, Kay Ross and Gail McCulloch.

Award of Merit - Aileen Ferguson, Ann Ferguson, Marion Hamilton, Annette Hogg, Jane Wallace and Fiona Walker.

Distinction Award - Amanda Munro.

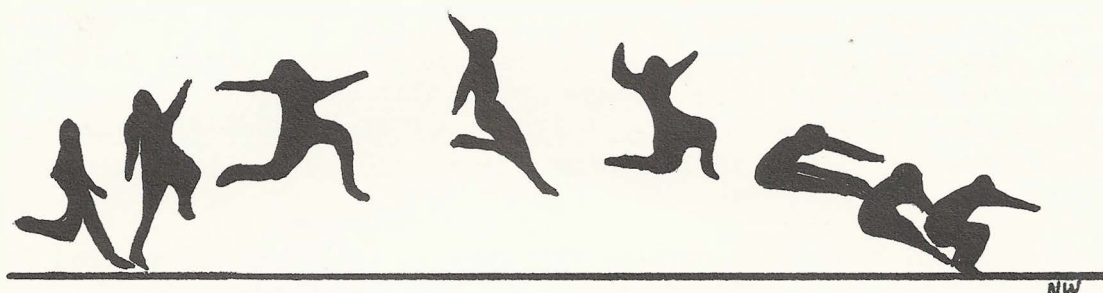
Our thanks go to Miss Jardine for her dedicated teaching of these skills and for

ATHLETICS ...

The Primary South Highland Sports at Inverness on Saturday, 4th June, saw Scott McMillan and Alison McIntosh, both Primary 7 pupils, record notable results. Scott came first in the long jump and 200 m and second in the high jump. Alison came first in the high jump. Following on from these performances the Primary athletics team went on to win the Badenoch and Strathspey athletic cup at Kingussie.

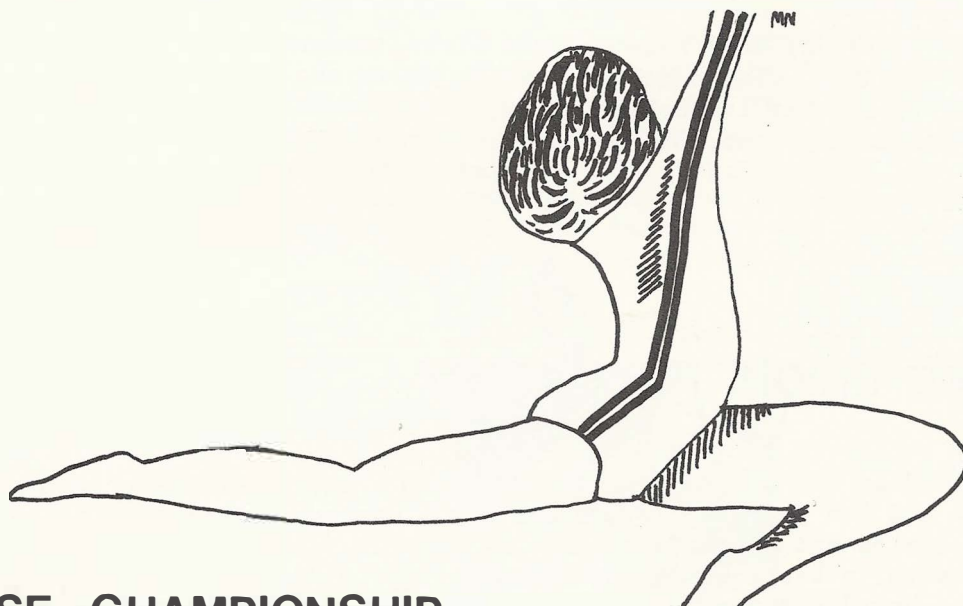
The Secondary House athletic championships turned out to be the most successful so far mainly due to the brilliant weather conditions on the day. Champions at Junior, Intermediate and Senior level were:

	<u>Junior</u>	<u>Intermediate</u>	<u>Senior</u>
<u>Girls</u>	C. Gray	T. Millward	F. Chavasse
<u>Boys</u>	S. MacKay	J. Williamson	B. Williamson A. Liggat P. Kuwall



GYMNASTICS ...

Some thirteen Senior and Primary pupils took part weekly in an olympic gymnastic hour long coaching and training session on Wednesday evenings. Basic movements and sequences were put together on beam, floor and bar work. Towards the end of the year one or two girls were progressing to round-off, back-flip and back somersault on the floor.



HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP ...

Over this year some 20 House activities have taken place including both the Junior and Senior School. Football, hockey, orienteering, cross-country, swimming, basketball, ski-ing, badminton and athletics covered the yearly House programme. The overall result ended in a closely contested points win for Revack House with 50 points, Revoan second with 41 and Roy third with 36.

DRAMA



Since Christmas '78 both senior and junior branches of Drama Club have been busy.

In January they both attended a Drama Festival in Elgin where all involved had an enjoyable time. The plays '20 Years After' and 'The Sheik's Hospitality' were performed in front of an appreciative audience of pupils as a final rehearsal.

The junior group then set about rehearsing a play specially written for them called 'The Trial and Execution of Boxer Rebel' by Tommy Docherty, then a 2nd Year pupil. This hilarious comedy was performed in front of Secondary pupils. Their next production was a dance routine from part of 'Joseph's Technicolour Dream Coat'.

Meanwhile the senior activities group were preparing 'The Ugly Duckling' - a fairy tale which they performed to both primary and secondary pupils.

This year's Drama prize winner was Jennifer Grant. Finally, Drama Club welcomes Miss MacLennan who takes both the junior group and a Thursday activities group, so leaving Mrs. Barley free to concentrate on the senior group.

In July Sean McGowan was lucky enough to take part in Highland Youth Theatre, a Residential Summer School in Theatre Arts. This was the first course of its kind and students between 15 and 18 from all over the Highland Region participated.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD



The participants in this scheme seem to increase in number every year with 23 of last year's 24 entrants now working for silver and 22 new entrants this year. Successes during the last 12 months are as follows:-

SILVER Morven McLean, Amanda Munro, Aileen Ferguson, Ann Ferguson, Andrew Liggat, Peter Kuwall.

BRONZE John Ormiston, Ross McLean, Eric Pirie, Douglas Low, Graham Walker, Annette Hogg, Claire McCann, Marian Hamilton, Shaonaid McGregor, Jane Dunlop, Sue Martin, Debbie Allan, Jane Wallace, Fiona Walker, Fiona Chavasse, Kay Ross, Shirley Robb, Maureen Urquhart, Wendy Stephen, Shirley Masson, Hilary Gray, Christine Mooney, Lorraine Mooney and Alison Grant.

SCRIPTURE UNION



In January 1979 Miss Hannan and Miss Wilson began a Scripture Union branch in the school for 1st and 2nd year pupils. There was a varied programme of talks, quizzes, film-strips and special guests. We had fun singing, too, and, to end the school session, a barbeque in the country from which we returned wet (from splashings in a burn) and smelling of woodsmoke. In the summer nearly twenty girls went to camp, mostly to Auoch with Miss Hannan but two to far away Stornaway. At camp especially one can feel part of a movement with 100 years of history and world wide membership of over a million. Our Scripture Union is just a small part of things but it is alive and well in Grantown Grammar School.

SKI REPORT...

By Colin Grant.

The season started early in January with the British Junior Championships at Courmayeur in Italy and the Seniors in Val d'Isere in France. Colin Grant and Ross McLean competed in the Juniors and Peter Kuwall trained with the "CITADIN" team in Val d'Isere for the Seniors. Unfortunately, nobody managed to record any really good results, although a good giant slalom result managed to put Ross in 9th place after a disappointing slalom; all three, however, managed to get a lot of important training in abroad.

The first race for school teams was the Cairngorm juniors on Tuesday, 3rd April, where the school team came a disappointing second to their rivals Kingussie. Colin Grant and Peter Kuwall finished second and third respectively in the individual event.

The next schools' race was the Boyd-Anderson Trophy, which, after a few postponements owing to bad weather, was held on Thursday, 29th March. This time the school team skied much better and completely wiped the board winning the team trophy convincingly. Peter Kuwall skied very well to take the individual prize.

