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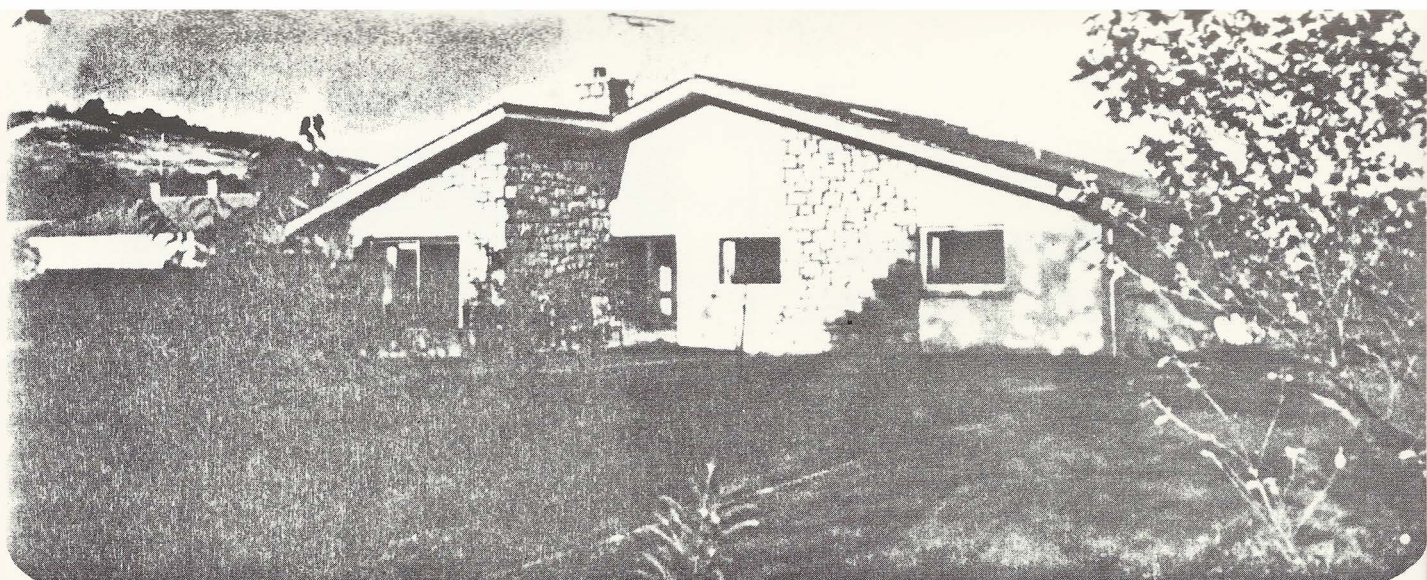
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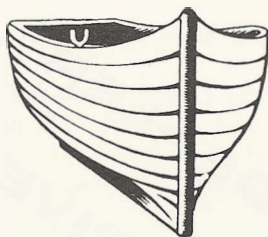
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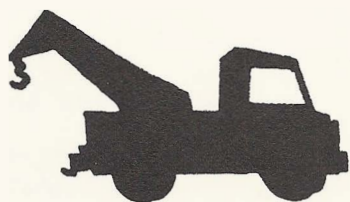
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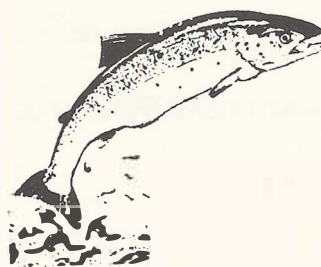
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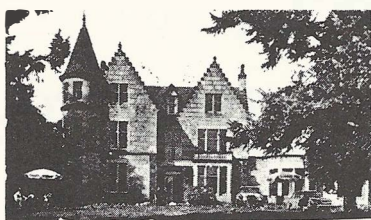
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EDITORIAL

This has been a busy year for both staff and pupils alike and the moment for publication of this issue came upon us somewhat too rapidly! However, we trust that you will find something of interest in the following pages, whether it be in the school section or the former pupils' section.

The 5th year Art class appears to be hankering after entry to the editorial team of 'Private Eye'. They have adapted the techniques of Glen Baxter and Derek Fell, cartoonists, whose work is in itself derived from the Surrealists, a group whose work the art class has been studying. We hope you will be entertained by the pupils' cartoon work.

Thanks are due to those who have supported us with their advertisements. We hope all our readers will have an enjoyable Christmas and a good New Year.

SCHOOL NOTES

After another eventful year, all the items of the news concerning the school can now be reviewed. News of staff and sports are dealt with in a separate section of the magazine.

In the course of this year various fund-raising schemes have been arranged in aid of the mini-bus fund. The prize draw, organised by the P.T.A., was drawn in school on the last day of term before the Easter break and the prizes were accordingly distributed to Sally Farquhar, Mr Ferguson and Mr Everard Martin as the principal prizewinners. This, together with the money raised from various sponsored activities at the end of term, has given us over £5000 to be used to buy a badly-needed mini-bus for the school.

As usual various outings for pupils were organized by the school this year, including a major trip to Paris and The Rhine at the beginning of the summer holidays. A group of 30 pupils accompanied by the rector and his wife and Mr and Mrs Smith set off at 6am on the first Sunday of the holidays. A group of people eager to start their holiday thus stayed overnight in London before a long day's journey to St Goarshausen Am Rhein. The party certainly got a chance to see the country with trips to Ehrenbreitstein Castle, Bonn, a journey on the Rhine Steamer and an exhausting walk to the Lorelei Rock. They then went on to visit Paris, staying there for three days before returning to Grantown early on Tuesday morning.

Two more cultural trips took place this year, especially arranged for pupils interested in art and music. Mr A Lawson of the art department and Mrs Parker took 14 senior pupils to see the 'Great Japan Exhibition' in London just prior to the Christmas break. The group also had a chance to see London and to do some Christmas shopping. A trip to the 'proms' concert in Aberdeen was undertaken by Mrs A. Young of the music department, who, along with 17 pupils and 4 members of staff, attended the Scottish National Orchestra Tchiakovsky performance.

Mrs D. Barley accompanied eight senior pupils on a four day expedition to the Cairngorms - the group returned tired and showing the effect of the brilliant sunshine. In a more relaxed atmosphere, the annual trip to the Royal Highland Show at Inverclyde took place - 43 pupils and 4 members of staff enjoyed the day out.

As well as outings away from the school, we were also pleased to welcome a variety of visitors to the school during the course of the year. Among these visitors was Miss Dorothy Wallace, Headmistress of the Nepali Girls High School who was accompanied by our school chaplain the Rev. Colin Alston. She gave a most interesting talk on the problems to be faced in Third World countries. In school a collection was taken, raising the sum of £20. This, along with the same amount taken from our charities fund, was donated to Miss Wallace to help with the problems which face her staff. The Travelling Theatre Company arrived in school and talked to pupils interested in Drama. In the evening they gave a fine performance of a Restoration Comedy by Sir John Vanbrugh, 'The Provoked Wife', a hilarious play which was attended by a substantial audience.

Regular discos were held again this year for classes 1 to 4. In most cases a number of senior pupils and prefects turn up to help and organise the event. These evenings are, I am sure, welcomed by both parents and pupils alike. Probably the most enjoyable event is the Hallowe'en disco. Pupils (and staff!) are encouraged to appear in fancy dress, and prizes are awarded to the most enterprising disguises.

Naturally enough the academic life of the school proceeds as usual amid this wide and varied extra-curricular programme. Examinations take place for all pupils in the month of November; in February the prelims are sat by the pupils who have reached the nerve-racking age when S.C.E. exams loom on the horizon; in May the summer exams set by the school take place for classes 1 to 3.

This year's Harvey Dux prizewinner was James Scobbie whom we wish well in his degree course in Astro-physics at Edinburgh University.

STAFF NEWS

During the past year we have seen few changes in our staffing, those occurring being in the Modern Languages Department. However, the staff have been active in the participation of a variety of courses connected with their subject departments.

We welcomed Mr Colin Cushley to the Modern Languages Department in early February. The vacancy had been made when Mrs Offil left to have her baby. We congratulate both her and her husband on the birth of their first son, Ashley. Unfortunately, Mr Cushley was only filling the post in a temporary capacity and since he left in June the post has remained vacant. We hope that this state of affairs will be remedied soon. The Modern Languages Department also saw the arrival of Mlle. Jacqueline Gay, who temporarily took up the duties of French assistant after completion of similar work at Kingussie High School.

Throughout the year Mr MacLennan, Principal Teacher of Mathematics, and the Rector attended meetings of the Regional Mathematics Working Party held at Dingwall. Other meetings attended include several on the subject of careers guidance and remedial work, the member of staff present being Mrs Taylor, Principal Teacher of Guidance. Meetings on the introduction of Foundation courses were attended by members of the English and Science Department. In addition, all members of the English Department attended a course on Formative Assessment at Inverness Royal Academy, and Mrs J. McDowall, Principal Teacher of English attended a meeting on Foundation Course design, Folio work and Assessment which took place at Dalneigh Hostel, Inverness.

Miss Duncan of the Business Studies Department and Mrs Campbell of Home Economics attended a training day for new teachers in Inverness. Miss Duncan has also taken on the post of Secretary of the F.T.A., as well as finding time to take two senior pupils to canoeing competitions.

This year our congratulations go out to Mr and Mrs R. Thom, Mr and Mrs A. Mackenzie and Mr and Mrs M. MacLennan on the birth of their babies. Mr Thom, Principal Teacher of Modern Languages, became the father of a daughter in March, as did Mr Mackenzie, Principal Teacher of History. Mr and Mrs MacLennan's baby was a boy, their second son. We wish them every happiness with their new families in the future.

Mrs Barley and Miss Jardine continue to be active members of the Cairngorm Mountain Rescue team. Mrs Barley is also a member of S.A.D.A., the Search and Rescue Dog Association, so her two Bearded collies are also in demand when it comes to people being lost in the hills.

Once again staff have helped with the supervision of regular discos, organised by senior pupils. I am sure both parents and pupils appreciate them giving up their free time to do this.

Mr Lawson of the Art Department had an exhibition of his drawings in the Educational Institute of London University for the month of October. He has been offered a further exhibition, this time for paintings, for next year. Interesting to have a celebrity on the staff!



SPONSORED ACTIVITIES AFTERNOON

THOSE IN HIGH PLACES !

Back row standing left to right:

- IAIN ROSS : 'Life is a great bundle of little things.' O.W.Holmes
 WENDY HAMILTON : 'Soft words and hard arguments.' Proverbs
 JILL FORBES : 'Full o' beans and benevolence.' R.S.Surtees
 CRAIG BONNINGTON : 'The athletic fool, to whom what Heaven denied
 Of soul, is well compensated in limbs.' J.Armstrong
 JACQUI ROSS : 'A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.' Old Testament
 JAMES MILNE : 'Young fellows will be young fellows.' I.Bickerstaff
 FIONA STEWART : 'I'm not hard of hearing - I'm just ignoring you.' Anon
 STEPHEN MACKAY : 'A young Scotsman of your ability, let loose upon the world with
 £300, what could he not do? It's almost appalling to think of;
 especially among the English!' Sir J. Barrie
 SUSAN LOW : 'Better late than never, but better never late.' C.H.Spurgeon

Kneeling left to right:

- LESLEY CRAIB : 'Let men say what they will
 Woman, woman, rules them still.' I.Bickerstaff
 MAIRI ROSS : 'I love being difficult.' Noel Coward
 LIZ FRASER : 'The lady doth protest too much, methinks.' Shakespeare

Sitting left to right:

- GORDON GRAY : '...I was between
 A man and a boy, a hobble-de-hoy,
 A fat, little, punchy concern of sixteen.' Rev. R.H.Barham
 NORMAN CAMPBELL : 'A man of great common sense and good taste.' Shaw
 JOHN SMITH : 'I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for
 DEPUTY HEAD BOY hours. I love to keep it by me: the idea of getting rid of it
 nearly breaks my heart.' J.K.Jerome
 ALISON WRIGHT : 'I'm modesty personified.' W.S.Gilbert
 DEFUTY HEAD GIRL
 HELEN GORDON : 'Softly speak and sweetly smile.' Ambrose Philips
 HEAD GIRL
 MARK SANDERS : 'Proud of his size but prouder of his fame.' Dryden
 IAN FRASER : 'Some wits can digest before others can chew.' Proverbs
 HEAD BOY
 COLIN CALDER : 'For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
 He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men.' J.Ballantian



PHOTO COURTESY OF STUART GRANT

WHERE ARE THEY NOW ?

CLASS 6 :

Debbie Allan
Jane Anderson
Rachel Campbell
Fiona Chavasse
Jane Dunlop
Susan Godlington
Tracey Grant
Marian Hamilton
Claire McCann
Seonaid MacGregor
Sue Martin
Shirley Robb
Jane Wallace
Emma Noble

Calum Beange
John Ivers
Douglas Low
Joseph McAdam
Martin Mackenzie
Donald Scobbie
Graeme Walker

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Applied for the Northern Constabulary
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Moray House Edinburgh Primary Teaching
Nursing at Inverness Raigmore
Robert Gordon's Aberdeen B.A. Business Studies
Duncan of Jordanstone College Dundee
I.M.Marsh College of Physical Education

Robert Gordon's Aberdeen
Edinburgh University Environmental Chemistry
Bank of Scotland Kingussie
Royal Bank Aviemore
Aberdeen University Political and Economic Studies
Edinburgh University Chemistry

CLASS 5 :

Gillian Bertram
Alison Burns
Alison Calder
Rhona Calder
Denise Grant
Jennifer Grant
Julie Ivers
Karen Jones
Amelia Leapman
Melanie MacGowan
Hazel Mackenzie
Lorraine Miller
Susan Milne
Samantha Pettifer
Iona Richards
Shirley Sawers
Fiona Wigham

Robert Grant
Tony Kuwall
Paul Moen
David Morrison
James Scobbie
Ian Smith
Colin Stephen
Alan Stirton
James Thomson
Kevin Traill
Angus Westwater

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Inverness Technical College Electrical Engineering
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Boat of Garten Sawmill
Edinburgh University Astro-Physics
Lurg Farm
Carrbridge Sawmill
Carrbridge Sawmill
Nethybridge Outdoor Centre
Apprentice Butcher with Mustard Nethybridge

CLASS 4 :

Susan Burns
Karen Chaisson
Mary Fraser
Nicola Heawood
Gwen Hogg
Karen Laing
Kay McFarlane
Anne Thom

Arthur Anderson
Ronald Buchan
Iain Cameron
Paul Dunlop
Murray Findlay
Callum Fraser
Malcolm Grant
Kevin Lyon
David McBean
Michael McDonald
David McIver
Philip McKay
Brian Millward
David Rose
Christopher Sangster
Kenneth Shaw

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WEB Enterprises Boat of Garten
Inverness Technical College
Speyside Sports Grantown-on-Spey

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Apprentice Bricklayer McLeod Builders
The Motec Livingston
Wilmar Engineering Aberdeen

We would like to wish the best of luck to those pupils from classes 1,2 and who left during the course of the year to attend other schools.

Morag Fraser
Hugh Richards
Yvonne Grant
Susan Sawers

Gordon Schools Huntly
Haddington
Fitlochry
Leith Academy

A much smaller intake for Secondary One was the case this session. It looks rather as though this will be the norm for the future. Good luck to our new Junior pupils. We hope that they will make the most of their Secondary year. Other newcomers to the school since our last publication are:

Class 6	David Win
Class 5	Clare Garland Karen Halliday
Class 4	Alistair Gray Sandra Gray Dawn Allan Mark Robertson
Class 3	Catherine Gaughan Nicola Win Jill Halliday
Class 2	Simon Garland Carol-Ann Simpson Gordon Gray

AN AGRICULTURAL SHOW

Catriona Ross

As we drove over the hillside we caught the first sight of the field where the show was being held. A few white tents, some bedraggled-looking people and a signpost in faded letters, 'Welcome to the Strontian Show', with the same words in Gaelic below, was what met our eyes.

It was a small country show and, as is usual on the West coast of Scotland, it was a grey, misty day for the occasion. We zipped up our jackets, and as George parked the car we took off our shoes and put on wellingtons. Then we got out of the car and walked across the sodden ground. Even the mist and rain couldn't dampen the excitement. The farmers were putting their carefully groomed sheep and cattle into pens; nervous children on Shetland ponies bumped round the ring.

Mairi and I made our way to the ring where the ponies were. George, my uncle, was talking to a fellow farmer whom he knew, discussing the beasts that were undergoin' last minute preparations for the judging.