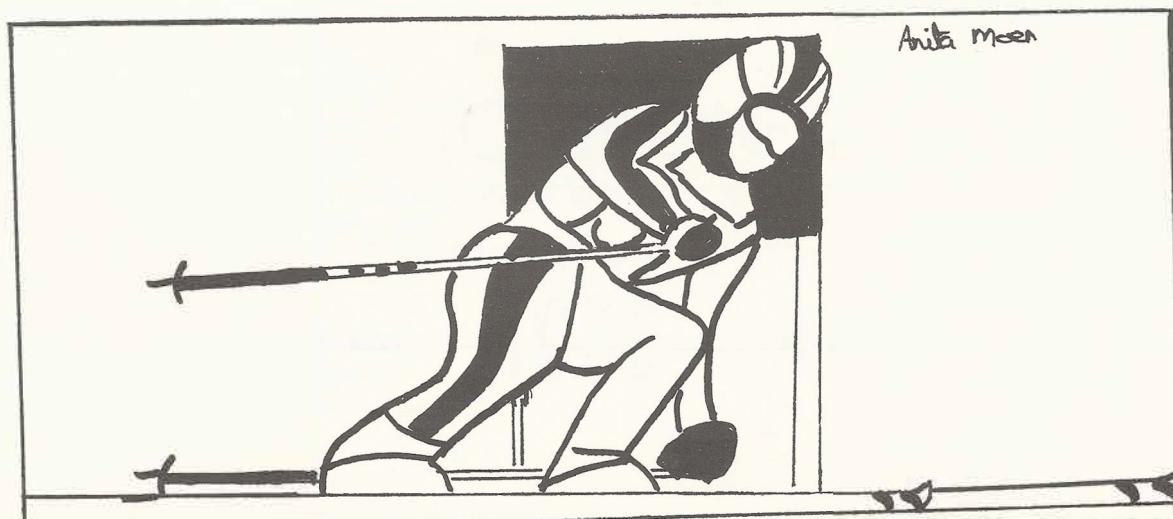
Minors' Race: The minors' race was held in Glenshee on 8th March. The team was Paul Moen, Tony Kuwall, Paul Dunlop and Sue Godlington. Two unfortunate falls spoiled any chance of winning but in spite of this the team took sixth place which showed that with trouble free runs Grantown might well have brought home the trophy.

The School House races were held in very difficult conditions on Thursday, 15th March. The difficult conditions led to many spectacular falls with Revoan ending up the eventual convincing winners.

Ross and Colin both raced in the Junior Circuit, both obtaining some good results, Colin coming third in the West of Scotland Juniors and Ross coming fifth in the East of Scotland Giant Slalom and fourth in the West. Peter Kuwall raced in the Senior Circuit for the first time but found the standard of competition very high and unfortunately did not manage to record any good results. Colin Grant in this season has been selected as a member of the Scottish Junior Team for 1980.

The last schools' race was the really important one - the Scottish Schools' Race which we won last year. The rivalry was intense as the first three teams were to be given free holidays abroad in 1980 through the generous sponsors "Schools Abroad". Unfortunately the team was weakened with John Clark leaving, resulting in the team managing to scrape into third place, but this was enough for each member to be given a free place in the School trip to Italy next year.

At a more leisurely pace, Saturday and Thursday afternoon ski groups were again well attended and much enjoyed by all. Our thanks are due to Miss Jardine and the other members of staff who gave up so much of their time to make it all possible.



FORMER PUPILS' SECTION



— 1979 —

editorial

We are happy to say that the attempt to blend innovation with tradition in the new format of the magazine which was introduced last year has met with unanimous approval, and we hope that the present issue will be as well received.

We are grateful to all those F.P.'s who have returned well-filled information slips with ample material for "News from the Outposts", and particularly to those who included donations to funds. These were so generous this year that they will cover more than half of our considerable annual postage bill.

Two important decisions were taken at the A.G.M. this year regarding F.P. functions. First, it has been decided to combine the Reunion Dance normally held at Christmastime with the Biennial Dinner due to be held in Spring 1980. (The date to put in your diary is Friday 18th April.) Second, in order to provide a more informal social function for younger members and their friends who are at home for the holiday the possibility of a 'disco' to be held during the Christmas period is being investigated.

The Club was ably represented at the Prize-giving this year when the address was given and the prizes presented by Betty Mutch, who has been such a good friend to the school and the clubs.

We are pleased to be able to include in the F.P. section this year an article by Angus Mackintosh on his recent visit to China. Angus, who is the son of former science teacher Mrs. Edith Mackintosh, is now Secretary to the Scottish Universities Council on Entrance.

In conclusion we apologise for any sins of omission or commission in the notes or the lists, (please notify us if you discover any) and we wish all our readers the Compliments of the Season and health and success in the coming year.

I.S.

* NEW RECRUITS *

Seven recent leavers have joined the ranks this year. We welcome: last year's joint duxes, Sheila McCulloch and Donald Grant, who are both to go on to Aberdeen University, Sheila to do Modern Languages, and Donald, Computing Science: Archie Liggat, who is mid-way through his B.Sc., degree at Glasgow on an officer cadetship sponsored by the R.A.F.: Audrey Murray, who has just taken up a teaching post in Culter Primary School: Derek Walker, who is doing a Hotel Management course: Mairi Gordon, who is doing work experience in the offices of both Primary and Secondary Departments and Fiona McCafferty who is in the third year of a B.Sc. (Nursing Studies) course in Dundee.

With Fiona, joined also her mother, Mrs. Isobel McCafferty, who is one of the Assistant Head Teachers of the Primary Department.

Mrs. Selman (Elise Kirk), who has just completed a year at College doing an In-Service Nursery Teacher's Certificate ("I thoroughly recommend this for ageing Mums," she comments!) has now joined as a life member as also has Hugh Tulloch.

The efforts of Betty Grant and Marion Stuart brought two new recruits this year: first Mrs. Brocklehurst (Margaret McWilliam) who has had a long teaching career, finally becoming Head Teacher of Hillhead Primary, Kirkintilloch. Her son is a P.E. teacher and her daughter a doctor, and second Jean MacLachlan, who is a Nursing Sister in Canterbury.

Proud grandfather Eddie Gardner stamped up for daughter Maureen's life Membership. Maureen, now Mrs. Hollins, has two sons and lives near Scarborough. We welcome also Mr. Munro's son Michael, and the latter's wife (formerly Anne Strachan). Michael is a quantity surveyor and Anne a Home Economics Teacher in Lanark.

* ENGAGEMENTS and MARRIAGES *

We send congratulations and best wishes to the two couples whose engagements we have to record; Rosemary Masson to Garry Balfour in December, 1978 and Shona George to David Barr in April.

We also wish every happiness to the following on the occasion of their marriage: Rhona Cameron who married Richard Walsh in September 1978 in London; John Burgess who married Jean Johnston in Apr in October; Margaret Calder who married George Grant in Inverallan in November; Susan MacBilivray who married Douglas Smith at Boat of Garten in April; Patrick Grant who married Linda Baines at Soome also in April, and Stewart Grant who married Doris Edward at Daviot in September.

* BIRTHS *

We have the following "happy events" to report:

In October 1978 a son to Ian and Sandra Paterson (nee Sellars).
In December a second daughter to George and Sherie Walker (nee Sutton).
In January 1979 a son to Angus and Margaret MacSween (nee Ross).
In February a son to Catriona and Bill Reid.
In March a daughter to Brian and Ann Murray (nee Stewart) and also in March a daughter to Maira and Bobbie McLeod.
In April a daughter to Dolly and Barbara McLeod.
In April also a son to Donald and Winnie Ross.
In May a son to Allan Chisholm and his wife (now in Surrey).
In June a son to Jennifer and Alistair Jack.
In August a son to Chris and Maureen Hollins (nee Gardner), also in August a son to Sandy and Isobel MacLure.

* SWIMMING CLUB MEMBERS *

Shirley Baxter; Mrs. Margaret Brazier; Jenny Bruce; James Calder (sec.); Mrs. Mariel Dick; Jackie Farquhar; Mrs. Rosemary Farquhar; John Gill; Andrew Grant; Anthony Green; Barry Green; Brian Hamilton; Lindsay Jack; Margaret Lawson; Raymond McIntosh; Mrs. Anne McKenzie; Mrs. Sylvia McManis; Donald McLeod; Torquill McLeod; Alistair Masson; Mrs. Margaret Masson (Secretary); Mrs. Lynn Ross; Pauline Ritchie; Linda Stevenson; Mrs. Sandra Sullivan; Peter Taylor; Wendy Taylor.

Obituary

Dux of the school in 1909, Miss NETTA GILLIES died in the Ian Charles Hospital in January this year. On completion of teacher training in Aberdeen, Miss Gillies taught in Rannoch, then for 36 years, in Pitlochry High School, before retiring to her native Grantown. For the past two years she had been resident in Grant House eventide home. Her mind and interests remained active till the time of her death, and she enjoyed chatting about school activities with the pupils who visited her in the home. We send the condolences of the clubs to her niece and nephew by whom she is survived.

The whole Grantown and district community was shocked and saddened by the tragic death of HAMISH DIXON as a result of a traffic accident in March. Hamish was a man of many interests and talents who served his native community well. He is remembered in the F.P. Clubs for his useful term of service as vice-president. Apart from his business activities as sole partner in a painters and decorators firm, he served on the former Town Council, he was instrumental in bringing into being the former Grantown Cinema, he was a useful and long-serving member of the Angling Association Management Committee and a founder member of the Grantown Society. We shall miss his sense of humour and his unflinching interest in and concern for the well-being of his native town. The Clubs extend to his wife, to his son George, and daughters Louise, Janet and Lesley their sincere sympathy.