It was the 13.2 hands and under jumping, and we watched a girl on a fat grey Shetland which refused every time, then was disqualified. I left Mairi at the ringside and went off to explore. Some of the livestock had been judged and I saw that an Ayrshire heifer belonging to Dougie Maclean (who had a croft next to George's farm) had a first prize certificate on her pen. I passed the beer tent, lots of laughter coming from within.

I looked across Loch Sunart and saw a bright patch in the sky. The clouds were now getting less dense. Surely it was going to clear up!

I went and looked at a stag from Rahoy deer farm and then moved into the Forestry tent to look at the displays there. When I came out, the sun was out, shining through the cloud and mist which was rapidly clearing. 'Great!' I thought.

Everyone seemed to be cheering up, along with the weather. I bought a bottle of lemonade and a packet of crisps and went and guessed the weight of the lamb.

I found George watching the show jumping along with Mairi. It was nearly finished; the gymkhana would be next.

'The judging's finished. Bob MacNicol's ram got a prize,' said George. 'There's Highland dancing on now and tossing the sack.'

We all went to watch the sack tossing. The sack was filled with hay and the men had to toss it over a high bar with a pitchfork. A hefty young fellow with blonde hair tossed it the highest and won. He came up to George after. 'We're one short for the Acharacle team,' he said. 'Will you pull?'

'Yes,' replied George.

'What did he mean?' I asked.

'The tug of war,' came the answer.

Mairi and I went to feed the goat tied to the fence. She was greedy and ate all the crisps out of our hands. The sun had won the fight against the mist; the sky was getting blue. The steam rose from the wet animal's backs. A steward was steaming to

I went into a tent where baking was being judged. The smell made me hungry so I stepped out again quickly. Then I heard a voice over the megaphone. 'Would Catriona Ross come to the secretary's tent, please?' I ran and arrived breathless. A small man with specs said, 'You've won yourself £10.'

'I don't understand,' I stammered.

'For guessing the weight of the lamb correctly,' he said, handing over an envelope.

The show was nearly over now. Beasts were being loaded, and already youngsters were setting off for home. The last event was underway: the tug of war. George and the rest of the lads were knocked out in the final, and Lochaline team won. We set off back to the car, feeling warm in the late sun, having enjoyed our day at the Stront Agricultural Show.

A BUSY STREET Karen Walker Class :

I sat in the bus counting out my money. Every time the bus stopped, I lost count.

Beside me sat a big, plump man, a gentleman with a bowler hat and an umbrella. He took up more than half of the seat. I looked out of the window to find that the bus was turning round into the top of the main street. The next stop was mine. I grabbed my bag, put my money in my purse, stood up and rang the bell.

There was a great crowd of football supporters at the stop, waiting for a number 4 bus to take them to Pittodrie where Aberdeen Football Club was playing. I stepped off the bus into the crowd.

At first I dodged past most of the shoppers but collided with a few. When I went to cross the road, the traffic lights turned green. I had to wait for about five whole minutes.

As I was walking along, I began to realise how funny some people looked. Some were short and plump, some were tall and thin. Some were happy, some grumpy, and some had double chins. Some men had moustaches, or hair down to their shoulders. The women - oh, what a sight some were! They had pink or purple hair, or were plastered with make up.

Soon I noticed the town was full of funny smells. There was a whiff of perfume when ladies rushed by, a smell of beer when you passed a pub, a warm smell of a bakery making bread, or a stuffy smell of the fumes of cars rushing by.

The noises that I heard had rhythm: the clicking of high heels, thumping of boots, tooting of horns, pigeons cooing and babies bawling.

I heard all these sounds as I hurried to finish my shopping before the rain came on.

I'm glad my grannies live in Aberdeen because we come in often to visit them and do the shopping. I enjoy an occasional visit to the busy city.

STORM BIRD

It was a stormy tumultuous day. The wind howled and tore round the trees, ripping what was left of their golden array from their branches and discarding them with violence. They lay wilting where no one could see their splendid display of browns and rusts. Birds screeched across the sky sounding like sirens on a police car pursuing those criminal clouds dressed in dark sombre colours - pursuing them not to gain their load but to instruct them to retain it. However, the clouds seemed to have disregarded this and from an opening in the dark sky teardrops trickled to make ripples on the river - ripples which went unnoticed as the violent battering of the rocks and banks attracted the attention, if only for a few seconds.

From nowhere, a huge mass of feathers and legs descended to rule over its domain. The king of the river. The heron. The wind died down and a clammy stillness and stifling atmosphere prevailed - the calm before the storm. The rain continued to fall - the trickle before the flood. On his rock the heron reigned majestically with an air of power and beauty, his head held high holding an invisible crown for all to see. He raised a leg and scanned the terrain where nothing moved but water. This was his kingdom and he was proud of it. He stood, seemingly unaware of the build-up of the storm, preoccupied with his own thoughts.

Then with a roll of thunder and a flash of light battle commenced. With a cry he raised his powerful body with a strong stroke of his wings and a battle cry, pulling his length to safety. Safe at last, he watched from his haven the battle of nature.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The night was cool and clear; stars glittered in the inky blackness of the night sky as a car swung up the drive towards the large house. The car door opened and a man climbed out. There was a short scuffle as I crept up behind him and clapped a rag soaked in chloroform over his mouth. Then he slumped backwards, unconscious. Cursing silently, I dragged his considerable bulk down the gravel drive to the dimly lit street. He must have weighed the best part of twenty stone and I felt every pound of it as I heaved him into the waiting car. A woman opened the front door, 'Sebastian, are you there?'

'Let's go,' I said to the shadowy figure in the front seat. I heard her scream as we sped away into the labyrinth of streets and alley ways. 'The cops'll be here in a minute!'

We drove through the streets for a quarter of an hour, stopping once at the traffic lights. We saw a few police cars going in the opposite direction, but it was not until we were out of the city that I could breathe a sigh of relief and study the man sprawled in the back seat. He was a small, sandy-haired, insignificant-looking man in his early forties - a typical business man, well-dressed, but gone to seed from too many business lunches and too much drink. We stopped for a few minutes and I gagged and bound him securely.

We arrived at our destination - a small country cottage- in the early hours of the morning. Our hostage was dumped unceremoniously in the scullery before we locked the doors and windows and turned in for a few hours' sleep.

We were awakened by knocking on the door. Joe dragged himself out of the chair and opened the door to reveal a small, old man dressed in a tatty overcoat. 'I've come to see Mackinnon,' he said. 'Have you harmed him?'

'No!' I exclaimed, 'our contact said we would get £500 000 for him if he were unharm

'Good, take me to him,' said the stranger, turning up his nose as he smelt the odour of stale cigarette smoke and sweat that pervaded the room. We took him to the man. The wrinkles on his forehead deepened and his eyes became mere slits, 'The deal is off, gentleman,' he clipped.

'But why?' I protested.

He explained simply and patronisingly, as an adult might speak to a small child. 'He is not Mackinnon.'

I stared at him stunned. The meaning of the words slowly sunk in. Joe began to swear a torrent of abuse falling from his lips as the stranger turned on his heel and strode out of the cottage.

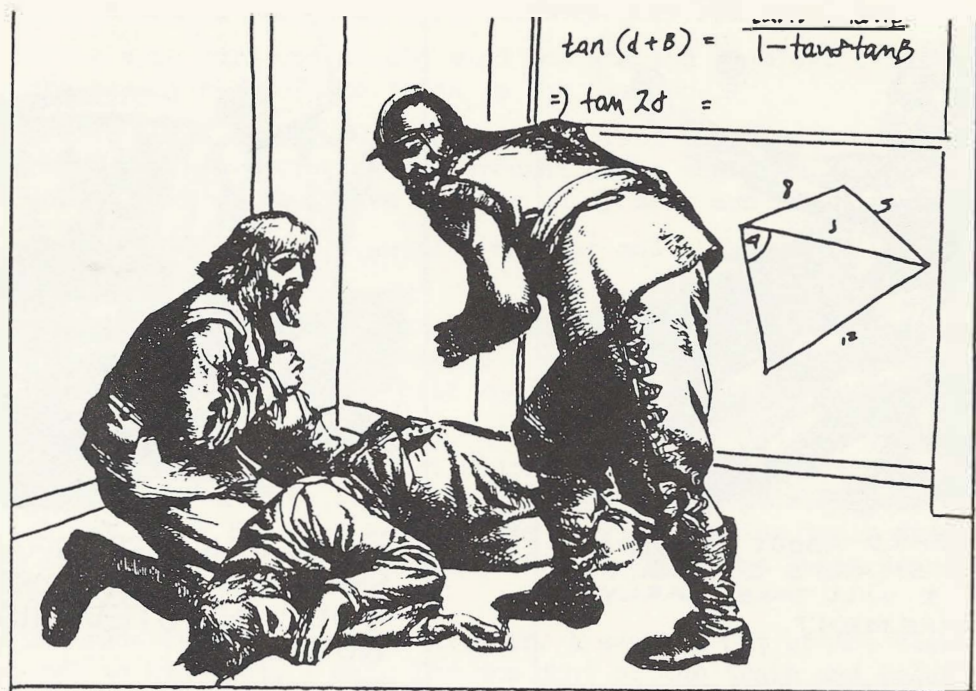
'What the hell do we do now?' spat Joe. 'It's all your damn fault that we got the wrong man.' I said nothing, not wanting to provoke him further.

I turned and switched the radio on. Immediately music shattered the pregnant silence of the room. 'And here we have a newsflash,' said the newsreader. 'Sebastian Coles, the well-known writer, was abducted from his home in Ohio last night. A reward of £1 000 000 is offered for his safe return, no questions asked.'

'My God!' Joe screamed. 'Did you hear that? We've got him! Let's go get that reward! Half an hour later we were at the police station, explaining how we had found him wandering along the road dazed and disorientated and offered him a lift. He had not seen Joe or me as we were both masked, so we had no chance of being recognised and our subterfuge revealed.

Two hours later saw us walking down the street, rich men. No doubt eventually the police will find out somehow that we kidnapped him, but for now I'm content to live on borrowed time. After all it must have been a quirk of fate that made us take a wrong turning, go to the wrong house, snatch the wrong man!

Debbie Noble
secondary 5



THE SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH... SOME-ONE
FINALLY GOT A CORRECT ANSWER !



THE RECTOR ADMONISHED HIM FOR NOT WEARING A SUIT



YES, I HEARD ABOUT A JOB AT
BILLY SMART'S CIRCUS....
SO MAYBE I WILL TAKE EARLY
RETIREMENT.



FIFTH YEAR GEOGRAPHY HAD
SEARCHED FOR HOURS BUT I
STILL INSISTED HIS BALL WAS
NOT LOST



LOWELL FIGHTS TURNBULL OVER CUSTODY OF
THE GERBILS.



"AVON CALLING..."

DREAM ?

I arrived at the train station at 11.30 am. The station was empty apart from a few of the station workers and in less than a few minutes they had gone, too.

I felt scared. It was very dark and a cold wind had started to blow. I sat miserably anxious to hear the steady beat of the train in the distance.

Eventually it arrived, and I was glad to jump in and feel the warmth on my cheeks and hands. I put my heavy bag beside me and brought out a magazine. It wasn't the sort to read on such a night. I sat down further in my seat and began to read.

In a couple of minutes I felt my eyes getting heavier and I then fell into a deep, deep sleep. I began to dream.

The next thing I realised that a young man was sitting across from me. There was something strange about him, as if he were someone from the past. I noticed his shabby clothes and his unshaven chin, his long hair and big hurtful eyes. I felt scared, so scared that I could barely speak.

He sat there for at least ten minutes, just staring. I could feel his hard eyes boring down on me. I wanted to move, but I couldn't. I was so petrified. I didn't know what to do. I sat there for what seemed like ages - then the train suddenly stopped. We were miles away from any station. I didn't know what I was doing, but I knew I had to get away.

I got up slowly and made for the compartment door. I saw him out of the corner of my eye, and he also got to his feet. I made for the door of the train and began to run. He was chasing me, gaining fast.

I fell and hit my head on a stone and at the same time the train jolted and I awoke, astonished to find I was still in the train and we were arriving in the station. Gone was the man. I sighed with relief, picked up my luggage and made for the door. As I stood on the platform, the train faded into the distance.

SPIDER'S WEB

The first light of a new day catches on silvery droplets of dew; they twinkle like delicate diamonds. A magical pattern of interwoven strands of silver is full of these droplets, glittering and winking in all their beauty. This beauty attracts many to its mesh of intricate delicacy - some never to return, devoured viciously after being cunningly trapped by this two-faced deception. The web lies motionless shining in the dawning light. A wondrous, complex creation of awe-inspiring beauty and a delicately set trap of cunning simplicity, glittering, it is. But all that glitters is not gold.

Craig Walker. 51

DEAD TREE

The exposed, twisted, gnarled roots seemed to grip the earth like great tentacles digging in, clinging on in a death grip. And in the middle of them the trunk stood tall, straight, hollow and dead, its surface scarred and scored with age. The branches sprouted from the top high above the ground; they divided and divided yet again till they were but the smallest twigs, totally devoid of the lifegiving greenery of leaves.

George Delmar 55

OLD WOMAN

Deep furrows ploughed into her face contain deep, dark secrets of many, many years. She has walked with Father Time for a forgotten age, and her face shows neither happiness nor sorrow. Memories are her company - memories of when she was young and when she laughed and jumped for joy. Now she walks bent double, frail-looking, yet strong and independent, fiercely rejecting the pity she lives on. Her eyes hold a deep, deep store of experience, resignation and peace. They look at nothing but see everything, full of memories. She has lived long and will not go alone.

EXAMS

Exams are a life-intensifying experience for me; they bring pressure, self-doubt, strain, even terror. To sit in an exam hall waiting for the exam paper is like an aristocrat waiting for the guillotine to drop: being handed the paper, the drums have started to roll; turning it over, the executioner releases the guillotine's razor-sharp blade to rush down; then you see a question you can do, the guillotine sticks and you are free!

Yet after receiving the paper you have to escape from the clutches of failure, escape from the mob at the execution. You still have to finish successfully. Your brain races, fear grips to the heart, your hand is paralysed, but with a mental kick you bring it back to life. It has the familiar cold, dead feel of 'examinee's hand'.

Strong resolution encourages it to move in an almost coherent dance across the page, looping the pen this way and that as fast as thought. Fast one question, then two more, only one left and fifteen minutes to go. Filled with confidence and pride at your performance so far, you dive in without looking. The last question is like a deep pool filled with the occasional shoal of piranha willing to strip any chance of an 'A' to the bone. If you could be bothered to look around before that last foolhardy leap, you would see the skulls of your comrades piled knee-deep along the shore of that fatal question.

Once into the mark of that final question, up to your neck, you grasp for hand hold. You can stay above it for fifteen minutes then slip doomed to the examiners in the bottom of the pool. Suddenly you see a hand hold! Your pen digs in, a chance - I recognise this, Othello's soliloquy. As you recite the well-regimented knowledge you feel the tension ease, rise from despair and realise that you have escaped the examiner's wrath.

It is the feelings of great troughs, then peaks, you reach in an exam that makes it intensifying. You realise the thin membrane of the upper reaches of passing, the lower chasms of failure. There is the tenseness of it all: the emotions, the expressions on the faces of fellow candidates. Note the grimness, teeth set against the storm, a bemused state, the dizziness and last of all the look of confidence which is very rare. For confident candidates it is not such an experience, but they are the ones who miss out. To me it is like the condensing of life into an hour and a half, your hopes and fears spread before you.

Sean Sangster



TEACHERS OBSERVE HOUSE
FOOTBALL FROM A CONCR
BUNKER 5 MILES AWAY

TRUANT

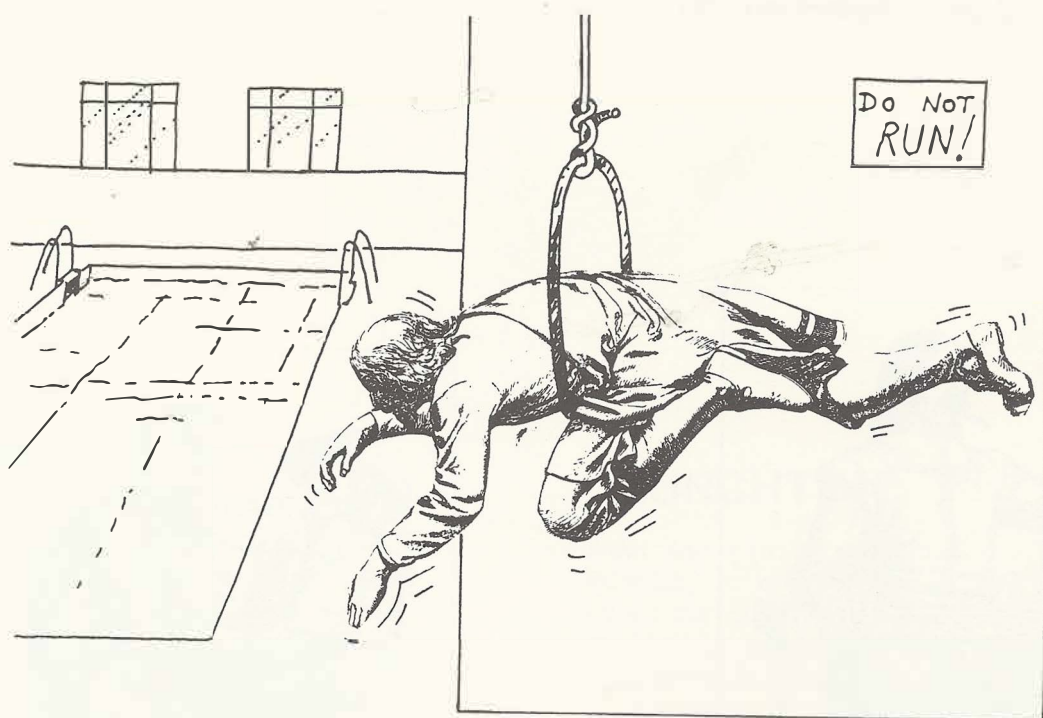
Playing truant (or Skiving as I say) is an art to some people. The masters will always build up good excuses beforehand, the usual reason being a subject on one particular day that they hate. So, this mini-guide to playing truant is to help amateurs.

Many ways of playing truant involve pretending to be sick. Try banging your nose against an open hand. This should bring on a bleeding nose. Or, try using a reddish brown pen for chicken-pox - but, of course, if you do this you might get chicken-pox a few months later, and you could have a lot of explaining to do to your Mum! Alternatively, for instant mumps put some cotton wool in your cheeks but remember not to swallow the cotton wool, or talk.

The headache - a subtle technique. Apart from acting ability, nothing is needed to fake a headache as no-one else can prove whether you are suffering or not. Half close your eyes. Do not comb your hair. Hold your hand to your forehead when your mother is not looking. As soon as she spots you, count silently to three and take your hand away. Hopefully she will think you have a real headache!

So now that I have explained how to play truant, you must be careful not to get caught. If you do get caught and are unlucky enough to receive lines, you could always employ people to write your lines for you. Or, you could sellotape five or so pencils together and write five lines at a time. But, if you try one of my methods, don't blame me if you are caught!

Angus McLennan S1



"OF COURSE LADS, YOU WILL FIND THE FRONT CRAWL MUCH EASIER IN THE SWIMMING POOL," MATHIESON ASSURED US!

FIRE

Crash! Sparks showered in all directions: the sound of a million suns exploding as a forest giant is engulfed in flame and falls to the ground. The forest fire raged on with an insatiable appetite for all living things. It groped blindly on, its fiery fingers robbing every crevice, sending all living things to flight. The most deadly of all hunters scorches everything. Nothing can escape from its red, glowing mass of death.

CANTEEN

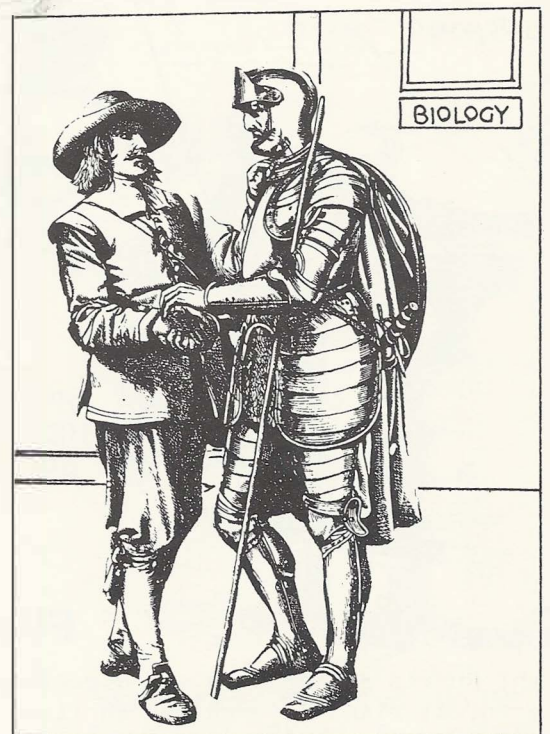
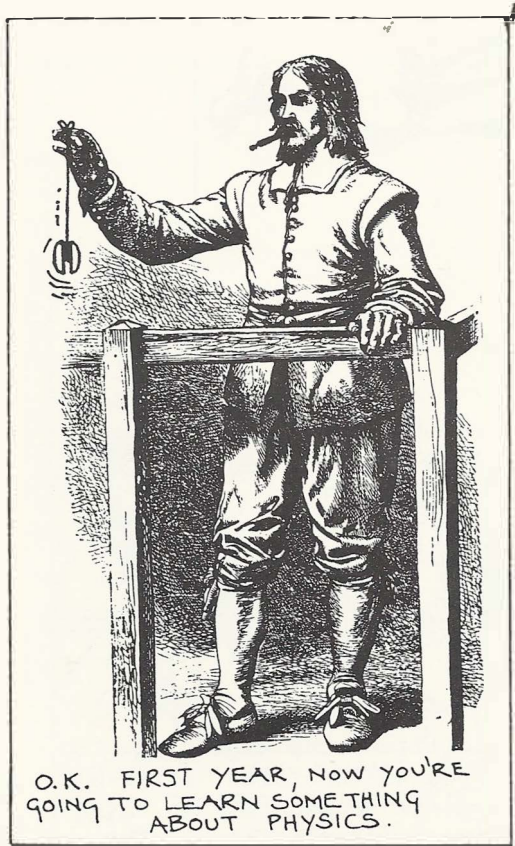
At ten to one the rush is on,
Hoping that the queue is not too long.
We gallop and leap down stairs galore
And then push our way through the cloakroom door.

We dump our bags and grab our money -
This operation's serious, nothing funny -
But then we heave a down-hearted sigh
As there we stand at the end of the line!

As we stand and wait and wait,
We think of the school dinners which are really great.
Our hopes are lifted once again,
As we think of the meal we have yet to gain.

None of this rubbish, or rotten food,
Our school dinners are really good.
So as we finish our dinner so great,
We now decide - it was worth the wait!

Lara Robertson S1



SCHOOL *Eldith Waghart Class 2*

Cut of the silence comes the murmur
Of feet and laughing and shouting and playing
Of fighting and squabbling
Of crying and shoving
And then all the doors swing open and bang
And what appears is a mob of school children
Moving like ants on a warm summer's day
Rushing home to feed the budgie
Or cat or dog
Or to fight with a friend
Girls and boys of all different sizes
Big ones
Small ones
Fat ones
Skinny ones
Shy ones
Happy ones
Sad ones
Quiet ones
Noisy ones
And busy ones!

THE NEW SCIENCE LAB CAME
IN EASY TO ASSEMBLE KITS....



LUNCHTIME

Down the stairs you go
Rushing to and fro.
Everyone in a hurry
Is trying to find some money.
Run through the corridor
Right to the canteen door.
Some people think they've plenty time
But there they are at the end of the line.
Now you're at the top of the queue
Grab a knife, fork and spoon
Because you'll get you dinner very soon.
Give your order, put your plate on your tray
Then move up quickly, ready to pay.
Look for a table,
Go and sit down.
There you are, you can now relax -
Eat your dinner without any fuss!

Sharon Duncan C

FOOTBALL MATCH by Frederick Willis

The date was Saturday, March 20th. It was a fairly pleasant day with a light wind blowing. I was travelling in a bus with a party of boys going to see Aberdeen F.C. v Dundee Utd. F.C. at Pittodrie Stadium, Aberdeen.

Naturally everybody was excited. For most of them it was the first football match they had seen, including for myself. There was a friendly atmosphere in the bus. Everybody was chatting to his neighbour.

At last we arrived in Aberdeen, jeering at some United fans. By now there was a crescendo of noise in the bus and Mr Noble (an adult with us) had to quieten us down.

The driver parked the bus and we all got off. We had to be counted to check if everybody was there. That seemed an absolute waste of time to us, boring too, for we were itching to get into the stadium.

Eventually, we arrived outside, where I saw a man selling programmes. I raced up to him to buy one and said, 'How much?'

He answered, '30p.'

So I bought one. I glanced through the pages and then folded the programme. I looked up and to my utmost horror realised the party was not there!

Suddenly I felt all alone, small and terrified in a strange new world to me. At first I panicked - what would I do? Where was the party? But I began to think straight and asked a man if he had seen a party of boys.

He replied, 'Away ye go, Jimmy!' Obviously he was drunk.

By now I was in total despair. I ran round a corner and there at a turnstile was a party. I let go a huge sigh of relief and joined them. 'This must be my lucky day' I thought to myself. As I went through the turnstile, I decided to keep my ticket as a souvenir.

Inside the stadium was fantastic. We were in the South Stand with the Faddock to the left, Beach End to my right and the Main Stand across from me. There was a huge screen over our heads and a T.V. crew box in the middle of the stand. There were red and yellow seats. We sat in the red ones. Some United fans were getting rowdy but the police took control of the matter.

After a while the players came on to the field and a loud roar went up. Aberdeen kicked off and they were playing really well. Then in the 14th minute Stuart Kenn crossed the ball in from the right and John Hewitt headed it into the goal. The whole stadium went electric with Aberdeen fans cheering. I support them as well so I was mad with joy, too. But before half-time United scored.

We all bought a drink and talked excitedly. Then in the second half Aberdeen scored what proved to be the winning goal, and in the rest of the game they continued to play brilliantly. So 2-1 to Aberdeen it was.

On the bus everybody was singing with joy after a great victory and looking back at a most enjoyable, brilliant day.



WHAT WITH ALL THAT STUFF UP
ABOVE, OUR FRAME'S NOT EVEN
BIG ENOUGH TO STAND UP IN!

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ... Ross Smith S2

It was Friday, the last day of school for that week. I had been dreading this since Monday when I had heard that in this double period of French we were being tested. Shattered, I got out of my bed, crawling about looking for my clothes which I had left in a heap the night before. I could not find them, so I got up and looked around.

It was quite dark so I pulled the curtains and turned to look around the room. To my astonishment, I was in my mother's room. As I walked to the door I happened to look in the mirror. Looking at the reflection, I started back when I saw my mother there in my pyjamas. I nearly fainted! What was I going to do?

The first thing I thought of was to go back to bed again, but I supposed I would just have to face up to the facts: I was my mother! What I had done to deserve it I didn't know. So, I got up, dressed in my mother's clothes and went downstairs. I then knew I would have to do the work my mother once did.

My father - now I suppose my husband - was away for a weekend business trip. Just as well in a way. Knowing that I was in my mother's shoes, I started making my, our, breakfast. In all the confusion I had forgotten myself - who was in my bedroom?

Nervous and curious, I walked into 'my' bedroom. Half-relieved and half-disappointed, I walked out. There was no one there. After my breakfast I started work - after all, if I was getting a day off school, I might as well do my mother's work.

By that afternoon I was shattered, so off I staggered to my bed, thanking God I was not really a girl!

VIEW FROM MY WINDOW

The sparrows land in the hedge as I look out of my window. The blackbird is pulling a worm out of the ground and the robin is hopping in and out of the rose bushes. The flowers in the garden are gradually losing their vivid colours. The trees have a tinge of their autumn shades.

As I look up to Tom-an-ould, I see that part of the hill is shadowed by trees and bushes and the rest is ablaze with purple heather. I see a hawk swooping and diving looking for its prey. It suddenly dives into the rushes at the roadside and picks up something.

Several leaves are falling off the trees as a gentle breeze gets up. The hedge begins to sway from side to side and the sparrows fly away. A few black clouds pass by with shining outlines. The clay-brown cows are slowly walking across the field looking for fresh blades of grass.

COLIN Falconer S1

STORM CLOUD

From his floating vantage point in the heart of the ocean, the eyes of the watcher discern a dot, a minute dot which becomes an expanding line, filling the distant horizon until it looms large, an encroaching blanket, advancing to smother all. Its contained, destructive power is overhead. The king of the heavens is convulsing, boiling, writhing, rolling onward to its field of battle somewhere ahead of this living, threatening giant. As its presence passes over, it appears to thin and diminish, receding and shrinking, lessening once again to a speck, once again to a mere dot. Through the eyes of the watcher, the storm cloud has gone.

SWIMMING

After a successful session of intensive training taken by Miss Jardine which was enthusiastically attended, the school did considerably better at the Moray & Nairn Gala than they had done in previous years. The team came home with four 3rd one 2nd and one first which were gained by Louise Forbes, Kevin Crilley, Fiona Oriston, Marian Hamilton, Jane Wallace and Ian Fraser respectively.

Following this success, the school House and Championship Gala produced 14 new records. The winners of the championship trophies were: U13 Jenny Elder, and Stuart Mackenzie, U14 Louise Forbes and Kenneth Bonnington, U16 Rona Wallace and Chris Sangster, Senior Jane Wallace and Ian Fraser. Jenny Elder and Ian Fraser broke on record each; Kenneth Bonnington and Jane Wallace two; Stuart Mackenzie three; and Louise Forbes a staggering total of four! The House Gala trophy, closely contended by all three houses, was finally won by only a one point margin when Revoan beat Roy with 130 to 129 points. After a successful year all that remains is to look forward to next year's events and hope that we can sustain both our enthusiasm and improvement in the sport.

CANOEING

This season we ran canoeing in activities afternoon (and evening) for a beginners group. This worked quite well and most of the 16 strong group made good progress. Sadly only one wanted to continue. We would appreciate comments from the other 15 to explain what they disliked.

There was also a small group of a higher standard who paddled on the Spey in the evenings, were involved in day trips to the Rivers Dee and Tay and spent a weekend on an expedition to the Leny Slalom.

Miss Duncan, Graeme Walker and Kenneth Shaw passed the British Canoe Union Proficiency test.

ATHLETICS

Our best group of athletes for a long time travelled to Fochabers in June for the annual Moray District Sports, bringing back four second and two third placings. The following pupils made the day a special one:

Craig Bonnington, Mark Robertson, Simon Garland, John Ivers, Craig Robertson and David Morrison.

Craig Bonnington was selected for the Inter-District team, and clocked 10.9 secs. for the 100m to win. He now holds the 200m record - 22.3 secs. - at the Inverness Harriers Amateur Athletic Club, through which as a member he has made noteworthy performances at various Highland Games.

UNDER 14 XI 1981-82



Standing left to right: G.Calder, N.Gordon, S.Sandilands, S.Fraser, K.Dunbar,
A.Skinner, R.Wilson

Seated left to right: M.MacDonald, B.Ritchie, D.Grant, J.Westwater, C.McIntosh,
S.Robson

FOOTBALL

The school had two teams last year: an Under 16 and an Under 14. The Under 16's played two games against local rivals Kingussie, winning both games 2-1 and 2-0 respectively. The Under 14's, although losing their games to a strong Kingussie team, had a great result against Montgomery Welsh Football Team, winning 4-2. Stephen Mackay played for Celtic Boys Club, who won the Scottish and League cups and were second in the league. He went to America for three weeks. The team were fortunate to win all their games easily. Stephen also played for Inverness Thistle first team.

1st XI 1981-82



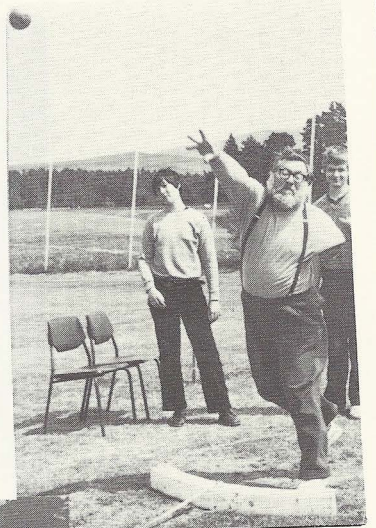
Standing left to right: J.Regan, G.Gray, J.Milne, K.Crilley, N.Campbell, R.Buchan,
I.MacDonald

Seated left to right: D.Morrison, S.McMillan, I.Ross, D.Rose, E.Morrison



~ June 1982 ~

~ ~ SCHOOL SPORTS ~ ~



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM 1981-82



Standing left to right: D.Low, M.Sanders, M.McKenzie, J.McAdam, K.Traill, J.McInnes
Kneeling left to right: I. Fraser, C.Walker

VOLLEYBALL

Some sixteen Senior boys , over the first two terms, took part in the club. Although no external competition was played, we did for the first time run our own Junior and Senior House Volleyball matches - a successful new event.

SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM 1981-82



Standing left to right: S.McMillan, C.Walker, J.McInnes, I.Fraser, M.McKenzie,
M.Sanders, J.McAdam, C.Beange

COLOURS

FOOTBALL : Full Stephen Mackay

BASKETBALL : Merit Joe McAdam
Martin Mackenzie
Graeme Walker
Douglas Low
John McInnes
Kevin Traill
Ian Fraser
Tony Kuwall
Mark Sanders
Craig Walker

ATHLETICS : Full Craig Bonnington
Merit Jenny Elder
David Grant
Sally Gordon
Re-award Peter McLeod
Alex Chapman
Ian Fraser
Mark Robertson
Simon Garland
John Ivers
Craig Robertson
David Morrison

SKIING : Full Craig Bonnington
Tony Kuwall
Merit Paul Moen
Re-award Gordon Hay

SWIMMING : Full Ian Fraser
Half Jane Wallace
Louise Forbes
Merit Marian Hamilton
Re-award Karen Davison
Mairi Ross
Rona Wallace
Vicky McLean
Fiona Davidson
Kenneth Bonnington
Stuart Mackenzie
Jenny Elder
Fiona Crmiston

RUGBY

Craig Bonnington played for the North of Scotland Schools under 18 team, the only pupil from his year group in the team. The team played their first game against an Edinburgh Second XV select which they defeated 30-0 at Inverness. The next game was against a Glasgow select and proved a hard game. Glasgow came out the better team beating Inverness about 24-12.

A novel experience came for the team when they played an Italian Youth Touring Team of under 19's. They were much bigger and fitter than the Inverness lads and were meant to be playing the Highland 3rds. They were, however, unable to raise a team, so Craig and his companions had to take them on. Apparently the experience was worth it, even if they were defeated 50-3!

Craig has managed to qualify once again for the new season with the North of Scotland Schools team. Their fixture list is as follows and I'm sure he would welcome spectator support:

21st March Central Seniors (at Inverness)
22nd March Midland Seniors "

SKIING

I attended Winter continental training in Val d'Isere over Christmas and New Year - Gordon Hay was there, too. There I had my first experience of Downhill racing in the British Land Championships. From there we moved on to the British Junior Championships at Courmayeur in Italy. However, I failed to complete both the Slalom and Giant Slalom.

In the Philips West of Scotland Senior Championships I finished in 4th place in the slalom. Unfortunately, I was unable to race in the North and East of Scotland Championships and the Scottish Championships due to illness and injury.

At Easter I competed in the Peter Styvesant British Alpine Championships and was pleased to finish in 16th place overall (18th in the Slalom, 32nd in the Giant Slalom). I was the 8th Briton. The competition included Ken Reed of Canada and Guido Hinterseer of Austria, the World Junior Champion.

Hopefully I will be able to attend another winter continental training session this Christmas, weather and money permitting.

Craig Bonnington

MOTOR CYCLING

Readers might be interested to note successes that two of our 4th Year boys have had recently in out-of-school sporting events. Both boys joined the Grampian Motor Cycle Club this year - Brian Alexander in March and Calum MacGilvray in July. The club usually meets once a month in Forres and both boys attend on a regular basis. This being their first year of competition, Brian and Calum took part in races one Sunday early in November. A full day's competition was arranged by the club at Rait Castle Farm, Nairn. About 110 competitors were competing that day. Calum was 2nd overall for the day's races. Brian was 1st, making him schoolboy champion for 1982 for the North East District. Our congratulations go to them both.

This year started in the Music Department with Lesley Craib and Andrew Wilson (now in Secondary 5 and 3 respectively) both singing at a very successful new event for the school, a Burns Supper held in the school on 26th January.

Six pupils took part in the Kingussie Music Festival this year. They were Jennifer Elder, Tracey Milne, Donna Harrold, Dawn Calder, Fiona Ormiston and Gillian Leitch, who all sang in various solo classes. Jennifer came first equal in the Vocal Scots solo. Jenny and Tracey also played in the Descant Recorder Class, which was won by Jenny.

The choir performed at the Prize Giving in June, singing 'The Cuckoo' and 'Ho-la-hi'. They gave a good performance despite the fact that they had an attack of stage fright!

The new session started, and has continued, with a wave of enthusiasm, with such lunchtime activities as Junior Choir, Senior Choir (for the first time), Girls' Recorder and Percussion Group, Boys' Recorder and Percussion Group, Beginners' Recorder and Guitar. They are all busy practising for the Christmas concert in December.

We are also lucky this year to have added to our instrumental collection with a new electronic organ and a metallophone both of which have been very well used already.

Lorna Robertson and Corrina Shearer of Secondary One wrote a Firework Safety Song which entered a competition along with 2000 others. Although they did not win, their effort was commended by the organisers.

On the 10th November sixty members of Secondary Two attended Eden Court Theatre in Inverness to see a performance of 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat'. The show was tremendous - very colourful and exciting - and a good time was had by all.

DRAMA

Earlier this year the Senior Drama Group was somewhat in the doldrums. However, the start of a new session as provided a sufficient injection of verve and enthusiasm, to be seen in the fact that a small group of enthusiasts with the expertise and non-suffering of Mrs Barley are intending to put on a performance of Ibsen's well-known play 'The Dolls House' on the 9th of December. Good luck to all concerned. We look forward to an entertaining evening.

The Junior Drama Group, which comprises members of Secondary One and Two, met one lunchtime during the week on a fairly regular basis. Until school closed for the summer break Mrs Barley was helped by a 6th year pupil, Amelia Leapman, who has since left and applied for entry to R.A.D.A. This session a 5th year pupil, Karen Halliday, who also intends to make a career in Drama, has given her aid.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD



Last year was our most successful for some time. Alison Paul, Annette Hogg and Jane Dunlop were presented with their Gold awards in July. Since then Eric Pirie, Jane Wallace and Fiona Walker have completed their Gold scheme and will be at next year's presentation.

Craig Walker, Mairi Ross and Rona Wallace completed their Bronze and have started work on their Silver. Finally, the new Bronze group this year is 13 strong, which is very encouraging.



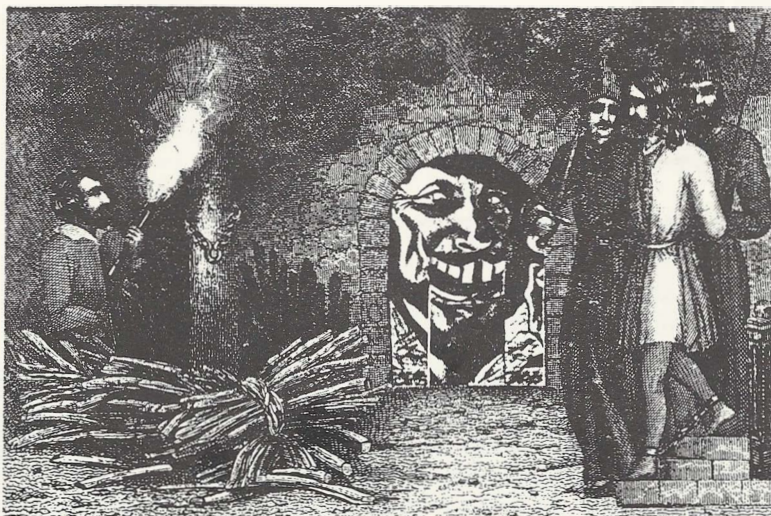
OH! HOW I WISH THE
WIFE WOULD STOP
PUTTING STARCH ON
MY SHIRTS!



GRANDMA'S EAR-WIGGLING
SESSIONS WERE A CLOSE
FAMILY SECRET....



HE POLITELY DE-
CLINED THE RECTO-
FFER OF A FREE
HAIRCUT AND SHA-



YES, FOLKS, DOUGLAS CERTAINLY IS
"GAME FOR A LAUGH!"

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION



* OFFICE BEARERS *

Honorary President - Mr. A.M. GRANT.

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

President - Mr. LEWIS GRANT, M.A.

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

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.

editorial

Loyalty is one of the outstanding qualities which distinguishes the members of our clubs. It was loyalty to friends and to the school which brought together one of the largest attendances ever (96) at the Biennial Dinner last April, when a very happy gathering enjoyed excellent and entertaining speaking from Tom Hunter and Ian MacPherson.

Loyalty and generosity inspired both the parents of the late Trudi Sutton to donate to the school a fine trophy in memory of their daughter, and Tom Hunter to present the school with the photograph of his father which is now displayed in the entrance hall, and the same qualities prompted the family of that faithful friend of the school, the late Mrs. Dorothy Gibson to ensure that the Gibson Essay Prize will continue, and serve as a memorial to their mother. These gestures are much appreciated.

For our part, we would like to thank all of our members who every year dutifully return well-filled information slips, and thus make compilation of "News from the Outposts" an interesting and pleasurable experience. We are especially grateful to those members who also make generous donations to Club funds, as these go a long way towards meeting our ever increasing postage bills.

An innovation this year is a photograph page which we hope our readers will find of interest. We are indebted to Bert Mackintosh for the photographs of the Cairngorms expedition of 1932, and to the Rector for the time and trouble he took to produce or adapt the other photographs for that page and for the obituaries. We are glad also to be able to print part of a long and interesting article on life in South Africa sent to us by Mrs. Gardiner (Wilma Watt).

Plans are already in hand for the 1984 Dinner which is to be held on 27th April, and we are pleased to be able to announce that Dr. Sandy Mackenzie has agreed to be principal speaker.

The Christmas Disco is again being organised by Mr. James Shand and is to take place in the Grant Arms on Tuesday, 28th December.

We had two circulars returned this year marked "Not known": those addressed to KERR Wilson and Frank Roberts. Can anyone help with up to date addresses please? Please also let us know if you discover any mistakes in the lists. We will be glad to rectify them.

We hope you enjoy your magazine, and conclude by wishing all our readers the Compliments of the Season.

I. S.

* ENGAGEMENTS and MARRIAGES *

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to the following members whose engagements or marriages have been announced:

Lorna Forbes became engaged to Murray Crichton from Aberdeen in May, 1982; as did James Gordon to fellow Chemistry student Helen McGeorge from Edinburgh in December, 1981; Sally Grant to Mark Brook from Buckingham in May, 1982; Michele Heawood to Robert Erskine from Kincardine in April, 1982; Annette Hogg to navyman Ian McGregor in June 1982; Margery Macaulay to Flt. Lieut. John Paterson from Dumfries in April 1982, and Sandra Paterson to Allan Callum from Ardersier in December, 1981.

Nigel Elrick was married to Helen Gall at Birnie in July, 1982; also Fiona Grant (Mullingarroch) to Archibald McGregor in Grantown in December, 1981; Shona Grant to David McCulloch in Grantown in July, 1982; Susan Grant to Bruno Bettoli from Interlaken in Grantown in March, 1982; Robert McAllister to Louise Duff from Stanley, nr. Perth, in October, 1981; Barbara Smith to Dr. R. Michael Storey in Leeds in April, 1982; Rachel Smith to Corporal Kenneth Newbould in Doncaster in October, 1982; Dr. Elizabeth Stuart to Richard Shoesmith in Kirkwall in July, 1982.

We hear George Flett was married in April, 1982 also but have no further details.

* GOLDEN WEDDING *

Our Honorary President for 1981-82, Mr. George E. Donaldson and his wife, celebrated their Golden Wedding in July, 1982 with a full family reunion, including a galaxy of grandchildren (Sheina's three boys, and Keith's three girls). The Clubs express their most sincere congratulations.

* NEW RECRUITS *

We have a total of 14 new recruits to add to the list this year. They are: Debbie Allan, who is to commence nursing training; Mark Clark, who is going to Agricultural College in Aberdeen, after a year's practical in Ross-shire; Jane Dunlop, who has been working as an auxiliary nurse in the Ian Charles, prior to her R.G.N. course in Inverness; Denise Grant, who is to do a B.Sc. at Dundee College of Technology; Dr. Ian Grant, who has just completed his Ph.D., and is working as a petroleum engineer. (We remember Ian as one of the 'Five Wee Boys' who came on our first bus trip to the continent!) Valerie, Ian's sister, who has been working for the Civil Service in London for eight years, and has just moved to Edinburgh with the Inland Revenue; Claire McCann, who is starting at Glasgow School of Art; Alison Paul, who is entering the second year of her B.Ed., in Aberdeen; Samantha Pettifer, who is to train as a horse-riding instructor; Shirley Robb who is to do a B.A. (Business Studies) at R.G.I.T. in Aberdeen; James Scobbie, last year's dux, who collected seven Highers (five at A) and is to study physics at Edinburgh University; the Wallace sisters, Elizabeth, who is a S.R.N. in Glasgow, and Jane who is to do a Home Economics Diploma in Dundee, and Grant Ward, who left in 1959 and is now a Senior Field Engineer in the oil business in Saudi Arabia.

We welcome all of these to the club and wish them every success as we do also to Lorraine Gordon who has become a life member.

* LATE NEWS EXTRA *

Anne Munro (Tormore) is to be congratulated on the completion of her B.A. in Business Management. She is to carry on to do a post-grad. course in Operational Research at Strathclyde. Her Glasgow address is Chesters House, Chesters Road, Bearsden. Brother Ian is another new recruit. Working with the Civil Service in Inverness, he occupies his leisure time with golf at Torvean, and the office badminton club. Marian Hamilton and Debbie Milne also joined after this year's lists were typed. Marian is awaiting entry to the Northern Constabulary. We hope her lot will be a happy one! Debbie is meantime working in Cattinach's, awaiting a vacancy to enter on a banking career.

Tim Pott sent us a nice letter relating how he has had several jobs in the tourist and catering trade in the past year, sometimes near home, (Coylumbridge and Dalraddy) and sometimes abroad. He intends to continue meantime travelling and working abroad in this sphere. Jill Lennon writes that she will probably be doing Librarianship, Social History and Literature at Liverpool Polytechnic and that she has passed her driving test (in spite of being nickname James Hunt by her instructor!)

Mrs. Storey (Barbara Smith) now in St. Albans, has taken up an appointment in the Personnel Department of Schweppes. Just as were completing the work on this issue we were pleased to receive an application for membership from civil engineer Michael Moir who has been recruited for us in Hong Kong by Beatrice Oliphant. We have despatched forms to Michael and look forward to adding him to the list next year.

Sincere congratulations to Martin Grant on his unanimous appointment as Honorary President for the current year.

OLIM CIVES

OLIM CIVES : Formerly citizens.

We have headed our obituary column in Latin this year as a tribute to the two members of staff whose passing we mourn and who were both teachers of Classics.

Early in November last year, just as the magazine was about to be despatched to the publishers, we were shocked by the news of the sudden death of Robert (Bob) Wilson, who was certainly one of the most influential figures in the history of the school. Appointed to the post of Classics and History teacher in 1927, he left after 14 years to take up a similar post in Aberdeen Grammar School, but maintained his close connections with the school and its former pupils by continuing to carry out the functions of editor of the F.P. section of the magazine till 1953. We thoroughly endorse the following from the magazine of that year:

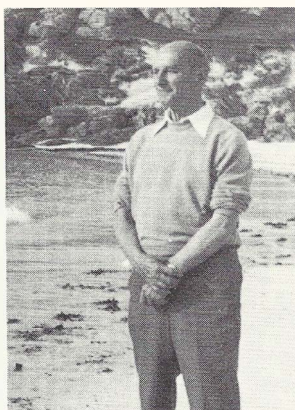
"It is quite impossible to express the debt that this publication owes to Mr. Wilson" -

indeed much of the tone and the spirit of the Old Guard and F.P. Clubs was of his creation. His former pupils remember with gratitude not only the high standard of his work in the classroom, but his enthusiasm and coaching skill in many different sporting activities and his love for, and knowledge of the hills which he communicated to them by means of the expeditions which he organised to explore the highest and most remote areas of the Cairngorms. Bob Wilson retired from Aberdeen Grammar School in 1972 and paid frequent visits to Grantown until 1980, when he and his wife Sheila moved back to take up residence in the new Strathspey Drive estate. Shortly after his return, we had the pleasure of welcoming him to the 1980 A.G.M., and thereafter he was quite often about the school, visiting the Library and attending the Swimming Club meetings. In the autumn of last year he set off with Mrs. Wilson to visit their daughter Dr. Ailie Bell in Toowoomba, near Brisbane, Australia and it was there that his death took place.