Triple tragedy struck another long-established and well-loved Grantown family with the deaths in early summer this year of ANGUS SHAND and his wife Annabelle within three weeks of one another. These were followed in July, by the death, as a result of a motor accident of Angie's nephew 21 year old Eric Stewart. Angus (Angie) died at home after a protracted illness. He was originally employed at the former R.E.M.E. depot, but with his wife took over and successfully ran Mackay's Hotel in the Square some 17 years ago. A keen sportsman and rifle shot, Angie also maintained interests in the T.A., in the Masonic Lodge and in angling. To his son John, his mother and his two brothers and two sisters we send the deepest sympathy of the Clubs.

The accident "black spot" at the junction of the Tomintoul road and the Grantown-Cromdale road claimed the young life of ERIC STEWART in circumstances which aroused feelings of horror and pity in the whole community. Eric joined the F.P. Club on leaving school and before going to study at St. Andrew's University, where he graduated M.A. last year. Previously he attended Hopeman Primary School, of which he was dux, and Elgin Academy. He had recently gained a diploma in industrial administration at Dundee College of Commerce, and was to take up a position with Rolls Royce, after spending a holiday with his parents in South Africa. Members of staff and school fellows of Eric will remember him as an able and agreeable boy, taking a full part in the life of the school, both inside and outside the classroom, and will join with the Clubs in expressing to his parents and other relatives their sympathy at the tragically early loss of so promising a life.

Sport and outdoor pursuits were also abiding interests of Old Guard WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK who died suddenly in London in April. Climbing, football, skating, golf, badminton and cricket were among the activities he enjoyed. Prior to moving to London, where he worked at Mount Pleasant as a Post Office sorting clerk, Mr. Cruickshank was employed locally as an insurance agent and also by Messrs. Mackintosh & Cumming. During the war he served all over the world as a member of the Fleet Air Arm. To his wife and family in London, and to his sister Margaret (Hazelbank) we send the Club's condolences.

We have to record also a double bereavement for the Kydd and Jack families this year. Mrs. ERNEST KYDD (Jean Jack) daughter of former school janitor, Sandy Jack, died in March in Gretna, and her death was followed by that of her husband (formerly of the National Bank) two months later. Mrs. Kydd was one of a faithful band of F.P.'s, who started their education in Miss Logie's infant class. To the family and her friends we express the sympathy of the Clubs.

We also send the Clubs' condolences to Marion Mackintosh of Cambræ, Cromdale and her brothers on the loss of their brother DONALD MACKINTOSH who died in Bulawayo this year. Donald went to Rhodesia after the war where he was employed on the Rhodesian Railways. He is survived by his wife to whom we also send our sincere sympathy.

With the sudden death in September of DORIS LAING, the Clubs lost a local member who always maintained an interest in our affairs, especially the production of the magazine (she had an article published in the issue of 1972) and its despatch to exiles. Doris was also a faithful member of the Church and the T.W.G. To her brother Alistair and family we extend the sympathy of the Clubs.

The teaching profession lost a worthy member in October with the premature death of Miss GEORGINA TURNBULL after a long illness. Miss Turnbull, a native of Boat of Garten, received her education and training at Deshar School, the Grammar School and Moray House before beginning a teaching career in various Highland schools, including Deshar and Dulnain Bridge. During the last twenty years she taught in Inverness where she latterly held the post of Assistant Head Teacher at Merkinch Primary School. Miss Turnbull was active in educational affairs as secretary of the Inverness-shire branch of the E.I.S., and she was also keenly interested in Gaelic and in music. To her father and her brother by whom she is survived we express our deepest sympathy.

We express the sincere sympathy of the clubs to the following members who have suffered bereavement during the year: to Ian MacGillivray on the loss of his father in September 1976; to Mrs. A. Anderson (Shona MacDougall) on the loss of her mother in March; to Sheila and Ian Smith on the loss of their mother in June; and to Mrs. McLeod (Elizabeth McGregor) on the loss of her mother in August.

Dr. and Mrs. Bain have had a year of "ups and downs" in health, but nevertheless managed to visit Bruce in Yugoslavia in June and to meet him in Edinburgh and Newcastle as he "jetted" around, either on holiday or on business missions with the top management of Dunlops. Bruce's command of Serbo-Croat is of considerable help in his work, and Doc. (our late developing linguist!) now writes it at length.

Mrs. Banks (Lorna Stephen) has had two visits to Grantown this year. She is looking forward to having both daughters in school after September and "becoming a lady of leisure." She also wrote at Christmas to say she "liked the smart new magazine!" Iain Beange has been sailing the world in P. & O. ships "Ardlui" and "Strathmore", but comes back to Glasgow Nautical College in September. After more time at sea (and doing a correspondence course on the briny!) He hopes to take his 2nd mate's ticket in 1982.

Mrs. Beattie (Elizabeth Reid) says she "Left household chores for a few weeks to return to District Nursing and enjoyed the change." Mrs. R. Birrell (Jean Donald) got Mum (Mrs. Jackie Donald) to return her slip. Mrs. Guthrie Booth (Netta Hunter) apologised for lack of news, but says she still enjoys her copy of the magazine.

As usual, Stanley Buchan was among the first to return his slip. We also had a nice letter from him at Christmas with good wishes for the school and congratulations on the production of the magazine. Mrs. Butler's (Dorothea Syme) slip was returned by her friend Nell Stephen. Sandy Calder sent best wishes from Inverness from his contingent of 3 F.P.'s.

Another conscientious Mum returned slips for Dorothy and Douglas Carse. George Catto regrets not having met any of his former schoolmates recently, but nevertheless sends his best wishes to the school. Thrifty Mrs. Chapman (Irene Edwards) saving for the arrival of her second youngster, got big sister Amelia (Mrs. Oakes) to deal with her slip and magazine order.

The New Zealand Mrs. Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald) says they had "a l-o-n-g hot summer" there - I'm sure that will turn every non-exile F.P. green with envy after the apology for a summer we have had. Of her youngsters she says, "they grow like weeds! Janet is playing saxophone at school and Richard has started on the chanter so you can imagine the noise in our house!" Thank you for that lovely first day cover - We have kept quite a number of envelopes this year, as many of them really were things of beauty.

We hear Mrs. Chart (Margaret Mackintosh) was home from Mombasa last summer, staying with sister Sandra at Struan. Allan Chisholm reports "hectic start to 1979, having moved from Edinburgh to Surrey in the midst of January storms, set up a new office for the company in Epsom and had an addition to the family (Andrew) in May."

David Clark is now in second year at Napier College, Edinburgh doing a production engineering degree course. Mrs. Heather Clark reports a change of address. Adrian Cooke writes: "Not much to report; I'm still working for I.C.L. in Bracknell, however I moved into a multi-storey 'rabbit hutch' last September - lovely view, but I have to duck every time Concorde flies over - I'll have to rob a bank this year so that I have something exciting to say next year." George Coutts had "no change" to report.

Mrs. Cowan (Wilma Irving) writes that her husband has now been promoted to Flt. Sergeant in the R.A.F. Regiment, and her eldest son has been training with a local Engineering firm since leaving school. We had a nice note from Mrs. Craig (Dorothy Calder) expressing appreciation of the new style magazine. Mrs. David Davidson (Betty Kirkwood) is now a "full-time mother and housewife and enjoying it". Besides her two boys she now has a kitten which "is more trouble than the whole family put together"!

Mrs. Davidson ("Margaret McBeath) paid two visits to Grantown this summer "Poured with rain both times!" she says. Mairghread Davies successfully completed first year at Edinburgh University on an M.A. course in Economics and Accountancy.

Since February George Dixon has had a new post in Glasgow University as Senior Research Assistant at The Archives. If George will pardon the animal similes, with his ferret-like persistence in the pursuit of information and terrier-like tenacity in supporting his idea with historical fact, one can hardly imagine a more successful archivist. This year he has certainly put these qualities to work in defence of the heritage of his native town, witness his major part in having the plan to establish the former Speyside House Children's Home as a heritage centre accepted and his successful blocking of the further demolition of cottages in West High Street.

Margaret Donald has now transferred to the educational division of the Nightingale School of Nursing, St. Thomas's Hospital, London as a sister tutor. Fiona Donn has been moving into the main building at Merkinch Primary in Inverness after 12½ years infant teaching in the annexe. She is still heavily engaged in Scripture Union camps, and met some of our group at Stornoway in July. Her parents keep reasonably well and sister Deirdre is still busy with the D.H.S.S.