With his wife Sheila, his daughter Ailie and son Graham we cherish the memory of a noble man and a great teacher who brought benefit to all with whom he came into contact.

Her many friends in the Grantown area were saddened to learn of the sudden death of Miss Elizabeth (Betty) Phimister at her home in Nairn on 29th September, 1982. Before retiring some nine years ago, Betty was a Postal Officer for 38 years, serving most of this time in the Grantown Post Office. Daughter of former golf professional Andrew Phimister, Betty was herself a golfer of note. To her brothers Roy and Sandy and sister Molly we offer sincere condolences on behalf of the clubs.

We report with regret the passing of Mrs. H.J. Mills (Catherine M. Campbell) who died in Brighton in December 1980. Mrs. Mills and her husband had been active in the licensed trade for a number of years in Chichester and Brighton. We express the belated condolences of the Clubs to her relatives and friends.



ROBERT WILSON M.A.

John Thornton, who died in Dundee on 2nd January 1982, served the Grammar School as Principal Classics Teacher from 1942 till 1968. A pupil of marked ability, he was dux of Morgan Academy and was placed fifth in the St. Andrews Bursary Competition in 1921. On graduating from St. Andrews with honours in Classics, he taught in Carlisle and Oban, before his appointment to Grantown.

He is remembered as a man of serious purpose and diligence, a loyal colleague and a gentleman. He gave readily of his time and energies to the service of the school, carrying out for many years the very necessary, but unsung functions of school treasurer, encouraging his pupils in athletics, climbing and hill walking by means of the Cairngorm Badge tests which he administered, and acting as starter for the school sporting events. Himself a hill-walker of extraordinary stamina and enthusiasm, Mr. Thornton is still remembered for the occasion in 1945 when he carried an injured member of a party he was leading for several miles back to Revonan Bothy after an outing which included Cairngorm, the Shelter Stone and Loch Avon. Occasions such as this, together with gratitude for his scholarly help in the classroom will keep his memory green in the minds of his former pupils.

We salute his passing, and extend to his sisters, Mary and Jessie, with whom he made his home after his retirement, the deepest sympathy of the School and the Former Pupils.

We record also our thanks to the Misses Thornton for kindly furnishing us with material for the above obituary.



JOHN S. THORNTON M.A.

We send the sincere condolences of the Clubs to the following members who have suffered bereavements in the course of the year:

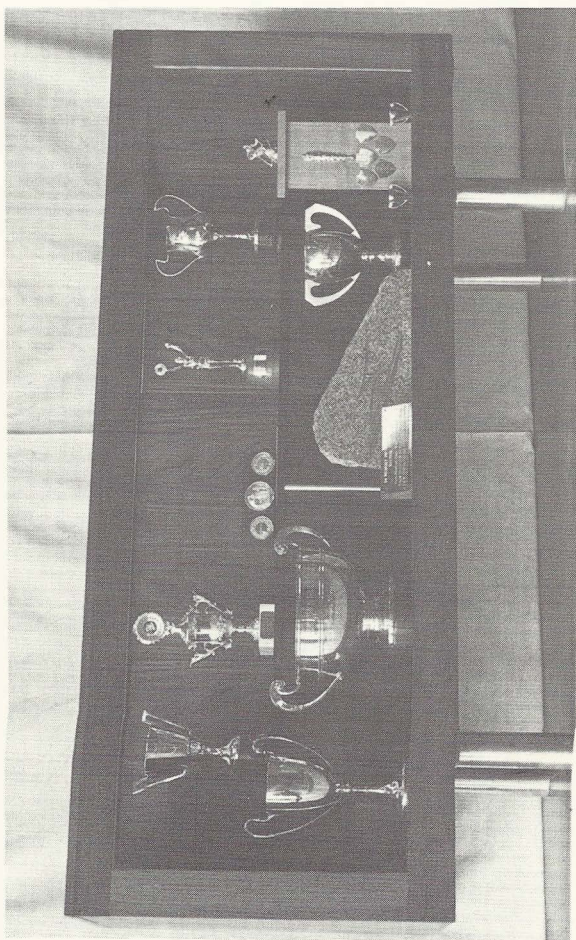
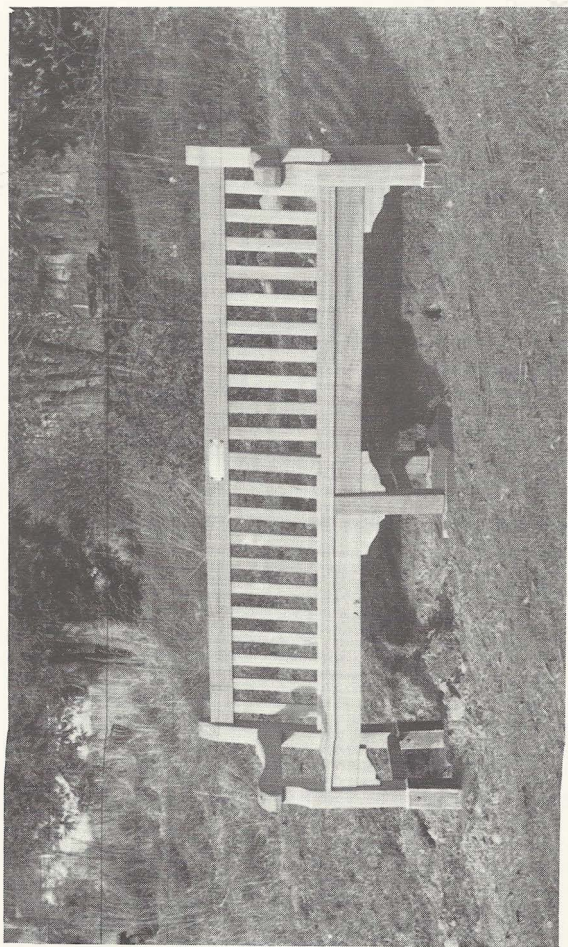
the Edwards family from Cromdale, Amelia, Tommy, Irene and Kenny on the loss of their father; the Gibson family, Pamela and Douglas on the loss of their mother; Robin Fraser on the loss of both his mother and mother-in-law; Mrs. Peter Grant (Ann Telfer) on the loss of her husband; Mrs. Jim Mackenzie (Ailie Robertson) on the loss of her sister; Sandy Dick, Grant Ward and John Wright, all of whom lost their fathers; Mrs. Angus (Ella Wood) on the loss of her husband; Gilbert Mackay who lost both parents in the space of three days in June. Both had close connections with the school, Rev. William Mackay having been School Chaplain and his wife having taught Primary 2.

Members were saddened also to learn of the death of Jim Praties, former janitor at the New School from 1968 to 1977, whose friendly nature and pawky sense of humour endeared him to all. We send our sympathy to Mrs. Praties and son Alistair.

* BIRTHS *

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

to Iain and Fiona Cumming (nee Ledingham) a son in January, 1982; to Patrick and Linda Grant a daughter born in Edinburgh in February 1981; to Stewart and Judy Hutcheson (nee Collyer) a son in November, 1981; to Brian and Elizabeth Lobodzinski (nee Terris) a daughter in April, 1982; to Ian and Sandra Paterson (nee Sellars) a daughter in December, 1981; to Ian and Janette Smith (nee Macdonald) a son in January, 1982.



 * PICTURE CAPTIONS *

Our picture page contains two photographs of the memorials to Dr. Bain, the trophy cabinet, in which members may recognise the Past Primes Cup, the Breckinridge Trophy, the F.P. Swimming Trophy, the Ski Trophy presented by Dr. Bain, the Keith Cup and the Provost Milne Cup.

The Lower photograph shows the memorial seat erected by Dr. Bain's family at the site of the former Norwegian Hut at Glenmore which will have happy associations for many members. We are indebted to the Rector for these photographs.

The two photographs on the right are exactly 50 years old and were taken by Bert. Mackintosh on an excursion to the Cairngorms. The photo at Morlich shows:
Back: (L-R) Betty Phimister, Isobel Grant; Miss Edith Lawson; John Laing; Mr. R. Wilson; John Grant; Willie Macaulay; Harry Fraser; Alistair Grant; Jack Ross.
Front: (L-R) J. Calder; Edwin Munro; Hamish Templeton; Peggy Barker; Evan Mackintosh.
 That at the Shelter Stone has in addition John Macaulay; Frances Cooke; Betty Cook and Miss Alanach (subsequently Mrs. Milne after marriage to the headmaster of Cromdale.)

News

H.M. Services

Congratulations to Alan Anfield who has now attained the rank of Captain in the R.A.O.C. John Clark, also a Captain, has moved to Thekelia in Cyprus for the next 2½ years as Quartermaster of the Royal Engineer Support Squadron. Janet Dixon remains Nurse Tutor in Wroughton. Willie Dobson, promoted to Flt. Lieut., is "flying Hercules transport aircraft around the world". We congratulate Archie Liggat who has completed his flying training and achieved the distinction of being selected to undertake an instructor's course. Peter McMillan, now back in U.K., is a supply controller operating a V.D.U., and is enjoying married life. Mrs. Kenneth Newbould (Rachel Smith) was married during the October break to her radar technician husband. Both work in the control tower at R.A.F. Finningley. His 2½ year tour in N. Ireland complete, Thomas Stuart has taken up a planning appointment with Strike Command.

LOCAL

We are at a loss what to say about the weather this year. The 'old fashioned' winter we predicted last year certainly materialized, with some of the lowest temperatures ever recorded, and Grantown and Braemar vying for the doubtful honour of being the coldest place in the country. (-26.8C or -48F). Plumbing again became the central topic of conversation! Yet Spring was amazingly frost free, and led to fine crops of soft fruit (and rowans!) this season. The traditional belief about a wet St. Swithin's Day was utterly discredited, as it was followed by more than a month of marvellous sunshine. The fine weather we often have when school reopens in August did not appear, so, in the face of so many vagaries, we dare make no predictions this year!

Three important projects came to fruition in the course of the year, the opening of the refurbished Speyside House as a Heritage Centre, the rebuilding of the Inverallan Church Organ, and the completion of a fine extension at the Golf Club. Two others

are still in the planning stage, the development of the Grant Park Lochan (the skating pond), and a ski centre incorporating artificial ski-slopes behind the caravan site. Returning exiles continue to be surprised by 'all the new houses' in the Kylintra, Coppice and Dulaig area, while the decaying structure of Castle Grant, now labelled "Dangerous Building", was briefly in the news because of a fire and a suggestion to turn it into a Clan Grant Museum.

The opening of the new Kessock Bridge makes the North and North West much more easily accessible from Grantown. Ullapool is now an easy two hour drive away.

On, however, to the doings of our local members:

Mrs. Booth (Netta Hunter) joined the 'Locals' on moving back to Grantown and into the former "Eunstone" now renamed "Netherlea". Vera Campbell received a presentation in recognition of her many years as local E.I.S. treasurer and Cath. Donaldson did so well in W.R.I. competitions she was awarded a Cup for her efforts this year. Graham Clark is the Mountain Rescue Team mechanic and drives their new "all terrain" vehicle. Daphne Duncan continues her interest in canoeing, and passed the B.C.U. proficiency award recently. Jessie and Margaret Fraser always take a friendly interest in school and F.P. affairs, but we didn't manage to persuade them to the Dinner! Will try again in another year! Mairi Gordon, having gained a secretarial qualification, now works with Hugh Scott up in the grandly named "Industrial Estate" (i.e. the old West Station). Martin Grant's "semi-retirement" still seems to include arriving at the service station early on many a morning! We wonder if Evelyn Grant, that central pillar of administration in the school, who is threatening to retire sometime in the next year or two can be persuaded to follow Martin's example and retire in name only! Unanimous staff approval would be assured! Stewart Grant is active in Amateur Drama (as in his school days) and had some nice examples of his photographic work in the summertime art and crafts exhibition. Mrs. John Grant (Betty Templeton) made an invaluable contribution to the success of the Dinner with her enthusiasm and practical help. Many thanks Betty! We are grateful also to our Rector who has put his photographic skills at our disposal for some of the pictures in this issue, and who also shares his keenness on this hobby with pupils in club activities. Mariel Grant missed the Prize-giving because of a badly gashed leg, the result of a fall - but has made a good recovery and Peggy Legge and she were off North again in late summer. Annette Hogg performs a useful service coaching young swimmers. Sandy Ledingham continues to be dogged by variable health. No sooner had we heard he was enjoying tennis with Fiona when he was back in hospital. We wish better times for you Sandy! Karen Low, meantime helping in the family shop, was down in Bristol for the wedding of Lindy Roberts. Pat McLean is active as Chairman of the Nethy Community Centre. Gill MacLean (no relation!) is always a willing helper in school enterprises. Alistair McLeod won the men's singles at the tennis tournament this year and he devotes his time and skill to coaching young tennis club members. The family firm, McLeod Building, is undertaking an extension to Aviemore Primary. Sandy MacPhail suffered a heart attack early this year, but with strict attention to diet, is making a good recovery. Isa has retired, having sold her shop, and now lives up in Mossie Road. Sue Martin is giving up her work as a nanny to begin nursing training in Inverness. Jean Paterson continues to be of great help to us by providing all sorts of information from her encyclopaedic knowledge of Grantown and Grantonians. Bob and Margaret Ross were at the centre of another 'clan gathering' at the Dinner with the Ross and Surtees families well represented.

James Shand continues to organise our Christmas-time Disco for our younger members with great success, both social and financial. Mrs. Stuart (Marion Paterson) still preserves that elfin appearance and magic store of energy in a very active retirement.

 ** LOCAL MEMBERS **

Mrs. Fred E. Anfield (Winifred Shaw) Dip. D.Sc.
 Mrs. J.D. Archibald (Sheila S. Macpherson).
 Mrs. Barclay (Margaret Hastilow).
 Mrs. Guthrie Booth (Netta R. Hunter).
 Donald E. Calder, Joiner.
 Frank Calder, Head Forester.
 James D. Calder, Hotelier.
 George Cameron, Burgh Chamberlain (retd.)
 Vera Campbell, M.A., School Teacher (retd.)
 Graham Clark, Gardener.
 Ainslie Cruickshank.
 Margaret Cruickshank. Shop Assistant.
 John Cumming, Commercial Representative, N.S.H.E.B.
 Raymond Davidson, Master painter.
 Alex. Dick, Draper.
 Mrs. Alex. Dick (Muriel Morrison) Draper.
 Mrs. H. Dixon (Beatrice Reid) M.A.
 Catherine Donaldson, S.R.N.
 George E. Donaldson, M.A., B.A., (Deputy Rector)
 (Retd.) Grantown Grammar School.
 Daphne Duncan, Dip. Commerce (Hamilton); Business
 Studies Teacher, Grantown Grammar School.
 John Duncan, Bus Driver.
 Jessie Fraser, M.A., School Teacher (retd.)
 Margaret Fraser, M.A., School Teacher (retd.)
 Angus Gordon, Representative.
 Mrs. David C. Gordon (Jessie Laing).
 Mairi Gordon, Secretary.
 A. Martin Grant, Service Station Proprietor.
 Mrs. A.M. Grant (Christina Calder).
 Brian Grant, Joiner.
 Evelyn C. Grant, School Secretary, Grantown
 Grammar School.
 Mrs. George Grant (Jane Stewart).
 Mrs. G.S. Grant (Margaret Calder).
 Mrs. J. Grant (Isobel Mackintosh) M.A.
 James J. Grant, Draper.
 Mrs. J.J. Grant (Netta Duffner).
 J. Stewart Grant (Dip. Photography) Aviemore
 Photographic.
 Mrs. John Grant (Betty Templeton).
 Lewis N. Grant, M.A. (Hons.) Rector, Grantown
 Grammar School.
 Mariel Grant, M.A., B.Sc., Teacher (retd.)
 Grantown Grammar School.
 Mrs. Peter Grant (Jenny Winchester).
 Robert F. Grant, Service Station. (Partner).
 Sally Grant, Clerical Assistant, Grantown Police
 Office.
 Mrs. W.B. Grant (Margaret Cruickshank).
 Diane Hamilton, Trainee Hairdresser.
 Mrs. G. Hamilton (Evelyn G. Mackintosh) M.A. (Hons.)
 Mrs. Ralph M. Harra, (Christina Cameron).
 Annette Hogg, Royal Bank of Scotland.
 Gordon Jack, G.P.O., Grantown.
 Mrs. J.R. Jones (Christine Innes).
 Elsie Keith, Drapery Manageress.
 Alexander Ledingham, Photographer.
 Margaret M. Legge, Infant Mistress (retd.)
 Grantown Grammar School.
 Karen Low.
 Mrs. Isobel S. McCafferty (Isobel Bruce); Assistant
 Head Teacher, Grantown Grammar School..
 David Macdonald, T. Eng. (CEI) AMIME. 1st Engineer,
 B.P. Tankers.
 Mrs. David Macdonald (Marilyn Oliphant).
 Douglas C. Macdonald.
 E. Donald McGillivray. (Postman) (retd.)
 Harry Macgregor, M.P.S.

Peter Macgregor, Blacksmith.
 Mrs. Peter Macgregor (Mary Telfer).
 Roy McGregor, Mechanic.
 Raymond McIntosh, Electrician.
 James S. Mackenzie, Draper.
 Mrs. James S. Mackenzie (Ailie Robertson).
 Mrs. McLaren (Jeannie B. Nicoll) Teacher (retd.)
 Mrs. Alexander D. McLaren (Sheila MacDougall).
 M. Helen S. McLaren.
 D. Patrick McLean, M.A., L.L.B., Administrative
 Director (retd.)
 Mrs. Ian Maclean (Helen A. Calder).
 * Mrs. J. MacLean (Gillian Ross).
 Alistair McLeod, Managing Director, McLeod Buildings
 James McLeod, Chairman, McLeod Buildings.
 Alexander MacPhail, Painter and Decorator.
 Isa MacPhail. (Retd.)
 Ian McPherson, (Stores Dept.) R.A.F. Outdoor Centre.
 Mrs. D. Main (Elizabeth McGillivray).
 Barry D. Main, Messrs. Beale & Pyper.
 James B. Marshall, Spey Fishery Board.
 Sue Martin, Nursing Training.
 Shirley A. Masson.
 Mrs. Mustard (Dorothy I.R. Shivas) M.S.S. Ch.,
 M.B., Ch.A.
 Alastair J. Mutch, Craft Apprentice, N.S.H.E.B.
 Sheena Ogilvie, Teacher, Abernethy Primary School.
 Ian L. Paterson, Mechanical Engineer.
 Jean M. Paterson (Retd.)
 John L. Paterson, J.P. Master plasterer.
 Neil G. Paterson, Plasterer.
 Sandra W. Paterson, Bank Employee.
 * George G. Paton, Insurance Agent.
 Lewis Rattray, Motor Engineer.
 Mrs. Lewis Rattray (Sheila Grant).
 David Ritchie, Contractor.
 Mrs. Thomas Robertson (Mary E. Hastilow).
 * Danny Rose, Apprentice Joiner.
 Donald Ross.
 * John Ross, Garage Proprietor, Dulnain Bridge.
 Robert Ross, Garage Proprietor.
 Mrs. Robert Ross (H. Margaret Davidson) M.A.,
 Teacher (retd.)
 Mrs. M. Shand.
 * James Shand, Decorator.
 Mrs. David Sinclair (Lisi Fuchs).
 Brian Smith, Joiner.
 Ian Grant Smith, Farmer.
 John R. Smith, M.A. (Hons.) Deputy Rector,
 Grantown Grammar School.
 Sheila M.G. Smith B. Comm. Teacher of
 Business Studies, Grantown Grammar School.
 Mrs. Helen Stephen (Nellie Byers).
 Mrs. J. Stuart (Marion N.G. Paterson) M.A.,
 Teacher (retd.)
 * John R. Stuart, Fishing Tackle Dealer.
 Mrs. Colin Sutton (Catherine M. Mackay).
 * A.G. Telfer, Burgh Employee.
 Margaret M. Terris, Bank Clerkess.
 Roderick J.D. Thomson.
 A. David Williamson (Telephone Engineer).

 * SWIMMING CLUB *

The Swimming Club continues to run smoothly under the able direction of Secretary Mrs. Margaret Masson and President John Duncan. This year's arrangements are the same as last year's with meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings. We append a list of last year's members.

 * SWIMMING CLUB MEMBERS *

Mrs. Grace Calder; Margaret Cruickshank; Jackie Farquhar; Mrs. Rosemary Farquhar; Aileen Ferguson; Mrs. Margaret Ann Grant; Anthony Green; Michael McCulloch; Mrs. Pat McLean; Torquil McLeod; Mrs. Margaret Masson (Secretary); Susan Stevenson; Gordon Sim; Mrs. Lynne Sim; Mrs. Ann Stewart; Diane Thomson; Peter Taylor.

 * FISHING CLUB *

Spotlight on S.A.

ARTICLE BY MRS. T. H. GARDINER

(Wilma Watt)

Having been carefully planned to avoid the World Cup dates, the series of fishing competitions started in great style on 19th May with a record attendance of Old Guard Members and Associates. Gradually, however, perhaps due to family holidays, numbers declined until, on the final night, only three full members and four Associate members attended. It is fortunate that the visitors to the town find that they are made welcome and enjoy these outings, because, without them, we could not survive. The days of having prizes costing 1/11d. 2/11 and 3/11 have long since gone, and with the ever increasing cost of prizes and other expenses, the club was fortunate, due to the visitors' support, to be able to hand of £21.60 to the parent Club.

Throughout the season the weather was pleasant, but catches very poor. What seemed to be perfect evenings produced few fish, until Alistair Paterson weighed in 17 fish one night, which gave him a commanding lead over his nearest rival, and brought the average of his best three evenings to 10. W. Thomson, with 26 fish, took second place, and J. Gordon came third. Should we mention the consolation prize? - Why not? - George Paton is one of the most regular attenders and deserves a medal for sheer perseverance and, who knows? he may catch a fish one of these years! We hope he will never give up.

(Report by Secretary, John Stuart.)

 * FISHING CLUB MEMBERS *

A. Anderson; T. Brown; F.A. Calder; R.M. Dunshea;
 S. Fraser; J. Gordon; R.F. Grant; A. Hamilton;
 J. Hamilton; A. Logan; I. McArthur; J. McCulloch;
 I.D. Macpherson; M. Mustard; A. Paterson;
 G. Paton; A. Rennie; D.D. Rose; J.C. Shand;
 N. Stone; J.R. Stuart (Secretary); W. Thomson.

SERVICES

Alan Anfield, B.E.M., Captain, R.A.O.C., 'Aldersyde',
 Nethy Bridge; Officers' Mess, Vauxhall Barracks,
 Didcot, Oxon.
 John S. Clark, B.E.M., Captain, 130 High Street;
 (Q.M.) 62 (Cyprus) Support Squadron BFPO 58.
 Janet Dixon R.S.C.N., R.G.N., Heath Cottage; 48
 Crabtree Lane, Kingshill Estate, Cirencester, Glos.
 Nurse Tutor, Princess Alexandra Hospital, Wroughton,
 Nr. Swindon.
 William Dobson, B.Sc. (Agri.), Milton, Nethy Bridge;
 Flt. Lieutenant, Officers' Mess, R.A.F. Lyneham,
 Chippenham, Wilts. Transport Command Pilot.
 Archie M.S. Liggat, B.Sc., (Hons. Aeronautical
 Engineering) 'Brierlea', Mossie Road; Flt. Lieutenant,
 R.A.F. Leeming, Northallerton, N. Yorks. Flying
 instructor's course.
 Peter K. McMillan, 13 Ellanwood Road, Carrbridge;
 S.A.C. Supply Controller, R.A.F. 57 Claymore
 Crescent, Boddam, Peterhead.
 Rachel M. Newbould (née Smith) The Gables;
 S.A.C.W., W.R.A.F., Air Traffic Control Assistant,
 A.T.C. Tower, R.A.F. Finningley, Nr. Doncaster.
 David Ross, A.F.M., 4 Railway Houses, Dava; 51
 Spey Road, Abington, Berks; Flt. Sergeant Instructor,
 R.A.F. Parachute Team.
 John H. Stuart, Aird House, High Street; 6 Parbroath
 Cottages, By Cuper, Fife 15KY 4NS. Chief technician
 R.A.F. Leuchars.
 Thomas B. Stuart, C.Eng. M.I. Mech.E., M.I. Prod.E.,
 8 Grampian Crescent, Boat of Garten; Squadron
 Leader, H.Q. Strike Command, High Wycombe; 41
 New Road, Wands, High Wycombe.

"Don't ever be fooled by the "Come to Sunny South Africa" slogans - right enough it is a very sunny country when you compare it to the British climate, but it is no Utopia of basking in constant pleasant sunshine. To-day (July) is very nearly mid winter (out here) and it is certainly a lovely sunny day, BUT the temperature when I first went down to the stables at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 this morning was - (yes minus) 4 degrees. When we first read the pamphlets before emigrating, we rather scoffed at the idea of being told not to discard winter clothing before coming to S.A., but fortunately we were sensible enough to recognise that they might just happen to know what they were talking about, so winter clothing went in with all the T-shirts and bikinis. Anyway to-day is really cold. The average is about zero overnight and 14 degrees during the day, but the difference between a S.A. winter and a Scottish one is mainly the sun. The sun shines all day every day from about 7 in the morning till about 5 in the evening, and of course, being nearer the Equator there is more power in it, with the result that one does thaw daily, and doesn't stay permanently frozen as in the winter months in Scotland. Also the worst of the winter lasts from mid April to mid August, though many of you may have heard of our snow (which would have put many a Grantown snowfall to shame) in September last year, but this was so unusual that Johannesburg declared a public holiday - can you imagine a public holiday everytime it snowed in Grantown!! July and August are the months I really hate, because we then get the rain-bearing winds blowing direct from Antarctica, and I can honestly say I have never known such constant vicious winds, even in January in Grantown! The only good thing about them is that most days they only blow from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m., when the sun is warm enough to take the edge off them. Can you possibly imagine how dry and rock hard everywhere is, with NO RAIN from mid April till mid September, BUT then, when it does rain, we don't just get a good Scottish downpour, the heavens just open, and it lashes down in torrents. Fortunately there is always plenty warning with the most almighty thunder and lightning. (In Scotland I used to be frightened in a thunder storm, but have seen so much of it multiplied about 6 fold I must have got immune). Everything then sprouts, and in 2 or 3 months we are eating peaches and apricots. We also have apples, pears and plums as overseas, but the unfortunate part is that everyone's fruit ripens at the same time, so that, while I am trying to give away peaches, my neighbour is trying to give away tomatoes, and my friend is trying to give away pumpkins, with the result that the waste is unbelievable. I can just hear readers sighing in horror, and I know how you feel. (When I was over in Scotland I was disgusted at Davis having to pay 9p for a peach for Cirsteen, when in summer out here, we are overwhelmed with fruit and vegetables). The heat of summer can be overpowering - probably summer temperatures range from 18 degrees overnight to 28 degrees during the day, and this is, I think, why we find winter so cold - because there is such a wide range from winter ice to summer sun. However it is basically an outdoor living country, and there are very few families who do not follow out door sports, and activities which can be followed nearly all the year round. Most schools teach swimming from about October to March in outdoor pools, and even very ordinary class working families have their own pool.

Continued at end of "Outposts".

News

from the Outposts

Dr. Jim Allan on one of several visits to 'Craigallan' this year informed us that his only problem - apart from an ever-increasing number of grandchildren - is trying to get a small white ball into too small a hole on the golf course. He continues as a Selector of Scotland's Open, Ladies, and Junior International Bridge Teams. Mrs. Adam Anderson (Shona Macdougall) "did enjoy the Reunion Dinner and appreciated the opportunity of going to it with my friend Sheena Beaton. We look forward to the next one". Michael Anderson continues his accountancy studies in Aberdeen.

Congratulations to Bruce Bain who was promoted this year to be Projects Director - Yugoslavia for Dunlop Industrial Group. That was his good news - but he also broke his Achilles tendon in May, and was on crutches till September. We met Mrs. Banks (Lorna Stephen) when she visited her mother (Nellie Byers) in August. Nicola Bann reports: "living in my own house in Harrow-Weald. I am an assistant to a solicitor in Harrow and have been there for a year. I have a dog called Smirnoff and a cat called Pickles." We spotted Iain Beange keeping his hand in playing with the Strathspey Fiddle and Accordian Society again while home from the Merchant Navy in August.

Mrs. Bettoli (Susan Grant) is now established in her husband's family hotel in Interlaken, and we are greatly tempted to pay you a visit Susan, as we saw from a recent brochure that you cater for school parties, and it's a long time since we were in Switzerland! Mrs. Birrell (Jean Donald) has a part-time job in a bank, and had her mother down for a 3 week holiday this summer. Mrs. Brocklehurst (Margaret McWilliam) retired in October 1981, but has not managed to carry out all her plans "to fill her empty days". She has been too busy travelling, Hong Kong, Spain, Portugal - and enjoying her grand-children! Iain Brown has, we hear, taken up a post with the Stirling Advertiser. Mrs. Brooksbank (Margaret Mackintosh) did another fortnight in Jean Pat's old shop while back in Grantown this summer.

Johnnie Burgess, a frequent visitor to Grantown, has a new holiday H.Q. just off the High Street. We also heard it broadcast that he still calls the new Director-General of the B.B.C. "wee Alasdair"! John Calder is back working in Germany meantime. We noted Art Teacher Gillies Campbell had a successful exhibition and sale of paintings etc. at this years 'Showboat' in Boat of Garten. Gillies frequently visits his parents in Newtonmore. George Catto never fails to send a greeting. Mrs. Chapman (Irene Edwards) is thinking of going into the rain making business, having broken the '76 drought in Cromdale, and now done the same this year on arriving for two weeks holiday. "(5th August arrival - thunder and lightning all day on the 6th!). Prospective clients should contact Irene in Nottingham."

Mrs. Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald) managed to send me another beautiful first day cover. She confesses to the passage of the 40th milestone, and wonders how the rest of her class have "survived this trauma." Elizabeth, a former babysitter for the Corpe family, will be interested to hear Bill has retired and is renovating a house in Duns. Allan Chisholm kindly dealt with slips for Duncan and Douglas and ordered magazines for them too. He is now well settled in Surrey with an office in Epsom and happy to "miss the worst rigours of commuting to Central London". David Clark has now only two more terms to do of his Production Engineering Course at Napier College. In summer he worked for Scottish Gas as an undergraduate trainee. Brother Scott has done a year at the Scottish Hotel School and put theory into practice working for Reo Stakis at Coylum-Bridge this summer.

Adrian Cooke pulled up five years of roots from I.C.L. in Berkshire last December and went as a free-lance computer programmer to Kuwait where he reports barbecues in the desert are apt to be disrupted by scorpions. He can however visit brother Stanley in Dubai, and play desert golf, provided he carries a bit of "astro-turf" with him. George Coutts reported in as usual from Hampshire. Mrs. Cowan (Wilma Irving) always keeps us well posted of her doings, and as her husband has left the R.A.F. after 22 years, she has some changes to report. They had a family reunion in Bolton with her mother and brother John and family on their return, and they also attended the Royal Garden Party which took place on the day of the London bombings. They are now established in Darlington.

Mrs. Craig (Dorothy Calder) sent us a welcome greeting from Knockando. We had a nice letter from Mrs. Cropp (Margaret Templeton) who came all the way from Canada to join the Templeton family reunion at the Dinner. Both she and her husband were most interested in seeing over the new school at that time. Iain Cumming has been discharging cargo in New Guinea prior to sailing for Singapore while Fiona (Ledingham) is enjoying motherhood. (see births!).

Mrs. Davidson (Betty Kirkwood) - another of our former baby-sitters - sent her magazine order from Braintree. We met Valerie Dewar looking around Woodpark Villa after seeing the photos of it in its heyday at the new Heritage Centre, (the former Speyside House). We hear George Dixon made a fine speech at the opening of the centre. It must have been most satisfying for him to see his ideas come so amply into fruition in these days of spending cuts. No doubt the derelict Castle Grant and Woodpark Villa itself stand fairly high on George's list. More power to your elbow!

Fiona Donn is one of our favourite correspondents - she never fails to send us a load of interesting information! This year she sent details of a Scripture Union Camp at Aviemore, a meeting and newsing session with Seonaid MacLure and a West Coast trip with sister Deirdre during the magnificent July weather. Eddie Duncan has forsaken his fish farming activities at Lochcarron to do management training with a car accessories firm in Aberdeen. Clive Elrick is doing well, running his own Driving School business in Elgin, while twin brother Nigel reports on major events - see "Marriages"! He has bought a house in Garmouth, and has been promoted to Senior Enrolled Nurse at Dr. Gray's. Congratulations!