Daphne Duncan reports: "April to September was spent with the Cairngorm Chairlift Company as Accounts Assistant. This was an obligatory part of my course, before 3rd year Diploma in Commerce at Glasgow College of Technology. It was most enjoyable but oh, the early mornings..." Sister Dianne is now Pool Supervisor at the Community Centre Swimming Pool, Lossiemouth. Fish farmer Eddie Duncan spends most of his working time looking after a family of 200,000 salmon parr at his hatchery near Lochcarron. He raises them from eggs from the Shin (it produces Scotland's largest salmon).

We saw Mrs. Fearnley (Maureen Macaulay) briefly during the Kirk Fête when she was spending a caravan holiday in Grantown. Having been three whole years in the one place, she now describes herself as "very settled in Aberdeen". Sine Fergusson continues to manage the Bank of Scotland canteen in Edinburgh. George Findlay is one of a group of F.P.'s training with Ferranti's to become an Electronics Technician.

Lorna Forbes has just completed S.N.C. Business Studies (Travel and Tourism) at Aberdeen College of Commerce and now hopes to study H.N.D. in the same subject, "providing the exam. results are satisfactory!" Nationalist Mrs. Forsyth (Nancy Gray) was "down but not out after the election". We noticed she received a presentation last year for her services to the S.N.P. in Dingwall. She looks forward to her son's marriage (to an English lass!) next year and comments "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em!".

Mrs. Fraser (Elspeth Mitchell) called with her slip and reports she had an enjoyable holiday at Croydon with brother Bill and Judy in March. Robin Fraser, usually to be relied on for a line that goes straight into these notes, lost his slip this year and puts it down to advancing years. Could staff worries due to last year's baby boom have played their part too? Mrs. Gardiner (Wilma Watt) sent details of the successes of her daughter Catriona in riding and show jumping in which she won three trophies in 1976. Her equestrian activities will however now have to take second place to University studies.

Shonagh George writes "Completed 2 years probation at Alvie Primary School and became engaged to David Parr, a L/Cpl. in the R.A.O.C." A further period of probation Shonagh?! Best wishes. Mrs. Gordon (Ann Paton) now established in Huntly but no news. Fiona Grant (Mullingarroch) has started a S.H.N.D. course in Secretarial Studies at Napier College.

Fiona M. Grant has finished her Ophthalmic Nursing Diploma and on returning from 3 weeks holidays in U.S.A. and Canada will be taking up a new Staff post in the Eye Wards, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. June Grant is now with John Menzies (Holdings) and permanently based in Edinburgh. She has bought a flat and, having seen to problems of rewiring and rising damp, moved in seven months after purchase! Shelagh Grant graduated B.Sc. (Social Science) from Edinburgh University in July and is starting a Postgraduate course in Edinburgh in September.

Shona Grant, after thoroughly enjoying her 9 months auxiliary work at Craig Dunain Hospital has now settled down to training, based at Raigmore Hospital. Mrs. Greenwood (Mary Winchester) has visited both Grantown and brother 'Jock' in Fort William this summer. Mrs. Greig (Margaret Grant) mourns the passing of her aunt, former dux of the school, Netta Gillies. Donald Gunn had nothing to report from Dingwall.

Sheila Harris writes: "All is well with the Harris clan. Brother Harry has just finished doing a 1½ year spell in Saudi Arabia with a construction firm and is returning to University in October to do an M.Sc. course in Ecology at Aberdeen". Mrs. Harris (Kathleen Dunn) is still teaching at Andover and can hardly believe she'll be starting her 9th year. A common experience Kathleen, which doesn't disappear as the years roll on! Mrs. Harvey (Catriona Johnston) and her husband are now home owners (4 floors up) in Dundee. She has also completed her first year's modern languages teaching and taken part in a school trip to France.

Albert Hastings sent us his new address in Nairn where he now runs The Gift Shop. Fiona Henderson is leaving Edinburgh to take up a post as Medical Social Worker in John Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford in September 1979.

Susan Hendry wrote us a grand, comprehensive bulletin about her activities in Spain. She continues with her art work, having just bought a Swedish loom to weave cloth, rugs and tapestries. She also teaches English in the local textile factory - and rides a motor-bike! For anyone planning next year's holiday, Susan's account of Spain's summer weather makes enviable reading! Mrs. Hepburn (Rita Mackay) achieved a life time's ambition by getting to Wimbledon's Centre Court this July! - to spectate! "Otherwise" she says "life goes on very quietly."

New recruit Mrs. Hollins (Maureen Gardner) is kept busy by a lively toddler - never a dull moment! And an additional member of the family is due at the end of August. Mrs. Hogg (Jean Cruickshank) had no news of note from Edinburgh. Nor had Andrew Howlett from London. Duncan Howlett, we heard from Mr. Donaldson, was considering some further academic training. Tom Hunter confesses to being "a little envious at the news of a long list of contemporaries retiring (Pat. McLean, Frank Macaulay, Hamish Templeton, Ian McPherson, Mrs. Ross (Margaret Davidson) - quite ridiculous - they are all much too young!" He could retire this year, but proposes to "soldier on" for a few years yet. Marr Illingworth is still with the G.E.C. in the U.S.A. Brother Edward is in Glasgow with the Scottish Amicable and other brother George sent his magazine payment per Billy Templeton who visited him in Cupar in June.

John Irving sent a greeting from Lancashire. Alistair Jack (sen.) sent us details of the bereavements suffered by the family early this year with the death of his aunt Mrs. Kydd (Jean Jack) and her husband George, who was for a time in the National Bank in Grantown before the war. Alistair Jack (Jun.) had the arrival of another son to record. (see Births.) Congratulations to Bill Johnston on the completion of his B.Sc. with Honours in Town Planning. Besides his academic success he has crowned five years of ballooning with the Edinburgh University Balloon Club by gaining his balloon pilot's licence. Dentish Colin Keith joined Pollock golf club where he met more senior F.P. Edward Illingworth.

Rodena Kelman writes "from Aberdeen I have moved to London and am working as Personal Secretary to the Consultant Skin Physician at the Royal Marsden Hospital, Fulham Road. Life is hectic, but I am enjoying it immensely as there is a great deal of patient contact. Chelsea is somewhat different from The 'Boat'!". Grace Kirk sent good wishes from Edinburgh. Former magazine editor Mrs. Knopping (Ruth Mathieson) liked the new format of the magazine and sent good wishes from South Africa. Mrs. Laing (Katharine Templeton) is working as a staff nurse in Edinburgh. Mrs. Lobodzinski (Elizabeth Terris) is now established in Renfrew and works as secretary to the manager of Wm. Press (Scotland) the contracting firm. Mrs. Lugg (Jean Burgess) has many interests and finds "the days are never long enough to fit everything in". The list includes archaeology, weaving, wine-making, golf, gardening and a host of family and F.P. contacts.

Mrs. Macarthur (Joan Paterson) apologises (from Nairn) for "not having done anything noteworthy this year". Congratulations to Jane Macaulay who is moving to a new job as features writer with the "Press and Journal" on August 8th. Brother Simon is still teaching French and Modern Studies in Tarbert and Leverburgh. This summer he helped organise a school party of Lewis and Harris pupils to Normandy and Northern France. Harris to Paris - by bus!! Margery Macaulay joins the exiles this year when she leaves the Primary Department staff to take up an appointment in Berengaria, Cyprus. Best wishes Margery! We'll be interested to see what the Cyprus stamps look like! Mrs. McClelland (Elizabeth Lawrence) returned her slip from Port Glasgow.

Alistair MacDonald continues in the oil industry, joining Watson's Well Services, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada in mid September. Mairi MacDonald has now been established for about a year as a member of the staff of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office.

Mrs. MacGregor (Pat Lawrence) sent a fine bulletin on "the lifestyle of the MacGregor clan". John, though Chief Dealer for the Bank of Scotland, spends much time "wheeling and dealing" round various golf courses "Sunningdale, Wentworth - you name it, he's played it, all in the line of business!". In September he is to play in Eire, representing London banks. Pat enjoys teaching 7-8 year olds, but finds her own two teenagers "less willing, helpful and obedient!". Son Andrew sat 13 'O' levels, and came train-spotting to Scotland this year, while Fiona (13½) is a fashion conscious young lady, interested in ballet, modern and tap dancing, but who "takes up every mirror in the house!".

Douglas McInnes and family (Rachel 7, and John 10) are all keen skiers. Douglas is particularly proud of the Millburn Badminton team's winning the under 15 league - they beat Grantown on the way! Congratulations to David McIntosh on completion of his B.Sc. (Hons.) in Electrical and Electronic Engineering. He is to go on to do post-graduate research in microwave devices at Heriot-Watt. David called with his slip and gave us all the news of himself and brother Kenny who has successfully completed 1st year Civil Engineering, also at Heriot-Watt University.

Mrs. McIntosh (Iris Forbes) says her husband has become quite involved in Community affairs in Llanbyde, but Iris restricts her participation to "lending a sympathetic ear." We had a visit from Donald McIntyre, who is Professor of Geology at Pomona, California, and whose book on the rise of Scottish Geology was published last year. During a stay at Nethy Bridge he met Cathie Smith and reminisced about "days and nights at the Shelter Stone long ago." He also paid a visit to Miss Mariel Grant to whom he was grateful for his early scientific education. Randal McIntyre had no change to report this year. "Slim" Alex. McKenzie is enjoying retirement and now has 3 grandchildren.

Dr. Sandy McKenzie maintains a wide range of interests besides his medical work and his well-known musical activities. He is also Chairman of the Banff R.N.L.I. branch and president of the Rotary Club and a General Commissioner for Income Tax (appointed by the Secretary of State). (What about some perks for hard-up teachers Sandy?). Keith McKerron still runs his hotel in Hopeman. Besides his trip to China this year Angus Mackintosh made one of his frequent journeys to the Highlands to conquer more Munros. Former Science teacher Mrs. Edith Mackintosh spent a caravan holiday in Grantown with Marjory and her grandchildren in July and was also planning a bus trip to Paris in September. Bert Mackintosh got sister Bella to deliver his slip this year. Mrs. McLeod (Elizabeth MacGregor) is still in Aviemore.

Evelyn McMurray is working in the Intensive Care Unit at Chichester. Sister Maureen has bought a flat in Dundee, while brother Raymond is now in his 3rd year at Edinburgh University. James Macpherson was kind enough to send us a photocopy of a poem about Nethy dated 1898. It is not very complimentary about the behaviour of the Nethy "blades" who collect on the bridge to gossip and criticize strangers:

Upon the brig in croods they gether,
Foul or fair lat be the weather,
An' there they stan' an' gape an' blether
Till nicht them settles.....

Some eighty years have not brought much in the way of change!

From Blairgowrie Peter MacPherson reports he is "still working a full week. My spare time is fully taken up with fruit and flower growing, especially chrysanthemums and roses. The family is scattered between Derbyshire and Aberdeen. We now have five grandchildren." Rachel MacRobert is still enjoying life teaching at Farr Secondary School, Bettyhill. Neil McTaggart's excuse for the tardy arrival of his slip was that he "was waiting in the hope that some dramatic turn of events would enable me to satisfy the editor's voracious appetite for sensation". Full marks for originality! His eldest youngster is just approaching the 'O' Grade stage. Pamela Main is enjoying doing a course for the Diploma of Medical Secretaries at Stevenson College, Edinburgh.

Mrs. Main (Sheila Mann) is now remarried, and lives in Stockton-on-Tees. John Milne enjoys retirement but has not "entirely abandoned educational interests." He attended an International Conference in W. Germany this year. His retirement was marked by a dinner and presentation in Elgin last December, and this year his wife and he celebrated their Ruby Wedding. Wishart Milne is still with the Scottish Telecommunications Board in Aberdeen. Judy Mitchell sent us details of husband Bill's golf marathon (100 holes in a day!) which raised £2,500 for the "Save the Children" Fund. Starting at 4.15 a.m., he finished 15 hours later, after walking 30 miles round the course at Selsdon Park where he is resident "pro." A fine effort for the International Year of the Child! We are grateful to Judy also for an up to date address for brother John.

As part of her Hons. History of Art course Jane Morris has been spending part of the summer in Italy visiting important art centres. Shaw Mortimer reports his daughter Jacqueline was one of ten Ranger Guides selected to represent Scotland at an International Camp in Sweden from 12th to 31st July. He also moved house in April. We are grateful to "Jean Pat." for passing on a new address for Anne Munro. Anne Munro (Tormore) enters second year at Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology, studying for a B.A. in Business Management Studies. In his retirement Ed. Munro "plays bowls and supports Aberdeen F.C." This year he asked for forms to be sent to son Michael and his wife (formerly Anne Strachan) and both are now members. Michael is a quantity surveyor and Anne a teacher of Home Economics. Jeannette Munro was off for a month this summer on her second visit to relatives in British Columbia.

Mrs. Munro (Gertie Lawson) had nothing to report from Folkestone. "Life busier than ever!" comments Mrs. Murray (Ann Stewart) since the birth of Eilidh Ann. Mrs. Murren (Fiona Macdonald) is a Student Midwife at Raigmore. Mrs. Napier (Lindsey Stephen) often manages to wax philosophical even in the confines of our information slips. She writes: "Life is good, work, our home, our friends - we don't succeed in packing into each day all the things we want to do - a luxury problem, I know." She has just celebrated her tenth wedding anniversary - "a major achievement in this world of mobility, individualism and freedom!" Mr. and Mrs. Oakes (Amelia Edwards) spent a week with sister Irene and family. "Ernie", she writes, "enjoyed the cricket, while Irene and I caught up with the news."

We had a nice letter from Mrs. O'Connor (Dorothy Cameron) who has now been 16 years in America. She has "met innumerable famous people (her husband is in show business) and travelled to some fantastic places" but nothing could compare with the thrill when last year she saw sister Chris Harra and her husband step off the plane to visit them. Dorothy, who will be remembered as a Clachan Players stalwart, works as a film extra and is active in the Caledonian Society and other exiled Scots' activities. Last year she addressed

the haggis at nine functions in a fortnight! That is a record neither Mr. Donaldson nor your editor could match! Dorothy keeps in touch with Cattanach sisters Marjory and Gladys (Mrs. Taylor and Glenn respectively) and also Billie (Keith) Ritson.

Beatrice Oliphant is in New Zealand for one year on a working holiday, nursing in Wairau Hospital, Blenheim and enjoying the life style immensely. We were pleased to meet Mrs. Orford (Isobel Calder) and her husband this year when they delivered her slip. Mrs. Parrott (Catherine Douglas) was home from the U.S.A. on a short trip this summer. Mrs. Perk (Ann Stuart) was home from Canada for 2 months in 1978 and is to have a visit from mother, Marion in September this year.

Ron Philip in the sunny Bahamas still gets the Strathspey Herald every week and enjoys reading it from cover to cover - particularly Spey Valley Spotlight and George Dixon's historical articles. We are grateful to Mrs. Cooke (Catherine McGregor) for giving us Betty Phimister's new address in Nairn. Andrew Reid is still with the Scottish Office assisting students to obtain their awards, but has now moved out of Edinburgh "to get a taste of the countryside in Penicuik".

"Kenneth John was born on St. Valentine's Day to complete our contribution to the population" says Bill Reid. Congratulations - but like Gladstone we'll wait and see! Ian Ritchie had no news from Saffron Walden. Mrs. Robertson (Davis Thomson) is now teaching English to immigrant children in Dunbartonshire. The job is very "peripatetic" she writes, visiting seven schools a week between Clydebank and Cumbernauld. Davis's father, Bert Thomson, is to be seen daily in South Street, pipe clenched firmly between his teeth and lollipop in hand, as the Primary Department Crossing Patrol. Jessie Ronaldson is still with the G.P.O. in Inverness.

We had a chat with Alex. Ross when he was home in August. He is still keeping the "present-day Lavender Hill mob in order as a detective inspector in the "Met." but was helping with mother's wood supplies for winter when we saw him. Charles Ross completed his H.N.D. (Biological Sciences) this year and continues in Animal Technology at Edinburgh University. We have to thank Martin Grant for collecting a magazine sub. form from Mrs. Ross (Patricia MacDonald) who was home from Ontario this summer.

Margaret Ross (ex Broomhill) was another who expressed approval of the new format of the "mag" but welcomed the retention of the old badge to introduce the F.P. Section. Victor and Dorothea Ross visited their daughter in Canada in June. Victor holds high office in the Electrical Engineering Industry being Senior Vice-Chairman, Institute of Electrical Engineers and Scottish Chairman, Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, S.W. Scotland.

Congratulations to Walter Ross who has been appointed this years Chairman of Chislehurst Round Table. Dr. Bill Sellar reports he has just finished a weekend of jollifications at the University - having graduated 25 years ago. His three youngsters are all keen on music. Sonya (10) is doing well at St. George's School and is keen on the piano. Peter (7) doing the violin and Barry (7) thinking about starting an instrument. Thanks to Mrs. Shiach (Margaret Smith) who sent a nice appreciative letter about the new magazine format. Of a visit to Grantown she writes: "It was lovely to see so much looking the same - with minor improvements here and there!" She also enjoyed showing her teenage daughters "some of her old haunts."

Barbara Smith has entered her final year at Aberdeen University after spending one term of her Junior Honours at Neuchâtel University. Cathie Smith is still "pursuing archaeology and history with enthusiasm" having visited the Naples area with a Glasgow University Group this spring. Her local (Cumbernauld) schools (she reports) often organize visits to the Grantown area, and return full of praise for "the great friendliness of the natives." Mrs. Smith (Elspeth Gow) had an 8 month spell in Singapore followed by 5 months in Malaysia. She was home this summer but is returning there for a further year to teach English in a private school "to a motley collection of nationalities".