Mrs. Fearnley (Maureen Macaulay) complains of the onset of old age - her son is into secondary and her own first pupils getting married and having families! Cheer up, Maureen - our second generation of Grantown pupils are now completing secondary! You've just got to grin and bear it! Maureen is doing some supply teaching in Aberdeen - which "leaves some time for golf etc.". Mrs. Ferguson (Pamela MacDonald) is looking forward to having some time for her own activities with her eldest now at school, and the other one starting play group. Husband Tom is still managing the catering at Edinburgh City Hospital. Sine Fergusson is in the catering business too, at the Bank of Scotland Training College in Edinburgh.

Alison Forbes has just completed the 2nd year of her B.Ed. course in Aberdeen and is enjoying the work. We were pleased to see Ian and Ethel Forbes through from Buckie for the Dinner. Lorna Forbes is still working as a personal secretary to one of the consultants in the Diabetic Department, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh., but has other important news - see Engagements! Mrs. Forsyth (Jane Gray), happily recovered from the illness which prevented her attending the Dinner, is back to normal, scourging the weeds in her garden and all political opponents of the Scots Nats! Her husband retires this year.

Mrs. Fraser (Elspeth Mitchell) enjoyed the Dinner, and called on us in July, telling us of her mother's forthcoming trip to Toronto, and the graduation (B.Sc. (Hons) of her eldest boy. Robin Fraser is

expecting a busy time next year - the centenary year of the B.B. with which he is much involved. He has a daughter just about to enter nursing, and a son in Secondary 4. Mrs. Gardiner (Wilma Watt) sent us an interesting account of her life in South Africa which was at once a geography lesson and a handbook for prospective immigrants. We hope to print an extract if space permits. Horses play a big part in the life of Wilma and her family - they have five of them and five acres to keep them on! "Quite a change from 109 High Street" Wilma comments.

Shonagh George knows a difference as she is now working as a U.K. based teacher for S.C.E.A. in Celle, W. Germany in a 300 pupil school - Alvie, Kincaig, her last post, had 35! Two advantages are better emoluments (she has just bought a VW Golf!) and a chance to use her German! Dr. Sandy Gordon was one of the three 'medics' attending the Dinner, about which Mrs. Gordon (Ann Paton) wrote appreciatively. She enjoyed meeting old friends after so many years. Congratulations to James Gordon on his graduation and his engagement. He is to continue post-grad. work on Zeolites at Edinburgh for a further 3 years. Nursing trainee Lorraine Gordon finds that giving injections is not nearly as bad as receiving them!

Alison Grant is also now in first year nursing training. Allan Grant keeps busy down under - teaching, doing a part-time degree course - and being beaten by ex-Grantonian David Scott at squash! Mrs. Grant (Margaret Telfer) duly returned her slip from 'the Broch'. Fiona Grant (Glencairn) was one of the two Scottish nurses chosen to go on an ophthalmic course in London last April. The course was good, as was the London night-life! After a ("boring") 9 months at college, Graham Grant is back at sea on a super tanker (250,000 tonnes) doing 12 months sea time before sitting his 2nd mate's certificate.

Patrick Grant returned to Edinburgh in 80-81 to add M.Sc. to his veterinary qualification, and incidentally to ensure that his first youngster, Sarah, was born a Scot. Number two is not to be so lucky, and will have to be content to be English, we hear! Patrick seems to have a hankering to return northwards "some time" however. Shelagh Grant, still 'temping' in Edinburgh with a building society, had a bit of unpleasant excitement in Spring when she was held up by an armed intruder who got away with £600 from the till. He was subsequently arrested in fact. Mrs. Greenwood reports having had a visit from Stanley Wright and family this summer while they were heading north.

Mrs. Greig (Margaret Grant), completing her first year of retirement, "never once cast a long, lingering look at Macalpine Primary School"! Gardening and travel have filled her time with trips to Tenerife, North Africa and Spain either accomplished or forthcoming. Donald Gunn, now retired also, was sorry to miss the Dinner. Mrs. Hankinson (Mairi MacDonald) predicts a return to the U.K. next June when her husband's tour with R.A.F. Germany ends - her sister Angela now has a permanent teaching post in Glasgow and her father (sometime head of Duthill) has been head at Stormoway for four years where he has bought the school house and "put down roots". Harry Harris is still managing a blackbird control project in Portage (Manitoba) where he has bought a house. He intends a trip home to the family in Dunbar this Christmas.

Mrs. Harris (Kathleen Dunn) writes: "My class and I were film stars for a day in the making of a video film entitled "Computers are for infants too," for showing to students at Dundee College and on courses down south." She adds "I must admit I'd rather teach any day than be a film star!" "By the time the magazine appears" writes Mrs. Harvey (Catriona Johnston) "we will have moved to our new cottage in Strathkinness. Future plans have to include much gardening! However, I'm still working in the same Dundee School and will have to adjust to becoming a commuter again!" Albert Hastings is still running "The Gift Shop" in Nairn. Michele Heawood had completed her Medical Secretary Course when we heard from her - see also Engagements!

Fiona Henderson is active as a Hospital Social worker in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and sister Gillian is running the Physiotherapy Outpatient Department in Perth Royal Infirmary, Western Australia, after completing the Maitland Course last year. Brother Peter is with the Civil Service in Edinburgh.

Susan Hendry always writes an interesting account of her doings in Spain. She has moved "into a typical "montanes" house complete with balcony and pan-tiles and very attractive." It is guarded by her faithful pointer Charlie, who no doubt also enjoys the garden planted with various trees! Her art exhibitions have been well received and financially rewarding, but she reports that the Spanish summer has been "damp and overcast" - now we know where our good weather came from this summer! Mrs. Hogg (Jean Cruickshank) whose husband is Hon. Secretary of the Merchants of Edinburgh Golf Club gave us details of one of the main junior trophies played for annually there which has Grantown connections. It is the Bert Bain Trophy which was presented by our late Rector, Dr. Bain, in memory of his brother. How characteristic of Doc. to use the trophy to encourage young players! Mrs. Hollins (Maureen Gardner) has been reviving her skills as "concert" pianist, a task she performed with great success at the G.C.S. school concert in 1968. She has been involved in two playgroup concerts in the past six months. Her daughter Emma is just starting school, and Maureen is back to teaching "in a small way as a Sunday School teacher." It was nice to hear again from John Holmes who joined the Navy in 1940, after leaving school. We are also able to bring our list entry up to date - John now works as an electrician for a Sydney insurance company. Andrew Howlett is working for a German-owned company, and gets a German lesson once a week - "to keep up the German learned at Grantown Grammar School and still not entirely forgotten". The credit goes to Alex. McKenzie's efficient teaching methods! Brother Duncan is a regular visitor to Andrew and Isobel for holidays.

Of the Dinner Tom Hunter (another well taught linguist) says: "L'ambiance, c'était magnifique! So homesick ever since, I might well have bought the house Netta and Guthrie have!" He is promising to retire next year. We are also angling to have him back as a future prize-day speaker!

George Illingworth attended the Dinner, Edward reported in from Newton Mearns and Marr from U.S.A. sent details of the marriage of his daughter Mary and a lovely visit from Mrs. McCurdy (Alice King) and husband Bill who were on their way to Florida from Cape Cod. "Grantown was our main topic." What a spell this place does cast! Jean Pat. reports seeing Mrs. Innes (Jaclynn Wood) lunching with her aunt from Sweden Mrs. Orander (Mary Cruickshank) in Seafield Lodge this summer. Congratulations to Arthur Innes who was appointed Transport Manager for Wimpey in Scotland last year, and became a grand-dad for the first time. He also has a son qualifying as a building engineer and a daughter at Linlithgow Academy. John Irving was host to the family reunion on sister Wilma's (Mrs. Cowan's) return from Cyprus. We used to enjoy a "news" with Mrs. Irving in her Kirkton Cottage days. John proudly reports the promotion of son Keith to Lance Corporal in his B.B. company.

Alister Jack wrote of his sadness at the news of the death of Bob Wilson. "I was very sorry to hear the sad news about Bob Wilson. He was respected by everyone, both as a school master and as a man." Alistair Jack and Susan Archibald have joined the elite band of F.P.'s, who have married F.P.'s! They have a ready-made family of three from their previous marriages, and we wish them every happiness. The two elder children are now both at school. Grace Kirk was another of those who were enthusiastic about the Dinner. She says "I expect to retire this year but still feel full of pep!" Mrs. Koumides (Sheila Harris) suffered a real teacher's nightmare this year - her Science lab. was destroyed by fire, taking with it all her notes! Not, we hasten to add, due to an experiment

which misfired, but to an electrical fault! For our part, we remember the pang every time the siren used to summon the Grantown firemen - we had a vision of the school set alight by a couple of dozen red hot tape recorders because a certain forgetful modern linguist had omitted to switch the lab off!

Mrs. Laing (Katherine Templeton) is still nursing in Edinburgh. Having successfully completed her qualification in Secretarial Studies with Languages, Patricia Laing has landed a fine job in the Research Department of a large firm of C.A.'s in Edinburgh. Prospects of travel and promotion are good, she reports. Jill Lennon came through the transfer from G.G.S. to the Margaret Dane School in Bishop's Stortford with flying colours being made a prefect there and getting a glowing testimonial from the headmistress on leaving. We give her top marks as a correspondent too. Mrs. Lewin (Edith Kyd) is still in Marlow (Bucks.). Mrs. Lilley (Jane Macaulay) of the Nethy Bridge P. & J. press corps managed to pick up a nice journalistic perk this year - a press cruise down the Mosel and Rhine in May - but was "looking forward to a proper holiday" - touring up north with her husband later on.

"Life is a constant flow of nappies" says Mum Lobodzinski (Elizabeth Terris). Karleen Mary arrived in April to join Christopher (16 months older) "And" she continues, "life should be even more hectic in July, when one of my dogs should have a litter!". Mrs. Lugg (Jean Burgess) just missed the Dinner, but nevertheless has managed to keep lots of Grantown contacts going. She is a successful treasurer of the Archaeology Society in Wigtownshire. Mrs. Lynch (Pam Macpherson) was in Scotland for sister Fiona's wedding this year but didn't manage as far as Grantown. It was nice to hear of the marriage last October of Robert McAllister. Wife Louise and he have bought a flat in Edinburgh and are busy getting it shipshape. Mrs. MacArthur (Catriona Grant) writes: "Visiting Revoan the other day, was reminded of Grantown School, 1945, expedition to Shelterstone, via Nethy Valley and Loch Ayon, and return over Bynack and back to Revoan in the wee sma' hoors. Elsie McIntosh, Evelyn Geddes, Hamish Marhsall et al. will no doubt remember the occasion." What an influence these hills have had on so many of our lives!

Margery Macaulay is moving from Cyprus to the even warmer climes of the United Arab Emirates to teach in an International School in Sharjah. (See also Engagements.) Fiona McCafferty, now a nursing graduate, has taken up a post as Senior Staff Nurse at the Gilbert Bain Memorial Hospital, Lerwick. Mrs. McClelland's (Elizabeth Lawrence's) daughter Karen started secondary school this August. Sandy McCook has also been profiting from the perks of the pressmen with a ski-ing trip to Austria last spring and of course the photographic record appeared in the P. & J. Back from her Zürich scholarship, Sheila McCulloch has been working in the Tourist office before starting Junior Honours French/German at Aberdeen. "It's been a great year" avers Mrs. David McCulloch (Shona Grant) and the quintessence was in July when she passed her nursing finals on the 12th and married David on the 31st! Mrs. McCurdy (Alice King) has, we hear, retired over in Massachusetts, but was in Scotland this year, visiting her sister Meta (Mrs. Morton Stevens) who is now in Cullen. She also visited Mrs. Lugg in Stranraer.

Alistair Macdonald is "Thoroughly enjoying life over here (Australia) with swimming, golf, badminton and squash." Mrs. MacGregor (Pat Lawrence) enjoys her teaching in spite of little local difficulties like a rail strike when they had a party of 56 travelling to see an exhibition - where? The London Transport Museum!!! She shares the music department with a colleague, and they have 70+ recorder players in their Essex school "practising for the bagpipes of course"!?: Is

that where the Dagenham Girl Pipers recruit? Douglas McInnes is heavily engaged with badminton and ski-ing, both with his school and his family, John S.1. and Rachel P.5. His badminton teams have won 3 trophies this year (beating Grantown on the way! But then, its' nae loss what a freen' gets!) Wife Margaret, he says, is still active as a staff mid-wife at Raigmore, keeping him in the manner to which accustomed (e.g. expensive holidays abroad).

Mrs. McIntosh (Iris Forbes) has taken to showing her Scottie since giving up relief teaching last year. Crufts be warned! Donald McIntosh sent a friendly greeting from Aberdeen and Randal McIntyre had no change to report. Gilbert Mackay sent us details of the marriage of his sister Margaret to Andrew Cooper in July this year. Gilbert is now a research psychologist at Glasgow University. Dr. Sandy Mackenzie rejoiced in being one of the three youngest members attending the Dinner - more especially as he confesses the other two were schooldays sweethearts of his! Had a nice letter from Mrs. Mackenzie (Jean MacLachlan) in Melbourne who is nursing in a private hospital there. A widow for the last 12 years she has three grown up children and one grandchild and had been 29 years abroad before her trip home in 1979. Keith McKerron checked in as usual from Hopeman. Angus Mackintosh called to see us in August - he reports having done 4 marathons in the last 12 months, making 6 in all, and it is "probably time to retire"! Angus's mother Edith also called earlier in the summer, looking so well we could just imagine her having emerged from her Science Room next door to the Infant Room in the old School.

At the Dinner Bert Mackintosh was pleased to find that Tom Hunter actually remembered him though the former was a lofty fifth former while Tom was only in class one. (1932) Mrs. McLeod (Elizabeth Macgregor) is still in Aviemore. Raymond McMurray, now on a medical course, has become a karate enthusiast. He spent the summer helping with medical research into "Pathways of Pain". Any connection between the hobby and the summer job Raymond? Peter McNicol writes of the Dinner - "I was just overwhelmed at seeing so many school friends after 44 years - it was certainly a great highlight of my life-time!" James Macpherson missed the Show and Nethy Games this year, due to the marriage of his eldest son Neil in August, but was in the area at Easter and hoped to be back later on. Peter MacPherson delivered his slip personally while caravanning (in Gordon MacGregor's van!) in Grantown. He left 27 years ago and finds "there are so many changes that it does not seem to be the old town we knew". His daughter Fiona has married a Spanish bridegroom and lives in Las Palmas.

Neil McTaggart seems to be considering a partnership of F.P. lawyers who practice in Edinburgh! One wonders if they might offer free legal aid to other Auld Reekie F.P.'s?? Neil was to be in Zambia on holiday in August. Don McTaggart, Geography Professor in Arizona, fairly gets around. Travels for this year included Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Tahiti and Mexico. He lists one of his interests as bicycling, so he probably covered some ground that way as well! After her year spent in Rome, Pamela Main has moved to another capital and is now working as a secretary in a Fabrics firm in London. Glad to hear from Flora Marshall who has a new address. She is a clerical officer at R.A.F. Lossiemouth.

Mrs. Finlay Marshall (June Grant) complied with a request for some news with a new address in Gifford and word that she has given up work. We hope to announce the reason in a different column in our next issue! All the best for January! John Milne exclaims "a grandfather again!" That is the second time! Wishart Milne has moved to Pitlochry and looks forward to retirement in June '83 (and being able to attend the next Dinner) The Dinner figures large on so many slips this year Mrs. Mitchell (Jan Templeton) comments "one evening was simply not long enough"! Bill and Judy Mitchell celebrated their Silver Wedding, and both travelled to Florida and Bahrain in

January and February, the first time Judy has gone on one of Bill's business trips. Son Stuart is following in Dad's footsteps, winning his golf colours at Dulwich College and also a trophy previously won by Peter Oosterhuis! Jane Morris is doing a post-graduate course in Edinburgh, before departing for Kenya after Christmas. Shaw Mortimer returned best wishes from Lockerbie. Amanda Munro wrote us a grand account of the joys and tribulations of the student nurse which may even include being bitten by patients! Probably a compliment Amanda, we are sure you look good enough to eat in your uniform! "Had a marvellous Festive Season last year having my whole family around me for the first time for nearly ten years." writes Ed. Munro, "Pat was thrilled at meeting her Grantown acquaintances again." Mrs. Munro (Gertie Eawson) always looks forward to receiving her magazine down in Folkestone. We met Jeannette Munro at the local Arts and Crafts Exhibition just after her retirement. She was awarded the Commendation of the A.O.C. in C. R.A.F. Strike Command in the June Birthday Honours List. We offer congratulations and best wishes for a happy retirement. Jeannette of course knows all about being F.P. Secretary - she held the job for exactly twice as long as the present incumbent - 18 years! Michael Munro has taken up a new position as Contracts Director with a Building Contractor based in Carlisle.