Another Mrs. Smith (Janette MacDonald) moved house and job this year. She now teaches Geography at Firrhill High School. "Life" she says "is treating us both very kindly and we look forward to another happy year". Nick Spence has joined the ranks of caravanners and plans to tour Europe from his base in Munich. Mrs. Springall (Jessie Stuart) made the wedding cake for her grandson Gavin's wedding in June. She hopes to visit Grantown in late summer.

Mrs. Squires (Isa Moyes) says she is "getting too old to practice chiropody" but nevertheless keeps busy with church work and as a reporter and local correspondent for a newspaper in Laval West, Québec. Congratulations to Dr. Elizabeth Stuart who graduated at Aberdeen in July. Rita Stuart is, we hear, having an extended holiday in America and Canada. Alistair Surtees (37 years in London) finds it "incredible how the years slip away so quickly". He has had two European holidays this year one in France and one in Germany.

Richard Surtees is a Professional and Technology Officer with the Department of Transport in Sussex. His son Stuart is now with Sussex police in Brighton so not too far away. We did not see him this year, but he writes: "Jean Pat. gave us all the news". Thanks to Mrs. Sutherland (Elspit McIntosh) for sending a copy of the 1938 magazine. (What a good issue that was!) She has now moved to Denny, and her son Colin, doing 1st year Engineering, has flown solo with the Glasgow University Air Squadron. Daughter Mhairi became a Queen's Guide this year. Double congratulations to Trudie Sutton who has just completed a course in Business Studies and French at Napier College, and is going on to do a Diploma course at the Cordon Bleu School of Cookery in London. She has also recently published a book on "Where to eat in Edinburgh" shrewdly using mother's maiden name as a pen name. Doesn't the combination of Trudie and Mackay produce an apt blend of the Continental and the Scottish?

Gordon Templeton sent a greeting from Aberdeen. James Templeton called with his slip and told us of his retirement activities. He has become Secretary and Treasurer of "The New Club" in Elgin and is keeping up his gardening and golf. Billy Templeton was joint manager in charge of the Bank of Scotland at the Highland Show this year, and hopes to be there again next year, so any visitors can look out for him - but don't expect any free samples! Son David, as keen a golfer as his Dad, toured Ireland with the Aberdeen University Golf team this year.

William Thomson's family of 3 sons are now all married - two in Peterborough and one in Guernsey. William still manages the Co-op Grocery Branch in Corby. Hugh Tulloch reports on visits from relatives, but leaves us with the enigmatic enquiry: "Who is it that talks up Niagara Falls?" Having intrigued and puzzled us please explain next year! Mrs. Walker (Helen Scott) writes that her husband has been "extremely ill". We wish him a good recovery. Another Mrs. Walker (Sherie Sutton) reports "With two babies in nappies, not much time for other activities, but enjoying village life in a countryside very reminiscent of Speyside. Managed to ski out from the house quite a lot during the winter."

Mrs. Walling (Isobel Jack) just missed a mention last year, but did write in time to order a magazine. We apologize for having missed reporting Mrs. Walsh's (Rhona Cameron's) marriage last year and have made this omission good now. Rhona married Richard Walsh from New York who is a civil engineer engaged in construction work in Saudi Arabia. Marriage doesn't seem to have reduced Rhona's appetite for travel however, as in the past twelve months she has been in Hong Kong, Bali and Tai Wan, as well as visiting sister Yvone and husband Martin Jackson in Canada.

Mrs. White (Marjory Mackintosh), recovering from a bad bout of German Measles, benefited from her caravan holiday in Grantown in July. Mrs. Wilson (Ada Imray) reports that her only daughter is now a medical student in Glasgow, having decided to follow her 2 brothers into the medical profession. Ada also describes how she attended the "christening" of a British Caledonian airliner - whisky was poured over the nose from a quaich to a bagpipe accompaniment!

We had the pleasure of showing Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wilson over the "New School" in June while they were caravanning in Grantown. "Jock" Winchester records his retirement from the G.P.O. in December last. We wish him many happy years. It is just 20 years since he left Grantown to go to Kyle of Lochalsh, his first appointment as head postmaster. We had a quick line from Stanley Wright "rushing to catch the ferry for Cherbourg to spend our holidays in the Dordogne". His boys are now 13 and 11.

Barry Wood works as a journalist for D.C. Thomson, Aberdeen and Dundee. Brother Michael graduated from Moray House in June and is taking up a position as a Technical Teacher at St. Columbas High School, Dunfermline as from August. Mrs. Yates (Gillian Henderson) is working as the first Community Physiotherapist to the greater Darwin are. She is flown to scattered outposts and then collected a week or so later, but is based in Darwin Hospital. A sort of waltzing Florence Nightingale it seems!

LOCAL NEWS

This section opened last year with some mournful comments on the weather of 1978, and so far 1979 has given us little cause for rejoicing. Though there was mercifully less snow, frosts continued so long that spring never seemed to be coming, and summer was again disappointing. Let's hope we can pen something more cheerful next year!

The A9 improvements have at last reached our area, and another year should see them coming into operation towards Kingussie and beyond.

With the number of accidents on the approaches to Grantown, two of which resulted this year tragically in the deaths of members, there is considerable feeling that improvements are required here also.

The most notable event in the school year was no doubt the decision to separate the Primary and Secondary Departments. Arrangements for the appointment of a head teacher for the Primary Department are at present under way.

At the P.T.A. meeting where the vote was taken, we spoke in favour of separation, since it had already been decided that the physical separation of the buildings was now to continue permanently - the green plot to the north of the new secondary building, originally destined to take the new primary department, will remain vacant - and it seems to us that to try to maintain staff and pupil loyalty to one unit in a split site situation was practical only as a temporary measure.

Liaison with our Primary feeder schools has been steadily improving in recent years however, and we look forward to close and profitable cooperation with the new establishment.

The War Memorial Lectern is to be left in the Primary School, as it was felt that, for those whose names are listed on it, that building represented the school.

Now for some news items about local members:

As one approaches Grantown from Speybridge, evidence of Frank Calder's skill with the pruning shears is to be seen at the gate of Elm Grove where Frank's topiary has produced a pair of birds on the top of the cypress trees at the gate. He also made headlines in the "Strathie" this year when he killed an adder in the garden there. We see that Graham Clark, who is now back in the local area, working with his father, has been distinguishing himself as a member of the Cairngorm Mountain Rescue Team.

Mrs. Clark (Alison Ronaldson) was one of a group of former Clachan Players who took part in the production of a T.V. serial version of "The Camerons" filmed at Boat of Garten station. Raymond Davidson began another year as Golf Club captain in February. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Dick (Muriel Morrison) are having a new house built in South Street.

Mrs. Dixon (Beatrice Reid), a keen T.W.G. member, won the cup for most points in guild competitions last year. Exiles opening the "Strathie" late last year would have noticed two kenspeckle school figures on the front page: retired janitor Jackie Donald was pictured planting bulbs for G.I.T.A., and retired deputy rector George Donaldson wearing a funny hat at a Bridge Club party. John Duncan continues to run the F.P. Swimming Club successfully, in spite of the difficulties caused by financial stringency.

Jessie and Margaret Fraser, obviously enjoying retirement, devote a lot of time to exercising their pup, Kuri. Chrissie Grant skipped a curling rink (which included Martin!) to victory in the competition for lady skips while Martin remains cheerful in spite of headaches with petrol supplies this year.

Evelyn Grant had an enjoyable holiday in Bath this summer in company with Mrs. Calder, who of course now devotes all of her time to teaching music in the various primary schools which she visits in the area. Stewart Grant, who was married this year, is still with Aviemore Photographic.

Our Rector, Lewis Grant, is much involved in the administration of ski-ing on a national level. Mrs. Hamilton (Evelyn Mackintosh) has taken over as P.T.A. Secretary from Mrs. Clark (Alison Ronaldson) at a busy period with the separation of the Primary and Secondary Departments about to take place. Elsie Keith has had a busy year looking after the shop during Jim Mackenzie's long absence through illness. Sandy Ledingham also had a serious setback in health, but is back to business again now.

Miss Legge had a hip operation earlier this year, but is making a good recovery. Donnie McGillivray is a stalwart of the Kirk Session - and the Bowling Club too! Curlers' President Harry McGregor had a good start last season, skipping the winning rink in the opening bonspiel.

Royal Bank Manager for the last 13 years, Frank Macaulay, retired last year after a banking career which began and ended in Grantown.

The Church choir members were delighted to welcome back Jim Mackenzie after a serious and puzzling illness which robbed him of the power of his limbs. He had recovered well, is back to business, and that fine bass voice is unimpaired. We noted that Mrs. McLaren (Sheila MacDougall) has been playing some more effective golf, retaining the open championship at Nethy. The McLeod family are as usual prominent in sport, especially curling, tennis and football. Hamish starts his term as President of the Curlers and the list of skips is like a McLeod family roll-call!

Isa MacPhail is now established in her new house on the "Mossie". Ian McPherson was awarded the Imperial Service Medal in a ceremony at Stirling last year. Sheena Ogilvie represents Deshar School on the School Council this year.

Jean Paterson cultivates lots of interests (besides F.P. affairs!) in her retirement, but especially the Grantown Society and the T.W.G. Behind her Shankland Court house there have been more new housing developments in the second phase of the S.W. High Street scheme. Lewis Rattray had a marriage in the family when daughter Linda became Mrs. Fraseer. Mrs. Ross's (Margaret Davidson's) retirement after a long and successful teaching career in the school, was marked in several ways, notably by a pleasant staff tea in Seafield Lodge and a presentation in the Primary Department, appropriately made by grand-daughter Vicky Maclean.

Sheila Smith is a keen golfer and was presented with an award last season by a valued old friend of the school, Mrs. Gibson who is president of the Ladies' Section. Marion Stuart is off to Canada to visit Ann and family in Manitoba. John Stuart continues to run the Lochindorb competitions with enthusiasm. His new house, near the corner of Spey Avenue, is nearing completion. Sandy Telfer was one of the British Legion members who helped with a fund-raising Bingo session for the P.T.A. last year.

* FISHING CLUB *

John Stuart reports that the fishing competitions at Lochindorb were again a great success, although poorly supported by local members. This fact no doubt accounts for the cup going to Honorary Member Norman Stone of Nethy Bridge, and for the Old Guard taking the "wooden spoon" in a triangular match between visitors, teachers and Old Guards.

We are grateful to John, aided by one or two other faithful locals, for keeping the tradition alive, for providing a pleasant atmosphere of camaraderie for visitors, and not least for useful contributions to club funds. This year the total income, after payment of expenses was £23-20.

Prizewinners were as follows:-

1st. Norman Stone 0 43 trout (Best 3 of 5 outings)
2nd Alistair Paterson (Forres) 37 trout
3rd. A. (Bill) Rennie (Grantown) 29 trout
Consolation: Robert Grant (Grantown) 2 outings - no fish!

Local members are: Brian Cameron; Frank Calder;
Robert Grant; Kevin McKenzie; Neil McLean;
Ian McPherson; George Paton; Duncan Rose;
James Shand; Sandy Smith; John Stuart (Secretary)

* WITH THE SERVICES *

Alan Anfield is enjoying "sampling Canadian life and travelling around the country (just back from a tour of the Maritimes)" in the course of his exchange posting to the Canadian Army.

Janet Dixon, now home from Zambia, has become a Squadron Officer in Princess Mary's Royal Air Force and is commencing 1 year Certificate in Education Course at University College, Cardiff.

Congratulations to Willie Dobson who graduated from Aberdeen with B.Sc. (Agri.) in July and is now starting his officer training with the R.A.F. He is to start jet pilot training in the new year. We hear (from a reliable Cranwell source) that he is the "heart-throb" of the W.R.A.F. Officer trainees!

Peter McMillan, now in Germany, has become an uncle with the birth of sister Margaret's baby girl.

Rachel Smith is enjoying life at R.A.F. Finningley, the station from which the "Battle of Britain" Display was televised this year.

Squadron Leader Thomas Stuart returned his slip from his new posting at H.Q. Strike Command R.A.F. High Wycombe.

Former Pupils and Old Guards

* OFFICE BEARERS *

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.

Vice-Presidents - Mrs. J. D. ARCHIBALD;
Mr. F. CALDER; Mr. A. M. GRANT.

Secretary and Treasurer - Mr. J. R. SMITH, M.A.

Committee - Mr. J. DUNCAN; Mrs. A. M. GRANT;
Mr. J. J. GRANT; Mrs. JOHN GRANT; Mr. A.
LEDINGHAM; Mr. JAMES SHAND; Mr. JOHN R. STUART.

EXILES

Mrs. Erwin Abromeit (Nancy Maclean), R.S.C.N., R.G.N.,
S.C.M. Kylintra Cottage; RRL 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, Nethybridge; Parkhouse, Thankerton,
Biggar, ML12 6ND.
Mrs. Adam Anderson (Shona G. Macdougall), Monaliadh
Bungalow, B. of G.; An Cluaran, Croy, Inverness.
Mrs. Geo. Angus (Ella A. Wood), Balmenach,
9 Wiseman Road, Elgin.
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 53402, U.S.A. Obstetrician.
James Bain, O.B.E., B.Sc., Ph.D., Morlich; 7
Wittet Drive, Elgin; Rector (retired).
R.W. Bruce Bain, M.A. (Hons.), Morlich; Deputy
Director, Fadip I.F.C., Yugoslavia; Vajara Boke,
Jovanovica 38, 11000 Belgrade, Yugoslavia.
Mrs. R. Balfour (Dorothea M. Smith), Gladstone House;
25 Luangwa Terrace, Montague Av., Salisbury,
Rhodesia.
Mrs. Adrian Banks (Lorna M. Stephen) M.A., D.P.S.,
The Larches; 1 The Paddock, Vigo Village,
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Mrs. Robert W. Bass (Christine A. Tulloch) B.Sc.,
Dallas Brae, Grant Road; Teacher Donaldson's
School for the Deaf, 3 West Catherine Place,
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Iain Beange, Derry Carne, Grant Road; Navigation
Cadet; C/o P. and O. Steam Navigation Co.,
Beaufort House, St. Botolph St. London EC30 7OX.
Mrs. G. Beaton (Sheena S.R. McIntosh), 8 Castle Road
East; Ruaillos, 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.
Mrs. Archibald A. Beveridge (Elizabeth A. Gordon),
M.A., Lower Dellifure; 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;
"Glenegarrie", Whiteside, Tullynessle, Alford.
Mrs. John Boyne (Doris J. Cameron), Willowbank;
237 Auldhouse Road, Newlands, Glasgow S.3.

Mrs. James B. Braid (Pamela Gibson), L.D., The Knoll;
Ashtead, 89 Hepburn Gardens, St. Andrews.
Mrs. William J. Bremner (Elizabeth M.R. Mackenzie),
"Gowanlea"; "The Larig", Sheriffbrae, Forres.
Mrs. M. Brocklehurst (Margaret McWilliam) M.A.,
7 Maitland Drive, Torrance, Stirlingshire. Head
Teacher, Hillhead Primary School, Kirkintilloch.
Iain Brown, "Brierlea", Mossie Road; Arts Student,
Stirling University; Gordon Cottage Quarter,
by Denny, Stirling.
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.
John B. Burgess, The Larches; 137 Prestwick Road,
Ayr, KS8 8NJ. Master tailor (retd.)
Mrs. D. Butler (Dorothea Syme), 62 High Street;
Grangeview, Newmill, Forres.
Mrs. D.C. Butler-Lee (Emily Campbell), 5 Bruce Place,
Fort William.
Alasdair Calder, 63 Aird Avenue, Hilton, Inverness;
Apprentice Binder.
Alexander Calder, 5 Kylintra Crescent; 63 Aird
Avenue, Hilton, Inverness. Telephone Engineer.
Eileen Calder, 63 Aird Avenue, Hilton, Inverness;
Typist, Messrs. Bowmaker Financial Services,
Inverness.
John Calder, Elmgrove, Spey Avenue. Business Studies
Student, Napier College.
D. James Cameron, 37 The Square; First Assistant
County Officer, Cowdenbeath.
Eva M. Cameron, M.A. (Hons.) (Aberdeen), Willowbank;
4 Victoria Road, Elgin, IV30 1RG. Teacher (Retd.)
D. Gillies Campbell, Schoolhouse, Strathy, Sutherland;
Art teacher; 17 New Mains Road, Kirkliston.
Dorothy Carse, Rhubaan, Carrbridge; Pony Stud
Groom, Forcett Hall, Eppleby, Richmond, N.Yorks.
Douglas Carse, B.Sc., Rhubaan, Carrbridge; 21 Dudley
Court, Lethington Ave., Langside, Glasgow.
George McAllan Catto, Ivy Bank Cottage, High Street;
4 Ladeside Road, Port Elphinstone, Inverurie,
AB5 9UT. Storeman.
Mrs. John R. Chapman (Irene Edwards), 17 The Haughs,
Cromdale; 64 Church Drive, Ravenshead,
Nottingham.
Mrs. Richard J. Chapman (Elizabeth M. McDonald),
Dip., H.M. 20 Kylintra Crescent; 147 Pioneer
Road, New Plymouth, New Zealand.
Mrs. Harry Chart (Margaret Mackintosh), The Larches,
Dulnain Bridge; P.O. Likoni, Mombasa, Kenya,
East Africa.
Allan D. Chisholm, M.A. (Hons.) Shalamona; Manager
Bredero (Epsom)., 10 Colcokes Road, Banstead,
Surrey.
Duncan Chisholm, M.Sc., C.Eng., M.I. Mech E.,
Schoolhouse, Carrbridge; Unit 27, 4351
Bloorstreet West, Toronto, Canada; Turbine
design engineer.
Duncan Douglas Chisholm, M.B., Ch.B., D.P.M.
D. Psychotherapy, M.R.C., Psychotherapy,
Shalamona, Grant Road; "Figures", 29 Argyll
Place, Aberdeen. Child psychiatrist, Aberdeen.
David J. Clark, Cluny Villa, Grant Road; Student,
Napier College.
Mrs. Heather Clark (Heather M. Mathieson) S.R.N.
S.C.M. Aultharn Farm; 71 Southwater Road,
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Mrs. Robert M. Clark (Janet G. Barclay), 9 MacGregor
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Carnoustie, Angus.
Donald C. Collie, B.Sc., Agri. Tullochgruie, Aviemore;
20 Ravelstone Dykes, Edinburgh. Deputy Chief
Inspector, Department of Agriculture.
Adrian V. Cooke, B.Sc., (Computer Science) Pines
Hotel, Woodside Avenue; 27 Point Royal,
Rectory Lane, Bracknell, Berks.
Charles W. Cooke, Balmenach, Cromdale; 32 Dougalston
Crescent, Milngavie. Accountant, Partick Branch
National Commercial Bank (Retired).