Audrey Murray continues teaching in Culter Primary School. Mrs. Murren (Fiona MacDonald) has a new address at Raigmore. Betty Mutch sent an apology for her absence from the Dinner. She has had some ups and downs in Health recently and we wish her a better year. Mrs. O'Connor (Dorothy Cameron) had a "fantastic" holiday trip in Canada with her husband, "traversing some of Canada's grandest and most diverse scenery, from mountains to high desert and forested plateau." They also attended the wedding of Mrs. John Taylor's (Marjory Cattanach) eldest son Bill earlier this summer. Mrs. Parrot (Catherine Douglas) has moved "from the U.S.A. snow-belt to the tropics" - Florida in fact, where her minister husband has a new charge in St. Petersburg. "I think I'll miss the seasons," she says, "summer every day is a little hard to take." She is on the lookout for employment for herself, having had to give up her social work in Buffalo. Mrs. Perk (Ann Stuart) is, we hear, likely to be staying in Zambia. Her son is "climbing over everything"!

Mrs. Rae (Mona Grant) reports on a life of blissful normality. Though she visits Ballintua frequently, she says she depends on the magazine for news of the Grantown people she never seems to see! Andrew Reid has "moved to the heady spheres of computers as a programmer" with the Metropolitan Police. His son has just entered secondary and his daughter completed Primary 1. Mrs. Robertson (Davis Thomson) is still occupied with immigrant children of all ages (4-18 years!). Following the family traditions she has taken up the game of bowls. Congratulations to Alex. Ross who was promoted to Detective Chief Inspector in August. We met Alex. and wife Dorothy (George) at a summer Songs of Praise held in the garden of Nethy Hotel, and blethered till everyone else had long disappeared. Brother Walter, now Detective Superintendent, is looking after Buckingham Palace security for the next 18 months. Age has caught up with him, and he had to vacate his Round Table Chairmanship at 40!

Margaret Ross (Broomhill) thoroughly enjoyed the Biennial Dinner and meeting a class-mate, Mrs. Clark (Alison Ronaldson) - "Can our class have some more present at a future dinner?" she queries. Mrs. Ross (Patricia MacDonald) and her husband are keen caravanners and enjoy the Pipe Band playing every Saturday night in Kincardine (Ontario) where their "trailer" is parked. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ross (Dorothea Geddes) joined another family gathering at the Dinner. Dr. Bill Sellar's youngsters are all keen on sports - 13 year old Sonya had the bad luck to suffer a severely fractured arm while representing her school at gymnastics. We wish

a good recovery. Mrs. Selman (Elise Kirk) "thoroughly enjoyed the warm welcome at the reunion dinner in April - most especially because everyone seemed just the same, in spite of the external changes!"

Mrs. Shiach (Margaret Smith) found us in shorts when she called on a glorious July day, and introduced her lawyer husband and medical student daughter, Catherine, who had just completed first year at Aberdeen University. Catherine Smith spent a "Splendid week-end with Historical Society to Inverness, via Blair Castle, Ruthven Barracks, Kincaig Wild Life Park, back by Cawdor Castle, Elgin, Pluscarden and big thrill, back by Speyside "Whisky Trail" to Grantown - all in glorious sunshine." Met Mrs. Ian Smith's (Janette Macdonald) wee charmer Stewart, when we called to get Grandfather Macdonald to do his usual chore of auditing the P.T.A. Accounts. Janette has now moved to Forfar following her husband's promotion. Mrs. Smith (Elspeth Gow) sent her regards from Peebles. John Smith "is processing Seismic data by day, playing rugby for Singapore Cricket Club in the evening, and sipping Singapore slings over dinner at the Raffles!" Is it over-indulgence in the latter that makes one play rugby for a cricket club John?

Mrs. Spalding (Isobel Gunn) enjoyed "being taken on a trip down memory lane" by Tom Hunter at the Dinner. Her son Neil has been awarded a scholarship by Chevron Petroleum after his 2nd year B.Sc. at Aberdeen and has already visited the Ninian Field. Mrs. Speer (Morna Mackenzie) was back in Grantown in August. Nick Spence is rendered almost speechless by the thought of reaching 40 and his daughter going to secondary school! Mrs. Springall (Jessie Stuart) was looking forward to her annual trip north when she wrote. James Stewart was home from Holland in June helping with his mother's move from Archiestown. A trip to the Far East may be in the offing for him. Mrs. Storey (Barbara Smith) has just moved to St. Albans, near London where her husband is engaged in research and development with the Potato Marketing Board.

Angus Stuart wrote most appreciatively of the Reunion, and its continuation into the "wee sma' hours", and looks forward to the next one. We had a very pleasant chat with Rita Stuart who came to see the school group while we were in Paris, finishing up with a late evening coffee on Place de la Republique. Neil Stuart enjoys his work with the Examinations Board. We believe he was here in summer but we missed seeing him. Alistair Surtees also enjoyed the Reunion. He has now been 40 years in the Civil Service in London, and in his office are some former colleagues of Jeanette Munro from her Sidcup days. We were delighted to see Richard Surtees attending our School Sports while on a visit this year. Mrs. Sutherland (Elspit McIntosh) saw son Colin graduate from Glasgow this year and step into the engineering job he wanted, while daughter Mhairi is at the "Highers" stage. Gordon Templeton must live pretty close to the Beechgrove Garden - these are Midstocket buses you see passing by! Hamish Templeton again delivered his slip timeously by hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Templeton (Rita Marshall) thought the Reunion "the best one yet" - of course it incorporated the "Templeton Clan Gathering" so was doubly significant for them! Their eldest son David graduated this year and has started with the Bank of Scotland, while No.2, the modern linguist, is off to France for a year. The P. & J. carried two graduation photos of David, one of which included Billy and Rita as well - we suspect the Nethy press mafia was at work again here! William Thomson had hopes of returning north from Corby but was unable to fix up housing when he came up in April. A nice letter arrived from Hugh Tulloch with two cheques, one pristine, and the other dated 1981 and a bit dog eared, which explains why his 1981 magazine didn't arrive! Fortunately we had a few left! He is hoping to have a visit

A nice note from Mrs. Walling (Isobel Jack) tells of a July visit to Grantown and a forthcoming trip to the States. Mrs. Walsh (Rhona Cameron) was able to give us her news personally while home from the Middle East. Her son is now 2, and another youngster is due to arrive next year. Sister Yvonne (married to Dr. Martin Jackson) is still in Canada and has 2 children. Rhona may be moving to Houston with her oilman husband. New recruit Grant Ward says he is "fighting flies, sand and alcohol withdrawal symptoms on the Saudi Iraqi border." Mrs. Weston (Sheina Donaldson) describes the "super time" the Donaldson grandchildren had at the time of the Golden Wedding, "swimming, canoeing and surfing at Loch Morlich and enjoying the sands at Roseisle". Her eldest boy, Ian, has a place at Oxford for 1983, and a sponsorship from British Gas to finance it. Well done!

Continuation and conclusion of main list.

Kerr Wilson, 'Caberfeidh', Carrbridge; Carhowden House, Poolewe Drive, Redding, Stirlingshire. Business and Law Student, Edinburgh University.

David Winchester, 'Northolme', 1 Castle Road; Kildalton, Argyll-Road, Fort William PH33 6LD. Head Postmaster (retired).

Barry Wood, 40 Lynstock Crescent, Nethy Bridge. Journalist, Scottish County Press, Edinburgh.

Michael A. Wood, Dip. Tech. Ed., 40 Lynstock Crescent, Nethy Bridge; 205 Station Road, Kelty, Fife. Technical Teacher, St. Columba's High School, Dunfermline.

Patrick G.C. Wood, Seafield Lodge Hotel; 6 Moray Park Avenue, Culloden, Inverness-shire. Highland Region employee.

Alan Wright, 4 Richardson Road, Tormore. Economics and Accountancy Student, Aberdeen University.

Herbert John Wright, B.Sc., (Eng.) C. Eng. M.I. Mech. E., M.A.S.M.E., High Street; 1481 Orchard Haven Ridge, Mississauga L5E 256, Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. Herbert J. Wright (Shona Calder), 3 Macgregor Avenue; 1481 Orchard Haven Ridge, Mississauga L5E 256, Ontario, Canada.

Stanley Wright, 33 The Square; Millhead, Riverside View, Spring Gardens, Frome, Somerset. Fuse Development Manager. K.E. Beswick Ltd., Frome.

School out here starts at between 7 and 8 in the morning, and finishes at between 2 past 1 and 2 p.m., with 2 short breaks. That is so that people can participate in their out door activities as much as possible. S.A. is a very cosmopolitan country with so many people having tried it, like us, for a better life for the family. In my daughter's school, there South Africans (mostly immigrants from many years back who have taken out S.A. citizenship) Afrikaaners (descendants of original Dutch stock), British, European of every nationality, Asian, Indian, American, Chinese, and (although in by far the most areas black and white schools are separate) there are also quite a few native children at Cirsteen's school, though this is a private school, and the practice of black and white mixed is not approved of by the government schools. For the benefit of any children who may have struggled to read this, the native tribes represented in Cirsteen's school are Zulu, Sotho, Venda, Xhosa. Children do not start school until they are between 5½ and 6½ years old, and intake is in January. The school year starts in January for the obvious reason, that the long summer holidays are at Christmas (and Christmas in summer took quite a bit of getting used to!). Term times are pretty much as over there, and they write exams just the same! I do honestly feel that the education system is pretty good, and one thing that I do like is that you must pass each year, and not just go on because you are the right age to go into the next class. One thing which I did forget to mention is that there are English medium schools, and Afrikaans medium schools, because this is a dual language country, and there is a great deal of rivalry between the 2, which is only to the good, because it helps to keep up certain standards all round. How do you children fancy doing Maths. in Afrikaans (which, being a derivation of old Dutch, is similar to the German which fortunately I learned at school). All Matrics must pass English and Afrikaans with their other subjects. Another aspect which I do like is that the schools are now teaching native languages (why should we expect the natives to speak our language when we make no attempt to speak theirs?) the main ones being Sotho, Zulu, and Xhosa. Unfortunately most natives of the labouring class (which is enormous) are poorly paid, but this is basically their own fault, because they have no sense of pride, no sense of honesty and no sense of responsibility. The long established Afrikaans and South African families cannot do without their "girl" and "boy", and cannot understand us immigrants who are quite used to doing our own house and garden work!! South Africa is very much a mixture of the highly sophisticated and the rather outdated. The complex of highways leading into and out of the major cities and at the likes of the airport are in my opinion second to none in the world. The standard of driving however is utterly appalling with a total lack of consideration. I can only assume that far too many people drive without licences because the driving test is so strict. Otherwise I cannot imagine how it could possibly produce such bad drivers. I'm just glad a British driving licence is accepted!! Integration is gradually coming, and no longer do natives go in one door of the Post Office and whites the other. It is also only recently that natives can eat in the same hotel restaurants as whites; of course with all this variety of peoples, the shops cater for a very wide range, and we can still eat haggis and mealie puddings, or any exotic or native or European or Russian or Chinese dish you care to mention.

To more personal matters, but still along the line that S.A. has a lot to offer - Those of you who know me know that in my youth, Mum and I never had any money. I married an ordinary working man who is now a production manager in a big factory. We haven't got a lot, but what we have, we have had to work as hard for, as anyone who has got on a bit. As a youngster I could only have a pony ride as a special treat, yet my 2 daughters own 5 horses between the one of them currently being 8th for S.A. in riding ponies, and gradually creeping up. Where could

Concluded at foot of previous cc

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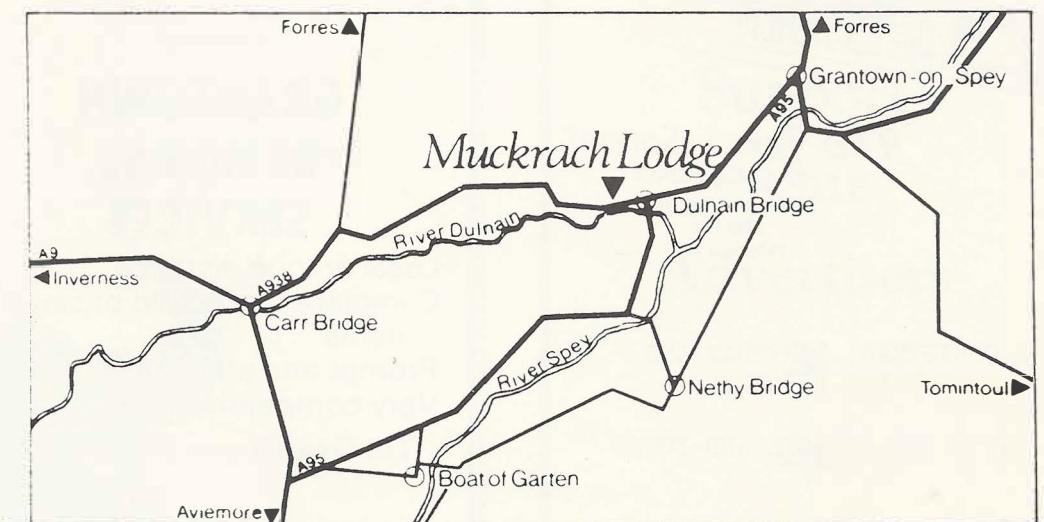
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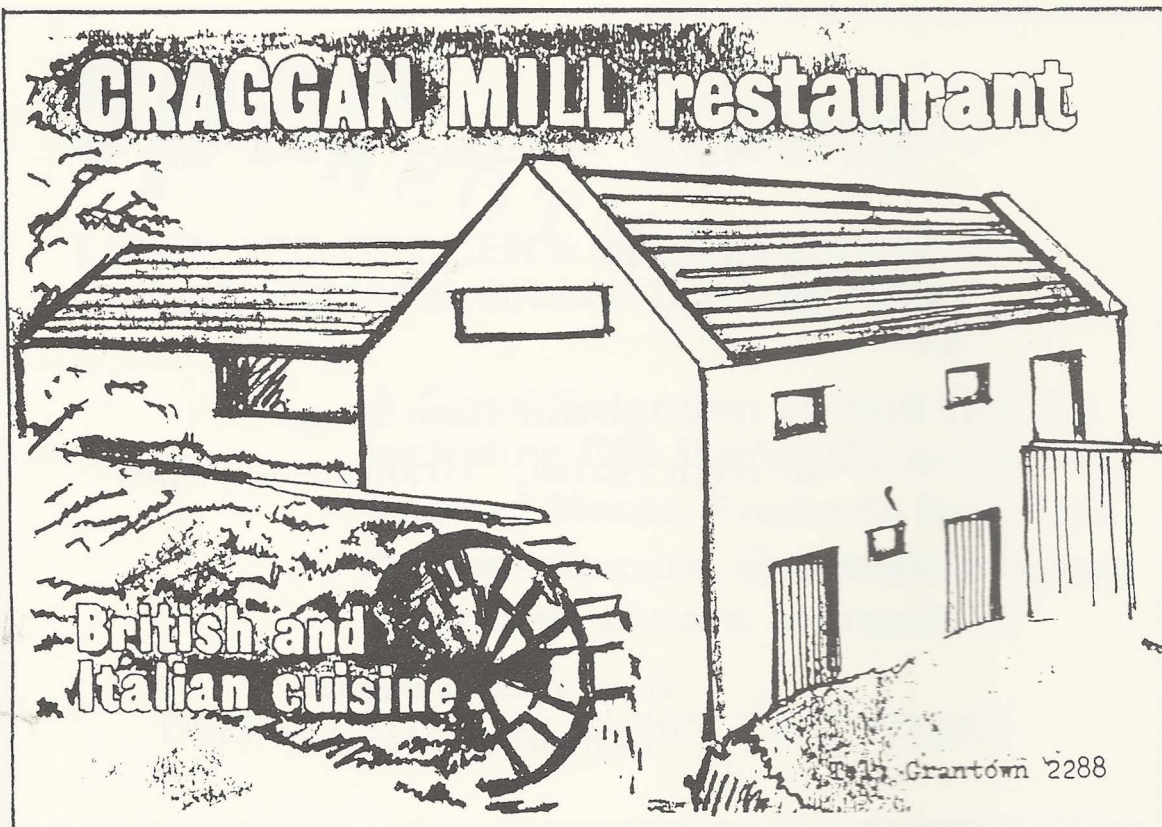
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