Impressions of China

In February 1979 I was fortunate to be a member of a British delegation which visited China to discuss the admission of a number of Chinese students to UK universities. The following are a few brief notes about my trip.

The most immediate impression is the number of people. The population is roughly 950 million, about one third of the total world population. 80% are employed in agriculture, so not only city streets but also fields in the countryside abound with human beings. The peasants in the communes undertake the most menial tasks, collecting leaves and animal droppings from the roads for use as manure, hand-weeding cabbages, etc. Nevertheless they seem content - poor in terms of the material goods which we take for granted, but supplied with life's basic needs: food, clothing, housing, medical care, and elementary schooling.

In the cities there are no private cars, but the streets are busy with bicycles (in large numbers), 'buses, and a few taxis and official limousines. The Highway Code appears non-existent; crossing the street is hazardous, particularly in the early morning or at night since there is a marked reluctance for vehicle lights to be used. Inter-city travel is usually by 'plane as vast distances are involved, but steamboats also ply on the rivers and canals. In addition, there is a very efficient rail service: an overnight train which I took from Wuhan to Peking arrived exactly on schedule after an 18 hour journey. The locomotives are steam-powered (China has vast reserves of coal), the sleepers luxurious, and the dining cars, staffed by attractive stewardesses, provide excellent food in sumptuous surroundings. The toilets, however, are very primitive, although it must be said that the excreta are not allowed to drop on to the track, but are carefully collected in large storage tanks, to be pumped out for subsequent use as manure.

Several official banquets were given in our honour. These were noteworthy for the multiplicity of courses (15 or 16 were common) and the excellent quality of the food. Duck, chicken, pork, and fish formed the basis of the meat dishes; lamb and beef (and dairy produce) were in short supply. Just about the only gourmet dish which did not appeal to me was pickled sparrow, which our Chinese hosts chewed whole with gusto before indelicately spitting out the bones on to the tablecloth! The last course was invariably soup: its arrival indicated that the end of the banquet was imminent. Toasts were drunk throughout the meal, not after it, in beer (a pleasant but potent lager), red wine (sweet and rather nasty), or 'mao-tai' (a clear, potent spirit based on rice). In Cheng Du, a city near the Tibetan border, a Chinese 'whisky' was on sale: not very palatable and certainly not whisky (I suspect that its provenance was sunflower seeds, rather than barley) but at £1 a litre perhaps one should not be too critical!

Although our programme of visits to schools and universities was very intensive, we did have a little time for sight-seeing. A walk along the Great Wall was a memorable experience as was our visit to a Chinese Opera. The latter was noteworthy for the delicacy, charm, and skill of the performers and the indelicacy of the audience, which obviously regarded expectoration as an acceptable alternative to the forbidden smoking! Still, the Chinese view our use of handkerchiefs for collecting nasal refuse as rather barbaric!

China plans to modernise its agriculture and other industries and to attract substantial numbers of foreign tourists during the next few years. These changes will inevitably have a profound effect on the Chinese people. Nevertheless, I hope that they will retain most of the features for which I remember them: their friendliness, enthusiasm, modesty, love of music, and sense of pleasure in a simple style of living which the west has almost forgotten.

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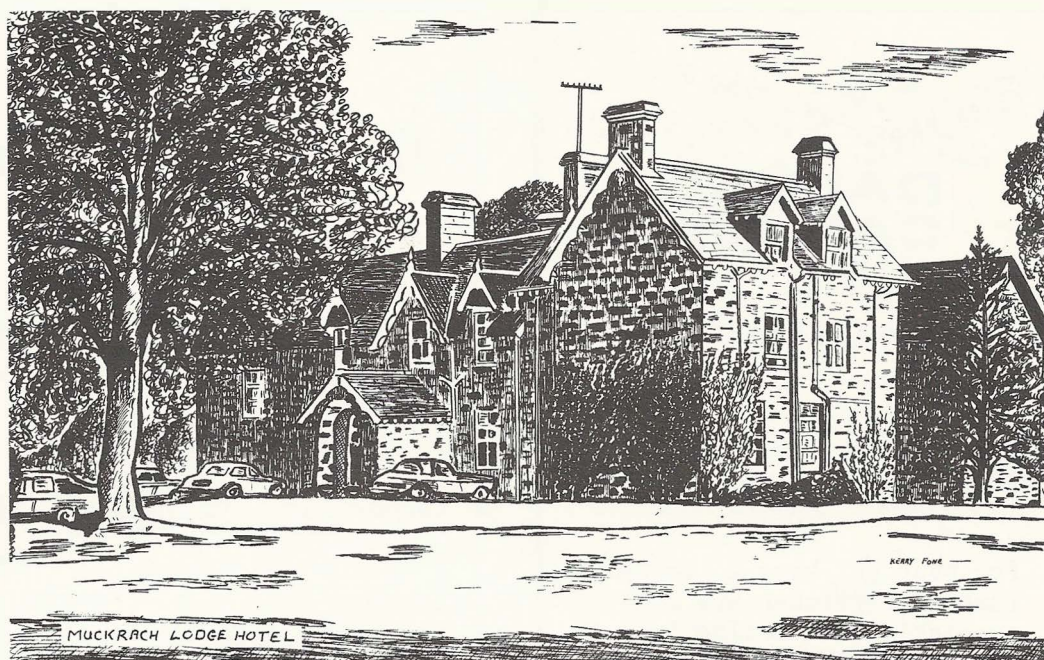
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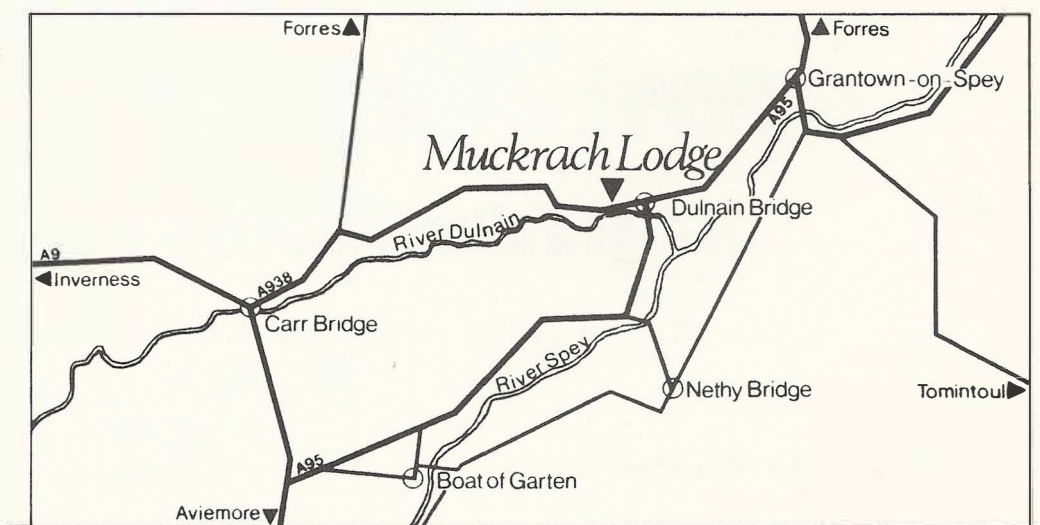
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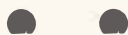
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